

# Mladinski List

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ŠTEV.—NO. I.

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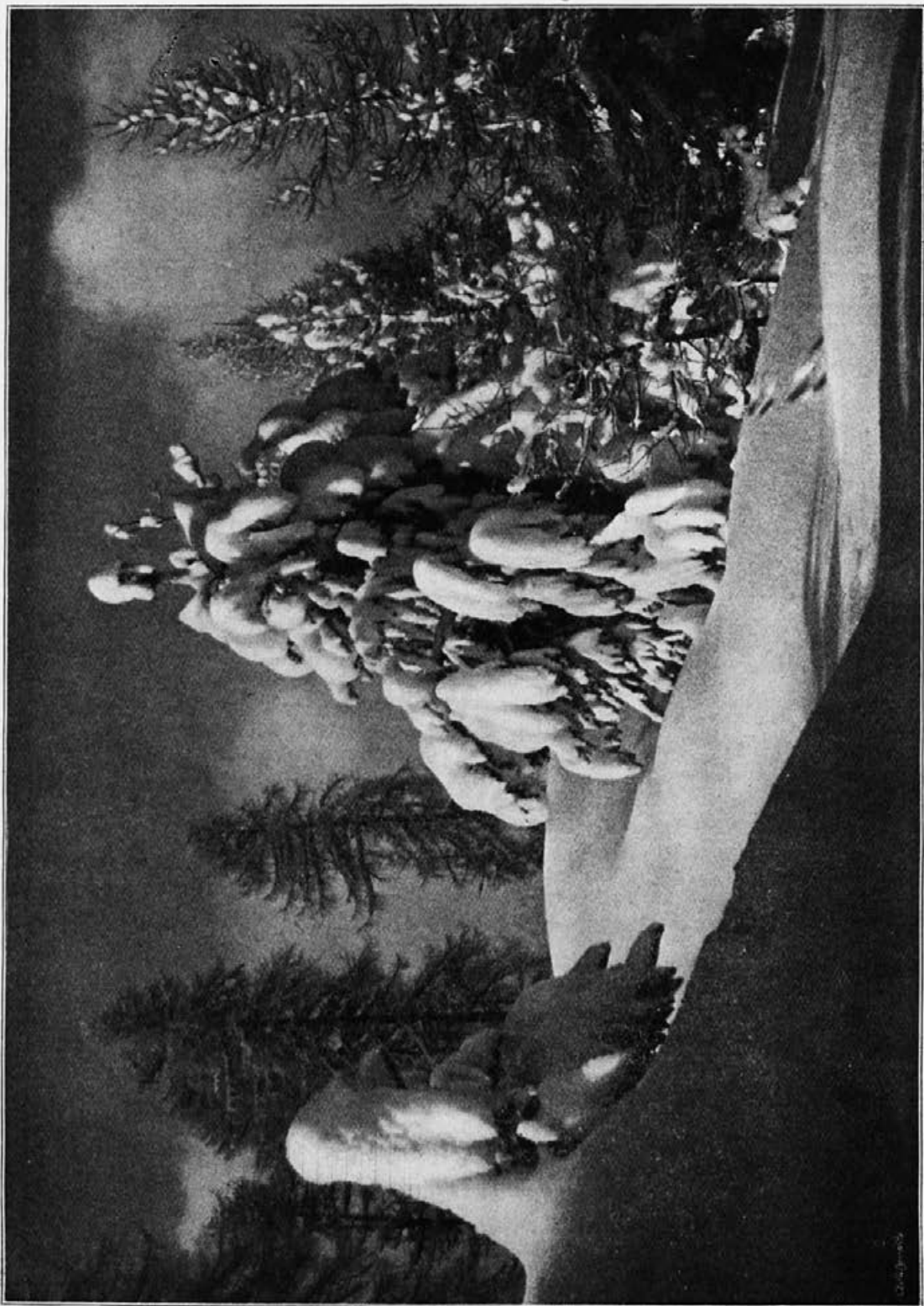
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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUAR 1926.

ŠTEV. I.

V mesecu januarju 1926.

Ali so res otroci dandanes bolj razposajeni, poredni, nagajivi in neubogljivi, kot so bili njih stariši v otroških letih?

Pogosto slišimo, da je mladina bolj poredna, razposajena, nagajiva in neubogljiva, trmoglava in živa, kot so bili starši, ko so preživljali otroško dobo. Ali je to tudi res?

Opazujmo otroke pri njih igrar, in opazili bomo, da njih igre niso tako sirove, kot so bile igre pred štiridesetimi leti. Tudi, ko gredo otroci iz šole, se veliko dostojnejše obnašajo, kot so se otroci pred štirimi desetletji. Le sempatje naletimo, da močnejši pretepajo šibkejše, kar je bilo še precej splošno, ko so bili oni še otroci, ki so dandanes prekoračili srednjo starost. Otroci bogatih staršev razen par izjem ne gledajo več tako prezirljivo na otroke siromašnih staršev. Nekaj izrednega bi bilo dandanes, ako bi šolar pretepel šolarico. Ako se zgodi kaj takega, tedaj drugi šolarji gledajo na svojega tovariša kot na zločinca. Sempatje se najdejo izjeme. Še pred dvajsetimi leti so otroci pozimi metali kepe odraščanim ljudem, danes je to zelo redka prikazen. In če drugi otroci opazijo, da imajo takega poredneža med sabo, ga navadno kar oštejejo sami med sabo.

Otroci so torej manj poredni, nagajivi in razposajeni, kot so bili koncem minolega stoletja. Da to razumemo, jih moramo opazovati pri njih igrar, pomenkih, izletih, sploh povsod, kjer imamo prilike za opazovanje. Vrhtega se moramo spuščati z njimi v pogovore. Pri pogovorih bomo opazili, kako pazno

poslušajo, kadar jim pripovedujemo o krasoti starega kraja, o trpljenju, ki smo ga tam doživeli, o igrar, ki smo jih igrali v svojih otroških letih. Za vse se zanimajo in silijo v nas z vprašanji, ki imajo namen, izvedeti, kako so nam tekla otroška leta.

Ako jim znamo to razložiti s pravimi besedami in tako, da nas razumejo, tedaj opazimo, da se otroci zanimajo za vse, kar je bilo lepega v starem kraju, obenem pa čitamo na njih obrazih, da so veseli, da jim ni treba preživeti tistega trpljenja kot so ga morali njih starši. Vesele se, da je poduk tukaj bolj svoboden, da imajo več iger, več zabave in da ne žive v takih razmerah, v kakršnih so morali njih starši prebiti otroška leta. Že ta izraz na njih obrazih in posluh, ki ga izkažejo pri pripovedovanju o dobrih rečeh v starem kraju, sta nam najboljši porok, da so otroci manj poredni, nagajivi in razposajeni, kot so bili pred štiridesetimi leti.

Da opazimo to resnico, se pa moramo z otroci razgovarjati in jih ne smemo odganjati od sebe z besedami: "Mali sitnež, rad bi vse izvedel." Otrokom povejmo, kar lahko razumejo, zapopadejo in kar je primerno, da vedo v starosti, v kateri se nahajajo. Obujajmo v njih veselje do vsega, kar je lepega na svetu in dela življenje tako, da se izplača živeti.

Po železnem zakonu razvoja se vse razvija v boljše in popolnejše oblike. Temu zakonu so podvrženi tudi otroci. Otroci so od generacije do generacije manj nagajivi, poredni in razposajeni. Tako je bilo v preteklosti in tako bode tudi v bodočnosti.



# Deček, ki je iskal domovino.

(Slika iz povojne dobe.)

Toliko cvetja je bilo to leto. Viseči cvetni kosmiči nežnih akacij so razširjali opojen vonj, ki je bil toliko bolj občutljiv v soparici, ki se je širila po deželi pred bližajočo se nevihto. Tako močan je bil ta vonj, da se je spremenil v vznemirljivo tesnobo.

Zrak je ležal neprimično na poljanah, in se je le tupatam poigral s cvetkami in travnatimi bilkami.

Kakor jeklen pas se je vlekla cesta iz dalje proti prijaznemu mestecu tam na pobočju gore. Tudi na cesti je počival žar vročega poldneva. Samo en ptičji glas, ki je bil v tem soparnem dnevu jako otožen, se je razlegal nad okolico.

Čemerna kavka je zakavkala dolgočasno, vzplahotala je s perutnicami ter se kmalu utrudila.

In zopet je postalo nenavadno vroče in tiho . . .

Tako mrtvaško tiho, da sta mož in žena, ki sta trudna v tej vročini in prahu korakala proti mestecu, kakor v nenadnem strahu stisnila se drug k drugemu ter obrnila drug k drugemu svoje s potom oblito obličje.

"Metka?"

"Da, France!"

"Ti, tako strašna vročina je pri vas. Seveda, jaz sem tudi skoro popolnoma pozabil, kako prenašati vročino, teh pet let, kar sem bil tam v Rusiji."

In potem zopet precej časa nobenega glasu. Samo poldan in žareča okolica.

Pa je vprašala mlada žena, z glasom, ki se ji je od nemira tresel: "France, ali nisi nič vesel, da si zopet doma?"

In mož, vojak: "Metka, pusti me! Ne vem, vse je tako—ne, ne vem. Veselje že še pride!"

Bleda, trudna ženica je šla mimo,—mami, ki je imela sina še v Rusiji. Divja bolečina ji je prešinila obraz, ko je zagledala Franceta.

Za ograjo, na klopi v vrtu je sedel mož, ki je namesto oči nosil srebrno medaljo na prsih. Slepec je grabil z rokami plešoče luči, ki so prodirale skozi zelenje, in vedno znova je klical veliko solnce. Ubožec!

Pod mestnimi vratmi sedi malo dekletce. V roki drži solnčnosvetlo marjetico ter trga listič za lističem, a pri tem šepetaje: "Pride—ne pride!" Na nedolžnem obrazu se zrcali strah, bojazen. Kajti njene misli so pri očetu, ki se še ni vrnil iz strašne vojne. Zadnji listič je povedal: 'Ne pride!' Malkine oči se zarosijo. Vsa tužna steče domov k mami. France je gledal te prizore in postajalo mu je vedno bolj tesno pri srcu.

In po dolgih letih je zopet korakal po ozkih ulicah svojega rojstnega mesta. Toda tistega globokega, veselega občutka—domoljubja—ni bilo v njegovem srcu.

Iz njegovega vrta je pridiral kosmati bernardinec in lajal je nanj—kakor na tujca.

In doma v hiši njegov šestletni sinko: Debelo ga je gledal in v njegovih sinjih očeh se je zrcalilo presenečenje.

"Mamica!" je vprašal, "ali je to naš oče?"

In mali Tonček je kmalu postal popolnoma zaupen.

Zunaj se je zmračilo. Toda soparica ni odšla s solncem za zelene hribe. Zapel je večerni zvon bližnje cerkvice s svojim tenkim, danes še nekoliko bolj tožečim glasom kakor navadno. Hitro so lezle sence z gorskih pobočij v dolino. Iz vseh kotov je posegal mrak in noč je užgala mrke lučke po ulicah.

Proseče je zrla Metka svojemu možu v obraz: "Daj, France, povej, ali res nisi nič vesel, da si spet tu? Glej, vse bom naredila, samo da te razveselim. Jaz in tvoj sinko, vse, vse! Nikar ne bodi tako strašno tih, ker, glej, pri vsej svoji sreči in blaženosti me obhaja groza. France!"

Objel jo je. Počasi, težko in skoraj plašno so prišli iz njegovih prs vzdih, globoki in mučni:

Da ga je mučilo tako brezmejno grenko domotožje, da se je tekom dolgih mesecev tako strašno veselil na povratek, da se je kakor pijan vsedel v vlak, ki je vozil v domovino, da bi bil najrajši železničarje prijel za glave:

"Tak vozite vendar! Vozite naglo! Vozite!"

Da si na predzadnji postaji več nikakor ni mogel pomagati, radi ščemečega pričakovanja,—in da se mu zdaj vse tako čudno zdi, tako nedomače, tako tuje. Da mu je prijazna prostost kakor nekaj zlega, tesnega objela dušo.

Kako ga to muči!

“Vidiš, Metka, tebe imam tukaj in mojega sinčka, ki se tam igra—toda onega drugega, česar neobhodno potrebujem, da bom res postal zopet človek, ki bo tebe in mojega otroka vreden, Metka, čut za domovino—domovine še nisem našel!”

Kakor otrok, kojega vzamejo materi ter ga odvedejo v veliki temni gozd,—tako obupan je izrekel, ali bolj izkričal to svoje strašno spoznanje.

Dvakrat, trikrat: “Domovine nisem našel!”

Lahna nočna sapica je pripihljala skozi okno in odnesla to tožbo seboj na svojih nežnih krilih.

“France?” je zajokala Metka in mu vzdignila glavo izmed stisnjenih pesti.

Potem sta se mož in žena podala k počitku. Oh! kako popolnoma drugače sta si prej predstavljala vse to . . .

Zdaj se je zganil mali dečko v svoji posteljici. Če oče in mati že spita?

Tonček je bil že tekom ene ure zbujen in sedaj mu je homotala in vrvela samo ena misel v malih možganih. “Domovine nisem našel!”

Domovina! Kaj je neki to, domovina?! Najbrž nekaj čudovito lepega! Mogoče je odeta s krasnim svilenim plaščem in ima bisere v laseh. Njene oči so gotovo lepe in dobre. Pa bosonoga stopa po zemlji, neslišno in nalahno, toliko da se dotika tal.

Mogoče je domovina tako dobrotljiva, da se pokaže pridnim otrokom?—

“Mamica,” vriska mali sam pri sebi, “daj, smehlaj se zopet, jaz grem in poiščem očetu domovino!”

In že je skočil Tonček iz bele posteljice—čisto tiho, nalahno, kakor miška.

Samo malo je škilil mesec v sobo, samo toliko, da je zamogel Tonček pri njegovi svetlobi najti obleko in materino zeleno ogrinjalo. Nato je počasi preplezal skozi nizko okno na vrt.

“Iskat grem očetu domovino!”

Trdno je stopal po ulici ven in je zavil na levo proti gozdu.

Brez diha so ležale nočne ure preko pokrajine, tesnobno se razprostirajoče pod oblačevino, ki se je tekom popoldneva zgostila nad dolino.

Nastopil je čas, ko ožive gozdni duhovi. Žareče se je zasvetlikalo, naglo kakor nezgoda; modrikasta bliskavica se je tresla preko planjave.

In potem hromenje, grmenje.

Od cunjastih oblakov so se odločevale blede meglene sence.

Debele deževne kaplje so neenakomerno padale na žejno zemljo. Hladan, blagodejen naliv.

Nato se je zopet na čimdalje bolj jasnem nebu pokazala srebrna luč polne lune.

Očiščen je dihal sedaj zrak, pripravljen vsesati vase nove mlade vonje.

Dve živahni kresnici sta zleteli kvišku. Vsedli sta se, ena na materino modrozeleno ogrinjalo, druga na Tončkovo roko.

Veselja je vriskal mali dečko!

“Ljube, drage lučke! Pomagajte mi najti očetu domovino!”

Ob njunem svetlikanju si je ogledal deček gozd navzgor in navzdol. Enkrat je šinilo mimo njega po mehkem žametastem mah, kakor nekaj v bel pajčolan zavitega in v zlatu se svetlikajočega.

“Domovina! Domovina!” je zaukal deček.

Ko se je pa približal dotičnemu prostoru, je našel tam samo zaprto čašo sanjajoče zvončnice.

Luna se je tudi poslovila in odšla s svojim bledim obličjem za temno goro, in dečka se je pollaščal nemir in bojazen.

O da bi že skoro našel domovino! je tožil.

Pri tem pa je šel še vedno dalje in dalje v gozd. Iskal je in iskal, dokler se ni nekako skrivaj prikradla na vzhodno nebo jutranja zarja. Sedaj je odprl visoki gozd svoje resne oči in opazil hrepenenje otrokovo. Šepet je šel skozi vejevje in šuštel je v vrhovih . . .

Rosa se je podala skozi pokrajino in jo potrosila s svojimi drobnimi bisernimi kapljicami.

Rastline plezalke so dobile srebrne verižice in cvetje zlate obročke.

Komu bo podarila gozdna vila svoj dijamantni nakit, ki ji lesketa v snežnobelih rokah?

Pogleda navzgor, navzdol in potem na sinje gore, da bi našla kje stvar, ki bi bila vredna tega njenega sijajnega okraska.

"O da bi našel svojemu očetu domovino!"

Okoli vilinih živobarvnih ustnic se je po-

"Domovina! Domovina!" se je izvilo iz otrokovih prs.

Ves vzhičen pomoči deček svoje roke v jutranjo roso, utrga čudovito lesketajočo se cvetico in jo nese, nese domovino, v katero veruje, skozi jutro, ki je vstajalo iz poletne bohotnosti.

Sto ljubih nevidnih moči je pripeljalo otroka nazaj na njegov dom.



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**Jurij Washington.** Gilbert Stuart.

(K njegovemu rojstnemu dnevu.)

rajal lep, čist nasmehljaj. Upognila se je k modri cvetlici, ki je cvetela ob njenih nogah, okinčala jo je s svojim nakitom.

Ko je tako okinčana cvetlica obrnila svojo glavico solncu nasproti, je izgledala čudovito lepa. In krasen vonj je razprostirala okoli sebe. Tako je prišel iskajoči otrok mimo tega naravnega čudesa.

Ko je prišel mali hrabri iskalec domovine domov, sta jokala oče in mati.—

Poljubila sta Tončka in se smejala njegovu domovini, ki jo je prinesel seboj domov, in se podala s prazničnimi obrazi v sivo vrsto vsakdanjih dni.

Mali Tonček je pomogel svojemu očetu, da je ta zopet našel domovino . . .

## Kako se je Dragica naučila lagati.

Dragica je že velika in vrlo dobra deklīca. Pričakujoč očeta in mater, da se vrneta z dela, pride večkrat k meni, da mi kaj pove, ali da me kaj povpraša, kar ji je nejasnega. Meni je zelo všeč, že zato, ker kadar govori, tako lepo gleda v oči. In taki otroci so navadno pametni in dobri.

Nekoč pa mi je Dragica pripovedovala, kako se je naučila lagati. Vse mi je povedala. To je njena povest:

“Vedela sem dobro, da ni lepo lagati, in vendar sem se tuintam zlagala. Kako sem se tega naučila, sama ne vem. Vem samo, da so me primorali k laganju ravno oni, ki so nas učili, da moramo vedno resnico govoriti. Spominjam se, da se je nekoč v šoli godilo takole:

Nekega dne nam je učiteljica čitala iz knjige precej dolgo pesmico. Jaz nisem razumela prav ničesar. Rada bi jo bila prosila, da mi pojasni to in ono, pa nisem smela, ker me je nekoč radi tega zavrnila z besedami: Imaš knjigo, pa čitaj in nauči se na pamet tako, kakor je tam pisano!

Prečitala je pesmico do konca; ne da bi jo nam kaj raztolmačila, nas je vprašala, če smo razumele. Odgovorile smo, da smo razumele, pa mogoče niti ena ni razumela z menoj vred. Smele nismo povedati resnice, ker bi bile grajane.

Drugega dne vpraša učiteljica, kdo da zna pesmico. Nekatero deklice so dvignile roko, druge ne. Učiteljica se je ujezila, pa nas je kregala: Uh! koliko lenob je, ki se niso učile!

Bilo me je sram, da sem šteta med lenobe, pa sem hitro i jaz dvignila roko, češ, da znam. Zdela se mi je to manjša sramota, nego da me učiteljica nazivlje lenobo.

Vidite, da sem se tudi v šoli učila lagati.

Mamico svojo zelo ljubim, toda i njej sem se včasih zlagala. To je bilo, če sem kje kaj zlomila ali napravila kako drugo škodo.

Ali enkrat sem se prav debelo zlagala. Kadarkoli pomislim na to laž, vedno me je sram. No, in od takrat naprej nikdar več ne lažem.

To je bilo nekega jutra, ko bi bila morala iti v šolo. Nisem se bila naučila naloge za tisti dan, zato nisem bila vesela, in nič mi ni

šlo v tek. Mama je mislila, da sem bolna. Zadržala me je doma, da nisem šla v šolo in vsa preplašena me je izpraševala: “Dete moje, kaj ti je? Ti si slaba, — kaj te boli? Ne idi danes v šolo, ampak pojdi v posteljo. Prinesla ti bom malo mleka.”

Ganilo me je to mamino sočutje in zdelo se mi je že, da sem v resnici bolna in vlegla sem se. Mama je prišla, objela me je in naročila, naj le ležim, da prej ozdravim. Poslušala sem jo in ležala do poldne.

Ko je prišel oče domov z dela in zvedel, da ležim, se je ustrašil. Stopil je k postelji, kjer sem ležala, in me pogledal. Takoj se je za trenutek nasmehnil, a me pozneje samo gledal. Bil je resen in ničesar ni govoril. Gledal me je dolgo, dolgo. Jasno mi je bilo, da ve, da mi nič ni, pa sem pričela jokati. Dolgo sem jokala, a oče me je samo gledal. Zdelo se mi je da vpraša: Zakaj lažeš?

Pripovedovala sem mu, da nisem hotela, nego, tako, samo je prišlo. In zopet sem plakala, a oče me je še vedno gledal. Ni govoril toda v njegovem pogledu sem čitala vprašanje: Si li že prej kdaj lagala?

Dvignila sem glavo, pogledala ga v oči in priznala vse. Ko sem mu povedala vse, mi je bilo lažje pri srcu. Bilo mi je, kakor, da so mi vse te laži pritiskale na dušo in da sem se oprostila velikega bremena.

Oče me je tedaj posadil na kolena, pogledal prav v oči in mi rekel: “Sramota je lagati.”

Ta njegov pogled je bil drugačen nego prvi. Ker nisem bila več lažnjivka, zato sem lahko gledala očetu v oči.

Nikoli ne pozabim, kako je bilo očetu hudo, ker sem se zlagala. Spominjam se, kako me je gledal. To je bilo zame hujše ko udarec. Ne vem, da-li tudi drugo deco njihov oče kdaj tako gleda? Meni bo ostalo to vedno v spominu.

Od tedaj se več ne lažem, niti bojazen pred kreganjem mi ne more ubraniti, da bi ne povedala istine . . .”

Dragica je pobožala mojo suho roko in mi zrla v oči, kakor da pričakuje mojega odgovora.

Zarosile so se mi oči, objel sem jo in ji dejal to-le:

“Dete moje, vedi, da tisti, ki govori resnico, gleda pravici v oči in nikogar se ne boji. A lažnjivec navadno poveša oči ker se boji, da bi ga kdo na laži ne ujel. Ljudje, ki ljubijo resnico, ljubijo tudi pravico. Lažnjivec je podel, hinavski in zahrbtn, pa tudi strahopeten. Samo iskreni ljudje so dobri in hrabri.

A dobrota in hrabrost so duši potrebni tako, kakor je zrak in solnčni žarek potreben telesu. Čuvaj si, otrok, zdravje svoje duše ravno tako, kakor si čuvaš telesno zdravje.”

Dragica me je razumela. In njene oči so se zableščale.  
“Budučnost”.

Iz srbsčine: K. Z.

## Iz Ezopovih basni.

(Priobčuje Ivan Burdian.)

### Lev na lovu.

Nekoč so šli lev, osel in lisica skupno na lov. Ulovili so jelena in še nekaj drugih živali. Lev zapove oslu, naj razdeli plen. Ta je razdelil plen na prav enake dele, ter dal vsakemu na izbiro. Lev se raztogodi zaradi enakosti delov, popade osla ter ga raztrga na kose. — Na to se obrne k lisici ter ji zapove drugače razdeliti plen. Lisica položi vse na stran leva in le nekaj prav malega obdrži zase. — Lev jo začuden vpraša: “Kdo pa te je naučil tako modro deliti?” Lisica mu odgovori: “Izučila me je žalostna usoda oslova.”

Nauk: Kako modro ravna človek, ki se izmodri po škodi drugih.

### Mrjasec in osel.

Osel sreča mrjasca, se prične z njim norčevati in ga zaničevati. Jeze se tresoč in škrtajoč z zobmi, je mislil spočetka mrjasec, da bi osla raztrgal na kose. Vendar se takoj domisli, da zanikrni osel ni vreden njegove jeze, a še manj njegovega maščevanja. Zato mu reče: “Nesrečnež! jaz bi te lahko kaznoval zaradi tvoje predrznosti, pa se ne izplača, ker nisi vreden mojega maščevanja. Tvoja malodušnost te obvaruje za sedaj in ti reši življenje.”

Nauk: Kdor misli blagodušno, se sramuje maščevati se nad bedaki in malovredneži.

### Volk in kmetica.

Nekoč pride volk, katerega je lakota zelo trla, mimo revne kočice, v kateri je kmetica pretila svojemu jokavemu sinčku tako: “Če ne bodeš lepo tiho, te ponese volku, da te požre!” — Volk je vzel grozeče besede za resno in je že čakal, kedaj se mu odpro vrata. Ker pa je vse trajalo predolgo, zmuzne se proč, ter se zopet vrne zvečer. — A kako je bil razočaran, ko sliši, da mati lepo govori z otrokom in še celo reče: “Moj otrok, če pride volk, ga ubijeva!” Tedaj se volk odpravi prav žalosten in si misli: “Ti ljudje tu ravna jo popolnoma drugače kakor govore.”

Nauk: Glejmo vedno le na dejanja posameznih ljudi, a ne na njihove besede.

### Dva raka.

Starejši rak je poučeval svojega mlajšega sobrata, kako mu je pravilno hoditi. Karal ga je med poukom, kako vedno omahuje v stran in da ne zmore niti par korakov, ne da bi omahnil na levo ali desno. Mladi rak, ki je bil inace zelo ukaželjen, odvrne starejšemu: “Pojdi naprej in pokaži mi ti, kako naj grem in verno ti bodem sledil!”

Nauk: Mnogo je mladih ljudi, ki hočejo biti modrijani. Tem veljaj ta basen, da z dobrim zgledom prednjačijo drugim.





# Sultan "Zvesti".

(Prosto iz nemščine K. Z.)

Sultan je bil pes jazbečar ali dakelj, kakor te vrste psov ponekod imenujejo. Dosegel je zrelo dobo svojega življenja in kot tak — se razume — je postal tako pameten, da so bili vsi drugi najslavnejši daklji iz smešnic in drugod, idijoti v primeri z njim. Sultan je bil dakelj, kojemu bi vsak lovec želel, da bi — močan in pameten — živel večno. Toda žal, je že tako na tem nepopolnem svetu: tudi najspretnejši in najpametnejši dakelj postano ščasoma star in oguljen.

Sultan je že postal tak.

Ko je prekoračil dvanajsto leto svojega življenja, mu je neki priletel, besen jazbec preklal spodnjo čeljust na dvoje. Čeljust se ni zacelila pravilno, ampak v obliki kota—kar je imelo za Sultana zelo slabe posledice. Ker je imel že itak dokaj topo zobovje, sedaj pa še pokvarjeno čeljust, ni mogel več pravilno lajati, in kar je bilo zanj še veliko večje važnosti, tudi gristi ni mogel več.

In tako je Sultan "Zvesti" tekom zadnjih treh let dobival v hiši gozdarjevi miloščino, ki je pa ni mogel več pravilno zavživati. Zato se je odločil ta najbrihtnejši izmed vseh dakljev, da bo pil odslej naprej surova jajca. Kakor znano, so surova jajca zelo redilna, ker vsebujejo precejšnjo količino dušika. Toda ta njegova prehranjevalna metoda je bila vzrok, da so ga vse kmetice v okolici strašno zasovražile. Te nerazumne ženske so smatrale za največji zločin to, kar je gozdar hvalil in imel za višek vse pasje prevejanosti.

"Da, da, Sultanček, čisto prav imaš, si pač prebrisan psiček!"

Kmetice so pa vpile: "Ta zlod tatinski, ta nesramni!"

Tako se včasih križajo ljudski nazori o enih in istih stvareh.

Ker so odslej kmetice zelo pazile na svoje kurnike, je Sultan vedno težje dobival svojo "dušik vsebujočo" hrano. Prišel je ob moč in njegovo mišičevje je popustilo, dlaka se mu je zježila. Sultanovo stanje je bilo strašno pomanjkljivo.

Toda najdražja lastnost živalske duše, njegova zvestoba, ta je ostala trdna. Ni bilo

dneva, da bi ne bil Sultan sledil svojemu gospodarju, ko je ta s svitlo puško in s široko črno pentljo, ki mu je pokrivala golšo, koračil na lov. Trudno je capljal za svojim ljubljnim gospodarjem, kolikor so mu njegove nalomljene noge še dopuščale. Ko so mu odpovedale zadnje moči, je obstal ter hlipaje z jezikom žalostno zrl za svojim gospodarjem. Njegovi krivenčasti in shujšani udje so se mrzlično stresali. Pa tudi gozdar je imel ob takih prilikah kaj žalostne občutke. Njegovo mehko in sočutno srce je težko prenašalo take trenutke. Tolažil je otožnega Sultana s tem, da mu je prigovarjal:

"No, vidiš, če ne gre pa ne gre, zato pa bodi pameten, pa se lepo obrni in pojdi nazaj. Saj pridem tudi jaz kmalu za teboj domov."

Življenje je bilo Sultanu dan za dnevom težje. Ko je lepo na tihem završil svoj šestnajsti rojstni dan, so se začela pri njem pojavljati vsakovrstna in ne baš prijetna dejstva. Tako na primer je šla čednost, ki se ji pravi čistoča, rakovo pot. Žalostno je to, da se prej tako bogato in bujno življenje slednjič znajde tam, kjer se je začelo, to se pravi v stanju brezmočnega otroka, ki neobhodno potrebuje tuje pomoči. Toda dočim se otroku radevolje pomaga in se mu vse nedostatke spregleda, se pa starosti največkrat le prisiljeno pomaga in težko kaj spregleda. Je že tako, mladost se bliža kreposti, a starost je slabost in se bliža čim večji slabosti.

In prišlo je polagoma do tega, da se je gozdarjeva žena izrazila nekega jutra:

"Oče, tako ne gre več. Zdaj mora proč, ta nadloga pasja! Le poglej našo hišo! Je pravi svinjak!"

Ta žalostna resnica je prišla nepričakovano in je gozdarja tako potrla, da izprva ni mogel do besede. Sultan mu je bil kakor del njegovega lastnega življenja. Celih šestnajst let udanosti in zvestobe — kaj takega se težko odtrga od srca!

Toda končno je uvidel i gozdar sam: ne gre več tako naprej! In tako je sklenil, da napravi kot mož in lovec vsemu temu juna-

ški konec. In taka pristna, prava lovčja smrt v zelenem šumnem gozdu! To je vendar tudi nekaj lepega! Mar ne?

Jasnega pomladnega dne vzame gozdar svojega zvestega, prijazno z repom migajočega Sultančka ven v zeleni gozd.

Le počasi sta se pomikala; Sultan radi svojih slabih nog, gozdar radi težke sape, ki mu jo je povzročala njegova golša.

Zelo lepe besede so spremljale Sultana "Zvestega" na njegovi zadnji poti.

In popoldne pride gozdar zopet domov — s Sultanom "Zvestim", ki je pa bil strašno truden.

Z obupnim pogledom je zrl ta neustrasni mož svoji ženi v oči, ko ji je dajal pojasnilo:

"Mati, reci kar hočeš, — ta — ta dobri, zvesti psiček — na, jaz mu nisem mogel končati življenja!"

Gozdarka ni bila hudobna žena. Toda ker je Sultan takoj po nepričakovanem povratku zopet zapustil nečeden sled za seboj ter dal tako dovolj povoda upravičeni nepotrpežljivosti, je postala žena huda. Pa tudi gozdar se je naenkrat znašel v jezi, pa je kričal, kričal tako dolgo, dokler mu ni sapa odpovedala. In v tem prisiljenim brezdušnim molku se je temu od solnca in vremenskih nezgod zarjavlemu lovcu pripetilo nekaj, kar se mu že od detinske dobe sem nikoli ni — jokal je.

Ob pogledu na te moške solze, je gozdar-kino srce presunilo usmiljenje. In v noči brez spanja si je izmislila in tudi takoj povedala svojemu istotako bedčemu možu sledeče:

"Ti, oče, sedaj pa vem za izhod! Ne da bi ti kaj sodeloval in brez tvojega razburjenja bo v naši hiši zopet red in mir! — Zjutraj si najmeš voz, veš, pa se vsedeš s Sultanom vanj ter se odpelješ v bližnje mestece S. Tam se oglasiš v živinozdravniški visoki šoli. Tam bodo pa že vedeli in znali, kako se našemu pridnemu in zvestemu psičku po najkrajši poti in brez bolečin pomaga s sveta!"

In tako se je zgodilo.

Naslednjega jutra je dobil Sultan "Zvesti" sočno jetrnico za zajtrk, ker bi kaj drugega ne mogel gristi. Varčni gospodar pa je dal deset mark za voz. Sultan je sedel zraven svojega gospodarja. Vso dolgo pot je začudeno zrl nanj, ta pa — namreč gozdar — je dosledno obračal svoj obraz v drugo stran.

Trda je bila ta vožnja. In na to — v lepem mestecu — je prišla še tršja ura.

Pa da si olajša srce in da bo imel saj malo veselja, si kupi gozdar lep lovski klobuk. In potem — toda ne, rajši preidem duševne boje tega dobrosrčnega lovca. Hočem samo poročati, da je gozdar poln vinskih duhov prišel domov. Voznik si ga je tudi precej naložil. Trezen je bil le stari šimelj — in Sultan "Zvesti", ki je sicer čutil nekoliko morske bolezni, v ostalem pa se povrnil živ in njegovi starosti primerno čil in zdrav.

Gozdar ni mogel tega večera pripovedovati svojih doživljajev.

Šele naslednjega jutra, ko je prespal mestne muke, najde besedo in pravi:

"Veš mati, strihnin so mu hoteli dati, ti študirani ovni! Toda, kaj bi moral ta pridni psiček pretrpeti, vem kot lovec že od lisic. Tekom zadnjih dvanajst let ne nastavljam nobene mrvice strihnina, ker so se mi lisice smilile. Lisice! Pa bi kaj takega mojemu dobremu, zvestemu psičku naredil? Oh ne, nikoli!"

Gozdarka je bila besna — kajti dejstvo, da je Sultan "Zvesti" ponovno osrečil gozdarjevo hišo z dokazi svojega bitja in žitja, jo je razdražilo do skrajne meje.

Ves čas svojega skupnega življenja sta gozdar in njegova zakonska souprega Notburga živela v miru. Sedaj pa je bilo konec njune sloge. V gozdarjevi hiši je prišlo do strašnih viharjev, katere je občutila že vsa soseska. Vsi vaščani — 342 jih je bilo po številu — so pričeli reševati vprašanje, kako bi gozdarjevega Sultana na najmilejši in najhitrejši način spravili z zemeljskega površja.

Našel se je slednjič mož, ki je znal rešiti to perečo zadevo.

Živel je tačas v vasi človek, ki se je imenoval Svedrec — že ime nam pove, da imamo opraviti s človekom, ki je bil kos hudodelca — svoj kruh pa je služil v rudniku. In ta Svedrec pravi nekega dne gozdarju:

"Ti, gozdar, poslušaj, jaz ti vem za svet! Da, vidiš, pa bo šlo prav hitro! In bolelo ga ne bo prav nič! In predno bo ubogi psiček sploh kaj opazil, bo pa tudi že končano!"

Nezaupljivo ga vpraša gozdar:

"Pa kaj naj bi bilo to?"

In Svedrec pove:

“Jutri pod noč pridem. In prinesem. In na to se bo takoj izvršilo.”

Gozdar ni več povpraševal dalje. Saj ga ni nič več zanimalo. Le težko in globoko je vzdihnil. In ves naslednji dan se je obnašal napram temu ubogemu smrtnemu kandidatu—ki je povrh tako prijazno migal z repkom—s tako ginljivo dobrohotnostjo, da je bil ta dan za Sultana najsrečnejši dan njegovega pozemskega življenja, ki je štelo okrog-

In Svedrec je zatisnil levo oko, z desnim je pa pomežiknil. In hotel je nekaj povedati.

Pa gozdar mu hitro zašepeče: “Molči in ne razodeni moji ženi ničesar! Imela je tega ljubkega psička vedno tako rada. Zelo bo žalovala za njim. In dolgo tudi.”

Govorila sta oba prav svetohlinsko o lepem vremenu, stopila nedolžno na dvorišče in odtod na cesto—in Sultan je capljaj počasi za njima.

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Most.

lo 5913 dni. In ta najsrečnejši dan naj bi bil obenem tudi njegov zadnji. Pravzaprav lepa usoda!

Nastopil je krasen, v barvah žareč, čudovito lep poletni večer.

Toda tudi Svedrec je dospel.

Tesnobno je vprašal gozdar:

“Imaš?”

Svedrec pravi: “Doli k potoku morava, daleč proč od hiš.”

Gozdar je molčal. Šel je s Svedrecem doli proti potoku.

Toda, mogoče imajo tudi živali, kakor človek, slabe slutnje, ali pa se je Sultanu čudno zdelo, zakaj gre njegov ljubljeni gospodar po tej poti, katere ni poprej nikoli hodil,

—skratka, Sultan je obstal in ni hotel za njima. Gozdar je rekel:

“Tak psiček, tako pameten!”—in ni mogel, da bi ga vabil v pogubo.

Toda Svedrec—v svoji hudobiji—se je pripravil tudi na to okolnost. Potegnil je iz svojega suknjiča krajček sira ter ga dal povohati psičku. To je ponavljal toliko časa, da so dospeli do potoka—vsi trije!

Sedaj se je začelo Svedrecevo skrivnostno delo; medtem je hudournik, ožarjen od večerne zarje, otožno žuborel. Tiho se je zgibalo vrbovje—te neizogibne priče vseh takih prostorov, kjer se imajo zgoditi kake žalostne stvari.

Gozdar je zopet obrnil svoj obraz na stran in pritajeno tožil:

“Ne, tega ne morem gledati—tak psiček, tako priden—dolgo ga ne bom mogel pozabiti!”

V svoji bolesti je govoril o že prestanem preteklem času—toda malo prezgodaj. Pa vendar ni in ni mogel gledati, kako je Svedrec privezal milo gledajočega Sultana k staremu kolu, ki je bil kraj žuborečega potoka zabit v tla.

In gozdar je mrmral s proč obrnjenim obrazom žalostne besede:

“Samo ena reč me tolaži, da bo ta dobra živalica enkrat za vselej rešena vseh nadlog, ki mu jih je prinesla starost.”

Med tem pa je tudi že Svedrec pričvrstil zvestemu Sultanu neko reč na vrat. Izgledalo je kakor zavojček tobaka za pipo, ki je pa imel kakor nit tenak repek. Nato je Svedrec ukresal vžigalico in užgal tisto nit—vžigalno vrstico, ki jo je bil prinesel seboj iz rudnika. Tenak dim se je dvignil. Začudeno je gledal pametni Sultan ta nenavadni pojav in ni si ga mogel raztolmačiti.

Svedrec pravi: “Tako!”

Pa prime globoko ginjenega gozdarja za suknjič: “Zdaj pa hitro! Naprej! Naglo! Takoj bo zagrmelo!”

“Koga? Kaj? Zagrmelo? Kaj?” in gozdar je obrnil svoj obraz. Bil je namreč prepričan, da se gre za strup, ki učinkuje hitro in brez bolesti. Toda, ko je uzrl kadečo se vrstico, je razumel. Kričal je:

“Ti norec! Oh ne! Kaj takega se ne sme zgoditi mojemu revnemu psičku!”

Pa je že stegnil obe pesti, da bi udušil to smrtonosno iskro. Ni mnogo manjkalo, pa bi Sultana zopet rešila zvesta ljubezen njegovega gospodarja — v gozdarkino veselje. Toda prestrašeno je pograbil Svedrec gozdarja za roke in ga skušal potegniti za seboj. Hreščal je:

“Si li znorel? Na ta način lahko prideva oba ob življenje!”

In ker je gozdar še vedno stal na mestu, kakor steber, jo je Svedrec — ki je kot rudar prav dobro poznal učinek streliva — odkuril sam, kolikor so mu dopuščale noge.

Tedaj se je vzdramil tudi gozdar in je pričel teči — prav hitro. Pa ko je Sultan “Zvesti” videl svojega 213 funtov težkega gospodarja, kako naglo premika svoje noge, je takoj mislil na kakršnokoli nevarnost, ki grozi njegovemu ljubljenu gospodarju, pa je sklenil: “Držati moram z njim!”

Poskočil je. Toda kol ga je potegnil nazaj, da je padel vznak. Hitro se je pobral in z vsemi preostalimi močmi svojega starega življenja je pričel nategovati in vleči za vrv, dokler se ni trhli kol podal ter se zlomil. Poln sreče je zavekal in drl z žarečo vrstico in nabojem vred za svojim gospodarjem.

Gozdar je vkljub svojemu hreščečemu dihanju, ki ga je povzročala njegova nagla hoja—slišal vedno bližje za seboj veseli dirndaj svojega psa. Med naglimi skoki se je ozrl nazaj. Ustrašil se je, da je postal bled kot kreda. Še celo njegova golša je bila blede. In v jezi in skrbi je rjovel: “Greš proč, ti smrad od živali, ti prokleti!”

In da bi to ljubo, toda v tem trenutku tako strašno nevarno žival preplašil in odgnal od sebe, je z obema rokama grabil po tleh in kar je mogel dobiti — je metal in bežal — pa zopet grabil in metal in rjovel: “Mrha, zlodjeva mrha!”

— Človeška hvaležnost! Zaradi živali, ki se je izkazala zvesta do smrti!

Toda, če stvar dobro presodimo, tedaj ne moremo gozdarju zameriti tega njegovega početja. Nihče ne zleti rad v zrak, že tehta celih 213 funtov — tudi tedaj ne, če tehta manj.

Sultan, kojemu se je dim zvijal že okoli smrčka, je presenečeno obstal sredi svojega zvestega tekanja in je zamišljeno motril svo-

jega gospodarja, ki se je obnašal, kakor da bi bil znorel in ki je metal proti njemu pest debele kamene, polena, okleščke in slednjič vrgel proti njemu še celo svoj novi, v mestecu S. kupljeni, lovski klobuk.

Sultan je zmajal z ušesi. Ni mogel pojmiti ničesar več. In ko bi bil mogel zaslutiti, kako naglo bo mogoče moral zapustiti svet — tedaj bi bil sam pri sebi udano rekel: "Prav tako, le proč, proč!"

Toda zopet je prevladovala njegova zvestoba. In zopet je začel teči. Teči po sledi gospodarjevi. Kljub svojim od starosti oslabelem nogam se je premikal hitreje kakor gozdar. Slednji je naenkrat začutil dovolj zraku in je skakal, skakal tako, kakor še nikoli v svojem življenju.

Pa Sultan bi ga bil dohitel, če bi se ne bil nepričakovano pojavil pred njima precej visok zid, ki je obmejeval pokopališče. Saj je bilo med njima le še par korakov razdalje.

Obupno se je vrgel gozdar na ta zid in telebnil vznak na pokopališče. Med tem ko se je valil preko grobov nedolžnih otročičev, si je mislil: "Tako! Tukaj me potem lahko takoj zagrebejo."

Strašen tresk.

Gore so oddale odmev. In z zidu so padali drobci in kamenje.

Nato je nastala tišina.

Težko sopeč, le malo dvignivši zaripljeno glavo, je rekel gozdar še enkrat — zadnjičkrat: "Ta mrha zlodjeva!"

Potem je previdno zrl preko poškodovane zidu.

Na oni strani se je videla samo kotlina-sta jama. Drugega nič.

Sultan "Zvesti" je izginil, se je spremenil v atome ter tako postal s svetovjem eno — naglo ter brez vsakršnih bolečin, kakor je bil Svedrec napovedal. To je bila tolažba, katere se je gozdar oprijel. In tako se je v njegovi duši zopet zbudila stara ljubezen, — in rekel je v globoki žalosti:

"Tak psiček, tako priden."

Nato se je odpravil iskat svoj novi lovski klobuk. Našel ga je, toda lepote ni bilo več na njem.

Težkih korakov — radi svoje surovosti v sporu sam s seboj — se je napotil osamljen, s pokvečenim klobukom proti domu. Težko je sopihal in le počasi je prišel domu.

Ko je slednjič dosegel v gosti temi svoj ljubki lovski dom — je bil Sultan že dolgo prej doma.

Kako se je to zgodilo? Nikoli se ni izvedelo. Naboj se je očitvidno sprožil proti zemlji, oziroma v smeri proti zidu in ne proti zvestemu Sultanu, kateremu so mnogoštevilne konjske sile le še pomagale s svojim zračnim pritiskom, da mu je bila pot prikrajšana. In kako hitro je bil doma!

Da! So dogodljaji v življenju, katerih ne doume nobena znanost. In ako ni še Sultan "Zvesti" doslej umrl naravne smrti, tedaj živi — v neizmerno veselje gozdarjeve žene — še danes!

## Slovenci.

(Dalje.)

Ena najvažnejših pravnih panog po prevratu je bila socialna politika, ki jo je vodil izprva A. Kristan, pozneje pa A. Prepeluh in za tem drugi. Avstrija je zapustila razmeroma malo socialno političnih institucij in zelo nezadostno socialno politično zakonodajo, zato je bilo treba graditi povsod od temelja. Narodna vlada je izdala takoj naredbo o osemurnem delavniku, ustanovila državno posredovalnico za delo, ki se je edina v državi dobro obnesla, uvedla podporo brezposelnih, ustanovila delavsko, neugodno in

pokojninsko zavarovalnico, preuredila bolniško zavarovanje, izdala primerne stanovanjske odredbe, organizirala inšpekcijo dela ter takoj izvedla širokopotezno skrbstvo za invalide, za katere je osnovala lastne ortopedne delavnice, in nakupila več zdravilišč. Tudi akutno stanovanjsko krizo je takoj hotela omiliti s tem, da je sklenila zidati potrebne uradne prostore in uradniška stanovanja. To bi bilo izvedljivo tedaj še z malenkostnimi stroški, toda to akcijo je preprečila osrednja vlada. Pri tem je bila navezana izključno le

na svojo inicijativo in na svojo moč. Prosila je некоč osrednjo vlado v Belgradu primer-nih navodil, a ta ji je odgovorila, naj sama uredi vse, kakor ve in zna, češ, da ne more dati nobenih informacij, ker Srbija mnogo teh stvari sploh ne pozna. Žal je nastopivša upravna centralizacija kmalu onemogočila započeto delo in povzročila deloma celo še propadanje onega socialnega skrbstva, ki so si ga ustvarili Slovenci poprej sami in iz lastnih sredstev.

Promet je bil urejen v nekaj tednih, ko-likor je bilo s popolnoma izrabljenim mate-rijalom sploh mogoče. Osnovano se je takoj železniško ravnateljstvo (to je osrednja vla-da pozneje tudi razpustila), ki je uredilo ves promet tako, da so edino po Sloveniji vozile železnice že v prvih mesecih do malega nor-malno. Prav tako je bilo s poštnim prome-tom. Poštna hranilnica, oziroma čekovni urad je posloval že takoj prve mesece brez-hibno, čeprav ga je bilo treba šele ustanoviti.

Šolstvo se je preuredilo takoj kakor gle-de zunanje organizacije tako tudi glede uč-nih načrtov. Iz nekdanjega kranjskega de-ž. šolskega sveta osnovani višji šolski svet za vso Slovenijo je odprl premnogo novih osnov-nošolskih razredov, ustanovil celo vrsto no-vih meščanskih šol, ki so bile dotlej v Sloveni-ji skoro neznane, poslovenil dotlej nemške in dvojezične srednje šole ter jih glede učnih načrtov postavil na moderne temelje. Nepo-sredno po prevratu se je osnoval iz strokov-njakov vseučiliški svet, ki je kmalu izvršil tudi vse priprave za ustanovitev slovenske univerze, za katero so se poprej zaman borile tri generacije, in že dobro leto nato je delo-valo vseh pet fakultet. Podobno reorganiza-torično delo se je izvršilo tudi na polju poli-tične, finančne in sodne uprave.

Samo po sebi je umevno, da je vzbudilo to živahno delo povsod novo življenje, utrdilo v ljudstvu vero v lastno silo in rodilo upra-vičeno samozavest. Kmet in meščan sta brez ugovora izvrševala svoje davčne obveznosti, tako da ni bilo v tem pogledu morda samo v Sloveniji nobenih zastankov. Glede na to je tudi razumljivo, da se je mogla Slovenija vzdrževati finančno sama vkljub temu, da je bila dežela vsled hudih vojnih let zelo izžeta. V narodno gospodarskem oziru se je Sloveni-ja v tej dobi najlepše razvijala, kajti povsod

so se organizirala nova obrtna in industrij-ska podjetja ter nacijonizirala tuja, žal le, da so prihajala polagoma tudi ta vsled nezmož-nosti nastopajočega centralizma v vedno te-žji položaj.

Središče vsega zanimanja je pa bil v tisti dobi zunanji politični položaj. Spričo svoje ekspanzirane geografske lege je čutil sloven-ski narod že od nekdanj, da bi moral svoje e-ventualno zedinjenje s Hrvati in Srbi plačati jako, jako drago. In ni se varal, plačal je to zedinjenje celo dražje, nego bi si bil kdaj mi-slil največji pesimist, kajti od slovenskega narodnega telesa je bila odtrgana cela tret-jina.

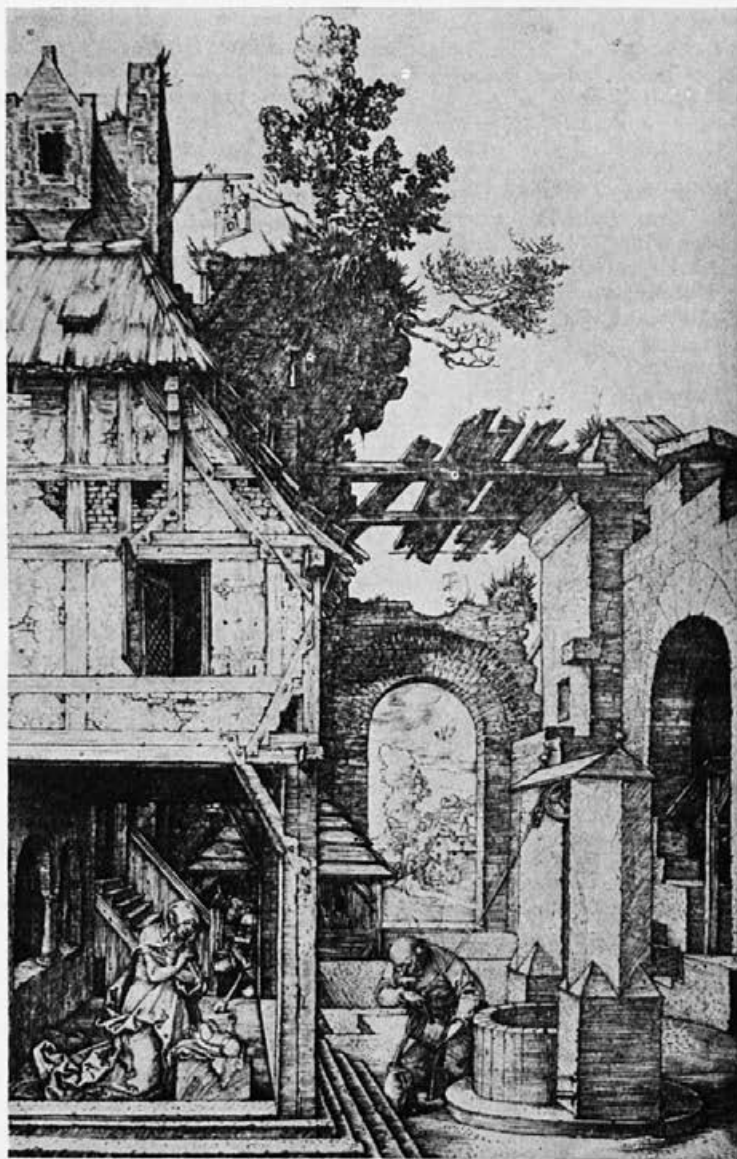
Najhujši udarec je bila izguba Primorja, ki zaradi morske lege ni le najvažnejši kos slovenskega ozemlja, temveč živi tam tudi najžilavejši del slovenskega naroda. Vkljub temu, da Slovenci v zunanjih političnih za-devah niso imeli dotlej nič izkušenj, so ven-dar instinktivno čutili pretečo nesrečo, a od-govornosti, da bi ji trezno in mirno pogledal v oči, si ni upal prevzeti nihče, zato si tudi nihče ni upal zagovarjati svojedobnih po-sredovalnih Wilsonovih in francoskih pred-logov, ki so bili mnogo ugodnejši nego pa po-znejši italijanski diktat v Rapallu. Dosledno so odklanjali vse v obupnem pričakovanju, da morda vendarle zmaga pravica, ki je bila na slovenski strani. Storili so za rešitev svo-jih primorskih bratov vse, kar so po svoji po-šteni vesti in v iskrenem srcu vedeli in znali, a v svoji zunanjepolitični neizkušenosti si ni-so upali misliti, da so bile medvojne tirade o samoodločbi narodov le — taktični manevri.

Podobno je bilo s slovensko severno me-jo. Na Štajerskem je general Maister pravo-časno zasedel Maribor in najsevernejše slo-venske jezikovne postojanke, ki so ostale po-tem s francosko pomočjo tudi rešene za Slo-vence, a težji je bil pa položaj na Koroškem. Vkljub ponesrečeni organizaciji lastne vojske je imela narodna vlada vendarle toliko moči, da bi bila v prvem hipu lahko zasedla tudi slo-venski del Koroške, ki bi bil s tem morda re-šen, toda od tega koraka jo je odvrnilo prepri-čevanje nekaterih vplivnih članov narodne vlade, češ, da za Koroško ni dovolj slovenske-ga uradništva in ne dovolj hrane, poleg tega pa še trdno preverjenje, da bo vsaj proti Nem-cem gotovo mogoče rešiti to, kar je sloven-

sko, že glede na velike žrtve v Primorju. Pa zmotili so se hudo tudi tukaj. Ententa je določila plebiscit, ki se je vršil dne 10. oktobra

njem ljudskem štetju (l. 1910.) do 70% Slovencev. Preobširno bi bilo, ko bi natančneje raziskovali vzroke tega poraza, o tem bo go-

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Star lesorez.

Albrecht Duerer.

1920. leta in pri katerem je bilo oddanih za Jugoslavijo le 15,287 (t. j. 41%), za Avstrijo pa celih 22,025 (t. j. 59%), vkljub temu, da je ta plebiscitna cona izkazovala še pri zad-

vorila šele zgodovina, a gotovo jih ni iskati samo na strani Slovencev, morda na njih strani še najmanj.

(Dalje.)



# Naš kotichek.

## Rešitve ugank.

22.

Vsem našim bratcem in sestricam veselo novo leto.

23.

Marici je prinesel Miklavž sedem, Ivančku pa pet jabolk.

\* \* \*

## Rešilci.

Obe uganki so rešili:

Christina Mahoney, Moon Run, Pa.

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

Mary Jančar, Girard, Ohio.

Justina Kramzer, Morgan, Pa.

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Slavica Sipus, Youngstown, O.

Max Traven, Cleveland, O.

Joseph W. Lever, Cleveland, O.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Silvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.

William Fifolt, Ravenna, Mich.

Elizabeth Lucich, Tacoma, Wash.

Frances Franko, Peonia, Ill.

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Mamie Perko, McKinley, Minn.

Josephine Rodica, Greensboro, Pa.

Martina Yamnik, West Newton, Pa.

Angela Schiffrer, Waukegan, Ill.

Mary, Josephine in Jennie Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Angeline in Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.

Hedvika Skerly, Export, Pa.

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

Josephine M. Jenko, Export, Pa.

Albert Simonich, Lorain, O., je pravilno rešil uganki št. 20 in 21, a je prišla njegova rešitev prepozno za zadnjo številko.

\* \* \*

## Nagrade.

Tekom zadnjega leta so rešili največ ugank in dobe nagrade sledeči:

1. nagrada (3 knjige): Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

2. nagrada (po 2 knjigi): Mary Kochevar, Bishop, Pa., in Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

3. nagrada (1 knjiga): Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill.

\* \* \*

## Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Rad bi napisal par vrstic v našem "Mladinskem Listu," samo ne znam dobro slovensko pisati. Oče mi je obljubil, da me bo naučil slovenščine, ko bom v šestem razredu, pa zdaj sem že v sedmem, pa me

je dosedaj še malo naučil. Mama me več uči. Mislim, da mi bo šlo malo bolj težko, pa poskusil bom vseeno večkrat oglasiti se.—Nadalje protestiram, kakor tudi moj mlajši brat in sestra, da bi se nam "Mladinski List" ustavilo. Ravno po moji želji je in rad bi, da bi "Mladinski List" dohajal vsak teden.

V tem oziru bi nekaj priporočal. Ker vidim, da k nam prihajata vsak teden dve obligatni številki "Prosvete," torej za ata in mamó posebej, a oba čitata pa vendar samo eno številko, sklepam, da je gotovo v več krajih tako. Zakaj se ne bi povsod pošiljalo le po eno obligatno številko, ter se rajši pomaglo "Mladinskemu Listu," da bi dohajal vsak teden.

Pozdrav! (Toda prej ko prečitata, nesite tisti požrešni koš za peč!)

William Fifolt, Ravenna, Mich.

\*

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za "Mladinski List" v slovenskem jeziku, kakor sem v zadnji številki obljubil.

Apeliram na člane in članice Mladinskega oddelka, da poskušate brati in pisati v slovenščini, ker ni tako težko, kot sem si mislila, da je. Jaz čitam oboje—slovensko in angleško. Čitam tudi "Prosveto" in "Proletarca" in se zanimam za vse slovenske liste.

V naši naselbini Delmont, ki šteje 600 prebivalcev, je okoli dvanajst slovenskih družin.

Želim, da bi "Mladinski List" ostal za naprej.

Hodim in ljudsko šolo v Delmont, kjer je osemrazrednica in tudi višja šola.

Uredništvo mi naj oprostí, ker pišem bolj slabo slovensko. Upam, da se boljše naučim za prihodnjic.

S pozdravom!

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

\*

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis. Ker sem slišala, da imate koš brez dna, prosim, da moj dopis ne gre v tisti koš. Povem vam, da meni se dopade "Mladinski List." Zmeraj ga težko pričakujem. Meni se zlasti dopade, ker pišete tudi v slovenskem jeziku. Jaz prav rada čitam slovensko in tudi pisat se učim slovensko.

Čudno se mi vidi, ko čitam včasih v "Prosveti," da otroci slovenskih staršev ne znajo niti govoriti slovensko. Jaz sem stara dvanajst let in hodim v šesti razred, imam še dva brata in dve sestri, in smo vsi v Mladinskem oddelku S. N. P. J.

Lepe pozdrave bratcem in sestricam v Mlad. odd. S. N. P. J.!

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\*

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za "Mladinski List", čeprav nisem še tako dobro izučena v slovenskem pisanju, ker jaz sem hčerka hrvaških roditeljev. Hrvaški pišem dobro, a moj "dađa" je, kakor vidite, Hrvat, a vendar jako dobro bere i slovensko. Moj



"dada" pravi, da kolikor jezikov umem, toliko da sem vredna. Poskušala bom oglašati se v našem glasilu Ml. L.

Prosim Vas, da ne vržete v koš tega dopisa. Hodim v ameriško šolo, in sicer v 4. razred. Stara sem devet let.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J. ter se tudi jaz priključujem protestu sestic in bratcev dr. št. 284 v Delmontu, Pa.

Slavica Sipus, Youngstown, O.

Cenjeni urednik!—Minulo je že precej časa, odkar se nisem oglasil v našem "Mladinskem Listu," ki ga prav redno čitam.

Rad bi videl, da bi izhajal vsak teden, ne pa da bi ga nam odvzeli, ko je naša edina slovenska izobrazba v slovenskem jeziku. Ako ga ni mogoče povečati, upam vsaj, da ostane kakor je.

Tukaj smo imeli o božičnih počitnicah precej leda, da smo se lahko drsali. Ne vem, ali smo to leto tako poredni, ali pa se gospodar, ki lastuje zemljo zraven šole, boji, da bomo metal žogo čez ograjo, ker ima namreč čuvaje, da nas opazujejo.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice ter Vas urednik!

Silvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!—Tukaj vam zopet pošiljam rešitev ugank št. 22 in 23. Upam, da sem jih dobro rešila. Samo malo potrpežljivosti je treba, in vse se naredi.

Zadnje številke "Mladinskega Lista" nisem dobila, zato sem šla k svoji prijateljici Milki Kozole, 2612 Richmond St., da sem si od nje izposodila naš list. Tudi ona je odločno proti odpravi "Mladinskega Lista."

Našim bratcem in sestricam naznanjam, da je bil Miklavž to leto zame zelo radodaren, da še nobeno leto tako. Sedaj imamo tudi vsakovrstne zabave, to se pravi, odrasli člani S. N. P. J. jih imajo, mi pa se po otroško veselimo z njimi. Pri nas imamo precej tople vreme. Drugače je po navadi.

S pozdravom do prihodnje številke!

Aurelia in Gloria Mahnich, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!—Tukaj Vam pošiljam rešitve zadnjih ugank ter upam, da sem jih prav rešil. Obenem Vam pošiljam eno uganko, ki jo — ako hočete — lahko predložite v rešitev vsem bralcem in bralkam "Mladinskega Lista".

Uganka se glasi: Je tvoje, pa drugi več rabijo kot ti. Kaj bi naj bilo to?

Pozdravljam vse člane in članice Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J., katerega član sem jaz že celih enajst let.

Max Traven, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik!—Rada bi napisala eno pismo v slovenščini, pa ne znam še tako dobro. Mamo izprašujem za vsako najmanjšo stvar. Pisala bom tudi v angleščini. "Mladinski List" se mi zdi precej velik. Poskušam čitati tudi slovenski del, pa mi še ne gre posebno dobro.

S pozdravom!

Antonia Mautz, Library, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!—Tukaj Vam pošiljam rešitev ugank.

Zelo sem vesel, da dobim zaostalo nagrado in še eno knjigo povrh. Podpiram protest sestrice Mary Kozole, da ostane "Mladinski List" kakor je sedaj.

S pozdravom!

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

\* \* \*

### Listnica uredništva.

Še cela kopica dobrih dopisov je tu, ki ne morejo priti v to številko, četudi bi urednik vam vsem skupaj jako rad ustregel, kajti tudi njegov koš ima dno. Zaostali dopisi pridejo po možnosti v prihodnji številki na vrsto. Torej potrpite za enkrat!—To velja za vse — tako za one, ki so poslali slovenske, kakor tudi za one, ki so poslali angleške dopise. Ustrašili se bode, če vam povem, da je takih dopisov preko trideset, večina v angleščini.—Pozdrav vsem!

UREDNIK.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

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Number 1.

Clara Vostrovsky-Winlow:

## A School Day in Croatia.

Everybody at Milosh's house usually rose with the sun, so that when the tuneless bell called the children to school a few days after a holiday, Milosh had not only long been ready, but had performed several chores while at the same time taking care of dear little rosycheeked Zorka.

The schoolhouse differed from the other houses of the little Croatian village mainly in having a bigger door than any of them, a wooden cross on the roof and more windows. These windows could never have been measured, for no two of them were the same size.

The teacher was a very serious looking man and quite old. He wore a long coat, and, as one of his brighter pupils observed, always carried his sign about with him: this was the ink spots on his white vest. Whenever he had to read or needed to look at anything else closely, he put on heavy, ancient-looking glasses, with long wires that went back of his ears. Out of doors, in warm weather, he invariably carried a big blue umbrella either above his head or under his arm. But despite his ugly glasses and the two big wrinkles that much worrying had plowed deep between his eyes, he was a kind man and his pupils were fond of him.

As soon as the children arrived and before they settled down to their studies there were always songs.

There were many holidays, like that of St. George, but every child up to the age of twelve was expected to attend school on ordinary days. Very few dreamed of continuing their studies after the required time. This week, however, the teacher was quite elated and excited over the announcement that Mitar, the son of the richest vil-

lager, was to have an extra year of schooling in Zagreb.

Mitar's schoolmates did not envy him this additional schooling, but their imaginations were fired by all that he was going to see and experience in the beloved capital of their country. Mitar, on his part, needed little encouragement to stimulate their wonder still more. Every opportunity he had, he enlarged on all that by any chance he had heard or imagined regarding Zagreb.

"They eat differently there," he would say. "They don't have cornmeal every day, but all sorts of other things; so many you can't count them, on gold plates, everything on a separate plate, and you take a little from one, and a little from another, and a little from—"

Here he was interrupted by a stalwart boy whose family had lately moved to the village from Herzegovina; although no older he was fully a head and a half taller than Mitar, who was small for his age and sensitive about it. Looking down at him the Herzegovinian remarked scornfully:

"Perhaps you think all those littles will make a big man of you, eh?"

Mitar flushed and clenched his fists, and it was a fortunate thing perhaps that the teacher came along just then.

After school Milosh could not resist teasing Mitar by calling out:

"By eating a little and a little and a little, you'll get big, won't you Mitar?"

This resulted in Mitar chasing Milosh, and he might have overtaken him had not both been attracted by a number of the younger children, who were dismissed earlier

from school, suddenly starting to run and scream like wild creatures.

"What's the matter?" yelled both boys.

They got no answer until they caught up with a little six years old fellow, who explained the youngsters' excitement by:

"Big frog—great big frog—in hole; Churo says he'll spit magic at us."

#### A Half Holiday.

It was a school half-holiday. Milosh had been so busy with chores for a part of it that he was quite glad when his mother said he need do nothing more but take care of his little sister.

Zorka had on an old dress made just like one of her mother's with short full skirt, and a little red bodice laced over a white chemise. Worn though it was, it was nevertheless still nice and clean, and Milosh liked it because the older girls always examined a bit of odd red and blue embroidery design on it, which his mother had brought with her from her girlhood home in Dalmatia, one of the Croatian speaking States. Zorka looked so dear, in truth, when he appeared with her on the board walk in front of the general store, that it was no wonder two girls at once ran up to admire and pet her.

"Do let me take care of her," begged Ziba.

"No, let me have her," begged Ivana. "We'll play house and she'll be my little girl."

Milosh was quite used to this, for Zorka was the prettiest child in the village; her eyes were so big and round and blue, her cheeks so rosy, and her hair so curly and sunny. He proudly shook his head, not because he did not wish to give up his responsibility, but because he did not intend giving it up too cheaply. He tossed back his hair and lifted his chest until he felt he must look as important as Obren Gulicich, the "starosta" or chief official of the village.

Now it happened that Mitar was also free, and was just coming around a corner. Seeing his chance of getting even with Milosh for his teasing, he ran up quickly behind him and gave him a hard whack between the shoulders with his doubled fist. Milosh, taken by surprise, forgot his dignified air, and thrusting Zorka into Ivana's arms, turned

like a flash and was after his assaulting schoolmate.

It was a full half hour before the two boys returned together, frowzled and dirty, but chattering like the friends they really were. The girls had disappeared, and it took the boys some time before they found them seated in a clay pit a short distance back of the low stone village store. They were playing that they were making pottery, just as they had often seen their mothers make it.

Much as they would have liked to join in the girls' play, the boys pretended to scorn it. They placed themselves at a little distance, and taking out their knives, seemed to be wholly absorbed in whittling. But after two or three minutes of this, they could not help shouting jesting remarks at the girls. The latter only glanced at them out of the corners of their eyes.

"Ask your mother for the ax, Zorka," said Ziba, "so that I can pound this nice lot of clay."

Zorka toddled up to Ivana, her play-mother, who handed her a short stout stick, with the caution:

"Now be careful, Zorka, not to cut yourself on the way."

Zorka, all smiles, toddled back to Ziba, who, kneeling down, began to pound vigorously at the clay.

"I must have some goats' hair to mix with it next," she called as she bent with flushed face over her work.

Before Ivana could decide what substitute to use for goats' hair, Milosh sprang up, and nudging Mitar, shouted:

"Wait and we'll get some real goat's hair!"

The girls, who had been pretending to be quite unaware of the boy's presence, now showed their interest as they watched the two run madly, not, as they expected, to some goats pasturing nearby, but to a neighbor's goat pen. They soon returned, each holding a handful of the real thing.

"Thank you," said both girls with shy warmth, and then turned back to their play.

Spreading the hair on a stone, Ivana began to chop at it, but evidently without

satisfaction to herself, for she sighed as she handed it to Ziba with the remark:

"You can mix it with the clay now. I can't chop it any finer."

"Gosh, do you call that chopped!" Milosh burst out. "Come Mitar, let's show them how to do it."

Then how the boys did slash with their knives until some of the hair was really cut, while the rest went flying away on all sides! They were repaid by Ziba's and Ivana's admiring appreciation. The latter gathered up

This time the little girl did not understand quickly.

"Where fire?" she asked.

"Why, you stupid little pigeon," returned Ivana, giving her a hug, "isn't it always under the pot when you're boiling water?"

When a little later she carried this can over to her playmate, the boys laughed and laughed at her, but Ziba nevertheless said with a serious face:

"Don't spill any of the hot water on me."

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A Croatian Shepherd.

what she could, and Ziba began to mix it adroitly with the clay.

In the meantime, Ivana, with Zorka's help, was picking up all the stray sticks of wood they could find, and piling them in a little heap. On top of them she placed an old empty tin can that some one had thrown away.

"Don't go too near the fire," Zorka was warned.

"I'll be careful," returned Ivana, as she began pouring nothing at all from the can.

Nothing seemed to be all right, for Ziba began to work some more of the clay, and then shape it with her hands.

While she did this, the play-mother built a little oven of stones which her little "daughter" brought to her, and into this Ziba's bits of clay, which the girls called

"pots" and "cups" and "dishes," were placed to bake.

The boys had been whispering, but whatever they were planning became impossible to do, for all the children were now called home.

When the girls visited the place next day

on their way home from school, some goats were pasturing nearby and the oven was completely destroyed.

"Dear me; whatever will we cook our food in!" said Ziba, still full of the previous day's make-believe.

Lucy C. Lillie:

## The Story of the Opera.

One evening towards the close of the sixteenth century, a number of gentlemen were hurrying up the staircase and along the corridors of a house in Florence. They were richly dressed according to the custom of the time, but they were all students, all deeply absorbed in music, and they were on their way to the salon of one Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, for the purpose of discussing a new idea in their beloved art. Now, if we followed these gentlemen, what should we hear and see? Something very interesting, yet, from our point of view to-day, very strange. They were determined to develop opera, yet they had only the vaguest idea how it should be done.

The opera as we have it at present had so far been unheard of, and the only suggestion these Italian gentlemen had for such a form of musical composition was that given them by the Greek lyrical dramas in the famous theatre of ancient Athens, where plays were given accompanied by an orchestra of lyres and flutes. When the "Agamemnon" was performed every word of the dialogue was declaimed as musically as possible, and the choruses were sung as well as was possible at that time. In early English times music, or recitative, was introduced in the simplest plays usually performed in the public streets. People in various countries had been gifted with some perception of the beauty in combining music and dialogue, but, as I have said, the regular opera was unknown up to the sixteenth century.

Our Italian gentlemen discussed their new ideas over and over again before they made definite efforts to put them into practice. One of the party named Caccini wrote

a series of songs, or "pieces," which he sang at Bardi's house one evening, accompanying himself on the lute. He had a beautiful voice, and delighted every one, so that his suggestion of attaching to these songs something dramatic in the way of action was received with pleasure. Little by little the idea of a musical drama gathered strength, and one of the first actual performances of which we read was at Mantua in 1594, when a work called "L'Amfi parnasso" was given. We who have heard the opera in its perfection would be, no doubt, greatly amused could we witness "L'Amfi parnasso" given precisely as it was in Italy towards the close of that splendid and warmly colored and suggestive century.

There was no overture and no instrumental accompaniment of any kind; five singers only took part in it. When two were on the stage the remaining three stood behind the scenes singing a kind of accompaniment. Everybody in Mantua was charmed by this performance, considered entirely novel and very graceful in character, but what would dear old Master Vecchio, who wrote it, have said had he looked ahead nearly three hundred years to the time of the great Bayreuth festival, where Wagner's operas were produced with such a wealth of orchestration and so many glorious and superbly trained voices?

Conte Vernio's house was not the only one in Florence where the new musical impulse was well received and helped on. A nobleman named Corsi received the musicians of the day, offering them every encouragement, and especially urging on the work of one Jacopo Peri and Vincent Galileo—father

of the great astronomer—and Caccini. These three young men were burning with genius, and possessed a great amount of energy, but it appears that no one of the three had much knowledge of harmony or counterpoint. Caccini, as I have told you, wrote a series of very dramatic songs, or, as they were called, canzonettes, which were the basis of music of a more dramatic character. The special importance of this music to the student of to-day lies in the fact that it was the first written for a single voice, the first composed for an accompaniment of one instrument, and, as may be imagined, it produced a marked effect upon music, both vocal and instrumental, all over the world. Madrigals had preceded these canzonettes, and no doubt contained much more that was more pleasing to the ear than many of the new songs offered the public by the composers of the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century; but there is no doubt that we owe to the three musicians I have mentioned the first definite idea for the music known technically as *Monodia*, which is a term from the Greek, single, a song, and applied by modern critics to music written in what is sometimes called the homophonic style; that is to say, music in which the melody is confined to a single part instead of being equally distributed between all the voices employed, as in the polyphonic schools.

Peri, at the suggestion of Signor Corsi, wrote a work in the operatic style called "*Dafne*," "in order," as he says himself, "to test the effect of the particular kind of melody which they imagined to be identical with that used by the ancient Greeks and Romans throughout their dramas, and" although we are told that "it charmed the whole city" of Florence, where it was performed, it was not sufficiently characteristic to create a school of similar composition. I think it safe to say that the first true Italian opera, on which all of ours have been founded, was Peri's next work, "*Eurydice*." The performance of this opera—the first ever given in public—took place in the year 1600, and raised the whole of Italy to enthusiasm. The libretto was written by Rinaccini, and the noblemen

of Florence contended for the honor of performing in it. Behind the scenes Corsi, the liberal patron of the Florentine art, presided at the harpsichord, while three noted men of Florence performed on the *chitarone*, a very long, deeply-necked lute, with wire strings and two sets of tuning-pegs, a viol, and a large lute. Three flutes were added to this little orchestra.

From this hour the opera was recognized as a form of art in musical composition, and as the interest in music, especially where a dramatic spirit could be added, was beginning to be felt all over Europe, it progressed and developed rapidly, as you may imagine.

It would be impossible in this space to tell you the story of the opera in detail—how it advanced steadily, in France reaching a great height, where a composer named Lulli, in 1650, established it among the French people. Lulli had been brought from Florence as a page in the court of Louis XIV. He served the king's niece, *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, and no doubt he had listened from boyhood to all the finest music of the day in her *boudoir*.

Among Italian composers of this early period the man who seems to me most interesting was Alessandro Scarlatti. He made striking improvements in the form of the opera, varied its monotony in many original ways, and, best of all, insisted upon its being written from a scientific point of view. Peri and his followers had not cared particularly for writing according to the strict rules of harmony. They seemed to have despised the art of counterpoint, and therefore it is that their work could never live, or do more than please the uneducated ear. Our debt of gratitude to them is for their discovery, as it were, of what could be done with music and dialogue, and their zeal in carrying out an entirely novel method, but to Scarlatti we owe the bringing of science to bear upon this first brilliant suggestion.

Stradella, a famous contemporary of Scarlatti, wrote in the operatic style. Stradella's life was a very sad one, ending tragically. He was a gentleman of great refinement, but not of high rank, so that when he became engaged to one of his pupils whose

rank was far above his own it created a great deal of excitement in Florence and Venice. Stradella and his fair pupil were married, and would have lived very happily but for the fact that assassins constantly pursued him. Once three of these men tried to kill him. They followed him to the church of St. John in Rome, where he was to sing, but there, while listening to his heavenly voice, their purpose changed; his music dissipated all their bloodthirsty feelings, and they made

to have delighted in combining music with a certain sort of dialogue. It was the custom, as I have said, to give performances in the public streets, the singers standing in large carts, around which crowds of people collected. With all their grotesqueness and absurdity there was a dignity about them which impressed their rude audiences.

In 1658 was born in London a boy named Henry Purcell. Music seemed to grow with him. It was when Purcell was about nine-

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The Family Concert.

Steen.

their escape, afraid to confront their employers with stainless hands. Stradella, however, was not destined to escape the vengeance of his wife's friends. In Genoa both husband and wife were secretly stabbed to death, no trace of the assassins being found.

Of the rise and progress of the opera in England much could be said, but I must group only a few facts about some one centre.

The English seem from very early times

teen that he one day received an invitation from a schoolmaster to call, on musical business, at his house in Chelsea. Thither he went. He found a young ladies' school, and an energetic master who wished his pupils to perform something operatic. So Purcell wrote the music, and Tate the words, of "Dido and Aeneas," a little operetta in which he himself performed, and which was so successful that henceforth he wrote chiefly for the stage.

But all the time everybody in London was singing or playing his glees and madrigals. In Westminster was a famous old tavern known as Purcell's Head, and clubs used to meet there to sing his music. Meanwhile we can fancy Milton as a youth playing his most solemn music in that quaint room of his, with its faded hangings and grand organ, and at the theatre elaborate performances of "The Tempest," "The Indian Queen," and other plays, to which was added "Mr. Purcell's musicke."

Those were rollicking and riotous times.

Purcell's sweet music seems to come in with some feeling of soothing sounds, but had the times been better he would have done more, I am sure, in his noblest direction.

The opera, as it was then written, consisted simply of a series of songs in which the story of the opera was related; there were some imperfectly rendered recitations, an orchestral accompaniment was unskillfully devised, and, as a rule, worse performed, but the airs were frequently very popular, and the whole thing was kept going because it pleased the public taste.

The word classical, as applied to music, I am sure many of our young people do not fully understand. To define it completely would be difficult, but I will try and give you some idea of what it means.

To be strictly classical a musical composition must be written according to the standard rules of the art, and with a subject or theme worthy of the setting. It may be very simple, it may have but slight elaboration, yet it must contain the elements of true musical inspiration and of musical art before it is classical. To form any correct judgment as to what is classically good, you must

have some knowledge of the laws of music, so that you see how useful is the study of a certain amount of harmony to those who never aspire to fine performance. You may ask who is to judge for us whether the subject of a musical work is worthy? This has to be decided by the good taste of the person who is criticising, and at the same time we can follow the opinion of the majority of those critics whom the world allows are best fitted to form such judgments for us. Our likes and dislikes, of course, need not be governed by this, nor need music be heavy or labored to be considered "classical," as so many young people suppose. The airiest of Bach's gavottes, the most emotional of Beethoven's andantes, the most brilliant of Mendelssohn's overtures—all of these are as purely classical as the most ponderous and sublime symphonies or sonatas. It is doing a good theme perfect justice which makes a work classical, and a poor subject, incorrectly treated, is not to be called music, no matter how much "dash" or "go" or so-called prettiness it may have about it; and the young student of music ought to be as careful in regard to the choice of his or her studies as in speaking of a language. To be classical is simply to be grammatical. Would you wish to recite a piece of poetry in a foreign tongue, without any regard to rhythm, rhyme, or reason, simply because the mere words in French or German were spoken? Would not such a performance seem positively ludicrous? When you can bring to your musical study the same sensitiveness and appreciation with which you regard the study of a language, you will find that you care only for what is the best, or, in other words, the classical.

Edna M. Colman:

## History of Some Queer Clocks.

Time! the answer to every mystery, the solution of every problem, and the most overworked word in every language. Every minute, somewhere, somebody is talking, reading, thinking or working with a close watch upon time. Time has come to be the hydra-headed monster that drives the world

of men and women to speed mania to beat its own swift flight. Time appears to diminish as man seeks to crowd into hours the performances that once consumed days and weeks, and with the perfection of each speed-making device, time and the importance of the saving of it is accentuated.



The mad race to exact every second's full quota of work, service, of pleasure, came with modern progress, and with each generation's mounting accomplishment in the day's work has also come a loss of much of the true appreciation and enjoyment of life, beauty and love and art, that belonged to a more deliberate period where speed was not the power behind every motion.

Now when every public and private activity is planned on a perfect schedule that fits each moment with its task or pleasure, and where time is the all-important factor, against which we all wildly struggle for fun, profit or just from habit, it is difficult to realize that time was once a matter of guesswork, dependent upon the sun, moon and stars.

When the first spark of intelligence stirred in the dormant brain of prehistoric man, it aroused him first to observe his surroundings and his impulses that took him beyond the actual creature needs of food, drink and fuel. Among these feeble gropings of mentality, the first seems to have been directed toward reckoning time, in an effort to note the days or suns to pass between changes of the moon.

The year with its succeeding seasons was already a fixed matter, so also were the periods marked by the moon, and these helped man to assemble for himself the units of time, and these sufficed him until his mental development required a thought of life and work beyond one day, with daylight and darkness dividing it so conveniently for him. But when it became expedient to plan for more than a day, man had to solve the problem for himself.

Counting by suns and all other shadow markers, the first attempt in this direction had the disadvantage of being useless when the dark, dismal days of rain, fog and snow made all light look the same, and allowed of no guiding lengths of shadow on tree or rocks to tell when one day had merged into another.

Determining to catch up with the days in some way, the cave man set to work, and with slow fingers obeying slower mind, he braided a long thick rope of grass, which he

lighted at one end, after wetting it, so it would burn very slowly. After days of watching it, comparing it to the period of the average day when the sun was in command, he finally tied knots at intervals supposedly to correspond to sunrise, midday and sunset.

Comprehension expanding, he next laboriously made a rope seven times as long as his first one, with seven times as many knots. By the slow burning of this, in his cave, he could tell when a week had passed whether the days were fair or stormy.

The knotted rope, slowly smoldering, day and night, the shadow markers playing only with the sun, were all the young world knew of time reckoners, from man's appearance for many centuries, and in some countries today these primitive methods are still employed.

Though the ancient Babylonians and Chaldeans kept their astrologers always studying the heavens, and though they made many learned deductions on the movements of the planets, there is no record of any special timepiece to their art or inventive genius, and research gives credit for the next step in timekeeping to the Egyptians, when, about 4000 B. C., one of them invented a water clock of simplest form such as is still used by Malay fishermen, and consist of a bowl or coconut shell with a hole bored in it, floating on water.

Later, about 2626 B. C., the "Yellow Emperor," Hwang-ti of China, devised a water clock, but the clepsydra, introduced to the Greeks by Plato, in the fourth century B. C., was the best example of these.

The clepsydra, of which a sample exists in the National Museum, at Washington, consists of a wooden frame with the hours marked on the sides. Cords are attached to the top of the frame, the other ends being wound around the metal pin or axis which is put through the drum which holds the water. This drum is divided on the inside into a number of sections, each having a tiny hole in it through which the water drips.

When in use the drum is wound to the top of the frame. Gravity pulls against the cord and the drum would revolve very fast if it were not for the weight of the water,

which, as it goes from one little chamber to the other, makes the revolutions occur slowly. As this happens the metal pins or axis points to the hours on the sides.

Another form of water clock was to use a water-filled tank with a small opening in the bottom. In this a small boat was floated with an oar in it pointing to the hours marked on the sides of the tank. As the water trickled out, the boat sank lower and lower, but this like many other devices of early days was far from accurate.

When the first sundial was made by King Ahaz about 742 B. C., people were filled with admiration and wonder, and many thought the problem of time-reckoning had at last been solved. Though it proved useless on cloudy days, literally proving the legend on so many of the quaint old models—that of recording only the golden hours—yet it was for years the only measure of time.

Even after the clepsydra became more generally known as it did in Plato's time after the shortcomings of the sundial had resulted in experiments toward the discovery of a better method of reckoning, the sundial held its own down through the ages and has never lost its place in the hearts of lovers of antique treasures. With the revival of the antique styles in furniture, architecture, and landscape arrangement, the sundial came into popularity because of its artistic features; and now no garden with any pretensions of artistic design is without one.

The ancestor of the hourglass was of equal antiquity with the water clock. In its most ancient form it was known as the clepsammia or sandglass, which had its origin among the desert peoples of the East where water was too scarce and precious to be used for experiments of any kind, while sand, the most abundant of all their possessions, beset them upon every side.

Many legends remain of these quaint old time markers. One of the latest acts of Harun al Rashid, the caliph of Bagdad, just prior to his death in 809 B. C., was to send a wonderful gift to Charlemagne, Emperor of Rome and King of the Franks. This was an elegant water clock, made of bronze, inlaid

with gold, and was a fitting example of the clever craftsmanship of the Orient.

It is recorded that the dial consisted of twelve small doors representing the hours, and opening at the one it pictured, when out of it came the same number of small balls, which fell at equal intervals one at a time on to a brass gong. It was so made as to tell the hours to the observer by the open doors and to the listener by the strokes on the gong. At 12 o'clock twelve tiny horsemen rode forth to close the doors. This bore an appropriate legend and was received with great enthusiasm by the "master of the West."

Charlemagne was not to be outdone in displaying either his appreciation or the splendor of a gift, so he supervised the construction of a huge sandglass with the hours marked on the outside, so ponderous that it only required turning once in twelve hours. Sand was not considered suitable for such a gift, so black marble was finely ground to dust and boiled in wine, the process being repeated a number of times before it was considered ready for use.

Both the clepsydra and the clepsammia were used in churches to regulate the time of services, in assembly halls, and courts, to call a halt upon the long-winded discourses and tiresome arguments of lawyers, statesmen and preachers. These devices remained in use until clock construction became general.

They were used all through the years of struggle of Julius Caesar, with the old Roman calendar which was so greatly in error that winter months were found to be falling in summer.

After long and arduous labors with his astronomers, the length of the years was placed at 365 $\frac{1}{4}$  days, adding an extra day to each fourth year. But in order to get the seasons adjusted to their proper places he had to add two months between November and December. This arrangement gave the year 445 days and was called the "last year of confusion." Caesar began his calendar with January 1, a plan which has since been followed. The rest of his plan prevailed from

40 B. C., until Pope Gregory revised it in 1532.

King Alfred of England, who stands out conspicuously for his efforts for his people, wished to divide the twenty-four hours so that he might devote eight to work, eight to sleep and eight to pleasure. In order to have these periods definitely marked, he devised the candle clock, shortly before his death about A. D. 90. This consisted of six wax candles, each twelve inches long and marked off plainly in divisions of inches. These were burned one at a time, each lasting four hours, using up the candle at the rate of twenty-four minutes to the inch.

The six lasted just twenty-four hours. The use of these candle clocks soon spread throughout the kingdom, but in the palace they were watched carefully by the chaplain who reported to the king, and when it was noted that the candles burned faster when the winds blew, the king devised shields made of thinly scraped white horn, made transparent and fastened to wooden frames, to surround the tapers. These were termed lanthorns and are the forerunners of our modern lanterns.

The oldest clock of which English records carry a mention was placed in a turret, in New Palace Yard, opposite Westminster Hall in 1288, during the reign of Edward I. This is the year when old records tell of the lord chief justice who tampered with the court records and was fined 800 marks by order of King Edward, the money being used for the construction of a public clock in Westminster tower provided with great bells, the same bells which the royal Bluebeard, Henry VIII, lost in a gambling bout.

The earliest clock, from our acceptation of the term, was the work of Peter Lightfoot, of Glastonbury, who brought fourth in 1335 the first contrivance to deserve the name, since it was provided with a verge and balance escapement. In later years when pendulums came into use, this clock was provided with pendulum and anchor. This old pioneer in the timekeeping field is preserved in an English museum and is still going.

The setting up of the Lightfoot clock also marked a new era in timepieces, for up to the time of its introduction, clocks had been sharing the lives of monks in monasteries; but when this contraption with its iron wheels, with their lantern pinions appeared, clock began to be constructed for the use of cities, and with this innovation the duties of the town criers were much curtailed.

About the fourteenth century, another clock with wheels made its appearance. This was the work of Henry de Vick, or Weick, about 1364. In this, one large wheel was set in motion by a weight gradually unwinding a rope which moved a heavy bar attached to the wheel. This was made by order of Charles V, King of France, for the tower of the royal palace, now the Palais de Justice. It was put in place in 1379 and legend claims that the king insisted that the Roman Numeral IV be changed for four vertical strokes (IIII) to indicate the hour of four o'clock, a version that has since been used by many clockmakers.

This forbear of modern timekeepers is in reality the oldest style of clock of which accurate details are now available. It is interesting to note that the mechanism of this clock, which measured time before the discovery of America, still answered for the same purpose until 1850, for a period of five and half centuries, and in that time its bell performed service for many of the notable events in the world's history, none more frightful than when it gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

To this old striking clock of one hand, which could only mark the hours and required winding each day, many elaborate timepieces owed their origin. The attention of many men was concentrated upon the experiments with timekeeping devices, and soon many of the large cathedrals were provided with clocks. Some not only struck the hour but were equipped with mechanical appliances that indicated the motions of the planets.

Notable among the clocks of this period was one discovered in the palace of the Sultan of Tlemcen, Algeria, in 1358, which

was a marvel of workmanship and heavily ornamented in silver. Above the case which held the works was a realistic picture showing a bird's nest in a thicket, with the mother bird in a protecting attitude over her young as she watched the slow approach of a snake.

The hours of the night were indicated by sound, and ten doors representing the hours were placed in front of the clock. As each hour ended one of the doors rattled and shook and from two larger doors above it swept out two eagles dropping bits of copper into a copper basin to sound the hour.

While the night watches were being taken care of in this manner the serpent made its way to the nest in the thicket and with a loud hiss pounced upon and bit one of the little birds in spite of its mother's efforts to defend it. At the same moment open flew the door that marked the hour, and a young female slave appeared holding an open book with name of the hour in verse. There seemed no limit to the amount of work expended upon these ancient contrivances.

During the fifteenth century belfry clocks provided with automatons became very popular.

The most celebrated ancient clock tower of England was the old stone "Clochard" at Westminster, near the present clock tower of the House of Parliament. The bell on this tower announced the hours with such volume, that in normal weather all London could hear it distinctly. These bells carried the news of the coronations of kings and tolled sorrowfully for the funerals of rulers and princes. The keeping of this huge clock was intrusted by Henry VI to one of his loyal subjects with the remuneration of sixpence per day. "Great Tom" of Westminster, as this bell was called, was later removed to St. Paul's.

Of all the elaborate clocks that ever pointed out the time, and informed the public of the movements of the planets, the old Strassburg clock ranked first. Built in 1547 it was a continuous almanac, for by its remarkable construction the automatic adjustment of large plates indicated the motions of the sun, moon, earth and other heavenly

bodies. The day of the month was pointed out by a statue. The time was struck by four large figures. The first quarter of an hour was struck by a boy pounding the bell with an apple, the halfhour by a youth striking the gong with an arrow; the third quarter by a full-grown man with a staff, and the fourth by an aged cripple who struck the bell with his crutch. The hour was announced by the figure of an angel that opened the door. A large cock perched upon one of the towers flapped his wings, ruffled his neck and crowed three times.

The "Nuremberg egg" made its appearance in 1550, as a follow-up of Peter Heinlien's drum-shaped watch, the first one in the world, which had made a sensation just fifty years before. Heinlien's watch was a half-foot high, made entirely of iron, and was spring driven. The "Nuremberg egg" was so called because it was made in the home of the first watch and was oval in shape. This gave an impetus in clock-making.

Discoveries of more compact works made smaller timepieces possible, and so the portable clock came into being, owing its existence to Heinlien's method of a long steel ribbon lightly coiled around a central spindle to maintain the motion of the wheels. These portable timepieces called table clocks, were sought as novelties by the elite of Europe. Because of the similarity of these models, the clockmakers began to evolve all sorts of weird designs and fantastic shapes. Jacques Joly, with his skull clock, taking the lead. Made of silver gilt, the forehead of the skull bore an engraving representing death with his hourglass and scythe. Standing between a palace and a cottage he appeared equally attentive to each door. One side of the skull contained a sketch of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; on the other was a representation of the Crucifixion and the adoration of the two Marys.

The lamp clock originated with the early Romans, but the best-known type is traced back to Philip II of Spain, about 1508. In his royal chamber he used a lamp clock so contrived that the level of the oil in the transparent reservoir indicated the hour.

Similar timepieces have continued in use in various sections of the world since his day. This clock consisted of a long glass tube upright on a metal stand, with figures painted on the tube to indicate the hours, "12" being in the middle section, with "11" above and "1" below. The lamp was filled with oil up to the hour when it was lighted. As the oil burned away the time was indicated.

suspended lamp, and discovered the principle of the pendulum, the idea that was later to revolutionize clock construction.

The first pendulum clocks were made about 1657 by Christian Huygens, a noted Dutch astronomer, who presented one clock to his government.

About the same time Dr. Robert Hooke, of England, invented the hairspring as the

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Old Nuremberg.

From the "Nuremberg Chronicle".

The sixteenth century, with its Shakespeare, Drake, Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Spanish Inquisition and American colonization, witnessed the greatest stride in clock-making. The same year that gave Shakespeare to the world saw the birth in Italy of Galileo. With his brilliant mind, this boy of seventeen stood in the cathedral of Pisa, his native city, and watched the swing of a

method of applying the pendulum principle to watches. For his experiment he used a pig's bristle, and from this time on the clock and watch industry made tremendous strides since the important achievements were but improvements in the mechanical construction of the escapement and toward counteracting the effects of the changes in temperature.

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

## Answer to Puzzle No. 12.

### Across:

- 1—Hat.  
2—O.  
3—Rat.  
5—Bib.  
7—At.  
8—A.  
9—N. B.  
10—Certify.  
11—N.  
12—R.

### Down:

- 1—Hobby.  
3—Racing.  
4—Ate.  
6—Inform.  
8—At.

## Honorable Mention.

- Martina Yamnik, West Newton, Pa.  
Justina Kramzer, Morgan, Pa.  
Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.  
Charley Kumer, Mulberry, Kans.  
Agnes Jurecic, Chicago, Ill.  
Frank Bolte, Library, Pa.  
Angela Schiffrer, Waukegan, Ill.  
Albin Lenarsic, Waukegan, Ill.  
Mary, Joseph and Jennie Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Felix Demshar, Washington, Pa.  
John, Mary and Beatrice Kobi, West Duluth, Minn.  
Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.  
Angeline and Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.

Raphaella Stock, Oglesby, Ill., and Frances Miklich, West Allis, Wis., solved correctly Puzzle No. 11. Their letters came too late to be mentioned in the last issue.

\* \* \*

## Answers to Albina Gabrenya's Puzzles:

1. Because it is seldom seen after lent.
2. Because both are made for tourists (two wrists).
3. Because they make ice nice.
4. When it is scaled.
5. A small event that is always coming off.

\*

## Correct Solutions Sent In:

John, Mary and Beatrice Kobi, West Duluth, Minn., and Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

## Letters from Our Young Brothers and Sisters.

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter I am writing to the "Mlad. L." I like the magazine very much, it has very interesting stories and poems. Whenever the little magazine comes I am always the first one to read it. I read the English stories and my father the Slovenian stories. I like to read the poems in Slovenian out loud, so if I make a little mistake he helps me out. But I do wish this little magazine of ours would come every week instead of every month.

There are seven of us in the family. The best part of it is that we are all members of the S. N. P. J. I have three brothers and one sister. I am fifteen years old. I go to Trade School twice a week.

I wish every one in our Lodge a Happy New Year. But I do wish that more boys and girls would write letters to our magazine more often. Here is a joke:

Girl: "Where do cocoanuts grow, Johnny?"

Boy: "On trees."

Girl: "Every monkey knows that."

I must close now.

Your friend,

Frances Miklich, West Allis, Wis.

\*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter I have written to the "Mladinski List." I am 9 years of age and in the third grade. I was sick, I had scarlet fever. I had pains for two months in my hands and I couldn't move them at all. And after they got well I got it in my legs, and then in two weeks one leg got better, and I could not walk for two months. I got an uncle at Large, and a girl by the name of Mary Prince. I would very much like to know her.

I wish that the "Mladinski List" would get bigger. I am very fond of riddles and stories. I wish that the "Mladinski List" would come twice a month. I wish that more boys and girls would join in the S. N. P. J. lodge.

Next time I will write more. I will write now a few riddles for the young and old readers to solve:

Why is a room full of married women the same as an empty room?

What five letters in alphabet are alike?

Mamie Tercek, Strabane, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter I am writing to the "Mladinski List," but after this I will write more often in it. I like the magazine very much and would like to have it come every week, though none of us would care if it came daily.

Our whole family are members of the Slovenian National Benefit Society.

I attend the Whittier School in Chicago, Illinois, and I am twelve years old, and in the eighth A grade, so that I will graduate February, 1926.

I also want to mention in this letter that the "Mladinski List" should stay just as it is now and also grow larger, because I think it is a very nice magazine. It has many nice stories in it, and everything that interests us.

In the next issue I will try to write a letter in both Slovenian and English if it wouldn't be too much bother for the Editor, and I hope all the sisters and brothers of the juvenile department of S. N. P. J. would write, too.

Here are a few jokes which I hope our readers will enjoy:

Frosh: "Gimme a bag of popcorn."

Vender: "5 or 10?"

Frosh: "I said one!"

\*

Russell: "There's a fly in my coffee."

Mae: "Well, don't get excited; it won't drink much!"

I am hoping everyone will have the year 1926 as a very happy, healthy and lucky year.

Yours truly,

Agnes Jurecic, Chicago, Ill.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the Juvenile Class of S. N. P. J. for eleven years. My four brothers are also members besides my mother and father. I have been reading the stories in the "Mladinski List," which has been sent to us every month. I wish, the "Mladinski List" would be published every week instead of once a month.

Here are not so many people, because this is a small mining town. Looks as if the whole place was dead. The mines here closed about ten months ago.

I am in the seventh grade and am twelve years of age. My brother Louis goes to high school. My brother John is in the third grade. My two other brothers, Edward and Tony, do not go to school. Here I have a riddle for the members to solve: What is it that you can put in your left hand, but you cannot put it in your right hand?

Mary Yankovich, Lawrence, Pa., Box 74.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to our wonderful "Mladinski List."

I am a member of S. N. P. J. lodge and so is our whole family.

The day I got the "Mladinski List" I at once started to read the stories and puzzles. I think they are very interesting.

Our school started and I'm in the sixth grade. I'm thirteen years old. I came from old country not quite five years ago. I started school over there and walked one year. Then we went on a long trip over to America. And I had to start school all over. It was pretty hard for me because I didn't know how to talk English. But little by little I learned.

Our school has two rooms. There are twenty-three pupils in our room and forty-eight in the other. I like to go to school because we have a nice teacher.

This is all for this time. I will try to write more the next time and in Slovenian.

Your friend,

Mary Gombach, Export, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the "Mladinski List", and I think it is time to write, too. I wish that the "Mladinski List" would come once a week. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. I have two brothers and one sister who will finish high school this year.

Grass Valley, Cal., is a beautiful town of about 6,000 population. Its chief occupation is gold mining and has about ten mines. The Empire Mine, which is the largest gold mine in California, is located here. The weather here is fair. I wish that some boys, who write to the "Mladinski List" would write to me. I have been a member of the S. N. P. J. for twelve years and I have liked the "Mladinski List" very much and I wish there would be more American writing, because I can't read the Slovenian very well. This is all I have to write for this time. Ending with best regards to all brothers and sisters, I remain,

Yours truly,

Marco Petach, Grass Valley, Cal.  
421 Marshall St.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to you.

I wish the "Mladinski List" would come once a week instead of once a month.

I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. I have two sisters in higher grades than myself, and one in the second grade.

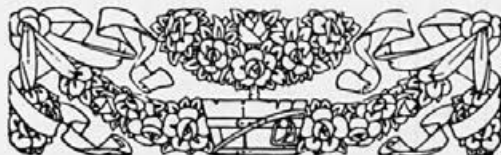
We are all members of the S. N. P. J. I do not know how to read Slovenian yet, but I am learning.

This is all for this time. I have a riddle to tell you:

What goes and goes but never comes anywhere?

Yours truly,

Frances Platner, Barberton, Ohio.



## ALI

si član Slovenske narodne podporne jednote?

Najbrže. — Toda če nisi, prosi očeta ali mamico, da Te vpišejo.

Gotovo nisi brez prijateljev in prijateljic. Ali spadajo vsi k S. N. P. J.? Če ne, daj, povej jim, kaj je in kaj nudi največja slovenska organizacija na svetu svojim članom, in če jim to poveš, ne boš rabil mnogo prigovarjati — pristopili bodo sami. Kajti biti član S. N. P. J. je čast vsakemu poedincu mogočnega slovanskega naroda.

S. N. P. J. izdaja za odrasle člane "Prosveto", za mlade pa "Mladinski

list". Jednotina "Književna matica" izdaja tudi poučne in zabavne knjige.

\*

Ali ti je znano, kdaj in kako so se začeli naši očetje in matere priseljevati v to deželo? Knjiga "Ameriški Slovenci", ki jo je spisal glavni urednik, br. Jože Zavertnik, in izdala jednota, Ti vse to lepo popiše, zlasti pa začetek in razvoj danes tako močne S. N. P. J.

Če Tvoji starši še niso naročili te knjige, prosi jih, naj jo kupijo Tebi v spomin.



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