



MLADINSKI

LIST



Mesečnik za slovensko mladino

Leto—Vol. V

Chicago, November, 1926

Št.—No. 11.

JUVENILE

Monthly Magazine for Young Slovenes

I z d a j a

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNJA JEDNOTA

Uredništvo in upravništvo:

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.



Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

MLADINSKI LIST

m e s e č n i k za slovensko mladino
v Ameriki.

Izdaja Slovenska narodna podporna jednota.
Uredništvo in upravništvo: 2657 S. Lawndale
ave., Chicago, Illinois. — Naročnina:
za člane: celo leto 30c, za pol leta 15c. Za
nečlane: celo leto 60c, pol leta 30c, izven
Združenih držav letno 75c.

JUVENILE

Monthly Magazine for Young Slovenes
in America.

Published by Slovene National Benefit So-
ciety, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rates: Members, per year 30c, half year 15c.
Nonmembers per year 60c, half year 30c,
foreign countries per year 75c.

PROSVETA

d n e v n i k, glasilo Slovenske narodne
podporne jednote.

Izhaja vsak dan razen nedelj in praznikov.
Letna naročnina stane \$5.00. Uredništvo in
upravništvo: 2657 S. Lawndale avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

**VSEBINA—CONTENTS**

Pesmi:	Stran	Poems:	Page
Metuljček. (Dragotin Kette.).....	325	Where Daisy Sleeps. (Eugene V. Debs.)....	337
Medved z medom. (Oton Župančič.).....	325	When the Wind's in a Tantrum.....	337
Polšek. (France Bev.).....	325	True Patriotism. (Charles L. H. Wagner.)....	337
Življenska modrost. (Heinr. Zschokke.)....	331	The Poppy.—Responsibility.....	343
Kužek in raca. (Dragotin Kette.).....	335	Nursery.—My Kitty.....	347
Povesti:		Stories:	
Debs — ljubitelj otrok.....	323	The Boy and the Wolf.....	336
Povesti strica Matica.....	326	Celje.....	338
Gos. (Fran Erjavec.).....	328	You Can't Please the Whole World.....	339
Zlatorog.....	330	The Evangelist of Art.....	340
Zdravo in bolno mesto.....	330	Land Hunger. (Lovro Kuhar. Conclusion.)....	344
Mešana družina.....	331	The Moon and the Earth out of Time.....	346
Basni.....	332	The Man who Knows His Neighbor.....	348
Izreki modrih mož.....	333	Chatter Corner.....	349
Naš kotiček.....	334	How to Tell Bad News.....	351
Vaja v slovenskem.....	336	When Misery Came.....	351
Slike:		Puzzles.....	352
Eugene V. Debs.....	323	Illustrations:	
Hčerke revolucije.....	324	Albert Dürer's Own Portrait.....	341
Aljažev stolp vrh Triglava.....	327	The Bagpiper. (Albert Dürer.).....	342
Čikaški Wacker Drive.....	331	The Largest Model of the Moon.....	346
Kočižaja s Filipinskega otočja.....	333	Michigan Avenue Bridge.....	348

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1926.

ŠTEV. 11.

Debs--ljubitelj otrok

Vse časopisje piše o preminulem voditelju socialističnega gibanja v Ameriki. Pišejo mu dolge posmrtno članke in proslavljajo tega velikega borca za boljšo bodočnost vseh ljudi. Z Debsom je Amerika izgubila najboljšega patrijota, kajti on je ljubil Ameriko in njene prebivalce, dasi je za ljubezen prejemal sovraštvo in nenaklonjenost. V srcih poštenih ljudi pa je postal priljubljen in tak bo ostal spomin na njega.

Toda ne samo Američane, Debs je ljubil ves svet. Bil je patrijot vsega sveta, ker vsi ljudje so mu bili bratje, vsakemu zatiranemu ljudstvu bi bil prožil roko in mu pomagal v nesreči.

Ko je bila lansko leto konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote v Waukeganu, je govoril slovenskim delegatom in drugim Slovencem. Bil je to shod za slovenske delavce in udeležilo se ga je okoli tisoč naših ljudi. Ko je bil Debs na odru pred slovenskim delavstvom, ki ga je burno pozdravljalo, je stopila predenj naša mala sestra Mimi Gantar in mu podarila šopek rdečih nageljnov. Bil je to ganljiv prizor, ganljiv posebno za starega Debsa, ki se je s solzami veselja zahvalil za cvetlice in deklico poljubil na čelo.

Debs je ljubil mladino. Jako rad se je družil z njo in se zabaval med malimi, jim pripovedoval kaj šaljivega in jim kaj podaril. Veliko je kratkih zgodbic, ki pripovedu-

jejo, kako je Debs, ko se je sprehajal po mestnem hodniku, vzel v naročje na cesti igrajočega se otroka, ga pobožal in se mu smehljaj, potem pa mu podaril dajm in ga veselega izpustil domov.

Toda največjo ljubezen do otrok pa je Debs pokazal z ognjevitim zagovorom mladine, katero je skušal osvoboditi od dela v mučnih tovarnah in ji izvojevati šolo ter svobodna mladostna leta. On je veliko pisal za osvoboditev delavske mladine in v nekem njegovih najlepših spisov čitamo sledeče:

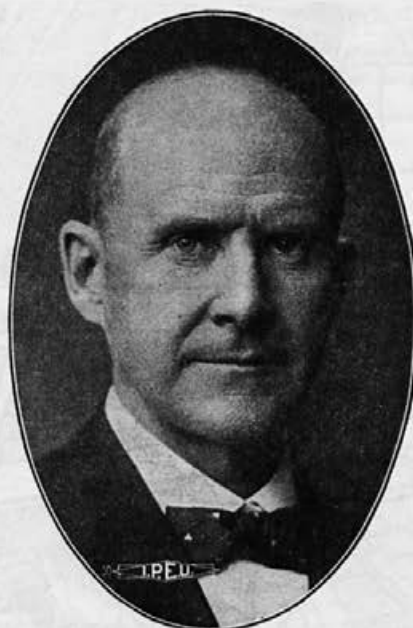
“Kako sladka čustva in spomine nam prinaša mladina in kako dragoceni so ti spomini v letih, ko se staramo in slabimo.

Oči polna smeha, kodrasti lasje, male rujave ročice in bose noge, nedolžni in brezskrbni, zaupni in ljubeznjivi, nežni in čisti; kako zadovoljiv in pomirjevalen vtis napravljajo na nas starejše ti mali bogovi (otroci).

Mladost! Kako blažena si! Ti si cvet z dušo in

če je na svetu človek s sveto nalogo, ta naloga gotovo velja tebi—popek in cvet človeštva.

In vendar, kako veliko jih je, ki so pre zgodaj utrpani, da ovenejo in umro kakor cvetlice v blatu pohojene. Veliko milijonov otrok je bilo ugrabljenih takorekoč iz zibelk, ukradenih od razposajene igre, zato da bodo pomagali spreminjati delavčevo kri v kapitalistovo zlato; veliko drugih milijonov



Eugene V. Debs.

je bilo preobloženih z delom na poljih, da pomagajo do bogastva velepodjetnikom.

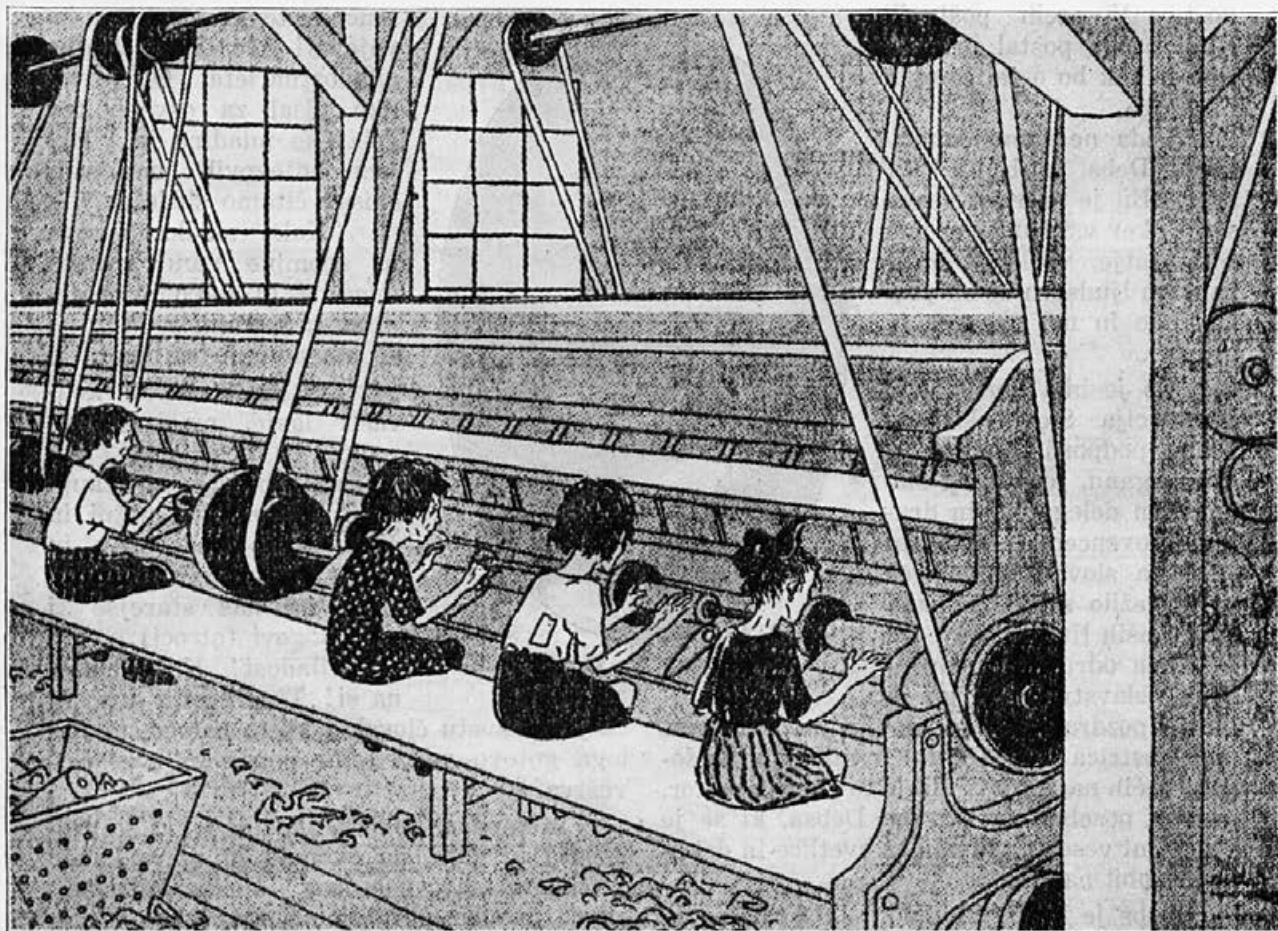
Mladost je razpotje, ki vodi do uspeha ali do propasti, časti ali sramote, k življenju ali smrti. Človeška družba bi se morala najbolj brigati za okolščine, v kateri živi njena mladina in odločiti njeno bodočnost boljših dni.

Mladina je najdražja naloga vsake družine in vsake občine, toda naša kapitalistična civilizacija jo brezsrčno žrtvuje, zato da zadosti svojemu brutalnemu pohlepu. Zma-

gonosno kapitalistična civilizacija koraka preko pohabljenih in okrvavljenih trupel otrok in si gladi pot z mehкими otroškimi kostmi.

Kake bodo posledice?

Milijoni otrok, ki so bili zdrobljeni in ubiti v zmagoslavju kapitalizma, niso zastonj umrli. Od njih malih mučeniških grobov vstajajo njih duhovi in se bodo maščevali proti sistemu, ki jih je umoril, ter mu napovedali smrt."



Hčerke revolucije.

(Klišej je posodilo upravništvo "Proletarca.")

METULJČEK

Nad travnikom cvetnim ob reki šumeči
 metuljček mlad leta
 od cveta do cveta
 in srka med sladki, dišeči.
 In krilca razgrinja
 in zopet zjedinja
 kot mavrica tam na obzorju,
 kot biserna školjka ob morju
 metuljček se naš izpreminja . . .
 O lepi, o srečni metuljček . . .
 Ah, škoda, res škoda ga! Onkraj valov
 po kamnati strugi šumečih
 zagledal je drugih in lepših cvetov,
 na pisani loki cvetečih.

Ne more se revež premagati več,
 in krilci razpne in odplove
 od kraja prelepega, rodnega preč
 čez hitre, dreveče valove.
 V poljane le gleda, ki vabijo ga,
 a mokri valovi drevijo,
 drevijo, vjemo, ah, zagrabijo ga . . .
 Adijo, metuljček, adijo!
 Čemu si pač sreče v tujini iskal,
 zakaj nisi rajši v domovju ostal,
 v poljani ostal sredi zelenih trat . . .
 Tako si pa vtonil tak lep in tak mlad! . . .

Dragotin Kette

MEDVED Z MEDOM

Skoči, brate, na medveda!
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Vkradel nam je lonec meda.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Lačni so mu medvediči.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Prazni so še vsi grmiči.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Saj ne upajo še cvesti.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Sneg bi utegnili jih zamesti.
 — Pa zakaj? —

Burja se čez plan hohoče.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Jug je prepoditi noče.
 — Pa zakaj? —
 Ko pa ni še božja volja!
 — Bratec, oj:
 Naj le jug na burjo mahne,
 in pomlad na zemljo dahne,
 cvet in sad rode grmiči,
 najedo se medvediči:
 takrat skočim za medvedom
 pa mu vzamem lonec z medom.

Oton Župančič.

POLŽEK

Hiško brez oken,
 štiri rožičke
 polžek tovari
 čez dole, čez gričke.

Prišla je vrana:
 "Polžek, kra, kra!"
 Polžek šel v hiško:
 "Ni me doma."

Vrana je trkala:
 "Polžek, odpri!
 Pokaži rožičke,
 pokaži oči! . . ."

Polžek na tihem
 v hiški čepi,
 skriva rožičke,
 se vrani smeji.

France Bevk.



Povesti strica Matica

Nekaj novega je tu za vas, mladi čitatelji. Topot namreč ne bom povedal povesti od strica Matica, ker imam nekaj lepšega. Tudi naslov bi bil moral topot spremeniti, ampak hotel sem vas toliko bolj presenetiti, zato sem pustil starega. Čitatelji, ki ste mi pisali, da radi berete povesti strica Matica boste torej oprostili in počakali na drugo povest še en mesec, v odškodnino za to čakanje pa vam dam brat nekaj drugega, namreč lepo pismo, ki sem ga prejel od strica Matica s Slovenskega. Pisal ni samo meni, temveč vsem vam, mladi slovenski čitatelji v Ameriki. Berite ga!

*

Slovenija, v začetku oktobra, 1926.

Dragi čitatelji Mladinskega lista!

Lepega solnčnega dne v sredi meseca septembra, ko smo ravno obirali jabolka v sadovnjaku za hišo, je čez ograjo zaklical pismonoša moje ime. Videl sem, kako je čez ograjo stegal veliko pismo in mi z njim veselo mahal v pozdrav. Francelj je skočil k ograji in predno sem imel čas misliti, kdo bi se le mogel spomniti mene, starčka, sem že imel v rokah veliko pismo v rjavem papirju omotano in z ameriškimi znamkami nalepljeno. Takoj sem zaslutil, da mora biti nekaj, česar bom zelo vesel in hitro sem odvil rujavi papir. Odvil sem pismo s častitkami k mojemu rojstnemu dnevu in priložene pa izdaje Mladinskega lista. Nič več jim nisem pomagal obirati jabolka; v hišo sem šel, sedel k mizi, si nataknil očala in pričel čitati pismo in Mladinski list.

Ko sem obračal strani Mladinskega lista, sem se zelo začudil, ker sem opazil notri svoje ime. Kaj takega bi ne bil nikdar niti sanjal. Kar neverjetno se mi je zdelo in prijetno sem bil iznenaden, ko vidim notri ime na malih, katerim sem nekdanj pripovedoval povesti, kakor jih pripovedujem še danes drugim, ker so prvi odrasli in se razpršili po svetu.

Obračal sem dalje liste in sem čital v njih Vaša pisma. Zelo so me razveselila in zdelo se mi je, kakor bi jih meni pisali. Ne morem Vam povedati, kako me veseli, ko čitam, da se zanimате za svoj list, za naš

jezik in za Vašo veliko jednoto, ki jo imate v Ameriki. Če bi vas mogel zbrati vse skupaj, ki Vas je tisoče in tisoče razkropljenih po vseh Združenih državah, pa bi se veselo pogovorili, prijatelji bi bili vsi takoj in povedal bi Vam kaj lepega, kakor bi najboljše vedel in znal.

Obračal sem Mladinski list dalje in videl v njem lepe slike. Takega lista morate res biti veseli! Ko sem šel skozi prvi list, sem pogledal drugega in tretjega ter vse, v vsakem pa sem se najbolj dolgo ustavil pri Vaših pismih, da se tako malo z Vami seznanim. Takoj pri čitanju Mladinskega vil pri Vaših pismih, da se nekoliko z Vami pišem povest iz davnih, davnih dni, veselo in zabavno povest, da se boste smejali, ko jo boste čitali, in da se boste spomnili starega strica Matica daleč, daleč v domovini slovenski.

Prej kot sem se pripravil pisati, pa sem sklenil, da moram prečitatati vse liste. To je zame, ki počasi čitam, precej težko delo; dolge večere sem sedel v sobi in čital. Čital sem naglas, kajti poleg mene sta sedela in verno poslušala Francelj in Marica, ki pravita, da bosta šla v Ameriko, ko bosta velika, da se bosta z Vami seznanila in Vas rada imela.

Ampak vesele povesti, katero sem se pripravljaj napisati, Vam v tem pismu ne morem podati. Kar Vam pišem, je žalostno, ker sem tako žalosten, kakor še nikoli nisem bil. Vem, da radi čitate vesele stvari, ampak pri nas je vse tako žalostno in potrto, da Vam veselega pisati ne morem.

Nekega večera, ko sem ravno dokončaval čitanje zadnjega Mladinskega lista, so zažvenketale šipe v oknu in grmenje je pretreslo vso hišo. To je bilo začetek žalostnega bobnenja, ki se je nadaljevalo vso noč. Zunaj je lilo, padala je toča in dež, kakor bi se vtrgali vsi oblaki. Tupatam je nekoliko odjenjalo, ali dež je padal vso noč in grmelo je in nam kratilo spanec.

Drugo jutro je bilo žalostno, kakor še nobeno jutro v mojem življenju. Dneva ni pa ni hotelo biti, kajti vse nebo so zakrivali neprodarno temni oblaki, iz katerih je še ved-

no lilo. Od strehe je teklo, kakor bi čez njo lil cel potok. Voda se je po klancu odtekala nizdol, proti sredini vasi, kjer je že stala velika mlaka.

"Kaj bo! Kaj bo!" so žalostno stokali ljudje in se ozirali na nebo, ki se ni hotelo razjasniti. Vse je potihnilo, celo dež je nekam pojenjal, kakor bi vsa narava čakala na najhujše, ki je moralo priti. Ptice so se plaho poskrile, domače živali so se tiščale ljudi, kajti vse je bilo tako nenavadno grozno, ker ni hotelo biti dneva in je tema obdajala vas.

Prišlo je najhujše. Od strani nad vasjo smo začuli nemirno in urno se bližajoče butanje. Ljudje so zavpili; niso še vedeli, kaj bo, ampak zaslutili so strašno nezgodo, ki zadene vso vas in vse sosednje vasi, kamor bo zavihrala. Po dolini se je bližal temnosivi val povodnji, iz katerega so se preteče dvigali hlodi, slemenhi hiš, oprava, cunje, kamenje, razbite omare in nešteto drugi predmetov, ki jih je strašna povodenj vzela prebivalcem v dolini nad našo vasjo. Ljudje so zbežali iz hiš, v hipu so še izpustili iz hlevov živino, da je pobegnila pred smrtjo in se z ljudmi zatekla v bregove.

Žalostno smo gledali, kako so valovi butnili v naše domove. Kakor igrača pred velikanskimi silami so padale stene hiš, krovi so splavali po vodi dalje; vse, vse je šlo. Voda je bobnela dalje, doli proti spodnjim vasem in sosedom odvzela domove. Celi dan je bučala voda in uničevala pod seboj, proti večeru pa se je ponižala in pokazala okostje naše rodne grude, s katere je odnesla vse, kar smo imeli dobrega.

Francelj in Marica se jokata, ker ni-

mata več lepega vrta, v katerem sta se igrala; dolgčas jima je doma, ker v šolo tudi ne moreta, kajti šolo je odnesla povodenj. Francelj je imel gnezdo lepih, belih, komaj dva tedna starih zajčkov. Zelo je jokal za njimi in mati in oče ga nista mogla tolažiti, ker sta sama izgubila skoro ves ljubi dom. Imeli smo lepega telička, ki je bil Maričin. Tudi teliček je našel smrt v vodi in Marica je dolgo časa jokala za njim. Skupaj smo sedli na golo kamenje in objokovali svojo revščino.

Vidite, dragi čitatelji Mladinskega lista, da Vam veselega ne morem pisati. Pisati sem se pripravil šele potem, ko se je vse pomirilo in ko so ljudje nekoliko pozabili strašno svojo nesrečo. Zdaj hite delati in si skušajo preskrbeti streho, da bodo imeli kje prezimiti. Tare pa jih velika skrb, kako se bodo preživeli, ker jim je voda vse odnesla.

V Ameriki dobri Slovenci pobirajo denar, da bi pomagali svojim rojakom v rodni domovini. Prav je to in zelo potrebno je. Tu se nimajo ljudje kam obrniti, ker so prizadete cele pokrajine in so ljudje po vseh dolinah kar v enem dnevu postali berači. Pomagajte jim tudi vi, mladi bratci in sestrice S. N. P. J. Povejte Vašim staršem, kako velika nesreča nas je zadela, da bodo tudi oni priskočili na pomoč.

Prihodnjič Vam bom napisal veselejše pismo, česar danes nisem mogel, ker obiskala nas je kruta nesreča in se je pri nas naselila črna žalost. Do tedaj pa pridno pripevajte v Vaš list in imejte z njim veliko zabave.

Vas pozdravlja

Vaš stric Matič.



Aljažev stolp vrh Triglava.

Fran Erjavec:

Gos



Gajaj, gajaj, gos!
Dedek hodi bos,
baba ga izula,
sama se obula.

AKO oponašajo slovenski otroci žlobudravo gos. To pa jo malo briga, kaj pojo o njej poredni paglavci; saj je vendarle imenitna ptica, in ko bi bila le količkaj častilakomna, ki se nosila po vsej pravici ošabno in gizdavo kakor pav ali pa še bolj. Že to ji daje veljavo, da svet že tako dolgo oskrbuje s pisalnimi peresi, z onim orodjem, s katerim so se bili toliki hudi—čeprav nekrvavi—boji, s katerim se je napisalo toliko dobrega, plemenitega, pravičnega, resničnega in poučnega, za vse človeštvo koristnega. Da se ni zmerom pisala resnica in pravica, da je v pismih dosti slabega, krivičnega in lažnjivega, tega, goska, nisi ti kriva!

V novejšem času je res tvoja slava malo otemnela, odkar jeklena in bog si ga vedi kakšna peresa še vedno bolj izpodrivajo tvoja. — Ali nič se ne boj! Tvoja slava ne povenikdar, dokler se bo še kak človek ukvarjal z zgodovino, dokler se bo mladina v šolskih klopek učila imenitnih dogodov vsega sveta. Med tolikimi slavnimi junaki se bodo spominjali tudi tvojega imena, spominjali se bodo gosi kapitolskih. Pod vojvodo Brenom so prihrumeli v Rim divji Gali, razdejali mesto in se pripravljali, da napadejo tudi trdni grad "kapitol" na strmi skali. V viharju, temni noči so hoteli prelesti zidove in nena doma pasti v grad. Psi, ki bi morali po svoji dolžnosti čuvati in stražiti, so bili podkupljeni z jedjo, vojaške straže so pa spale. Že so mislili Gali, da je "kapitol" njihov, kar se v odločilnem trenutku oglasi neka gos. Od glasnega giganja in gaganja se prebude straže, vse skoči na noge — "kapitol" je bil rešen, gos pa se je proslavila na vse veke.

Hvaležni Rimljani so postavili za spomin tega dogodka v "kapitol" srebrno gos in vsako leto so obhajali obletnico z velikim izprevodom, ki ga je vodila neka gos. Nekoliko psov so pa na ta dan obesili na bezgovo

drevo, ker njih predniki niso one noči storili svoje dolžnosti.

To je kratka povest, kdaj in kako je postala gos imenitna. Nobena zgodovina nam pa ni zapisala, kdaj je človek začel gos privajati sebi in jo vzel med domačo svojo živad. Po vsem razsodku se je to zgodilo že v davnem veku. Udomačil si jo je od sive gosi, ki še sedaj divja živi po severni Evropi in Aziji. Seznanimo se najprej s to divjo sivko!

Divja gos je za spoznanje manjša od domače. Perja je sivkastega, zgoraj temnejšega, po trebuhu svetlejšega; kljun je pomarančast, plavne noge so pa rdečkaste. Kljun je dolg kakor glava, na korenu višji nego širok, spredaj stisnjen, na gornji čeljusti zobat kakor žaga.

Zgodaj jeseni potuje ta gos v južne kraje ter se na poti tupatam pomudi nekoliko časa. Navadno lete v manjših družbah in sicer ali druga za drugo v ravni vrsti, ali pa v podobi trikota, na eni strani odprtega. Spomladi se pa zgodaj spet vračajo na svoja navadna stanišča, kjer se razkrope paroma in takoj začno misliti na gnezditve. Gos gnezdi sredi velikega močvirja v najskrivnejših in najnepristopnejših grezéh. Semtertam še sedaj vale divje gosi v obljudenih krajih, ali vsako leto jih je manj, ker povsod močvirja osušajo. Nekatero kraje, kjer je bila nekdanj navadna ptica, je sedaj bržčas zapustila.

Gos precej po prihodu nanaša ločja in trave za gnezdo, gosak jo pa spremlja kot straža in tudi pozneje, ko vali, ne gre nikdar daleč od nje. Sploh je z gosko zelo prijazen, ves čas življenja ji je zvest tovariš.

S trebuha si ona oskube najmečji puh, z njim obloži znotraj gnezdo in pokriva tudi jajca, kadar se na kratek čas vzdigne iz gnezda. Mlajša gos znese 6—8, starejša pa tudi 12 in še več jajec. Konec meseca sušča že sedi na njih in vali štiri tedne. Mlade gosčice vodita stara dva že drugi dan na vodo, gos plava naprej, za njo mlade, gosak pa zadnji, vedno se oziraje na vse strani. Kakor mu kaj ni všeč, se oglasi in mladiči se skrijejo med vodni šaš. V nevarnosti jih oba pogumno branita, posebno pa ona. Proti ne-

prijatelju iztegne vrat, sika in puha, pa tudi grize in bije s perutnicami. Po ves dan se pasejo na vodi, zvečer pa gredo spat v gnezdo. Ko so mlade dorasle, se pasejo več na suhem nego na vodi. Stari se poleti brijejo, to je, menjajo perje. Takrat ne morejo leteti, zato se skrivajo v goščavo. Vsa rodovina pa ostane skupaj do prihodnje pomladi, skupaj tudi potujejo, in šele ko se vrnejo, jih zapodita stara od sebe. Mlade začno valiti v drugem letu.

Divja gos je jako tenkočutna, razumna in previdna ptica. Lovca takoj prepozna in razloči od mirnega kmeta ali pastirja. Ujete mlade in celo stare se dosti hitro sprijaznijo s človekom, dasitudi se še v drugem in tretjem zarodu divjost ne zataji popolnoma; posebno jeseni, ko potujejo divje, so jako nemirne in zbegane. To velja tudi za take, ki so se izvalile pod domačo gosjo iz jajec divje gosi. Jeseni jih je treba zapreti, sicer pobegnejo. Taki beguni se časih še povrnejo k svojemu gospodarju, časih pa tudi ne, in če se tudi vrnejo, ostanejo zmerom plahe in letajo rade daleč okoli. Nasproti temu pa se časih tudi divje gosi, zlasti gosaki, pomešajo med domače na paši in gredo z njimi celo do vasi, ali dalje ne.

Največji in najnevarnejši gosji neprijatelji so orli in ljudje. Človek preži nanje zaradi mesa in perja, toda težko jih je zalesti. Najbolje stori, ako jih čaka zvečer, ko se zbirajo na stanovitih prenočiščih.

O domači gosi nimamo povedati nič posebnega. Malo več je je v mesu nego divje in perje se ji je večidel pobelilo, dasitudi sive domače gosi niso redke. Kar pa se tiče njenih zmožnosti, moramo reči, da so se ji v sužnosti zmanjšale ravno tako kakor ovci. Ni sicer topa in bedasta, kakor navadno mislijo, ali vendar je nekako izgubljena, težka in počasna in v stiski si ne ve pomagati. Ako ji otrok nagaja s šibo, se ne ve kam deti. Ziblje se sem ter tja, gaga in izteguje vrat,

oteplje s perutnicami, ali da bi se vzdignila in odletela, ji dela težave.

Gos hodi z vzdignjenim vratom mnogo bolje od race, plava pa počasneje, po plitvih vodah roni kakor raca. Najlepše na njej je vitki vrat, ki se zvija kakor kača. Sedaj ga ima na hrbtu, sedaj v perutnicah, sedaj pod trebuhom. Gos dobro leti, ako se je vzdignila z velikim štropotom od tal.

Gosi so rade bolj same zase. Na dvorišču se drže v stran in se ne pajdašijo rade z drugo kuretino. Na paši začno časih na vse grlo kričati, z razprostrtimi perutnicami mahaje, vihrajo po zemlji in—ako je voda blizu—se zakade vanjo s strašnim šumom, da se voda kar praši.

Gos je malokdaj tiha, posebno v družbi ne. Zmerom si imajo dosti povedati, polglasnega čebljanja ni konca ni kraja, kakor pravi narodna pesem:

Tri pure, tri race,
tri bele gosi
so skupaj čebljale
tri cele noči.

Ljudje, ki imajo čas in voljo poslušati brbljave gosi, so tudi ugenili, kaj se menijo med seboj. Mlade libe, ki gredo odzadaj, se neki hvalijo: "Me smo lepe, mlade, me smo lepe, mlade!" Starim žugam odspredaj to ni všeč, zavidne jim odgovarjajo: "Tudi me smo bile mlade, tudi me smo bile mlade!" Gosak pa, ki stopa pred njimi, izteguje vrat in kriči: "Pa že zdavnaj, pa že zdavnaj!"—Razkačene gosi sičejo, zlasti gosaki.

Gosi jedo vsakovrstno rastlinsko hrano, zobljejo žito in zrnje, mulijo travo in drugo sočnato zelenjavo, sosebno rade hlastajo salato. Preden gos zakoljejo, jo navadno pitajo z močnatimi osvaljki ali pa s koruzo in jo zapro v tesen prostor, da se poprej odebeli. Taka gos dobi posebno velika jetra, ki jih ljudje čislajo za posebno slaščico.



Zlatorog

Pripovedujejo, da so nekaj na planinah ob Triglavu, ki je najvišja gora v Sloveniji, prebivale bele žene. Bile so dobrosrčne. Rade so se prikazovale v dolini in pomagale ubožnim ljudem v stiskah in nadlogah. Pastirje so učile spoznavati zdravilne moči raznih zelišč. Po golih skalah je rasla po njih volji slastna trava, da jo je mulila siromakova koza. Niso pa imele rade hvale. Nihče ni smel v kraje, kjer so prebivale; prepodile so ga s hudo nevihto.

Po solnčnih rebrih so se pasle njih divje koze, ki so bile bele kakor sneg. Te koze je vodil močan kozel. Ker je imel zlate rogove, so ga imenovali Zlatoroga. Njegova kri je imela čudno moč. Ako ga je zadela lovčeva krogla, je zrasla iz vsake kaplje krvi, najsi je padla tudi na skalo ali na sneg, čudovita triglavska roža, ki mu je takoj vrnila zdravje, ako je použil le en list. Še večjo moč pa so imeli njegovi zlati rogovi. Pravili so, da si, kdor dobi njegov rog, lahko pridobi ve-

likanske zaklade zlata in srebra, ki jih je čuvala mnogoglava kača v gori Bogatinu.

Želja po tem bogastvu je nagnila nekega lovca, da se je odpravil ponoči v gore loviti Zlatoroga. Opoldne šele dobi zlatoroga. Lovčeva krogla ga zadene prav v srce. Hudo ranjen se splazi kozel na ozko skalo, pod katero je bil strašen prepad. Lovec gre pogumno dalje po sledu krvavečega Zlatoroga. Pot so mu kazale čudne rože, ki so zrasle iz Zlatorogove krvi.

Zlatorog zaužije list čudotvorne rože in se z novo močjo obrne proti sovražniku. Rogovi se mu svetijo kakor solnce. Omamljen od tolake lepote, pogleda lovec podse v brezno — zvrtil se mu v glavi. Zlatorog pa skoči proti njemu in ga pahne v brezmejno globočino, kjer se ubije.

Bele žene so potem izginile iz tega kraja. Z njimi so odšle tudi bele koze. Zlatorog je z rogovi razril cvetoče livade — in sedaj so tamkaj skalnate puščave.

Po Karlu Dežmanu.

Zdravo in bolno mesto

I.

V velikih mestih je vsega dovolj, bogastva in ubožstva.

Skoro vsaka hiša ima velika pročelna okna, ki gledajo na bogato ulico. Imajo pa hiše tudi majhne dušnike, ki zijajo v smetljive kote.

Na vročem uličnem tlaku se blešče novi črevlji in se pari bosa prosjaške noge. Svila šumi in žamet se sveti poleg cap. In cape komaj zakrivajo izsušena telesa. Smeh in jok hodita vstric v velikem mestu.

II.

Vsega je po dvoje v velikem mestu.

Tudi ulic je dvoje vrst:

Široke so svetle in polne vsega najlep-

šega, ozke polne vsega najslabšega, zavite v temo, kakor da se sramujejo velike sestre. Iz njih se vale množice bledih in izmučenih teles v osrčje velikega mesta.

Zjutraj prihajajo iz mraka, zvečer se vračajo vanj, ki je njih dom. Solnčna svetloba ni še nikoli obsijala njih bivališč. Okna njih stanovanj so temna in zamazana. Mrko gledajo na ozke ulice. Na njih se le malokdaj prikaže človeški obraz.

Zidovi v teh ulicah so vlažni in brez ometa. Za zidovi pa žive ljudje, ki so enaki ljudem po velikih ulicah. Znajo misliti in čutiti kot oni, le smejati se ne znajo tako. V tesnih prostorih se komaj gibljejo. Kakšno je njih življenje, kdo ve?

Josip Ribičič.



Mešana družina

Ali bo kdaj prišlo do tega, da bo človek iztrebil vse živali, s katerimi živi skupaj že tisoče let in je nanje še danes navezan?

To vprašanje nastane radi konja in druge vprežne živine, katera počasi zginja s cest. Iz hrupnih in preobljudenih mest avtomobili odrinjajo konja, ki se vzdrži samo še pri takem delu, katerega more opraviti cenejše in primernejše kot avto. Le za prevažanje mleka, kruha, premoga, za odvažanje cunj in odpadkov se še poslužujejo konja, a tudi v tem že uvajajo motor. Ponekje se konj le predolgo obdrži na cesti, ker je za današnji hitri promet prepočasen. Velikokrat se pripeti, da mora promet vse ceste obstati radi samo enega konja.

Prej ali slej bo konj moral iti, kajti lastnik ga bo obdržal samo toliko časa, dokler bo zanj cenejši kot motor. Poleg tega pa je konj na cesti velika nadloga meščanu.

Veliko časa je porabljenega pri čakanju na konje. Za konjem je treba tudi snažiti ceste, kajti dasi je konj prijetna žival, je vendar kmetavzarska neroda, ki se nikoli ne nauči mestnih manir. Še celo takrat, ko ni na cesti, danes ni konj priljubljen. Konjski hlev je namreč zarezališče muh in mušic. Mesta bi bila veliko zdravejša, če bi ne imela hlevov.

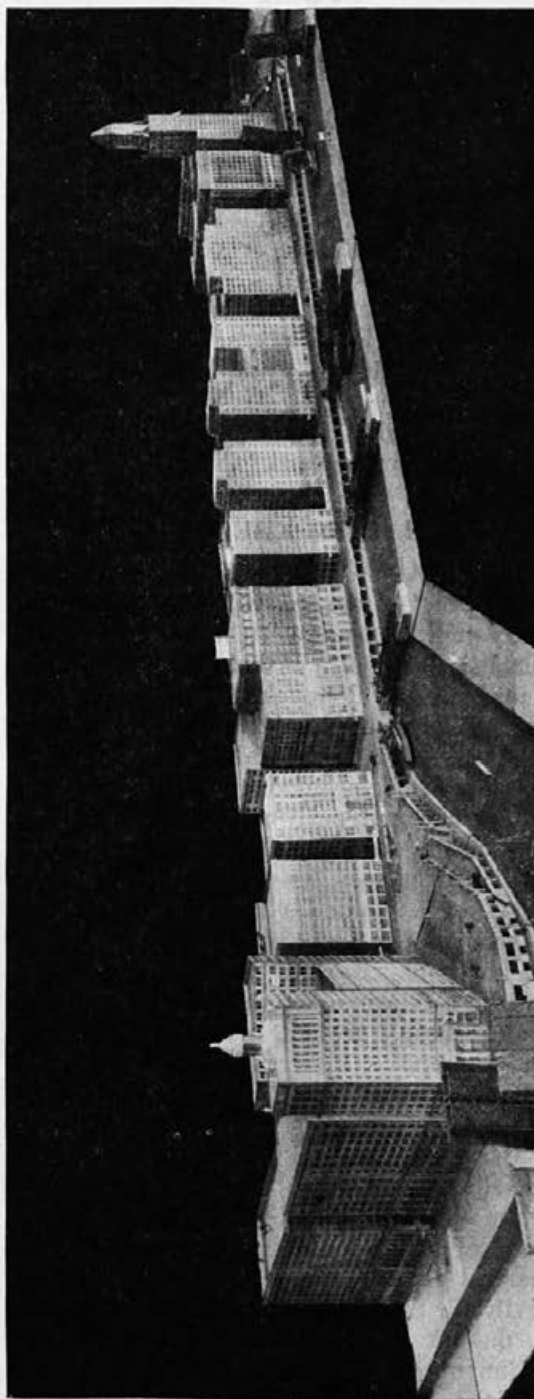
Na deželi pa je konj še doma. Tako so tudi druge številne živali. Človek sam si je ustanovil svoj prvi in ne neprijeten dom na deželi. Mogoče bo čez tisoč let spoznal, da mesta in dežele ne more mešati več in živali bodo morale iti.

Heinrich Zschokke:

ŽIVLJENSKA MODROST.

Kar o življenju trdiš,
kar tožiš o ljudeh,
kar ceniš in kar grajaš,
kar psuješ in kar s slavo mi obdajaš.
To dravec moj, ni svet,
to ti si sam.
In kar o svetu si potožil,
s tem si le sebe samega obtožil.

(Pod lipo.)



Čikaški "Wacker Drive," katera ulica je bila pred tedni odprta.
(Klišej je posodilo upravnistvo "Proletarca.")

Basni

POLŽ.

Polž, ki je stanoval na železniškem naspisu, se je vsaki dan jezil na bliskoviti voz, ki je vedno podil mimo in ga vznemirjal v njegovem udobnem leženju.

"Ga bom jaz odvadil tega," je rekel polž sam pri sebi in se je postavil pod tračnice ter kolikor mogel daleč iztegnil svoje rogove, ko je videl, da se iz daljine urno bliža vlak.

Ves jezen je rekel: "S tračnic ga bom vrgel." Vlak je pridrvel in se podil dalje preko neprijatelja. Polž se je po polževo obrnil in je gledal za njim, kako je hitel v daljine.

"Ni vzdržal," je rekel polž prezirljivo. "Kakor strahopetec beži."

*

KOMAR IN KRESNICA.

(Iz italijanskega.)

"Mislim," je nekega večera govoril komar kresnici, "da na svetu ni žive stvari, ki bi bila bolj plemenita in bolj koristna kakor sem jaz. Če bi bil človek boljši kakor je, bi mi moral biti vedno hvaležen. Zagotovo vem, da ni boljšega učitelja kakor sem jaz, ker kadar jaz pričnem pikati s svojim žalcem, učim človeka potrpežljivosti. Ko sem pri svojem poslu, sem jako marljiv, kajti niti podnevi niti ponoči, ko se človek odpravlja v posteljo, ne popustim in zdaj ga pičim v roko, zdaj na čelo, ali kamor se mi že zljubi. To je koristno. Kar pa je še bolj dostojanstveno, je to, da imam tudi trobento v ustih, da kakor vojak trobim in potem letim na krilih kakor ptica, ki kroži po zraku.

Ti, lena kresnica, pa ne počenjaš nič tako imenitnega na svetu!"

"Priatelj moj," odgovori kresnica, "vse, kar misliš, da drugemu storiš dobro, storiš samemu sebi. Od toliko dobrot, ki jih storiš ljudem, je vendar poglavitna dobrota zate, da si nasrkaš poln želodec krvi, katero piješ iz njihovih žil. S trobentanjem pa izzivaš drugega, da piči ali pa se veseliš, ker si sam pičil. Jaz nimam nič drugega kakor slabotno svetlobo, ki sveti iz mene. Prizadevam si s to svojo svetlobo ljudem razsvetliti pot v temni noči; a želela bi, da bi bila moja svetloba svetlejša, dasi mi ne dopušča moja na-

rava. Pa niti se ne baham s tistim malim, kar imam, temveč si samo prizadevam, da s tem čimveč koristim."

*

OSEL IN PSI.

Ko je nekoč zbolel kralj lev, je za čas svoje bolezni postavil osla za svojega namestnika. Osel se je zavil v levovo kožo in vse živali so se mu priklanjale, najbolj pa psi. Ko je lev spet ozdravel in je moral osel levovo kožo zopet sleči ter prestol zapustiti, so psi tekali za njim, lajali ter mu nagajali na vse viže. Osel jih vpraša: "Kaj mi zdaj toliko nagajate, prej ste se mi pa priklanjali?"

Psi mu smeje se odgovorijo: "Saj se nismo priklanjali tebi, ampak levovi koži, v katero si bil zavit."

Trinog ima le posojeno moč; če tisto izgubi, ga tisti, ki so se mu prej najbolj klanjali, najbolj psujejo.

*

JUNEC IN VOL.

Mlademu juncu so obesili pastirji zvonček na vrat. Njemu pa se to nikakor ni dopadlo, ker tega silnega zvonjenja ni mogel slišati. Skakal je od jeze in tekal in stresal glavo pa vrat, da bi se zvonca iznebil; pa je le toliko glasneje zvonil, bolj ko ga je stresal.

To vidi star vol in junca podučil: "Ne skači, ampak pasi se mirno in nič ali le malo te bo nadlegovalo ropotanje zvonca."

Enak temu juncu je marsikateri človek, ki nesreče prenašati ne more, ampak tarna in si jo vedno stavi pred oči, ter jo tako le poveča.

*

VOLA IN KONJIČEK.

Dva vola sta vlekla plug ter z njim korakala. Konjiček priteče mimo z majhnim vozičkom in se iz volov tako ponorčuje: "Škoda, ki sta tako velika in močna, pa se valita tako okorno naprej. Poglejta mene, kako tečem kot ptič!"

Vola pa ga zavrmeta: "Ti lahko tečeš s svojim lahkim vozičkom in nama očitaš počasnost, pa najinega pluga ne vidiš, ki riže globoko v zemlji in dela zemljo rodovitno, da imata ti in človek kaj jesti."

Izreki modrih mož

Odgovoren sem za svojo voljo, ne za uspeh.

Fichte.

Človek je kakor popotnik na svetu, ki ne more nositi s seboj veliko orodja, toda ono malo, kar nosi, mora biti pripravno, da more zadostiti za potrebe.

Mach.

Prava nagrada za delo sta znanje in vrлина, katerih zunanji znak je zopet bogastvo in ugled.

Emerson.

Samo ona stvar je izgubljena, katero opustimo.

Feuchtersleben.

Pravi rodoljub je oni, ki si prizadeva svoje življenje tako urediti, da z njim dvigne narodno vrednost.

Ludvik Gaj.

Nič ni koristno, kar ni pošteno.

Franklin.

Najtežje je z onimi ljudmi, ki so omejeni s srcem in neomejeni z jezikom.

Tihomil Pazin.

Ne zavij s pota proti nesreči, temveč idi ji hrabro naproti.

Latinski izrek.

Sreča ni lahka stvar; zelo težko jo je najti v sebi, nemogoče pa jo je najti drugje.

Šanfor.

Smatraj vsaki dan kot življenje zase.

Seneca.

Dokazano je, da je siromaštvo voditelj vsake nove težnje.

Shakespeare.

Kar si izgubil v kratkem času, ti niti večnost ne more vrniti.

Schiller.

Če ljubiš življenje, ne izgublaj časa, kajti iz časa se sestoji življenje.

Franklin.

Živimo tako, da bodo ob naši smrti še pogrebni jokali.

Mark Twain.

Ako si prijatelj samega sebe, dobiš tudi druge prijatelje.

Škotska prislovice.



“Kočijaža” s Filipinskega otočja.



Dragi čitatelji!

Meseca oktobra sem prejel zelo veliko pozdravov, ki ste mi jih poslali iz najrazličnejših krajev. Za te se Vam moram najprej zahvaliti in Vam obenem vračam pozdrave.

Bliža se konec leta 1926. Dobili boste še eno številko in potem bo božič, na kar pričnemo z novim letom. Vem, da težko čakate božiča, ker Vam bodo dobri starši kupili darila; ponekod Vam bodo tudi društva Slovenske narodne podporne jednote priredila zabavo in Vam razdelila darove. Jaz bi Vam tudi rad dal kaj lepega, da boste imeli za spomin in v resnici imam za tiste, ki ste veliko pisali v Mladinski list, lepa darila. Na razpolago imam za Vas krasne knjige s slikami, pesmimi, povestmi in nekaj knjig, v katerih so note. V prihodnjem Mladinskem listu bodo priobčena imena vseh tistih, ki dobite darila. Ker ne vem, kateri igrate na piano, bi rad videl, da mi tisti, kateri vidite svoje imena, takoj odpišete, če znate igrati na klavir kajti dobili boste tudi note za nekaj lepih slovenskih pesmi.

Za druge, kateri ne prejmete teh daril, pa bom v Mladinski list dal obilo slik in pesmi, tako da boste imeli lep spomin na letošnji božič, za drugo leto pa vzpodbujajo, da boste toliko več prispevali v svoj list. Mislim, da bo drugo leto veliko zanimivejše, kajti od nekaterih sem že sedaj dobil pisma, da boste sodelovali v "Klubu veselih članov S. N. P. J." Ali pripravljate že sedaj kratko povest o Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti? Ne pozabite, da bo to prva tekma prihodnje leto!

Iz Latrobe, Pa., mi piše Jennie Fradel:
Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se malo oglasim v našem listu in Vam povem, da imamo tukaj skoraj vsaki dan dež. Dobro je, ker imamo blizu šole in tlakovano ulico, da nas ne ovira za v šolo. V zadnji izdaji Mladinskega lista ste pisali, da bo izšel okoli 10. oktobra, jaz pa ga nisem dobila do 18. oktobra. Priloženo Vam pošljem mojo nadaljno naročnino za eno leto. Dobila sem tudi naročnico Rozi Klobučar, kar Vam skupaj pošljem. Lep pozdrav vsem članom Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J.

(Da je list zadnji mesec, kakor tudi ta mesec nekoliko zakasnel, je povzročilo veliko dela, katerega ima sedaj tiskarna S. N. P. J.)

Frances Klobuchar iz West Frankforta mi pošilja rešitev uganke, ki se samo nekoliko razlikuje od moje rešitve, namreč da ima mesto besede "sokol" navzdol in počez besedo "golob". Končno je tudi taka rešitev pravilna. *

Iz Roundupa, Montana, piše sestra Olga Zobek:
Dne 12. oktobra je bil dan, ko je Krištof Kolumb prvič zagledal ameriško zemljo. To je bilo leta 1492. V šoli smo imeli dne 12. oktobra praznik.

Zadnjič sem Vam pisala, da pišem stari mami in očetu. Stara mama mi je umrla na 5. septembra. Imam pa še tri strice v starem kraju zraven starega očeta. Tu imam za družbo mučka in psa.

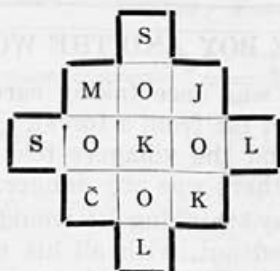
Zelo bi me veselilo, ako bi mi pisal kateri bratec ali sestra. Vesela bom odgovorila. To je vse za danes. Pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem. Hvala za pozdrav za mamó. — Vaša sestra.

St. Louis, Mo. — Mladinski list dobivam vsaki mesec. Rada ga čitam, naj bo v slovenskem ali pa angleškem. Rada berem povesti strica Matica in druge. Jaz sem stara dvanaest let in hodim v ljudsko šolo v osmi razred. Tam se učimo tudi kuhati in drugo. Igram vsaki dan vijolin, predno grem zjutraj v šolo. V soboto popoldne grem k učitelju igranja na vijolin.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J. in želim, da bi kaj več pisali v Našem koticu. — Matilda Zimmermann.

(Hvala za pozdrave! Glede uganke velja to, kar sem pisal za sestrico Frances Klobučar.—Opomba ur.)

*
REŠITEV UGANKE ŠT. 11.



Dragotin Kette:

KUŽEK IN RACA.

Ob lokve temno-zeleneči obali
so račice zibale se,
in kljunčki rumeni so vedno čebljali,
glavice vpogibale se.
In bile so račice bele ko sneg
in gladke po celem telesci,
in samo na repku sem videl pri dveh
po dve lepo modri peresci.
Gotovo bi dolgo ostale še tu,
a kaj, ko ne more jim dati miru
naš kužek nebodigatreba.
Zagnal se je vanje ta grdi lopov,
ki vedno podi naše mačke,
kot jastreb požrešni z visokega neba,
in renčal je nanje in lajal: hov, hov!
da plašno zbežale so račke.
Zbežale so plašno in gagale so
in brzo poskakale v vodo,
z nožicami in perutnicami si
nedolžne živali pomagale so
pred grdo, kosmato prismodo.
In revskal in bevskal in lajal, renčal
naš bedasti kužek prav jezno,
a kaj, ko se v vodi je plavati bal,
drugače pa mogel ni čeznjo.

Odplule so račke na onkraj vode
in tam se zdaj smejejo kužku v zobe:
Le lajaj, le lajaj, da bodeš hripav,
saj drugega tak ne umeješ,
saj petdeset račjih me stavimo glav,
da kužek ti sem ne prispeješ!

SMREČICA.

Mala smrečica je gledala na svojo visoko
sestro, jo občudovala in ji rekla: "Glej no,
kako je moja sestra velika, skoraj sega do ne-
ba; o da bi tudi jaz kmalu zrastle tako vi-
soko!"

Nebo je smrečici poslalo dežja in soln-
ca, pa je v kratkih letih dosegla velikost svo-
je sestre. Zdaj pogleda na tla in pogleda
proti nebu ter žalostno vzdihne: "Oh, kako
blizu je do tal, kako daleč pa do neba! Do-
segla sem svojo največjo visokost in sem še
tako majhna!"

Tako si obeta človek v mladosti, da si
bo pridobil na svetu neizmerno slavo in uče-
nost; ko pa pride do vrhunca svojega raz-
voja, spozna, da nič ni in nič ne zna.

PREGOVORI.

Hitro maščevanje, gotova izguba.

*

Kdor rano ruča in se rano oženi, se ne
kesa.

*

Kar eden norec stori, sto modrih ni v
stanu popraviti.

*

Kar kdo dela, sebi dela.

*

Če koza taji, ne taji svojega roga.

*

Uzdaj se u se i u svoje kljuse. — (Hrva-
ški pregovor.)





VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



DEČEK IN VOLK.

Neki deček je nekoč imel v oskrbi čredo ovac, nedaleč proč od gozda. V bližini je bila vas in vaščani so mu rekli, naj pokliče na pomoč, če bi bila nevarnost.

Misleč, da se bo nekoliko zabaval, je nekoga dne na vso moč zavpil: "Volk gre! Volk gre!"

Možje so pritekli s puškami in sekirami, da ubijejo volka. Ko so videli, da so bili prevarani, so odšli zopet domov in pustili Janeza, ki se je smejal sam pri sebi.

Ker je topot imel toliko zabave, je John drugega dne spet zavpil: "Volk! Volk!" Možje so spet prišli, toda ne toliko kot prej. Bili so jezni, ko niso videli nobenega znaka o volku; in so se počasi vrnili na svoje delo.

Tretjega dne je volk res prišel. Janez je zavpil zelo prestrašen: "Pomagajte, pomagajte! Volk! Volk!" toda niti eden mož ni prišel, da mu pomaga.

Volk je usmrtil mnogo ovac in je odnesel lepo jagnje, ki je bilo Janezovo.

Tedaj je bilo Janezu zelo hudo, da je varal prijatelje in sosede in žalostil se je radi izgube njegovega priljubljenega jagnjeta.

Ljudje nikoli ne verujejo njemu, ki često laže.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A boy was once taking care of a herd of sheep, not far from a forest. Nearby was a village, and the villagers told him to call for help if there was any danger.

One day, thinking he would have some fun, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! The wolf is coming!"

The men came running with guns and axes to kill the wolf. When they saw that they had been deceived, they went home again, and left John laughing to himself.

As he had so much fun this time, John cried out again the next day, "The wolf! The wolf!" The men came again, but not so many as before. They were angry when they saw no sign of the wolf; and went slowly back to their work.

On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in great fright, "Help, help! The wolf! The wolf!" but not a single man came to help him.

The wolf killed many sheep, and carried away a beautiful lamb that belonged to John.

Then he felt very sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

People never believe him who lies frequently.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL
AND SHE WORE A LITTLE CURL
DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF HER FOREHEAD
WHEN SHE WAS GOOD
SHE WAS VERY GOOD
BUT WHEN SHE WAS BAD
SHE WAS VERY BAD





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume V.

NOVEMBER 1926.

Number 11.

Eugene V. Debs:

WHERE DAISY SLEEPS

To Mother!
Sweetest to us of all the earth.
We called her "Daisy."

Terre Haute, Ind., May, 1906.

The grass grows green
Where Daisy sleeps;
The Mulberry Tree its vigil keeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The wind blows soft
Where Daisy sleeps;
The modest, blue-eyed violet peeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The birds sing sweet
Where Daisy sleeps;
The mournful willow bends and weeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The sun shines bright
Where Daisy sleeps;
Each changing season sows and reaps
Where Daisy sleeps.

The flowers bloom fair
Where Daisy sleeps;
The evening shadow softly creeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

Our hearts beat true
Where Daisy sleeps;
And Love its match forever keeps
Where Daisy sleeps.

WHEN THE WIND'S IN A TANTRUM

When the Wind's in a tantrum (he often is)
He rages and rushes and roars and squeals,
Rages and rushes and kicks his heels—
Perhaps you know how the rascal feels?

He drives the leaves down the garden paths,
Hurrying, scurrying, blow, blow, blow;
Like frightened chickens away they go—
Who chases the chickens perhaps you know?

When the Wind grows weary he rests awhile,
Veers from a gale to a gentle breeze,
Turns from a tyrant into a tease.
Perhaps you know what I mean by these?

When the Wind gets wearier yet he drops;
And driven things in a trembling heap
Cease to quiver and race and leap—
Perhaps you'll guess who has gone to sleep?

TRUE PATRIOTISM

Not in the belching cannon's roar,
Not in the piper's lay;
Not in the flag which we adore,
Nor yet in holiday.
Not in fulsome studied speech,
Not in pomp and show;
Not in the rockets' sizzling screech,
Nor in the fires' glow.
But in the heart, where doth abound
A nobler, finer plan;
Where country's weal is the profound
And holy love for man.
There is our future's heritage,
There is our country's hope;
There doth the patriot's true gauge
Confound the misanthrope.

—Charles L. H. Wagner.



Celje

UR folks enjoy talking about their native country as it reminds them of their childhood. Consequently, you often hear your parents talk about Celje for there are thousands of Slovene people in America who were born in that part of Southern or Lower Styria (Spodnje Štajersko). Here is a short story about Celje—one of the oldest cities of the present Jugoslavia.

Celje is picturesquely situated on the left bank of the river Savinja, and still has the remains of the old walls and towers with which it was once surrounded. Memorials of a still earlier period in its history—Roman antiquities—are to be seen in the municipal museum. The canals and the sewers of this city are also of Roman origin. They were discovered during the second half of the nineteenth century, and were in such a good state of preservation that after a few small repairs they are now utilized.

The cathedral church dating from the fourteenth century, with its beautiful Gothic chapel, is one of the most interesting specimens of medieval architecture. The so-called German church, in Romanesque style, was founded in 1241 and closed in 1808. The throne of the Counts of Celje is preserved there and also the tombs of several members of the family.

On the south west side of the city there are the ruins of the castle, Upper Celje, the former residence of the Counts of Celje.

Celje is one of the oldest places in Jugoslavia, and was probably a Celtic settlement originally. It was taken possession of by the Romans in 15 B. C. and 65 years later, Emperor Claudius raised it to a Roman municipium and named it "Claudia Celeja." It soon became one of the most flourishing Roman colonies, and possessed numerous great buildings of which the temple of Mars was famous throughout the whole Empire.

Under the Romans, Celje was incorporated with Aquileia (Oglej), under Constantine and was destroyed in the sixth century. It had a period of exceptional prosperity from the middle of the fourteenth to the latter half of the fifteenth century, under the reign of the Counts of Celje, on the extinction of which it fell to Austria. As Celje was, in medieval ages, more or less a center of Slovenia, and a city of counts and lords, it suffered greatly during the revolts of Slovene peasants who struggled for their rights during the 16th and 17th centuries. In addition, Celje was affected greatly by protestantism and the Counter Reformation. The city people and the nobles accepted protestantism, but were suppressed and prosecuted by Catholic priests and nobles.

From its history then we learn, that Celje was the most flourishing during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. That was on account of the expansion of the possessions of the Counts, who became absolute rulers over the greater part of Slovenia and a part of Croatia. These counts had their castles all over the country and their managers (valpeti) had charge of the castles. It was their task, also, to hold the peasants in serfdom and to force them to work. These dark ages of Slovene history are recorded in detail in various books in the Slovene language and, among Slovenes, they are known in folk tales, legends, and epics.

In a battle with Turks (the wars with Turks lasted through a few centuries) a count of Celje, Herman II., saved the Hungarian King Siga; and therefore, the King took the count's daughter for his wife. As a result Herman II. became the ruler of a large part of Croatia. His son Friderik acquired to his stronghold of Celje another great part of Croatia by his marriage to one of the daughters of the rich and noble Frankopan family. His second wife was a beautiful girl, Veronika Deseniška, daughter of a simple and poor Croatian count. Friderik's father was dissatisfied with his poor daughter-in-law, and he arrested his son and locked him up in a castle tower which still stands above

the ruins of the Castle of Celje. The cruel father charged that his daughter-in-law, Veronika, had bewitched the young Count. Of course, she was innocent, and the judges could not pass sentence against her. She was given freedom, but she died soon after her release. It was generally spoken that the old Count Herman II. had ordered that she be killed.

Ulrik II. was the last Count of Celje. He was the son of Friderik. When he went into a campaign against the Turks, he was killed in Belgrad in a fight with a certain Hungarian count. Thus the glory of the Counts of Celje was forgotten and their immense possessions, on which their estate

managers for ages suppressed the Slovenian nation, was divided into pieces.

The magnificent Castle of Celje, now desolated and in ruins, still stands above the city on the green hill. At the foot of the hill runs Savinja River, which divides the city and the hill like a wide, silver belt—of which one end is hidden in the dark green City Park and the other end runs into the hills on the East.

The whole location is a region of undescribable beauty, surrounded by a chain of hills which spread toward the North. In the midst of this is Celje, like a precious jewel of the present Slovenia, still showing the remains of its medieval prosperity, but, nevertheless, a modern and comfortable town.

You Can't Please the Whole World

(A Yugoslav Folk-tale.)

A man and his ten or twelve-year-old son were returning from the city one day, the man astride on his donkey, the boy walking and running behind him. And they met a man who said to the father:

"That's not right, brother, that you ride while your boy walks; your legs are stronger than his."

The father then dismounted and placed his son upon the ass. But they got only a little further when they met a second man.

"That's not nice, my boy," he said, that you ride while your father walks; your legs are younger than his."

Now the father, too, got on the ass and they proceeded homeward both riding. Presently a third man came along, and he said to them:

"What kind of foolishness is this: two crazy asses upon a frail, helpless beast! What somebody ought to do is take a club and beat the life out of you. Treating a poor animal like that!"

Then both the man and the boy slid off the "frail, helpless beast" and continued afoot, the father on one side of the donkey, the boy on the other. But a fourth man came by, and said:

"Ho-ho-ho! A fine bunch of asses! I should think it would be enough if only two of you would walk the earth. Don't you think that at least one of you could ride?"

Then the father said to the son:

"Well, both of us have ridden the ass; now it seems it's the ass' turn."

And the boy tied the donkey's front legs and the father the hind legs, whereupon they got a pole from the thicket which they slipped between the tied limbs of the beast and, picking it up, they carried it on their shoulders.

They passed through a village and the people who saw them laughed at them, wondering whether the two "two-legged asses" hadn't gone crazy or something, which made the father angry, and he threw his end of the pole on the ground, saying:

"Let it go, son. He who tries to please the whole world is worse than an ass! I'll do with my donkey what I please; the people can go chase themselves."

They untied the donkey's legs and the man then got on again, and thus — the father riding and the son walking and running by his side — they arrived home.

The Evangelist of Art

About five hundred years ago there was living in a Hungarian village a family of simple, strong men and women whose trade it was to breed horses and cattle. Their work took them far and wide, on hill and plain. The men were hard riders, and had the courage and endurance which come to those who spend the greater part of their lives in lonely places.

One of them broke away from the tradition of the family and became a goldsmith; his son followed the same trade, and went into Germany to live. This strain of craftsmanship, which involves the greatest patience and finest industry imaginable, ran side by side in the family with the instinct of the dashing horseman, who was all the prouder because he was poor. The two strains met in a man who made the family name famous throughout the world for all time. He was Albert Dürer, the artist.

He was the son of that goldsmith who came to live in Nuremberg, and inherited his father's thoughtful and upright character and love of the town he had adopted. The elder Dürer's zeal for his craft reappeared in the workings of the son's peculiar genius. "My father was a goldsmith, a pure and skilful man," Albert once wrote of him.

Albert was born in Nuremberg in 1471. His parents had a large family, worked hard, and fared hard all their lives. In that frugal home, where the life of the spirit was so much more important than that of the body, grew up Albert, the second son, watched carefully by the pure and skilful man his father, who saw that the boy was unusually intelligent and thoughtful. Albert was given a certain amount of schooling, and then set to work at the family trade.

Just when the boy was beginning to show that most minute skill necessary to the jeweller's art all the father's hopes were upset by Albert's declaring that he must be an artist. And so to an artist called Michael Wolgemut, famous for his woodcuts, the lad was sent.

Albert's student years were not easy

for him or his fellow-pupils. Like Michael Angelo, he was born with a greater knowledge of art than his companions could have gathered after a lifetime's work, and, also like Michael Angelo, he found it difficult to hide his superiority. Art to Dürer was already a white flame burning intensely; to many of the lads who surrounded him it was the pretty flicker of a colored candle. But the difficult years passed by, and the most admirable father allowed Albert, a journeyman at the craft of wood and copper engraving, to go away for a time.

The time lengthened into four years. The most human and delightful touches of Dürer's personality seemed to come out during these wander-years.

Like other artists, he always had himself at hand for a model when he wanted to draw. Later he used to sign his pictures with a tiny portrait of himself, finely drawn, with many a flourish.

Albert had no money to spare, and he made his way during these four years across Europe into Italy, sharing the comradeship of the road, and working his passage in any way that came handy, painting a sign here and making a wood engraving there. It has been the delight of admirers of Dürer to put together these examples of his work into a kind of picture book without text, to record these four otherwise unrecorded years.

When he got back to the family hearth, many changes came. Those were the days when parents wielded a complete authority over the lives of their children. Dürer the elder had arranged for his son's marriage, and soon after the marriage the old goldsmith, the pure and skilful man, died. Albert felt that the first real milestone of his life had been passed.

On his return to Nuremberg Dürer took up work of his old master Wolgemut, and presently established himself in a workshop on his own account. He was from his young manhood onward an evangelist, a teacher always, seeking truth, and teaching it in his work. There was nothing temperamental,

capricious or luxurious in his nature. He could take no short cuts, and could accept nothing until he had proved to be true; and nothing that he saw or heard could divert him from his persistent search for absolute truth.

To the bulk of people Dürer was a man who made queerlooking drawing, often with

rope in 1505. He was still poor, could just afford the journey, and took with him some pictures and prints from his woodcuts to sell. After a hard journey he arrived in Venice, a great and crowded city where life rushed along at an amazing rate comparing with the tranquil existence known in Nuremberg. Dürer found himself something



Albert Dürer.—His Own Portrait.

rather thick lines, which might repel anyone who looks for mere charm and prettiness in art. Few people conceive of him as a man who fought as an explorer to find his way across an unknown land.

Dürer made another journey across Eu-

of a personality. He was given commissions which might have made him rich had not each piece of work been accomplished as if it were Dürer's only chance of achieving his life purpose. Artist paid him the compliment of imitating him and of being jealous

of him. "All men except the painters wish me well," he wrote. There were lawsuits because someone forged his signature. Artists quoted him as an authority. "See what Dürer of Nuremberg thinks about it," they used to say.

This man of stern purpose must have been very human and lovable; he made many friends among people of a different persua-



The Bagpiper.—(By Albert Dürer.)

sion. He could live and let live. Letters to his friends in Nuremberg reflect the busy, glittering life of Venice, much song and laughter, trading and cheating, and reveal also that intense love of art which made Venice the headquarters of the most brilliant school of painting of the period. Wherever artists were working in Italy they kept an eye on Venice.

Michael Angelo growled in his beard about this devotion to the German painter; but no one knew quite what he thought. Then there was Giovanni Bellini, already old, looking back on a lifetime's work which seems a miracle in these easy days, but still intensely interested in art, and generous enough to give praise where praise was due, and to say kind things about Dürer to wealthy men who on his advice might become patrons.

Bellini and Dürer were by this time friendly, and one day Giovanni, interrupting a long talk about principles of art, said:

"By the way, Albert, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything," said Dürer, delighted.

"Well (said old Giovanni), give me one of the brushes you make those fine hairs with on some of your portraits."

The young man from Nuremberg at once took up three or four ordinary brushes and offered them to Bellini. Then he showed him how those same fine hairs were made with an ordinary brush, their delicacy being due to the painter's consummate skill. The aged Bellini went away marvelling, and often told the story.

Dürer could have stayed in Venice for the rest of his life, but there was in him a strong love for his native town. Acknowledged as one of the leading men of Italy, he was always Dürer of Nuremberg, and preferred to work hard there rather than to live in ease and fame in Italy. So this strange, forceful man crossed Europe again, dreaming of his lifework just well begun, as it seemed to him. He had many patrons in Germany, some of whom treated him honorably, and some causing long letters and bitter contention because of postponed payments. There was some reason for his wife to count her pennies. Perhaps the most curious figure among his patrons was the Emperor Maximilian, who came to Nuremberg with his Court, looking something like a company of travelling actors. He was a strange, romantic, headlong character, with a real love of art and learning leavening the lump of his vain-gloriousness. If he could have had his way he would have brought

back into Europe the Age of Chivalry; as it was he came to be known as the foremost knight of his time.

It was a pity that Maximilian's egotism got in the way of his common sense. His desire to immortalize himself led to strange follies. The biggest woodcut in existence, composed of 92 blocks, was made for him by Dürer, drawings representing the triumphs of the Emperor. He also made many portraits of him, and about forty little drawings on the margin of Maximilian's prayer-book. Dürer could not feel sympathetic about this kind of work. It would have been much better for him to have stayed in Italy painting. But anything he did was drawn into the general current of his life-work, and the years were not wasted. No matter what were the circumstances of day to day, the great mental force was driving him on to the attainment of his ideal.

He never lost that grand consciousness of superiority of the spirit over the body which makes for the betterment of the race wherever it is found. He might have said, like Robert Browning, "I was ever a fighter."

In the meantime a storm was gathering in Germany. Luther, whitehot in his indignation against Church abuses, was preparing his thunderbolt. One autumn day in 1517 he nailed on the church door in Wittenberg his long list of reasons why it was impossible for the Pope to forgive sins. Wittenberg was plunged into the wildest excitement. The university students took sides and waged war. No one thought of anything then but Martin Luther and his courage in defying the Pope. All Europe was listening and watching, and it was in-

evitable that a man like Dürer should be drawn into it. He sided with Luther. A little company of disciples of "Doctor Martin" formed themselves into a tiny church at Nuremberg, and of this Dürer was one of the first members.

Dürer never met Luther, but he met Erasmus while he was in the Netherlands, walked and talked with him and made a drawing of him. Dürer and his wife were received with the greatest honor in the chief towns of the Netherlands, where they made a series of visits. The journey was a great refreshment for the artist, who met and talked with all the scholars and artists of any note and studied the work of the earlier Flemings. He might easily have stayed and filled the rest of his life with commissions in Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent, but he was always Albert Dürer of Nuremberg, and after a year's sojourn he returned home.

While in the Netherlands he became a victim of that mysterious illness which caused his death. Among his papers was this record:

"In the third week after Easter a violent fever seized me, with great weakness, nausea, headache, a sickness such as I had never heard of from any man, and this sickness remains with me."

Dürer was destined not to recover. He returned home to start work again, but recurrent attacks weakened him, and in a few years came the end. Before he died in his beloved Nuremberg in 1528, he had fought out the great fight, solved the problems of art which had been the driving force of his life, and written his books. He had also written his name with a sure hand in the Book of Time, among the immortals.

THE POPPY

There's a poppy in the garden and it grows
Between an Easter lily and a rose;
When first it came uncrinkled
Its red petticoat was wrinkled:
A fairy must have ironed it, I suppose.

RESPONSIBILITY

Oh, would you rather build a nest,
Or would you like to be
A cuckoo, cuckooing, with no
Re-spon-si-bil-i-ty?



Land Hunger

By Lovro Kuhar

Translated by Louis Adamic.

From *Ljubljanski Zvon* (Slovenian Literary Monthly)

(Conclusion.)

In the course of years my parents had managed, with toil and through self-denial, to save up a small sum with which they planned to buy a home of their own and thus satisfy their great yearning. After the main work had been done, father had often gone away for a couple of days at a time, to look around to see if there was anything for sale that would come within his meagre means. We, who remained at home, lived in hope and planned what we should do in our new house. But he always returned without success, tired, hungry, and sad. Mother and we stood about him and listened.

'Couldn't find anything—it was hard! One was too large, another was nothing but a coop; one up in the mountains, another . . . Besides, property is high. Got anything to eat? I ate little enough this morning; now it's night.'

Then, as he saw our sad faces, he would add: 'Don't worry! If I didn't get it this time, I'll get it another time.'

Thus it went year after year, but father never abandoned his dream of becoming an independent peasant. In this hope, in this faith in a better future, he lived and won all struggles for daily bread; with this hope also he filled us children, so that we believed in a better future with a faith of sun-shiny optimism which permeated our souls and helped us to endure the conditions.

So it was also this time. Father went and returned after a few days, tired, hungry, without having bought a house — just as usual. Again he said: 'If not this time, next time.' He and the manager became reconciled and we remained on the estate as tenants.

My father was a peasant through and through, his face like his soul, simple, open-hearted—a peasant nature, which ends on the horizon of an eye's vision. His hands were powerful and he trusted them infinit-

ely; he believed in the product of his hands and loved it passionately. As a poor man, who was drawing the means of his existence from the cultivation of the soil, he was entirely dependent upon nature; and, therefore, he trembled in terror when the elements menaced his work, and again rejoiced, when the danger passed. The fears of a poor tiller of the soil are ruinous.

In summertime, during the months when storms were frequent, father carefully contemplated every mist or fog. At sunrise he would try to figure out what sort of day it would be at sunset and what kind of day would follow it. During the day he would often follow the drifting clouds. There was one hill which, very likely after its owner, he called Marigo's Hill; and if a fog or a mist enveloped this hill father was certain that a storm was approaching.

One day we were getting in hay from the meadows. A few small clouds were dragging themselves across the firmament—nothing to indicate danger. Suddenly they began to grow, widen—and father became restless; he feared that it might spread over to Marigo's Hill. Both he and mother then started to work with redoubled speed. They raked and loaded hay on the wagon so fast that sweat literally streamed down their faces. Now and then father took off his shirt and wrung out the sweat. In the meantime he was glancing at Marigo's Hill.

'Oh, if it stays nice only for an hour longer, then we shall be safe! If rain comes, we are going to have manure, not hay! Only an hour longer — O Lord, give it to us!' he sighed, running like mad between the windows and urging us to hurry, hurry.

But the clouds were nearing the horizon ever more threateningly. Then all at once father cried out in despair: 'O Satan! It's already over Marigo's!'

That made it certain that the tempest was on its way. The hay lay over the meadow, sending pleasant fragrance into the atmosphere. We could feel the tension produced by the approaching downpour. Everybody worked at top speed, to save what could be saved; but presently the fateful hill disappeared from view and a light mist came drifting toward us.

'It's coming, it's coming! Get the oxen and we go!' ordered father.

As the wagon moved away, father threw another forkful of hay on top; then he took a last look at the hay left behind and came running after us.

In the meanwhile the sky had become very dark and hung low above the region. A breath of chilling wind stirred the leaves on the trees, which emitted a sad rustle. Birds lapsed into silence and flew low above our heads, fearful, alarmed, horrified. A streak of lightning—then a prolonged roar of thunder in the distance—a few drops.

'Everybody in the house! Throw some holy wood on the fire and sprinkle some holy water outside!' father ordered, and mother hastened to make the fire and sprinkle some water around the corners.

We children squatted inside and waited in terror.

'Pray!' yelled father at us and we all dropped on our knees and began to pray aloud. At every stroke of lightning we paused for an instant and crossed ourselves. When an especially powerful bolt shook the region, we stopped in terror and waited until father again shouted: 'Pray!'

Then we resumed our prayers and listened to the ever-increasing drumming of raindrops on the roof, which so strangely echoed in our young, terror-stricken souls.

Father stood by the window and looked outside.

'Oh, curse it! It's hail, hail, hail!' he cried painfully.

On the courtyard hailstones began to bounce—only a few now and then, mostly the size of a grain. But father was scared to death. In a few minutes there came down a terrible avalanche of ice.

Now father could no longer bear his agony.

'Hail, hail —' he wailed. 'My wheat, my wheat, my beautiful wheat—What will we eat? And the fruit! Look, how it beats! Everything is ruined. O Satan, thou ruthless Satan!'

In terror and confusion we often stopped in our prayers, and then father would howl at us: 'Pray and ask God to turn away his tempest!'

And we again prayed, our pleading gazes turned toward the crucifix in the corner.

Father walked from one window to the other, looking into the yard and cursing.

'The Devil will take everything! Just look at it! The place is white with it! Everything gone to the Devil! Pray, and don't stare at me like that! Oh, oh, oh! O Satan! Pray! Nine Satans! Now we are beggars, the whole bunch of us! O God, help us, have mercy upon us!'

In his furious, frantic despair, he drove us to frenzied praying; for he was convinced that we were innocent and that God could not help listening to us. He himself was so frightfully alarmed that he could not pray; besides he considered himself a sinner and had no faith in the validity of his prayer.

When the storm passed, we went outside. Father made quick estimates of the damage and walked like a beaten dog among the ruined groves.

But when the sun appeared again his face suddenly cleared, notwithstanding the fatal blow he had received.

'God gave it, God took it!' he said. Then he turned to me: 'Harness the oxen; we'll go to plowing!'

He once again placed his hope and the toil of his hands upon nature's arms, with the same faith and trust as if nothing had happened.

The struggle continued, a hard fight, killing minds and nerves; never-ending, it seemed; almost hopeless—as in the legend which tells about the building of a house, the material for which was brought together

by birds in their beaks. But father fought valiantly.

'I will buy myself my own land, so I may die upon my own!'

And truly one day he bought it—a piece of land with a house and a strip of woodland—very modest, but to him it was wonderful.

'Now I am my own master!' he said.

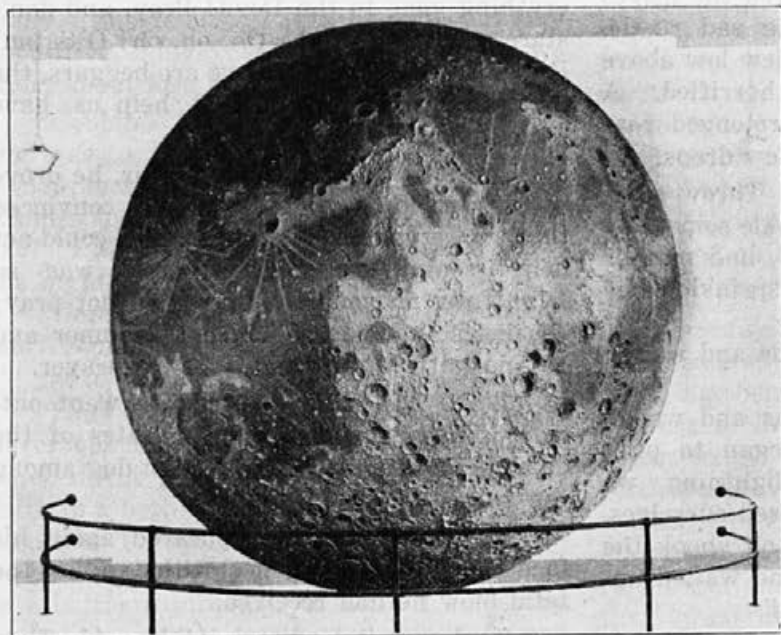
And when he set his plough for the first time into his own soil, and as he walked behind his plough, old and bent, his face deeply furrowed — then he looked at peace, content.

The Moon and the Earth out of Time

In spite of all the calculations of the observatories, the Moon is found continually in the wrong place in the heavens. Sometimes it comes to its station a little ahead of time. Sometimes it is a very little late.

There is another irregularity which seems to swing over 300 years.

Some thirty years ago there was a young Cambridge mathematician who was greatly attracted by the Moon and these



The largest Model of the Moon.

This largest model of the visible surface of the Moon is on public exhibition at the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History. It is 19 feet in diameter.

Astronomers have found a way to allow for these errors, just as they might put on a watch a second or two, or put back the second-hand a fraction of a minute; but these are just arithmetical allowances. Nobody has been able to account for them in a satisfactory way, though there is a certain regularity in the irregularities. The clock of the Moon gets fast-to-slow, and then slow-to-fast again, over periods of years. Thus there is one irregularity of the Moon which changes over a period of seven years.

peculiarities of its motion. He took a professorship in the United States, and for fifteen years he examined all the records of the Moon's irregularities and reduced them arithmetically to tables. It was one of the greatest mathematical tasks of modern times, demanding inexhaustible patience and accuracy, and at the end of it his tables were so arranged that practically astronomers can now calculate faultlessly where the Moon was, and will be, at any time in the skies for hundreds of years. The tables

show how and when and where the additions or subtractions of seconds from the Moon's clock must be made, as well as where it ought to be if no correction were necessary. By looking at his tables Professor Brown was able, after another long and severe examination, to find the length in years of the periods over which the Moon slowed and quickened.

This still left unexplained why they took place. Various reasons have been suggested. There might be, for example, a ring of small, invisible planets, like the asteroids or planetoids inside the orbit of the planet Mercury. Or perhaps the Sun might not be quite symmetrical, and so would pull the Moon by gravity with different force at different times. Or, again, the Earth's magnetism, which changes in such a way as to shift the Magnetic Pole backward and forward over a period of 300 years, might influence the Moon's movements.

But suppose it is not the Moon that is unpunctual, but the Earth? The Earth, by its rotation, is the most unaltering clock we know. All other clocks are set by it, and it is the clock by which we regulate the movements of the planets, including the planet Mercury, which shows irregularities quite as odd as those of the Moon, though not of the same order.

These would all be largely accounted for if the Earth clock were unpunctual; that is to say, if the Earth sometimes rotated faster and sometimes slower. Professor Brown, after putting in several more years of hard work on his calculations, including among them the effect of the seas which the Moon pulls upward into tides, has

come to the conclusion that it is the Earth which is the culprit. The Earth does not keep time because it does not keep its figure. Sometimes it is a little larger, and sometimes a little smaller.

That seems an astonishing charge to bring against the solid Earth, but the Earth, after all, is not so solid as it seems. An earthquake can shake it all over. The daily movement of the ocean tides sends a quiver through it, and the Moon so lifts up the land that every day England, as well as other places, all unnoticed, rise bodily toward the Moon and gently subside again.

The alteration in the Earth's figure is of a different and slower kind. Professor Brown has calculated how much the Earth puts on and takes off. In a period of between two and three centuries its diameter is alternately expanding and contracting by something between ten inches and twenty-four feet.

It is not much in 8000 miles of breadth, but, this alteration would be sufficient to produce the upsetting of the Earth's regularity, and it seems to him the best explanation that can be advanced thus far.

Why the Earth should pulsate in this way neither he nor anyone can tell, but pulsations of one kind or another are found in countless stars, and in the Sun itself. The Sun has periods of pulsation in which it is sometimes five degrees warmer than usual. It is rather a strange coincidence that according to the Chinese records of earthquakes these have a 300-year period, which is the same as that ascribed to the Earth's pulsation.

NURSERY BEDTIME

Pink pyjamas Jacky wears,
With a pocket in the coat;
Mine's a nightie, simply white,
With embroidery round the throat.

Oh, I wish I had a suit
With a pocket for my hankie.
P'raps if I'd pyjamas, too,
Jacky wouldn't be so swanky.

MY KITTY.

I've the dearest gray kitten
Who wears a white mitten
Right up at the tip of her paw;
And she sits up and begs
On her little hind legs,
The cunningest ever you saw.

The Man Who Knows His Neighbor

Always among the Mohammedans the trader, who was also the great traveller of the earliest times, enjoyed high respect, for Mohammed had himself been a merchant.

In this connection Sir Thomas Arnold tells a good story of the Caliph Omar. A case was brought before him in which it was important to know whether the word of one of the witness could be trusted, and before Omar would allow the man to bear witness he said: "Bring me a man who knows you."

So the witness brought forward a friend who was high in praise of his character. But Omar said: "Are you his near neighbor? Do you know his goings out and his comings in?" To that the friend answered No. Then Omar asked again: "Have you been his companion on a journey, so as to have opportunities to get to know his real character?" Again the man said No. Then Omar asked: "Have you done business with him, for it is when money passes from hand to hand that the true piety of man is learned?" Still the answer was No.

"Then," said Caliph Omar, "I suppose you have seen him in the mosque, repeating the sacred sentences of the Koran and bowing down in prayer?" To this the witness's friend eagerly answered Yes.

But Omar thereupon drove the man away, exclaiming: "You know him not!" Then, turning to the doubtful witness who had produced him, he said: "Bring me a man who really knows you, for trading is the true test of a man, and it is in the operations of trade that his piety and religious worth become known."

Aunt: "Are you glad you've got a little sister?"

Hans: "No, I would rather have had a brother!"

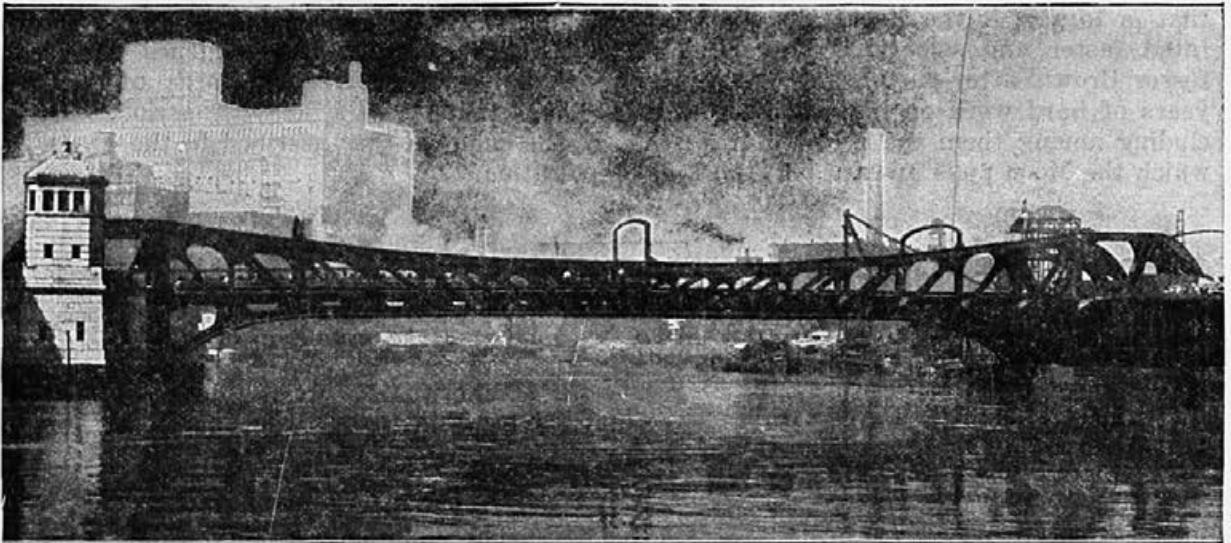
Aunt: "Can't you get it changed?"

Hans: "No. We've used it."

* * *

Daddy: "Well, Mary, you have a brand new baby sister."

Mary: "Oh, Daddy, can't I be the first one to tell mother?"



Michigan Avenue Bridge over the Chicago River.



Dear Readers:—

I hope each one of you will read and try to understand what is written in Slovenian under the heading "Naš kotichek". It is important for all of you because it includes some information about the Christmas gifts for those who contributed to the Juvenile.

For the November issue I received a large number of contributions which, I think, are exceedingly interesting. As to the answer of the puzzles, sister Theresa Smith (Chicago) has sent more rhyming words than I could think there were in that puzzle. She guessed the following rhyming words: bare, care, pair, share, rare, hare, mare, aflare, air, tear, chair, scare, lair, repair, pear, wear, and aware.

Sophie Klemen from Euclid, Ohio, writes:

"I have received two letters from Rose Crowley, and was very glad to hear from her; but I didn't hear from Elsie Zdravec and Josephine Jeriva. I have also received a few letters from Rose Yanko who lives in Montana.

I have a few jokes:

Cause of Trouble.

She: Did you tell anybody about my pies?

He: Oh, yes! I had to tell the physician what ailed me.

Half a Dime.

Dutch Beggar: "Please, give a poor oldt blind man a dime."

Citizen: "Why, you can see out of one eye."

Beggar: "Vell, den, give me a nickel."

— Little Doris had just heard of curing hams. "Oh, mummy," she exclaimed, "how funny it must be to see all the little hams sitting around getting better."

Pauline Kodelja from Conneaut, Ohio: .

"The first thing I do when I get the M. L. is to look and see if there is anyone that wrote from Conneaut; but there is no one, because there are not many Slovenian people here in Conneaut. We all belong to the Lodge 237."

Sister Louise Chernagoy from Eveleth, Minn.:
"Dear Editor:—

I am trying to do my part in making the Mladinski list more attractive and joyful. I think it is a very good magazine, but too small. I wish more members to write and send jokes and riddles. I am a member of the Slovene National Benefit Society, and have been for seven years. I am thirteen years of age and in the eighth grade. I have many teachers; they are good to me. I go to the Junior High School of Eveleth which is very well furnished with books and paper. I wish everyone would have such good schools as we. The following is the poem which I wrote:

Lightly falls the fleecy snow
Through the dark-gray air.
The sun in the darkened sky hangs low;
Children look through the window with care.

Heavier fall of the thickened flakes
On the door step a heap it makes.
People in their warm beds lie
Thinking naught of the snow outside.
In the morning all the country is white;
The landscape is certainly a pretty sight."

Another poem was written by Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill. Here it is:

Sugar toothed Dick
For Dainties was sick;
So he slyly stole into the kitchen;
Snatched a cup from the pantry.
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispers he: "There is no cake;
For tomorrow they bake.
But this custard looks
Rich and delicious.
How they'll scold at the rats or the cats.
Of me, I don't think, they-re suspicious.
They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup,
And for want of a spoon
I must drink it."
But 'tis easy to pour.
"Sh," someone's at the door
And the custard went
Down ere you'd think it.
With a shriek he sprang up
To the floor dashed the cup,
Then he howled, tumbled, blustered
Till the terrible din brought
The whole household in.
He had swallowed a cup
Full of MUSTARD.

From Livingston, Ill., I received a short contribution of Jennie Widmar:

"I wish the Mladinski list would come once a week. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I have five sisters and two brothers. We are all members of the S. N. P. J. I haven't read any letter from Livingston, Ill., so I wrote this one."

Mary Venisnik from Mulberry, Kansas, says:

"I surely love to read the Mladinski list and, in fact, I think that it is very interesting. Many times I wish that the M. L. would come more often. I have six sisters and one brother. I attend school and play ball, and live on a farm. I am a blond and 13 years old. I would like to hear from some girl or boy to make friends. You know that no one ever has too many friends."

Doris Rosie Venisnik, Mulberry, Kansas:

"I wish the M. L. would come once a week. I am 14 years old and still attending school. I live on a farm and like it very much. I play both basket ball and armory ball and hope that some day I'll be a champion in one of the two. I would be glad to correspond with some girls or boys in different states."

Together with the answer to the puzzles, Josephine Sener from Forest City, Pa., writes to the Mladinski this:

"This is the first letter I am writing to the Mladinski list which I wish would come once a week. I have four brothers and three sisters; we all are in the Society except one brother who is too young to join it. I am in the seventh grade."

In her first letter Jennie Krizmančic from West Park, Ohio, writes:

"This is the first time I am writing to the M. L., but I hope it won't be the last. I am eleven

years old and in the 6A grade. I am the only one in the family, and all three of us are members of the S. N. P. J. I think I shall have more to write next time."

THE TRAFFIC COP.

I am the unloved traffic cop;
I signal GO, and I signal STOP.
I rule the high, and I rule the low;
When I raise my hand they stop and go.
They stop and go obediently;
But high and low they all cuss me.
I raise my hand, and the raging tide
Snarls to a pause on either side.
The menacing racer, long and lean,
The old tin can and the limousine,
They growl at me and their hot teeth clash
And the insane walker past me dash.
In rain or snow, or sun or sleet,
Alone I stand in the frenzied street
And check mad wheels
And check mad feet—
The glittering car and the old tin can
And the wild eyed boob
Pe-des-tri-an.

Mary Bubnic, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hill Crest, Pa.—By Frances Abram:

"I can't write very plain yet, for this is only my second year of school. But I am in the third grade. I wish the magazine would come weekly, because I and my brother both like to read the Magazine. I would like to write in Slovenian, but I don't know how. I will try my best to learn, for papa and mamma say that I should learn how to read and write in Slovenian. Best regards to all my brothers and sisters."

AUTUMN DAYS.

What does it mean
When Autumn has come?
When farmers get ready
To harvest their crops?
All hustle and bustle in Autumn sun.
Frank Tomazin, Cleveland, Ohio.



How to Tell Bad News

(Mr. H. and the Steward.)

Mr. H. Ha! Steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

H. Poor Mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?

S. Overeat himself, sir.

H. Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

S. Horseflesh, sir; he died of eating horseflesh.

H. How came he to get so much horseflesh?

S. All your father's horses, sir.

H. What! Are they dead, too?

S. Ay, sir; they died of overwork.

H. And why were they overworked, pray?

S. To carry water, sir.

H. To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?

S. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

H. Fire! What fire?

S. O, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

H. My father's house burned down! And how came it set on fire?

S. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

H. Torches! what torches?

S. At your mother's funeral

H. My mother dead!

S. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.

H. After what?

S. The loss of your father.

H. My father gone, too?

S. Yes, poor gentleman! He took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

H. Heard of what?

S. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

H. What more miseries! what more bad news!

S. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

When Misery Came

Once upon a time there were two brothers. One was clever and the other stupid. One day Misery, dressed as an old woman, came to the clever brother and asked him to feed her and take her in.

He recognized her and said:

"There is no room for you in my cottage. Go to my younger brother."

So Misery went to the other and knocked at his door. When he opened it and saw her all in rags, he invited her in and asked her to stay.

Of course Misery accepted his invitation. Very soon everything began to go wrong. His cattle died. His sheep and his fowls died too. His wife got ill, and they had no food and no fuel. The cottage was very cold; but still Misery stayed.

So the farmer said: "You have made us poor. You must come now with me to the

forest to get some wood and find some food."

"What do you want to shoot?" asked Misery.

"Bears; they are the biggest game."

"What will you kill them with?"

"I'll show you," said the man and charged his old muzzle-loader. "I'll kill a bear with every shot."

"And how many have you got?"

"Get in and see," he growled.

So Misery made herself thinner and thinner till she could crawl into the barrel of the gun. And when she was right in, he quickly put in some more gunpowder, lit the match, and fired the gun.

Misery was blown into little pieces, and the bits were scattered all over the world. Ever since then there is not just one Misery, but everywhere you'll find a little bit of Misery.

