

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Albin Čebular:

V ŽAREČI TOPILNICI

Ognjeno železo
po strugi šumlja,
iz cevke v cevko
poredno skaklja.

Rastoče so pene
naperjene vse,
ko rožni cvetovi
v koritu žare.

Ognjeno železo
se dalje vali
in pljuska po stenah,
togatno škropi.

Ej, strički previdni
pa skačejo v stran,
mu figice kažejo
skoraj ves dan . . .

Slavoj Bolhar:

DARILO

“Nebroj zakladov
vrh neba,
premnogo biserov
na dnu morja
sem zate hranil
mamica.”

A, glej! — Nebo se oddaljilo
in morje vzvalovilo,
do tja pa mnoge gore,
da dete po zaklad ne more.

“In kaj naj dam ti,
mamica,
ko nimam biserov
in ne zlata?
Srce najdražji moj zaklad
naj zdaj ti dam
za vednokrat.”

Vlado Klemenčič:

Stric Blaž

V NAŠI DOLINI je živel mož, ki smo ga otroci klicali za strica Blaža. Bil je svoje dni trden kmet. Ko pa mu je še mlada žena umrla, je postal zapravljivec. Nazadnje mu je ostala v lastni hiši le še sobica, ki si jo je bil izgovoril do smrti. Za delo mu že prej ni bilo dosti mar, na svoja stara leta pa se je preživljal največ s slučajnimi zaslužki. Bil je spreten ribič. V naših potokih je v tistih časih kar mrgolelo bistrih postrvi, ki jih je lovil na trnek ali pa kar z rokami. Na lov se je odpravljaval v zgodnjih jutranjih urah ali pa zvečer, ko postrvi najrajše prijemajo. Kadar so ob deževju potoki narasli, je lovil z mrežo. Tedaj je bil lov najobilnejši. Ukvarjal pa se je mož še z mnogimi drugimi opravili. Nabiral je zdravilnih zelišč, ki jih je poznal kakor malokdo in jih prodajal v vrečah v Ljubljano, kjer so mu jih precej dobro plačevali. Tudi sam je imel v svoji sobici na policah lončke z zdravilnimi mazili in stekleničice z različnimi rastlinskimi sokovi, kar je napravil vse sam, da je lahko pomagal v sili marsikateremu bolniku.

V naših krajih so se bile zaredile strupene kače tako, da so bile v nadlogo ljudem in živalim. Največ je bilo modrasov, katerih strup je bojda hujši kakor gadji. Oblast je razpisala nekega leta nagrado: Vsak, ki ubije strupeno kačo in prinese županu vsaj njeno glavo, dobi nagrado. To je bilo nekaj za strica Blaža! Tiste dni, ko se je razvedelo za kačje nagrade, je hodil ves srečen okrog in pripovedoval vsakemu, ki ga je hotel poslušati, koliko bo sedaj zaslužil, "Tako, ko bo primerno vreme, pojdem na lov in svetlih novcev bo toliko, da bom lahko brezskrbno živel!" Tako je govoril in se veselil zaslužka.

Mi otroci in vsi, ki smo ga poznali, smo mu verjeli, ker je bil mož res izvrsten kačji lovec. V vročih poletnih dneh je hodil po peščenih solnčnatih rebrih in prežal na modrase. Kako jih je lovil, nisem nikdar videl, v pest pa mu jih je prišlo toliko, da smo se vsi čudili. Nosil jih je—večkrat še žive—županu, ki mu jih je pošteno odkupoval.

Pozimi je stric Blaž prišel čestokrat k nam. Kadar smo bili, kakor navadno, zbrani pri naši peči, nam je bil kaj dobrodošel. Pripovedoval nam je o svojih zgodah in nezgodah. Seznanjal nas je s skrivnostno naravo redkih živali in rastlin. To je bilo za nas otroke tudi dokaj poučno. Seveda je marsikaj izpopolnil s svojo živo domišljijo.

Nekoč nam je pravil o modrasu, ki da ima na glavi rdeč rožiček in zna tudi žvižgati. Če živijo taki modrasi, ne vem in nam tudi on tega ni mogel dokazati, ker da se tak modras ne da zgrabiti.

"To vam je čudovit modras!" je začel. "Samo enkrat sem ga videl in slišal, a si tega ne želim več! Bilo je o kresu vročega popoldne. V tistem bregu gori nad Česarkovino sem iskal zdravilnih rož. Kar sem zaslišal v skalah nad seboj rezek žvižg. Daleč naokrog ni bilo človeka, pa sem bil radoveden, odkod ta žvižg. Pa sem le stopil navkreber v smeri, od koder je zažvižgalo. Žvižg se je ponovil. Križ božji! Gledal sem in nisem mogel verjeti. Na skalini se je spenjala kvišku čudna kača, ki je bila jako podobna modrasu ali gadu, bila pa je krajša in debelejša ter je imela na glavi rdeč rožiček, kakor na primer mlad petelin. Nisem je utegnil dolgo opazovati. Zažvižgala je še enkrat, da je šlo skozi ušesa, in planila proti meni. Pa ne po kačje, ampak kar po repu se je zagnala po bregu navzdol. Da bi te! Jaz pa v beg. Ozrl

sem se, kača mi je bila za petami. Tako me je podila, kakor podi pes zajca. Skoro padel sem v Češarkovo vežo. Ni bila šala. V vežo si kača ni upala za menoj ali pa je zgrešila pot, ko sem v begu zavil okrog ogla. Kače potem nisem več videl, a v tisti breg si ne upam več.—Pozneje mi je pravil Kljukčev Žef, da je slišal podobno žvižganje, ko je žagal hlode v Kumrovem lazju nad Češarkovino. Vidite, to je bila kača žvižgača z rdečim rožičkom.”

Tisto noč sem imel hude sanje. Kača žvižgača se je zaganjala vame in me hotela pičiti. Ko sem se prebudil in se prepričal, da sem le sanjal, sem se globoko oddahnil.



Večna luč

(Koroška legenda.)

V VOTLINI velikega oltarja cerkve v Žubahu na Koroškem je še pred nedavnim časom neprenehoma ter kar sama od sebe gorela krasna luč. Kako, kdaj in zakaj je luč začela goreti, tega ne more nihče povedati, vsakemu faranu pa je znana obljuba, da dokler bo ta luč gorela, tako dolgo bodo shrambe faranov polne žita in vsega dobrega. Rečeno pa je bilo tudi, da bo luč gorela na veke, če je nihče ne ugasne.

Tako je torej luč gorela leta in leta nemoteno in blagostanje se je udomačilo v žubaški dolini.

Nekoč se je zvedavi, dolgonosi cerkovnik, ki se je sam nahajal v cerkvi, plezal po kolenih okoli oltarja tako hitro, da je veter, katerega je s tem delal, ugasnil večno luč.

Mož se je svojega čina tako prestrašil, da so mu od strahu šklepetala kolena po kamnitem tlaku. Ko je prišel nekoliko k sebi, je vzel kresilo in kakor hitro je pomolil gobo v votlino, se je luč ponovno vžgala in gorela lepše kot kdaj poprej.

Mož se je razveselil in začudil obenem. Ker pa je bil zvedav, je hotel dognati, če ni kje kaka goljufija, kajti bilo je vendar prerokovano, če luč kdaj ugasne, da je ne bo mogel nihče prižgati. Upihnil je torej luč in jo skušal ponovno prižgati, ali vsak poskus je bil zaman. Luč se ni dala več vžgati, ni hotela več goreti.

Prišli so škof iz Ljubljane in z njimi jezuit, ki se je celih sedem let v Jeruzalemu postil. Ta dva sta neprenehoma tri dni in tri noči kresala in porabila štiri velike koše gob. Ampak vse zastonj, luč se ni več dala prižgati.

Od tistega časa so shrambe žubaških župljanov prazne. Namesto belega kruha, ki so ga jedli prej, se morajo od tedaj zadovoljiti z ovsenim. Iščejo pa še danes koga, ki bi jim prižgal luč. Nekoč se je oglasil človek, ki je bil pripravljen to storiti. Obljubil je, da jim za sedem sto cekinov in tri sto križevcev prižge luč za petdeset let. Zakaj so ponudbo odklonili, živa duša ne ve. Prav gotovo pa bi vsakdo storil dobro delo, ki bi prižgal luč žubaškim in vsem drugim kmetom, luč, ki bi jim posvetila v glave, da bi vedeli, zakaj so njih shrambe večinoma prazne.

PRI STRIČKU

Dobro jutro, striček dragi —
malo zgodaj smo prišli?
Ako niste vi še vstali,
s šibo bomo vas nažgali,
pa če boste prav hudi.

To so striček se smejali
in rožljali s ključi v hram,
pa orehov nam natresli,
izpod strehe hrušk prinesli;
vse je palo v malho nam.

Stričku smo se zahvalili,
jim voščili mnogo let,
da so ljubko se smejali
in nazadnje nam dejali:
"K letu pridite že spet!"

Mokriški.

Josip Stritar:

Janko Božé

PIKA je bila Jankova kavka. Našel jo je v hosti, ko je bila padla iz gnezda, pa jo je pobral ter nesel domov in pridno pital. To ni bilo težko, ker je rada odpirala kljun in v jedi ni bila preveč izbirčna. Ko je bila že malo odrasla, je jedla vedno z njim. Čudno je bilo videti, kako je prežala, on ji je pa podajal, kar je že bilo. Nikoli ji ni bilo dovolj. Ko je bila že sita, pa je vendar še beračila in prežala. Kar je dobila, je hitro kam skrila, da bo za pozneje. Kakor ameriške papige, ki jih imajo gospoda po mestih za kratek čas, tako imajo tudi pri nas nekateri ptiči to posebno lastnost, da se navadijo izgovarjati nekaj besed: škorci, vrani, srake in zlasti kavke. Pa tudi te niso vse enake. Nekatero so tako trde glave, da se ne nauče najmanjše besede; venomer gonijo svoj: krá, krá! Jankova Pika pa je bila posebno bistroglava, tako da se je vse čudilo njeni zgovornosti. Privajena je bila tako, da je prosto letala po vrtu in tudi po gozdu. Najrajša pa je bila v Jankovi družbi, če je le mogla, tako da ga je bilo malo videti brez nje. Posebno rada mu je čepela na rami ali pa na roki. Zakaj ji je dal ime Pika, pa res ne vem, menda zato, ker je rada pikala.

* * *

Kmalu potem je naš Janko s Kožarjevim Jernejem in še z nekimi drugimi mladimi tovariši po železnici drdral proti Dunaju. Nekako težko mu je bilo res s konca pri srcu, ali vesela tovarišija, novi kraji, tuji popotni ljudje—vse to mu je preganjalo žalostne misli. In pa, če je že hotel misliti, bolje je bilo misliti naprej kakor nazaj, ne, kaj je bilo, ampak, kaj bo. In to je pametno. Kaj bi si človek glavo belil s tem, kar se ne da premeniti!

Kaj pa kavka? Pametno vprašanje, saj kavka tudi ni bila, kar si bodi. S kavko pa je bilo tako. Dolgo je premišljal Janko, kaj bi počel z njo. Da bi jo doma pustil, bi bilo najpametnejše, in to bi bil menda storil vsak drug na Jankovem mestu. Ali Janko si je mislil: "Pika me je tako vajena, ves čas doslej je živela v moji družini. Ko me bo pogrešala, pa me le ne bo, kdo ve, ali ne zleti iskat me po svetu! Na Dunaju pa težko da bi me našla pri vsej svoji bistrumnosti." In pa, recimo naravnost, težko je bilo tudi njemu ločiti se od svoje ljube Pike. Materi ni bilo toliko zanjo; tudi se ni znala tako pečati z njo. Slednjič se mu je zdelo najboljšo, da jo vzame s seboj na Dunaj. Za vožnjo ji ne bo treba nič plačati, stanovanje in hrano bo pa imela z njim skupaj. Hitro torej zgradi in zbije nekako ptičnico, toliko, da se je mogla Pika obrniti v njej. In ko se je bil lepo poslovil od matere, je hitro vtaknil Piko v pripravljeno ptičnico, jo dejal pod pazduho ter naglo odšel. Kako se je poslavljaj od matere, ne bom popisoval, saj si sami lahko mislite. To moram pa vendar reči, kakor je bil možat, pojokal se je vendar malo, ali mati še desetkrat huje. To je bila dolga vožnja! Res je bilo mnogo novega videti, ali človek se sčasoma vsega naveliča. Utrujen je sedel Janko in čakal, da bo vožnje konec.

"Vidiš Dunaj?" ga pokliče Jernej Kožar k oknu. "Tamle!"

Janko ni videl v daljavi drugega kot nekako velikansko iglo, ki je štrlela kvišku.

"To je sv. Štefana zvonik," ga pouči starejši tovariš. "Sv. Štefana cerkev je največja in najimenitnejša na Dunaju."

Čez nekaj časa šele so se začele videti posamezne hiše, vedno več in več. Na posled je imel ves Dunaj pred seboj. Kakor daleč je segalo oko, same hiše pa cer-

kve vmes pa nad hišami vse polno dimnikov. In iz dimnikov se je valil črn dim in iz dima so se delali umazani oblaki, plavajoči nad poslopji. Nič kaj prijazen pogled! Kako se bo dihala pod tem nebom in dihala pet dolgih let!

Drugo jutro so bili zgodaj pokoncu pa hitro po opravkih. Kožar je vse vedel, kje se dobi to in ono in kam se je obrniti za potrebno dovoljenje, da smeš peči in prodajati kostanj. Nemščino je lomil za silo, tako da so ga umeli, včasih pa tudi samo ugenili, kaj hoče. Janko je pa na uho vlekel, da bi si zapomnil, kako se pravi tej pa oni stvari; saj Kožarja pozneje ne bo imel vedno na svoji strani. Pečico si



Nabiralci suhljadi.

je s pomočjo Kožarjevo kupil ceno pri nekem starinarju s staro železnino. Nato ga je Kožar peljal k tistemu prodajalcu, ki kostanj kupuje na debelo in ga na drobno prodaja kostanjarjem.

Drugi dan je bil Janko že na svojem mestu, ki mu je bilo odkazano. Začetek je bil dober. Z mestom, kamor so ga bili postavili, je bil lahko zadovoljen. To je videl že o prvem pogledu. Bilo je na razpotju, kjer sta se križali dve dolgi in široki cesti, koder je ves dan mrgolelo voz in ljudi. Za vozove mu seveda ni bilo tolikanj.

Ljudje, ki vozijo, ne bodo kupovali kostanja, pač pa se bo izmed pešcev ustavil zdaj ta, zdaj oni ter si kupil tako lepo daleč okrog dišečega kostanja, posebno pa, kadar prideta zima in mraz, ko človeku tako dobro de kaj gorkega.

Tu torej je stal naš Janko od jutra do poznega večera s svojo pečico, ki jo je kuril z ogljem, ter pekel in pridno prevračal kostanj, da se mu ni sežgal. "Maroni, maroni!" tako je klical in vabil mimogredoče. Kar je prodajal on, pa ni bil maroni, debeli laški kostanj, ampak navadni, kakršen raste po Slovenskem.

Prve dni kupčija ni bila Bog ve kako imenitna, da bi se bil hvalil z njo. Vendar je bil zadovoljen in je mirno čakal boljših časov. Bo že, bo že, se je tolažil po svoji stari navadi. Kaj pa Pika? Lahko si mislite, da je ni puščal same doma, ker bi se bila strašno dolgočasila in kričala kakor otrok, ko so ga pustili samega doma. S seboj jo je nosil v tisti temni ječi, katere se je pa bila privadila precej hitro, da je bila le pri njem. To je bilo prve dni. Potem pa si je mislil: "Ej, kaj pa se more zgoditi, če jo izpustim?" In tako je tudi storil. Glasno je kričala od veselja, ko se je čutila prosto, tako da so se ljudje zgedavali. Zletela je najprej na neko drevo, ki je stalo na koščku vrta zadi za Jankovim stališčem, potem pa po stari navadi Janku na ramo. Zdaj so šele gledali ljudje, posebno pa otroci! To jim je bilo kaj novega. Privabilo je marsikakega kupca, ki bi se drugače ne bil zmenil ne za Janka ne za njegov kostanj. Posebno veselje so imeli s Piko otroci, v šolo in iz šole grede, ko se jih je sčasoma privadila in se jim dala z ročico gladiti po tisti debeli glavi in po hrbtu. Tudi to se jim ni zdela kaka posebna nesreča, če je včasih katerega kavsnila s kljunom, trdim kakor jeklo. Kakor mi ljudje tako je tudi Pika nekatere ime-la rada, drugih pa ni marala. Tudi to je delalo mnogo zabave otrokom in odraslim ljudem. Če je koga uščipnila v roko ali v uho, da je zakričal, je bil vselej velik smeh. Janko je kmalu čutil, koliko dobička mu nese Pika. Zdaj ni več nosil zvečer napol polne vreče s sirovim kostanjem domov. Navadno je bila prazna, a tem bolj mu je bil žep poln drobiža. Otroku, ki gre v šolo, stisne mati, če le količkaj more, pri odhodu nekaj drobiža v roko, da si spotoma kupi žemljico ali pa kaj sadja. Otroci, ki so hodili mimo Janka v šolo in iz šole, so mu zvesto nosili vsak dan svoje bogastvo.

* * *

Lepo življenje je imela Pika na Dunaju. Njej ni bilo treba reči: "Kdor gre na Dunaj, naj pusti trebuh zunaj!" Tako dobro se ji še doma ni godilo. Stradati ji ni bilo treba. S konca si je včasih tudi sama hotela vzeti kak pečen kostanj ali opekla se je vselej, tako da je glasno kričala od bolečine. Potem je mirno čakala, da ji je Janko podaril katerega. Čeprav ni bil najlepši, ga je vzela hvaležno, stisnila med nožice ter ga lepo izkljuvala do zadnje mrvice. Tudi nekateri drugi ptiči so tako prebrisani, da si vedo tako pomagati, kakor šoja, sinica. Čudno, kokoš pa, ki je vedno blizu človeka, se ni še toliko izpametovala in Bog ve, ali se bo kdaj. Pri takem oprasku so jo otroci posebno radi gledali in začeli so ji sami podajati kostanja, tako da ga je imela vedno dovolj in ji ni bilo treba prežati, da bi ga dobila od svojega gospodarja. Tako so bili vsi zadovoljni: Janko, ki je prodal več kostanja, Pika, ki je imela hrane do ostanka, in otroci, ki so imeli svoje nedolžno veselje. Pa ne samo s kostanjem, pitali so jo tudi z raznimi slaščicami, ki so jih dobivali doma; slaščice pa je Pika posebno čislala. Ali to je bilo šele veselje, ko je čez nekaj časa Pika začela posnemati Janka ter s svojim hripavim grlom vabiti: Marrroni, marrroni! Posebno deklince so kar poskakovale in z rokami ploskale od veselja. Pa tudi odrasle ljudi je privabljal ta klic, da so prihajali in kupovali. Sčasoma je Janko razen kostanja začel peči tudi krompir in jabolka, in to mu je tudi privabilo mnogo kupcev. Posebno pozimi v hudem mrazu je kaj prijetno, če ima človek kaj gorkega najprej v rokah, potem pa v želodcu.

Tako je Janku in Piki mineval dan za dnevom. Od dne do dne je bolj videl, kako dobra pomagalka mu je ta ljuba kavka. Bližala se mu je tudi včasih izkušnja: ponujali so mu lepega denarja za Piko, ali vselej je smehljuje se odkimal, da ne.

* * *

Tako je našemu Janku poteklo prvo leto na Dunaju. Ne porečem, tudi sam bi ne bil tajil, da se mu je včasih tožilo po domu, po materi. Posebno o božiču mu je bilo hudo. Božič je poseben čas. Vsaka poštena krščanska duša si želi ta sveti večer obhajati doma med svojimi ljudmi. Božični zvonovi nikjer ne pojo tako milo lepo kakor z domačega zvonika. In vendar je imel Janko, čeprav tako daleč od doma, na božični večer neko posebno veselje. Gorko jopico in rokavice s kožuhovino je bil kupil ter poslal materi, tako da jih je dobila ravno za božični večer. Kako pa more otrok imeti večje veselje, kakor če more kaj dobrega storiti, kako nepričakovano veselje napraviti svoji materi!

Kostanj se seveda peče v zimskem času; poleti bi ga ljudje ne marali, ko bi bil tudi dober. Navadno torej spomladi naši kostanjarji gredo lastovkam naproti. Janko je sklenil, da ostane na Dunaju, dokler ne pridobi, kolikor se mu je zdelo potrebno za svoj namen. Saj se tudi čebela, dasi ji je včasih hudo, ne vrne domov, dokler ni nabrala medu in cvetnega prahu, kolikor ga more nesti. Pridnost je pridnost pri človeku in pri živali. Ali kaj pa je Janko poleti počel na Dunaju? Lenobe gotovo ni pasel. Kaj torej? Da si je izmislil kaj čisto novega, ne morem reči. Vzel je košaro, jo napolnil s pomarančami, smokvami, rožiči in enakim južnim sadjem, kakor sploh imenujejo take reči, ki rasto samo v gorkih južnih krajih, in s to košaro je šel od hiše do hiše, posebno pa je obiskoval zvečer gostilnice, kjer ljudje pri vinu dobre volje ne gledajo tako na denar. Seveda ga je na takih potih spremljala Pika ter mu pomagala prodajati. S svojim žlobudranjem in svojimi burkami je kratkočasila goste. Marsikdo bi bil sicer nevoljen pognal nadležnega ponujalca—posebno če je človek v pogovoru ali pa zamišljen, se ne da rad motiti—ali mladi pomarančar s kavko—tako so ga imenovali—to je bilo kaj posebnega. Če se je pa kdo le predolgo igral s kavko, kupil pa malo ali pa celo nič, pa se Janko tudi ni dal motiti; priporočil se je prijazno pa šel dalje. Mislil si je: Časa nisem ukradel, čas je drag. Rekel pa seveda ni nič. Tako mu je bila kavka pri tej poletni kupčiji krepka pomočnica. Izkupil je z njo najmanj še enkrat toliko, kakor bi bil brez nje. Vendar bi ne bilo prav, ko bi hvalili in povzdigovali samo žival, njega pa ne. Tudi brez Pike bi bil gotovo prodal več kakor kdor si boji drug. S svojim lepim, spodobnim vedenjem, tistim poštenim obličjem in tistimi bistrimi očmi se je prikupil vsakemu človeku. Znal je tudi že toliko nemščine, da je za silo odgovarjal, če ga je kdo kaj vprašal tudi o domačih stvareh. In da je bil v govoru še nekoliko okoren, da včasih ni prav izgovoril kake besede ali je napačno rabil katero, ravno to je še posebno ugajalo ljudem in vzbujalo mnogo smeha. Smejal se je pa tudi sam. In kdor ga je videl smejeti se, ga je moral imeti rad; tako se more smejeti samo poštena, dobra duša.

* * *

Zopet je prva slana pobelila polje in strehe. Rumeno listje je padalo z drevja ter šumelo pod nogami. Pozno je vstajalo in zgodaj je zahajalo solnce. Kakor trudno in zaspano je gledalo s sivega neba; nič ni bilo pravega veselja. Meščani, ki so poleti prebivali na kmetih, so se počasi vračali v mesto kakor zvečer čreda s paše. Mesto, ki je bilo poleti nekako prazno in zapuščeno, se je zopet polnilo in zopet se je pričelo po ulicah veselo gibanje in šumenje kakor v panju. Zdaj se je začelo tudi za Janka in Piko drugo življenje. Pomarančar se je izpremenil zopet v kostanjarja. Na mestu, kjer je vse poletje samotarila železna pečica, je stala zdaj košara v kotu ter čakala, da pride zopet ona na vrsto. Janko je bil tako srečen, da so mu odkazali zopet poprejšnje mesto, kakor je prosil. Pika je bila videti posebno ve-

sela te izpremembe. Hitro se je naselila na svojem mestu in vabila ljudi: Marroni, marroni! Vse je kazalo, misli: Zdaj smo zopet v pravem stanu, hvala Bogu!

Rekel sem že, da je Pika posebno rada pobirala bleščeče reči. Neki dan jo vidi Janko, da skriva nekaj kakor kaj zatega v vrečo s kostanjem, ki je stala poleg pečice. Poseže z roko ter ji potegne iz kljuna—zlat prstan. Piki pa ta oblast ni bila po volji. Kričala in zadirala se je nad svojega gospodarja, kakor da bi se ji godila najhujša krivica. Po vsej sili je hotela nazaj, kar ji je bil vzel. Janko pa ni odje-njal. Začel je ogledovati prstan. Zlato je bilo, gotovo čisto zlato, ali to ni še kaj posebnega. Ali kaj posebnega in Bog ve koliko vreden je bil na prstanu dragi kamen, velik kakor lešnik. Demant je to, gotovo. Kaj pa more biti drugega? Kako se sveti in izpreminja! Rdeče, višnjevo, rumeno, vsa mavrica! In krog in krog demanta drobni rdeči kamenčki, to so pa rubini. Saj je v šoli nekaj slišal o demantu in rubinu. Pa spominjal se je, da je nekaj enakega videl pri birmi na škofovi roki. To je bil torej prstan z demantom in z rubini. Taka sreča! Ali odkod? Kdo ga je izgubil? Vedel je sicer, da njegova Pika včasih tudi malo krađe, ali sedaj je ni dolžil tatvine. Ves čas ni bila odletela nikamor. Pobrala ga je torej na potu in to ni nič napačnega; to bi bil storil tudi on. Moralo je biti blizu njega. Kaj, ko bi bil prstan izgubil kdo, ki je kupoval kostanj? In to mu je prišlo na misel, da je večkrat že proti večeru neki star gospod mimogrede se ustavil pri njem. Poigral se je malo s kavko, pogovarjal se prijazno z njim, kupil več kostanja, ki ga je potem razdal otrokom po ulicah, ter odšel s prijaznim pozdravom. Vse je kazalo, da je mož prav bogat. Lahko bi se bil vozil, pa se je rajši peš izprehajal zaradi zdravja. Pa star je bil, da so se mu že tresle roke. Imel je navado, ko je kupoval, prejemal kostanj in plačeval, da si je vselej slekel rokavice. Kaj, ko bi mu bil ob taki priliki zdrsnil prstan s suhega prsta? Tako bo pa nič drugače! Samo, ko bi vedel, kje stanuje gospod. Precej bi tekkel k njemu, da bi mu okrajšal neprijetne ure. Bodi še tako bogat, kaj takega človek ne izgubi rad. Kako je bilo njemu hudo, ko je bil nekdanj izgubil nožič, ki ni bil morda vreden dvajset krajcarjev! In kako vesel je bil, ko ga je zopet našel! Pa kaj bi si belil glavo? Če je res tako, kakor kaže vse, si je mislil Janko, pride mož gotovo jutri zopet navsezgodaj, pa bo! Počakajmo torej do jutri! Če ga ne bo, potem pa že vemo, kaj je storiti. (Konec prihodnjič.)



Mali pastir.

Albin Čebular:

POREDNI OBLAČKI

Hej, sajasti oblaki
po nebu se love
in tamkaj iz zasede
na bele vsi preže.

In že je: vija, vaja —
ej, novega drže,
mu srajčico prebelo
kar hitro počrne.

Spet sajasti oblaki
po nebu se love
in tamkaj iz zasede
na novega preže.

Rabindranath Tagore:

Na drugem bregu

HOTEL BI iti na oni drugi breg reke.

Kjer so privezani oni čolni v vrsti k bambusovim kolom;

Kjer se prevažajo možje v svojih čolnih zarana s plugi na ramenih, da izorjejo svoja oddaljena polja;

Kjer poganjajo kravji pastirji čez vodo svoje mukajoče govedo k obrežnim pašnikom;

Odkoder prihajajo zvečer vsi domov, pustivši lajajoče šakale na otoku, zaraslem čez in čez z dračjem.

Mamica, če dovoliš, bi rad postal prevoznik na brodu, ko dorastem.

Pravijo, da so čudna močvirja skrita za onim visokim bregom.

Kamor priletajo jate divjih rac, kadar preide deževje in raste debelo ločje ob krajih, kjer nesejo vodne ptice svoja jajca.

Kjer pritiskajo sloke s sukajočimi se repi svoje drobne stopinje v čisti, mehki glen.

Kjer vabijo za večera visoke trave, ovenčane z belimi cveti, mesečni žarek, naj zapluje čez njih valove.

Mamica, če dovoliš, bi rad postal prevoznik na brodu, ko dorastem.

Vozil bom tja in sem od enega brega do drugega in vsi dečki in deklice v selu se mi bodo čudili, ko se bodo kopali.

Kadar priplesza solnce do srede neba in se jutro izgubi v poldnevu, pridirjam k tebi rekoč: "Mamica, lačen sem!"

Kadar bo dan pri kraju in bodo sence čepele pod drevjem, se povrnem v mraku domov.

Nikoli ne pojdem od tebe delat v mesto, kakor ata.

Mamica, če dovoliš, bi rad postal prevoznik na brodu, ko dorastem.

Živalska vojna

(Nemška basen.)

ZVERI so bile s pticami roparicami v tako hudem sporu, da je lev, kralj vseh štiri-nožcev, napovedal vojno orlu, vladarju v zraku. Šli so sli po vsem živalskem kraljestvu in so sklicevali skupaj sile za vojsko. Proste živali so jim sledile in se voljno podajale na vojno.

Domače živali pa so se izjavile, da se ne morejo pridružiti veliki armadi, ker se proti svojim tovarišem, kokošim, petelinom, gossem in racam ne marajo vojskovati. Perjad se pa tudi ni marala priključiti vojski pod vladarjem orla iz enakih razlogov. Poleg tega so domače živali, ki so bile vse čase zavarovane pred roparji, prišle do zaključka, da nimajo prav nikakega vzroka podajati se na vojsko za sebične interese roparskih živali.

Ko je ta novica prišla na uho levu, je takoj sklical krog roparskih živali, katerim je povedal lepe in veličastne besede. Med svojim govorom je povedal, da se bližajoča bitka ne bo bojevala radi kakih roparskih interesov, temveč, da se gre v veliko večji meri za najvišje živalske ideale, to se pravi za življenje in za nehanje živalstva. In svoj lepi govor je zaključil s še lepšimi besedami:

“Razen našega kroga jaz ne poznam nobene razlike v živalstvu; nobene razlike nočem poznati, pa če so roparske ali domače. Samo živali še poznam!”

Take lepe besede kajpada niso mogle ostati brez vtisa na domače živali. Začele so premišljevati in so kmalu prišle do zaključka, da mogoče pa lev vendar prav govori in iz srca, zato pa so tudi resnično verjele, da se ne gre za interese posameznikov. Tako so tudi one sklenile, da je visoka štirinožna kultura v nevarnosti radi nižje kulture ptic roparic. Tako so domače živali prenehale vsako prijateljsko razmerje z domačo perutnino in so storile, kar so prej vedno zatrjevale, da v slučaju potrebe ne bodo pustile ostalega živalstva na cedilu.

In tako se je zgodilo, da so se domače živali skupno s svojimi najhujšimi sovražniki in preganjalci, levi in drugimi roparskimi zatiralci podale na vojsko proti dotodanjim tovarišem, petelinom, kokošim, gossem in racam, kateri so se pridružili armadi ptic roparic.

Ko se je vojska končala, so se domače živali spomnile obljub leva, ki je trdil, da ne bo poznal nobene razlike več med roparskimi in domačimi živalmi.

Ali lev in njegovi svetovalci so se smejali odposlancem domačih živali, češ, kako morejo biti tako zabite, kajti obljuba je vendar veljala samo za dobo potrebe. Roparji niso nikoli mislili, da bi se za vselej odpovedali žrtvam, ki jih imajo v živalstvu, posebno pa domačem.

“Sploh pa,” so rekle roparske zveri k zaključku, “kadar bomo lačne, bomo že vedele, kje ste in vas bomo požrle, kakor smo delale pred vojno.”

In tako se je tudi zgodilo.



Kaj si žival zapomni in kaj pozabi

NIKAKOR si ne moremo misliti človeškega življenja brez spomina. Če bi ne imeli spomina, bi se ne mogli razgovarjati, si ne bi mogli dopovedati svojih misli. Bili bi na slabšem kakor so gluhi in nemi, kateri si lahko obogatijo svoje misli z obsežnim znanjem. Spomin je oko misli, ki gleda nazaj in prinaša slike, ki si jih ustvarimo v domišljiji, ter ustvarja pogled v bodočnost.

To je nekaj dragocenega za življenje vsega živalstva in je tudi osnova vsemu življenju. Najbolj enostavna živalinca ameba ve že od svojega početka, kako izbirati hrano, kaj je in kaj ni zanjo. pajek prede svojo prvo pajčevino brez napake. Čebela zna takoj graditi celice satovja. Mlada želvica koraca z obrežja proti morju ravno tako brez pogrška kakor stara; tudi če morja ne vidi, dosledno ve, v katero smer ima iti. Pri teh živalih torej najdemo spomin, ki jim je že prirojen.

Prirojen spomin teh nižjih živali presega sposobnost pri višjih živalih. Levinja mora naučiti svojega mladiča, kako se lovi; otroka je treba sploh vse naučiti. Mišljenja otroka pri rojstvu sploh ni, vse je kakor nepopisana tabla, na katero med od-



Evropski jelen.

raščanjem vzgojitelji zapišejo karkoli. Ali celo dete podeduje nekatere spomine po nagonu. Želi si hrane in kmalu razume, kako jo dobi. Kmalu tudi zna izdajati bolečine z vekanjem, zna zapreti trepalnici pred bleščečo lučjo in podobno, kar je vse, kolikor podeduje otrok pri rojstvu. Pri nekaterih živalih vidimo več zmožnosti takoj pri rojstvu in tudi te so le po nagonu ali avtomatične.

Kar čudno se nam zdi, ko vidimo, kako se živali znajo pripraviti na razna gibanja, kar jim je že prirojeno. Ko lačen pajek začuti tresljanje v pajčevini, takoj plane po nitih, da si iz njih pobere ujeto muho. Predno mačka skoči na svoj plen, se zvije v klopčič in napne vse mišice, s prežečim dvigom se nato zažene naprej.

Ti dve lastnosti pri pajku ali mački sta slični tisočerm enakim gibom v naravi ter vse izvirajo od nezavestnega, že po naravi podedovanega spomina. Vse te lastnosti so jim prirojene kot posledica dolgih tisočletij izkušenj. Živali imajo spomin, ne da bi vedele. Ta nezavestni spomin jim je vodnik v življenju. Po tem instinktu se ravnajo kakor se človek ravna po svojem razumu.

Žival se navadno ne pomišlja, temveč takoj stori, kakor jo vodi nagon. Glas slavca obrne nase našo pozornost, da se čudimo, isti glas pa pri mački sugestira jed. Mi vestno poslušamo, maček pa se pripravi na prežo.

Potrebe živali so dokaj priproste. Skoro vse, kar žival počenja v naravi, je, da si išče hrane, strehe in ležišča ter hoče svobode, da redi svoje mladiče. To so delali pri živalih predniki in to vrše nasledniki.

Človek pa lahko misli tudi na stvari, ki niso samo materijalne, na stvari, ki nimajo stika ne s hrano, obleko in stanovanjem. Človek išče zabave v godbi, v pesmih, dramah; on misli in čuti. Vse pa je odvisno od tega, kar smo se naučili in kar nam razkriva notranje čustvovanje. Živalim pa ne more noben spomin dati tega, kar imenujemo mišljenje. Res je, da tudi nekatere živali sanjajo in to moramo pripisati domišljiji, katero morajo posedovati v pičli meri. Tudi igrajo se živali, kar potrjuje domišljijo.

Ali vse, kar počnejo živali, ni zdaleka to, kar imenujemo človeško mišljenje. Četudi vidimo kje na živalih znake, ki bi izdajali mišljenje, smo po vseh preizkušnjah prepričani, da je tako mišljenje silno omejeno. Človek misli v bodočnost, računa, zna celo za deset tisoče let naprej napovedati razne dogodke v vsemirju, zna se pripraviti za naprej, da ne bi stradal v dnevih lakote. Živalsko mišljenje pa ne zmore tega, čeprav na njem opazimo spomin, ki priča, da se živali zapomnijo razne dogodke.

Živali ne pozabijo, ampak tudi razumejo ne. To je ravno dobro za človeka, ki jih kroti. Če bi si pa ne zapomnile ničesar, bi bile ravnotako brez koristi, kajti človek bi jih ne mogel ničesar naučiti, niti bi si ne mogle zapomniti, da je človek njih gospodar. Po vsem tem se torej zdi, kakor da so živali nalašč zato, da jih človek izkoristi v svojem življenju.

JUTRO NA POLJU

Ščink, ščink, ščinka, ščink,
ščinkavček zapoje,
vrh cvetoče češnje
žvižga kos po svoje.

Tresorepka raja
po zorani njivi,
pa ji ponagaja
vrabček lahkoživi:

“Kdo je tista pika
med zemljo in nebom?
Tak učeno sika
gor pod solnčnim hlebom.”

“To je brat škrjanček,”
taščica pograja,
“kronani pijanček,
ki tam gor razsaja.”

“Kdo je tista cokla,
ki se bliže maje?
Tak grdo se dere,
črna kakor saje.”

“Vrabec, to je vrana.
Tebe bi požrla,
ko bi tu na polju
zdajle te uzrla.”

Vrabec se ustraši,
s polja jo popiha,
pri pohlevnih putkah
pride do oddiha.

Slabi služabniki

(Iz nemščine.)

GOSPODAR je ukazal svojemu hlapcu Joklu: "Pojdi na polje in po-
žanji oves!" Jokel je odšel na polje, ali ovsa ni požel in tudi domov ni prišel.

Tedaj je dejal gospodar svojemu psičku: "Pinč, steci na polje in ugriz-
ni Jokla!" Pinč je stekel na polje, ampak Jokla ni ugriznil in Jokel ni po-
žel ovsa in se ni povrnil domov.

Potem je gospodar naročil palici: "Pojdi na polje in udari Pinča!"
Palica je odhitela na polje, ampak ni udarila pinča in pinč ni ugriznil Jokla
in Jokel pa ovsa ni požel, ne povrnil se domov.

Nato je gospodar velel ognju: "Švigni na polje in zažgi palico!" O-
genj je nemudoma švignil na polje, ni pa zažgal palice, palica ni lopnila po
pinču in pinč ni ugriznil Jokla, Jokel pa ovsa ne požel, ne povrnil se domov.

Zdajci je gospodar zabičil vodi: "Hitro odteci na polje in mi pogasi
ogenj!" Voda je odtekla na polje, ampak ognja ni pogasila, ogenj ni pri-
žgal palice, palica ni udarila po pinču, pinč ni ugriznil Jokla, da bi oves požel
in se domov povrnil.

Potlej je gospodar rekel volu: "Pojdi na polje in popij vodo!" Vol je
odšel na polje, ampak vode ni popil, voda ni pogasila ognja, ogenj ni zažgal
palice, palica ni udarila pinča, pinč ni ugrizel Jokla, Jokel pa ni požel ovsa
in se ni povrnil domov.

Zatem je gospodar velel mesarju: "Stopi na polje in ubij mi vola!"
Mesar je stopil na polje, ali ni ubil vola; vol ni popil vode, voda ni pogasila
ognja, ogenj ni zažgal palice, palica ni udarila pinča, pinč ni ugriznil Jokla,
Jokel ni požel ovsa in se ni povrnil domov.

Končno je gospodar poslal rablja: "Pojdi na polje in obesi mesarja!"
Rabelj je odšel na polje, ali mesarja ni obesil in mesar ni ubil vola, vol ni
popil vode, voda ni ugasila ognja, ogenj ni prižgal palice, palica ni udarila
pinča, pinč ni ugriznil Jokla, Jokel ni požel ovsa in se ni povrnil domov.

Navsezadnje je gospodar sam odšel na polje, da obesi rablja. Ali ra-
belj je že obesil mesarja, mesar je že ubil vola, vol je že popil vso vodo, voda
je že pogasila ogenj, ogenj je že skuril vso palico, palica je že pretepla
pinča in pinč je Jokla že vsega ogrizel, Jokel pa je požel oves in se tudi
že povrnil domov. Kaj je torej mogel gospodar storiti?



Albin Čebular:

**SLIŠITE,
PIŠITE, PIŠITE!**

Pred hiško
smo postali
in miško
smo vprašali:

—Oj miškica, kako vam je?
Zakaj nič več se ne smejite
in tako malo govorite?—

Je solzo miška otrnila
in žalostna odgovorila:
—Ah, to me silo žalosti,
ker spet kotičkarjev nič ni!

Dragi čitatelji!

Zdaj je takorekoč že odločeno, kdo je zaslužil letos najlepšo nagrado, kajti samo en mesec še in vse tekme za leto 1927 so pri nas zaključene. Če ste veliko prispevali in se tudi potrudili, da bo bili Vaši prispevki dobri, se boste čez mesec dni lahko veselili, ko boste čitali svoje ime med najboljšimi sotrudniki, a še toliko bolj, ko dobite nagrado. Ako mislite, da lahko še kaj popravite, kar ste zamudili, torej ne odlašajte čisto nič več, temveč takoj pošljite svoje pesmice, da bodo priobčene še v decemberski številki. To se zgodi, ako ne odlašate.

Ne vem, kako je to, da naznanila za nagrade, kakor je bilo razpisalo društvo "Pionir" št. 559 S. N. P. J., mnogi niste razumeli. Naznanilo je veljalo samo za mlade člane društva "Pionir" v Chicagu. Vi pa ste poslali imena od vsepovsod. Teh seveda ni mogoče priobčiti, priporočam pa Vam vsem, da se obrnete do svojih staršev, ki so člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, in jim dajte vsa imena, da jih izročijo na seji društva. Lahko tudi sami greste na sejo in podaste vsa imena in naslove tistih Vaših tovarišev, ki še niso člani S. N. P. J. pa bi lahko postali. Ne pozabite, da je tudi mladih čla-

nov S. N. P. J. dolžnost, da poagitiramo za Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto, ki je organizacija očetov in mater, ustanovljena za boljšo bodočnost mladine, torej za nas. **Pridobivajmo ji vsi nove člane!**

*

Bratec ali sestra, čitatelj ali čitateljica Mladinskega lista in prispevateelj za Naš kotiček, koliko naročnikov za naš magazin že imaš, da jih pošlješ na upravništvo Mladinskega lista. Ej, nikar ne piši samo tega, kako želiš, da bi Mladinski list izšel vsaki teden enkrat, temveč tudi delaj na to. In delaš pa najboljše, ako nagovarjaš stare in mlade, da si naročijo Mladinski list. Taka je najboljša agitacija. Besede same ne štejejo in same lepe želje ne izdajo ničesar. Treba je delati, to se pravi, treba je agitirati, da bo Mladinski list imel več naročnikov in da bo lahko večji in boljši.

Urednik.

*

Dragi čitatelji:

Zdaj nimam kaj posebnega povedati, ali vseeno se moram oglasiti v našem listu, da bratci in sestricam vedo, da sem še živa. Pozdrav bratcem in sestricam S. N. P. J. in posebno dopisovalcem Mladinskega lista in vam, urednik.

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

*

UGANKE

1. Koles nima, po zemlji ne vozi, a vendar vozi. Kaj je to?

2. Dva očeta in dva sina so ujeli tri zajce in vsak je dobil enega. Kako to?

3. Oče je zapustil trem sinovom 21 sodov, in sicer jih je bilo 7 polnih vina, 7 do polovice napolnjenih z vinom in 7 praznih. Kako so si razdelili zupščino, ne da bi prelili vino in da je vsak imel enako množino vina in enako število sodov?

4. Trije sinovi so si razdelili očetovo dedščino 17 krav, tako da je dobil najstarejši polovico, srednji tretjino in najmlajši devetino. Pri razdelitvi pa niso smeli pobiti nobene krave, vsak je dobil samo žive krave. Kako so to storili?

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

1.

Zelena travica,
na travi kravica,
okoli nje pa ptička,
ej, ptička . . . ?

2.

Palček
ob bregovih skače,
rjavo suknjico ima in hlače,
a piščalko razglašeno—
pesmico ne zna nobeno:

3.

V jasi muren
svira na piščalko zlato,
dokler noč ga ne odene
s svojo suknjico bahato.

*

POLŽ JE NESEL V MLINČEK

(Po narodni.)

Polž je nesel v mlinček,
zmler je petelinček. —
Polžek gre iz mlinčka,
hvali petelinčka. —
Polžek tovor sname,
mati moko vzame;
mati moko seje,
polžek se ji smeje;
mati kruhek peče,
polžek nič ne reče;
mati kupi dinjo,
kruhek dene v skrinjo;
mati z dinjo k teti gre,
tačas polžek kruhek sne . . .

Karel Širok.

PASTIRČEK

Pasi se mi, kravica,
saj je lepa travica!
jaz pa tebi bom vesel
ljubko pesmico zapel:
"Pridi, pridi, ptičica —
drobna pastiričica,
brž, le brž obišči nas
in nam delaj kratek čas."

L. Černež.



JUVENILE



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WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S BOOK

It is a great delight to send out to a public far and wide these lines by H. Belloc, written with all the flowing cleverness and gentle spirit with which this writer adorns whatever he touches.

CHILD, do not throw this book about!
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out!
Preserve it as your chiefest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said
That you are heir to all the ages?
Why, then, your hands were never made
To tear these beautiful, thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the worse
ones:
They also may be used to shake
The massive paws of elder persons.



SO BIG!

Just because I am not quite six,
And little, too, and kind of fat,
The others play the meanest tricks —
They treat me like an alley cat!

To-day they broke my birthday spade,
They smashed the pirate fort I made,
They pulled my hair, they splashed me wet
They called me "kid" and "Mamma's pet"

I'm little, but I never cried,
So all the same, I'm BIG INSIDE!

Sent by Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

Dalmatia

THE HISTORY of Dalmatia may be said to begin with the year 180 B. C., when the tribe from which the country derives its name declared itself independent of Gentius, the old Illyrian king, and established a republic. Its capital was Delminium, situated on the coast near Sinj. It was evidently a stronghold of considerable size and importance. The territory of Dalmatia stretched northwards from Neretva to Cetina, and later to the Krka, where it was neighboring with Liburnia. In 156 B. C. the Dalmatians were for the first time attacked by a Roman army and compelled to pay tribute; but only in the time of Augustus (31 B. C. to A. D. 14) was their land finally occupied by Romans and annexed to the Roman empire, after the last of many formidable revolts had been crushed by Tiberius in A. D. 9. This was followed by a total submission and a ready acceptance of the Latin civilization which overspread Illyria.

The downfall of the Western (Roman) Empire left Dalmatia subject to Gothic leaders, until 535, when it was added to the Eastern Empire.

The great Slavic migration into Illyria, which wrought a complete change in the fortunes of Dalmatia, took place in the beginning of the seventh century. In other parts of the Balkan Peninsula and in Slovenia the invaders—Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs, found little difficulty in absorbing the native population; but here they were confronted by powerful maritime city-states, highly civilized, and able to rely on the support of their kinsfolk in Italy. Consequently when the country districts were settled by the Slavs, the Latin population flocked for safety to Ragusa (Dubrovnik), Zader, and other large towns, and the whole country was thus divided into two frequently hostile communities. This opposition was intensified by the separation of the Eastern and Western Christianity (1054), the Slavs as a rule preferring the Orthodox or sometimes the Bogomil creed while the descendants of the Dalmatian Romans were firmly attached to the Papacy. Not until the 14th and 15th century did the rival races contribute to a common civilization and literature of Ragusa. Through centuries, however, the old Roman population was absorbed by Slavs in the cities as well.

On account of the division of the population we find two dominant characteristics in the local history of Dalmatia; the total absence of national life and the remarkable development of art. Bosnia, Serbia, and Bulgaria, all of them had their period of national greatness; but, on account of the Turkish suppressions remained intellectually backward. Dalmatia failed ever to attain political or racial unity, but the Dalmatian city-states shared in the march of the western civilization. Their geographical position suffices to explain the relatively small influence exercised by Byzantine culture throughout the six centuries (until 1102) during which Dalmatia was a part of the Eastern Empire. Towards the close of this period Byzantine rule tended more and more to be merely nominal.

In 806 Dalmatia was added to the Holy Roman Empire, but was soon restored. In 829 the coast was attacked by the Saracens. In the 10th century description of Dalmatia by a Roman historian, this region was called Paganía (meaning the Land of Heathens), from the fact that its inhabitants had accepted Christianity only about 890, or about 250 years later than most of the other Southern Slavs. These



The Rocky Shores of Dalmatia.

Pagani, or Arentani, utterly defeated a Venetian fleet despatched against them in 887 and for more than a century exacted the taxes from Venice itself. In 998 they were finally defeated by a Venetian doge (ruler) Pietro Orseolo II., who assumed the title Duke of Dalmatia. Meanwhile the Croatian kings had extended their rule over the northern and central Dalmatia, exacting tribute from several Dalmatian cities, and consolidating their own power in the purely Slavic towns, such as Nona and Belgrad (Zaravecchia). The Catholic Church was involved in the general confusion; for the church council of Split, in 1059, had forbidden the use of any but Greek or Latin language in the church ceremonies, and so had accentuated the differences between Latin and Slav. A raid of the Norman corsairs in 1073 was hardly defeated with the help of Venetian fleet.

Unable amid such dissensions to stand alone, unprotected by the Eastern Empire and hindered by their own internal dissensions from uniting in a defensive league, the city states turned to Venice and Hungary for support. The Venetians conceded to liberal terms, since their sole aim was to secure a supremacy, which might prevent the development of any dangerous political or commercial rival on the eastern Adriatic. Hungary had also its partisans; for in the Dalmatian city states, like those of Greece and Italy, there were almost invariably two jealous political factions, each ready to oppose any measure of its antagonist. The origin of this division seems to have been economic. The farmers and the merchants who traded in the interior, naturally, favored Hungary, their most powerful neighbor on land; while the seafaring community looked to Venice as the mistress of the Adriatic. In return for the protection the cities often furnished a contingent to the army and navy or their ruler, and sometimes paid tribute either in money or in kind. Arbe, for example, paid annually ten pounds of silk or five pounds of gold to Venice.

The citizens of the Dalmatian cities clung to their privileges which were reaffirmed after the conquest of Dalmatia (1105) by king Coloman of Hungary. Their Roman law remained valid and they were even permitted to conclude separate alliances. No alien, even a Hungarian, could reside in a city where he was unwelcome; and the man who disliked Hungarian dominion could emigrate with all his household and property.

The rights granted by Venice were too frequently infringed. Hungarian soldiers being quartered in towns against the will of the people; while Venice interfered with trade, with the appointment of bishops, and with the tenure of communal domains. Consequently, the Dalmatians remained loyal only while it suited their interests, and insurrections frequently occurred. Even in Zadar four outbreaks were recorded in the years between 1180 and 1345, although Zadar was treated with special consideration by the Venetian masters, who regarded its possession as essential to their maritime ascendancy.

The doubtful allegiance of the Dalmatians tended to protract the struggle between Venice and Hungary, which was further complicated by internal discord due largely to the spread of the Bogomil heresy, and to many outside influences, such as the vague sovereignty still enjoyed by the Eastern emperors during the 12th century, the assistance rendered to Venice by the armies of the Fourth Crusade in 1202.

The Slavs were no longer regarded as a hostile race, but the power of Croatian magnates, notably the counts of Bribir, was from time to time supreme in the northern districts; and Stephen Tvrdko (see October issue), the founder of the Bosnian kingdom, was able, in 1389, to annex the whole Adriatic between Kotor and Reka

(Fiume), except Venetian Zadar and his own independent ally, Dubrovnik. Finally, the rapid decline of Bosnia and of Hungary itself, when assailed by the Turks, rendered easy the success of Venice; and in 1420 the whole Dalmatia, except Dubrovnik, which preserved its freedom, either submitted or was conquered.

(To be concluded.)

A New Home for the Frogs

THE Frog family had found a wonderful new home in a big oblong pond, having emigrated there from the squashest of little muddy pools where, what with the everincreasing number of tadpoles and the growing thickness of the weeds, there was really hardly room to turn round (especially if you were a frog, and your head wouldn't turn without your whole body!)

It began through Tommy Frog going for an evening hop in a lovely garden and finding himself unexpectedly among some rose trees, which were just coming out into pink and red and orange buds. He licked up a few insects for his supper, and then hopped out on to a garden path to see a bit more of the new scenery. And there, to his astonishment, spread out before him, was a glistening pond of water.

It was the cleanest water he had ever seen, having been brought up among mud, and having lived, since he was a tadpole, in water which lay deep in the shadow of overhanging trees, making it brown and dirty. But this water—why, this must be the Atlantic Ocean! It was fresh and clean and large. There were no shadowing trees, except at one corner where some rhododendron bushes nodded at their reflections below them, and the Atlantic ocean, if that was what it was, lay there with the clouds of heaven mirrored in it.

It is true a few weeds had grown over the surface and insects darted about upon it, but that only made it look all the more beautiful.

"What a home this would be for any frog!" thought Tommy, and then a sudden wonderful thought came to him: "Why not?" he said to himself. "Why not?"

He turned home with great eagerness to find the rest of the family, and to make a most exciting suggestion.

Not long after this the family took up their new quarters in the large oblong pond, which was surrounded with lovely roses and smooth, slanting lawns. And one day an extraordinary thing happened.

Tommy Frog was sitting under the water making up little rhymes, which he used to croak all to himself. This is what he was saying:

If I could sing as thrushes do	Of rain and mist and weedy ponds,
I'd make a little song	Of pools, deep-shadowed green:
Of silver water, calm and still,	Of puddles muddy-brown and dark,
And streams that run along;	And dewdrops clear and clean.

Suddenly he began to notice that the water around him seemed to be moving in some mysterious way.

At first he couldn't make out what was happening, but after a time he realized that the water was becoming less and less. In fact by this time his head was no longer covered by it. Whatever was happening?

Hopping out on to the bank, he stared and stared at the pond. And at one end he suddenly caught sight of the meaning of it all. There was a hole in the hard white stuff of which the bottom of this wonderful Atlantic Ocean pond of his was made, and through this all the water was vanishing like magic.

He sat and watched and waited until the place was almost as dry as if there had never been any water in it at all. All the frogs were out on the bank, or hopping about on the hard white stuff, looking as miserable as they felt, when down the garden path came two big men with brooms and long things with handles.

They stepped into the empty pond and began brushing, cleaning, and clearing the place until you wouldn't have known it could ever have been the once beautiful, shining home of the happy Frog family, who at the moment had taken themselves away to hide in the bushes.

Of course you can imagine that after the men had gone the frogs were just as puzzled as ever to know what to do, for the pond was quite dry.

And then at last, after the frogs had crept about miserably among the rhododendron bushes and the roses for some days, feeling very thirsty and bored, they suddenly saw a little stream of water begin to trickle slowly into the pond, and slowly, too, the hard, dried-up floor began to fill again with wonderful clear water, which gleamed and glistened in the sun.

And then, next day, a very extraordinary thing happened.

The frogs had settled down again quite comfortably in their new home when there was a terrific hullabaloo around the pool. It seemed to them as though an army of people was collected close to them on the grass, all talking together.

By getting to the shallow edge of the pond the frogs could see what they were like. They didn't seem to have on the usual sort of clothes that humans wear, for they were pale pink nearly all over, and they seemed to have long, pink legs and long, pink arms—all except one, who was dressed like an ordinary human and was bigger than the others.

Those in pink were standing in a row, and suddenly the one who was dressed like an ordinary human shouted out two words. In one moment the pink creatures were kicking and splashing their long, pink legs and their long, pink arms about as though the Atlantic Ocean belonged to them entirely and there were no frogs in the world.

It did not last very long, for soon the ordinary human shouted again, and they scrambled out as quickly as they had plunged in.

But it had been quite enough for the frogs.

"If this sort of thing is going to happen to our happy home we might just as well never have left our muddy pool," they said. "But who and what are they and where did such people come from who can dive like frogs?"

Then an old frog, who had been very silent, suddenly threw light on the whole matter.

"This," said he, "is a swimming bath belonging to a boys' school, a place where they teach them much wisdom, and also how to dive like frogs and swim like tadpoles. And the wisdom I have learned, I would teach you, my young and foolish brothers, is this: If you leave a pool for the ocean it does not follow that you leave your troubles."





A Little Garden of Good Things

THE CHANGES THAT COME OVER US

In the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocations in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world.

The story of their coming to be shapen after the average and fit to be packed by the gross is hardly ever told even in their consciousness; for perhaps their ardor in general unpaid toil cooled as imperceptibly as the ardour of other youthful loves.

Nothing in the world is more subtle than the process of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly; you and I may have sent some of our breath toward infecting them when we uttered our conforming falsities or drew our silly conclusions; or perhaps it came with the vibrations from a woman's glance.

George Elliot.

*

SOME VALIANT DEED

My hour at last has come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed
Of which mankind shall hear in after time.

Homer's Iliad.

NATURE IS STERN MASTER

Nature is no sentimentalist, does not cosset or pamper us. We must see that the world is rough and surly, and will not mind drowning a man or a woman; but swallows your ship like a grain of dust. Let us not deny it up and down. Providence has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end, and it is of no use to try to whitewash its huge, mixed instrumentalities, or to dress up that terrific benefactor in a clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student in divinity.

Emerson.

TRUE MEN

During a war between the British and the Zulus of South Africa a British officer had been sent forward in some fighting with the Zulus, leading a contingent of men. The Zulus sent out a messenger of peace. By some unhappy blunder the British outposts shot him. That, of course, was against all laws of fair play. It is wrong and cowardly and against all ideas of fellow-citizenship or fellow-humanity or sport or war to shoot a man who comes to negotiate for peace. But it was done.

Now, suppose you were that British officer, and that problem was your pro-

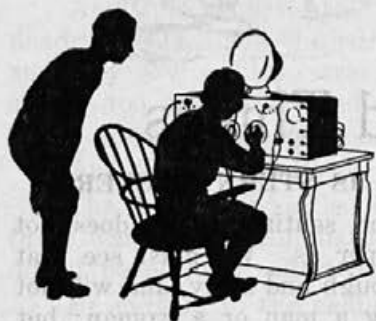
blem; what would you do? Excuse it? Ignore it? Punish the man who did it, or trust yourself to the Communion of Saints, to the principle of fellowship in sympathy?

I will tell you what the British officer did. He handed over the contingent to the second in command and walked straight out, unarmed, to the angry Zulu lines. This was putting his life in their hands. He was taken and led to the chief.

I have come (he said) to give myself up because my man shot your peace messenger. It was done by mistake. It is a thing brave warriors never do. I am very sorry. To make amends I place my life in your hands. Do with me as you will.

The Zulu warrior chief was silent for a moment, then he said: You are a true man: and your people are true men and the sons of true men. We, too, are true men. We shall not fight. We shall make peace. And they did make peace.

W. Cross.



Twenty Five Questions about Wireless

(Of all the changes taking place before our eyes nothing equals Wireless. The wonders of it never cease. Pictures are coming by wireless across the Atlantic; men talk by wireless over the sea. Soon we shall be talking from anywhere to anywhere.)

What are damped waves?

The kind of waves generally produced by wireless sparks. So called because they are formed in trains, of which the first wave is the most powerful and each succeeding one is a little weaker, and so on until the train dies out.

What is an undamped wave?

A wave sent out not in a series or train, but in a continuous chain, all being equal in power. Such waves are called continuous waves, and are used in wireless telephony and by most high-power stations.

What is a valve?

The most modern unit of a wireless receiving and sending instrument. Used in one way, it will not only detect but magnify signals; used in another way it will send out wireless waves. In its general form it is just an electric lamp, but advantage is taken of the fact that a glowing filament of an electric lamp gives off electrons.

What is the grid?

A meshwork of wire surrounding the filament of a valve. It sometimes takes the form of a spiral wire wound round the filament, but not touching it.

What is the plate?

A small plate of metal, generally in the form of a cylinder, surrounding both filament and grid of a valve.

Is it possible to make a wireless signal very loud?

Yes; with up-to-date amplifiers the signals can be made audible to a large crowd of people.

Can a wireless message be sent in a particular direction?

Yes. It is not yet possible to send waves between two points only, but invention has so far progressed that we can make the signals stronger in the direction we desire, thus improving reception in that direction without using higher power, and lessening the chance of the

message being intercepted in other directions.

What is the lead-in insulator?

The protective tube through which the aerial wire passes into the wireless station. The insulator is composed of a substance which does not conduct electricity, and so the electricity in the aerial is prevented from escaping through the roof or wall of the station, which would happen if the wire touched them.

What is a spreader?

A spar of wood, usually ash, separating the two wires of an aerial.

What is the Morse code?

A code in which letters and figures are represented by groups of dots and dashes. For example A is . _ and 6 is _

Who invented the Morse code?

Samuel Morse, an American. A slightly different form of this is used by countries other than American, and is called Continental Morse.

What is a wave-meter?

An instrument for measuring the length of wireless waves.

What is an emergency set?

A wireless transmitting installation on a ship which is self-contained and does not depend for its supply of electricity upon the ship's dynamos. This is necessary, because an accident may put the dynamos out of action.

What does S O S mean?

Distress. In Morse it is . . . _ _ When this signal is heard all wireless stations must cease working, except those which are near the distressed vessel, so that its messages may be clearly heard.

What is a wireless time signal?

A special signal transmitted at certain prearranged times by land stations, chiefly for the benefit of ships, which are thus enabled to check their chronometers.

How are the time signals sent?

The transmitting apparatus is connected to a special clock which automatically sets the transmitter working at a certain time.

What does D. F. mean?

These letters stand for direction-finding or direction-finder.

What is a direction-finder?

A special form of wireless receiver by means of which the direction of the sending station from the direction-finding station can be determined.

Can wireless find a ship's position accurately?

Yes; best results should be correct to within half a geographical degree.

Can a ship find its position by wireless?

Yes. It asks two D. F. stations to send out signals, which it observes by wireless, thus obtaining the direction in which the two stations lie with respect to the ship, and the point of their intersection is the ship's position. Or, conversely, it can send a series of signals out so that the land stations can find its position for it.

Can direction-finding be used in conjunction with aircraft?

Yes; the method has already proved highly successful.

Can a submarine use wireless?

Yes; but usually only when on the surface. Undersea working has been attempted, but has not succeeded in general practice.

What is a raido-goniometer?

A wireless direction-finder, or wireless compass, named from the Greek words "gonia," angle; and "metron," measure.

What is a triode?

A valve containing three elements or electrodes—the filament, the grid, and the plate.

Can we have wireless without sparks and valves?

There are other ways of making electric waves besides sparks and valves. Some stations use an arc instead, which is a discharge of electricity across a gap in somewhat the same fashion as is used in an ordinary arc lamp such as may be seen in street lights. Other stations employ machines called high-frequency alternators. Both the arc and the H.F. alternators produce undamped waves.

SLOVENE PROVERBS

An old habit is like an iron shirt.
*
What man burdens himself with, bears
till his death.
*
He who buys the unnecessary, will soon
have to sell the necessary.
*
When money is gone, wisdom comes.
*
Money has slippery tail.
*
Each man is his fortune's monger.
*
Better a saved egg than a consumed ox.
*
Good conduct is better than velvet.
*
A kind word has never fattened anyone.
*
Each head has its own understanding.
*
All people know all.
*
You your father to the treshold, your
son you over it.
*
A young tree bends, an old one breaks.
*
Death heals all ills.
*
A wolf may lose his hair, but not his
nature.
*
Patience breaks through the iron door.
*
A blacksmith forges while the iron is hot.
*
Fire and water are good servants, but
poor masters.
*
Precaution did no harm to anyone.
*
Even the greatest secret is, in time,
brought to light.
*
If jealousy should burn, there would be
no need for wood.
*
God does not pay every Saturday.

SLOVENSKI PREGOVORI

Stara navada je železna srajca.
*
Kar si človek naprti, nosi do smrti.
*
Kdor kupuje, česar ne potrebuje, mora
kmalu prodati, kar potrebuje.
*
Ko denar poide, pamet pride.
*
Denar ima opolzel rep.
*
Vsak je svoje sreče kovač.
*
Bolje shranjeno jajce kot sneden vol.
*
Boljša pamet ko žamet.
*
Lepa beseda ni še nikogar odebelila.
*
Vsaka glava svojo pamet.
*
Vsi ljudje vse vedo.
*
Ti očeta do praga, sin tebe čez prag.
*
Mlado drevo se upogne, staro se zlomi.
*
Smrt ozdravi vse bolezni.
*
Volk zgubi dlako, trme nikdar ne.
*
Potrpljenje železna vrata prebije.
*
Kovač kuje, dokler je železo vroče.
*
Ogenj in voda sta dobra hlapca, toda
slaba gospodarja.
*
Previdnost ni še nikomur škodovala.
*
Tudi največja tajnost se sčasoma izve.
*
Če bi nevoščljivost gorela, bi ne rabili
drv.
*
Bog ne plačuje vsako soboto.



To The Readers:

It is practically certain as to who earned, this year, the best reward by his diligent cooperation with us, for there is but one more issue and the competition will be over. If you were careful in preparing your contributions, and if your contributions were at all regular, you will be pleased to see your name among the best cooperators and, perhaps, you will be the lucky one to get the award. If you think that you can add something for the next and last issue, there is still time, providing you do so at once.

*

I do not know how it was possible that some of you did not understand the notice regarding the award sponsored by the "Pioneer" Lodge No. 559 of the S. N. P. J. This concerned the members of the Chicago Pioneer Lodge only, whereas you were sending the names from everywhere. I regret that I cannot publish these names; but I do advise you to give all those names to your parents to present them at the meetings of their lodges, or you yourselves may go there and do the same, in order that those who are not members of the S. N. P. J. may join as soon as they desire. Remember that it is the obligation of the young members to support the organization of their fathers and mothers; for it was organized for the welfare and benefit not only of the pres-

ent, but also of the future generations; therefore, for our own benefit. Let us do all we can to get new members.

*

Gentle readers and cooperators of the M. L., the New Year is close at hand; I am sure that you will have new subscribers for the M. L. and I hope that you will not forget to send their names to the publishing office of the M. L. **By mere wishing, you know, we can't get very far; but if you secure more subscribers, your wishes may be gratified and you will be getting the magazine once a week. Try to persuade your friends and acquaintances to become subscribers, for that is the best way to progress. We must work very intensively in order that our magazine may grow and become a really fine and interesting organ, so that all of us might be proud of it. Come on, let's do our best!**

Editor.

*

TO MY MOTHER.

I brought a lily white
That bowed its fragrant head,
And blushed a rosy red,
Before her fairer light.
I brought a rose and lo,
The crimson blossom saw
Her beauty, and in awe
Became as white as snow.

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

On July the fourth my vacation was over, and my father came to take me home. On that day we went to Cedar Point. I had a "swell time" over there, and I wrote you a card from there, sending you my best wishes from my friends and myself. I wonder if you got the card? (Surely, I got it, and thank you very much for remembering me.—Ed.)

I have a lot of home work to do now, since I am in the 7-B, section 13; for section 13 is the highest section in 7-B. I attend Collinwood High, which is quite new and very attractive. The school is very large having 120 rooms and 4775 pupils.

At 9 A. M. I go to school and at 4 P. M. I return. Each pupil has his locker there and eats his luncheon in the cafeteria.

The other day I had a big birthday party and got many presents. Yours truly,

Dorothy Rossa, 995 E. 141 St., Cleveland.

IF I WERE A ROSE.

If I were a rose on the garden wall,
I would look so far and would grow so tall,
I would scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I would do if I were you,
Oh! little rose!

Dear Sir:

I wrote a letter for the M. L. and I put two riddles in and I forgot to put the answers to the riddles. Here are the same riddles that I wrote in my letter:

1. What roof is always wet?
2. What should be looked into once in a while?

Anna Hocevar, 543 Woodland Av., Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Sir:

There are four of us in the family and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 386. My brother and I go to school together and we are in the same room with the children of the strike-breakers. The children of the parents who belong to the U. M. W. of A. do not play with the strikebreakers. Sometimes we fight with them.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.

Stella Ambrozic, age 11; Library, Pa.

Dear Editor,

I am sorry I haven't written sooner, but you'll have to excuse me since I was busy. I was going to write last month, but the magazine came earlier than usual.

I can write poetry, but when it comes to write poetry, as we are supposed, about the SNPJ, it seems very difficult.

September 12 returned to high school since I have passed all my subjects, I'll be in the 11-B grade.

I have just one more thing to say and that is a suggestion to Who's Who page.

The M. L. should write something about the members in regard to their activities in the Juvenile section of S. N. P. J. so that the fortunate boys and girls can say anything they wish. Thus it would enable members to know one another better. You should get those who are more popular and who had written to M. L. at least once in every two months.

A loyal member,

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor,

I am very interested in riddles, stories and jokes, and poems. I read them all the first night after I get the paper and try to figure out the puzzles and riddles. I read the poem that Mary Skerbetz wrote and I think it was very nice.

I am 12 years old and am in the seventh grade. I have two brothers, Edbin and Robert.

Anna Wolfe, Ulrichsville, Ohio.

Dear Editor,

This is the first letter I am writing to the M. L. I am 15 years old, and am attending high school.

I have two brothers and three sisters, all members of S. N. P. J., lodge No. 54. We all have been members for the last six years, except the sister, who entered recently.

I love to read M. L. and wish it would come every day. I hope the boys and girls will write to me.

Yours truly—Nick Munas, Glencoe, O., Box 43.

THE MONKEY'S PAW

It was a dark and stormy night,
And how the wind did blow,
A father and son by fire light sat,
With chessmen in a row.

There, too, the mother, sewing sat,
She smiled to see the game,
When on the door a knock was heard,
And in the major came.

"Pray, take a seat, for you are cold,
And you have traveled far."
"Yes, I will rest and also tell
My story from the bar."

"You know I went to India,
Where different sights I saw,
And there I heard the natives talk
About a monkey's paw!

Three wishes from it one could get
Would in their right hand hold,
And I've saved until I bought
It for some rings and gold.

I brought it with me here tonight,
To see what you would say;
But then he changed his mind and threw
It in the hearth away.

The old man snatched it from its place,
And to the major said,
"I'll keep this paw, if you will not,
And guard it like my head."

The major left, and bid them by,
Into the night we went;
While here the man did often think,
Of what the major meant.

The next day found the people quiet,
The man, he did speak first,
"Good woman, let us wish for gold,"
For money was his thirst.

The monkey's paw he boldly took,
"Two hundred pounds I wish!"
Then to the floor the paw did drop,
Aft' it wriggled like a fish.

Some days had passed, but nothing came,
Until one day in May,
A messenger did quickly come,
Who to the man did say:

"Oh sir! your son's been hurt down there!"
He to the shop pointed,
But when they met the doorkeeper,
He said the son was dead.

Some days later a letter came,
With two-hundred pounds in it!
The woman stared with open eyes,
As one thought she hit.

One day as she was in her bed,
"The monkey's paw!" cried she,
"For I would wish my son alive,
I know he'd come to me."

Aft' she had wished, a rap was heard,
"Oh, it's my son, I know!"
And quickly to the door she went,
But the man, he dared not go.

As it was dark, and she saw not,
The latch she could not find,
"Oh, come, my man, come help me do,"
Her eyes with tears were blind.

Words mumbling from the man were heard.
"Twas true he had the paw,
Just then the woman came to him,
And looked at him in awe.

For he had wished his son be gone
And she, her son saw naught,
Now often at the door she looks,
But her son is forever lost.

Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge for ten years
and I read the M. L. all the time. I wish it
would come every week. I am 11 years old and
am in the sixth grade. I have a sister in the
S. N. P. J. lodge. Yours truly,

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio, Box 181.

PUZZLES.

1. ENIGMA.

Perchance in walking the dusty street
My form in humble guise you meet;
Yet despise me not, nor rashly deem
I was always dressed in garb so mean.
Time was when, amid the grass and
heather,

I smiled in the gay and sunny weather;
Time was when I gave a noble name
To a race well known to historic fame.
Yet sad is the lot which I often find
By many people to me assigned;
And yet in return for this sad abuse
To mankind I prove of general use.

2. RIDDLE ME REE.

My first is in hollow but not in vale,
My second's in trouble but not in wail,
My third is in summer but not in spring,
My fourth is in see-saw but not in swing,
My whole is a place that the soldier brave
Would fight to the death in order to save.

3. CHANGED WORD.

Change the word SOWN into REAP,
altering only one letter at a time, making
a common dictionary word at each change,
and having only five intervening links.

4. WORDSQUARE.

A geometrical figure; by word of
mouth; a useful implement; a girl's name.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Josephine Tomazine, Auburn, Ill., answered
several riddles of the September issue.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES OF OCTOBER ISSUE.

1. MISSISSIPPI.
2. Declaim, decimal, claimed, medical.
3. Cut-let.
4. a) Because it brings distant things near.
b) Because he is often at the bar. c) Because
he is often toasted. d) Because it must be ground
before being used. e) Because it is out of the
head.

Dear Editor:

I wish that the Mladinski List would come once a week, because I like to read the jokes and stories. The boys and girls did not write much in October issue. Come on, you boys and girls, show your stuff, let us make the Mladinski List larger!

I go to school every day; it takes me forty-five minutes to walk. I now ride on the bus, because it is only half-fare. I have four brothers. I play football two or three times a week.

I have four young rabbits. I feed them three times a day. I have already stored lots of hay to feed them in the winter. I put a thick covering of straw on the floor and fixed up the rabbit house for winter, so that the rabbits could be warm. **Charles Starman**, Cleveland, Ohio.

MLADINSKI LIST

By

Christine Sernel, age 14,
535 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

M is for Medal, which our list always wins,
L is for Loyalty, for our list has no sins,
A is for Ambition, that which we seek,
D is for Deed, in that we're never weak,
I is for Independence, to us it is so dear,
N is for Noble, and noble deeds we hear,
S is for Solidarity, in which we believe.
K is for Kindness, like that of a dove,
I is for our Issue, for that we surely love.

L is for Light, that which makes us shine,
I is for Idea, 'tis like a climbing vine,
S is for Sincere, for it leads us to fame,
T is for Truth, that gives us our name.

TWO EPITAPHS

A Fair Woman

In this green chest is laid away
The fairest frock she ever wore;
It clothed her both by night and day,
And none shall wear it evermore.

A Wife

Once I learned in wilful hour
How to vex him; still I keep
(Now unwilfully) my power;
Every day he comes to weep.

Francis Burdett Money-Coutts.



"THE DEAR LITTLE M. L."

Dear Little M. L.,
Perched up on a tree,
Chirping and hopping,
So happy and free.
That's the M. L.

Come in, dear Little M. L.,
Let me read your words,
M. L., M. L., come, let me read,
Your words in the Book,
That's the M. L.

Very well, M. L.,
Since you will come,
I will always with "you" stay;
Whenever help is needed,
I will always my part play.
That's the M. L.

Mary Kalina, Lodge 115, Joliet, Ill.

ROOSTER FIGHT

on a pole is a fun for all concerned.
The boys straddle a pole facing each other. The pole or log must be high enough to touch the floor with their feet. There should be some mats or something soft to light on underneath the pole. Each boy is provided with an old pillow or cushion or with a big cloth stuffed with paper. At a signal from the referees the boys begin to pound each other with their implements. The aim of course is to knock one's opponent off the pole and hang on yourself.

THE CITY OF BAY.

The night was clear and bright,
 The mountain peaks were a beautiful sight.
 A little city of "Bay" lie still below,
 Buried in deep flaky snow.
 The near brook was frozen sound
 And the posts were also bound.
 This city was destroyed long ago,
 Now what remained is covered with snow.

Rose Crowley, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the M. L. I have decided to write every month and see how fast our Corner will grow.

I have made many friends through the M. L. And I have kept all the magazines that I have received so far. I review them often, and at every time find them more interesting than before. I lend them to my friends, who enjoy reading them immensely.

I know many boys and girls who are receiving the M. L. and think it would be nice to have them all write for the Chatter Corner; also I wish that more boys and girls would write to me.

Rose Crowley, La Salle, Ill., R. R. S.

Dear Editor:

This is the first letter I am writing to the M. L. I am writing it because I don't see many letters from Detroit. I like the magazine and wish it would come oftener.

All of our family are members of the S. N. P. J. I am ten and am in 6 B. My sister is nine and she is in 4 B. I am taking violin lessons in the school. I went to summer school, passed all my subjects, and had a lot of time to play. Now I am glad to be in school again, because we play football and soccer. I hope that more boys and girls from Detroit will write.

Greetings to all,

R. L. Potochnik, 8971 Sherwood St., Detroit.

Dear Editor:

This is the first letter I am writing for the M. L. I am in the fourth grade in the Cooper School—a very large one, having sixty teachers and about 2200 pupils. I like our school very much.

I am nine years of age, and am member of the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 121. Our lodge is going to have a concert on the twentieth anniversary (Proslava 20 letnice načelne izjave).

Yours truly,

Mary Potochnik, 8971 Sherwood St., Detroit.



Enjoying Softness of Indian Summer.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



THE BLIND MAN.

MARTIN MISER was a very stingy man. He never helped the poor. Every day he encountered many poor wretches in the street who offered for sale pencils, matches, and safety pins. Martin passed-by rapidly without deigning to look at those poor folk. A woman, carrying a child in her arms, sang a sad song, popular long ago. A young man played the violin on a single string.

Martin stormed at the street music, and continued on his way without raising his eyes to look at the musician.

There was a blind man whom Martin disliked more than the others. "What is the use of letting this blind fellow stand at the street corner?" thought Martin. "It would be far better to send him to the Home. There he could be of some use; he would learn a trade. Here he is useless."

Now it happened one very foggy day that Martin lost his way. He simply could not find his street. He asked some passers-by, but they were no better informed than he himself. He tried to cross the street, but a motor bus bumped him and threw him against a lamp-post.

Someone picked him up, felt him all over to make sure that he was not hurt, and offered himself to take him home, provided he lived in the vicinity.

To his great surprise Martin recognized his blind young man. The latter moved about as easily in the fog as in the clear weather. He escorted Martin to his house, and Martin Miser, after having generously awarded him, had to admit that the blind man was of some service after all.

SLEPI MOŽ.

MARTIN SKOPUH je bil zelo stisnjen človek. Nikoli ni pomagal siromakom. Vsaki dan je srečal mnogo ubogih sirot na cesti, ki so mu ponujali na prodaj svinčnike, vžigalice in zaponke. Martin je hitro šel mimo, ne da bi blagovolil ozreti se na uboge ljudi. Ženska, katera je nesla otroka v naročju, je pela tužno in pred davnim popularno pesem. Neki mladenič je godel na gosli na eno samo struno.

Martin se je zgražal radi obcestne godbe in je šel dalje svojo pot, ne da bi se okrenil in pogledal godca.

Bil je neki slepec, katerega je Martin posebno sovražil, bolj kot koga drugega. "Čemu bi pustili temu slepcu stati na vogalu?" si je mislil Martin. "Mnogo boljše bi bilo, poslati ga v zavod. Tam bi bil za kako rabo; naučil bi se kake obrti. Tu je brez koristi."

Pripetilo pa se je nekega zelo meglenega dne, da je Martin zgrešil svojo pot. Na noben način ni mogel najti svoje ceste. Vprašal je nekatere pasante, toda oni niso vedeli nič bolj kot on sam. Skušal je prekoračiti cesto, ali omnibus je zadel vanj in ga vrgel proti svetilniku.

Nekdo ga je pobral, ga pretipal vsepovsod, da se prepriča, če ni pobit, in se ponudil spremiti ga domov, ako živi v bližini.

Na svoje veliko presenečenje je Martin spoznal svojega slepega mladeniča. Slednji se je gibal v megli tako lahko kakor ob jasnem vremenu. Spremil je Martina na njegov dom in Martin Skopuh, ko ga je plemenito nagradil, je moral priznati, da je tudi slepi mož navsezadnje bil za rabo.