

# Mladinski List

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

LETO—VOL. V

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 1926

ŠTEV.—NO. 3.

Izdaja

## SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

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Zdr. Države za celo leto....	30c	60c
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## “JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

## SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

	Non- Members	Mem.
United States per year....	30c	60c
" " half year....	15c	30c
Other Countries per year...		75c

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



UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:  
(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILL.



Kolumb zagleda ameriško zemljo.

# MLADINSKI LIST

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## Krištof Kolumb.

V enajstem in dvanajstem stoletju je bila trgovina že dobro razvita po vsem Levantu. Trgovci iz Evrope so obiskovali Malo Azijo in severno Afriko. Ko so se mornarji in trgovci vrnili domov, so pripovedovali doživljanje v tujih deželah in o krasnih stvarih, ki so jih videli na Jutrovem. Pripovedovali so o divjih živalih, lepih pticah, sadju in cveticah, tujih ljudstvih z zagorelimi lici, hišah, pohištvu in o šegah in navadah, ki so jih videli v tujih deželah.

To pripovedovanje trgovcev in mornarjev je obudilo radovednost pri ljudeh doma. Ljudje so bili takrat revni in bogati, kot so danes. V bogatih se je obudila želja po pomnožitvi svojega bogastva in želeli so odpotovati na Jutrovo.

Posebno trgovci so kmalu spoznali, da na Jutrovem izdelujejo produkte, kakršnih doma ne poznajo in ki se dajo prodati z velikim dobičkom, ako se pripeljejo domov iz jutrovih dežel.

V Benetkah in Genovi sta cveteli trgovina in obrt. Od tukaj so izvažali v zaledje blago, ki jo prišlo z Jutrovega. Ravnotako so pa v teh mestih nakladali blago iz zaledja, da so ga odpeljali na Jutrovo.

V pristane v Mali Aziji in severni Afriki so blago iz zaledja prinašali velblodi, konji in osli. V te pristane je prihajalo blago iz Indije in Kitaja. Perzija je pošiljala tje svoje preproge, svilo in drugo blago. Bile so dolge karavane velblodov, konj in oslov, katerih hrbti so bili obloženi z raznim blagom. Transportacija blaga v tistih dneh je bila počasna in draga. Take karavanske poti so bile tri, ki so jih smatrali za glavne. A te poti so bile polne nevarnosti. Divji in neukročeni narodi so prežali na te karavane in jih opleni, ako niso imele številnega spremstva.

Najbolj severna karavanska pot je vodila do Črnega morja. Leta 1453 so Turki osvojili Carigrad in tako ustavili vso trgovino po tej karavanski poti. To je bil hud udarec za trgovce v Genovi, kajti njim je služila ta pot za trgovino. Ampak ta udarec je zadel tudi ljudstva po vsej Evropi. Severna pot je bila zaprta za evropejska ljudstva, ki so se posluževala te poti.

Pot po morju so že dolgo časa iskali v Indijo, Kitaj in Japonsko. Vedeli so takrat, da tam žive druga ljudstva, ki izdelujejo vse te čudežne reči, ki se lahko prodajo z dobičkom v Evropi. Iz Indije so prihajale razne dišave, dragocen les in dragi kameni, ki jih ni bilo dobiti v Evropi. Ljudje, ki so živeli na obrežjih Sredozemskega in Jadranskega morja, so bili drzni mornarji. Kot dom drznih mornarjev sta bila v onih časih na glasu Portugalska in Španija. Mornarji iz teh dežel so bili prvi, ki so iskali pot po morju v Indijo in Kitaj. Portugalski mornarji so počasi odkrivali morsko pot ob zapadni afriški obali. Vsaka ladja, ki je bila odposlana na nova odkritja, je plula malo dlje, kot ladja pred njo. Končno je Vasco de Gama priplul do najbolj južnega rta Afrike, ki ga je krstil za Rt viharjev, kajti naletel je tam na hude viharje, kakršnih še ni doživel na svojih potovanjih. Ampak portugalski kralj ga je prekrstil v Rt dobrega upanja.

Španija bi tudi rada odkrila novo pot v Indijo. Proti jugu se ni upala jadrati, ker se je bala, da pride do bojev s Portugalci.

Mornarju, ki je vodil ladje proti zapadu, je bilo ime Krištof Kolumb. On ni bil Španec, dasiravno so se trudili Španci veliko let dokazati, da je njih človek.

Kolumb je bil doma iz Genove. Bil je sin zelo siromašnih staršev. Njegov oče je bil



tkalec. O njegovih otroških letih ve zgodovina prav malo povedati. Živel je najbrž tako, kot so živeli v tistih časih otroci revnih staršev. Kadar mu je čas dopuščal, se je pa igral na obrežju in motril od solnca obžgane obraze mornarjev. Tam na obrežju je videl, kako so jadrane ladje v pristan in iz njega. V njem se je porodila želja, da tudi on odide na ladjo in odjadra z njo na široko

morje, da vidi tuja ljudstva, njih šege in navade. Toda izučil se je rokodelstva svojega očeta. Moral je hoditi tudi v šolo, kjer se je naučil pisati in čitati, pa računati in risati. Poslušal je rad, kaj so pripovedovali mornarji in njegova želja po morju, po tajinstvenem morju z vsemi njegovimi tajnostmi in grozotami, je postajala vedno močnejša, dokler se mu ni izpolnila.—(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Ivan Vuk:

## Za vsakdanjo skorjico kruha.

Rudar Blaž se je dvignil s trdega ležišča. Pogledal je na budilko na mizi.

“Čas je,” je zamrmral in se jel oblačiti.

Zraven na starinski postelji je zastokal otrok, tiho, pridušeno. Rudar Blaž se je nagnil k njemu. Nežnost mu je bila v očeh. Pogladil je ličece deteta in vprašal šepetaje:

“Kako je Tonček? . . . Boli?”

Otrok je prijel z drobnimi prsti žuljavo roko očetovo in jo stisnil k sebi.

“Ne,” je odgovoril otrok kratko in se nasmehnil. Bogve, kako je ta osemletni otrok razumel, da treba očeta tolažiti a ne ga pustiti odhajati na težko delo v skrbeh.

Rudar Blaž ga je gledal skrbnoljubeče. Čutil je otrokovo ljubezen.

“Ozdraviš, Tonček . . . o, ozdraviš . . . Glej, pomlad bo vsak čas privriskala v deželo. Saj se že sliši njen vrisk od daleč. Takrat poskočiš, Tonček, tja na travnike, vse zelene in v cvetju in pozdraviš bregove, oblite s solčno svetlobo; da, Tonček, tiste bregove, pod katerimi kopljem jaz črn kruh, da nismo lačni. Takrat, Tonček, boš zdrav in veselo bo . . .”

Žena je prinesla zajutrek. Kavom s kruhom od predvčeraj. Popil jo je, kruh pa vtaknil v žep. Za malco bo v jami, ko bo treba oddahnuti.

“Ali greš po kruhka, oče,” je vprašal otrok.

“Po kruhka, Tonček.”

Tedaj se je oglasila tovarna. Zatulila je medena sirena zateglo, divje, kakor šakal v džungli, ko sluti plen.

Rudar Blaž je vstal in poiskal kapo. Pri

vratih je še obstal, se nasmehnil sinčku, ki je gledal za njim, in dejal:

“Adijo . . . Priden bodi, Tonček . . .”

Tonček je pokimal z glavo. Rudar je zaprl vrata.

\*

Okno v pekel je požiralo ljudi. To je bil vhod v podzemeljski svet, v državo premoga. Rudarji so šli osvajat, kakor vsak dan, črno kamenje iz roke nevidnega podzemeljskega gospodarja. Šli so, da izklešejo kruha sebi in svojim, trdega in črnega, kakor je sam premog . . . Na zemlji solnce, bližina pomladi, svež vonj življenja; tu doli pod zemljo vlaga, mračne stene, vonj smrti.

Rudar Blaž se je podal na svoje določeno mesto. Ozek rov je imel, opasen rov. Treba ga je dobro podpreti z bruni.

Ko je podpiral, je mislil na svojega Tončka, ki leži doma na slamici in je bolan. Ko bo potegnil mezdo, takoj pokliče zdravnika in mu reče, naj zapiše dobra zdravila. Takšna, ki bodo pomagala. Bo že plačal. Zaslužil je in plačal bo. Samo da bo Tonček mogel na travnike trgati cvetlice in gledat bregove, pod katerimi koplje premog on, njegov oče. Naj uživa, revček, svojo pomlad; doba nevolje ga objame prekmalu. A do tistega trenutka naj mu sije solnce. Za to bo skrbel on, oče njegov.

Ko je tako sanjaril, so njegove močne roke dvigale bruna in podpirale rov. Ob straneh je curljala voda. Svetilka se je tiho gugala in metala njegovo senco daleč tja nekam v črno žrelo. Bilo je zadušljivo. Nekaj težkega, svinčenega je tiščalo prsi Blaža rudarja. On tega ni zapazil. Preveč je imel opravila s Tončkom.

"Samo rudar naj ne bo," je mrmral v mislih. "Samo krt naj ne bo."

Ob straneh se mu je režala gola zemlja, iz katere je bil že izsekan premog, kakor da se mu posmehuje:

"Kaj pa misliš, da bo, ha?"

"Samo rudar ne."

Staremu rudarju se je zdelo, kakor da se nekdo smeje za njegovim hrbtom. Pljunil je v stran odločno in rekel:

"V šole ga bom dal . . . Suh kruh bom jedel, on, moj Tonček pa se naj uči."

"Kaj pa, če te stisnem sedaj tu," je reklo nekaj iz sten. "Kaj bo pa tedaj s tvojim sinom?"

"Bog nas varuj in sveta Barbara," je zamrmral preplašeno rudar.

Glas pa je govoril:

"Kako te je pogledal Tonček, ko si odprl vrata in stopil na prag?! Sladko, ljubeče?! . . . Da. Kako mehka je njegova ročica, ko boža od dela ostarelo lice . . . Ej, tako je mehko človeku tam nekje v prsih, ko se tako dotakne drobna roka deteta izsušenih lic . . . Kaj misliš, Blaž, ali bi ti bilo hudo, ako bi ga več ne videl? . . . Kaj misliš, ako bi te jaz tako objela? . . . Pravico imam. Večjo pravico, kakor tvoj sinček. Zakaj, jaz sem s teboj cele dneve. Vse svoje življenje riješ po meni. Tvoj sin pa je s teboj samo nekaj ur . . . Eh, rudar Blaž, tudi jaz te ljubim in težko mi je biti brez tebe . . . Ne dam te drugim!"

Rudar Blaž je postal in si obrisal potno čelo.

"Kakšne misli so v moji glavi? . . . Bog ti moj, odkod so se vzele nenadoma . . . Da bi me ta zemlja, po kateri rijem že dolga leta, hotela vzeti mojemu sinčku sedaj, ko je bolan in še majhen? Počakaj . . . saj ti ne uidem."

"Kaj bom čakala, ko pa te ljubim preveč."

"Ali Tonček moj umre, kaj ne veš tega? Gospodar ga vrže iz hiše in mater njegovo z njim. Ker jaz sem, ki sem gospodarju potreben. Zakaj, jaz kopljem zanj premog iz tvojih nedrij, da bo bogat."

Roka rudarja je drhtela, ko je brisal znoj s čela.

"Star si že, rudar," govori zemlja. "Kaj

bo s teboj, s tvojim sinom in ženo, ko ne boš mogel več kopati bogastva za svojega gospodarja?"

"Vrže me na cesto," povesi glavo rudar.

"Tako izmozganega?"

"Tako izmozganega . . ."

"Zakaj mu dovoliš, da stori to? Kaj ni on kakor ti? Zakaj ga ne zgrabiš za vrat in ga ne pošlješ sem, v rov, da bi delal?"

Rudar Blaž je pogledal svoje roke.

"Preslab sem. On pa ima sluge."

"Kaj nimaš ti sorodarjev? Ali je mar njim dobro?"

"Dobro?!" Rudar se je nasmejal. "Kakor jaz gladujejo."

"Vidiš," je govorila zemlja. "Toliko vas je, pa hlapčujete."

Rudar Blaž je stresel z glavo in jezno kopal.

"Molči! Sina imam."

"Saj ravno zato, ker imaš sina," je govorila zemlja uporno.

Rudar Blaž pa je vse z večjo jezo udarjal v premog.

"Ne bij tako," je rekla zemlja.

"Moram," je odgovoril. "Za Tončka moram, da bo videl pomlad."

Znoj je tekel po licu Blažu rudarju, tako je delal in kopal.

"Ostani, Blaž, v mojem naročju," je zopet spregovorila zemlja. "Glej, vsaj ti boš prestal trpeti."

"Ne, ne!" je vzkliknil Blaž rudar, in udarjal v premog. "Moram svojemu sinu dati pomlad."

"Ha, ha, ha!" se je zdelo, da je slišal rudar Blaž. Tanko je zazvenčalo steklo svetilke. V nos mu je udaril čuden vonj.

"Ne, ne . . ." je zakričal v grozi. "Tončka moram videti!"

Pod njim se je zamajal rov. Nad glavo je nekaj strašno zahreščalo. Nekaj ga je objelo okrog prsi in jih stiskalo naglo in ga dvigalo . . . Z rokami se upre, da se osvobodi objema . . . Nato začuti, kakor v sanjah, da nekam pada . . . dolgo . . . nato pa vse utihne in izgine . . .

\*

Tonček se je dvignil v postelji.

"Mamica!"

Žena rudarja — Tončkova mati je stopila k njemu in mu popravljala odejo.

“Kaj bi rad, Tonček?”

“Kje je oče?”

“Kruh služi, Tonček. Kmalu bo prišel.”  
Tonček je gledal v strop, nizek in zakajen, pomolčal in rekel, kakor v odmev:

“Kmalu?”

Čez nekaj časa je zaklical zopet.

“Mamica?”

“Kaj bi rad, Tonček?”

“Kaj pa delaš, mamica?”

“Kuham . . . Le priden bodi.”

“Kuhaš? . . . Za očeta?”

“Pa za tebe.”

Otrok se je prevračal na postelji.

“Dolgo ni očeta, mamica.”

“Saj bo prišel, Tonček . . . Bo prišel . . .”

Tonček je pomolčal in zopet odgovoril, kakor v odmev:

“Pride?! . . . Kmalu?”

\*

“Marjana!”

Žena rudarja Blaža se je ozrla.

“No, kaj pa ti, Tine? Kaj ne delaš danes?”

Ali človek je stal na pragu, gledal v njo in migal z ustmi.

“Kaj je s teboj?” je stopila žena bližje.

Tine je pomignil z glavo.

“Pojdi! . . . Povedati ti imam nekaj.”

Za grlo je zgrabilo Marjano nekaj z železnimi rokami.

“Kaj je?” je dahnila in oči so izražale strah.

“Pojdi!” je rekel Tine in stopil na cesto. Svinčene so bile noge Marjane, ko je šla za njim.

“Tonček je bolan,” je rekla in sama ni vedela, da je kaj rekla.

Človek pa je rekel skozi zobe, kakor da se boji:

“Pojdi.”

Nato pa jo je pogledal in rekel tiho:

“Nič ni . . . Pojdi . . . Saj veš, Marjana . . . No, pač . . . Mi rudarji . . . Saj veš—”

“Kaj, kaj, kaj?!” je vrisnila Marjana in zgrabila Tineta za ramo. Divje mu je gledala v oči.

“Nič ni, Marjana . . . Nesreča se je zgodila . . .”

Marjana je razumela. Zašibile so se ji noge.

“Jezus . . . On, Blaž?”

Tine je pokimal z glavo:

“Pa Francelj, Martin, Janez in njegov sin, ki mu je komaj petnajst let, Jurij.”

“Kje?” je zahropela Marjana.

Tine je stegnil roko naprej. Marjana je planila v tisto smer in kričala:

“Blaž, moj Blaž . . .”

Bežala je k rudniku. Ni slišala, kako je klical sinček:

“Mamica . . . Zakaj še ni očeta?!!!”

Mile Klopčič:

## BOJNA PESEM KITAJCEV.

Da nismo zreli?

To je napev, ki so gonili ga povsod  
stoletja nam, sirotam vseh sirot.

S tem ste nas trepljali,  
nade ljudstva ubili,  
v razsodnosti zmotili,  
bodočnost nam teptali.

Da nismo zreli?

Vedno, o vedno za srečo na zemlji smo zreli.  
Srečneje in bolje bi radi živeli.

Zreli smo, našo bol razodeti,  
zreli, vas nič več nad sabo trpeti,  
zreli, za svobodo vse pretrpeti.





# Lepota Glacier National Parka.

Kakor druge visokogorske pokrajine tudi Glacier narodni park tvorijo gorski grebeni, visoke gore in doline, ledniki, jezera in vedno zeleni gozdovi z različnim divjim cvetjem. Toda ta park ima še svoje posebne lepote, ker njega velikansko skalovje odseva v najrazličnejših barvah; zeleno, rdečkasto in pisano višnjevo bujno odseva med sivim skalovjem apnenca.

Velikanske kamnite stene, grebeni mole proti nebu v čudnih oblikah, tu je gorski velikan, ki kakor narobe postavljeni nož strmi v višave, tam je skupina piramidnih gor, sedel podobnih čolnom. Izvanredne so gorske oblike v Glacier National parku in tvorijo tako gorsko pokrajino, kakršne bržkone ni nikjer drugje na svetu.

Park ima še druge številne posebnosti. Znameniti so zlasti večni ledniki, katerih je nemalo po osojnih krajih parka. So to sicer samo ostanki iz nekdanje ledene dobe, vendar so še mogočni. Vseh lednikov je v parku še kakih šestdeset ali več, ki so kakor ogromni oboki nad kotanjami, izpod katerih žubore čisti potoki in studenci. Kotanje, v katerih so ostanki lednikov, so kakor ogromni kotli z robovi, kar je jasen dokaz, da so bila tu nekdanj ogromna jezera ledu, kakor je še danes v parku preostalo jezero Iceberg ali pa divno Cracker jezero, ob katerega bregu se navpično dviga stena štiri tisoč čevljev visoko. Številna pisanobarvna jezera sama niso drugega kot preostala stajana voda nekdanjih lednikov.

Jezera snežnice in bajni vodni slapi dajejo pokrajini čudovito lice. Tudi kanjoni, žive in navpične zaseke v skalo krasijo park.

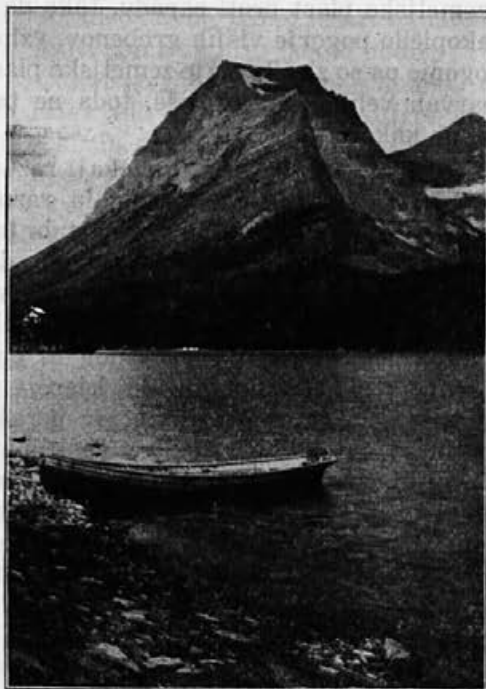
Vse naštete izvanrednosti, ki jih je narava mojstrsko dovršila, nudijo tisto popolno krasoto Glacier parka, katere se posetniki ne morejo nagledati.

Glacier National park se nikakor ne da primerjati glede lepote z drugimi narodnimi parki v Ameriki. Njegova lepota je posebnost, kakršne nima ne Yellowstone, ne Mount Rainier, Yosemite ali Grand Canyon narodni park. To ni vsled tega, ker je Glacier večji ali bogatejši na naravnih kra-

soh, temveč radi tega, ker je tako pester in raznoličen. Vso lepoto tega parka je nemogoče zapopasti samo iz opisa.

Najbolj znani turisti so se izrazili o Glacier National parku, da je ta pokrajina po svoji slikovitosti tako bogata kakor nobena druga. Poleg tega pa je park takorekoč novost ter skoraj še nedotaknjena naravna lepota.

Čez milijon let ali več bo mogoče kanadsko Skalnato gorovje (Canadian Rockies) to



Solnčna gora.—Sun Mountain.

kar je danes Glacier. Znano je namreč, da je Glacier v istem gorskem pasu, ki se premiče skupaj po zemeljski površini. Toda Glacier je silno starejši geološko in mnogo dovršenejši, radi česar tudi ima vse bogastvo barve in oblike. Poleg tega ima tudi svojo gorkoto, ki prijateljsko omogoča življenje rastlinstvu in živalstvu.

Geološko je Glacier park sestavljen iz grebenov kontinentalnega razvodja, katero se vleče med grebeni dveh pogorij in je takorekoč kotanja gorskih jezer, vršacov

in nižav. Pogorji držita jezera, da se ne odtečejo v montanske in kanadske visoke planote.

Greberna pogorij, ki takorekoč tvorita ves ogromni Glacier National park, sta čudno razklana, tako da vsi gorski velikani stoje kakor vojaki zaokrenjeni po dolgem od sredine. Zapadno pogorje pa je s svojimi vrhovi ravno za kakih tisoč čevljev višje kakor vzhodno.

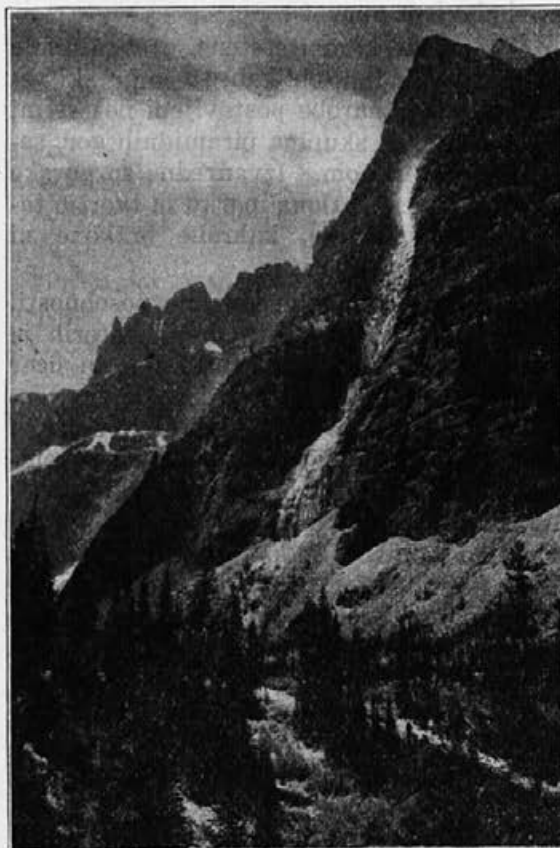
Radi pritiska iz notranjosti zemlje sta se stvorili ti dve različni pogorji. Nekoč je moral biti tu ogromen izbruh, ki je vzbočil zemeljske naslage in stopnjevale porinil gornjo zemeljsko plast proti zapadu, tako da se je nakopičilo pogorje višjih grebenov, vzhodno pogorje pa so zložile nižje zemeljske plasti, po barvah veliko slikovitejše, toda ne tako ogromne kakor prve.

Če obiskovalec parka količkaj razume geološko zgodovino, mu bo kmalu razumljivo, kako je bilo mogoče, da so nastala tako nenavadna pogorja. Vzhodno pogorje, dasi ne manjše, je veliko bolj neskladno in divje, njegove skale padajo navpično, tu je več kotanj in jezer, brezdanih prepadov in golih skalnatih sten kakor na zapadu, kjer je pogorje lepo položno in vsaj v znožju poraščeno z bujnimi gozdovi in pašniki. To vse znači, da je bila zemeljska plast, ki je stvorila vzhodno stran, pri izbočenju iz zemeljske globine nasilnejša kakor zapadna, katera se je dvigala polagoma in se raditega ni stvorila v tako divje pogorje. Tudi gorovje na eni strani kontinentalnega razvodja pada veliko bolj položno in stopnjema kakor na drugi strani, kjer se skalovje nenadoma spremeni v planjavo.

Pogorji radi svoje raznoličnosti tvorita takorekoč dva čisto različna parka. Koliko ju človek vidi, pa je odvisno od njega samega, če se hoče dovolj potruditi. Many Glacier hotel ob jezeru Dermott je nekako središče za obisk najrazličnejših lepih mest v okolici. Dober turist bi v tem hotelu najrajši porabil več tednov, da bi imel dovolj prilike obiskati vsa lepa mesta v divjem gorovju. Od tam lahko napravi izlete, da vidi po vsem Glacierju. Štiri milje hoje od Many hotela vzame do Grinnellovega jezera, nad katerim se dviga navpična štiri tisoč čevljev visoka skala.

Priden turist bo splezal nanjo. Od ravno istega hotela je prilika za neštete druge izlete v najrazličnejše globeli, k jezerom in na gore ter gorske prelaze.

Pri izletu na zapadno stran je treba prekoračiti visoki Logan prelaz, da izletnik pride do letovišnega šotorišča pod goro Going-to-the-Sun. Večinoma izletniki potujejo čez ta prelaz na konjih. Čim prekoračijo prelaz, se razprostre pred njimi v daljavi med gorskimi



Prizor iz Glacier parka.

grebeni veliko jezero McDonald, a še bližje v kotlini pa rob jezera St. Mary.

Mnogo letoviščarjev misli, da niso sposobni za take izlete na konjih, toda v resnici se najde le malokdo, ki bi ne šel z veliko partijo in v spremstvu vodnikov na izlete. Saj to je tudi najbolj zanimiv izlet, ki ga človek more imeti, pri katerem poleg najslikovitejših naravnih skladb čestokrat tudi vidi razno divjačino in gorske ptice, visoko v gorovju pa ameriške divje koze.



Karl Schoenherr:

## Dve materi.

(Prosto iz nemščine: —čič.)

Kmetica Lončarka iz Zadnje ulice — večina vasi v adiški dolini obstoji iz Glavne in Zadnje ulice — opravlja dobro in slabo svoje delo, kakor vsi drugi vaščani. Pometta, polaga živini, koplje na polju in sadi na vrtu — kakršno delo že pride na vrsto. Samo kadar je konec šole ter se podijo po Zadnji ulici dečki kakor divja čreda, samo takrat vsakokrat krčevito zaihti.

Njen edini sinko, Jožek, bi bil prihodnje leto tudi med razgrajajočimi šolarji. Toda pred enim tednom je utonil v Adiši, komaj trideset korakov od novega železnega mostu. Iz vode so ga potegnili šele pri prihodnji vasi, blizu kraja, kjer se steka mal potok v reko.

Tudi se ne rabimo čuditi, če Lončarka vsak večer, po končanem dnevnem delu, sedi vsa sključena na hišnem pragu ter ne sliši nobenega pozdrava ali klica. Samo tupatam poboža s svojimi žuljavimi delavskimi prsti črno mačko, ki dremlje v njeni bližini. Nežno jo gladi po hrbtu ter mrmra:

“Uboga živalica! Tudi ti si zgubila svoje mladiče!”

Črna muca je kriva Jožkove smrti. Če bi ne dobila mladičev, bi Jožek prihodnje leto dirjal sredi razposajene šolske mladeži po Zadnji ulici.

Ali je mogoče verjeti, da nesrečna mati to nesrečno žival sedaj še pomilovalno boža?

Toda stvar ima svoje gotove zveze.

Lončarjeva muca je imela pet mladičev; štiri so bili beločrni, peti pa je bil kakor mal tiger. Vsaka mlada muca je imela svoj topel, gladek kožušček, svilnate tačice, okroglo glavico, blisketajoče očke in rožnate gobčke. Vsaka je imela seveda tudi majhen repek. In še nekaj je imela vsaka mala mucica, ali veste kaj? Prav srčkane male brčice. Šestnajstletni sosedov dečko, ki je vedno gladil in mencal zgornjo ustnico, bi bil silno vesel, če bi imel take lepe brčice kot te mucke.

Stara muca-mamica je uživala pod prijazno streho svoje materinsko veselje. Blaženega miru ni kalil noben ljubosumen črn

maček. Nihče ni vprašal, kako je mogoče, da je med štiri črno bele mucice prišla mala tigrovka.

Mačja mamica je lizala svoje mlade, negovala in oskrbovala jih je z veliko ljubeznijo, kakršno poznajo samo matere. Pogladila jim je brčice, izmila očke in sploh skrbelo, da so bile mucike v vseh ozirih prav srčkane za pogledati. Od časa do časa je katero nežno prijela med zobe ter jo prenašala okrog, tako da niso rabile vedno ležati na istem mestu, kajti same še niso mogle hoditi.

Odkar so bile v hiši male mucke, ni hotel Jožek nič več slišati o svojem lesenem konjičku in drugih igračah. Samo z malimi živimi in toplimi muckami se je hotel igrati. Pred jedjo, po jedi . . . zgodaj zjutraj, pozno zvečer . . . vedno je sedel v podstrešju zraven starega očetovega klobuka ter se je zabaval z mačjim naraščanjem.

Stara muca je zadovoljno predla, ko je opazovala razposajeno igro mladine. In če je nadležna mladež — vključivši dečka — na vsak način hotela, se je stara muca njim na ljubo tudi pridružila igri. Vrgla se je na hrbet, brčala z nogami po zraku, valila se na levo in desno, da, celo tako zelo je pozabila na svoje dostojanstvo, da je svoje noge stegnili kakor sveče pokoncu.

Toda če je kateri izmed mačjih nagajivežev hotel izrabiti ugodno priliko, kadar je mamica molela vse štiri proti nebu, ter jo naglo popihati iz gnezda, tedaj je bilo hitro šale konec. Z enim skokom je bila gospa muca na svojih nogah in prihodnji trenutek je begunca že nesla nazaj v gnezdice, držeč ga med zobmi. Četudi se je torej igrala, vendar je ostala vedno pazljiva, kakor je iz povedanega razvidno. Svojih mucik ni izpustila niti za trenutek izpred oči. Pa naj se je valjala po tleh, prekopicovala ali pa se zvila v klopčič — njene oči so vedno štele, pa naj so bile mucice še tako smešno pomešane med seboj, da bi jih drugi ne mogel sešteti, ona je le štele: ena . . . dve . . . tri . . . štiri . . . pet.

Nekega dne pa je prišla v podstrešje kmetica. Sklonjena se je plazila pod lesenimi tramji proti malemu gnezdecu.

"Mamica, vsedi se k nam, se boš z nami igrala!" jo je povabil sinko.

Toda izraz na materinem obličju ni kazal, da bi bila baš posebno razpoložena za igro.

"Stara naj ostane," je mrmrala sama zase. "Pridno miše lovi. Ampak mala zalega mora proč . . . v vodo!"

Dečko je te polglasne besede najprej smatral za šalo, toda ko je videl materine resne oči in odločen izraz na njenem obrazu, je zaslutil, da se ne namerava šaliti.

Najprej je odnesla staro mačko proč od mladičev. Zaprla jo je v podstrešno sobico. Nato je potegnila izpod predpasnika, kjer jo je imela skrito, prazno vrečo. S trdimi prsti je pograbila mačico za mačico ter jih vseh pet zbasala v vrečo.

"Dve . . . tri . . . štiri . . . pet!"

Jožka so oblile solze:

"Ne . . . mamica! Mucik ne dam . . ."

Toda mati je bila trdno odločena izvršiti svojo namero. Moledovanja svojega sinčka sploh ni poslušala; sicer pa, kaj imajo taki mali dečki za govoriti?!

Čvrsto je zavezala vrečo ter se napotila z njo proti reki Adiži.

"Z železnega mostu jih vržem!"

Zraven nje je tekkel dečko, neprestano jokajoč:

"Mamica, ne! Ne pustim jih . . . mucik! S kom se naj potem igram?"

"S tistim, s komur si se prej igral. S svojim lesenim konjičkom!"

"Nočem, mama! Nikdar več se ne bom s konjičkom igral!"

Kmetica ni poslušala svojega sinčka, temveč je hitro stopala proti reki.

Zraven nje je capljala njen sinček. Vedno in vedno se je nežno dotaknil vreče s svojimi drobnimi prsti. In ko je skozi debelo platno začutil drobne glavice, mehke tačice in tenke repke, je znova glasno zaplakal.

"Si pač malo prismuknjen fantek," je rekla mati. "Nikdar še nisi slišal, da se mlade mačke potopi."

Stara mačka je sedela na oknu podstrešne sobe ter je na vse pretege mijavkala. In v tem mijavkanju je bilo toliko bolesti, da se je lahko samo iz tega mijavkanja vedelo, da so ji vzeli mladiče. Dolgo je merila s pre-

strašenimi očmi globočino, potem pa je vsa obupana podvzela nevarni skok z hišne strehe na streho sosednjega skednja. Tu je bila pa že navajena in je skozi znane luknje in po tramovju kmalu bila na tleh. In ko je bila enkrat zopet pred hišo, jo je z največjo naglico ubrala za svojimi mladiči. Četudi je bila samo mačja mati, mati pa je le bila!

Toda kmetica je že stala na mostu. Baš kar je zagnala vrečo v deročo vodo.

Jožek je jokal, krčevito je jokal. Njegova lica, nos, oči — vse je bilo mokro.

"Bedak mali! Ali nisi nikdar slišal, da se mlade mačke vrže v vodo?!"

Stara mačka je tekla ob bregu reke gori in doli ter je pretresujoče mijavkala. In to njeno početje je dečka še bolj presunilo. Stara muca je bila z njim vedno tako prijazna, kakor bi bil njen šesti mucik. Igrala se je z njim in predla v njegovem naročju, baš kakor da bi bil eden izmed njenih mladičev.

Tam je voda nosila vrečo prav blizu brega. Dečko jo je hotel ujeti in potegniti na suho, kajti mačice je ljubil bolj kakor svoje življenje. Kar so ga noge nesle, je tekkel ob bregu za vrečo. Ampak vreče ni mogel pograbiti, pač pa je reka pograbila njega.

Mati je klicala:

"Takoj pridi sem, Jožek!"

Toda Adiža ga je že imela v svojem naročju in ga ni več izpustila. Tok ga je zanesel v sredo reke, tik zraven vreče.

"Jožek! Ljudje, pomagajte! Moj Jožek! Bog v nebesih, pomagaj mi . . ."

Ljudje niso prišli takoj, bogovi pa takih prošenj ne slišijo, ker jih ni.

Vrtinec je objel in zavrtel okrog . . . vseh šest. Petorica v vreči se ni mogla ganiti, toda šesti je imel proste roke in noge. Parkrat je pomolel svoje drobne rokice, s katerimi je hotel rešiti mucke, iz vode, in od groze trepetajoča mati je sredi iz valov slišala srce pretresujoče klice:

"Mamica! . . . O mamica! . . ."

Ostalih pet ni moglo klicati. Samo vreča se je parkrat napela, ko so se mačice v smrtnem strahu z vsemi štirimi zaganjale v stene svoje ozke ječe — vreče.

Ob bregu Adiže pa sta tekli dve obupani materi.

Ena je klicala:

"Jožek! Sinko moj zlati! . . ."

Druga pa samo:

"Mijav . . . mijav . . . mijav . . ."

In lahko bi stavili glavo, da je pri tem mislila na svojih pet mladih.

Ko so ljudje prihiteli, ni bilo več videti v reki ne vreče, ne dečka. Vodni tok je nosil vseh šest naglo naprej. Pri prihodnji vasi so jih potegnili na suho . . .

Od tistega turobnega dne sedi Lončarka vsak večer po storjenem delu na hišnem pragu. Zraven nje prede stara muca in s svojim predenjem najbrže izraža svojo materinsko tugo. Kmetica ne sliši nobenega pozdrava, nobenega klica. Samo tupatam pogladi sožalno kožuh stare mačke:

"Uboga živalica! Si tudi zgubila svoje mladiče!"

## Največji planet našega solnčnega sistema.

Stari Rimljani niso verovali v enega boga, ampak imeli so jih več, katerim so pripisovali razne lastnosti, tako da so vsi skupaj imeli tiste lastnosti, ki jih danes pripisujejo enemu samemu bogu. Svojega najvišjega boga, ki je bil bog bogov, so pa imenovali "Jupiter". To ime so dali zvezdoznanci tudi največjemu planetu, ki se suče kakor naša zemlja okoli solnca.

Jupiter se pa ne suče le okoli solnca, ampak se suče tudi okoli svoje osi kot naša zemlja. Ako imamo dober daljnogled, ki ga zvezdoznanci imenujejo teleskop, opazimo na površini Jupitra gotova znamenja ali lise. Na podlagi teh znamenj je bilo zvezdoznanec mogoče preračunati, da se Jupiter zasuče približno v desetih urah okoli svoje osi. Če bi na Jupitru živeli ljudje, tedaj bi imeli pet ur dan in pet ur noč. Njih dnevi in noči bi bile veliko bolj kratke kot na zemlji.

Jupiter ima tudi zrak in vodo, kot ju imamo na zemlji. Ali njegova površina je tako vroča, da je težko verjeti, da so na njem živa bitja. Jupiter je veliko večji kot zemlja. Njegova prostornina je 1390krat tako velika kot zemeljska, medtem ko je njegova

masa približno tri stokrat večja od zemeljske. Suče se veliko hitreje okoli svoje osi kot zemlja, ker se njegov obrat okoli njegove osi izvrši v veliko krajšem času kot obrat zemlje. Tako bo prišel tudi čas, ko se njegova površina ohladi, da bodo mogla na njem bivati živa bitja. Kadar se to zgodi, tedaj bodo pronašli, da je prav malo razlike med poletjem in zimo, ker Jupiter prav malo visi proti svoji osi.

Ako bi obiskali Jupitra, koliko lun bi tam videli? Okoli Jupitra se suče osem lun ali satelitov, ki so znani dozdej. Štiri lune je odkril že Galileo in so bile znane do leta 1892 edine. V mesecu septembru tistega leta je odkril E. E. Barnard peto luno. Leta 1904 so odkrili še dve luni in leta 1908 v mesecu februarju je P. L. Melotte odkril osmo luno. Prve štiri lune, ki jih je odkril Galileo, se lahko vidijo z dobrim prostim očesom, ako jih ne otemnuje žarna svetloba planeta samega. Drugi štirje sateliti so pa tako majhni, da se lahko vidijo le z dobrim teleskopom. Tudi lune, ki jih je odkril Galileo, je boljše iskati z dobrim navadnim daljnogledom, kot s prostim očesom.





# Slovenci.

(Konec.)

Slovenščino izpričujejo med temi narečji kot popolnoma samostojen dijalekt naslednji pojavi:

1. nosni o je prešel v čisti o (v srbohrvaščini v u);

2. že prej omenjena č in j v razmerju do srbohrvaščine in bolgarščine;

3. jat daje prvotno čisti ozki e;

4. jor in jer ostaneta v nenaglašenem zlogu kot reduciran vokal (srbohrvaški a).

Poleg teh dijalektičnih razlik in posebnosti se je pa razvijal pri vsakem južnoslovenskem narečju samostojno in neodvisno tudi besedni zaklad. V tem pogledu je ohranila slovenščina še marsikaj, česar nima srbohrvaščina več, odnosno je opustila marsikaj, kar ima srbohrvaščina še danes. Pri tem je vplivalo na slovenščino tesno kulturno, politično in gospodarsko sožitje z Nemci, Italijani in deloma tudi Madžari, dočim je vplivala na srbohrvaščino zlasti turščina. Končno bi bilo omeniti še slovensko sintakso, ki je v mnogočem različna od srbohrvaščine, ker se je razvijala pod popolnoma različnimi vplivi. To konstantno oddaljevanje slovenščine od srbohrvaščine je povzročila zlasti stoletna, popolnoma različna politična usoda.

Tako se je iz prvotne južne slovanščine razvil nekaj praslovenski jezik, ki se je ob označenih zunanjih okoliščinah razvijal potem samostojno in sam od sebe še nadalje. Razvoj je bil odvisen največ od geografske lege posameznih pokrajin in od primesi ta jezik govorečih rodov. Ta drugi faktor je skrčil tudi ozemlje prvotnega slovenskega jezika za okroglo polovico. To skrčitev je pospeševala še zlasti že večkrat omenjena redka naseljenost Slovencev po samotnih in oddaljenih alpskih dolinicah.

Glede na geografsko lego, ki je v Sloveniji izredno pestra in raznovrstna, je tudi razumljivo, da imamo skoro v vsaki dolini, ki jo ločijo od druge visoki gorski grebeni in ovirajo njih medsebojno zvezo, bolj ali manj samostojno razvito narečje. V glavnem razlikujemo danes v slovenščini pet dijalektičnih skupin, ki imajo pa še svoje pododdelke. Te skupine so:

I. centralno narečje (na Kranjskem in v Savinski dolini) s podnarečji:

- a) z dolenskim (južno Kranjsko),
- b) z gorenjskim (severno Kranjsko),
- c) z belokranjskim (ob vzhodni kranjsko-hrvaški meji, zato tudi pod močnim vplivom sosednje hrvaščine),
- č) z vzhodnim notranjskim (zapadno od Ljubljane),
- d) s savinskim (zapadno Štajersko);

II. kraško-goriško narečje;

III. koroško narečje s podnarečji:

- a) z junskim (vzhodno Koroško),
- b) z rožanskim (srednje Koroško),
- c) z ziljskim (zapadno Koroško);

IV. rezijansko narečje (severno od Vidma v Italiji), ki je nekako prehodno narečje med II. in III. skupino;

V. vzhodno štajerska narečja s prekmurščino.

Slovenski literarni jezik je temeljil izprva na dolenskem narečju, kakršno obliko je imelo sredi XVI. stoletja. Od tega zavisita tudi pravilna pisava in izreka današnjega slovenskega govora izobražencev. V kasnejši dobi je bil ta literarni jezik v mnogih točkah izpremenjen po osobitostih gorenjskega narečja ter deloma tudi ostalih narečij, to zlasti v leksikalnem oziru.

Utemeljitelj slovenskega literarnega jezika je Dolenjec Primož Trubar (1508—1586), rodом iz Rašice pri Turjaku južno od Ljubljane. Da je posegel Trubar po slovenskem dolenskem narečju in ga povzdignil v knjižni jezik, je popolnoma razumljivo prvič zato, ker drugega dobro znal ni, drugič zato, ker je mogel doseči svoj namen (razširjanje protestantizma) na teritoriju, na katerem je izprva deloval in hotel delovati, samo z živo narodno govornico, to je s slovenščino, ker je bilo tudi ljudstvo, za katero je pisal, izključno le slovensko in bi bil med narodom, katerega je moral šele učiti branja, vsak drug jezik (n. pr. srbohrvaščina) brez vsakega efekta, ker bi ga ljudstvo premalo razumelo.

Kako velik vpliv je imel knjižni jezik XVI. stoletja (Trubarjev in ostalih reformacijskih pisateljev, ki so bili tudi po večini

Dolenjci) na vse poznejše slovenske pisatelje, nam dokazujeta najlepše visoki procent Trubarjeve jezikovne tradicije in mali procent dijalektičnih primesi pri poznejših pisateljih. Kasnejša doba poleg tega tudi ni imela in ni mogla imeti kakega izvenslovenskega programa, zato se je le še bolj zaokrožilo in osredotočilo vse pismeno delovanje izključno na Slovence in utrdilo tako slovenščino kot samostojen južnoslovanski literarni jezik. Tega seveda tudi ni mogel izpremeniti Stanko Vraz, ki je nastopil s svojim izvenslovenskim, tako zvanim ilirskim, faktično pa srbskohrvaškim programom šele v začetku druge tretjine preteklega stoletja, torej tedaj, ko Slovenci niso imeli že samo mogočne protestantske literarne tradicije, temveč že tudi Zois-Vodnik-Linhartovo in pa Prešernovo. Tak nenaravni poskus je moral biti obsojen na smrt že ob rojstvu. Še manj je pa seveda mogoče govoriti o kakšni "opustitvi" slovenščine kot literarnega jezika in o "prevzetju" srbohrvaščine danes, ko si je ustvaril slovenski narod že tako visoko literaturo in sta oba velika reformatorja novejšje slovenske književnosti, Levstik in Stritar, uvedla Trubarjevo jezikovno tradicijo v vso slovensko literaturo in kulturo.

Iz povedanega smo torej razvideli, da slovenščina ni le sorodna, temveč tudi jako slična ostalim južnoslovanskim jezikom, da se je pa razvila pod vplivom močnih in stoletnih zunanjih vplivov ter notranjih naravnih razvojnih teženj v popolnoma samostojno, samoniklo in izrazito narečje, ki ima danes tudi prav vse druge attribute samostojnega jezika. Signatura vseh političnih bojov preteklih generacij je bilo priznanje slovenščine kot enakopravnega in enakovrednega jezika, v tem jeziku si je ustvaril slovenski narod visoko literaturo in solidno kulturo in na ta jezik si fundiral po elementarnih pedagoških načelih vso svojo ljudsko prosveto, ki je tudi baš zato mogla roditi tako sijajne uspehe. Kaj je torej naravnjše nego to, da se čuti danes slovensko ljudstvo sicer uda velike južnoslovanske družine, a popolnoma samostojno jezikovno in narodno individualnost ter je ponosno na svoj lep, zvonki jezik, v katerem si je ustvarilo vse, kar ima danes pokazati.

Tak je torej v kratkih potezah nastanek,

tak razvoj in tako današnje stanje slovenskega jezika. Kakšna je prognoza za bodočnost? Kdo ve to?! Zgodovina nas uči, da se jeziki ne spajajo, ampak obratno, da gre razvojni proces stalno in povsod v smeri diferenciacije, zato je seveda tudi težko pričakovati, da bi se slovenska veja mahoma obrnila in začela rasti nazaj proti deblu ter se končno povrnila vanje, kakor sanjajo posamezni fantasti. Verjetno je in tudi želeti je, da bi skupno politično življenje in tesno kulturno sodelovanje posamezne južne slovenske jezike zblížalo v nekaterih pogledih, zlasti tam, kjer ti posamezni narodi še nimajo utrjenih norem, n. pr. v znanstveni terminologiji in do neke meje v znanstvenem jeziku sploh, a več je težko pričakovati.

Glede na vse povedano je tudi jasno, da je Slovincem slovenski jezik simbol, v katerega znamenju so se politično in kulturno borili v vsej preteklosti, obenem pa tudi oni faktor, na katerega so zgradili vse svoje individualno življenje in stremljenje, zato je ta jezik danes bistveni del slovenske individualnosti. Kaka "opustitev" slovenskega jezika in "prevzetje" srbohrvaščine bi ne bilo samo protinaravno in zato seveda popolnoma neizvedljivo, temveč bi si slovenski narod izpodrezal s tem tudi vse korenine svojega kulturnega udejstvovanja, ki more temeljiti samo v živem narodu in rasti iz živega naroda ter njegovega jezika. Klasičen primer za to nam nudi tudi edini Slovenec, ki je kaj takega poskusil, to je Stanko Vraz, ki je nehal biti resničen pesnik, kakor hitro je pretrgal zveze s svojim materinim jezikom ter skušal pesniti v srbohrvaščini, ki mu ni mogla dati nikdar tega, kar daje pesniku materinščina. Glede na to je tudi umevno, da bi Slovenci rezko odklonili vsak umeten ali celo nasilen poskus asimilacije; če tega ne bo zmogla polagoma narava sama, bi bilo tem bolj brezuspešno vsako umetno sredstvo, ker bi rodilo le odpor z vsemi posledicami. Slovenski narod zahteva tedaj popolno enakopravnost svojega jezika s srbohrvaščino v vsem javnem življenju, v Sloveniji mora biti pa edini temelj zlasti vsega kulturnega dela, pred vsem šolstva, od osnovne šole do univerze, ki je le vrhovna kulturna inštitucija naroda in nikakor ne države.

Vsa kultura je tvorba poedinih individu-

alnih sil in rezultat ustvarjanja poedinih individualnosti. Taka izrazita individualnost je danes tudi slovenski narod, ki bo lahko samo s pomočjo svojega živega narodnega jezika

sodeloval pri kulturnih ustvarjanjih v svoji novi državi, obenem pa vezal nase in s tem na državo tudi one svoje rojake, ki so bili odrezani od njegovega živega telesa.

## Lena žena.

(Bosanska pripovedka.)

Živel je kmet z zelo leno ženo. Bila je tako lena, da ni hotela ničesar zašiti, ne urezati, ne zakrpati. Zato pa pravijo o njej, da je bila vsa raztrgana in zadnje čase tako-rekoč naga.

Pripetilo se je, da so imeli v sosednjem selu svatovanje. Na svatbo so povabili i leno ženo i njenega moža. Lena žena je zahtevala, da jo mož vzame s seboj na svatbo: "Hočem iti, pa hočem!" je rekla. "Bog se usmili, saj ne moreš!" ji je ugovarjal mož. "Kako boš šla na svatbo, ko si naga."

"Skrila se bom v tvojo suknjo," mu je prigovorjela žena, in ker se je ubogi mož ni mogel rešiti, jo je nago vzel s seboj na svatbo.

Ko sta šla v drugo selo, sta korakala mimo potoka. V daljini se je zabelilo nekaj kakor platno. Lena žena si je mislila, da je belina mogoče platno, ki ga morda kdo suši kraj potoka. Prigovarjati je torej začela svojemu možu, da stopi po platno in ji prinese srajco. Ko se je pa mož približal, je videl, da belina ni platno, temveč se le goske posedale ob potoku. "Goske so, ženska, niso srajce!" je klical mož od daleč. Žena ga pa ni razumela prav. Mislila je, da kliče, da so srajce ozke, ne goske. "Četudi so ozke, prinesi mi jih, jih bom že spravila nase," je vpila žena.

Dvakrat, trikrat sta drug drugemu klicala. Naposled se je mož vrnil in ji razložil, da ob potoku ni srajc, temveč so samo gosi. Mož je začel spet kleti, ko je videl nago ženo ter se je spomnil, da mora s tako na svatovanje. Ampak "hlače" je ženska vendarle nosila, zato se ji je moral mož podati in odnesti jo pod svojo suknjo na svatovanje.

Žena je bila mala, suknja dolga, tako je bila žena lepo skrita pod njo; ljubeznjivo se je smejala pod moževo suknjo.

Prišedši na svatbo je mož lepo sedel, žena pa se je potajila pod njegovo suknjo. Mož je začel jesti in piti, žena pa mu je ves čas zastonj izpod suknje klicala: "Piti, piti daj mi, človek!" Polagoma ji je mož odgovarjal: "Predi, predi, ženka moja!" (Hotel ji je reči, naj bi bila delala in predla, pa bi se ji ne bilo treba na svatovanju skrivati pod moževo suknjo, temveč bi bila dostojno oblečena in bi lahko jedla in pila z drugimi vred.)

Mož se je do sitega najedel in napil, žena pa je ves popoldne sušila zobe. Drugi so šli domov siti in zadovoljni, žena pa lačna in skrita pod moževo suknjo. Ampak ta skušnjava jo je izučila, prenehala je biti lena in je rada delala, predla in šivala. Pravijo, da je sedaj pridna in častita ženka.

## Izreki modrih mož.

Spoznal sem, da ni nič boljšega, kakor delati dobro v svojem življenju.

**Salomon.**

Človek mnogo želi, vendar malo potrebuje.

**Goethe.**

Čisto, neskaljeno veselje ni ugonobilo še nobenega smrtnika.

**Schiller.**

Več slave zasluži tisti, ki otre komu solzo, kakor oni, ki prelije potoke krvi.

**Byron.**

Bodi hraber! Ne prelivaj solz po nepotrebnem. Često je padeč v nezgodo samo pot, da se srečnejše zopet dvigneš.

**Shakespeare.**



Cvetinomisrski:

## Medved zdravnik.

Basen.

"Hooooooooo-ruk!"—

Mišice na vseh telesih napete: noge razkoračene, prsi vzbočene, roke dvignjene — močan zamah, zategel klic — in nov hlod je stal zabit ob bregu v potoku. Delavci so se prestopili, zasopli težko; si obrisali z rokavom oznojena čela — glave so se sklonile, roke omahnile ob životu — kratek odih — in že je bilo treba iti nad drugi hlod.

Skrit v gošči je z zanimanjem opazoval to težavno delo medved. In tako všeč mu je bilo, da so se mu nehote v smeh zaokroževala široka, kosmata usta.

"Hooooooooo — —"

Zopet so se prsi bočile, roke dvigale — in —

" — — ruk!" — je vnovič votlo zagrmelo in se treskoma zasadilo v zemljo, da je zaskropila potočnica visoko po razgaljenih prsih delavcev.

Od samega smeha se je tresel medvedu v gošči obilni trebuh; čim trdneje je zabobnel hlod v zemljo, tem večjo zadovoljnost je občutil kosmatinec.

"To si pa moram zapomniti!" zacmoka veselo, hipoma vstane in oči se mu živo in pomenljivo posvetijo. "Saj res . . . tako bom napravil . . . tako . . . Boljšega zdravila bi si ne mogel izmisliti za svojo ženico, kakor bo to!"

In momljaje odcaplja kosmati modrijan iz gošče v notranjost gozda, v svoj brlog, kjer

leži njegova na smrt bolna medvedka, od dolge bolezni izsušena in izžeta — sama kost in koža.

"Ženska — hoj! — zdravila imam za tebe!" jo pozdravi dobrodušno. "Od samega ležanja si tako oslabela — tako ne sme več naprej — malo zrahljati te bo treba; jaz bom napravil, da ti bo takoj odleglo!"

"In kako se imenuje to zdravilo?"

"Takoj boš videla . . . Stopi semkaj in se vzravnaj, da te bom lahko objel! Tako mirno stoj — nikar se tako ne tresi — kmalu te bom ozdravil!"

"Če bo le res — —"

Kosmatinec pa nima časa, da bi jo poslušal, mudi se mu zdraviti.

"Hooooooooo — —" zavihti z močnimi šapami objeto slabotno medvedko visoko v zrak — in —

" — — ruk!" zamahne z njo proti tlom in jo izpusti, da trešči bolnica, kakor je dolga in široka, ploskoma zviška na trdo zemljo.

"No, vidiš . . . saj je šlo vse po sreči!" si zadovoljno menca široke šape, pričakujoč od svojega zdravljenja kar mogoče najboljšega učinka. "Kajne, imenitno zdravilo — zdaj si zdrava, draga moja?"

"O, da — popolnoma zdrava — ti si me temeljito za zmerom ozdravil . . ." zagrga še na tleh iztegnjena medvedka, od silnega padca uničena — in izdihne. — —

Ivan Albreht:

## MATI PREMIŠLUJE.

Moji dnevi, moji dnevi,  
ali jih je ljubil kdo?  
Bori dnevi, mrki dnevi,  
ni jih božalo nebo.

Le dve svetli zvezdici  
vanje sta pogledali.  
Vrt moj pa se takoj razcvete,  
kadar otrok moj nasmehe se.

Ljubiti in proučevati duševne velikane, to je prvi korak, ki nas vodi do tajne njih nesmrtnosti.

Castelnuovo.

Hvala mora biti, da si drugi zapomnijo vrline; graja, da se odpravijo napake.

Kette.

Jaz se izražam v svojih pismih jasno in določno, tako da ve vsakdo v prvem hipu, pri čem je.

Cankar.

Dobroto človeka spoznaš po njegovi priljubljeni knjigi in po načinu, kako jo čita.

Sailer.

# Naš kotichek.

## Uganke.

3.

### Križna uganka.



vsak človek ima

ptič

rado piči

(Pokončno in vodoravno dobite isto.)

4.

Tečem, pa ni sledu, režejo me, pa ni krvi,  
sekajo me, a treske ne letijo. Kdo sem?

\*

### Rešitev zadnje uganke:

Krt, prt, vrt.

Pravilno so jo rešili:

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.

Jennie Jerman, Niles, Ohio.

John Gabrenja, Johnstown, Pa.

Hedvika Skerly, Export, Pa.

### Dopis.

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za "Mladinski List." Hodim v ameriško šolo, in sicer v šesti razred. V šolo hodim samo štiri leta. Prej sem bil pa v starem kraju. Imam tri leta starega brata, ki ga bom jaz naučil slovensko pisat in brat. Rad bi videl, da bi "Mladinski List" izhajal tedensko, ker ga zelo rad čitam, in vem, da ga drugi ravno tako z veseljem čita-jo kakor jaz.—S pozdravom!

John Gabrenja, Johnstown, Pa.

\* \* \*

### Oglasili so se:

(Opomba uredništva: Naši mali bratci in sestrice se tako pridno oglašajo, da bi lahko vsak mesec napolnili naš "Mladinski List" s samimi dopisi.

Vseh dopisov nikakor ni mogoče priobčiti, a da bodo tisti, katerih dopisi ne bodo v celoti priobčeni, vedeli, da je uredništvo prejelo njih dopis in ga ni vrglo v koš, bodo vsak mesec v "Našem koticčku" pod gornjim naslovom omenjeni, ter bodo na kratko navedeni podatki, ki so jih dali v svojem dopisu. Danes radi pomanjkanja prostora ne bodo prišli na vrsto vsi tisti, ki so za to številko poslali dopise, naj torej potrpijo do prihodnjic. Kateri želi, da bi mu drugi bratci in sestrice pisali, naj to omeni, da se potem priobči njegov naslov. Razume se seveda, da imajo v "Našem koticčku" besedo le člani Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J. Navedite torej vedno številko vašega društva. Pozdrav!)

**Lena Matetich**, Chisholm, Minn., članica Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J. nad deset let.

**Lucy Bostjancic**, Strabane, Pa., stara 12 let, ima dva brata, ki hodita v šolo kakor ona.

**Mary Shiltz**, Aurora, Minn., stara 8 let, hodi v 3. razred. Njih družina spada v celoti k S. N. P. J., to je pet članov.

**John Jovanovich** iz Keewatina, Minn., obljublja, da se bo pogosto oglasil z daljšim dopisom.

**Albin Lenarsic**, Waukegan, Ill., (12 let—6. razred), piše, da naš list vedno z veseljem čita, odkar je začel izhajati.

**John Bobich**, ki je član že kakih pet let, bi rad, da bi mu kak bratec ali sestrice pisal, in sicer v angleščini, ker slovenščine še ne razume dobro. Njegov naslov je: Box 28, Robyville, Ohio.

**Rosie Kotnek**, West Mineral, Kansas, (13 let—6. razred), obljublja, da se bo pogosto oglasila z daljšim dopisom.

**Tone Cirar**, Livingston, Ill., (11 let—5. razred), je član že od svojega drugega leta, kakor so tudi njegova dva brata in starši. Pravi, da je ponosen, da je član take dobre organizacije.

Vsi gori navedeni pozdravljajo vse člane in članice S. N. P. J. in čitatelje "Mladinskega Lista."





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume V.

MARCH 1926.

Number 3.

## MY KITE.

**BLOW**, wind, blow my kite on high.

Blow it up into the sky.

Send it tugging toward the sun,

Make it chase the birds, then run

Back behind a cloud of smoke,

Shaking with laughter at the joke

Playing hide and seek up there,

With the young birds in the air.

Blow, wind, blow with all your might.

Blow, till my kite is out of sight.

Then blow it back so I can see,

It's just my kite that's pulling me.

By Clara Louise Kessler.

## SONG AT THE CRADLE.

**Rock-a-by baby on the tree-top**

**When you grow up, you can work in a shop;**

**When you get married, your wife can work  
too,**

**So that the rich will have nothing to do.**





# A Cup of Coffee.

By Ivan Cankar.

Freely translated from the Slovenian by A—

I have often been unjust, unfair to people whom I loved. Such injustice is an unpardonable sin, permanent, enduring, unforgettable in one's conscience. Sometimes the sin is as forgotten, eroded from your life, drowned in the eventfulness of the days; but suddenly, perhaps in the middle of a beautiful enjoyable day, perhaps at night, it comes back upon you, to weigh down your soul, to pain and burn your conscience as though you have just committed it. Almost every other sin or bitter memory may be washed away with atonement and good thought, except this sin of injustice against someone whom you love. It becomes a black mar on your heart and there it remains.

A man may perhaps try to lie to his soul. "It wasn't so bad as that. Your restlessness has created a black night out of mere shadows. It was but a trifle, an every-day occurrence." . . . Such words are lies, and the man knows it. The heart is not a penal code in which crimes and offenses are defined. Nor is it a catechism in which sins are classified. The human heart is a judge just and consistent.

Pardonable is a sin which can be described by word of mouth and atoned for. But heavy, tremendously heavy, is a sin which remains with you—in your heart—in-describable, formless. You confess it to yourself when you tremble in fear before death, or at night when the covers of your bed seem like mountain piles upon you.

Fifteen years ago I came home one day and remained three weeks. Throughout that time I was glum, tired, and discontented. My mother's dwelling seemed empty, bleak, and I thought that upon all of us lay repulsive shadow, a sort of lingering dampness.

The first few nights I slept in the large room, and as I awoke once in the middle of the night, I saw my mother sitting by the table. She appeared motionless, her head resting on her knuckles, her face illumined

in the darkness. As I listened, I did not hear the breathing of a sleeping person, but subdued sobbing. I pulled the covers of my head, but even then I heard her sobbing.

I moved to the attic, where, in that dismal mood of mine, I began writing my first love stories. I had been forcibly directing my thoughts to beautiful scenes—parks, woods, creeks, pastures.

One day I craved black coffee. I don't know how it came to my mind; I simply wanted some black coffee. Perhaps because I knew that there was not even a slice of bread in the house, and that much less coffee. Sometimes a person is merciless, cruel.

Mother looked at me with her meek, surprised eyes but would not speak. After I informed her that I wanted some black coffee, I returned to the attic to continue my love story, to write how Milan and Breda loved each other, how noble, divine, happy and joyful they were . . . "Hand in hand, both young and athrob with life, bathed in morning dew-drops, swaying—"

Then I heard light steps on the stairs. It was mother, ascending carefully, carrying a cup of steaming coffee. Now I recall how beautiful she was at that moment. A single ray of sun shone directly into her eyes through a crack in the wall. A divine light o' heaven, love and goodness were there in her face. Her lips held a smile as those of a child bringing one a gift. But —

"Oh, leave me alone!" I said harshly. "Don't bother me now! I don't want any coffee!"

She had not yet reached the top of the stairs. I saw her only from her waist up. As she heard my words, she stopped and stood there motionless; only the hand holding the cup shook. She stared at me in terror, and the light that shone from her face died away.

Blood rushed to my head; I was overwhelmed with shame, and stepped toward her as quickly as I could.

"Give it to me, Mother."

But it was too late. What was done was done. The light in her face had died. The smile on her lips had vanished.

As I drank the coffee, I said to myself: "Tonight I shall speak tenderly to her and make up for what I have done."

But in the evening I could not speak to her kindly, nor the next day.

Three or four months later a strange woman brought me a cup of coffee to my room. Suddenly I felt a sting in my heart. I wanted to cry out from pain. I shivered, my whole being trembling in stark agony... For a man's heart is a just and consistent judge; a man's heart does not concern itself with paragraphs and provisions in statute books or trifles.

Samuel Hubbard:

## Back-Tracking Man through the Ages.

Did you ever trail a wounded buck into a pathless forest? There was a light fall of snow the night before, and it is melting fast in the rays of the morning sun. A telltale drop of crimson on a white patch of snow assures you that he passed that way. There are fresh tracks in the mud leading to the next patch of snow. With infinite pains and patience you follow the trail. A broken twig, a twisted leaf, a splash of mud, nothing escapes your keen eye and the concentration of mind which guides it. A primitive instinct compels you, backed by unnumbered and unknown ancestors who have done this very thing.

The trail leads down a canyon to the river; across the river to a wooded flat; across the flat to the base of the mountain; around the mountain, one mile, two miles, three miles, and at last success, the game is yours. Then you straighten up and look about, and you are suddenly overwhelmed with a realizing sense that you are lost. In the concentration of following the trail all land-marks have been forgotten. The whole country has an unfamiliar look and you know you have never been there before. You stand as a primitive man in a primitive wilderness, with only one link connecting you with safety, civilization and home; and that is the back-track.

Back-tracking Man through the Ages is something like that. A broken arrow-point, a shard of pottery, a circle of stones with a telltale bit of charcoal, spell a human home with a fire, and so bit by bit and piece by piece the picture is recreated. The trail leads

into a strange country. The earth as we know it now is different from the earth as it was then. What is now land was then water, and what is now water was then land. Enormous pressure raised continents out of the sea, and submerged other vast lands beneath the engulfing waves. Great lakes occupied areas which are now deserts, and queer animals were then abundant which have long since become extinct. Forests of giant trees decked the mountain sides, and all that is now left of them is their petrified trunks of colored stone, bearing mute witness to their former splendor.

There is a striking analogy between the "stream of humanity" and a great river system, and as the trail we are following will lead us into the Grand Canyon region, we will use the Colorado River as an example of what is meant.

Just as the mighty Colorado River rises in some misty mountain in the unseen distance, and augmented by rills, brooks, springs, creeks, rivulets, rivers and tributaries, fights its way downward through rocks and rapids, through gorges and stupendous canyons to the peaceful plains, and finally mingles its tawny flood with the waters of the ocean, so the "human stream" comes from some misty mountain of the past.

First as individuals, as hunters and herdsmen, then as families, clans, tribes, nations and finally empires, this human stream comes roaring down the ages. Fighting its way against wild beasts, and against each other; against cold and hunger; against flood

and drought; against fire and famine and pestilence. Down through the great canyons of the ages, this human stream is endeavoring to reach the "plains of peace."

Just as the river is made of drops of water, so this human river is made of people. Just as the molecules of water are hydrogen and oxygen, so the molecules of this river are Man and Woman. These unite to replenish the stream and thus keep it flowing forever.

The question naturally arises, what have these people of the past to do with us of the present? The answer is very definite. We now know that our bodies are composed of billions of cells which reproduce each other continually without conscious volition on our part.

Regarding the antiquity of man, however, we have more definite knowledge. H. G. Wells, in his *Outline of History*, says: "Such knowledge of the earliest men as we have, for example, is almost entirely got from a few caves into which they went and in which they left their traces. Until the hard Pleistocene times they lived and died in the open, and their bodies were consumed or decayed altogether.

"All the human remains in America, even the earliest, it is to be noted, are of an American-Indian character. In America there does not seem to have been any preceding races of sub-men. Man was fully man when he entered America. The Old World was the nursery of the sub-races of mankind."

This last statement that Mr. Wells makes about prehistoric man in America was the generally accepted idea at the time it was written. But in the past three or four years the "records of the rocks" have been more thoroughly examined and the disclosures they make are so startling and revolutionary that we may, and probably will have to, revise all of our accepted theories. Instead of America being the "New World" it may prove to be, geologically at least, the "Old World."

The attitude of the average scientist in this matter is reflected by Professor Ales Hrdlicka who writes on the "Origin and Antiquity of the American Indian," in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1923*. On page 485 he says: "The an-

thropologist of today knows definitely that man evolved from the nearer primates; there is abundant material evidence to that effect, regardless of other considerations. These primates must naturally have approached man in all important respects, a condition that could be realized only by the most advanced anthropoid apes; but the existence of such forms in America is very doubtful."

Because there were no anthropoid apes in America, he assumes that man could not have originated here. Instead, a few Mongol tribes dribbled across Bering Strait, and, finding a manless region, they quickly populated the whole country and became the progenitors of the American Indians. And now comes a Western scientist, making an independent investigation, who boldly proclaims that the white race originated in Western North America. And he is beginning to believe that the Chinese people originated here also. He believes this white race established the Maya Civilization and constructed the pyramids, temples and altars which dot Mexico and Yucatan, and that they invaded Asia and Europe by way of the sunken continent of Lemuria, the mountain tops of which are the numerous islands scattered through the Pacific Ocean.

The discoveries of the Doheny Scientific Expedition into the Hava Supai Canyon in Northern Arizona would seem to indicate that a race of people existed in America antedating the American Indians by several million years.

When Cortez asked Montezuma who built the palaces in the City of Mexico, and the pyramids on the plains, he replied, "Los Toltecs," meaning "the Builders." In other words a race of people preceding the Aztecs.

When we asked the Supai Indians, who made the inscriptions on the walls of their canyon, they replied, "Couda-pah," meaning "people a long time dead."

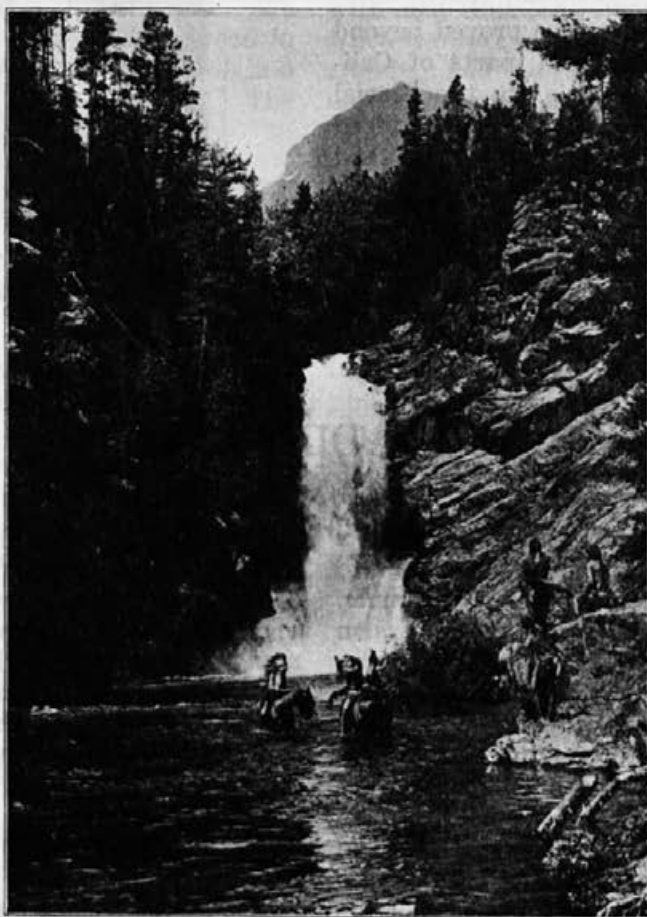
Aside from the discoveries in the Supai Canyon, is there any basis for the belief that man may have originated in America? Captain Alan Le Baron, a trained Egyptologist, is working on the theory that the plateau, roughly occupied by the State of Nevada, is the oldest land on earth. There are geological



maps which show that the area in question was an island, some forty million years ago. At that time the Gulf of Mexico was connected through to the Arctic Ocean. And because from that time to the present day this land has never been submerged under the sea, he argues it is the logical place to look for the origin of man, for the reason that

cemented gravel did not reach the bottom of the carvings. Dr. John Endicott Gardner, author of Chinese dictionaries and authority on the languages of the Orient, identified these marks as the oldest Chinese writing yet found in the world.

For more than 3,000 years the Chinese have been seeking the origin of their own



Indians in the Glacier National Park.

his development has not been interrupted by any of the cataclysms of Nature.

Confirming this he finds Egyptian, Babylonian and Maya characters inscribed on the walls and in the caves of Nevada. And strangest of all, Chinese characters of a pre-Manchu dynasty. As an indication of the great age of these, at the base of one carved cliff, an excavation 22 feet deep into

writing, and Dr. Gardner says that the Nevada characters are closer in resemblance to the most ancient form of symbols preserved in China, than the characters now in use by the Chinese people. He further asserts that this discovery is one of the greatest contributions to philology the world has ever known.

In Captain Le Baron's own words, "The

logical place to seek the first trace of man would be in that part of the world where Evolution could be carried on over many millions of years uninterrupted, and under climatic conditions favorable to his growth. A geological check of the whole world showed that there is but one such place, and that is the plateau of Nevada where my expedition uncovered a civilization of such archaic antiquity as to stagger the imagination.

"Subsequent discoveries proved beyond argument that Nevada and parts of California were inhabited prior to the Glacial Period by a race of people who were civilized to the extent of being able both to carve and paint on stone the events of their lives."

Evidence such as this along the "Trail" tends to confirm the belief of the leader of the Doheny Scientific Expedition that the

symbols found in the Hava Supai Canyon are the most ancient records of man so far found in the world.



Indian Tepee,  
Glacier National Park

## An Old Apple Woman.

By A. K.

It was a disappointment rather than a surprise when the old apple woman ceased to appear on the Market square of my small native town. Day after day, in cold or warm weather, when the sun was shining brightly, or when the rain added to the monotony of the narrow square, she always appeared, with her little carriage, before eight in the morning, when we, the school children, were gathering for the class attendance. Slowly and calmly she pushed her two-wheel-wagon up through the winding street where the silence was broken only by the racket of the wheels on the stony pavement. She always came on time; so that every pupil could buy a big, yellow apple for a little copper penny, before going to school.

Wonderingly we looked when one morning the old woman did not stand behind her carriage on the opposite side of the marble fountain statue. Neither was the carriage there. And almost all of us, at least every second one, had pennies to do business with the old apple lady; to trade pennies for her delicious apples. It was true that we could

buy apples in the neighboring store, but we wanted the apples which were bigger and better from the old lady. And we had a feeling for the unselfish woman, who gave us many apples for nothing. We helped her to take her wagon home in the afternoons, and she was always thankful for that. Of course, the help which we offered was an enjoyment for us.

We went to school that day without apples, though with the hope that the apple lady might come later; so that we could buy apples at ten o'clock during the ten minutes of recess. But the old lady came no more. She had developed a severe illness which kept her home in bed. At ten o'clock of the same day we bought the apples which, in fact, were no good (or at least seemed to be such) from the store-keeper.

In the late afternoon a group of pupils went to see the old apple woman in her little, modest home—a hut of stony walls and a shelter of rye straw. In the clumsy walls there were crevices and holes, a sign that no man who could make the necessary repairs

owned the house. Through the small windows some weak rays of the setting sun shone, and lighted the meager furniture and the bed in the corner with unclear shadows. The old apple lady, the owner of the house, was lying there.

She recognized us as soon as we entered. A poor voice with a bit smile in it greeted us from the corner. How happy she was! She had nobody to help her. We warmed the place by burning some wood in the deserted stove; we brought her milk and water and did whatever she wanted. The

old lady was so glad that a few tear drops showed in the smiling eyes and fell on the wrinkled cheeks.

"Take apples as many as you want, boys!" she happily exclaimed. And we surely did.

A neighbor came and took charge of the old apple lady. In the days following we often visited her; once even the teacher came with us. But one morning before eight when we were gathering the three bells were clinking, and the churchman told us that the old apple lady had died.

Andrew Wilson:

## Zoological Myths.

(Conclusion.)

A frog or toad may be found hopping about among some recently formed debris, and the animal is at once seized upon and reported as having emerged from the rocks into the light of day. There is in such a case not the slightest ground for supposing any such thing; and the animal may more reasonably be presumed to have simply hopped into the debris from its ordinary habitat. But laying aside narratives of this kind, which lose their plausibility under a very commonplace scrutiny, there still exist cases, reported in an apparently exact and truthful manner, in which these animals have been alleged to appear from the inner crevices of rocks after the removal of large masses of the formations. We shall assume these latter tales to contain a plain, unvarnished statement of what was observed, and deal with the evidence they present on this footing.

One or two notable examples of such verified tales are related by Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History." Thus, in the "Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences" for 1719, a toad is described as having been found in the heart of an elm tree; and another is stated to have been found in the heart of an old oak tree, in 1731, near Nantz. The condition of the trees is not expressly stated, nor are we afforded any information regarding the appearance of the

toads—particulars of considerable importance in view of the suggestions and explanations to be presently brought forward. Smellie himself, while inclined to be sceptical in regard to the truth or exactness of many of the tales told of the vitality of toads, regards the matter as affording food for reflection, since he remarks, "But I mean not to persuade, for I cannot satisfy myself; all I intend is, to recommend to those gentlemen who may hereafter chance to see such rare phenomena, a strict examination of every circumstance that can throw light upon a subject so dark and mysterious; for the vulgar, ever inclined to render uncommon appearances still more marvellous, are not to be trusted."

This author strikes the key-note of the inquiry in his concluding words, and we shall find that the explanation of the matter really lies in the clear understanding of what are the probabilities, and what the actual details, of the cases presented for consideration. We may firstly, then, glance at a few of the peculiarities of the frogs and toads, regarded from a zoological point of view. As every one knows, these animals emerge from the egg in the form of little fish-like "tadpoles," provided with outside gills, which are soon replaced by inside gills, resembling those of fishes. The hind legs are next developed and



the fore limbs follow a little later; whilst, with the development of lungs, and the disappearance of the gills and tail, the animal leaves the water, and remains for the rest of its life an air-breathing, terrestrial animal. Then, secondly, in the adult frog or toad, the naturalist would point to the importance of the skin as not only supplementing, but, in some cases, actually supplanting the work of the lungs as the breathing organ. Frogs and toads will live for months under water, and will survive the excision of the lungs for like periods; the skin in such cases serving as the breathing surface. A third point worthy of remembrance is included in the facts just related, and is implied in the information that these animals can exist for long periods without food, and with but a limited supply of air. We can understand this toleration on the part of these animals when we take into consideration their cold-blooded habits, which do not necessitate, and which are not accompanied by, the amount of vital activity we are accustomed to note in higher animals. And, as a last feature in the purely scientific history of the frogs and toads, it may be remarked that these animals are known to live for long periods. One pet toad is mentioned by a Mr. Arscott as having attained, to his knowledge, the age of thirty-six years; and a greater age still might have been recorded of this specimen, but for the untoward treatment it sustained at the hands, or rather beak, of a tame raven. In all probability it may be safely assumed that, when the conditions of life are favorable, these creatures may attain a highly venerable age—regarding the lapse of time from a purely human and interested point of view.

We may now inquire whether or not the foregoing considerations may serve to throw any light upon the tales of the quarryman. The first point to which attention may be directed is that involved in the statement that the amphibian has been imprisoned in a solid rock. Much stress is usually laid on the fact that the rock was solid; this fact being held to imply the great age, not to say antiquity, of the rock and its supposed tenant. The impartial observer, after an exam-

ination of the evidence presented, will be inclined to doubt greatly the justification for inserting the adjective "solid"; for usually no evidence whatever is forthcoming as to the state of the rock prior to its removal. No previous examination of the rock is or can be made, from the circumstance that no interest can possibly attach to its condition until its removal reveals the apparent wonder it contained, in the shape of the live toad. And it is equally important to note that we rarely, if ever, find mention of any examination of the rock being made subsequently to the discovery. Hence, a first and grave objection may be taken to the validity of the supposition that the rock was solid, and it may be fairly urged that on this supposition the whole question turns and depends. For if the rock cannot be proved to have been impermeable to and barred against the entrance of living creatures, the objector may proceed to show the possibility of the toad having gained admission, under certain notable circumstances, to its prison-house.

The frog or toad in its young state, and having just entered upon its terrestrial life, is a small creature, which could, with the utmost ease, wriggle into crevices and cranies of a size which would almost preclude such apertures being noticed at all. Gaining access to a roomier crevice or nook within, and finding there a due supply of air, along with a dietary consisting chiefly of insects, the animal would grow with tolerable rapidity, and would increase to such an extent that egress through its aperture of entrance would become an impossibility. Next, let us suppose that the toleration of the toad's system to starvation and to a limited supply of air is taken into account, together with the fact that these creatures will hibernate during each winter, and thus economize, as it were, their vital activity and strength; and after the animal has thus existed for a year or two—no doubt under singularly hard conditions—let us imagine that the rock is split up by the wedge and lever of the excavator. We can then readily enough account for the apparently inexplicable story of "the toad in the rock." "There is the toad and here is the solid rock," say the gossips. "There is an

animal which has singular powers of sustaining life under untoward conditions, and which, in its young state, could have gained admittance to the rock through a mere crevice," says the naturalist in reply. Doubtless, the great army of the unconvinced may still believe in the tale as told them; for the weighing of evidence and the placing pros and cons in fair contrast are not tasks of congenial or wonted kind in the ordinary run of life. Some people there will be who will believe in the original solid rock and its toad, despite the assertion of the geologists that the earliest fossils of toads appear in almost the last-formed rocks, and that a live toad in rocks of very ancient age—presuming, according to the popular belief, that the animal was enclosed when the rock was formed—would be as great an anomaly and wonder as the mention, as a historical fact, of an express train or the telegraph in the days of the pharaohs. In other words, the live toad which hops out of an Old Red Sandstone rock must be presumed, on the popular belief, to be older by untold ages than the oldest fossil frogs and toads. The reasonable mind, however, will ponder and consider each feature of the case, and will rather prefer to countenance a supposition based on ordinary experience, than an explanation brought ready-made from the domain of the miraculous; whilst not the least noteworthy feature of these cases is that included in the remark of Smellie, respecting the tendency of uneducated and superstitious persons to magnify what is uncommon, and in his sage conclusion that as a rule such persons in the matter of their relations "are not to be trusted."

But it must also be noted that we possess valuable evidence of a positive and direct kind bearing on the duration of life in toads under adverse circumstances. As this evidence tells most powerfully against the supposition that the existence of those creatures can be indefinitely prolonged, it forms of itself a veritable court of appeal in the cases under discussion. The late Dr. Buckland, curious to learn the exact extent of the vitality of the toad, caused, in the year 1825, two large blocks of stone to be prepared. One

of the blocks was taken from the oolite limestone, and in this first stone twelve cells were excavated. Each cell was one foot deep and five inches in diameter. The mouth of each cell was grooved so as to admit two covers being placed over the aperture; the first or lower cover being of glass, and the upper one of slate. Both covers were so adapted that they could be firmly luted down with clay or putty; the object of this double protection being that the slate cover could be raised so as to inspect the contained object through the closed glass cover without admitting air. In the second or sandstone block, a series of twelve cells was also excavated; these latter cells being, however, of smaller size than those of the limestone block, each cell being only six inches in depth by five inches in diameter. These cells were likewise fitted with double covers.

On November 26th, 1825, a live toad—kept for some time previously to insure its being healthy—was placed in each of the twenty-four cells. The largest specimen weighed 1185 grains, and the smallest 115 grains. The stones and the immured toads were buried on the day mentioned, three feet deep, in Dr. Buckland's garden. There they lay until December 10th, 1826, when they were disinterred and their tenants examined. All the toads in the smaller cells of the sandstone block were dead, and from the progress of decomposition it was inferred that they had succumbed long before the date of disinterment. The majority of the toads in the limestone block were alive, and, curiously enough, one or two had actually increased in weight. Thus, No. 5, which at the commencement of its captivity had weighed 1185 grains, had increased to 1265 grains; but the glass cover of No. 5's cell was found cracked. Insects and air must therefore have obtained admittance and have afforded nourishment to the imprisoned toad; this supposition being rendered the more likely by the discovery that in one of the cells, the covers of which were also cracked and the tenant of which was dead, numerous insects were found. No. 9, weighing originally 988 grains, had increased during its incarceration to 1116 grains; but No. 1, which in the year

1825 had weighed 924 grains, was found in December, 1826, to have decreased to 698 grains; and No. 11, originally weighing 936 grains, had likewise disagreed with the imprisonment, weighing only 652 grains when examined in 1826.

At the period when the blocks of stone were thus prepared, four toads were pinned up in holes five inches deep and three inches in diameter, cut in the stem of an apple-tree; the holes being firmly plugged with tightly fitting wooden plugs. These four toads were found to be dead when examined along with the others in 1826; and of four others enclosed in basins made of plaster of Paris, and which were also buried in Dr. Buckland's garden, two were found to be dead at the end of a year, their comrades being alive, but looking starved and meagre. The toads which were found alive in the limestone block in December, 1826, were again immured and buried, but were found to be dead, without leaving a single survivor, at the end of the second year of their imprisonment.

These experiments may fairly be said to prove two points. They firstly show that under circumstances even of a favorable kind when compared with the condition pop-

ularly believed in—namely, that of being enclosed in a solid rock—the limit of the toad's life may be assumed to be within two years; this period being no doubt capable of being extended when the animal gains a slight advantage, exemplified by the admission of air and insect-food. Secondly, we may reasonably argue that these experiments show that toads when rigorously treated, like other animals, become starved and meagre, and by no means resemble the lively, well-fed animals reported as having emerged from an imprisonment extending, in popular estimation, through periods of inconceivable duration.

These tales are, in short, as devoid of actual foundation as are the modern beliefs in the venomous properties of the toad, or the ancient beliefs in the occult and mystic powers of various parts of its frame when used in incantations. Shakespeare, whilst attributing to the toad venomous qualities, has yet immortalized it in his famous simile by crediting it with the possession of a "precious jewel." But even in the latter case the animal gets but scant justice; for science strips it of its poetical reputation, and in this, as in other respects, shows it, despite fable and myth, to be zoologically an interesting, but otherwise a commonplace member of the animal series.

Georgene Faulkner:

## The Fairies' Frolic on the Beach.

A Spring Time Story.

"Just watch me dive!" said a little water sprite to his brother.

"Pooh! I can dive deeper than that," answered his brother, boastfully.

So they balanced upon a lily pad for a raft, and then took a sudden plunge down, down, into the water.

"Which won? Which won?" croaked the frogs.

"I did! I did!" said the first.

"Why, you know that I did!" said the second.

"Well," croaked a wise old frog, "you

both jumped before I could blink my eyes open. Do it again and I will be the judge."

The two sprites climbed again upon the lily pad, but, just as they were about to dive, the beautiful blossom opened its petals and there, on her golden throne, sat the lovely Lily Queen, clothed all in her soft white robes, with her crown upon her head.

The little sprites bowed down before her at once.

"I thought that I heard some one quarreling," said the Queen. "What is the trouble?"



"Please, Your Gracious Majesty," answered the first little sprite, "my brother here says that he can dive deeper than I can."

"How very foolish for you to quarrel about that," said the Queen. "Who's your judge?"

"I was about to be their judge," croaked the frog.

"Oh, Your Majesty," said the second little sprite. "I wish that we could have a water carnival, and that all the water people could test their skill."

"Yes, let us have some swimming races," gasped the speckled trout, as he splashed through the water and came up to the surface, blowing air bubbles.

"We can have one tonight," said the Queen, "and we will have a regular frolic in the water."

"Oh, that'll be fun, that'll be fun!" shouted the sprites in chorus. "Then we can race and dive and jump and find out who is the winner. Do tell us your plan."

"My plan is this," said the Fairy Queen: "I will invite the fairies of the forest to come down here on the sandy shore and dance; and then they can watch our water carnival. They always play in the forest, and they do not have the fun we have down here on the beach."

"Excellent, excellent!" croaked the frogs in chorus. "If we can have our party on the beach as well as in the water, then all could join in our fun."

"Since we are all agreed," said the Fairy Queen, "I will go over to the forest on this big dragon fly coming toward us, and then I will invite the Forest Fairy Queen and her subjects to our carnival."

"Why not send the message by the dragon fly?" said the fish.

"No," answered the Queen, "I would rather invite them myself. The forest fairies might not understand how they could frolic with the water folk. I will go and explain it. We must always be willing to meet our friends halfway."

The dragon fly saw the Queen waving her golden wand as a signal, so he came sailing down to the lily pond.

"Do you need my services, Your Majesty?" he asked humbly.

"Yes, my big hydroplane," answered the Queen. "Will you kindly carry me over to the forest fairies? I wish them to come to our beach party tonight."

"Hold on tight to my armored back," said the dragon fly, "and I will soon have you there."

And mounting upon the dragon fly the Fairy Queen was soon skimming rapidly over the water and through the sky. It was growing dark in the forest, but the little fireflies flashed their wings and lighted up the way. At last they reached the forest fairies just as they were coming out from their flowers to dance in the forest. The flowers were closing their petal doors for the night, while all of their fairies danced upon the fair green.

The Fairy Queen lived in a large pink rose, and she was dressed all in rose petals with a golden crown resting upon her golden hair, so that if you happened to look down into the rose in the daytime you would never see her hiding there. She looked up in surprise as the dragon fly floated down toward them, and the Water Lily Queen bowed before them.

"You are welcome to our ball," said the Rosebud Queen graciously, "but why do you come here unattended?"

"I come from the water world," answered the Lily Queen. "My followers are not free to go far from home, for they cannot live in the forest, but we would like to have your flower court come down to us tonight, and we will have a water carnival together."

"A water carnival! Impossible!" gasped the Rosebud Queen. "My fairies cannot go down into the water and play with your water sprites and fishes and frogs. You will have to hold your own water carnival, while we dance here in our fairy ring upon our soft carpet of pine needles. You may be free in the water, but we are only free upon the land."

"Just a moment, dear Rosebud Queen," answered the gentle white Lily Queen softly, "and I will explain our invitation. Our plan

is this. Could you not come down upon our sandy beach and have your dance? Then you could watch our pond people in their water sports, and we might all join in some games together."

"Oh, I never thought of that," said the Rosebud Queen. "We will be most pleased to come to your beach party."

Then such a busy time as they all had! The fireflies lighted up the forest, while the dragon fly with the Lily Queen upon his back led the way, and all the fairies spread their wings and flew after her down to the smooth, sandy beach.

At the command of the Lily Queen a swarm of dragon flies came up from the edge of the water, and they took the little fairies on their backs and gave them a long hydro-plane ride out over the water—up, up, toward the bright moonbeams, and then brought them coasting down and landed them safely upon the sandy beach.

"Such fun, such fun!" cried all the little fairies in glee. "We never had such a wonderful ride."

"The dragon flies can fly over the water as well as on the land," said the Lily Queen. "You are safe with them anywhere. As you flew over the water did you see the fish darting to and fro down below? They tell me that the speckled trout has won the swimming race. The next event is the long jump by the frogs. Come out on this log and we will watch them. Why, see, old Goggle-eyes has outjumped them all!" The Fairy Queen laughed. "Now our water sprites are diving from the lily pads. Why, I do believe that the tiny one has gone down deeper than his brother!"

"Come, Rosebud Queen, will you go with me and award the prizes?" said the Lily Queen.

The Rosebud Queen stood upon that floating platform of the lily pad and threw dripping wreaths of seaweed over the heads of the winners. She had never been out on the water before and at first she was a little frightened, but in her joy of giving pleasure to others she soon forgot herself and was happy.

After the water carnival was over, the

fairies danced for the pond people upon the sandy beach and played their games and ran their races. And the Rosebud Queen asked the Lily Queen to award the prizes. One tiny fairy danced so beautifully that the Lily Queen placed a sparkling seaweed crown on her head and pronounced her the queen of all dancers.

When they were tired of dancing, they rested upon the sandy shore, while the mermaids swam to the rocks near by and sang them sweet songs, and the frogs came out and played leapfrog in the moonlight, and then croaked out in chorus their evening songs.

"Would your forest fairies enjoy boat riding in the moonlight?" asked the Lily Queen.

"We have never been in boats. I do not know," answered the Rosebud Queen. "But we are willing to do whatever you suggest."

The Lily Queen plucked a grass blade and blew three shrill notes upon it. Then instantly the mermaids dived down into the water, and each came up with a tiny boat made of a sea shell. And they harnessed the fish to these shell boats with long strips of strong seaweed. The fish drew the boats as near to the shore as they could, and the little fairies flew out and settled down in these tiny boats. The fish swam near the top of the water, drawing the shells over the surface. Back and forth they went in the moonlight, finally bringing all the little fairies safely back to the beach again.

"We never have had a boat ride before," cried all the little fairies, clapping their hands. "We have always had a good time at our dances, but we never knew what fun it was to play near the water. Thank you, pond people, for our happy time."

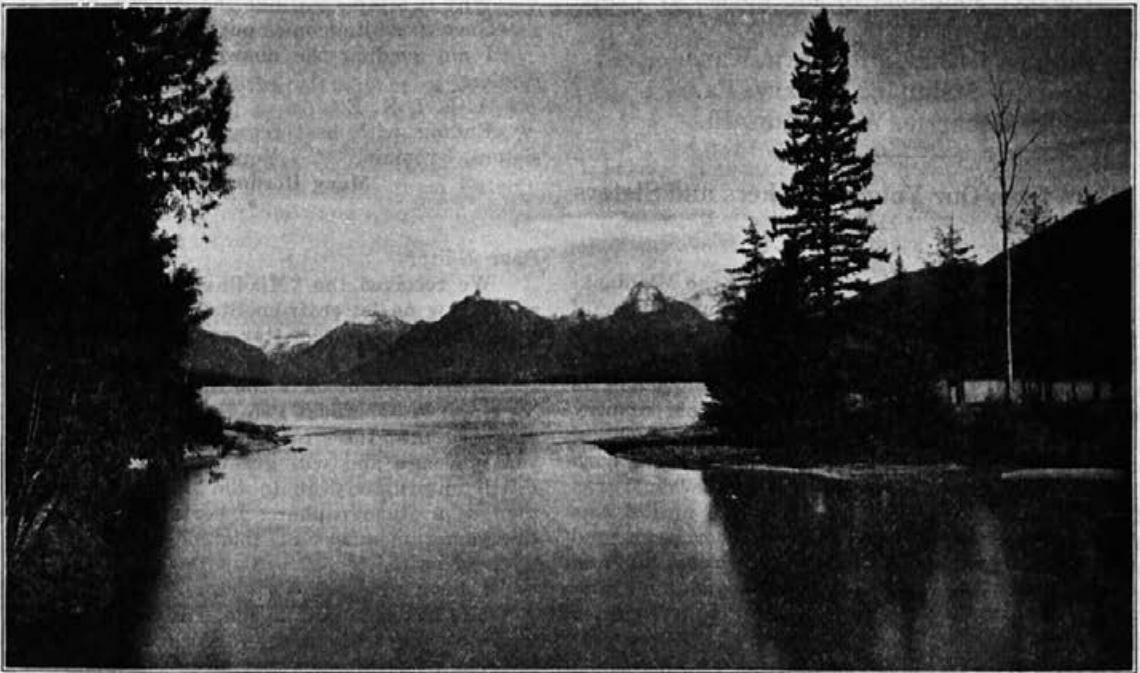
"Yes, dear Lily Queen," said the Rosebud Queen, "and we thank you for inviting us to your water frolic."

"And we thank you for coming to our beach party and joining in our fun," said the Lily Queen. "We never have seen fairies dancing in a magic ring, and you have given us much pleasure. And now, before we say good-night, let us drink to your health."

The Lily Queen then gave the fairies

some small sea shell drinking horns, which were filled with the juice from their water plants. It was rather bitter for the flower fairies compared with the sweet nectar and honey which the bees gave them, but, nevertheless, they drank to the happiness of their hostess, the Lily Queen. Then they all drank to their own Rosebud Queen, and they made a magic ring about both queens and danced gaily around them. The fish came to the top of the water and blew air bubbles in gasping astonishment; and the mermaids sang and the frogs croaked their good-night song together:

Our frolic has ended and home we must fly  
 Before the sun climbs up the morning's blue  
 sky;  
 So good-by we will say now, good-by, each  
 and all.  
 We'll come back every year and we'll have a  
 fine ball.  
 So the elves of the forest and sprites of the  
 sea  
 Can all meet together in gay revelry;  
 And if each would, like us, meet his comrades  
 half way,  
 Then all of the world would be ever so gay.



Lake McDonald.

The oldest locomotives now in existence are "Puffing Bully" and "Urylan Dilly," built about 1812 by Foster and Hackworth of England.

With his shirt torn to shreds by the wind, a young hobo was found hanging to the wing of an airplane piloted by the head of

the California National Guard air force who made a trip from Las Vegas, New Mexico, to Los Angeles.

Lincoln's press agent, Robert J. Walker, who rode a balloon across England in 1863 scattering propaganda for raising Civil War loans, died a poor man.



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

## Puzzle.

NEW R rearranged is WREN. Try to rearrange the following ten groups of letters into names of birds:

ROW C	S LOW WAL
VE DO	BAY JIRD
ON HER	SOAP RRW
WAHK	RED BUILB
RUSH TH	AGE EL

\* \* \*

## Honorable Mention.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill., solved both puzzles of Rose Beniger.

\*

Correct solutions to the puzzle of Frances Platner sent in:

Stanley Hribar, Pittsburg, Kans.  
 Frances Strimlan, Library, Pa.  
 Albin Lenarsic, Waukegan, Ill.

## Letters from Our Young Brothers and Sisters

Dear Editor:

This is my first time of writing to the Mladinski List. I surely do like it. There are many wonderful stories in it. Only I hope it would become larger than it is now. I hope this letter won't go into the waste basket. I can read and write in Slovenian as well as in English, for we were in the old country two years ago. I didn't like it there very much; in some ways I did, and in some I did not. I was born there, then I was brought to Minnesota when I was 2 years of age. We stayed in America until I was almost 11 years old, then we went over again and stayed there two years, till I was 12 years old, and now we've been here almost 3 years and I'm going to be 15 this month. I expect to stay in America the rest of my life.

I wish that Margaret Tuček from Library would send me her address. I wrote to her, but I guess she didn't receive my letter. So I wish she would send me her address.

Well, I guess I'll give some jokes and riddles for the boys and girls to read.

What runs around the house and says, in here all my things are burning?

Mildred is talking and chewing gum.

Teacher: "Mildred, are you talking?"

Mildred: "No, madam."

Teacher: "Are you chewing gum?"

Mildred: "No, madam."

Teacher: "You must not be making your jaws going so for nothing."

Mildred: "Well, I'm trying to learn arithmetic definitions."

Teacher: "Well, Mildred, that's different."

\* \* \*

Well, this letter may be too long, but I hope it is published in the magazine. I'll write in Slovenian next time. Mary Pevc, West Newton, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List.—The first time I wrote in Slovenian. I am in the 7th grade and 12 years of age. I have two sisters and one brother. I wish that Ml. L. would come once a week instead of once a month. I enjoy reading the Slovenian stories. We have plenty of snow this winter. Many times the thermometer was below zero. I will close for this time. I have a couple of riddles:

Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?

Goes in white, comes out black.

I am sending the answer to Mamie Terchek's riddle:

A. L. I. K. E.

Ending with best regards to all brothers and sisters, I remain,

Yours truly,

Mary Dernovsek, Wick Haven, Pa.

\*

March 8, 1926.

Dear Editor:

We received the "Mladinski List" this morning and I saw no letter from St. Louis, Mo. I decided that I would write a letter and hope that it will be published.

There are 4 of us in the family and all belong to the S. N. P. J. About two years from now I will be admitted into the grown people's lodge. I am 14 years of age and will graduate this year in June. I will immediately go to the Business College and then be a stenographer. I certainly will get after the young members of this lodge and try to get them to write.

I have also solved Victor Friskovec's riddles.

The first one is, The sun. The second one is, The alphabet has 26 letters and doesn't spell anything. It certainly is too bad that he is a cripple.

Here is a riddle: Where are all girls equally beautiful?

I will write another letter soon and I hope more members will write. I wish some girls would write me and I would answer their letters.

Mary Staker,

2309 Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.

\*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time that I am writing to the "Mladinski List" and I'll try not to let it be the last. I think our paper is very nice but I also think that the young readers should attempt to write more letters and oftener.

I am fourteen years of age and in the second year of high school. The name of the school which I attend is "Lincoln High School." It is a very large school, having four floors and rooms in the basement also. At the present time there are three thousand seventy-seven students attending the high school. Our school also has a paper called the "Lincoln Log" which, I think, is a very good one as it takes you back to Lincoln as a rail splitter. When you come in the main entrance the first thing your eyes rest upon is the motto of our school, which is written in Latin: "Vincit qui se vincit." Translated into English it means, He conquers all who conquers himself.

I have two brothers and two sisters. The oldest brother is twelve years old and in the seventh grade, the other one is ten years old and in the fifth grade. My sister is seven years old and in the second grade. The youngest is two months old and is at home to be taken care of by my mother. My sister can not read very well as yet, so it is part of my work to read our little magazine to her. But I am very glad that she takes interest in the stories and I enjoy reading them to her. My both brothers like it very much, too, and I will try to persuade them to write for the Mladinski list.

I do not read many letters, if any, from Detroit, Mich. I am very much interested in that city as I lived there over seven years, and when the S. N. P. J. was organized for the children, I was the first one to join. I'd like to read some letters from Detroit next time in the "Mladinski list" and also from members in Cleveland.

I guess I will close for this time with best regards to all members.

Marie Kolanz, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I have written a few letters before this one to the "Mladinski List." I like our magazine very much. I am the first one to see it when it arrives. I can read and write in Slovenian and my next letter will be written in Slovenian. I am in the 7th grade. We have had some snow this month, although it is spring already. We are all members of the S. N. P. J. There are six in the whole family. I wish the "Mladinski List" would come oftener, as I prize it very highly.

The "Prosveta," our Slovenian paper which we receive every day, is published by the S. N. P. J. in Chicago. There is weekly an English page in it; the heading says, "The Young S. N. P. J." I think it is a very interesting page. I read it with great interest. I like the stories in the "Mladinski List" very much and read every one.

I wish good luck to all the brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. and to the editor. I remain a member of the S. N. P. J.,

Angelina Flere,  
Herminie No. 2, Penna.

I know a little pussy,  
Her coat is silver gray,  
She lives down in the meadow  
A few blocks away.  
She'll always be a pussy,  
She'll never be a cat,  
For she's a \_\_\_\_\_,  
Now what do you think of that?  
What is she?

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the "Mladinski List." I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade. I have one brother and one sister; my brother's name is Joseph and he is 4½ years old; my sister's name is Dorothy and she is only ten months old, so I am the only one going to school. We are all members of the S. N. P. J., but my little sister isn't, because she is not old enough.

I wish our "Ml. L." would be larger and that it would come every week instead of every month. I like to read the letters and also the stories. I am not writing very much this time, but I will write more next time in Slovenian, because I like to learn to write and read in Slovenian, too. More languages you know, the better it is. I have no riddles or jokes just now. Now, brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J., we must all write to our "Ml. L." and make it larger.

Yours truly,  
Mary Tomazin, Southview, Pa.

Dear friends:—

This is the second time that I am writing to the "Mladinski List."

We are all the members of the S. N. P. J. lodge. Everytime I get the "Mladinski List" I always read all the stories and riddles in it and they are very interesting to me. And I know whoever reads our "Mladinski List," likes it too, for it is very interesting.

I am in sixth grade and we are taking our examinations for the first half year. I have done good so far and I hope I get all passing marks so that I will pass to seventh grade.

This is all for this time. I will try to write more next time. I have to get ready for our grammar in examination.

Yours truly,  
Mary Verhovsek, Coverdale, Pa.





Glavni stan S. N. P. J.—Headquarters S. N. P. J.



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