

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Albin Čebular:

KAR NAS IMA JEDNOTA

Kar nas jednota ima bratcev,
vsi v složnosti živimo,
si glavico bistrimo,
telesce zmer krepimo,
saj zdravi
mi smo korenjaki pravi;
so premoženja polne vreče
in dnevi tudi polni sreče —
pa naj kedo potem kaj reče?!

Albin Čebular:

PRIŠLA JE POMLAD.

Pomlad je vstopila
doli na trate,
kjer je prižgala
zvezdice zlate.

Prišla je Metka,
zvezdic nabrala —
zlate trobentice
v vazo je dala!

Albin Čebular:

RUDARJEVA:

Dolga so leta —
v njih sreča se obeta.

Ob mesecih plača —
na mizi pogača . . .

Vrstijo se tedni—
poseti pa redni!

Dnevi so črni —
hej! novci srebrni . . .



Šola za mlade delavce

DELAVSKA ZAVEST.

Delavec je tisti, ki živi in vzdržuje svet. Če bi delavca ne bilo, bi morali opravljati njegovo delo bogati podjetniki, grofi, duhovniki in diplomati ter sploh vsi taki, ki živijo od delavcev. Ker je teh malo, bi seveda ne mogli ustvariti tega, kar so ustvarili delavci: ne bilo bi velikih tovarnih, v katerih si podjetniki pridobivajo od delavcev še večje dobičke, ne bilo bi palač in gradov, v katerih razsipljejo plemenitaši delavske pridelke, ne bilo bi cerkva, ki služijo duhovnikom za izkoriščanje ljudi, in ne bilo bi prekrasno urejenih letovišč, kamor hodijo diplomati sklepat kupčije za ljudsko kožo. Vse, kar ima človeštvo za svoje blagostanje, je pridobilo od delavca, od največje gonilne sile na svetu.

Zagovorniki podjetnikov, grofov, duhovščine in diplomatov ter drugih takih ljudi, pravijo, da so ti največja gonilna sila in da je delavec njim samo v pomoč pri ustvarjanju tega, kar ima človeštvo. S tem hočejo zanikati resnico, da je delavec pravi stvaritelj blagostanja, in hočejo kapitaliste ter drugo buržoazijo (tako se imenujejo gornji) postaviti kot največje dobrotnike človeštva. Toda resnica se zanikati ne da in je toliko bolj očita, kolikor bolj prihaja delavec k spoznanju, da tak družabni red, v katerem imajo glavno besedo ljudski izkoriščevalci, ne more in ne sme več dolgo obstojati.

Resnico, da je zapostavljen, pozna najbolj delavec sam. Rudar v rudniku zapravlja svoje zdravje in se muči vse dni za zaslužek, ki dostikrat še za vsakdanje potrebščine ne zadostuje. Delavec vživa slab in nezdrav zrak v tovarni in dela noč in dan; kakor stroj je, ki ne sme počivati, in pri delu niti misliti ne more na svojo družino ali na svoje starše. Delavec, ki gradi visoke stavbe in lepe palače, ne bo smel živeti v takem razkošnem poslopju, še za plačo se bo moral boriti, da bo lahko poravnal najemnino za svoje revno stanovanje. Mornar na veliki ladji ne bo prejel zaslužka, kolikor mu gre za prestano trpljenje na vihnem morju. Celo kmetovalec, ki je bolj samostojen kot delavec, ne bo deležen svojega, kajti od prodanih pridelkov ne bo dobil toliko, kolikor po vsej pravici zasluži. Če torej vedo resnico, da so zapostavljeni, zakaj se rudar, tovarniški in stavbinski delavec, mornar in kmetovalec ne postavijo vsak za svoje; zakaj se ne postavijo za svoje pravice skupno, če so izkoriščani od iste vrste ljudi, ki drže skupaj?

Zavest sama pa ne pomaga, če ni volje. Kaj pomaga pijancu zavest, da je pijanec in da je to grdo, če pa ni volje, da bi opustil pijančevanje. Kaj pomaga delavcu tarnanje, kako je izkoriščan, če pa ni volje, da bi se zoperstavil in s svojimi sodelavci zvezal za skupen odpor proti izkoriščevalcem.

K preuredbi sedanjega človeškega reda v bolj pravičnega, da bo vsak dobil to, kar mu gre, je torej poleg zavesti najbolj potrebna volja. Tretja potreba je v izobrazbi. Recimo, da vse delavstvo ve, da se mu godi krivica, in ima poleg tega voljo, da se osvobodi ter dvigne proti izkoriščevalcem. Kaj pomaga vse to, če pa ni delavstvo sposobno, samo voditi industrije in se vladati, ali če nima v svojih vrstah ljudi, ki so sposobni za vodstvo.

Dasi je sloga v zelo tesni zvezi z zavestjo in voljo delavstva, vendar tvori čisto samostojno potrebo. Delavstvo je namreč lahko zavedno in voljno izboljšati si družabni red, vendar si izvojevanih pravic ne bo obdržalo, če ni složno. Dokaza o potrebi sloge, ne vidimo samo v pregovorih, katere ima skoraj vsak narod, temveč ga tudi lahko vidimo v vsakdanjem življenju. Delavstvo, ki ni složno, ne more izvojevati boljšega življenja, in če ga izvojuje, si ga ne more dolgo obdržati.

Peta izmed glavnih potreb za izboljšanje življenja je delavska čuječnost. Mislamo si delavsko organizacijo, katere delavci so bili zavedni in so pridobili boljše življenje. Imeli so tudi dobre voditelje, ki so složno delali za blagostanje članstva. Toda bili so površni in se niso čuvali. Nasprotniki delavstva so pa to brezbržnost izrabili, poslali so v delavsko organizacijo svoje vohune in razdiralce in kmalu se jim je posrečilo, da so jim organizacijo razbili, delavce pa potisnili nazaj v prejšnjo krivico.

Za delavsko osvoboditev so poleg drugih manjših potreb glavne te: ZAVEST, VOLJA, IZOBRAZBA, SLOGA in ČUJEČNOST. Te so tako potrebne, da si brez njih ne moremo misliti niti najmanjše delavske organizacije, ki bi se mogla trajno obdržati, kaj šele organizacije delavstva cele dežele ali pa vsega sveta. Brez katerekoli izmed teh petih potreb ne more biti nobena delavska organizacija trajna. Zato pa bodo čitatelji imeli priliko čitati o vsaki posebej v tem in v naslednjih člankih "SOLE ZA MLADE DELAVCE".

*

ZAVEST je izvirna gonilna sila, ki je vodila človeka skozi vse veke, da si je pomagal do boljšega življenja. Če bi se suženj ne bil zavedel, da je suženj, bi bil še danes v sponah. Ako bi tlačan ne bil spoznal, da je tlačan in brezpraven, bi se nikdar ne bil rešil iz jarma srednjeveških despotov. In ker se delavec pričinja zavedati, da ni nič drugega kakor mezdnj suženj, kateremu za plačilo dele krivico, zato si bo nekega dne sam vzel pravico. Kako kmalu bo to, je pa seveda odvisno od razvoja drugih za delavsko osvoboditev potrebnih načel, namreč volje, izobrazbe, sloge in čuječnosti.

Delavska zavest je zapopadena v teh besedah: Delavec sem! Ker sem delavec, moram delati, da se preživim. Vendar je moje življenje slabo. Delam in se mučim, pa ne zaslužim toliko, da bi se spodobno preživel in da bi mi ostal še kak prihranek za slučaj, ako zbolim ali ako se mi pripeti kaka nesreča. Mojemu sodelavcu se godi ravnotako in delavcu iz sosednje tovarne čisto nič boljše. Podjetnik, ki skoraj nič ne dela, pa živi dobro. Vsega ima preveč ravnotoliko, kot imajo moji sodelavci in jaz premalo. Godi se torej krivica vsem delavcem in ta krivica prihaja v glavnem od podjetnikov, ki izkoriščajo naše delo in nam ne dajo tega, kar zaslužimo.

Taka je delavska zavest. Če hočemo, da je ta zavest čista, ne smemo dopustiti, da jo moti narodna ali verska zavest. Delavska zavest je prva, potem pridejo šele druge. Delavec lahko ljubi svoj narod, ima lahko svoje osebno prepričanje o veri, vendar zavesti svoje, da je delavec, ne sme pustiti, da zatemni vsled prejšnjih. Saj zaveden delavec sploh ne more biti, če ne ljubi svojega naroda, iz katerega izhaja; on ne more biti mednarodni, ako ni prej narodni. In verovati mora delavec tudi, verovati v človeško poštenje; zaupati mora v svojega sodelavca in ljubiti ga mora. To je vera. Verovanje v pekel, nebesa, odrešenika in zveličanje, to ni vera, to so vraže. Ali če jih kateri delavec vzame za vero in to smatra za svojo versko zavest, ne sme dopustiti, da ga ta zavaja od delavske zavednosti. Njemu mora biti načelo to: Delavec sem in izkoriščen kakor moji sodelavci. Izkorišča nas pa vse podjetnik.

Delavska zavest izhaja iz nezadovoljnosti. Če bi bil delavec zadovoljen z izkoriščanjem, bi se ne zavedal tega in bi mu take zavesti tudi ne bilo treba. Ker občuti krivico na lastni koži, se zave. Polagoma spoznava, da je njegov sodelavec na isti stopinji. Če vidi, da se sodelavec tega ne zaveda, ga podučí in mu pomaga priti do spoznanja. Tako pridejo do zavesti delavci cele tovarne ali rudnika, zavest pa se širi dalje do delavcev drugih rudnikov, tovarnen ter do mornarjev in poljedelcev, dokler se ne zavejo vsi delavci enega naroda. Od naroda delavcev, ki so se zavedli, pa se zavest širi med druge narode počasi, kajti podjetniki, plemenitaši, diplomati, duhovščina in vsi drugi nasprotniki delavske zavesti skušajo ustaviti tak val spoznanja, ker nočejo, da bi delavci izvedeli, da so delavci in da so izkoriščani.

Stopnjema z zavestjo prihaja združevanje delavcev, ker se zavedajo, da so vsi enaki in da morajo biti kot taki združeni kakor so združeni izkoriščevalci. Porajajo se delavske organizacije, ki so prva posledica delavskega spoznanja.

Ker delavskim izkoriščevalcem škoduje delavska zavest, jo skušajo na vsak način zatreti. Podjetnik preganja delavca, kateri se je zavedel in kateri skuša še v sodelavcih vzbuditi delavsko zavest. Diplomati kujejo proti delavstvu zakone, da ne bi moglo izrabiti svoje zavesti za izboljšanje položaja. Duhovščina, katera je dosledno na strani premožnih podjetnikov in vlad, pa skuša ubiti delavsko zavest s cerkvenimi nauki, v katerih zabičuje, da morajo delavci biti pokorni svojim gospodarjem.

Proti tem nasprotnikom delavske zavesti nam je mogoče nastopiti uspešno samo na ta način, da podjetnikom vzamemo delavci moč, ki jim omogoča preganjanje zavednega delavca. To storimo s strokovno organizacijo. Diplomate, kateri so nasprotniki delavske zavesti, premagamo s tem, da izvolimo na njih mesta druge ljudi, delavce, kateri poznajo naše težnje. Najboljše orožje proti duhovščini, katera hoče obdržati ljudstvo v slepi pokorščini, pa je, da ji obrnemo hrbet. Delavec stori najboljše za sebe, da ne da niti prilike duhovniku, da bi ga učil pokorščine. Zakaj naj bi bil pokoren drugemu človeku, če je pa sam človek kakor vsak drugi? Zakaj naj bi bil pokoren posebno takemu človeku, ki ga hoče izkoriščati?

"Delavci vsega sveta, združite se!" je bil klic pred sedemdesetimi leti, ko so se delavci pričeli zavedati, da niso nič drugega kot moderni mezdni sužnji. Klicali so delavstvo prvi buditelji, zlasti pa socialistična voditelja Karl Marks in Friderik Engels v Evropi in Henry George in drugi v Ameriki. Klici buditeljev in trpljenje vsled izkoriščanja samo je veliko pomagalo do delavske zavesti, katera bo pa morala biti jasnejša, predno se bo delavstvo rešilo iz mezdne sužnosti.

(*"The Yugoslav Review."*)



Pri Svetem Ivanu v Dalmaciji.

Stare slovenske vraže o velike noči in o Jurjevem

Še pred nedavnim so Slovenci imeli veliko vraž in najrazličnejše prazne vere. Vraže, katere so imeli o velikonočnem času in o Jurjevem, kakor tudi o raznih drugih letnih časih, so v manjši meri še danes med priprostim ljudstvom, toda ne več toliko kot nekdanj. Vražarstvo in prazne vere pa niso samo pri Slovencih, temveč pri vseh narodih, samo z razliko, da so pri vsakem narodu nekoliko drugačne, kar pač pokazuje, kakšno je bilo življenje priprostih ljudi raznih narodov.

Praznovanje velike noči je zelo staro. Najprej je bil to židovski praznik, kateri je prišel v veljavo že v drugem stoletju po Kristu ter je bil potrjen za krščanski praznik na cerkvenem zboru v Niceji. Slovani so pa praznovali veliko noč že pred sprejemom krščanstva. Imeli so jo za spomladni praznik in so te dni slavili odhod Morane, katero so imenovali tudi Zimo, Smrt ali Babo. To je bila staroslovanska boginja vsega hudega.

Imenitno pa je, kateri običaji so se iz poganskih dni še ohranili pri Slovencih. Tak star običaj je ostal med koroškimi Slovenci, ki so še pred kratkim prirejali sledeče: V postu so posekali smreko ali borovec in mu oklestili veje, da se je bolje posušil. Na veliko soboto so nesli smreko na polje ali na kak hrib in jo zakurili. Istočasno so napravili plamenico pri vsaki hiši vsaj po eno, če ne več. Plamenice so nosili okoli noženjeni moški ter se nazadnji vrnili na hrib, kjer so zažgali velik kres.

Na Štajerskem še dandanes na veliko noč zjutraj kurijo kres, katerega imenujejo vuzemnice. Pri tem prepevajo: "Do koder ovi dim, do taj ni kuge. Pa tudi mraz tam hajdine (ajde) ne pogubi." Streljanja in ukanja ni ta dan ne konca ne kraja.

Najnavadnejši običaj po vsem Slovenskem je še danes, da nosijo ljudje ogenj po hišah v kresilnih gobah. S tem ognjem je treba podkuriti na veliko nedeljo. Ponavadi podkurijo s tem ognjem ravno na ognjišče, kjer se kuha velikonočno meso. Na Goriškem zakurijo tak ogenj pred cerkvijo, a ga morajo ukresati. Vsak deček bistro pazi, katero poleno je njegovo in ko je ogenj "posvečen", pograbi goreče poleno in teče z njim domov. S tem "svetim ognjem" potem prižgo na ognjišču čisto na novo ogenj. Ponekod imajo to vero, da se mora ob tem ognju peči velikonočni kolač in kuhati velikonočne jedi.

Zelo navadna vraža po vseh krajih na Slovenskem je tudi, da krope z vodo, ki je bila posvečena na veliko soboto, prvo sebe, potem vse sobe, hleve, poslopja in celo njive in travnike. Ko zvonijo "glorija" na veliko soboto, hite ljudje na tekočo vodo umivat se, ker verujejo, da se jih potem celo leto ne bo prijela kuga. Na Goriškem pravijo: "Kadar slišiš na veliko soboto prvič zvoniti, umij se hitro, ker s tem umiješ grehe." Na veliki četrtek se tudi umivajo, ampak takrat zato, da bo koža lepa, posebno da se je ne primejo tiste neprijetne pege. Na Štajerskem pa se vraževerni ljudje umivajo na veliko soboto zato, da ne bi čez leto dobili mrzlice; a na Koroškem zato, da bi jih vse naslednje leto trebuh ne bolel. Nekateri imajo vero, da tudi valjanje po tleh, ko prvič zazvoni na veliko soboto, veliko pomaga.

Na veliko soboto popoldne, ali pa v nedeljo zjutraj, nosijo dekleta in mlade gospodinje k žegnu. V jerbasu morajo biti velikonočne jestvine, posebno pa piruhi ali pisanice. Poleg tega mora biti hren, pogača in pleče. Na Tolminskem dekleta hite od "žegnanja" domov, kolikor le morejo, ker verujejo, da se tista, ki prva pride, gotovo omoži še tisto leto.

Pri severnih Slovanih in tudi na Angleškem in na Nemškem imajo še to vero, da na velikonočno nedeljo zjutraj solnce trikrat poskoči od samega veselja in priprosti ljudje hodijo na hribe že pred vzhodom, da bi videli to čudo.

Štajerski Slovenci še dandanes pred solnčnim vzhodom gredo na trato, kjer morajo klečati na golih kolenih. Kdor tega ne stori (pravijo) se ga prime mrzlica. To je mogoče najbolj star poganski običaj, ko so se ljudje zjutraj obračali proti solncu, katerega so častili po božje.

Na Krasu, kjer bi se starejši ljudje radi pomladili, se umivajo z vodo tistih jajec, ki bi morala biti blagoslovljena. To store na tešče, pomaga pa, pravijo, da bo koža zdrava, lepa in gladka, posebno brez lišaja.

Marsikateri slovenski kmet še verjame, da bo njegova živina blagoslovljena, če ji da velikonočnega žegna. Od gospodarja pa do zadnjega pastirja in od najlepšega žrebca pa do zadnje koklje, vse mora dobiti "žegen." Kravam dajo žegen zato, da se bolj rede in imajo več mleka, kokošim pa zato, da bi bolj nesle.

Jajce je starim narodom značilo začetek novega življenja, zato ni čudno, da je še danes tako združeno z vražami. Stari Slovani so še v poganskih časih imeli piruhe, katere so barvali oživljajočemu "rumenemu solncu" na čast. Prvotno je sekanje piruhov pomenilo, kako je solnce predrlo zemlji skorjo — zimski led. Cerkev seveda razlaga drugače in pravi, da to pomeni, da je Kristus vstal od mrtvih.

V Ljubljani in po Dolenjskem priprosti ljudje še sežigajo jajčje lupine v peči. Nekateri pa potresajo take lupine okoli hiš, zato da ne morejo zraven strupene živali (kače). Štajerci nosijo te lupine na polje in jih posejejo, da pšenica bolje stori. Na Dolenjskem je mogoče najbolj smešna ta vraža: "Če vrže kdo o veliki noči jajčje lupine v žabjo lužo, ukroti žabe, da se ne oglasi nobena več." Štajerci pravijo, da pomaga, če vržejo jajčje lupine v vodnjak. Potem se vse leto ne posuši izvirek.

Nekateri kmetje se ne upajo orati na veliki petek, ker verujejo, da je tisti dan vsa zemlja mrtva. Tirolci pa posebno verjamejo v kurja jajca, ki jih znesejo kokoši na veliki petek. Kdor poje ali spiše tako jajce: "Ne bo nikdar trpel na zaprtju, srečen bo v igri in plazov se mu ne bo treba bati. Tudi silno močan bo."

Glede velikega petka veljajo po Slovenskem ti-le pregovori:

Če je na veliki petek dež, pomenja nerodovitno leto.

Če ta dan dežuje, je iz vsake moke dober sok.

Ako deži na veliki petek, ne bo tisto leto zemlja dežja nikoli sita.

Če na veliki petek deži, celo leto deževalo ne bo, itd. . . .

Na veliki četrtek po vsem Kranjskem boga strašijo, to se pravi, da posnemajo ropotanje in vpitje judovsko. To je tudi iz poganskih dni, kajti znano je, da so pogani s strahovitim ropotanjem z raznim orodjem odganjali in strašili zle duhe.

Koroški Slovenci so prepričani, da brinje, ki so ga ne cvetno nedeljo vpletli v butaro, reši hišo strele. V hudi uri ga torej zažigajo, toda ne tako da gori, temveč samo tli. To je vraža še marsikje na Slovenskem, samo z razliko, da verujejo drugod, da jih reši oljka, ne brinje.

Veliko vraž je radi Jurjevega, to je dne 24. aprila, ko je god svetega Jurija. Svetega Jurija imajo sploh za mogočnega svetnika, ker verujejo, da je ubil strahovitega zmaja in je rešil kraljevo hčer strašne smrti. Umljivo je, da so krščanske cerkve ukradle tega svetnika poganom, kajti ravno tako pravljico so že imeli pogani o Perzeju.

Na Notranjskem pojejo pastirji spomladi na paši:

"Juri po potoku tuli z belim hlebcom. Če ga poje, domu ne sme; če ga domu prinese, hišo vsó raznese."

Štajerske gospodinje na Jurjevo zgodaj trobijo v rogove, da bi odgnale čarovnice. Iz tega razloga pastirji okoli Ljutomera zjutraj na Jurjevo pokajo z biči. Coprnice

po njih mnenju "dojijo" krave in vlačijo rjuho po rosi, če je še rosa. Kjer coprnice to delajo, v tistem hlevu nimajo gospodarji od krav nikakega haska.

Koroški Slovenci okoli Beljaka trobijo na večer pred sv. Jurjem s kozjimi rogovi in zvonijo z živinskimi zvonci. Najbolj moder med njimi udari s palico ob hišne duri in poje:

"Sveti Jurij potrka na duri,
eno hlačo, hlačnico
ima zeleno, drugo rumeno."

Na Kranjskem tudi hodijo popevat na večer pred svetim Jurijem in prosijo tako-le:

"Mati že po lojtrci lezejo,
nam gvišno špeha režejo.
Očka že s ključkom rožljajo,
nam gotovo vlnca dajo."

To pesem prepevajo fantje pred hišami. Gospodarji jim res dajo vina, gospodinjje pa jajec, iz katerih pripravijo "ocvrto jed" (iz masla, moke in jajec), med katero primešajo tudi raznih zelišč. Ljudje mislijo, da jih to obvaruje raznih bolezni. Okoli Adlešič hodijo Belokranjci popevat in vzamejo s seboj malega dečka, ki ga ovijejo v zelenje, češ, Jurja vodijo. Pri tem pojejo:

"Došel je došel zeleni Juraj,
donesel je pedenj dugo travico,
lakat dugo mladico."

Če na Goriškem hoče kako dekletko izvedeti, kateri ji je namenjen, seje na večer k sv. Juriju "repo" (repno seme) križem čez posteljo ter pravi: "Bog in sveti Jurij, pomagajta mi to repo sejati, in tisti, ki je pravi ljubi moj, naj mi jo pride pomagat—plet'!" Dekle se vleže v posteljo — na repno seme, in če sanja o kakem fantu—je ta njen, to je, njej namenjen.

Tu je navedenih samo malo število vraž, ki so jih imeli Slovenci in ki jih ima priprosto ljudstvo deloma še dandanes. Te vraže so pa skoraj v vsakem kraju nekoliko različne. Po mestih so večinoma izginile, a na deželi so zlasti v oddaljenih krajih dokaj ohranjene. Te tudi najbolj jasno pričajo, kako priprosto je bilo in je še mišljenje kmečkega prebivalstva.

Albin Čebular:

SLOVENKA.

Lici rudeči
ko mak žarita,
v očkih prelepih
žarka gorita.

Usteca rožna
na smeh se držijo,
rod naš domači
ljubiti učijo.



Fran Erjavec:

Žaba

Stanovali smo zunaj mesta. Pri hiši je bil vrt. Na njem so rasla jabolka, hruške, češplje in tudi ena češnja. V gornjem koncu so bile pa gredice, na katerih so vse poletje, noter do pozne jeseni cvetle cvetice, modre, rdeče, rumene in pisane. Moj oče je imel z njimi posebno veselje, in če ga le ni zadržalo boljše opravilo, gotovo je bil na vrtu. Mati je bila pa praktičnejša. Po strani je gledala lepe rože, in če je prišla govorica na vrt, vedno je godrnjala, češ, zakaj le stoji ta lepi prostor brez vsakega dobička na vrtu. Oče, ki mu je bil hišni mir nad vse, se je vdal naposled materinim željam, in neke pomladi, jaz sem se jel ravno a b c učiti, je vrgla mati z vrta vse rože in vse korenike, katere je oče še prejšnjo jesen zavaroval s slamo proti mrazu. Iz gredic je postajala njiva, in namesto tulipanov in narcisov, namesto balzamin in georgin je posadila mati drago amerikansko zelišče: krompir. Le pri ograji je pustila očetu majhen prostor, kamor je presadila tiste cvetice, ki so mu najbolj prirastle k srcu; ker materi bi se bil oče na tihem vendar smilil, ko bi mu bila uničila vse veselje.

Ali ljubša nego cvetice in krompir, ljubša nego jabolka in češnje, dasiravno sem jih nerad zabil, mi je bila velika mlaka konec vrta, ki tudi v najhujši suši ni usahnila. To je bilo moje morje. Po njem so se vozile moje ladje v daljna mesta, na niti se jih peljal celo v Ameriko. Tja sem vozil pesek, nazaj sem pa naložil češnjavih peška. In če se mi je po nesreči ladja potopila, nisem dolgo žaloval, naredil sem si drugo — iz papirja.

Moje morje je bilo tudi živo. Žabe vsake velikosti so gospodovale v njem, vodni močeradi so kakor somi plavali sem ter tja, široki vodni hrošči v črnih frakih so se potapljali, vodni ščipalec je prežal s kleščami na mešice, ki so plesale nad vodo. Po ves dan sem stal kraj svojega morja in premišljeval živali, ki so tu notri živele in trpele. Še ponoči v sanjah sem bil pri njih in o pomladnih večerih, ko sem ležal že v postelji, mi je bila najslajša muzika regljanje mojih žab, ki sem vse poznal, od najmlajše do najstarejše, ki je bila lepo zelena, po hrbtu pa je imela tri rumene proge. Najprej je jel debel možki bas poskušati žalostne glasove, odgovarjal mu je pa tenak glas — zdelo se mi je, da ga poznam. Nekaj časa sta si odgovarjala v zateglih akordih, potem vse potihne, ali v tem hipu zagrmí ves zbor in regljanje se je razleglo daleč okoli v neizrečno moje veselje, ali v veliko nejevoljo moje matere. In tudi pozimi, ko je spala moja regljajoča godba pod ledeno skorjo, sem imel na morju nepopisno veselje. Bilo je mraz, da je vse pokalo, s sosedovim Andrejčkom sva se pa drsala na vrtu, da so švigale iskre izpod podkovanih peta—kadar ni bilo matere doma. Nikoli te ne pozabim, mlaka na vrtu! Dnevi, ki sem jih preživel kraj tebe, so bili najsrečnejši!

V isti hiši je stanoval mož samec, ki so mu ljudje sploh rekali "gospod profesor". Učil je otroke v velikih mestnih šolah. Moja mati se mu je smejala, ker je lovil hrošče, gosenice in drug mrčes. Midva sva bila pa velika prijatelja, in če sem le mogel, sem se zmuzal v njegovo stanovanje. V velikih štirivoglatih škatlah je imel vse te živali nabodene na iglah. Kakor vojaki so stali v vrstah, da jih je bilo lepo gledati. Tu sem videl velikega rogača, zlato mimico, malo pikasto polonico, zeleno kobilico s sabljo, kratko rečeno, vse živalce, kar sem jih kdaj videl na našem vrtu ali pa zunaj na izprehodih. Tudi z očetom sta si bila prijatelja in večkrat sta sedevala na vrtu v prijaznem razgovoru.

Nekega dne, bilo je poleti, sedim na vrtu kraj morja in gledam sluznate kepe, ki so plavale po vodi. Spomnim se, da sem jih videl tudi lani ob tem času, ali kaj to pomeni, nisem vedel. Ko je prišel ravno profesor po vrtu, ga vprašam, kaj je to.

“Pojdi k materi, naj ti da skledico.”

“Bojim se, da je ne bo hotela dati.”

“Čakaj, prinesem jo pa jaz.”

In res pride kmalu s skledico in zajame eno tako kepo z vodo vred. Zdaj sem videl, da so v kepi rumenkaste kroglice grahove velikosti s črnkastim zrnom v sredi.

“To postavi na okno in vsak dan poglej, če se bo kaj izpremenilo ali ne. Če boš videl kako izpremembo, pa mi povej.”

Že drugi dan sem videl, da so jajca bolj napihnjena. In profesor mi je dal okroglo steklo, skozi katero se je videlo vse mnogo večje, nego je res. Kocinice na moji roki so se videle kakor prasičeve ščetine in smejati sem se moral, ko sem skozi to steklo pogledal eno kroglico v skledici; zdelo se mi je, kakor bi notri ležala zvita živalca, ali nisem mogel prav razložiti. Ne enkrat, velikokrat sem hodil gledat vsak dan sluzne kroglice v skledi. Šesti dan sem že komaj pričakoval, da je prišel profesor domov, ker nekoliko kroglic se je odprlo, in to, kar je poprej kot črnikasta pika ležalo v njej, je plavalo zdaj po vodi kakor nežna ribica. Imela je rep, glavo in na vratu z vsake strani drobno resico. Na pragu sem pričakoval profesorja, in ko pride, mu povem, kaj sem videl.

“Vidiš,” me poučuje, “to, kar sva zadnjič vzela iz mlake, to je bila kepa žabjih jajec ali žabji krak. Vsaka kroglica je eno jajce in iz vsake nastane žaba. To, kar si danes videl plavati, to so mlade žabice.”

“Ali to so ribice, ne žabice!”

“Le počakaj še malo in glej jih vsak dan! Vidiš tole jajčece? Ravno zdaj bo živalca pregrizla sluznato lupino. Z glavo je že zunaj, zdaj se bo vsa izmotala — no, zdaj pa že plava. To, kar ima na vratu, to so njene dihalke ali škrge. Z njimi živalca diha, ker brez dihanja ne more živeti kakor tudi ti ne, samo da imaš ti pljuča, mlada žabica ima pa škrge ali dihalke.”

“Zakaj jih pa one žabe v mlaki nimajo?”

“To boš že pozneje videl, zakaj ne. Le potrpi! Vidiš tole tukaj? Ta je šla spet nazaj v svojo lupino in jo je. Dokler so žabice mlade, jedo le svojo sluznato lupino, pozneje jim boš pa dajal krušnih drobtinic.”

Živalce so bile vse iz jajec. Rasle so, in ko so pojedle vso sluz, sem jim dajal kruha. Zdaj sem se spomnil, da sem lani tudi v mlaki videl ravno take živalce, ki sem mislil da so ribice; rekli smo jim pupki. Imele so ravno tako debelo glavo, tak repek in škrge na strani. Pozneje so pa izginile iz mlake.

Dvajsetega dne sem zapazil, da so dihalke vedno manjše in da se počasi izgubljajo, in zdaj so se pokazali na zadnjem koncu glave, blizu repa, majhni izrastki. Profesor mi je povedal, da sta to zadnji nogi, ker žabe dobe zadnji nogi poprej nego prednji, in res sem drugi dan videl, da sta bili popolni žabji nožici. S steklom sem videl tudi prednji, pa sta bili še skriti pod kožo. Tako sta ostali prav dolgo. Ko je šel drugi mesec h koncu, jim je jela na glavi pokati koža in iz kože so se začele motati popolne žabice. Ozka usta z roženim kljunčkom na koncu so odpadla, usta so se zdaj široko odprla, zdaj ima tudi štiri noge, škrge so se skrčile in pozna se le še razpoklina, ki se pa tudi sčasoma zaraste, in repek se takisto izgublja. Zdaj so žabice splavale na vrh ter so molele glave iz vode. Mehovi, v katerih so tičale poprej, so plavali zdaj kot žabje srajce po vodi.

“Vidiš,” mi je rekel profesor, “zdaj je žabica že popolna, zdaj ima štiri noge, široka usta, izgubila je rep, izgubila je škrge, zdaj diha s pljuči, torej prišla na vrh vode; prej pa, dokler je imela škrge, je bila vedno pod vodo kakor riba, ki vse svoje življenje diha s škrgami. Žabica zdaj ne bo več jedla kruha, ampak druge

drobne živalce, n. pr. muhe, črve, polže itd.; zato je najbolje, da jih neseš spet v mlako nazaj, kjer se bodo redile same."

Gospod profesor mi je še veliko pravil o žabah. Rekel je, da se mlade žabice še vsakih osem dni leve, da šele v štirih ali petih letih popolnoma dorastejo, in pravijo, da učkajo do šestnajst let. Žabje oči so zlato obrobljene, imajo trepalnice in pod njimi še eno kožico, ki jo lahko potegnejo čez oko. Na tistem mestu, kjer je bil dihalni poč, ostane tenka kožica, ki se pri regljanju napne kakor mehur in daje glasu posebno jakost. Regljajo pa samo moški, samice ne. Žabji jezik ni odzadaj prirastel kakor navadno pri drugih živalih, ampak odspredej, in če hoče z lepkim jezikom uloviti muho, ga mora zavihati ven. Žaba ima prav trdno življenje. Če ji tudi odrežeš glavo in ji iztrebiš drob, vendar se še več ur giblje.

Pozimi se žabe zarijejo v grez in blato ter prespe vso zimo, šele konec aprila se navadno prebude, mladiči pa malo poprej. Žaba se greje rada na solncu in sedi kakor pes na zadnjih nogah in gleda z neko neumno ošabnostjo okoli sebe. Srce ji pa pade precej v hlače; če zašumi le kak suh list, puhne v vodo. Žaba je človeku v postavi podobna. Vem, da je že vsak videl človeka širokoustnega, izbuljenih oči in zabuhlega lica, ki nas spominja na žabo. V zemlji so tudi našli okamenine velikanskega žabjaka in učenjaki so nekaj časa mislili, da je okamenel človek. Največ žab je menda na bregovih reke Volge. Spomladi se sliši njih regljanje v tihih nočeh po več ur daleč. V Louisiani živi pa en čevelj dolga žaba in rjove kakor vol. Na Turškem je žaba sveta žival, ker poje slavo Alahu.

Zeleno vodno žabo ponekod jedo, drugod pa je ljudem gnus. Love jih z rokami (ponoči z bakljami) in tudi s trnki, na katerih so napičeni črvi ali kos škrlata. Ocvrte in kuhane žabe so prav dobra in lahka jed, posebno za bolnike. Žabe jedo črve, hrošče, polže, muhe in drug mrčes, zato so koristne. Največji žabji sovražniki so ščuke, štokrlje in nekatere druge vodne ptice.

ALBIN ČEBULAR:

PISEMCE.

BARČICA PO MORJU PLAVA,
SE Z GALEBI POIGRAVA,
PISEMCE PRINAŠA BELO,
POROČILCE V NJEM VESELO:

"DRAGI OČKA, MAJKA ZLATA!
ZDRAVO! SESTRICA IN BRATA.
SREČNO PRIŠEL SEM V DEŽELO,
V RUDNIKU DOBIL SEM DELO.

DELAM TRDO — PRAVA REČ JE! —
NOVCEV TUDI VEDNO VEČ JE ...
KMALU BARKO BOM OBRNIL
IN DOMOV MED VAS SE VRNIL!"



Ošpice

V naši družini imamo fantičkov troje in jim je ime Gašper, Mihec in Boltazar. Najstarejši, Gašper, šteje osem let; najmlajši, Boltazar, še ne zna šteti, niti sploh ne, niti ne let, ima jih pa štiri; in slednjič Mihec, ta je kar se tiče starosti, ravno v sredi med obema, no, kar se tiče učenosti, pa vrstnik Boltazarjev.

Mlajša dva potetakem še ne ločita svoje starosti. Tem bolje pa so vedele navihane ošpice, kako se pobiči vrste po letih. In kakor se spodobi: najprej so se oglašile pri najstarejšem, pri Gašperju.

Izpreletela ga je vročina, zasketele so ga oči, po obrazu so se mu razpasle rdeče lise in lotil se ga je kašelj, tako je bilo slišati, kakor da je pogoltnil malega kužka, ki mu zdaj laja globoko iz želodca: hov, hov, hov!

Mamico je zaskrbelo. Prišel je zdravnik s svetlim klobukom in črno palico, pretrkal je Gašperju s prstom hrbet in nanj pritisnil uho, s srebrno žlico mu je segel v usta in bolniček je moral reči: a — in še enkrat in bolj glasno: a. Potem je dejal: "Si že priden. Nič ni hudega, ošpice imaš. Pa mi ostani lepo v postelji, da se ne prehladiš!"

Mamica je rekla: "Sinko, slišal si, ubogaj!" in mu je dala pomarančo.

"Ja," se je takoj oglašil Mihec, "Gašper ima pomarančo, jaz pa ne!"

"Da," je odgovorila mamica, "Gašper ima ošpice, ti jih pa nimaš. Če jih mislita dobiti tudi vidva, ti, Mihec in Boltazar, dobita jih takoj, da bo opravljeno vse hkratu in jih ne boste pasli vsak zase, drug za drugim, šest dolgih tednov.

No in se je res tako uredilo in drugi dan je tudi Mihec prejel pomarančo, kajti bil je tudi on lisast kakor starejši brat in je lajal: hov, hov, hov.

Je dejal Boltazar najmlajši: "Mamica, meni tudi pomarančo, jaz imam tudi ošpice."

"Nimaš jih," ga je zavrnila mamica.

"Pa jih bom kmalu dobil," je obljubil in nato sta mu bratca dala od svojih pomaranč vsak en krhelj.

Boltazar mali jima je bil hvaležen in jima je stregel, donašal igrače in knjige s podobnicami, in kadar sta kašljala, jima je iz proste volje in iz bratovske ljubezni pomagal, in se je prijazno razlegalo po sobi: hovhovhov, hovhovhov, hovhovhov.

Pa je skoro tudi Boltazarju prišla noč, nemirna in polna vročine, in ko je drugo jutro krmežljivo pogledal okoli sebe in bi se bil rad razjokal, kajti ni imel prijaznih občutkov, mu je mamica hitro čestitala: "O, Boltazar, čestitam, ošpice imaš!" In mu je čestitka tako dobro dela, da je pozabil na jok tem laže, ko je zdaj slednjič dosegel tudi svojo pomarančo.

Zdaj so ležali vsi trije. Po tretjem dnevu pa se je zaporedoma vsakemu obračalo na bolje, lise so bledele, kašelj je ponehoval.

Zunaj je sijalo solnce. Gašperju se je mudilo najbolj, rad bi bil vstal in šel nabirat cvetk, pa se je kremžil, ker so mu branili.

Mamica je rekla: "Dokler teden dni ne preteče, mi ne smeš iz postelje. Kako lahko bi se prehladil pa bi ti ostala bolezen na očeh, ali v ušesih, ali na pljučih."

Priskočil ji je na pomoč Mihec, bil je najbolj potrpežljiv od vseh treh: "Veš, Gašperček, ob pomaranče boš, če vstaneš."

Pa je še Boltazar, najmlajši, navrgel svojo: "Če ne boš pliden, nikoli več ne dobiš ošpic, kajne, mamica?"

Tolikemu prigovarjanju se je Gašper seveda vdal in čakal, da mu ošpice poteko, in ker je imel dovolj časa, si je izmislil lepo uganko in kdor je ni znal rešiti, je zapadel pomarančo:

“Rdeče ima lise,
laja hov, hov
in je pomaranče? — Kaj je to?”

Odgovor: Ošpice.

Milčinski.

NAŠA MUCA.

Naša muca
pridno prede
na zapečku
noč in dan;
kaj pa prede,
nič ne vemo:
volno ali lan.

Ej, pol skrinje
pač imeti
mora preje
muca že.
Težko bodo
konji vlekli
balo njeno
čez gore.

Tam za goro,
za deveto,
čaka muco
mucek mlad.
Kadar bode
skrinja polna,
bo privriskal
po njo svat.

Utva.

KOROŠKI PREGOVORI.

Žejen konj ne gleda, ako je voda kalna.

Še prsti na roki niso enaki.

Sinočne vode ne izlij, dokler današnje še ni.

Sova ne zleže sokola.

Tudi žaba vzdigne nogo, ako vidi konja kovati.

Čim več bab okrog otroka, bolj je kilav.

Toplo, pa ne kakor solnce, dobro pa ne kakor mati.

Kdor s sosedi rad v miru živi, s plotom posestvo si ogradi.

Roda Roda:

Kruh

Neki bogati gospod je jezdil s svojim služabnikom skozi gorovje. Predno se je jelo mračiti pa ju je ujela silna nevihta, da ni bilo misliti na nadaljno ježo. Bila sta prisiljena rada ali nerada prenočiti v neki votlini.

Dolgo, dolgo sta čakala, da bi se polegla nevihta. Zaman. Zato sta se udala usodi in sta se odločila, da ostaneta v votlini čez noč.

“Oh, prijatelj,” je dejal gospod. “Jaz sem lačen. Imaš li kaj prigrizka zame?”

Služabnik izvleče iz žepa kos kruha, edino, kar je imel, in ga ponudi gospodarju.

Tedaj reče gospod: “Prijatelj, nočem biti krivičen. Kruh je tvoj. Če ga mi ponудиš, je to le radi dolžnosti, ker si služabnik. Ali moja dolžnost je, da ti dopustim zraven jesti.

“Dobro, gospod! Razdelite torej, kakor je vaša volja.”

“Ne,” odvrne zopet gospod, “tudi to bi bilo krivično. Ampak ti moraš izvoliti: Ali naj delim tako kot bi človek s človekom, ali naj delim kakor zapoveduje bog?”

Služabnik je opazoval kruh in pomislil: “Gospod,” je dejal, “razdelite tako kakor zapoveduje bog.”

“Če tako želiš, siromak, tedaj ničesar ne dobiš. Bog je namreč hotel, da sem jaz postal milijonar, ti pa si ubogi revež.”

Tuja pomoč

Nekega dne je prišel kmet v mesto na semenj z namenom, da kaj kupi. Ko je opravil, je stopal po mestu in je slučajno zašel v veselo družino svojih starih prijateljev, zbranih v krčmi. Vesela družina ga je "cukala" tako dolgo, dokler ni vsak izmed njih rekel mačku "mister."

No in ta kmetič se ga je tako nasrkal, da še na svojih nogah ni mogel stati. Ko je bilo vsega tega dovolj, so se morali ločiti in raziti vsak po svoji poti, kajti približala se je noč. Vsak je plačal, kolikor je bil dolžan, pozdravil in odšel. Oni kmetič je na čuden način dobil svojega oslička. Uzdo je še nekako spravil nanj, samega sebe pa nikakor ni mogel, ker je vsakokrat padel, kadar je skušal na živinče.

Ko je tako brezupno poskušal, si je domislil, da-li bi mogoče ne bilo dobro, če bi poprosil boga in svetnike. Pa je rekel:

"Pomagaj mi Bog in sto svetnikov." Pa tudi to pot ni imel uspeha, ker se je zopet zvalil po tleh.

Ponovno je poizkusil, zbral vso silo in vzdiknil: "Pomagaj bi Bog in dvesto svetnikov!" No topot je pa šlo. Toda ker je bilo preveliko sile, ni samo prišel na oslička, temveč istočasno tudi zletel po drugi strani doli in se udaril z glavo ob zid. Takrat se mu je pa zasvetilo v glavi, da je rekel: "Zdaj jih je pa bilo dvesto preveč; dosti bi jih bilo stopetdeset."

Ampak na oslička ni skušal več priti, temveč je poleg njega peš odkolovratil domov. (Narodna pravljica.)

TRI MIŠKE.

Tam v kotičku temnem
miške tri čepe,
lačne in premrle
to si govore:

"Oj, slanine, mati,
v shrambi imajo,
v dimniku klobase
lepe kimajo.

Hej, ko bi ukradle
tamkaj par klobas!
To bi nam dišale,
to bi grele nas . . . !"

Muca, zadaj skrita,
tiho se smeji,
saj ujela miške
kmalu bo vse tri!

Ivan Stepko.





Albin Č.:

PA JE BIL RES HUD ...

Prišel je možic,
rekel, da je stric,
zvezdico pocukal
ter ji v nos zaukal.

I, pa kaj mežikaš,
luni se dobrikaš?
Hitro za menoj —
sveti mi nocoj!

Dragi čitatelji!

Nekateri prispevatelji boste mogoče razočarani to pot, ker Vaša pisma niso priobčena. Odložiti jih je bilo treba do prihodnje, majske številke, v kateri bo posebno veliko pisem in različnih prispevkov od mladih čitateljev. Maj je naš mesec, mesec mladine, zato pa bo ves "Mladinski list" v maju posvečen mladini. Če hočete svoje prispevke v majski številki, pošljite pisemce dovolj zgodaj.

*

Poleg številnih pisem, ki ste jih poslali v priobčitev ta mesec, sem prejel od rednega čitatelja Mladinskega lista tudi mal zavoječek, lepo darilo s pisanimi jajčki in zajčkom iz belega kožuščka. Okoli vratu je zajček imel rdeč trak, na traku pa kartico z voščilom:

Veliko piruhov Vam želi
čitatelj iz Clevelanda.

Kaj takega bi se nikdar ne bil nadejal, zato pa toliko lepša hvala. Lepa hvala tudi vsem drugim za voščila.

Zagonetna zastavica je marsikateremu čitatelju res bila zagonetna in marsikdo je tuhtal, da bi jo razrešil. No izmed precejšnjega števila rešitev sem dobil vendar nekaj pravih. Zastavica se pravilno čita takole:

ŠKRAT IN ŽENA STA TEPENA,
KER STA PETELINA UBILA
IN MEDVEDA S KOŽE DELA.
ZDAJ PA STOKATA, JEČITA,
SE BOTRI JERI SMILITA.

Kdor je pravilno rešil, bo imenovan v majski številki.

*

Elsie Groznik, stara 11 let, piše iz Superiora, Wyoming:

"Kako sem vesela, ko dobim Mladinski list. Prvo sem prečitala samo v angleškem jeziku, sedaj pa za silo tudi v slovenskem. Mama pravi: Kdor več zna, več velja! In menda je tako res. Velike so Združene države in gotovo ga ni mesta S. N. P. J., katera nam v žalostnih urah lajša ne kraja, da bi se v njem ne nahajala naša mati našo bol.

Prilagam tudi povestico, ki se imenuje

ZAJEC.

"Zajec dolgouhi ti, kam se ti tako mudi? Čakaj, rad bi te ujel in s seboj na dom svoj vzel. Dlačico bom gladil ti, v teku boš me vadil ti."

"Ne utegnem," zajček de. "Dolge moje so ceste: v deteljo me kliče glad, a pod grm me vabi hlad. Če bi rad imel me ti, pa na rep mi daj soli!"

*

Slično pisemce iz Superiora piše Olga Groznik, stara dvanajst let:

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim malo potrpljenja z mojim dopisom, ker je prvi po slovensko. Tukaj so veliki hribi. Sneg smo dobili meseca septembra lansko leto in gotovo se nas bo držal še do maja. Mi smo štirje v mladinskem oddelku S. N. P. J. Hvaležni smo staršem, ki so nas vpisali v največjo slovensko organizacijo. Pozdravljam bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J., enako vas. Dajte to pesmico v Mladinski list:

MAČEK NA VRTU.

Kaj tako po vrtu laziš,
maček, tiho kakor tat!
Molči, ti na ptice paziš,
rad zavil bi kateri vrat!
Kaj si ti zato pri hiši,
da bi ptice nam moril?
Za pođgane si in miši,
da bi pridno jih lovil."

*

Iz Buhla, Minnesota, piše Angela Martz v slovenskem in v angleškem jeziku, pa želi, da pride v slovenskem v magazin. Ko je zadnjič pisala, je bilo njeno mesto omenjeno Bull, pravilno se glasi Buhl. Pravi tudi, da hoče dopolniti pesem, ki jo je napisala Edith Gorjup iz Clevelanda, O. Napisala je znano o konjičku:

"Konjič vriska i ha ha,
dobro biti je doma.
Sena dosti, ovsa dosti,
nič ne vemo, kdo se posti.
Ko potujem in cestujem,
kola vozim,
sedla nosim,
slame prosim.
Konjič vriska i ha ha,
dobro biti je doma."

*

Ema Knaus, Limestone, Michigan, pošilja pesmico, katero jo je naučila njena mati in katero igrata ona in njena sestra. To je

PRIPOVEDKA O NOSKU.

Mati:

Danes zopet mi posneta
smetana je v skledi,
res li kdo jo je pojedel,
Mimica, povedi.

Mimica:

Jaz je nisem, mama, res ne,
zajček jo pojel je.
Glej, kako na desni šapi
in krog ustec bel je.

Mati:

Čakaj, videla takoj bom
nosek mi pokaži!
Aha, kako je mehak,
pa sem vjela te na laži.

Mimica:

Oh, odpusti, mama,
saj povem ti po pravici.
Jaz namazala sem zajčku
šapo, gobček sama.

Mati:

Naj bo!
Ali vedno pomni, nosek vse odkrije;
kadar praviš neresnico,
'Laže, laže!' vpije."

*

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH.

1.

V jeseni primeljem
med skale,
da si brlog nasteljem.

2.

Črn stražar
v rovih podzemskih
je gospodar.

3.

Ušesa dolga,
kratek rep,
a če spim,
jaz ne mežim . . .

4.

Velika gora
tudi v kletko mora.

*

VETRIČ.

Nagajivo je drevesom
vrhe pripogibal,
a potem je šepetaje
k meni se prizibal.

In po licu me pobožal
veter poniglavček:
"Iz daljine ti pošilja
mamica pozdravček!"

To je rekel šepetaje
in odbežal dalje,
proti gozdu, proti smrečju
brzo odskakljal je.

Francé Zbašnik.

Izreki modrih mož

Šola življenja nima praznika.

—Woodstock.

Samo dobri morejo biti prijatelji.

—Cicero.

Človek ni niti angelj niti žival; nesreča pa hoče, da ravno tisti, ki bi rad predstavljal angelja, je najbližji živali.

—Paskal.

Strasti je lažje zmagati kakor jih zadovoljiti.

—De Gamberz.

Zaupaj vase in v svojo pamet—ako jo imaš.

—Kačić.

Če bi vladala na svetu samo ena religija (vera) bi bila ošabna in nebrzdano gošpodska.

—Friedrich II.

Narod odpušča tistim, ki ga tlačijo, nikdar pa ne odpusti onim, ki ga varajo.

—Montalembert.

Kar ima človek na srcu, naj gre skozi glavo na jezik. Mišljenje je naše edino blago, katerega nam ne more nihče vzeti.

—Platon.

POVEST O ZVITI LISICI

“Zdaj čujte! Povem vam pravljico o zviti lisici in srebrnem zajčku.”

“No, pa le povejte!”

“Saj jaz ne pravim, ‘le povejte!’ Jaz pravim, da bom povedal pravljico o zviti lisici in srebrnem zajčku.”

“Dobro, to smo že slišali.”

“Jaz ne pravim: ‘Dobro, to smo že slišali,’ jaz pravim, da bom povedal povest o zviti lisici in srebrnem zajčku.”

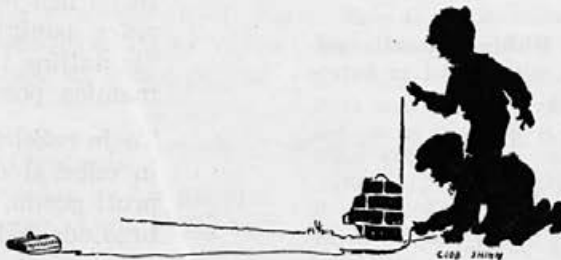
“Ja, dobro, no. Ali kaj sta delala ta zvita lisica in srebrni zajček.”

“Jaz ne pravim, ‘kaj sta delala zvita lisica in srebrni zajček,’ jaz le pravim, da bom povedal povest o zviti lisici in srebrnem zajčku.” In tako dalje, dokler nima jo vsi dosti.—Radost.

UGANKA.

Hop, hop, hop, hop!
rjavih dlačic šop:
iz gabra na beko,
iz bora na smreko.

Mehkodlačica
je kot mačica,
a nožice
so ji tudi ročice;
če jo podražiš,
skoči za teboj
in te zruka,
da je joj.





JUVENILE



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France Prešeren:

A JAIL

(France Prešeren was the founder of modern Slovene literature. He rendered great services to the Slovene language which was still in process of development, and introduced new metrical forms into Slovene poetry. His work consists of ballads and sonnets, influenced in style and subject matter by the old Italian poet Petrarch. His chief work is a lyric-epic poem, "The Baptism on the Savica." Even at present he is the most popular national poet. He lived from 1800 to 1849.)

Life is a jail, and time grim warder there,
Sorrow the bride made young for him each day,
Woe and despair serve faithfully his sway,
And rue his watcher with unweared care.

Sweet death, O do not overlong forbear,
Thou key, thou portal, thou entrancing way
That guideth us from places of dismay
Yonder where moulder gnaws the gyves we wear.

Yonder where ranges no pursuing foe,
Yonder where we elude their evil plot,
Yonder where man is rid of every woe.

Yonder where, bedded in a murky grot,
Sleeps whoso lays him there to sleep below,
That the shrill din of griefs awakes him not.

THE PIPER OF DREAMS.

By Joan Rouse.

Flitting lightly through the town,
In his hat and cloak of brown,
Softly goes the Piper!

No-one hears him as he goes,
'Cause he walks on "Tippy-toes,"
Knowing Mr. Piper!

Through the town, and down the lane,
Up the street, and back again,
Lightly flits the Piper!

When he comes, the children know
That to bed it's time to go;
— To them calls, the Piper!

The Animal About to Die

An old and perplexing problem has been revived by travellers and hunters. Where did wild elephants die? Nobody knows. Though the years of elephants be seven-score years and ten, death comes to them as to all mortals; yet who ever finds their bodies?

We can lay our hands on the bones of the elephants Hannibal rode 2000 years ago, for they have been found in the huge stables of Carthage; we may see in many of our museums the skeletons of prehistoric elephants and mamoths roaming Europe a hundred thousand years ago, but the elephants that died naturally in India and Africa last year are lost to us.

Moreover, the mystery of such disappearances does not end with the elephants. Who knows the last resting-place of the millions of great animals dying every year? Whoever finds a lion or tiger dead of natural causes, a polar bear, a giraffe in the Tropics, a musk-ox in the Arctic, a golden eagle in Scotland? Death and oblivion are the lot of animals as men, yet, save for mystifying exceptions, we know not the place of their end.

And, if we are ignorant of the place of their death, we know little more of the ways in which they keep themselves alive and well. Who and what are their doctors? How do these myriads of untutored creatures, warm-blooded, cold-blooded, four-footed, winged, furred, feathered, scaly; runners, fliers, swimmers, existing in a world of peril, of famine, drought, combat, visitation of sickness, maintain themselves in vigor year after year? Here are two difficult problems.

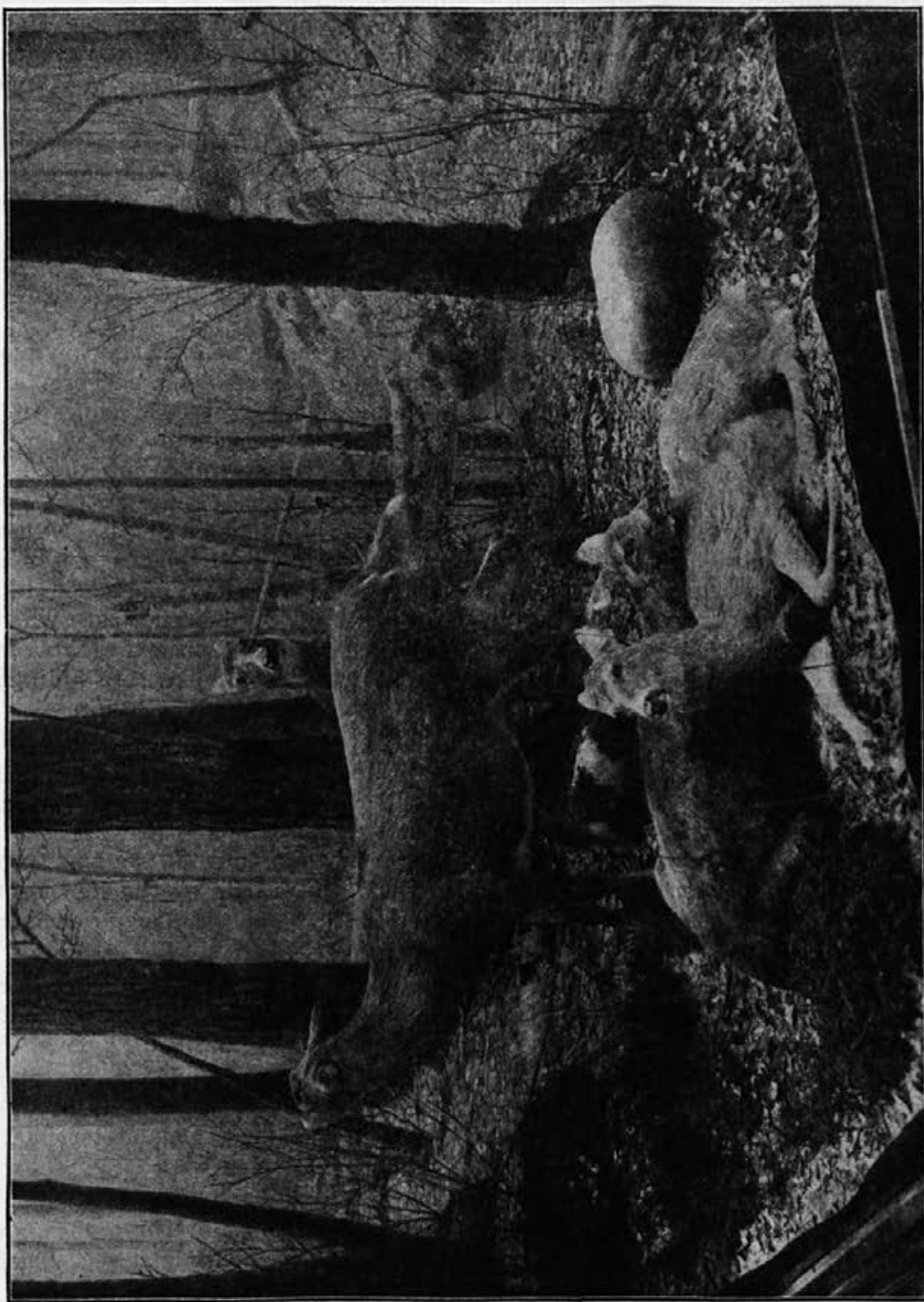
We know that Nature provides undertakers to rid the Earth of corruption and offence. The staff of life to hyenas, jackals, vultures, crocodiles, and the great lizards is carrion; and such aristocrats as the lion, the tiger, the bear, and other flesh-eaters derive no small share of support from the same source. Natural mercy seems manifest here; without such agencies, reinforced by insects and by bacteria which make the breakdown of tissue possible, the surface of the Earth would long have been one vast pest-house of imperishable dead bodies. But where do the scavengers find their carrion meals? That is the mystery.

The ancient cave deposits show us that great animals retreated in their last sickness to the seclusion of the cavern and there stretched themselves to die, and that hyenas ate their flesh and cracked their bones. If we could track sticken lions and tigers to their fastnesses, giraffes to the soundless vaste or their desert-guarded oases among acacias, the musk-oxen to the snowy silence of the North, the fox and the badger to their earths, we should find the same process in operation there, with hyena, jackal, and vulture doing their natural work; the wolf and the Arctic fox consuming wild remains amid the snow.

But to hide the body of the greatest of land mammals, the elephant, is indeed a task. The mystery is centuries old; so is the only theory we know suggesting a possible solution.

Every reader of the Arabian Nights stories will remember how Sindbad, in his fable, pierced the mystery. After he had been compelled by his captor to perch daily in a tree and slay elephants for the king's profit a wise old elephant pulled down the tree, and, placing Sindbad on its back, bore him to a distant lonely eminence, and showed him the bones and ivory of centuries of dead elephants. Sindbad came to the conclusion that elephants, when the stroke of death is about to descend, make their last march to a silent shrine known only to themselves, and

(Chicago Field Museum.)



Enjoying the Arrival of Spring.

there yield up their lives. Throughout India and the adjoining lands, as well as through native Africa, precisely the same belief holds sway, and many white men, after long search and inquiry, adopt the legend.

On the face of it the suggestion is impossible, for the distance to be covered by doomed elephants would make discovery inevitable, and so huge a Valhalla as they would need could not escape detection. Nevertheless, although the romantic story cannot be accepted, there is no body of fact to set in its place. We do not know where elephants die.

But some support to this fable from the Old World is lent by indisputable fact from the New World as to another very ancient type of animal, the camel-like llama which we call the guanaco. Darwin noted that these prehistoric beasts, children of the high and arid mountains, when they feel the approach of death, march to definite centres to die. Down in the river valleys they reach guanaco cemeteries, crawl under the thick stunted bushes, and lie down upon the bones of multitudes of other guanacos long since dead.

Some incomprehensible instinct impels them to seek a spot which they may never have visited before, the place where their ancestors have died. There are well-recognized centres where the ground is heaped high and white the bones of generations of these dead cousins of the camel. The custom was ages old when Darwin recorded it; it has been amply confirmed since, and it is still in practice.

Do animals, then, really recognise the signs of approaching death? Do they, when suddenly wounded or when slowly disabled by prolonged thirst or famine, instinctively creep away to some secret place to die? That seems possible. Discomfort, pain, weakness, the low ebb of fleeting energy, may induce a desire for solitude, for immunity from attack; and so they may seek out the place where death will come upon them, far from our ken. The great trouble with the rats and mice when we poison them is that, once they feel a pang, they retreat to hiding; and it may be that discomfort in the greater animals produces similar results.

They do not seem to understand death. Life for them in vital things is always Today; only in the most highly developed brains is a Yesterday recalled; for few is there an anticipation of Tomorrow. They live like loaded guns, charged full with energy and life, ready to explode into instinctive effect at a touch of the trigger. Their powers of resistance to injury are far greater than ours. It is a new theory that a damaged tusk, resulting in toothache, is really the cause of the murderous fury which sways the emotions of the terrible creature we call the rogue elephant.

Certainly one rogue elephant was found to have a terribly decayed tusk, but we know that one of the biggest elephants ever killed in India, a magnificent creature which was a peaceful sovereign of a herd of eighty elephants, had one of its tusks in an appalling state, yet to its fellows the giant was gentleness itself.

The elephant receives wounds and recovers from them much in the manner of tree battered by a storm. In its battles it receives deep wounds from tusk and bites; and the elephant-flies, whose eggs turn to huge grubs, make terrible pits in its hide. But it can doctor these wounds. It fills the holes with clay, spurts fluid mud over the patches, and at the right time rubs them off against a tree.

Lions recover from bad wounds inflicted by the spines of porcupines, and from terribly damaged feet which the prickles of cactuses have penetrated. Their blood is full of the parasites which cause sleepy sickness, but they are immune. Their tongue is the surgical instrument with which they successfully apply balm to all their hurts. Yet there may have been a foundation for the story of Androcles and lion; for wild animals are marvelously patient and understanding when we treat their wounds.

One elephant which had a thorn in its foot lay groaning but docile while a man cut round the wound and withdrew the thorn with pliers; another elephant actually held down its young one while a veterinary surgeon made an incision in the little one's head. We cannot imagine that death would have followed in the absence of operations, for elephants, like reptils and fishes, recover from dreadful injuries, otherwise they would not live out their 100 years or more.

This ability to survive violence runs through the greater part of animal life. A lizard casts off its tail; a lobster or a crab shoots off its claws; a starfish sacrifices its limbs; a trapped fox bites off its imprisoned foot; a frog recovers unaided from a broken leg and renews a lost eye; a worm cut in halves becomes two worms. The lower we go the higher is the power of the creature to triumph over injury and to reproduce lost organs.

Mammals have climbed too high in the scale of creation for that, but lions, tigers, bears, wolves, and hyenas have such reserves of physical force that they recover from wounds which would kill the strongest men. They start well in such an extremity from the fact that they are moulded to withstand terrific blows from fortune. They have their danger period. Death stalks about the nurseries of little carnivores as about the untended nurseries of human babies, but with infancy passed they ail little.

The great cats keep in perfect health on three meals a week, but they have been denied meat and drink for ten days at a time, and have been strong enough to kill a man at the end of their privation. And what of their prey? What of the deer and antelopes, the giraffes and the zebras, the buffaloes and wild swine? They seem never to experience ill-health, save from accident, or when murrain ravages their habitat. Their danger time comes when the summer is high and vegetation dries up before them. So great are the multitudes in which some of them assemble then that the least powerful are trodden underfoot, stamped to pieces in the hurried rush toward the land of promise to which they must migrate.

Life in the wilds is not so mystically superior to that of civilisation as to shield its children from all the ills living creatures are heir to. More animals have been exterminated than there are in the world today. Wild life is no exception to the law of change and chance. We have lost all the giants reptiles of the air, the land, and waters; the mammoths and mastodons have perished; practically every order in Nature has thrown up a race of giants, from sloths to insects, and all have gone into Earth's great charnel house.

South America is littered with the skeletons of species which have become extinct, mammal and reptile. The moa, the aepyornis, the dodo, the great auk, the solitaire, are all numbered with the dead. We see thousands of Pallas's grouse blown from their southward course into wintry Europe, to perish miserably; we hear of enormous hosts of swallows caught in a belated snowstorm in their spring migration back from South, and all lost, so that we have not even now, years after the tragedy, recovered from the disaster.

(To be concluded.)



The Earlier History of Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

DUBROVNIK—A REPUBLIC OF AGES

The history of the Southern Slavs convinces the reader, that this nation not only tried to escape every oppression from foreigners, but also from its own despots. The best example of this was the city of Dubrovnik (Ragusa), an ancient settlement on the Southern Dalmatian coast and one of the oldest republics in the world. The history of the free Yugoslav Republic of Dubrovnik is a bright page of their political liberty, in the earlier medieval ages.

The slave trade which was abolished in some of the great civilized countries during the last century, was prohibited by the citizens of Dubrovnik in the early days of their city. Every slave found on Dubrovnik's territory was set at liberty and treated like a free man.

It is no wonder if, in a free city like Dubrovnik, the opportunity for learning and education was given to the inhabitants even in those dark ages. An English writer, Thomas Watkins, writes in the history of Dubrovnik:

"They had more learning and less ostentation than any people I know, more politeness to each other and less envy. Their hospitality to the stranger cannot possibly be exceeded; in short, their general character has in it so few defects that I do not hesitate to pronounce them (as far as my experience of other people will permit me) the wisest, best, and happiest of states."

Comparing with Dubrovnik the Dalmatian coast subjugated by Venice he wrote:

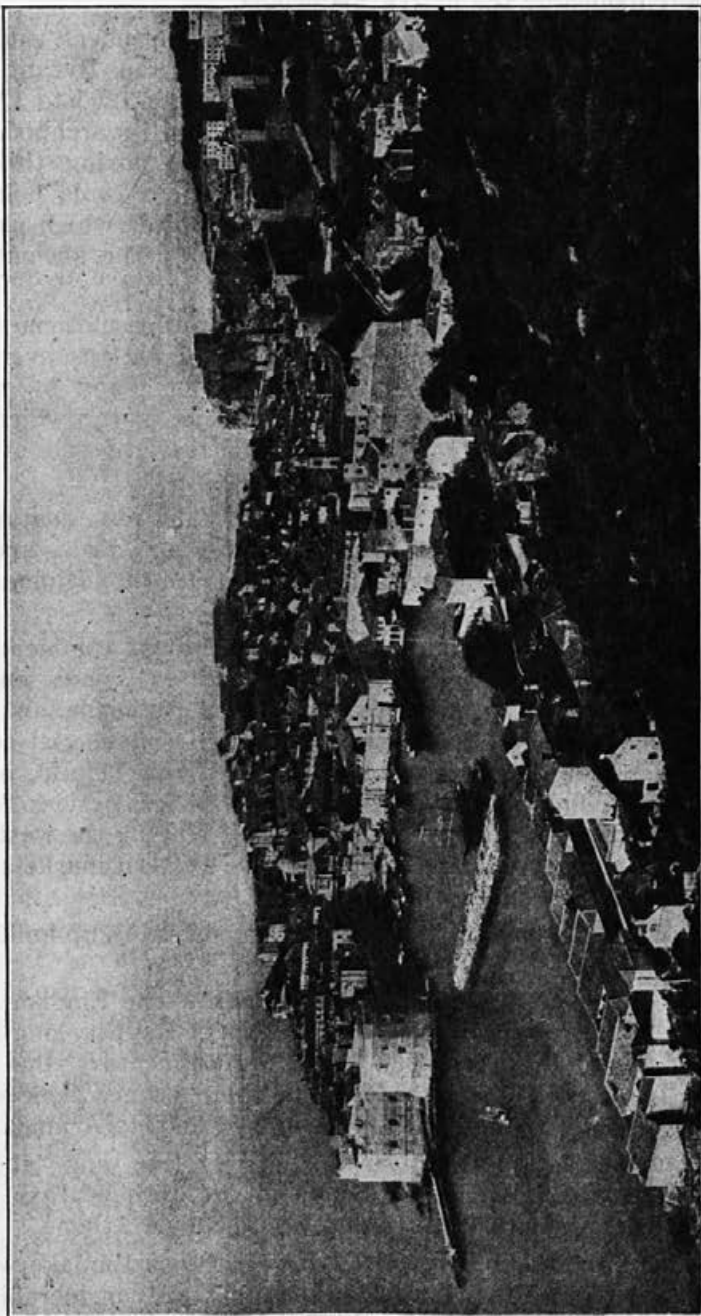
"I discovered that the wretched government of Venice had, by sending out their famished nobility to prey upon inhabitants, rendered ineffectual the benefits of nature. What a contrast between them and the citizens of Dubrovnik."

On the social development of the inhabitants of the Republic of Dubrovnik says another French historian: "They have no secret police, no gendarmes. The capital sentence in their city is very, very rare. When it once occurred that one man was sentenced to be executed, the city went into mourning and an executioner had to be sent from Turkey."

The inaccessibility was one of the main causes that saved Dubrovnik from foreign invasions and enabled them to develop their own culture. If the neighboring Montenegro was especially guarding the tradition of bravery and prowess, Dubrovnik never ceased to be a place of the muses, cultivating science, art, and literature. Professor Freeman, who highly appreciated the achievements of Dubrovnik, said of the city: "But there is Dubrovnik, there is one spot along the whole coast from the Croatian border to cape Tainaros itself which never came under the dominion either of the Venetian or of the Turk. In this Ragusa stands alone among the cities of the whole coast, Dalmatian, Albanian, and Greek. Among all the endless confusions and fluctuations of power in those regions, Dubrovnik stands alone in having ever kept its place, always as separate, commonly as an independent commonwealth. It lived on those coasts till the day when the elder Bonaparte in mere caprice of tyranny, without provocation of any kind, declared one day that the Republic of Dubrovnik had ceased to exist."

Dubrovnik became a prominent city as early as in the seventh century, when other Latin colonies were destroyed by the Avars. The survivors of the destroyed cities Salona and Epidaurum colonized the island rock of Dubrovnik. A colony of coming Slavs soon joined the Latin settlers at Dubrovnik, and thus the city, from an

("The Yugoslav Review.")



The City of Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Dalmatia.

DUBROVNIK is a given gem—a medieval walled city where nothing has changed since the days when, as a proud Republic, she stood as an outpost against the Turk and refused to bow the knee even to Venice itself. It is a tiny place, this fortress city. Set down by the laughing waters of the Adriatic, surrounded by flowering cacti and oleanders and aloes and palms, peopled with a sturdy race whose costumes show as many colors as the landscape. Dubrovnik is altogether lovely.

early date formed a link between two great civilizations. During the first two centuries of its existence, Dubrovnik was entangled in hard struggles with the sea pirates, until the tenth century when it had to defend itself against the Bulgar tsar, Simeon. Some writers say that it submitted to Venice in 998, with the rest of Dalmatia; but this is generally denied by the native historians.

In the next century, however, Dubrovnik became more independent, and hence a free republic. In the 11th century it had wars with Venetians and Byzantines, and was finally forced to acknowledge the Venetian suzerainty from 1205 to 1358. The chief magistrate during this period was the Venetian count, and its archbishops, who wielded much political influence. The constitution took shape during this period, and the first statute book was published in 1272. Only patricians could hold the office in the senate, grand council, and lesser council, three bodies which shared the work of government with the count, or, after 1358, the rector. The ancient popular assembly was almost obsolete before the 14th century.

Ragusan policy was usually peaceful, and disputes with other nations were frequently arranged by a system of arbitration. To refugees of all nations, even to those who had been its own bitter foes, the city afforded an assylum; and by means of treaty and tribute it worked its way to a position of mercantile power which Europe could hardly parallel. It was conveniently situated at the seaward end of a great trade route to Plevlje and Constantinople, and the Danube.

A compact with the Turks, made in 1370 and renewed in the next century, saved Dubrovnik from the fate of its more powerful neighbors, Serbia, Bosnia, and Byzantium, besides enabling the caravans from Dubrovnik to penetrate into Hungary, Croatia, Bosnia, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania.

From 1358 Dubrovnik was no longer controlled by its greatest commercial rival, Venice, it became an independent republic; but had certain bonds onto Hungary. At the same time it acquired colonies over the Balkan peninsula, and her consuls visited and regularly reported on all important mining and commercial centers in the Southern Slav countries. Her colonies flourished in Great Britain, as proves the Ragusan cemetery in Southampton, and in the Low Countries, besides Spain and the Near East. Her vessels plied in all the European seas, bringing the western commodities to the Southern Slav countries, and selling in the western markets the raw products of Balkan mining and agricultural industries.

Dubrovnik acquired, among other territories, the important ship-building and salt-producing centre Ston Veliki.

A great source of the Ragusan trade was England itself. The English language retains in the word "argosy" a reminiscence of the carracks of Ragusa, long known to Englishmen as Argouse, Argusa, or Aragosa. In the 16th century the Ragusan merchants went even to India and America. Many of their seamen took service in Spain, and twelve of their finest ships were lost with the Invincible Armada in 1588.

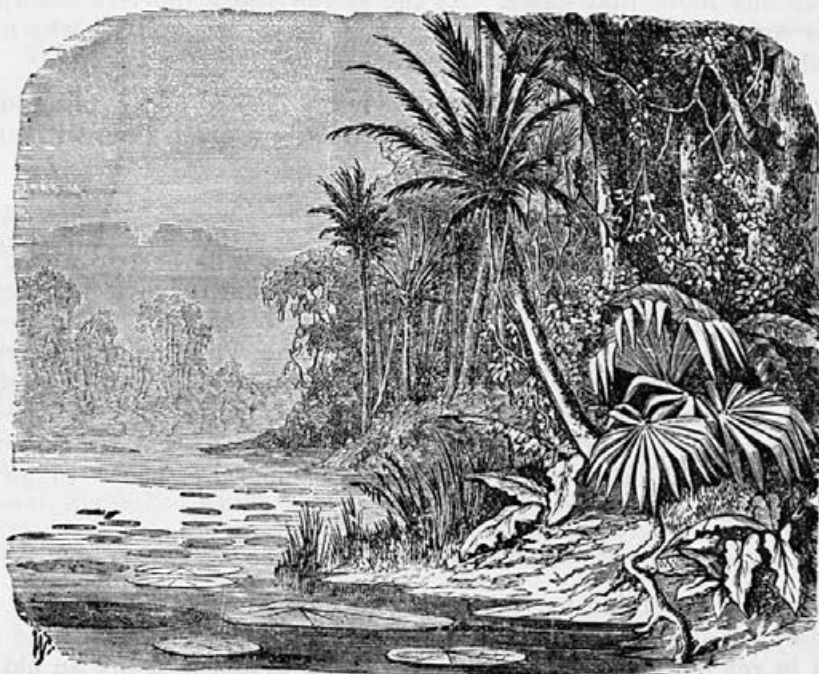
The downfall of Hungary in 1526 left Dubrovnik entirely free, and about this time a great development of art, and literature, begun in the 15th century and continued into the 17th, earned for the city its title the "South Slavic Athens."

A great catastrophe befell Dubrovnik in 1667. It was the earthquake which had been preceded by lesser shocks in 1520, 1521, 1536, and 1639. A considerable portion of the city was destroyed and about one fifth of the inhabitants were killed. The disaster was the cause of a downfall, and the city was not able to renew its prosperity until the wars of Napoleon. But at the same time Dubrovnik lost its independence as a republic and was annexed to Austria in 1814.

(To be continued.)

Juan Ponce de Leon--Seeking the Fountain of Youth

Juan Ponce de Leon, who had been governor of Porto Rico, fitted out at his own expense three ships to make a voyage of discovery. He had heard from the natives of Porto Rico that somewhere in the Bahama Islands, was a fountain that would restore the vigor of youth to all those who should drink of its waters or bathe in its stream. This absurd story many of the Spaniards believed, and none more firmly than De Leon. He was an old man, and anxious to renew his youthful pleasures; with eager hopes he hastened in search of the marvelous fountain.



An Inland Bank of the "Pasqua Florida."

He did not find it, but in coasting to the west of the islands, he came in sight of an unknown country. It appeared to bloom with flowers, and to be covered with magnificent forests. As this country was first seen on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, he named it Florida. With great difficulty he landed to the north of where St. Augustine now stands, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the Spanish sovereign. He sailed to the south along the unknown and dangerous coast, around the extreme point, Cape Florida, and to the south-west among the Tortugas islands. He received for his services the honor of being appointed Governor of Florida by the King of Spain,—rather an expensive honor, being based on the condition that he should colonize the country.

A year or two afterwards, he attempted to plant a colony, but found the natives exceedingly hostile. They attacked him and his men with great fury—many were killed, the rest were forced to flee to their ships, and Ponce de Leon himself was mortally wounded. He had been a soldier of Spain; a companion of Columbus on his second voyage; had been governor of Porto Rico, where he had oppressed the natives with great cruelty; he had sought an exemption from the ills of old age; had attempted to found a colony and gain the immortality of fame. But he returned to Cuba to die, without planting his colony or drinking of the fountain of youth.

Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

HEAD FEATHER

A rather rough but lively short game is to fasten a feather on each boy at a signal, see which one can secure the most scalps from others in a given time without losing his own scalp. As soon as a boy loses his scalp, he is supposed to be dead and can't play any more that game. At the end of the given five minutes or whatever time is agreed upon, let the leader blow the whistle and see who has the most scalps and who has not lost his own scalp.

Another way to play the game is to give every one a paper tail pinned on his back and see who can get the most kangaroo tails in a given time without losing his own.

ARROW HIKE

In the arrow hike, you pick out a distant point a mile or two away, which you can see and then hike straight as an arrow for that point, even if you have to climb over a tree or swim a river or go through a swamp to reach it. When Roosevelt was president, he used to like to hike and play that game with his own boys and their friends. He would come back at night with his clothes torn and covered with clay and dirt, after climbing barbed wire fences and swimming Rock Creek, but he had had a "bully" time, as he said, and all the boys thought he was the finest fellow for a pal. What a splendid thing if every father was not "too busy" to go for a hike with his boys and their chums.

OUTDOOR BOWLING

You can have a lot of fun by fixing up your own bowling out of doors. Use Indian clubs or something similar for pins and old croquet balls with which to bowl. You can count as in regular bowling. Some have had lots of fun using an old automobile for a bowling ball.

A TREASURE HUNT

in the woods is always fun. The leader or committee in charge of a hike should hide a lot of nuts, candy kisses, hard boiled eggs, feathers, or whatever you wish in all sorts of places within a given radius. Then you take the crowd to the place and tell them that the treasures are hidden within so many paces of a certain point. A prize can be given to the one who finds the most treasures. A variation is to have messages with certain treasures which make them of greater value than other treasures or which give clues as to where further of treasure may be found.

A TEAM TREASURE HUNT

consists of the ordinary hunt for treasures within a certain area but every one who hunts belongs to a team. Each team takes the name of some animal—a dog, a cat, wolf, rooster, or whatever is preferred. No one but the captain of each team can pick up a treasure. When one of his team finds a hidden treasure, he barks vigorously or makes the sound of his team's animal and this attracts his captain who comes running to pick up the treasure. The team which secures the most trophies of course wins the hunt.

Nothing Will Die

Nothing will perish; it is only the form that changes. There is no death; there is only change. It is a truth as plain as the hills, and as old. We find it in science and in poetry. Here is the way Tennyson said it.

When will the stream be weary of flowing under my eye?
 When will the wind be weary of blowing over the sky?
 When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?
 When will the heart be weary of beating? And nature die?
 Never, oh! never, nothing will die;

The stream flows, the winds blows,
 The clouds fleets, heart beats,
 Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
 All things will change
 Through eternity.
 'Tis the world's winter;
 Autumn and summer
 Are gone long ago;
 Earth is dry to the centre,
 But spring, a new comer,
 A spring rich and strange,
 Shall make the winds blow
 Here and there,
 Till the air

And the ground
 Shall be filled with life anew.
 The world was never made;
 It will change, but it will
 not fade,
 So let the wind range;
 For even and morn
 Ever will be
 Through eternity.
 Nothing was born;
 Nothing will die;
 All things will change.

And here is the way a scientist said it. He was Camille Flammarion, the most famous French astronomer of our time, who believed that only our thoughts are ourselves, and that the fading and changing of the matter of which our bodies are made leave the mind and soul of man immortal still.

The laws of Nature regulate the movements of the atoms in living creatures as well as in inorganic matter.

The same molecule passes successively from a mineral body into a vegetable body or an animal, and incorporates itself.

The molecule of carbon dioxide breathed out from the gasping bosom of a dying man on his bed of pain, incorporates itself in the flower in the garden, the blades of grass in the meadow, the tree in the forest. The molecule of oxygen that escapes from the last living twig of the old oak tree incorporates itself in the fair head of the child in the cradle. We change not a whit in the composition of natural bodies.

Nothing is born, nothing dies. Only the form is perishable; the substance is immortal. We are made up of the dust of our ancestors, of the same atoms and of the same molecules. Nothing is created; nothing is lost. The atoms travel from one being to another, guided by natural forces.



A Surprise

(An Easter Sketch.)

Joy and happiness prevail everywhere. The houses are still and bright, in the rays of the sun. The pots of "rosenkraut" in the small windows, yield an extravagant odor, and the tiny little pansies appear among the vases of darkgreen "rose-marine." Everything is turned toward the sun . . . It does not matter if the blisters of the working people in these houses are as hard as leather, if their lips are pale, and if their cheeks are lifeless; now everything turns towards the sun—towards the sun at this beautiful moment when all things bud into new life.

Along the hill there are long rows of workingmen's houses. They are small and poor, like ant hills, yet they are filled with joy and happiness. Father works in the coal mine, but mother hurries in decorating the house. Her faithful hand works like a blessing; in her eyes there is an unusually warm look which seems to give a new birth to everything it reaches. At a moment the dark and dull room becomes bright, full of sunshine, and inviting so that the person who enters may breathe freely.

"Isn't that true, Mother? We'll give the nicest one to Father?"

"Of course, darling. But be careful and don't spoil any."

Mother continues her work. She wants to surprise him. Tinnie, only four years old, a girl with big blue eyes and long eyelids, has no dress. Father would like to buy one, Mother would do it; but how? Although they tried their best, they could not afford it; they could earn no more than for the daily bread.

But Mother had thought and thought, searched for it and finally she found somewhere an old, old gown. It was a rose colored dress which she wore when she was a girl and when springtime shone from her face. God knows why she was saving that dress until this day. At times, when she looked at it, she was the happiest woman, for the sight of it brought memories of her girlhood. But now she has no more time for this. Tinnie needs a new dress and her Mother will give her everything that she possesses—this modest souvenir. She works in a hurry in order to complete the dress before Father arrives.—I. A.—A. K.





Dear Readers:—

Now, boys and girls, let's talk business. Many of you are writing to tell me which story in the Juvenile you like best, but I want every member of the S. N. P. J. Joy-givers' Club to tell me. Drop a postal card, or mention it in your letter, which is your favorite story? If I know which stories you enjoy most, I can plan to give you more of them, perhaps. Also, I would like to have you tell me why you choose the one you do; but if that takes too long, just name the one you like best of all, and sign your name.

*

Have you sent your contribution to the contest? It will be closed in May, therefore you cannot delay it any further. If you want to be one of the contestants writing of the S. N. P. J. of your home lodge, you are expected to send the contribution not later than last days of April. If your letter comes later, of course, it won't be thrown away but it will not be counted among those contributed for the contest. So get busy now!

Editor.

A LODGE DANCE.

Lodge 358 S. N. P. J. had a dance on 26th of February. We had plenty of chewing gum, candy, and sandwiches. But I didn't get enough, because the big girls got most. Then we had a dance for the little children.

The ladies of the Lodge 358 made a party on the first of March. We had lots of cup cakes, pops, pies, and nutbread. We also had a good orchestra by Mr. Jack Bergant, the President of the Lodge 358 and his three daughters being 4 to 9 years old. They played good. The people had a good speaker.

I am 12 years old and in the 5th grade. I have 2 sisters and 1 brother; we all belong to the S. N. P. J., except one sister, Frances; she is a member of the S. S. P. Z. Lodge."

Julia Bogatay, Power Point, Ohio.

*

IF I WERE THE PRESIDENT OF THE S.N.P.J.

I would have two sections in the M. L., one for children under sixteen, in both languages, and one for those above sixteen. This would draw together many new members. Furthermore, we wouldn't have to stop getting the Magazine when we were over sixteen.

I would also have a real party once a year, and have all the Slovenian people come. In this way we could secure many new members.

In the last issue of the M. L. some boys wrote that the Slovenian boys are not lazy and that, maybe, sometime they will have to ask the girls the same question. (I hope not.) Well, girls, I am sure that you wouldn't want that to happen. Let's see, who writes more letters, boys or girls. I think that the girls win, or else that we both win. Now, girls, sit down and write to the M. L., all of you. It is time for Mary and Angela Kotnik, Julia and Jennie Primozic, and all the rest from Lorrain; Josephine and Norma

Belaj and all the rest from Cleveland. It is time for you to write. Wake up, the alarm clock has rang.—I won't write in Slovenian, because last time it took such pains to do it, and I had to copy it three or four times over."

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

John Mezan, Tower Hill, Pa.:

"I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade. I have eight books at the names as follows: Arithmetic, History, Reader, Speller, Geography, English, Health, and a poem book. Here is a joke:

Alice: 'Why's your man got a bump on his head?'

Mary: 'A fly bit him on the head and he forgot that he had a hammer in his hand. That was the result.'

Mary Grum, Sharon, Pa.:

"I belong to the S. N. P. J. and so do my brothers and sisters. We like to read the "Mladinski list." It is interesting.—I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. Here are two jokes:

Teacher: 'What does the board of health do to protect us against catching disease?'

Pupil: 'When someone has a catching disease they guarantee the house.'

Teacher: 'What is the largest city in Iceland?'

Johnny: 'Iceberg.'

(Mary Grum solved the puzzles given by Olga Zobek, Margaret Pozego, and Anna Moraus, in the February issue.)

Jennie Widmar, Livingston, Ill.:

"I enjoy reading the letters and jokes of the M. L. There are some interesting stories in the magazine. I cannot read or write Slovenian, but my mother reads the stories and tells them to me. I also like to read the 'Prosveta.' Our lodge number is 96. We all belong to it.

I suppose that the heat travels faster than cold. You can't catch heat."

Margaret Pozego, Willard, Wis.:

"I received several letters from the members of the S. N. P. J. They are from Silvia Klune, Minn., Hazel Wagner, Pa., and Mary Pergar, Penn. I thank them very much for writing. Can you solve this riddle:

There is a little calf on the hill,
When you give it salt, it flies;
When you give it water, it dies."

William Cerne, Cherokee, Kansas:

"I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I read all the stories in the M. L., and I like them very much. I have 4 brothers and 4 sisters and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. How do you like this joke:

Little Willie came home in a sad state. He had a black eye and numerous scratches, and his clothes were a sight. His mother was horrified at the spectacle presented by her darling. There were tears in her eyes as she addressed him rebukingly: 'Oh, Willie! How often have I told you not to play with that naughty peck boy!' Little Willie regarded his mother with an expression of deepest disgust, 'Say, Ma!' he objected. 'Do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?'

Mary Spec, Baden, Pa.:

"We get this magazine every month. I am interested in the letters and stories, and also in the poems and riddles. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade."

Victor Okorn, Morgan, Pa.

"I am 14 years old and in the 7th grade. I have 3 brothers and 5 sisters, all members of the S. N. P. J. I like to read the riddles and jokes. I have a riddle also: 'What has two lookers, two hookers, four standers, and five hangers?'

Antoinette Racher, Niles, O., 318 Baldwin ave.:

"I am ten years old and in the 5A grade. I have four sisters and one brother. Everyone in the family reads the Mladinski list. We are all in the S. N. P. J. I wish the children of the S. N. P. J. would write to me. A riddle: Do you know what the people say when a Negro dies?—Bye, Bye, B"

Mary Kren, Buffalo, N. Y.:

"I liked the story "Polly's Birthday Party." My father is the secretary of Lodge No. 405 Our whole family belongs to the lodge.—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I cannot write or read in Slovenian."

Stanko Costello, Mohrland, Utah:

"I have three brothers. The biggest one can drive a car and the smallest one can play accordion. I am in the sixth grade and have a good teacher.—We had plenty of snow this winter. The last snow we had was wet and heavy. It broke the electric wires and we didn't have lights for one night. The roads were very muddy."

John Pozego, Willard, Wisconsin:

"I want all my brothers and sisters to know that our Slovene National Hall was burnt up on February 19 in the evening, a few hours after the people dispersed. I am very sorry because we have no place to hold the meetings and dances. But I guess they are going to put up another building. When, I don't know. We had a meeting on the 20th of March and I heard them say that they will build this summer. Oh, how glad I was.—Best regards."

Arley Bozicnik, Nokomis, Ill.:

"One of the brothers of the S. N. P. J. inspired me to write to the "Mladinski list." I have translated the story "The Hare and the Telescope" with the help of my mother, and I send it to the Editor to review it."

(Editor's note:—The translation is well done. Try some other short story.)

*

Tony Mauser, Cleveland, Ohio:

"I am 13 years old and in the 6B grade of the Gilbert School. This school is a very good one; we learn music, spelling, geography, history, language, and gym. There are about eight hundred boys and girls in it.—In our family are four: mother, father, my brother and I, all members of the S. N. P. J. I am nine years in the S. N. P. J. I like to read the "Mladinski list" because it publishes many jokes, riddles and good stories."

*

Amelia Gasboda, Delmont, Pa.:

"I wrote this letter in English language so that every reader can read it; but next time I intend to write in Slovenian. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I belong to the Lodge No. 320 of White Valley, Pa."

*

A STORY.

There once lived a man who had two daughters, Ida and Viola. The mother had been dead for some time, and they were very poor. They lived in a little hut not far from their uncle. In this hut lived an old lady who had been an invalid. She was a good old lady and spent her time knitting various things for them. The girls loved her very much, and did every thing they could for her. Nothing seemed too hard or impossible for them, for they loved to work as did their father.

The joy of these people was not long, for it came to pass that the old lady became ill and died shortly afterwards. The grief which had stricken this little family was great indeed, for no longer did they care to be in the little hut, where the memory of the past could never be shunned.

One day a stranger passing by, in a beautiful car, was amazed indeed by the girl walking along the roadside. This girl was none but little Ida, who had now become quite big. She was a beauty indeed, he thought, for his eyes had never seen such beautiful curls, and her eyes seemed to him as blue as the skies on a bright summer day.

This man, who was a noted visitor of a motion picture company, was searching for a beautiful young lady, who could fill a roll in a picture he was about to produce. He stopped the car and

told her to come to him. The man asked her if she would marry him.

She answered nothing but went into the house and asked her father if she could marry Mr. Brown. Her father asked her where he is. So the girl answered that he is out on the roadside.

"Well, we must see if he is a kindhearted man."

The girl called Mr. Brown up to the front porch, and they asked him many questions. Father said, "Yes, you may, if Ida will like to have you do so"

Ida went into the house and asked Viola if she would like her to get married with Mr. Brown. Viola said, "If I can make a living for father and I, you can for my part." So Ida got married and her husband was a very good, kindhearted man. They lived happy ever after, and also did Viola and her father.

Anna Klobchar, 10 years old. Finleyville, Pa., R. D. 1.

*

Tony Lekse, Thompsonville, Pa.:

"I have two sisters and brother; we all belong to the S. N. P. J. I am in the seventh grade. My wish is that the M. L. would come once a week."

*

Pauline Kodelja, Conneaut, Pa.:

"The first day of Spring was the 21st of March, but I saw six robins before this date. I hope that school will be out soon; I can hardly wait for it. Easter is coming: I hope all the readers will have a happy Easter. — Two of my friends wrote to me, Anna Horalovich from East Brady, Pa., and Silvia Klune from Chisholm, Minn."

*

Ella Skerbetz, 12 years of age, Broughton, Pa., contributes this riddle: "How many potatoes go in a pot?"

*

RIDDLES.

a. Black within, red without, and four corners round about.

b. Legs have I got, but seldom walk; I backbite all, yet never talk.

Frances Zalaznik, Thomas, W. Va.

*

a. Why is Ireland the richest of countries?

b. What was Joan d'Arc made of?

Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.

*

a. What is it that sees everything, but never talks?

b. What word of five letters spells the same backward as it does forward?

Mary Kren, Buffalo, N. Y.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



MLADO ŽREBE

Mi cenimo svobodo samo potem, ko jo izgubimo. Tega se mlado žrebe ni zavedalo. Živelo je na preriji v Kanadi, na oni brezmejni preriji, kjer je našlo jesti in piti, kjer je lahko galopiralo, se valjalo po tleh, spalo, hodilo in bežalo.

Dokler je trajalo poletje, mu je šlo vse dobro, ampak prva zima je bila huda. Trpelo je radi silnega mraza; debeli sneg je pokril travo in reke so bile zamrzle. Naše žrebe se je počutilo zelo nesrečno. Misleč na svojo neodvisnost, je zapustilo svojo mater in je sedaj potovalo največ samo, včasih pa v družbi drugih divjih žrebet.

Nekega dne je mlada žival prišla h konju, privezanemu k grmu. Presenečeno je žrebe radovedno gledalo nanj in je videlo, da nosi na svojem hrbtu nek nenavaden predmet.

"Kaj imaš na svojem hrbtu?" je vprašalo žrebe.

"Sedlo. Moj gospodar sedi na njem in jaz ga nosim, kamorkoli si on želi iti."

"Kaj je gospodar?"

"To je dvonožna stvar, zelo mogočna, ki me hrani in mi daje streho v zameno za mojo službo."

Mlado žrebe se je dalo zapeljati. Sledilo je konju in gospodarju v hlev. Tam so mu dali hrane, napravili zanj prostora v gorkem vogalu; naše žrebe je bilo zelo zadovoljno.

Toda ko je prišla spomlad, ko je izginil sneg, ga je obsedl gospodar in ga prisilil ubogati. Naše žrebe je tedaj žalovalo za svobodo. K sreči je imelo milega gospodarja, toda kaj je bilo to v primeri s svobodo?

THE YOUNG COLT

We appreciate freedom only after having lost it. Of this a young colt was unaware. He lived in a prairie of Canada, that limitless prairie, where he found food and drink, where he could gallop, roll on the ground, sleep, walk, and run.

While the summer lasted all went well with him, but the first winter was hard. He suffered from the intense cold; the thick snow covered the grass; the rivers were frozen over. Our colt felt very unhappy. Thinking of his independence he had left his mother and now he wandered, generally alone, sometimes in company with other wild colts.

One day the young animal came across a horse tied to a shrub. Surprised, the colt looked at him curiously and saw that he carried on his back an extraordinary-looking object.

"What have you got on your back?" the colt asked.

"A saddle. My master sits on it and I carry him wherever he wishes to go."

"What is a master?"

"It is a two-legged creature, very powerful, who feeds me and shelters me in exchange for my service."

The young colt let itself be tempted. He followed the horse and its master to the stable. There they gave him food, they made room for him in a warm corner; our colt was very pleased.

But when spring came, when the snow disappeared, his master saddled him and forced him to obey. Our colt then regretted his freedom. Fortunately he had a kind master, but what was that in comparison with freedom?

