

# MLADINSKI LIST

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Albin Čebular:

## PA PRAV ZARES!

So pastiričke naše  
postale sredi paše,  
se v Janezka so zastrmele,  
mu lepo pesmico zapele:

“Podporna naša je JEDNOTA,  
je duša našega života;  
kdor v njej organiziran ni,  
se slabo, slabo mu godi!”

Za to le hitro pristopite,  
se z nami le razveselite;  
pri nas so pesmice doma  
in zadovoljnost, hahaha!”

Albin:

### ŽAREK

VSI ČRNI SO STRIČKI,  
EJ, ČRNI KO PTIČKI—  
NJIH PESEM PA ZLATA  
IN MOŠNJA BOGATA!

### OTROŠKA.

INDIJA KOBANDIJA!  
V ŽLICI KAŠO KUHAJO,  
S SIROM HIŠE BELIJO,  
IN S SKUTO JIH ORAJHAJO.



## Pasje in mačje življenje

**V**SAKDO izmed nas ve, česa ima pričakovati, če se srečata pes in mačka. To je že tako znano, da smo stavili v pregovor, da sta pes pa mačka vse drugo prej kot prijatelja.

Ko sreča mačka psa, se ji zavihata uhlji nazaj, čeljusti se ji razpolove, dlaka se ji naježi in kremplji zazijajo iz tačic; pripravljena je ugrizniti in opraskati. Pes zarrenči, čeljusti se mu odpro, da bi ugrizel, vsa koža na njem je nemirna in se strahovito grbanči. Pes bi jo ugrizel, mačka bi mu zasadila kremplje globoko pod kožo; v trenutku bi mačka morda obležala z resno rano ali pes bi cvilil z razlitim in razpraskanim očesom.

Vendar smo ta dva sovražnika spravili pod eno streho. Kako se je to zgodilo? Zgodilo se je kajpada vsled tega, ker je človek rabil psa in mačko. Pes, ki je izšel iz volcjega ali šakalskega krdela, je postal čuvaj človekovih čred, mačka pa je dobila nalogo, čuvati hleve in žitnice, shrambe in mlekarnje, kjer z glodanjem delajo miši in podgane škodo. Pes je moral biti v človekovi službi že davno prej kot mačka, katera se ni mogla udomačiti, dokler si ni človeška družina poiskala stalnega domovanja. Mačke morajo namreč imeti stalen dom, potem se šele privadijo. Vsekakor pa je prišel čas, ko sta se pes in mačka morala udomačiti pod eno streho. Skušajmo torej nekoliko dognati, kako je mogel davni človek spraviti skupaj ti dve živali in zakaj obstoja med živalima še vedno toliko sovraštvo po nagonu.

Znana reč je, da se mačja in pasja družina ne sovražita tako v divjini, kakor se nagonsko črtita udomačena pes in mačka. Očividno so živali obeh teh družin, katere so še divje, vsaka zase, in če se nalete, se druga proti drugi obnašajo dokaj strpno. Če bi našli leve in tigre, da so v neprestani vojni z volkovi, in leopardje proti šakalom ter divjim psom, bi bilo to nekak naraven dokaz, da je med mačjo in pasjo družino sovraštvo že po naravi. Toda nikjer ne vidimo kaj takega. Edini slučaj je s pumo ali gorskim levom. Ta je mrtva na pasje meso. Zgodilo se je, da je človek varno lahko spal, ko je puma lazila okoli njega, toda pes, ki ga je imel človek pri sebi, je bil pumi preslasten grizljaj, da bi se mu velika mačka odrekla.

Toda to je izjema. Jako redki so taki boji, čeprav velike zveri iz mačje družine ter divji psi in volkovi ropajo takorekoč skupno in si iščejo iste hrane. Kot splošno pravilo si lahko vzamemo to, da mesojede zveri ne napadajo in jedo mesojedih zveri, vendar pa so izjeme. Riba sabljača, na primer, je tulenje in se ne obotavlja, četudi jih ima tonno za kosilo. Z ribami svoje vrste se družijo, da lahko napade soma. Leopardski tulenj je tudi kanibal prav kakor morski volk ali ščuka, kobra ali krokodil (le samec). Ampak vse to so samo izjeme, kajti znana reč je, da mesojede živali ne jedo mesojedih in da to velja tudi za pse in mačke. Udomačeni pes navadno nikoli ne trpi tolikega glada, da bi planil po mački radi lakote in mački se tudi ne skrivi hrbet, ko zagleda psa, zato ker si mogoče zaželi pasjega mesa.

Če torej mački in psu ni zato, da bi se drug drugega pojedla, lahko upamo, da napravimo iz njih prijatelja, ko ju imamo pod eno streho in ko dobivata hrano od istega gospodarja. In v resnici je treba le malo umnosti in potrpljenja, pa napravimo iz pasjega in mačjega življenja strpno, prijateljsko in docela zadovoljno. Dasi se zdi, da se imata pes pa mačka vedno gledati po pasje in mačje, vendar se lahko zgodi, da napravimo iz teh živali taka prijatelja, da drug drugega ne moreta pogrešati.

Največja nevarnost je pri prvem sestanku. Oba sta lovca, oba hitra, nezaupna, razdražljiva in pripravljena vsak hip zgubiti glavo in se zagnati v nasprotnika in,

ako ne moreta uteči drug drugemu v naravnem nagonu, da si poiščeta zavetja, se gotovo ogrizeta in razpraskata. Ljubka mala veverica grize z vso besnostjo, če jo nadoma primemo v roke, kar ni vsled hudobije, temveč radi strahu in radi naravnega nagona, da se s silo osvobodi. Tako se čestokrat zgodi pri srečanju mačke in psa, ki sta približana drug drugemu nepričakovano.

Nekaj takega strašnega se je pripetilo, ko je drobčkana mala mačka sledila svojemu gospodarju v vrt in se je v hipu približal veliki buldog. Pes je bil pohleven kakor ovca in mačice ni bilo drugega kot ljubkost in razposajenost. Srečala pa sta se nepripravljena in takorekoč trčila drug ob drugega pri vrtnih vratih. Kakor bi treščilo v njo, se ji je sključil hrbet, v hipu so bili iztegnjeni kremplji in zazijala je kakor mala tigrinja. Ali to ni bilo iz hudobije, temveč zaradi strahu in presenečenja. Buldog pa je bil ravnotako ves iz sebe in je po nagonu, v samobranu zagrabil z močnimi čeljustmi in pri ti priči ugonobil malo mačko. Kakor je bilo žalostno, je takorekoč bilo neizogibno: žalosten vzgled, kako se v divjem svetu dva rodova, ki sumita, takorekoč brez vzroka spopadeta in si drug drugemu napovesta vojno.

Vzemimo drug primer mačka in psa, ki se ju posreči zblížati na prebrisan način. Malo vežbanja je treba, pa se zatre ono sumničenje v psu in mački in kmalu je mogoče doseči pravo in udano prijateljstvo. Psu je bilo ime Rjavček in mački Liza. Mačka je bila bolj premetena kakor pes. Rjavček je imel navado, kakor znajo vsi psi, da je zagrebel svoj zaklad. Jamo za jamo je izgrebel, dokler se ni gospodar izmislil nečesa, da mu to prepreči.

Rjavček ni bil nikoli zaprt v svoji utici, temveč so ga večinoma imeli v hiši, kjer je tudi spal. Včasih je bilo vendar potrebno pustiti ga na plano in to je bilo takrat, ko je šel izgrebat luknje. Zanj so pripravili malo ograjo, ali toliko visoko, da je ni mogel preskočiti. Na čuden način pa so se čestokrat odprla vrata in Rjavček je smuknil skozi na travnik, kjer je zagrebel še več kosti. Dolgo časa je bila gospodarju prava zagonetka, kako da se vratca v pasjo ograjo odpirajo in skoraj vsakdo v hiši je bil že kriv in obtožen, da je pustil vrata odprta. Mislili so tudi že, da je k ograji mogoče prihajal sosedov sin in odpiral vratca, zato so nazadnje pazili, da bi videli, kdo jih odpira. Rjavčka so zaprli za ograjo in mu dali jesti in pes je res kmalu pojedel hrano, potem pa brezbrizno legel poleg vrat.

Ali kmalu so uvideli, kdo krši ta ljubi red. Prišla je domača mačka, črna Liza, in se priplazila v vrt, prav potuhnjeno skočila na ograjo, iztegnila tačice in toliko časa brskala nad vrati, da jih je odprla. Rjavček je že vedel, kaj sledi, zato je hitro pobral kosti in ko so se vrata odprla, je skočil naravnost skozi in na travnik, kjer je pridno izgrebel jamo, medtem ko je črna Liza zadovoljno predla ob njegovi strani.



Poslušnost, ki ni brez vzroka.

Po velikih mestih opažamo, da so mačke vedno manj bojazljive. Kolikokrat na primer lahko vidimo mačko, ki smukne čez cesto, po kateri drče avtomobili. Torej tudi mačka postaja bolj pasja. Lahko opazimo, da se tudi psov mačka v mestu ne boji tako, kakor na deželi. In psi se istotako obnašajo, kakor bi jih v mestnem življenju ne opazili.

Veliko je še spopadov, vendar med tema živalskima družinama lahko opazimo zблиžanje. Pisatelju je znan slučaj s Slovenskega, kako sta v neki vasi mačka in pes postala tako prijazna drug z drugim, da nista samo jedla in spala skupaj, temveč sta šla v družbi tudi na lov. Skupaj sta lovila okoli plotov, pes na eni, muca na drugi strani in ko sta kaj ujela, sta pri najlepšem sporazumu tudi skupno povžila.

V mestnem živalskem vrtu v Dublinu je nekoč stara levinja adoptirala podganarja, psa, ki je odganjal glodalce, kateri so ji ponoči neusmiljeno obgrizli tace. Obratno pa se je na primer zgodilo, da je močna ovčarka, ko je izgubila svoje psičke, sprejela kakor za svoje male mačke ter jih je dojila.

Pes je v naravi še veliko bolj odprt in zaupen kakor pa mačka, ali razlika med obema vendar ni toliko, kakor bi mislili. Živali je pač treba priučiti. Od psa pričakujemo, da nam je čuvaj in nas opozori v pretečih nesrečah, nikoli pa ne pričakujemo tega od mačke, dasi je tudi sposobna.

Pri kateri živali bi mogli pričakovati večje inteligence kakor pri mački, ki je ponoči vstala s svojega ležišča v gospodarjevi sobi ter šla k speči gospodinji in ji s tačico cukala roko toliko časa, da se je zbudila ter šla pogledat k nenadoma obolelemu možu. Velikokrat se je že zgodilo, da je mačka rešila človeku življenje. Zelo zanimiv je sledeči slučaj, ki ga je pisatelju pred kratkim pripovedovala stara ženica:

“Živela sem na stanovanju čisto sama in ko sem zbolela, nisem imela nikogar, ki bi mi prinesel hrane. Mačka, ki sem jo imela, je bila edina, da je vedela za moje težave in mi je nekega dne prinesla hrane. Prišla je v sobo z mišjo v ustih, jo položila pred mene in me gledala, kakor bi mi hotela reči: ‘Tu imaš, jej!’”

Zgodi se celo, da psi vzgoje mačke in mačke pse. To je že intimno prijateljstvo, kakoršnega pri drugih živalih ne moremo pričakovati. Vzemimo na svoj dom psa in mačko, previdno ju seznanimo in kmalu vidimo, kako postaneta zvesta tovariša. Nekoč sta živela v takem prijateljstvu močan bernardinec in lepa siva mačka. Bernardinca je pa doletela zla nesreča, da je izgubil kar obe očesi. Od tistega časa dalje je bila mačka več kakor samo prijateljica, kajti od tedaj naprej ga je varovala in ko je včasih, zlasti ponoči, zašel, je skočila s svojega ležišča in ga z mijavkanjem poiskala ter ga ramo ob rami pripeljala domov.

Neki drugi naklonjen par psa in mačke sta bila podganar in angorska mačka. Podganar je nekoč zbolel in gospodinja ga je negovala na stolu poleg sebe. Mačka je bila vsa vznemirjena radi psa in je večkrat prišla pod stol ter ga skrbno ogledovala. Ko je nazadnje podganar zaspal, je angorka skočila na stol k njemu in ga s tačico božala po vratu ter ga vsega prav po materinsko oblizala. Ko se je mali nebogljenček prebudil, je pa prijateljsko oblizal mačko in od tedaj sta ves čas ležala skupaj kot najboljša prijatelja.

V malih možganih teh domačih živali je več meglene razuma, kakor si predstavljamo. Vzemimo si drugo tako pasje in mačje prijateljstvo. Pes je bil star, mačka mlada in deloma zrejena od psa, tako da sta si bila kot najbližja prijatelja. Leta so potekla in pes se je bližal smrti radi starosti. Onemoglemu je mačka nosila drobčke grižljajev s svojega krožnika ter jih polagala psu pred usta in je vedno zadovoljno zamijavkala, kadar je to storila. Toda ostarelega psa ni moglo ozdraviti nič več in da ga reši trpljenja, mu je vrtnar podal strup. Od tistega trenutka ni mačka, ki je bila prej ves čas poleg vrtnarja, nikoli več hotela k njemu in je vedno bežala

od njega vsa prestrašena, kakor bi vedela, da je vzel življenje psu, katerega sta oba imela rada.

Psi so včasih ravnotako sovražni med seboj kakor so napram mačkam in tako so tudi mačke včasih divje med seboj kakor so proti psom. Nekoč je priljubljena mačka videla, da je gospodar prinesel še drugo, mlajšo mačko. Vsa se je našopirila ter z vso silo nazadnje napadla mlado tujko. Gospodinja jo je za tako neuljudnost nalahko okrcala, ali mačka se je tedaj veličastno dvignila, odšla iz hiše in se ni povrnila nikoli več. V taki "drami" že mora ljubosumnost igrati veliko vlogo.

Mična je tudi naslednja resnična zgodba: Imeli so psa, ki še ni bil popolnoma dorastel, pa vendar dovolj razumen, da je uganjal najbolj smešne stvari. Imeli so tudi mlado mačko, ki je običajno tičala v kuhinji. Nekoč je razposajeni pes popadel mačko v čeljusti in zdiral z njo na plano, jo nesel po dvorišču in jo vrgel v jamo za pepel. Gospodar je vse to gledal in je videl, kako jo je razžaljena mačka pobrisala proč od razposajenca. Kaka dva dni pozneje so spet opazovali psa, ki je na enak način popadel mačko, ali to pot jo je nesel kakih tisoč čevljev daleč naravnost na most. Postavil se je na sredino mosta k železni ograji, se ozrl na okoli, potem pa spustil mačko, da je štrbunknila v globoko vodo.

Ali najzanimivejše se je šele zgodilo. Ko je mladi nepridiprav videl, kako se mačka bori za življenje v vodi, je bil takoj ves zbehan in je začel divje cviliti in lajati na pomoč. Ali to je bilo nepotrebno, ker so opazovalci že stali zraven in oteli mačko smrti, v katero bi jo bila kmalu pognala pasja navihanost.

V takem početju gotovo vidimo visoko razvito sebičnost udomačene živali, ki se želi iznebiti sovrstnika, kateri tudi uživa gospodarjevo naklonjenost.

V nekem drugem slučaju sta bila pes in mačka dobra prijatelja, ali ko je mačka dobila mlade, si je pes na vse načine prizadeval, da bi jih odnesel od hiše. Odnášal je drugega za drugim in jih zagrebel v vrtu, kamor so pa bili poklicani ljudje, ko so čuli cvileče mijavkanje mladičev. To so kajpada nenavadni slučaji, toda že dejstvo, da se to lahko pripeti, nam jamči, da mora žival tudi misliti.

Mačka in pes torej lahko živita skupaj v miru ter prijateljstvu. Samo nezgodno, nenadno srečanje, nepoznanje dobrih lastnosti med njima, povzroči sovraštvo, počasno uvedenje ter prilika, da se živali dobro nagledata in "preštudirata" pomaga k trdnemu prijateljstvu. Sploh so pa živali take, kakor so gospodarji, in gospodarji so taki kakor nasprotujoči si narodi. Svet sam je prečesto slika pasjega in mačjega življenja v najslabejšem pomenu besede. Razmišljanje, preudarjanje in medsebojna strpnost preženejo iz mačjega in pasjega življenja vso strahoto tako pri domačih živalih kakor pri ljudeh.



Mlada medicinka s pacientom.



K.:

## Čebljajoče dete

HČI mojega prijatelja, Zorka Kosmačeva, zna prav ljubko kramljati. Vsakdo jo z naslodo posluša, čeprav mala nagajivka ne govori kdo ve kako razločno, marveč izrazito sleka in zezlja. Ondan je v cestni železnici na mah osvojila mladega hribolazca, ki je sedel poleg nje. Ves čas je srčkanemu škratu pihal na nedolžno srcece. Ko se je Zorka ozrla skozi okno, se je celo predrznil in jo poščegetal za vratom. Bliskoma se je okrenila in mu zapretila z rožnatim prstkom jutranje zore: "Ti, porednež, to je prepovedano!" Nato se junak v okovankah in z nahrbtnikom na plečih izreče: "Saj te nisem jaz, mamica te je." Nekaj minut poteče. Zorka je videti zamišljena v svoje reči. Zdajci pa v neopaznem trenutku uščipne soseda za uhelj. "Čakaj, čakaj, navihanka," ji z nasmehom zagrozi prizadeti sopotnik, "ali je mar to dovoljeno?" Nato pa Zorka nedolžno: "Saj te nisem jaz, mamica te je!"

\*

Zorka se čez nemoč zanima za naravoslovske pomenke. Tako je stricu Jušu nedavno na ta-le način opisala kravo: "Krava ima štiri noge, na vsakem oglu eno, v sredini pa nosi pompaduro." Stric Juš je bil tega izvirnega orisa tolikanj vesel, da je nečakinji podaril živalsko slikanico. S sveto vnemo sedi krasna mladenka pri podobicah in se uči pesmic na pamet. Nekatere že zna. Tako na priliko to-le:

Oj petelinček, kokotiček,  
zarana poje zgodnji ptiček,  
perjad se vsa krog njega veseli,  
pa kaj na svetu naj si še želi?

Nič manjšega veselja ji ne delajo vrstice pod ovčicami:

Če bi bila jaz bičica,  
vrtila bi se z janjčki,  
če bi bila pa ptičica,  
letala bi s škrjančki.

S temi in podobnimi kiticami se je že nekolikokrat imenitno postavila . . .

\*

God stare matere se bliža. Zorka se mora učiti dokaj dolge prigodnice, da se bo prikupila babici. Vendar verzi iz živalske slikanice ji dosti bolj prijajo. Slovesni dan je napočil. Vsa družina je po napornih dneh zbrana v slavnostnem krogu. Malo poprej je bila Zorka mamicí zašepetala na uho veliko skrivnost: "Včeraj me je gosposlična navadila nove živalske pesmice."

Svečana minuta je tu, ko mora čestiteljica stopiti pred starikavo godovnico in povedati svoje stihe. Spočetka ji jeziček teče gladko in sladko, pozneje se zatika, nazadnje se več ne premika. Da bi jo rešil mučnega položaja, ji oče Kosmač potihem nasvetuje: "Pa povej katero iz slikanice." In z resnim navdušenjem jame pretkana umetnica recitirati najnovejšo štirivrstičnico:

Zakaj li, prasica, h koritu se siliš?  
Globoko v srce ti meni se smiliš.  
Tako je med nami zatrdno že sklenjeno:  
Življenje še kratko je tebi namenjeno!

Zorka si neznansko želi bratca in poizveduje pri materi, naj li trosi sladkorčka štorcklajsti štorcklji, da bi se njena srčna želja čim prej uresničila. Mati z nasmeškom prikima, potlej pa dostavi, da je treba popred očeta vprašati, ali bi bil zadovoljen z novim kričačem. In jejhata! Očka se je grdo namrgodil. Zorka je vsa žalostna nesla nepovoljni odgovor mami. Ali nenadoma ji šine objesten smehljaj preko ličeca in šepetaje meni: "Oh, nič ne de, mamica, bova pa sami skrivaj napravili."

## ŠKORCI

Mi smo kralji brez kanonov,  
brez ministrov in brez tronov.  
Naša sablja trd je kljun.  
Svet naj pravda se, al kolje,  
mi smo vedno zlate volje,  
pojemo brez not in strun.

Za življenje pa je treba  
vsak dan tudi kosek hleba.  
No, i škorci nismo norci:  
enkrat z žličko, vdrugo s korci,  
ta na levo, oni v pravo,  
sem v bližino, tja v daljavo —  
težke ajde, polne brajde,  
kdor jih išče, ta jih najde.

Ko pa dno pokaže skleda  
in jesen v kosmati kapi  
se cigansko vtihotapi,  
takrat škorci brž, seveda,  
za ledeno belo zimo  
kupit kožuh v jug hitimo,  
ker tam roba je ceneja  
in rodi še vrt in veja.

Res smo kralji brez kanonov,  
brez ministrov in brez tronov,  
pač pa vseh smo ptičev dika!  
Kdor nad tem se kaj spotika,  
ta gre z nami pred sodnika,  
da bo vklenjen in zaprt,  
če ne čaka clo ga smrt  
vsled jezika! Amen! Pika!

Rudolf Maister.



Josip Stritar:

# Krta

(Dva krta si rijeta nasproti, pa se trčita z rilcema.)

**Prvi krt.** Oha! To sem jaz pa moj rilec!

**Drugi krt.** Pa jaz pravim ravno tako!

**Prvi krt.** Brez zamere, sosed!

**Drugi krt.** Nič zamere! Saj se nisva rada. Ali kaj se hoče, ker se nič ne vidi.

**Prvi krt.** Še ne vem, kako bi dejal: Dober dan ali kako?

**Drugi krt.** Ubogi krt ne ve nikoli, ali je dan ali noč, nikar pa, da bi vedel, koliko je ura.

**Prvi krt.** Kaj trdo življenje ima ubogi krt. Koliko trde zemlje mora preriti, da najde kaj malega za želodec. Meni se zdi, da je čimdalje manj mrčesa na svetu, pod zemljo, hočem reči.

**Drugi krt.** Pa kar je pri vsem tem najhujše: svojega življenja si nismo nikdar v svesti.

**Prvi krt.** Nespametni kmet nas preganja in nam streže po življenju, kakor da bi mu bili najhujši sovražniki.

**Drugi krt.** Pa smo mu pravi dobrotniki. Koliko mu pokončamo škodljivih ogrcev, bramorjev in drugega škodljivega mrčesa! Tisti kupčki, ki jih delamo po polju in po vrtih, so mu tako napoti, pa jih lahko z majhnim trudom spomladi razgrebe z grabljami.

**Prvi krt.** On nam pa stavi pasti ali pa nas čaka z motiko, ko rijemo, da nas po-bije. Mene je eden zadel. Tule gori na hrbtu se mi še pozna.

**Drugi krt.** Mene je bila pa past uščipnila, tako da uboga žival res nima miru.

**Prvi krt.** Pa kaj sem še slišal! Nova šega je prišla zdaj med ljudi.

**Drugi krt.** Kaj nam mari človeške šege, da nas le pri miru pustite!

**Prvi krt.** Saj to je ravno! Ko bi nas pustili pri miru! Ali ravno ta nova šega je kriva, da nas zdaj še huje love nego poprej. Mestne ženske, gospe se jim pravi, nosijo zdaj, to je tista nova šega, naše kožuške za nekako obleko ali kali!

**Drugi krt.** Kaj! Še tega nam je bilo treba! Da jim kaj takega šine v glavo! Koliko nas mora pustiti življenje, da se kaj prida napravi iz naših kožuhov! Ali kaj to človeku! On misli, da je vse njegovo, pa usmiljenja ne pozna.

**Prvi krt.** Prej je polhovina veljala, zdaj pride pa krtovina na njeno mesto. Človek hoče vedno kaj novega, posebno pa ženska.

**Drugi krt.** Tisto pa moram reči, lepši je naš kožušek nego pa polhov.

**Prvi krt.** In zdaj je tudi imeniten.

**Drugi krt.** Da bi jo — tisto imenitnost! Jaz bi rajši mirno na tihem živel brez vse imenitnosti.

**Prvi krt.** Pa jaz tudi. — Toda dovolj pogovora! Jaz ne utegnem, mudi se mi zopet na delo. Petero jih čaka doma, da jim prinesem kaj za večerjo, pa nimam še nič, čeprav sem se trudil, da me vsi udje bole. Morda bo pa ona bolj srečna. Skrbna in pridna mati je, to moram reči.

**Drugi krt.** Z mladiči otročiči je seveda križ; to sem že dovolj izkusil v svojem življenju. Zdaj pa sem samec. Prestar in preokoren sem že za ženitev. Pa naj se drugi mlajši trudijo in ubijajo, da ne bo konec tega ubogega krtovskega rodu.

**Prvi krt.** Modre besede! Tudi jaz že komaj čakam, da pojdem v pokoj. Zdaj pa zdravi, sosed! Brez zamere!

**Drugi krt.** Dobro srečo!



Rabindranath Tagore:

## Kadar in zakaj

**K**ADAR ti prinašam pisanih igračk, dete moje, umem, zakaj igra toliko barev v oblakih in na vodi in zakaj so rože tako pestre — kadar ti prinašam igračk, dete moje.

Kadar ti popevam za ples, vem; zakaj je godba v listju in zakaj pošiljajo valovi zbor svojih glasov k srcu posluškujoče zemlje — kadar ti popevam za ples.

Kadar prinašam sladčic tvojim poželjivim rokam, vem zakaj je med po cvetnih čašah in zakaj je ovočje tajno napolnjeno s sladkim sokom — kadar prinašam sladčic tvojim poželjivim rokam.

Kadar ti poljubljam lica, da bi se nasmejalo, zlato moje, umem zares, kakšna slast lije z neba v jutranji zarji in kakšno razkošje prinaša poletni veterc mojemu telesu — kadar te poljubljam, da bi se nasmejalo.

## MATERINO SRCE.

(Richepinov motiv.)

Živel nekoč je mlad fantič  
in ljubil, ljubil je dekle,  
a ona ga ni ljubila nič.

Dejala je: Do jutri tu  
mora biti srce tvoje matere,  
da ga bom vrgla svojemu psu.

In šel je k materi in jo ubil,  
srce iztrgal in zbežal,  
da ne bi roka zamudil.

Tekoč se je povračal tja  
in sredi poti pal je, pal,  
in srce spustil je na tla.

In ko je srce na tleh ležalo,  
ko je ležalo samo tako,  
čul je, kako ga je vprašalo,

ko je zaječalo od bolečin,  
je materino srce vprašalo:  
"Si ranil se hudo, moj sin?"

Prevel Srečko Kosovel.

## ZVEZDOZNA NSTVO

Cicibanček, vedi:  
solnce je na sredi  
v lepi zlati skledi.

In v njegovi zarji  
zemlja kolobari.

Okrog zemlje tava  
luna vrtoglava.

Zemlje, vsi planeti  
v vajeti zajeti,  
k solncu so pripeti.

Solnce vsepovsodi  
njihna pota vodi;

bog jim solnce ukrade,  
v nič ves svet razpade.

Cicibanček gleda:  
prazna solnčna skleda,  
njemu v glavi — zmeda.

Oton Župančič.



## ZAKAJ IMA ZAJEC PREKLANE USTNICE?

(Litvanska basen.)

Nekega dne se je zajec vsega naveličal in je šel, da bi se utopil.

"Kam pa?" ga je vprašala žolna. "Zakaj si tako žalosten?"

"Kako naj bom dobre volje," je rekel zajec. "Nihče me ne uvaža, nihče se me ne boji, le mene mora biti vsakogar strah."

"Ne bodi!" je dejala žolna. "Ako hočeš, da se te bodo drugi bali, je to kaj preprosta stvar. Sedi za ta-le grm in počakaj, da priženo ovce na pašo. Ko bodo že blizu tebe, plani mahoma iz svojega skrivališča; videl boš, da se te ovce ustrašijo!"

Zajec je poslušal žolnin nasvet in se je skrivil v najgostejši grm. Ko so prišle ovce tik do njega, jim je z mogočnim skokom planil naproti. Ovce so se ustrašile, da nikoli tega in so se spustile v beg.

Tedaj se je zajček silno razveselil, in se je smejal, smejal — tako, da so mu počile ustnice.

Albin Čebular:

### VESELJE

STROJI ROPOČEJO  
IN SE GROHOČEJO,  
SIRENE PA PISKAJO,  
PISKAJO, VRISKAJO.

STRIČKI SE CUKAJO,  
STROJČKE VSE CUKAJO,  
OGENJČKE KREŠEJO,  
RADOSTNI PLEŠEJO

## MIROLJUBNI KVAKER

Pred kakimi petimi leti sem slišal Jamesa Maurerja pripovedati povestico, katera bo morda koga zanimala.

Nekdaj je ponosno korakal po filadelfijski ulici miroljuben kvaker. Pritekel je za njim razigrani psiček in ugledal po vetru vihrajoče repke kvakerjevega fraka. Misleč, da ga oni draži z njimi, je skočil za njim in jih hotel zgrabiti, ali spodletelo mu je in dosegel napeto stegno kvakerjeve noge ter ga nekoliko oprasnil.

Kvaker se je ujezil, pa kot miroljubni človek mu ni hotel storiti hudega, pač pa ga je samo pokaral:

"Ti slabi psiček, ti si stekel psiček."

Ljudje so slišali, da mu je rekel "stekel" ter mislili so, da je v resnici stekel in pomandrali so ga.

Daj mu slabo ime in žel boš zaželjeni uspeh.

A. Bogataj.

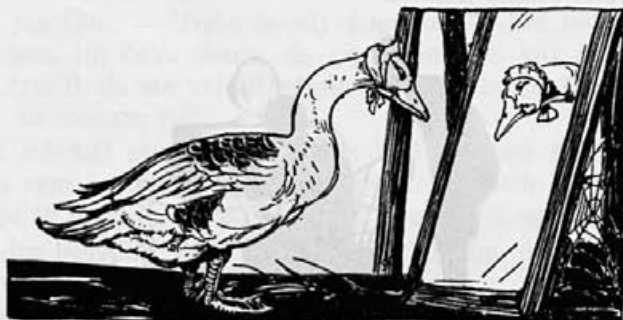
France Zbašnik:

## PASTIRČEK IN VETER

Vetrič šel ovčke — oblačke je pastja na srebrne gorice.

Pustil je ovčke in v gozd jo ubral — sočne iskat borovnice.

Burja poredna med tem privihra,  
bele razžene oblačke,  
vetrič zdaj jokal, boji se domov,  
ker se mu tresejo hlačke . . .



Gizdavost.

A. Kuprin:

## Živalski nauk

Basen.

Po dolgih dnevih strašne suše je končno spet padel blagodejen dež. Rečice in potoki, ki so jeli že presihati, so se napolnili z živo, bistro, sladko vlago. Od žeje onemogle gozdne živali so se spet po mili volji napile in tiste, ki so znale in mogle, so se tudi z naslado okopale v hladni vodi.

Čreda divjih slonov se je vračala nekega večera z napajališča po Veliki živalski stezi, ki so jo napravile stotine živalskih pokolenj. Spredaj je veselo tekel mlad slonček; bilo mu je kakih petnajst let in težak je bil do sto pudov.

Mahoma pa je obstal, ker je začul prav izpod nog nekakšno godrnjanje. Govoril je mravljinec, obtovorjen z odlomkom lanske vejice.

“Ali si slep, ka-li, ti ogromni kos mesa? Saj pravim, ti mladi sloni se vedno rinejo pod noge!”

Slonček je od začudenja izbuljil svoje male rdeče oči in napel ušesa, ne da bi se premaknil z mesta. Toda mati slonica, ki je šla zadaj, je zakričala nanj:

“Ali si oglušil? Brzo se oprostí in pojdi s pota!”

“Oprostí mi, starejši brat,” je zamomljajal presenečen slonček in se previdno umaknil s pota.

Mravljinec ni odgovoril. Mladi slon je počakal, da je bila mati slonica spet do bre volje, in je nato vljudno vprašal:

“Povej mi, o mati, zakaj je tako hud?”

In mati mu je pojasnila:

“Ako povečaš težo, s katero je bil obložen, tolikokrat, kolikorkrat si ti večji, težji in bolj neumen od mravljinca, ter si jo naložiš, bi te ta teža strla tako izlahka, kakor starem jaz — le poglej! — z nogo tegale škorpijona.”

Albin Čebular:

## TAKO JE!

V zemljici so črni rovi  
vsak dan, veste, zopet novi,  
novi tam so strički  
in enako njih vozički.

Kot bi bili pri lisički  
umazani so naši strički;  
ej, naj bodo, saj ob jelu  
so drugačni kot ob delu . . .!

Ko pa pride čas oddiha,  
vsak jo k vodici popiha,  
umit ostavi črni rov,  
■vež jo mahne spet domov.

## Kako sem hodil pod reko

PRED leti sem služboval v Idriji, svetovno znanem mestu, kjer se nahaja velik rudnik za živo srebro. Idrija leži v globokem kotlu ob reki Idriji in ob potoku Nikavi. Hiše so gosto nakopičene, ker vsled bližnjih hribov ni dosti ravnine. Najbolj čudno v Idriji pa je to, da je skoro celo mesto izpodkopano, kajti nad 400 let že rijejo rudarji pod zemljo na vse strani, da vlačijo na dan rudo, iz katere pridobivajo potem živo srebro in cinober. Seveda sem si hotel ogledati tudi idrijske podzemeljske zanimivosti. Šel sem torej v hišo, iz katere je vhod v rudnik; tam sem se moral preobleči v rudarsko obleko, potem pa se je pričela hoja pod zemljo. Pred menoj je stopal rudar z leščerbo; najprej sva prišla po ravnem rovu do oltarja, ki se nahaja pod zemljo, odtod pa sva stopala po mnogoštevilnih stopnicah navzdol, vedno nižje in nižje, dokler nisva prišla do rudarjev, ki so kopali rudo. Ponekod so bili rudarji napol nagi, kajti čim nižje greš v zemljo, tem gorkejšje postaja, če ne dovajajo svežega zraka s posebnimi pripravami. Naenkrat sem začul šumenje vode; moj vodnik me je opozoril, da hodiva globoko pod reko, iz reke in od drugod prihaja voda tudi v rudnik in bi ga utopila, če bi ne skrbeli umni ljudje tudi za to, da se kaj takega ne more zgoditi. Spremljevalec me je peljal k stroju, ki sesa kakor velikanški železen orjak vodo iz rudnika in jo odvaja na dan. Gorje idrijskemu rudniku, če bi odpovedal ta orjak pokorščino! Rudarji bi morali hiteti navzgor, da bi ne potonili!

Več ur sva hodila s spremljevalcem pod zemljo; nazadnje sva prišla do najnižjega mesta, potem pa sva stopila v dvigalo, ki naju je v par minutah dvignilo na dan; začudeno sem gledal, ko sem videl, da sva se nahajala na čisto drugem koncu mesta. Tu pa me je že čakal rudar, ki je prinesel mojo obleko.



Globoko pod to dolino pridno kopljejo rudarji.

# Šola za mlade delavce

## SLOGA.

“Sloga jači, nesloga tlači,” pravi slovenski pregovor. Če smo složni v organizaciji, mora biti naša organizacija močna, ako nismo složni, pa organizacije sploh imeti ne moremo. Složni smo namreč, ko smo združeni istih misli ter skupno delujemo, da misli uresničimo. Nikoli pa ne more priti do organizacije, če ni združenja, in organizacija se ne more dolgo obdržati, ako ni skupnega delovanja med članstvom.

Kakor pri vsaki organizirani skupini mora biti sloga tudi v delavski organizaciji, politični, gospodarski, strokovni ali kakoršnikoli. Naša jednota, na primer, bi ne bila mogla tako lepo narasti v mogočno organizacijo, če bi med njenim članstvom ne bilo sloge. Ako bi slovenski delavci, ki so ustanavljali prva njena društva pred triindvajset leti, ne bili delovali skupno kot brat za bratom, bi društev ne bili nikoli ohranili. Sloga je torej pri organizaciji nujno potrebna, pridobimo pa jo potem, ko se zavemo položaja, v katerem se nahajamo.

Zaradi nesloge je bilo že pogubljenih veliko organizacij, ustanov in celo držav. Znana je pravljica o očetu in sinovih, katere je učil sloge. Podal jim je butaro palic, pa jih nihče ni mogel zlomiti, ali kakorhitro so bile razvezane, je bilo lahko zlomiti drugo za drugo. Pokazati je hotel sinom, da jih nihče ne bo mogel premagati, dokler bodo složni, ali kmalu bo nasprotnikom lahko zdrobiti vse, če bodo vsak zase.

Stari Rimljani so se dobro zavedali, kaj pomeni sloga za obstanek njih države, zato so povsod učili svojo mladino, da mora biti složna. Da, slogo so tako visoko cenili, da so imeli celo boginjo sloge, katero so imenovali Concordia. Ta boginja je bila posebljenje miru in dobre volje. Po vsem rimskem cesarstvu so bila svetišča postavljena boginji Slogi in eno največjih je bilo na Kapitolu sredi Rima. Za simbol sloge so Rimljani tudi slikali dve roki, ki si tesno segata v prijateljstvo, kakor je na primer na znaku Slovenske narodne podporne jednote enak simbol.

Če so torej že v starodavnih dneh vedeli, kako zelo je potrebno, da so ljudje složni, je toliko bolj potrebno, da se zavedmo tega danes. Po nauku velikega delavskega učitelja Karla Marksa se bo moralo delavstvo samo osvoboditi iz mezdne sužnosti in če hoče to doseči, je v prvi vrsti potrebna sloga. Ta pa je potrebna že zato, ker so složni tudi delavski nasprotniki.

Razumen delavski agitator bo torej povsod previden, da se ohrani in še pojači sloga med delavstvom. Ker so nasprotniki delavstva močni, morajo biti močni tudi delavci v svojih organizacijah; močni pa so lahko le, če so složni, kajti drugi slovenski pregovor pravi:

“V slogi je moč.”

### DRAGI MLADINSKI LIST.

Dragi moj Mladinski listek,  
ti si kot studenček bistri.  
Vedno bodeš me spominjal  
zlatih dni mladosti moje.

Zvezal bom v debelo knjigo  
tvoje bele lističe;  
iz srca pa bom popeval  
tvoje lepe pesmice.

Fred Predikaka, Staunton, Ill.



Albin Č.:

## ZAJČEK TEČE ZA GORAMI...

Zajček teče za gorami,  
oprtni koš ima na rami,  
v njemu listov vrhan kup.  
Dečica, le hitro vkup!

Janezek že Metko nese  
onostran rudeče rese.  
Katarinca, juhuhu!  
zajček bo že skoraj tu.

Zajček pa še bolj jo briše,  
že jo vije poleg hiše—  
joj! utrgal se je koš,  
na pomoč le brž, Ambrož!

Dragi čitatelji!

Tekma se nagiba h koncu. Še pesmi, katere pošljete za septembersko številko, bodo vštete. Kdor hoče svojo pesmico poslati v kontest, naj torej ne čaka nič več, temveč jo pošlje takoj. Za ta mesec je bilo izvanredno veliko prispevkov in nekatere je bilo treba odložiti, da bodo priobčeni v prihodnji številki. Prispevatelji naj to vpoštevajo.

Za zadnje tri mesece pa nas čaka še ena živahna tekma, katera bo razglašena v prihodnji številki "Mladinskega lista." Naredili bomo tako, da bodo imena tistih, ki so zmagali v tekmi, priobčena že v decemberski številki in bodo takoj nato tudi dobili darila, katera bodo letos posebno bogata in bo celo nekaj zlatega vmes.

Le urno na delo, dragi čitatelji in prispevatelji!

**Urednik.**

Dragi urednik!

Zopet vas obiščem s par vrsticami. Sedaj imamo dovolj časa pisati in skladati pesmice, ker to mene zelo veseli. Raditega vam pošljem par pesmic, ako se nisem trudil samo za koš. Za tega mr. Koša se pa jaz ne trudim rad. Jaz hranim vse številke Mladinskega lista. Imel bom lep spomin moje mladosti in dal bom tudi vezati knjigo iz njega.

Junjsko številko sem čital na počitnicah v Wittu, Ill., pri mojem prijatelju Martinu Zadelu. Ne morem popisati, koliko radosti sem užil pri mojem prijatelju. Mnogo lepega in zanimivega sem videl: polno panjev čebelic, krasno urejen vrt; kamor sem se ozrl, polno cvetic posajenih in vinska trta se je spenjala po brajdi. Čebelice so nagosto švigale in bučale sem in tje. Moj prijatelj Martin je priden deček. Kosil je travo, rahljaj zemljo cveticam in nisem se mogel načuditi njegovemu finemu delu. Kakor izvežban vrtnar se je obnašal. Zelo rad sem bil v njegovi družbi, samo čas je prehitro prešel. Morala sva se ločiti. Upam, da se v bodoče zopet snidemo. Dne 19. junija smo dobili nepri-

čakovan obisk iz Clevelanda; obiskal nas je mr. Leber s svojimi tremi hčerami. Želimo, da nas še večkrat obišče.

Iskreli pozdrav—Fred Predikaka, Staunton, Ill.

Dragi urednik!

Ne zamerite, ako bom napravil kako napako, ker to je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Slovenski Mladinski list mi je jako priljubljen, rad bi, da bi izhajal vsaj enkrat na teden. V jeseni bom začel hoditi v slovensko šolo, tako pravi mama, pa težko čakam tistega časa. Rad bi se naučil gladko brati in pisati slovensko.

Končam in pozdravim vse člane S. N. P. J. in urednika. — Joe Elersich, 1231 E. 61 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjani urednik!

To je moja prva slovenska pisava in prvi dopis v Mladinski list. Kadar čitam naš Mladinski list, ki je v resnici samo naš, želim, da bi večkrat prišel k nam. Znam tudi čitati slovensko in pisati.

Stara sem dvanajst let in v šestem razredu. Moja sestra je deset let in v šestem razredu, moj brat je devet let star in v tretjem razredu.

Pozdravim čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

Christine Klucevsek, Adamson, Okla., Box 178.

Cenjani urednik!

Jaz želim vsem članom in članicam od M. L. srečne počitnice.

Pozdrav od — Dorothy Rossa, 995 E. 141 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dragi urednik!

Vidim, da se vam čudno zdi, ker je tako malo dopisov v našem kotičku. Za mene so bile skušnje zapreka, ker so bile precej težke. Sedaj bom šla v višjo šolo. Drugih v "Chatter Corner" je tako preveč. Kje pa ste, slovenski dopisovalci? Slovensko ni tako težko, kakor se vidi nekaterim. Ako je težko samim, vprašajte starše. Vsaki dobri starši morajo gledati za izobrazbo otrok. In mislim, da bi radi pomagali. Gotovo bi rada videla "Naš kotiček" večji. Sprva samo malo, drugi pot več, pa boste znali malo po malo. Pošljem vam par pesmi, ker sem zamudila zadnji mesec

Vaša sestra

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana.

Oglasili so se:

Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Indiana; 11 let stara in v šestem razredu. Pravi, da nikoli ne izostane iz šole.

Amalia Ausich, Woodward, Iowa; 10 let stara in gre v šesti razred. Njena brata sta Tony in William ter sestra Matilda. Vsi spadajo v S. N. P. J.

Ruth Podboy, Park Hill, Pa. — Rada bi vedela, če bodo člani mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J. v Johnstownu in okolici imeli letos kak piknik. Za to naj se pobrigajo društva.

Mary Sray, Cuddy, Pa. — 12 let stara, in prestopi v sedmi razred. Pravi, da so pri njih vsi člani S. N. P. J. ter lepo pozdravlja vse bratce in sestrice.

#### KRIŽANKA IZ JULIJSKE ŠTEVILKE.

Č	E	B	E	L	A
	N	O	V	A	
		J	A		
		V	N		
	P	R	O	Č	
D	O	L	Ž	E	N

Pravilno jo je rešil Joe Elersich, Cleveland, Ohio.

#### PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH. PTICE.

1.

Toliko imam peres,  
kakor v lozi je dreves,  
a noben ne piše nič:  
ugani me, če nisem . . . ?

2.

Jamice polne  
bele so volne.

3.

V košku so kamenčki beli . . .

4.

Najdrznejši med ptiči  
so urni . . . ?

5.

Kakor lastavica—  
taka spi v zvoniku  
ptica.

Vse iz junijske številke je pravilno rešil Joe Elersich, Cleveland, O.

Iz julijske številke:

1. KOZA.
2. SRNE.
3. KIT.
4. KLJUNAŠ.



## VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



### LENA ŽABA.

Nekoč je živela žaba, katera je bila tako lena, da je vedno čepela na istem mestu.

Njene tovarišice so ji rekle: "Smešno je ostati vedno na istem mestu; to je enolično. Zakaj ne storiš, kakor me delamo?"

"Preutrudljivo je," je odgovorila žaba zdehaje.

"Ampak poginila boš za lakoto; bolj suha postajaš."

"Jaz ne!" je zavrnila žaba. "Obratno, še bolj se debelim, ker nikdar ne skačem. Poleg tega imam dovolj jesti. Vse muhe in komarje požrem, ki lete v dosegu mojih ust. Glejte!"

In žaba je odprla usta in požrla debelega komarja.

Druge žabe so zmajale z glavami, misleč: "To ni naravno. Namenjeno je, da se slabo konča."

Seveda je prišel dan, ko žaba ni imela dovolj jesti. Muhe in komarji so slutili in so leteli izven dosega njenih ust. Žaba je postala nemirna. "Premakniti se bom morala, če nočem poginiti za lakoto," je mislila.

Ravno takrat je šel mimo povodnji konj.

"Ideja!" je pomislila žaba. "Skočila bom na rilec povodnjega konja. Tako majhna sem, da me niti čutil ne bo in z njim bom potovala, ne da bi se utrudila."

Ampak nesrečno, ravno ko je skočila, je povodnji konj začel zdehati. Žaba je spolzela doli po njegovem grlu in povodnji konj jo je požrl, ne da bi bil to opazil.

### THE LAZY FROG

Once upon a time there lived a frog who was so lazy that she perched always in the same place.

Her companions said to her: "It is ridiculous to remain always in the same place; it is monotonous. Why don't you do so as we do?"

"It's too tiring," replied the frog yawning.

"But you will starve; you are getting thinner."

"I am not," replied the frog. "On the contrary, I am getting fatter, as I never jump. Besides, I have plenty to eat, I gobble down all the flies and mosquitoes which fly within reach of my mouth. Look!"

And the frog opened her mouth and gobbled down a fat mosquito.

The other frogs shook their heads thinking: "It's not natural. It's bound to end badly."

To be sure a day came when the frog had not enough to eat. Flies and mosquitoes were suspicious and flew out of reach of her mouth. The frog grew uneasy. "I shall have to move if I don't want to starve," thought she.

Just then a hippopotamus went by.

"An idea!" thought the frog. "I am going to jump on the hippopotamus' snout. I am so small that he will never feel me, and I shall travel along with him without tiring myself."

But unfortunately, just as she jumped the hippopotamus began to yawn. The frog slid down his throat, and the hippopotamus swallowed her without even noticing it.







# JUVENILE



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## JACK AND JOAN THEY THINK NO ILL

**J**ACK and Joan they think no ill,  
 But loving live, and merry still;  
 Do their week-days' work, and play  
 Joyously on the holy day;  
 Skip and trip it on the green,  
 And help to choose the Summer Queen;  
 Lash out at a country feast  
 Their silver penny with the best.

Joan can call by name her cows,  
 And deck her windows with green boughs  
 She can wreath and tuttyes make,  
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.  
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss,  
 And his long flail can stoutly toss;  
 Makes the hedge which others break,  
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now you courtly dames and knights  
 That study only strange delights,  
 Though you scorn the homespun grey  
 And revel in your rich array,  
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,  
 And can your heads from danger keep,  
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,  
 Securer lives the silly swain.

Thomas Campion.

### TWO POINTS OF VIEW

HEAD DOWNWARD HUNG THE BAT;  
 HE LOOKED ON FIELD AND TOWN;  
 "IT'S PLAIN (HE CHITTERED) THAT  
 THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN."  
 "HOW FUNNY!" LAUGHED THE PUP;  
 "BUT THEN IT ISN'T TRUE.  
 THE WORLD IS RIGHT SIDE UP;  
 WHAT'S UPSIDE DOWN IS YOU!"



The Ruins of Svibno. — The Castle suffered greatly in the warfare with Turks.

## The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

### Slovenes under the Rule of Hapsburg. -- Turkish Invasions.

**A**FTER Rudolph von Hapsburg was elected King of Germany (in 1273), the Slovene provinces, archduchies of Steiermark and Carniola, fell under his rule. He was not only a ruler of the lands, but also he claimed them as his personal property, and, therefore, gave the possession of these provinces to his sons Albrecht and Rudolph. A year later the King of Germany changed his mind: he took the lands away from his son Albrecht and gave them to his friend Meinhard, a count of Tyrol, who helped him in wars against the Bohemians. The manipulation, however, did not change the conditions of the Slovene people who remained under the dynasty of Hapsburg until the end of the World War.

Carantania remained to be more independent for another half a century, but after the death of its archduke Henry (1335) it became a province of Hapsburg. It was given to Otto the Happy, and he was crowned at St. Vitus, the capital of Carantania, the ceremonies being held in the Slovene language.

Books were written on the ceremonies performed at the coronations. A contemporary historian describes the following:

A freeman was seated in a granite throne, situated in a field near the Castle of Krn, and an immense crowd of common people meeting in the open was there awaiting the duke. He came dressed in a ceremonial costume, but before he approached the throne, he was compelled to undress his magnificent robes and exchange them for an ordinary peasant suit. In his left hand he took a cane and in his right a rope to which an ox and a mare were bound.

When the freeman saw the duke approaching, he cried out to the multitude: "Who is the comer?"

And the mass exclaimed: "He is the duke of our lands."

The freeman asked further: "Is he an honest judge? Does he labor for the sake of the country? Is he a man of free birth? Is he a guardian of the true faith?"

The people answered: "He is and he shall remain for ever."

Then the freeman asked: "What right he possesses to take my throne?"

The answer of the crowd was this: "He will pay you sixty pennies, give you his ox and his mare, and the suit in which he is dressed; he shall also relieve your house of all taxes."

Thereafter the freeman touched the cheeks of the duke, thus warning him to be an honest judge; he took both of the animals and gave place to the duke. Before sitting on the throne the duke turned to south and north and east and west, swinging with the sword in all directions, thereby promising to remain an honest judge.

During this performance the freeman brought his hat full of spring water and the duke drank, in order to show his satisfaction with the produces of the country.

After the public coronation, the duke went into the antique church at Gospa Sveta. Singing national songs the nation accompanied him in a big procession. At the mass the duke was dressed in his ceremonial robes, and after the religious



Škofja Loka, a city in Slovenia, as it looked five hundred years ago.

ceremonies and blessings in the church, a public meeting was held with the new duke presiding and issuing orders and new privileges.

The situation remained unchanged for a whole century. The borders of the chopped up provinces, under the supreme rule of Hapsburgs, were steady until the rule of Rudolph IV (1358-1365) when the war broke out with the Patriarch of Aquilea, della Tore, who lost all his possessions in Slovene lands. Thus the frontiers of the Slovene lands were changed.

After the death of Rudolph, big changes occurred on the borders, as well as among the provincial rulers. The domain of Gorica became temporarily a part of Hapsburg possessions in 1374 when the Istrian dynasty of the Counts of Gorica died out. All the lands of Kras fell under the same empire and, finally, the City of Triest joined Austria freely. Being in endless wars with the Republic of Venice, which attempted to control the Adriatic Sea, the City of Triest found its way out by joining Austria. The inhabitants knew that the prosperity of the city was pos-

sible only in case of having large lands behind it, and in order to attain this they submitted their city to the rule of Hapsburgs. Thus the transportation between Vienna and Adriatic, being previously directed to Venice, turned towards Triest.

Desiring to save Ljubljana from the new Turkish invasions, the Hapsburg ruler Ernest founded his capital seat at Graz. Thence he ordered the fortification of Ljubljana. Ernest was one of the rare Hapsburg rulers who were actually interested in the development of the Slovene lands. First schools of importance were erected at Ljubljana by his decrees. He was also the last Hapsburg ruler whose coronation in Carantania was performed in the old Slovene ceremonies (1414).

The first Turkish invasions into the Slovene lands were attempted in the beginning of Ernest's rule. This was the opening of the most heroic and honorable age of the Slovene history. The Slovenes being without an army from Germany, to which they were paying taxes, were small in number and possessed no instruments of resistance against the well armed Turks yet they were strong enough to stop the terrible wave of the Turkish hordes which no other bigger nation could stop before. Not a single year passed during the long era of invasions that there were no battles. The first great Turkish invasion into Slovenia happened in 1396. They burned up the city of Ptuj and took 16,000 men to slavery. Their first attack of Carniola was fought in 1408 and since that year they have performed devastation through a period of ninety years without intermission. The first Turkish siege of the fortified city of Ljubljana occurred in 1415.

Since the invasions of the Turks were becoming more and more numerous, the Slovenes invented several devices as to the war preparations. One of the means of announcements of the Turkish invasions were the wood stacks on mountains and hills which were to be lighted immediately after the guards saw the bonfires in the distances in the east. The bonfires on all mountain ridges were lighted almost in the same time and caused a panical preparation for defense. The inhabitants ran into fortresses, castles, and churches built for defense on the mountains. But in many instances the Slovenes, being just in little individual communes, were unable to defend themselves, and hundred thousands of them fell in the Turkish battles and as many were taken prisoners and became slaves. At any rate, the terrible wave of the Turks was broken; the losses of the invaders having been too great disabled them and forced them to return without farther proceed towards the Western Europe.

The Turkish invasions were a general catastrophe of the Slovenes, who have been divided into small provinces for centuries. They happened to think of their common interests and also of their brotherhood. The delegates of the provinces met rather often in some council called together for the sake of defense against the enemy of all. The battles with Turks brought a certain national consciousness among the Slovenes which was unknown before. The Slovene national song which developed in the last centuries so richly had its origin in the Turkish wars also.

(To be continued.)



## The French Explorers

**F**RANCIS I, of France, had watched with jealous eyes the efforts of his rivals, England and Spain to explore and take possession of the New World. Wishing to share in the glory, he commissioned Verazzani, a native of Florence, in Italy, to sail to the New World.

Verazzani sighted land at what is now Wilmington, North Carolina. He sailed onward to the north. He anchored in both the harbors of New York and Newport, but eventually continued farther north as far as Newfoundland.

France immediately claimed this land as her own, her claims embracing the coast from North Carolina to Newfoundland and west to the Pacific.

Verazzani was followed by James Cartier who landed in Newfoundland and then working further west arrived at the Great Lakes. He started a colony which he called Mont-Real, named the great river of St. Lawrence, and called all of this land New France. When he returned to France, his reports were so favorable that it lent new impetus to the movement to the new land.

The all powerful Jesuits, seeing an opportunity to spread Christianity among the Indians sent Father Joliet and Father Marquette to the new lands. The two monks, in 1668, went as far west as Sault Ste Marie and Mackinac and later they explored Lake Michigan, the Wisconsin River and the Mississippi as far south as the Arkansas. The French established an outpost at Detroit.

Samuel de Champlain was born in 1567. He had already made a voyage to the new land, in 1599, landing in Mexico. In 1603, he made his first voyage to Canada. Arriving there, he established friendly relations with the Indians. He explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal.

In 1608, Champlain established a settlement which he called Quebec. He was inclined to believe that the St. Lawrence was the western route to China and Japan. He made an expedition to the south and discovered the beautiful lake which bears his name.

Champlain was the first governor of New France. He devoted himself to strengthening the colony but he received very little aid from the mother country. In 1629, the English attacked Quebec, and Champlain was forced to surrender. He was taken prisoner to England. When Canada was restored to France at the end of the war, Champlain returned to Quebec. His rule as governor lasted over twenty years and he died in office, in 1635.



Samuel Champlain.

Rene Robert Cavelier LaSalle came to Canada in 1666. In 1669, he set out at the head of an expedition to go to China, by way of the Ohio River which the Indians gave him to understand emptied out into the Pacific. He passed up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario. At Niagara, he met Father Joliet who gave him a map of parts of the Great Lakes. La Salle's comrades were missionaries and these men decided to leave LaSalle and go among the Indians to preach instead.

Working his way south, LaSalle came to the Ohio River. He descended this river as far as Louisville, Kentucky. He may have gone as far west as the Mississippi at this time but there is no record of this. He returned to Lake Erie, where he sailed west into Lake Huron, then Lake Michigan, and some distance down the Illinois River. Before 1673, LaSalle had returned to Montreal.

From a study of the explorations of Father Marquette and Joliet, he was convinced that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. He conceived the vast project of exploring the greater river to its mouth and so extending the French power over all that land.

He received due authority from the king, and late in 1678, at the head of a small party, he started from Quebec. His vessel was wrecked at Niagara where he had wintered, so he built a larger vessel—the Griffon. He sailed the great lakes to Lake Michigan and to Green Bay. At this point, he sent the Griffon back loaded with furs. He now worked his way south on the Illinois River as far as Peoria. He stopped here, established a fort, and decided it was necessary for him to return to Canada to obtain new supplies which were greatly needed.

In 1681, after having reached the Mississippi, the ship floated down the river. On April 9th, 1682, he reached the mouth of the Mississippi. He gave the name of Louisiana to all the land he had passed through, and claimed it for his king. The settlement he attempted to establish at the foot of the river, he called New Orleans.

He now returned to Canada and from there to France. The king was greatly pleased with the work of the explorer and authorized an expedition of four ships to sail for New Orleans and fortify it against the Spanish. LaSalle and a Captain Beaujeu, a naval officer, were in command. The ships sailed from La Rochelle, in 1684.

The ships mistook the inlets of Matagorda Bay, in Texas, as the entrance to the Mississippi. They landed at this point.

Things had not gone well with the expedition, one ship had been lost, another had been captured by the Spaniards, and there was very little harmony between Captain Beaujeu and himself. The former returned to France at about this time.

From 1685 to 1686, LaSalle made every effort to discover the mouth of the Mississippi but unsuccessfully. He made two attempts to get back to the Illinois River and to Canada without success.

His men finally rebelled and killed him on March 19, 1687. The fate of those who were left was a sad one. The Spaniards sent an expedition against them in 1689 but found nothing but dead bodies and dismantled fort.

LaSalle was one of the greatest explorers of North America. Besides discovering the Ohio, and probably the Illinois, he was the first man to follow the Mississippi from its upper course to its mouth. He was a man of stern and indomitable purpose, and of a great resource.

## Monday Morning

THE monthly meeting in the Hall of Time was just about to begin. Upon the throne which stands in the centre of the hall sat the Year, looking down at the long benches in front of him where the Months, Weeks, Hours, and Minutes sat waiting. Behind him the Weather Clerk and the four Winds quarrelled in a whisper, as they always did at every meeting. The sides of the hall were lined with the little Seconds, who were so small and so many that even the Minutes found it difficult to tell one from the other.

It was already time for the speeches to begin, but the Days had not yet arrived, and everyone was getting impatient when suddenly the doors at the end of the hall opened. The Seven Days walked in and, going up to the throne, bowed to the Year.

"Days," said the Year, "has any of you any complaint to make?" He asked this question every month, and as none of them had ever had anything to complain of before the Weather Clerk was just going to begin his usual speech when, to everyone's surprise, Monday said in a loud voice, "Yes, I have!" And he stared at the Year defiantly.

The Year looked at him as if he did not believe his ears, and the Weather Clerk, the Winds, the Months, Weeks, Days, Hours, and Minutes looked at him as if they did not believe theirs either. No doubt the Seconds would have done so, too, had they been able to see so far, but being so small they would have needed telescopes.

"Yes, I have," repeated Monday.

"Well," said the Year coldly, "what is there you have to grumble about?"

"What is there? What isn't there?" exclaimed Monday. "I'm the worst drudge in all the Calendar. Everybody on Earth hates me. I never get a good word wherever I go. And why? Simply because I begin the week—after Sunday. Men grumble because they have to start work again, women because it is washing day, and they say it always rains—as if I had anything to do with the weather! It's all that horrid Weather Clerk's fault. Oh, yes, he can deny it if he likes, but he sends more rain to me than to any other day of the week. Even the children dislike me because they have to begin their school week again. Why can't I have a good time like Saturday, now? Everyone smiles, when he comes round. I'm thoroughly sick of it all, and if things don't improve, I'll strike!"

"Strike!" cried the Year.

"Strike!" echoed the Weather Clerk, the Winds, the Months, Weeks, Days, Hours, Minutes, and Seconds.

"Yes, Strike!" repeated Monday, and he smiled grimly.

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a clamour of voices burst out.

"Disgusting!" hissed the East Wind. "How fierce he looks!" shuddered April. "What shall we do?" sobbed February. "He should be punished severely!" stormed July. "A discontented, idle rogue!" croaked November. (He had a bad cold in the head.)

"Silence!" cried the Year. "Monday, what you say is perfectly absurd. You are no worse off than any of the other days. Go to your place and don't talk any more rubbish."

"Oh, very well, I'll strike!" said Monday. But no one thought he was in earnest, and the meeting proceeded as if nothing had happened.

Everything went on as usual until next Monday, and then the whole Calendar and everyone on Earth received a shock, for the simple reason that there was no next Monday. The Sun went down on Sunday night, but he did not rise again on Monday morning. At seven o'clock the Earth was as dark as at midnight—darker for the Moon and Stars had all gone to bed.

You may imagine how astonished all the people were. They looked to see if their watches had stopped in the night; but no; seven o'clock and pitch black everywhere. Lamps were lighted, but nobody tried to do any work. They hung about the street corners, talking and trying to discover what had happened to the Sun. The astronomers went nearly mad with excitement; they wrote pages and pages in the newspapers, but though they used very long words and thought themselves very wise none of them got anywhere near the truth.

The Year, the Weather Clerk, the Winds, the Months, and all the rest of the Calendar were far more worried than the people on Earth. They could not decide what to do, so they just waited in the hope that Monday would relent. But, alas, the next Monday was the same! No one lit the morning star or started the Sun on his journey.

The Year at this took to his bed. His temperature—which was taken by the Weather Clerk with his best thermometer—was up to a tremendous height. Monday, who was enjoying a holiday on the Moon, sent him a postcard with a picture of the Man on the Moon on it, but that only made him worse.

When the third Monday came round with no day, the people on Earth began to think that something must be wrong with the Sun. They realised, then, that though they had hated Monday they hated it more when he did not come. They stumbled about in the darkness, fell over the cat, and got boiled in the copper with the clothes, while Monday sat on the highest mountain in the Moon and laughed.

The Year called a meeting of the Calendar to discuss once more what was to be done. He had to be supported by two of the Winds, and looked pale and thin. But he was able to help to make the final decision of the meeting, which was not reached for several hours.

Then, when they were ready for him, they sent for Monday. He arrived in a few minutes on a shooting star. The Year frowned as he saw him walk up the hall, but Monday was as yet in no mood to relent.

"Monday," said the Year, "I think your conduct has been very presumptuous, but as there may be something in your complaint, and as things cannot go on like this any longer, we have decided that if you will go back to work, one Monday in the year shall always be holiday. Everyone will be happy and contented on that day, and everyone will like it and welcome it. Do you agree to work on this condition?"

Monday thought for a moment, made a hasty little sum, and then said, "Yes, I do."

Then the Year and the Weather Clerk, and the Winds, and the Months, Weeks, Days, Hours, Minutes, and Seconds all breathed such a sigh of relief that on Earth everyone wondered why the wind had risen so suddenly.

The next Monday the Sun rose as usual, and it has risen as usual on Monday ever since. But the Year has kept to his part of the bargain, and one Monday in the year, the first Monday in September, or Labor Day, is always holiday.

And it always will be, for the Year wrote down that very day in the Book of Time that it should be so.



# Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

## CIRCUS

Is a trick game in which the leader says, "I went to the circus and saw a monkey." Every one else stands in a row. Some one asks, "What did the monkey look like?" The leader answers, "He looked like this." The leader then grasps his right ear with his left hand and the rest do the same. Thus keeping hold of both ears. Some one asks, "What was the monkey doing?" The leader answer, "He was balancing on a limb like this." The leader squats down to a full squat, sitting on his heels, and the rest of those in line do the same. Some one asks, "What else did you see at the circus?" The leader answers, "I saw a big baboon push the monkey off the limb." At the same time the leader stands up and gives a big push to the one at his side, which topples him over and that knocks the whole line down, so that they all sprawl out on the ground.

## NURSERY RHYME BALANCE

Each contestant sits on an upturned bottle, jug, or crock, of some kind and places his feet out straight in front of him with the heel of one foot resting on top of the toes of the other foot. He must then repeat a complete nursery rhyme, such as "Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after." If the contestant gets all of this rhyme repeated while sitting in this position before he himself falls off the bottle he passes. If he fails to do this he must pay a forfeit. Every one should take the same test.

## PEANUT GAME

Hang a bag of peanuts to a limb and let each child have two trials at bursting it open. Blindfold them—one at a time—turn them around twice—then let them try their luck. If one does break it, divide the nuts and hang up another bag.

## JUGGLING BALL

One person is selected as captain. The rest are catchers. The game requires 3 balls. The captain throws these, one at a time, in quick succession in a vertical line, as high as he can pitch. One of the party tries to catch them as they come down, scarcely a second apart. Catching one ball scores one point, two balls fifteen points, and all three thirty points. One hundred points closes the game. The captain pitches until each has had a turn. The one scoring 100 first becomes the next captain.

## LIVING STATUES

Any number of players. One tennis ball. Form a circle—one having the ball. He throws to the next player that to the next and so on around the circle. Every player to whom the ball is thrown must catch it, and if it is missed he must stand for the rest of the game in exactly the same position, he was in when the ball was missed, or pay a forfeit.

## PEANUT RACE

Have two or more rows, same number and same distance apart. Two start for goal. They must pick up the peanuts as they go in the row assigned them and the one who reaches the end first is victor unless he has omitted to pick up a nut or two.

## BEE.

Players stand in a circle. In the center is the "Bee" with a book size about 10x12 inches which he lays on the fists of one of the players, who must not drop it no matter how nervous he gets. After a great amount of buzzing and pretense on the part of the "Bee," he finally does get the book and whacks the outheld fists of the victim who then is it, unless he has succeeded in getting his hands away in time so that the book misses them.

## FOUR LEAF CLOVERS

I know a place where sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
Where four leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know;  
But there is the fourth one on, for luck—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
You must love and be strong and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place,  
Where the four leaf clover grows.

Mildred Percilla, Powhatan Point, Ohio.

## You Should Know That

**S**WIMMING is one of the finest, and most healthful of sports. It is wonderful exercise and great fun. Make this sport a health habit, won't you?

Like every other good thing, swimming must be done at the right time, in the right place, and in the right way.

Of course, you know you should never swim in dirty water. Dirty water may have disease germs in it and they may make you sick. Remember, clean water for swimming.

In order to avoid chills, don't go swimming in very cold water or on a very cold day unless you are going to swim only a little while. A short cold swim is not bad. But don't stay in the water long enough to get chilled. That is bad treatment for the body. This is the reason why out-door swimming is a summer sport.

Do your swimming before meals or an hour or more after meals. It's bad for the digestion to go swimming or take any vigorous exercise right after a meal. If you exercise, the blood goes to the muscles instead of staying in the stomach and intestines where it is needed to digest the food properly.

Another good thing about swimming is that you expose lots of bare skin to the sun. It isn't good to stay in the sunshine so long that you get sunburnt. But gradual sunburn to give a good tan is good for the whole body. It means the body is getting the health rays from the sun and they are important.

Remember, too, that swimming is good sport and you can have lots of fun in the water, but it is no fun for you or anybody else to go out in deep water where you may get drowned. Swim where it is safe and no one will need to worry about you, then; and you can have a better time than you would have if you knew you were taking foolish risks.



## A Little Garden of Good Things

### THE PRESENT

Doreen and I went out one day  
To climb a winding hill,  
And took with us a little gift  
For someone who was ill.

Of all the jolly things we've done  
I think we liked that most,  
And Doreen said: "It's much more fun  
Than getting things by post."

### THE FEW MEN WHO KNOW AND CARE

Of the sixteen hundred millions of human beings who people our planet there are about one million who read books on astronomy from curiosity or other reason. As for those who study and instruct themselves in the science, and who keep themselves informed of contemporary discoveries by reading periodicals, their number may be fifty thousand for the whole world. We may conclude that there is one human being in every sixteen hundred who knows vaguely in what world he lives, and one in every hundred and sixty thousand who has a real knowledge of it.

Camille Flammarion.

### THE BEASTS

I think I could turn and live with animals,  
they are so placid and self-contained;  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not sweat and whine about their  
condition;  
They do not lie awake in the dark and  
weep for their sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing  
their duty to God;  
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is dement-  
ed with mania of owning things;  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind  
that lived thousands of years ago;  
Not one is respectable or industrious over  
the whole Earth.

Walt Whitman.

### THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

An Englishman would live twenty years in a house without knowing his neighbors, a Frenchman would know them all in twenty-four hours. Let the sociable Frenchman be planted among the tattooed islanders of the South Seas and in two years he would be found tattooed; put an Englishman in the same position and he would be king of the island in the time.

Kossuth.

### PUSSY THINKS IT OVER

A writer in an old book imagines this talk with a new cat he has taken home. He is anxious that Pussy should settle down with him in the library.

**P**ERHAPS (said the cat), I don't know. But, anyhow, this is the room I want to examine. I ought to have been shown this first.

I'll just wait till you've finished looking round, I said. When I turned away from the chimney-piece, where I had seized the opportunity to wind up the clock, the cat had sauntered out into the hall, and was sitting with an appearance of immovability under a chair. You don't like the dining-room? I said apologetically.

I can't tell you yet, she said; I never judge at first sight. It is astonishing how places grow on one. I get so attached to some places which aren't really nice at all that I can't bear to be away from them for more than a few hours.

I hope, I said, that some one of my modest rooms will inspire that feeling in you before very long.

To this sincere aspiration there was no answer. The cat sat where she was, beautiful and unconciliatory.

As I withdrew to bed I remarked that I would make up the fire, so that she could lie in the basket and gaze into the grate, and think of Ra and Rameses, and find the milk near by. To which the cat's only reply was: Good-night! I'll think it over. I daresay I shall sleep in the dining-room.

### TWO RICH MEN

There is a story of a man whom others called poor and who had just enough fortune to support himself in going about the country in the simplest way and studying and enjoying the life and beauty of it. He was once in the company of a great millionaire who was engaged in business, working at it daily and getting richer every year, and the poor man said to the millionaire: "I am a richer man than you are."

"How do you make that out?" said the millionaire.

"Why (he replied), I have got as much money as I want and you have not."

Viscount Grey.

### GRUMBLING JOHNNY

By the wall stands grumbling Johnny,  
Though the day is bright and bonny,  
Though his comrades all are straying  
In the pleasant meadows, playing  
By the reaches of the river,  
Where the rushes wave and quiver.  
Johnny neither heeds nor hearkens,  
Sulkiness his spirit darkens;  
He'll not do as he is bidden,  
Stamps and cries when he is chidden.  
By the windows sings a swallow,  
"Johnny, Johnny, come and follow!"  
Through the room a big bee buzzes,  
"Johnny, tell me what the fuss it?"  
Johnny only sulks and mumbles,  
Stands beside the wall and grumbles.  
What a stupid boy is Johnny,  
Wasting days so bright and bonny!

### EXERCISES IN HOKKU.

By Elizabeth Morris.

#### I.

A hokku should be  
A simple thought, unadorned,  
Yet full of beauty.

#### II.

##### MOON

The sea-moon is gold,  
The hill-moon is silver, but  
The dead moon is cold.

#### III.

##### HUNCHBACK

How great their reward  
Who carry always their cross  
Upon their shoulders.

#### IV.

##### STARS

Some think themselves stars  
Because when they're passing  
The bootblacks shout—"Shine!"



Dear Readers:

If you do not find your contribution in our Chatter Corner of this issue, you will see it printed next month; so don't get discouraged and continue to write letters, —or better—poems which will be included in our contest. You have only one month for writing poems since the contest on poetry closes in the September issue.

Of course, we shall have another contest for the last three months of the year. The names of the winners will be published in December issue, so it will be possible to send out the prizes immediately after the last issue of the "Mladinski list" (1927) will be out.

Editor.

#### MLADINSKI LIST

By

Christine Sernel, age 14, Chicago, Ill.

The best magazine is the Ml. List,  
The older and younger folk on it insist,  
It has stories and riddles and many a letter,  
So nothing in the wide world could be better.

Our sisters and brothers to this list write,  
And try to make other sad hearts bright,  
They cheer us by their merry song,  
Which comes a rollin', rolling a long.

Once a month comes our dear list,  
But of many joys does it consist,  
As we open our list, the one so dear,  
It brings news of our families, far and near.

Josephine Tomazin, Lodge 335, Age 14, Auburn, Ill.:

#### MLADINSKI LIST

- M stands for Mladinski List that tells us something new.  
L is the S. N. P. J. Lodge, the largest in view.  
A means to add a few new members each day.  
D stands for dreary, the way our members never get, they say.  
I stands for interest of members and also their way.  
N stands for the nationality of the great lodge S. N. P. J.  
S means the first initial of our lodge—we must say hurrah!  
K stands for knowledge and we all must have some.  
I stands for intelligent, the point to which we all have come.  
L stands for the ladder upon which the S. N. P. J. has climbed.  
I stands for interesting things that appear in the Mladinski List such as have rhymed.  
S stands for security with which our members are bound.  
T stands for truth and trustfulness which in the S. N. P. J. is easy to be found.

#### THE SHEPHERD

Day by day I wander, with my little flute,  
When I pass the orange grove, I gather the sweet fruit,  
The sheep by flocks I gladly keep,  
For a happy shepherd am I.  
I laugh and run, but do not weep;  
When I am lonesome I do not cry.

By Olga Zobek,

26 4th Ave. E., Roundup, Montana.

## M. L.

Of a certain monthly magazine I know,  
To the post office to get it I gladly go.  
I often wish it would come each day;  
For it seems to please the girls and boys of the  
S. N. P. J.

The name of it is too dear to spell,  
So the initials I will tell. They are—M. L.

Louisa Fanny Chernagoy,  
64 Hayes Street, Eveleth, Minnesota.

\*  
Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.:

Rain, Rain, go away!  
Come again another day  
Little Harry wants to play.

The Rose is Red,  
The Violet is blue  
The jellyflower sweet—and so are you.—  
These are the words you bade me say  
For a pair of new gloves on Easter day.

Hickory, Dickory Dock!  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down—  
Hickory, Dickory Dock!

\*  
THE MILLER BOY.

Night spread her dark curtain,  
Across the blue sky;  
As the miller boy trudged homeward,  
He heaved a weary sigh.

He thought of richness and of fame,  
Ah, could he have but one.  
Another thought passed through his head:  
His evening's work was done.

This thought soothed his restless brain  
And oh! how it was sweet,  
So on he hurried homeward,  
On tired heavy feet.

The supper was upon the stove,  
His heart than leaped with joy  
When his mother kissed his young tan cheek,  
He was her only boy.

Now years have passed, the miller boy  
Has grown into a man,  
He still works in the old worn mill  
As hard as anyone can.

He has no riches, or no fame,  
His thoughts are wandering still,  
But he'd rather live in the old brown house;  
At the bottom of the hill.

Rudolph Kravanya, Glencoe, Ohio, Box 211.

## THE MAKE-BELIEVE GAME.

1.

When it's cold outside, or a rainy day,  
And I don't know what to do,  
Mother and I play at make believe,  
And she calls me, "Mrs. Carew."

2.

We play, I am calling for five-o'clock tea,  
Or just coming to spend the day.  
And we sit in our rockers, and sew fine clothes  
For our children to wear when they play.

Written by Evelyn Ambros, Strabane, Pa.

\*  
THE FOUR SEASONS.

Spring is here and Jimmie's glad,  
Now he can go a-fishin';  
But heck! he has to cut the grass  
It's not what he's been wishin'.

Summer! Ooh my, ain't it grand  
A swim in Old Hanks pool,  
But dad says, "Jimmie, get to work,"  
Ah, Gee! I wish t'were school."

Next comes fall a troopin' long,  
Jimmie's going to his girl Eve's,  
But just as usual dad butts in,  
For it's, "Jimmie, rake the leaves."

Winter comes, cold crispy air;  
A sled ridin' he will go,  
But gosh, there comes ma from the shed,  
"Say, Jim, please shovel the snow."

Boy, but Jimmie's ravin' mad;  
And he'll make it pretty hot  
For the guy who has invented work,  
If ever he'll be caught.

Rose Kravanya, Glencoe, Ohio, Box 211.

\*  
Edward Krumberger, Girard, O.:

"I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge; I am 12  
years old, and in the 6th grade. I like to read  
the Mladinski list, and so does my mother. I  
wish the Mladinski list would come every week."

\*  
Charles Starman, Cleveland, Ohio:

Dear Sir:

"The purpose of writing this letter is to let  
you know that we have made up a baseball team  
and every boy is Slovenian, and we call our-  
selves "Snappy Tens." We have more than 15  
games and lost only one. Come on, boys, pick  
up a team, try to beat us.

The team's names are as follows:

Ernest Starman, Joe Sturm, Fred Katai, Er-  
nest Miklavcic, Charles Starman, John Tolar,  
Frank Barbic, Joe Kovitch, Harry Somrak, Ed-  
ward Miklavcic."

Dear Editor:

I am spending my vacation now in Lorain. That is why I am not writing very much.

I graduated and I will go to Collinwood high school in the 7-B grade.

I hope all the members of the S. N. P. J. will spend a happy vacation.

Best regards to all from

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

\*

Dear Editor:

Eveleth has closed its schools June 10th, and now I will have more time to write to this interesting magazine.

The weather here has been quite cool as the sun always stays behind the clouds. Here is a joke for the readers:

At a baseball game the man at bat had two foul balls, the third one went over the fence and was lost. The people began to yell to the man, "make a home run, run home," etc.

The man turned around and exclaimed: "Why should I run home? I got money to buy another ball."

Here is a poem that I wrote:

#### SUMMER RAIN

Pitter, patter, falls the rain,  
Pitter, patter, on the window pane.  
Children through the windows look,  
On the street is formed a brook.

Soon the big clouds disappear  
And the sky is beginning to clear.  
The birds which are now singing in the trees,  
Always leave some pleasant memories.

Louisa Fanny Chernagoy,  
64 Hayes Street, Eveleth, Minnesota.

\*

#### "THE FIRST BUTTERCUPS."

Once there was a miser who wanted more gold than he had. So he went to ask his neighbors to tell him how he could get more gold. They said: "Go to the end of the rainbow, and there is a pot of gold there. Take that and hide it in the woods." So when there was a rainbow in the sky, he started on the journey and soon reached the pot of gold. He put it on his back and started towards the woods. Something peculiar happened to him. He did not notice that there was a hole in the bag; so he lost all the gold on his way to the woods. A fairy saw the pieces of gold and changed them to buttercups. The miser began to search for the gold, and all he found was buttercups.

Charles Starman, Cleveland, Ohio.

\*

Dear Editor:

I have four sisters and one brother. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. My father is President of the S. N. P. J. of Rock Springs. I have never attended a meeting, but I hope to do so

soon. I have never seen any letter in the M. L. from Rock Springs, so I decided I'll write.

\*

#### Runs Without Legs.

Little girl: "What do you think, Auntie! There's something running across the bathroom floor without legs."

Auntie: "Goodness gracious, child, what was it?"

Girl: "Water, auntie!"

#### Too Late.

"Well," sighed the chap, "since you don't want to marry me, perhaps you will return the ring?"

"If you must know," snapped the girl, "your jeweler has already called for it."

Very truly yours,

Valentina Jugovich,  
Rock Springs, Wyoming, Box 171.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am writing a letter to the M. L. My sister Mary has written once before, but is out of the Juvenile now, as she is among the older members of the Society. I enjoy reading this little magazine immensely. In fact, we all do in our family. I am letting the readers of the M. L. know that our brother Ciril Kutzler, member of the S. N. P. J., has died June 23, 1927. He was 14 years old and had graduated to High School already. He had the misfortune of blowing off a dynamite cap which he found on the evening of June 11, 1927. He was sent to the Shaws Hospital where he died after having two operations. We are greatly grieved over his death by his parents, brothers, and sisters and his many friends. He was buried June 26, 1927, leaving his father and mother, John and Edward, his brothers, Mary and Caroline, his sisters.

John Kutzler, Buhl, Minn.

\*

Dear Editor!

Here we are in Florida now. I am writing a letter to the Mladinski List that I promised, from Florida.

Samsula has the richest ground in whole Volusia County, and Volusia County is the largest County in Florida.

In Samsula the people raise vegetables and ship them in car loads. The farmers here are preparing their ground for winter growing. Samsula is 12 miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

Our friends Machek's took us twice to the beach to swim. Oh boy! we had a grand time in the sea waters. The waves sometime kept me on the top of the water and sometime under the water. Right before the ocean runs the Indian River. We went across the river and we saw large and many sea cows.

I say "Hello" to all my friends in Nokomis and Witt, Illinois. Yours truly,

Arley Bozicnik, Box 4, Samsula, Fla.

Dear Editor:

Now that vacation is here, everyone has time to write something for our own magazine, Mladinski List; but we all have, more or less, the "vacation fever," which means not to touch a single pencil or paper during the "fever." Well, anyway, don't have it always, as now is a better time to write than when going to school. That is the time when all are loaded with homework.

During vacation people make trips to Europe or any of the distant countries, some to the historical cities, and others go hiking for a day or two, and still others are always swimming. Picnics are nice places to go, also. There are some who find more pleasure in working, and, therefore, keep on working right through the summer.

I was trying to get work for the summer, and finally I got a job as a longhand addresser.—Work in Chicago is very scarce.

Making up poems is a very hard task. Last month I wrote one and this month I made one up, too. Nothing seems to rhyme, but after a little difficulty, a short, simple one was formed. So here goes:

#### VACATION.

Vacation here, vacation there;  
Vacation almost everywhere.  
Hunting and swimming are the sports,  
For people who go to summer resorts.

Fun is here, fun is there;  
Fun is almost everywhere.  
With the picnics everyday,  
Singing, laughing all the way.

Girls here, boys there;  
Both are almost everywhere.  
Enjoying the different kinds of fun,  
Until the setting of the sun.

Agnes Jurecic, Dr. Nada, No. 102, Chicago, Ill.

Stella Germovshek, Broughton, Pa.:

"We have thirty rabbits and one of them is my pet rabbit. It is two months old, white and brown, and I take it out in the lawn every day, and feed it. When I tell it to stand on its legs, it will sit and have its front paws hanging down.—We have a dog. His name is Tetty and he is four years old. He sits down when we tell him and he will sit so until he is told to go down.—We have two canaries. They sing every morning when I eat my breakfast. We feed the canaries with birdfood and fishbone. We give them water to drink."

Angie Stepanović, Wellsville, Ohio:

"We live on a farm of 70 acres and we have a nice home to live in. My father built a big barn and painted it white. The house is white also. I like to see white farm buildings."

Mary J. Bozich, Tucson, Arizona: "My father and brother both belong to the S. N. P. J., but we are the only ones in Tucson who belong to the lodge. I wish some of our brothers or girls would write to me. I cannot read nor write in Slovene, I surely like the Mladinski list and I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month. Good luck to all members."

Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.:

I am glad that I passed to the sixth grade, and also my brothers were glad that they passed.

Brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J., you all could not pass the riddle which I sent in the May issue. One of them asked: What is a difference between a hill and a pill. The first letter. The other riddle: What goes and when it stops, it stops for ever. It is the heart.

Riddles for this month:

As I went through an orchard, who should I meet, but Dick Red Cap; a stick in his hand, and a stone in his throat, if you guess this, I'll give you a goat. It's a peach."

Dear Editor:

I am boosting you all to write to this wonderful magazine which we all want to become bigger. I am fifteen years old and will be in the young lodge pretty soon.

I think we members from Colorado are lazy, because we don't see many letters from this state. Come on, don't let other brothers and sisters think they are doing all the writing for our magazine. Yours truly,

Frances Hren, 2717 Spruce St., Pueblo, Colo.

#### 1. CHANGED WORD.

Change the word **FIND** into **LOSE** altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only three intervening links.

#### ANSWER TO RIDDLE OF JULY ISSUE.

Joe Elersich Jr., Cleveland, Ohio:

PENNSYLVANIA

Solved by Charles Starman, Cleveland, Ohio.

#### PUZZLES OF PREVIOUS ISSUES.

Joe Povhe, Gowanda, New York:

CHERRY

Solved by Veronica G. Primosich, Rillton, Pa.,  
Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.

Adeline Povhe, Gowanda, New York:

THORN

Solved by Veronica G. Primosich,  
Josephine Tomazin.

Honorable Mention.

John Glavich, Vandling, Pa.

Mary Sray, Cuddy, Pa.