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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

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## Iz ljubezni do očeta.

Janezek je že hodil tretje leto v šolo, a bil je silno boječ dečko. Bal pa se je samo teme, drugega ničesar. Tema se mu je zdela strašna pošast, ki komaj čaka, da bi ga pograbila. Zaman so mu pravili, da je strah v sredi votel, a okoli kraja ga nič ni. Ko se je zmračilo, si ni upal več sam na dvorišče.

Prigodilo pa se je, da je Janezkov oče nenadoma hudo zbolel. Ko je prišel pozno zvečer iz gozda domov, je težko sopel in tožil o hudih bolečinah med pleči. Mati je bila silno razburjena. Hiša je stala na samem in bilo ni nikogar, ki bi bil šel v bližnji trg po zdravnika.

"Kaj naj storim," je zdihovala mati, "ali naj pustim očeta samega in grem po zdravnika ali pa naj čakamo zdravniške pomoči do jutri, ko bo morda že prepozno?"

Tedaj je zaklical Janezek: "Mama, pojdem pa jaz ponj!"

Preden mu je mogla mati kaj naročiti, je izginil skozi vrata v noč. Kar so ga nesle noge, je tekkel proti trgu. Prav nič ni mislil na strah, ampak samo na ljubljenega očeta.

Tako je pritekkel do zdravnikove hiše, toda vrata so že bila zaklenjena. Dečka je obšla groza. Zaropotal je z vso silo. Zdravnik je še na srečo bedel. Prišel je odpirat in vprašal je dečka, kaj želi. Janezek je povzdignil roke in rekel samo dve besedi: "Naš atej — — — !" Zdravnik ga je umel in se hitro opravil. Med tem si je Janezek toliko oddahnil, da je mogel povedati, kako je očetu. Razumni gospod je takoj uganil, da bo najbrže pljučnica. Vzel je nekaj zdravil in se napolnil z Janezkom k očetu. Po poti je pohvalil dečka, da je tako srčen.

Ko je preiskal bolnika, je naročil materi, kako naj mu streže. Preden je odšel, je rekel: "Upam, da ne bo nič hudega, ker ste poslali še o pravem času po pomoč."

Oče je res v primeroma kratkem času ozdravel. Kako so bili vsi veseli, ko je šel zopet prvokrat na dvorišče! Najbolj vesel pa je bil Janezek.

Od tega dne se ni več bal teme. Iz ljubezni do očeta je premagal strah.

L. Černej.

## Trije bratje in osel.

Ubožen oče je dejal na smrtni postelji svojim trem sinovom: "Kakor veste, vam ne morem zapustiti nič drugega nego osla. Lepo skrbite zanj ter ga rabite po vrsti vsak po en dan!"

Po oporoki je prevzel osla prvi dan najstarejši brat. Ves dan je prenašal z njim tovore, a ko ga je bilo treba krmiti, si je mislil: "Čemu bi dajal od svojega zaslužka kaj oslu, naj ga nakrmi jutri mlajši brat!"

Drugi dan je prevzel osla srednji brat, pa je dejal: "Osliček, včeraj si jedel, jutri boš jedel, danes pa delaj!" Tako je bil osel tudi drugi dan brez živeža.

Ko je šel najmlajši brat tretji dan z oslom na delo, je bil sivec slab in onemogel. Ni ga gladnega nakrmil, le priganjal ga je s palico in ošteval: "Magarec, dva dni si dobro živel, danes pa rabotaj!" Toda osel je opešal, se zgrudil in poginil.

# Za kruhom.

Spisal *Fran Voglár.*

“Prav čudno se mi zdi, da Reberščakovega danes ni v šolo,” pripomni učitelj, ko prečita imena učencev iz razrednice po abecednem redu. “Kaj mora biti vzrok, da danes Rudolfa ni? Saj je dosihdob prav redno prihajal v šolo in vselej je vstopil veselega obraza v učilnico. Kdo ve, kje je?”

Učenci molče, nihče ne ve odgovora učiteljevemu vprašanju.

O, da bi vedeli pridni součenci, zakaj Rudolfa ni bilo v šolo! Kdo li je marljivega učenca oviral, da ga ni bilo v šolo, kamor je korakal sleherni dan poln radosti, hrepeneč po zlatih naukih, ki mu jih je za mladino vneti učitelj polagal z očetovsko skrbjo v srce?

Prav priljubljen je bil nadarjeni učenec med svojimi součenci. Ni bil takšen, kakršni so tisti poredneži, ki se spotoma v šolo in iz šole grede zlobno preganjajo in hudobno pretepravajo, da se poštene ljudje zgražajo nad njimi, temveč delal je čast šoli. Navzet zlatih naukov, kakor čebela sladkega medu, je vselej domov grede zbral součence-sosede okolo sebe ter se z njimi pogovarjal o vsem tem, kar so slišali v šoli. Večkrat je na tak način njegovim zvestim spremljevalcem potekel čas, da so se prijetno čudili, ko so dospeli tako hitro domov.

Ali danes ga ni bilo. Jako so ga pogrešali.

Rudolf je moral ostati doma. Vselej ga je bolelo, kadarkoli ga je zadela ta neprilika, dasiravno le redkokdaj ni prisostoval pouku. Če je le mogel, je vselej izkušal preprositi starše, da so ga pustili v šolo. A če sama prošnja ni pomagala, je poizkusil še z drugim pripomočkom, ki je navadno vselej učinkoval. Ganljivo namreč je prebral ljubim staršem “Zvončkovim” čitateljem znani berilni sestavek o “Pridni Roziki”. Za šolo tako vnetemu otroku so starši naposled privolili v prošnjo in ga pustili v šolo. S solznimi očmi mu je večkrat rekel oče, ves ganjen od takih pretresljivih pri-

zorov: “Ljubo dete! Vidiš, koliko pomanjkanja trpimo, kako ubožni smo, da celo glad že sili v sobo! Preživljamo se s tem, kar služi moja desnica. Ker je obdelovanje polja zaradi materine bolezni zaostalo, sem te hotel obdržati doma, da bi pomagal materi pri težavnem delu. Ali tvoja prošnja me je ganila do srca. Prav rad te pustim v šolo, ker vem, da se boš pridno učil in da boš le tem potom prišel do blaginje. Saj drugega ti ne morem dati. Bogastva nimam. V tem času, ko nas je obiskala bolezen, te komaj preživljam. Sedaj ti naj bi pa vzel še najdragocenejše, kar ti nudi šola! Ne, ne! Le idi!” Tudi materine rosne oči so nedolžnomilo zrle na ljubo dete kakor bi hotele tudi pritrditi očetovim besedam, rekoč: “Le idi, sinko, da boš kdaj srečnejši nego so tvoji starši!”

A danes Rudolfa ni zadržalo domače delo doma, temveč zadržala ga je najbridkejša usoda, ki more zadeti mladega človeka. Preljubi oče namerava namreč za več dolgih let ostaviti svoje drago domače ognjišče in oditi v daljno tujino za kruhom, ki ga bo pošiljal iz bogate tuje dežele ubogim ostalim svojcem. Res, jako bridka usoda za mladega Rudolfa, ako še pomislimo, da je očeta najbolj ljubil. Pri otrokih je že tako, da imajo nekateri očeta rajši, a večina otrok ljubi mater nad vse. Tudi Rudolf je imel mater jako rad. Gotovo bi storil vse zanjo. A oče se mu je s svojo ljubeznivostjo tako prikupil, da je nekoč očitno pokazal, da ima njega nekoliko rajši od matere. Nekega dne so mu namreč starši dali na prosto voljo, jeli hoče iti z materjo v mesto, kjer ni bil še nikoli, ali z očetom v gozd po drv. In veste, kam se je odločil? Z očetom v gozd. Jako ga je mikalo v mesto, a ko se je spomnil, da mu bo dobri oče pustil goniti vole, je bila odločitev kaj hitra.

Zato je bil pa danes tem žalostnejši, ko se mu je jela uresničevati bridka slutnja, da ga bo morda za vedno ostavilo skrbno očetovsko oko.

A priti je moralo tako. Ni bilo druge po-



moči. Sila kola lomi. Treba je iti za kruhom.

Rudolfovi starši so bili jako ubožni. Sreča ni jim bila mila, odkar so si ustanovili lastno ognjišče. Nesreča za nesrečo jih je obiskovala. Imeli so tedaj, ko se jim je rodil prvi sin, Rudolf, še nekoliko posestva s hišico. A prigodilo se jim je skoraj prav tako kakor Jobu. Malone da niso izgubili vsega. Ko je pri sosedu nastal ogenj, jim je upepelil borno bivališče. Pozneje so jih zadele še druge nesreče. Nekoč jim je poginila živina. In ni dolgo temu, ko je ko-

potem šele dobi pravi pojem o rudarstvu. Tudi se človek težko privadi temu delu, ako že od mladih nog ne okuša trdega kruha rudarjevega. Zato je pa Rudolfov oče opravljaj svoj novi posel jako težko. Toliko, da je živel. Opustil bi že zdavnaj to delo, a smilila se mu je rodovina, ki bi morala prijeti za beraško palico, ako bi jo ostavil še on. Tudi nikakršno drugo delo mu ni nudilo toliko zaslužka kakor le-to. A zaraditega je moral pa tudi bolj trpeti. Ženi se je ljubi mož večkrat smilil v srce, ko se je vrnil časih zvečer, zopet drugikrat



Za kruhom.

maj ozdravila mati od dolge mučne bolezni. Vse te nesreče in vrhutega še bolezni so stale mnogo denarja. Ubogi mož ni mogel vsemu kaj. Da bi lažje preživel svojo rodovino, se je odločil, da gre k rudarjem. V bližini njegovega doma je bila visoka gora, ki so izpod nje kopali premog. Sosedje Rudolfovih staršev so bili izvečine vsi rudarji. Težavno je delo v rudokopih. Kdor ni poizkusil tega napornega dela sam, temu se niti ne da dopovedati, kaj se pravi, delati pod zemljo. Z besedo se niti ne da približno opisati, kakšne težkoče prenašajo rudarji. Človek mora poizkusiti sam,

zjutraj domov, ves izmučen in legel takoj k počitku. Dostikrat se mu ni niti ljubilo jesti. A svoje ljubeznivosti do sina ni izgubil. Večkrat ga je vzel k sebi v prostih časih ter se z njim pogovarjal prav po očetovsko. Izpraševal ga je to in ono, kaj je delal podnevi, če je bil priden, kaj se je v šoli učil itd. Kako vesel je bil oče sinovih jasnih odgovorov! Le-ti so ga časih pomladili tako, da se je čutil v svojem uboštvu večkrat prav srečnega. Kako lepo je bilo videti, kadar sta si sin in oče privoščila takih srečnih uric. Časih sta se v svojih razgovorih tako razvnela, da sta popol-

noma pozabila na svoje gorje, ki ju je tlačilo dan za dnevom. Da, to so bile naj-srečnejše ure za očeta in sina. Nekega večera sta kramljala še posebno veselo. Oče je namreč vprašal sina, kaj se je lepega naučil v šoli. Takoj mu dečko začne pripovedovati, da je učitelj govoril o gori, kjer koplje oče dan za dnevom premog. Učitelj je pravil, koliko morajo trpeti rudarji v rudnikih. Tam ne vidijo ves dan ljubega solnčeca. Večkrat jim preti nesreča, da, celo v vedni nevarnosti so, da jih gora ne zasuje in jih ne zagrne v prezgodnji strašni grob. Ubogi rudarji morajo v vroči globočini, kjer je navadno blato in mokro, v tesnobnem rovu, na hrbtu ležeč ali drugače sklonjeni, kopati rudo. "Vedel je tudi gospod učitelj," nadaljuje Rudolf, "da so naši vaščani skoro vsi rudarji. Ljubi ate, tudi ti si rudar! Ti gotovo veš," nadaljuje sin, skoraj z rosnim očesom zvečer pred očetovim slovesom v tujino, "je-li res tako naporno rudarjevo delo?"

"Da, da, ubogo dete," odvrne oče, ki so mu šle otrokove solze in besede do srca. Komaj se je premagoval ubogi mož, da ni pokazal notranjega duševnega boja otroku. Dejal mu je kratko: "Rudolf, pozno je že, in jutri se jaz odpravim na dolgo pot, pojdiva spat." Molče sta šla h počitku. Kako hitro je Rudolf zaspal in kako rajskosladko je spal vso noč ter prijetno sanjal, kako se vozi z očetom čez hribe in doline in celo po širokem morju, po tujih krajih! Toda oče ni mogel dolgo zaspati. Odbila je že davno enajsta ura, ko se ga je polotil spanec. In na vse zgodaj je že bdel. Mučile so ga skrbi, kako bo potoval z domenjenimi sosedi.

Zmenili so se namreč sosedje-vaščani, da odidejo daleč v tujo deželo, kjer lahko služijo, kakor so čuli, mnogo več denarja nego doma. Tudi Rudolfovega očeta je misel na boljši zaslužek prisilila, da se je odpravil v tujino za kruhom.

Zato pa ta dan ni bilo Rudolfa v šolo. Dejal je, da gre z očetom. Nikakor ga ni hotel ostaviti. Slednjič se je vendar vdal toliko, da ga spremi do kolodvora, ker mu je oče obljubil, da se kmalu vrne.

Toliko solza menda ni pretočil še svoj živi dan in toliko bolečin še ni prebil Rudolf kakor ta dan, ko je odhajal oče. Že

prejšnje dni je bil ves pobit. To so opazili tudi njegovi sošolci. A na dan ločitve je pa žalost priklopela do vrhunca.

Ko je zapazil, da oče resno misli, in ko je mati pripravljala očetu popotnico, tedaj so se mu vlile po vročen licu solze, debele kot kaplje. Pretresljiv prizor se je nudil, ko so se oče, mati in sin morda zadnjič pod domačo streho v solzah objemali ter ihteli, ne da bi izpregovorili le besedice. Le zdaj-pazdaj si čul pretrgane besede: Ate — mama — Rudolf!

Prišli so sosedje, in z njimi je odšel Rudolfov oče. Pogledal je še enkrat nazaj na ljubo svoje domovje in ko si je obrisal solze, je korakal ob strani spremljevalca sina in sosedov v svet za kruhom. Tiho je stopala družba ubogih vaščanov po ozki poti do vlaka, ki jih v nekoliko minutah odpelje od predragih svojcev. Tiho, vtopljen v misli, je zdaj-pazdaj kdo izpregovoril besedico. Tudi Rudolf je izpraševal očeta, in ta mu je prigovarjal, naj bo priden, naj sluša mater ter ji pomaga. Iz tujine mu pošlje kmalu kaj lepega. Tudi v šoli naj se pridno uči ter mu naj ob koncu šolskega leta pošlje šolsko naznanilo. Jako ga bo veselilo, ako zve, da lepo napreduje. Vzel je oče košček listka ter nanj nekaj napisal in naročil Rudolfu, da odda listek gospodu učitelju.

Kmalu so dospeli do kolodvora. Tu jih je že čakal vlak. Težko sta se ločila oče in sin. Dolgo sta si slonela v objemu. Zadnjič še poljubi oče Rudolfa ter skoči na vlak, ki zažvižga in zbeži z neznansko hitrico.

Dolgo je gledal Rudolf za vlakom, ko se je ta že zdavnaj skrnil za ovinkom.

Drugi dan je Rudolf zopet prišel v šolo. Oddal je očetov listek gospodu učitelju. Na listku si čital:

"Rudolf Reberščak me je spremljal na kolodvor, ko sem odpotoval v Nemčijo na Westfalsko. Prosim lepo, imejte potrpljenje z otrokom, skrbite zanj, kolikor je v Vaši moči, ker sedaj nima očeta.

Vedno Vam bom hvaležen.

Zdravi! Leopold Reberščak."

Pozneje je pravil Rudolf gospodu učitelju, da je oče srečno došel tja, kamor je bil namenjen in da v kratkem pošlje materi nekaj denarja.

Josip Ribičič:

## Čudodelna srajca.

Igra v enem dejanju.

(Konec.)

KALIF: Tvoj obraz je užaljen, Labakan, komaj da si se priklonil!

LABAKAN: Kaj bi ne bil užaljen, ko vidim, da imajo v kalifovem kraljestvu odelu večjo veljavo kot pa zvesti podložniki! Alimar je v tvojih očeh več vreden od mene, čeravno ve ves svet, da je to navaden slepar, ki je spravil pol kraljestva na beraško palico, da si je sam nakopičil zakladov!

KALIF: Ne jezi se, Labakan, to ne pristojata junaku. Sprejel sem ga pred tabo, da ga prej odpravim. Sedaj pa poslušaj, Labakan! Že dolgo vrsto let mi zvesto služiš. Kadarkoli si peljal mojo vojsko v boj, vedno si se vračal kot zmagovalec! Od preprostega janičarja si se povzpел do vojskovodje. Vsi smo te častili in nešteto krat sem ti bil izkazal svojo milost! V mladih letih si me rešil z lastnim življenjem! Labakan: reši me še enkrat!

LABAKAN: Ukaži, mogočni gospod! Povej, kje je sovražnik: ali na severu ali na zahodu? Strem ga v prah!

KALIF: Ni navaden sovražnik, ki mi grozi! Sovražnik, ki mi je napovedal boj, se imenuje: smrt!

LABAKAN: Smrt? Do smrti ne sega moj meč, mogočni kalif.

KALIF: Tvoj meč ne, pač pa tvoja sreča.

LABAKAN: Moja sreča?

KALIF: Da, tvoja sreča! Sreča najsrečnejšega! V življenju vživaš čast in slavo. Po smrti boš gledal Alahovo obličje — morda mu boš celo najbližji; kajti toliko gjavrov je pobil tvoj meč, da si si zaslužil nebesa, kakor nobeden drugi! Kdo naj bo tedaj najsrečnejši človek na svetu, če ti ne?

LABAKAN: Kdo je najsrečnejši, ne vem, a to vem, da jaz nisem.

KALIF: Nisi?

LABAKAN: Nisem! Poglej moje noči in živi moje dneve, pa boš izpoznal, da nisem! Ko zaspim, gredo mimo mojih oči trume mrtvecev. Režé se mi v obraz in grozé mi s koščenimi pestmi. To so vojšča-

ki, ki sem jih pognal v boj. Ne jaz, ne oni niso vedeli zakaj. To si vedel le ti — —

KALIF (z grozo v očeh): Ne vedno, tudi jaz ne vedno — —

LABAKAN: Bodi kakorkoli — — Kri, ki je tekla, se ne vrne več — — A moje noči — — moje noči! — — "Vrni mi mlado življenje," vpije mladenič v trumi mrtvecev — — "Moja deca umira — ker je izgubila mene," mi vikne bradat mož v obraz — — (Si zakrije obraz.) O, in vrsta je nepregledna — — Nepregledna procesija, ki ni ma konca. (Se nekoliko umiri.) Glej, mogočni kalif, ako bi bilo moje delo Alahu všeč, bi mi ne pošiljal takih sanj! In tudi čez dan bi se me usmilil! Glej, ko sem se danes napotil k tebi, me je srečala beračica. Um se ji je zmračil, zakaj v zadnjem boju je padel njen mož in vsi sinovi. "Ah, razbojnik, tolovaj!" je vpila za mano. — "Kam si jih skril, moje sinove, kje si pustil mojega moža? Imeli smo lep dom, pa si ga nam razdril, ti zver. Alah te bo kaznoval, ropar, Alah je velik!" Ko je to govorila, ni bil njen um mračen! — — To so moji dnevi, kalif, sodi in presodi! — —

KALIF: Srce se mi trga, Labakan. Beden človek si, bednejši od mene. Idi! Alah ti bodi milostljiv!

LABAKAN (se prikloni in gre).

1. VEZIR (pogleda v desno in se vrne): Niso še našli tretjega!

OMAR (zunaj): Kaj me vendar tako vlečete — — Ali se tako mudi?

1. VEZIR (odhiti proti desni): Ah, on je — pripeljali so ga!

OMAR (vstopi. Telo mu pokriva obleka narejena iz samih ovčjih kož. Pod pazduho nosi piščalko. Se radovedno ozira okrog.) Ah, tu je pa lepo! Skoro tako lepo kakor na planinah, ko zardi nebo v jutranji zarji. Tako je torej v kalifovem gradu! Hm — — Sedaj pa ne vem, kateri je kalif! Rekli so mi, da se mu moram prikloniti — — globoko prikloniti — — sedaj pa ne vem, komu bi se. Vsi trije ste enako lepi in bogato



opravljeni. (*Zamorčku*): Ti, črni prijatelj, boš vedel: kateri je kalif?

ZAMOREC (*se zareži*).

KALIF: Le stopi bliže. Jaz sem kalif.

OMAR: Tako? Ti si? No, dobro, pa si, če sam praviš in če nobeden ne ugovarja. — — Poslal si pome!

KALIF: Da, poslal sem pote, ker bi te rad izpoznal. Povej mi, kako ti je ime!

OMAR: Moje ime? Ej, kmalu bi bil pozabil (*se globoko priklanja*).

KALIF: Kaj delaš — —

OMAR: Tako so ukazali tam zunaj — Globoko se prikloni, predno kaj rečeš — so dejali — — Meni se zdi to zelo smešno, a če že hočejo tako — — oni že vedo, za kaj je to koristno — — — A moje ime? Omar mi pravijo, odkar pojnim.

KALIF: Kaj je tvoja obrt?

OMAR: Obrt? Te živali pa ne poznam.

KALIF: Kaj delaš?

OMAR: Kaj da delam? Če je treba hoditi — hodim; če sem truden — sedem; če zaspan — ležem — —

KALIF: Ne to! — Kaj je tvoje navadno opravilo?

OMAR (*se popraska za ušesi*): To je pa težko vprašanje! Pravzaprav nič! Alah mi je dal življenje, pa živim pač! Gledam, kar je on ustvaril, pa se veselim, da je tako lepo ustvaril. — — Eh, a čakaj — — sedaj sem se spomnil, kaj je z opravilom — — Ko sem zbežal od nekega mojstra, ki je hotel, da bi mu jaz delal, a on pohajal, so rekli ljudje, da nisem za nobeno opravilo, ker mi manjka eno kolesce tu notri (*pokaže na čelo*). Tega še nisem zapazil, a bo že tako, če vsi pravijo. Ko drugi jokajo — se smejem — tudi takrat pravijo tisto o kolescu — —

KALIF: Ali si vedno vesel?

OMAR: Vedno!

KALIF: Bos hodiš po svetu. Kaj te ne zebe?

OMAR: O, zebe pa, zebe včasih. A ne vedno — samo ko se spomnim.

KALIF: In če te zebe, ali se ne jeziš?

OMAR: Ne! Zakaj bi se jezil, ko bi nič ne pomagalo. Bo že posijalo solnce, si mislim.

KALIF: Danes je mrzel dan! Zakaj ne obuješ čevljev?

OMAR: Ker jih nimam! In če bi jih tudi imel, bi jih ne obul. In veš zakaj ne?

KALIF: Le povej!

OMAR: Ker sem zapazil, da postajajo podplati vsak dan tanjši.

1. VEZIR: To se dogaja pri vseh čevljih!

OMAR: O ne! Zakaj jaz sem obul take čevlje, katerih podplati postajajo debelejši od dne do dne.

1. VEZIR: Kje si našel take čevlje?

OMAR: Nikjer jih nisem našel. Sam Alah mi jih je poslal v dar!

2. VEZIR: In kje jih imaš sedaj?

OMAR (*dvigne nogo*): Tu so, le poglej!

KALIF: Kje je tvoj dom?

OMAR: Povsod in nikjer!

KALIF: Kako to?

OMAR: Tako: kamor pridem, tam je moj dom. Zato ni tam, kamor ne pridem; in je tam povsod, kjer sem, ako sem; in tam nikjer, kjer me ni; pa bo tam, kjer bom, ako bom; če sem — je; če nisem — ni; če je — sem; če pa ni — nisem — —

KALIF: A vendar si nekje doma! Kje si največ doma?

OMAR: Največ na planinah! Tam sem Alahu najbližje! Včasih pa pridem tudi v dolino. Tu zapiskam, razženem žalost in ljudje v dolini postanejo boljši.

KALIF: Zakaj ne ostaneš vedno v dolini med ljudmi?

OMAR: Ker je pretemno tu doli in predaleč od Alaha! Ljudje se sovražijo, zavist hodi nemoteno okrog in neprestan boj se bije — boj človeka proti človeku. Na planini ni tega! Premalo ljudi je tam, da bi se sovražili — in preveč svobode. Ljubezen je tam in mir.

KALIF: Velik šaljivec si, a tudi velik modrijan. Rad bi bil tebi enak!

OMAR: Naj ti izderejo eno kolesce (*pokaže na čelo*).

KALIF: Ako hočeš, te obdržim na svojem dvoru v službi. Všeč si mi!

OMAR: Da sem ti všeč, mi je všeč, a tvoja služba mi ni všeč.

KALIF: Zakaj ne?

OMAR: Tvoje sobane imajo preozke stene zame! Glej! Nekoč sem ujel slavčka, ki je zelo lepo pel! "Tebe obdržim na svojem dvoru," sem dejal in ga vtaknil v žep. Pa glej, ni več pel! Tako je, vidiš! Kdor mi vzame prostost, mi vzame tudi srečo.



KALIF: Tedaj si srečen, zelo srečen?

OMAR: Ne zamenjal bi z nikomur!

KALIF: Čuj me, Omar! Bolan kalif leži pred teboj. Nesrečni, umirajoči kalif. Daj mu svojo srečo in ozdravel bo.

OMAR: Svojo srečo? Kako naj se to zgodi? Saj je ne nosim v žepu.

KALIF: Ne, a tvoja srajca ima čudežno moč, da ozdravi umirajočega!

OMAR: Ne, te moči nima moja srajca!

KALIF: Pač, ima! Daj mi, Omar, svojo srajco!

OMAR (*se popraska za ušesi*): Vidiš, kalif, to ni mogoče!

KALIF: Dam ti pol kraljestva zanjo.

OMAR: Pa če mi daš vse svoje kraljestvo z luno povrhu — ne morem!



Prizor iz Orijenta.

KALIF: Posinovim te — moj naslednik boš.

OMAR: Ne morem — veruj mi, da ne morem!

KALIF (*jezno*): Če nočeš z lepa, pa z grda! Peljite ga v ječo, strzite mu srajco s telesa in ob kruhu in vodi naj se kesa svoje trme.

1. VEZIR (*prime Omarja za ramo*).

ZAMOREC (*pristopi in prime Omarja za drugo ramo*).

OMAR: Pomisli, kalif, če ne morem, ne morem!

KALIF: Proč! Izvršite povelje!

OMAR (*zamorcu*): Ti držiš pretrdo, peklenšček! (*Ga odpeljejo.*)

2. VEZIR: Kakšna trma! In to naj bi bil najsrečnejši človek. O gospod, premilo si ga kaznoval!

KALIF: Molči! Če bi jaz imel tako srajco in bi poznal njeno čudotvorno moč, bi

je tudi ne dal za vse zaklade tega sveta! Prestrog sem bil! Idi in povej, naj mu vzemo srajco, zato pa naj mu dajo zlata, kolikor ga more nositi. Pa naj gre svojo pot.

2. VEZIR (*hoče skozi desno, pa se sreča s 1. vezirjem*).

1. VEZIR (*vstopi razburjeno*): O mogočni moj gospod, kaka nesreča!

KALIF: Kaj se je zgodilo?

1. VEZIR: Tistemu človeku smo hoteli vzeti srajco, pa — —

KALIF: No, kaj, govori!

1. VEZIR: Pa — — pa je nima!

KALIF (*pade na blazine in zatisne oči*).

VEZIRJA (*gresta na svoje mesto, obrnjena proti kalifu, dvigneta roke in pogledata navzgor*): Alah je velik!

(*Zunaj se zasliši molitev vernikov.*)

Zavesa počasi pada.

## Mati.

Mati je prišla k svojemu sinu vojaku. Zvedela je bila, da leži ranjen v bolnici. Težka in dolga je bila pot v Beograd, a materino srce je hrepenelo po njem. Zvečer že je stopila v staro, sivo poslopje, kjer so ležali ranjeni junaki. Vprašala je po sinu, in peljali so jo k njegovim postelji.

Kako se je prestrašila uboga mati, ko je zagledala njegova izmučena, bleda lica! Kaka rožna zarja je počivala poprej na vsem njegovem obličju, a zdaj je bilo upadlo in koščeno, kot da je že smrt dihnila vanje. In te oči, te sinovi mile oči! Kako so sijale svetlo in jasno, a zdaj, kje je njih lesk in smehljaj!

Zajokala je uboga mati, a sin jo je tolažil: "Ne žaluj, mati moja, veseli se z me-

noj! Drugim materam so ubiti sinovi, a jaz še ozdravim —"

In mati si obriše solze, vzame iz torbice nogavice in jih poda sinu: "Na, dete moje! Sama sem jih napletla zate." —

Žalostno se nasmehne sin. Mati privzdigne odejo, da bi mu obula nogavice. A tedaj zagleda, da je sin — brez nog. Sovražnikov top mu jih je odtrgal in odnesel. Ni glasu tožbe ni bilo iz materinih ust, ker prevelika je bila bolečina njenega srca. Zgrudila se je na sina in tiha solza ji je posrebrila njena vela lica.

Velika je bila žrtev, veliko trpljenje slovanske matere za domovino, večja je bila njena bolečina kakor sinova.

*Cvetko Golar.*

## Večerno nebo.

Kako lepo se svetiš,  
večerno ti nebo,  
ko noč nam v temno krilo  
zagrne vso zemljo.

Ah, ti nebo večerno,  
si slika naših nad,  
ko nam zija naproti  
nesrečnih dni prepad . . .

*Sorin.*

## Zimski sprehod.

Grudna sicer zima še ne sme prištevati v pratiki popolnoma za svojega, pa tudi lepa jesen ga ne mara priznati za svojo grdo pritiklino; toda četudi astronomski (po zvezdoznanstvu) še večina grudna spada k jeseni in se zima prične šele takrat, kadar stopi solnce v znamenje kozla, nam vendar naša čutila oznanjujejo glasno, da je gruden vendarle pravi zimski mesec.

Kamorkoli pogledaš, povsodi ti štrli nasproti golo drevje, kakor bi te hotelo prositi pomoči, ne vedoč, da si tudi ti sam le ubog siromak nasproti tej hudi nasprotnici, ki ji pač moreš uteči k topli peči, a premagati je na prostem bojišču ne moreš.

A preden se je naša zimska botra za stalno naselila pri nas, je bilo treba še raznih priprav; poslala je pred seboj raznih slov, kakor se spodobi za pravo gospodo.

In ti sli se niso dolgo obotavljali. Privcilil je nekega jutra tenak pisk vetra severnika, se smukal nekaj dni okoli hišnih oglov, da pregleda, je li vse pripravljeno za prihod kosmate zime, odete z dragoceño kožuhovino belega medveda in sobola (vrsta kune z dragoceño belo kožuhovino), potem pa jo je zopet odkuril in se umeknil milejšemu jugu; ta je kmalu pritresel belih zastavic — snežnih kosmičev — na milijone; na to pa mu je zopet prišel na pomoč bratec sever, ki je pripel vsepovsodi ledenih kristalov na slavoloke in potlakal jezera in mirno stoječe vode s krasnimi srebrnimi ogledali: za prihod zime je do- stojno pripravljeno!

In prišla je. Ledene sveče ob vodnakih, divje gosi visoko gori pod sivim nebom veslajoč v obliki snežnega pluga pred železniškim vlakom so v njenem spremstvu. Hripavi, prodirljivi njih glasovi naznanjajo bližino resnobne, ostre gospodinje. Ž njimi vred

hripavi žrjavi visoko lete,  
proti jugu hite.

Pa vse to nas ne plaši, da bi se boječe stskali k peči. Urno kvišku, topli jopič tesno zapnimo in hajdimo proti ribniku doli na ledino, kjer nam je zadnjič dokazala žaba poslednji svoj letošnji rekord (višek umetnosti) v skakanju!

Bajar je večinoma še odprt, nezamrzel, Iznad vodne gladine se dvigajo meglice; kadi se, voda izhlapeva, ker iz dna ne- prestando vstajajo in se dvigajo na površje toplejše vodne plasti. Kakor hitro se namreč vodna površina ohladi, se takoj potopi, ker je mrzlejša voda specifično (svojstveno) težja in se umakne toplejšim masam, ki vstajajo iz globokega tolmana. Četudi je živo srebro na toplomeru, obešenem na bližnji jelši, stalo že več dni poprej pod lediščem, vendar voda v našem bajaranju še ni popolnoma zamrznila; igra ohlajanja in padanja površnih plasti se namreč toliko časa ponavlja, dokler ne pade temperatura vode do 4° C.

Znano je, da je voda pri tej toplini najbolj gosta. Če se tedaj še bolj ohladi, se ne skrči več, vsled česar bi postala specifično težja, ampak se raztegne in ostane na površju. Ko se ohladi na 0° C, poveča celo še enkrat svojo prostornino za okoli 1/11 in plava vsled tega kakor led na vsaki vodi, celo na vrelem kropu.

Kadar bajar zamrzne, to ni tako enostaven pojav, kakor bi si kdo mislil.

Voda vedno zamrzuje od zgoraj na odspod. Ledena skorja se le polagoma debeli, pri tem pa varuje, ker je slaba prevodnica toplote, spodnjo vodo zmrzline, da v njej živalski in rastlinski organizmi mirno spavajo in ne zmrznejo v blatnem dnu — če je voda le količkaj globoka.

To je zelo važen naravni pojav; zakaj ako bi bilo pri vodi tako, kakor je pri vseh drugih kapljevinah — le voda dela izjemo! — tedaj bi se moral ves led sproti potopiti na dno. Naš bajar bi v tem slučaju zamrznil narobe ko doslej, od spodaj navzgor v celi svoji globočini. Toda ne samo naš mali vaški bajar, ampak tudi vse druge vode, najprej pod mrzlimi in zmernimi pasovi. Največja poletna vročina bi ne zmogla več raztopiti ledenih orjakov jezerskih in morskih globin. In posledica tega bi bila? Počasi sicer, a toliko bolj gotovo bi se izpremenila v led vesoljna zemeljska površina, ves pisani svet organizmov, to je živali in rastlin, pa tudi ljudi,



bi dobil zapečateno pismo smrtne obsodbe!

Od teh 4° C odvisi blagor in gorje, življenje in smrt vsega živalstva, vsega rastlinstva, vsega človeštva!

Ko stopamo tako ob bazarju in premišljujemo čudovite naprave v naravi, se nam razveseli srce, ki ga je bila vsled večdnevne težke megle že pričela tlačiti neka mora otožnosti.

Saj ima tudi zima svojo lepoto, proč tedaj z žalnimi znaki za poletjem in jesenjo!

Ali ni solnčno jasen zimski dan nekaj krasnega, naravnost nekaj veličastnega? Daleč naokoli je pokrita zemlja s snegom, nad njo pa se razpenja jasno, modro nebo brez najmanjšega oblaka in pošilja doli zlati solčni vladar svoje sicer malo tople, ali zato tem čistejše žarke. Snežena ravan je podobna odeji, posuti v bleščeči solnčni luči z žlahtnimi demanti in drugimi draguljci, pretkani s srebrnimi nitkami. Na vsaki vejici visi kakor pomladno cvetje nežna slana, drevje je prepreženo s srebrnim žičevjem.

Veselih slik ima dovolj tudi zimska pokrajina. — Glej, iz vasi že prihaja kopica otrok, starejših in mlajših — sicer pa je na ledu vsakdo otrok —; ne morejo si kaj, da ne bi poskusili uglasiti si podplatov na gladkem ledu. Kakšno življenje zavлада čez nekaj trenutkov na mestu, kjer je bilo prej tako zapuščeno!

Večji in manjši otroci plešejo kakor vodni drsavci vse križem. Nekaterim je bil prinesel Miklavž jeklene drsalice in s temi se seveda preprosto pehanje na okornih usnjenih podplatih nikakor ne da primerjati ne glede na hitrost in eleganco pregibanja, ne glede na higijensko (zdravstveno) pomenljivost. Kjer so poleteli plesali po vodi in vršili svoj roparski poklic šibki žučki, tam je sedaj zima napravila otrokom varno drsališče.

Za naše ptičke, ki so nam ostali zvesti tovariši čez zimo, se prično zdaj hudi časi. Rumeni strnad, ki je cvrčal jeseni: "Kmetiček, kmetiček, kaj vprašam po teb?" se prikaže na vasi in prosjači za drobno zrnce; rijasti ščinkovec kljuje lačen po redkih jagodah, ki še niso odletele raz bezgov grm zadaj za hišo; celo plahi krokari, ki ga nismo videli celo leto v rav-

nini, ker je imel v višjih hribih zabave in dela in jela dovolj, se približa našim hišam in stika za morebitno skorjico kruha, da utolaži pekoči glad. Proletarec (prostak) naše favne (živalstva), požrešni, prostački vrabec obhaja zdaj svoj neprostovoljni postni čas. Prav privoščimo temu hudodelcu, da si nekoliko izprazni sicer vedno polni želodec; saj je poletni navkljub vsem našim ugovorom izmetal iz gnezda pri hiši negodne, prekornostne lastovice, da so poginile, in se je sam naselil v lagodno palačo; te zlobe mu ne pozabimo vse žive dni. Tu čepi sedaj kričavi bahač v krogu enako mislečih tovarišev, z naščeperjenim kožuščekom, z glavo stisnjeno mej pleča, tako da prežijo iz perja vun le lokave oči in kljun, ali pa sedi kje na prizidku ali ob dimniku, da ujame solčni žarek ali se okoristi s toplim dihom ognja na ognjišču.

Zadnje tedne pred božičem so stresali oblaki večkrat po malem kakor za poskušnjo belo posetev na zemljo, brez prave resnobe. So to le prednje straže, ki nas od časa do časa obstreljujejo. Približuje se pa glavna moč z vso resnobo in vojno pripravo. Tedaj preprežejo svinčeni, težki oblaki ves nebesni obok nad nami in ob smrtni tišini zamrle narave se zdajci odpro njegove zatvornice, pa ne da bi nam poslale blagodejnega, toplega, poletnega dežja ali mrzle jesenske moče, ampak da nam stko mirno belo odejo, ki jo popisujejo navadno pravljicarji kot "mrtvaški prt" narave.

Sneg je slab prevodnik toplote. Zato ga pozdravljamo v imenu naših nežnih setev po njivah, naših pisanih vrtnic in drugih krasotic po vrtovih kot varno toplo krilo, ki ne pusti tako zlahka, da bi zemeljska toplota ušla v mrzlo ozračje. Sneg tedaj ni toliko "mrtvaški prt," ampak ljuba, varna odeja, ki z materinsko skrbjo varuje milijarde organizmov in jih ohranja žive.

Dočim narava, zavita v svojo belo odejo, na videz trdno spava, je vendar ohranjenih v njej še nekoliko ostankov življenja.

Na vseh potih in cestah se potikajo vrane in kavke brskajoč za redko pičo; obiskujejo velike gnojne kupe na polju, če bi ne našle kje med odpadki kakega drobca ali kje skritega polžka; časih se jim posreči dobiti v kremplje tudi preradovedno miško,

ki je izvabljena od toplih žarkov zapustila varno izbico v zemlji, hoteč si nabrati še nekoliko oblizkov za božične praznike.

Za božične praznike! Da, ti stoje pred durmi, mila zelenica sredi najbolj puščobnega letnega časa. Tudi narava hoče slovesno praznovati ta sveti čas, in prav stori. Saj živi marsikje med ljudstvom govorica, da se ob zimskem solnčnem obratu—tedaj tri dni pred božičem — solnce na nebu samega veselja postavi na glavo, nato pa obrne svoj voz, da nam prinese daljših, pa kmalu tudi lepših dni.

Par dni pred božičem je kazalo, da nastopi južno vreme; mlačen vetrič je stresal sneg raz mladike; v solncu se je raztopila na strehah, cestah in potih tanka plast snega, čigar voda je ustvarila čez noč cele stebre ledenih kapnikov na žlebovih. Tudi se je stopil dan pozneje sneg na marsikam mestu bližnje z drevjem na redko porastle rebri nad domačo hišo in prikazale so se med belim snegom na mnogih krajih črne krtine in pege. Na eni teh toček pa se je zdelo, kakor da bi zima in sneg ne imela prave resnobe. Tu so se dvigali od tal ponižni, temno-zeleni, stopalasto-narezani, na koncu napiljeni listi. Čisto polagoma so se razprostrli v naslednji noči na vse strani in prešinjena globoke ponižnosti se je dvignila iz njihovega naročja v blede svetlobi rimske ceste bela cvetlica zvezdaste glavice, se ozrla gori proti svojim visokim sestricam na nebu, pa se nagnila v mrzlem jutru spet navzdol pod liste, da poroča svojim mlajšim tovarišicam, ki so še v povojih (popkih), kaj da je brala iz zvezd.

Kdo pa je bila ta cvetlica in kaj hoče sedaj, sredi snega, v mrzli zimski noči?

Bil je to teloh ali kurica, nam vsem dobro znana prijateljica, ki se pripravlja, da okraši zimsko pokrajino. In ne samo ona je tu, ampak tudi ljubke zimske ptice so že nekaj tednov sem naši gosti. Kako letajo od drevesa do drevesa, plezajo in kažejo svoje telovadske umetnije, posebno sinice. Slaba se godi zdaj jajčecem, bubam, gosenicam in ličinkam raznih drevesnih škodljivcev pod lubjem. Toda posebno pozornost obračajo ptičice na eno okno one-le dvonadstropne hiše; zdaj sfrči ta, zdaj ona tjakaj in se vrne s polnim kljunom na vejo. To okence se odpira vsaki dan po

večkrat in prijazna roka potresa obilno prikuhe k mali pečenki, ki jo nudi pticam lovska sreča.

Vse to je videla mila cvetka že večkrat in se skrivaj radovala v srcu. Videla je tudi preteklo noč, kako je hitela bela, shujšana podlasica po snegu, pa kmalu izginila pod snežno odejo bližnjega zelnika; nato je slišala, kako je nekaj urno kopalo, brskalo, renčalo, vohljalo: nenaden cvileč krik! da jo je pretreslo do mozga, nato pa mrtvaška tišina. Čez par trenutkov je skakljala podlasica s črnim, težkim bremenom; miška, ki je objedala zeljnat štor, je bila mrtva, naša kunica pa je imela svojo božično pečenko.

Nekega jutro so bile tudi tovarišice naše kurice s svojo obleko tolikanj gotove, da so se smeje že nekoliko pokazati v javnosti.

Takoj so prišli tudi vasovavci na obisk v obliki silno šegavih poniglavcev, ki so priskakljali po zamrzlem snegu. Predstavili se nam bodo pozneje in dali vedeti kaj več o sebi.

Voščili so našim belim krasoticam najprej srečo za praznike in prosili za kapljico okrepčila, ki so jim ga naše znanke iz srca rade natakale iz prelepkih zlatih časnih listkov. Nato pa so precej s hvaležnimi skoki odjadrali naprej v svet.

Popoldne istega dne so videle naše prijateljice drug mili prizor; iz veže preje omenjene hiše — bila je to vaška šola — se je prikazal zalit, krivonog psiček-jazbečar, ki je skakal veselo bevskajoč naprej in brodil do vratu v snegu, za njim pa sta šla ukajoč dva otroka, deček in deklica. Nesla sta skupaj nekaj v pisani košarici. Ustavila sta se ne daleč na rebri, par korakov pod belim telohom pri majhni ravni smreki, ki je bila prav taka, kakor se slikajo božična drevesca. Premerjala sta z očmi njeno višino in smejoč in ploskajoč obežala na mladike, obtežene s snegom, štirioglate, rumenkaste kocke, privezane na volnene nitke. Slednjič je vrgel deček še nekatere na vrh, kjer so obvisele. Potem sta otroka ploskala samega veselja, češ: "To je za najine ljube siničice!" in — ni ju bilo več.

Darovi na olepšanem drevesu, ki je stalo odslej vse bolj ponosno na svojem mestu,

pa so bili koščeki slanine; in celo tisto popoldne in več dni zapored so prihajali v svate k smreki preljubi gostje; rumena, črna in belo pasasta navadna, krasno modra gozdna in siva, drobna, dolgorepa sinica, ki se jim je tukaj dobro godilo. Saj jih je dobra južina grela, da so smele mirno zreti nasproti mrzlim nočem, ki jih imajo preživeti v bližnjem, gostem jelovem mladovju.

Pa ne samo ptice in rastline, tudi krilati svet žuželk je hotel biti navzoč. Večer je postajal milejši; kar se priziblje, kdo ve od kod, majhen roj zimskih komarjev. Veselo brne in goslarijo v zraku gori in doli, čudno zvijajo svoje dolge noge, na glavi pa jim plapolata za okrasek čelade vsakemu po dve mogočni tipalki, kakor dve nojevi peresi. Kakor da bi ne bilo nikjer ne zime ne snega, plešejo veseljaki svoje božično kolo v zraku.

Komaj pa se je ta veselica dobro začela, že frfota iz vseh bližnjih grmov in prmičev in gostih jelkovih drevesec: majhni, rdečkatosivi metuljčki s temnejšimi povprečnimi programi veslajo v okornem poletu v bližino, najprej dvanajstorica, nato do petdeset in slednjič nad stotino, in se pomešajo deloma med božične svate. Ali jih poznate zimske pedice-samce (škodljiv metulj), kojih skoro brezkrilne samice si ne morejo privoščiti tako krasne zabave. Nepopisljiv je bil prizor, ko smo opazovali s kuricami vred te drzne in vesele zimske žuželke, kako plešejo v bleščobi božične noči.

In gledavec so imele kmalu dovolj. Vse vejice bližnjih dreves so se nagloma oživile; čudoviti skakajoči poniglavci, ki smo jih že videli na obisku telohovega cveta, tvorijo občinstvo. Ne pride jim sicer na misel, da bi stopili iz skromnega ozadja, pač pa je napravil zdaj ta, zdaj oni od samega veselja nad lepo predstavo vesel skok v zraku, se prekopicnil in padši na tla se obdržal na bleščeči snežni zvezdici. V čašo njihovega veselja je bila primešana le kapljica pelina vsled žalosti, da nimajo kril in zategadelj ne morejo sodelovati pri prazniškem kolu. Toda ako bi se malim nepridipravom spolnila želja, bi se marsikateremu ne godilo posebno dobro, zakaj tako majčkine postave je, da bi se prav lahko vsedel na glavo

kakemu metulju in bi ga ta odnesel seboj v zrak, kakor je poskusil to svoje dni drobnikraljiček na orlu.

Pa prijazni čitatelj si gotovo že nestrpen in hočeš vedeti, kdo je prav za prav mali škrt.

Snežna bolha je slovito ime one, ki je skoro edina žuželka, ki oživlja v vsakem letnem času, tudi ob največjem zimskem mrazu, drevesno skorjo in snežne planjave naših krajev. Ta utrjena, predrobna žuželka spada v družino skokorepek in to ime tudi pošteno zasluži. Kot šesteronožec ima naša skakavka že tako ali tako za skok ustvarjene zadnje nožice, a narava jo je obdarovala še s posebno skakalno pripravo, ki ji težko dobiš drugje enake. Na koncu telesa ima namreč kakor vzmet (pero) prožne navzpred obrnjene vilice, s katerimi se more nerazmerno visoko pogmati v zrak, male mere klokan (kenguruj) med žuželkami. V miru stisne skakalo pod zadek in se vozi po njem, kadar nanese prilika, kakor po dobrih sankah navzdol po zalem snežnem kristalu.

Suknjica našega težaka je spletena ponajveč iz zelenkasto-rjavih jajčasto-suličastih luskinic; tu in tam štrli od njega redka kocina, da je povečan skoro podoben parkeljnu na Miklavžev večer; posamezna ščetinica pa ima obliko zakrivljenega klasu pšenice golice, ki nima res. Skrita usteca so mu ustvarjena, da grize, kakor na pr. mravlja ali kobilica, in ne sesa kakor komar ali muha, a ne dela nam nobene škode. Zadovoljen je namreč, sedeč na snegu ali v drevesni razpokici, z grizljajem stare črvojedine, z nevidno algico, ki se razkrajja, in podobnimi nedolžnimi darovi narave, ki bi jih sicer ne vedela primerno uporabiti v svojem gospodinjstvu.

Četudi pa je snežna bolha tako pritlikavo majčkena, utegne vendar, ako je v stotinah, v tisočih na razpolago lačnim zimskim ptičicam, marsikateri s svojo žrtvijo oteti življenje, zakaj tudi v najhujši zmrzlini je naša skokorepka na svojem mestu in ji ne gre prav nič k srcu, ako časih za daljši ali krajši čas primrzne v ledenem kristalu. Ne premišlja dolgo, kajli bi počela, ampak se namaže najprej po hrbtu z neko mastjo — v lekarni pri "Krščanski popolnosti" jo na-



ziviljajo "božjo mast" ali potrpljenje — ter čaka milejšega vremena; to jo polagoma odtaja iz kristalne ječe, živalca se parkrat otrese in zadovoljno skaklja naprej svojo pot, kakor da bi se ne bilo nič zgodilo.

Ni ravno lepa snežna bolha, ali je viteške rodovine, da ji ni kmalu enake, ako se primerjajo ž njo po starosti svojih rodov. Ona more naštetih s ponosom dolgo vrsto prednikov; že na predpotopnem drevesu, Pinites succinifera ali jantarovo drevo, so se dele, večinoma v družbi drugih žuželk, čijih potomci so tudi čakali današnjega dne, nje predbabice in prededje. Morda v spanju ali pa morebiti za šalo so pustile nekatere, da jim je curljala smola preko

ljivega vrabca, sicer pa tudi ta časih kaj koristi.

Kako mično je vendar opazovati brihtne živalce na stari veji pred oknom! Košček slanine, par natrtih orehov, ki jih od časa do časa pritrdimo na veje, nam kmalu privabi v goste veselo družbico ptičic; tudi samotarec-ščinkovec, ki je bil poslal gospo z mladim zarodom o prvem mrazu na jug, brglez, plezovt, strnad, taščica in mali stržek so vmes, le potuhnjeni vrabec, navadno ne zaupa precej našim dobrim namenom — seve: kakršen si sam, za take imaš druge.

Le pogledjte, kako srečno in zaupljivo obdelava sinica svoj oreh, ki ga je bila



Blagor doma — kdor ga ima.

hrbta in za pokoro ali morda za odliko hodijo danes po mnogih tisočetjih v ustniku moderne smodkovnjače na sprehod, v jantaru namreč so — okamenele.

Tako smo bili navzoči pri malem praznovanju v naravi. Pa nočemo se posloviti od teh lepih dni, ne da bi za slovo zaklicali prijaznim svojim bravcem in bravkam skromne prošnje:

"Spomnite se v zimskem mrazu lačnih ptič!" Saj bodo hvaležne za to in bodo povrnille vse stoterno. Ni ravno veliko ptičjih vrst, ki ostanejo v najhujšem času pri nas in ki se proseč približajo našim hišam in oknom. Ne spodimo jih lačnih izpred praga, celo tedaj ne, če bi opazili vmes vsi-

usmiljena ročica pripela z žico na vejico! Siničica se zahvaljuje, ne boji se ponujene daru kakor slabovestni vrabec, ki vedno čivka svoj "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!" ("Bojim se Danajcev, četudi nosečih darove!") — Sladka jedrca gredo prav v slast in cvrčec prosi: "Posnemajte mojega dobrotnika in dobrotnico tudi ostali božji ljudje!"

"Pravičnemu se tudi živina smili," pravi star pregovor. To je resnica, a v prvi vrsti ima naša ljubezen svoj cilj v našem lastnem sobratu, v našem bližnjem, ki je prišel v nesrečo.

Čujte . . . mrzel veter potrkava na okna in podpira prošnjo za ubogo siroto!

## Galebi.

Galebi, vi beli galebi,  
po kaj obletavate brod?  
Kaj spremljate s kričem veselim  
po morju nas daleč na pot?

Galebi, vi beli galebi,  
prinašate mar iz daljav  
prijateljev naših in znancev  
poslednji nam ljubi pozdrav?

A. Aškerc.

## Nožiček.

Breznikov Franček je dobil za god lep nožiček s koščenim rogom in dvema reziloma. Ko ga je drugi dan kazal součencem, ga je marsikateri zavidal, zlasti Podlesnikov Ivanček. In kako ne bi! Saj si na svetu ni ničesar bolj želel ko tako orodje! Kolikokrat je opazoval v vaški prodajalnici razne nožičke, ki so bili pritrjeni na končnicah škatel v znamenje, da je posoda polna takih dragocenosti. Takrat se mu je zdel trgovec najsrečnejši na svetu.

In zdaj ima Breznikov Franček ravno tak nožiček, kakor si ga je on v prodajalnici izbral — v mislih seveda!

Od tega trenutka ni imel Ivanček več miru. Mislil je in mislil, kako bi prišel do takega noža.

Nekega dne je opoldne pozabil Franček nožiček v klopi. Tedaj je premotila Ivančka izkušnja, da je iztegnil roko in vtaknil nožiček v žep.

Doma ni mogel nič jesti, tako je bil razburjen. Odhitel je od mize, da bi si ogledal nožiček. Tudi rezati je poizkusil z njim. Zelo všeč mu je bil.

Toda videti ga ne sme nihče! Kam naj ga skrije? Najprej ga je spravil v veži za omaro. Ker pa se je bal, da bi ga tam utegnili najti mati, ga je ponesel v hlev za jasli. Ko pa se mu tudi tam ni zdel na varnem, ga je skrila na podstrešje.

Tisti večer Ivanček ni mogel zaspati. Valjal se je po postelji in zdihoval. Vedno mu je bil pred očmi Breznikov Franček. Zasmilil se mu je. Kdo ve, kako žaluje za nožem!

Mati je mislila, da je sinček bolan, ker že opoldne ni bil nič jedel. Vstala je in mu potipala glavo. Zdela se ji je vroča. Ivanček pa je trdil, da mu ni nič, prav nič.

Končno je zaspal. A vso noč je imel opravka z nesrečnim nožem. Sanjalo se mu je, da je hotel odrezati šibo, pa si je odrezal prst. V sanjah ga je tako zbolelo, da je zakričal. Zopet se mu je sanjalo, da mu je v šoli zdrknil nožiček skozi luknjo v žepu na tla. Vsi součenci, ki so stali okoli njega, so začeli vpiti: "Ivanček je imel nožek, Ivanček! Ukradel ga je!" . . . Ivanček ni vedel, kam bi se dejal, tako ga je bilo sram. Tedaj se je prebudil. Storil je trden sklep, da vrne Frančku nožiček.

Komaj je pričakoval jutra. Pohitel je bolj rano ko navadno v šolo, tako da je bil prvi v razredu. Hitro je potisnil nožek v Frančkovo klop.

Ko je prišel Franček in našel nožiček, so mu zažarele oči od samega veselja. Tudi Ivančku se je zdelo dobro.

Opoldne je jedel s slastjo in zvečer je zopet kakor navadno sladko zaspal.

L. Černež.

## Krava in vol.

Kravo so vpregli poleg vola v plug, da bi orali. Krava, ki ni še nikdar orala, pogleda obširno njivo in vpraša: "Kaj, samo to-le bomo danes?" — Komaj so pa obrnili tri brazde, pogleda vsa upehana in sopeča

svojega tovariša in vpraša zopet: "Kaj smo že vse? Ali ne bo še konca?" Volek stopa mirno in počasi po brazdi naprej, ne odgovori ničesar ter si misli: Krava je pač krava.

# Naš kotichek.

## Uganke.

23.

Ob steni slonim pa čakam, kaj bo.  
 Ko dečki in deklice odpojo,  
 mož stopi predme, modro stoji  
 pa nekaj belega v desni drži  
 in nekaj rahlega v levi. Pa začne desnica  
 in šviga in pleše po meni, levica  
 pa gleda. Čez nekaj časa pa ona na delo!  
 Po meni gori in doli drsa veselo  
 ter gladi in lika me, da sem spet  
 vsa lepa, kakor sem bila popred.  
 Jaz vse to voljno trpim  
 in molčim.  
 Zdaj pa paglavček v klopi  
 vstane ter predme stopi  
 in začne tudi tako —  
 ne prav tako.  
 Vse bolj okorno, trdo,  
 da mi je hudo.  
 Z otroki je križ!  
 Kdo sem? Le išči me, pa me dobiš!

*Josip Stritar.*

24.

Nima mesa, nima kosti, vendar pa ima  
 štiri prste in palec. Kaj je to?

## Rešitve uganke.

21.

Elica je kupila šest jabolk in šest pomaranč.

22.

Žebelj v tvojem čevlju.

## Rešilci.

*Obe uganki so rešili:*

Mary Yancher, Girard, Ohio.  
 Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.  
 Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
 Frank Mack, Cleveland, O.  
 Franc Jager, Conemaugh, Pa.

*Po eno uganko so rešili:*

Annie Miller, Ringo, Kansas.  
 Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.  
 Sophie Pirnat, La Salle, Ill.  
 Anna Krainc, Waukegan, Ill.

## Dopis.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem se predramil, da Vam pošljem rešitve uganke, če sem jih seveda prav uganil. Rešitev uganke št. 21 je: Elica je kupila 6 jabolk in 6 pomaranč ter je za vse skupaj plačala 14c. Rešitev uganke št. 22 pa je: Žebelj v čevlju ima vedno glavo spodaj. — Sedaj Vam pa voščim vesele praznike in srečno Novo leto, da bi še prihodnje leto take uganke priobčevali. Vas srčno pozdravlja

*Frank Mack, Cleveland, Ohio.*

## Kaj pravi ura.

Ura pravi: "Tike-taka, zlata je minuta vsaka, dragocen trenutek vsak, tike-take, tik-tak!"

Tega, otrok, ne pozabi, čas mladosti prav porabi, da ne boš kdaj siromak, tike-take, tike-tak!"

## V šolo.

Zbogom, mama, atej, vsi, v šolo meni se mudi!  
 Kdor ne pride pravi čas, težko, težko dojde nas.

In ko pridem spet nazaj, vedel bom že marsikaj; kdor pa rajši je doma, čudno ni, da nič ne zna.





# JUVENILE



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## Sweetheart's Stories.

"Come tell me a story, Sweetheart!  
I've told you a thousand and one—  
My brain has grown tired of weaving,  
And all my fancies are spun."

Then Sweetheart laughs, with a music  
As merry as Christmas bells;  
Her blue eyes shine in the firelight,  
And these are the stories she tells:

"Well, once on a time, a fairy,  
With wings like a rainbow, flew  
Right into a little girl's window—  
Now you tell—*what did she do?*"

"And once, when the moon was shining—  
A wee little moon, in the west—  
A little girl looked in the sky and saw—  
And saw—*you tell me the rest.*"

"And once, there were awful rivers,  
And woods and mountains, you know,  
And two little girls went a-walking—  
You tell me—*where did they go?*"

Then Sweetheart sighs as she nestles  
Her dear yellow head on my breast;  
"Little girls only know the beginnings,  
But mammas, they know all the rest."  
*Emily Huntington Miller.*

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## Newton's Abstraction.

Sir Isaac Newton, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had recently been kindled. By degrees the fire grew very hot, and Sir Isaac felt the heat to be so intense that he rang his bell violently. His servant was not at hand just upon the moment, but soon made his appearance. By this

time Sir Isaac felt almost roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" he exclaimed, in an angry tone very uncommon with that gentle and amiable philosopher. "Remove the grate before I am burned to death!" "And pray, master," replied the servant, "could you not rather draw back your chair?" "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

# Oliver Twist.

Charles Dickens.

(Conclusion.)

The attempted burglary had greatly shocked them both, and the fact that one of the robbers was in the house added to their nervousness. So when Dr. Losberne came, and begged them to accompany him to the patient's room, they dreaded to comply with the request, but finally yielded to his demand. What was their astonishment when the bed-curtains were drawn aside, instead of a black-visaged ruffian, to see a mere child, worn with pain, and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded arm bound and splintered up, was crossed upon his breast. His head reclined upon the other arm, which was half hidden by his long hair, as it streamed over the pillow. The boy smiled in his sleep as at a pleasant dream, when Rose bent tenderly over him, while the older lady and the Doctor discussed the probability of the child's having been the tool of robbers. Fearing that the doctor might influence her aunt to send the boy away, Rose pleaded that he be kept and cared for; it was finally decided that when Oliver awoke he should be examined as to his past life, and if the result seemed satisfactory, he should remain. But not until evening was he able to be questioned. He then told them all his simple history. It was a solemn thing to hear the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and calamities which hard men had brought upon him, and his hearers were profoundly moved by the recital. His pillow was smoothed by gentle hands that night and he slept as sleep the calm and happy.

On the following day, officers who had heard of the burglary, and that a thief was prisoner in the Maylie house, came from London to arrest him, but Dr. Losberne and Mrs. Maylie shielded him, and their joint bail was accepted for the boy's appearance in court if it should ever be required.

With the Maylies Oliver remained, and thanks to their tender care, gradually

throve and prospered, although it was long weeks before he was quite himself again. Many times he spoke to the two sweet ladies of his gratitude to them, saying that he only desired to serve them always. To this they responded that he should go with them to the country and there could serve them in a hundred ways.

Only one cloud was on Oliver's sky. He longed to go to Mr. Brownlow and tell him the true story of his seeming ingratitude. So as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, Dr. Losberne drove him out to the place where he said Mr. Brownlow resided. They hastened to the house, but alas! it was empty. There was a bill in the window, "To Let" and upon inquiring, they found that Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Grimwig, and Mrs. Bedwin had gone to the West Indies.

The disappointment was a cruel one, for all through his sickness Oliver had anticipated the delight of seeing his first benefactor, and clearing himself of guilt, but now that was impossible.

In a fortnight the Maylies went to the country, and Oliver, whose life had been spent in squalid crowds, seemed to enter on a new existence there. The sky and the balmy air, the woods and glistening water, the rose and honeysuckle, were each a daily joy to him. Every morning he went to a white-haired old gentleman who taught him to read better and to write, then he would walk and talk with Rose and Mrs. Maylie, and so three happy months glided away.

In the summer Rose was taken down with a terrible fever, and anxiety hung like a cloud over the cottage where she was so dear, but at length the danger passed and the loving hearts grew lighter again.

Meanwhile a man named Monks, — a friend of Fagin's — had by chance seen Oliver, had been strangely excited and angered at sight of him, and after carefully learning some details of the boy's history, had gone to the beadle at the workhouse where Oliver began life, and by dint of

bribes, had extorted information concerning Oliver's mother, which only one person knew. Satisfied with what he learned, Monks conferred with Fagin, telling some facts about Oliver which caused Nancy, who happened to overhear them, to become terror-stricken.

As soon as she could, she stole away from her companions, out towards the West End of London, to a hotel where the Maylies were then boarding, and which she had heard Monks mention. Nancy was such a ragged object that she found it difficult to have her name carried up to Rose Maylie, but at length she succeeded, and was ushered into the sweet young lady's presence, where she quickly related what she had come to tell. That Monks had accidentally seen Oliver, and found out where he was living, and with whom; — that a bargain had been struck with Fagin that he should have a certain sum of money if Oliver were brought back, and a still larger amount if the boy could be made a thief. Nancy then went on to tell that Monks spoke of Oliver as his young brother, and boasted that the proofs of the boy's identity lay at the bottom of the river — that he, Monks, had money which by right should have been shared with Oliver, and that his one desire was to take the boy's life.

These disclosures made Rose Maylie turn pale, and ask many questions, from which she discovered that Nancy's confession was actuated by a real liking for Oliver and a fierce hatred for the man Monks. Her tale finished, and refusing money, or help of any kind, Nancy went as swiftly as she had come, and when she left, Rose sank into a chair completely overcome by what she had heard.

Of course the matter was too serious to pass over, and the next day, as Rose was trying to decide upon a course of action, Oliver settled it for her, by rushing in with breathless haste, and exclaiming, "I have seen the gentleman — the gentleman who was so good to me — Mr. Brownlow!"

"Where?" asked Rose.

"Going into a house," replied Oliver. "And Giles asked for me, whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here,"

producing a scrap of paper, "here it is; here's where he lives — I'm going there directly! OH, DEAR ME! DEAR ME! what shall I do when I come to hear him speak again!"

With her attention not a little distracted by these exclamations of joy, an idea came to Rose, and she determined upon turning this discovery to account.

"Quick!" she said, "tell them to fetch a hackney-coach, and be ready to go with me. I will take you to see Mr. Brownlow directly."

Oliver needed no urging and they were soon on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived, Rose left Oliver in the coach, and sending up her card, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on business. She was shown up stairs, and presented to Mr. Brownlow, an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, in a bottle-green coat, and with him was his friend, Mr. Grimwig. Rose began at once upon her errand, to the great amazement of the two old gentlemen. She related in a few natural words all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house, concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow for many months had been the not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

"Thank goodness!" said Mr. Brownlow. "This is great happiness to me; great happiness! But why not have brought him?"

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

"At this door!" cried Mr. Brownlow. With which he hurried down the stairs, without another word, and came back with Oliver. Then Mrs. Bedwin was sent for. "God be good to me!" she cried, embracing him; "it is my innocent boy! He would come back — I knew he would! How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again! Where have you been, this long, long while?"

Running on thus, — now holding Oliver from her, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers through his hair, the good soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

Leaving Oliver with her, Mr. Brownlow led Rose into another room, by her re-

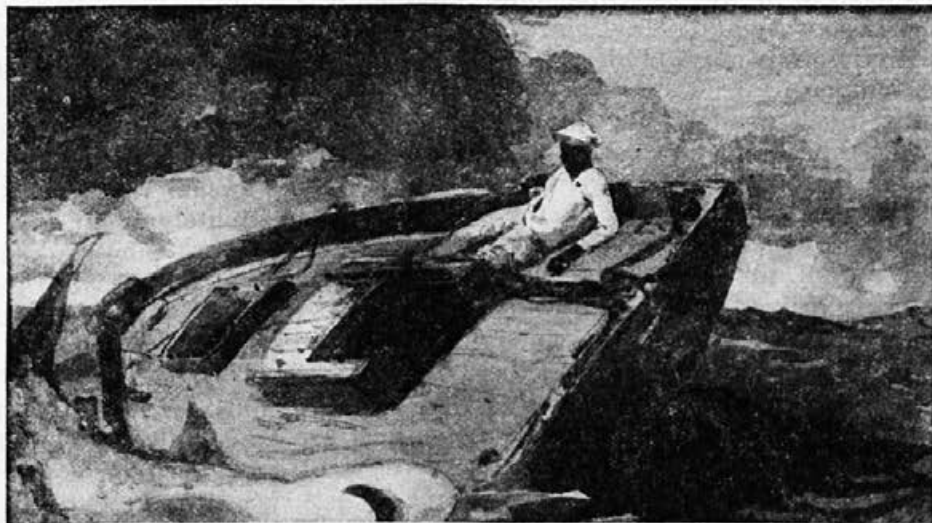


quest, and she narrated her interview with Nancy, which occasioned Mr. Brownlow no small amount of perplexity and surprise. After a long consultation they decided to take Mrs. Maylie and Dr. Losberne into their confidence, also Mr. Grimwig, thus forming a committee for the purpose of guarding the young lad from further entanglement in the plots of villains.

Through Nancy, with whom Rose had another interview, the man Monks was tracked, and finally captured by Mr. Brownlow, who to his sorrow, found that the villain was the erring son of his oldest

when he had determined to adopt Oliver, the boy had disappeared, and all efforts to find him had proved unavailing. Mr. Brownlow knew that, although the mother and father were dead, the elder brother was alive, and at once commenced a search for him. Now he had discovered him in the man Monks, the friend of thieves and murderers, and by a chance clue he found also that there had been a will, dividing the property between the two brothers. That will had been destroyed, together with all proofs of Oliver's parentage, so that Monks might have the entire property.

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**Gulf Stream.**

Homer Winslow.

friend, and his name of Monks only assumed one. Facing him in a room of his own house, to which Monks had been brought, — Mr. Brownlow charged the man with one crime after another.

The father of Monks had two children who were half brothers, Monks and Oliver Twist. The father died suddenly, leaving in Mr. Brownlow's home the portrait of Oliver's mother, which was hanging in the house-keeper's room. The striking likeness between this portrait and Oliver had led Mr. Brownlow to recognize the boy as the child of his dear old friend. Then, just

Fearing discovery, Monks had bargained with Fagin to keep the child a thief or to kill him outright.

This revelation of his crime in all its terrible details, told in clear cutting tones by Mr. Brownlow, while his eyes never left the man's face, overwhelmed the coward Monks. He stood convicted, and confessed his guilt.

Then, because the man was son of his old friend, Mr. Brownlow was merciful.

"Will you set your hand to a statement of truth and facts, and repeat it before witnesses?" he asked.

"That I promise," said Monks.

"Remain quietly here until such a document is drawn up, and proceed with me to such a place as I may deem advisable, to attest it?"

To this also Monks agreed.

"You must do more than that," said Mr. Brownlow. "Make restitution to Oliver. You have not forgotten the provisions of the will. Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned, and then go where you please. In this world you need meet me no more."

To this also, at length Monks gave fearing assent.

A few days later Oliver found himself in a travelling carriage rolling fast towards his native town, with the Maylies, Mrs. Bedwin, Dr. Losberne, and Mr. Grimwig, while Mr. Brownlow followed in a post-chaise with Monks.

Oliver was much excited, for he had been told of the disclosures of Monks, which, together with journeying over a road which he had last travelled on foot, a poor houseless, wandering boy, without a friend, or a roof to shelter his head, caused his heart to beat violently and his breath to come in quick gasps.

"See there, there!" he cried, "that's the stile I came over; there are the hedges I crept behind, for fear anyone should overtake me and force me back!"

As they approached the town, and drove through its narrow streets, it became matter of no small difficulty to restrain the boy within reasonable bounds. There was the undertaker's just as it used to be, only less imposing in appearance than he remembered it. There was the workhouse, the dreary prison of his youthful days; there was the same lean porter standing at the gate. There was nearly everything as if he had left it but yesterday, and all his recent life had been a happy dream.

They drove at once to the hotel where Mr. Brownlow joined them with Monks, and there in the presence of the whole party, the wretched man made his full confession of guilt, and surrendered one half of the property — about three thousand pounds — to his half-brother, upon whom

even as he spoke, he cast looks of hatred so violent that Oliver trembled. From some details of his confession it was also discovered that Rose Maylie, who was only an adopted niece of Mrs. Maylie, had been sister of Oliver's mother, and was therefore the boy's aunt, the first blood relation, except Monks, that he had ever possessed.

"Not aunt," cried Oliver, throwing his arms about her neck, "I'll never call her *aunt*. Sister, my own, dear sister, that something taught my heart to love so dearly from the first, Rose! dear, darling Rose!" And in Rose's close embrace, the boy found compensation for all his past sadness.

The only link to his old life which remained was soon broken. Fagin had been captured too, sentenced to death, and was in prison awaiting the fulfilment of his doom. In his possession he had papers relating to Oliver's parentage, and the boy went with Mr. Brownlow to the prison to try to recover them. With Mr. Brownlow, Fagin was obstinately silent, but to Oliver he whispered where they could be found, and then begged and prayed the boy to help him escape justice, and sent up cry after cry that rang in Oliver's ears for months afterwards.

But youth and sorrow are seldom companions for long and our last glimpse of Oliver is of a boy as thoroughly happy as one often meets. He is now the adopted son of the good Mr. Brownlow. Removing with him and Mrs. Bedwin to within a mile of the Maylies' home, Mr. Brownlow gratified the only remaining wish of Oliver's warm and earnest heart, and as the happy days go swiftly by, the past becomes the shadow of a dream.

Several times a year Mr. Grimwig visits in the neighborhood, and it is a favorite joke for Mr. Brownlow to rally him on his old prophecy concerning Oliver, and to remind him of the night on which they sat with the watch between them awaiting his return. But Grimwig contends that he was right in the main, and in proof thereof remarks that Oliver *did not come back after all*,—which always calls forth a laugh on his side, and increases his good humor.

## A Race for Life.

*(The Last Encounter with Red Skins in North Carolina.)*

(Conclusion.)

"Finding they would not enter I began to search for the child. Surely he came in, and perhaps becoming lost in the darkness had wandered off into some of the long chambers. Often had I peered into the deep chasms back there — bottomless some say they are; what if he should crawl there in the darkness! Even now he might be upon the brink. Hastily lighting the fagots that some explorer had left upon the ground, I started back into the chambers, waving the light and calling the boy's name.

"But the ghostly stalagmites threw back the sound. Far down the chambers they whispered his name one to another, till back in the chasm their voices were changed to a moan.

"In another moment I was upon the brink of the gulf, and holding the torch high overhead looked eagerly about the chamber. The light fell upon the great columns that rose from the shadows around, and showed the long white arms reaching down toward the darkness of the pit; but where was the boy? I peered over the edge of the rocks. For a little way the white stones gleamed in the firelight, and then below them was blackness. Again I called and set the echoes to laughing, but the only voice that answered came from the chasm. The bats, startled by the sound, fluttered from their hole and dived around the chamber. The place seemed unearthly, and there was an odor of smoke that did not come from my torch. Was it true, I wondered, that the hole reached down, as 'twas said, to the fires in the middle of the earth? While I paused and looked about me a current of air bore a wreath of smoke curling past. Ah! the cowardly fellows, afraid to follow me within, thought to smoke me out, like a squirrel from a hole. As rapidly as possible I ran along the passageway, calling to the child. Could I but find the boy I would retreat back into some cavern where the smoke

would not reach us. For an hour I searched without success, and by this time the entire cave was filled with a stifling fog. So dense was the smoke I could hardly draw a breath, and already the torch had been extinguished in the foul air. Going back to the farthest chamber I lay down with my face to the ground. There was no hope for the child now. Better that he had fallen over the cliffs than to stifle in such a smoke. My whole life seemed all for nothing, now that my child was gone, and well I knew the Cherokees would wreak vengeance on my wife for their hatred of me. But the smoke was growing so dense I could endure it no longer.

"Moistening the sleeve of my garment in the water that trickled along the floor, I pressed it against my mouth, and hurried towards the entrance, determined to dash past the besiegers and into the woods. It was even better to be shot than to die there in a hole, like a rabbit. But I found the opening filled with a mass of burning brush, and the flames were roaring into the cavern as if it were a smokestack. There was no escape through the entrance, and I turned back. If it was possible I would climb down into the pit; perhaps the smoke would not reach me there. But my torch was out, and the light from the big fire did not reach into the winding galleries. Could the chasm be found, and when there could I descend in the darkness?

"I was groping along the way when my hand touched the savage, bound and lying upon the rocks. I could hear his labored breathing as he struggled for air in the fog. He was cause of all my trouble; it was fit that he should die just such a death, and I passed on by. But then I thought how awful it was to lie bound there in the dark, and suffocate with smoke. After all, he was a man. And such a fight he had given me! Not another man in Carolina could have matched me, as he had done that day. I would give him a chance. Stepping back, the leather belt was quickly loosened. 'Follow me,' I said to him, turning toward



the deep hole; but he touched me. 'Go out, come after,' said he in Cherokee. Then I knew that he was familiar with the place. Following him closely in the darkness he led through one of the long passages till the opening grew so small that with difficulty I crawled along. There was a strong draught through the way, and the smoke was yet dense. Presently the hole widened and grew higher, till we could walk upright, and soon the echoes told of spacious cavity. A moment more the light was streaming down upon us from an opening in the roof. Through the hole the smoke poured in volumes, but I could see the foliage above and the blue sky.

"Now that exit was found and pure air, I wished to go back again for the boy. 'Child outside; run off in woods,' said the Indian, when he knew my purpose. For a moment I was glad, then I feared lest the red skins might have found the little thing and made him suffer for the man they had lost. Could I get out of the cavern, and my child be yet alive, I would take him from them had I to meet the whole pack empty-handed.

"The opening was high overhead, and the walls were steep. I looked about for means of climbing. But the Indian had regained his breath, and turning to one side began to descend the chasm in the rocks. The cliffs showed indistinctly in the faint light, and below was blackness. I hesitated to follow, but while I paused the sound of running water came up from the darkness, and drawing nearer I caught a gleam of light upon the ripples at the base of the cliff. Down over the crag the Indian swung himself, I following as warily as possible in the uncertain shadows. Now we were crawling along some narrow ledge, now dropping upon rocks we could not reach, turning back from boulders or peering ahead for a way. But the light came nearer, and lower down the path grew easier of descent, till presently a leap from an overhanging rock took us into deep water.

"For a little way the stream creeps under low walls that press it so closely there is hardly room for a swimmer's head above the water, then breaking loose from the

rocks, it bounds away down the alley. Out through the black frame I saw the world like a picture, and side by side with the Indian swam down toward the sunlight. A moment more and we were under the sky. Springing upon the bank, the fellow shook himself like a dog, and then disappeared in the foliage.

"The last few hours had nearly worn me out, but till I knew where my wife and baby were I could not rest. The sun had dropped over the ridge to the west, and already the shadows were creeping up the hillsides from the cove. Should I go first to look for the child? No; night would be upon the mountain soon; better return to the cabin, arm myself, and join my wife if she were there. Together in the darkness we might rescue the boy.

"I dragged myself slowly along, clambering the hills toward my cabin, pausing to listen now and then, lest I should walk unwarily upon the camp of the savages. Then sun had set when I reached the crest of ridge, and the shadows had swallowed the world. Yonder, above my cabin, a white cloud rested on the peak, like a crown, and far away in the valley could be seen the twinkling fires. I paused a moment on the ridge, for I was tired; and the world looked so quiet and peaceful it seemed to bring rest, telling me they were safe.

"But what a strange light glowed on the cliffs beyond my clearing, and there was a blush on the clouds that were draping the peak. The rumble of thunder came down from the mountain, but the glow I saw was not lightning. Were the villains firing my cabin? Had they captured my wife?

"But the flames did not grow as I hurried nearer; only the tint on the cloud was deepening into red as the mist settled lower, and the lightning glowed more brightly within it. Presently I broke through the brush, and where my home had stood was a heap of glowing embers. No wife was there; no child; not a sound but the owls in the tree hooting at the firelight, and the thunder rumbling now and then from the cliffs overhead.

"And I had set him free who had caused it all. Now I could have strangled myself

that I had not wrung his neck, and left his carcass for the wolves to feed on.

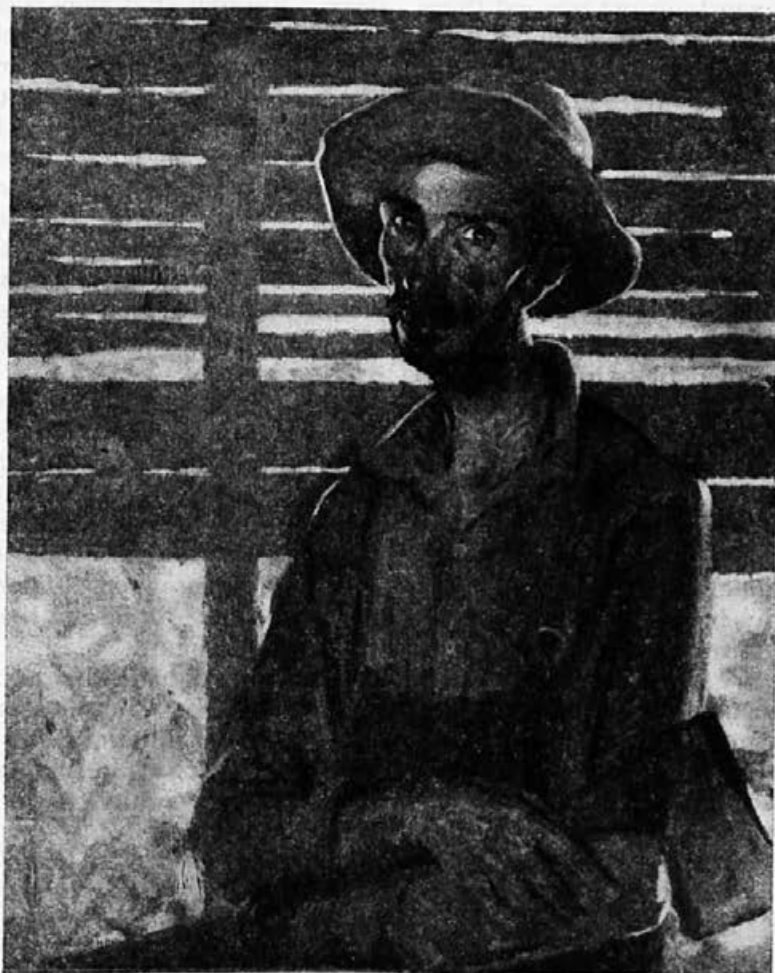
"Which way should I go? There was no neighbor for miles. My wife had come back and was captured, and the chances were they had not taken her alive.

"While I looked at the ruins the cloud rolled down upon the clearing, and the big

black and dead. But I did not think of rain or storm.

"Could they have killed my boy? I turned back toward the cavern where I had left him. It had grown so dark with the storm and the night, that not a line of tree or hill could be discerned, except when now and then there was a flash of light. But I knew

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**A Kentucky Mountaineer.**

James R. Hopkins.

raindrops fell hissing among the embers. The fog drifted into deadened trees and reached down below me, and the lightning followed, playing through the woods and around the great boulders. The rain poured down till the last spark faded from the smoking embers, and all were

the way well, and hurried along the spur. Very carefully I approached the entrance of the cavern, but no one was there, and the fire was dead. The lightning had ceased, and all was black again, while the rain poured down destroying every trace the savages had left of their departure.

That was the darkest moment of my life.

"While I stood there in the rain, uncertain which way to turn, I fancied a sound came to me from the cavern. Approaching the entrance I discovered figures moving about a fire some distance within. The light was uncertain, but there seemed to be several of them. Either the Indians had gone in after me, or else were seeking shelter from the storm. Keeping well in the shadows, I began to crawl toward them upon the ground. I would know if they had captured my wife and child, and what fate the two had met. Without attracting their notice, I shortened the distance between us by half and raised my head from behind a sheltering bowlder to observe them more closely. But before the fire could be seen only a single figure. The fire had burned to a bed of ashes, and showed but the dark outline of a man. Had his comrades gone deeper back into the cavern? While I watched him, the light flickered again, and threw dark shadows dancing against the walls. These had deceived me, and I had seen but a single man. But another figure was lying near, upon the ground, wrapped in a blanket. The firelight fell upon its face, and it was white, and looking closely I saw it had curly hair. It was my baby! I could scarcely restrain myself from springing forward and seizing it in my arms. But the Indian that sat guarding, held a rifle in his hands, and I was unarmed. My only chance was to crawl up behind and spring upon him before being discovered. Lying down in the little stream, I crept like a snake over the slimy rocks. Not once had the Indian

moved, but huddled in his blanket, sat bowed over the fire as if he had fallen asleep. The embers burned low, and only the shadow of a form could be seen. I was near upon him now. Another moment and I had sprung forward, when he raised his head and leaning across the fire, drew the blanket tenderly about the boy. It was not an Indian at all, it was my wife!

"Well, how we met is not a part of my story. Enough that they were there, alive and well. My wife had returned to the cabin from the valley that evening to find her home a smoking ruin; but catching the trail with her quick eye, had followed, rifle in hand, to where the savages were gathered about the cave. Creeping around them, she had come presently upon the baby playing contentedly with the sticky laurel blossoms that lay about the ground. Awhile she watched the besiegers about the cave, but dared attempt no aid till darkness came.

"But as my wife waited, the Indian I had released approached his comrades, and they thinking him dead and this his spirit returning, fled precipitately. She had pulled away the fire from the entrance and searched for me within, but finding no one, knew I had escaped. Then fancying the cavern a place of safety, they waited there till I found them.

"A few days after this an agreement was made with the Cherokees, and hostilities ceased. Then moving down here I entered the finest tract of Indian land in the valley, and here we have lived since, my wife, the baby and I."

*John Willis Mays.*

### *Clever Animals.*

At the table in a certain boarding-house, a student boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes in a publication at side table, remarked:

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys."

"My lands!" exclaimed the landlady. "Isn't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do!"

### *A Perfect Excuse.*

The youngster had thrown a stick at her sister, a year or two her senior.

"Katherine," said daddy, "did you throw that stick at your sister?"

"Yes, daddy," was the defiant reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because," instantly replied the youngster, with her eyes flashing, "afterwards she hit me."



# Radio.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

(Continued.)

Perhaps you wonder why, if this is done, the sounds carried by the waves are not also cut in half and thus made unintelligible, exactly as they would be if sent by the interrupted dot and dash current from an ordinary wireless sender. But we must bear in mind that, in the first place, even if the waves or oscillations are reduced, they are still flowing smoothly and evenly or continuously and are not coming by jerks and jumps as from a telegraph sender. Moreover, although we ordinarily speak of sounds or sound waves being "carried" by the electric waves or oscillations, yet, in reality, the sound waves are not actually carried by them at all, and vibrate or travel very slowly as compared with electrical waves. What really happens is that the sound waves, where they are produced in the sending station, are impressed or superimposed upon the high frequency waves. It is a good deal like the record of a phonograph. If we consider the grooves or spirals which are followed by the needle of the reproducer as the high frequency, electrical waves, we may compare the almost invisible serrations upon them, and which produce the sounds, as the sound wave impressions upon the electrical waves.

But even with the waves cut in half by the detector mineral, we would still be unable to hear the sounds or vibrations made by the waves without other mechanical means, for the electric waves or oscillations are no more audible to human beings than are light waves. But by using a telephone receiver to catch the reduced waves flowing through the detector, the vibrations or waves in the ether are transformed to sound waves which we can hear. To refer to the phonograph simile again; the sound from the receiving station is sent into a telephone transmitter which transforms the sounds to vibrations of a metal diaphragm which in turn joggle or cut into the electrical waves, just as the person making a phonograph record talks into

a horn provided with a diaphragm which vibrates and causes a needle to cut little depressions in the lines of the record. Then, when the electrical wave, with its smooth-flowing oscillations waved and undulated by the vibrations of the sounds, enters the receivers, every irregularity produces a corresponding vibration upon the metal diaphragm, thus reproducing the original sounds, exactly as the impressions on the wax phonograph record cause the needle of the reproduced to vibrate its diaphragm and duplicate the sounds which produced the impressions in the wax.

And now it may be a good plan to see how the telephone receiver is arranged so as to transform electrical vibrations to sound waves. Although there are many forms of receivers, yet all are the same in principle and the simple everyday telephone receiver is as good an example as any and when we study this we will find that the basic principle which governs it is our old friend the *magnetic field* which was such an important item in the induction coil. The receiver consists of an iron disc or diaphragm, placed close to, but not quite touching, the end of a bar magnet, which is wound with fine insulated wire. This coil of wire is connected with the wires from the detector and aerial so that the electrical waves gathered by the aerial and passed through the detector traverse the coil. We have already learned that by passing a coil of wire around a bar of iron and then turning a current of electricity through the wire we will produce an electromagnet, and thus you can readily see how the varying current passing through the coil, constantly alters the magnetism of the bar, thus causing the diaphragm to move back and forth or to vibrate and so produce the sounds we can hear. In a somewhat similar manner, the microphone or phone transmitter on the sending instrument of radio telephone operates to transform the sounds of our voices, etc., to varying electrical currents. The interior of a phone transmitter consists of a recept-

acle filled with minute granules of carbon held in place by a flexible strip while the electrical connections are made with the diaphragm on one side and the carbon on the other. As long as the bits of carbon remain loose they resist the current and prevent it from passing through, but as soon as they are pressed together they allow the electricity to rush from the diaphragm to the other connection. When sound waves, as from a voice, cause the diaphragm to vibrate, the motion of the latter acts upon the flexible strip, thus moving the particles of carbon and allowing the current to pass through as they are forced together and shutting it off as they are released; the amount of current passing through varying in quantity in exact proportion to the amount the granules are forced together and in perfect unison to the vibrations of the diaphragm. Therefore, you can readily see that the microphone or transmitter turns mechanical vibrations, caused by sound waves striking a metal disc, into electrical waves, while electrical waves, altering the magnetism of an iron bar, become converted into vibrations we can hear through the mechanical medium of another disc.

And now, if we thoroughly understand these matters, we will return to our receiving set. As I have already explained, the detector detects the vibrating, high frequency currents and cuts them down before they enter the receiver and are there transformed to sounds; but in a way, the device is misnamed, for it is really a *modifier* rather than a detector.

As we know that countless wireless waves are constantly passing through the ether, or air as we say, you will wonder how the receiving set picks these up and renders them audible without bringing in a confused jumble of messages. This is exactly what would happen if we were to install a receiving set consisting of the detector and phone receivers alone, and to prevent this we must use a tuning device of some sort. The function of a tuner is to select or pick up messages or certain wave lengths and upon the delicacy and range of the tuning device depends the success of the set to very great extent. There are

various forms of tuning devices used, but all are much alike in principle and operation and are mainly variations of inductance coils. A plain coil may be used as a tuner, for by having it tapped at various points the wires may be snapped on or off by means of switches or clips and thus the messages of certain wave lengths may be received. Still better is a tuning coil with a slider. But the type of coils known as *loose coupled* or *vario-coupled* coils are far better, for these can be more finely adjusted. These consist of two coils, one within the other, the inner or secondary coil being arranged so that it may be moved back and forth within the primary coil. In addition, a slider is arranged on the primary coil, which by being moved back and forth on a rod gives a still finer adjustment. When you wish to pick up a message and place the receivers at your ears and adjust the detector you will hear a jumble of noises, signals, fragments of words, music and various screeches, squeals and howls which sounds like a menagerie at feeding time more than anything else. This is caused by messages from various stations and of various wave lengths being detected and brought to you at the same time. But by moving the slider and the movable coil back and forth you can gradually tune out all but certain sounds, for by doing this you vary the wave lengths of your receiving instruments and the inductance of your coil. The single coil with slider operates in precisely the same way and on the same principles and so does the vario-coupler which is merely a rotary coil, revolving within a fixed coil; honey-comb coils which are merely various sized coils arranged so that they may be "plugged" or switched out and in the circuit and all the other types of tuning devices. And while speaking of tuning it may be well to explain just what tuning accomplishes and why it works. If you have a board perforated with holes of various sizes and roll a number of marbles of different sizes over this, you will find that while the small ones fall into the small, the medium and large sized holes and the medium-sized ones into the large and medium-sized holes, the large ones pass over all but the large holes. But

if you devised an arrangement by which, at will, you could regulate the size of the holes to catch only the small-sized marbles and let all others roll by, you would be doing very much the same sort of thing that you accomplish by tuning. Unless you have a very large aerial and a specially good set the longest waves will pass your instruments by without affecting them, just as the big marbles rolled over all the small and medium sized holes without falling through. There will still be the short and

as the small marbles *would* insist in dropping through the medium-sized holes with those of medium size. To render tuning still more selective and accurate, various other devices are employed in conjunction with the tuning coils. Among these are *variable condensers*. A variable condenser is exactly like an ordinary condenser already described with the difference that it is so arranged that the alternating metal sheets may be moved or varied. Sometimes the condenser is in the form of sliding plates,

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**Mount Equinox.**

Kent Rockwell.

medium length waves which will be caught by your aerial and will be detected and made audible by your instruments. But when you tune, you so alter the receiving wave length of your instruments as to block out all but the waves of definite lengths, for by varying the slider on your coil and by moving the internal coil of your variocoupler or loose-coupler you really alter the length and capacity of your aerial. Still, by such means, it is practically impossible to tune out waves of nearly the same lengths as those you wish to hear exactly

while at other times it is of the rotary type, and by attaching either one of these to your set between the ground connection and the wire from the tuning-coil to the receivers, the set may be tuned so accurately that practically all but the desired waves are eliminated. Although such crystal receiving sets do very well for receiving code telegraphic messages and for hearing music, songs, etc., for comparatively short distances, they cannot be depended upon to hear radio telephone messages more than 25 miles away. (To be continued.)



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

### Puzzle No. 12.

What has a head, but no face?

### Answer to Puzzle No. 11.

Croak.

\* \* \*

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 11.

Annie Mliner, Ringo, Kansas.

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

### Answer to Puzzle of Rose Vogrich:

Myself.

### Correct solution sent in by:

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

### Answer to Puzzle of Elsie Kralj:

Rain.

### Correct solutions sent in by:

Annie Mliner, Ringo, Kansas.

Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

### Answer to Puzzle of Frances Supancic:

A coffin.

### Correct solutions sent in by:

Josephine Chesnic, Canonsburg, Pa.

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

### Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

I have found out that the English puzzles do not count, but the Slovenian do. I did not like it as I have answered more English puzzles than Slovenian. I have answered only three Slovenian puzzles.

I was sorry when I found out I was too late with my letter last time. I was interested very much in Albina Kramarich's letter, but I am sorry I have no one of my age that I know that is a member of the S. N. P. J.

I ask Anna Slobko if she would tell us more news about the mountains in Colo-

rado. I am interested in reading stories about mountains. I am in the seventh grade and am thirteen years of age. I go to the Washington School in Oglesby. A boy is in the grade I am that came from Colorado. He tells us much about the mountains.

I also have a puzzle for the young readers:

What is it a locomotive has but does not need?  
*Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

We have been reading the Mladinski List right along and we sure do enjoy it.

I am 12 years of age and in the 7th grade, while my sister is 15 and in the 8th grade. Our town is a hilly one, but when the snow comes we'll surely enjoy our sled riding. We are the only Slovenian family here. I will send you a puzzle which you can publish and see how many can guess it:

12 pears hanging in a row, 12 men came along and Each took one pear.

How many are there left?

We hope all the young boys and girls have a good time during the holidays. We remain, Your friends

*Josephine and Frances Molle, Novinger, Mo.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

We always receive the Ml. L., and the stories are very interesting to read. I like to solve the puzzles too. There are six of us in the family, and we are all members of S. N. P. J. I also have a puzzle for the boys and girls to solve. There is an old woman who has a long tail, wherever she goes, she leaves a piece of her tail.

Your friend,

*Pauline Livek, La Salle, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am very interested in the Mladinski List. This is the first time I am writing to you. I am thirteen years old and in the 7th grade. I am one of the first to read

the Ml. List in the family. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the readers of the Ml. List. — Here are some jokes for the children. Also one riddle.

What has ribs but no trunk?

\* \* \*

Tommy's mother went away and Tommy had to mind the baby.

"Don't let him cry," warned mother.

When she came back she asked about the child.

"He was very quiet, mother."

"How did you do it?"

"Why I simply let him play with the glue bottle!"

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Johnny, your conduct is outrageous, I will have to consult your father."

Johnny: "Better not, teacher, it will cost you two dollars. He's a doctor!"

Your lovingly friend,

*Stephen Lunder, Cleveland, O.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

I received the Ml. L. and was very glad to get it. The stories are very interesting. It's no wonder that so many wish it would come so often, which I do myself. Boy, oh, boy! Agnes Ogrin sure did put in a good story about "Stretching the church." I guess that Agnes and her sister were trying to stretch the Ml. L. too, if they held on each side, but then mother must come in too soon. Well, I guess there would be many things going on here too, if my mother wouldn't come in so soon. I mustn't write too much about this or some one else might get some of those cracks. I don't go to school any more, but my brothers and cousin go to school. My oldest brother is 14 years old and my cousin also; they are both in the 7th grade. Joe is next in the 4th grade and Willie is in class No. 1½.

Well, I guess this is plenty for once so I'll pop in some other time again. I hope some other boys and girls would also wake up and write a letter once in a while. It would make the Ml. L. a little larger and also interesting.

*Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.*

Dear Editor:

I enjoy very much to read the Mladinski List. Like all other children I also wish it would come oftener, for the stories, jokes, riddles and also letters are very interesting. I am writing you a story, puzzle and a bright saying.

#### The Alarm.

Ding! dong! ding! dong! rang out the bells in the silent wintry night. The scream of the siren was in the air. What was it? Fire, surely, but where?

The noises of windows opening could be heard. Heads appeared at the windows. People talked excitedly. The sound of running feet could be heard down the street. Doors opened, and children half dressed came out and ran after the fire engine.

On and on they went with the people still tagging after. Soon the glare of fire could be seen. The air was filled with smoke. The engine stopped and the hose was soon leveled on the flame. The firemen walked around with their axes.

The fire began dying down and not much of it was to be seen, but the rolling smoke with here and there a flash of flame. At last it was out. The question arose then as to how much damage was done.

"Not much," one of the men said. "Just an old barn."

"Thank goodness," someone else said, "that the firemen came before it could spread farther."

People went home nearly frozen though they did not know it in their excitement. The next day they would have something new to talk about.

\* \* \*

Bright boy: "Imagine whom I saw yesterday!"

Dull boy: "I can't imagine. Who?"

Bright boy: "Why everyone I looked at!"

\* \* \*

What has a head, but no face?

Yours truly,

*Hermina Lunder, Cleveland, Ohio.*

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

## VI.

### THE VERB.

(Continued.)

### III. CONJUGATION.

#### ACTIVE VOICE

##### PRESENT

INDICATIVE		SUBJUNCTIVE		POTENTIAL	
<i>vidim</i>	I see	<i>naj vidim</i>	I may see	<i>jaz bi videl</i>	(if) I see
<i>vidiš</i>	you see	<i>vidi</i>	you may see	<i>ti bi videl</i>	you see
<i>vidi</i>	he sees	<i>naj vidi</i>	he may see	<i>on bi videl</i>	he see
<i>vidimo</i>	we see	<i>naj vidimo</i>	we may see	<i>mi bi videli</i>	we see
<i>vidite</i>	you see	<i>vidite</i>	you may see	<i>vi bi videli</i>	you see
<i>vidijo</i>	they see	<i>naj vidijo</i>	they may see	<i>oni bi videli</i>	they see

IMPERATIVE: *vidi! vidite!* (see!)  
 INFINITIVE: *videti* (to see)  
 PARTICIPLE: *videč* (seeing)

##### PERFECT

INDICATIVE		POTENTIAL		SUBJUNCTIVE	
<i>jaz sem videl</i>	I saw	<i>jaz bi naj videl</i>	I may have seen	<i>jaz bi bil videl</i>	(if) I have seen
<i>ti si videl</i>	or	<i>ti bi naj videl</i>	etc.	<i>ti bi bil videl</i>	etc.
<i>on je videl</i>	I have seen	<i>on bi naj videl</i>		<i>on bi bil videl</i>	
<i>mi smo videli</i>	etc.	<i>mi bi naj videli</i>		<i>mi bi bili videli</i>	
<i>vi ste videli</i>		<i>vi bi naj videli</i>		<i>vi bi bili videli</i>	
<i>oni so videli</i>		<i>oni bi naj videli</i>		<i>oni bi bili videli</i>	

PARTICIPLE: *viden, -ena, -o* (seen)

##### FUTURE

*videl bom* I shall see  
*videl boš* etc.  
*videl bo*

*videli bomo*  
*videli bodete*  
*videli bodo*

##### PLUPERFECT

*jaz sem bil videl* I had seen  
*ti si bil videl* etc.  
*on je bil videl*

*mi smo bili videli*  
*vi ste bili videli*  
*oni so bili videli*

(To be continued.)



*Handwritten signatures and notes at the bottom of the page, including 'Ljubljana' and 'Krajcar'.*