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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAJ 1925.

ŠTEV. 5.

## PASTIRČEK.

Ni imel biča  
solnček—možic,  
ko si je pasel  
čredo ovčic.

Pa je priskakal  
veter tatič,  
ovce odpeljal  
v beli gradič.

Išče jih solnček  
ni več ovčic . . .  
Veter se smeje:  
"Vzel bi si bič!"

—ALBIN ČEBULAR.

JAKOB VOLJČ:

## DVA ČOLNA.

Aj čolna dva, aj čolna dva  
sta srečala se sred morja . . .  
Za hip čolnarja ustavita,  
drug drugega pozdravita.

"Prijatelj mladi, Bog s teboj!  
Kam vodi brzi pot te tvoj?"

"Iz roda v rod pravljica gre,  
da onkraj zelenih valov  
očem odpira svet se nov,  
kje, nihče prav za prav ne ve.

V deželi tej čarovnik star  
bil srečo v zlat je grad uklel;  
a ona čaka, kdaj prišel  
in jo odklel bo mlad čolnar . . .  
In jaz hitim — morda pač mene  
k nji poneso vode zelene . . ."

Nasmehne drugi se mornar,  
otožno strese z glavo belo . . .  
"Pravljica . . . ! Tudi jaz sem čul  
nekoč jo — bil sem mlad čolnar  
in srce mi je hrepnelo;  
od rodnih sem bregov odplul,  
iskat šel zlatega gradu,  
iskat šel sreče kakor ti . . .  
in brez pokoja, brez miru  
za njo sem brodil dni, noči.  
A danes truden spem domov,  
morda mi grad bo — rodni krov."

Aj čolna dva, aj čolna dva  
ločila sta se sred morja;  
Pa eden plul je v ocean  
in drugi truden spel v pristan . . .



IVAN CANKAR:

## Spomladi.

(Konec.)

Na širokem s peskom posutem prostoru med klavnim drevjem so se igrali otroci. Brez števila jih je bilo. Marenke pa ni videl nobeden in nobeden je ni ogovoril. Skakali so preko vrvi, bili žogo, gonili kolesa; rdeči, zasopli obrazi, bleščeče oči, vrvenje, krik in trušč. Otroci so bili oblečeni nedeljsko; fantje so imeli kratke hlače, črne nogavice in šolne in so bili gologlavi; dekleta so bila kakor pisani metulji — bele, rdeče, modre, živosvetle oblekce do kolen, beli, široki slamniki s pisanim trakom, vse nežno, lahko, frfotajoče. Marenko je spreletela čudna misel, napol sladka, napol tesnobna: da bi stopila mednje, da bi skakala tudi sama preko vrvi, bila žogo, gonila kolo po gladkem pesku. Spreletela jo je misel in jo vso omamila. Pozabila je popolnoma, da nosi težke, velike škornje, dolgo krilo, da bi se opletalo okoli nog, in da ima na glavi svileno ruto, ki bi se takoj odvezala in zdrknila na tla, da bi jo po-teptali v prah. Kakor v omotici je stopila bližje, glavo nekoliko upognjeno, roke sklenjene v naročju. Kuštrav, zlatokodrast fant je prignal kolo mimo in se nenadoma ustavil pred Marenko, kakor da je bil ugledal božje čudo. Stal je in je gledal osupel, strmeč, nato pa se je zasmeljal z glasnim, zvonkim smehom.

“Kdo pa si ti?” je vprašal v tujem jeziku.

Marenka ni razumela in ni odgovorila; z upognjeno glavo in sklenjenimi rokami je stala pred njim; njene rjave oči so se ozirale plaho in nemirno, kakor da bi iskale, izgubljene v tujini, znanega obraza.

“Odkod pa si ti?” je vprašal fant in se je smejal.

Marenka je molčala. Velika gruča otrok se je bila zbrala okoli nje, nekateri so gledali radovedno, drugi hudomušno in skoro zaničljivo.

“Schaut's euch die Krowotin an!”\*)

Smeh je bil zmerom glasnejši; tik pred njo so stali, gledali so ji tik v obraz; nekdo

se je zadel ob njo, ali iz hudomušnosti ali slučajno, in opotekla se je.

Marenka je prosila:

“Pustite me . . . nič nisem storila . . . domov pojdem . . .”

Odgovoril ji je hrupen smeh.

“Co? Co? . . . Powidlkrowotin!”\*\*)

Nekdo je potegnil zadaj za ruto, za svetli, trioglati konec, ki je visel na hrbet, in ruta je zdrknila na ramo. Marenka je pri-jela za ruto z obema rokama in je zajokala. Komaj so videli otroci solze, slišali njen jok, so stopili za korak nazaj in so bili začudeni in zlovoljni, kakor da jim je bila brez potrebe, morda iz same zlobnosti, pokvarila nedolžno veselje.

“Čemu pa se emeri?” je prašal zlatokodrasti fant; ozrl se je jezno in zaničljivo na Marenko, okrenil se je in je šel; drugi so šli za njim, pozabili so na Marenko in se igrali dalje.

“Na!” je vzkliknil v slovo droben, bledikast fant in je sunil Marenko v hrbet, da se je opotekla in padla na kolena: nato je pobegnul molče kakor pred grehom.

Marenka je vstala, privezala si je ruto krepkeje okoli vratu in se je vrnila na ulico. Glava je klonila nižje, solze se še niso posušile na licih in ustnice so trepetale še zmerom. Šla je in globoka žalost je bila v njenem srcu. Ozrla se ni nikamor; ulica je bila dolga, zmerom enako pusta in prašna, tudi hiše so bile zmerom enake, še v solncu sive in mračne. Ulica se je vzdigala polagoma višje in daleč je že bila Marenka, ko se je ozrla. Neznani kraj, visoki plotovi, prostrana dvorišča, s črnim prahom pokrita, visoki vitki dimniki. In ljudi nikjer, glasu od nikoder, tiho, kakor na pokopališču.

Marenka se ni prestrašila tujine; povsod je bila tujina; samotna, neprijazna se je zagrinjala kakor siva senca po vseh teh pustih ulicah in v veži je bila in na dvorišču in v izbi; vsepovsod njen gluhi mrak. Neznane hiše, neznani ljudje, tuje oči, nerazumljive besede. Ljudje hodijo mimo kakor

\*) Krowotin: psovka, ki jo rabijo Nemci splošno za Slovane. “Schaut's euch an”—poglejte.

\*\*) “Co” pomeni v češkem jeziku kaj. “Powidlkrowotin!”: psovka posebej za Čehe.

sence, ki beže v mraku preko zida in ki se jih človek boji; njih glas je kakor glas veta, čudno skrivnostno, nerazumljivo. Zase žive, čisto drugo, tuje življenje; prišla je mednje Marenka in ne živi z njimi, gleda in ne vidi, posluša in ne sliši; zdelo bi se celo človeku, da diha drug zrak, da vidi drugo nebo in drugo sonce . . .

Počasi se je vračala Marenka, ni se ozirala in ni prašala nikogar. "Dolga je ulica, nekam pa drži; pridem . . . kamorkoli . . ." Tako je mislila v svoji bridkosti in njeno srce je bilo težko.

jablane, ki je že vsa posuta s cvetjem, z dišečim snegom; z enim samim pogledom, solznim od boleznega koprnenja, je premerila prostrano, zeleno, tiho valujočo ravan do gozda, ki pošumeva zamolklo v daljavi . . .

Stopala je hitreje, prišla je mimo vrta, kjer so se igrali otroci v prahu; slišala je veseli krik in trušč in se ni ozrla; prišla je v ulico, v vežo, na dvorišče, stopila v izbo.

V izbi, tesni in nizki je bil mrak; skozi okno je sijala z dvorišča bledotna, bolna svetloba. Tiho je bilo v izbi; za zelenim zastorom je ležala mati in se ni ganila; spala je,

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### Spomladi.

Sredi trudne poti, sredi žalostnih misli jo je spreletelo nenadoma, kakor da jo je pobožala po licu prijazna roka. Zapihal ji je bil v lica toplejši veter, čudno opojen, blagodišeč — pozdrav iz domovine, od zelenih travnikov, od razoranega polja; tih pozdrav, tiha pesem je bila v njem . . ." Travnik zeleni, nepokošeni . . ."

S široko odprtimi, zameglelimi očmi se je ozrla Marenka; z omeglelimi očmi je vide-la preko gora, do bele hiše z zelenimi okni, do

morda je umrla; Marenka ni odgrnila zastora, zgenila je svilen ruto in jo je zavila v papir; nato se je slekla in je legla na blazino, ki je ležala na tleh pod mizo. Odela se je, sklenila je roke pod odejo in je strmela s široko odprtimi očmi žalostni misli v obraz.

"Pojdem . . . naravnost po cesti pojdem in pridem tja . . . Pozdravil me je, dobro sem slišala, ko me je pozdravil . . . Zeleni travnik me je pozdravil . . . tudi jablana me je pozdravila, ki je že vsa v cvetju . . . in moje

okno me je pozdravilo in rožmarin na njem je zadišal . . . meni v pozdrav . . ."

Zapelo je v izbi —

In v istem hipu je stopila senca v izbo in je odgrnila zastor s tiho roko; za zelenim zastorom se je nasmehnil bled obraz, nasmehnil se je in je okamenel . . .

Zaživelo je v izbi, iz daljave, od onstran gora je zašumela pesem:

"Louka zelena  
neposekana,  
rostou na ni kviti . . ."

Marenka se je nasmehnila in je zaspala.

### III.

Napravila se je na pot, kakor je bila sklenila v svoji bridkosti. Zgodaj zjutraj je bilo, ko se je napravila na pot. Izba je bila vsa razmetana, zeleni zastor je bil odgrnjen, ljudje, tujci so prihajali in odhajali. Oče je sedel ob postelji, globoko sključen, roke uprte ob kolena, obraz v dlaneh; gledal je v tla in je zibal z glavo enakomerno, kakor da bi poslušal lepo umerjeno, žalostno pesem. Na postelji je ležala mati čisto mirno; bled je bil njen obraz, ustnice pa so se smehljale; roke so bile sklenjene na prsih, prsti so se oklepali črnega razpela.

Marenka je stopila na stol, sklonila se je preko matere in jo je prekrizala na čelu, na ustnicah in na prsih.

"Smehlja se mati, ker je slišala pesem!" je rekla očetu.

Oče je ni slišal; gledal je v tla in je zibal z glavo.

"Zdaj pa pojdem, oče, zdaj pa pojdem tudi jaz!"

Marenka je stala sredi sobe in si je vezala svileni ruto.

"Zbogom, oče, adijo; pa pozdravim tam še od vas, oče!"

Slišal je glas in jo je pogledal; pogledal jo je s tujim očesom in je ni spoznal.

Marenka je šla.

Toplo jutro je bilo zunaj; komaj je zasijalo solnce, je bilo že vse goreče; samo na visoke strehe je sijalo, na zvonike, toda človek je pogledal, zableščalo se mu je in spreletela ga je toplota.

Ulice so bile vse žive; lahki vozovi so drdrali mimo, počasi so se pomikali težki tovorni vozovi, delavci so hiteli mimo s čmer-

nimi, zlovoljnimi, še zaspanimi obrazi. Marenka ni videla nikogar in nihče je ni videl.

Dolga je bila pot; brez konca, zmerom pusta in siva, se je spenjala v holm, spuščala se v dolino; daleč zadaj so že ostale visoke hiše z mrtvimi, neprijaznimi okni, na desni in na levi se razprostirajo široka, prašna dvorišča, vzdigajo se tenki, očrneli dimniki; tudi dvorišče ni več in dimnikov, še par nizkih koč, par pustih, tihih vrtov — in tam polje, tam zelena, neizmerna svoboda . . .

Marenka je stala in je strmela.

"Ne tja . . . nisem hotela tja . . . izgrešila sem pot, nisem šla po tisti cesti . . ."

Nemir in strah je bil v njenih očeh; iskala je, kakor išče oko v tujini. Čudno tiha je bila pokrajina, tudi nebo, kakor je bilo svetlo, je molčalo neprijazno. Ne gane se na polju, ne na visokem travniku — mrtva je pokrajina, učarana, okamenela. Ne, odtod, odtod ni dahnil blagodišeči, ljubeči pozdrav . . . Tujina je tukaj, razprostira se, molčeča, sovražna, do obzorja, v neskončnost. Bele poti se križajo, nobena ne drži v domovino, nobena do bele hiše, do cvetoče jablane, do tiho šumečega solnčnega polja. Nobena pot, Marenka!

Povesila je glavo — kakor človek, ki je prosil vdano, verno zaupal in je izprosil za smeh.

"Tukaj ni poti!" je pomislila Marenka in v tistem hipu jo je spreletel mrz; groza ji je pogledala v lice in ni več odvrnila od nje oče do poslednje ure.

"Nikjer ni poti!"

Vrnila se je v mesto; šla je počasi in je gledala v tla.

"Nikjer je ni . . . In morda, Bog vedi, morda še res ni, da stoji tam bela hiša z zelenimi okni in da je v mojem oknu rožmarin. Morda se mi je sanjalo . . . tudi sinoči se mi je lepo sanjalo . . . In nikjer nego v mojih sanjah ni jablane lepo cvetoče, ni travnikov, ne polja . . . zato tudi poti ni nikjer . . .

Groza ji je gledala v lice in dorasla je spoznanju ob tisti uri. Videla je vežo, dvorišče, izbo, mater, ki je ležala mrtva na postelji, očeta, ki je zibal z glavo in spoznala je resnico, kakor da bi se bile odprle visoke duri.

"Kako bi tja naprej, kako bi se vračala tja?" je pomislila. "Smrt je tam . . . sama

sem jo videla, ko je prišla sinoči . . . slišala sem pesem in sem videla smrt, ko je prišla tiho, po prstih, da me ne bi vzdramila; jaz pa nisem spala, samo napol sem zatisnila oči in sem gledala skozi špranjo . . .”

In ker je spoznala Marenka, da ni poti nikjer in nikamor, je sedla ob ulico, na kameniti tlak, sključila je noge pod krilo in je uprla glavo v dlani; podobna je bila zeleni culi, prevezani z rdečim robcem, ki jo je bil pozabil kmet na ulici.

“Jutri bodo nesli mater . . . tudi očeta bodo nesli . . . in izba bo prazna. Tudi pesmi ne bo več . . . pri materi je ostala pesem, z njo pojde . . . zato se je smehljala mati . . . pesem je slišala in je umrla . . . zato je šla naravnost v nebesa, in pesem je šla z njo . . .”

Misli so bile tako mirne, skoro brez bridkosti, iz oči, z dlanmi zakritih, pa so kapale solze . . .

“Kaj sediš tukaj, otrok?”

Ogromen človek, mrk in bradat, v dolgi, sivi suknji, je stal pred njo. Gledal jo je s srepim očesom, in skoro je že iztegnil težko roko.

“Kaj sediš, tukaj, otrok?”

Dolgo sabljo je imel prepasano in na prsih je imel zlato medaljo.

Marenka je skočila kvišku in je pobegnila; bežala je v težkih, nerodnih škornjih od ulice do ulice, zasopla, trudna; ruta ji je bila zdrsnila na tilnik, pot ji je tekla po licu. Ko se je ozrla, ni bilo nikjer več bradatega moža v dolgi sivi suknji, s sabljo in medaljo.

Naslonila se je ob zid in takrat je bilo, ko se je sklonila groza, smrti sami podobna, čisto blizu k nji, dehnila ji v lice ter jo prijela za roko . . .

“Ho—o, ho—o . . . Prokleeti otrok! . . .”

Voznik je trudoma ustavil konje in je skočil z voza; od vseh strani se je zgrnilo vrveče, kričeče ljudstvo.

“Jaz nisem kriv!” je kričal voznik. “Plane pred konje, slepo in gluho . . . ne sliši nič . . .”

Črno oblečen človek z dobrodušnim obrazom in sivo brado je klečal na tleh in je odpenjal Marenki jopo . . .

“Ubogi otrok . . . in še smehlja se . . .”

Resnično se je smehljala Marenka. Zakaj Bog se je bil usmilil in iz sosednjega dvorišča se je oglasila hripava lajna . . . pesem od onstran gora, od zelenih travnikov:

“Louka zelena,  
neposekana,  
rostou na ni kviti . . .”

Marenka je slišala pesem in se je nasmehnila . . .

Črno oblečeni človek je vstal, otepel si je prašna kolena in se ozrl.

“Kaj še ni voza? . . . Konec je . . . in brez bolečine, se mi zdi . . . Vzdignite jo!”

Nekoliko bledejši je bil njen rjavi obraz, oči so bile napol zatisnjene, široke ustnice so se smehljale . . .

Kje je pot? Kam greš, moje hrepeneje? Kje si, domovina?

Marenka, kaj si ti našla pot?

ALBIN ČEBULAR:

## Ob žolti vrbinji.

Možički, kam tako urno plezate?

— Ne utegnemo!

Se je li dogodila kaka nesreča?

— Ti, radovednež ti! Saj vemo, da nam ne boš dal drugače miru in se izgubil v zamik korakajoče steze, ki ji je odrpoto okno vasi, sedeče na pragu hriba.

Gotovo da ne preštavamo raz vrbinje temnomodro valovje, ne razprezamo zelenine po snežnih livadah, da bi se nam smehljali topli žarki: — Kaj hočete vi, ki se še stiskate v kožušček?

Priletela je čebelica srebrno . . .

— Možički, sedaj vem, kam tako urno plezate.

Pričakovanje vam je bilo kakor sokolu drevo na brezmejni planoti.

Zoran gleda čudo: Možički umirjajo hlačice, in trenutje, pripravljeno je vse, gotove lezejo na nožice, obšite z rumenimi trakovi.

— Oho, je dejal, — sedaj pa poznam tvoje — krojačke, čebelica!

FR. PENGOV:

## Vojaki.

(Konec.)

Zmagoslavne roparice, ki so bile udrle v trdnjavo, so prišle zopet ven, očitno zadovoljne z bojno srečo. Ponosno so nosile mnoge bube v čeljustih in marširale zmagoslavno proti domu. Mnogo domačink jim je prišlo nasproti, da jim voščijo srečo. Če si ogledaš, cenjeni bralec, to trumo čestitavic nekoliko natančneje, opaziš med njimi strmeč tudi mnogo sivih mravlji, ki kažejo kakor rdečke, veliko veselje nad dobro uspelim lovom na sužnje. In res je tako. V tujem mestu rojene se čutijo sivke med rdečkami popolnoma domače ter želijo, da bi nova domovina cvela in uspevala. Izgubile so popolnoma čut za svoj sivi rod in se čutijo ene krvi z roparicami.

“Pa mi jih je vendar nekoliko žal,” porечеš morda, “a do rdečih roparic nimam nobenega sočutja.”

In vendar so rdeče mravlje same na sebi reve in usmiljenja vredne. Zakaj same zase ne morejo živeti in ne znajo drugega ko vojskovati se in ropati zalego drugih mravelj. Ker so vajene že izza stoletij, da jim stržejo sužnje, zato skoro niso v stanu, oskrbeti same zase, zidati svojih gnezd itd.

Poznamo še drugo vrsto mravelj, amazonke jim pravimo, ki so še hujše roparice od rdeče mravlje; ta imenitna vojačica, ki prebode s svojimi špičastimi kleščami v trenutku nasprotnico, je tako grozno nerodna, da se sama niti hraniti ne zna, ampak jo morajo pitati sužnje kakor kakega dojenčka. Iz tega izprevidiš, da suženjstvo deluje bolj škodljivo na gospodarice kakor pa na sužnje same. Pa ozrimo se za trenutek še v ravno oropano mesto!

Z velikim zmagoslavjem so se vrnile rdeče Sangvineje s plenom v domačo mesto. Pozno v noč še vse mrgoli in se raduje; srečna zmaga jim ne da zatisniti očesec. Vse drugače pri ubogih sivkah. Povsod vidiš sledove ravnokar končanega boja. Ranjene mravlje, ki se s težavo vlečejo domov, mrtva trupla, posamezni deli oprsja, nog, tipalnic leže razmetani vsi križem. V gnezdju samem pa je precejšnje število cinerej, ki se goreče trudijo, da zabrišejo sledove žalostnega

boja. Trupla in ude mrtvecev spravljajo na poseben prostor ob strani, če hočeš, na nekako skupno pokopališče. Največ dela imajo pa vzgojiteljice, ki prinašajo bube iz raznih temnih hodnikov in jih pokladajo, kakor je tu navada, v otroških sobicah v lepe vrste in kupčke.

“Mar niso uropale rdeče zmagovalke vseh bub?” vprašaš nehote, videč pridne dojnice.

“O ne, to morejo le malokdaj storiti. V trenutku, ko se raznese novica, da prihajajo roparice, odneso pestunje takoj bube in jajca in jih poskrijejo v take kote gnezda, ki so težko dostopni in najbolj skriti; deloma jih odneso tudi iz gnezda, dokler ne preneha napad. Zato pa sovražnice postavijo tudi straže na vse strani, sicer bi bile lahko ob ves plen, zavoljo katerega morajo vendar žrtvovati toliko domačink.”

Boji mravljincev imajo marsikako podobnost s človeškimi vojskami. Sicer tudi mravlje ne rabijo drugega orožja ko prirasle čeljusti, strupena bodala ali strupene brizgalnice; toda način njihovega bojevanja se v marsičem ujema s človeško vojno taktiko (načinom). Kot očitivec, ki si bil priča gori opisanega boja med rdečimi in sivimi mravljami, gotovo ne dvomiš o moji trditvi. Amazonka, zvana tudi rdečkasti Polierg, gre v boj vedno v velikih, sklenjenih vrstah, Sangvineja v manjših, ne tesno sklenjenih gručah; obe pa, posebno pa amazonke, težita za tem, da bi vzeli sovražno gnezdo v silnem naskoku in sovražnika tako zmedli in zopodili v beg. To se jima zvečine tudi posreči.

Zelo značilno za bojno taktiko roparskih mravelj je tudi to, da mori le tiste nasprotnice, ki se jim postavijo v bran; begunke zasledujejo le, če neso s seboj bube ali ličinke. Zmagovalkam ne gre za moritev, ampak za plen.

\* \* \*

Dobro znane so slehernemu čebelarju vojske med čebelami. Če je suša in slaba pašna, ali če razlijemo v uljnjak ali pred njim po neprevidnosti medu, ko pitamo domače čebele, se rade oglasijo sosednje čebele, navad-

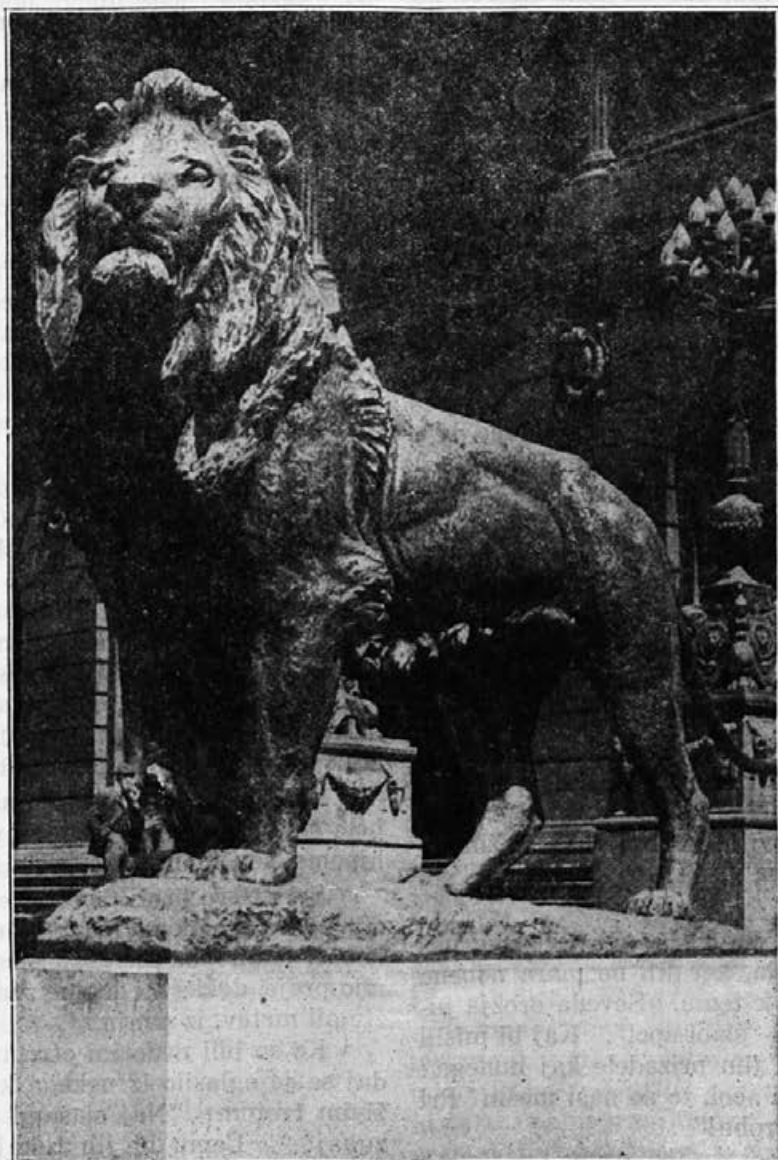


no iz najbolj pridnih panjev, kot roparice, da okradejo moje čebele med strašnim bojem in klanjem.

Bilo je proti koncu junija vročega leta. Huda nesreča je zadela lepi panj Mihevčevega uljnjaka z orlom na čelni strani. Ne vem, kaj so bili zagrešili stari Mihevčev oča, ki so

toliko let uspešno gospodarili in čebelarili; orla so napadle po vrsti čebele iz sosesčine tri dni zaporedoma. Komaj se jih je otepalvalo krepko ljudstvo, pa ti pridejo četrti dan laške čebele, ki si jih je bil naročil nadučitelj za poskušnjo. Pa tudi pred temi se niso skriale naše Kranjice. Kakor levinje so branile

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Lev.

Eden izmed levov, ki stojita pred vhodom v Chicaški umetniški zavod, kjer so točasno razstavljena dela našega jugoslovanskega umetnika Ivana Meštroviča.

domačijo, dokler ni poginila zadnja Lahinja pod žgočim bodalom ali odnesla urno tatin-skih želja s seboj na beg. A dočim so se delavke borile na življenje in smrt, ni dvignil niti en trot orožja v obrambo domačega krova, tako da so vzbudili sumnjo, kakor bi bili skrivni izdajalci ali vsaj ne domoljubi, ki v največji sili ne ganejo z mezincem.

"Trotje so nas izdali, drage sestrice! Kdo drugi ima tudi čas za take načrte ko trotje?" Takih glasov je bilo čuti od vseh strani v panju in ti glasovi niso obetali "slabemu spolu" nič dobrega.

"Ves božji dan spijo lepo na gorkem v panju; prav nič jih ne zanima poročilo, kakšno je vreme zunaj je li jutro hladno ali toplo, je li paša obilna ali slaba. Šele ko stoji solncece že visoko na nebu in se ozira iznad gore na naš dom, ob najlepši opoldanji uri zlezejo lenuhi na brado in zlete lagodno na izprehod, ne daleč, da bi se ne utrudili — po izprehodu pa se zgrnejo potni in lačni kakor majhen hudournik v panj in se vsujejo preko svežega, polnega satja, katero smo bile delavke med tem od daleč nanosile. A pokrepča se tak trot pošteno, kadar se loti, in se napije do grla iz celic, v katerih je shranjen medeni sok; da bi pa užival postopač kdaj sam pelod, ali da bi ga vsaj prigrizoval k medu iz varčnosti, o, tega še nobena izmed nas ni nikoli opazila. Da, včasih se da lenart leni celo pitati kaki neizkušeni delavki, in vendar se to spodobi edino le matici!"

Tako se je glasila obdolžnica, ki je že davno tiščala vse v prsih. Danes je bila izgovorjena! V viharju splošne nevolje so se oglašali vedno novi glasovi, da bi priložili tudi svoje polence na visoko grmado trotovskih grehov.

"Sitno je, da ne more nobena izmed nas naučiti trotov dela, ker jih ne mara nobena s silo priganjati k temu. Seveda orožja nimajo, zato so naš "slabi spol". Kaj bi mislil svet o nas, ko bi jim prizadele kaj hudega? In glejte, ta slabi spol, to so naši moški! Pri nas je res vse narobe!"

Hudoben smeh se je razlegal ob tem modrovanju po panju, delavke so trepetale s krilci, uporniško so bučale in majale z močnimi tipalnicami nad glavami, kakor če dvi-ga razkačeno ljudstvo sovražne pesti.

Posebno grozno pa so doneli posamezni kriki na ušesa ubogih trotov, ki so se tu in tam zvijali in trepetali med satovi.

"Čemu sploh redimo tako vojsko 400 do 600 trotov pri nas? Matica polaga že jajčeca in trotje nimajo prav ničesar več opraviti."

"In vendar prihajajo v celicah še vedno novi na svet! Matica polaga ravno tako jajca v trotovsko kakor v delavsko satje . . ."

"Pomečimo vendar iz celic to vražjo zalego!" je sprožil močan glas nenadoma geslo po vsem panju.

"Tako je, iztrebimo to zalego," je soglašal ves zbor, "dokler je še v celicah in še ni ugledala luči sveta!"

In delavke so se vrgle na trotovsko satje in neusmiljeno trgale dozorevajočo trotovsko zalego iz zibelk in jo vlačile v svojih kleščah venkaj k žrelcu. Tam so sprejele uboge mladiče druge bojevnice in jih treskale ali takoj z brad doli v travo ali pa so se dvigale ž njimi najprej visoko v zrak in jih spuščale potem iz višine doli, da bi se gotovo nikoli več ne srečale z ubogimi črviči.

Mati kraljica je pustila v tej prekuciji svojemu ljudstvu popolno prostost. Niti na misel ji ni prišlo, da bi ga pozvala na odgovor. Tudi njej so se že priskutili nenasitni trotje, poleg tega je pa tudi izprevidela, da je glas naroda v tem slučaju vendarle glas božji. Zato se je šetala mirno po satovju v spremstvu svojih dvornih gospic — čebelic, ki jo pitajo —, ogledovala si je nove, bele celice in legla vanje jajčeca, vse tako, kakor bi vladal po deželi najlepši mir in red.

Toda grozeče brenčanje ni potihnilo. Čebele so se lotile krvoločnega posla, ki jih je hipoma popolnoma prevzel s svojo strahoto.

Sovraštvo proti trotom je zavoljo blagra domovine nenadoma bruhnilo na dan in pričakovati je bilo, da se razkačene čebele ne umirijo preje, dokler ne izgine zadnji trot, bodisi živ ali mrtev, iz panja.

Ko so bili nedolžni otroci pomorjeni, tedaj se je oglasilo iz nekega kota geslo proti živim trotom: "Naj si sami poiščejo hrane zunaj! . . . Čemu bi jih tukaj krmile, požeruhe, zdaj na jesen, ko je treba misliti na zimo? In kje ste bili vi junaki takrat, ko smo se me ruvale z Italijankami in je bil ves panj v nevarnosti? Zlezli ste lepo med polno satje in tiho čakali, kako se izteče stvar!"

"Brrr-brr!" so zastokali trotje v panju in se stisnili na tleh v veliko gručo. Stiskali so glave skupaj kakor preplašene ovce in tako vdano pričakovali reči, ki so imele priti nad nje. Sključeno so sedeli skupaj in se posvetovali, kaj bi bilo pač ukreniti v tej nadlogi. Pa nobeden izmed vseh trotov ni vedel reči ne kam ne kako.

Že oni čas, ko so trgale čebele črvice iz celic, se je stiskal "slabi spol" v strahu po kotih panja. Niti eden se ni drznil napiti se medu iz celic.

Zdaj se je oglasil v njihovem tolstem drobovju še močan glad, ki je bil vzrok, da so bili trotje še slabejši in so mogli še manj misliti. Niti s trepalnico ni ganil nobeden.

Okoli nesrečnežev in po njihovih hrbtiških pa so dirkale bojevite čebele kakor stekle; grozeče so bučale in mahale s krilci.

Slednjič so izprevideli od lakote že napol otrpneli trotje, da bo pač še najbolje, če gredo ven in si sami poiščejo hrane. Drug za drugim se je dvignil in taval tiho k žrelcu. Brenčanje čebel jim je godlo na pot. Od vseh strani pikre opazke, povsodi so zasmehovali uboge trote in če kateri po misli bojevnici ni korakal dovolj urno, je skočila nanj ena izmed amazonk (Amazonke so bile hrabre bojevnice v grški vojski.) in jezdila na njem venkaj iz panja kakor na konju. Tam pa je treščila ubogo kljuse dol v travo.

Nekaterim trotom so pregrizle čebele celo krila in jih šele potem pognale "na prosti zrak," da bi se pač ne mogli nikoli več vrniti nazaj.

Srečne so se lahko imenovali oni, ki so se izgubili iz panja prostovoljno in o pravem času. Imeli so vsaj cela krila in so se razleteli bodisi po travnikih ali pa so šli prosit prenočišča k sosednjim panjem. Saj uživa slabi spol povsodi posebne ugodnosti in tudi čebele ne napadejo tujega trota v svojem panju tako kakor tujo delavko. Spuste ga v panj—dokler imajo dovolj medu in dokler se ne dvignejo tudi same na "trotovsko vojsko."

V travi pod ulnjakom je skakala velika siva krastača. V njeni zmajski glavi se je čudno svetilo dvoje zelenih oči; ta dan je imela imenitno gostijo med troti, kakor nekdanj bogati rimski Lukul...

Ropaželjen vitez je volk. Ker ima silno dober tek, mora hoditi pridno na lov, da si pridobi potrebne divjačine. Glad je huda reč, to on dobro ve. Ker pa pozna važnost gesla "Viribus unitis!"—"Z združenimi močmi!"—, zato se jih združi po navadi več, da si kot roparska tolpa poiščejo plena. V pontskih stepah (ob Črnem morju v Mali Aziji) se pasejo velikanske črede konj, in konjska sočna pečenka je menda volkovom posebna slaščica. Toda po dnevu se ne smejo približati čredi; do zadnjega bi bili izgubljeni vsi. Zato je zanje večer toliko ugodnejši. Z največjo opreznostjo se priplazijo in napadejo konje. Vname se prava bitka.

Prvi napadeni konji, ki so zavohali volkove ali opazili onjihove svetlikajoče se oči iz nočne stepe, priostrijo ušesa, zarezgetajo in zašumijo in zahreščijo skozi nozdrvi z glasovi, ki se slišijo daleč v temno noč kakor pošasten pisk. Na prvi ropot priskočijo vsi bližnji žrebci, valahi (skopljenci) in kobile in se zakade naravnost proti volkovom. Ti se prestrašijo besnega napada, ki so ga krivi sami, in se polagoma nekoliko umaknejo. Med tem pa se širi bojni rezget med konji naprej in celi taban (velika čreda), ne da bi mu prišlo na misel se razpršiti na vse vetrove, se gnete kakor vihar proti nevarnemu mestu. Kobile kričijo po svojih žrebetih in ta dirjajo za starkami, išoč varstva v gosti gruči. Če se volkovi čutijo dovolj močne po številu in jih muči lakota, tedaj se ne umaknejo popolnoma, ampak se bližajo na tem in onem mestu zopet čredi konj in ugrabijo morebiti kakega mladiča, ki je—neizkušen kričač—prišel v njihovo bližino poleg kobile, ki še sama ni prav vedela, kje da tiči nevarnost.

Stara je vsled nevarnosti žrebeta vsa iz sebe in skoči v sredo med volkove, da bi rešila mladiča. Pa zgreši ga; tudi njej se zasedi kmalu par lačnih žrel v vrat in že leži zleknjena v travi. Zdaj se tudi konji ne pomišljajo več. Mladiče vzemo v sredo, kobile in valahi pa napravijo krog, ki pa ni tako nepremakljiv in zapičen v zemljo, kakor smo slišali časih pripovedovati. Če bi ostalo konjsko kolo kakor pribito na enem mestu, potem bi bilo to za volkove zelo pripravno. Treba bi se jim bilo varovati le zadnjih konjskih nog, in najhujše, kar bi se jim utegnilo pri-

petiti, bi bilo to, da bi si morali izbiti iz glave upanje na žrebečje meso. Toda konji imajo podobno taktiko kot nekdanji Macedonci, ki so si osvojili pol sveta s svojim velikim Aleksandrom na čelu. Kakor gibčna falanga (macedonska bojna vrsta) se zakade na volkove in upihnejo marsikateremu preteči blesk poželjivih oči; ne marajo se samo braniti, ampak hočejo sovražnika tudi napadati in uničiti. Žrebci se ne uvrstijo v to trumo, ampak ostanejo zunaj nje, besneč in sopihajoč z valovito grivo in visoko dvignjenim repom, kakor bi bila vsaka žima strupena kača—vojskovodje, zastavonoše in trobentači ob enem. Čim ugledajo volka, ki se plazi v travo, skočijo gobec pri gobcu proti njemu in ga potolčejo s prednjimi nogami. Napačna je razširjena misel, da ima konj vso moč le v zadnjih nogah. Za napad rabijo vselej le sprednje noge in le pri obrambi zadnje. Velikokrat loputne žrebec sovražnika s prednjimi kopiti po glavi tako, da mu za vselej prežene sapo; časih ga pa v prvem hipu samo omami, potem pa ga zgrabi z zobmi za tilnik in trešči preko trave naravnost kobilam pred noge, ki mu tako preustrojijo kožuh, da ne ostane ne ena koščica več cela v njem. Tako ravna pogumni žrebci in redoma so junaki vsi od prvega do zadnjega. Seveda se nahajajo tudi strahopetneži, ki si upajo besneti le sredi večje trume; tu in tam je tudi kak neroden posameznik, ki zgreši volka pri svojem napadu in ki leži nato, preden en samkrat zarezgeče, že s pregriznjenim grlom na tleh in voha zadnjikrat travo. Čeprav so konji spretni, ni zato volk prav nič manj okreten in porabi čas in vsako priliko kakor blisk.

### Človek ne živi samo od kruha.

Petrček je velik lenuh. Noče se učiti, pa naj ga še tako kregajo oče, mati in makar ves svet. Nekega dne, preden je šel v šolo, je zaprosil mater, da mu da kruha. Dobra mamica gre k omari, odreže kos, mu ga da ter reče: "Evo ti, Petrček, toda vedi, da človek ne živi od samega kruha."

"Pa mi daj še malo sira," odgovori mali nepridiprav.

Seveda take volčje bitke niso pravilo, ampak le bolj izjema. Volk ni posebno goreč prijatelj odkritega boja iz čisto enostavnega vzroka, ker mu je največkrat v škodo. Rajši napade posamezno žival, če le mogoče žrebe; če se mu je pa to posrečilo, potem mu zraste greben, da se skuša z nekaterimi tovariši približati tudi pasočim se starki in poslati tudi njo za mladičem na drugi svet.

\* \* \*

Boji se godijo dan na dan med divjim zajcem in podlasico, med lisjakom in srno, med petelini sosednjih dvorov, med divjo koko in jastrebo, med kraguljem in domačim petelinom itd. Naši vrabci in piščanci na dvorišču, strnadi in penice po grmovju, škrjanci in prepelice na polju ga nimajo zlepa hujšega sovražnika kot je skobec. Če ta predrznež ugleda plen, se zapodi za njim slepo, bodisi v gosto trnjevo mejo, v mestu pa celo skozi odprto okno v sobo.

Skobec pa napada ne le manjše ptice in sesalce, ampak se loti tudi večjih. Prirodoslovec Naumann pripoveduje:

"Hodil sem po gozdiču in gledal za čapljo, ki je letela tik nad drevjem. Nenadoma plane nanjos kobec iz gostih vej zadnjega drevesa, pograbi prestrašenega velikana za vrat in oba padeta med groznim krikom iz višave na tla. Hitro sem tekkel v bližino, a skobec me je žal prehitro opazil; prestrašil se je in spustil čapljo, na kar sta odletela oba, vsak po svojem potu. Rad bi vedel, kakšen bi bil konec tega neenakega boja, da ga nisem jaz preprečil. Ali bi bil pač mali, drzni ropar premagal veliko čapljo in jo tudi umoril?"

Učitelj razlaga razne načine, kako moremo izražati isto misel.

"Pravim: oče dela ves dan. Mirko, izrazi isti stavek z drugimi besedami!"

Mirko: "Oče dela od jutra do večera."

"Dobro; in ti, Joško!"

Joško: "Od solčnega vzhoda do zahoda."

"Dobro; in ti, Mihec!"

Mihec: "Oče dela od severa do juga."

Tone Seliškar:

## Morje plaka.\*)

Osebe: Slovenija.—Gorica.—Istra.—Dalmacija.—Jetnik.—Osveta.

Stene odra so prevlečene z narodnimi zastavami. Na sredi stoji precej visok steber, na katerem je slika Jadranskega morja (Dalmatinske obali). Steber je prevlečen s črnim ovojem. Pod ovojem pa je steber ovit z bršljanom in z rožami. Pred stebrom kleči Slovenija (starka), na levi strani stoji jetnik, poleg njega Dalmacija. Pred starko Istra, poleg nje pa Gorica.

Ko se zastor dvigne, je nekaj časa vse tiho. Osebe so obrnjene proti starki.

**Slovenija** (z žalostnim glasom):

Oj, veter tožni, veter dobro znani,  
od ravnih njiv, poljan prostranih.  
od strmih gor in senčnih gozdov—  
od bratov srečnih in svobodnih!  
\*Poglej na žalost in na deco mojo,  
poglej te solze in verige tesne—  
in morje naše, tiho plakajoče!

**Gorica:**

In brda naša vinska pokončana,  
vasice strte, kroginkrog požgane!  
Gorico našo tožno, razstreljeno!  
Oj, veter, ali si gorje že videl  
tako veliko kot pri nas je?  
In te grobove naših mučnikov—  
Goriško našo—vdovo zapuščeno?

**Istra:**

In skale sive, naša mesta,  
to žalno Istro, bedni narod!  
Si videl kdaj, da rod trepeče  
v nasilju tujcev, lačnih naše zemlje?

**Zbor:**

Ojoj! Gorje, gorje!

**Dalmacija:**

In Reko našo, biser dragoceni,  
Dalmacijo in južno solnce,  
ki koplje tam se v morskih valih,  
otoke naše blagodarne—  
v Jadranu sinjem ladje zibajoče?—  
In morje plaka, narod stoče,  
po svoji zemlji bridko joče.

**Zbor:**

Gorje nad našo domovino,  
gorje nad rodом in nad morjem,  
gorje neznosno—črna žalost...

**Jetnik:**

Ah, kako so tesni ti okovi,  
da roka krvavi, srce umira  
v zaporih temnih in v zidovju mrtvem  
na slami borni, vlažni, gnili,  
od svojcev daleč, daleč tam v tujini.  
Zakaj vse to? Saj nismo hudodelci,  
da nas love in gonijo umirat!  
Svobodo so nam vzeli—našo srečo  
in naša mesta, naše morje...  
Pa še ni sita laška kača,  
še plazi se in sika kakor zlobna,  
ki brez srca je, vere in poštenja!  
Oj, majka tožna, ti le plakaj  
in toči solze po sinovih!  
In narod ves naj zato le moli,  
da se zasveti tam ob meji  
svoboda in osveta strašna,  
svoboda lepa—naše hrepenenje!

**Zbor:**

Svoboda lepa—naše hrepenenje...

(Za oknom se prižge mogočna luč, da  
pada svit na morje.)

**Slovenija:**

Kaj vidim?—Oj, to solnce je,  
to ljubo, naše južno solnce,  
ki koplje se v morja globini!—  
Pozdravljeno, pozdravljeno!  
O, glej, kako ljubo pošilja  
nebeške, zlate žarke z neba  
na nas, na morje in na brda,  
na vso to zemljo—našo domovino!  
Kako je toplo v srcih naših,  
ko zremo te v nebes višavah,  
kot da bi čuli pesem sladko,  
oj, pesem rajsko, pesem o svobodi!

(V tem trenutku stopi na oder Osveta.)

\*) Rapalska pogodba je določila, da se je del Slovenija, Gorica, Istra ter Dalmacija priklopila Italiji.

**Zbor:**

Glej, majka, glej! Kdo prišel je  
v svetlobi sinji v našo žalost?

**Osveta:**

Mir z vami, majka, in ti, deca!  
Trpljenje vaše in gorje neznosno  
da vam izpijem solze bridke,  
privedlo me je k vam,  
da vam prinesem zemlje in domove,  
očete, brate in sinove;  
da vam povrnem srečo izgubljeno,  
Jadran slovanski, vašo zemljo sveto,  
da vam prinesem vaše hrepenenje,  
slovansko pesem in svobodo zlato!

**Slovenija:**

Kaj čujem?  
Da nam izpiješ solze grenke?

**Gorica:**

Da, majka! In zemljo nam vrne našo!

**Istra:**

In brate naše, hčere in sinove!

**Dalmacija:**

Joj, majka, in morje Jadransko  
in pesem sladko in svobodo zlato!

**Slovenija:**

Resnično? Ali niso sanje?  
Saj zdi se mi, da čujem sladke melodije,  
iz zlatih strun vzbujene...  
Povej mi, kdo si, ki darove nam prinašaš,  
vse te darove krasne kakor rajske sanje?  
Morda poslanik božji si,  
morda junak mogočni—dej, povej!

**Zbor:**

Dej, povej, povej!

**Osveta:**

Poslanik nisem, tudi ne junak mogočni!  
A znaj ti, majka in ti, deca moja,  
da moja je oblast strašnejša  
kot vseh junakov vaše zemlje,  
kot kraljev vseh od vsega sveta:  
Jaz sem Osveta vaša—tiho zaželeno,  
ki dajem moč, da se zdrobe okovi,  
ki vam prinašam mir—svobodo zlato!  
(Izgine.)

**Slovenija:**

Deca, deca, ali sanjam?

**Jetnik:**

Ne sanjaš majka, glej, roke—  
zdaj proste so, da planem na sovraga!

**Slovenija:**

Joj, sinko—ti si prost!—To niso sanje?

**Zbor:**

Ne, majka, niso sanje, zlata je resnica!

**Slovenija:**

Li res? To niso sanje prazne?  
Nič več ni žalosti mi v duši?  
Nič več ni solz v očesu trudnem?  
Oj, deca, deca, zdaj od sreče plakam!

**Zbor:**

Zdaj odrešenje pride kmalu  
in z njim svoboda zlata!  
Zato le plakaj, plakaj v sreči,  
ti majka naša—lepa domovina!

ALBIN ČEBULAR:

## DANICA PROSI.

— Lačna sem mama,  
južine ni! —  
— — Kruhek pokrit je,  
vidiš, da spi! — —

— Mamica moja,  
to že ni res,  
daj, le poglej ga:  
razbrčan je ves! —



A. Č.:

## VEVERICA IN POLŽEK.

— Polžek, hej, počakaj malo!

Kam se ti tako mudi?

— — V jaso moram res, ni šala,

miška bolna tam leži! — —

— Kaj, da je zbolela? praviš —

Saj še včeraj iz goric

šla ogrnjena je v pečo

in si nesla krač, potic. — —

— Pst! Zares. Doma pa jedla

Kar povrsti je vso noč.

Skoraj počil bi trebušček,

da prispela ni pomoč! —

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V boj.  
(Stara tapeta.)

# Naš kotiček.

## Uganki.

9.

Nožice ima, krojač ni, v vodi živi, riba ni, oklep ima, vojak ni. Kdo je?

10.

Pridem nenadoma, umrjem precej po rojstvu, in potem pride nekdo za menoj, ki zelo hrumi. Kdo sem?

## Rešitve ugank.

7.

Mlinar.

8.

S	L	O	V	E	N	C	I	N	A	R	O	D	E	N	T	R	S	T
L	E				A		N	J	O		E				O	S	L	O
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T	R	I	P	O	L	I	S		B	L	A	G	O	R		D	O	L

## Rešilci.

Križno besedno uganko so pravilno rešili:

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Zofi Saje, West Allis, Wis.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Helen Bahor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Angela Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.

Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill., je zgrešil par besed, sicer pa je precej dobro rešil to uganko.

\*

Uganke št. 7 ni nobeden pravilno rešil.

\*

Mary Prince, Large, Pa., je pravilno rešila uganko št. 6, toda njena rešitev je prišla prepozno za zadnjo številko.

\*

Rešitev uganke Frančiške Maček.

Brazda.

Pravilno jo je rešila Sophie Kushlon, Lloydell, Pa.

## Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!—Že dolgo časa se pripravljam, da bi se tudi jaz oglasila v našem Mladinskem listu. Pri nas se bo šola končala 24. aprila. Oh, zelo želim, da bi dobila "promote." Hodim v šesti razred; stara sem enajst let. Cela naša družina je v S. N. P. Jednoti.

Cenjeni brat urednik, tudi jaz bi rada reševala uganke, pa imam predebelo glavo ali pa predrobno, ne vem. In tudi jaz bi rada, da mi pišejo moje sestre.

Vas pozdravljam!

Rosa Selak,

Box 165, Star City, W. Va.

Draga Rosa! Šola se je že končala, predno so zagledale Tvoje vrstice beli dan v našem Mladinskem listu. Upam, da se je Tvoja želja spolnila. Tvoja glavica, mislim, ni niti predebela niti predrobna, temveč taka kot jo imajo enajstletne deklice. Če zmore napisati tako lepo pismo v sloven-



ščini, vem, da zmore tudi reševanje ugank. Kar poskusi današnje, pa boš videla, da bo šlo.—Priobčil sem Tvoj naslov, tako da Ti bodo sosestrice pisale. Stavim, da boš dobila precej pisemc še predno izide prihodnja številka. Toda odgovori na vsako! In oglasi se kmalu zopet. Pozdravljena!—Ur.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni brat urednik!—Priloženo Vam pošiljam rešitve zadnjih treh ugank, priobčenih v aprilski številki. Obenem Vam pošljem naslednjo uganko, da si bodo belili glave nad njo mladi bratci in sestrice. Evo je:

Dva brezposelna delavca, pa imenu Janez in Šimen, sta šla k nekemu podjetniku vprašat za delo. Podjetnik je imel delo, toda samo za enega, a delala bi pa rada oba. Zadržela sta se prepirati, kdo naj dobi delo in nazadnje je nastal pretep med njima. Janez je udaril Šimna, a Šimen pa Janeza, in obdelavala sta se toliko časa, da sta popadala na tla in umrla. Kdo je potem dobil delo?

Pozdrav! Theresa Smith,  
Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni gospod urednik!

Dovolite mi, da se tudi jaz oglasim v našem koticu. Daleč sem, tostran morja, kamor tudi prihaja Mladinski list. Tudi tu imamo liste, pa v nobenem ne najdem toliko koticarjev kakor pri Vas. Prav pridni so! — V šolo hodim v VII. razred v Črnomlju. Učenja in nalog imamo vedno dovolj. Ni sem pa kakor drugi, kateri imajo pred pragram šolo, ampak imam iz Rodin do nje uro hoda, katera je v jesenskem in zimskem času sila naporna. A ne zaostanem pa nikdar ne.

Tudi pri nas, v Beli Krajini, imamo gore, katere gotovo poznate gospod urednik! Na najvišji, Mirni gori imenovani, kjer stoji cerkev sv. Frančiška, bodo postavili v najkrajšem času planinsko kočjo. Ob šolskem izletu jo bomo gotovo obiskali.

Drugič se bom pa zopet oglasil!

Vinko Beličič, Rodine ob Črnomlju.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni gospod urednik!

Pred kratkim sem dobil v roke eno številko vašega Mladinskega lista. Vi ne veste, s kakim zanimanjem sem ga čital, seve-

da le slovenski del, ker angleščine ne znam. Pa sem se zamislil v tamošnje kraje, in vso naslednjo noč sem taval v sanjah po Ameriki, seveda po taki Ameriki, kakor so si jo ustvarili moji možgani, o katerih pa pravi naš gospod učitelj, da so včasih posebno lahke sorte. Zelo rad bi videl in vedel, kakšna je Amerika v resnici. Spoznal bi rad ameriško slovensko mladino, kakšne so tam šole, kakšne imajo igre, vse, vse bi rad vedel. Odslej se bom potrudil, da bom dobil Mlad. list večkrat v roke in iz njega vsaj deloma razbral, kako se imate tam.

Pozdravljam čez hribe in doline in veliko lužo vse dopisovalce in bralce Mladinskega lista ter Vas, dragi gospod urednik.

Matija Rom, Mavrlen, p. Črnomelj, Slovenija, Jugoslavija.

### Vodo pere.

Jožek je prinesel očetu kozarec vode. Voda je bila kalna, pa se je oče razjezil: "Poglej, kakšno vodo si mi prinesel!"

Jožek: "Počakajte, atek, grem v kuhinjo in jo operem."

"Ako utoneš, ne pridi mi več domov!" je zabičala mati malemu Janezku, ki se je vkljub prepovedi napotil sam h potoku.

### DROBNICE.

Šola bodi ti svetišče,  
kjerte tvoja sreča išče!

\*

Zdaj klije deci dvojni cvet:  
pomladni čas, čas mladih let.

\*

Brez setve ni žetve.

\*

Ne kradi in če najdeš kaj,  
lastniku hitro daj nazaj!

\*

Krivično blago ne tekne.

\*

Mošnja polna, glava prazna,  
oh prikazen neprijazna.

\*

Strast veli ti: Stori to!  
Pamet pravi: Ne tako!

\*

Mož pameten samo za žejo pije,  
čezmerno vino pamet ti ubije.



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

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## BURIED POTATOES.

LITTLE Big Nose did not know,  
 How the wild potatoes grow;  
 But he buried four one day;  
 Then forgot and ran away.

Warm the summer sun shone down,  
 On the earth all rich and brown;  
 Berries blue and berries red  
 Lifted each a ripened head,

And when August showers fell,  
 Drank and nodded: "All is well."  
 Cave folk need to hunt for meat,  
 Which is sometimes all they eat;

Not a man among them knew,  
 How the juicy tubers grew.  
 Little Big Nose dug one day,  
 Where his four potatoes lay;

There he found a wondrous prize;  
 Called the folks with dancing eyes.  
 Instead of four potatoes, he,  
 Strange to say, found thirty-three!

Cave folks did not understand,  
 How the farmers use the land,  
 But they wanted to decide  
 How potatoes multiplied.

Came a wise and ancient man,  
 Squatted as a savage can;  
 Told them how the thing was done:  
 Little tubers, one by one,

Were by big potatoes laid,  
 Buried deep and unafraid.  
 So they covered fish and meat,  
 Hoping to grow more to eat;

But they found no fishes there;  
 Found no deer chops anywhere,  
 Though the wild potatoes grew,  
 Little tubers, pink and new!

The Truth Seeker.

## SOME BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE AND FREETHOUGHT.

They open up the skies at night  
 Into vast rolling orbs of light,  
 Divide the wondrous Milky Way  
 Into huge suns of brilliant day.

They lull us in the hour of pain  
 And soothe the troubled heart and brain.  
 They calm the tempests of the soul  
 And "spread the truth from pole to pole."

Honor the names of those who wrought  
 Their mighty truth in loving thought,  
 That church and dogma ne'er can ban  
 Their rare, rich gifts bestowed on man.

Let us who now enjoy the light  
 Extend the rays to those in night;  
 Dispel the gloom of fearful hearts,  
 Destroy the priesthood's arts.

Since "happiness is the only good,"  
 Weed out all else of evil brood;  
 And, as succeeding ages roll,  
 Plant truth and justice in the soul.

A. L. Collette.

CLARA VOSTROVSKY WINLOW:

## The Guslar.

GUSLARS, generally blind, are still often met with in Serbia and Montenegro. They are not unlike the ancient bards of Homer's time, or the minstrels of which Sir Walter Scott has written.

The long white beard of the guslar reached almost to his waist as he seated himself on a rock. Resting his gusle, a mandolin shaped musical instrument with one string, against his knee, he drew a curved bow a few times slowly across it, making it give forth a monotonous, droning sound. Then he began to chant:

"The Yellow Moon took the Morning Star to task because she had remained so long out of his sight, but she excused herself by telling him the wonders she had seen."

Then with growing passion he told the glorious deeds of a heyduk, who, sorrowing that his people had been despoiled by the Turks, had taken to the woods, like a modern Robin Hood, to have his revenge; how followers had gathered about him; how he did no wrong, but only seized what had first been wickedly taken; and, finally, how he had made friends with a Turkish foe, not less brave and noble than himself, who had consented to a personal encounter.

### THE CONTEST

"Osman Beg leaped lightly from his horse and threw the bridle to some of his men. He was a splendid looking man, tall and slender and graceful. His eyes, black as night, framed by thick, velvety, and even blacker brows, looked at the world unafraid. He was dressed in his Turkish uniform, on which the gold buttons and gold braid of the black coat glittered from afar. He wore his red fez, with its rich long blue tassel, slightly to one side.

"Osman Beg was respected by every Montenegrin not only for the bravery which he had repeatedly shown, but also for his justice. He took from the villagers, it is true, but unlike many others, only that which the law allowed.

"Peko Filipov, the heyduk, was splendidly attired in the fine costume of our

Montenegrin land. It, too, shone with its gold embroidery. He was six feet three in height, and so strong that he could lift an ox without effort. The fame of Peko Filipov had reached from one boundary of the country to the other. Stories without end were told of his daring, and every guslar was proud to sing of his deeds.

"Now when the two met it was something never to be forgotten.

"They stood opposite each other,—a splendid pair each with his right foot forward. Osman looked serious, but Peko was smiling. Peko placed his handzar and pistol to one side; Osman did the same. Such quiet reigned that the followers of each, gathered around, could hear the beating of their own hearts.

"The two now measured each other. Peko, still smiling, placed one hand on his hip and raised the other toward Osman. Carelessly did he do this. It was as he were merely stretching lazily, but, ah, to those closely watching it was seen how on the alert he really was as to what Osman's move would be.

"Very different was Osman's attitude. His eyes flashed; his body quivered with impatience. Quickly, strongly his hand met Peko's. Then those two fists alone struggled for supremacy.

"Eight, nine, ten, twelve minutes did this last,—and not one inch was either able to make the other budge.

"Then suddenly Osman withdrew the pressure of his arm. Peko, prepared, did not lose his balance, but merely stepped lightly to one side. Hardly had they touched hands again, when Peko withdrew his, but Osman stood as firmly as before. Peko raised his fist again as if to meet Osman's but instead he swiftly embraced him. Osman, ready, returned the embrace with interest.

"Now began a wrestling match such as few present had ever before seen. Up and down the road they struggled, so closely clasped that you might have thought their two bodies were but one. Blood mounted to

their cheeks; perspiration ran in streams from their faces; their deep breathing was heard to the outer edge of the watching throng.

"The minutes flew. An hour passed; then part of another. The spectators held their breaths as neither gained.

"Then a little pet dog belonging to Osman Beg, somehow forced itself through the crowd and ran to its master.

"The Turk saw him, and fearing to hurt him, relaxed his hold, oh! so slightly, as he gave the animal a gentle kick aside. But that tiny lessened resistance was all that Peko needed. With a sudden wrench free, he raised Osman up and flung him to the ground.

"Now Peko had not seen the dog, and when he heard in the midst of the loud acclaims, some say: 'It was the dog!' he asked his good friend, Josip, who had come up, to tell him what they meant. And when Josip explained, Peko extended his hand to Osman, who with some difficulty had arisen, and said:

" 'I cannot call that a victory. The match was a tie.'

"The blood was running from a wound that Osman had received on his head as he fell, and as some of his followers bound it, he insisted:

" 'Not so! The victory is yours, and fairly won.'

"Then Peko became angry.

" 'Did you not hear the people?' he cried. 'I tell you I will not have such a victory!'

### What Every Youngster Knows.

To every dentist upon this earth, death should come soon or late.

O what is so funny as a circus clown!

Eternal vigilance is the price of crap-shooting.

Practice at cussing makes perfect.

Smoking makes the man.

" 'Let us settle it then with our swords,' proposed Osman.

" 'So be it,' agreed Peko.

"They placed themselves in position. A moment after their swords had crossed. But here again the two heroes proved equal one to the other. Until set of sun did the contest last. Their strength was fast ebbing when Peko cried:

" 'Let us once more call it a tie, O brave Osman.'

"And Osman answered: 'It is well, thou brave Montenegrin.'

"Osman looked ghastly as he spoke, with the blood thick upon his face, for the bandage had fallen from his forehead. Peko was breathing hard and on his arm was a red gash. But they met each other's eyes fearlessly.

"Then together both sheathed their swords, and as they did so, approached, without the words they could not utter, and kissed each other on the cheeks.

" 'You will always be dear to me, O Turk, my now adopted brother, whom I once thought I hated,' Peko at last found it possible to say.

" 'And you, O brother, to me,' returned Osman, clasping Peko's hands.

"And this was the beginning of a rare friendship, which lasted throughout the lives of Osman Beg, a Turkish hero, and our Peko Filipov, his former Montenegrin enemy."

There's no place like the old swimming hole.

Mischief is its own reward.

Haunted houses make cowards of us all.

What is home without a dog?

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "Dinner isn't ready yet."

There's no fool like a photographer.

I could not love thee, truth, so much, loved I not mother more.



ROYAL DIXON:

## Animals in Their Hospitals.

"Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge and follows,  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck and then a vulture  
Till the air is dark with pinions."

Many animals show a surprising knowledge of medical and sanitary laws, but these laws vary in the different species as much as they do among humans. Animals are divided into as many classes and social castes as are mankind; and those that have advanced beyond the nomadic life, and have fixed homes with servants and luxuries, naturally are more refined in the matter of their personal care.

Science may yet prove that the old legend of the mermaid sitting on a rock, with a glass and comb in her hand, was not so far from truth as we imagine. No doubt, the bright-eyed seals looked like sea-maidens to many ancient mariners. The originator of the mermaid stories had possibly seen seals making their toilettes. These beautiful and affectionate human-like creatures of the water, wear, attached to their front flipper, a handsome comb-like protuberance. When they rest on the rocks, they use this little comb to brush the fur on their faces; and the Northern fur-seals, when the weather is warm, use their flippers as fans. The secret of teaching seals to play tambourines is due to their desire to comb their fur and fan themselves!

Members of the cat family are, perhaps, the cleanest of all animals, with the exception of some of the opossums. Lions, panthers, and pumas dress themselves very much as the domestic cat performs her toilette. They use their feet, dipped in water, as wash cloths, and their tongues as combs and brushes. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and this they do very often, to keep their exquisite hair in perfect condi-

tion. Dogs enjoy wiping their coats against green grass and shrubs.

Certain animals are so fastidious that they have community beauty-parlors! Goats, deer, giraffes, and antelopes, for example, are very particular about their personal neatness and cleanliness, and they come together to assist each other in making toilettes. One of the reasons that animals suffer so much in captivity, especially when alone, is that they have no one to help them dress, and some of them, such as the giraffe, cannot reach all parts of their bodies. I have seen a young guinea pig that had been rescued from a mud puddle being cleaned by both of his parents. Water-loving animals, like the beavers, seemingly take great pride in their toilettes, and in this respect they show more human traits than any other animal.

It is a general belief that animals are quite carefree, and that when they awake in the morning there is nothing for them to do but play or wander about. This is a mistaken belief, for they have to dress themselves, and this not only means a bath in many cases, but a smoothing out of their fur and hair. Some are shy and seek the darkest places to dress themselves, others, like the dog and cat, seek the hearth. Every one has possibly seen a cow and horse licking each other, and it is generally believed that this implies special friendship between the two, but this idea is incorrect; it only implies mutual aid in making their toilettes. They have a beauty parlor, and thus aid each other. In no way are animals better prepared to teach man than in their methods of personal cleanliness, and this means health. Their utilization of clay, dust, mud, water, and even sunshine to keep their health, far exceeds that of mankind. In fact, man's first knowledge of simple, natural health remedies came from animals. This wisdom they have acquired by ages of instinct and reason, for theirs has been the normal life, whereas man's is often abnormal. Each animal is his own specialist. However, when an animal becomes too ill to

doctor himself, he is treated by another. I have seen a horse licking the wound of one of his fellows to stop the pain.

Animals know better than man what kind of food they need, for the simple reason that their tastes are natural, while man has allowed his to become perverted. In times of sickness absurd practices have been observed. Ice-cream and buttermilk, for example, were for ages refused to typhoid fever patients, while to-day they are generally used under such circumstances. But the natural desire for sour and cold things was always in evidence; animals have always depended upon these desires.

Among them are skilled dietitians, who restrict their diet in case of illness, keep quiet, avoid all excitement, seek restful places where there is plenty of fresh air and clean water. If a dog loses his appetite, he eats "dog grass," while a sick cat delights in catnip. Deer, goats, cows, and sheep, when sick seek various medicinal herbs. When deer or cattle have rheumatism, they invariably seek a health resort where they may bathe in a sulphur spring and drink of the healing mineral waters. They also know the full value of lying in the warm sun.

Cats are skilled physicians, and have various home remedies, such as dipping a feverish foot into cold water, or lying before a warm fire, if they have a cold. Many animals know how to treat a sore eye—by lying in the dark, and repeatedly licking their paws and placing them over the afflicted member.

How wonderful would the human race become, if it had the strength of a lion, the power of a bear, the wisdom of an elephant, the cleverness of a fox, and the health of the wild boar! But these qualities are found chiefly among the animals because of the marvellous knowledge of the laws of health and self-preservation.

John Wesley claimed, in his directions on the art of keeping well, that many of the medicines which were used among the common people of his time were first discovered by watching animals in their medical practices to cure their ills and pains. "If they heal animals, they will also heal men," he claimed. The American Indians learned

most of their cures from watching animals, especially the cure of such diseases as fever, rheumatism, dysentery, and snake-bites. A rheumatic old wolf would bathe in the warm waters of a sulphur spring; a sick and feverish deer would eat the fresh leaves of healing ferns, while a wounded hog or bear would always seek a red-clay bath to heal the wounds. Sick dogs will invariably eat certain weeds, and an unwell cat will seek healing mints and grasses.

Old hunters tell us that a deer after having been chased for several hours by dogs, and after having escaped them by swimming a cold stream, will, upon reaching safety, lie down in the ice and snow. If a man did such a thing, he would immediately die. But not so with the deer, for he will arise about every hour and move around to exercise himself, and on the morrow he is perfectly well. The same animal, shut up in a warm barn for the night, as has many times been demonstrated with circus animals, will be dead by morning.

From this natural method of healing, mankind may learn much, and especially as it pertains to the treatment of extreme heat, cold, exhaustion, and paralysis of the muscles, and most especially sores and wounds. I have seen a wounded hog that had been badly bitten by a dog, wallow in rich red mud to stop the flow of blood.

It is a common practice for a raccoon actually to amputate a diseased leg, or one that has been wounded by a gun-shot, and wash the stub in cold flowing water. When it is healing, he licks it with his tongue to massage it, and also to stop the pain and reduce the swelling. This wisdom is often classed by the unknowing under the term instinct, whereas it displays no less skill and knowledge than that of our modern surgery. The intelligence of the raccoon stands very high in the animal world.

Foxes, when caught in a trap, will very often know off a limb. This requires a special power and a moral energy that few men possess.

William J. Long, in the "Outlook," tells of an unusual proof of animal surgery in the case of an old muskrat that had cut off both of his forelegs, probably at different times, and had grown very wise in avoiding man-

made traps, and when found, had covered wound with sticky vegetable gum from a pine tree. "An old Indian who lives and hunts on Vancouver Island told me recently," said Mr. Long, "that he had several times caught beaver that had previously cut their legs off to escape from traps, and that two of

been smeared thickly with soft spruce resin. This last experience corresponds closely with one of my own. I shot a bear years ago in northern New Brunswick that had received a gunshot wound, which had raked him badly and then penetrated the leg. He had plugged the wound carefully with clay,

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The Sick Baby.

them had covered the wounds thickly with gum, as the muskrat had done. Last spring the same Indian caught a bear in a deadfall. On the animal's side was a long rip from some other bear's claw, and the wound had

evidently to stop the bleeding, and then had covered the broken skin with sticky mud from the river's brink, to keep the flies away from the wound and give it a change to heal undisturbed. It is noteworthy here that the

bear uses either gum or clay indifferently, while the beaver and muskrat seem to know enough to avoid the clay, which would be quickly washed off in the water."

Animals not only know how to doctor themselves when they are sick, but some of them, such as the fox, have learned how to make artificial heat by covering green leaves with dirt. And while they do not make fire, their homes are often heated in this practical way, and thus sickness avoided. Domestic horses and dogs wear hats in summer, and possibly in the future they will learn the enormous importance of wearing clothes! Trained monkeys already take great delight in dressing up, and dogs like smart suits.

Monkeys show the greatest interest and brotherly love when one of their number is injured. Watson tells of a female monkey that was shot and carried into a tent. Several of her tribe advanced with frightful gestures, and only stopped when met with a gun. The chief of the tribe then came forward, chattering and remonstrating vigorously. But as he came nearer, there was every evidence of grief and supplication for the body. As he was given the body, he affectionately took it in his arms and slowly moved to his companions, and like a silent funeral procession they all walked away.

Nor does their interest cease with life, for we are told by no less authority than Col. Theodore Roosevelt of a large grizzly bear that was discovered lying across the trail

in the woods. The hunter shot her as she was preparing to charge him, and later he examined the spot where she was lying, and found that it was the newly made grave of her cub. Evidently some animal had killed the cub in her absence, and she, in her grief, was determined to avenge the wrong by lying in wait for the enemy.

Public meetings for civic council and religious worship are not confined to man alone. In Macgrave's "History of Brazil" we are told of a species of South American monkey known as the ouraines, which the natives call preachers of the woods. These highly intelligent creatures assemble every morning and evening, when the leader takes a place apart from the rest and addresses them from his pulpit or platform. Having taken his position, he signals to the others to be seated, after which he speaks to them in a language loud and rapid, with wild gestures, the audience listening in profound silence. He then signals again with his paws, when all cry out together in apparently confused noises, until another signal for silence comes from their leader. Then follows another discourse, at the close of which the assembly disperses. Macgrave attempts no explanation as to the object of these addresses; but if his accounts be true, surely they must have as much meaning for the monkeys as many of our public lectures have for us! No doubt much of the advice imparted concerns the personal and collective welfare of the tribe members.

### How to Run It.

In a time of distressing drouth a harassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop and bought a barometer. The clerk was making a few explanations about indications and pressures when the customer interrupted impatiently, saying:

"Yes, yes, that's all right, but what I want to know is how you set the thing when you want it to rain."

### Cause for Tears.

Johnny: "What makes that new baby at your home cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy: "It don't cry so much; and, anyway, if you had all your hair off and your teeth out and your legs were so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying, too."





Alicia Aspinwall:

## The Child-Improver.

I

On a hot July day last summer, three sad-looking fathers were seated on a mossy log, near a big oak-tree. One of them said drearily: "Gentlemen, I have a child—Arabella Maud. She is a good child, too, but I am sorry to say that she has one serious fault. She is selfish!"

"That is dreadful!" said the other two, sympathetically.

"I am glad to say," remarked the second papa, "that my little girl, Gwendoline Amelia, is not selfish, but, alas! she too, has a fault, for she is bad-tempered! She is what one would call a 'cross' child. It is a sad affliction, gentlemen, to have so cross a child as Gwendoline Amelia," and the poor man wiped his eyes, and sighed awfully.

"I am in trouble, also!" said the third man, at this point, "my motherless child, Rosamond Ophelia, is not selfish nor is she cross, but—she has another grave fault. She is—untruthful. She tells lies!" At these words, the poor man burst into tears, while the others put their arms about him, and tried in vain to comfort him.

"Would that we could do something," cried the three in chorus; "something to rid our poor children of these serious faults."

The words had scarcely been spoken, when from behind the near-by oak-tree, a man stepped forward, who placing his hand upon his heart, bowed low before them! The three fathers said nothing, but stared at him in utter amazement! Indeed it was not surprising that they did, for he was certainly not a common person. In spite of the sultry day, he was warmly dressed in heavy bearskin, and not only that, but long glittering icicles hung from him everywhere! His pointed fur cap was completely covered with a thin coating of ice, while little heaps of snow rested comfortably on his broad shoulders. He was breathing hard, and for a moment was unable to speak. The three papas were silent, too; their breath quite taken away by this extraordinary apparition.

Then—"How do you do, shentflemens?" remarked the newcomer, with a slight German accent. "Excuse my costumes, for I am direct from Polenski Batsh, North Siberia. I remove my four coats now, for der climate here does not seem to need dem."

This he did, and underneath was dressed as are most men, except that his shirt was of a vivid green color (which gave a charming spring-like touch to his costume). Then he turned quickly to the fathers, and rubbing his cold hands together, said briskly, "To beeznes! To beeznes! You called me. I am here."

"But, sir," said one of the men timidly, "we do not understand. We did not call you."

"That is so," agreed the other two.

"Didn't you say, that you had some naughty childrens, and that you wished you knew of some gut safe way of improving them?" enquired the stranger.

"Yes, we certainly did say that," admitted the three, "but—"

"Vell, then, I am the 'vay.' Dot is my special beeznees—improving children. See!" and the stranger gave to the three astonished fathers a card, on which was printed in big clear letters:

A. LUEGNER	
Child-Improver	
Terms Reasonable	Safe Method.

"But," objected the three gentlemen, "how do you—how can you 'improve children?' Do you take them away to do it? If so, we never would consent."

"Nor is it necessary," said Mr. Luegner with a winning smile. "No, I improve der children right on the old home-ground, almost while they wait. How 't is done, is mein secret, but it 's a neat and thorough way. I have to see der children. I give them one treatment. I ask that a father or mother be present. But now, my time is short; so bring der children at once—that is, if you wish to try my method."

Interested by what the strange man had said, and greatly pleased with his general

appearance, the three gentlemen, after consulting for a moment, decided to try the Luegner treatment, and hurrying away, soon returned with the children.

Mr. Luegner made the little girls stand in a row, and looked steadily at them for a moment. Then:

"Arabella Maud, stand forth!" he said. Arabella, looking somewhat frightened, obeyed.

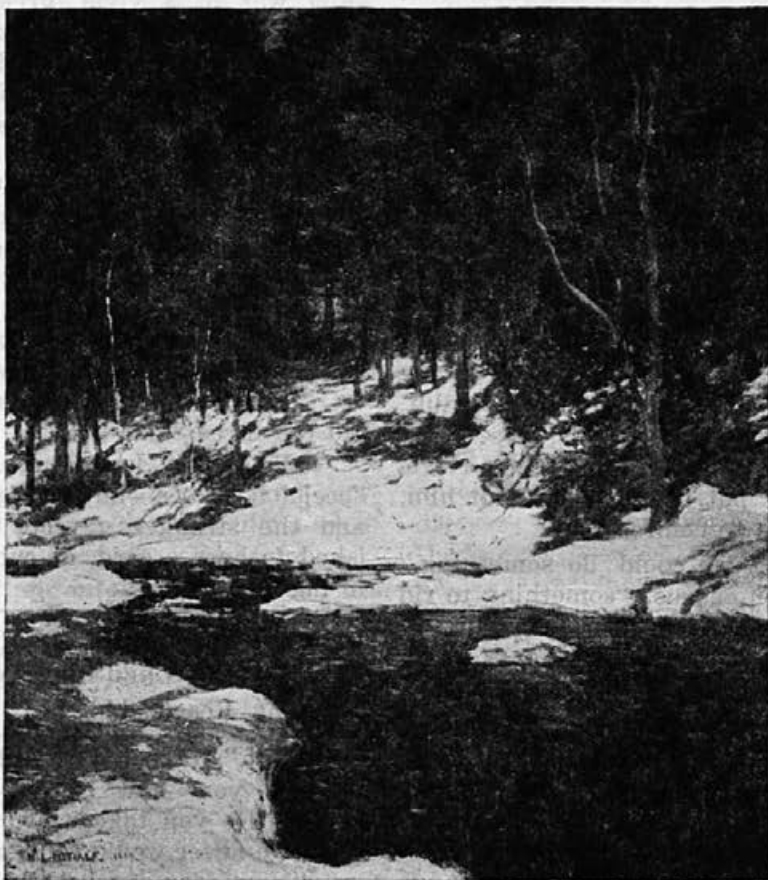
Arabella smiled at this, and said pertly, "I do not know what do you mean—it sounds like nonsense."

"You will soon understand," said the Child-Improver, sternly, and Arabella, still smiling, stood back.

"Gwendoline Amelia," called Mr. Luegner, "stand forth!" and the little girl did so.

"I am told dot you are very cross."

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A Scene from Cold North Siberia.

"I vash sory to hear," proceeded the man, "dot you are a selfish girl. Now, I shall return in von week." Here Mr. Luegner scowled, and then continued very slowly and impressively: "During dose seven days, Arabella, whenever you are selfish, den—selfish, and keep on sel-fish-ing until you again are generous!"

Gwendoline frowned, and said: "Some people think so."

"Then—whenever you are cross, be cross until you are pleasant again!"

"That is an easy thing to do," said Gwendoline Amelia, frowning still more, however, as she said it.

"What does the man mean by such non-

sense?" cried the father indignantly. The Child-Improver paid no attention to this remark, but turned quickly to the third child.

"Rosamond Ophelia, come here!" he commanded. "I am told dot you are untruthful."

Rosamond opened her lips to deny this, but finding Mr. Luegner's piercing eyes fixed sternly upon her, she was afraid to do so, and remained silent.

"Answer. Do you tell lies?" he went on.

"Yes," whispered Rosamond, and in shame hung her head.

"To you den," said Mr. Luegner, "I say dis: whenever you lie,—lie, and keep lying, until you tell der truth, once more."

Rosamond, like the other children, was much amused.

"The man must be crazy," whispered one of the fathers, "and we have wasted time talking to him."

"Now, shentlemens and childrens," proceeded the stranger, "kindly meet me here, von week from to-day. Fare you well. I go now to Kolenska, West Iceland, in one hour. There I shall need my every clothing." So seizing his extra coats, Mr. Luegner put them on in a jiffy, and pulled his fur cap well down over his ears. Then he took his stout walking-stick, and threw it up into the air with all his strength. Jumping after it, he seized it firmly by its lower end, and pulled himself up by it! From there, he again threw it up high into the air, jumping after it a second time, and pulling himself up by it as before. This act he repeated over and over again, rising of course, higher each time, until at last, he disappeared from sight! All this was done so quickly, that the gazing people below had scarcely realized what was taking place before their eyes.

"Well, friends," cried Arabella's father, excitedly, "a man who can do a thing like that, is no common man. I feel now, that after all, there may be some magic, in the silly sounding words he said to our children." The others agreed as to this, and went cheerfully home, feeling much encouraged.

Arabella Maud and her parents lived in a big stone house on a hill. She had a little brother and sister, a Shetland pony, a dog, and a cat. A girl who had so much for which to be grateful ought never to have been selfish, ought she? After the afternoon's experience, she tried hard all the evening, and was very generous to everybody. This happy state of things continued until she went to school the next day. Then, when the drawing-hour came, and the nice sharp pencils were being given out in class, Arabella, entirely forgetting her good resolutions, seized, as usual, the best pencil on the tray. No sooner had she done so, than she seemed to hear the squeaky voice of Mr. Luegner saying right in her ear: "Arabella Maud, the next time you are selfish, selfish!" The words were spoken so distinctly, that she was startled, but something now happened which startled her still more, for the unfortunate little girl in spite of herself, and not without knowing why, rose slowly from her seat, and opening her mouth cried:

"Fish! Fish to sell! Nice fresh cod, mackerel, and haddock!"

Now, did you ever hear of anything like that?

Arabella understood at last what Mr. Luegner had meant, by his odd-sounding words. When she was selfish, she was to sell fish! The teacher, however, did not understand, and was much vexed at what she thought was the little girl's rude conduct.

"Arabella," she said sternly, "stop this nonsense, at once!"

She, poor child, although longing with all her heart to obey, was of course, unable to do so. There she was forced to stand, the tears running down her cheeks, begging her school-mates to please buy her "nice fresh fish." At first, the children all laughed, thinking it was a great joke,—and then they became frightened. Finally the teacher dismissed them, having made up her mind that poor Arabella must be ill.

At that moment, a happy thought came to the child, for she remembered that Mr. Luegner has told her she was to sell fish until she became generous again. "Then I'll

be generous, at once," she said to herself; and hurrying to her desk, she took from it the good pencil, which had caused all the mischief in the beginning. Putting it back on the public tray, she chose a poorer one in its place. The result was magical, for no sooner had she done this generous thing than she stopped selling fish, immediately!

Her teacher, after hearing the wonderful story, kindly sent her home, and calling back the other children, explained matters.

As the next day was Saturday, there was no school, and in the afternoon Arabella Maud took her small brother Sam to the drug shop at the corner for some soda. In pouring it, the man happened to fill one glass fuller than the other. Arabella saw this, and forgetting her sad experience of the day before, selfishly seized the fuller one! No sooner had she done so, however, than her mouth opened, and in spite of herself, she said to the clerk:

"Can't I sell you some fish, sir? I have nice fresh halibut and cod."

The man was of course surprised, but thinking that the little girl was joking smiled, and said: "Thank you, Miss, but I do not care for any fish to-day."

"Please buy," urged Arabella Maud, "I have some delicious butterfish." (She didn't even know what butterfish was, but her bewitched lips would say the words.)

Sam, frightened at his sister's strange conduct, burst into tears, while the man, evidently thinking that she was insane, put his hands on her shoulders, and said earnestly: "I think you had better go home at once, little girl!"

Arabella, still crying her "Fish, fresh fish to sell!" turned to obey, although the tears streamed over her cheeks at the awful thought of selling fish in the crowded public street.

Just in time, she fortunately remembered what had saved her the day before. "I must do some generous thing," she said. So hastening to the counter, she seized her full glass of soda and forced it upon her weeping brother, taking the other emptier one herself. And, as before, the result was most satisfactory, for she immediately stopped selling fish, and could again control her mouth. She and little Sam hurried home, where Arabella threw herself into her mother's arms! The two had a long talk together, and you will be glad to hear, that from that time on, Arabella Maud was a changed girl. She never sold any more fish, for she became as generous as generous could be. Her father and mother never looked sad again, but smiled gaily, from morning till night!

(To be concluded.)

Tennyson Charles:

## Dinny's Delirium.

"Well, say!" exclaimed H. Barton Dingwell, dropping his handbag in Letts' garage. "What we got to do is to get out there quick before these kids know what they discovered! What's become of this Eastern scientific sharp who's tryin' to horn in on this business?"

"He tried to get into Bitter Creek from Askin's Station," grunted Mr. Letts. "His car broke down and he came back. That's what he gets for not rentin' a car from me. This big guy was the one who said mebber this old seven-passenger, million-year-old

ding—ding—delitherorum, or whatever it is, was worth all kinds o' money."

"He said that?" queried Mr. Dingwell, sharply. "He thinks he can come out here to Dakota, hey, and grab the only ding dongobobbus that Jasper County ever turned up? Why that old antediluvian cow bogged down in the mud on Dicky Jenkins' farm maybe a half-million, or two million years ago, and if Bethesda College can get it for its natural history department, it'd be a big thing, wouldn't it? You ought to have told the boys that."

"Cow?" hooted Mr. Letts. "If it's a cow I'd hate to milk it. Say Dinny, that old dingbat c'd have kicked you clean over the Black Hills. You'd had to milk it on a step-ladder. I seen its leg bones—it was some baby."

"Come on——" interposed Mr. Dingwell, briskly. "I been out ahead of a good many shows but I never tried to press-agent any mouldy old din—din—what did this professor say it was?"

"He was a cautious old party with whiskers—" retorted Mr. Letts, backing a car out of the garage. "Not having seen it he said mebbe it was a din—dinosaur or a din—din—dinotherium . . . something like that!" Mr. Letts looked down Main Street where the arid prairie began. "He whaled me with so many big words I was stuck, when I tried to describe the bones that Dicky Jenkins found. The kids found it all but one leg."

"Well, we don't want any three-legged delirium," mused Mr. Dingwell, as the car began bumping on the alkali ruts under the yellowing cottonwoods along Bitter Creek. A mile north of town Mr. Dingwell could see the forlorn brick buildings of Bethesda College, his alma mater, but young Mr. Dingwell had been off learning things not in the curriculum of any respected institution. Everyone knew Dinny Dingwell, and he was always coming back to his home town with gorgeous tales of his prowess out in the great world. He slapped other alumni on the back and patronized the professors; he stood on the drug store corner in New York clothes and told the fellows about his theatrical fortunes.

But a drummer said once that he saw Dinny Dingwell in Fargo selling tickets for Wah Wah Indian Medicine company.

However Dick Jenkins out on his father's lonesome ranch in the Bad Lands creek bottom had never heard of the famous Dinny until Mr. Letts bumped past the corral. It was the first motor car that ever got to Bitter Creek ranch, too, and for a minute Dick wondered if another dinosaur hadn't turned up—alive—and was enraged at the desecration of its fellow fossil's resting place down

in the shale bed where Dick had found it after a washout.

Dick Jenkins hadn't paid any more attention to the prehistoric bones at first than if they had been cottonwood roots. Skippy Anderson had raised the first excitement. He had read something in a magazine about prehistoric monsters that roamed America when it was hot and damp and before the ice age.

"That's what got 'em!" asserted Skippy. "Chills. They weren't used to it, and it made 'em pretty mad. Now this one you found, Dicky, it got stubborn and wouldn't move on, so it bogged down in the cold mud and died. Died of chills!"

"Well, mebbe." Dick wasn't sure of Skip's science. "But it'd take a lot of chills for a backbone thirty feet long. Shucks, all the chills in Jasper County couldn't fill his hide! I think he died of fright when he saw himself if he was like that horny kangaroo you showed me a picture of."

Finally Dick Jenkins got excited, too, about his fossil. Steve Allerby who rode over from the Forkhead ranch, said it might be worth a lot of money. An old Black Hill prospector said this also, and Dick ought to get in touch with some museum or one of the big colleges. He might just as well have told Dick Jenkins to get in touch with the dinosaur's great-uncle, as far as Dick knew anything about it. But Dick Jenkins wanted to go to school; he had been out two years now, for there wasn't one in fifteen miles of the ranch. Bethesda College was his dream of academic learning, although perhaps a cow town college wasn't much as it didn't possess a dinosaur to bless itself with.

Steve Allerby had said that the fossil might be worth anywhere from five hundred to a thousand dollars. Why, on that much money, by skimping and working for his board he could go to the academy two years at least!

So it was a great day when H. Barton Dingwell, Bethesda, '13, and Mr. Letts drove into the ranch. Dick was an orphan and his uncle was off with a consignment of steers to Sioux City. It couldn't have happened better for Mr. Dingwell's schemes. The drouth had seared the prairie corn, the range

had dried up, and Dick realized that his hopes of going in town to school this autumn had withered also—unless Skippy and Steve were right about those crumbly old bones down in the creek bed shale.

"What we want to do, Letts," muttered Mr. Dingwell, when they saw Dick sitting on the fence, "is to knock the delirium

wompus ever went stumpin' around in the prehistoric swamps with just three legs." Mr. Dingwell mused over this tragic aspect of it, and then he called out cheerily to Dicky Jenkins sitting on the fence.

"Well, Richard, how's this pet of yours we been hearin' about!"

Dick's bronzed, serious face was frankly

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An Afternoon Stroll.

William M. Chase.

market. You can't tell about these farmers—we want to get an option on this million-year-old baby, and then the first museum sharp that looks it over'll have to deal with me."

"Well, one of its hind legs is missin'," interposed Mr. Letts.

"This Jenkins boy'll have to find it—it don't seem reasonable that this old dinno-

puzzled. Mr. Letts reached a hearty hand to him when they had got out. "You must have heard of Mr. Dingwell. Everybody in the county knows him, Dick——"

"Dinny Dingwell, Law, '13——" smiled Mr. Dingwell. "Good old Bethesda—and ready to help any strugglin' youth who wants to go there. Yes sir—but I escaped before it hurt me much!"

(To be concluded.)

# "Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

## Puzzle No. 5.

What is that that has two words and carries two hundred letters?

\* \* \*

## Answer to Puzzle No. 4.

PEARS  
PLUMS  
APRICOTS  
PEACHES  
CHERRIES  
PINEAPPLES  
ORANGES

## Honorable Mention.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.  
Angeline Flere, Herminie, Pa.  
Louis J. Kokely, Irwin, Pa.  
Mary E. Racher, Niles, O.  
Sophie Kushlon, Lloydell, Pa.  
John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.  
August Hochkraut, Manifold, Pa.  
Matthew Spech, St. Louis, Mo.  
Augusta Alich, West Frankfort, Ill.  
Angeline Crowley, La Salle, Ill.  
Elizabeth Dolinar, Library, Pa.  
Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Helen Bahor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## No Machine Work.

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" some one asked finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

Teacher: "Johnny, name three proofs that tell the world is round."

Johnny: "Ma says so, Pa says so, and you said so."

## Turning It on Mother.

Mother: "When I was a little girl I always ate the crusts of my toast."

Sybil: "Did you like them?"

Mother: "Yes, indeed!"

Sybil: "Then you may have these."

## VOICES.

The voices of the living world are mocking me with laughter.

The voices of the buried dead are mocking me with pain.

'Tis I must leave the homes of men and up and follow after

A little voice, a quiet voice, that whispers in the rain.

That whispers in the silver rain and calls me in the swaying

Of branches lightly held aloft against a tranquil sky,

That breathes upon a troubled lake where little winds are playing

And lets the trembling wonder grow in ripples running by.

The words of men, too bold they are, too swiftly heard and spoken—

I have no need of joy, or grief, or wisdom born of these!

But I shall find a haven where the hush is only broken

By the echo of a little voice—the gossip of the trees.

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

## CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

1.

M A J .

O, ta krasni mesec! Cvetlice pokrivajo vse travnike.

Vreme je lepo, zrak čist in nebo jasno.

Ptiči prepevajo; delajo si svoja gnezda.

Drevesa cveto; čebelnice brenče.

Otroci se igrajo.

Vdihujmo vonj cvetlic! Tukaj so tulpe, rože in jasmin.

Pojdimo li jutri v gozd na sprehod, da bomo nabirali šmarnice?

Z veseljem, če bodele le zgodaj vstali. Bodimo veseli!

M A Y .

Oh, the beautiful month! The flowers are all over the meadows.

The weather is fine, the air pure and the sky serene.

The birds sing; they are building their nests.

The trees blossom; the bees are humming.

The children play.

Let us breathe the perfume of the flowers. Here are tulips, roses, and jasmin.

Shall we take a walk to the wood to-morrow morning, to gather lilies of the valley?

Willingly, if you will get up early. Let us be joyful!

Solution of exercises in last number.

17.

1. Moj stari prijatelj mi je posodil novo knjigo, ki vsebuje mnogo lepih povesti. Moj stari prijatelj mi je posodil novo knjigo, vsebujočo mnogo lepih povesti.
2. Dežnik, ki stoji v kotu, je od moje mlade sestre. V kotu stoječi dežnik je od moje mlade sestre.
3. Vaja, ki mu jo je dal njegov učitelj, je zelo težka. Vaja, dana od njegovega učitelja, je zelo težka.
4. To je krasna pesem, katero se je treba naučiti na pamet. To je krasna pesem, naučiti se je je treba na pamet.
5. Povest, ki jo je povedal tvoj prijatelj, je bila v resnici zelo zanimiva. Povest tvojega prijatelja je bila v resnici zelo zanimiva.
6. Sosedovi otroci so prijahali na oslih, katere jim je dal njihov oče. Sosedovi otroci so prijezdili na oslih, podarjenih od njihovega očeta.
7. Svoje otroke ljubeča mati bo z veseljem dala svoje življenje za nje. Mati, ki ljubi svoje otroke, bo z veseljem dala svoje življenje za nje.

18.

Videl sem ptiča na visokem drevesu; na višjem drevesu; na najvišjem drevesu.

(To be continued.)