

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Albin Čebular:

## PA PRAV ZARES!

So petelinčki zali  
na plot vsi poskakali,  
so kikeriknili v en glas,  
da čuli so v deveto vas,

ker Tončeta v pondeljek  
so vpisali v oddelek,  
zapisali, podčrtali  
in košek mu oprtali.

Pa kaj je v košku bilo?  
Ej, smeha eno kilo,  
modrosti pa kar vatle tri—  
in še MLADINSKI LIST dobi!

Albin Čebular:

## V TOVARNI

Strojne naprave  
brzijo v tovarni  
skoraj brez glave.

Tamkaj, glej, skačejo—  
svetla železa,  
kozle prevračajo.

Pekati, pekati . . .  
eden se v drugega  
tukaj izteka.

Drga, drg, drga . . .  
svetel temnejšega  
pili in strga;

pa ga spet vari  
po svoji navadi  
in šegi stari.

Hu, strojne naprave  
brzijo v tovarni  
skoraj brez glave!

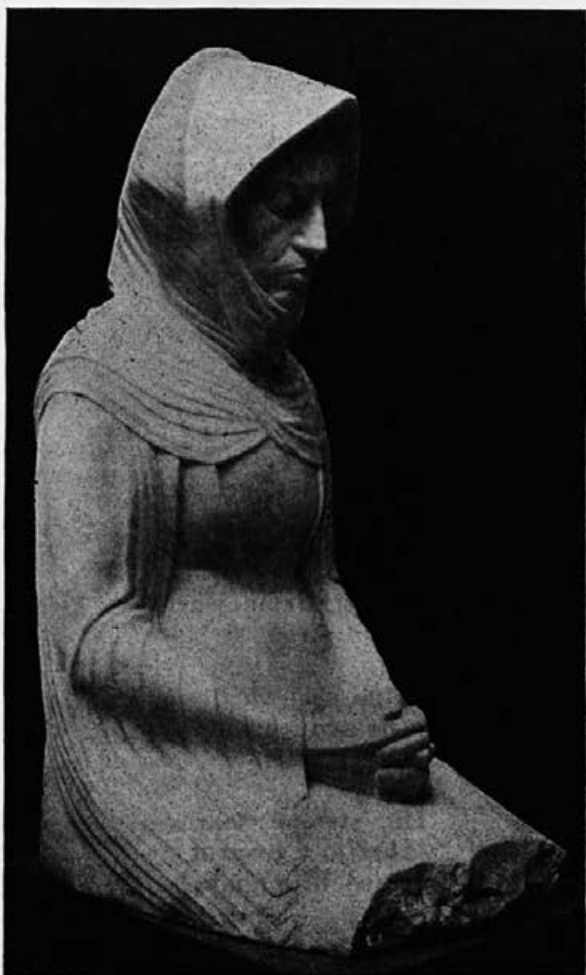


A. K.:

## Majka Ivana Meštroviča

VIDITE jo na sliki, kakoršno je izklesal umetnik sam in katere veličastni kip je last čikaškega "Art Instituta." Lepa je in skromna, poglobljena vase, z rokama sklenjenima k odmoru po dokončanem delu. Na njenem zgubanem obrazu čitate vendar ponos, sladko zavest matere, ki je dala svetu genijalnega umetnika.

Ivan Meštrovič je z "Mojo majko" podal svetu eno svojih najboljših del. Enostavna je ta plastična kompozicija in prav zato dosega z njo umetnik toliko učinkovitosti. Vsa poza blago vpliva na gledalca, popolnoma podrejena izrazu, katerega Meštrovič podaja v obrazu svoje matere. Umetnik posveča pažnjo značaju, kakor je to smoter pri vseh njegovih delih: tipično dalmatinski je in v licu vidimo poteze umetnika samega; kakor bi hotel Meštrovič reči s tem veličastnim delom: "Poglejte mojo majko in vidite moj portret!"




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IVAN MEŠTROVIČ:

MOJA MAJKA

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V. Bitenc:

## MATERI

Življenja knjiga pred menoj odprta  
leži. Spomini na preteklost se vrstijo;  
in slednji list in vsaka nežna črta  
o Tvoji mi ljubezni govorijo.

Na veke duša ne bo pozabila  
smehljajev od zibeli in izdihljajev tvojih!"  
takrat si dete me blagoslovila.  
Ta blagoslov me spremlja v težkih bojih.

Podoba Tvoja spremlja me povsodi,  
v tolažbo sladko tu na tujih tleh;  
ob žalosti me kakor zvezda vodi,  
blesteče solnce mi je v temnih dneh.

Kako naj vrnem ti? Na prsi tvoje  
naslonim glavo, usta govore  
zahvalo ti za vse. Besede moje:  
"Ah, v tebi našel sem najvernejše srce!"

## Deček se je napotil do slave

**M**ED NAŠIMI čitatelji gotovo ni veliko dečkov in deklic, ki bi poznali življenje ameriškega zamorskega učenjaka, učitelja in buditelja, Bookerja Washingtona, ki je storil zelo veliko za svoje ljudi in je med zamorci silno v čisljih. Gotovo pa je med čitatelji še manj takih, ki bi vedeli, kako je Booker Washington nastopil svojo pot k slavi, ko je vstopil na Hamptonov učni zavod.

Velikemu zamorskemu voditelju, ki je imel storiti v svojem življenju tako čudovite stvari za svoje ljudstvo, je bilo komaj trinajst ali štirinajst let, ko je dospel ves sestradan, razcapan in izmučen. Sedel je v čakalnico in je videl, kako prihajajo notri prosilci za vstop. Prišli so drug za drugim, lepo oblečeni in gosposki in Bookerja so kmalu minile sanje, da bi dobil izobrazbe. Vprašal se je samega sebe, koliko priložnosti ima, da vstopi na institut in se izobrazí v njem.

Po dolgem čakanju je bil poklican pred tajnico zavoda. Ostro ga je pogledala, ničesar ga ni izprašala, samo dejala mu je: "V sosednji sobi je vse polno smeti in prahu. Pojdi in pometi jo."

Booker se ni obotavljal, šel je, lepo obrisal prah štirikrat in prestavil vsak kos pohištva, da je mogel prav lepo pomesti.

Ko je izpraševalka vstopila, je vzela čisto belo ruto in z njo obrisala po kotičkih v miznici, po omari in policah in vsepovsod, kjer je mislila, da najde še kaj prahu. Ali tudi malo ni zamazala rute z brisanjem. "Mislim, da takoj lahko nastopiš svoje šolanje v zavodu," je dejala in Booker Washington je nastopil svojo pot k slavi.

## P. Flere: Kronika evropskega medveda

(Konec.)

### IV.

**T**ISTO ZIMO, ko so se vršile za medveda Godrnjavca po svetu take važne zadeve je v svojem brlogu prav slabo spal. Bližal se je že Božič, on pa je še korakal okoli. Sneg je že zapadel, a njemu ni dalo, da bi legel k počitku. Takrat, ko je oddal lastovici pismi, se mu je zazdelo, da si je naložil veliko nalogo, ki jo mora izvršiti v svojem življenju: da mora završiti ostanek kronike svojega pradeda ter zapisati v tem zvršetku, ali je staro sporočilo pravo ali ne.

In zdaj je začela prihajati nadenj skrb. Zlasti skrb za lastno življenje. Ni si upal blizu hiš, ni zahajal na plene, držal se je brloga, koracal okrog njega in se skrival, da ne bi ga zasledili ljudje, ki bi mu hoteli vzeti življenje, preden je dokončal svojo nalogo. Pozneje se je zaril v brlog, zadelal vhod vanj ter tukaj ždel. Ko pa je pritisnilo južno vreme in se je že začelo upirati na zemljo solnce s toplejšimi žarki, je kar hitro prišel na dan in prva pomlad ga je našla že zunaj medlejšega in bolj mršavega nego druga leta.

A to zimo mu ni pobral jesenskega sala le dolgi post, nego tudi skrb. Skrb, ali najde lastovica pomočnike, ali izvrše ti prevzeti posel. Huda želja po novicah o daljnih, nepoznanih bratih ga je trapila v sanjah med zimskim spanjem.

Kakor druga leta se mu je tudi letos spomladi oluščila koža s podplatov in mehkonog, kakor je bil, je stopal počasi po gozdu, iskal še lanskih jagod in korenin ter se zvesto oziral kvišku, da vidi, ali že šviga po zraku drobna ptička lastovička, ali mu že prinaša poročil iz tujih krajev.

A lastovice dolgo ni hotelo biti. Sveti Gregor je že poženił ptičke, bližal se je že sveti Jurij, breze in bukve so se že pripravljale, da odpro svoje popke mlademu zelenju, lastovice pa še ni bilo. Godrnjavca je skrbelo bolj in bolj. Našel je že prve gobe in postajalo je že lepo toplo, tedaj pa zasliši nekega dne nad seboj oni "čiri, čiri," ki ga je čakal tako težko.

Bila je drobna ptička lastovička, vzela je izpod perja dva tesno zganjena lista, ju razvila s kljunom ter ju izročila preveselemu medvedu.

"Si prinesla?" je vzklikal. "Kje si dobila?" je vpraševal. "Si jih videla moje sorodnike?" je hotel vedeti.

Lastovička pa se mu je smejala:

"Ej Godrnjavec! Medved si in medved ostaneš. Kaj ti nisem pravila lani, da ne ponesem pisem sama in da ne grem sama iskat odgovor? Drugi so bili za to, večji od mene in spretnejši."

"Pa hvala ti vendarle, ti dobra, ti postrežljiva, ti . . ."

"Že dobro, že dobro," mu prestriže lastovica besedo. "Mudi se mi, da postavim gnezdece, ti pa se tudi spravi na delo! Srečno, moj Godrnjavče!" In že je ni bilo več.

### V.

Godrnjavec je pregledoval pismi. Razmotal ju je in najprej pogledal na podpis. Zveselil se je, ko je videl, da je na enem podpisan "beli." Pismu se je poznalo, da je delala črke težka in okorna medvedja šapa. Pa Godrnjavca to ni motilo, sedel je in bral tole:



“Ljubi moj brat Godrnjavec!

Tvoj praded, Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna, je prav slišal. Res živimo na svetu beli medvedje. Tudi okrog nas je vse belo, sam sneg in led. Smo pa daleč, daleč od tebe, kakor je pravil sel, ki je prinesel pismo. Kakor posnemam iz tvojega poročila, živiš ti na suhi zemlji, mi pa na ledu, v katerega je zamrznilo naše Ledeno morje; včasih se ta led odtrga in plava po morju, jaz pa na njem in zanese me poleti tudi do suhe zemlje, ki pa je pusta in suha, da bi ne našel na njej nobene jagode ali gobe ali drugih stvari, ki jih naštevaš, da jih imaš ti za hrano, ki jim pa jaz niti imena ne vem.

Jaz in vse moje sorodstvo se živi le z mesom živali, ki žive nekaj na morskem obrežju, nekaj pa si jih moramo poiskati v morju samem. To ni vedno lahko, a biti mora, ker želodec zahteva svoj delež. Le misli si sebe na ledu, led okrog in okrog, živali pa šele pod njim. A jaz imam na nogah čvrste kremplje. Z njimi razlomim led, napravim vanj luknjo in se skozi njo vržem v morje, kjer je vedno dosti lovu. Če ni drugega, so vsaj ribe. A moj plen so pred vsem tulenji in mroži. Ne vem, če jih poznaš. Spadajo sicer tudi v red sesalcev kakor mi medvedje ter imajo toplo kri in so pokriti z dlako, oboji pa imajo truplo bolj podobno ribi nego četveronožcu. Okroglo je in vretenasto ter se, v plečih široko, zožuje proti kraju. Namesto pravih nog imajo plavutaste in zato sta tulenj in mrož na suhem precej počasna in nerodna. Tu jih dobim prav lahko. Ne bojim se niti mroževih navzdol obrnjenih oklov, ki mu štrle iz zgornje čeljusti in ima v njih prav krepko orožje. Teže pa pridem tem živalim do živega, če so v vodi. Tulenj—pravijo mu tudi “morski pes,” ker ima res pasji podobno glavo—in mrož namreč izvrstno plavata. Njun pravi dom je morje, kjer se prekucujeta, potapljata in prav objestno vrtita. A meni ne uide živali niti tukaj. Plavam tudi sam dobro, zdržim lahko dalje časa v vodi, pa sem tudi zvijačen. Kako ti napravim: pridem tudi od vetra. Tiho, prav tiho priplavam k živali, ki me niti ne sluti; preden pa pridem do nje, se potopim ter jo zagrabilim od spodaj. Ko jo imam, je ne izpustim več. Pri tem lovu mi zlasti pomagata izvrstno uho in predobri nos.

Kakor vidiš, sva si oba precej enaka, samo da sem jaz večji, ker merim pošteno osem čevljev.

Razlika med nama je tudi ta, da pozimi ne hodim spat. Pozimi! Pti-ce, ki so priletele iz južnih krajev, so pravile o poletju in o zimi, mi pa imamo večno zimo. V zimi sem prišel na svet v brlogu, napravljenem iz snega. Sneg in led sta moje domovje. Zimo imamo tedaj, ko je vedno noč in še bolj mrzlo. Tedaj zamrzne morje prk ter nastopi zima brez svetlobe. Življenje pa ostane isto. Nekoč se mi je pač pripetilo, da je bila zima posebno huda, in takrat sem si dal napraviti brlog iz snega: pustil sem, da me je zametlo. Da bi zmrznil, se mi ni bilo treba bati. Gosta, dolga bela dlaka je moj kožuh, pod njim pa si nabiram še debelo tolščo.

Iz tega, kar sem ti povedal zdaj, dragi moj rjavi brat, razvidiš, da je našo življenje tako različno, kakor so različni kraji, po katerih prebivava. A ko prebiram tvoje vrstice, zopet vidim tudi mnoge podobnosti. Kako se ti hvaležno spominjaš svoje matere medvedke! Tudi mene je moja čuvala in me negovala, učila me je plavati in loviti in stavila se je srčno zame v bran. A midva z materjo nisva sedela v sneženem brlogu; ostala sva tam le, dokler sem bil še prav majhen, komaj tolikšen kot pošten zajec, a rastel sem hitro in kmalu sva hodila z materjo na lov.

Še eno posebnost med nama naj navedem: tudi mene sovraži človek, čeprav sem pred njim bolj varen nego ti, ki živiš vedno z njim skupaj. Pri nas pa ni ljudi. Prihajajo pa sem, da love tulenje, mrože in nas medvede menda prav iz istega vzroka kakor tebe. Tudi nas pobijajo z "bliskom in gromom," a ne dobe nas lahko. Marsikateri lovec mora plačati z življenjem svojo pohlepnost po naši beli koži. Zgodilo se mi je, da je streljal name človek ter me zadel v pleča. Skočil sem k njemu. Stoječ na zadnjih nogah, sem mu iztrgal iz rok puško, zgrabil sem ga z zobmi za vrat ter ga odnesel, preden so mu mogli priti tovariši na pomoč. Nastavili so mi že tudi past: položili so na tla meso ter mislili, da stopim v zanko, ko ga poberem, ter se tako ujamem. Zapazil sem nakano, snel sem z noge zanko ter odšel z mesom.

Toliko o sebi, ljubi moj brat Godrnjavec. Če sem ti storil s tem kakšno uslugo, me veseli.

Pozdravlja te

tvoj brat            beli medved.

Napisano v ozemlju Severnega Ledenega morja."

"Oj, če si mi napravil uslugo, ti moj beli brat!" vzklikne Godrnjavec, ko prečita pismo. "Veliko uslugo in veliko veselje! Ponosen sem nate, ki si v mojem sorodstvu in se ne bojiš človeka! Zdrobiš mu puško in v njegovi ukani ga ukaniš sam. Res ponosen sem na to, da si tudi ti medved!—Pa pogledjmo, kaj nam pripoveduje drugo pismo, ki ga je napisal medved Grizli na planjavah severnoameriških.—Lejte, lejte, kdo ti si mislil, da je moj praded prav trdil, ko je dejal, da žive naši bratje po vsem svetu, še celo v Ameriki! Lejte, lejte!"

Tako se je razveseljeval Godrnjavec, potem pa je čital:

"Dragi brat Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna!

Ne vem sicer, kje je ta tvoj Hudi graben in kje si doma, a ko sem prečital tvoje pismo, sem uganil, da si manj podoben meni nego pa mojemu tukajšnjemu sorodniku medvedu Baridaliju, ki tudi žre korenine in jagode, zlasti pa sadeže po polju. Baridal je sicer črn, ti pa si rjav, pa to je vendar vseeno. Oba sta tudi približno enako velika, bolj plašljiva in si le včasih privoščita zalogaj mesa.

Z menoj pa je drugače. Poslušaj in svetuj mi, zakaj pripovedujem ti čisto resnico.

Prekašam te že v velikosti, kajti izpod sedmih čevljev ga ni med nami Grizliji. Pokriti pa smo z dolgo, kocasto, rjavosivkasto dlako, tu temnejšo, tam svetlejšo. In če nisem gibčen kakor ti, ki še v svoji starosti plezaš po drevju, sem pa zato menda močnejši. Ti se spraviš le nad mirno govedo, jaz pa se sprimem tudi z divjim bivolom in ga premagam. Živeža si iščem pri vseh živalih. Ne izbiram nič, ali je srna ali jelen, ali bivol ali konj, meni je vseeno, da je le meso, ki mi je edina hrana.

Tudi človeka se kar nič ne ogibljem. Ne misli, da se baham. Vem, da je človek zvit in prekanjen, a zanašam se na svojo moč, ki me dozda ni še pustila na cedilu. Če človeka le ugledam, grem proti njemu, ga objamem ter mu zdrobim kosti. Vprašaš morda, ali pri nas ljudje nimajo pušk? O, tudi jih imajo, a vsak strel iz puške ni smrten. Naj me rani človek še tako močno, če ni rana smrtna, jo medved Grizli preboli, človek pa plača svojo površnost z življenjem. Seveda, za tistega človeka, ki se mu je posrečilo, da je

kakega Grizlija ubil, je to velika čast. Pri nas je splošno znano, kako silno ga spoštujejo ljudje, če nosi okrog vratu obešene kremplje in zobe ubitega medveda.

Dragi Godrnjavec! Popisal sem ti Baridalija in Grizlija, ki nas živi po teh krajih še zelo dosti, in upam, da si z mojim popisom zadovoljen.

Pozdravlja te

medved Grizli.

Napisano na severnoameriških planjavah."

Tudi s tem pismom je bil Godrnjavec zadovoljen in ponosen je bil tudi na tega svojega brata. Priljubil pa se mu je tudi Baridal. Zdelo se mu je, da bi se z njim še najlaže razumel, če bi se sešel s temi medvedi, ker mu je najbolj podoben in tudi ni tako zverinski, kakor sta beli in sivi njegov sorodnik.

## VI.

Medveda Godrnjavca ni več med živimi. Vsaj v Hudem grabnu ga ni več. Iz naših gozdov so se morali medvedje umakniti, kakor se je umaknil ropar volk in njegov roparski tovariš ris. Preveč škodljivi so bili človeku za njegovo gospodarstvo. Preganjal jih je toliko časa, da jih je iztrebil in pregnal iz vse svoje okolice.

Ohranila pa se je stara medvedja kronika z listinami nekdanjega Godrnjavčevega pradeda, prepis pisem, ki ju je pisal Godrnjavcu Plahun, in odgovora belega in si-vega medveda.

Kroniko je zaključil s pripisom medved Godrnjavec sam, ki je zapisal s svojo težko šapo še tele besede:

"To zapisujem jaz, stari medved Godrnjavec, v času, ko živim kdo ve kako daleč na okoli sam samcat v brlogu v Hudem grabnu. Dolgo že nisem videl ne tukaj ne blizu nobenega medveda. Pišem pa, da potrdim, kar je zapisal kot ustno sporočilo davni moj praded, da res žive medvedje po vsem vesoljnem svetu. Za dokaz prilagam pisma iz raznih delov sveta, da spoznajo, kakšno je njih življenje. Če je boljše nego moje, ki jem koreninice in gobe, nabiram jagode ter ližem med, naj sodi tisti, ki dobi ta pisanja v roke.

S tem sklepam.

Tako zapisano v brlogu v Hudem grabnu v času, ko preminevam v teh krajih menda zadnji iz medvedjega rodu."



Neumorna telovadka.



Jules Breton: Škrjančeva pesem.



Dr. Fr. Zbašnik:

## Mož z leseno nogo

STARI ILIJA je imel leseno nogo. Ljudje so ga od nekdaj poznali takega in nihče ni več prav vedel, kaj se je bilo zgodilo, da je prišel Ilija ob lastno nogo. Nekega dne se je grel na solncu na klopi pred hišo. Okrog njega se je pojala in svoje burke uganjala kopa vaških otrok. Zdihoval je in prekladal svojo leseno nogo, ki ga je — tako je bilo videti — jako težila. Zdaj—zdaj je udaril z njo ob trda tla. Baš s tem je menda zbudil pozornost mlademu Nacku, ki so mu nemudoma zastrmele oči v starca. Nekaj časa ga je molče opazoval, potem pa ga je premagala radovednost in vprašal je: "Stric, zakaj pa imate leseno nogo?"

"Zakaj? Pa povem, otroci, da ne zadene še vas nesreča! Zakaj nesreča, velika nesreča je to, ako pride človek ob kateregakoli svojih udov. In jaz sem prišel že jako zgodaj, še jako mlad, zakaj šestdeset let je že, odkar nosim posledice svoje lahkomišljenosti in se kesam, da sem bil tako neposlušen! Poslušajte me in vzemite si k srcu mojo povest!

Bil sem majhen, kakor ste zdaj vi. In živ sem bil kot iskra. Saj tudi vi niste drugačni, zato vam še enkrat rečem: poslušajte! Mati in oče sta me stokrat in stokrat opominjala, naj ne letam tako brezglavo sem in tja in da naj pazim, preden grem čez cesto, če ne prihaja od kod kak voz. Pa pri enem ušesu noter, pri drugem ven! O tudi vi ste taki, vem, a to ni prav! Starši ne svare otroka brez vzroka! Svare ga, ker se bojijo zanj in vedo, koliko nevarnosti mu vedno preti! Tudi moja dobra mati in moj dobri oče sta se bala zame, a kaj, ko pa je otrok tako neumen in ne ve, kdo mu hoče dobro!

Moj oče se je večkrat razjezil name, ko je videl, da ne zaleže nobena beseda. Zgodilo se je, da me je stresel za lase in me vprašal: "Ali si boš zapomnil? Ali boš slušal?" — "Bom, oče, bom!" Toda vedno zopet sem pozabil na opomine in ostal sem prejšnji zaletel. O tudi vi ste takšni! Saj vidim, saj opazujem! A to ni prav, otroci! Zakaj to se prej ali slej maščuje! Oj, pri meni se je hudo, hudo maščevalo!

Nekoč stojim ob hišnih vratih in zagledam tam onkraj ceste lepega, belega jančka. Oh, jančke sem jaz tako rad imel! Saj veste, kako ljubka živalca je tak mlad janček! Če sem jaz katerega uzrl, se nisem mogel vzdržati, da bi ne bil poletel k njemu in se malo poigral z njim. Tako me je tudi tistikrat premagalo. Ni bilo še dolgo od takrat, ko sem bil iznova obljubil materi, da ne pojdem nikdar preko ceste, da bi se ne ozrl prej na levo in desno in se prepričal, če ni kake nevarnosti, če se ne bliža kak voz. Še so mi šumeli materini opomini po ušesih in tudi zdelo se mi je, da res drdra po cesti voz, toda za vse to se zdaj nisem brigal. Bilo mi je samo za jančka, ki je tam onkraj ceste skakal in se tako srčkano poigral! Kaj opomini, kaj drdranje voza! Otroci, tudi vi ste taki, vem! A to ni prav! Le poslušajte, kaj se je meni zgodilo!

Drdranje voza je bilo že čisto blizu, a jaz sem si mislil: čez cesto že še pridem! In se spustim v tek. Na sredi ceste pa se izpodtaknem in padem. Tisti trenutek pa je bil tudi že voz izza vogla tu in preden sem le misliti mogel, da bi se spravil na noge, sem bil že pod konji. Obležal sem nezavesten. Poslati so me morali v bolnico. Tam so zdravniki izprevideli, da mi je s težkim železom podkovano konjsko kopito zdrobilo levo nogo, in morali so mi jo odrezati, ako so me hoteli ohraniti pri življenju."

"Ali vas je jako bolelo?" vpraša Nacek.

"Menim, da! Pomisli, če se malo vrežeš s svojim pipcem, kako te že boli! Kaj šele, če ti stere nogo konjsko kopito in ti jo potem še odrežejo! Pa to še ni vse, kar

sem pretrpel! Sicer se še zdaj z grozo spominjam na oni čas, ko sem ležal v bolnici, a nič ne bi rekel, ko bi bilo s tem že vse prestano. Pa ni bilo! Najhuje mi je bilo šele potem, ko sem prišel do spoznanja, da sem za vse življenje pohabljen. Drugi otroci, moji vrstniki, so rajali, se igrali in skakali, jaz s svojo leseno nogo sem jih pa iz daljave opazoval in zavidal za njih zdravje in veselje, ki so ga imeli. Oj, kako rad bi se bil samo enkrat še pomešal med nje in delal vse to, kar so delali oni, a če sem kdaj poizkusil kaj takega, sem precej videl, kako neroden sem s svojo leseno nogo in da ne spadam več med nje. Žalosten sem se umaknil in dostikrat sem jokal kje k kakem kotu sam zase. Pozneje, ko sem bil odrasel, sem pa vse to še bolj živo občutil. Nikdar se nisem mogel tako gibati kot drugi, zato pa tudi v družčino nisem hodil. Zapuščen in sam sem bil in ljudi sem se bal, ker je bilo med njimi trdosrčnežev dovolj, ki so se norčevali iz mene in delali opazke o moji leseni nogi.

Oh, in v svet bi bil šel rad, v svet! Kako me je srce gnalo, kako sem si želel, da bi mogel čez gore in čez morje . . . Pa pojdi, pa pojdi, če moreš, z leseno nogo! In pohabljenca gledajo povsod postrani! —

Oj, otroci, vzemite si mene za zgled. Slušajte starše! In bodite previdni in pozorni, da se vam ne zgodi, kakor se je meni zgodilo!"

## MUCA JE ZBOLELA

Muca naša je zbolela,  
zobček jo hudo boli.  
Bratci, hitro pomagajmo,  
v mehko posteljco jo dajmo,  
da se revica naspi!  
Ko bo njen najslajši sen,  
striček naš odpre ji gobček.  
Vija, vaja, vija, ven —  
s kleščami izdere zobček.

Stric prihaja, grdo gleda.  
"Kaj vam pravim, ljubčki moji,  
ta, ki milo tu mijavka,  
je hinavka!  
vso nam smetano in mleko  
v shrambi davi je popila.  
Da po šapicah tatinskih  
ne bi mrha jih dobila,  
se domisli zvita buča  
in se bolna naredi . . .  
Ali jaz ji že pokažem!  
Kje je, ljubčki moji, šiba?  
Z njo par toplih ji primažem,  
pa bo zdrava spet ko riba!"

Mirko Kunčič.



## Lev in zajček

(Indijska.)

V PRAGOZDU se je naselil lev in uničil mnogo divjačine. Živali tega pragozda so se zbrale na pøsvet in se odpravile k levu, da bi ga prosile, naj jih tako ne pokončuje, češ, da mu bodo poslale vsak dan za obed po eno životinjo. Lev je bil vesel, da ne bo imel dela, ter je privolil. Vsak dan se je torej prostovoljno prikazala žival in lev jo je raztrgal in požrl—dokler ni prišla vrsta na zajčka. Dolgoušec je bil jako potr; počasi, čisto počasi je pridrobnel do levove jame. Poldne je bilo že davno minilo, preden je dospel; počenil je in se priklonil grivastemu mogotcu. Lačni kralj zveri pa je zarjovel:

“Zakaj si se tolikanj zakasnil, najhitrejši med četveronožci? Jutri razmesarim vso divjad po šumi.”

Ubogi zajček pa je dejal: “Mogočni gospodar, jaz nisem kriv. Srečal sem leva, ta me je zadržal in mi velel tebi sporočiti, da ne boš dobival nobene zverjadi več. In kadar ti to sporočim, naj se vrnem, da me bo on pojedel.”

Brž ko je lev to začul, je zatulil in ukazal zajčku, naj ga povede k temu levu. Zajček je stekel h globokemu, ograjenemu studencu in rekel:

“Glej, gospodar, tam doli je podzemski grad onega močnejšega; vidiš, kako se ondi reži name.”

Lev se sklonil nad vodnjak, opazil v vodi svojo lastno podobo, skočil noter in utonil.

## Izreki modrih mož o pridnosti in delu

Mogoče se imam za svoj uspeh zahvaliti svojim prvim neuspehom. Ko nisem niti toliko zaslužil, da bi plačal svoj kruh, sem se naučil, kaj se pravi biti svoboden in neodvisen. Tedaj so me napadali in se mi rogali, kakor me danes slave. Ali baš roganje in napadanje me je sililo k delu. Jaz nisem šel masi naproti, temveč je ona prišla k meni.

Van Dougen.

Vrednost človeka ni odvisna samo od njegovega znanja, temveč v največji meri od njegove trdne volje za delo.

Herbert.

Laž ubija s kalom, ali plazi se po žilah kakor strup, počasi in oprezno, ne pazi se, kako deluje.

Ivan Cankar.

Kjer kdo pomaga drugemu na račun tretjega, ni govora o dobroti.

Mader.

V resnici bogat je samo tisti narod, ki je bogat na idejah; velik in plemenit samo tisti, ki ima visoko in plemenito mišljenje; zapovedovati more le oni narod, ki zapoveduje z duhom; ljudstvo brez naprednega duha ne gospodari nad drugimi nego jim služi.

Simon Rutar.

Predno človek pomisli na velikodušnost, na ljubezen, na nesebičnost, na pravičnost, se mora predvsem naučiti, da obvlada samega sebe, mora biti dovolj močan, da kroti svoje lastne sile.

Lev Tolstoj.

# Ribja godba

**K**DO NA SVETU je že slišal, da bi ribe pele ali godle? Najbrž noben priprost človek ne, ker se to še sliši tako čudno, da bi nikomur ne padlo v glavo. Ampak čudno gor, čudno dol, vprašanje je padlo v glavo nekega radovednega profesorja, ki se je odločil, da dožene, kaj imajo ribe povedati in kako si dopovejo to in ono.

To pa je vendar zelo težka naloga, kajti, kot je znano, ribe nikoli ne črhnejo glasu in so po svoji tihoti in nemosti takorekoč prišle v pregovor pri mnogih narodih. Tako na primer Angleži pravijo, če je kdo molčeč in nem: "He is as mute as a fish." Ali vse to ni motilo učenega profesorja Koellikerja, moža, ki se je odločil, da dožene, kakšni so glasovi rib in če mogoče, da jih tudi zastopi.

Profesor Koelliker je spustil v morje posebno izdelan mikrofona, droben aparat, ki prejema in oddaja glasove (podoben mikrofonu na gramofonu) in s pripravami, ki je imel napeljane do mikrofona globoko doli v vodi, je poslušal glasove iz mirne vode globoko na dnu morja. Z aparatom je slišal nečuvvene glasove, ne šumenje, temveč celo nekako harmonijo ali skladnost glasov.

To je pa res lepa reč in radi jo slišimo. Ne mislimo sicer, da bi profesor s tem storil ribam kako uslugo, ali vendar je lepo, da se tako pridno zanima za te neme živali in živalice, ki so tako daleč od nas, da priprosti ljudje, ki se podimo za bolj koristnimi stvarmi, zanje niti zanimati ne moremo, kaj še, da bi celo sočustvovali z njimi, ko morajo plavati tako globoko v vodi. Nihče bi ne maral biti riba. Še za to nam ni, da bi prisluškovali, kaj si imajo na skrivaj povedati.

Ampak res, zakaj ribe oddajajo od sebe glasove? Če ptica žvrgoli in poje, je to nagonsko po naravi; pravimo, da je iz zadovoljnosti ptice, ki je tako brezskrbna in lahkega srca. Morda zato vsakdo ljubi ptice. Gotova reč je, da nam ptičje petje ugaja, da vpliva blagodejno na nas, ko smo v naravi in prav zato, ker radi poslušamo njih petje, imamo radi ptice in celo skušamo oponašati njih lahki spev.

Ribjega petja pa ne poznamo razen male izjeme na otoku Ceylonu, kjer živi neka vrsta rib, o katerih govore, da pojejo, tako da jih je celo slišati. To se godi v lagunah ob Batticaloju. Isti profesor je raziskoval in eksperimentiral tudi na teh ribah in dognal, da glasovi, ki jih ribe oddajajo, so najbližje podobni glasovom strun zamorskega banja ali pa glasovom oddaljenega motorjega roga. To je torej dokaj umerjen in lep glas. Obratno pa dobimo precejšnje število drugih ribjih družin, ki oddajajo od sebe manj mikaven glas. Tako je poznana neke vrste jegulja, ki laja; o krapu je znano, da oddaja od sebe nekako kruljenje, bolj podobno ječanju; som in morski volk pa sikata od sebe nekak "Huf, huf!" Neka ploči sorodna riba povzroča podmorsko bobnanje in ropoče kakor mali boben: "Bum, bum, bum!" Vsega skupaj je znanih sedemdeset vrst rib, ki oddajajo od sebe glasove. Kakšen bi bil njih orkester, če bi jih spravili skupaj?

## VSAKO JUTRO!

KO SOLNČECE POSIJE,  
SE JANEZEK UMIJE;  
UŠESA, VRAT IN ŠE OBRAZ,  
PA TUDI ČE JE ZUNAJ MRAZ!

Albin Čebular.



Rabindranath Tagore:

## Mali veliki mož

**M**AJHEN sem, ker sem še dete. Velik bom, kadar bom tako star, kakor moj ata.

Moj učitelj pride in poreče: "Pozno je, prinesi svojo tablico in svoje knjige."

Jaz pa mu porečem: "Ali ne veste, da sem velik, kakor ata? In da se mi ni treba več učiti?"

Moj učitelj se začudi in poreče: "Lahko pusti svoje knjige, ako mu drago, saj je že dorastel."

Oblečem se in pojdem na letni semenj, kjer je gneča največja.

Striček plane k meni in poreče: "Ti se še izgubiš, moj dečko, daj, da te poneseš."

Jaz pa odgovorim: "Ali ne vidiš, striček, da sem tako velik kakor ata? Sam moram iti na sejem."

Striček poreče: "Res lahko gre, kamorkoli hoče, ker je že dorastel."

Mamica se bo vračala iz kopeli, ko bom dajal novcev svoji dojlji, ker bom vedel, kako se odpira pušica s ključem.

Mamica poreče: "Kaj pa delaš, ti malovredni otrok?"

Jaz pa na to: "Mamica, ali ne veš, da sem že tako velik kakor ata, in moram dati srebra svoji dojlji."

Mamica si poreče sama sebi: "Lahko daje denar, komur hoče, ker je že dorastel."

O počitnicah oktobra meseca pride ata domov in misleč, da sem še detece, mi prinese iz mesta majhne čevljičke in kratko svilenko krilce.

Porečem: "Ata, daj to mojemu dadi, zakaj jaz sem tako velik kakor ti."

Ata pomisli in poreče: "Lahko si kupuje obleko sam, saj je že dorastel."





## VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



### POPLAVA

Ležeče na dnu doline je bilo malo selo v neprestani nevarnosti katastrofe. Kajti pred mnogimi leti je bil zajezen hudournik visoko gori med gorami. Hudournik je napravil jezero, ki je bilo zelo koristno za električno napravo v sosednjem trgu, toda zelo nevarno za vas. Zares, ako bi se razpočil jez, bi poplava odnesla vas.

In to se je v resnici zgodilo nekega dne. Nenadoma se je zaslíšal strašen šum in zbrana masa vode je drvela doli po dolini, nesoč s seboj vse, kar je našla na svoji poti. Nič se ni moglo zoperstaviti, drevesa, hiše, ogromne skale, kamenja, vse je bilo pometeno od poplave.

Nekateri prebivalci so se lotili rešitve s hitrim plezanjem v griče na desno in na levo stran doline, toda nekoliko število njih je podleglo vzlic vsem prizadevanjem, ki so bila storjena, da bi jih rešili. Od goveda, konjev, perutnine ni bilo nič rešenega, niti gosi in race.

Ko je jezero izginilo, je ostala samo mala struga vode in možno je bilo izračunati vsoto škode. Vas je bila zopet zgrajena, ljudje so dobili odškodnino za izgube, ali — jez je bil tudi ponovno zgrajen. Kaj bi vi pričakovali? Industrije v trgu so potrebovale elektrike. Voda je zvesta služabnica, toda tudi zelo nevarna gospodarica.

### THE FLOOD

Lying at the bottom of the valley, the little village was under the constant menace of a catastrophe. For, many years ago, the torrent had been dammed high up there among the mountains. The torrent had formed a lake, which was very useful for the electric works in the neighboring town, but most dangerous for the village. Indeed, if the dyke were to break the village would be carried away by the flood.

And that actually happened one day. Suddenly a terrible noise was heard, and the accumulated mass of water rushed down upon the valley, carrying everything that it found in its path. Nothing could withstand it; trees, houses, enormous blocks of stone; everything was swept away by the flood.

Some of the inhabitants managed to escape by rapidly climbing the hills to the right and to the left side of the valley, but a certain number of them perished in spite of all efforts that were made to save them. Of the cattle, the horses, the poultry, none were saved, not even geese and ducks.

When the lake had disappeared there remained but a thin stream of water, and one was able to estimate the amount of the damage. The village was rebuilt, the folks were compensated for their losses, but the dam was also rebuilt. What would you expect? The industries of the town needed the electricity. Water is a faithful servant, but also a very dangerous master.

### PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

Črni potniki iz dalje  
glad za sabo vlačijo,  
po vaseh beračijo.

Albin Čebular.



Albin Č.:

A H A!

Brrr! Katarinca mala  
gotovo je zaspala,  
saj pisemca od nje že ni  
kar mesece že cele tri!

In miške so se zbrale,  
na dolgo pot podale  
ter se smejale na ves glas,  
ko so prispele v Kurjo vas.

Ej njeni pismonoša  
ni vreden niti groša —  
počasi maha jo navzdolž,  
ime mu je, saj veste: polž!

So miške drugega izbrale,  
ki vreden prave je pohvale,  
sedaj dobimo pisma zmer,  
naj jutro bo, naj bo večer.

Dragi čitatelji!

Ta mesec niste prispevali tako veliko pisem kot običajno, kar pa prav dobro vem zakaj. Začela je šola in kar vidim vas, kako ste zaposleni z domačimi nalogami. Te je res treba prvo izvršiti, potem šele kaj drugega, ali vendar ne smete dopustiti, da bo Mladinski list zadnji. Predvsem pa ne smete pozabiti, da je še vedno v teku kontest, za katerega se še zbirajo lepe nagrade tistim, ki največ zaslужijo.

Ali Vam uganke delajo velike preglavice? Nikakih rešitev ne pošljete, kar je nemogoče verjeti, da bi bilo radi težav, ki jih uganke povzročajo. Še veliko težje ste že rešili, zato ni vzroka, zakaj bi tudi teh ne mogli. Prav resno se zamislite, študirajte uganke na podlagi prejšnjih, to je, da primerjate s prejšnjimi rešitvami in šlo vam bo lažje. Ta mesec jih imate zopet nekaj; nobene ne prezrite, temveč vse rešite — pravilno rešite!

Za kontest, ki je bil razpisan od društva "Pijonirji" S. N. P. J. v Chicagu, je

prišlo nekaj prispevkov tudi izven Chicaga, kar pa nikakor ne gre, ker društvo "Pijonirji" je razpisalo nagrado samo za svoje člane. Iz tega pa dobro vidimo, da je potrebno tudi v drugih krajih uvesti podobne kampanje. Če se starši ne domislijo, pa jih pregovorite vi, da uvedejo pri svojem društvu za vas kako kampanjo ali tekmo. To je primerno posebno sedaj pred božičem. Napravite kaj takega kot je na primer storil naš čitatelj Frank Bratkovic iz Lemonta, Pa. On je zbral skupaj imena in naslove šestdesetih otrok slovanskih staršev, kateri bi lahko postali člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, pa še niso. Tako storite še vi in imena podajte pri svojih društvih, ne pošiljati jih sem. Sem pišite samo to, kako je društvo storilo: ali je šlo iskat mladino, za katero ste dali naslove. Če pa društvo sklene, da imate tako tekmo, tedaj bo tudi v Mladinskem listu vse redno priobčeno, posebno pa to, kdo je dobil največ priznanja.

Dragi čitatelji, ne smemo pozabiti, kaj stori za nas Slovenska narodna podporni jednota. Boljše organizacije je ni v Ameriki, kar se tiče podpore, a kar se tiče drugih ugodnosti, ki jih imamo pri S. N. P. J., pa lahko z mirno vestjo rečemo, da je S. N. P. J. sploh najboljša. Kaj imajo na primer angleške organizacije? Le malokatera izdaja za mladino poseben list in če ga izdaja, je samo reklama, ni v njem toliko gradiva, ki je spisano samo za zabavo in v korist mladine. Sami veste to in je nepotrebno še hvaliti naš list; to ste tudi sami že povedali v neštetihi svojih pismih.

Tudi to vas moram vprašati, če kaj pogitirate za naš Mladinski list. Veste, če slučajno ne morete dobiti slovenskega dečka ali deklice, da postane član, pa skupno pridobite starše, da mu naročijo Mladinski list. Saj stane zelo malo. In tudi k odraslim ljudem, ki še nimajo Mladinskega lista, lahko greste po naročnino. Pregovorite jih, da se naročijo. S tem pomagajte Mladinskemu listu in storite, da bo še boljši in mogoče tudi večji, kakor je vaša želja.

Še to moram naročiti, da ne odlašate s prispevki. Vsi, ki se zanimate za tekmo, si zapomnite v prvi vrsti to: Prispevki za tekmo morajo biti v uredništvu najkasneje do 20. novembra. Vsi bodo priobčeni še v decemberski številki našega mesečnika in tako tudi imena zmagovalcev ter darov, ki jih prejmejo. Le urno na noge!

**Urednik.**

V naš kotichek je pisala sestra Dorothy Rossa iz Clevelanda, Ohio, ki pravi med drugim: "Želim, da bi vsi bratje in sestre imeli dober uspeh v šoli in da bi se pridno učili." Lepo pozdravlja vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

Iz Hendersonvilla, Pa., je Josephine Klobučar, stara enajst let in v sedmem razredu, poslala daljšo pesmico o zaljubljeni deklici in o fantu, ki je šel na vojsko na Francosko. No, te še ne moremo spraviti v kontest. Josephine, daj, napiši ka-

ko pesmico, ki boš lahko rekla, da je v resnici tvoja.

\*

Mary Karlin iz Rock Springsa, Wyo., je poslala 105 imen otrok, kateri še niso člani S. N. P. J. Tudi teh imen ne moremo priobčiti. Ona je napačno razumela oglas, katerega je napisalo društvo "Pionirji," kar velja samo za Chicago. Lahko pa storite tudi v Rock Springsu enako tekmo. Mary je vendar pokazala, da se zelo zanima za S. N. P. J.

\*

Gornje velja tudi za Helen Schmuck iz Pawneeja, Ill. Poslala je 66 imen.

\*

Lep pozdrav je poslal z razglednico iz Springfielda tudi Fred Predikaka, naš pridni dopisovalec iz Stauntona. V Springfield je bil šel na izlet in tudi tedaj ni pozabil Mladinskega lista.—Hvala!

\*

Dragi čitatelji!

Sporočila sem že o pikniku soc. stranke na Woodsidu. Naša cela družina je bila tam. Velike udeležbe ni bilo, ali kratkčasno je bilo vseeno. Imeli smo veliko zabave. Udeležili so se ljudje iz Greensburga, Irwina, White Valleyja in Hermineja in govornik je bil mr. William Adams iz Pittsburgha.

Moj brat Joe in jaz sva šla na operacijo zaradi tonsilov. Zdaj spet hodiva v šolo. Mene zelo veseli, da otroci S. N. P. J. sedaj spišejo več kitic in dopisov za Mladinski list.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem.

**Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.**

#### PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

Rešitev ugank iz septemberske številke.

1. VRABEC.
2. KANARČEK.
3. SLAVČEK.

2. Uganke Joe Elersicha, Cleveland: a) Ducat. b) Koruza. c) Rokavica.

\*

Deloma je rešila zastavice Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.





# JUVENILE



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## SWING HIGH, SWING LOW

### Grievances

Such lots of things I mustn't do!  
 Why shouldn't I whistle the whole day  
 through?  
 If ever I want a bit of fun  
 It's: "Oh, no, really, that isn't done!"  
 I shall be glad when I'm twenty-one!

### Swinging

Swinging high! Swinging low!  
 Up to the chestnut bloom I go;  
 Down to the daisies, back to the sky,  
 Smooth and swift as the fairies fly.

Swinging high! Swinging low!  
 Drifting dreamily to and fro;  
 Come, come swing in my chestnut bower,  
 Come, be a fairy just for an hour!

### Wounded

I tumbled down and cut my knee:  
 It's got a bandage on, you see.  
 I pitched head foremost from the swing,  
 It bled and bled like anything;

It doesn't really hurt me, but  
 Dad says it was a dreadful cut,  
 All smeared with gravel, sand, and tar:  
 O, won't there be a splendid scar!

### Why?

Once there was a little rabbit  
 Living in a wood,  
 And he had a funny habit  
 When he ate his food  
 To crinkle, wrinkle up his nose —  
 Why did he do it, d'you suppose?

### Shadows in Bed

When I am lying in my bed,  
 And all the lights are out,  
 Upon the ceiling and the walls  
 Grey shadows walk about.

Thrown from the passers in the street,  
 Of people I can't see,  
 And they don't know that in my room  
 Their shadows visit me.

### The Little Gardener

I've only a tiny garden,  
 But it's filled with the sweetest flowers  
 That wake in the summer sunshine  
 And sleep in summer showers.

I've only a tiny barrow,  
 But I trundle it all alone  
 From the edge of my tidied garden  
 To the place where the weeds are thrown.

I'm only a tiny workman,  
 But I work with my watering-can.  
 Then I get (Mummy says) in a minute  
 As wet as a grown-up man!

### My Steed

The milkman's horse comes down the lane  
 All splashed with mud and wet with rain,  
 But where we go, Rob Roy and I,  
 However far, we're always dry.

The soldier's horse goes out to war,  
 But my horse rocks upon the floor  
 Into the lands of peace, where tea  
 Is ready in the nursery.

# The Poor Wise Man

## A Great Figure Little Known

**T**HERE can be no question which nation has distinguished itself by the greatest progress during the last sixty years. That nation is undoubtedly Japan.

Up to sixty years ago Japan was a scarcely-known country, living under a feudal system, and made dangerous to foreigners by an intense fanaticism. With a suddenness that startled the world but left it unconvinced Japan sixty years ago adopted Western civilization and revolutionized itself.

Not till thirty years later, however, did Europe generally acknowledge that the Island Empire of the East had ranked itself with the great nations. Then it was felt, at least by the British people, that the Japanese must be a great-souled race who had been obstinately underrated by Europe and America.

We have very little knowledge of Japanese individuals in history and literature; we know the doings of Japanese statesmen and soldiers, yet little of their inward lives. We have welcomed, therefore, an intimate story which has been told of one of Japan's great figures.

Sontoku, the peasant sage, comes most closely to the life of the ordinary people of his country, and his life has been told, his character revealed, his aims and motives laid bare. Through him we may perhaps see more clearly some of the elements of character which underlie and explain Japan's remarkable progress.

## The Wonderful Life of a Peasant Sage

**S**ONTOKU was born in the village of Kayama in 1787, and died in 1856, ten years before the beginning of Japan's quiet revolution. The name given him by his parents was Kinjiro, and his family name was Ninomiya. It was not until after his death that he received the honorable name of Sontoku, which means The Virtuous. Immediately his life and labors were recorded by the most eminent of his disciples, Kokei Tomita, and many of his sayings were recorded in a book of Evening Talks by another famous disciple, Shokei Fukuzumi.



Japanese Etchings.



Japanese Praying for Rain.

ing to repair the dykes that guard against floods, was unceasing. Then, when he was sixteen, his mother died, and he had to live with an exacting relative, who would not let him have oil for his studies at night. But by cultivating rapeseed on unused ground he made enough money to buy oil for his secret reading after the family had gone to bed. By spending all his spare time in cultivating waste land he eventually grew enough rice to enable him to thank and leave his stingy relative, begin life on his own account, and, after much work and hardship, save enough to buy back the family farm. Then "as he watched the smoke rise from the ancestral hearth it seemed a cloud of holiest incense rising in thankfulness and praise to the revered spirits of his forefathers."

Sontoku now married and settled down. The head retainer of the chief of his clan, hearing how he had restored his fortunes, sent to ask his assistance, as he had ruined himself by falling hopelessly into debt. Sontoku left his home for five years, took charge of the affairs of the chief retainer, exhorted him to repent and practice self-denial, gained the good-will of his servants, entirely restored his good fortune, and divided the money he received among the servants.

The chief of the clan, who was also chief adviser to the Military Governor of Japan, had now formed such a high opinion of Sontoku's ability and unselfishness that he wished to employ him in a high position, but the higher of-

Sontoku's grandfather had collected wealth by hard work and thrift, but the boy's father gave away or lent his money so freely that his children were brought up in poverty, especially after an overflowing river had covered the ancestral farm with stones and debris. The father, too, had such ill-health that he had no means of paying the doctor's bill except by selling the last of the farms he had inherited. The basis of the Japanese faith is loyalty to their clan, to their father. To sell the farm would be an act of filial impiety; yet not to pay the doctor was an even greater dishonor to the paternal memory. So he sold the farm. The doctor, however, would not allow such a sacrifice to be made, and refused the money.

When Sontoku was fourteen, his father died and the poverty of the family was deepened, though the boy worked for his mother and two younger brothers by gathering firewood on the distant mountains early in the day and plaiting straw rope and making sandals till late in the night. His industry in these ways, and in help-



Miss Nippon



officials looked down on him as a farmer, however clever he might be. So further practical tasks were assigned to him. The first was to reform a district of three villages where the people were poor, idle, lawless, and corrupt. Much money had been spent and wasted on these villages. Sontoku fixed the time for this reform at ten years. The time was necessary because the work could not be done successfully unless the minds and habits of the people themselves were changed. It was a most difficult task, and could only be accomplished by studying the individual characters of many of the people and treating each in a separate way.

At one time it seemed that failure was threatened, and Sontoku, fearing the fault might be in himself, retired quietly to a temple for three weeks. Then the people who had been opposing him were filled with fear lest they should lose his services, and petitioned him to return. In the end the villages became models of industry, happiness, and prosperity, and people from other districts came in throngs to ask for Sontoku's advise.

By his observation Sontoku also foresaw the coming of a famine and prepared for it, storing grain in readiness so that when it came he was the means of saving thousands of lives by sending supplies to districts which had been less provident.

He also trained in his own methods many of the headmen of villages and retainers of the great lords who managed estates. Records are extant of how he did this work, varying his plans to suit the men he was dealing with and the particular soils and industries that were concerned. In each case he insisted that taxes and rents should be adjusted so that industrious people should profit by their efforts.

Finally, in 1853, when he was 66 and worn by his labors, having all his life dressed and fed in the simplest peasant fashion and spent all his earnings in helping the poor and carrying out his schemes for others, he was instructed by the Government to reform the poverty-stricken mountain district of Nikko. He knew his strength was insufficient for so great an enterprise, but he undertook it, and for three years taught the people in every village to love one another, to believe in the nobility of work, to improve the irrigation of their fields, and to recover waste lands from the wilds, till, worn out by these labors by day and his constant teaching by night (for many disciples gathered round him), he died, honored by all, at seventy.

So much for the life of this wise and good man. What were the teachings on which this noble life was based, the teachings that have perpetuated his influence?

Sontoku based his teaching on four principles. First came sincerity: truthful, straightforward dealing, undetained by guile or selfishness. Secondly came industry, the foundation of all honest living. As he expressed it, Heaven and Earth and all Creation are ever at work without repose, and there is no true place for anyone in the Universe who will not take his share of work. A large part of Sontoku's success as an organizing reformer was directly due to the example he set as a worker and to his skill in teaching men how to work so as to enable the Earth to do her share and bring forth her increase.

But his third principle was also of vital value — to live simply, and always below the amount one has earned. This, he pointed out, was the one way to freedom from anxiety about possible poverty and to provide the means for fresh enterprises, or what we call capital. The true use of dress is for warmth, not for ostentation or competition in expense, and the simplest foods are the most nourishing and conducive to good health. To rich and poor alike he preached a strict control of their outgoings if they would keep themselves from poverty and retain a reasonable control of their resources, a rule as necessary as the rule of industry in a land whose popula-



tion is dense in a small area. But this, it may be said, is not more than commonplace prudence, and may easily lead on to stinginess and avarice. No; that is securely repelled by the fourth rule of benevolence and human helpfulness: to give away all unnecessary possessions for the service of mankind.

“My wish is to open up the wilderness of men’s hearts, to sow therein the Heaven-given seeds of goodness, to cultivate righteousness, wisdom, and gentleness, and to reap therefrom a harvest of good fruits.”

That he succeeded was shown after his death by the formation in his memory of a society “to help the poor and to aid them in helping one another, first by opening their hearts and developing goodness of character among them, and secondly by assisting them to open up wild lands, improve irrigation and roads, repair bridges and river banks, and in general by doing all that is of benefit to the poor.”

When we remember that this spirit was working in Japan ten years before the era of Japanese reform in government, can we wonder that the nation rose suddenly to a great height of self-sacrifice, and made the future the subject of general, unselfish, intelligent care? And does not the character, work, and success of Sontoku throw a light on the earnestness, devotion, and loyalty of the Japanese people? It seems to us that the story of Sontoku is a valuable index to the mind and aims of this most interesting and wonderful nation.



# The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

## Bosnia and Herzegovina—the Country of Heroes and Martyrs

**BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA**, at present, constitute the most central part of Jugoslavia, and are a mountainous inland territory, with numerous valleys with rivers running mostly to the Sava River on the north. The principal city of Bosnia is Sarajevo and of Herzegovina Mostar. Bosnians speak the language of Serbs and Croats, but their religion is mostly Mohammedan.

Under Roman rule Bosnia had no separate name or history, and until the great Slavic immigration of 636 it remained entirely unknown in history. Even after the Slavic immigration there is very little known of Bosnians three centuries after their arrival, because the historical documents on Bosnia are too scarce. During this period Bosnia became the accepted name for the Valley of Bosna River. The old Illyrian population was rapidly absorbed or expelled, its Latin institutions being replaced by the communal tribal divisions, or "županije" of the Slavs. Pressure from Hungary and Byzantium gradually welded these isolated social units into a single nation, whose ruler was known as the Ban. But the central power remained weak and the country possessed no strong natural frontiers. It seems probable that the bans were the viceroys of the Croatian kings, who resumed their sovereignty over Bosnia from 958 to 1010. Thenceforward, until 1180 the bans continued to be subject to the Eastern empire or Hungary, with brief intervals of independence. The territory called Herzegovina was also subject to various foreign powers.

The separation between the Eastern and Western Christendom left Bosnia divided between Greek and Latin Churches. Early in the 12. century a new religion, that of the Bogomils was introduced and denounced as heretical. Its converts, nevertheless, included many of the Bosnian nobles and the ban Kulin (1180-1204) whose reign was proverbial to its prosperity, owing to the flourishing state of commerce and agriculture, and the extensive mining operation carried on by the Ragusans. An unusually able ruler, connected by marriage with the powerful Serbian dynasty of Nemanja, and by treaty with the republic of Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Kulin perceived in the new doctrines a barrier between his subjects and Hungary. He was compelled to recant, under strong pressure from Pope Innocent III. and the King of Hungary, but despite all efforts, Bogomilism incessantly gained the ground. In 1232 Stephen, the successor of Kulin, was dethroned by the native nobles, who chose instead Matthew Ninoslav, a Bogomil. This event illustrates the three dominant characteristics of Bosnian history: the strength of aristocracy, the weakness of the central authority, and the supreme influence of religion. Threatened by Pope Gregory IV. with a crusade, Ninoslav was baptized, only to abjure Christianity in 1233.

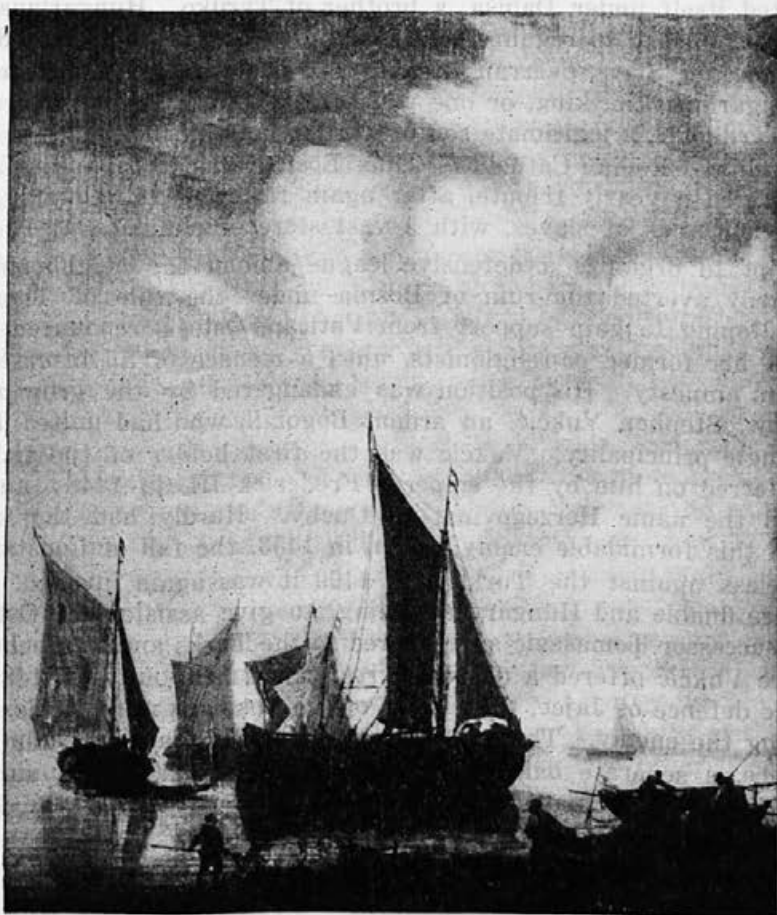
The movement of the Bogomils in Bosnia, with most of the nobles and leaders, withstood for six years the Hungarian crusaders and in 1244 a peace was concluded after a Bosnian campaign against Hungary. The Bogomilism, however, spread among Bosnians very rapidly. Thus in consequence, the renewal of the crusades under Pope Innocent III. proved to be vain. After the wars the Pope, in 1247, entered into negotiations with the Bosnian Ban, whose country was for a moment an independent state.

After the death of Ninoslav, vigorous attempts were made to exterminate the Bogomil heresy, and to this end, Bela IV., the king of Hungary, who appeared the

champion of Roman Catholicism, secured the election of his nominee Prijezda to the banate. Direct Hungarian control lasted until 1299, the bans preserving only a shadow of their former power. From 1299 to 1322 the country was ruled by the Croatian princes, Paul and Mladen Šubić, who, though vassals of Hungary, united the provinces of Upper and Lower Bosnia, created by the Hungarians in order to prevent the growth of a dangerous national unity. A rising of the native magnates in 1322 resulted in the election of the Bogomil, Stephen Kotromanić, last and greatest of Bosnian bans.

At the period of Kotromanić the Serbian empire reached its height. In an unsuccessful war against the Croats, from which Venice derived its sole advantage, the ban appears to have learned the value of sea power; immediately afterwards he occupied the principality of Hum and the Dalmatian coastland between Split and Neretva. The republic of Dubrovnik furnished him with money and a fleet, in return for a guarantee of protection; commercial treaties with Venice further strengthened his position; and the Vatican, which had instigated the Croats to invade the dominions of their Bogomil neighbors, was conciliated by his conversion to Roman Catholicism.

Stephen Tvrdko, the nephew and successor of Kotromanić, was a minor and for thirteen years his mother, Helena, acted as regent. Confronted by civil war and deprived of Hum by the Hungarians, she was compelled to acknowledge the sovereign-



Dalmatia.—Coast Scene.



ty of Stephen Dušan, and afterwards of Hungarians. But in 1366 Tvrdko overcame all opposition at home and began on a career of conquest, recapturing Hum and annexing part of Dalmatia.

The death of Stephen Dušan, in 1356, had left his Serbian empire defenseless against the Hungarians, Turks, and other enemies; and to win help from Bosnia, the Serbian czar Lazar ceded to Tvrdko a large tract of territory. In 1376 Tvrdko was crowned as Stephen I., king of Bosnia, Serbia, and all the Sea-coast, although Lazar retained his own title and a diminished authority. The death of the Hungarian king Louis in 1392, the regency of his widow Elizabeth, and the fresh outbreak in Croatia, enabled Tvrdko to fulfil his predecessor's designs by establishing a maritime state. With Venetian aid he wrested from Hungary the entire Adriatic coast-land between Reka (Fiume) and Dubrovnik, except the city of Zader (Zara), thus adding Dalmatia to his kingdom at the moment when Serbia was lost through the Turkish victory of Kossovo (1389). At his coronation he had proclaimed his purpose to revive the ancient Serbian empire; in 1378 he had married a daughter of the last Bulgarian czar; and it is probable that he dreamed of founding an empire which should extend from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. The disaster of Kossovo, though fatal to his ambition, did not immediately react on Bosnia itself; and when Tvrdko died in 1391, his kingdom was still the summit of its prosperity.

Kotromanić and Tvrdko had known how to crush their turbulent nobles, whose power reasserted itself under Dabiša, a brother of Tvrdko. Hungarians profited by the disorders that ensued to regain Croatia and Dalmatia; and in 1398 the Turks, aided by the renegade Slavs, overran Bosnia. The nobles fought indifferently against the Turks, Hungarians, the king, or one another. Some upheld a rival claimant to the throne in Tvrdković, a legitimate son of Tvrdko, and all took sides in the warfare between Bogomili and Roman Catholics. Thus Bosnia was left an easy prey to the Turks, who exacted a yearly tribute, after again ravaging the country, and carrying off many thousands of slaves, with a vast store of plunder.

The attempt to organize a defensive league among the neighboring Christian lands, temporarily averted the ruin of Bosnia under the rule of Thomas Ostojić (1444-1461). Hoping to gain support from Vatican, Ostojić renounced Bogomilism, and persecuted his former co-religionists, until a menace of an insurrection forced him to grant an amnesty. His position was endangered by the growing power of his father-in-law, Stephen Vukčić, an ardent Bogomil, who had united Trebinje and Hum into a single principality. Vukčić was the first holder of the title "Duke of St. Sava," conferred on him by the emperor Frederick III. in 1448; and from this title is derived the name Herzegovina, or Duchy. Hardly had the king become reconciled with this formidable enemy, when, in 1453, the fall of Constantinople left Bosnia defenseless against the Turks. In 1460 it was again invaded. Venice and the Papacy were unable and Hungary unwilling, to give assistance. Ostojić died in 1461, and his successor Tomašević surrendered to the Turks and was beheaded. Herzegovina, where Vukčić offered a desperate resistance, held out until 1483; but apart from the heroic defence of Jajce, the efforts of the Bosnians were feeble, many of the Bogomils joining the enemy. The last stronghold of Bosnia that submitted to the Turks was Jajce, a separate banate or kingdom of Bosnia, which surrendered in 1528. The heroes of this small district repelled every attack by the Turk armies for 65 years.

The fall of Jajce was the consumation of the Turkish conquest. It was followed by the flight of large bodies of Christian refugees. Many of the Roman Catholics withdrew into Croatia, Slavonia and South Hungary, where they ultimate-



ly fell again under Turk dominion. Others found shelter in Rome and Venice, and a large number settled in the republic of Dubrovnik, where they doubtless contributed to the remarkable literary development of the 16th and 17th centuries in which the use of Bosnian dialect was a characteristic feature. Some of the most daring spirits waged war on the conquerors from Knin in Dalmatia and afterwards from Senj in maritime Croatia, where they formed the daring pirate community of the Uskoks. There was less inducement for the Orthodox inhabitants to emigrate, because almost all the neighboring lands were governed by Turks or Roman Catholics; and at home the peasants were permitted to retain their creed and communal organization.

Judged by its influence on Bosnian politics, the Orthodox community was relatively unimportant at the Turkish conquest; and its subsequent growth is perhaps due to the official recognition of the Greek Church, as the representative of Christianity in Turkey. The Christian aristocracy lost its privileges, but its ancient titles of duke (vojvoda) and count (knez) did not disappear. The first was retained by the leaders who still carried on the struggle for liberty in Montenegro; the second was transferred to the headmen of the communes. The Turkish toleration of the religious orders and creeds, though it did not prevent occasional outrages, remained to the last characteristic of Turkish policy in Bosnia. (Continued.)

## A World Behind A Cloud

**N**EXT to the Sun and the Moon the glorious planet Venus is by far the brightest of all the heavenly bodies, and it is curious we should know so little about her.

What we may call the geometry of the movements of Venus is well known, but of her physical nature and of the condition of her surface we know little. Such a fundamental question as the length of her days has not yet been decided, and the recent suggestion of Dr. W. H. Steavenson, a well known amateur astronomer, that this is as long as eight of our days is new.

When Venus is examined through a telescope it is usually found that her planetary disc is of uniform brilliance, with none of the conspicuous dark markings such as we find on Mars and Jupiter. Astronomers are inclined to believe, therefore, that the atmosphere of Venus is very heavy and cloud-laden, and that any features belonging to the actual surface of the planet are hidden from our sight by the cloudy envelope.

Occasionally, however, there is a rift in the clouds, and some dusky marking will be seen, lasting possibly for several weeks, though more probably only for several days. In such a case the astronomer watches the marking carefully hour by hour and day by day, to see in which direction it moves and how fast.

As long ago as 1789 this method was used, and it appeared that Venus turned round once on her axis in about the same time as the Earth does. Many years later, however, another watcher declared that the planet turned round only once in the course of making a whole revolution round the Sun, so that one side of her surface was always in sunlight while the other suffered nearly the extreme cold of empty space. Professor Pickering has found still a third value for the length of the day on Venus, namely 68 hours, and this has been confirmed by several other observers.

Dr. Steavenson's suggestion is the result of careful observations made by himself recently, when Venus was conspicuous object in the evening sky, and it serves to show that the whole question is still an open one. Perhaps it will only be finally settled one day when there is a specially wide and lasting rift in the clouds which usually hide the surface of Venus.



## 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 is wireless?

The method of sending telegraph or telephone messages without connecting wires between sender and receiver.

### Who invented wireless?

No one person. The first practical commercial wireless system was invented by Marconi, after he had improved on certain apparatus made by Hertz and Branly and discovered the secret of sending wireless messages over useful distances. The whole business of wireless is the combined work of many scientists.

### Can a wireless message be directed to a given point?

It can by recent inventions, but messages are ordinarily sent in the form of waves which spread out in ever-widening circles, like the ripples made by throwing a stone into a pond. So that, with a message from Chicago to New York, for example, not only New York receives it but any receiving station capable of tuning to the transmitting station's wavelength.

### How does a wireless station know for whom a message is intended?

Every station is given a special call, in the form of a group of three or four letters or figures and letters. A message intended for New York and for no other station, would be preceded by New York's letters. After these letters come the word *de* (from) and the letters of the sending station. Thus a message would begin in New York, from Chicago.

### What is a wireless wave?

It is a wave in the invisible and weightless ether of space, which is believed to permeate the whole Universe.

### How are the waves made?

By disturbing the ether by the sudden release of electrical energy, which is stored under great pressure.

### How fast does a wave travel?

About 186,000 miles a second. This speed never varies, and is identical with that of light and radiant heat.

### How big are wireless waves?

These are measured from their length from crest to crest, so to speak. The length used for general purposes may be anything from 100 feet to twenty miles. Ships mostly work with waves about 2000 feet long.

### Are the waves affected by obstacles?

Yes. Houses or mountains cannot completely bar their progress, but a great obstacle such as a mountain robs them of some of their power as they pass across or partially through it. That is one reason why we can telegraph best across the sea, which is relatively flat.

### Can we tell how quickly waves pass over a place?

Yes, if their length is known. Five hundred thousand waves would pass a given spot in one second if they were 2000 feet long. The shorter the waves the greater their frequency, or the greater number that pass in one second.

### Does a wave come to an end?

In theory it grows weaker and weaker, but never actually disappears. In practice there is a limit to the life of a wave; after it is reduced beyond a certain point it becomes too feeble to be of use.

### What is a wireless spark?

The path along which the pent-up energy of electricity is allowed to rush

during the making of certain types of wireless waves. It is composed of the flaming vapor flung from the metallic parts of the apparatus in which the spark is made. This vapor forms a conductor for the electricity, which is thus enabled to jump across what is called the spark-gap.

#### **What is a condenser?**

In wireless transmission it is the apparatus in which electricity is stored at a high pressure, ready for its sudden release, which results in the vibration of the ether. In wireless receiving stations small condensers are used for tuning-up the instruments.

#### **What is a transformer?**

An instrument used for "stepping up" or increasing the voltage or current in a transmitter or receiver or for coupling two circuits together.

#### **What is inductance?**

It is that property of an electrical conductor, specially marked in a coil of wire, which tends to prevent the starting, stopping, increase, or decrease of an electric current. A coil of wire is the most usual form of inductance.

#### **What does capacity mean in wireless?**

Roughly, it is the electrical value or size of a condenser.

#### **What is the transmitting key?**

The telegraphic key by means of which the waves are sent out, either in long or short series, corresponding to the dashes and dots of the Morse alphabet. By pressing down the key electricity is allowed to rush into the condenser; it then leaps across the spark-gap or through various valves and rushes up and down the aerial hundreds of thousands of times a second, thus creating vibrations in the ether.

#### **Must wireless stations be connected with the earth?**

A connection must usually be made to the earth to ensure a complete circuit from a wireless sender or receiver. It may take the form of a metallic gauze mat laid on the ground, or metallic plates buried in the ground. Otherwise some other equivalent must be employed.

#### **What is an aerial?**

The system of suspended wires used for the transmission or reception of messages. For high-power transmission it is generally necessary to have a large amount of wire raised to a fair height outside the station. For reception the same wires may be used, or, with the latest receivers, a small aerial coil inside the station will serve.

#### **How does a ship link up with the earth?**

By connecting the apparatus to one of the metallic plates of the ship, thereby ensuring contact with the sea.

#### **How does an aeroplane connect with the earth?**

It does not; instead, a connection is made to the metallic framework of the plane, which serves the same purpose.

#### **How is a wireless message received?**

The aerial of the receiving station takes some of the electrical energy from the waves as they pass, and this electricity rushes up and down the aerial as many times each second as there are waves per second passing, and actuates an electrical device which makes the signals audible or visible in the form of dots or dashes. These are read by the operator, and translated at high speed into the ordinary letters of the alphabet.

#### **How fast can men take a wireless message?**

A skilled operator can receive and write down Morse messages at from 35 to 38 words a minute or more, but messages can be sent and received automatically at speeds from 60 to 200 words a minute.

#### **What are H. F. or high-frequency oscillations?**

Surges of electric current moving first in one direction and then back again thousands of times a second. They are produced in an aerial when a wireless wave passes across it.

#### **What is the head-gear?**

A pair of telephones, one for each ear, connected on a band fitting over the head of the operator or person who is listening-in.





## WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

OH, WHO broke this beautiful vase? No one knows.  
 'Twas I smashed the pot where the hyacinth grows,  
 And I tore my pinny, and I cracked my cup,  
 And I dropped my beads, which I didn't pick up.  
 I broke the covers off one or two books,  
 So now when things happen—then everyone looks  
 Straight at me so quickly, for I spilt the ink  
 On Mummie's best carpet, yet still I can't think  
 Who it was smashed this china, oh, who could it be?  
 'Cos whoever it was, just this once wasn't me.

### OUR BELOVED

We have a magazine named "Mladinski List,"  
 Which our joyful members honor and cannot  
 resist.

They write many letters, riddles, and jokes,  
 That are enjoyed by many folks.

Many of the riddles are as easy as pie,  
 To which many members can reply.  
 The jokes give us many a laugh,  
 That we are glad to be a member of the staff.

To "Our Beloved" we must write,  
 To make it a larger and greater sight.  
 And may it be enjoyed by young and old,  
 So it can be to many sold.

Stefanja Dolinar, Age 13, Lodge 300. 843 Wil-  
 low Way, Braddock, Pa.

### TRYING TO—

Trying to be happy,  
 When the day seems long;  
 Trying to be cheerful,  
 When everything goes wrong.

Trying hard to do  
 The very best you can;  
 Trying not to hinder,  
 But help your fellow men.

Trying to look pleasant,  
 Trying not to frown;  
 Trying to prepare,  
 To wear a starry crown.

Trying to be thoughtful,  
 Learning how to give;  
 Trying to be perfect—  
 That's the way to live.

John Resnik, Hostetter, Pa.



## S. N. P. J.

S—stands for society, to which we belong,  
N—is for nationality and also for nature we have,  
P—has perfect and loyal members,  
J—for Juveniles, for it couldn't do without us.

## The Juveniles

Come on, ye Juveniles  
That belong to the S. N. P. J.,  
Give contributions of every sort  
To give her a headway.  
The "M. L." comes every month,  
Although we want her more,  
She is the "Spirit of the Juveniles"  
And of the S. N. P. J.

## Our Magazine

There is a magazine  
That's popular among us,  
I'm sure you've heard of it  
For her fame.  
Mladinski List is her name,  
That's something we all like,  
As for joys and stories and poems  
She has the best.  
Her name spread far and near  
So everyone could hear;  
The answer was, May she live long,  
Because she is the best.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE BETTER BUNNIES

Every Monday of the month  
Mother Rabbit scrubs  
Dainty linen table-cloths  
In the walnut tubs.  
Hand embroidered napkins,  
Center doilies gay  
Claim their share of laundering  
On this busy day.

Better Bunny Bobtail boys  
Sitting at the table  
Have a very bright idea  
By which they will be able  
To lighten mother's wash day  
And now she will be through  
With linens blowing on the line  
Before the clock strikes two.

Each thoughtful little rabbit boy  
Will try with all his might  
To keep his square of table cloth  
A snowy spotless white.  
For stains are marks of carelessness  
Unpleasant to the eye,  
And even little Bunnies  
Can avoid them, if they try.

Anna Resnik, 13 years of age,  
Hostetter, Pa., Box 185.

## THE TOYS TALK

"I would like to see the world a little more,  
Said the vase, from a china store.

"Yes," said a little bird:  
"There are thousands of trees,  
And, oh, what a sight!

The fat top rolled on his other side,  
The world is not like that — he cried.

"There are sidewalks, hard and red,  
And everything spins around," he said.

"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,  
But often it stops with a bump at last."

Joseph Povhe, Gowanda, N. Y.

## THE HEBREWS

Cruelly treated, sold like slaves,  
By the cruel Chaldean knaves,  
Although the peril went through,  
And saved their history for me and you.

How they built the pyramids high,  
In the desert sands so dry.  
How they built the hanging gardens,  
And yet King Neb. would give no pardons.

The Assyrians came through and plundered their  
land,  
That was tilled so well by the Hebrew hand,  
And in the end some of them died  
From lack of food. Oh, how they strived.

And yet through all this they never lost trust,  
In the Great Almighty who always is just,  
Though the mighty waves roared and the eagle  
soared,  
Those great old Hebrews never were bored.

They were taken to Egypt and brought back by  
Moses,  
Here was the vital point as their history declares,  
For the tribes made by Jacob divided,  
But both by the laws of Moses abided.

The Assyrians came down and captured one,  
The unfortunate Israel was quite much done,  
While in Judeah the Babylonians came,  
And did to the Judeans much the same.

Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wis.

## THE BLUE BIRD

Dear little blue bird, why wander away?  
To the land that is southward from here, and to  
stay  
One whole winter there, though you know we miss  
you,  
As only we do, when you left us that day,  
To the warm Florida on to the warm Cal.  
You will wander away from us, dear little Pal.

Your friend, the swallow, will stay a bit longer,  
But he, too, will soon follow you, dear little  
songbird.

Then when old winter would soon pass away,  
We hope you'll return, the very first day.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.

Dear Editor:

In one of the last issues of the "M. L." I read a letter from one of the Pueblo members, which is the first I have seen from this city, and I think that she is wise in saying that the members of the Colorado Lodge should take more interest in the "M. L."

I have two sisters and one brother, who are officers in the "Young S. N. P. J." Lodge, which I hope to join soon. Respectfully yours,

Cecelia Stalick, Pueblo, Colo.

**Vandling, Pa.** — Dear Editor: I have three brothers and one sister; we all belong to the S. N. P. J. We all like to read the Mladinski List and would like to see it come more often than it does. My brothers and I are very glad that we all passed. Every Monday I take lessons on my violin. Last year I joined in the school Orchestra, and I like it very much. Next month school is going to start and we will have to go to school. The next time I'll try to write in Slovenian.

Yours truly,

John Glavich.

Dear Editor:

This is the first letter that I wrote. If I didn't write before, I read the Magazine every time it came. I wish that every member would write a letter to keep up the record of our M. L. I am 11 years, in the 5th Grade. My father, mother and two sisters and I belong to the S. N. P. J. No. 318. My sister Theresa has written once before, but she is out of the Juvenile now. At present she is among the older members of the Society.

We have a team of baseball players. I hope all of the members of the S. N. P. J. have spent a very happy school vacation.

Best regards to all from — John Resnik, Hostetter, Pa., Box 185.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am twelve years old and in the 6-A grade.

I belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge. I have a sister and a brother, they belong to it also. I love to read the M. L.

I have never seen a letter in the M. L. from Arma, Kansas, so I decided I would write.

Yours truly, — Rose Marie Podboy, Arma, Kansas, Box 28.

Dear Editor:

I belong to the S. N. P. J. 5 years and never read the M. L.; now is the first time I got it. I like it very well and I wish it would come every day. I came from the old country and I am here only 5 years. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade.

Yours truly — Josephine Pavlovich, Bridgeport, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 67.

Dear Editor:

We are from Samsula, Fla. Not many letters come from here, so I thought I would write one. We own two farms; one has 20 acres and one has 5. On the one that has 5 acres we have a filling station and store and I work in it. I like it very well. I am 13 years old and would be in the first year of High School if I would go to school.

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much, so do my parents and also my brothers, Mike and Albert, and my sister Marguerite.

We have a dog about three months old and her name is "Queenie." She is very mean and barks at everybody. We have three cats, two pigs, about fifteen Ancona chickens, which are the best laying chickens down here. We also have an orange, pear, guava and pericimon orchard. We sell the fruit in New Smyrna, the nearest city to us. We live twelve miles from the Atlantic Ocean and go there almost every Sunday. We see all kinds of fish and sea animals. It surely is funny to go in when it is high tide as the waves are very rough. You can go hunting down here on Fridays and Saturdays. Friday, a man caught or shot a deer that weighed over 100 lbs. It surely was good to eat.

Well, now that I have told all there was to be told I tell you a joke:

**Not a Lucy Stoner.**

A negro girl had been in the habit of coming to a bank with the check from the lady for whom she worked. As the girl could not write she always made her mark on the check, the usual x. The last time she came she made a circle.

"What's the matter Mandy," the paying teller asked, "Why don't you make a cross as usual?"

"Why," Mandy explained, "ah done got married yisterday and changed mah name."

Mary Macheck, Samsula, Florida.

Little boy (running into the house): Mama, there's a mad dog in our yard!

Mother: Oh no! That was just our imagination.

Little boy: Mama, has imagination got a tail?

Christine Sernel, Chicago.

## BEFORE I'M OLD AND GRAY

Before I'm old and gray,  
I'd really like to say  
That I have seen the country  
Of the sturdy Forty-Niners  
And most efficient miners.

I'd like to see the city  
Where all the nations throng,  
Easteners and Westerners  
From Egypt to Hong-Kong.  
I'd like to see where visited  
The awful quake and fire.  
I'd like to visit Hollywood,  
The Land of Heart's Desire —  
That rendez-vous of turmoil,  
That melting-pot of art,  
Where masks of mannered nonchalance  
May hide an aching heart.

I'd like to see the glories  
Of the lucent Golden Gate,  
Where great ships daily disembogue  
Their eager human freight.

I'd like to climb the Rockies  
On a patient plodding burro,  
I'd like to see the orange-groves,  
(I'm nothing if not thorough.)

Oh, would that I would conjure  
Fair Cinderella's fate,  
I'd give her fairy steeds real wings  
And bring them up to date.  
I'd harness them with reins of steel  
And feed them gasoline,  
I'd race with the swiftest winds  
Till all the world I'd seen.  
My road would be the cloud-ways  
All paved with sunny mist,  
I'd whisk across the continent  
Wherever I might list.

From fancy's fragile cloud-ships  
Back to the earth I glide,  
Take up my daily dozen tasks  
And lay my dreams aside.

Justina Jančar, 633 Washington Ave., Girard, O.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE

A saucy little butterfly  
Was dancing through the air  
When suddenly he spied a rose  
In golden bowers fair.

The rose was like the golden sun  
When setting low at eve,  
Her petaled eyes were like the sky  
When evening takes its leave.

The butterfly was in his best  
Of yellow, red, and gold;  
With antennae gray he felt his way,  
He flapped his wings so bold.

This saucy little butterfly  
Flew on the rose and said:  
"Give me some of yours nectar sweet,  
On nectar I am fed."

The saucy little rose replied:  
"I will give none to you."  
He turned around and then  
Chagrined away he flew.

Josephine Plevel, 1100 Duss Ave., Ambridge, Pa.

## MLADINSKI LIST.

Reading good magazines is best,  
But Mladinski List surpasses the rest,  
This magazine is dear to me,  
It keeps me busy as a bee  
Answering riddles and reading jokes,  
Which interests all young folks.  
To the mail box I do go,  
For I love the Mladinski List so.  
A happy, happy girl am I,  
When the mailman I do spy,  
I rush to him and say:  
A magazine for me today?  
When the magazine to me he hands,  
I feel the happiest girl of all lands.  
Search the world, you'll not find  
any as good as Mladinski List kind.

Rose Crowley, Peru, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I have belonged to the S. N. P. J. Lodge for eight years and I think that it is a very nice lodge. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I live in the country on a farm near Golden. It is a beautiful place to live. West from where I live are the Rocky Mountains: You can see them very plain. They make a pretty scenery. I wish that the Mladinski list would come oftener than once a month and I know that all the other children that get it wish the same. I am learning how to read and write in the Slovene language. The next letter that I write will probably be in Slovene.

The children around here picked berries part of their vacation time; so that they could earn some money. I picked most of the time this summer. The people around here raise currants, cherries, apples, plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, and blackcaps. I would like to know how other children spent their vacation. I would like to have some children write to me. My address is:

Mary Tegel, Box 108, No. 1, Golden, Colo.

