

MLADINSKI LIST

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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

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ŠTEV. 1.

Na zdar, mladi prijatelji!

Ali mar nismo res prijatelji? Komaj pol leta izhaja Mladinski List, pa si je pridobil že toliko zvestih prijateljev in prijateljic. Celi kupi pisem jasno pričajo, kako si je znal Mladinski list poiskati mesta v Vaših mladih srcih.

Da, prijatelji smo, in prijatelji ostanemo!

Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota, ki si je stavila razen vzvišene naloge pomagati v stiski in nesreči še drugo važno nalogo, namreč vzgajati in izobraževati, je čula Vaše želja, da bi naj list pogosteje izhajal; videla je Vaše zanimanje in ljubezen in ugodila Vam je.

Današnja številka obsega 32 strani—to je enkrat več kot prej. Vsaka druga številka bo izšla na 32. straneh. Radi priročnosti je oblika lista nekoliko zmanjšana. Shranite si vse številke, koncem leta pa si jih dajte vezati in imeli boste krasno knjigo. Nekateri ste želeli, da bi list izhajal dvakrat na mesec. Ker je pa dvakratno izdajanje združeno s prevelikimi poštnimi stroški, bo list izhajal kot doslej enkrat na mesec, a kakor omenjeno, na več straneh. Ni pa seveda izključeno, da ne bi list kasneje izhajal dvakrat mesečno. Toda ako hočete to doseči, morate ostati vsi zvesti listu in mu po moči pridobiti čim več novih naročnikov.

Vzemite v roko Vaš Mladinski list in čitajte ga. Čitajte vse, vsako številko. Dobra knjiga—in Mladinski list je dobra knjiga!—nam kaže pot v čudovite dežele, nas seznanja z največjimi duhovi, ki so kedaj živeli. Knjiga nas povede tisoč in tisočletja nazaj, kaže nam razvoj in napredek človeštva, odkriva nam silne tajnosti narave. Knjiga omogočuje vsakemu človeku, da lahko spoznava naravo in njene nespremenljive zakone, da si lahko prisvaja misli velikih učencev, pisateljev in drugih slavnih mož, in da se na ta način spopolnjuje.

Berite kadarkoli imate čas. Utisnite si v Vaša mlada srca vse, karkoli boste brali plemenitega in lepega, koristnega in podučnega. Berite Mladinski list, ki je Vaš list. Našli boste v njem vedno dovolj zabave, pouka in utehe. Vse, kar berete, si vzemite k srcu, kajti ti zakladi, ki si jih naberete v srcu, Vam bodejo rodili obilen sad.

Pozdravljeni, mladi prijatelji!

UREDNIK.

Simon Jenko:

Zimski dan.

Solnce se od daleč skriva,
vrana leta okrog hiše,
tanek veter zunaj piše,
tla pa debel sneg pokriva.

Tam na klancu je vse živo,
vkup so iz vasi otroci,
vsak seni v premrli roci
vozi in drži se krivo.

Starec zre iz gorke hiše
in spomin se mu posili,
dni preišlja, ki so bili,
in na tihem solze briše.

J. Stritar:

Snežak.



OGLEJTE našega možá,
ni kmalu takega junaka:
od nog do glave iz snegá
naredili smo ga, snežaka.

Ves bel, le črne mu oči,
iz ogla, gledajo srdito;
kdor mimo gre, se ga boji,
tako ponaša se mastito!

Kako se modro mož drži,
z očmi ne trene in ne gane;
po koncu korenjak stoji,
in kakor je, tako ostane.

Le jednega, snežak, se boj:
Ko solnce gorko v te posije,
tvoj lepi nos, život ves tvoj
stopi, scedi se in razlije.



Prav je imel.

SADJA ni nihče tako rad jedel kakor Župljev Ivan. Posebno so mu ugajala jabolka, tista rdeča s stare, kri-ve jablane sredi vrta. Pa je imela tista jablana tudi res okusen sad. In kdo bi si to mislil? Saj je bila že na treh krajih podprta in stara, tako stara!

Mene je vsekakor vzradostil pogled na Ivanov obraz, kadar je pokazal tiste bele, zdrave zobe rdečemu sadu. Ej, da ste ga videli! Tekmovala sta takrat Ivanov obraz pa rdeča jabolka.

Pa kaj bi vam vse to pravil! Mogoče, da komu zbudim prezgodnje želje po jabolkih in hruškah, tistih rumenih, ki se tako prijetno smejejo po drevju ko priroma jesen.

O Ivanu pa moram povedati še nekaj, preden vam napišem zgodovino njegovega ptičjega gnezda. V šoli je bil čul, da so ptice največje prijateljice sadnega drevja, zato pa naprej povem, da zopet ni nihče ptic tako rad imel kot Ivan.

I.

Zima je še bila. Drevje je molelo še gole veje v zrak — liki koščene roke. Ivan je sedel v gorki sobi in rezal, zbijal in žagal.

“I, kaj boš?”

“Boste že videli, ko bo gotovo,” se je odrezal in delal dalje.

Pet deščic si je pripravil, ličnih in gladkih. Zbil jih je skupaj, tako da je bilo vse podobno hišici. V prednji deščici je izvrtal s svodrom tako veliko luknjo, da bi bilo lahko vtaknilo vanjo dete, staro eno leto, svojo ročico. Pod to luknjo je napravil manjšo, v katero je vtaknil paličico.

“I, kaj boš pa vendar naredil?” ga je vprašala sestra Rezika.

“Boš že videla. To bo veselje! Ko bo gotovo, ti povem, kaj bo.”

Vzel je nato precej dolg drog in nanj trdno pribil leseno hišico. Zbežal je nato pod streho, kjer so imele kokoši gnezda.

“Graha se mavsa,” je mrmral, ko je lezel po lestvi. “Gotovo dobim kaj perja.”

In ni se motil. Kmalu se je vrnil s polno pestjo perja v sobo in ga lepo nastlal v izgotovljeno hišico.

“No, sedaj ti pa povem, Rezika, kaj je to! Ali veš, da vali v oni krivi jablani sredi vrta vedno isti par spomladi mladiče?”

“Kaj potem?”

“Pozimi je sneg odkrehnul ravno tisto vejo, v kateri je bila luknja za gnezdo. Kako bi bila stara dva žalostna, ko se vrne- ta in bi ne našla več prijetnega stanovanja! Napravil sem jima gnezdo, da se bosta veselila in naselila vanj. Ah, še znašati jima ne bo nič treba, sem že jaz dejal v gnezdo perja.”

“Pojdi, pojdi, naselila se bosta — pa v tvojem gnezdu!”

“Bomo videli! Tako sta prijazna in domača, pa bi se ne!”

“Boš že videl!”

“No, no!”

“Ah, to bo prijetno! Stara bosta iskala gosenic in črvov in jih nosila mladičem, jaz jih bom pa opazoval. Boš videla, Rezika, da bo tako!”

II.

Tisto leto je bila gorka pomlad. Zgodaj so prihajale selilke v naše kraje. Nena- vadno kmalu je sililo cvetje iz zemlje. No, sušec in mali traven pa že tako morata malo ponagajati. — Ivan je že vse pripravil. Nesel je narejeno gnezdo na jablano in ga pritrnil tam, kjer je bila prej luknja.

Toda lepo pomladno solnce se je skrilo za oblake, in iz njih so pričele tihotapski padati zopet snežinke.

“Ah, koliko ga je zopet!” je vzdihoval Ivan. Hitel je na vrt in vzel gnezdo z drevesa, da se ne zmoči v njem mehko perje.

“Zdaj bi bilo pa že dosti tega snega! Mo- ža ne grem več delat.”

Pa sneg ni slušal Ivana. Šel je s tako trdovratnostjo kot nikdar prej... Toda dnevi so mu bili šteti. Zasolzil se je kmalu v vse ogrevajočih solčnih žarkih in ginil, ginil...

V deželo je romal vihroviti mali traven. No, saj sem že prej rekel! Svojo komedijo je moral prirediti. Veter se je zaganjal v vrhove golih dreves, pogledal malo po dimnikih, če so že iz njih izginile velikonočne

klobase in slanina, če je še v njih kako pleče ali druga taka reč. A upehal se je kmalu, saj je prihajal oni vseoživljajoči čas, ko nas vzradošča prerojena природа s svojim živim čarom, saj je bila zima za nami, saj je prišel večnolepi maj!

III.

Ivanovo gnezdo je bilo že zdavnaj zopet na jablani. Pa ni bilo niti jutra, da bi ne bil Ivan na vrtu. Nekega jutra pa ni vedel, naj bi li same radosti vriskal ali preobračal kozolce. Na palici pred njegovim gnezdom je sedela njegova stara znanka od lanjskega leta. Zvedavo je pogledoval stari, stopicajoč po bližnji vejici, na to novo napravo, češ: "To-le bi pa ne bilo napačno! Stara, kar zleti noter! Ali ne, čakaj, da prej pogledam, kaj je to pravzaprav!"

In zletel je v gnezdo.

Ivan pa se je prekopicnil po vrtu.

"Ogledal sem si vse. Mehko je nastlano, dež ne bo prihajal noter. Prav prijetno! Stara, sedaj pa kar začniva!"

"Misliš, naj bi ostala tu?"

"I kaj pa! Nobene nevarnosti ni!"

In zletela je samica v gnezdo, in poskočil je Ivan pod drevesom. Bil je neizrečeno vesel.

"Le čakaj, Rezika!" si je mislil. "Nič ji ne povem prej, dokler se ne naselita moja stara v gnezdu in dokler ne začno v njem čivkati mladiči. Potem pa jo povedem na vrt in ji porečem: "Ali nisem pravil?"

IV.

Lepo jutro je, kakršno si morete misliti samo spomladi. Rahlo dihaajo pomladni vetrovi in božajo glavice pestrobojnih cvetlic. Po travi se leskeče jutranja rosa, ptiči se

bude, cvetlice dvigajo glavice. Zlata zarja se razliva po jutranjem vzduhu. Solnce vzhaja.

Ob vrtni ograji stojita Ivan in Rezika. Slovesno se drži Ivan, pričakujoče gleda na staro jablano Rezika.

"Boš videla, kaj sem ti pravil! Ali čuješ cvrčanje v gnezdu?"

"Ali so res notri?"

"Res, res, saj sem naprej vedel!"

"Pa si jih že videl?"

"Na jablano nočem iti, ker bi se me ustrašili, a notri so!"

"Pazi! Stari prihaja."

Po zraku je švignil stari, iz gnezda pa se je prikazala gola glavica s široko odprtim kljunom.

"Ah, pa res! Vidiš, stari nese črva mladičem za zajterk! Ne bila bi verjela!"

"Jaz sem pa vedel, saj sem poznal stara dva. Ej, kako sta krotka, prav nič se ne bojita!"

Iz hleva je poklical oče: "Ivan!"

"Kaj?"

"Na krave malo pazi, da ne napravijo škode na vrtu. Gnoj bomo vzeli iz hleva, da ga izvozimo na njive, in živino bom spustil ven!"

Švignil je Ivan z bičem po zraku, se nasmil veselo na ograjo pa gledal proti hlevu, od koder je veselo priskakala mlada telica in več druge rejene živine.

Na vežnem pragu se je pokazala mati.

"Ali nisem pravil?" je vzkliknil Ivan in kahal na gnezdo.

"Ptiči so se naselili v njem," je žvrgolela Rezika in dostavila: "Ah, Ivan je pa res imel prav!"

Andrej Rape.



Ilija Muromec.

V slavnem mestu Muromov je živel poljedelec Ivan Timofejevič, kateri je imel sina. Rekli so mu Ilija Muromcov. Ta je sedel v otročjem stolčku (kakor pač sedi deca) trideset let, in ko je minulo trideset let, je začel hoditi in čutil je v sebi veliko silo. Naredil si je popolno vojaško opremo, skoval si ostro sulico ter zajahal čilega viteškega konja.

Na to je šel k očetu in materi, da bi mu dovolili podati se v svet, rekoč: "Oče moj in mati moja! pustite me v slavno mesto Kijev, da se poklonim kijevskemu knezu." Oče in mati sta ga pustila z besedami: "Pojdi naravnost v Kijev skozi mesto Černigov, toda med potjo ne prelivaj po nepotrebnem krvi." Ilija Muromec je sprejel svarilo, se poslovil od očeta in matere ter se podal na pot. Že dolgo časa je jahal in prispel do temnega gozda. Tukaj je nalezl na tabor razbojnikov. Ko so ti zapazili Ilija Muromca in njegovega viteškega konja, so se čudili, da še nikdar niso videli takega, in hoteli so mu konja odvzeti. Kar naenkrat pograbi Ilija Muromec iz tulca otrovano pušico, in vloži jo v napeti lok. Pušica je zažvižgala, razbojniki so se preplašili, stopili so v krog, padli na kolena in prosili: "Gospod naš si, hrabri junak! Odpusti nam in za našo krivdo nam naloži globo kakršno hočeš. Če hočeš, celo čredo konj si vzemi." Ilija se je nasmehnil ter rekel: "Nič ne potrebujem. Vendar pa, ako hočete živiti ostati, ne drznite si kaj takega več storiti!" Nato se je podal dalje proti slavnemu mestu Kijev.

Ko je dospel do mesta Černigova, je zapazil, da stoji pred mestom vojska turška, katera hoče mesto uropati, svete stvari zažgati in vojvodo černigovskega odpeljati v ujetništvo. Vkljub temu, da se je Ilija zgrozil nad tako veliko vojsko, se je vendar odločil žrtvovati se za svojo domovino. Spustil se je pogumno v sovražnika in je vse pobil, a careviča Turkov je zajel in ga pripeljal v Černigov. Celo mesto ga je z navdušenjem pozdravljalo, in sam knez in vojvoda černigovski je dobrega mladeniča slavno sprejel ter se mu zahvalil, da mu je

mesto ohranil in ga otel od sovražnikovih čet.

Sedaj je Ilija Muromec nadaljeval svojo pot naravnost proti Kijevu in sicer po cesti, katera je bila že trideset let zasedena od razbojnika Slavika, kateri ni propustil nikogar, ki je prišel; ni sicer ubijal z mečem, pač pa s svojim groznim razbojniškim žvižgom. Ko je prišel Ilija Muromec v široko polje, je naenkrat zapazil sledove razbojnikov. Jahaje po njih je prišel do gozda bijanskega k reki Smorodina. Razbojnik Slavik čuteč svoj konec, ni hotel pustiti Ilijo k sebi bliže kakor za dvajset verst, in je zažvižgal s svojim razbojniškim žvižgom. Vendar viteško srce Ilijevo se ni ustrašilo. In ko je Ilija prijezdil na deset verst k Slaviku, je zažvižgal ta tako strašno, da se je pod Ilijo konj skoraj zgrudil. In prijezdil je Ilija pod samo razbojniško gnezdo, katero je bilo zvito na dvanajstih štorih. Razbojnik Slavik sedeč v svojem gnezdu, je zagledavši velikoruskega viteza, zažvižgal z vso močjo, hoteč usmrtiti Ilijo. Ilija je snel napeti lok, vložil v njega otrovano pušico in jo sprožil v Slavikovo gnezdo. Prestrelil ga je, in razbojnik je padel iz gnezda kakor ovsen snop. Ilija Muromec je vzdignil razbojnika, ga privezal k svojemu jeklenemu pasu, nakar je potoval dalje proti Kijevu.

Na potu je prišel k dvoru razbojnika Slavika. Z okna so gledale tri hčere razbojnikov. Ko je najmlajša zapazila Ilijo, je rekla svojim sestram: "Atek gre s koristnega dela in vleče mužika privezanega k pasu." Toda starejša ozrši se skozi okno je gorko zajokala. "To ni naš atek, to je tuj človek, kateri vleče našega ateka!" In pozvale so hčere svoje svoje rekoč: "Mili naši možje, pojdite tujcu naproti in osvobodite ateka. Ne dopuščajte, da bi nas osramotil!"

In možje njihovi, hrabri junaki, zasedli so svoje iskre konje ter se spustili proti velikoruskemu junaku, hoteč ga nasaditi na svoje sulice. Toda razbojnik Slavik se jim je oglasil: "Dragi moji zetje! Ne dražite tako pogumnega viteza, kateri Vas lahko vse



Ilija Muromec pred Kijevem.

usmrti; raje ga prosite, naj bi šel v moj dom na čašo rujnega vina." Na njih prošnjo je šel Ilija v njihov dom, nevedoč njihovih slabih namenov. Starejša hči je imela pripravljen na verigah nad vrati težak kamen, hoteč ga spustiti na Ilijevo glavo, toda ta opazivši njene nakane, je vrgel za njo svojo ostro sulico.

Ko je prišel Ilija Muromec v Kijev, se je podal naravnost na knezov dvor in vstopil je v belo-kameno palačo, da bi se knezu poklonil. Knez kijevski ga je sprejel ter ga vprašal: "Prav, dobri mladenič, kako se zoveš in od kod si?" Muromec mu je odgovoril: "Zovejo me Ilijo, po očetu Ivanov, rojen sem v mestu Muromu." Knez ga je vprašal dalje: "Kod si prišel z Muroma?"

"Skozi Černigov, pred katerim sem potolkel vojsko Turkov; od tod sem jahal dalje in ujel sem mogočnega razbojnika Slavika, katerega sem pripeljal oмотanega k železnemu pasu."

Knez se je razljutil te zakričal: "Kaj lažeš!" Ko so to slišali vitezi Aleša, Popovič in Dobrin Nikitič, so se šli prepričati. In zagotovili so viteza, da govori Ilija resnico. Knez je zapovedal prinesiti Iliju čašo zelenega vinca ter se mu je zahotelo slišati razbojniški žvižg. Ilija je zavil kneza in kneginjo v sobolov kožuh, ter ju vzel pod pazduho. Nato je poklical Slavika ter mu zapovedal, naj zažvižga samo z žvižgem slavca. A Slavik je zažvižgal s celim razbojniškim glasom tako močno, da so dvorjani oglušeni popadali na tla. Zato je Ilija Slavika ubil.

Ilija Muromec se je pobratil z Dobrim Nikitičem. Nato sta si osedlala dobra konja ter se spustila v široko polje. Tri mesece sta jahala, ne da bi naletela na kakega sovražnika. Naenkrat pa srečata cestnega berača; ta je bil oblečen v petdeset

pudov težko obleko, njegov klobuk je tehtal devet pudov in palico je imel deset kolcev dolgo. Ilija Muromec se je zaletel v njega hoteč poskusiti z njim svojo viteško moč. Berač videč ga, je spregovoril: "Hoj, ti si Ilija Muromec! Kaj ne pomniš, da sva skupaj v šolo hodila, in sedaj se na mene berača zaletavaš na konju, kakor na kakega sovražnika! Kaj ne veš, da je na slavno mesto Kijev prišla velika nesreča? Prišel je tja neverni močni vitez, nečisti Idoliš, kateri ima glavo kakor kotel od piva, pleča na tri korake široka in obrvi ena od druge za peden oddaljene. Sne vedno bika in popije kotel piva. Knez kijevski zelo obžaluje, da ga si pustil v taki nezgodi." Ilija Muromec ogrne beračev plašč, ter se poda naravnost v knezov dvor, kjer je zakričal z viteškim glasom: "Hoj knez kijevski! pošli beraču miloščino."

In knez zapazivši ga, je rekel: "Pojdi k meni v palačo, berač. Jaz te nasitim, najpojim in darilo v zlatu ti dam na pot."

Berač je vstopil v knezovo palačo, stopil k peči ter se oziral. Idoliš je hotel jesti. Prinesli so mu celega pečenega bika, in snedel ga je s kostmi vred. Potem je hotel piti. Dvanajst ljudi mu je prineslo kotel piva, katerega je vzel za uha ter ga izpraznil. Ilija Muromec je rekel: "Moj očka je imel požrešno kobilo; nekoč se je preobjedla ter poginila." Tega pa Idoliš ni mogel prenesti in je rekel: "Oj ti cestni berač, zakaj me dražiš? Potrebujem te samo v roke vzeti! Menda nisi kakor Ilija Muromec, pa tudi s tem bi se hotel poizkusiti?"

"No tak glej, kak je!" je rekel berač in odvrnil klobuk; udaril ga je malo, samo nalabko in že je zletel Idoliš skozi veliko luknjo v steni. Zato je knez Ilijo Muromca počastil z velikimi pohvalami in ga uvrstil med slavne, mogočne viteze.

Zanimivosti iz kraljestva števil.

Le polagoma se je razodelo človeštvu kraljestvo števil. Pač so že spoznavali stari narodi razne množine predmetov in jih tudi poskušali šteti tj. vrstiti enoto k enoti, ali kmalu pa jim je začelo primanjkovati besed, kakor se to godi še danes otroku, ki hoče preštevši prste obeh rok, prodreti še dalje v temno kraljestvo večjih števil. Mnogim starim narodom se je posrečilo štetje s tem, da so vršili to po sistemih in redovanju števil, katere so na posebne načine kupičili v določene množine. Pri kulturnih narodih je izhajalo štetje iz temeljnega števila 10 in je ta dekadično decimalni sistem tudi še danes večinoma povsod udomačen. Grška beseda "deka" pomeni deset, katero število se je vzelo kot temelj za tvorbo večjih številnih skupin, pri čemer je višje število vedno desetkratnik prejšnjega, nižjega števila. Tako je število 100 desetkratnik od števila 10, ter 1000 zopet desetkratnik od števila 100 in tako dalje v dekadah v brezmejne veličine.

Nasprotno pa, če delimo 1 celoto na 10 enakih delov, dobimo desetine in vsako desetino zopet na 10 delov, dobimo stotine i. t. d. Ta števila desetine, stotine, tisočine i. dr. pa zovemo desetinske ali decimalne ulomke, kateri izraz izvira od latinske besede "decem" — deset.

Ta dekadični sistem celih števil in decimalni sistem ulomkov je bil vpeljan najprvo na Francoskem kot predpisana državna mera, kar se je zgodilo z zakonom z dne 29. novembra l. 1800. Pri tej priliki bi bilo še omeniti, da se je za temeljno mero dolžin vzel meter kot desetmilijonski del našega zemeljskega kvadranta med ekvatorjem in severnim tečajem.

In tako so prišli že stari narodi od števila 10 do skupin 100, 1000, 10.000 itd. Pa vendar ne povsod! Nekateri so n. pr. računali s skupinami po 5, n. pr. Asteki v Mehiki; drugi zopet s skupinami po 12 (ducat, kopa, gros*), kar je še dandanes tudi pri nas. Indijanci na polotoku Jukatan prehajajo še danes od temelja 20 na večje sku-

pine števil. In pri nekem rodu v Novi Zelandiji se je še pred nedolгим časom opazil sistem štetja na podlagi števila 11.

Ko se je na ta način spravil v večja števila nekav gotov red ali sistem, ni bilo več težko s pomočjo številnikov izražati tudi večje množine. Prvi so se posluževali desetiškega štetja Grki i Rimljani, pozneje tudi še drugi evropski narodi. Saj najdemo v številih 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 100, 1000 in milijon najrazličnejše zveze, ki nam omogočujejo označiti najmanjše ulomke, pa tudi srednje množine in največja števila, katerih zadnjih se dandanes poslužuje le astronomija. Težje kot to številjenje samo, se je kazalo tekom časa zaznamovanje teh množin s številčkami od 1 do 10. Kajti baš s številčkami zamoremo sestavljati gorostasna števila, o katerih pa ne moremo več imeti pravega pojma, kot bomo kmalu videli. Da je bil za ta razvoj štetja od najmanjših pa do največjih množin potreben čas mnogih tisočletij, je razumljivo. Pravilen način zapisovanja posameznih množin pa nam ni dovolil več ali manj natančnega pregleda, marveč potom zveze posameznih števil in štirih temeljnih računskih operacij (seštevanje, odštevanje, množenje in deljenje) tudi tvoriti nova števila, ki so s prejšnjimi v medsebojni zvezi. In tako moremo s trinajstimi temeljnimi števili 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 100, 1000 in milijon in z znamenji oziroma številčkami od 1 do 10 nastopiti pot raziskovanja v notranjost ogromnega kraljestva števil, kateremu, po razsežnosti v primeri z drugimi, ni para. Hočemo pa pri tem delu ohraniti mirno kri in večro glavo, kajti pot nas bo vodila v nepojmljive daljave in vrtoglave višine.

Naše vsakdanje življenje se zadovoljuje z malimi števili, akoravno ta v današnjih časih, ko nas tlači neznosna draginja, pravzaprav niso več tako majhna. Navadne računske knjige, ki se rabijo za vpisovanje prometa v mali obrti, imajo do 6 številčnih kolon, ker takih, ki bi mogli šteti svoje

* izgovori: grō (francoska beseda).



Ljubezen.

imetje po milijonih, ne najdemo v vsaki hiši. Izraz milijon, ki nam označi množino $10 \times$ po 100.000, pozna zgodovina šele v 16. stoletju, in je to približna številčna meja, kjer se neha računanje naših vsakdanjih potrebščin. Kaj je torej milijon? Če bi izurjen blagajnik naštel vsako uro po 3000 dolarskih bankovcev in bi to delo opravljal po 10 ur na dan, bi mu bilo treba 36 dni, da bi naštel eden milijon te vrste denarja; torej ni vse eno glede časa, ako bi kdo imel prešteti samo eden ali pa celo več milijonov teh malih bankovcev. In kraljestvo milijonov je veliko, kajti ne obsega samo stotine ampak tudi tisoče milijonov, katerim pravimo milijarde. In kako velike so milijarde, nam dokazuje slučaj, ko so Francozi l. 1871 plačali Nemcem vojne odškodnine 5 milijard v zlatu, kateri denar je vozilo 5 vlakov po 25 vagonov iz Pariza v Berlin.* Drug primer o milijardi: Če bi bil nekdo od začetka našega štetja, t. j. od Kristovega rojstva, polagal na stran vsako minuto po 1 srebrnik, bi spravil skupaj do današnjih dni komaj 1 milijardo. O postanku milijarde nam opisuje nemški pesnik in pisatelj Rosegger iz mladih let svojega deda jako mično zgodnico. Ko je bil Roseggerjev stari oče še mlad fant, je prišel v hišo njegovega očeta krošnjar in ponujal srebrno uro, ki je imela kot okras na obodu 32 pozlačenih žebeljkov. Fantu se je ure ljubilo, a zdela se mu je predraga. A tu ponudi krošnjar fantu drug način plačila. Rekel mu je namreč, da ne zahteva za uro ničesar drugega kot za 1. pozlačeni žebelj na uri eno zrno ovsu in za vsak naslednji žebelj pa dvakrat toliko kot za prejšnjega. In s tem pogojem so bili vsi zadovoljni. Dečko naglo prinese pehar ovsu, veseleč se, da bo prišel tako poceni do lepe ure. A krošnjar ga dobrohotno zavrne, da naj se ne prenaagli, ker bi bila s peharjem ovsu ura premalo ali pa tudi lahko preplačana in da je treba pri kupčiji natančnosti, nakar so začeli šteti. Za 1. žebelj 1 zrno ovsu, za drugi 2 zrna, za 3 žebelj 4 zrna, za četrti 8 zrn, za 5 žebelj 16 zrn, za 6 je bilo treba 32 zrn, za 7 žebelj 64 zrn ali eno malo žlico ovsu, za 8 žebelj 2 žlici ovsu, za 9 že 4 žlice itd. Pri 14. žreb-

lju je bilo treba že 128 žlic ali 1 liter ovsu, pri 15 žreblju 21 itd. Pri 19. žreblju je iz litra nastal že 1 mernik in pri zadnjem 32. žreblju se je izkazalo, da bo treba za uro odmeriti 8.192 mernikov ali 2.147.483.648 ovsenih zrn. Razume se, da je fant pri tej množini ostrmel, kajti toliko ovsu ni pridelal njegov oče in tudi cela dolina ne. Kakor pripoveduje Rosegger, je fant uro vendarle kupil in jo nekaj let pozneje poklonil svoji nevesti kot poročno darilo, a s tem pogojem, da mu da za prvi urin žrebelj 1 poljub in za vsakega naslednjega pa po dvakrat toliko. Ako je mlada ženka dopolnila število nad 2 milijardi zahtevanih poljubov, pač ni znano. — Nadaljujmo naše premišljevanje in se povspnimo do enega tisoča milijard ter pridemo na prag *bilijona* t. j. en milijon milijonov, kar označimo s številko 1 in 12imi ničlami. In že tukaj ne more imeti človek o množini števila posameznih enot pravega pregleda. To množino si moremo predstavljati le približno. Nekak pojmi, kaj je 1 biljon, moremo dobiti, ako pomislimo, da preteče v nekaj manj kot dveh mesecih 1 milijon sekund, in da bi bilo treba celih 30.000 let, da bi ura pretiktakala eden sam biljon sekund. Če bi imeli človeka, ki bi v eni minuti naštel do 200, potem bi naštel 1 biljon — če bi štel brez prestanka — še-le v 9.512ih letih. Zato se pri takem premišljevanju vsiljuje človeku pomislek, ako bi to megleno pot v kraljestvo števil sploh še nadaljevali. Če že teh številčnih velikanov ne rabimo mi, potrebujejo jih pa v svojih računih glede razdalj nebesnih teles učenjaki — astronomi, ki so dognali, da znaša razdalja naših planetov od Merkurja do Neptuna nasproti našemu solncu med 42 in 4.500 milijonov km, med tem ko se kaže razdalja med našim in sosednjim solncem že v stotine bilijonih kilometrih. Če pomislimo, da je razmerje med enim milijonom ter enim bilijonom tako, kakor širina ene naših cest nasproti daljavi med Berlinom v Nemčiji in San Francisco na zahodni obali severne Amerike, potem nam mora biti jasno, da se nam vidi naše solnce z vsemi svojimi planeti, če bi je opazovali z drugega (nam najbližjega) solnca Sirija, kot silno majhna, komaj vidna zvezdica. In da si moremo

* Iz enega kilograma zlata se nakuje 3.444 zlatih frankov in v 1 vagon se naloži navadno 10 ton teže.

predočiti te velikanske daljave, se poslužujemo naglice, s katero prodira svetloba.

Kakor znano, je svetloba tako nagla, da napravi v 1 sekundi 300.000 km dolgo pot. Vsled tega preleti svetloba pot od naše zemlje na luno in zopet nazaj do nas v 1 sekundi. Okolu ekvatorja — rekli bi trebuha — naše zemlje bi preletela svetloba v 1 sekundi že $7\frac{1}{2}$ krat. In koliko rabi svetloba za dolgo pot od solнца do nas? Nekaj nad 8 minut. In od Severne zvezde? Celih 40 let! In vendar je ta lepa zvezda, katero opazujemo v jasnih nočeh na nebu vsak večer, še ena izmed bližnjih stalnic. Kako grozno daleč so še-le solнца, ki so tisoče svetlobnih let od nas oddaljena. Na podlagi tega je mogoče, da gledajo zvezdoslovci skozi svoje ogromne daljnoglede še danes na nebu kako silno oddaljeno zvezdo, katera se je utrnila že pred tisoč in tisoč leti. Ali vse te ogromne razdalje nas ne smejo ustrašiti, kajti došli smo še-le na mejo večjih števil. Ko smo prekoračili 1 milijon biljonov se ustavimo pri triljonih.

Pripoveduje se, da je Sessa Ebn Daher izumil šahovo igro in jo poklonil indijskeму kralju Sheranu, katerega je to darilo tako razveselilo, da je obljubil izpolniti izumitelju vsako, še tako veliko željo. In Sessa Ebn Daher je prosil vzhičenega kralja za prvo izmed 64 polj šahove deske eno pšenično zrno, za drugo 2 zrna, za tretje 4 zrna, za četrto polje 8 zrn in za vsako naslednje polje na šahovi deski dvojno število zrn več kot od prešnjega. (Račun je bil torej tak, kot prej pri urinih žrebljih.) In kralj je baje smehljaje obljubil izpolniti

to skromno željo. Ali račun je pokazal, da bi bilo treba 18 triljonov pšeničnih zrn, kar znači tako množino pšenice, da bi ž njo pokrili vso površino naše zemlje 9 milimetrov na debelo. In če računamo na 1 kg 19.258 pšeničnih zrn, bi se isto žito — po 2c za kilogram — prodalo za 1.910 biljonov dolarjev, t. j. množino denarja, ki ga do danes še ni bilo na naši zemlji.

K izvanredno velikim vsotam nas privede veda o kombinacijah ali sestavah. Naših 32 "marjaš" kart n. pr. se razdeli med 3 osebe tako, da jih dobi vsaka po 10 in se še 2 karti založita. In če se sedaj vpraša po številu najraznovrstnejših razdelitev, nam pove račun kombinacije število 2.753 biljonov in nekaj stotisoč milijonov najrazličnejših razdelitev. In čimvečje število kart se vzame, temvečja je tudi možnost posameznih razdelitev. Tako n. pr. opisuje slavni matematik dr. Ferrol angleško Whist-igro, ki je zelo podobna taroku in ima celo 2 karti manj t. j. 52 listov, glede razdelitvenih načinov sledeče: Ako se razdeli vseh 52 kart med 4 igralce, se potom kombinacije izkaže 53.644 kvadriljonov igralnih načinov. Omenjeni učenjak je skušal to ogromno število ponazoriti tako: Predstavljajmo si celotno površje naše zemlje — torej tudi morja in gorovje — pokrito z igralnimi mizicami, kjer bi ena taka mizica s 4imi igralci vred ne zavzela več prostora kot 1 kvadratni meter. In če bi se sedaj igralo pri vsaki teh mizic nepretrgoma noč in dan in to vsakih 5 minut drugo igro, potem bi ne zadostovalo 1.000 milijonov let, da bi se preigrali vsi načini, ki so pri 52. kartah mogoči.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Marljivost in vztrajnost.

Nedosežni slovenski prirodoslovec Franc Erjavec je kaj rad opazoval živali pri njihovem delu. Nekoč je gledal mravljo, ki se je silno trudila, da odnese treščico v svoje mravljišče. Treščica je bila večja od mravlje, pa ji je neprestano uhajala iz čeljusti, a mala živalca je vedno in vedno iznova pograbila težko breme.

Devetindvajsetkrat je prišla s treščico prav do vrha svoje zgradbe, a ravno tolikrat se je skotalila z bremenom vred zopet doli. Erjavec je že mislil, da utrujena mravlja preneha s tem brezuspešnim delom. Kaj še! Tridesetič je zgrabila svoje breme in ga srečno prinesla na vrh v mravljišče.

Elektrika.

(Nadaljevanje.)

Leclanchéjev člen.

Ta člen ni nič drugega kot nekoliko izboljšan amalgamov člen, ki smo ga zadnjič popisali. Razlika je samo ta:

Pri amalgamovem členu leži mešanica na dnu steklene posode, dočim se nahaja pri Leclanchéjevem členu mešanica in ogelj v posebni glinasti posodi, ki ima obliko valja. Ta posoda je na vrhu zalita z asfaltom, tako da ne more izpasti mešanica. To posodo imenujemo amalgamov valj.

Amalgamov valj je porozen, to se pravi, da posoda iz gline propušča tekočino, tako da se lahko spaja salmijakova raztopina z ogljem in amalgamovo mešanico v valju. Namesto cinkove plošče ima ta člen cinkovo okroglo palico.

Amalgamov valj (glinena posoda) loči kakor vidimo popolnoma obe elektrodi (cinek in ogelj); pravimo, da sta elektrodi izolirani.

Ta člen se danes največ uporablja pri električnih zvoncih. Kadar polnimo ta člen, prilijemo salmijakove raztopine.

Kar se tiče čistote in kraja, kam naj postavimo ta člen, veljajo vsa tista pravila, ki smo jih zadnjič našli pri opisu amalgamovega člena.

Pri hišnih električnih zvoncih so posebno priljubljeni valjasti členi s pokončnimi amalgamovimi valji; a za telefon in brzoglav pa rajši rabimo zarezane člene, kakor nam kaže podoba 8.

Ti členi sestojeta kakor drugi iz steklene, valjaste posode. Na sredi stoji ogelj v glineni posodi, ki ima na spodnjem koncu večji obseg, tako da ne more pasti.

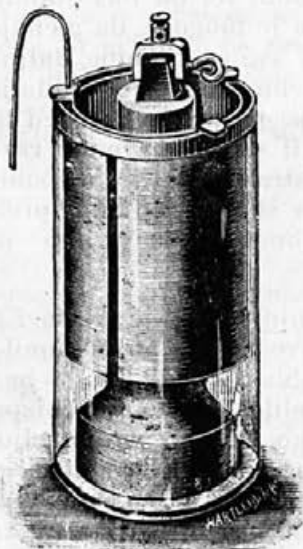
V stekleni posodi je cinkova palica, ki je tesno spojena s stekleno steno, da ne more priti v dotiko z ogljem.

Za polnjenje teh členov služi salmijakova raztopina, natančno tako kot pri zadnjič opisanem amalgamovem členu.

Valjasti členi imajo prednost pred drugimi, ker imajo mnogo manjši notranji odpor, a mnogo večjo intenziteto. Izraza odpor in intenziteta so večini mladih bralcev neznana, pa si jih zaenkrat samo za-

pomnite, a o priložnosti bomo o njih še natančneje govorili.

S tem smo končali popis enega novega člena, ki se polni tudi s salmijakovo raztopino. Omenili smo že, da se vsi salmijakovi členi ponajveč uporabljajo za hišne zvonce, ker so za to delo posebno primerni. Imajo dovolj moči za električni zvonec, medtem ko so za daljša dela, kakor na primer za gonilno silo električnih motorjev popolnoma nesposobni.



Podoba 8.

Če pustimo električni zvonec dalj časa zvoniti, začne člen slabeti, zvonjenje je čim dalje slabše, dokler popolnoma ne utihne. Vidimo torej iz tega, da so ti členi posebno uporabni tam, kjer rabimo njihov tok samo za kratko dobo, to je predvsem pri hišnih zvoncih, kjer se nam gre samo za to, da kratko pozvonimo z zvoncem. Kadar hočemo pozvoniti, pritisnemo mal gumb. Kakor hitro spustimo gumb, se električni tok prekine, a v členu se zopet nabira nova elektrika.

Ako rabimo člen samo za tako delo, imamo vedno dovolj električne sile, a člen nam opravlja mnogo let dobro službo.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Naš kotichek.

Aha! pa smo zopet skupaj. Uganke so seveda tudi tu, da bomo imeli tudi v naprej kaj za tuhtati. Malo manj jih je kot prej, bo pa zato drugega malo več.

V vsaki številki bodo dve uganke, in konec prvega pol leta se bodo razdelile nagrade tistim trem, ki bodo največ ugank pravilno rešili in ki bodo napisali vsaj en dober dopis. Kdor želi torej dobiti kako nagrado, naj začne takoj od začetka, da ne bo zaostal. Vsak, ki se namerava udeležiti te tekme, mora napisati vsaj eno slovensko pismo. Ako bo pismo dobro, bo priobčeno v Našem koticčku, če ne, bo šlo v koš. Razume se, da bodo šla vsa pisma, ki so prepisana iz kake prejšnje številke Mlad. lista v koš.

Kake nagrade bodo? Ne, tega pa danes še ne povem. Ampak namignem pa lahko, da bo vsak vesel, ki dobi katero izmed nagrad.

Pišite razločno in se ne pozabite podpisati. Glejte tudi, da pravočasno pošljete Vaše rešitve in pisma. Nekateri še ne znate dobro slovensko pisati. Toda vsled tega se ne rabite bati. Saj zato je urednik tu, ki bo že razumel, kar želite povedati. Piši, kakor znaš.

V pismih lahko popišite, kake zabave imate tam pri Vas, koliko slovenskih otrok Vas je, kaj počenjate sedaj pozimi in druge take novice. Seveda napiši predvsem take stvari, ki bodo druge zanimale. V pismu tudi omeni, kako Ti ugaja Mladinski list v novi, razširjeni obliki.

Vsa pisma, ki se tičejo uredništva, naslovite na: Uredništvo Mladinskega lista, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Uganke.

- 1) Mlad zdaj sem lep in svetlobel,
Umazan ves slovo bom vzal.
- 2) Mate in Jakec sta pasla ovce. Pa pravi Mate Jakcu: "Jakec, daj mi eno ovco, pa jih bom imel toliko kot ti." — A Jakec odgovori: "Daj ti meni eno, in jaz jih bom imel dvakrat toliko kot ti." — Koliko ovac je imel vsak?

R tve ugank.

- 26) Nož.
- 27) Noj.
- 28) Jugoslavija.
- 29) Petindvajsetkrat.
- 30) Dve kravi, dva prešiča in šestindevetdeset ovac.

Prav so rešili:

<i>Frank Virant</i> , Imperial, Pa.	4	19	23
<i>Tessie Kerže</i> , Cleveland, Ohio	3	17	20
<i>Daniel Obed</i> , Avella, Pa.	3	16	19
<i>Tony Ausich</i> , Woodward, Ia.	3	15	18
<i>Jennie Bohinc</i> , Export, Pa.	3	14	17
<i>Robert Tekauc</i> , Cleveland, O.	4	13	17
<i>Florian Kuhar</i> , Lorain, Ohio	3	14	17
<i>M. Zakrajšek</i> , Indianapolis, Ind.	2	14	16
<i>Isabelle Junko</i> , Pittsburg, Kans.	2	12	14
<i>Frances Kochevar</i> , Red Lodge, Montana	2	10	12
<i>Mary Nagode</i> , Midway, Pa.	5	5	10
<i>John Steban</i> , Herminie, Pa.	3	7	10
<i>Frank Kreffel</i> , Indianapolis, Ind.	3	7	10
<i>Roselle Udovich</i> , Lorain, Ohio	2	7	9
<i>Frank Bayt</i> , Coverdale, Pa.	2	6	8
<i>Mike Krulc</i> , Willard, Wis.	3	4	7
<i>Lena Gratchner</i> , Clinton, Ind.	3	4	7
<i>Mary Polantz</i> , Johnstown, Pa.	2	3	5
<i>Irma Korošec</i> , Pittsburg, K.	2	3	5
<i>Agnes Steklacic</i> , Studa, Pa.	2	2	4
<i>John Kopach</i> , Johnston City, Ill.	3	1	4
<i>Anna Miklavic</i> , Morgan, Pa.			4
<i>Valentine Bezek</i> , Pineville, Minn.	2	1	3
<i>Jacob Istinich</i> , East Palestine, O.			3
<i>Mary Kozlevchar</i> , West Mineral, Kans.			3
<i>Anton Bozich</i> , Buckner, Ill.			3
<i>Frank Aubell</i> , West Frankfort, Ill.			3
<i>Tony Divjak</i> , Mulberry, Kansas			3
<i>Jacob Trobec</i> , East Palestine, Ohio			3
<i>Angela Bacher</i> , East Moline, Ill.			3
<i>Mary Samec</i> , Parkhill, Pa.			3
<i>Frank Yuzna</i> , Biwabik, Minn.			3
<i>John Pustanich</i> , Chicago, Ill.			2
<i>Wilka Kuznik</i> , Grayslake, Ill.			2
<i>Mary Baraga</i> , Chisholm, Minn.			2
<i>Verna Dudaš</i> , Arma, Kansas			2
<i>Mary Yancher</i> , Girard, Ohio			2
<i>Frank Peternel</i> , West Frankfort, Ill.			2
<i>Frank Klune</i> , Chisholm, Minn.			2
<i>Rozalija Vogrich</i> , Chicago, Ill.			1
<i>Anton Pustavrh</i> , Chicago, Ill.			1
<i>Annie Dimitz</i> , Johnstown, Pa.			1
<i>Antonija Zehel</i> , Little Falls, N. Y.			1
<i>Ethel Turk</i> , Nokomis, Ill.			1
<i>Frances Dolenc</i> , North Chicago, Ill.			1
<i>Louis Zgonc</i> , Chisholm, Minn.			1

Mary Oblack, Clinton, Ind.
Mary Zaverl, La Salle, Ill.
John Resnick, Sheboygan, Wis.
Louise Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.

1 Cenjeni urednik! Ko sem prejela zadnjo
 1 številko Mladinskega lista, sem se precej
 1 začudila, ko sem videla odgovor na ugan-
 1 ko: "nima glave, ne repa, nič kosti, ne ko-
 že, pa polna krvi" — krvava klobasa. Pa
 se večkrat primeri, da je tudi kakšna mala
 kost v klobasah. In rekli ste, da nima nič
 kože, — ali niso čreva koža od klobas? Ah!
 vsak človek na svetu se lahko zmoti, tudi
 najbolj učen. Upam da drugikrat ne bodo
 tako zapeljive.

Nagrade in pohvale.

Prva nagrada: *Frank Virant*, Imperial
 Pa., 3 krasne knjige;

druga nagrada: *Tessie Kerže*, Cleveland,
 O., 2 krasni knjigi;

tretja nagrada: *Daniel Obed*, Avella, Pa.,
 1 krasna knjiga.

Vse tri nagrade so bile odposlane isto-
 časno s to številko. Upajmo, da bodo Tes-
 sie, Frank in Daniel v prihodnji številki
 poročali, kako so zadovoljni z nagradami.

Nadalje se pohvalno omenja deset pro-
 silcev, ki so se odlikovali z velikim številom
 rešitev. Ti so:

Tony Ausich, Woodward, Ia.,
 Jennie Bohinc, Export, Pa.,
 Robert Tekauc, Cleveland, O.,
 Florian Kuhar, Lorain, O.,
 M. Zakrajšek, Indianapolis, Ind.,
 Isabelle Junko, Pittsburg, Kans.,
 Frances Kochevar, Red Lodge, Mont.,
 Mary Nagode, Midway, Pa.,
 Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.,
 John Steban, Herminie, Pa.

Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik! Zelo me veseli, da do-
 bivam Mladinski list. Vedno imamo dovolj
 lepih uganek za ugibat. Jaz Vam danes
 prvič pošljem moje rešitve in upam, da sem
 dobro uganil. Težko pričakujem prihod-
 nje številke, da vidim, če je moje ime med
 rešilci ali ne. Le pridite še s takimi na dan,
 jaz jih bom vedno z veseljem uganjal.

Bratski pozdrav!

George Belinc, Thomas, W. Va.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tu Vam pošiljam rešitev uganke, ki je
 bila v zadnji številki priobčena. Mladin-
 ski list mi napravi vsak mesec par veselih
 ur. O, kako rada bi videla, da bi prihajal
 vsak teden! Vse rada čitam, posebno pa
 uganke. Rozalija Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.

Sestrski pozdrav!

Anna G. Polutnik, Lorain, O.

Opomba.—Ta dopis je radi pomanjka-
 nja prostora zadnjič izostal.

Cenjeni urednik!

Naš Mladinski list takoj prečitam, ko ga
 dobim. Pri Našem koticu se malo bolj
 dolgo zamudim, ker so nekatere Vaše ugan-
 ke tako zasukane, da jih je kaj težko po-
 gruntati. Prav vesela bi bila, če bi začel
 naš ljubljenski list po Novem letu vsak teden
 izhajati.

Srčen pozdrav!

Louise Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.

Moje mnenje je, da bi Mladinski list pri-
 našal še za naprej uganke kakor sedaj, a
 zraven pa bi naj bralci in bralke pisali ka-
 ke kratke povestice ali kaj podobnega, kar
 bi Vi določili. Strinjam se popolnoma z
 bratom A. Mahnichem, da naj list izhaja
 dvakrat na mesec.

Pozdrav!

Robert Tekauc, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se mučim z Vašimi uganjami. Po-
 sebno težko je, ker še ne znam prav dobro
 slovensko čitati. Zato se zelo prizadevam,
 da bi se čimpreje naučila slovensko pisati
 in čitati. Želim tudi, da bi Mladinski list
 izhajal vsaj dvakrat na mesec.

Pozdrav vsem mojim sovrstnikom in
 Vam!

Valentine Bezek, Pineville, Minn.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zelo vesel sem bil, ko sem v zadnji šte-
 vilki čital Vašo obljubo, da bo list tudi v
 novem letu prinašal uganke, samo da jih

bo manj. Jaz bi seveda rajši videl, da bi jih bilo vsakokrat pet, toda če ni mogoče, se ne da pomagati. Želel bi, da bi bilo v tem letu še več zanimanja list kakor doslej. Veliko slovenskih otrok je, ki še ne berejo našega lista. Akoravno ne zna še slovensko čitati, se lahko tega hitro priuči, samo če se zanima in malo potrudi. Škodilo gotovo ne bo nobenemu, če zna tudi slovensko, pač pa veliko koristilo. Jaz sem prepričan, da bomo mi vsi, ki sedaj beremo Mladinski list, ostali mu vedno zvesti. Po-

ko mi prvi izpade, se bom prepričal, koliko je resnice na celi stvari. Moji mlajši sestri se že eden maje, mislim, da ga bo jutri že izpulila, ker ga neprenehoma maje. Mala navihanka hoče namreč prva imeti novo desetico!

Jaz se popolnoma strinjam z bratcem Mahničem, da bi list izhajal saj dvakrat na mesec, ker je v resnici predolgo čakati cel mesec na vsako številko.

Iskren pozdrav!

Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.



Zimsko veselje.

trudimo se pa tudi, da se bodo začeli za naš list zanimati tudi tisti, ki ga do sedaj niso dobivali. Vsem mladim čitateljem in Vam, dragi urednik, srečno Novo leto!

Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

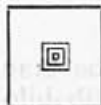
Nihče si ne more misliti s kakim zanimanjem sem bral v zadnji številki povestico: Miška, ná zobek! Rad bi vedel, če je res, da prinese miška desetico za vsak mlečni zobek. Jaz jih imam namreč še precej, in

Halo! Ali je prinesla miška desetico sestrici? In Tebi? Le piši, kako je bilo, ker vem da so vsi hudo radovedni. Ampak nikdar ne smeš pozabiti, da mora biti mama ali pa atek zraven, kadar deneš zobek v kot in rečeš: Miška, ná zobek, prinesi mi desetico! Jaz bi stavil, da bo prinesla miška lep nov 'dime', ako narediš natančno tako, kot je Vida. — Torej le piši, da bomo vsi vedeli. Pozdrav!

Urednik.



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The Savage Folk.

Oh! Years and years and years ago,
Before the day of books,
Before the age of towns and mills,
Of grocery stores and cooks.

The world was filled with forest deep,
And seas and rivers wide,
And here lived many savage tribes,
And fearsome beast beside.

The people slept in caves they found,
Or brush huts daubed with clay,
Which were always rather leaky
On a very rainy day.

And when the tiger, sabre-toothed,
Came roaring through the wood,
The people trembled in their skins,
And hid as best they could;

For if they tried to run away,
This always meant disaster,
For tigers leap where men must run,
And further far, and faster.

That strange and giant elephant,
The mammoth thundered through
The woods, and trampled all he met,
And ripped the trees in two.

The wild boar grunted in the swamp,
And every gentle breeze
Carried the chatter from afar,
Of monkeys in the trees.

And almost every savage beast
Had longer fangs to tear,
And swifter feet than puny man,
And menaced everywhere.

And so men learned to wait and watch,
When beasts would eat and drink;
Learned to outwit the stronger foe,
To see, and plan, and THINK.

And here are rhymes of how they lived,
When man was just begun,
Of how the weak became the strong,
And fought, and learned, and WON!

—Early Jungle Folk

The Dutch Boor and His Horse.

When I was a small child and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, which means that he was a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with plough and hoe.

He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day, and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that smote them with all their might.

Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent, and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white wave, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood with which to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft, and their hearts were sick within them.

Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time.

He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail,

swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

The thoughts that tugged on the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse; he put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried to the last pulse of her heart.

She walked straight into the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes.

Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts came from it to keep up her strength.

The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it halfway between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath; then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse.

They were as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

The Shoes of Tamburi.

There lived in Cairo a merchant named About Tamburi, who was notorious for his avarice. Although rich, he always went poorly clad, and so dirty, that he looked like a beggar. The most characteristic feature of his dress was his enormous shoes, mended on all sides, the soles of which were provided with heavy nails.

One day this merchant was passing through the Grand Bazaar of the city, when there met him two tradesmen who offered to sell him, the one, a quantity of glass-ware and the other some essence of roses. The second man was a perfumer who was financially embarrassed, and Tamburi bought both lots at one-third of their value.

Satisfied with his bargain, instead of giving the tradesman a treat as is the custom in the Orient, he thought it would be a good time to go and take a bath. He had not bathed for a long time, though he had great need of it, because the Koran requires all the faithful of Mahomet to take a bath frequently in clean water.

While he was going to the bath, a friend who accompanied him, said to him: "From the business which you have just transacted, you have made a great profit, since you have tripled your capital. You ought, therefore, to buy yourself a new pair of shoes. Everybody is making fun of you and your shoes."

"I have thought of that; but it seems to me that my shoes ought to last four or five months longer."

He arrived at the bath house, took leave of his friend, and bathed himself. The Cadi (judge) also went that morning for a bath, and to the same establishment; and as Tamburi went out of the bath before him, he entered an adjoining room to dress himself. But, to his surprise, he saw along side of his clothes, a new pair of shoes instead of his old ones, which he hurried to put on, thinking that they were a gift from one of his friends. Possessed now of new shoes, there was no need to buy others, and thus well satisfied, he sallied out of the bath house.

The Cadi, having finished his bath, went to dress himself; but in vain did his servants search for his shoes, as they could find only the old mended ones of Tamburi.

The Cadi, furious with displeasure, ordered a servant to change the shoes, and he sent the miser, Tamburi, to prison. This latter, on the day following, after paying the fine which the Cadi imposed, was set at liberty. When he reached his house, he threw the shoes, which had been the cause of his imprisonment, out of the window into the river.

After a few days, some fishermen who had cast their nets into the river, caught between their meshes the shoes of Tamburi, the nails, of which the soles were full, having broken the threads of the nets. With indignation the fishermen ran to the Juez (judge) to reclaim damages against the person who had recklessly thrown those shoes into the river.

The Juez told them that in such a matter he could do nothing. Then the fishermen took the shoes, and seeing the window of Tamburi's house open, they threw them inside, breaking all the bottles of essence of roses which the miser had recently bought, and with the profit accruing from which he was wildly delighted.

"Cursed shoes!" he exclaimed, "what troubles you have cost me!" And seizing them, he went into the garden of his house and buried them. Some neighbors who saw the miser removing the earth in the garden and digging into it, spoke to the Cadi, adding that without doubt Tamburi had discovered a treasure.

The judge sent for him to exact from him the third part which belonged to the Sultan, and it cost the miser more money in order to free himself from the clutches of the Cadi. Then he took his shoes, went outside of the city and threw them into an aqueduct; but the shoes obstructed the waterpipe which furnished the supply of water to the people of Suez.

Plumber ran in haste, found the shoes and carried them to the Governor, who

ordered the owner of them sent to prison, and to pay a fine much larger than the two former ones; but he gave the shoes back to Tamburi.

As soon as the miser saw himself again in possession of his shoes, he resolved to destroy them by means of fire; but as they were wet, he could not carry out his purpose. In order to burn them, he carried them to the balcony of his house, with the hope that the sun's rays would dry them.

Destiny, however, had not yet exhausted the misfortunes which the confounded shoes were to cost him. As soon as his back was turned, several dogs jumped upon the balcony by the roofs, and seizing them, began to play with them. In the midst of their play, one of the dogs threw a shoe into the air with such force that it fell in the street just as a woman was passing. The fright, shock and wound which it caused were such that she lay in the street in a faint. Then her husband went to the Cadi with a new complaint, and the miser was obliged to pay to the woman a large fine as indemnity for her injuries.

This time, despairing, Tamburi determined to burn the devilish shoes; he carried them to the balcony, then stood where he could see them so as to prevent their being carried off. But just then there came to call on him those who wanted him to settle the business of the glassware, and avarice caused him to abandon his purpose.

No sooner had he left the balcony, when a hawk which had been flying around above the house, thinking that the shoes were profitable booty, grasped them with its claws and mounted up into the air. Becoming tired, the hawk at a certain height let the shoes fall upon the home of the Great Mosque, and the heavy shoes did considerable damage to the glass of the dome.

The attendants of the temple heard the noise, and saw with surprise that the cause of that destruction was the shoes of Tamburi, and they laid their complaint before the Governor who, pointing to the shoes, said to him:

"Is it possible that you learn nothing by experience? You deserve to be trust upon a stake and killed (impaled). But I have pity on you, and will only sentence you to fifteen days' imprisonment and a fine to be turned over to the treasury of the Sultan, and to pay for the damages you caused to the dome of the mosque."

Tamburi had to serve his sentence. He spent fifteen days in prison; paid two thousand sequins (\$4,500) into the treasury of the Sultan, and one hundred and fifty for the damage he had caused to the roof. But the authorities of Cairo returned the shoes to Tamburi.


Tamburi, after thinking the matter over, asked an audience of the Sultan, which was granted. The Sultan was surrounded by all the Cadies of the city in the Throne Room when Tamburi was presented, who, falling upon his knees before the Sultan, said:

"Sovereign Lord of the faithful, I am the most unfortunate man in the world. An inconceivable series of fatal circumstances have arisen which have almost caused my ruin, and compelled me to pass many days in prison. The cause of all my misfortunes is these accursed shoes, which I can neither destroy nor cause to disappear. I beg Your Majesty to relieve me from the responsibility of the happenings to which these shoes may give rise, directly or indirectly, since I declare that from today I completely renounce all my rights over them. I make no complaint against the judgments of the Cadi nor that of the Governor, because they have been just."

And saying that, Tamburi placed the shoes upon the steps of the Throne. The Sultan, when he was informed of the adventures, laughed with all his courtiers; and to please Tamburi, ordered that the shoes be burnt in the public square.

The hangman saturated them with tar and resin, and from that moment Tamburi remained free and undisturbed.—*Translated from the Spanish.*

The Pup That Nobody Wanted.

 HE pup squeezed into the corner of a fence and whined. He was not beautiful in any respect, and among claims to ugliness might be mentioned a long thin body, covered with black and dun spots, and stumpy bow-legs. His tail was a mere excuse, about two inches in length, and the way in which the marks were distributed about his body gave him a decidedly inartistic look.

Sometimes a black and dun were merged into each other, suggesting ironrust by its hue. An inky circle surrounded his left eye, and lent him a disreputable appearance. But the pup did not consider his lack of personal beauty. The fact was that he was hungry and cold; so he squeezed into the corner of a fence and whined miserably.

Dick Benton had been sent to the store early that morning for a loaf of bread, and was returning when he heard the whimper of the little outcast. He stopped and looked about. The pup saw him and staggered forth in search of sympathy.

"Por doggie, poor doggie," coaxed Dick, as soon as he saw the bunch of animate misery. "Here; nice doggie!"

Dick set his brown paper parcel on the ground, and held out his hands; but the pup got a whiff of the fresh bread, and ran toward the bundle.

"No!" cried Dick severely, picking up the bread. "Nice doggie," he continued, making a grab at the pup, and gathering him up with the other hand. Then he started for home with a bundle under each arm, talking nonsense to the pup, who merely blinked his eyes and wondered what was coming next. Dick wisely left the pup outside when he reached his house, and soon came out with some milk. The pup planted both feet in the saucer that was set before him, and in his haste succeeded in upsetting it before his hunger was half-satisfied. Then Dick produced a slice of bread, and left the pup to his own devices.

After breakfast Dick found that he had

no time to spare, so he sat off for school, forgetting to tell any one about his new pet. But the pup proceeded to make himself at home, and lay down outside the kitchen door in the warm sunshine. When the cook came out shortly after, she stumbled over something soft; there was a howl of fright (from the pup) and a yell of terror (from the cook).

"What is the matter, Bridget?" asked Mrs. Benton, hurrying forth.

"Shure, mum, it's thot dog," cried Bridget, waving her apron at the pup.

"Not mad, is he?" asked Mrs. Benton, retreating inside.

"It's me thot's mad," replied Bridget, stamping her foot at the little specimen.

Having quickly recovered from his fright, the pup thought that she wanted to play with him, so he described a half-circle and then suddenly stopped and said "Woof!"

"Goodness me!" cried Mrs. Benton, still inside the kitchen; "he might bite you."

"Woof!" answered the pup, bravely holding his ground, and waiting for another display from Bridget.

At that moment the butcher-boy came around the house and entered the kitchen, and when he came out again, according to instructions received from Mrs. Benton, he picked up the pup and took him along. The pup seemed to be as happy as ever with his new-found friend, and sat snuggled up on the seat beside him. But presently the odor of meat in the back of the wagon excited him, and he made frantic endeavors to get at it; so the consequence was that when the boy again alighted he took the pup and set him down on the pavement.

"Woof!" said the pup to the wagon, patiently waiting for something to happen. But when the butcher-boy came out again, he drove away and left the pup sitting alone on the sidewalk. It was evident that nobody wanted such an ugly, miserable dog, who seemed to possess such an independent spirit; but the pup apparently did not care.

A little girl and her nurse came along in a few minutes, and the pup started after them. The little girl, drew back in fear, and the nurse said "Get out!" but it made no difference to the young tramp.

"Woof!" he ejaculated, running forward and back.

"Get out!" cried the nurse again; but the poor, ignorant, misguided pup took it for a display of friendliness, and ran toward her. There was a sudden shock as the parasol descended on the pup's back, and he withdrew to the gutter to think over the cruel treatment, giving vent to an occasional whine.

A big dog sauntered across the street, looked the pup over, and then walked away. The pup followed him, his tail held high in the air, proud to be seen in such distinguished company. He received no encouragement from the big stranger, however, so he made a rush at a lot of sparrows which were clustered in the road. When he reached the spot the sparrows were gone, and when he was through wondering over their sudden disappearance, the big dog was also out of sight. By that time the pup was rather hungry again, so he walked into the first yard he came to, and flew out again in about a minute, chased by an enormous cat. He then tried the next place, and spent half an hour discussing a bone that he found. Then the pup tried to remember his previous condition in life, and it seemed to him that he always had plenty to eat and a nice place to sleep. Why this had changed, he did not know. He remembered something about wandering off, and then being tired and cold and hungry — at this point a dog came around the corner, growling horribly, and the pup fled.

"O, mamma! look at this nice little doggie," cried a small boy, as the pup scampered along the street. The tone was so kind that the pup stopped; then went up to the little fellow, who stooped to pat him.

"O, Bobbie!" cried his mother in alarm, "don't touch him"; whereat the little boy set up a yell. The pup thought this was very unusual, so he walked away a few feet,

and set down and viewed the yelling youngster with wonder.

"I want that doggie," yelled the little boy.

"You can't have him, my dear," coaxed mamma; "an ugly, common little cur."

The lady looked at the pup as she said this, and though he did not understand her, he remembered the episode of the parasol, and decided that children who were accompanied by grown-up people were not favorable to him. So he turned straight around and demurely trotted off.

Suddenly the pup remembered that he was going in the direction of the cross dog and the awful cat; so he turned abruptly and fled past the lady and the little boy, until he fell head over heels into a gutter. A man, passing at that moment, laughed at the accident, and the pup, who felt out of sorts, replied with a "Woof!" and was startled at his own voice — it seemed so decidedly cross. He wondered what he would do next; nobody seemed to want him, although he was very anxious to make friends with everybody.

Just then a shout reached him, and as he cowered in terror, a hand picked him up, and a voice cried in an unnecessarily noisy manner:

"Hello, Pup, where have you been?"

It was Dick Benton who held him, and the pup, weary and discouraged, answered with a pitiful whimper. He was covered with mud from his late fall in the gutter; he was hungry and tired.

Dick started off on a run and in a few minutes reached the house; and before the pup could fairly understand it all, he was wading in a bowl of bread and milk, and having a beautiful time.

"That's the pup I sent away this morning," cried Mrs. Benton when she saw him. "Take him out, Dick; he is a savage one. He wanted to bite Bridget."

Dick laughed at the idea. "Why, mother," he said, "he is only two months old." Then Dick laughed again. "I am going to take him down to Mr. Moore's. He ran away last night, and there is a reward of five dollars for his return. Do you know, he is a valuable fox-terrier, and is going to be exhibited at the next dog show in the city!"

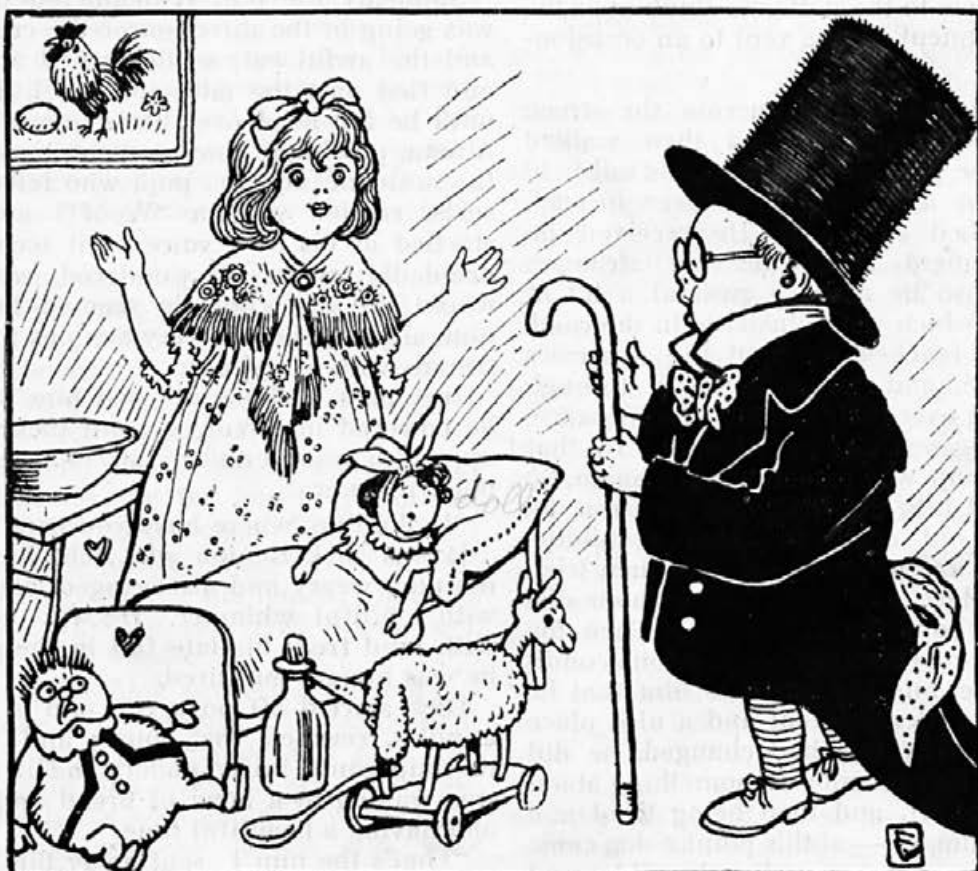
The Biology of Winter.

Winter is the low-tide of the year. Fundamentally because the reduced income of heat slows the chemical processes which living involves, and because the reduced income of light checks the manufacturing activity of the green leaves.

But there are other reasons. The low temperature makes it imperative that many

south. Behind all this there is the physiological need for rest after toil.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Biology of Winter is the variety of solutions that different creatures offer when face to face with the same problem. A neat solution is to be found in the change to whiteness which occurs in ptarmigan and



A Young Doctor.

of the delicate structures of plants and animals should be shed or absorbed, else the whole creature will be fatally injured; the hardness of the frost-bound earth makes it necessary that many animals should lie low; in the scarcity and the storms and the short days there are reasons enough for the migration of birds to the

mountain hare, in the Hudson's Bay lemming and the Arctic fox, and in the common brown stoat, which becomes the pure white ermine. The blanching is usually brought about by growing a new unpigmented suit, though there is sometimes a removal of the pigment from individual hairs.

In the new-grown white hair or feather, and in the hair that has turned white, the place of the pigment is taken by gas vacuoles (little cavities), from the surfaces of which the light is so perfectly reflected that the hair or feather appears white—just like foam or snow.

Many northern creatures, such as polar bear, white whale, Iceland falcon, and snowy owl, are more or less white all the year round. In these cases the whiteness is permanent, in the other cases it is periodic. In all cases, no doubt, a constitutional predisposition to the suppression of pigment has been established, but it is probable that the low temperature is the immediate condition of the non-appearance of the pigment.

We must keep in mind the case of the wan newt called proteus, from the Dalmatian Caves, which is always pigmentless in the darkness, but rapidly develops pigment when kept in the light. Similarly, the stoat sometimes remains a stoat, *e. g.*, in the South of England, or, somewhat mysteriously, in individual cases. We do not know enough as yet to say how far the whiteness of the winter suit expresses an ingrained racial periodicity not to form hair-pigment in the fall of the year, and how far the whiteness means that the cold has directly and individually affected the chemical routine of the body and the circulation in the skin. We await more facts.

When we almost tread upon the white ptarmigan among the snow on the high hills, we are inclined to lay considerable emphasis on the protective value of the whiteness, which gives the bird a garment of invisibility. We should be slow to reject this interpretation, but suspicion rises in our mind when we see how conspicuous the mountain hare often is when there is no background of snow.

We are also aware that the stoat has almost no enemies from which it may escape by turning into a white ermine; and if it

be said that the elusive carnivore is enabled to slink on its prey—say a ptarmigan or a grouse—among the snow, it may be replied that the ermine is conspicuousness itself when the surroundings are not white. In short, there must be some deeper significance in the periodic whiteness of ptarmigan and ermine, and in the permanent whiteness of snowy owl and polar bear.

The answer to the biological riddle is that for a warm-blooded animal in very cold surroundings the most economical dress is white, for it loses less of the precious animal heat. It is physiologically the fittest dress because it conserves the warmth of the body which enables the chemical processes to go on quickly and smoothly. In very hot surroundings a white dress is again the best, for it absorbs less than other colors would of the external heat.

Another way of meeting the winter is to sink into lethargy, lying low and saying nothing. When there is no income, the only chance is to have no expenditure—or almost none. Thus the snail closes the mouth of its shell with a lid of hardened lime and slime, and, seeking the recesses of an old wall, lies inert through the cold winter months, not without some loss of weight and some degeneration in its tissues.

When the outside air is near the freezing point, the heart of the garden snail may beat only four times a minute instead of the forty times observed in summer. It is hardly a *modus vivendi* (a way of living) that this snail has adopted, but it is a way of not dying; and that is always something.

The same kind of lethargy is to be seen in the chrysalids of moths and butterflies which often remain hidden away during the winter months, in many like the seeds of plants. But it must be remembered that *in both cases* changes may be going on—especially as the severity of winter begins to yield before the approach of spring.



In the Animal Kingdom.

The Four Oxen and the Lion.

A Lion used to prowl about a field in which Four Oxen used to dwell. Many a time he tried to attack them; but whenever he came near they turned their tails to one another, so that whichever way he approached them he was met by the horns of one of them. At last, however, they fell

a-quarreling among themselves, and each went off to pasture alone in a separate corner of the field. Then the Lion attacked them one by one and soon made an end of all four.

"United we stand, divided we fall."

A Curious Animal.



few weeks ago a neighbor heard a disturbance among his chickens, in the night, and went out with a gun and shot the small animal that he saw running away. It turned out to be a mother opossum, with eight young ones, five of which were alive. Nobody knew before that there were any opossums in that neighborhood, the reason for this ignorance being, no doubt, that the animal rests by day and feeds or hunts in the dark. Some interesting facts regarding the opossum are stated by D. Lange in the New York Herald. Mr. Lang says:

In the life of the opossum thirteen is a lucky number, because the young opossum spends its infancy in a baby incubator which is equipped for thirteen tiny guests, although the number actually in the incubator is probably always less than thirteen.

The opossum is in structure a unique mammal of North America. It has, however, several relatives in South America, and our only species must have come north long before the advent of man on the continent.

It belongs to the strange, ancient order of pouch bearing mammals, now found in large numbers only on the continent of Australia and some adjacent islands.

An adult opossum weights about twelve pounds, but the young at birth are not bigger than baby mice. They are at once transferred to the pouch of the mother, where they attach themselves to the teats, and for about five weeks they are fed by the milk of the mother without leaving their safe and warm incubator.

After that time they begin to explore the outside world; but they do it on the back of the mother clinging to her fur and with their tails coiled around their mother's tail, the mother presenting now a most curious aspect of a walking nursery.

How the opossum has survived to the present day and how it manages to keep its hold of life is one of the mysteries of nature.

Deer, elk, wolf, bear and raccoon, wild-cat, lynx and panther have had their range much restricted; but the dull witted, slow and almost defenseless opossum is still found over much of its ancient range, which extends from New York to Texas and from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi and beyond.

It is, however small enough to find shelter under stones and woodpiles, under roots and in hollow trees, and it eats everything that is edible. Bulbs and roots, eggs and young birds, and all kinds of fruit. Its fondness of the wild perimmons is proverbial. It has no aversion to fresh chicken, and it is a prolific breeder.

These points of strength on the score card of life must overbalance its weak points or the animal could not survive.

No other American animal has given rise to a proverb which every child understands. But of what benefit this strange trait of rolling itself up into a ball and playing dead can be to a creature like the opossum it is difficult to see.

Many insects when disturbed drop to the ground, and by playing dead they become invisible, but the opossum is too large to reap a like benefit. Dogs, boys and men are not deceived, nor is it likely that wolves, foxes and bears were ever fooled in this way. If the creature would only use its ability to run he very often could escape, but that is not his way. When overtaken and touched he rolls up, opens his mouth wide and allows himself to be killed.

Perhaps under conditions that have now passed away this strange habit was of benefit to the race, and it persists as a fixed instinct although it is now fatal.

To Jog Your Memories.

Several of Tom's classmates had gathered on his porch steps on their way home to discuss the new teacher.

"I felt so ashamed today," said Jim, "when Miss Maud asked those review geography questions I realized that I had forgotten almost all I ever knew."

"So did I," confessed Helen, "and I felt sorry for what Miss Maud must be thinking of Miss Jones' teaching. We all knew so little."

"Well, it wasn't Miss Jones' fault," spoke up Tom. "She was a good teacher, it's just that we'll have to do something to jog our memories along a bit."

Mother who had been listening unnoticed at the window, smiling, went into the pantry for a box of cookies and then approached the group on the steps.

"Did I hear someone asking for a memory jogger?" she asked as she passed the cakes around amongst the children. "I know a good game for the purpose. Would you like to try it?"

"Oh yes — sure thing — you bet — please yes," cried the children, so mother seated herself beside them and explained the game.

"This game is a geography help," she said. "Tom, you begin. Name a city in United States that begins with an A. The next boy must tell you what State it is in

and if he does this correctly, he in turn names a city commencing with B. Helen must tell what State that is in, because she sits next, and then she must name a C city. So the game continues until the alphabet is used up."

For a time the children played this memory jogger, laughing at each other's mistakes and puzzling over details of location. When mother saw that they were tiring of this fun, she suggested a new game.

"This game will aid your spelling," she explained. "It also has to do with geography. The first child names a city, State or country. Now you must all be on the alert to discover which was named — city, State or country and the next child in turn must locate it and name a new place whose first letter shall be the last of the place just named. This game may be played with many variations. Some one may name a city and the next person must name another using the second letter of the name, the next must begin his city with the third letter of the name, the fourth child with the fourth letter, etc., until the first place is entirely spelled out in the initial letters of new places. Then a new place may be named."

If your memory needs jogging, try these games and you will find them a great help and at the same time lots of fun.

Tongue Twisters.

If you think you have a smooth-running tongue, try these twisters, and if you succeed in making no mistakes, you can be sure you will not be in any danger of stammering:

**She sells sea-shells on the seashore.
The shells she sell are sea-shells, I'm sure,
So if she sells sea-shells on the seashore,
Then I'm sure she sells seashore shells.**

Here is another one that should prove an excellent test of a smooth-running tongue:
**Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle.
Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's
kettle?
If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's
kettle,
Where's the kinsman's kettle that Kimbo
Kemble kicked.**

To Whit, To Whoo.

By Harriet Nutty.

Good Mr. Owl, pray tell me why
 You always say, "To whit, to whoo."
 If you are so very very wise,
 Why can't you tell us something new?

My little girl, I will indeed
 Be glad to tell you something new,
 When you can tell me what I mean
 By my remark, "To whit, to whoo."



Uninvited Guest.

When the Leaves Fall.

An oak leaf fell upon my foot!
 To walk I wasn't able.
 'Twas solid oak—I'll say it was—
 From our extension table.

The Flycat.

Quite the worst of all sad things
 Would be a pussy cat on wings,
 He'd fly up high into the air
 And catch and eat the birdies there.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No 1.

There is a word of five letters from which two can be taken and only leave one. What is it?

Answer to Puzzle No. 6.

\$21.

HONORABLE MENTION TO NO. 6.

Roselle Udovich, Lorain, O.
Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.
Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.
Edward Omahne, Clinton, Ind.
Anna Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.
Mary Nagode, Midway, Pa.
Paul Videgar, Nokomis, Ill.
Lena Gratchner, Clinton, Ind.
Daniel Obed, Avella, Pa.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

I am very interested in the *Ml. L.* But I am sorry I did not start right at first, because I don't know how to write in Slovenian. But lately I saw some of the readers write in English so I got courage enough to start. I'll try to solve some of the puzzles.

Jacob Istinich, East Palestine, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I received the *Ml. L.* six times. I like it very very much. My father helps me in reading the Slovenian stories and poems. I read the other stories myself. I try very hard to solve the puzzles. When it comes to the grammar my father is my teacher. I hope to write soon Slovenian just as good as I speak it at home. I am fourteen years old and in the eight grade.

Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I receive the *Ml. L.* every month and enjoy it very much. I think the magazine is very useful for all children. I have three

brothers which also read stories and try to solve puzzles. I am fourteen years old and am in High School. I can also write and read the Slovenian language. I hope all the girls and the boys will take an interest in the magazine and learn the Slovenian language. I wish it would come twice a month.

Verna Dudaš, Arma, Kansas.

I wish our *Mladinski List* would come once a week instead once a month. For if it doesn't come oftener I haven't got anything to read. I am 14 years old and in the first year high school.

Your friend,

Annie Dimitz, Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

During these wintry days I think it is a great pleasure to read the *Mladinski List*. Every month I am anxiously waiting for the issue to come, because I think it is very interesting. I hope all the Slovenian girls and boys are as much interested in our *Mladinski List* as I am.

Mary Nagode, Midway, Pa.

Fun on the farm.

We that live on the farms have lots of fun. In winter we have coasting parties. The neighbors make candy and popcorn. When we get cold we go in the house. Many children come.

We go to school in winter on a bob sled. First the driver stops in front of one house, then another. The driver puts jingle bells on the horses. We have a long way to go to school. We also have sliding and snow balling.

In summer we go to the woods and pick flowers. There are many kinds of flowers; there are lilies, myrtles, blue bells, butter cups and many other kinds. The boys go fishing and swimming. The girls have other games to play, too.

Josephine Turk, Mantua, Ohio.

Which Should Have Whistled?

A Scotsman, attended by his collie, was walking through a fishmarket when he stopped to inquire the prize of some fine looking fish. While he was conversing with the fishmonger the collie's tail drooped for a moment over a basketful of live lobsters, and one of the largest of them instantly clamped claws on it, causing the collie to go dashing off through the market homeward, yelping with pain while the crustacean hung on grimly.

"Mon, mon!" the fishmonger appealed after one speechless moment of tense indignation, "whistle to yer dog!"

"Hoot, mon", the other retorted complacently, "whistle to yer lobster!"

Before There Were Autos.

A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word "furlough."

Jack was called upon, and said, "It means a mule; it says so in a book."

The teacher asked for the book and it was brought forward. At last Jack came to a picture of a soldier sitting on a mule.

At the bottom of the picture was written, "Going home on his furlough."

Qualified Nature.

"What profession is your boy Josh going to select?"

"I'm going to educate him to be a lawyer," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's naturally argumentative an' bent on mixin' into other people's troubles an' he might jes' as well get paid fur his time."

Try This Balancing Feat.

For this interesting balancing feat a needle is firmly driven into the cork of a bottle. Another cork is cut into several pieces of equal size and one piece is fixed on the end of each of several forks. The forks are then hung on the plate at equal distances apart, the pieces of cork acting as hooks. The plate with the forks hanging on it can be balanced on the needle and whirled around rapidly without danger of falling.

Hed'd Had Them.

"Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would it give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

"Goods gracious, no! They'd kill him."

"Well, they didn't."

Master—Joseph, how's the weather this morning?

Joseph—Rather warm, if it happened to be January; decidedly cool if we were around the 30th of July.

Music Teacher—What do you mean, Miss Juno, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounud and Fred Handel?

Pupil—Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers.

While sitting at supper one evening a precocious little boy of five asked if he could have some more pie.

At this request his older sister exclaimed: "You can't have any more, Jack. Why, you have eaten more than I have!"

To this Jack replied:

"Well, what of that? You forgot how you kept on eating before I was born!"

Native—Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones, too.

Hunter—Good! Which way is South?

Father (to Bobby, who had just fallen downstairs)—Why, Bobby, did you miss your step?

Bobby—No, sir; I hit every one of them!

Little Girl—Ma, why do they keep animals at the telephone office?

Mother—Why, child, what gave you such an idea?

Little Girl—Because when I called pa up the lady told me the lion's busy.

A logical question. Pupil—What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?

Teacher—The law of gravity, of course.

Pupil—Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed?

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

(Continued.)

IV.

NOUNS.

A Noun is the name of a person, place, thing, or quality; as, *Cankar*, *Dunaj* (Vienna), *mačka* (cat), *veselje* (happiness).

1) Nouns are either Proper or Common. Proper nouns are permanent names of persons or places; as, *Cankar*, *Dunaj*. Other nouns are Common; as, *mačka*, *veselje*, *deklica* (girl), *cvetlica* (flower).

2) Nouns are also distinguished as Concrete or Abstract.

a) Concrete nouns are those which designate individual objects; as, *gora* (mountain), *noga* (foot), *dan* (day), *šola* (school).

Under concrete nouns are included, also, collective nouns; as, *deca* (children), *gospodje* (gentlemen), *legija* (legion).

b) Abstract nouns designate qualities; as, *revščina* (poverty), *dobrotljivost* (kindness).

GENDER OF NOUNS.

There are three Genders—Masculine, Feminine, and Neuter. The names of male creatures are masculine, of female creatures feminine, and of young creatures neuter.

NUMBER.

The Slovenian has three Numbers: Singular, Dual and Plural. The Singular denotes one object, the Dual two, and the Plural more than two.

CASES.

There are six Cases in Slovenian:

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| 1) Nominative, | Case of Subject; |
| 2) Genitive, | Objective with <i>of</i> , or Possessive; |
| 3) Dative, | Objective with <i>to</i> or <i>for</i> ; |
| 4) Accusative, | Case of Direct Object; |
| 5) Locative, | Case denoting place; |
| 6) Instrumental, | Objective with <i>by</i> , <i>with</i> , <i>from</i> , <i>in</i> . |

THE FIVE DECLENSIONS.

There are five Declensions in Slovenian, distinguished from each other by the final letter of the Stem, as follows:—

- | | |
|------|-------------------------------|
| I. | Declension: final letter: -a; |
| II. | " " " -o; |
| III. | " " " -i; |
| IV. | " " " -u; |
| V. | " " " some consonant. |

(To be continued.)