

M MLADINSKI LIST



APRIL 1928

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MLADINSKI LIST

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J U V E N I L E

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Albin Čebular:

KAKO JE ŽE . . . ?

Atek v jamici,
novce nosi mamicí.

Mamica mi kupi hlačke,
če sem priden, še igračke.

Jaz pa rečem: — Atek, hvala! —
mami tudi, ker je dala!

Fr. Ločniškar:

NAŠ MLINČEK

Teče mlinček
kraj vode,
neprestano
mlinček gre.

Melje zrnje
noč in dan,
prav nikoli
ni ugnan.—

Dete naše
čeburnja,
jezik vedno
mu miglja.

Kruhek vedno
vam drobi,
nikdar mlinček
ne stoji . . .

Marica Strnad-Cizerlj:

M A T I

Brala knjigo sem življenja,
poleg jokala solze,
polna skoro je trpljenja,
o veselju malo ve.

Slednji list pa o ljúbavi
materinski govori,
ona v vsaki nam težavi
čelo gladi in hladi.

Elica v deveti deželi

Čudna družčina

NA OBREŽJU se je zbrala čudna družčina: od ptic je žalostno molelo premočeno perje, od živali se je pa kar cedila voda, ko so priplavale na suho; vse je bilo otožno in černo.

Prvo vprašanje je nastalo, kako bi se ta žival posušila. Posvetovali so se in Elica je čebljala z njimi, kakor da bi vedno zastopila njih jezik. Največ si je imela dopovedati s papigo, ki je bila najmanj otožna. Bila je pač papiga, ki se je neprestano ponašala: "Jaz sem starejša kakor ti in več vem." Elica se s tem seveda ni zadovoljila in je hotela vedeti, koliko let ima papiga. Ta pa bi niti z besedico ne izdala tega in tako je bilo konec besedi z njo.

Poslednja se je oglasila Miška, očitvidno precej oblastna med njimi: "Sedite vsi in poslušajte! Kmalu bomo vsi suhi!" Vsi so sedli v kolo z Miško na sredi. Elica je neprestano zrla vanjo, kajti prepričana je bila, da se bo hudo prehladila, če se prav kmalu ne posuši.

"Hm, hm!" je zakašljala Miška važno. "Ali ste vsi pripravljeni?" Miška je začela praviti na dolgo in široko o jari kači in o steklem polžu, ali vse prenavadno je bilo, da bi se smejali in se pri tem sušili.

"Najboljše je, če se spustimo v dir in tekmuje," se je oglasil Dodo precej vznemirjen. "Tako bi se najhitreje posušili."

"Kako naj tekmuje?" je vprašala Elica. Ni vprašala zato, ker bi rada vedela, temveč ker se ji je zdelo, da je Dodo zato postal, da bi kdo kaj opomnil. Oglasiti se pa nihče drugi ni hotel.

"Kako neki? Najlažje je pojasniti, če kar poizkusimo," je rekel. Tekma je v resnici tudi začela.

Šli so v krog in takoj se je razvrstila v dir cela družčina. Dodo je vzkliknil: "Ena, dve, tri" in šli so. Tekali so, ko se jim je zljubilo in se vstavili, ko so hoteli, tako da ni bilo mogoče prav razsoditi, kdaj se tekma prične, kdaj se neha. Ali ko so tekali cele por ure ter so bili vsi suhi, je Dodo zavpil: "Dovolj je tega! Tekma je končana!" Spravili so se v krog in vpraševali, kdo je dobil.

Dodo sam ni mogel odgovoriti na to vprašanje, ne da bi se globoko zamislil. S prstom na čelu je stal precej časa in tuhtal in tuhtal, vsi ostali pa so bili tihi kakor Miška. Nazadnje pa je Dodo rekel: "Vsi smo dobili in vsi zaslužimo nagrado."

"Ampak kdo bo dal nagrado?" so v zboru vprašali vsi.

"Kdo neki? Ona!" je odvrnil Dodo in pokazal s prstom na Elico. Vsa družčina jo je obkolila in zmešano prosila: "Nagrado! Nagrado!"

Elica ni vedela kaj storiti in vsa obupana je segla v žep in izvlekla iz njega škatljo bonbončkov. (K sreči ni slana voda premočila v škatljo.) Delila je po vrsti vsakemu enega. Ravno prav jih je bilo, ali njej sami ni ostal noben bonbonček.

"Kaj pa ona?" je vprašala Miška. "Ona je tudi zaslužila nagrado."

"Seveda!" je potrdil Dodo resno. "Kaj imaš še v žepu?" je vprašal dalje.

"Samo naprstnik," je odgovorila Elica žalostno.

"Daj ga sem!" pravi Dodo.

Še enkrat so se vsi spravili v krog okoli nje in Dodo ji je svečano poklonil naprstnik, rekoč: "Prosimo te, da sprejmeš ta lepi naprstnik." Kakorhitro je prenehal z nagovorom, je zagrmelo iz ust vseh veselo vzklikanje.

Vse skupaj se je zdelo Elici preneumno, ali ker so vsi gledali tako resno, se ni upala posmejati. Nič primernega ji tudi ni moglo priti na jezik, da bi izpregovorila, samo poklonila se je in vzela naprstnik, pri tem pa gledala kolikor se je dalo svečano.

Potem so zobali bonbončke. Precej hrustanja je bilo, pa tudi zabavljanja ni manjkalo. Velike ptice so se potožile, da bonbončkov še občutijo ne v kljunih; male so pa stokale, da jih ne morejo skavsati. Nekaterim pa so bonbončki celo zastali v grlu, da jih je bilo treba potrepati po hrbtu, da je šlo dol . . . Ali vse je minilo. Sedli so zopet v krog in poprosili Miško, naj bi jim povedala kaj lepega.

"Rekla si, da mi poveš svojo zgodbo," jo je opomnila Elica. "Zakaj tako črtiš M. in P.," je pošepetala, nemalo v strahu, da bi ne užalila Miške.

"Moja zgodba je dolga in žalostna zgodba," je vzdihnila Miška, obrnivši se proti Elici.

"Krvoločna mačka je srečala nedolžno miš in jo povabila, da gre z njo plesat . . . Saj ne poslušaj," je Miška nenadoma prekinila in se strogo postavila proti Elici.

"Prosim oprostjenja," je zaprosila Elica. "Samo gledala sem, kako krčevito se ti je stresel repek, ko si opomnila mačko."

"Kaj se je streslo?" je ponovila Miška srdito.

"Tvoj repek," je dejala Elica.

"Ali te ni sram, da me tako grdo žališ?" se je postavila Miška. "Take neslačnosti mi greš govoriti!"

"Nisem mislila slabega," je prosila Elica. "Kdo bi si mislil, da si tako hitro užaljena."

Miška je zacepetala z nožicami, rekla pa ničesar več.

"Vrni se in dokončaj zgodbo!" je prosila Elica. Vsi so se ji pridružili in prosili: "Vrni se!" Ali Miška je svojeglavno stresla z glavo in vihravo izginila.

"Škoda, da ne ostane!" je žalostno dejala papiga, ko je Miška izginila izpred oči. Neka stara rakova žena je vzela to priliko za vzgled svoji hčerki, rekoč: "Vidiš, dragica! To naj ti bo v poduk, da se nikoli ne prenaigliš z jezikom." "Nič ne govorite, mati!" je rekel mladi rak nemalo popadljivo. "Sami niste nič boljši."

"Oh, če bi bil tu moj Sivček!" je rekla Elica, ne da bi mislila koga s temi besedami obговорiti. "Tako bi jo nagnal nazaj."

"Kdo pa je Sivček?" je vprašala papiga.

Elica je hitro odgovorila, kajti vsikdar je rada pripovedovala o svojem ljubčku. "Sivček je naš maček. Ne morete si misliti, kadar pridno lovi miši. Oh, če bi videli, kako neprestano zalezuje ptice in kako jih zna popasti. In ptice poje, kakor hitro jih ujame."

Ta kratki govor je povzročil velikansko vznemirjenje v družini. Nekatero ptice so pri ti priči odletele. Stara Sraka se je začela skrbno zavijati in je pristavila: "Mudi se mi domov, nočni zrak nikakor ne prija mojemu grlu." Kanarček je sklical skupaj svoje mladiče, rekoč: "Pojdimo, takoj pojdimo! Čas je, da greste spat." Vse polno vzrokov so našli in odleteli, Elica pa je ostala čisto sama.

"Oh, zakaj sem imenovala Sivčka!" si je rekla žalostno. "Nihče ga ne mara, če prav vem, da je najboljši maček, kar jih je na svetu. Oh, moj dragi Sivček, ali te bom še kdaj videla?" Elica je začela iznova jokati, kajti dolgčas ji je bilo. Ali kmalu nato je začula stopinje v daljavi. Ozrla se je urno, nadejaje se, da se je povrnila Miška, ki se je mogoče premislila in bo povedala svojo zgodbo.

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BIL JE ZAJČEK BELČEK. Počasi stopicaje se je skrbno oziral krog sebe in vzdihoval: "Oj kneginja, gospodinja! Moje uboge tačice, moje mustačice! Kakor gotovo je podlasica tatica, tako gotovo bom obsojen na smrt! Kje neki sem jih izgubil?" Elica je v tistem hipu uganila, da išče pahljačo in par belih rokavic, in ker je bila pridna, jih je takoj začela iskati. Ali nikjer jih ni bilo, vse se ji je zdelo spremenjeno, odkar je preplavala jezerce in velika sobana s stekleno mizo in malimi vrticami, je izginila.

Zajček je zagledal Elico in ji zaklical: "Kaj delaš tu, Marička? Takoj se mi poberi domov in poišči moje rokavice in pahljačo!" Elica se je tako prestrašila, da je odhitela v smeri, kamor ji je zažugal, ne da bi malo pomislila, kako bi mu razkrila zmoto.

"Vzel me je za svojo deklo," je mislila sama pri sebi. "Kako se mu bo zdelo čudno, ko bo videl, da se moti. Ali kje bi dobila njegove rokavice in pahljačo? Ko je to izgovorila, je prišla pred hišico z lepimi vratci iz čiste medi. Na vratcih je bil izrezljan napis J. ZAJČEK. Vstopila je ne da bi potrkala in skočila po stopnicah, v nemalem strahu, da bo srečala deklo Maričko.

"Kako čudno se mi zdi vse to," si je rekla. "Po Zajčevih opravkih že hodim! Najbrž me bo v bodoče še Sivček pošiljal po opravkih."

Prišla je v malo sobo z mizico pri oknu in na mizi (kakor se je bila nadejala) rokavičice in pahljača. Ravno ko je pobrala vse to in hotela oditi, je poleg sebe zagledala steklenico. Čeprav ni bilo na steklenici napisa "Popij me!" vendar je odmašila in stavila k ustnicam. "Gotovo se bo zgodilo kaj zanimivega," si je dejala, že vajena nenavadnih stvari. "Upam, da bom začela zopet rasti, kar bi bilo tudi dobro, ko je pa tako neprijetno biti tako majhna stvarca."

Tako se je tudi zgodilo, in sicer prej kot je pričakovala. Komaj je izpila polovico, že ji je glava tiščala proti stropu, in deklica je morala nehati, da si reši tilnik. Takoj je odložila steklenico. "Dovolj je. Upam, da ne bom več rastla. Oh, saj že skozi vrata ne morem! Zakaj sem pila!"

Žal, bilo je prepozno. Rastla je in rastla in kmalu je morala poklekniti. Čez kako minuto je bila še kleče prevelika za sobo. Skušala se je krčiti k tlom, ali rastla je kar brez prestanka. Eno roko je iztegnila skozi okno, nogo v dimnik in tako pričakovala rešitve. "Kar bo, pa bo!" si je rekla nazadnje.

K sreči za Elico steklenica ni mogla več učinkovati. Ampak vendar je bila Elica prevelika, saj take bi je gotovo ne mogel nihče spraviti iz sobe.

"Koliko lepše je bilo doma," je pomislila revica. "Človek vsaj ni vedno rastel in se krčil in si ni dal ukazovati od miši in zajcev. Skoro bi želela, da bi ne bila nikoli zašla v to luknjo; ali čudno je pa vendarle, saj veste, čudno je take vrste življenje. Kaj se mi bo neki še zgodilo? Ko sem včasih čitala pravljice, nisem verjela, da bi se kaj takega dogajalo, zdaj pa sama vidim. Tudi o meni bi morali spisati knjigo in ko bom odrastla—oh, pa saj sem itak že odrastla," je pristavila žalostno. "Vsaj prostora ni več, da bi mogla rasti."

Po nekaj minutah je zaslišala zunaj osoren glas:

"Marička! Marička! Takoj mi prinesi rokavice." Vedela je, da je le zajček, vendar se je bala, da se je tresla cela hiša. Pozabila je, da je tisočkrat večja kakor Zajček in da se ji ni treba bati.

Zajček je stopil k vratom in skušal odpreti, ali ker se vratca odpirajo na znotraj in je Elica z laktom bila oprta proti njim, ni mogel vstopiti. Elica ga je čula reči, da bo šel okoli in da vstopi pri oknu.

"Ne boš ne!" je pomislila Elica. Ko se ji je zazdelo, da je Zajček pod oknom, je takoj iztegnila ven roko in zamahala po zraku. Ničesar ni otipala, ali začula je prestrašen krik in padec ter žvenketanje šipe. Mislila si je, da je gotovo moralo nekaj pasti v ograjeno stekleno gredo za kumare. Nato je začula jezen glas Zajca:

"Luka! Hej, Luka! Kje si?"

"Tukajle! Za jabolka kopljem, vaša milost!"

"Za jabolka? Res?" je dejal Zajček jezno. "Stopi sem in mi pomagaj iz te zagajte. (Šipe so žvenketale.)

"Povej mi, Luka, kaj je v onem oknu?"

"Šmentano no, to je roka!"

"Roka? Ti tepec, ti! Kdo je že videl tako roko! Saj vendar napolni celo okno!"

"Seveda ga napolni! Ampak roka je vendarle!"

"Da, ali roka nima nikakega opravka gori v mojem oknu! Takoj jo odstrani!"

Nastal je dolg molk in Elica je samo zdaj pa zdaj čula šepet: "Bojim se, vaša milost, bojim," . . . "Stori, kakor ti velim, strahopetec strahopetni!" Tedaj je Elica iznova iztegnila roko in zamahala po zraku. Začula je dva prestrašena vika in zopetno žvenketanje pobitih šip. Glasovi so se množili, pred hišico se je zbirala množica. Po vzklikih je spoznala, da nameravajo pristaviti lestvo k oknu. Tudi na streho so splezali po drugi strani in po dimniku je zaslišala praskanje. Hitro je umaknila nogo iz dimnika in se pripravila, da bo brcnila o pravem času. Sunila je z nogo in trenutek na to, je slišala krike zbranih od zunaj, ki so opazili, da je oni zletel v zrak. Dolgo so se prepirali, nato pa se odločili, kakor je sodila Elica po glasovih, da zažgejo hišico. To ji je bilo pa že preveč. Vzkliknila je: "Če to storite, bom poklicala Sivčka.

Nastala je smrtna tišina in Elica je razmišljala, kaj bodo neki storili zunaj.

Začeli so metati kamenčke skozi okno. Elica se je od sile razjezila, ko jo je eden zadel ravno v nos. "Takoj mi prenehajte!" je ukazala, in res je postalo vse mirno. Na svoje veliko presenečenje je Elica tedaj opazila, da se kamenčki spreminjajo v medene kolače. Nekaj imenitnega ji je padlo na um: "Kaj če bi pojedla kolačke?" Gotovo se bom spremenila in ker večja že skoraj ne morem biti, bom gotovo bolj majhna."

Povžila je kolač in glej, pri tej priči se je začela krčiti. Kakorhitro je bila dovolj majhna, da smukne skozi vrata, je zdirjala ven in pritekla pred veliko množico malih živali in ptic. Mali martinček (izvedela je, da je bil on tisti, katerega je brcnila skozi dimnik) je bil v sredi množice ves potolčen. Podpirala sta ga morska prašička, ga močila in mu dajala nečesa piti. Kakorhitro se je Elica prikazala, so skočili k nji, toda ona jo je odkurila, kolikor so jo nesle noge, naravnost v gozd, kjer se je počutila še najbolj varno.

"Najprej moram zrasti v svojo navadno mero," je modrovala Elica, ko je tavela po gozdu. "Potem pa moram najti pot v oni krasni vrt." Ta načrt se ji je zdel imeniten in precej dobro zasnovan, ali izvesti ga ni mogla, ker si ni znala pomagati.

V zraku je videla skakati kobilice, pred katerimi je bila v neprestanem strahu, da bi jo katera pohodila ali celo napadla. Po dolgem tavanju se je naslonila ob vitko zlatico. V roke je vzela list cvetlice in se z njim pahljala. Neprestano je mislila, kaj bi neki morala pojesti ali izpiti, da bi zopet zrastle. Tam blizu je rastle velika goba, višja kot je bila ona sama. Ogledala si je gobo od vseh strani od spodaj in nazadnje se je povzpela na prste in pogledala preko gobe. Na gobi je čepela velika plava gosonica, vsa v žametu in z ročicami ob bokih. Čudo prečudno! Gosonica je gospoško sedela, kakor na prestolu in kakor Turek kadila iz čibuka pred seboj.

(Pride še.)

Mirko Kunčič:

TOŽBA

Zbogom, zlati moj kanarček!
Mesec dni sem plakala,
mesec dni sem čakala,
da se vrneš — —

A nedavno je pod oknom
vetrc blag mi tiho pravil:
"Ptička, spečega na vrtu —
Kec zavratno je zadavil . . ."

Kriknila sem v črni grozi.
Tri noči sem žalovala,
tri noči nič nisem spala
v hrepenenju za teboj . . .

Zbogom, zbogom, ljubček moj!
Bridko bom te maščevala:
mucka v črno klet zagnala,
da bo pomnil—ta grdun!



Razstavna dvorana v čikaškem Art Institutu.

P. Flere:

Kralj živali

(Konec.)

Naj po Svenu Hedinu pripovedujemo o takih bojih!

Angleški polkovnik Pattersson je na angleški zemlji v vzhodni Afriki nadzoroval zidanje železniškega mosta. S seboj je imel nekaj tisoč delavcev iz Indije, s katerimi si je napravil taborišče. Nekaj dni po svojem prihodu je slišal praviti o dveh levih, ki vznemirjata okolico. S kraja se ni zmenil za te govorice, kmalu pa sta mu leva odnesla njegovega služabnika. Nesrečnikov tovariš, ki je spal v istem šatoru, je videl leva, ki se je sredi noči prav tiho priplazil k njima, vdrl naravnost v šator in zgrabil služabnika za vrat. Ta je še zakričal: "Pusti me!" in z rokami objel zver okrog vratu. Nato je zopet legla nočna tišina na šator. Ker je nesrečna žrtev ves čas vlekla noge po tleh, je polkovnik zjutraj lahko zasledoval levovo pot, kjer pa je použil lev svojo večerjo, je ostala samo še nesrečnikova obleka in glava, iz katere so oči buljile v neizrečenem strahu.

Ta strašni dogodek je polkovnika vsega prevzel in sklenil je, da ne miruje, preden ne ubije obeh levov. Naslednjo noč je že s puško v roki čakal v bližini služabniškega šatora. Ko se je stemnilo in je vse na okrog potihnilo, se iz daljave oglasi rjovenje, ki se je bližalo bolj in bolj. Prihajala sta leva, da si odneseta novo žrtev. Zopet je vse potihnilo. Polkovnik čaka—kar zasliši strašne klice iz šatora, oddaljenega kakih sto korakov. Nato zopet vse tiho. Roparja sta odnesla novo žrtev.

Polkovnik se skriva potem v tem šatoru, a tudi tu je čakal zaman. Naslednjo noč začuje iz velike daljave pretresljiv klic—tretji delavec je bil ugrabljen.

Indijski delavci so spali v različnih šatorih, in da zmotita ljudi, sta obiskala leva vsak večer drugega. Ko sta opazila, da lahko vsak večer odneseta človeka, ne da bi ju kdo napadel, sta postala drznejša in se nista niti najmanj plašila taborskih ognjev. Nista se zmenila ne za trušč, ki sta ga povzročala v taborišču, ne za krogle, ki so jih iz pušk pošiljali za njima. Okoli taborišča so napravili visok, močen plot iz trnja, a leva sta ga ali preskočila ali pa si napravila vanj luknjo ter si tako vzela svoj plen. Pattersson je podnevi na vse strani hodil za levjo sledjo, a jo je na kamenitih tleh vedno izgubil.

Še hujše je postalo, ko je večina delavcev odšla delat na železniški tir in jih je pri mostu ostalo le nekaj sto. Okrog taborišča so postavili izredno visok in močen plot, ponoči so gorele cele grmade, vsepovsod so stali stražniki, puške so bile pripravljene, po šatorih so bobnali na kositrne sode, da prepode zveri. A vedno so izginjale nove žrtve. Delavci so bili že tako preplašeni, da si niso upali streljati, kadar sta se leva prikazala. Celo iz bolniškega šatora sta odnesla bolnika. Naslednja žrtev je bil vodonosec. Ležal je z glavo v šatoru in z nogami proti vratom. Lev je preskočil plot, zgrabil moža za noge in ga izvlekel. Nesrečnež se je oprijel zaboja, potem šatorove vrvi, ki se mu je utrgala. Lev je nato s svojim plenom v gobcu letal ob plotu ter si našel v njem redko mesto, kjer se je preril skozi. Tu so drugo jutro našli cunje od obleke in kosce mesa. Drugi lev je čakal zunaj, da sta si plen delila.

Poslej je bil nekaj časa mir, leva sta bržkone drugod našla posla. Zaradi vročine so delavci že začeli spat na planem. Nekega večera sede vsi skupaj ob ognju, ko preskoči lev plot, obstoji in jih gleda. Prestrašeni skočijo delavci kvišku ter mečejo v leva kamenje, polena in ogorke. Lev se za vse to ne zmeni, skoči, pograbi enega ter zbeži skozi plot; zunaj ga je drugi lev že čakal in komaj trideset metrov od taborišča sta požrla plen.

Polkovnik je nato ves teden vsako noč sedel v taboru in čakal levjega obiska. Sam je pripovedoval, da ni nič strašnejšega nego tako brezuspešno čakanje. Vsako noč je slišal iz daljave rjojenje, s katerim sta roparja naznanjala svoj prihod. Ko sta se bližala taboru, sta vedno utihnili. Straže so vpile: "Pazite, bratje, vrag prihaja!" Malo zatem pa so se čuli prestrašeni klici in smrtni kriki napadenih. Nazadnje sta postala leva tako drzna, da sta oba preskočila plot in odnesla vsak svojega moža. Enkrat lev svoje žrtve ni mogel spraviti skozi ograjo, pustiti jo je moral in se zadovoljiti z deležem pri svojem tovarišu. Mož pa, ki ga je pustil, je bil tako zdelan, da je siromak umrl, preden so ga prenesli v bolniški šator.

Tega vednega strahu in bedenja delavci nazadnje že niso mogli več prenašati. Saj so prišli v Afriko, da zaslužijo pri železnici, ne pa da bi s svojim mesom redili leve. Zato nekega dne ustavijo vlak, zlože vanj svoje reči, ga zasedejo in se odpeljejo. Oni srčnejši, ki so ostali pri polkovniku Patterssonu, so prebili noči po drevesih, vodnjakih, na postaji ali po zakritih jamah, ki so jih izkopali v šatorih.

Polkovnik Pattersson je naprosil angleškega tovariša, naj pride k njemu, da priredita lov na leve. Tovariš je prišel, a ker je imel vlak zamudo, šele ponoči, na poti proti taborišču pa mu je lev odnesel služabnika. Najprej je zgrabil njega samega, ko pa mu je posvetil s puško, ga je pustil in vzel spremljevalca.

Nekaj dni zatem naznani Patterssonu sluga, da je lev ugrabil osla in da ga prav v bližini mrcvari. Pattersson se hitro odpravi s slugo in že od daleč je videl nad grmovjem rumenkasti levov hrbet. Po nesreči stopi sluga na suho vejo, ki je počila, in lev izgine v goščavo. Tedaj pa se iz taborišča zbero vsi, ki so utegnili, vzemo bobne in kositrne posode, obkrožijo goščavo ter vdirajo vanjo s truščem in hruščem. Polkovnik je čakal, kjer bi imela zver priti na plano. In res, kmalu se prikaže mogočen lev, od hrupa razjarjen in srdit. Počasi je stopal, pa obstajal in se oziral; tako ga je motil hrup za njim, da lovca s kraja še opazil ni. Ko sta bila še kakih 40 čevljev vsaksebi, dvigne polkovnik dvocevko. Lev začuje ta gibljaj, obstoji, zarije prednji taci v zemljo in se pripravi na skok. A preden strel počí, se zver obrne in v mogočnih skokih zbeži v goščavo; na strel za seboj odgovori s strašnim rjoenjem.

Polkovnik je moral počakati noči. Ker lev ni še našel osla, je bilo pričakovati, da se vrne zvečer k njemu. Zato napravijo blizu mrhovine 15 čevljev visoko strelišče, na katero se spravi polkovnik še pred solnčnim zahodom. Mrak je v teh krajih prav kratek in, kadar ni meseca, hitro nastane temna noč. Tedaj leže nad pokrajino tesen, nič dobrega obetajoč mir. Tudi Patterssonu je bilo vedno tesneje pri srcu, čim bolj so hitele nočne ure in čim dalje je s puško v roki čakal v temi.

Zdajci je pod veliko težo počila veja, mogočno truplo je bilo čuti, da se rije skozi grmovje. Lev se je bližal, globoko stokanje je pripovedovalo o njegovi lakoti. Kratko tišino preseka neznansko rjojenje; lev pa je zavohal človeka, popustil je osla in se obrnil naravnost proti polkovnikovemu strelišču. Dve uri je hitro krožil okoli njega in krogi so bili vedno manjši. Končno se ustavi in pripravi na skok. Le nejasno se je odražalo njegovo truplo na pesku. Tedaj zagrmí strel, lev strahovito zarjove ter zbeži v grmovje, kjer se je od bolečine valjal in rjovel. Glasovi so bili slabši in slabši, dokler niso v dolgih vzdihih ponehali. Račun s prvim roparjem je bil sklenjen, le nekaj dni zatem je padel tudi drugi lev.

* * *

Gorenji dogodek nam jasno kaže levovo predrznost. Dognano pa je, da slučajni, v katerih bi se lev vrgel na človeško meso, niso pogostni in da se človeka lotijo le starejši levi, ki si že teže poiščejo kakega drugega plena pa so tudi dovolj zviti in prebrisani, da se izognejo boju s človekom. Pred pokončno postavo človekovo se obrne

tudi kralj živali, zlasti tedaj, ako ima človek dovolj poguma, da obstoji ter mu resno in neustrašeno zre v oko. Tedaj se lev neki obrne in pobegne. Ako pa zbeži človek, lev vidi, da ima opravka s strahopetnim slabičem in ga sledi v urnih, velikih skokih.

Lev kraljuje v svojem lovišču navadno sam in redkokedaj lovita po dva ali več skupaj. Le kadar ima levinja mlade, se ji pridruži tudi lev in pomaga krmiti zarod.

Levinja ima po enega, največ po troje mladih, ki so s kraja precej neokretni. Šele v drugem mesecu svojega življenja se navadijo kobacati in kmalu nato začno svoje otroške igre. Izprva mijavkajo kakor mačke, pozneje pa jim postane glas krepkejši. Tudi pri igrah so s kraja neokretni in neumni, sčasoma pa postajajo gibčni in že pred šestim mesecem spremljajo svoje roditelje na manjših izprehodih. Stari leto dni so veliki kakor močni psi, triletnim samcem začne poganjati griva, povsem dorastejo pa v šestem ali sedmem letu. Kakor lev počasi dorašča, tako tudi dolgo živi. Celu ujeti levi so dosegli starost sedemdesetih let.

Lahko si mislimo, kolika je škoda, ki jo v tako dolgem življenju napravi en sam lev, ki se je nastanil blizu človeških bivališč. Zato ga človek preganja, kakor zna in more. Afriški črnici se lotijo leva s samim kopjem in s sulico, a vzlic temu, da je to orodje otrovano, je uspeh boja negotov. V severni Afriki narejajo domačini do deset metrov globoke jame. Ako se lev ujame v jamo, se zbere okrog nje vsa vas, ženske in otroci mečejo vanj kamenje. Za vse to početje pa se ujetnik prav nič ne zmeni. Dostojanstveno kakor kralj konča naposled od krogel, ki jih izstrele vanj možaki. Arabci tudi pri dnevu izženejo leva iz goščave. S puškami v rokah se postavijo v tri vrste in po svoji navadi najprej poizkušajo, kaj bi opravili z besedo. Takele mu pravijo: "Pes in pasji sin! Od psov rojen in roditelj psov! Grdoba! Davitelj čred! Tat! Falot! Ven, če si res tako hraber, kakor se kažeš! Pri dnevu se pokaži, ki imaš noč za prijateljico! Pripravi se! Stopiti moraš pred može, sinove hrabrosti in prijatelje boja!" Ker te zabavljivke seveda ne zaležejo, izstrele tudi nekaj krogel v goščavo. Ko prileti katera levu preblizu, se ujezi, da se rjoveč in s plamenečim pogledom prikaže izza grmovja. Na planem ga sprejme divji krik. Počasi in jezno se oziraje, stopa proti množici, ki čaka, da ga vredno sprejme. Ko se približa na strel, sproži prva vrsta in se hitro umakne. Druga in tretja vrsta pobijeta leva s krogli. Vendar tudi ta lov ni brez nevarnosti in lev zahteva dobrih strelcev, kajti čeprav ga je zadelo že več krogel, se pogostokrat še prav krepko bori. Ni treba še posebej omenjati, da domačini izredno časte človeka, ki se je sam spustil v boj s kraljem živali in ga premagal.

Mlad lev se da ukrotiti in se prav lepo navadi človeka. Sloveči prirodopisec Brehm je imel ukročeno levinjo, o kateri pripoveduje: "Dobil sem jo v dar v Egiptu. V najkrajšem času se je navadila dvorišča, kjer je smela biti prosta. Kmalu je kakor pes hodila za menoj in se mi ob vsaki priliki dobrikala. Nadležna je bila le ponoči, ko me je obiskovala in me z dobrikanjem budila. Čez nekaj tednov si je prisvojila vladarstvo nad vsemi živalmi na dvorišču, a bolj zato, da se je z njimi igrala, nego da bi hotela kateri storiti kaj žalega. Le dvakrat je pobila in požrla živali, prvič opico, drugič koštruna, s katerim se je še malo poprej igrala. Proti večini živali se je vedla prešerno ter jih na vse mogoče načine dražila in strašila. Večkrat je po mačje legla na tla, vzela katerega od nas na piko in kakor mačka nad miš skočila nadenj, pa le zato, da nas je dražila, kajti v resnici se je proti nam vedno vedla pošteno in ljubeznivo. Potuhnjenosti ni poznala; še ko sem jo nekoč pretepel, se je v kratkem vrnila in se kakor prej stiskala k meni. Njena jeza se je takoj izkadila in z božanjem sem jo hipoma potolažil. Ko sem z ladjo potoval po Nilu, je bila zaprta v kletki, dokler smo bili na vodi; ko pa smo pristali, sem jo vedno izpustil. Tedaj je skakala kakor objestno žrebe. Zunaj se je tudi izčistila, zakaj bila je presnažna, da

bi si ponečedila kletko. Na teh izletih pa je napravila včasih kako neumnost. Tako je v neki zamorski vasi zadavila jagnje, drugič je ujela zamorskega dečka; na srečo sem ga še lahko otel. Po mestu me je spremljala navezana na verižico. Ko sem se vozil iz Egipta v Trst, sem jo vsak dan v veliko veselje sopotnikov pripeljal na krov. Pustil sem jo v Berlinu in je dve leti nisem videl. Ko sem se vrnil, me je takoj spoznala."

Tako je človeški razum tudi v tej živali ukrotil divjost in tako si je človek poleg raznih drugih podjarmil tudi samega kralja živali.

R. Tagore:

CVETLICE V ŠOLI

KADAR grme viharni oblaki po nebu in lijo junijeve plohe na zemljo, prihaja vlažni vzhodni večer čez pustinje in igra na dude med bambusom.

Tedaj prikljejo nenadoma čete cvetlic, nihče ne ve odkod, in plešejo po travi v divji radosti.

Mamica, zares, jaz mislim, da hodijo cvetlice pod zemljo v šolo.

Svoje naloge pišejo pri zaprtih dverih, in če se hočejo iti ven igrat, predno je čas, jih učitelj postavi v kot.

Ko pride deževje, imajo počitnice.

Veje se klestijo v gozdu, listje šumi v divjem vetru, grmeči oblaki tleskajo s svojimi orjaškimi dlanmi in cvetlična deca plane na dan. V rdečih, rumenih in belih oblekah.

Veš mamica, njih dom je na nebu, kjer so zvezdice.

Ali nisi opazila, kako koprniyo, da bi prišle tja? Ne veš, zakaj se jim tako mudi?

Seveda, uganil sem, h komu dvigajo svoje roke: mamico imajo, kakor imam jaz svojo.



J. Jurčič:

Zakrpana Višnja gora, raztrgan Žuženberk

IMEL sem deda sedeminsedemdeset let starega. Sedeli so vso božjo zimo za pečjo, z roko so podpirali pipico "z devetimi orli," zakaj zob niso več imeli, da bi jim bila stala pipica sama v ustih, pa pripovedovali so vuninvun, kaj se v tem in tem kraju od "njega dni" pripoveduje, kaj so doživeli sami in kaj se je godilo v starih časih. Že od nekdanj in po vsem svetu imajo starčki navado, da pripovedujejo, kako je bilo v prejšnjih časih—v časih, ko so bili oni še mladi—grozno dobro na svetu. Tako so rekali tudi moj ded: "I, kaj menite vi, mladi, 'njega dni' je bilo dobro! Čeravno je zdaj tlaka in desetina odpravljen, pa vendar bolj stradate in se trpinčite, kakor smo se 'njega dni' mi, ko je bila pšenica po štirinajst grošev, oves pa po tri itd." Zlasti so radi pripovedovali pravljice in pripovedke. V tem jih ni presegel nihče v vsej soseski. Imeli so pri vsem tem še (kakor baje vsi stari ljudje) lepo navado, da so povedali eno ter isto reč večkrat; celo ako jih je kdo opomnil, da so to že pravili, jih to ni vzdignilo iz kolesnic, ampak hočeš nočeš moraš poslušati do konca. Včasih tudi niso slišali nobenega ugovora, zakaj oglušili so bili od gole starosti.

Nekdanj je bil semenj v Višnji gori. Zdi se mi, da je bil pondeljek po sv. Tilu, vendar svojeglavno ne bom tega trdil. Dejali so tedaj: "Jožek, pojdi z menoj na semenj! Boš videl raztrgano višnjansko mesto, kjer imajo polža priklenjenega." In stari oče so vzeli tršlikovo palico izza vrat, deli klobuk z velikimi krajevci in širokim oglavjem na sivo glavo, in jaz vnuk, tačas kakih osem let star, sem nateknil črevlje, snel slamnik s prečnika, pa jo tako ureževa proti staremu mestu višnjanskemu. Prav počasi sva kobacala: jaz, ker sem delal majhne stopinje, ded pa, ker so jim noge že slabele. Toda jaz sem bil še zmerom bolj skočan od starega očeta, dasitudi so hodili po treh in jaz samo po dveh nogah.

"Brž balite no, oče!"—sem jih priganjal vuninvun, zakaj veljalo je videti mesto, kjer imajo, kakor so ded dejali, "polža priklenjenega."

"I—i, če boš tako siten, ne pojdeš nikoli več z menoj,"—me zavrnejo stari oče, in precej sem bil strpljiv in tiho sva stopala vštric. Ko se je vendar že pokazal stari grad nad višnjanskim mestom, so mi kazali ded s palico: "Lej, vidiš oni zid na hribu, ki je zarastel okoli in okoli?" "Vidim, oče!"

"Tam je bil nekdanj velik grad. Notri so bili močni, močni gospodje, ki so imeli pod zemljo cesto celo v tisto deželo, kjer so hudi Turki doma."

"Kakovi so pa Turki, oče?"

"Turki? I, Turki so bili nekdanj hudi ljudje, še hujši kakor Pesoglavci."

"Kakovi so pa Pesoglavci?"

"Pesoglavci so bili prišli k nam v starih časih iz daljnih dežel. Imeli so pasje glave in so grizli in popadali ljudi kakor psi in so jih lovili in klali. Turki so prišli pozneje kakor Pesoglavci v naše dežele. Pa so bili tudi hudi, nič manj, ali še bolj od Pesoglavcev. Stare ljudi so nabadali na kole, mlade so pa jemali s seboj, da so morali delati daleč, daleč v turški deželi."

Tako se mi pravili ded; jaz pa sem si naslikal v mladi fantaziji (če sem že imel katero) te strašne pošasti, ki so jim rekli Pesoglavci in Turki, in nekoliko se še zdaj domišljam, kakove sem si jih mislil; toda častiti moji bravci bodo morda nejevoljni pogledovali na naslov, meneč, da niso prav brali.

Med tem pripovedovanjem torej se je prikazala vsa Višnja gora, mesto in trg, izza hriba, in ded so mi kazali: "Lej, Jožek, to je mesto 'raztrgana' Višnja gora!"

"Oče, zakaj pa pravite 'raztrgana' Višnja gora? Kdo jo je pa raztrgal?"—vprašam jaz.

Ded so imeli za vsako deveto stvarco, če je bila še tako majhna, pripravljeno pripovedko na jeziku. Tako so tudi zdaj pričeli naslednjo pripovedko:

“Žuženberčanje so bili že od nekdanj posebnost pridni, varčni in umetalni, kakor so še dandanašnji—Bog jim daj srečo! Še zdaj Žuženberčan starino rad pokrpa, pogladi, posnaži in popravi, pa za novo proda na semnju. Na nobenem semnju po vsej kranjski, štajerski in koroški deželi ni toliko starine naprodaj kakor na žuženberškem. Taki so bili tudi svoje dni. Niso pustili nobene mestne strehe preotljene ali predrte, nobene kotanje v tleh, nobene luknje v zidu, ampak vse se je moralo zakrpati in zamašiti, zametati in popraviti. Vse druge, ki niso tako ravnali, so pitali z lenuhi itd.

Višnjanje pa so bili vse druge nature, kakor so njih vnuki, sedanji meščani, drugačni od sedanjih Žuženberčanov. Oni se niso zmenili za luknje niti v strehi, niti v zidu, niti kje drugje; ni jim bilo mar krpanja in šivanja, ampak hodili so po svojih opravkih, po kupčiji, po rokodelstvu in poljedelstvu. Pozneje še celo na polža niso dovolj gledali, ker jim je (kakor je tudi počasen) pobegnil izpod županove hiše. Takrat pa, ko se je godilo, kar hočem jaz povedati, je bil polž še gotov, dobro priklenjen pri županovih. Že takrat so v okrožju kmetje dražili Višnjane rekoč: ‘Kje imate polža?’ Žuženberčanje pa so še dostavljali: ‘Luknje si zamašite; Višnjo goro si zakrpajte, če ne, vam polž uide!’ Za kmete, so dejali meščani, da se ne zmenijo, naj reko, kar hote—‘kmečki tesači.’ Žuženberčanom ‘cunjarjem in krparjem’ pa že pokažemo—so se hrustili.

Neko nedeljo popoldne se zbere ves mestni zbor ‘Pri polžu.’ Najprej se je oglašil Juri Počasne, ki je, čeravno meščan, na oprtah nosil sol po svetu ‘čez hrib in čez plan.’ Takole je govoril Počasne: ‘Možje, (pravi) ne dajmo se tem cunjarjem zmerjati in si nagajati! Nikar ne pustimo, da bi nam zmerom očitali našega polža, nedolžno žival, ki ni nikomur nič mar. Že naši očetje so jo imeli, mi jo imamo in naši otroci jo bodo imeli. Vuninvun nam očitajo, da smo—ne vem kakovi—da ne krpamo svojega mesta, dražijo nas s polžem, in jaz ne vem, kaj še vse godejo. Ko sem jaz sol prodajal, zmerom, zmerom so me pikali, da sem polžar iz raztrgane Višnje gore. Tega nisem mogel poslušati in iz oči v oči sem jim vrgel v zobe, da smo mi Višnjanje več vredni kakor devetindevetdeset Žuženberčanov in še eden po vrhu. Pa, lej Kurenta, kmalu bi bil tepen! Zares ni manjkalo več, kakor nič, toda bal se jih nisem, in niso mi mogli blizu. Kdor ne verjame, naj vpraša mojo staro!’

‘Res je, res!’—se oglasi iz množice Počasneta.—‘Snoči je prinesel ves kitast hrbet domov. Take klobase ima na hrbtu, da se sam Bog usmili, ne vem, če bo mogel tri tedne solni žakelj oprtati. Ne vem, kaj bova počela.’—

Tako sta končala Počasne in Počasneta. Možje pa so zagrmeli: ‘Tega ne pustimo, ne, za hudirja ne!’ Mlajši in torej tudi bolj razkačeni so dejali: ‘Nocoj to noč pojdemo dol ob Bregu in ob Krki, premlatimo Žuženberčane do živca, jim polomimo rebra, podrobimo s cepcem buče in jim prekucnemo tiste zakrpane kolibe v Krko. Bodo že videli, kaj se pravi nagajati Višnjantom.’

Res bi bila tačas Žuženberčanom huda pela, če bi ne bilo Ribničanov na svetu. K vsej sreči pa se je bil naselil v Višnjo goro Ribničan Kozmek. Ta je bil, kakor vsi Ribničanje, od sile umetalen in prebrisane glave. Delal je lonce, piskre, kozice, labore, nakladal tovor suhemu konju na rebra in hrbtnec in krošnjeval ter drobiž pobiral od gospodinjo po vsem božjem svetu, dokler so ga umeli, ako jim je pošteno po ribniško ‘povajdal.’ Hitro je torej preudaril Kozmek v svoji umetalni in prebrisani pameti: ‘Buzarona, če Višnjanje Žuženberk v Krko prekucnejo, bo izguba. V Žuženberku ne kuha nobena gospodinja v ubitem loncu, ampek zmerom nove k’puje. Tega ne vaj vsak, jaz pa vajm. Buzarona, potlej ne predam ne sklajde, ne latvice, ne lonca, ne piskra; še rajne pokrivače ne, kadar odplavajo po vodi Krki noter v

Novu majstu.' Tako si je Ribničan tiho mislil; naglas pa je rekel: 'Vajste kaj, prijatelji? I, nu—nikarte se ne obajsite! Če Bug da in sveti Til, toku nam ne uidejo ne. Pa, aku jaz neletim mačka pri močniku, ga vzdignem narprvo ze rep, de ga pripravim v strah, potlej ga šele prestrojim. Zatu vam jaz svajtujem: pošljimo jim ubit lonec in recimo: ker znate vse zekrpati, zemašiti in popraviti, pa nam zešite še ta lonec, če ne, pridemo Višnjanje in vam polomimo vsa rebra. Jaz vam povajm, prijatelji, de vsi Žuženberčanje ne zekrpajo starega lonca. Buzarona, saj ga še jaz ne zekrpam ne ermenega, ne črnega, in vsa Ribnica ne popravi starega lonca, nikar pa žuženberški cunjarji. Toku jih uženemo ravnu v krpanju v kozji rug. Dobru bo, dobro!'

Ta svet je bil vsem všeč.

Drugi dan je zadela Ribničan v krošnjo star svinjski pisker, ki je imel toliko luknjo v vampu, da bi bil lahko vteknil obe pesti vanjo. Udari konja, ki je bil suh kakor kresilna goba, napošev po rebrih, in hajdi stopata proti Žuženberku.

Prišedši skliče vse tržane in jim razloži, kaj poročajo njih sosedje Višnjanje.

Izprva so bili, sosebnost mlajši, grozno hudi in so hoteli Ribničana vreči naravnost v Krko. Ali tega še ni bila volja preseliti se s tega sveta piskrov in skled na drugega. 'Hencaj vas, v vudo pa ne v vudo,' si je mislil Ribničan, zvita buča, in jih je takole pogovarjal:

'I, nu—stujte, stujte—saj še najsem vsega povajdal! Saj vam majnde naj neznanu, da sem jest doma iz poštene Ribnice, odkoder prihajajo vsi lončarji, in da se najsem rodil v Višnji gori. Jaz sem pohlevne postave in dobrega srca in sem bil zmerom vaš prijatelj, posebno, ker radi od mene črepinje kupujete. Se vaj, de piskra rajs ne zekrpate, kakor č'jo moji sosajdi Višnjanje, pa vam vendar jest ano povajm, koku se lehu rajšite.'

'Le brž! Povedi,'—so vpili tržanje—'če ne, pri Bogu je milost, te vržemo v Krko!'—'I, nu, nu, v Krko me nikar ne mečite, saj pravim, de sem pohleven in nikomur nič žalega ne prizadajvam in nič slabega ne voščim, tudi vam ne. V vodi pa tudi neznam kobaliti toku, kakor pravijo, de se plava: kaj bom htel torej v vodi? Ali če mi oblubite, da boste črepinje samu od mene kupovali, vam povajm, kaj vam je sturiti.'

'Obljubimo,'—so vpili Žuženberčanje, ki so se vendarle bali Višnjanov.

'I, nu, vajste, jaz bi rad kakšno pisanje, saj pravijo, de je potlej bolj gotovu, če je ne pisanju. Podkrižajte!'

Župan zapiše, in tržanje se podkrižajo. Ribničan vzame pismo, potlej pa jih uči:

'Kaj ne, kadar se da srajca šivat, se mora narprvo obrniti, potlej se šele zešije. Nelice se ne šiva, ampak nerobe, kaj ne? Črevljar tudi preobrne golenice, prajden jih šiva. Zetu tudi vi pošljite pisker v Višnjo garo nezaj in poročite: "Ljubi majščanje iz Višnje gare! Mi vam bomo radi ustrajgli in lonec zekrpali. Samu to vas prosimo, de nam ga nerobe obrnete in potlej pošljete!—Jest vajm, de ga ne obrnejo."

Žuženberčanom je bilo to jako po godu in poslali so pisker z onim poročilom nazaj. Višnjanje niso vedeli, kako bi preobrnil pisker. Leto in dan so si belili glave, ali vse zastonj, lonec bi se bil rad zdobil, samo preobrnti se ni hotel. Kmalu so bili zvedeli, da jim je vse te skrbi nakopal na glavo Ribničan. Zato so ga izgnali iz mesta, in preselil se je k svojim rojakom v Ribnico, kjer njegovi vnuki še dandanašnji prav umetalno zidajo piskre."

Kaj pa se godi z ubitim piskrom dandanes, tega mi ded niso povedali, in tudi drugod ni dognano. Eni trdijo, da ga Višnjanje še dandanes hranijo in si ubijajo glave, kako bi ga narobe preobrnil. Drugi pa zopet pripovedujejo, da ga je neki popoten človek, ki se je hvalil, da ga bo preobrnil, po nerodnosti zdobil, in da se nahajajo zdaj samo še črepinje pod hlevom "Kruljavega Nandeta."



Dragi čitatelji!

Opazili boste, da precejšnje število pisem, katere ste pisali, ni priobčenih v tej številki. Vzrok je, ker imamo zadnje čase veliko več pisem kot po navadi. Tudi precej pesmi in slik je izostalo za prihodnjo izdajo, ker prvo tiskamo ono, kar je najbolj važno, potem šele drugo. Da bi bilo redno priobčeno vse, kar prispevate, bi bilo seveda potrebno povečati list, ker le na ta način bi bilo mogoče vsem ustreči. Ali tega pa tudi ne moremo storiti, dokler se ne pokaže za list še večje zanimanje, to je, da mladi čitatelji, posebno pa prispevatelji v list pridobite kolikor mogoče veliko število naročnikov.

Urednik.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Odločila sem se, da bom poizkusila po slovensko napisati par vrstic v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list. Saj stari pregovor pravi, da poizkusiti ni greh.

V našem mestu Chicagu je zadnje čase prav lepo vreme, tako da bo skoraj dobro iti v park ali na piknik. Spomlad je tu, najlepši letni čas, ko se človek počuti čisto prerojenega.

Omeniti moram tudi, da povesti v knjigi, ki sem jo dobila od M. L., so jako lepe in zanimive, zraven se pa tudi učim bolj slovensko čitati, kar bi se mogla vsa mladina bolj zanimati, kajti "več jezikov znaš, več veljaš."

Tukaj imam smešnico za kratek čas:

Tonček: "Mama, kakor vidim, si najela žensko, da ti pere perilo."

Mama: "Da, sinček."

Tonček: "Ali ne bi mogel tudi jaz dobiti drugega dečka, da bi se umival na mesto mene?"

Agnes Jurecic, Chicago, Ill.

Dragi urednik!

Tu je moje prvo pismo po slovensko. Težko je pripraviti se pisati pismo po slovensko.

Vsi skoraj pišejo v Mladinski list po angleško, zdaj sem pa rekla, bom jaz napisala pismo, pa tudi rada bi videla, da bi to bilo tiskano. Sem trinajst let stara, ter sem v sedmem razredu in jako rada hodim v šolo; se mi jako dopade. Sem članica SNPJ in tako tudi moj brat in sestra. Moj oče je tajnik društva šte. 387 in se nam dopade.

Tu v Trauniku je dosti snega in še zmeraj sneži (pisano v marcu), in so tudi velike nevihte, da ustavijo vlake in pošto po dva dni. Pol marca je v kraju, pa še nič ne izgleda, da bo spomlad. Zdaj bo pa menda čas zaključiti to moje pisavo. Rada bi videla, da se bi naši čitatelji malo bolj oglasili v Naš kotiček, pa pisma pisali po slovensko.

Se bom še drugi mesec oglasila v Mladinskem listu.

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

* * *

Iz Clevelanda nam g. Antoinette Šimčič pošilja nekaj šolskih vaj učenk slovenske šole v Clevelandu. Vaje radi priobčimo, ker pokažejo, koliko so se učenke naučile. Radi bi čitali še nekoliko vaj učencev. Gotovo znajo tudi dečki kaj lepega povedati.

* * *

Bertha Eršte, stara 11 let, piše:

MOJ PRIJATELJ.

Pri sosedu imajo dečka. Ime mu je Iko. Star je devetnajst mesecev. Če hoče papati, pravi: nam-nam. Kadar bi rad poslušal gramofon, pravi: Oh, baby! Če bi se rad peljal z avtomobilom, pravi: bum-bum. Kadar pade na tla, tudi pravi: bum-bum. Jaz imam rada Ikota. Vedno mi naredi: Moj moj! pa me objame z obema rokama okoli vratu. Tudi Iko ima mene rad. Vedno tolče na okno, če ne pridem k njemu v vas vsak dan.

Mary Zagorc, 12 let:

NAŠ HIŠNI VARUH.

Na dvorišču doma imamo hudobnega psa, ki je privezan z verigo. Če bi se utrgal, bi tistega, kogar bi prvo videl, ki ni domač, gotovo ugriznil. Zato si pa nikdo ne upa priti na dvorišče. Ko je bil še majhen, smo ga imenovali Bastor. Bastor je zdaj eno leto star. On je majhen, debel, širok, bele barve s črnimi lisami. Ima tudi velika ušesa in dolg košat rep.

Anna Štrekelj, 13 let:

ŠTIRJE LETNI ČASI.

Zime se nekateri otroci veselijo, ker se lahko drsajo po snegu ali po ledu. Drugi so pa nezadovoljni, ker prezebavajo po mrazu.

Spomladi ptički začnejo žvrgoleti trata in gozd pa zeleneti. Krasen je mesec majnik. Drevje in travniki, tudi gozd je v cvetju.

Potem pride gorko poletje. Mestni ljudje gredo na deželo. Kmetje obdelujejo polje, da so trudni in imajo potno čelo.

A jeseni tudi ne smemo pozabiti. Kmet veselo spravlja pridelke v shrambe, da se ohranijo pozimi in da se lahko pozimi pri peči greje. Otroci se jeseni veselimo dobrega sadja.

Martha Modic:

SLOVENSKA ŠOLA.

Jaz in moje prijateljice smo učenke Slovenske mladinske šole v Slovenskem narodnem domu. Jaz sem stara deset let in zahajam v šolo že odkar je bila ustanovljena v Clevelandu, in sicer od leta 1925. Učimo se raznih predmetov, kot čitanja, pisanja, petja in računstva, zgodovine in slovenskega zemljepisja. Tudi jaz znam že dobro čitati in primerno pisati, najljubše pa mi je slovensko petje. Živela slovenščina!

* * *

Cenjani urednik in čitatelji!

Za danes vam želim povedati moji želji, namreč, če bi se naš Ml. list na kak način mogel povečati. Vem, da zato bi treba v prvi vrsti več naročnikov, zato pa jaz ne morem pomagati, ker tu v Latrobu ni Slovencev razen nas in dveh družin in nimam kje dobiti naročnikov, ali Ml. list je potrebno povečati, ker kakor sem čitala v febr. številki, dosti dopisov zastane, ki ni prostora in pridejo na vrsto za drugi mesec, tako da sploh kadar je dopis v listu, ni več novica, ampak le stara stvar, ker dopis ne odgovarja času. Tako sem jaz naprimer pisala zadnje dni dec. od dr. štev. 318, da so prispevali za stavkarje, v Ml. listu je bilo priobčeno šele zadnje dneve febr., toraj dva meseca kasneje; medtem časom pa so naši člani dr. štev. 318 še prispevali. Pošljem Vam malo pesmico, ki me jo je mama naučila. Ona mi zmeraj pravi, naj se učim slovenskih pesmi, da so najlepše. Pesem se glasi:

ROŽICI.

Doli v logu sama zase
med grmovjem roža rase,
naj le rase, naj le rase,
o, presrečna rožica.
Ko bi rožca modra bila,
slan'ca bi je ne umorila;
oh, zakaj se ne bi skrila,
ti, prekrasna rožica.

Jennie J. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Pozdrave pošilja John Knor iz Herminie, Pa., Box 298. On je trinajst let star in hodi v sedmega.

* * *

Anna Copi iz Newton Fallsa, Ohio, piše, da se je težko pripravila pisati prvo pismo, a da bo v bodoče še pisala.

*

Anna Traven Jr., piše iz Clevelanda, Ohio, da v njih naselbini gradijo Slovensko delavsko dvorano. Otvorili jo bodo 15. aprila. Dvorana je na Prince Avenue in 109. cesti.

*

Dorothy Rossa iz Clevelanda, Ohio, malo potoži, da Mladinski list pride malo pozno. Njej se prav zdi, da je "Naš kotic" napredoval in pravi: "Mislim, da ne bodo pozabili tisti, ki so obljubili pisati vsak mesec. Pišimo pa slovensko. Dobro bi bilo, če bi bil tudi v Ameriki tak lijak, kot mi pravi o njem moj oče, da ga imajo v starem kraju. S tem "trahtarjem" kar ulijejo modrost v glavo. Pozdrav čitateljem."

*

Za to številko nam piše nek čitatelj Mladinskega lista celo iz Florence v Italiji, namreč Adolf Prelovšek, Via S. Jacopino, Firenze, Italia, Europe. Kot je znano, je to lepo mesto zelo staro in ima slavno zgodovino za seboj. Zato pa bi radi čitali, da bi nam daljni čitatelj kaj pisal o kraju, kjer biva.

*

ZASTAVICE

Katera ura gre brez kolesa?
Katera coklja ni iz lesa?
Kateri mlin gre brez votle?
Kateri greben ne bode?
Katere mačice nimajo tačice?
Kje se kralj brez dežel dobi?
Kateri igrač denarja ne zgubi?

ZAGONETKA

Mirko Kunčič:

Prav nič ne vidijo moje oči.
 Da bi slišal, tega ne dočakam.
 V rokah nimam nobene moči.
 Z nogami nikdar ne korakam.
 Ne pijem, ne jem, a to ti povem:
 podoben sem tebi, ne pa enak,
 človek ne more me videti vsak.

* * *

REŠITEV UGANK IZ FEBR. ŠTEVILKE.

1. PETELIN.

Rešili:

Anna Copi, Newton, Ohio.
 Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.

2. ČEBELA.

Rešili:

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.
 Anna Copi, Newton, Ohio.

3. SOD.

Rešili:

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Illinois.
 Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.
 Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.
 Anna Copi, Newton, Ohio.

Nekaj zakasnelih odgovorov je tudi še prišlo na
 januarske zastavice, ali teh ne moremo več priob-
 čiti.

*

Oglasila sta se tudi sledeča:

Stanislav Tegel, Waukegan, Ill.
 Leo Snidersich, McKinley, Minn.

MUC LOVI MUHE.

Muc lovi muhe
 tolste in suhe,
 tačico vitko
 kot sabljico bridko
 po zraku vihti.

Zvrhan bi košek
 on muh rad nabral,
 za mošnjo cekinov
 na trgu prodal.
 S cekini bi kupil
 si svetel gradiček,
 živel v njem brezskrbno
 do konca dni.
 Na vsak bi migljaj
 pritekel strežaj:
 "Želi, vaša milost . . .?"
 "Tri piške, tri miške,
 vrč sladkega mlekca —
 na vrh pa še kaj!"

Muc lovi muhe
 tolste in suhe,
 ali na žalost —
 ne ujame nobene . . .





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SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
 Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
 Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
 Which in full choir hails thy approach, o Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
 Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
 Up to thy bright pavillions: issue forth,
 And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
 Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
 Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
 Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
 Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
 Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
 Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

Blake.

LIFE AND LOVE.

What delightful hosts are they
 Life and Love!
 Lingeringly I turn away
 This late hour, yet glad enough
 They have not withheld from me
 Their high hospitality.
 And with face lit with delight
 And all gratitude I stay
 Yet to press their hands, and say
 Thanks; so fine a time—Good-night!

J. Withcomb Riley.

THE THINGS THAT FALL NOT.

OH, better let the little things I loved
 when little
 Return when the heart finds the great
 things brittle,
 And better is a temple made of bark and
 thong
 Than a tall stone temple that may stand
 too long.

Orrick Johns.



Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

SWEETER THAN SUGAR

MY little baby, little boy blue,
Is as sweet as sugar and cinnamon, too;
Isn't this precious darling of ours
Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers.

LITTLE SMALL FEET

THE small footed girl
With the sweet little smile,
She loves to eat sugar
And sweets all the while.
Her money's all gone
And because she can't buy
She holds her small feet
While she sits down to cry.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL WANTS?

I WANT some thread,
Both green and red;
I want a needle long;
I want some strands
For ankle bands
To give to Mrs. Wang.

GO TO SLEEP

THE TREE leaves are murmuring
hua-la-la,
Baby is very sleepy and wants his mama;
Go to sleep, my baby, and then go to bed,
And the bogie-boo that comes,
I'll knock him on the head.

BABY IS SLEEPING

MY baby is sleeping,
My baby's asleep,
My flower is resting,
I'll give you a peep;
How cunning he looks
As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
Of all them that charm.

THE COW

"THERE is a cow on the mountain,"
The old saying goes,
On her legs are four feet;
On her feet are eight toes;
Her tail is behind
On the end of her back,
And her head is in front
On the end of her neck.

GRANDPA FEEDS THE BABY

GRANDPA holds the baby,
He is sitting on his knee
Eating mutton dumplings
With vinegar and tea.
The grandpa says to baby,
When you have had enough,
You'll be a saucy baby
And treat your grandpa rough.

SWEET PILL

MY big son,
My own boy,
Baby is a sweet pill
That fills my soul with joy.

OF WHAT USE IS A GIRL?

WE keep a dog to watch the house,
A pig is useful, too;
We keep a cat to catch a mouse;
But what can we do
With a girl like you?

THE FIRE-FLY

FIRE-FLY, fire-fly,
Come from the hill,
Your father and mother
Are waiting here still;
They've brought you some sugar,
Some candy and meat,
Come quick, or I'll give it
To baby to eat.

The Leading Slovene Authors

Valentine Vodnik

1758-1819

VALENTINE VODNIK, the father of Slovene poetry and the first Slovene educator, is one of the most interesting figures on the list of the Slovene literary men.

Born at the time when the social transformation was at its height and the national consciousness sprouted from every walk of life, and when the class distinction met its greatest enemy—rationalism, he set out to educate his nation in its own language; for the popular language assumed its role at the expense of the classical ones not only among the ordinary peasants but even in the scholastic circles. Moreover, the schools were opened not only to the privileged few as usually, but also to the ordinary peasants.

In these schools rationalism of the ancient times substituted the ecclesiastical dogma, and the ablest scholars imparted the rationalistic elements and humanities to the students.

The conditions of the time impress the investigator with the movements which, roughly speaking, meant the revival of the ancient Greek and Roman rationalism at the expense of the church domination, that is the separation of the church from the state—a fact not yet completely accomplished even in the modern times. This revival, however, is not a revival in the strict sense, it is not a return to the Greek and Roman modes of thinking or living; it is rather a new world, evolved from the historical situation by means of historical factors which operate all the time, and the Greek rationalism constitutes an organic element of the newly rising civilization, which is characterized best by its indus-



Valentine Vodnik.

trial democracy, liberalism, large scale production and freedom of thought.

Vodnik was born in Gorenja Šiška, Carniola. At this time the Slovene language had no definite form as yet, and there were no schools and very few books, in the Slovene language. His uncle, a monk, taught him reading and writing Slovene, and at the age of nine Vodnik went to a Jesuit institution at Ljubljana. Later he became a monk. Seeing that this profession was not exactly according to his desires, he left the order and became a priest. But again he gave up the priesthood and became a professor at Ljubljana Gymnasium, teaching various courses: history, classic poetry, geography, Italian, and French. During the Napoleonic invasion in Slovene territories, he was appointed the director of the Ljubljana Gymnasium and the su-

pervisor of the Slovene public schools, which were to be conducted in Slovene. Besides these activities, Vodnik wrote not only in Slovene, but also in German and French.

It is very significant that Vodnik is the first truly Slovene poet and writer. It is true, there were others who wrote in Slovene before him. But their writing deals primarily with the church matters and they are imitating foreign writers. Vodnik, on the other hand, revolted against that and set out to write in Slovene without following the principles of anyone. Dr. Wiesthaler evaluates the works of Vodnik and their significance in the Slovene writing, thus:

The writers of the eighteenth century "rove ahead and dealt with the Slovene expression in any manner they pleased; for each writer wrote without the least consideration regarding the form, rules, or uniformity." Vodnik, on the other hand, established to the Slovene language definite limits and principles by which it was possible to clear the Slovene expression from the foreign elements and accumulate the Slovene. These rules are: 1) follow the popular expression, 2) study the works of the old Slovene writers, 3) draw from the old Slavonic writings and also from the modern Slavonic expression. All Slovene better known writers followed these rules and especially Ravnikar, who is known as the father of the Slovene prose. But if we consider that Vodnik conceived and established these grammatical principles, which the younger and, therefore, more elastic Ravnikar only skillfully utilized, we will readily grant that this honorable title belongs to Vodnik.

Moreover, his writing was extremely fruitful and deserving in other fields as well: his work was exceptionally complete, including all forms of writing. He attacked boldly all phases of life, even the most foreign to his field—humorous, serious or informative. He served with the same zeal to the peasant as to the citizen, the kitchen woman, or the midwife, the student, the teacher, or the scientist.

Obviously, Vodnik was not only a writer in our sense of the term; he was a great linguist, mastering all Slavonic languages, including the old Slavonic, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German. Moreover, he was a historian, geographer, and archeologist.

Not only was Vodnik an excellent scholar and a great writer, but he was exceptionally industrious man. Besides his professional activities, he wrote and edited three yearly almanacs, published the first Slovene newspaper "Lublanske Novice," wrote several books in Slovene such as a religious text, the readers for the beginners, one of which was written in French, German and Slovene. To assist the people directly he translated from German a cookbook and a text on the practices of midwife. Among the scientific writing he wrote a history of Slovenes, perhaps the first one, which was used as a text for many years, and finally he undertook to write a dictionary of German, Latin, and Slovene languages, which, however, he never completed.

Of all his literary production, the most important is his grammar of the Slovene language, a book that is by far superior to anything that could be expected in the first book of its kind on the Slovene language. It is in this book that Vodnik has rendered the greatest and the most permanent service to the Slovene nation, although his other works are by no means of small importance.

It is said that the merits of Vodnik are merely relative, and not absolute, that his works are important for his times only. But this is not true in all respects. It is true that Vodnik's poetry cannot be compared with that of Prešeren, Gregorčič, and Stritar, nor can his prose be compared with that of Erjavec, or Levstik. They have surpassed him in the form, but the concepts and ideals in which they wrote are Vodnik's. He is educationally a historical genius that is not born every century. He aroused his nation from the intellectual torpidity and slumber, was its leader, and prophet of the happier future.

The traits of his character, according to the biographers, were good will, patience, healthy humor, and innocent wit, untiring activity, and unusual wisdom. Lay and clergy respected and loved him. As a priest he was an ideal of the liberal piety. He was an excellent narrator, and practiced what he preached. In this respect he was real father and confessor. As a teacher he received several complimentary letters from Vienna for the excellency in his teaching. He was of opinion that a child should first learn the language of his parents, and only then begin to study other languages.

Valentin Vodnik:

Popisovanje kranjske dežele¹⁾

(Iz "Velike pratike za leto 1795.")

Kranjska dežela je vojvodina,²⁾ katera po podedovanju pripada avstrijskemu vojvodu, ki je sedaj tudi cesar. Ona leži med Koroškim, Štajerskim, Hrvaškim, Istro, tržaškim morjem in Furlanijo. Na Kranjskem prebiva okoli štiristo tisoč duš, ter jih pride na vsako miljo 1869. Ljudje so skoraj vsi katoliške vere, vendar prebivajo pod Novim mestom proti hrvaški meji nekateri Grki ali staroverci.³⁾ Tudi v Trstu in v nekaterih drugih mestih se najde dosti ljudi druge vere. V Ljubljani je višja škofija, zatem so škofi v Trsti in Gorici.

Kranjci imajo svoj lastni, slovenski jezik, ki je v sorodu s hrvaškim, češkim, poljskim in ruskim. Kranjski jezik se zavija malo drugače v ustih prebivalcev skoraj vsake vasi.

Velike reke v tej deželi so: 1. Sava, deroča voda, ki izvira na dveh krajih, pod Korenom in v Bohinju; ta dva izvirka prideta skupaj pri mestu Radovljici, odkoder teče Sava od zapada proti vzhodu na Hrvaško. Sava je zdrava voda in dobro tekne ljudem: Posavci⁴⁾ so dobri ljudje. 2. Ljubljana je mehka voda, izvira na Vrhniki in se pod Zalogom izliva v Savo. Pod Ljubljano je deroča in zdravejša. 3. Krka izvira na Dolenjskem na Krki, teče v Savo. 4. Kolpa izvira v notranjem Kranjskem in odtod teče na Hrvaško.

Na Gorenjskem sta dve jezera: Blejsko, pri gradu Bled. Na sredi moli iz jezera okrogel, obraščen hribček, na katerem stoji lepa cerkev. Drugo je Bohinjsko jezero, v katerega teče Savica ali izvirnik bohinjske Save iz 200 sežnjev⁵⁾ visoke luknje in naredi naenkrat lep padec 260 sežnjev. Spodaj iz jezera teče bohinjska

1) Kranjska dežela—the largest part of Slovenia; in fact, the writer means, in some cases, Slovane, by saying kranjski.

2) Vojvodina—duchy.

3) Grki ali staroverci—members of the Greek orthodox, or of Old Slavonic Church.

4) Posavci—inhabitants of the Sava valley.

5) Seženj—fathom.

Sava. Obedve jezera imata žlahtne ribe, zlasti Bohinjsko je imenitno po svojih rdečih postrvih. V notranjem Kranjskem⁶⁾ je Cerknjsko jezero, v katerem so trije otoki. Pozimi je polno vode, poleti se vse posuši, ob tem času v njem orjejo, sejejo, žanjejo, travo kose in drže lov. Na jesen se napolni z vodo, katera prinese s seboj iz podzemeljskih lukenj ščuke.⁷⁾ Kadar začne poleti močno grmeti in dež liti, tedaj začne tudi voda hahljati iz kakih dvajsetih lukenj, tako silno, da se jezero v 24 urah napolni, in prebivalci dostikrat ne utegnejo spraviti pokošenega sena.

Kranjska dežela je večjidel hribovita. Veliko hribov in gora je z dobrimi gozdi, drevjem, sadjem, hišami in ljudmi napolnjenih. Dosti jih je pa golih in na nekaterih celo leto leži sneg. Snežniki leže na Gorenjskem, med katerimi je imeniten Ljubelj zavoljo strme in vendar čez njega napeljane ceste. Triglav leži med Bohinjem in Bovcom, ta je najmanj 1400 sežnjev visok in je ena najvišjih gor v Evropi. Z njegovega vrha se vidi na Tirole, na Hrvaško in v Benetke. Mornarji ga na Jadranskem morju najpoprej zagledajo, kadar se peljejo proti naši deželi, in ga dobro poznajo po imenu. Šmarna gora nad Ljubljano ima to posebnost, da je strma, visoka in vendar stoji od drugih hribov ločena posebej.

Dolenjska ima nižje hribe in veliko zdravega vina po imenu marvina. Brodarenje po Savi veliko prinese.

Notranjska je vsa hribovita. Od bohinjskih snežnikov notri do Turškega drže skozi Notranjsko debeli gozdi. Na Krasu pa je vse golo in skalovito in vlečejo silne burje, da dostikrat preobrbejo težke vozove, vendar tam raste najlepša pšenica. Najti je tam tudi dosti podzemeljskih lukenj, jam in votlih prostorov, v katerih

je videti vseh vrst od kapa okamenene podobe.

Večjidel je povsod dvojna žetev, ker po strnini⁸⁾ sejejo ajdo. Blizu morja rastejo oljke, pomaranče, limone, mandeljni, fige in drugo žlahtno sadje. Na Notranjskem se pridela veliko dobrega vina. Cela dežela redi obilo konj, goveda in drobnice.⁹⁾ Kranjci so imenitni čebelarji, čebele jim posebno vržejo, zato ker sejejo ajdo; in s čebelami se znajo tako dobro pečati, da so postali v čebelarstvu učitelji drugim deželam. V logih, gozdih, tekočih vodah, jezernih in v morju se dobi veliko divjačine, ptic in rib.

Največje bogastvo kranjske dežele so rude in platno. Rude se dobe v več krajih in živo srebro, železo, jeklo, svinec se prodaja na tuje, kar nosi dobiček. Samo platno prinese Kranjcem štiristo tisoč goldinarjev. Pa tudi tako pridno predejo po nekaterih krajih pozimi, da komaj štiri ure spe. Zraven tega se proda na tuje tudi veliko vino, olja, živine, blejskega sukna, polhovih kožic, medu, voska, lesnine, skled, loncev, lesa za barke, sit in drugih izdelkov. Ker ima dežela dvojno žetev, je z ljudmi silno napolnjena in jih lahko redi.

Za učenje so v Ljubljani male in visoke šole, tudi v Novem mestu so nemške in latinske. Po farah so normal-šole. Veliko Kranjcev zna kranjsko brati, škoda, da nimajo več dobrih bukev!

Gospoda je večinoma nemške rodovine, kmetje pa slovenske. V zadržanju, jeziku, živežu, oblačilu se razlikuje kraj od kraja in skoraj vsaka vas ima svoje šege in se hoče iz drugih delati norca.

Kakor je bilo določeno leta 1748, se Kranjska deli v štiri dele: Gorenjsko, Dolenjsko in Notranjsko. Gorenjsko je najmanjše, vendar najbolj bogato in z ljudmi nabolj napolnjeno. Dolenjsko je največje.

6) Notranje Kranjsko—Notranjsko, the Southern part of Carniola.

7) Ščuka—pike (fish).

8) Strnišče—stubble field.

9) Drobница—sheep.



Valentin Vodnik:

NA MOJE ROJAKE

Sloven'c, tvoja zemlja je zdrava,
za pridne nje lega naj prava,
polje, vinograd,
gora, morje,
ruda, kupčija
tebe rede.

Za uk si prebrisane glave
pa čedne in trdne postave,
išče te sreča,
um ti je dan,
našel jo boš, ak'
nisi zaspan.

Glej, stvarnica vse ti ponudi,
le jemat' od nje ne zamudi!
Lenega čaka
strgan rokav,
pal'ca beraška,
prazen bokav.

Did Shakespeare Believe in Witches?

IT HAS been suggested that the hold of Shakespeare on the modern mind will be weakened by his use of dramatic apparitions which the future will regard with scorn.

In at least six of his greatest plays the eerie, the obscure, and the supernatural are used to influence human life. Fairies and sprites people several of the comedies. The magician wields strange powers over Nature. Soothsayers utter dark portents. Apparitions haunt the stage. Witches interpose to wreck the lives of men. But as there really are no magicians, or witches, or portents heralding fateful events, will these strange agents always remain acceptable in the drama?

A number of such questions flicker about the poet's monumental work. Why did he use the supernatural? Was he superstitious? Did he believe in his airy nothings?

Such questions cannot be answered with justice to the poet until we have realized the general state of men's minds when the plays were produced. His appeal was bound to be to his own time, with all its crudities of thought, knowledge, and interests. First and always he was the dramatist, presenting to his contemporaries his studies of human character in such forms as would most deeply impress them. The universal mind then harbored these beliefs, fears, and excitements in a degree now only dimly realized.

If we project ourselves by imagination and a little knowledge into Shakespeare's age we shall see how perfectly natural were his dramatic devices for bringing the supernatural on the stage. In centuries to come the student of Shakespeare, while marvelling at him as Mankind's Epitome writing for all Time, will also find an atmosphere in his plays that has a historical value, inasmuch as it reveals the general mental attitude of his own period. The minds of the people who thronged Shakespeare's theatre were more or less saturated with belief in these superstitions.

It could not be otherwise. Through all time and everywhere the mind of primitive man has been impressed deeply by seeming marvels which reason disclaims. To root out these illusions is one of the deepest purposes of education and religion. It is the slow work of thousands of years, for superstition is settled in the very bones of ignorance. It is cherished and shamelessly toyed with by vain and shallow people even now, in the midst of the most modern civilization.

Every mascot carried on a motor-car or on a football field bans those who parade it as closely akin in superstition with the rude savages of the African forest. Superstition lurks everywhere: in many of our thoughtless proverbs, at the card table, on the turf, even in business. At one time it was deepseated in religion.

Before Shakespeare's day there were special outbursts of strange beliefs. Witchcraft especially had its rampant period as an excitement appealing to weak minds. People who had little knowledge and many fears believed in witches implicitly, and from that belief came widespread hysteria and hallucinations, such as that men could be changed into animals. Some believed they had been so transformed themselves.

Some of these superstitions, such as witchcraft and the existence of "familiar spirits," crept into parts of the records of the Jewish race, and from them were incorporated in the Bible. That was quite enough to cause their acceptance by simple people who had no conception of how the Bible had been brought together. As superstition was mentioned in the Bible it was accepted by the Christian Church in all its varieties. The Church adopted the precept of the Jewish priesthood derived from heathen sources, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and Christian people engaged in a campaign of violent extermination.

In the Middle Ages witchcraft was classified as a heresy that must be extinguished by fire, and tens of thousands of poor creatures were burned. This belief in witchcraft, and all the horror and fear of it in other minds (for who could be sure of escaping when the mere look of a person was enough to cause an accusation to be made?), were in the very atmosphere, though somewhat modified, in Shakespeare's day.

Now look at Shakespeare in the presence of this underworld of belief in witches, in portents, in ghosts, in fairies, in magic powers, in mysterious potions that would simulate death. What should he do but use these conceptions which had for so long had a place in the thought of the community? These ideas had an influence that has projected some shadow of itself into our life today. Shakespeare was above all else a dramatist, with a marvellous consciousness of the heights and depths of human character, and his life-work was to illustrate that character in speech from the stage, assisted by any devices that might strengthen the effects of his dramatic powers. Of course he would use the idea of the supernatural as it throws a light on the stress of character when these influences were potent in earlier days.

But did he believe in them? Did he believe in witches? That question is unanswerable, like many others that seek to penetrate through the plays to the personality of the man himself. All who have set out to find the individual soul of Shakespeare through the words spoken by the characters in his plays have returned foiled. The poet so fully realized the character he was presenting and its place in the play, whether it were good or bad, strong or weak, heroic or paltry, with all the developments that must follow it, that there was no room for any intrusion of the man Shakespeare.

No one can judge by Shakespeare's apparitions what he thought about witchcraft. His witches have no likeness to anything human. They are malicious, airy ministers of evil who tempt only those who already have evil thoughts. Over honest

Banquo their spells are powerless. They can only hurry Macbeth down the slope to dishonor which in his thoughts he has already begun to tread. In the witch scenes in *Macbeth*, quite possibly introduced into the poet's one Scottish play because the silly Scottish king who had newly come to reign in England believed in witches, there is but a single line that has value as a reflection on witchcraft and is not needed to emphasize the evil purposes of the "midnight hags." That line may have some significance as showing Shakespeare's disbelief in the powers of the witches.

I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid;
Though his barque cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

The witch has power to annoy, but not to do permanent harm.

Shakespeare denies to the creatures of his fancy, brought into the play for his dramatic purposes, the right to control the graver issues of human destiny. There is no word in the play to show that he connects these supernatural agents with the downfall of *Macbeth*.

And well we may believe that Shakespeare, willing to use in his plays the idea of witchcraft, was far too wise to believe in it.

Whiteling's War with Isegrim

(A Russian Wonder Tale.)

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a "mužik" (peasant) who had a perfectly white dog, which he called Whiteling. Now Whiteling had struck up a great friendship with Isegrim, the Wolf, and one day each made a solemn promise never to betray the other in any of their stealings.

Not long after, Isegrim said to Whiteling one day, "I intend to make a call upon your master's swine to-night; so do not watch, but just lie as still as possible, and don't wake up the whole family with your barking, as you usually do, for you know that they would move heaven and earth to capture me."

"Kill all the swine, if you like," replied Whiteling; "I won't betray you."

Punctually at the night fall Isegrim, the Wolf, appeared and greeted Whiteling heartily, saying, "I gave you my word, and as you see, here I am."

"Get to work then," replied Whiteling, "you have nothing to fear from me."

Isegrim, the Wolf, crept cautiously to the pig pen. He had hardly begun his meal when the swine broke out in fearful squealings and gruntings. Whiteling at the house door, no sooner heard the noise than he began to bark with all his might, waking all the family.

"What makes our Whiteling howl so?" they said. "We must see what the trouble is."

So all the family went out, and hearing the squealing of the swine, they hastened to the pigpen. Peeping in they saw the wolf and set upon him with clubs and fists, beating him up so soundly that he barely escaped alive.

Waiting till the family had returned to bed, Isegrim crept back and seizing Whiteling by the throat, he cried: "Aha, I have caught you now! You promised that

you would not bark and then you broke your promise. I'll never forgive you. Just look at me once, what a plight I am in."

Whiteling began to beg. "Ah, let me go, dear, sweet brother Isegrim; forgive me just this once; I'll never do it again; come again and steal whenever you like; you may be perfectly sure of me."

"Will you ever play me another such trick?" asked Isegrim.

"Never, never again!" said Whiteling.

"Very well then," said the Wolf, "You may go free this time; but hold your tongue next time!"

A few days later Isegrim paid the swine a second visit, but he had hardly crept the pen when Whiteling set up a howl so loud and clear that all the household sprang out of bed to see what was the matter. A second time they found the Wolf, fell upon him, and beat him half dead. The unlucky visitor barely escaped with his life, and full of wrath, he hid behind the hedge and waited till the household were asleep. Then, seeing the Whiteling before the house door, he cried to him, "Just wait Whiteling; when you once fall into my clutches, your last half hour has struck. If you weren't just where you are, safe at the house door, I'd soon pay you off; but my time will come before long!"

Again Whiteling began to beg. "Dearest Isegrim, it is true that I have brought you into a terrible pickle, but don't kill me; let me go this time. I'll never do it again."

But the Wolf replied, "Neither now nor ever; you cheated me out of that meal of swine flesh, and three days from now you must meet me in a battle. I will summon my forces, and you summon yours—that is if you can muster any. If you don't show up, I'll soon know where to find you, and I'll drag you there myself."

"All right," returned Whiteling, "I'll be there for sure."

So Isegrim hastened away to get his troops together, and meeting the Wild Boar he said to him, "Will you be on my side? There is going to be war between me and Whiteling three days from now."

"Oh," replied the Wild Boar, "indeed I will be on your side!"

A little farther Isegrim met Master Petz, the Bear, told him the whole story, and begged him to be on his side. Petz most cheerfully promised his help.

Later he met Reinecke, the Fox, and told him the whole matter. Reinecke assured him that he can certainly count upon his help; how could he ever hesitate to stand by his old crony against the common enemy.

Then said Isegrim, "Now we are quite strong, but I must be a spy now and find out what forces Whiteling has. Then I will let you know that we are ready for war."

Isegrim betook himself to Whiteling's house, and standing in the lane looked over the edge. "Are you ready, Whiteling?" he asked. "Tomorrow is the day."

"I shall be ready," replied Whiteling in a tone of deepest dejection; "but tell me precisely, where is the battle to be?"

"You know very well," replied Isegrim; "Yonder under the tree we agreed upon."

"All right," said the Dog, and turned sorrowfully away to the other side of the farm yard. There the Tomcat met him and said: "Why, my dear Whiteling, what can be the matter, what makes you so sad?"

And Whiteling answered, "My dear Grimalkin, I am in trouble. Will you come to my aid?"

"Why, what are you talking about?" asked the Cat surprised.

"Just think of it," replied the Dog, "tomorrow I have to fight Isegrim."

"Oh, oh, my Whiteling, cheer up. I'll stand by you to death. Just go to friend Quacker, the Drake, and engage his help." With a lighter heart Whiteling sought friend Quacker and begged his friendly aid.

"To be sure, to be sure; I am your comrade. Why should I leave a friend in distress? Go to friend Ganner, the Gander, and ask him to take a part in the war."

So said and so done. The Gander said thus: "Of course, why should I not be ready for help? Aren't you our guard every night to keep Reinecke away?"

"Now," said Whiteling, "I think we are strong enough."

Early next morning Isegrim met his allies upon the battle field under the tree. He hid the Wild Boar beneath a thick bed of moss, and bade Reinecke to climb upon the tree, saying, "You must be our sentinel, Master. Watch carefully when Whiteling appears with his troop and tell us secretly. You, too, Petz, must scramble up the tree, and I will crouch down in ambush behind the trunk."

Meanwhile Whiteling was disposing his forces, "Grimalkin and Ganner, you are the infantry. I see that your weapon is ready, Grimalkin (for Grimalkin held his tail upright as if it were a gun); and you, Ganner, must hiss your very best. Quacker, you shall be the drummer. I reserve to myself the command."

So Whiteling and his comrades went gayly to the battle—Whiteling and his drummer in front, Grimalkin and Ganner bringing up the rear. Quacker drummed the prettiest, "Quack-quack, quack-quack!" The Gander hissed and the Tomcat strutted along in dignified silence, carrying his tail straight upright.

When Reinecke perceived the approaching company he cried to Isegrim, "Cousin, cousin, here come two soldiers with a drummer and a captain!"

"What do you say?" asked Isegrim in dismay.

"I say, here come two soldiers with a drummer and a captain," replied Reinecke. "The soldier is loading his gun, he takes aim, he is about to fire . . ."

"Alas! woe be to us, poor fellows," moaned the Wild Boar under the moss. "It's all over with us! We fight with unequal forces!"

"Courage, courage, fellows," cried Isegrim, trying to rally his troops; "just bear yourselves bravely; all is not lost; we'll attack them."

In the midst of all this confusion Whiteling and his troop reached the spot unperceived. Grimalkin, catching a glimpse of the Wild Boar's ear sticking out of the moss, took it for a mouse, and springing upon it, bit into it with his sharp teeth. The Wild Boar sprang up in terror and took wildly to flight, while Grimalkin, no less terrified, scrambled frantically up the tree into the very face of Master Petz. The Bear, not prepared for this unexpected encounter, lost his balance, tumbled to the ground, and killed himself in the fall. More frightened than ever, the Tomcat scrambled blindly up to the tree-top.

"Now, it's my turn," thought Reinecke to himself, and immediately tumbled down in afright. Grimalkin tumbled after, while the Drake kept drumming, Quack-quack, quack-quack, quack-quack!" and Ganner hissed with all his might. Thus was Isegrim's host shamefully routed. The Wolf himself, however, still covered behind the tree, his head buried in the moss.

When the besiegers had withdrawn, Isegrim's scattered forces drew together and began to count their soars. Said Master Petz, "More dead than alive from my heavy fall, I hereby managed to make my escape."

"A piece of my ear is gone," said the Boar. "He cut it off with his sword."

"Let us be thankful, fellows," concluded Reinecke, "that we are no worse off, for if they had been able to fire off one more cannon, we should have been hopelessly lost!"



A Little Garden of Good Things

THE POSSESSION THAT WILL NOT PASS AWAY.

LET NO youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out.

Silently, between all the details of his business, the power of judging in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away.

William James.

BE NOT PROUD.

BE NOT arrogant because of thy knowledge, and have no confidence in that thou art a learned man. Take counsel with the ignorant as with the wise, for the limits of art cannot be reached and no artist fully possesseth his skill. A good discourse is more hidden than the precious green stone, and yet is found with slave-girls over the millstones.

From a schoolbook in Old Egypt.

JOY TO ALL.

THE Tibetans are fond of decorating the bridges, the roads, and the peculiarly beautiful stones of their country with inscriptions of a religious, philosophical, and poetic character. Some travellers have thought proper to ridicule that custom. I find it impossible to follow them.

A few lines of delicate poetry, a page of a philosophical treatise, such as one sees engraved on certain rocks in Tibet, even a strip of paper hung above a river, or swinging in the air at the top of a pass, bearing the old Sanskrit wish *Jow to all*, seems to me greatly preferable to the advertisements of whisky and ham which decorate the roads of Western countries.

A. David Neel.

A MISTAKE OF GOOD PEOPLE?

EVERY day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally in trying to pull fallen people up instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them; and in always spending their pains on the worst instead of on the best material.

John Ruskin.

**Dear Readers:**

Of course, you will have noticed that there are some letters which have to wait for the next issue. We are very sorry that we have no room for them, and will print them in the next number. You see, we are given a certain space within which we are limited, and we must first be absolutely sure that the volume of correspondence will maintain its present height before we can think of enlarging the paper. Naturally, we publish those things that seem to us the most important first and the rest follows. It is for this reason that there are several poems and illustrations that have to wait for publication. Nevertheless, do not cease to write letters to the "Juvenile" and, above all, secure new subscribers.

The Editor.

* * *

THE COWBOYS

Out where the cowboys are big and tall,
And aren't afraid of nothing at all,
They could grab a bear in half a minute,
Grab a sack and stick him in it.
As I was going town the path
My true love for to see,
I met a four-legged grizzly bear
And the grizzly, he met me.
"Move along, Mr. Bear," I kindly called,
But he said, "No," and shook his head.
Then I ups with my forty-five, and fills him full
of lead.

Best regards to all.

Eddie Homar,
Sublet, Wyo., Box 94.

MY OLD BRASS WATCH

I won a brass watch selling soap
By the name of Goblen Clenser,
A lady gives you an order,
Which the Co. gladly sends her.

It wasn't such a little watch,
In fact, a watch—pocket wouldn't hold it,
I had several small offers when it was new,
But I never actually sold it.

It took nearly five minutes to wind it
And then it went with such violence,
I could tell when it needed more winding
Just merely by sudden silence.

Instead of going tick-tuck-tick
It went more like nock-nock-nock,
So in a dark room all by itself
It gave the effect of a clock.

It went nine hours without winding
And kept that up till it dropped,
And the only time it told
Was the time when it stopped.

Elizabeth Kalina,

Age 15, Lodge 115, Joliet, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I have read numerous articles about the coal strikes in Pa. and some in Colorado. Our SNPJ lodges have been doing a lot to help the poor striking miners by collecting money and also clothing for them. In the Ml. list I read where a member has written about the strikes and about their torn clothing which cannot keep them warm.

In the Ml. list I think there has been a great improvement in letter writing at least. If every member of our Juvenile Department of our Society could spare some time every month to tell something or other, there would be no urging needed. We should at least contribute a letter, each, because look at what the SNPJ is doing for the benefit of the young members, so they can have a word or two of appreciation for the Society.

I remain a loyal member of the SNPJ,

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

* * *

MLADINSKI LIST

Full of stories, full of joy,
Gladness to every girl and boy,
I wish it would come every day,
A month is—Oh! So far away.

Its stories and its poems delight me so—
It really makes everyone happy, I know,
With its chatter box and riddles, too—
It makes you happy if you are blue.

But to have this magazine, it's up to you
To do your best to pull it through,
To make it the best in all the land,
Everyone must lend a willing hand.

Some say, "Oh, I cannot write."
But try, yes' try, with all your might.
It'll soon be as easy as it is to play,
If you keep on practicing every day.

This, boys and girls, is my plea,
Maybe all of it you won't see,
Boost the "Mladinski List" along,
Make the editor sing a happier song.

Yours truly,

Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wis.

* * *

Dear Editor:

After looking through the magazine I saw there was not a letter from Oklahoma, and you can all imagine my feelings.

Oklahoma, as many other states, is suffering from the coal strike. My daddy has not worked for a long time, like many other miners. Many people left Oklahoma and went to Illinois and Michigan, but made no a headway.

I go to St. Michaels High School and am a "freshie" (9th grade). We are giving a play at school and I have a leading part. I love school, and my teachers are Sisters, very nice to us. My daddy is secretary of the SNPJ of Henryetta.

I play saxophone and ukulele in our school orchestra.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Rose Yellen,

Henryetta, Okla., Box 554.

WINTER'S GOING!

Winter's going and spring time's near,
The birds will be singing for us to hear.
And oh! What a lot of fun we'll have
And we'll be happy and laugh, laugh, laugh,
Because winter's going away
And we'll be able to play all day!

Yours sincerely, an SNPJ member,

Mary A. Gross.

* * *

THE HEROIC DOG

He was a little lonely dog
Whom everybody kicked,
Though when their way he found in fog,
Their hands he only licked.

One day a little boy went past,
He saw the little dog,
He called and begged and very fast
He hid behind a log.

The little dog sniffed here and there,
And found at last the boy,
Lost from thought and woe and care,
He only dreamed of joy.

Across the ground glided a snake,
The little dog did know,
He tried his best the boy to wake,
And, oh, he woke so slow!

The dog dragged him with all his might,
And he began to cry,
And then began the awful fight
With dog and snake so sly.

The snake was sly, but not too sly
To bite the little dog,
So he ran very fast to die
Content, in his home, the log.

The little boy was very glad
And safe he knew he was,
He called the little dog his "Lad,"
And minds he always does.

The little dog was very proud,
And looked in through the screen,
And tried to bark, oh, very loud!
And make his collar seen!

Sent by Nellie Cvelbar, Absher, Mont.

* * *

Frances Kochevar from West Frankfort, Ill., writes:

I don't believe I saw more than three boys' names in the magazine last month. You better watch yourselves, boys, before you are called lazy again.

Dear Editor:

There are many strike-breakers here. My father is an old miner, for he worked twenty-two years in Fitz Henry mine, but now, since they are scabbing, he hasn't worked for three years; but he will still 'stick' to the union.

We go to school with strike-breakers and they call us "rednecks," but we do not care, for they will be sorry some day; for I hope the union will win.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Pauline Kolenc,
Smithton, Pa., Box 272.

* * *

THE SPRING

The Springtime is coming,
The Springtime is coming;
Flowers are coming up,
The birds are coming from the south.

The grass is getting green,
The blue birds are here.
The snow is almost all gone.
The sun is shining brightly.

Mary R. Stonich, Pueblo, Colorado.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am in the seventh grade, and am fourteen years of age. I have five sisters and four brothers. One of my sisters is going to the Marquette Normal.

I cannot read or write Slovene very well, but I hope to learn it.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Annie Knaus,
Traunick, Mich., Box 27.

* * *

A JOKE.

Pat: "Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

Mike (carrying a paint can): "I'm going to paint my fence and it says on this can: 'To obtain best results, put on at least three coats.'"

* * *

Dear Editor:

My sisters are writing to the Ml. list. I am writing this: Once I saw a little cat sitting on a fence, looking with his big black eyes, staring at a mouse. "Who is there," said the mouse.—"I am the cat."—"Oho, oh, oho! I'm afraid of you. Then I must go home and see mama."

John Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am going to take the final "exams" this Spring and I surely do wish I pass. We are going to have a dance for the strikers, that is, the money goes to the poor people. S. N. P. J. also is included in this bunch that holds the dance. I wish some one would write to me.

Sara Kern, Box 31, Export, Pa.

Joe Merinac, from El Moro, Colorado, Box 37, writes this:

The people here started to plow their fields and planting their gardens. They are picking the dandelions and are preparing to do what they can to get in a hurry to get their fields plowed.

My father has been on a strike for 5 months and got a job in Delagua, Colorado, on March 7, 1928.

Here is a joke:

One day two boys were very mean in school. Their names were John and Tony. The teacher said that they must write the name of their birthplace hundred times. Tony had to write Erie and John had to write Sacramento. The teacher looked over the row and saw tears in John's eyes, and asked him what was the matter. John said that it was "not fair; Tony has a short word and I have a long word."

I wish other members would write to me.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am seven years old and am in the second grade. I like the school.

I like the Mladinski list very much. But I do not know how to read and write Slovene. My mother is teaching me reading and writing Slovene now. I wish I'll learn it soon. Arithmetic is the hardest thing, but it's my hobby.

Mary Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I hope you all enjoy reading this first letter of mine, as I enjoy reading others. We are all members of the SNPJ lodge No. 69. I wish the Mladinski list would come once a day instead of once a month. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade in the Junior High School.

I wish some members would write to me.

Mollie Paucnick, Eveleth, Minn., Box 535.

* * *

SPRING SONG

Spring, come hither,
Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
Sweet Spring goes.

Summer soars,—
Wide-winged day;
White light pours,
Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
Westward born;
Onward go
Toward the morn.

Sent by **Dorothy Matelich,**
943 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I have written to several members from the other states. I received letters and was very glad to hear from them.

I would like very much to thank Frances Blazic and a few others for the postcards they sent me.

I also express my sympathy for those who are enduring the hardships of the strikes that are going on in Penna. and Colorado.

Too bad the miners won't let Frank Hafner Jr. attend the local meetings. I think he would enjoy listening to what the miners have to say. But he has to wait till he's older, and then the strike will be over.

I wish the members will write to me, for I will very willingly answer anyone who will write to me. Here is my address: **Sylvia Klune,**

Box 958, Chisholm, Minnesota.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I have one brother and one sister; we all belong to the SNPJ. Our lodge number is forty-four.

I have a joke:

Johnny: "Do you have a pig?"

Jimmy: "Yes, we call him ink, because it runs out of pen." **Ruth Zabric, Park Hill, Pa.**

* * *

PUZZLES

1. Beheading.

Complete, the child of grace you see,
Beheaded, I'm an injury;
Again beheaded, 'tis most true
I shall be found a part of you.
Then take the trouble to transpose,
An animal I shall disclose;
Transpose again, and you will find
I still to evil am inclined.

*

2. Riddles.

- What has four fingers and a thumb and has neither flesh, bone, nor nail?
- Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?
- What musical instrument invites you to fish?
- What has three feet and yet cannot run?
- Which is the most moral musical instrument?
- When does a seed resemble a post?

RIDDLES.

1. Green as clover, white as snow, red as blood, and all the children like it.

2. Who carries always his house with him?
Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

What word can be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?

* * *

ANSWERS

TO THE MARCH PUZZLES.

1. Changed Word.

SING

SINK

SANK

TANK

TALK

*

2. Enigma.

SAND

*

3. Word Diamond.

S

ATE

STAND

END

D

* * *

Answer to the Riddle of Helen Gorsha, Universal, Ind.:

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

Solved by:

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Michigan.

Mary Matos, Blaine, O.

Ruth Zabric, Park Hill, Pa.

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

* * *

Puzzle by Frank Videgar, from La Salle, Ill.
Replace the numbers by letters in a logical order:

13	12	1	4	9	14	19	11	9
----	----	---	---	---	----	----	----	---

12	9	19	20
----	---	----	----

Other letters were written by the following members:

Ernest Hefferle, Herminie, Pa.

Angela Zupan, Hazle Park, Michigan.

Johanna Hlebčar, So. Lorain, Ohio.

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

Joe Marimac, El Moro, Colo.

Martha E. Bleckack, Bridgeville, Pa.

Anna Brazic, Maynard, Ohio.

Robert Furlan, Rockwood, Pa.

Frances Mildred Martincic, Strabane, Pa.

Ralph Beniger, Export, Pa.

Antonia Srebot, Cleveland, Ohio.

Helen Sternisha, Joliet, Illinois.

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