



MLADINSKI

LIST



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SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNJA JEDNOTA

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ALPINE GLOBULAR

Ali sodelujete v veliki kampanji za S. N. P. J.

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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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., JULIJ 1926.

ŠTEV. 7.

NASVET

Prevod iz turščine (Hikmet).

Če se hočeš dvigniti visoko,
ostani na enem stališču
in vztrajaj tam kot čvrsta skala!
Veš, da ni človeški običaj:
menjati prepričanje.



Obrni pogled na modro nebo
in videl boš zvezde premičnice:
nobene svetlobe ne dajo od sebe;
a vsemirske zvezde stalnice
luč blage svetlobe pošiljajo.

MILA KAKOR PESEM . . .

Mila kakor pesem slavčeva
je slovenska govoricā,
kot človeku sladko pela bi
o nebesih rajska ptica.

Veličastna kot pojoči gaj,
silna kakor moč viharja,
jasna kot bi se umivala
z rožno roso zlata zarja.

Cvetko Golar.

Ivan Albreht:

PRI URI.

Ura pravi: tik, tik, tak,
čas je kratek in beži.
Jeli uren tvoj korak?
Hitro, hitro, tik-tik, tak,
predno se zmrači!

Dneve šteje: tik, tik, tak,
komaj misliš, jih že ni . . .
Ali je bil jasen vsak?
Pazi, pazi, tik, tik, tak,
da boš vedno res junak.



NEBO IN ZEMLJA.

Bele, srebrne ladjice
po morju visokem veslajo,
žejni, prežejni zemljici
dobrotno piti dajo.

Ljuba, preljuba zemljica
z močjo se mlado dvigne,
ladjic nikjer — in v sinje nebo
škrjančkova pesemca švigne!

E. Gangl.

POŠAO SAM . . .

Pošao sam plavom stazom
U taj bijeli svijet,
Mirisao srcem, dušom
Svaki božji cvijet . . .

Niti jedan cvijet na putu
Nisam našo crn,
Ali mi je u prst zašo
I po koji trn!

T. Pazin, "Novi Čovjek."

Povesti strica Matica

A. K.

Ravno dvajset let je minilo ta mesec, odkar sem se spoznal s stricem Maticem, in ravno dvajset let je tega, odkar sva postala dobra prijatelja. Da boste videli, kako prijateljstvo je to, vam moram vse odkraja razložiti in strica Matica vam moram prav dobro popisati, kako dober mož je on, čeprav bo čez eno leto že devetdeset let star.

Devetdeset let je visoka starost, kaj ne? Malo ljudi dočaka tako visoko starost. Ampak stric Matic je še vedno krepak in pišejo mi, da še vedno hodi brez palice. Le takrat, ko gre na daljšo pot, v kako pol ure ali uro oddaljeno vas, vzame s seboj palico. Do danes ni bil še nikoli hudo bolan, le pozimi ga včasih tare naduha. Včasih mi tudi sam piše, pa pravi, da se težko pripravi k pisanju, ker mu to ne gre več od rok, kakor mu je šlo včasih. Vsakokrat, ko mi piše, mi naroči, da moram ostati zdrav, ker je zdravje najbolj potrebno, da ostane človek srečen in zadovoljen. O sebi nikoli ne piše kaj prida, le to dostikrat omeni, da se je postaral.

Stric Matic je velik mož, še vedno postaven in širokih pleč, ki pa so nekoliko upognjena naprej. Lasje so mu kakor sneg beli in še vse ima. Oči ima velike in rjave, ki se vedno drže nekoliko na smeh. Tudi včasih, ko smo kaj napačnega storili in nas je pograjal, nas nikdar ni pogledal grdo, ker on sploh ne zna grdo pogledati. Obraza je prijaznega, belega, in njegova lica niso preveč v gubah, tako da bi mu človek ne mogel soditi več kakor sedemdeset let. Ko hodi, se drži ravno, in ko govori, gleda naravnost v oči. Stric Matic nas je vedno učil, da moramo gledati naravnost v oči tistemu, s komur govorimo. No, kadar smo govorili z njim, smo mu vedno gledali naravnost v oči. Govoril je vedno lepo, glasno in razločno, vsakokrat povedal tudi kaj šaljivega in vedno tako, da smo ga vsi razumeli.

Stric Matic je bil jako radodaren. Ko je še živela njegova ravnotako kakor on stara ženica (rekli smo ji teta Anca), ji je zmerom naročil, da nam je dala veliko latvico mleka ali pa vsakemu poln žep suhih hru-

šek. Teta Anca je pekla kolače, da jih je stric Matic ob nedeljah prodajal na trgu. Spekla je lepe srčke, konjičke in punce, medene piruhe, žemeljce in kifeljce, pa tudi krofov je skoraj vsaki teden napekla. Mi smo dobro vedeli, kdaj je teta Anca pekla žemeljce ali cvrla krofe in takrat smo vedno prišli v njeno kuhinjo s stricem Maticem, ki je dal vsakemu še gorko žemljo ali krof iz velikega jerbasa. Ko je delil krofe, je vsakemu posebej resno rekel: "Pa priden bodi!", "Rad se uči!" ali pa: "Mamo ubogaj!"

Ko je teta Anca gledala, kako nam je stric Matic delil krofe, je stavila roke v boke; od razbeljene masti rdeči obraz se ji je krožil na smeh. Nam se je to zdelo tako lepo, da smo se smejali od veselja in smo pojedli slastno jed še predno smo se mogli spodobno zahvaliti. Teta Anca je v takih slučajih celo pozabila na rumene krofe na masti v veliki ponvi, da so postali na eni strani prerujavi. Stric Matic se je hudo ustrašil, ker je on ponavadi tudi prvi opazil, da se krofi žgejo. Bil je tako iz sebe, da tete Ance še opomniti ni mogel, samo z rokama je zamahnil in pa: "Brrrr....." je dejal.

Takrat smo pa mi šli iz kuhinje in smo se šli loviti pod veliki oreh h koritu.

Stric Matic ni bil bogat, ampak nam se je zdelo, da je najbolj bogat. Koliko lepih reči pa je imel! V njegovi hiši je bilo na steni vse polno podob in pohištvo je bilo vse poslikano. Na stranicah velike postelje so bile naslikane rdeče, plave in rumene rože. Omari sta bili ravnotako vsi pobarvani, ampak še lepše kakor postelja. Miza ni bila pobarvana, ker stric Matic je dobro vedel, da pobarvana miza ni lepa, ampak na nji je bilo vdelenih vseporno lepih štirikotov in trikotov okoli in okoli robov, na sredi pa celo velika posoda s cveticami. Klopi in stoli so bili lepo izrezani in omara v steni je imela zapah, ki je izgledal kakor podoba. Omara pri durih je imela steklena vratca. Notri smo videli vse polno pozlačenih lončkov in skodelic z naslikanimi pticami in cveticami,

svečnike in svetle kozarce iz rezanega stekla. Najlepša pa je bila ura v kotu nad posteljo. Take ure ni imel nikdo drugi v vasi; lesena kukavica je zakukala, koliko je ura. Tudi voščen kanarček na žici poleg ure je bil dragocen.

Na domu strica Matica je bilo zelo prijetno. Stric Matic nam je rad povedal, kje je dobil uro ali kanarčka, na katerem semnju je kupil ta ali oni lonček, da ga je podaril dobri teti Anci, svoji ženi. Mirno je bilo pri stricu Maticu, ki je bil vedno najboljši prijatelj s svojo ženo; samo takrat ni bilo posebno mirno, ko smo mi prišli. Ampak stric Matic je še rad videl to.

*

Ko sem se spoznal s stricem Maticem, sem bil šest let star. Poljančev Tonček in Jelica sta bila oba starejša od mene in sta oba strica Matica že prej poznala. Tudi sosedov Cenček je bil starejši, a Primožev Jurij je že hodil v četrti razred.

V Topolovem sadovnjaku smo obirali črešnje. Nikdo nam ni tega dovolil in vsi smo že vedeli, da bi tega ne smeli, ampak črešnje so bile tako lepe, rdeče in vse polne, da še mislili nismo, če smemo ali ne. Ravno smo se skoraj ves popoldne kopali v potoku, zato so bile črešnje toliko bolj vabljive. Primožev je prvi splezal na črešnjo in Poljančev tudi. Jelica pa je pripognila veliko nizko vejo in vsi trije spodaj smo obirali in zobali.

“Hiiii, Brrrr.....” je zapretil glas s ceste. Tam je stal stric Matic, žugal z desnico in cepetal z nogami, kakor da bi se pripravljaj, da bo skočil za nami. Primožev in Poljančev sta že oba poskakala s črešnje, Jelica pa je izpustila vejo, da je smuknila po obrazu Cenčka in mene.

Stric Matic je še enkrat dejal: “Brrrr..... Hiiii.....” in Poljančevega in Primoževega ni bilo več. Mi smo se pa tako hudo prestrašili, da nismo mogli ulti. Stric Matic je bil že pri nas.

“Brrrr..... Kdo sme krasti!” je zažugal in obstal poleg nas. Bali smo se, da bo popadel vsakega za ušesa in smo vsi trije naglas zajokali.

Pogledal je kolikor je mogel grdo in vprašal: “Ali boste še kdaj kradli?” Nič mu

nismo odgovorili, samo še bolj na glas smo zajokali.

“Brrrr..... Ali boste še kdaj kradli?”

“Nikoli.....” je jokaje odgovorila za vse tri Jelica. Ko je to rekla, nismo jokali, potem pa takoj zopet.

“To je grdo! Nikoli več ne smete!” je učil stric Matic in pogledal zdaj na nas, zdaj na črešnjo.

“Pojdite z mano, jaz imam lepe črešnje; polno slamnico jih imam za vas, lepih črnih, ki so slajše kakor te. Poj^udite z mano pa vam jih dam.”

Ko je govoril smo se premislili, da ne bomo jokali več. Poslušali smo ga vestno, vendar nismo mogli prav verjeti, da bi Matic imel za nas polno slamnico črešenj. Capljali smo za njim, pa nič govorili.

S stricem Maticem smo stopili v vežo. Iz kuhinje nam je prinesel polno slamnico lepih črnih. Rekel je:

“Pozobajte vse! Na Topolovo črešnjo pa ne pojdite nikoli več. Brrrr..... To je grdo. Krasti ne smete. Nikjer ne smete krasti, ne pri sosedu in ne doma. To je zelo grdo.”

Jokali bi se bili, tako nas je bilo sram, ker je stric Matic dejal, kako grdo je krasti in on je vedel, da smo kradli. Maticeve črešnje so bile lepše in bolj sladke kakor Topolove, toda v slast nam niso šle posebno, ker nam je stric Matic povedal, kako grdo je krasti.

Precej smo pozobali črnih, druge pa nam je stric Matic naložil v žepe. Stric Matic je sedel na trinožni stolček ravno nasproti nam, ki smo sedeli na stopnicah, katere so držale iz veže v gornje nadstropje. Začel nam je pripovedovati:

KAJ SE JE ZGODILO JURČKU, KI JE KRADEL ČREŠNJE.

Osem let sem bil takrat star. Rad sem zobal črešnje, kakor jih vi radi zobljete sedaj. Moj prijatelj Jurček je tudi rad zobal črešnje, zato sva pa nekega dne, ko sva šla iz potoka, kjer sva se kopala, kakor ste se vi danes kopali, šla v sadovnjak za župniščem na veliko črešnjo. Obirala in zobala sva črešnje prav dolgo in sva že mislila, da imava dosti, ko sva naenkrat zaslišala vpitje v oknu župnišča. Hudo sva se prestrašila.

da še s črešnje nisva mogla hitro. Iz zadnjih vrat v župnišču je prihitela župnikova kuharica z metlo. Jurčka ni dosegla, ker je bil že s črešnje in je zbežal med drevesi proti ograji. Mene je z metlo nagnala s črešnje in me prav hudo natepla, ker sem kradel. Jokal sem se in komaj sem ji utekel.

Bežal sem domov. Doma so takoj videli, da sem jokal in so me vprašali, kaj je bilo. Moral sem povedati.

"Za župniščem sem črešnje kradel in me je kuharica dobila," sem priznal in zelo me je bilo sram. Mati in oče sta bila oba huda in oče me je še posebej natepel. Ves osramočen sem bil in tisti dan bi ne bil šel na cesto, četudi bi me pustili. Očetu je bilo hudo, ker sem kradel črešnje, zato me ni pustil iz hiše tisti dan.

Ko se je delala noč, je prišla k nam v hišo Jurčkova mati. Vprašala je, če sem bil popoldne kaj skupaj s sosedovim Jurčkom. Pa me je bilo tako sram, da še povedati nisem hotel, da sva bila z Jurčkom skupaj.

Zazdelo se jim je, da sem moral biti skupaj z Jurčkom, ker nisem nič rekel, in ker so sumili, so me še domači silili, da moram povedati. Drugače, so mi rekli, da bom še enkrat tepen.

Jurčkovi materi je bilo zelo hudo, ko sem povedal, da je bil tudi Jurček z menoj in sva skupaj kradla črešnje. Kar zatožila je in šla ven. Šli so iskat Jurčka, ker delala se je že tema in mojega prijatelja še ni bilo domov. Mislili so, da se boji priti domov in se kje skriva, toda zelo, zelo so se motili.

Jurček ni mogel domov. Zgodilo se mu je nekaj strašno hudega, tako strašnega, da mi je celo žal, da vam moram povedati. Povem vam, da boste vedeli, kaj se zgodi s tistim, ki krade.

Dolgo časa so Jurčka iskali. Celó v župnišče so šli vprašati, toda kuharica je bila zelo jezna in še odgovarjati ni hotela. Povedala je, da je Jurček utekel skozi sadovnjak in ga ni mogla dobiti. Šli so po sadovnjaku z lučjo in vse preiskali. Silno so se pa ustra-

šili Jurčkovi starši, ko so zaslišali na koncu sadovnjaka na oni strani lesene ograje milo stokanje.

Šli so preko ograje in v jarku obsvetili Jurčka, vsega sključenega in objokanega. Klicali so ga, naj vstane iz jarka, toda Jurček ni mogel vstati. V jarek je stopil Jurčkov oče, prijel ležečega in ga dvignil k sebi.

"Jojjj!" je kriknil Jurček in zajokal. Jurčkova mati, ki je ves čas mislila, kako bo pokarala sina, ker je kradel črešnje, se je zdaj hudo prestrašila. Imela ga je zelo rada, zato je bil njen strah toliko večji.

Skočila je v jarek in vsa žalostna je bila, ko je ob medli svetlobi pri luči gledala objokanega sina. Nič več ni mislila, da ga bo karala, samo bojazljivo je vprašala:

"Kaj ti je, Jurček?"

"Noga!" je kriknil Jurček in se obrnil z očetovega naročja k materi. Oče je skrbno pogledal na Jurčkovo desno nogo, kajti v svetlobi je zapazil, kako je spodnja hlačnica napeta. Jurčkova noga je bila hudo zatekla.

Jurčka so hitro odnesli domov in ga položili na posteljo. Noga mu je tako hudo zatekla v členkih, da so morali hlače zrezati z njega. Vso noč so se trudili okoli njega, toda prišedši zdravnik je ugotovil, da je noga zlomljena. Jurček se je bil zapletel v leseno okrajo in ko je ves prestrašen drvel, si je nogo zlomil in padel v jarek.

Drugi dan sem šel obiskat Jurčka. Bil je ves izdelan, kajti vso noč ni spal. Meni je bilo tako hudo, da sem zajokal. Zdelo se mi je, kakor da je tudi moja krivda, da si je Jurček zlomil nogo.

Jurčka so zdravili dolgo časa, toda noge mu niso ozdravili nikoli več. Ostal je pohabljen in hoditi je moral ob bergljah vse svoje življenje. Davno je že od tega, odkar je umrl.

Ko sem gledal, kako se je mučil moj prijatelj, ki mu je bila noga vsa črna in so mu jo vedno povezovali, sem sklenil, da ne bom nikoli več kradel niti črešenj in ne drugega sadja in ničesar ne.



Kaspiško morje

Ali je jezero ali morje?

Kaj je morje, kaj jezero? To je vprašanje, o katerem se lahko debatira precej časa, pa se še ne pride do zaključka. Websterjev veliki slovar pravi, da je morje množina slane vode, ki je manjša od množine oceana, in v splošnem je zvezano z oceanom ali pa drugim morjem.

Ravno v tem slovarju pa čitamo, da je jezero množina vode v zemeljski nižini. Te besede ne rešijo našega vprašanja. Kajti Kaspiško morje je slano, pa nima zveze z drugim morjem ali oceanom. Veliko slano jezero ima veliko bolj slano vodo, kot je v morju, pa se vendar ne imenuje morje.

To vprašanje je bilo na mestu v srednjem veku, ko so se ljudje prepirali med seboj, koliko kotov se lahko postavi na konico igle. Takrat so se tudi prepirali, če bi konj poginil lakote, ako bi se nahajal v enaki oddaljenosti med dvema vrečama ovsca, pa nima vzroka, katerega bi si izbral prvega, da pozoblje oves iz njega.

Večina geografov ne imenuje Kaspiškega morja jezero, temveč mu pravi morje, dasiravno se lahko zavemo, da je veliko slano jezero. Bil je seveda čas, ko je bilo Kaspiško morje zvezano s Črnim morjem. Am-

pač to je bilo že zdavnej, zdavnej. Pot, ki je vezala obe morji, se vidi še danes. Učenjaki so na tem potu odkrili morske školjke. Te vrste školjke žive še danes v Črnem morju. Na tem potu so ostala tudi slana močvirja.

O jezeru Superior trdijo, da je največje jezero na svetu. Ampak takih jezer bi lahko postavili v Kaspiško morje najmanj osem, pa še bi ostalo prostora za precej veliko jezero.

Kaspiško morje izginja. In pride čas, ko popolnoma izgine. Velike reke prinašajo vanj vodo, pa tudi pesek. Ampak solnce ga izsušuje veliko hitreje, kot reke prinašajo vanj vodo. Zdaj je Kaspiško morje sedem in devetdeset čevljev nižje kot Črno morje. Na njegovih bregovih pa ostaja skalnata sol, ko se morje izsušava.

Solnce seveda zmaguje, ampak njegova končna zmaga je še zelo oddaljena. Na mnogih mestih je morje globoko do dva tisoč čevljev, na nekaterih mestih je do dna več ko pol milje od vodne površine, toda solnce zmaguje počasi, pa stalno.

Kaspiško morje je v Rusiji.

Ivan Albreht:

Dom

Kaj je najlepše na svetu, najslajše in najdragocenejše? . . . Ah, mnogo, premnogo je odgovorov, ali meni se zdi samo eden pravi. Najlepše na svetu je eno: dom!

Dom, tisti sveti kraj, kjer je jelo utripati srce, kjer je vsak kotic dragocen spomin, to je najdragocenejši zaklad.

Človek hodi po svetu, daleč je od svojega doma, včasih radosten, včasih žalosten, ali vedno s tenkimi, živimi nitkami privezan na —dom.

Kraj, kjer te je učila mati prvih besedi, prvih korakov, ta kraj je svet!

Kraj, kjer si prvič jel razmišljati, kako je to in kako je ono, zakaj je nebo tako visoko in zakaj oblaki tako beže pod njim, ta kraj je svet!

In kraj, kjer si občutil prve bolečine, ko ti ni vse uspelo tako, kakor je želelo tvoje mlado srce, ko ti je mogoče v rani mladosti pokazala smrt svoj mrzli obraz in ti vzela mater ali očeta, brata, sestro ali dragega sorodnika, ta kraj je svet!

Če tedaj hočeš varno hoditi po svetu, zakleni to svetost v tišino svojega srca in jo čuvaj, varuj in brani v trdni veri, da zemlja nima lepšega, nego je dom.

Veselje na izletih .

(Piše stric Dobričnik.)

Nič veselejšega ne poznam in tudi ničesar bolj ne ljubim kakor izlet v prosto naravo, ko napoči pravo poletje. V sredi poletja smo ravno sedaj, ko čitate moja navodila, kako si napravite radostno življenje od zunaj. Tudi vi ste gotovo vsi rajši zunaj, pod milim nebom. Pozimi ste morali nositi težke obleke in stiskati se po stanovanjih, zdaj pa imate lahke obleke; ko greste iz mesta, prosto skačete po travnikih in se igrate. Poletni čas je res najslajši in resnično najbolj veseli čas.

Prirajte si sami izlete!

Dečki in deklice, ki ste stari po dvanajst let, bi morali biti že sposobni, da si sami pripravite piknik, tudi če ni odraslih, da bi vam delali načrt in nasvetovali, kako si ga pripravite. Sami se lahko veliko dalj podate v naravo, če s seboj nimate nikogar, ki bi moral za vami tekati. In dovolite mi tudi, da vam prav potihno povem: Izleti, katere si sami priredite zase in za mlajše bratce in sestrice, so čestokrat veliko bolj veseli kakor pa tisti izleti, ki jih priredijo odrasli, ki vas povabijo s seboj. Nihče tako dobro ne ve, kakor veste vi sami, s čem imate največje veselje in poleg tega, vidite, je tudi precej zabave, če si vse sami pripravite in izvedete, ne da bi vam bilo treba pomagati.

Kadar kujete načrte, kako boste priredili izlete, ravnate pametno, če upoštevate to, kar sem ravno napisal, in si izlet tudi priredite tako, da bo nekaj drugega in ne samo povžitek malice (lunča) na prostem, na travniku, v gozdu ali pa na bregu reke. Tudi če veste za posebno idealen prostor za piknik, se ne smete vedno podati v isti kraj, ker tako postane piknik prepust. Poleg tega tudi vedno poskušajte za vsak izlet dobiti kak vzrok, domislite si kaj gotovega, kar boste na pikniku počeli.

Jaz mislim tako-le: Ne mislite si sami pri sebi in ne recite leno drugim: "Tako lep dan je, napravimo izlet v hosto in bomo tam pojedli malico." Če ste že večkrat tako obedovali na travniku ali v šumi, ne bo tak izlet nič posebnega.

"Jaz pa povem, da moj ata pravi, da so marjetice pod mestnim parkom čudovito lepe. Lepo bi bilo v soboto popoldne, če jih gremo nabirat in jih veliko naberemo za mamo in za učiteljico. Lahko si vzamemo tudi malico s seboj (sendviče, piškote in čaj) in veliko časa bomo lahko na prostem."

Če boste tako storili, boste imeli krasno zabavo, in malica, ki jo nesete s seboj v hosto, bo samo dodala veselje k vaši zabavi. Dočim — saj ste sami lahko zapazili — so pikniki na prostem, pri katerih ne delate drugega kakor jeste in pijete, samo mučno tratenje časa brez prave zabave. Ne zabavate se pred jedjo in ne po jedi. Če si mogoče za piknik niste izbrali posebnega kraja, ki ima svoje zanimivosti, se tudi podaste prej domov kot bi se drugače, in nič prav vam ni; zdi se vam vse pusto in samo vprašujete se, zakaj bi ne bili rajši doma pojedli malice in popili sode in čaja, pa ne nosili daleč v gozd s seboj, kjer ni nobene zabave.

Kajpada, vedno morate rabiti svoj razum in si izmisliti za izlet poseben namen. Čestokrat se pripeti, da bi radi šli h kaki oddaljeni veliki reki. V takih slučajih, ako je predaleč, nikakor ne smete jemati s seboj malih otrok, recimo tri leta starih ali pa pet. To ni samo nevarno, temveč je za vas tudi težavno, ker bi se preveč zakasneli. Ali pa recimo, da se podaste na izlet z namenom, da boste nabrali divjih cvetlic! Če je predaleč, tudi starih ljudi ne jemajte s seboj, ker to bi jih preveč utrudilo. Veliko preudarnosti je treba pri piknikih, pa naj bodo napravljeni s kakršnimkoli namenom. Ako se hočete na primer fotografirati pri izletu in zato izlet priredite, morate pomniti, da se dobra fotografija naredi samo v lepem vremenu.

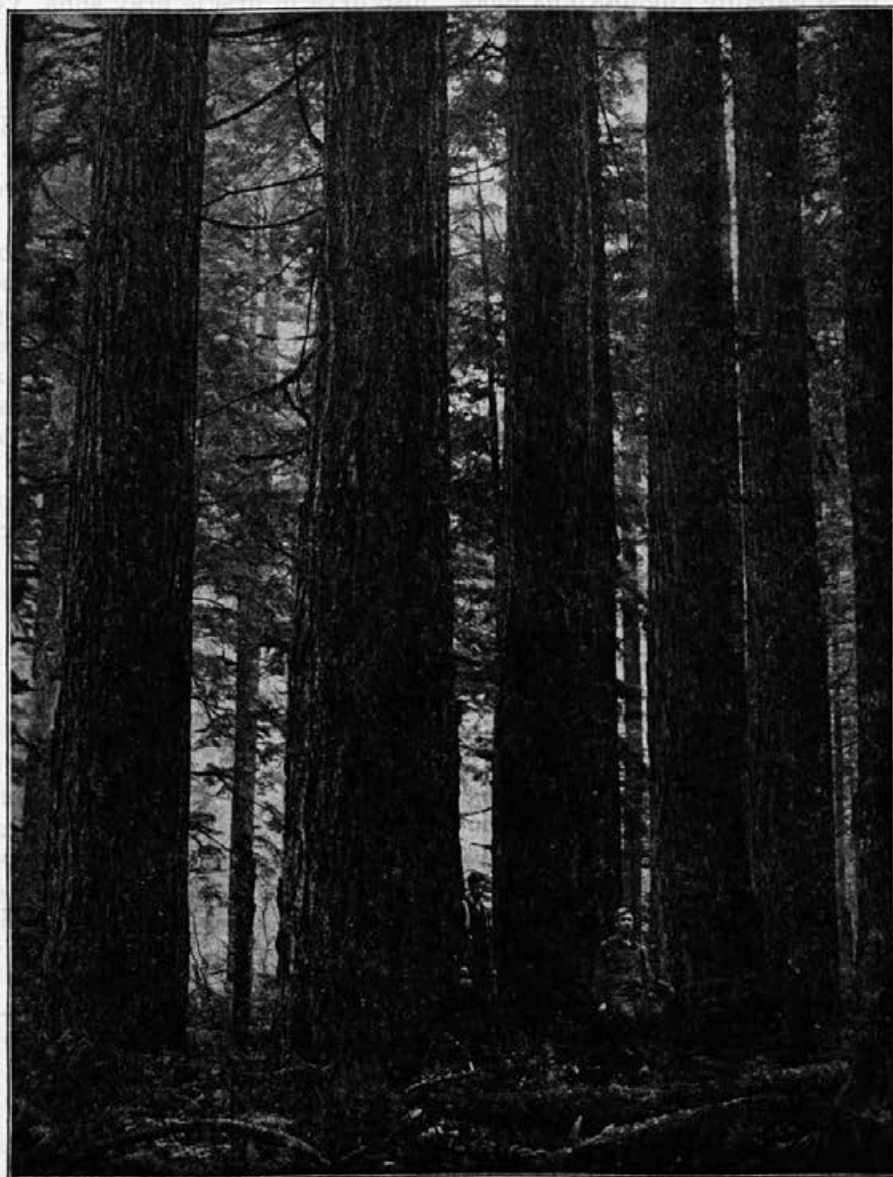
Čisto priprost izlet je najboljši.

Kadar se podaste na piknik samo dečki in deklice, ne bo veliko zmešnjave in izlet boste lahko napravili veliko bolj priprost kakor če bi šli z vami odrasli. Spominjam se, na primer, kako je bilo, ko sem bil jaz deček in sem s sestricami in brati napravil izlet. Niti na misel nam ni prišlo, da bi vzeli s se-

boj kakih velikih steklenic in cel zaboj kozarcev, kakor so to vedno delali starejši. Vzeli smo s seboj steklenico malinovca in posodo za hladno studenčnico, pa smo imeli s tem tako veselje, kakoršnega starejši niso imeli z vsemi svojimi steklenicami in kozarci. Dandanes jemljejo na izlete sodo. Na vsakega steklenico, pa imate veliko veselje. Poleg tega bi tudi lahko imeli doma veliko kosilo, zakaj bi ga nosili s seboj v naravo.

Toliko, da se najeste priproste hrane, pa imate dovolj.

Odrasli, ki niso več tako živahni, kakor ste vi, neprestano mislijo na udobnosti. Ko gredo z vami na izlet, bodo mogoče prinesli s seboj celo stolčke, preproge in koce ter celo lonce za kuhanje in vse polno drugih za izlet strašansko nerodnih predmetov. Če mislijo z vami na izlet in nameravajo vse te stvari prinesiti s seboj, storite modro, če jih prego-



Velikani washingtonskih gozdov.

vorite, da bo izlet prav blizu doma najbolj prijeten.

Recimo, da si zaželite iti na izlet, ker je lep dan in v resnici nimate v mislih nobenih določnih namenov, temveč samo mislite, da bo steklenica sode ali malinovca bolj sladka, če jo popijete na polju med čirikanjem murnov. Boljše je, če si izmislite igro za čas pred jedjo in po jedi. Izberite si kajpada take igre, za katere ni dovolj prostora v hiši, recimo skrivalnice, lovljenje, slepo muho ali pa skakanje čez ramena. Lahko si tudi preskrbite vrv, da si naredite gugalnico na močni veji drevesa. Imenitno zabavo imate, če tekmuje, kdo bolj hitro hodi ali teče. Morda se vam tudi posreči napeti vrv in skušajte hoditi po vrvi, boste videli, kdo pride bolj daleč, ne da bi omahnil z vrvi.

Na izletu delajte take stvari, ki niso utrudljive. Izleti morajo biti družabni, zato pa taki izleti, kjer vsak posameznik vzame s seboj knjigo in zase čita v travi, ni prijeten. Glasno čitanje zanimive povesti vsem izletnikom pa je prijetno, če so popoldanske ure prevroče za igre.

Vprašanje hrane.

Pri mojih navodilih zapazite, da ne povem veliko radi jedil. Samo to pravim, da mora biti malica priprosta, ko napravite iz-

let. Drugače je morda potrebno, da nadlegujete mater in morate več ali manj storiti tako, kakor ona določi glede jedi in pijače. Če je mogoče, nosite svojo hrano v vrečah na hrbtu ali v nahrbtnikih ali v malih priročnih kovčegih. Ne jemljite s seboj kakih težkih kovčegov, kajti na dolgem izletu vas bodo bolele roke od dolgega nosenja. Tudi vžigalic ne pozabite, da si zakurite na varnem ogenj na prostem.

Kres na prostem je jako zanimiv, ko pripovedujemo o njem, ni pa tako lahek, če niso drva in dračje prav suha. Velikokrat se po zakurjenju prav močno kadi in vse oči imate polne dima, da vas pečejo. Če kuhate čaj na takem dimu, ne bo prav nič slasten. Jaz že vem, da ne maram za okajeni čaj. Zato pa v vremenu po dežju nikdar ne napravljajte izleta zato, da boste na prostem imeli kres.

Mislím, da mi ni treba posebno omenjati še poslednjega, namreč da očistite prostor, ko greste z izleta. Prav grdo je, ko ljudje nasteljejo krasen prostorček v šumi z odmečki mastnega papirja in nevarnimi, razbitimi steklenicami. Če razbijete steklenico na takem prostoru, poberite steklo in ga varno zakopajte. Papir pa sežgite! Kraj mora biti ravnoliko čeden in nepoškodovan po pikniku, kakor je bil prej kot ste prišli tja.

Marija Grošljeva:

ŠOLA V DEVETI DEŽELI

V šoli dežele
devete ni truda,
same zabave so,
radosti, čuda.

Prosim posluh.

Na računalu
kakor balončki
s šibic visijo
sladki bonbončki.

A ne v napuh!

Tintnik pa vabi
s sladko medico
rožnat jeziček
in drobno ročico —
dokler ni suh.

Knjige so torte,
gobice — žemlje,
kdor jih pohrusta,
hitro zadremlje.

Oj, ti lenuh!

Vse je takole
dobro in v redu,
slavo, ljubezen
vživa v razredu
le potepuh.

Tjakaj bi radi,
jaz pojdem z vami,
pot pa izbrati
morate sami —
to ni od muh!



Stari dan

(Pravljica.)

V vasi Mačkovcu je živel star kmet Goroduh s svojo ženo, ki za starost še nista nič preskrbela, da bi bila dejala kaj na stran za "stari dan". Goroduh reče svoji ženi nekega dne:

"Veš kaj, Avša, tako ne pojde; ne sme va vsega zadejati, nekaj mora ostati za "stari dan."

Goroduhova Avša je bila zadovoljna s tem predlogom, pa sta jela štediti, in v kratkem sta prištedila okroglih tristo zlatnikov za "stari dan." Goroduh je bil z doma po opravkih. V mraku pride k Goroduhovi hiši berač, prav star človek, ter prosi Avšo okreplila in prenočišča. Avša mu reče, naj sede. Starec sede, in sedeč jame vzdihovati, stokati, tresti se od slabosti, ter govori sam seboj:

"Pač res, tako je, stari dan, stari čas."—

"Kaj? Kaj pravite?" vpraša hitro Goroduhovka, "stari Dan? Kaj ste morda vi stari Dan? Za tega sva že dolgo devala na stran." To izgovori in teče po tistih tristo zlatnikov, in ko jih prinese, da jih beraču in

reče: "Nate jih, le vzemite jih. Hvala bogu, da se je našel človek, in da sem rešena te sitne skrbi."

Berač se začudi in debelo gleda; ne reče pa nič, le pohlevno sprejme denar, pa tiho vstaja na odhod.

Avša mu govori: "Le ne čudite se in ne obotavljajte se tolikanj. Prav tristo jih je, ne več in ne manj."

Starec ni hotel denarja šteti, kar porisal jo je.

Ko pride domov kmet Goroduh, hiti naproti Avša, njegova žena, vsa vesela:

"Ti Jure, stari Dan je bil tukaj; dala sem mu denar; sedaj bodeva brez brige živela in pa v miru."

Pa ni bilo tako. Goroduh stopi korak nazaj, odpre usta na stežaj, in ta hip pade na ubogo Avšo ploha nehvaležnih besed. To se zna, da mu je Avša vsako popravila in pregriznila. A ves ta hrup berača ni privabil. Ni bilo drugače, kakor začeti sta morala varčevati od kraja.

Gustav Strniša:

SPEV MLADEGA JUNAKA.

Veselo zavriskam čez griče zelene,
za solncem blestečim hitim;
bistri studenček ob potu krepča me,
ko v daljne krajine, jasnine stremim.

Moč se razliva po mladem telesu,
krepko, pogumno v življenje brzim;
ni me strah borbe, v meni je volja,
ko z divjo strastjo se borim.—

Zmagati hočem, zmagati moram,
ko v čisto jasnino me pelje korak,
saj zmaga nad sabo največja je zmaga,
v duši pa mir vesti je sladak.

Radostno zavriskam čez griče zelene,
v življenje na boj grem ponosen in smel;
glas moj odmeva čez skalnate stene,
višje in višje se dvigam vesel!—

Albin Čebular:

ZASTAVICE.

Nad grički sinje njive
orjejo naprej, naprej . . .
volički.

*

Najprva devojka je vstala,
oranžni si pas opasala
in okenca v gori prižgala.

*

Naj noči so črne,
ali naj srebrne—
tudi če je dan,
ni prav nič ga sram:
prime te odzad
hitro, kar za vrat,
potlej se obrne
in te v jarek zvrne.

Razgovor otrokov z modrijanom

(Pravljica.)

Fantin, nadebudni otrok, je veliko slišal o nekem silno učenem možu, ki je tako moder, da vse ve in zna, in da je Fantin proti njemu kakor muha. Fantin je bil žalosten tega, saj je tako zvesto poslušal v šoli. Rekli so mu, da je že pol modrosti, če takega učenjaka le vpraša.

Ko zagleda Fantin tega grozno učenega modroslovca, prosi ga, naj mu odgovori na nekoliko vprašanj, da bo vsaj pol modrosti deležen, da ne bo kakor bedast koštrun, češ, drugo polovico mu bo že enkrat Miklavž prinesel.

Mladi modrijan smeja je privoli v Fantinovo radovednost. Izpraševanje se začne na trgu, pred mnogimi poštenimi ljudmi. Fantinovi starši so bili tudi zraven. Razgovor je bil ta:

Deček: Kaj je najbolje na svetu?

Modrijan: Dober prijatelj.

Deček: Ne! Dobra vest.

Deček: Kdo je najmočnejši na svetu?

Modrijan: Ki je bral najboljše knjige.

Deček: Ne! Kdor se sam pozna.

Deček: Kdo je najneumnejši na svetu?

Modrijan: Ki najmanj ve.

Deček: Ne! Ki se s svojim znanjem baha.

Deček: Kaj je najbolj častno?

Modrijan: Hrabrost v vojski.

Deček: Ne! Ponižnemu biti v sreči.

Deček: Katera je največja umnost?

Modrijan: Vladati svet.

Deček: Ne! Vladati samega sebe.

Deček: Kdo je najbogatejši?

Modrijan: Ki ima največ denarja.

Deček: Ne! Ki je z malim zadovoljen.

Deček: Katera je najmočnejša žival?

Modrijan: Lev, kajpak.

Deček: Ne! Črvič, ki leva in človeka poje.

Deček: Katera žival pije najnemirnejšo pijačo?

Modrijan: Riba, ki morje pije.

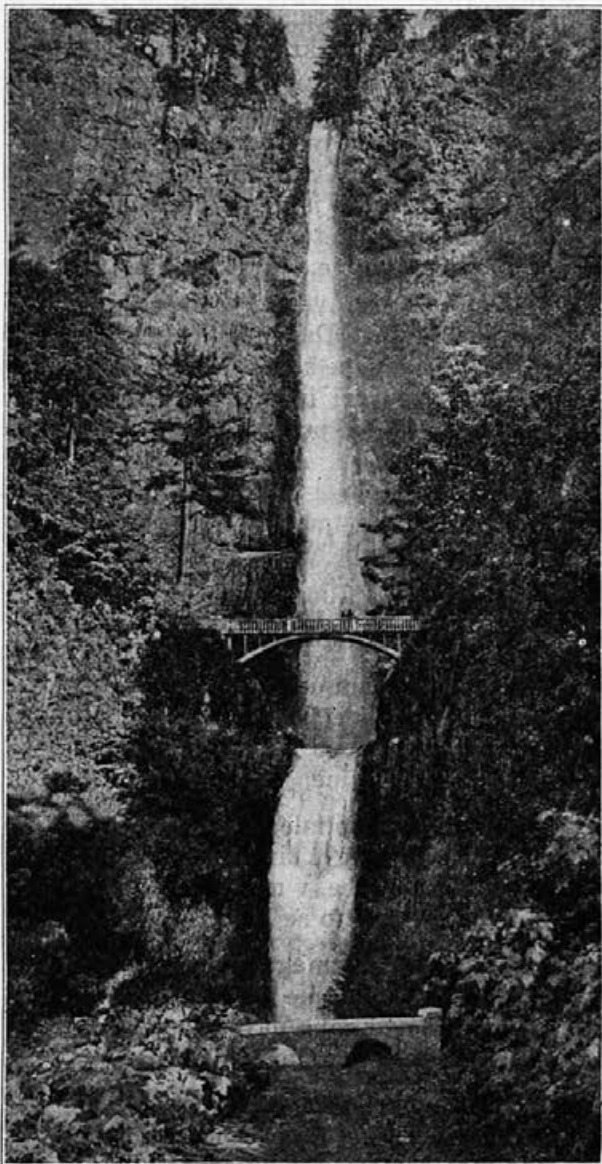
Deček: Ne! Komar, ki sesa človeku kri.

Okoli stoječi so ploskali Fantinu. Modrijan je bil radi tega nevoljen; zato vpraša:

“Kdo te je naučil odgovarjati takoumno?”

Deček pokaže na svojega Očeta Resničarja in na svojo mater Priproščino, rekoč: “Ta dva sta me učila.”

Navzoči so pokali ob kolena. Modrijanu so se krohotali, dečku Fantinu pa so hvalo ploskali.



Slap Multmonah (620 čevljev.)



Dragi čitatelji!

Topot ste pisali malo pisem v slovenskem, veliko pa v angleškem. Marsikdo izmed vas piše v angleškem, da zna tudi slovensko čitati in pisati, kar pa nikakor ne zadostuje. Še pokažite, kako znate. Za spremembo napišite enkrat pismo v slovenskem. To bo za vas najboljša šola, da se boste kmalu naučili slovenskega pisanja in čitanja. Ker vem, da bi vsi radi poznali jezik svojih mater in očetov in bi bili zmožni čitati slovenske knjige—katerih imamo tudi Slovenci veliko lepih in dobrih—vam priporočam, da napravite tako-le:

1. Napišite pismo za "Mladinski list" v slovenskem jeziku.

2. Prepišite prvo pismo in si prepis ohranite.

3. Ko ob mesecu izide vaše pismo natisneno v "Mladinskem listu," ga prečitajte in poiščite spravljeni prepis vašega pisma. Primerjajte vaše pismo s priobčenim. Takoj boste opazili, če ste kje napravili napako, ker jaz vam bom vsako napako popravil. To bo najboljša vaja v slovenskem, zato se lotite takoj!

Zakaj se naj učimo slovenskega? Par tednov nazaj so me moji trije nečaki, ki precej dobro govore slovensko, vprašali to vprašanje. Povedal sem jim:

Da se učite slovenskega jezika, so trije vzroki:

1. Vaša mamica je govorila slovenski jezik. Najlepši spomin nanjo boste ohranili, če boste znali slovensko.

2. Znali boste čitati lepe slovenske knjige, povesti in pesmi, katerih je zelo veliko za vas.

3. Ko znate slovensko, znate en jezik več. Slovenski pregovor pa pravi, kolikor jezikov znaš, toliko ljudi veljaš. Ko boste odrasli, se boste kmalu prepričali o tem, četudi ostanete samo v Ameriki in se ne podate drugam po svetu.

Slovenski jezik je lep, čeprav je majhen. Ko znate slovenski jezik, boste prav kmalu znali tudi hrvaškega in srbskega, ki sta skoraj enaka slovenskemu. Tudi druge slovanske jezike, katere govori par sto milijonov ljudi, se naučite govoriti prav kmalu, če dobro znate slovensko. Razumeli boste lahko takoj, ako pazno poslušate, kaj govori Čeh, Poljak, Rus ali Bolgar.

Naj vam bo "Mladinski list" šola za učenje slovenskega jezika. Primerjajte tudi povest, ki je priobčena v slovenskem in v angleškem. Zdaj, ko imate prosti čas, se lahko učite tudi na pamet. Posebno kake pesmice v slovenskem se naučite na pamet. Materi ali očetu pa nič ne povejte, dokler se učite. Šele potem, ko znate, jo zvečer, kadar bo ata prišel z dela, deklamirajte. Boste videli, kako boste svoje starše s tem razveselili.

Učite se slovenskega jezika!

Pisma.

Cenjeni urednik!

Pišem prvokrat pismo v Mladinski list. Sem dvanajst let stara in v osmem razredu. Imam dva brata; smo vsi člani jednote. Že-

lim, da bi naš Mladinski list prihajal vsak teden namesto vsak mesec in da bi bil po-večan.

Mary Frank, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

Dragi urednik!

Naša šola je bila ven 3. aprila. V naši družini nas je šest: štirje otroci. Moja se-stra Frances je stara enajst let in hodi v peti razred; moj brat Jožef pa je star 10 let in je v četrtem. Berta je stara sedem let in hodi v drugega. Jaz imam dvanajst let in sem v sedmem. Vsi smo člani jednote.

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo. Rada se učim slovensko brati in pisati. Mi že pre-cej dobro gre. Ata in mama me rada učita. Veliko se imam učiti, a kar ne znam sama, mi mama pove.

Vsi bratje in sestre radi beremo Mla-dinski list. Pozdravljam vse, ki čitate naš magazin. — Mary Milavec, Maynard, Ohio.

*

Dragim prispevateljem, ki ste mi poslali zastavice, da jih stavim v list, moram pove-dati, da morate k zastavicam poslati tudi od-govore, drugače ne morejo uganke v list. Ko mi drugič pošiljate, prosim, da torej pišete, kaki so vaši odgovori na zastavice.

Urednik.

Rešitev ugank.

Št. 9. Gosenica, paglavec, žrebe, jag-nje, tele, kozlič, račica, pišče.

Popolnoma pravilno ni te zastavice nihče rešil, a precej dobre odgovore so poslali: Sylvester Gasperich, Broughton, Pa.; Ma-ry Frank, Cleveland, Ohio; Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa., in Maxim Tekautz, Cleveland, Ohio.

Št. 10. S. N. P. J. bo leta 1932 štela 89,800 članov.

Pravilno je rešil Sylvester Gasperich, Broughton, Pa.

Železo je najvažnejša in tudi najbolj raz-širjena kovina; brez železa ni rdeče krvi, ne zelenega listja; rjava ali rumenkasta barva zemlje pride od železa, ravnotako tudi rdeča barva opeke.

Miran Jarc:

TONČEK IN . . .

Tonček naš mali
zajokal bi rad,
steza ročice
kot vsakokrat,

kadar mu ura
s tiktakom šepče,
k njemu v ročici
pasti pa neče,

kadar ga striček
nič ne poslušja,
če še tak vpije,
da v grlu je suša,

ali če gleda
ga radovedno
tujec neznani,
ki moti ga vedno . . .

Toda saj danes
ni ure poredne,
ni strica, ne tujca
in vendar vsevedne

se očke plašijo . . .
Joj, kaj to šepče . . .
Ho, čudo neznano,
kako je ščemeče . . .

A, vendar, kak mehko,
kako božajoče . . .
in Tonček že nič več
jokati noče . . .

Na smeh mu obrazek
razteza se mili:
"Pa naj bo pri meni,
če hoče po sili!"

No, kdo je, ki slednjič
so mu nasmehljala
se usteca? Ej,
naša—mucika mala.

Pridnost čebel je splošno znana. Opazo-valci so dognali, da prinese 90 čebel naenkrat množino medu, ki tehta toliko kakor 10 če-bel, 6000 čebel nabere na dan dva funta medu.

BASNI

Veverica.

Tele si je drgnilo hrbet ob hrast. Veverica na veji se je prestrašila in mu spustila želod na glavo. Tele se je razhudilo in reklo: "Pojedlo te bom!"

Veverica ni vedela, da ne more tele pojediti veverice, le prestrašila se je, se zvila v klopčič, naježila rep in prhnila: "Le poskusi!"

Neumno tele je pričelo odskakovati s privzdignjenim repom, hotelo je veverico zabosti, čeprav ni imelo rogov, potem pa se je razkoračilo, stegnilo jezik in podrgnilo ž njim po hrastovini.

"Joj, joj, joj," je zamukalo tele in steklo h kravi-materi, da ji potoži.

"Veverica me je vgriznila v jezik."

Krava je dvignila glavo, zamišljeno pogledala mladiča ter začela zopet muliti travo.

Veverica pa je priskakljala v temno votlino visoko v hrastovem deblu, vzela je iz skladišča najboljši lešnik in rekla prijateljičam: "Jaz sem premagala velikansko zver; nemara je bil to lev!"

Pa se je pričela širiti slava o njeni pogumnosti čez sinje jezero in temni gozd: "Naša veverica je junak," so si šepetale živali, a glasno si vendar niso upale govoriti.

Zajci in žabe.

Zbrali so se nekoč zajci in so začeli tožiti radi svoje usode: "Najslabši smo in najstrahopetnejši na tem božjem svetu. Vsi nas uničujejo: ljudje, psi, orli, celo vrane. Vsega se bojimo, vse nas plaši. Zleti ptiček, pa se že bojimo; huškne mimo miška, pa se že tresemo. Ne, boljše bo enkrat umreti, kakor v strahu živeti in se mučiti. Kaj hočemo! Pojdimo in se vtopimo!"

Tako so prišli zajci k potoku in se plazili skozi trsje, da bi našli pripraven prostor, s katerega bi poskakali v vodo. Žabe pa so zagledale zajce in so se prestrašile. Smuk! — že so bile v vodi.

Neki zajec pa je rekel tovarišem: "Čakajte, bratci! Saj ni treba, da se vtopimo, še so na svetu živali, ki se nas bojijo. Menda se žabam godi še slabše kot nam!"

IZREKI MODRIH MOŽ

Z gotovostjo se lahko reče, da bo jutri morala taka, kakršno bo prepričanje glede važnosti, prirode in spolnih odnošajev.

Gabriel Tarde.

*

Ženske imajo toliko vpliva na moške, da urejujejo njih značaj.

Platon.

*

Modrost in nauk ljudje prezirajo.

Salomon.

*

Zaupanje je najlepši cvet ljubezni.

La Fontaine.

*

Narod je tako velik, in samo tako velik, kakor so njegovi ljudski sloji.

Woodrow Wilson.

*

Spoštujte zakone prirode, slušajte glas ljubezni, pa vam drugih zakonov ni treba.

Iffland.

*

Najsrečnejši je—pa naj bo to kralj ali mali človek—ki je srečen v lastni hiši.

Goethe.

*

Pravo, udano prijateljstvo je podobno ogromni pečini. Ni je sile, misliš, ki bi mogla razorati ogromno skalo. Toda samo malo dinamita in vsa silna masa trdne skale je razbita. Dinamit prijateljstva pa je obrekovanje.

Tolstoj.

*

Ljubezen je večno mlada, a načini, kako jo izkazujemo, so pa vedno stari.

Musset.

*

Ljubezen je od vseh strasti najmočnejša, ker istočasno udarja v glavo, srce in telo.

Voltaire.

*

Kdor dobre ljudi ljubi, ne more biti slab.

Lessing.

*

Ali res škoduje zmota? Ne vedno! Motiti se, pa vedno škoduje. Koliko, to pač vidimo vedno na koncu.

Goethe.



JUVENILE



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W. J. Longfellow:

THE BUILDERS

All the architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

THE FAIRY

Last night, last night, I saw her;
On wings all silver-bright
She floated from a lily
To trip the lawn last night.

Today, today, I found her
Within the lily curled,
Her nimble feet all quiet,
Her silver wings close-furled.

I hope no bee will wake her,
No noisy bird alight
To rock that lily-cradle,
Or rouse her till tonight.

Tonight, tonight, I'll greet her;
Perhaps, perhaps, she might
Just glance up at my window
And smile at me tonight!



A Hike through the Triglav Mountains

A. K.

School days were over. My friend and I decided to go on a week long tour through the Triglav Mountains. The preparations for this great task took us weeks of time; for we had to fill up our knapsacks with bread, bacon, eggs, sardines, and many other necessities.

We started on a Sunday morning in the latter part of July, those hot "dog days" when everybody wishes to go out from the city. It was fair and warm when we left Ljubljana on the train to Gorenjsko. We reached Bled in the afternoon and spent the rest of the day there. The Lake was exceedingly unpeaceful that afternoon, and we found it quite a task to row our little boat.

The next morning we started the long hike over picturesque Pokluka Plateau, which has forests of incomparable beauty and wild, untouched meadows of various mountain flowers. In the wilderness of the high Pokluka Plateau, one could spend months admiring this magnificent park of Nature.

It was rather dark when, after the long hike, we reached a slopy mount above Pokluka Plateau. At the bottom of the mount a group of shepherds from Bohinj had their huts surrounded by pens full of cows. These primitive but friendly shepherds gave us shelter in a little, carefully cleaned hut, especially built and prepared for guests. "Planšarji" (Slovene name for these shepherds) gave us milk and cheese which they served in wooden dishes.

The third day of our tour was spent partly in climbing over a dangerous peak named Tosc, which was all covered with snow-white Edelweiss and other delicate flowers of the high mountain regions. Afternoon we walked over the rocky Vodnik's Valley, from the bottom of which we started the miles long climb above the upper part of Pokluka Canyons onto the Triglav Pass, Kredarica, which we reached before night.

We had excellent weather, fair and with mild mountain temperature, the first three days of our tour. But before we reached

Kredarica, we saw clouds approaching from the southern end of the Julian Alps. Down low under the Triglav Pass, in the deep valleys of Mojstrana, clouds covered every sight. We soon heard thunder from beneath, and here and there we saw lightning on top of the mists below. The clouds were approaching the Pass. Their fierce lightning was coming higher and higher, until the whole region was in darkness.

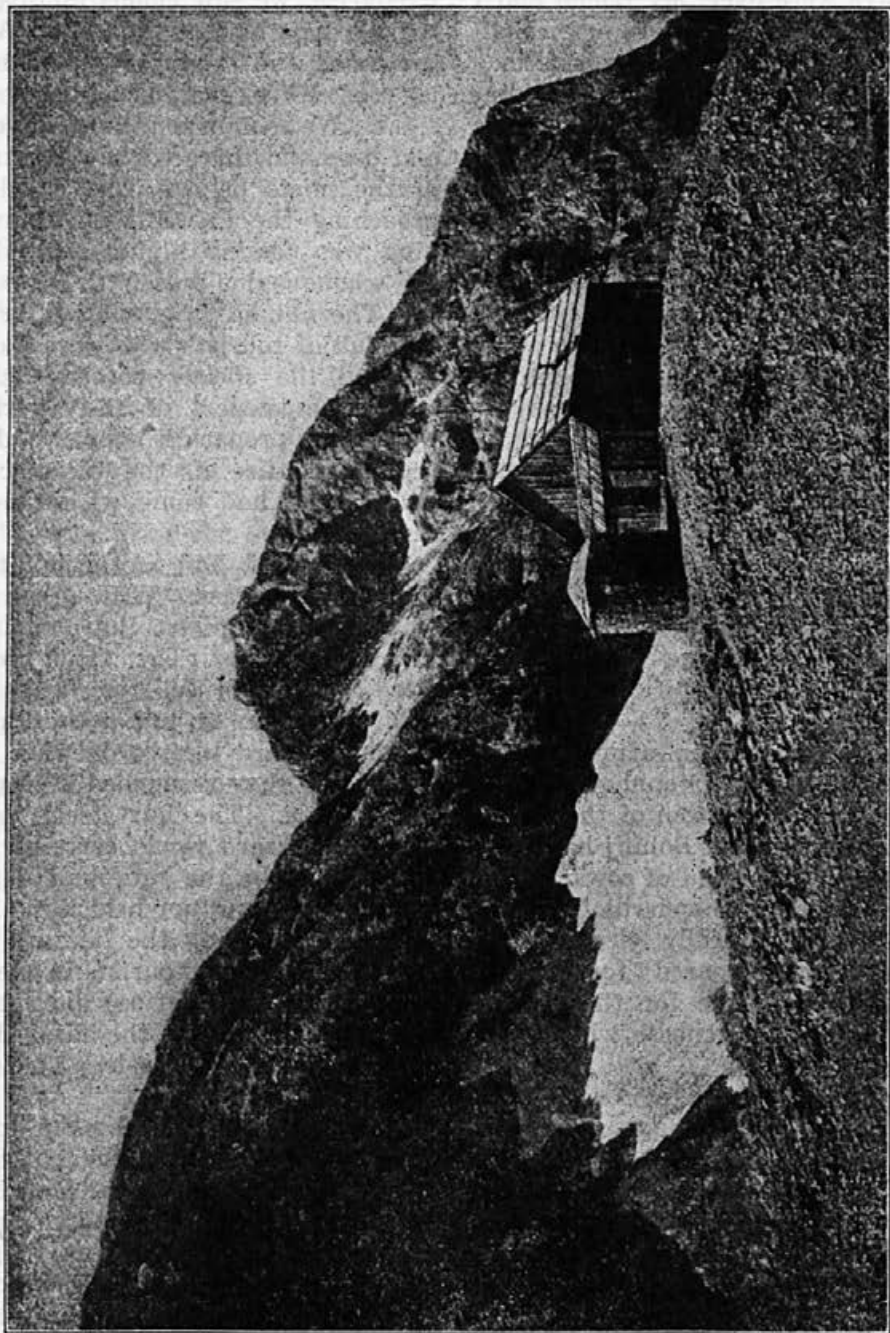
The hut on Triglav Pass, or Kredarica, was full of tourists who were lucky to have reached the shelter before blizzard broke out. The keepers of the Tourists' House were busy preparing supper and keeping a regular bonfire in the fireplace, because winter cold had come with this July blizzard.

Snow and hail storm burst over the open Triglav Pass. With groan and yell it was striking against the cliffs behind the Tourists' House. The thick ropes which were fastened to the stony walls in order to hold the hut up on top of the Pass trembled in the blizzard like cords of a musical instrument; they resounded a peculiar, moaning whistle. The hut itself was shaking, and the blizzard would certainly have overturned it into the profound depths if the strong wires had not held it.

All night long the blizzard raged with fury. Most of the tourists in the hut (there were about twenty of us) did not sleep. Towards morning, when the blizzard had ceased to be violent, we fell asleep and slept a long while.

Bright rays from the sun and from the fresh snow shone into the hut through the small windows. It was the hour before noon. The bright cover of a foot high snow was enchanting and inviting us to go out and have a game of snow balls which certainly was unusual for the "dog days."

In the afternoon we began the last climb to the top of the highest Peak. We had about three hundred feet to ascend to the Peak of Triglav. The cliffs and wires which were fastened to the rocks in order



The Tourists' Hut on the Triglav Pass, Kredarica. Triglav Peak in the Background (9,363 ft.)

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Kredarica which we reached before night.
We had excellent weather late and with
mild mountain temperature the first three
days of our tour. But before we reached

to help the tourists climbing over the dangerous ridges, were all covered with snow. It was a hard task to climb, but most of the tourists were enchanted by the brilliant clearness of the mountain air and by most delightful views on all sides.

From the top of Triglav we had a view which was ample reward for the toil. It was clear as it could be only on top of the highest mountain and only after a clearing blizzard like the one that had raged the night before. Down in the South, behind the green meadows of Soča Valley, a blanket of blue and white was spread. On the right of the Adriatic Sea, there was the colorful level of fields of Venice Province. Way down East, there were forests and fields, hills and smooth levels of Yugoslav country, with big winding rivers flowing far, far down to the levels of the East. On the North side, right in front of us, there was nothing. Thousands of feet below, there were rocky valleys, and gigantic cliffs stretched straight up into the air. Farther behind in the North, there were the mountains, hills, and meadows of Koroško, covered with scattered lakes and decorated with the wide Drava River. The view toward northwest offered a panorama of mountains, giants of Alps with Prestrelnik—the peculiarly shaped Peak with a big hole in the middle—in front of all.

We had to descend. The sun was getting lower and cold breezes blew from the western ends. A few looks to the emerald green Lake of Bohinj yet, and we started down, to the other side of the Peak, where Alexander's Hut is located.

The snow did not melt soon; therefore we waited the next day in Alexander's Hut. We wanted to hike onto Kanjavec and through the Valley of Seven Lakes. The day, however, was not spent in the Hut, as we made several short trips to nearby peaks.

The sixth day we hiked all the time. One week proved to be too short to finish the planned tour; therefore we did not hesitate or slow up. First we went onto Kanjavec, a Peak that is now on the border line between Yugoslavia and Italy. From this Peak there is a better view into the Northern part of Slovenian Territory, Primorsko,

which after the war fell under the government of Italy. Cascades amid most romantic scenery and with swiftly falling waters are seen from Kanjavec.

About two hours of descending from Kanjavec brought us to the Seventh Lake of the Valley, which is about a hundred yards away from the state line. This is a very little lake, but has its beauty in the narrow valley among cliffs and peaks where few living creatures can exist, on account of the great altitude. The Sixth Lake is considerably bigger and not much lower in the Valley.

A refreshing hike down the Valley, jumping over the snow covered rocks, brought us to the Fifth and Fourth Lake. The Fourth one is a long, deep lake, and a peculiar sort of fish is found in it.

The Valley of Seven Lakes becomes broader when descending downwards. It is a long distance to the region of the Third Lake. We found there was no more snow at this Lake and the vegetation was sprouting all around amidst misshaped and, on account of heavy winter snows, crooked trees. There was a special attraction in this Lake, on the bank of which a cozy hut for the tourists had been built.

We had just a short rest at this hut, and then we turned out from the Valley of Seven Lakes onto the wide Plateau of Komna, surrounded by high peaks full of eagles' nests and dens of wild goats. In the Northern part of Komna Plateau we came to a region of peculiarly shaped rocks which were remains of the Glacial Period. Round rocks like immense balls, long cliffs like bats, and stones of various shapes were there. It was no wonder if the common people who had seen this strange region invented so many tales and legends of "čatež" (devil) who was believed to have had his dwellings and playgrounds here. They invented tales of "Zlatorog" (wild goat with golden horns), of fairies (vile rojenice), and of innumerable riches in Mount Bogatin which were inclosed in the caves of the Mount.

The Komna Plateau with the Valley of Seven Lakes and all mountains which surround this region are now the "Yugoslav Na-

tional Park," also called "Triglav National Park." Komna is exceedingly rich in the variety of high Alpine vegetation and fauna, and the Government wants to protect its riches for the benefit of the tourists from all the world.

At the lower end of Komna, which we reached after hiking the whole afternoon, we found a group of shepherd huts, similar to those of the "planšarji" above Pokluka. We got our shelter there and did not care for supper that evening. We felt all worn out and fell asleep immediately.

The last day of our tour was a trip from Komna to Bohinjska Bistrica, which consisted of hiking to the end of the Lake of Bohinj and riding on a bus from there on. It was a trip downwards, into the Valley of Savica. From the end of Komna the road winds snake-like towards the cascades of Savica Falls. About half a mile away we could hear the murmuring thunder of the Falls which grew in volume as we approached. In the narrow cascades we could see but a cloud of water drops which were broadcasted by

the force of the Falls. As we went deeper to the bottom, our clothes were soon soaked with water mist and drops. Higher up, close to the brink of the magnificent Falls, a bright rainbow with all its splendor was bent. This was the place that inspired the Slovene lyrical poet, Prešeren, to write his immortal poem "Krst pri Savici."

About three quarters of an hour's journey from Savica Falls lies the bottom of Triglav Mountains, at the strange Lake of Bohinj. It is quite a big Lake, surrounded on one side by vertically falling cliffs, and on the other side by level forests which gradually change into hills and mountains far out into the distance. Bohinjsko jezero is one of the most calm lakes, of a deep green and crystalline brilliant color. It gets its color from the forests and sky and from the dark grey cliffs.

With my friend I spent all the afternoon of the seventh day of our trip by hiking through the forests on the banks of the Lake, and by swimming in the icy-cold, but inviting crystalline water.

DIDJA?

Didja ever sleep in the woods at night
An' have yer heart near' stopped with fright
fright—

Didja?

Didja hear the Coyotes mournful cry
An' little footpads stealin' by—

Didja?

Didja listen hard an' hold yer breath
An' try an' lie as still as death—

Didja?

Didja hear the snap o' a fallen twig
An' feel sure 'twas broke by somethin' big—

Didja?

Didja 'magine if yu'd try to look
Yu'd see two eyes just like a spook—

Didja?

An' so yu'd close yer eyes real tight
An' try an' sleep with all yer might—

But didja?

Didja wonder when yu' woke at dawn
An' the woods were filled with the sounds of
morn;

The peep of birds an' the rustle of grouse,
An' the chatter of squirrels that made you
rouse;

An' you looked around on big green world,
At the camp-fire smoke as it upward curled;
An' the smell o' the fryin' bacon so good
Made yu' glad yu'd slept out in the wood;
Didja wonder, when things looked so harm-
less and bright,

What's made yu' feel so scared in the night—
Didja?

Karla Juul.



The Affair of the German Professor

"Well I never!" said Claribel the nurse, as she lowered the morning newspaper and put her elbows into a wonderful castle of sand that Busty had been making at her side. "None of these here newspapers ever misses nothing! Just read this, Master Busty. My back is all awriggle with fright already."

Busty put down his spade and bucket and prevented himself from saying the kinds of things he wanted to say about Claribel upsetting his castle. Then he read the paper. This was what he read:

"Our correspondent telegraphs that an aged but intelligent woman living on the seashore at Tinpots-on-Sea claims to have seen a gigantic sea-serpent with a pink tail resting on the rocks late one evening. Mrs. Shuttlenose, the aged lady in question, with great presence of mind hurled three pots of very crimson geraniums at it, and the beast disappeared immediately into the sea. We understand that Professor Flitz, the eminent serpentologist from Berlin who has been undergoing a corn cure at Bath, left for Tinpots-on-Sea yesterday in a bath-chair to investigate."

"That is Carlo," said Busty decidedly. "No other seaserpent would have a pink tail. Besides, he said he would come back."

"Go on," said Claribel nervously. "Don't you remember that the poor fish Carlo was eaten up with the goldfish by all them wild rabbits?"

Busty laughed with his mouth.

"Oh no he wasn't!" he said. "I saved him when Mrs. Shuttlenose wanted to make him into a pickle; and he went away into the sea, growing all the time, and he said he was a sea-serpent. Claribel, I tell you he has come back!"

Then was Claribel the nurse more nervous than ever, and her body shivered because she was afraid.

"I couldn't bear that fish, never!" she said. "I always said that harm would come of having a creature like that about. The

way its eyes followed one around the room was 'orrible. I shall go straight home, Master Busty, and not come along out of my bedroom until this Professor Flitz has caught it."

"What's that?" cried Busty, pointing along the road that ran behind the deserted promenade.

The face of Claribel the nurse turned green as the sea with fright. Then she sighed with relief.

"Why it's only a Ford van," she said, "dragging along a sort of bath-chair."

When the Ford van reached them it stopped, and the bath-chair which it was towing behind by a piece of rope, stopped also. An old man with a white beard and a square head let himself out of the bath-chair with some difficulty; and he frowned very fiercely with his face, and gazed very anxiously out to sea with a telescope.

Busty and Claribel were very interested, and they watched him with all their eyes.

While the old man was gazing through the telescope his driver opened the back of the great empty van and put inside a large and smelly cheese. Then he arranged ropes and things round the flap of the van so that should anyone touch the cheese the back would close up like a trap. And the driver of the Ford van winked at Busty and Claribel, and he said:

"That'll fetch him! Sea-serpents just dote on cheese—they do."

Then he unhooked the bath-chair and pushed it towards the professor.

"Now then, mister," he said, "get in here, and I'll take you to the hotel for a plate of soup. Then in the morning we will find the sea-serpent all cooped up in the van, ready to make our fortunes."

The professor still frowned with his face.

"Ach!" he said. "It I cannot see coming. Let us go to the hotel, and eat soup till the morning." And he got inside the bath-chair and was pushed away towards the little town.

"My!" said Claribel the nurse. "Let's get away from that smelly cheese. Seems funny it should attract anything—even a sea-serpent! Come along, Master Busty, let's go home, and to-morrow the nasty sea-serpent will be caught nice and proper."

And so Busty went home, but he thought very cleverly in his mind all the time. After he had gone to bed he thought of Carlo the sea-serpent more and more, until at last he decided to go down to the shore to see if he could save Carlo from getting into the Ford van trap. So he put on a thick dressing-gown and crept downstairs and out into the moonlit night.

While Busty was making his way to the shore, Claribel the nurse was reading a very interesting story about a young man in full evening dress who was saving a Russian princess from fourteen cat burglars outside a conservatory. And away at the hotel Professor Flitz was ordering his seventh plate of soup, and telling the waiter to put more cabbage in it; and he rubbed his hands because he was so pleased and glad about catching a sea-serpent.

And above everything, far out across the quivering sea, the great pale moon watched all the different kinds of things that were happening all over the world; and it thought to itself how interesting and exciting everything was. Now it happened that where the seas of the world were deepest, and where the swelling waves rose and fell like monstrous oil-soaked mountains, Carlo the sea-serpent used to live. As he swam amid the giant waves, the wind from the shore brought with it the smell of the cheese that had been put as bait inside the Ford van trap. Now although he had never tasted it, Carlo the sea-serpent liked cheese better than any other eatable on earth. So he just sniffed with his nose and set off for the distant shore. And as he swam he lashed the smooth green sea into white swirling foam; and high above him the great moon pushed a cloud from before its face so that it might see more clearly.

So it happened that when Busty came to the shore and looked out across the waves he saw Carlo the sea-serpent swimming

quickly towards him; and he called out very quietly, and he said:

"Beware, O Carlo! There is danger for you here. Danger from cheese—danger from Ford vans—danger from German professors; and I have come to warn you."

But Carlo the sea-serpent only laughed as he shook the sea-water from his gleaming coils, and he licked his lips because the smell of the cheese was so strong and nice, and he said:

"Wow! I am Carlo the sea-serpent, and I am not afraid of cheese, or furniture vans, or professors, or of any old thing, except of that frightening lady, Mrs. Shuttlenose, who wanted to pickle me, Wow!"

Then was Busty very annoyed, and he said:

"Really, Carlo, you are very stupid, for as sure as cheese is cheese, you will get caught in that van and taken away to the big city, and put into the Zoo."

But the sea-serpent only went on sniffing with his nose, and he wriggled nearer and nearer to the van.

"It was nice of you to save me from being pickled the other day," he said. "And I am quite grateful about it, but I can't have you butting in like this when I get on to something really good. I don't meet cheese with a smell like that every day, you know."

Then was Busty fed up, and he said:

"Goodness alive, Carlo! You are stupider even than Claribel!"

But Carlo only grinned with his mouth and crawled up the sands towards the gaping furniture van.

Now it happened that on this particular night, Mrs. Shuttlenose, the policeman's mother, as she was watering her crimson geraniums before she went to bed, noticed the Ford van backed sideways on to the grass by the side of the sands. And because Mrs. Shuttlenose liked knowing every kind of thing that it was possible to know, she put on her spectacles and set forth along the road to investigate. And she chanced to reach the van from the road just at the very moment that Carlo reached it from the sands. And of all the creatures on the earth,

Mrs. Shuttlenose was the only one of which Carlo was afraid. And when he saw the moonlight glinting on her spectacles he was terrified, and he forgot all about the cheese, and he just yelled with his voice and made off across the sands as quickly as he could back to the sea. And as he passed Busty he called out and said:

"Save me from the lady with the pickling fork and crimson geranium!"

When Mrs. Shuttlenose heard the frightening kind of shriek of the sea-serpent, she too was terrified, and she picked up her skirts and jumped into the van on to the cheese, because she thought it looked a safe kind of place. And the van shut itself up tightly with Mrs. Shuttlenose inside instead of the sea-serpent.

And Busty, as he strolled home through the moonlight, thought it was all very interesting, and wondered what would happen to Mrs. Shuttlenose.

Early next morning the professor and his driver made their way to the van, and when they saw that the trap was up, and when they heard the bangings and noises that Mrs. Shuttlenose was making inside, they were sure that they had caught the sea-

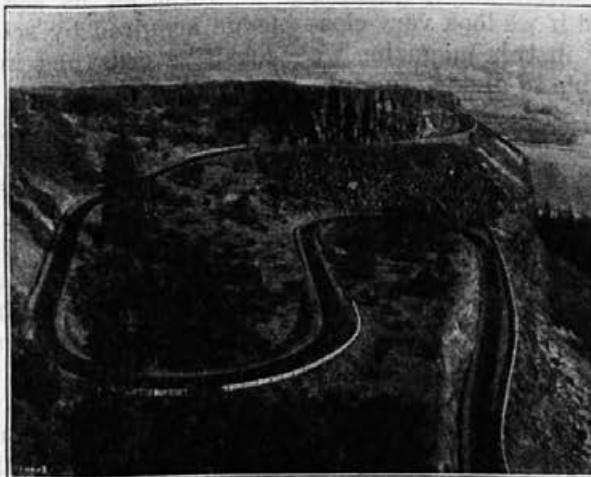
serpent, and they were very glad, and they shook hands with each other, and danced and sang with joy on the sands.

After they had finished dancing the professor got into his bath-chair, and they tied it on to the back of the van, and the driver climbed up in front, and they set off for the City. And all the time Mrs. Shuttlenose banged with her hands and kicked with her feet, but they thought that it was Carlo the sea-serpent.

When they reached the City they opened the trap-door, and upset Mrs. Shuttlenose into a big tank of sea-water, because they thought she would like it. But when they saw that she wasn't a sea-serpent they were very surprised and frightened, and they pulled her out of the tank, and gave her postal orders and things, and a first-class railway ticket back to Tinpots-on-Sea!

And Mrs. Shuttlenose glared with her eyes and said that she would have the law on everybody.

And far out in the very middle of the sea, where the sleek green waters rise and fall like monstrous oil-soaked mountains, Carlo the sea-serpent gasped with his mouth, and was very thankful that he had escaped.



Section of a Winding Highway in the West.

Seeing Pictures Far Away

We have become so accustomed to wireless that most of us have forgotten how very wonderful it is. To snatch a song, a lesson, a bit of news, or the strains of an orchestra from the air all seems so simple now that we know how to do it and can hardly imagine ourselves without it.

What we are going to see soon is another triumph of wireless, for pictures have been sent across the Atlantic from New York to England, and machines have been invented by which pictures can be broadcast and picked up as easily as a song.

We can actually put a blank sheet of paper on a little machine, press a button, and watch a picture come literally out of the air. It is the first real stepping-stone to perhaps the greatest possible wireless achievement, television. The last ten years have taught us how to talk to each other by wireless, the next ten years will almost certainly teach us how to see one another by wireless. We even hear that kinematograph pictures will soon be sent by wireless, that it will be possible to watch distant events on a little screen in our own homes. Such things will surely be accomplished, but we must not expect them too soon.

It is not difficult to think of a picture in much the same way as a message. When a telegram is sent each word is divided up into letters, and each letter is represented by dots and dashes; and if we look very closely at any photographs in this magazine we shall see how it is possible to divide a picture up in the same way. We see that these pictures are built up of tiny dots; not dots and dashes, but dots of varying sizes. That being so, a picture can be split up into little pieces like a message, and if these pieces are telegraphed in the proper order it must be possible to put them together again at the other end and so make a copy of the picture that was telegraphed. That is, in fact, how it is done, and with very simple apparatus.

As long ago as 1906 Professor Arthus Korn, of Munich, a colleague of Professor Roentgen, sent surprisingly good portraits from Berlin to Paris by wire. The picture to

be telegraphed was printed on to a celluloid film, so that it was transparent, and the film was wrapped round a large glass cylinder. The cylinder was revolved by an electric motor in much the same way as the drum of a phonograph, that is to say it not only turned round but travelled forwards. The rays of light from a powerful electric lamp were concentrated on a tiny part of the cylinder, and this beam of light passed through the transparent picture and fell on a mirror inside the glass cylinder. This mirror reflected the rays upward so that they fell on a light-sensitive cell.

Now, we can quite easily see that as the picture revolved the rays of light from the electric lamp would pass through different bits of it each instant, and, according to weather these little bits were light or dark, so the strength of the rays passing through the picture would be strong or weak. The whole secret of the method lay in the fact that the sensitive cell allows more electricity to pass through it when it is strongly illuminated. If no light is falling on it hardly any electricity can get through it at all, but as the light increases more and more current can pass through it. This wonderful property is turned to account in making a telegraphic copy of a picture hundreds of miles away.

First let us see how the fresh knowledge acquired by science about these light-sensitive cells has improved the quality of the pictures that can be sent by wire.

The curious way in which some substances are affected by light has long been known, but the discovery that selenium changes the degree of its resistance to an electric current if light falls upon it was discovered only about forty years ago by an English cable engineer, Mr. Shelford Bidwell. Selenium, a curious element which is half metal and half non-metal, has a very great resistance, and will only allow a feeble current to pass through it but if a bright light is thrown on the selenium, it allows much greater quantity to flow through. Therefore, by making rays of light pass

through a revolving photograph and then fall upon selenium the electric current passing through the selenium would itself vary each instant, according to the lights or darks of the picture.

It happened that no really great progress was made with selenium because its resistance changed so slowly with the change in the brilliance of light. The selenium became tired, as we may say, too easily, and refused to correspond properly with the changes in the strength of the light. In spite of quite remarkable efforts on the part of scientists selenium could not be made to do more than send very small pictures in a very long time.

Little was thus done until years afterwards, when a wonderful device called a photo-electric cell was discovered, able to detect the flicker of a candle burning three miles away. If a change in the amount of light falling on one of these truly marvellous little cells occurs, the cell will record it within a millionth of a second. The photo-electric cell is like a marvellous electric eye, which is not only going to send our pictures by wireless but will also solve the fascinating problem of seeing by wireless too. In fact, much has already been done in this direction, so that we can even today see dimly by wireless.

Most of us are familiar with a wireless valve, and know that when we make the filament red-hot by passing an electric current through it we cause a stream of electrons to flow across the plate. In a photo-electric cell light does for us what the electric current does in the valve. When light falls on an electrode made of potassium or sodium which has been specially treated and is deposited inside a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted a stream of electrons flows from the metal. It is excessively feeble, but recent discoveries have shown that if we introduce a trace of rare gas, such as argon,

into the vacuum bulb, the strength of the cell is tremendously increased.

Even then the amount of electricity produced is very feeble; but here wireless has come to our aid and has given us the amplifying valve, with which we can so magnify the current that it is big enough to control a wireless circuit, so that the photograph can be telegraphed by wireless instead of over a telegraph line.

All kinds of clever machines are in use to receive telegraph messages. Some of these actually write out the message on a sheet of paper so that it can be read as it comes; others make a wavy line on a thin paper tape which travels forward all the time, and the message is read in Morse. The machine receiving a picture is little more ingenious, and merely picks up the signals from the telegraph line or from the wireless receiver, converts them into marks of corresponding size, and sets them out in order on a piece of sensitive film.

Perhaps the simplest method of all for building up a picture from these wireless signals is that invented by Mr. Thorne Baker, many demonstrations of which have been given in London. A piece of paper is moistened with a chemical solution which is marvellously sensitive to an electric current, and this paper is wrapped round the drum of the receiving machine. As the drum revolves, a platinum pencil traces its way over its surface like the needle of a phonograph, and each wireless signal, as it is received, causes a brown mark to appear on the paper. These marks join up in perfect sequence, and in two minutes the picture appears complete on the white paper. One can, indeed, see the wireless picture coming!

This wonderful little machine can be attached to any wireless receiving set with two or more valves, and is said to be as easily worked as a gramophone.



Games in the Home.

Trick Games.

Here are some trick or joke games that ought to prove fun for you if you try them on folks who are not "wise to them."

You can do a mind-reading stunt which seems quite mystifying by working with a confederate. You go out of the room and, while gone, the rest of the group in the room tell your partner some word or else tell him something to have you do. Then you come into the room and you can be blindfolded if desired to make it more mysterious. Your partner sits down, but says absolutely nothing. You put your hands on each side of his temples or cheek bones.

He then bites his teeth together without any one in the crowd noticing it. However, you can feel it in his temples or cheeks. If he bites once and stops, that may signify the letter "a". If he bites four times, you can go down the alphabet with him and you get the letter "d".

Thus it is possible to speak out whatever he wants you to do. It will seem quite amazing to those not familiar with your trick as to how it is done. You will do well to practice all trick games beforehand to make sure you can do them quickly and accurately, so that they will succeed and not backfire and be a joke on you instead of on the crowd.

I See a Ghost.

Another game is to have everyone stand up in line. You at the end say "I see a ghost." The crowd says, "Where?" You answer, "There," and point with both hands in a certain direction and get down on the one knee and the rest all do the same. Again you repeat "I see a ghost" and they ask, "Where?" You answer, "there", and then give the line a push and they all fall over on the floor in a heap, during which time they are supposed to see ghosts.



The Business Section, Seattle, Washington

Chatter Corner

What do my readers do in their spare time, I wonder? Probably it depends upon the time of the year — now, in Summer, for instance, you may do quite different things from what you do in Winter. From your letters I see that you're interested in the puzzles, and I am sure, you find much enjoyment in them. Of course, some of the puzzles seem too hard for the young ones among you, but think hard and try to solve each one. I'll be glad to read your answers.

*

The other day I met a little girl (she is a member of the S. N. P. J.) and said to her: "How do you do, Josie!" She was rather bashful which was nothing unusual, because she is only eight years old. Anyway, she smilingly greeted me: "How are you!" I asked her about her father and mother, and she told me that they had just returned from a ride to Lyons where they had been visiting a young "newlywed" Slovenian couple. Josie was with them, too, and she said that she had spent a pleasant afternoon in the Forest Preserve near Lyons. They had a picnic, and Josie's father was talking to the young husband in order to bring him to our Lodge of the S. N. P. J. Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed promised to join at the next meeting. — This was all that Josie told me, for she had to hurry to the store where her mother had sent her.

*

I told you this in order to show you how Josie's family had spent their spare time on a Saturday afternoon. They went to see their friends and at the same time to talk to them about joining the Lodge of the S. N. P. J., which is your Lodge also. Are you, my dear readers, doing the same? I should like to read your "Yes." Will you let me know how your Lodge is progressing?

*

This month I received letters from quite a number of you. I like all your letters, therefore I am publishing all of them. Let your friends, brothers, and sisters of the S. N. P. J., read them.

Dear Editor:—

I like the stories in the "Mladinski list" very much, for they are interesting. I wish the Magazine would contain more stories. And the letters are interesting too. When I have nothing to do, I read our Magazine over.

When the Prosveta was enlarged one column on each page, I knew that our S. N. P. J. was growing. Now Prosveta has a whole page in the American language, which I like to read.

I remain,

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing to the "Mladinski list." I always read the stories and letters in it. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade.

I have a joke:

Willie's father had just got a new car. He was always talking about it. Little Willie has been at Sunday school, and when he returned home, he asked his father:

"Papa, has God a car?"

"No, my son, what makes you think so?"

Willie: "This morning at Sunday school we sang a song: 'If you love Him, when you die, he'll take you home on high!'"

I am yours,

Hazel Wagner, Parkhill, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am writing my first letter to the "Mladinski list," and I hope it will not be my last one. I am 14 years of age and can read and partly write in Slovenian. I like the stories, riddles, letters, and poems in the Magazine and I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month.

Here is a joke for the readers:

There was a young lady in Lynn

Who was so exceedingly thin

That when she essayed,

To drink lemonade,

She slipped through the straw and fell in."

Yours truly,

Mary Poje, Barberton, Ohio.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I have noticed that there are very few members writing from the West, so I thought I would write. I live in Washoe, Mont. It is a small town; the chief industry of this town is coal-mining.

I passed to the eighth grade and am thirteen years old. I am very interested in our magazine. There are many good stories in it.

I remain a loyal member of the S. N. P. J.

Josephine Osnick, Washoe, Mont.

Dear Editor:

I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST for the first time as I am especially interested in it.

I like to read the letters and stories. I am 14 years old and I will graduate to the tenth grade on June 9. I live in California; it is very nice here. I wish that some more of my friends from the MLADINSKI LIST could live in such a nice place where they never have to freeze out in the snow, and then they can eat oranges and grapes and fruits in winter while in the eastern states the boys and girls are shoveling snow off the sidewalks. I hope to meet some of these friends.

Hoping to see more interesting letters from my MLADINSKI LIST friends, I remain a loyal reader,

Albina Pecnik,
Fontana, Cal., San Bernardino Co.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST; every one else is writing, so I thought I would try, too, to boost the M. L.

I am 15 years of age, and have finished the eighth grade over a year ago. I have three brothers and one sister older than I am. My brothers are all younger.

I can read and write in Slovenian, and I may write a Slovenian letter some time.

There is nothing I like so well as reading the MLADINSKI LIST. My father and all of us belong to the S. N. P. J. and when I get "Prosveta" I sure read the Young S. N. P. J. page. This is all for this time, hoping to hear of a bigger M. L. soon, so we can get it every week instead of waiting a month.

I remain, yours truly,

Mary J. Stich, Denver, Colo.

* * *

Dear Editor:

We have been receiving the wonderful magazine for a very long time. I think it is a very nice magazine for children. I like the puzzles, riddles and stories in the MLADINSKI LIST.

Whenever it arrives, my sister Frances, who has already written to you, and I always fight for it. I think that it ought to come every week or at least twice a month. There are five of us in the family.

I am twelve years old, and in the seventh grade. I hope I will pass into the eighth grade. Our teacher is very kind to all of us children.

I do not know how to write in Slovenian, but know how to read a little. I am trying to learn how to write, so that once I may write to the MLADINSKI LIST in Slovenian instead of English.

Hoping that some of the sisters and brothers will write to me, and also that the letter will not go into the waste basket. I am, yours truly,

Josephine Platner,
163 Huston St., Barberton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST.

There are many, many wonderful stories in it. I like to read them, and the wonderful riddles and jokes I like to read and solve.

I am thirteen years old. I just finished seventh grade this year. I will be in the eighth grade next year. I would like to have the girls write to me who wish.

I wish the MLADINSKI LIST would become larger and hope it would come once a week instead of once a month.

I have a few jokes also.

Teacher: "Mary, put your gum out and put your feet in!"

*

A man just came from old country and wanted a ticket.

Ticket Seller: John, where to?

John: None of your busenose, just gimme ticket.

*

This is all for this time. I remain, yours truly,
Julia Andler, Roslyn, Wash., Box 90.

DO YOU KNOW HER?



This is Your Sister,
Miss Angeline Crowley,
from La Salle, Illinois, a member of the Lodge 573.

I have a pile of other letters.

Joe Rajkovich from Madrid, Iowa, is enclosing regards to brothers and sisters, readers of the Mladinski list. He says he is thirteen, and he is going to be a freshman next year. He enjoys reading our Magazine and he says: "I am a boy who belongs to the Mladinski list." (That's real nice.) Look for his riddle.

*

Josephine Hren from Lafferty, Ohio, says, she can read, and write a little Slovenian. She says the stories are wonderful in the "Mladinski list." She also likes the riddles. Her school was out on April 23, and she passed in the fifth grade. Now she is eleven years old.

*

Mary Frank from Cleveland is writing for the first time. She is twelve years of age now and she was promoted to the eighth grade. She can read and write Slovenian as well as English. That surely is true; just read her letter in the "Naš kotichek" and you will see that she is able to write Slovenian.

*

Mary Grile from Jenny Lind, Arkansas, says: "The first thing I do when I get the "Mladinski list," I look if anyone in Jenny Lind woke up and wrote a letter. But they are still sleeping.

Frank Peternell is our reader in Meadow Lands, Pa., who always tries to guess the riddles. He likes the "Mladinski list" very much, but that is his first letter. He is telling us about a little club that they are having at Meadow Lands. There are fifteen members in that club, and they all like the "Juvenile." (We surely like to hear that.) And then he tells us he can read in Slovenian, but he cannot write it very well yet, although he is learning. Now he is eleven and he belongs to the Lodge 259. He is in the fifth grade.

*

Mamie Stiener from Franville, Illinois, writes us that there are six children in their family, and they all belong to the S. N. P. J. She can read and write Slovenian, too, and she likes to read the "Prosveta." The "Young S. N. P. J. Page" in the "Prosveta" seems very interesting to her.

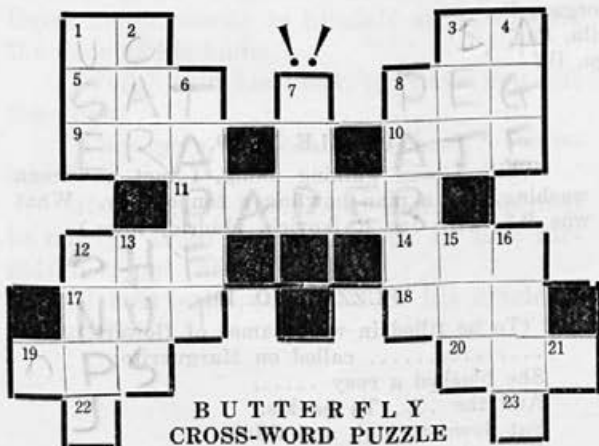
*

Stanley Hribar writes me a letter from Pittsburg, Kansas. He wishes the "Mladinski list" would come every week instead of once a month. He says he likes the stories in the Magazine.

*

The same wish is expressed in the letter of Annie Cerne from Pittsburg, Kansas. If the "Mladinski" would come at least twice a month, she says. She is eleven years old, and, of course, a member of the S. N. P. J.

PUZZLE NO. 8.



BUTTERFLY
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

A C R O S S

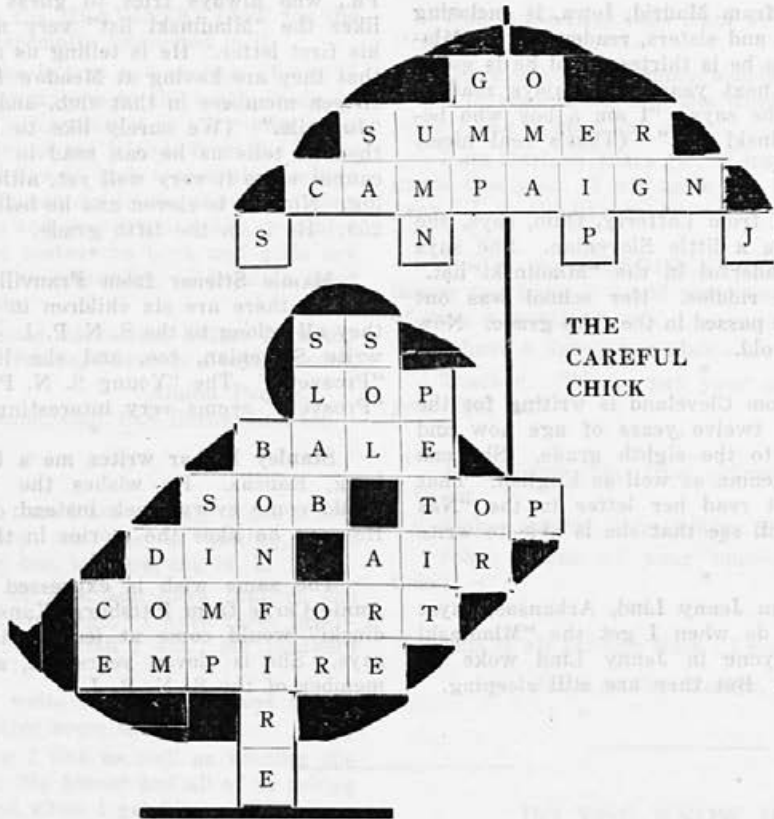
- 1—Initials for United Colonies.
- 3—The sixth note of a scale (musical).
- 5—To have been seated.
- 8—A small pointed wooden pin.
- 9—A period of years.
- 10—To have eaten.
- 11—The material on which this puzzle is printed.

- 12—A female.
- 14—A drink made of leaves.
- 17—Something squirrels like.
- 18—A vegetable similar to the potato.
- 19—An ancient Roman goddess of harvest.
- 20—A very small child.
- 22—The tenth letter of the alphabet.
- 23—The nineteenth letter of the alphabet.

U P A N D D O W N

- 1—To make use of.
- 2—The machine you ride in.
- 3—To permit.
- 4—The number of years you have lived.
- 6—Obscure form for tapestry.
- 7—To strike lightly.
- 8—An enjoyable social event.
- 12—The biggest and best Slovene organization (initials).
- 13—Bohemian reformer, burned at stake by Roman Catholic church.
- 15—To feed.
- 16—A boy's name.
- 19—The fifteenth letter of the alphabet.
- 21—The twentieth letter of the alphabet.

Puzzle No. 7.



The Puzzle was solved by:

- Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.
- Clarence Widmar, Avella, Pa.
- Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES OF OUR READERS.

Elizabeth Puskarich, Limestone, Michigan.—
 All three puzzles were solved by:
 Johana Kozel, Blaine, Ohio.
 Josephine Hren, Lafferty, Ohio.
 Mary Grile, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.
 Annie Cerne, Pittsburg, Kansas.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Stanley Hribar solved the second and the third riddle.

*

Josephine Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.—Honorable mention of our readers who solved her riddles:
 Mary Frank, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Louise Podpechan, Franklin, Kansas.
 Annie Cerne, Pittsburg, Kansas.

PUZZLE NO. 9.

While I was walking along, I met a woman washing, and a man hawling a ton of hay. What was it?—(By Joe Rajkovich, Madrid, Iowa.)

*

PUZZLE NO. 10.

(To be filled in with names of flowers.)
 called on Marguerite;
 She blushed a rosy,
 And the To be his,
 Sat down to sigh and think.
 But, when she asked her dear
 He said it would disgrace him
 And less he left at
 The surely chase him.



THE ABSENT-MINDED BOY

(Read this short story in Slovenian also.)

Johnny is very absent-minded. He is a lad who means well, but with the best intentions in the world, he is inattentive, and all sort of unpleasant adventures happen to him. For instance, the other day his mother said to him:

"On your way back from school you will call at the grocer's and buy half-a-dozen eggs, new-laid. Here's the money."

"Yes, mother," said Johnny. And he set off for school.

All the morning the idea of new-laid eggs trotted in his brain. When the teacher asked him how much thirteen times seven were he replied vaguely: "Half-a-dozen, new-laid." During playtime a boy threw him a ball. Johnny put it carefully into his pocket, thinking it was a fresh egg.

During the writing lesson, instead of copying down the text, Johnny began to write instinctively: "Half-a-dozen eggs, new-laid."

When school was over, Johnny began to start for home. Two chums accompanied him. He listened to them absent-mindedly. In his brain these words returned constantly: "New-laid, half-a-dozen." He was whispering those magic words to himself as he opened the door of his home.

"Well," said his mother, "have you got the eggs?"

"The eggs," repeated Johnny, "new-laid."

His mother shook him. Johnny seemed to emerge from a dream. No! he had forgotten to get them.

Of course he was done of his omelette for lunch.

RAZTRESEN DEČEK.

(Čitajte to kratko povest tudi v angleščini.)

Janezek je zelo raztresen. On je deček, ki dobro misli, toda čeprav namerava storiti najboljše na svetu, ni pazljiv; zato se mu pripete najbolj neprijetni dogodki. Oni dan mu je na primer rekla mati:

"Na poti iz šole stopi k prodajalcu in kupi pol ducata svežih jajec! Tu imaš denar."

"Da, mati!" je rekel Janezek. In odpravil se je v šolo.

Vse jutro so se mu podile po glavi misli na sveža jajca. Ko ga je učitelj vprašal, koliko je trinajstkrat sedemnajst, je negotovo odgovoril:

"Pol ducata svežih." Med igranjem mu je neki deček vrgel žogo. Janezek jo je skrbno položil v žep in mislil, da je žoga sveže jajce.

Namesto da bi prepisal čtivo je Janezek med pisalno vajo po instinktu brezmiselno začel pisati: "Pol ducata svežih jajec."

Po šoli se je Janezek podal domov. Tovariša sta ga spremljala. Raztreseno ju je poslušal. Neprestano so se povračale v njegovo glavo misli: "Pol ducata svežih jajec." Šepetal je te tajinstvene besede sam sebi še ko je odprl vrata domače hiše.

"No," mu je rekla mati. "Ali si dobil jajca?"

"Jajca," je ponovil Janezek, "sveža."

Mati ga je stresla. Janezek se je očitno zbudil iz sanj. Ne. Pozabil je kupiti jajca.

Tisti dan seveda ni imel omelete za kosilo.

FLOWER HATS

Daisies wear a silver frill,
Buttercups a bonnet;
Anna wears a silken hood,
Dinky bows upon it.

RAZTRASEN DEČEK

THE ABSENT-MINDED BOY

OTOK BLEŠKI

