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# MLADINSKI LIST

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LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., JULIJ 1925.

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I. A.

## Tedaj bo boljše!

Ob poti izven mesta, kamor hodijo meščani ob nedeljah na izlet, je prodajala majhna deklica cvetlice. Vsakemu, ki je šel mimo, je ponudila svoje lepe majhne šopke in vsa vesela je odhitela domov, v nizko kočo na hribu, če je prodala samo en šopek.

Prišel sem na hrib in takoj sem jo spoznal: v rokah je držala šopek rdečih in modrih cvetlic, pogledala me je zaupno in mi ga ponudila brez besed.

"Ali ga prodaš?" sem jo vprašal.

Pogledala me je s svojimi lepimi otroškimi očmi in je povsila glavico.

Vzel sem šopek in ji dal nekaj denarja.

Tedaj se je nasmehnila in je hotela oditi, a jaz sem jo prijel za roko in vprašal sem jo, ne da bi vedel čemu:

"Kako ti je ime, deklica?"

Pogladil sem jo po zlatih laseh in čakal.

"Idica," je zašepetala v zadregi.

"Si kaj pridna, Idica?"

Zardela je in se nasmehnila v zadregi, tedaj je bila tako prikupna, da sem sedel v travo, jo posadil k sebi in ji gladil zlatolaso glavico.

"Imaš še mamico?"

Njene oči so zažarele:

"Imam mamico, tudi ateka še imam. Mamica je vedno doma, atek pa dela v mestu, v tisti tovarni tam doli!"

Z roko je pokazala proti mestu, kjer so se vrstili visoki, črni dimniki. In potem sva se pogovarjala; povedala mi je, da ima še dva večja bratca, ki tudi hodita v tovarno, da je stara šest let in da je bila že večkrat v mestu, a ji ne ugaja, ker so tako široke ceste, polne ljudi in vozov.

"Zakaj pa prodajaš te cvetke, Idica?", sem jo vprašal.

Tedaj je bila že vsa zgovorna in veselo je odgovorila:

"Atek pravi, da ima vsak, ki dela, prve-

ga maja svoj praznik. Zato delam tudi jaz, kar morem; denar pa, ki ga dobim zanj za cvetlice, dam mamici, da mi kupi zanj kaj lepega za prvi maj. Pri nas je tako lepo prvega maja kakor na veliko noč!"

Smeh z njenih lic je izginil in nadaljevala je skoraj resno in svečano:

"Da bi vedeli, kako lepo je na ta praznik pri nas! Oblečeni smo kakor ob nedeljah in vendar ne gremo v cerkev. Popoldne se zberemo pred našo hišico v travi in atek nam pripoveduje veliko lepega; vsega še ne razumem, a vendar ga poslušam neizrečeno rada. Govori o trpljenju in krivicah, ki so pri nas doma; najrajši pa ga poslušamo vsi, kadar nam pripoveduje o neki deželi, kjer vlada pravica, kjer so vsi enaki. Ta dežela je zelo velika, bogata in lepa. Nekoč sem ga vprašala, zakaj ni pri nas tako, kakor v tisti daljni deželi. Odgovoril mi je, da še ne morem razumeti tega, ker sem premlada. Ali vi že razumete?"

Pogledala me je tako zaupno ko svojo mamico in njene velike oči, vprašujoče oči so pričakovale odgovora.

"Glej, Idica, tudi jaz ne razumem popolnoma, zakaj je pri nas trpljenje in krivica, v tisti daljni deželi pa je ni. Vem pa in sem trdno prepričan, da bo tudi pri nas nekoč tako lepo, ker bomo tudi mi prišli v tisto deželo, ali pa bo prišla dežela k nam. Kamorkoli se boš ozrla, povsod bo pravica, povsod lepota."

Tedaj je sklenila svoje ročice in gledala proti nebu; v njenih očeh je bilo hrepenenje in pričakovanje!

"Oj, kako bo lepo takrat!" je vzdihnila.

"Da, lepo bo takrat, Idica, nikdar ne izgubi vere, da bo ta dežela nekoč tudi tvoja! In prvi maj ti bodi vedno praznik vseh praznikov tudi pozneje, ko ne boš več prodajala cvetlic!"

Oba sva bila vesela in srečna. Ko sem gledal v njene oči, mi je bilo, kakor da gledam za gorami zlato zarjo, ki vstaja tiho, polagoma, brez hrupa, a vstaja gotovo in s tihim ponosom v novi in lepši dan.

Idica je vstala:

"Sedaj pa moram k mamici, pričakuje me."

"Le pojdi, Idica, in bodi dobra, kakor si bila doslej!"

Še enkrat sem ji pogledal v njene velike

oči, pogladil jo po zlatih laseh in že je zbežala. Gledal sem za njo in mislil:

"Srečno dekle! Že sedaj je v njenem srcu vera in začetek spoznanja, da je prvi maj naš največji in najlepši praznik, že sedaj je v njeni mladi duši hrepenenje po deželi pravice in svobode. Glej, da ne umre v tebi nikdar ta vera in to hrepenenje, glej, da vzraste v trdno in neomajno vero, ker vsem nam mora vstati jasen in svetel dan, dan svobode in enakosti." —"Naprej."

## Povest o malem Jernejčku.

Mali otroci se kaj radi družijo k živalim in jim mečejo svoj del jedi. Da pa živali ljubijo otroke ravno tako, kakor otroci živali, se da sklepati iz naslednje zgodbe.

Jernejček je bil edini sin, ni imel nobene brata ne sestrice. Ker ni bilo drugih otrok blizu njega, se je moral sam igrati. Šel ni nikamor daleč proč od hiše. Najrajši je zahajal na bližnjo njivo, katera je bila le par korakov od doma. Na tej njivi je bila kopica kamenja, katerega so nanosili iz njive; tja gori je hodil Jernejček sedet.

Jernejček je hodil že v šolo, v prvi razred, pa je še vedno zahajal na tisto mesto. Kakor hitro je prišel iz šole, je naprosil mater za košček kruha in se podal tja. Materi se je začelo že čudno zdeti, kaj da hodi vedno na tisto mesto. Odločila se je, da bode šla pazit za njim, mogoče je kateri sosedovih pri njem, da skupaj jesta kruh.

Ko pride drugega dne Jernejček iz šole, naprosi mater za malico in odide, kakor vedno, naravnost na omenjeno mesto. Mati pa je bila že pripravljena in mu sledi po drugem kraju, tako da je Jernejček ni videl. Namenila se je, da opazuje Jernejčka, kaj bode počenjal.

Jernejček se vsede na kopico kamenja in začne klicati: "Naa, pupek! Na, pupek!" Mati pazljivo gleda in posluša. Naenkrat pa zapazi modrasa, ki počasi prileze izpod kamenja in se zviže pred Jernejčkom. Ta mu pa začne podajati kruh.

Mater je obšla groza, vendar je ostala mirna in tiha; ni se upala ganiti, ker si je mislila, da se žival lahko razdraži in piči Jernejčka.

Ko je Jernejčku zmanjkalo kruha, zleze modras nazaj pod kamenje, Jernejček pa od-

ide domov. Prišedši domov začne mati pripovedovati svojemu možu: "Jejmeni, Luka, kako grozno stvar počenja naš Jernejček!"

Oče hitro ves v skrbeh vpraša: "Kaj pa takega?"

"Skoraj ti od strahu ne morem povedati. Kakor sem ti že pravila, da, kadar mu dam kruha, takoj odide tja na tisto gručo kamenja. Danes pa sem šla za njim, da pogledam, kaj počenja. Tam sem pa videla, kako se je vsedel in je na njegov klic 'Na pupek!' takoj prilezel izpod kamenja velik modras ter se zvil pred Jernejčkom in ta mu je podajal svoj kruh."

Oče se je takoj podal na označeno mesto in ko se je pokazal modras ven, ga je oče ubil.

Ko drugi dan Jernejček zopet hiti s svojim koščkom kruha na svoje priljubljeno mesto, je zastonj klical: "Na, pupek!" Njegovega 'pupka' ni bilo iz groblje. Dolgo časa je Jernejček klical in vabil; ko pa slednjič uvidi, da ga ne more priklicati, prične jokati. Ves potrpet se odpravi domov.

Pa ga vpraša mati: "Kaj ti je, da se jočeš?"

Jernejček začne jokati še bolj in pove, da je imel pupka, ki mu ga je nekdo ubil.

Oče mu začne takoj pripovedovati, s kako nevarno in strupeno živaljo se je igral. "Če bi te ugriznila, bi ti lahko umrl!" mu je dejal. "Kupil ti bodem rajši dva zajčka in se boš igral z njima. Takih nevarnih živali pa se ogibaj!" je končal oče.

Jernejček je očeta ubogal. Pustil je strupene živali pri miru, toliko rajši pa se je odslej igral s svojima zajčkoma.

John Steban.

# Slovenci.

(Dalje.)

Slovenijo tvori torej danes le osvobojeni jugoslovanski del slovenskega ozemlja in obsega nekako dve tretjini s Slovenci kompaktno naseljenih pokrajin ter nekako dve tretjini slovenskega naroda. Današnja Slovenija tvori povsem homogeno slovensko celoto, kajti Nemci živijo kompaktno le v nemškem jezikovnem otočku Kočevju (12,000) južno od Ljubljane, dočim živijo ostali (28,000) raztreseni po mestih in večjih krajih, zlasti ob severni meji, kjer predstavljajo še ostanke sistematične avstrijske germanizacije in kolonizacije. Madžari (12,000) živijo ob skrajni vzhodni meji, ostali (Srbohrvatje, Italijani, Čehi itd.) pa posamezno po vsej Sloveniji. Od nekatolikov jih živi okroglo 26,000 v Prekmurju (25,000 protestantov in 1000 Židov, katerih pa je ostala Slovenija povsem prosta), ostali (9000) so pa raztreseni po vsej Sloveniji.

Najvišja upravna oblast v deželi je "Pokrajinska uprava za Slovenijo" v Ljubljani, ki je samo izvrševalni organ osrednje vlade v Belgradu, dalje je pa razdeljena dežela še na 19 okrajnih glavarstev in okroglo 1000 občin.

Italija je ob razsulu avstrijske armade okupirala in po rapalski pogodbi (l. 1921) anektirala vso zapadno četrtino kompaktnega slovenskega ozemlja, ter je zadala s tem najstrašnejši udarec slovenskemu narodu. V okviru spredaj naznačenih slovenskih jezikovnih mej je to ozemlje kompaktno slovensko, razen italijanskega in poitalijančenega Trsta, kjer pa tudi živi močna slovenska manjšina, ki stalno narašča vsled vedno svežega dotoka iz popolnoma slovenske okolice in slovenskega zaledja, kajti vse slovensko ozemlje je le naravno zaledje Trsta in ta je slovenska vrata v široki svet. Italija je porazdelila (l. 1923) anektirano slovensko ozemlje na tri province, namreč na Videm (z Beneško Slovenijo, Koroško in večino Goriške), Trst (s Trstom, njegovo okolico in delom Goriške), ter Pulj (z Istro).

Avstriji so ostali malenkostni deli slovenskega ozemlja na Štajerskem ter po nesrečnem izidu plebiscita (l. 1920) pretežna

večina koroškega slovenskega ozemlja. Ker je ostala politična in upravna razdelitev Avstrije stara, so razdeljeni avstrijski Slovenci na deželi Koroško in Štajersko.

Madžarska je obdržala le nekaj slovenskih občin pri Monostru.

Gostota prebivalstva je na slovenskem ozemlju zelo različna ter popolnoma odvisna od značaja terena. Dočim izkazuje na popolnoma alpski radovljiški okraj severno od Ljubljane komaj 32 prebivalcev na 1 štirj. km, jih izkazuje deloma brdoviti, deloma pa ravni, a povsod zelo rodovitni ljutomerski okraj v vzhodni Sloveniji 87 na 1 štirj. km, Prekmurje pa celo 96. Povprečna gostota znaša 65.7 na 1 štirj. km, torej 15 nad povprečno gostoto v Jugoslaviji in je Slovenija za Vojvodino najgosteje naseljena jugoslovanska pokrajina. Prirodni prirastek znaša okroglo 10%. Glede naravnega prirastka v dobi od 1.—10. leta so bili Slovenci med poprejšnjimi avstro-ogrskimi narodi skoro na prvem mestu, dočim je število od 10.—30. leta vsled velikega izseljevanja zelo padalo, v dobi nad 60 let so pa stali zopet skoro na prvem mestu. To dokazuje, da je slovenski narod duševno in fizično zdrav.

Kar se tiče bivališč, prevladujejo na slovenskem ozemlju majhne vasice, ki ne leže nikdar više kot 1000 m nad morjem. Na red, snago in udobnost po kmetijskih hišah zelo gledajo. Do malega vse hiše imajo poleg kuhinje s štedilnikom še po več sob in potrebne pritikline in po mnogih vaseh je že dobiti električno razsvetljava, vodovod, lepe ceste itd. Gospodarska poslopja stoje posebej poleg hiše. Večina hiš je zidanih iz kamnja ali opeke, lesene vedno bolj izginjajo kakor tudi one, ki so bile še pred nedavnim pokrite s slamo ali deščicami. Glede na snago, čistočo, udobnost in civilizatorno stanje sploh slovensko kmetiško hišo lahko že danes primerjamo z zapadno evropsko, kajti v njej ni več najti mrčesa, pač pa vidimo že do malega povsod moderno pohištvo, knjige, časopise itd.

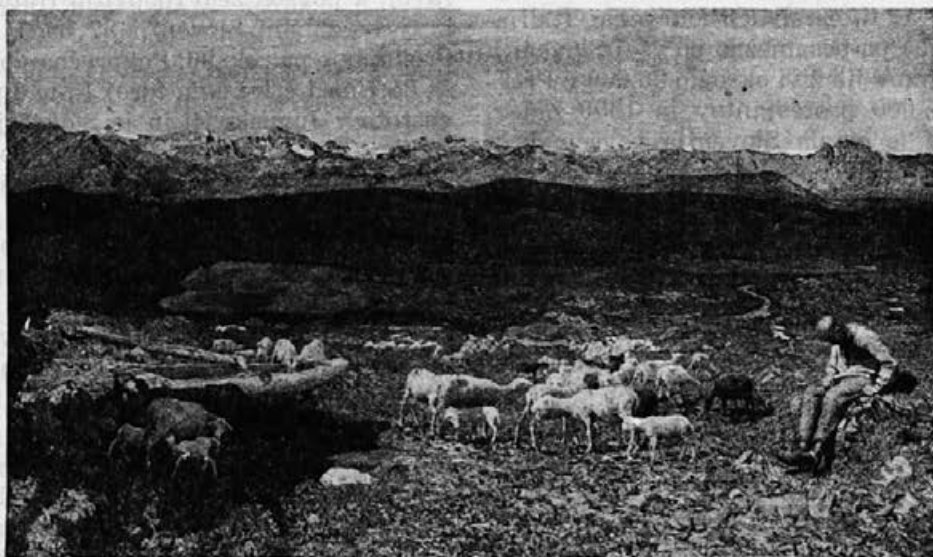
Mesta in trgi so na slovenskem ozemlju precej številni. Največje slovensko mesto, ki je že od nekdanjega geografsko, gospodarsko, kul-

turno in politično središče vsega slovenskega naroda, je Ljubljana s prelepo lego ob Ljubljanici in ob Gradu sredi divne okolice. Sedizana je na razvalinah stare rimske Emone in šteje danes s predkraj 65,000 prebivalcev. V mestu je sedež najvišjih političnih, vojaških in cerkvenih oblasti ter kulturnih ustanov z univerzo. Severno od Ljubljane leže v Savski dolini mesta Škofja Loka (2000 prebivalcev), stara kranjska prestolica Kranj (3000 preb.), važno in staro industrijsko središče Tržič (2400 preb.). Radovljica, znamenito letovišče Bled ob Blejskem jezeru (letno 7—9000 gostov), veliki industrijski kraj Jesenice (5500 preb.) ter letovišče Bo-

manjša slovenska mesteca in trgi na vzhodu so pa še Žalec (središče hmeljske trgovine), Šoštanj (središče usnjarske industrije), Velenje (premogokop), Guštanj (edini koroški okraj, ki je pripadel Jugoslaviji), Ljutomer, Ormož, Ptuj (4500 preb.) in Murska Sobota (3000 preb.), središče Prekmurja. Znana so potem še letovišča Rogaška Slatina (letno 4—6000 gostov, eksport zdravilne vode znaša letno 2.2 milj. steklenic), Rimske toplice (37 stopinj C), Čateške toplice (akratni vrelec 40—50 stopinj C).

V italijanskem delu slovenskega ozemlja leže Postojna (2000 preb.) z znamenito podzemeljsko jamo, Idrija (6000 preb.) z

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Na kraških tleh.

hinjska Bistrica ob Bohinjskem jezeru. Južno od Ljubljane leže prijazna dolenska mesteca Višnja gora, Ribnica, Kočevje, Mokronog, Črnomelj, Dolenjske Toplice (35 stopinj C), Metlika in Novo mesto (2500 preb.); zapadno od Ljubljane pa Vrhnika (2500 preb.). Vzhodno od Ljubljane v Savski dolini leže industrijska Litija, veliko premogokopno okrožje Zagorje—Trbovlje—Hrastnik, potem važno železniško križišče Zidani most, trg Sevnica, Krško in Brežice. Pod Kamniškimi planinami leži letovišče Kamnik (1800 preb.). Najvažnejši mesti v vzhodni Sloveniji sta Maribor (s predkraj 40,000 preb.), važno industrijsko, gospodarsko in prometno središče, ter Celje (s predkraj 11,000 preb.),

drugim največjim živosrebrnim rudnikom v Evropi, Kobarid, Tolmin, Gorica (31,000 preb.), Čedad (središče beneških Slovencev) in veliko svetovno pristanišče Trst (230,000 preb.), težišče vsega slovenskega ozemlja in slovenskega naroda.

V Avstriji sta pa ostala Beljak (18,000 preb.) in Celovec (s predkraj 40,000 preb.), ki je bil še sredi preteklega stoletja središče slovenske literarne produkcije. Na Koroškem (severnovzhodno od Celovca) je končno omeniti še znamenito Gosposvetsko polje, kjer so ustoličevali po slovenskem obredu nekdanje koroške vojvode.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

BRUNO—FR. JORDAN:

## Jurij Stephenson.

## I.

Pred sto leti je živel mož vztrajnega dela, preprost rudniški delavec — Jurij Stephenson. Zaradi neumornega dela je postal iz navadnega delavca bogataš; a ne samo to; izumil je parni stroj — lokomotivo. Sto let mineva, odkar je stekla prva železnica, najprvo na Angleškem, v domovini Jurija Stephensona, pozneje tudi pri nas. Leta 1859 je stekla železnica skozi Ljubljano od Zidanega mosta proti Trstu.

Ne bo odveč, če se s tem duševnim delavcem natančneje seznanimo; njegov zgled more čitatelju le koristiti.

Jurij Stephenson je bil sin ubogega rudarja. Kot deček je pasel krave na pašniku, ki je mejil na rudnik, kjer je bil zaposlen njegov oče. Pozneje je dobil delo v rudniku. Bil je tako dober delavec, da so mu zaupali vedno težja in važnejša opravila. Ko je dosegel 16. leto, so mu izročili v oskrbo parni stroj.

Jurij je imel za stroje posebno nagnenje. Kmalu so opazili, v kako dobrem stanju so bili rovi, ki so bili njemu izročeni v oskrbo. Jurij ni nikoli počival; hotel je razumeti tudi umeten ustroj raznih strojev, ki jih je nadzoroval. Kadar je izvršil 12 ur dnevnega dela, je opazoval čudeno kolesje parnega stroja, ki so mu ga zaupali.

K nesreči ni znal Jurij, ki je bil tedaj star že 17 let, niti brati niti pisati. Starši so mu bili ubožni in ga niso mogli pošiljati v šolo. Hitro je izprevidel, da bodo ostali stroji, ki jih je tako ljubil, zanj nerazrešljiva uganka, dokler bo tako neveden. Kupi si abecednik. Ob večerih je hodil k vaškemu učitelju, podnevi v urah počitka se je sam učil. Pogostokrat so ga videli delavci, kako je med odmorom potegnil čitanko ali tablico iz žepa, da je poizkušal čitati, pisati in računati. Za učenje je imel toliko voljo, da je po dokončanem dnevnem delu začel delati ponoči, da je popravljaj stare črevlje svojim tovarišem, da bi zaslužil potreben denar za nabavo knjig.

Stephenson je bil jako nadarjen, razumen in duhovit, toda vkljub tem lastnostim ne bi dosegel svoje velike slave, če bi ga ne

podpirale pri njegovem globoko zasnovanem delu še druge lepe lastnosti: odločnost, pogumnost, vztrajnost in treznost. O teh lastnostih nam daje ta mladi mož najlepši zgled.

Jurij Stephenson se je poročil, ko je bil še mlad. Da bi v potrebi podpiral svojo družino, je moral delati več kot kdaj prej. Ob nedeljah je porabil prosti čas za učenje; čital in računil je brez prestanka, proučeval je na risbah sestavo vseh novih strojev, da je tako napredoval pri vseh rečeh, ki so se tikale njegovega posla.

## II.

Ogenj je nastal nekega dne v Jurjevem stanovanju. Utrpel je veliko škodo. Med drugim je bila tudi njegova ura tako poškodovana, da je ni mogel več pripraviti do tega, da bi šla in kar je bilo še huje: ni bilo denarja za urarja. Stephenson je storil tedaj za svojo dragoceno uro-kukavico to, kar je storil za svoje stroje: razstavil jo je previdno, jo osnažil in jo nanovo sestavil tako razumno, da je šla odslej bolje kakor prej. "Dobro!" si je mislil naš spretni delavec, "namesto da bi samo popravljaj črevlje v nočnem času, bom popravljaj poleg tega še ure." In res, odslej mu je izročala vsa vas še ure v popravilo.

Medtem se je širil glas o Stephensu kot strojniku in njegovi spretnosti. Poslali so ga v notranjost Anglije, da bi popravil važen stroj. Namesto da bi se peljal, je pogumno korakal s palico v roki. "Če bom tako varčeval," si je mislil, "bom lahko plačeval mesečno šolnino za svojega sina." Jurij je imel res sina, ki mu je dal ime po svojem starem očetu Robertu. Jurjeva največja želja je bila, da bi mogel mladega Roberta dobro vzgojiti. In ravno v ta namen je že toliko časa združeval nočno delo z dnevnim. Pokvarjeni stroj, ki ga je šel Stephenson gledat, je začel zopet svojo službo. Za plačilo je dobil Jurij 700 frankov. "Glejte, pa sem bogat!" reče mladi delavec; "prišel sem peš, pa se vrnem tudi peš, da ne bo treba načeti mojega zaklada." Zdelan od navora je prišel v selo, kjer je prebival njegov oče. Grozen dogodek se je bil izvršil. Stari Shephen-

son je oslepel, strašno opečen od sopare, ki jo je vanj brizgnil stroj. Poleg tega je zabredel v popolno uboštvo. Mladi Stephenson je porabil takoj polovico svojih 700 frankov, da je poplačal dolgove svojega očeta. Potem ga je prepeljal iz ubožne kočice v čedno hišico, le malo oddaljeno od njegovega bivališča. Slepec je tu živel srečno dolgo vrsto let.

Stephensona je že prej zadela nesreča, da mu je umrla žena, ki jo je izredno ljubil; ostal mu je le še mali Robert in stari slepi oče. V tem času je pozvala Angleška, ki je bila v obupni vojni s Francijo, vse sposobne moške pod orožje. Vojne službe niso bili oproščeni niti delavci, ki so preživljali svojo družino. Jurij, prisiljen iti pod orožje ali plačati nadomestnika, je porabil svoje zadnje prihranke, da se oprosti vojaščine, zakaj moral je služiti kruh za očeta in sina. Tako ni zanj ostalo nič po tolikem delu, po toliko prečutih nočeh. Če prenehajo tvornice z obratom ali če pride bolezen — pade v najgroznejšo bedo. Toda šel je na delo še z večjo vnetostjo; delo in učenje sta mu nudila tolažbo.

Albin Čebular:

## Čudna tetka.

Kakor starka hodi: počasi, glavo nekoliko pripogneno in umika se sitnim ljudem. Ogrinja se v topli kožušček, o katerem pravijo, da je dragocen kakor najtežja svila. Iz bajtice pricinca z mrakom, spat gre navadno ko vstaja rožna zarja. Res, svoje muhe ima!

Jaz sem jo pa videl včeraj! ko se je smehljala luna, kateri so pravile zvezdice, posedajoče okoli nje, pravljice o zlatih gradovih in skratih. — Prišla je potuhnjeno in jo krenila naravnost na dvor, kjer imajo

Nov stroj so postavili v rudniku. Ta stroj bi moral odstranjevati vodo, ki se vedno nahaja v votlinah rovov, toda bil je slabo postavljen in ni hotel delovati. Poklicali so učene inženirje, da bi popravili stroj. Ni se jim posrečilo. Leto dni je preteklo, ne da bi imel kdo korist od stroja. Stephenson je porabil vsako možno priliko, da se je približal trdovratno upornemu stroju. Hotel je najti oviro, ki je zadrževala delovanje. Njegov duh ni nič počival. Ko ga je neke sobote večer dolgo ogledoval, je vzklil veselo: "Jaz vem, kako bi se ga pripravilo do delovanja!"

Ta pripomba je došla do ušes rudniškemu ravnatelju, ki brez pomisleka izroči popravilo Stephensonu. Nekaj dni pozneje je deloval stroj tako dobro, da je iz rova izčrpal vso vodo in da so delavci lahko odšli na delo. Jako začudeni so Stephensona nazivali "zdravnika strojev."

Hvaležni ravnatelj je imenoval Stephensona za rudniškega inženirja in mu izboljšal plačo.

(Konec prihodnjč.)

putke hišico. Potrkala bi na duri, kakor se spodobi, pa so bile odprte. Tiho je vstopila: "Dober večer! Obiskat sem vas prišla. Dolgo me že ni bilo!"

Kikeriki jo je precej spoznal. Kar sapo mu je zaprlo.

Da ni prišel kužek, ne vem kakšen račun bi bil . . .

Očka so potem nastavili past in dejali: "Tatica — lisica, taki tetki bom v drugo polomil vse kosti! Kikeriki je pa naš! Glej, da se ne boš zopet zmotila!"

### Pretežko pismo.

Na pošto je prinesel mali Jožek pismo, na katerem je bila prilepljena znamka za en cent.

"Moraš prilepiti še eno znamko," reče poštna gospodična, "ker je pismo težko."

"Kako? Še eno znamko? Potem bo pismo še težje," je modroval Jožek.

### Slab pregovor.

Učiteljica: "Kdo mi zna razložiti pregovor: 'Boljše je hranjeno jajce, kakor sneden vol?' Povej ti, Jožek!"

Jožek: "Ta pregovor pa že ne drži. Če snem vola, mi ostane še koža, in ta je več vredna kakor jajce."



## Strojvodja.

Vožnja z brzovlakom — kaj je pri tem posebnega? Greš na postajo, in tu stoji vlak pripravljen za odhod. Vstopiš, se udobno vsedeš v kot, potegneš časopis ali knjigo iz žepa ter bereš ali pa gledaš skozi okno. In ko potegne lokomotiva vozove z lahnim sunkom, pogledaš kvišku, vidiš zunaj mahanje ljudi, stvari hite mimo tebe. In potem bereš dalje v časopisu ali knjigi, dočim te vlak pelje proti tvojemu cilju.

Drugače pa zgleda stvar s strojvodjevega mesta na lokomotivi. Tam je naporna, odgovornosti polna služba, kar je tebi zabava ali kvečjemu dolgočasna zadeva.

\*

Puhajoč, s sikajočimi ventili stoji lokomotiva pred vlakom. Vse je pripravljeno in v redu. Zadnja vrata na vlaku se zapro. Kazalec razsvetljene ure se je pomaknil na čas odhoda. Signali kažejo odprto pot. Še znamenje "vse v redu" od zadaj — kurjač otvori zavoro tenderja, strojvodja seže z obema rokama med aparate: zavore, krmilo, urejevalce. Sikajoč, sunkoma puhajoč, trepetajoč pod pritiskom sil, potegne stroj in preizkuša težo. Preizkuša — tak občutek ima človek na lokomotivi. Vse cevi, vzvodi, beti zgledajo, kot da se pretegujejo, železne mišice se napenjajo in stegujejo.

Bele rutice vihrajo na peronu — kurjaču, strojvodju ni namenjen noben pozdrav. Onadva sta v službi, sta nekako del strojnega organizma.

\*

Ogibi in križnice ropočejo pod vedno hitrejšo vožnjo. Začrnjeni svet tovrnega kolodvora beži na obeh straneh mimo. Signali, oblaki pare, kupi premoga, kurilnice, vodovodni stolpi.

Predmestne postaje planejo proti nam in ostanejo zadaj za nami. Razsvetljene ulice se za trenutek pojavijo med hišnimi stenami, izginejo. Lokomotiva ropoče, ropoče. Vsak del železa postane brneč, doneč glas. V vodokazni cevki se ziblje tekoči steber gor in dol. Kazalci manometrov trepečejo od številke do številke. Ozki železni mostiček, ki veže lokomotivo in tender, se ziblje sem in tja, gor in dol. Če stojimo na tem mostičku, ima-

mo občutek, da na upogljivem pleščem železu plešemo, omahujemo skozi noč.

Kurjač zavrti en ventil, tu zopet potegne drugega. Neprestano prijema z roko tu, prime tam, a smisla njegovih prijemov ne poznamo; vidimo pa, da ima vsak prijem kakšnokoli posledico. A vse to dela tako mirno, kot da je to samoposebi razumljivo, i kakor da bi stal na najbolj trdni podlagi na svetu.

Strojvodja zre skozi okno naprej v noč. Zunaj se vrsti komplicirani sistem signalov z jasno govorico znamenj, ki varujejo progo. Signali sosednjih tirov se pomikajo — od tu gledani — na stran. Oni so brez pomena. Rdeče luči lesketajo kot žareče točke v temi, se spreminjajo — naglo, kakor bi trenil z očmi — v zeleno, ter odpro progo. Tu se zablišči štirikotna tabla pred vhodom v predor. Ona zapoveduje: Zapiskaj! Strojvodja seže k ventilu: dolgo, zategnjeno zatuli sirena skozi noč. Tabla, s številkami in črno-belimi progami pove, da se proga dviga—1:40. Strojvodja zavrti krmilo naprej, postavi uravnalnik na več pare, odpre sipalo peska, da kolesa čvrsteje primejo. In drgetajoč pod pritiskom napetih sil se bori vlak proti vzpetosti in doseže vrh. Tabla naznani: Padec. 1.60. Strojvodja zapre paro ter odpre zračno zavoro, da deluje. Ropotajoč, porivan od teže 314 ton, drvi s silno naglico vlak navzdol: 50, 60, 70, 75 milj. Male postaje, slabo razsvetljene in osamljene, kot pozabljene v noči, kriče za mimodrvečim vlakom z rezkim odmevom svojih sten in streh. Železni mostovi tulijo nad temnimi prepadi in kotlinami, v katerih se stiskajo speče vasi. Zdi se, da se lokomotiva suče na svojih petih oseh. A za njo drvi 314 ton teže na 64 bobnečih kolesih, hiteča vrsta vozov, v katerih sede ljudje v močni luči, pogovarjajo se ali berejo, ali pa se v spalnih vozovih spravljajo k počitku.

Vlak drvi skozi noč. Na temnem nebu leskečejo zvezde.

Nenadoma—vse se zgodi v par sekundah—, mnogo prej kot stavec nastavi to vrsto s svojim novim strojem—potegne strojvodja z enim samim sunkom krmilo nazaj, iz-

pusti protiparo, potegne zračno zavoro. Vse to store njegove roke skoro izstočasno, a tako natančno in točno, kot da imajo te roke svoj lastni občutek. Kazalec metra hitrosti sunkoma hiti nazaj na 50, 45, 40 milj. Z zmanjšano hitrostjo ropoče vlak preko opasnega ovinka, ki se nahaja tu.

\*

Sedaj prihaja gozd. Smreke hite nemo in temno mimo. Dim lokomotive se vleče kot dolg rep za vlakom.

Hlapi in para, od zračnega pritiska trgana in tlačena navzdol, napolnjujeta ves strojevodjev prostor in tender. Kurjača ni videti na poldrugi korak. Samo tuintam, ko pogleda na vodomer, se pokaže iz pare in teme začrnjeni obraz v rumeni luči male petrolejke.

Zunaj pa drvi mimo spavajoči svet, kot večnost sama. Rob temnih gora se giblje gor in dol na mračnem obzorju. Globok, brezpredmeten prepad reže speči svet od tega drvečega železja. Ozki strojevodjev prostor, ta mali kotiček med premogom in železom, ognjem in paro je postal leteča gruda zemlje, na kateri mi trije — strojevodja, kurjač in jaz ali ti, ki to bereš — živimo v motni svetlobi z debelim steklom obdane svetiljke. In kadar odpre kurjač vratca kurišča, nas obizne rdeče žareči svit ter nam pritisne pekočo sapo na ude.

\*

Strojevodja pa stoji pred menoj nekoliko razkoračen, da bolj čvrsto stoji. Opravljen je, kakor da gre samo na vogal v tobačno prodajalno, v črne hlače in rjavi jopič, nad katerem se svetli ozek rob belega ovratnika. Poklajpljena čepica daje celi postavi nekak len, brezbrizen izraz. On stoji tu, kot da je zabava ali šport voditi brzovlak skozi noč. Toda pod to poklajpljeno čepico deluje eden najčudovitejših strojev na svetu. V možganih pod to čepico je samo ena misel — proga. Bistre oči ne vidijo nič drugega kot — progo. Roke upravljajo mašinerijo kot organi, ki mislijo samostojno. Dočim on gleda in misli eno samo misel—proga—te roke nekako samostojno kontrolirajo vse te številne ventile, vzvode, krmilo, urejevalec, pretikalnik, zračno zavoro, navadno zavoro, zračno sipalo peska, ročno sipalo peska, ventil zračne cevi

in parno piščal. In ko gledamo te začrnjene roke v trepetajoči svetlobi pri svojem nenavadnem delu ter pomislimo, da je v teh rokah življenje vseh ljudi, ki od zadaj v vozovih sede ter se vozijo v noč s svojimi skrbmi in radostmi, potem ne moremo odtrgati naših oči od teh rok. Dolgo časa ne vidim nič drugega kot te roke, samo te roke. In pravzaprav bi moral vsakokrat, ko dospe vlak na svoj končni cilj, podati se kak zastopnik potnikov k lokomotivi ter se strojevodju s stisnjenjem roke zahvaliti. Nič besed, samo krepko stisniti tisto roko. Kajti on, strojevodja, je imel v teh rokah življenje vseh potnikov, in on jih je pripeljal do cilja. Zavedati se moramo, da gre njemu hvala.

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In ko tako razmišljamo o strojevodju, nam pride čudna misel — ali nismo vsi nekaki strojevodji? Vsak vodi lokomotivo svojega življenja skozi noč, med hribi in preko prepadov, k cilju, ki ga vidijo naše duševne oči tam daleč, a ga malokdaj dosežemo. Mnogi, zelo mnogi zavozijo svojo lokomotivo — svoje življenje — v prepad, v pogin. Kajti nimajo vsi večjih rok, nimajo vsi globokega uma, ki bi vodil njih roke — njih dejanja.

Vi, mladi bratci in sestrice, še ne vodite sami, še niste popolni strojevodji. Vaši starši vodijo vaše lokomotive, učitelji, brati in sestre in drugi pomagajo pri vaših prvih poskusih. Dom in šola, vas vezbajo, da boste enkrat dobri, vestni strojevodje, da boste v ravni črti varno vodili lokomotivo svojega življenja. Odgovorna in naporna je služba vsakega strojevodja, zato se pripravite na njo temeljito. Šola vas pripravlja za to službo, starši vam dajejo vzgled in dobre nauke, ta vaš "Mladinski list" po najboljši moči pomaga pri tem.

Vsako mora voditi svojo lokomotivo, toda mnogi so poklicani, da vodijo tudi druge.

Vsaka organizacija ima na svojem čelu strojevodjo. Tudi naša Slovenska narodna podporna jednota ima svojega. On je naš predsednik, njemu ob strani stoji od članov izvoljeni odbor, a člani sami pa so natančno začrtali progo, po kateri mora voziti.

Tudi vsakemu posameznemu delavcu, duševnemu in ročnemu, ne manjka take začrtane progè, opremljene s mnogimi označba-

mi in signali. Začrtali in opremili so jo pa pred vsem poučne knjige, delavsko časopisje in delavske organizacije. Vse to nas dela

zmožne, da prodiramo naprej skozi temo in noč, boreč se z mnogimi sovražniki, proti zvišenemu cilju: **Svobodi, Bratstvu, Enakosti.**

(Iz nemščine — K. Z.)

VINKO VILFAN:

## Hromi Vojtuš.

Rad imam in gledam vesele ljudi, lepo in prijetno mi je v njihovi družbi, in kot solnce se mi zdi njihov smeh. Srečen bi bil, ko bi sedeli v teh dolgih nočeh ob mojem vzglavju ter mi pripovedovali vesele zgodbe iz mladostnih let, oči bi se jim svetile in iskriale in zadovoljna, čisto otročja duša bi se smejala iz njih. In zdi se mi, da bi postala moja izba topla in domača, luč na mizi bi veseleje in živahneje zagorela, in jaz sam bi gole prešernosti in sreče mogoče celo zavriskal.

Toda, vse to so le neumne, prazne misli, ki me obidejo za par minut in se poslove, tiho in brez sledu, kot so prišle. Ko sem tako sam, in nimam človeka, ki bi ž njim izmenjal prijazno besedo, se spomnim davnega znanca, krojača Červenke in njegovega majhnega sinka, hromega Vojtuša. Bila sta to človeka, siromaka, ki sta si komaj v sanjah upala pomisliti na lepo, udobno in brezskrbno življenje.

Krojač Červenka je stanoval v podstrešju visoke, starinske hiše v starejšem, ozkoulčnem delu mesta. V edini skromni izbici je stalo kaj malo pohištva: Široka, od prahu, vlage in starosti počrnela postelja je zavzemala večino prostora, poleg nje mala omara s tremi predali in pred edinim oknom se je zibala na vegastih nogah podolgovata miza. Siromaštvo je zrlo iz vseh kotov, neprijetna, mrzla vlaga je puhtela iz zamazanih sten in težko legala na slabotna, jetična pljuča ob mizi stoječemu Červenki, ki je krpal in prenarejal svoj obnošeni suknjič za malega Vojtuša.

Siromaček je bil Vojtuš, desno nogo je imel hromo in blede so bila vedno njegova suha, koščena lica. Dvanajst let mu je bilo, a prisodil bi mu jih kvečjemu sedem, tako je bil slaboten in droban. Do sita najedel se menda še v svojem celem življenju niti enkrat ni, in čudno-bolestno so zrle njegove

resne oči, črne kot noč, in le grozno redko se je utrnila v njih skromna iskrica-zvezdica, trenutna vesela misel, ki pa je takoj komaj porojena v tej lepi, skrivnostni duši, utonila v nje temni globini.

Dolgo je že od takrat, ko mu je umrla mamica, mlada in lepa, in dobro še ve, kako je jokal atek, ko je slonel ob njenem vzglavju in je ona umirala. Le malo se je še spominja Vojtuš, edino to mu stoji jasno pred očmi, kako ga je v svojih zadnjih trenutkih krčevito in obupno pritiskala k sebi. Strahotno blede je bilo tedaj njeno lice in čudno so sijale njene oči, kot dvoje ugašujočih, migljajočih zvezd na modrikastem večernem nebu so blodile po mračni, borni izbi, in Vojtušu se je zdelo, da sipljejo in trosijo solze in žalost, kamor pogledajo.

Težko je umirala, ker je predobro vedela, da bo Vojtuš večer revež, hrom in ubog. Za pogrebom ga je nesel oče na roki, in krčevito se ga je oklepal Vojtuš okoli vratu, podrhtevala so mu šibka, ozka prsa v silni, neizrazni boli, kričal bi bil, da ga ni bilo strah črnooblečenih mrkogledih možakov, ki so trdo in odurno govoreč zabili krsto ter jo odnesli pred hišo v črno pleskan, zaprt voz.

Zagrebli so jo, težko, votlo grmeče je padala trda gruda na leseno krsto, Vojtuš pa je slonel osupel ob očetu, in ni bilo najti solze v njegovih očeh. Ko pa so se razkropili maloštevilni pogrebci, je nenadoma zajokal Vojtuš; kot da ni hotel, da bi se pasle tuje oči na njegovih iskrenih solzah. Tiho je molil oče in težka skrb je gledala iz solznih, rdeče obrobjenih oči, globoko je bil upognjen njegov hrbet in komaj se je še držal pokonci.

Ko sta odhajala, počasi in trudno, je solnce že ugašalo za daljnimi nizkimi griči, in lahne megle so se porajale iz reke sredi pisanega polja, ki je mirno sanjalo, omam-

ljeno močnega duha suhega sena in matrne dušice.

Pa se je zgodilo nekaj dni pred Vojtuševo smrtjo, da ga je prinesel stari Červenka na hišno dvorišče. Toplo je sijalo solnce, in dobro je dela prijetna gorkota malemu hromcu, kot da ga boža in objema ljubeča, mehka roka pred leti umrle mamice. Ob zid se je naslonil s hrbtom, oči so mu pa plavale

Igrali so se otroci tam pred drvarnicami, kričali so in vriskali, veseli svojega zdravja in mladosti, razposajene brezskrbnosti in lepega dneva. Pa se je našel med njimi otrok, ki ni bil otrok, marveč razbojnik z umazano brezčutno dušo in s surovim nasmehom na ustnih in v očeh. Kar naenkrat je pohitel k Vojtehu in se postavil pred njim mogočno, kot gospodar pred hlapcem, ter ga glasno, spakovaje se vprašal:

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Mati.

od rože do rože, od rastline do rastline po širokem vrtu kot vesel, razposajen metulj, in srečen in zadovoljen je bil. Koncem dvorišča ob drvarnicah se je igrala kopica glasno vriščečih otrok, in med drobnim peskom si je iskala hrane gospodarjeva kokošja družina. Vsa narava je dihala zdravje in zadovoljnost, in srečo bi ujel v roko, če bi zagrabil solnčni žarek. In tistega lepega popoldneva sem zadnjikrat videl malega Vojtuša.

“Čigav pa si, mali?”

Začudeno ga je gledal Vojtuš, in vsled čudne bojazni so se mu orosile oči, kajti bil je mehka, tiha duša, nevajen glasne besede in divjega, ostrega pogleda. Otroci so popustili igranje in prihiteli k njima. Čakali in gledali so, kaj bo.

“Kaj si nem, pokveka? Govori in povej mi, kdo si in kaj delaš tukaj!”

Prebledel je Vojtuš in se stresel, ko je

zagledal v njegovih očeh toliko zlobe. Hotel je vstati, toda že isti hip ga je pograbil tisti fant, za Pavla so ga klicali, za hromonogo in ga potegnil za seboj, da je udarila Vojtehova glava ob zid in je bolno kriknil.

“Jaz te že naučim govoriti! Malo te popeljem na sprehod, ko vidim, da sam težko hodiš. Hi-jo!”

In vlekkel ga je čez dvorišče, da je Vojtuš z obema rokama zaman grabil po belem pesku, hoteč se za kaj zagrabiti, in ko so dospeli do plota, se mu je to posrečilo. Ali, siromak! Zavrisnil je bolečine, in iz roke se je potočila po ograji rdeča, topla kri. Na želj se je nataknil ter si globoko zatrgal levo

dlan. Ko so otroci zapazili kri, so se razbegnili na vse strani. Prihital je stari Červenka, ves brez sape in bled, ko je začul sinkovo klicanje in jok, ter ga odnesel domov. Umil mu je roko in jo obvezal, položil ga je v posteljo in ga neprestano tolažil, obetajoč mu najslajše in najlepše reči.

Čez nekaj dni pa je Vojtuš umrl na zastrupljenju krvi. Ni me bilo takrat v mestu in sem se povrnil šele, ko je bil Vojtuš že davno pod zemljo. Stari Červenka mi je solznih oči pravil, da me je zelo želel, ko je že bledele v vročici. Pa sem še tisto popoldne odšel na njegov grob; Červenka me je spremljal, in lepih poljskih rož sem mu nastlal na nizko gomilo.

## SLOVENSKA ZEMLJA.

TAM, kjer Triglav ponosni naš kraljuje,  
kjer val Jadranskega morja šumi,  
kjer štajerskih goric se kras dviguje,  
kjer dol in brdo Soče hlad poji,

kjer Kras zakriva čudovite hrame,  
kjer Drava, Sava tek imata svoj:  
tam zemlja je, krasote polna same,  
slovenski svet je tam, tam dom je moj!

K oblakom naših gor kipe vrhovi,  
iz jezerskih voda njih sneg blesti,  
ob belih cestah naši so domovi,  
iz hladnih gajev lipe cvet dehti.

Oklepa vinskih gričev pas obzorje,  
beli se iz zelenja rodna vas,  
in plodno njivo kmet veselo orje,  
bogata je zrna zlati žitni klas.

V temo zemlje zaklade zakopane  
na dan izkapa čvrsta naša dlan.  
kjer prime roka, tam bogastvo vstane,  
uspeh duha je delu darovan.

Ponosna naša so slovenska mesta,  
kjer znanosti, umetnosti goje,  
stoje nezrušno kot ljubezen zvesta,  
ki v njej za dom nam srca plamene.

Ta krasna zemlja, naša last edina,  
budi nam v dušah slavospev razvnet:  
pozdravljena, slovenska domovina,  
ti sveti naš, ti naš slovanski svet!

E. Gangl.

## KOMAR.

BIL pajek mrežo je razpredel,  
tenko kot svilnat robec bel,  
na cvetko pa komar je sedel  
ter gledal pajka je vesel.

Razmahnil že je svoja krila,  
da k pajku bi poletel gor,  
zaman ga muha je svarila:  
“V pogubo greš, ne bodi nor!”

“Zleteti skozi mrežo zame  
nevarno in težavno ni! . . .”  
In—frr! . . . A že ga pajek vjame  
in dobro z njim se pogosti . . .

Janko Leban.

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V našem potoku.

Schramm-Zittau

## Naš kotichek.

## UGANKE.

## Dopisi.

13.

Farmer je kupil tri koze, plačal je 12 dolarjev. Po čem je prišla vsaka koza?

\* \* \*

14.

Letela je jata gosi. Nasproti jim prileti ena gos. "Pozdravljene, sto gosi!" reče.— "Ne, nas ni sto gosi. Če bi nas bilo še enkrat toliko, pa še ena polovica tega števila, pa še četrtnina tega števila, pa če bi ti gos tudi bila z nami, bi nas bilo zares sto gosi." Koliko jih je letelo?

## Rešitve ugank.

11.

Ime je Peter.

12.

Ptice so štiri, drevesa pa tri.

## Rešilci.

Obe uganki je rešil:

Louis Droblich, Lloydell, Pa.

Po eno uganko sta rešila:

Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.

John Strukelj, Lorain, O.

\* \* \*

## Prepozno za zadnjo številko.

Uganki št. 9 in 10 so pravilno rešili:

Rudolf in Karolina Milich, Export, Pa.

Julia Kern, Export, Pa.

Uganko št. 9 sta pravilno rešila:

Angela Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.

Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill.

John Strukelj, Lorain, O., je pravilno rešil uganki Anice Mekina in uganko Franciške Maček.

## Cenjeni urednik!

Ker se že dolgo nisem oglasila v Mladinskem Listu, bodem od sedaj naprej bolj pridno dopisovala. Vzrok je bil seveda ta, ker sem bila preveč zaposlena s šolskimi knjigami. Tukaj smo končali šolo 29. maja. Učiteljica nas je peljala v prosto naravo, kjer je bilo za nas veliko zabave. Prošlo šolsko leto sem bila v petem razredu 6 mesecev, in po šestih mesecih me je učiteljica prestavila v šesti razred. Ko bode pričelo prihodnje šolsko leto, pojdem v sedmi razred, ker sem dobila report card za 7. razred. Kakor vidite, sem naredila v enem šolskem letu kar dva razreda. Stara sem 11 let.

Rada bi, da bi mi moje sovrstnice kaj pisale, da se bolj spoznamo. Prav vesela sem, ko dobim kako pisemce od mojih sovrstnic.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Ml. Lista!

Moj naslov:

Mary Kocevar,

R. F. D. # 3, Box 62, McDonald, Pa.

## NEKAJ SPRETNOSTI.

Poskusi izvršiti naslednje vaje, ki ti urijo mišice in so v domači družbi prav zabavne. Pazi pa, da giblješ samo z dotičnimi mišicami.

1. Zapri desno oko, dočim je levo odprto, potem zapri levo, obenem pa odpri desno; ponavljaj to izmenoma naglo za seboj.

2. Trkaj prav hitro z levim kazalcem po mizinem robu in riši s stisnjeno pestjo desne roke počasi krog na mizo.

3. Poskusi si umivati roke v nasprotni smeri, nego si navajen.

4. Opiši v zraku z iztegnjeno desno nogo krog od leve proti desni, s kazalcem desne roke pa od desne proti levi.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

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## MY AIRDALE DOG.

W. L. Mason.

I HAVE a funny Airdale dog,  
 He's just above my size,  
 With such a serious-looking face,  
 And eyes that seem so wise.

He looks as if he'd like to laugh,  
 But yet his long, straight muzzle  
 Gives him a kind of solemn look—  
 He surely is a puzzle.

And he is just as full of tricks  
 As any dog could be,  
 And we have mighty jolly times  
 Because he plays with me,

And never tries to bite or snap.  
 He doesn't even whine,  
 And that is why my Airdale dog  
 Is such a friend of mine.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

I've always been a faithful man  
 And tried to do my duty,  
 But now the stringest mode of life  
 Has somewhat lost its beauty.

The story of the generous bread  
 He sent upon the waters,  
 Which after many days returns  
 To trusting sons and daughters,

Had oft impressed me, so I went  
 My soul influenced by it,  
 And bought a loaf of bread and sought  
 A stream where I could try it.

I cast my bread upon the waves  
 And fancied then to wait it;  
 It had not floated far away  
 When a fish came up and ate it.

And if I want both fish and bread,  
 And surely both I'm wishing,  
 About the only way I see  
 Is for me to go a-fishing.

P. L. D.

## THE PHONOGRAPH.

By Marjorie Barrows.

IT stands as still as anything,  
 But when we wind it it will sing  
 A soldier march or bye-lo-loo  
 Or any song we want it to.

And sometimes before very long  
 A lovely lady sings my song,  
 A trilly song that's full of birds  
 And little chirpy flying words.

I listen to the way it goes  
 While shivers creep into my toes,  
 I listen in the firelight  
 And shut my eyes up sort of tight.

And then I always seem to look  
 Upon a laughing little brook,  
 And at a blue sky full of wings  
 That come when the lovely lady sings.



HERMANN HAGEDORN:

## The Lie.

"Did you prepare this lesson, Burton?"

Burton, big athletic, handsome as a movie hero—hesitated a second before he answered. He was busy picking up a pad which lay under his seat.

He deposited the pad on the wide armrest and looked up inquiringly as though he had not fully comprehended the question. Mr. Beaver, the algebra teacher, was smiling his friendly and slightly irritating smile.

"I asked you, Burton," he repeated gently, "whether you had prepared. Did you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Burton.

"Thank you," said Mr. Beaver. He opened a certain terrifying little black book and made a dot in the lower left-hand corner of a certain square opposite the name of Burton. "Perhaps," he added, "you had better go over it again," and smiled the same smile, which would have been sardonic but for the mildness of his tone.

Burton sank glumly back in his seat.

Mr. Beaver regarded his little book studiously for a moment. Then he looked up. The smile was gone. The alert face, adequately adorned by a reddish beard fading into gray, was now solicitous.

"Harrington," he said.

A Fourth Former in the middle row stood up. He was slight and rather pallid, and it was evident that he should begin shaving without further delay, for there was already a shadow of fuzz on his cheeks and chin that made him look unwashed and rather weak. His mother, who was vain, had insisted that he postpone shaving. She could not bear to think that she was the mother of a son who was almost a man, she always said. It made her feel so old.

Harrington, sallow and unshorn, was not an inspiring sight. Mr. Beaver evidently thought so. His eyes were unquestionably serious.

"Harrington," he said, "it seems that you are another of our weak brethren this morning. Did you prepare your lesson?"

Again, the second's hesitation. Harrington turned a shade paler, if possible. Then, with an effort, he spoke.

"No, sir."

"I was afraid not," said Mr. Beaver making another cryptic dot. Then he smiled. Harrington writhed and the rest of the class, except Burton, laughed.

"Why not?"

"I—I was ill."

Mr. Beaver was at once sympathetic, though serious. "Did you report to Dr. Stevens?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I knew he had already gone."

"You were ill after ten o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

Again Mr. Beaver smiled. "But surely you might have done your algebra before ten o'clock?"

"I was—busy, sir."

"With other lessons?"

Harrington hesitated.

"With other lessons?" Mr. Beaver repeated.

"No, sir."

"Well?"

"I had a spread."

There was a roar from the other boys.

"Quiet!" said Mr. Beaver. "Now, Harrington, as I understand the situation," he continued mildly, "you failed to prepare your lesson because you were ill in consequence of a spread which it was against the rules to indulge in. Is that it?"

"Y—yes, sir."

"Professor is very much opposed to—illicit spreads, as you know"—("Professor" was the Headmaster)—"I am afraid this will mean about thirty demerits, therefore. You have other demerits?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Twenty."

Mr. Beaver closed his little book and stood a moment by his desk looking quietly over at Harrington. His face was serious, but even his victim could not help feeling that there was a certain affectionate sympathy behind the quiet sternness.

"Look out, Harrington," he said at last with a return of that curious smile of his. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and the milestones are always spreads—of one sort or another. You may sit down."

The boy sat down and the work of the class proceeded. Two boys, for widely divergent reasons, heard the other boys go through their paces as though it were all a bad dream of wriggling x's and y's like snakes darting in and out of the placid waters of Mr. Beaver's endless questioning.

The bell clanged at last, indicating the end of the period. Three or four boys went forward to confer with Mr. Beaver about certain vexing algebraic problems. Needless to say, neither Burton nor Harrington was among these. They drifted out into the courtyard with the rest of the class, having certain problems of their own, not algebraic. One or two boys addressed Burton and were rebuffed with a curt word, which was unusual, as Burton was almost painstakingly friendly to everybody.

"Say!" whispered one to the other, "Burton's got a grouch on. He's sour at Beaver, I guess."

"Beaver is awfully fresh sometimes. After all, Bill Burton's captain of the football team."

"He's a good deal more important to the school than Beaver'll ever be."

"That's no joke either."

The two boys parted. Neither ventured to intrude again upon Burton's sacred resentment. For Burton was a very great man at The Towers.

No one spoke to Harrington. No one cared whether he had a grouch or not. For Harrington was a new boy who had as yet failed to "fit in". He was emphatically not an athlete. But he was not a "sissy" either. He was quite as emphatically not a student nor a literary light; but he was as quick as a jack rabbit in his physics "lab" work and not to be scorned as a guesser in reading Caesar at sight. He was not religious—which kept him out of Y. M. C. A. But, on the other hand, in a quiet way, he deeply loved the out of doors. Harrington was unquestionably "hard to place." The boys as well as the masters, when they spoke about

him at all, agreed on that. The only pigeon-hole into which he seemed to fit was the pigeon-hole of the "Queer Dicks." His first name happened to be Richard, which helped to settle the classification.

Burton passed through the West Wing, being a Sixth Former, with a room on the top floor of the New Building, and, chewing his lips, crossed the wide level lawn—with its strip of bright green grass that showed where the hot water pipes ran—and disappeared through a door in the western end.

Harrington did not go to his room. Young men who get demerits were not privileged at Towers to study in their own rooms. They spent periods not occupied with recitations in the school room, a long room containing some two hundred desks, with a raised platform and an organ at the southern end. Plaster busts of the great of all ages, from Homer to Longfellow, peered from their plaster brackets. There was a verse also on the southern walls:

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,  
The Youth replies, I can.

Dick Harrington didn't like that verse. In fact, he thought it was rot. He disliked even more the black tablets on the opposite wall containing in gilt letters at least four inches high the names of the exemplary youths who in their time had been Heads of School. And in this place, surrounded by Models of Good Conduct, he was supposed to study, four, five and sometimes six hours a day! Two hundred bent forms and Mr. Watrous, the day's jail-keeper, wandering aimlessly about, pretending not to be the spy that he was! Altogether, the school-room was a horror.

Harrington bent over his desk like the rest and pretended to study French. But he did not study. He did a little mathematical problem instead. Twenty demerits and thirty demerits made fifty demerits. And fifty demerits mean probation, and probation meant that he could not go to Chancellor's Hill to see the big game to-morrow afternoon. That was a tragedy. All the autumn the game with Chancellor's Hill had been held before him by the old boys as the last word in thrills: for a week there had been

talk of nothing else. You would thought that the final whistle of that game was going to bring the heavens crashing down on creation. No one seemed to be planning anything beyond that Saturday afternoon. The general notion seemed to be that if The Towers won, the rapture of that victory would make any trial thereafter bearable; and if The Towers lost—well, torture and death would, in comparison, be sweet.

And now, he, Dick Harrington, who loved thrills as much as any man, was not to see the game. For days his nerves had been at a sharp tension of anticipation. Now suddenly they relaxed, leaving him weak and despairing. Life had lost its meaning. Of course, the game would be held anyway, and there would be the excitement of getting the telegraphic reports at the end of the periods; but the real thrills would all be at Chancellor's Hill; and he would be at The Towers.

He luxuriated in misery; he reveled in despair. Just because of a bit of a spread with Sammy Oakes and Chet Burrowes, just because of one unprepared lesson! Of course there had been other spreads before this fatal one; and of course there had been one or two unprepared lessons also—therefore the original twenty demerits. But why ruin a boy's happiness forever because of a missed recitation?

Dick Harrington was exceedingly sorry for himself.

His indignation was violent while it lasted but it did not last long for there was sharp regret of another sort hovering all the while at the rim of his consciousness. It was a regret not so pleasant to indulge as the other. He had been made the butt—the laughing stock—of the algebra class. He tingled and flushed at the memory of it. Bill Burton had also flunked his lesson; but Burton had been able to say that he had at least prepared it, and the whole proceeding had been dignified and everybody loved and admired Burton all the more because with all his greatness he was just like other boys about lessons. But he, Dick Harrington, had been disgraced. And in the presence of William Burton!

That, after all, was the hardest thing to swallow. That was worse than missing the

game with Chancellor's Hill. For Dick Harrington worshiped Bill Burton, because he was physically and socially everything that Dick never could hope to be. He was the school's crack athlete, the president of the Sixth Form, the chairman of the Student Council. He was the One Great Hero of the boys, and the Headmaster himself consulted him whenever he had a knotty problem of boy-nature to solve. Before Dick had been in school a week, he knew that he would rather find favor with "Colonel" Burton than see his name in gold letters in the school room, where the athletic records are kept. "The Colonel" was rather used to adoration, and, being human, liked it. But he was no more attentive to this particular adorer than to any one else, which intensified Dick Harrington's "case."

Dick did not study much French on that morning in late October. For suddenly a new, insidious question jumped into the forefront of his thoughts: Why had he blurted out everything to Mr. Beaver? Why hadn't he just lied?

That question thrust at the very roots of life, and Dick Harrington knew it. He went cold and hot by turns. Somehow it had never occurred to him to lie. He did not know why. It was possibly because his father was such a shining figure of truthfulness personified. He remembered something he had overheard his mother say to his father a long time ago—"I never realized until I married you that it is really awful to lie."

Was it really so awful? A lie in time certainly simplified life a lot. And so long as it did not hurt anybody else—what was really the difference? A goody-goody Sunday-school teacher had told him, when he was five, that the lightning would smite him if he told a lie. Whereupon he had told a lie deliberately during the course of the next thunderstorm to test Mr. Goody-Goody's veracity, and proved him a liar, first thing.

Staring at French irregular verbs, Dick clenched his hands, trying to figure it all out. Suddenly, forgetting where he was, he pounded the desk-top with his left fist. Then he gave a yowl which rang through the

schoolroom, providing exhilarating diversion to two hundred lifted heads. For in his cogitations his right hand had clutched the edge of the desk on which the top closed.

He explained the accident to Mr. Watrous, who proved skeptical, though the Spy was forced to admit that the hand looked red enough to be hurt.

The schoolroom settled again into quiet. The excitement, from start to finish, had covered about ninety seconds. No one suspected that the unshaven, disheveled boy was, in that studious, quiet place, having his first great wrestle with life.

\*

The football team, accompanied by the coaches, the Headmaster Brewster and his wife, a half-dozen masters, and the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms almost in a body, in auto-hacks and horse-hacks, on foot and by trolley, departed for the railroad station and Chancellor's Hill next morning at eight, to the sound of cheers.

Dick Harrington stood in the great Archway with the Lower School and a handful of other boys, like himself on probation (or just "broke"), cheering the school, the team, and again and again "The Colonel," until the last boy was out of sight. The team was hopeful of victory; the school was confident of it. But "The Colonel's" face was curiously grave. He smiled and joked, now and then he tossed some gay piece of derision into the crowd of woe-begone stay-at-homes. But the gravity remained in the eyes all the while. Harrington saw it, and it occurred to him that it was natural that the Captain of The Towers football team should feel the weight of a great responsibility; he was quite sure that "Colonel" Burton had never seemed to him so heroic as to-day. There was no question about it. There was an unusual nobility in Bill Burton's eyes and in the carriage of his head. But there was also a curious impression of suffering there and about the lips. Dick saw Mrs. Brewster look at Burton with a friendly, somewhat quizzical, smile. Then in two minutes the fortunate ones were gone and The Towers became a St. Helena, where a chill wind played shrilly all day long around corners of buildings.

Lessons that morning were a gloom and dinner in the huge, half empty dining-room offered an opportunity to satisfy the boy's hunger and—that was all. As a social function it was a flat failure. Everybody talked of the game, as wrecked sailors drifting in an open boat talked of shore. Life was unreal somehow, everything so empty, so quiet. If, as some one had once remarked, The Towers was a very furnace of flaming life and energy—some one had certainly dumped the grate.

The game was to be called at Chancellor's Hill at one-thirty; and at one-thirty the first stragglers appeared in the chilly Archway to take their position at the bulletin board, where the score was to be posted as it came along the wire.

Dick Harrington, in sweater and cap, arrived at one-forty-five. The first score had just been posted:

Chancellor's Hill.....	5
The Towers .....	0

The Headmaster's secretary, a studious but otherwise attractive young man, who posted the notice, volunteered the information that the Chancellor's Hill left end had turned the trick with a fifty-five yard run when the Towers eleven had tied itself into a knot through a jumbled signal.

"That's an awful beginning!" said Runt Woods, who was standing next to Dick Harrington. He was a little, flat-faced, brownie sort of boy, whom everybody loved. "Must have been in the first five minutes of play."

"They won't get any more," Dick answered confidently. "It's too bad they scored, but they won't get more."

His optimism was unwarranted. There was a long wait without news. Then Mr. Tuttle, the secretary, reappeared from the Main Building, wearing a rueful smile. He picked up the eraser under the bulletin board, but did not disturb the zero which stood to the credit (or debit) of The Towers. He rubbed out the 5 that followed Chancellor's Hill and set down 11.

"Something's happened!" cried Dick.

"Two touchdowns and a goal have happened," said Runt Woods gloomily.

"I don't mean that. I mean that something's happened to the team! Lost their heads, or something."

He wondered whether "The Colonel" had been taken ill. "The Colonel" was so completely the heart and soul of the team. If for some reason he were out of it—

They must be playing the second period by now. There was another long wait. Then at last Mr. Tuttle, looking grave, reappeared.

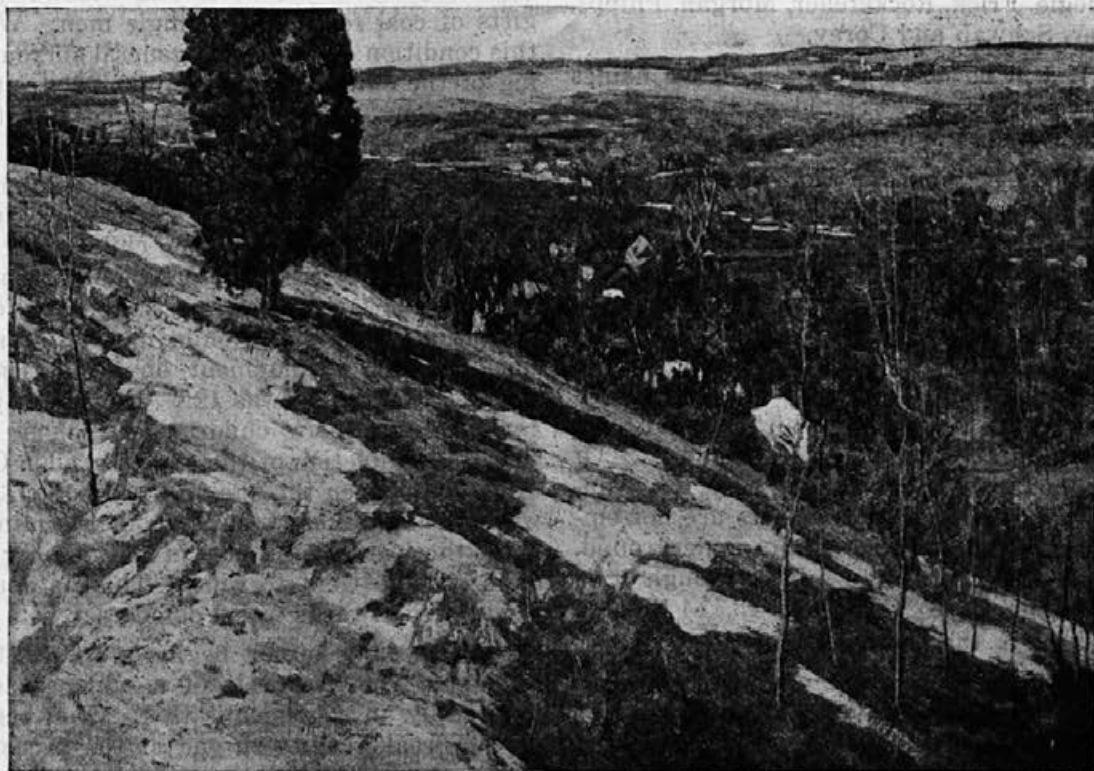
At the edge of the Archway he stopped. "Don't mob me, now," he said, trying to grin.

"What's the score? Score!" cried a hundred voices.

"End of the second period," he said, striding toward the board. "Score 11 to 0." Groans, loud and prolonged.

(To be continued.)

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Landscape.

#### Simplified Spelling.

Little Louis had gone to the kitchen to observe old Aunt Sarah, the colored cook, at work making biscuits. After he had sampled one, he observed:

"Aunt Sarah, I can spell now. These are made out of d-o, do."

"But that doesn't spell dough," Louis' mother corrected, as she entered the kitchen to give the cook some orders.

Whereupon Aunt Sarah thought that she too would enter the discussion. So she said:

"Dere's two kinds of do, chile. Do, what you shuts, an' 'do,' what you eats."

CLUDE BEALY:

## Youth in America's Coal Fields.

Coal is the basic need of modern industry. The large trusts and syndicates have found it necessary to own mines in order to insure fuel for their properties, and a study of wealth ownership in this country reveals that a small group of capitalists own the coal mines. The great bulk of mining properties in the United States is owned by the following interests:

Gary, Wilkinson, Estate of: Converse, Carnegie, Frick, Rockefeller, Morgan, Phipps, Baker, Schwab and Corey.

It will be noted from the above names that coal is closely related to the steel, oil and transportation industries.

In order to understand the position of the young workers in the coal industry it will be well to go into a general survey of coal mining generally. In 1920 there were over 650 million tons of coal produced, anthracite and bituminous, with a value of \$2,554,185,000. There are now employed in and about the coal mines of the United States about 800,000, of which around 100,000 are between the ages of 10 and 21. Of these 800,000 the great majority work underground. The young workers are not employed as frequently as adults underground, but do work about the mine; though it is not uncommon to find boys 13, 14 and 15 employed in the mines.

The most important coal mines are in Pennsylvania where over 80 million tons of anthracite and 170 million bituminous coal is produced annually. We will pick out a particular spot in the heart of the mining industry in Pennsylvania, namely, Schuylkill County which includes the towns of Shenandoah, Gilberton, and Frackville, and examine the particular conditions of the young miners there. There is but little difference in the conditions of the youth in the coal industries elsewhere—some places they might be slightly better, in other places much worse. But in Schuylkill County we will meet with the average conditions and miseries met by the youth of America in the coal fields.

Coal mines are situated nearly always in a hilly country. The country round is "black . . . dominated by the great breakers which rise about the towns. The streams are black with soot and there are black piles of refuse and culm, and the men returning from work wear masks of coal and dust." The houses are owned by the mining interests and are in bad shape. Overcrowding is forced on the miner's family by the mine boss who bribes the wives and widows with gifts of coal for housing single men. With this condition existing, the general surrounding of the child born in a mining district is not a happy one. The taste of coal dust is in their mouth at birth.

Pennsylvania law provides that no child shall be given a permit to go to work until he is 14 years of age, and no child under 16 shall be permitted to work underground. But that doesn't mean anything. As one investigator reports, a child in this district "had secured employment on a baptismal certificate when he was 12." Eightyone per cent of the miner's children left school before the completion of the eighth grade. Out of 3,136 between the age of 13 and 16, 1,349 were at work, mostly in or about the mines. With the war came a rise in the number of children who went to work. This no doubt was a step towards world democracy.

The young miner begins work at the breaker. The life cycle of a miner as expressed by an old-timer is this: "You begin at the breaker and you end at the breaker, broken yourself." Old men and boys work at the breakers. The breaker in a mine is a shanty filled with crushing machines and shakers, and the breaker boys work around the machines as pickers, picking the slate out of the crushed lumps of coal. The first few weeks at the job bruises and swells the tender hands of the children. Some of the boys oil machinery, some break cars as they come into the breaker, some drive mules. In one mine there were 4 boys 12 years of age working underground, 21 at 13 years of age, 49 at 14 years of age and 63 at 15.

Various occupations are given the young boys in the mines. However, contrary to the common conception, underground work is not as dangerous as some work around the breaker.

In the breakers the boys are constantly in danger of being mangled by the machines. "One boy told of the death of another while watching the dam beneath the breaker. He and some of the other breaker boys had helped to extricate the mutilated body from the wheels in which their companion was caught; he himself had held the bag into which the recovered parts of the dead body were put." Mine work is more hazardous in the United States than in any other country in the world. Close to four men per every one thousand employed in mines lose their life each year. In all, something like three to four thousand miners lose their lives annually. The recent mine disasters have brought the hazardous position of the American miner more vividly to the mind of the average worker who before gave no thought to it.

Wages vary for the youthful miners: Some of them get under \$5.00, some over \$9.00, but the average is about \$6.50 per week. Miner's work generally is irregular. This cuts the average wages down for the year. The miners generally work on the eight hour day basis, but the young fellows are exploited by being worked overtime when the law specifically prohibits it. Overtime means greater hazard to the life and

limb of the young miners, for statistics show that a greater number of accidents occur during the last hour of work (even with an eight hour day); and overtime doubles—even triples the hazards.

Unlike the average deluded young proletarian in other industries, the young miner is not fired with great ambitions. His class position is too obvious to him. His schooling is so deficient that he hasn't been pumped with so much capitalist propaganda such as is found in other districts. His father, uncles and older brothers—even he himself—have participated in many strikes during his short life time and he knows the stigma of "scab." He carries a union card and awaits the day when he too will be a full-fledged miner.

In West Virginia and Colorado the life and surroundings of the miners' children have been extremely bitter. The Colorado and West Virginian mining youth know the smell of gun powder and the feel of bullets. Militiamen and mine guards are not particular whether they kill a miner or his son; both are his enemies; both, when necessary, carry rifles against the sluggers.

Just as the miners in the Siberian mines were counted among the vanguard in the Russian revolution, just as the miners in the Ruhr Valley form the front ranks of the German Labor movement, so will the American miners with youth in the lead, be counted among the staunchest in the fight for Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

### No Telling.

Harry—I don't think Auntie will stay long; she didn't bring much baggage.

Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring any clothes.

### Rivalry.

Molly: My little sister's got the measles.

Jimmie: Oh! So has mine.

Molly: Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has!



TENNYSON CHARLES: **Dinny's Delirium.**

(Conclusion.)

"Saddle up your cayuse!" yelled Skip. "I got something to show you, boy!"

"Mebbe you want to sell me a gold brick," retorted Dick. "Or oil stocks or something easy!"

"Come along! Up on the Bitter Creek road about six miles!" shouted Skip.

It was time to bring in the home herd anyhow, so Dick rode out with Skip, down the rough creek bottom and then on the flinty, dusty road that led to the divide. They saw the marks of Letts' truck here and there, but Skip wouldn't give his friend any information until they reached the summit. Then Skip pointed a lariat-pin down in the dusty brush. Dick stared.

He saw a new pine box there, a long crated box, with burlap sticking through the cracks. Then he dismounted and climbed down to it.

"Blamed if they didn't lose it!" he yelled. "That old truck had an awful climb right here and this bone slipped out the end gate. Skip, it's the hind leg bone, honest Injun, if it ain't!"

"Letts and Dinny never knew it. There were more than a dozen crates of bones," retorted Skip. "Shucks, their three-legged dingbat's only got two now! I guess Meyers won't want a two-legged one."

"I reckon we better get this old bone back to the ranch before it rains. Mr. Meyers said fossil bones were apt to crumble away quick sometimes if they weren't treated right. Let's get it up."

The pine-crated femur was more than seven feet long, and they had a time swinging it between two restive ponies back to the creek ranch. And when they passed the clay and shale bank where Dick had first made his fossil discovery, he stopped suddenly and looked queerly down in one of the many holes he had dug looking for the missing leg bone.

"Let's dump the old thing here, Skip! It's where he belongs, anyhow. Come to think of it this old dinosaurium's legs belong to him and nobody else. We had no

business peddlin' him out to Dinny Dingwell just because he picked out our farm to bury himself on!"

Skip laughed when he parted from Dick and galloped home. Dick was getting over his discomfiture when he could joke again about the fossil.

The next morning Skip came back the four miles from his ranch home to Dick's. The Chinese cook had gone into town, and the dinosaur discoverer was alone in the shade of the windmill tank. Skip thought it was funny Fatty Sing had started the twenty-four miles to Bitter Creek town before daylight. Still, that was the cool time to travel. And as hot noon drew on Skip noticed that Dicky kept his eyes pretty constantly on the road over the divide. You could see the rocky, bare top of the hills miles away in the September air.

But no one was more surprised than Skip when he saw a black motor car trying to wobble safely over the creek shale bed at three o'clock that afternoon. And in it was Mr. H. Barton Dingwell, perspiring and yet disturbed about what sort of a welcome he was going to get at Jenkins'.

When Dick got up and dusted his trousers ere he sauntered to the car, Skip was amazed at his easy greeting to the dinosaur promoter. Mr. Dingwell, himself, seemed surprised.

"Well, Dick, that was great news I heard in town!"

"Yes?" responded Dicky casually. "Courthouse burn down?"

"Oh, I mean that dinosaur's hind leg you discovered in the creek!"

H. Barton Dingwell hurried over to the creek fence. "I heard it down-town; somebody come in, I think it was your Chink—and said he thought you'd found some more bones!"

"Oh—bones?" said Dicky. "Aw, say, Mr. Dingwell! I'm tired of folks runnin' out here talkin' dingbats and dinosaurs and delirium to me! Gee, I can't get any fence built this week for these mouldy old scare-crows! I——"



"Folks been—out here?" muttered Mr. Dingwell. "Was—a man named Meyers?"

"Sure. Rushed right over here from Askins. Then he lit out for Bethesda. I thought mebbe you had the dingbat all set up on the front porch by this time so's he could look at it, if you didn't charge too much for lookin' at it!"

"Meyers—yes, he saw me. He—" Mr. Dingwell eyed Dicky acutely, "said it was a pity that hind leg was gone. It might have been a good one, then. He—I—well, he might use it. Of course I wouldn't make anything out of it—just in the interests of science, Dick."

"Oh, sure!" said Dick. "Say, I got to ride that bunch of yearlin's off there or they'll be headin' into the corn again!"

"Wait!" yelled Mr. Dingwell excitedly. "You found that missin' hind leg, Dick! Don't stand and kid me! I saw it down there in a hole when I passed! Ain't it now—a leg bone, just like the one you boys packed up?"

"I s'pose a dingbat'd have all his legs alike, mebbe. And old mud-dobber like him couldn't navigate with one leg like a giraffe and one like a snappin'-turtle—"

"You bet!" asserted Mr. Dingwell. "Say, I'm glad you ain't sore, Dick. I was afraid this man'd got you excited or something. He talked with me but I didn't unpack the bones for him yet. I put 'em in Letts' warehouse and Meyers and me was goin' to look 'em over, and then I heard down at the drug store corner that you'd found something. I rushed right out here to see you before I talked with him again, Dick!"

"What for?" queried Dick. "A couple of scientists like you oughtn't to get excited over anything."

"He ain't excited. It's me, Dick. I want to get that old river-horse all together, and then we'll see about the scientific end of it. Come on, let's jump down in the creek bed and look at these new bones."

Skip followed Dick and the dinosaur promoter. Skip couldn't understand Dick. He wasn't mad at Dinny Dingwell as he ought to be; he wasn't interested in dingbats or anything. But Mr. Dingwell fell on his knees in the clay with yells of delight.

"Well, if that ain't the ham bone off some old forty-foot tom cat I'll eat it!"

"Pitch in!" invited Dicky disinterestedly. "It's fine."

Mr. Dingwell arose and gazed at the dark, scarred, pebble-encrusted length of fossil bone. He mopped his head exultantly and then gave a worried look down the road. Folks were talking in town about what the scientist from Washington had said, and he feared any moment Dr. Meyers or someone else might come out to Jenkins' to view the remainder of the celebrated Oldest Inhabitant of Jasper County. He turned perspiringly to Dick.

"Say, you know what I promised, boy! Fifteen dollars if the bone turned up. Well, I feel so tickled I'll make it twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five—" Dick looked hurt. "Say, Mr. Dingwell, I got so kind o' sentimental about that poor old skate roostin' here on our farm for a million years that I guess I don't want to sell it. I didn't say I'd sell any more bones off the ranch. You offered me fifteen, but I want to stick this last old bone up in the parlor for a keepsake, and then I'm goin' to name the place 'Bone-head Ranch'—"

"Aw, come on, Dick! Don't get funny! I'm in a hurry to get in town! Say, I'll make it forty as long as it's you and goin' to good old Bethesda this fall!"

"Aw, I can't sell this old bone, Mr. Dingwell! You see it ain't my leg—just findin' it don't make it my leg! It belongs to the dingbat, and I wouldn't feel right about it!"

Mr. Dingwell looked Dick Jenkins over carefully. Then he began to grin sheepishly: "Well, Richard! I just begin to get wise! I see that Meyers told you this fossil was worth a heap mor'n we thought—"

"We thought!"

"Well, you thought—" admitted Dinny. "Mebbe you're right in feelin' sore, but business is business, Richard. Look here. Suppose we go in together and sell this fossil to that old party with whiskers? We'll stick him the top price—and I give you one-fourth."

Dick looked sorrowfully at his last dinosaur bone. He shook his head.

"I'm out o' the dingbat market, Mr.

Dingwell. Nice fresh ones, broiler size, may be sellin' for six dollars a dozen for all I know, in N' York. But I don't want anything more to do with 'em. As I said, this leg bone isn't mine to sell. You stuck me once, and I can't sell this bone."

Mr. Dingwell watched him for a time. Then he murmured: "One fourth, when I stick Meyers with it. No? Say, you're a wise one! What'd you want?"

"I tell you. For two hundred and fifty dollars, cash, I get clear out of the dinosaur business, and you can have all you find on the ranch. Just to square up what you stuck me for day before yesterday—hide, hair, tail and teeth!"

"Cash?" said Mr. Dingwell, after a pause. "It's awful!"

"Well, if you get a thousand for doin' nothin' but take the bones in town, I ought to get two-hundred and fifty. I'll make you a present of this hind leg, but it'd take two hundred and fifty to keep me from grievin' to death over losin' this pet, Mr. Dingwell!"

"Go on—kid me!" grinned Dinny. "Well, all right! You're a bright boy! Two hundred and fifty dollars—hair, hide, hoofs and whiskers!"

Mr. Dingwell made a grimace as Dick's hand closed over the money. Then he and Dick loaded the fragile relic into some burlap packing and boxed it carefully. After that Mr. Dingwell got in and started his motor quite blithely. "Funny, the way you woke up, Richard! Bright boy, Richard! Be sure and attend school this fall!"

### Presidents Were Winter Babies.

Did you ever stop to think that most of our Presidents were born in winter? The most auspicious time of year for the birthdays of Presidents is between October 4 and April 28. Only three Presidents out of the total of twenty-nine have been born outside that cool weather period, and two of those, John Quincy Adams and Benjamin Harrison, descended from Presidential families.

If you were born in May or June and get to be President, you'll be doing something no one else ever managed to do. Taft was the only man not of a Presidential family who ever celebrated his birthday in May,

"Sure," called Dick. "And drive carefully, Mr. Dingwell! This old scout ain't had an automobile ride since his car broke down when he was headin' for the ark. That's the reason he settled in Jasper County—good-bye, Mr. Dingwell!"

"Sixty-five, and two hundred and fifty—make three hundred and fifteen dollars," muttered Skip, when Mr. Dingwell had vanished over the ridge, still in the pursuit of science.

"Gee, Dick!—it means a year in school anyhow!"

Ten days later a letter came to Mr. Richard Jenkins, and it was addressed to "Bonehead Ranch."

"Dear Richard—" wrote Mr. Dingwell: "I'm out of the show business, but looking back over a brilliant career, I can't help wondering about some things. One is: When I got back to town I found I had only a three-legged dinosaur on my hands after all. Maybe it wasn't a dinosaur—nobody'll ever know for the bones went all to dust from being exposed to the air too much, before I could unload it on Doc Meyers. Anyhow, he didn't want a three-legged dingbat. He told me I was no scientist or I'd have known better; he said when I was old as your dingbat I might know as much as you.

"Hoping you are well, and wishing myself luck in the retail shoe business, I remain, scientifically skinned,

Yours truly,

H. Barton Dingwell."

June, July, August or September. He was born on September 15. The only two real summer Presidents were Benjamin Harrison, with a birthday on August 20, and John Quincy Adams, who was a July 11 baby.

The thirtieth President, Calvin Coolidge, is also a summer baby. His birthday is July 4.

Console yourself if you have a summer birthday with the fact that more of the great poets have been born in May than in any other month and that great painters and explorers, writers of best sellers and kings are as plentiful among summer babies as among those that breathed their first in frostier weather.

DR. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL:

## The Snake and the Birds.

"Gee whiz, I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow!" exclaimed Jack for about the tenth time, as he went to the window and looked out at the clouded sky.

"That makes two Saturdays we've missed going to Mr. Toppo's," said Bert, as he joined his chum and looked dolefully at the forbidding weather.

"It's no fun to plan for a good time and then have it rain and make us lose out. But maybe it will be all right tomorrow. Mr. Toppo said he had a dandy new game for us, but he wouldn't tell me anything about it. He said he was going to keep it for a surprise."

For two successive Saturdays Bert and Jack and all their group of friends had been disappointed in their weekly visits to the home of Toppo, whose house and little toy shop were located on the edge of the village. Toppo seemed to have a limitless supply of games, and every visit to his home was rewarded by some new form of play that he taught to the youngsters. In addition to the delight in playing a new game, there was the added romance of knowing the little man who had formerly been one of the world-famous clowns, and whose life had been spent under circus tents. Then, too, Spic and Span, the two gentle little Shetland ponies, and Scamper, the trick dog, made Toppo's home just about the most delightful place in the village. Two Saturdays—and no visit to Toppo! It seemed almost too disappointing to have another day spoiled by rain.

Carrol and Elizabeth, with the optimism of nine years, felt so certain that tomorrow must be a beautiful day that they were occupying themselves in the kitchen, manufacturing a batch of fudge to take as a gift to the clown's kindly wife.

Jack and Bert took another look at the heavy black clouds, and then joined their sisters. There might be no play day tomorrow, but fudge in the kitchen was an attraction not to be overlooked. The girls had completed their candy making, and were

cutting the rich nut-laden fudge into generous sized cubes and placing the pieces in a candy box lined with waxed paper.

"What are you going to do with that fudge?" asked Jack.

"Why, this is a present for Mrs. Toppo," Elizabeth replied.

"Well, I guess we had better eat it now," said Jack, his appetite temporarily getting the better of his generous nature, "for I don't think we can go to Mr. Toppo's tomorrow. Bet you anything it's going to rain cats and dogs."

"Oh, I don't think it's going to rain!" exclaimed Carrol. "I just feel that tomorrow is going to be a lovely sunshiny day. I'm sure it will!"

"Well, I hope you are right," responded Bert gloomily. "But anyway," he added more cheerfully, "you've got more fudge than will go in that box."

"Yes, we have more than will go in the box, but we are going to make up little packages, one for Spic, one for Span, and one for Scamper. You see, if Spic and Span like sugar, they surely will like fudge; and I know Scamper likes candy," added Elizabeth with a laugh.

The boys watched the girls complete their packing of the box for Mrs. Toppo, and were quite agreeably surprised to find that upon completing the three packages for the Shetland ponies and the dog, enough of the delicious fudge was left to satisfy both of them, and the girls, too.

Carrol was right; all the threatening clouds of Friday night were gone when the children awoke Saturday morning. The sky was clear, and the puddles, resulting from the past few days of rain, were rapidly disappearing under the sun's rays. By noon the grass was dry, and it was a happy bunch of youngsters that rushed through the gate into the yard of the jolly little clown.

Here Mrs. Toppo thanked the girls for their gift, and told them that they would be wonderful cooks when they grew up. And here Spic and Span showed how grateful

Shetland ponies could be by rubbing their soft noses against the cheeks of Carrol and Elizabeth when the two little girls gave them their share of the fudge. Scamper was the most expressive. He walked on his hind legs, turned somersaults, rolled over, and sat up and begged, as Carrol teasingly tore the paper from his gift. Scamper loved candy, and evidently he heartily approved of Carrol and Elizabeth as candy makers. He did not leave even a crumb.

There was a strip of pretty lawn between the path leading to the house and the side fence. This strip was about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. Toppo told the children that this was an island, that the fence was a high cliff, and that the path was deep water. He said no one could get over the cliff, and no one must go in the deep water. Then he had all of the boys join arms in fours, and had all of the girls stand out in the center of the island.

"Now," said Toppo, "the game I am going to teach you is called 'The Snake and the Birds.' Each group of four boys with arms locked together is a snake, and all of the girls are birds. I will send out two snakes at a time, and they will try to catch the birds. A bird is caught when a snake overtakes it and circles around it. And when it is caught, it must go over there by that tree and sit on that big stone. You birds can't run out on the path to escape. If you do, you must go to the big stone and sit down. When a snake catches a bird, he will fall in at the foot of the line of snakes, and wait until his turn comes again.

"Now get ready," continued Toppo. "Remember, birds, you can't go off of this green lawn, for it's an island; and remember, snakes, that if you break apart, you are dead snakes and have to go to the foot of the line and wait for another chance."

With this final instruction, he started out two groups of boys with arms locked, who started in their pursuit of the shrieking, laughing birds. Even though the boys were bigger and a little stronger than the girls, it was a difficult matter to maneuver a group of four, with arms locked together, speedily enough to trap the light-footed and very elusive birds.

By the time a bird was caught, the group of boys forming the snake were enough out of breath so that they welcomed the opportunity of resting at the foot of the line until their turn came again.

Eventually all of the birds were caught, except Mary Emily, who seemed to be able to dart out and get away when everyone was quite sure she would certainly be caught. It seemed impossible for two of the snakes to catch her; so Toppo sent out another snake, and eventually when he had put all four snakes in pursuit of Mary Emily, she was surrounded and gobbled up by one of the pursuing groups of boys.

"At last!" they shouted in triumph. "At last!"

"Now you have another game," said Toppo, as it neared the time for the children to depart for home. "But remember, it isn't much of a game unless you play it on a little space like the piece of lawn we used for an island. If you played it in a much bigger place, the snakes could never catch the birds. For that reason, it makes a dandy game in a barn, or even in the parlor of a house. You try it sometime when you have a party, if you have a fairly large room to play in."

Eagerly chattering about coming again next Saturday, the children started for home, all of them happy, and Mary Emily a little bit proud because she had been the last bird caught.



WENDELL M. WHITING:

## A Great Mystery of the Sea.

This is the story of the Marie Celeste, perhaps the greatest of all the mysteries of the sea.

On the fifth of December, 1872, a derelict ship was discovered sailing peacefully along the coast of the Azores, with all sails set. She was sighted by the lookout on the British ship *Del Gratia*. Signals from the British ship failed to elicit answer. Drawing alongside, the captain could see no signs of captain or crew on the Marie Celeste, an American brigantine.

In a calm sea, and with the wind blowing a moderate breeze, the sailors of the *Del Gratia* boarded the Marie Celeste. What they then saw was the first evidence of a mystery that to this day has remained unsolved.

There was not a soul on board.

The captain's cabin bore evidence of someone having been there within 48 hours; for the fire was burning in the stove and a kettle of water boiled on top of the glowing embers.

Three places were set at the table, as if a meal were about to be served when whatever happened—happened.

The captain's gold watch was hanging alongside the ship's clock. In one corner of the cabin a sewing machine stood with a piece of fabric clutched between the needle and the work-plane, showing that a woman had been engaged in dress-making. On the floor beside the sewing machine were play blocks, such as little girls and boys amuse themselves with.

There had been a baby aboard the Marie Celeste—the captain's child. The woman whose handiwork had been interrupted was the child's mother, the captain's wife.

The last entry made on the ship's log was dated November 25, 1872. There then remained five days in December and six days in November when, for some reason or other, no entry was made by the captain.

Offhand, this seems to show that there had been no captain aboard during that time;

but on second sober thought it was remembered that the fire in the captain's cabin was aglow, the kettle on the fire, and the table set for dinner, supper or breakfast—whichever it may have been.

What then?

The answer was violence!

Search revealed a sword. On being drawn from its scabbard this weapon was found to have been apparently smeared with blood and afterwards wiped dry. A closer inspection of the ship revealed marks as of blood on the topgallant rail, and both bows of the vessel had been cut with some sharp instrument.

To London went the sword under guard, where it was placed in the hands of the queen's chemist for analysis. After a minute examination and subjection of the alleged blood stains to every test known in the chemical laboratory, the theory of violence was exploded; for the stains on the sword were not blood at all. They were not even rust.

The exterior of the hull below the water line did not exhibit the slightest trace of damage. Nor was there appearance of evidence that the Marie Celeste had come in collision with any other ship. She had no bumpers and if she had, it is not possible that they would have been thrown over the side while the bandits boarded her—to keep her clean from the bumping and scraping of a buccaneer craft.

Wielding their cutlasses and their boarding pikes, pirates usually went over the rail without much ado, save a slashing to the right and left, a chopping of heads and a dropping of anyone or anything that got in their way.

It being taken for granted that the Marie Celeste did not run amuck with a high-handed band of sea pirates; that she did not come in collision with another ship; that none of these things happened, what then? The investigation showed that she had not struck on any ground or rock; that she had not sustained any injury whatever. The

hull, the copper with which it was covered, the stem, the sternpost, the rudder and all were in good order and condition. Likewise the interior.

There were no broken dishes, no overturned tables, no unloosened joints—nothing to show that a severe shock had been sustained. There was also evidence to prove that the Marie Celeste had not encountered any seriously heavy weather.

Had any bad weather been experienced, the pitch in the boat seams would have started, so old-time mariners declare; but that had not happened, and the whole of the hull masts and yards were in excellent condition.

The ship's log, which was found on board, showed that the last day's work performed was on the 24th of November. The entry was made on the following date, as hereinbefore set forth. This, of course, was sea time.

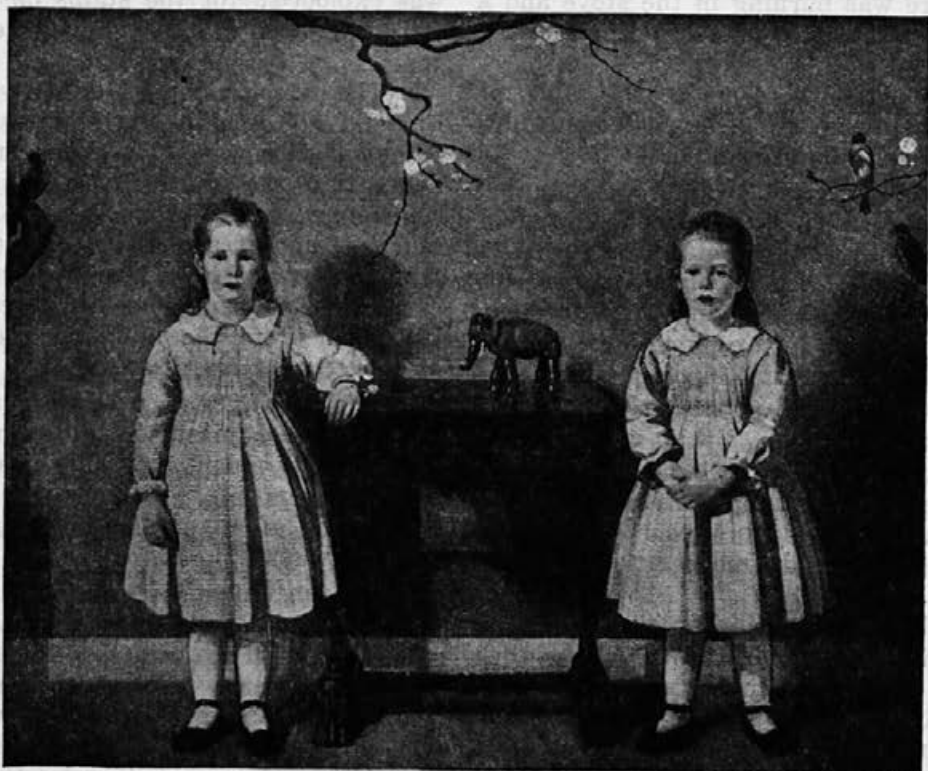
At the time of that entry the observations taken showed that the Marie Celeste

was latitude 36.56 N., longitude 27.20 W. These entries were carried up to 8 o'clock on the morning of November 25th, at which time the vessel passed from west to east to north of the island of St. Marys, a point of the Azores, which at that particular moment was but six miles distant from the Marie Celeste.

Expert mariners who examined these records and who compared the latitudinal and longitudinal reckonings from the place where the vessel was found with the reckoning made six miles off St. Marys, claim that the vessel must have held true to her course for ten days after the 25th of November, the wheel being at all times free.

Seemingly, there is no solution to the mystery of the Marie Celeste. Wherever seamen gather the tale of the Marie Celeste is the tale that engages their attention. Yet never comes a satisfactory explanation. For forty-nine years now it has occupied the place of honor among the mysteries of the sea.

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Girls from Long Ago.

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

## Puzzle No. 7.

Big at the top  
 Little below,  
 With the center  
 As cold as snow.

\* \* \*

## Answer to Puzzle No. 6.

O	U	T	C	A	S	T
Y	■	O	U	T	■	U
S	T	■	T	■	O	R
T	A	P	■	O	A	K
E	M	■	O	■	R	I
R	■	A	F	T	■	S
S	E	L	F	I	S	H

\* \* \*

## Honorable Mention.

- Edward H. Richard, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Jennie Vodopivec, Kitzmiller, Md.
- Andrew Michel, Imperial, Pa.
- Louis Drobnich, Lloydell, Pa.
- Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
- Regina Micklantz, Nokomis, Ill.
- Charley Kumer, Mulberry, Kansas.
- Mary Spec, Baden, Pa.

## Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Readers of our Magazine:

I have written many a letter and always wrote about the time when I will be graduating.

Now, at last the day has come, and it is a day which always should be remembered.

I graduated from the grade school in Oglesby June 12th. The name of the play was "All on Account of Mary." The play was named by Camilla Heilstedt, one whom I graduated with. The play was well given and our graduation song "Barcarolle" was sung well also. The boys sang the alto part and the girls the soprano. I was the first one to get the diploma out of the class of thirty-four. Seventeen boys and seventeen girls graduated.

Our diplomas were given to us by Mr. Mason.

I have mentioned in one of my other letters that Mr. Mason was away at the time of our graduating exercises. He promised the class he would come back and hand us our diplomas. He kept his promise and came back. Before he presented the diplomas he said to the class and audience: "These folks were a little bit afraid if I wasn't to come back and hand them their diplomas."

And it was the truth about the whole class and also myself.

Quite a few of us said, we wouldn't want any one else but Mr. Mason to hand us our diplomas.

Well, we've graduated and I suppose that's done.

Out of the class only two girls get this magazine. One is Ollie Dular and the other am I. Two other girls whom I have mentioned before and who graduated with me are, Etta Linnig and Camilla Heilstedt. The other children I don't think you know.

I now expect to go to high school with the rest of the class.

The vacation days are here and I wish all the readers of this magazine would spend a very nice vacation. Everyone have a good time and when September comes again, get ready to go back to school and gain more education.

A few jokes always end up a letter a good-way.

## New Top, Old Top?

Jake: Hello, old top, new car?  
 Crank: No, old car, new top.

## The Concert Was a Howling Success.

"Is your brother a musician?"  
 "Is he? Why, at the age of three he played on the linoleum."

"Johnny, what part of speech is 'nose'?"  
 "'Tain't any part of speech; you speak with your mouth."

Hoping to see my letter in our magazine,  
 I am, Angeline Crowley, La Salle, Ill.

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

## CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

### Na vrtu.

Kako krasen vrt! Čigav je?  
 Sosedov je.  
 On mora biti več vrtnar.  
 Te grede so zelo dobro oskrbovane.  
 Kaj delaš tu, Viljem?  
 Škropim svoj vrtič. Jaz sem sam svoj lastni vrtnar.  
 Ali si te gredice sam uredil?  
 Seveda. Jaz sem vse te cvetlice sam posejal in posadil.  
 Ali imaš potrebno orodje?  
 Kajpada. Tu je lopata, grablje, škropilnica in mala samokolnica za odvažanje navlake.  
 Ali imaš čas, vse to oskrbovati?  
 Za to porabim svoj prosti čas.  
 Pojdimo na ono stran!  
 Tam je živa meja in lepa trata.  
 Pridite malo v cvetličarno in v drevesnico.  
 Ali vidite to češpljevo drevesce, ki je bilo cepljeno to spomlad.  
 Kake vrste drevo je to?  
 To je mlada breskev in tisto zraven je oreh.  
 Kaj bo zasajeno v vse te grede?  
 Zasadili bomo: zelje, korenje, solato, kumare, fižol, grah, čebulo in drugo zelenjavo.

### In a Garden.

What a fine garden! Whose is it?  
 It belongs to the neighbor.  
 He must be a skillful gardener.  
 These beds are very well kept.  
 What are you doing there, William?  
 I am watering my little garden. I am my own gardener.  
 Have you laid out these little beds?  
 Yes, to be sure. I have sown and planted all these flowers.  
 Have you the necessary tools?  
 Of course, here is a spade, a rake, a watering-pot, and a little wheelbarrow, to carry away the rubbish.  
 Have you time to look after all that?  
 I spend my spare time here.  
 Let us go to the other side.  
 There is a quickset hedge and a beautiful lawn.  
 Come into the hothouse and the nursery-garden for a while.  
 Look at this little plum-tree which has been grafted this spring.  
 What sort of a tree is this?  
 It is a young peach-tree and the one beside it is a walnut-tree.  
 What will be planted in all these beds?  
 We will plant there: cabbages, carrots, lettuces, cucumbers, beans, peas, onions and other vegetables.

(To be continued).