

Mladinski List

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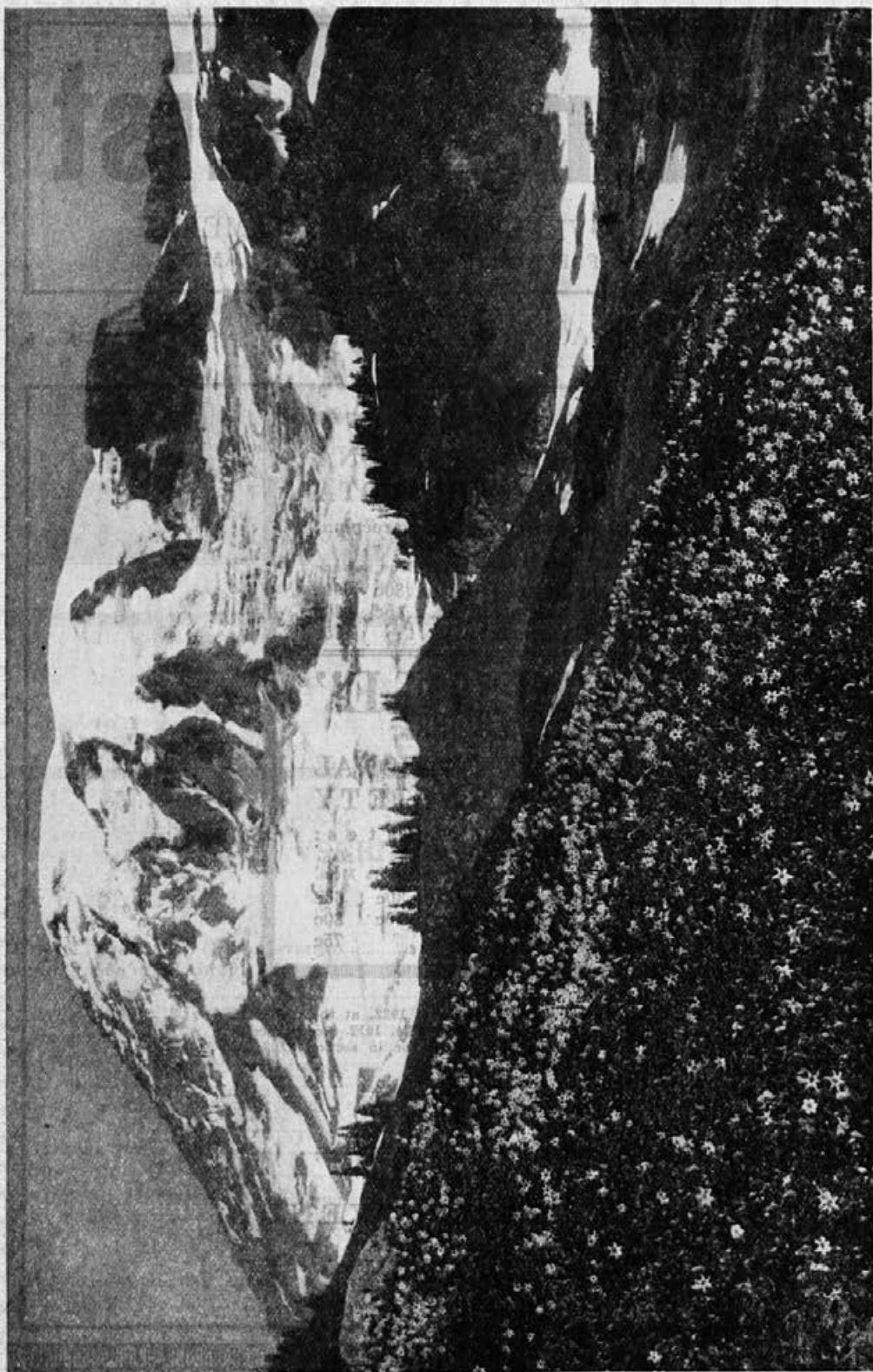
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Above, Peaks of Snow;
below, Sable Forests and Gardens.

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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., MAJ, 1926.

Štev. 5.

VSTANITE K SVOBODI!

Orjak
roke žuljave
mogočno
je silne razmahnil . . .
Iztok in Zapad je objel. —
Omahnil,
zaječal
je v strahu, trepetu,
Človek — vrag.

“Hej!”
Kriknil orjak
krik je mogočen,

silan,
presilen,
da se potresal
Iztok je, Zapad:
“Združi se, brat,
ki si stoletja
ponižan, pokoren,
trpel glad,
ki si neštete
krivice trpel . . .
Ki krvavel,
se mučil,
umiral,

da je brezskrbno
vžival, počival,
vino razlival,
zlato kupičil
Človek — vrag . . .

Hej . . .
Čas je napočil —
Združi se, brat!
Stresi s silnih
ramen okove!
Vstani k Svobodi . . .
Človek — Siromak!” —

Ivan Vuk.

VESNA.

Vesna priplula je
v halji zeleni,
cvetja nasula je
v svet zapuščeni.

Mlado življenje vzkliko je spet,
ko čez poljano razlilo je v svet
solnce svoj božanstveni žar,
vse oživljajoči narave ta dar.

Minka Severjeva.

MOJE PESMI SO PTIČKE!

MOJE pesmi so ptičke mladostne, vesele . . .
V jutru so čistem se v gaju rodile,
kljunčke si z roso srebrno umile,
iz čašic medice se sladke napile.

Z draguljčki v perju zravnanim natkane,
dobrot neizmernih do sita pijane,
spustile se v pisane šumne poljane—

in tam, kjer so ravnokar cvetke vzkalile,
nožic so prelahkih se pred nje spustile
in glaskov prirode so tam se učile . . .

Ko zbrale so glaske, so v lozo hitele,
na bukovja vejo zeleno so sele
in s šumom zelenja glasno so zapele . . .

S to pesmijo k morju so se napotile,
v pravljico bajne nasade se skrile
in tajno z valovi morja govorile . . .

O, ptički, poromajte še tja v višave,
pred zvezdo usode priklonite glave,
od nje izprosite blaginje in slave—
in to ponesite v vse naše dežele!—

Tone Rakovčan.



Materin dan.

Mati, mama, mamica! Sladka, najslajša beseda radosti in veselja, blagostanja in tolažbe. Mati je otroku življenje in uteha. Prvi glas deteta jo kliče, da ga uteši in hrani, potolaži jokajočega, ga čuva najzvestejše bolnega, mu streže in ga zdravi. Mati je, zato dela vse to, ker mati ljubi; samo mati zna ljubiti.

Najbolj plemenita skrb veže mater na dete, ki ga nebogljenega in neposlušnega čuva. Njena ljubezen ne pozna meje, ne pozna zaprek in ne preneha, dokler bije njeno srce. Ljubezen njena jo ohrani pri življenju in trpljenju.

Človek si je postavil praznik, da počasti materino ljubezen. Izmed tristopetinsedestih dni v letu je posvetil materi samo enega, da počasti in se zahvali materi s tem, ko ji kupi za dolar cvetlic ali lepo razglednico v spomin. Za vse njeno trpljenje, za vse njeno življenje ljubezni, naj bo to plačilo. Ne, mati nam je dala življenje in materi smo dolžni vse življenje, kakor nam je ona dala vsega ljubezni polnega. Vsak dan naj bo posvečen materi. Kakor mati čuti z nami v potrebi in deli z nami skrb, tako moramo mi deliti z njo svojo srečo. Naj nikdar ne pade na mater grd pogled, nikdar naj jezik ne izreče žal besede materi! Samo iskreno prijateljstvo in hvaležnost mora biti v naših besedah z materjo, samo nasmeh in dobra volja naj sije z naših obrazov, ko govorimo z materjo, samo blag spomin na lepo preteklost mladostnih dni imejmo, ko smo izgubili največji zaklad na svetu, svojo ljubečo mater.

*

Bil je prvi pomladanski dan. Blagodejno, zlato solnce je sijalo skozi odprta okna. Mati je sedela na klopi pri mizi in lupila krompir. Njen obraz je obsevalo solnce, sivenci lasje so se iskrili kot srebrna svila. Z žalostnega, od skrbi in trpljenja vsega nagubanega obraza se je razodevala neizmerna bolest. Tiho je plakala in solze so ji polzele po licih.

“Mati!”

Molčala je. Neizmerna bol in skrb sta udušili odgovor, ki je imel priti kot tolažilna beseda.

“Saj ne bo hudega, mati! Vojna bo kmalu končala, vrnila se bova oba s Frankom zdrava in odrasla. Takrat, mati, bomo srečni vsi. Vse bova podelala midva, vi boste samo kuhali; vse drugo narediva midva.”

“Ne pravi mi tako, sin! Saj je tudi Frank govoril tako, ko je odšel kakor zdaj ti, otrok, pa se še ni vrnil!”

Nisem se upal pogledati materi v obraz. Ona sama je zrla v košarico s krompirjem in lupinami; lupila je krompir in si je otirala solze.

“Še goden ni bil in so ga gnali na bojno polje,” je prekinila molk. “Težko so ga ranili, pa ga niso pustili domov, da bi ga zdravila jaz. In komaj je malo okreval, so ga vzeli iz bolnišnice nazaj na fronto. Zdaj pa še tebe!”

Njen glas je bil najhujša tožba užaljene matere. Užalili so jo, ker vzeli so ji ljubezen.

Žarki zgodnjega spomladanskega solnca so se ustavili na velem licu matere, kjer je obstala drobna solza. Kakor biser nepopisne lepote je zaiskrila ta solza. Skočil bi k nji, jo objel in ji poljubil dragoceno solzo s tužnega obraza. Toda v srcu je vzbruhnula jeza, odpor proti vsem, ki žalostijo mater; planil sem skozi vrata, da pozabim.

Spomin na oni najkrasnejši biser, na materino solzo, me je spremljal. V strelskih jarkih sem videl vabeči žalostni obraz matere z iskreno solzo na zgubanem licu. V duhu me je spremljala njena slika skozi nevarnosti in me privedla domov.

*

Konec vojne.

Obloženi vlaki so pripeljali vojake na domače postaje. Hladen, poznojesenski dan je bil. Zadnje ptice so splašeno begale v jatah proti jugu. Iz oblakov je pršel neznan gost dež in močil obleko in lice.

Končano je torej. Še visoki prelaz in potem v dolino. Nahrbtnik je tiščal razbolela ramena, šibeča kolena so vodila negotov korak. Kaj bo? Premagam strmi prelaz? Visoko gori je bilo še sleme, vendar sem moral že počivati. Odurna megla je silila v oči in skrivala motne sence grmičevja po močvirnatih kotanji v vznožju pod prelazom. Žive

duše ni bilo nikjer in če bi tudi bila, kdo bi bil v tistih časih pomagal bolnemu, razcapanemu in lačnemu? Vsak si pomagaj sam! Toda jaz si nisem mogel.

V megli sem zagledal veli obraz matere s svetlo iskro na obrazu. Glej, saj to ni solza žalosti, to je solza radosti! Oh, mati! Nič več počitka, nič več obupa! Mati!

Prekoračil sem megleni prelaz in stopal v dolino, nad katero so se razganjali sivi oblaki. Medlo solnce je kukalo na rojstni kraj in dalo več moči vračajočemu se popotniku. Mati je stala na pragu in čakala z razprostrtimi rokami.

"Mati! Mama!" Solze so bile zopet na njenem še bolj ostarelem, a toliko ljubšem

obličju, vendar ne solze žalosti, temveč solze neizmerne veselja. Poljubil bi zopet te solze, a glava je onemogla, padla na slabotna materina nedra.

Bil je to materin dan.

Skrbno je čistila perilo in obleko, narahlo postiljala postelj, varila je zdravila, negovala in tolažila. V dolgih nočeh, ko so pošastne slike iz strelskih jarkov še divjale po razbolelih možganih, da se je napol v sanjah, napol v grozničavih blodnjah krčilo telo vsled prestalih strahov, je edino mati bdela ob vzglavju, budila, da prežene strahove iz vojne, in negovala bolnika kot malo dete.

Bili so to materini dnevi, bile so njene noči.

Andrej Kobal.

Carl Sandburg:

Tri zgodbe o motorogi zlatorogi.

(Konec.)

III.

Habakuk Capar, modri podgani in cirkuški ravnatelj.

Habakuk Capar se je vračal na dom. Končal je dnevno delo. Solnce je bilo zašlo. Cestne svetiljke so jele svetiti. Vlomilci so odhajali na svoj nočni posel. To ni bila ura za poštenega cunjarja, da bi trkal ljudem na duri s temi besedami: "Imate cunj naprodaj?" ali s temi besedami: "Imate cunj, kosti, steklenic, starega železa, bakra, medi naprodaj? Starega pošvedranega obuvala, ki ni za nikogar več? Stare obleke, starih plaščev, hlač, telovnikov naprodaj? Kar imate starega oblačila, vse poberem."

Habakuk Capar se je vračal domov. V vreči iz indijskega lanu, ki je tvoril grbo na njegovem hrbtu nad cunjami, ki so tvorile grbo v cunjarski vreči, je ležal star oprsnik. Bil je isti stari oprsnik, ki ga je bil Jazon Smuk zagnal skozi vrata Habakuku Caparju. V žepu telovnika je ležala motoroga zlatoroga, ki je imela čarobno moč.

Da, Habakuk Capar se je torej vrnil domov kakor po navadi, sedel, da bi večerjal, zacmakal z ustnami in se mastil z ribo kakor po navadi. Nato je stopil na dvorišče, kjer je bilo pristrešje, odvezal vrečo iz indijske-

ga lanu in razvrstil stvari po razpolih kakor vsak dan, ko je ob povratku odpiral svojo vrečo iz indijskega lanu ter urejal stvar po razpolih.

Zadnja stvar, ki jo je namestil v njen razpredel, je bil prsnik z motorogo zlatorogo v žepu. "Obleci si ga—to je prnja, ki jo je veselje gledati," si je rekel, ko je ogledoval životnik. "Ta telovnik nosi srečo." Vtaknil je torej desno roko v desni otvor in levo roko v levi otvor. Tako je imel roke vtaknjene v izreze starega prsnika, povišanega v vrsto nove oprave.

Drugo jutro je Habakuk Capar dejal na svidenje svoji ženi ter jo poljubil, na svidenje svoji devetnajstletni hčeri. Poljubil ju je, kakor je imel navado—kar na naglo—in med objemanjem je govoril: "Ne bom dolgo kesnel, če se malo zapoznim, in doma bom, kadar se povrnem."

Da, Habakuk Capar je stopil na ulice. A toliko da je stal zunaj, se je nekaj naključilo. Na desnem ramenu mu je čepela modra podgana in na levem ramenu mu je čepela modra podgana. Zapazil ju je samo, ju je pogledal—drugače ni mogoče.

Tiščali sta se mu tik ob ušesu. Ostro konico njunih brkov je čutil na svojem uhlju.

“Kaj takega se mi še ni pripetilo, odkar pobiram brnje,” si je mislil. “Dve višnjevi podgani mi kolčita ob ušesu, pa nič ne črhne-ta, čeprav dobro vesta, da na uho vlečem vse, kar bi povedali.”

Habakuk Capar je takisto korakal po prostoru med dvema ulicama ter povirkival z desnim očesom na modro podgano, sedečo mu na desni rami, z levim očesom pa je škilil na modro podgano, ki mu je ždela na levi rami.

“Če bi jaz nekemu tičal na plečih in mu držal mustače naravnost v uho, bi temu nekemu kaj povedal, da bi ta nekdo paznoho posluške utepal,” je momljal.

Seveda pa ni vedel, da motoroga zlatoroga s svojo čarobo na ta način deluje. V žepu telovnika, ki ga je imel na sebi, je moč motoroge zlatoroge pripovedovala: “Ker sta dva KK v tvojemu imenu, boš imel dve sinji podgani na plečih, to je usojeno, sinjo podgano za desno uho, sinjo podgano za levo uho.”

Posel se je čudovito odsedal. Svoj živi dan ni Habakuk Cunjar nabral toliko starih cap in cunj.

“Pridite še bliže—vi in vaši višnjevi podgani srečenoski,” so ga nagovarjali ljudje. Brskali so po kletih in kaščah ter mu donášali steklenic, kosti, bakra, žolte medi, starih škarpov in stare sleke, odloženih halj, plaščev, geg in bregeš in oprsnikov.

Vsak dan, kadar je hodil po ulicah z dvema modrima podganama na plečih, ki sta mežikajoč zrlji naravnost predse in si grizli brke, tako da sta tupatam ščegetali očeta Habakuka Caparja v ušesa, je nanoslo, da so ženske prihitile na stopnice pred vežo in ga gledale, rekoč: “Oh, če ni čuden ta preklificani stric cunjar in če nista čudni ti prešmentani višnjevi podgani!”

Medtem pa je zlatorogo zdelo učinkovalo s svojo čarobo. Govorilo je: “Dokler bo očka Habakuk Capar čuval modri podgani, mu bo sreča mila, to je usojeno . . . , ako pa se mu prigodi, da proda eno obeh modrih podgan, se bo ena njegovih hčeri poročila z avtotaksnim vozačem . . . in če se mu primeri, da proda drugo modro podgano, bo nje-

gova druga hči vzela mladega kinskega prvaka.”

Tedaj so se nakretile strahovite stvari. Prišel je lastnik cirkusa. “Kar na roko vam izplačam tisoč dolarjev dobrega denarja v gotovini za eno izmed višnjevih podgan,” je rekel šopirno. “In pri tej priči vam dam dva tisoč dolarjev dobrega denarja v gotovini za obe višnjevi podgani skupaj.”

“Pokažite mi, koliko dobrega denarja gotovca vržeta tista dva tisoča dolarjev na enem samem kupu, ki ga more en sam človek odnesti domov v svoji vreči iz jute,” je odgovoril Habakuk Capar.

Gospodar cirkusa se je odpravil v banko in se vrnil z gotovimi denarji v zelenih bankovcih.

“Ta gotovina v zelenih novčanicah je napravljena iz najtanjših svilenih cunj tiskanih po narodni vladi za narodno republiko v ta namen, da bi trg zabogatel in prospeval,” je rekel lastnik cirkusa šopirno.

“I—z n—a—j—t—a—n—j—š—i—h s—v—i—l—n—a—t—i—h c—u—nj,” je še povdarjal in molil dva prsta Habakuku Caparju pod nos.

“Sprejemem,” je dejal Habakuk Capar, “sprejemem. To bo polna jutena vreča, natrcana z dobrim gotovcem v zelenih bankovcih. Svoji ženi porečem, da je to dala natisniti narodna vlada za narodno republiko v ta namen, da bi trg zabogatel in prospeval.”

Zatem je poljubil modri podgani, eno na desno uho, drugo na levo uho, ter ju izročil gospodarju cirkusa.

Zategadelj se je v naslednjem mesecu njegova osemnajstletna hči omožila z avtotaksnim voziteljem, ki se je ves čas kazal tako vljudnega napram svojim vožencem, da ni več utegnil biti ljubezniv s svojo ženko. Zategadelj se je njegova devetnajstletna hči vdala za mladega kinematografskega prvaka, ki se je tolikanj ubijal in vbadal, da bi se pokazal milega in dražestnega v kinu, da mu ni ostalo nikdar dovolj za njegovo ženo, kadar se je po končanem dnevnem opravljanju vračal na dom. Životnik srečenosec, ki ga je imel Habakuk Capar, pa mu je z motorogo zlatorogo vred zmaknil krmitelj avtotakse.

Poslovenil A. D.

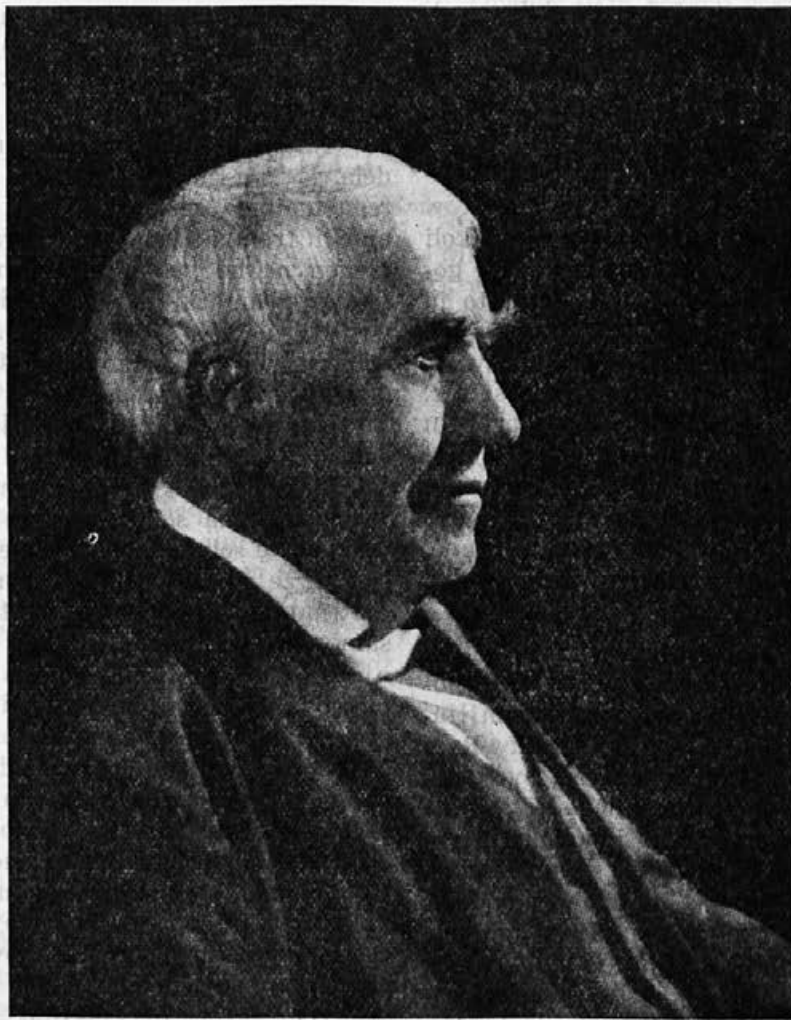
Thomas Alva Edison.

Najmarljivejši človek naše dobe.

Napredek naroda ni odvisen od števila tovaren, ki jih narod lastuje, temveč od števila poštenih in delavnih ljudi, ki narod sestavljajo.

Thomas Alva Edison, toliko slavljene ameriški iznajditelj, je bil rojen v februarju leta 1847 v malem mestu Milanu v državi

je tudi hitro uspeval in tako je leta 1869 dobil službo ravnatelja pri podjetju Gold and Stock Telegraph. V tej novi službi je imel še lepšo priliko za raziskovanje in tako je med tem poslom tudi iznašel mnogo novih stvari na polju elektrike, ki jih je kompanija



Thomas Alva Edison.

Ohio. Kot deček je raznašal časopise, a pozneje je postal telegrafist. Za ta svoj najnovejši poklic se je mladenič tako zanimal, da je bil kmalu poznan kot najhitrejši telegrafist cele brzozjavne družbe Western Union. Bil je priden in zanimal se je za svoj poklic, zato

vse pokupila od njega za vsoto \$40.000. Edison ni bil človek, ki bi pridobljen denar vložil v banko, da bi še bolj pomnožil svoje imetje, temveč da bi delal nove poizkušnje in prišel do novih iznajdb. Ustanovil je električno delavnico v West Orange, ki je pozneje po-

stala enako slavna kakor on sam. Njegovi izumi v tej novi delavnici so preštevilni, da bi jih tu navajali vse. Edison je pridobil vsega več tisoč patentov in v resnici se mora njegovemu neumornemu delovanju zahvaliti več kot milijon ljudi samo v Združenih državah, ker si z njegovim izumom služijo kruh. Naj povemo tu samo nekoliko najbolj pomembnih Edisonovih izumov: Izumil je takozvani mimeograf, spopolnil je pisalni stroj, iznašel je gramofon, audofon za gluhe, podmorske torpede in drugo. Najbrž je njegov največji izum električna žarnica, a ravnotako njegov kinematograf, kateri temelji na njegovih patentih. Ni ga imena med modernimi izumitelji, ki bi bilo bolj slavljen kakor ime Edisona.

Edison je vedno dobre volje in se nikoli ne jezi. Ta lepa njegova navada mu je gotovo pomagala, da je dosegel že 79. leto in je še vedno čvrst in zdrav. Še kot starček je tako priden, kakor malo ljudi na svetu, kajti on dela vsaki dan po osemnajst ur. Njegova pridnost, volja in vztrajnost pri delu je prišla že v pregovor. Ko je bil mlad, je znal delati tudi po dvajset ur na dan, tako da mu je vsega ostajalo za spanje samo tri ure, eno uro pa za dnevni odmor in povžetje hrane. Zdaj, ko je v osemdesetem letu, dela po dve uri manj na dan in to ga silno žalosti.

Edison živi samo za dobrobit človeštvu. On ne gleda na to, da bi se njemu dobro godilo, ampak da bi se godilo dobro vsem ljudem. Dela iz ljubezni do vseh ljudi. Radi tega tudi razumemo, zakaj on ne posveča nikake pažnje svojemu oblačilu. Nikdar ne nosi ovratnika in kravate, niti klobuka ne pokrije. Srednje velikosti je in govori glasno, z nosnim naglasom. Ima goste obrvi, pod katerimi sijeta bistri, sivi očesi. Lase ima bele kot sneg in zdaj, na stare dni, je malo nagluščen. Pri govorjenju se izogiba vsakim frazam ter gleda, da kolikor mogoče na kratko pove vsako svojo misel. Vidi se, da je praktičen človek in pravi Amerikanec. Velikokrat se smeje, jezi pa gotovo nikoli ne. Edison ni v vsem svojem življenju nikoli veliko jedel in tudi danes pravi, da je poln želodec največji nasprotnik možganov. In ono malo hrane, katero povžije, vedno dobro prežveči, da toliko lažje prebavlja. On pravi, da ko-

šček mesa zadostuje in da človeku vso energijo, ki jo potrebuje. Po Edisonovem mnenju ljudje jedo veliko preveč in tako tudi spijo dvakrat več kot dovolj. Krivda slabi aktivnosti človeških misli da je v tem, ker si človek ne zna odmerjati hrane, katero potrebuje za življenje.

Ob osemdesetem letu življenja, ko drugi starci mislijo na smrt, se Edison vzlic svojim velikim naporom skozi življenje počuti kot mladenič in ravno dela na nekih novih izumih, kateri bodo, ako uspejo, za vse človečanstvo velikanske koristi, kakor so koristni vsi dosedanji.

Največji izum, na katerem zdaj Edison dela, je **s o l n č n i m o t o r**. S pomočjo tega motorja se bodo kretali parniki, avtomobili, tramvaji, motorji in zrakoplovi in potreben ne bo več niti bencin niti premog, temveč bomo izkoriščali energijo, katero nam pošilja sonce s svojimi žarki. Izkoriščanje solčne sile bo enako izkoriščanju vodopadov, katerih moč se prenese v električno silo. Po planjavah, ki so najbolj izpostavljene solncu, bodo velike naprave za vsrkavanje solčne energije. Velike kovinaste žice bodo razprostrte na solncu, katere bodo pretvarjale valove solčnih žarkov v elektriko. Edison je že iznašel veliki električni akumulator (naprava za zbiranje elektrike), ki tehta samo štiri funte, a je lahko v njem shranjene toliko električne sile, da je z njeno pomočjo lahko poditi avtomobil dvajset dni brez prestanka. Ta novi akumulator je sestavljen čisto drugače, kakor so dosedanji. In kakor danes kupujejo ljudje gasolin po avtomobilskih postajališčih, tako bodo v bližnji bodočnosti kupovali za električne motorje svojih avtomobilov z elektriko napolnjene akumulatorje, ki bodo veliko cenejši kot gasolin, če se le posreči nova Edisonova iznajdba za izrabljanje solčne energije.

Edison se ukvarja tudi z aparatom za spanje. Kakor ste že brali, je Edison velik nasprotnik dolgega spanja. Znano je, da je Edison spal samo po nekaj ur na teden takrat, ko je izumil gramofon. Tak rekord je do danes doseglo še jako malo ljudi. Zdaj pa mora tudi on več časa spati, ker njegove življenjske sile vendarle slabe. Zdi se mu pa škoda časa za spanje, zato tuhta, kako bi

iznašel aparat, s katerim bo lahko pregnati spanec. Ta naprava bo nekako pokrivalo, napolnjeno z različnimi električnimi žicami, ki bodo oddajale možganom energijo. Kakor hitro bo začel ta aparat delati, bo človek zaspal. Spal bo ravno tri ure in po tem času se bo zbudil čvrst in dovolj naspan. Med spanjem ga ne bodo motile sanje in se tudi ves čas ne bo zbudil. Da se prekine spanje, bo treba prekiniti električni tok v pokrivalu, a to bo že vse tako avtomatično narejeno, da ne bo

treba spalnega pokrivala drugega kot naviti, kakor se na primer navije ura. Ta aparat bo gotovo podaljšal človeško življenje za petnajst let. Le preračunajmo, ako živimo 80 let in dnevno spimo do osem ur, koliko časa potrošimo v nezavesti spanja. Če uspeta še ta dva nova Edisonova izuma, bo dobri izumitelj zopet upravičeno nosil čast največjega dobrotnika človeštva.

Thomas Alva Edison je samouk.

Fr. Palnak:

Četveronožci v našem gozdu.

(Konec.)

III.

Želja, da bi videli kaj novega in zanimivega, naravnava naše korake naprej. Dasi bi radi zavriskali od radosti v veličastnem, tajnostnem prirodnem domu, ki se zelen in košat razpenja nad nami, moramo vendar krotiti svojo radost. Zato pa previdno in tiho hodimo dalje po gozdu, da ne splašimo živali, ki bi se večinoma vse poskrile, če ugledata kaj neznanega ali če se jim bliža človek. Zremo predsé in po tleh, kar nam prileti zviška na klobuk—oglodan smrekov češarek! Odkod pa to? A

. . . v e v e r i c a
s smreke tam
se norca dela:
"Kumek, kam?
Če moreš, pa
ujemi me
in v torbi s sabo
vzemi me!"

Ej, kdo bi te? Sicer pa se tudi sama več ne zmeni niti za nas, niti zato, da je vrgla ogrizek ravno na naš klobuk. Sedi lepo na zadnjih nogah, košati rep zasukan navzgor, v prednjih šapicah pa že drži spet nekaj ter nosi h gobčku, da gloda in gloda.

Le stojmo prav mirno!

Saj jo komaj vidimo ob rjavem borovem deblu, vso rjavo od čopkov na ušesih pa do konca košatega repa; belino po vratu in trebuhu pa je skrila ob deblo.

Že spet je odvrгла, kar je držala s pred-

njima nogama; oprijela se je z dolgimi krempljci in kakor misel je šinila v vrh. Ali so nas zapazila njena živa črna očesca? Ha, že beži po deblu nizdol; zasukala se je, vrgla se na vejo—hop, hop!—s te na drugo, tretjo. Izginila nam je izpred oči . . . O, ne! Glej jo, je že spet tu! Spet se je skrila in zdaj—aha! Gnezdo ima tam zgoraj v drevesnih rogovilah! Prav umetno si ga je spletla iz vejic in mahu, na spodnji strani si je napravila vhod, da je zavarovana notranjščina proti dežju. Ko bi bilo slabo vreme, bi veverice sploh ne videli. Ne prikaže se tedaj iz gnezda. Danes pa je solnce, in vse eno se je skrila vanje? E, kaj pa, če ima notri mladičke? V takem toplem, mehkem gnezdecu pride do sedem mladih veveričk na svet. Prve dni so slepe, ali komaj izpregledajo in malo odrastejo, že silijo vun, kjer se po ves božji dan igrajo, skrivajo, cukajo in skačejo. V nevarnosti pa jih znosi starka vse v gnezdo na drugem drevesu; saj ima gnezd mnogo, ko pa je ves gozd njen dom.

Glej jo, je že zopet zunaj! Oho! Kaj pa je to? Čuden glas nam je prišel hipoma do ušes: veverica pišči! Strah jo je. Koga? Ni se utegnila ozreti po gnezdu, kar na drugo drevo je preskočila; zopet . . . in že je ni več . . .

Po njenih stopinjah pa jo pobira njena največja sovražnica—kuna zlatica. Tudi ta nam izgine hipoma izpred oči, a da bi mogli zreti za begunko in preganjalko, bi videli zanimiv prizor.

Veverica ve prav dobro, da ji gre za kožo; ve pa tudi, da proti svojemu sovražniku nima drugega orožja kakor svojo urnost. Zato pa se napne, kolikor se more, ter se kaže v vsej svoji gibčnosti. Zleti v vrh, se spusti od tu na tla, zbeži na drugo drevo, spusti se na tla iznova, beži po deblu, se suče okrog njega ter se tako skriva preganjalkinemu očesu. Zlatica pa je vedno za njo in v vrhu jo že skoro zaseže. Še enkrat se spusti veverica zviška na tla; tako ji zlatica ne more slediti, a pleza naglo po deblu navzdol. Veverica pa vseeno ne uide; zlatica, ki je vztrajnejša, jo preganja toliko časa, da veverica vsa upehana obnemore in se vda.

Gotovo je upehala zlatica tudi našo veverico in zdaj kje sreblje in liže njeno toplo kri. Žal nam je, čeprav nam je delala v gozdu s svojim glodanjem le škodo.

A tudi zlatico še doleti zaslužena kazen od človeka. Če bi je ne lovil že zaradi drugega, bi jo zaradi njene kože, ki daje mehko, gosto krzno. Vse je rjavo, na grlu ima lepo rumeno liso, pod ušesi pa se vleče tanka temnorjava črta. Treba pa je, da preganja človek zlatico tudi zaradi njenega krvoločnega rokovnjaštva.

Zlatica je precej domača po vseh velikih gozdih, in čim gostejši so in temnejši, tem ljubši so ji. Po drevju je urna, kakor nobena gozdna žival. Dan navadno prespi v kakem duplu ali pa v zapuščenem gnezdu divjega goloba ali veverice. Vendar ne zametuje plena tudi za svetla, čeprav se prične njeno pravo življenje s solničnim zahodom. Tedaj pa se spusti na vsako žival, ki jo more obvladati, četudi je ta večja kakor zlatica sama. Ne mlade srne, ne zajci, ne miši, ne ptiči—nič ni varno pred drzno tatico. Kaj napravi z veverico, ki bi ji človek prisodil, da pri svoji gibčnosti uide ujedi, smo videli ravnokar. In da ni varen pred njo veveričin sorodnik, sivi, debeli in zaspani polh, si lahko mislimo.

Hej, saj res, polhec! Nate smo se spomnili. Kje pa si! Glej, radi bi si te ogledali, ko smo že toliko čuli o tebi. V pregovor je prišla tvoja toplota, in pravimo "topel kakor polh," v pregovor tudi tvoje spanje, in govorimo, da "spi kakor polh." Tako dobro že vemo zate in vendar te tako malo poznamo.

Kje si, da te vidimo?

Ej, saj vemo, kje: v kakem duplu ali v kaki luknji tičite in se tiščite skupaj po ves dan. Tam spite sivi po hrbtu, po trebuhu srebrnobeli, od gobčka pod ušesa pa temni; majhni, še ne 20 cm dolgi, ste kakor veverice, samo da nimate tako košatih repov. V svojem ždelu čakate na noč, tedaj pa se razkropite po gozdu, in vso noč bo čuti šušljanje in lomljenje vejic po drevju, vi pa se boste gostili ob mastnem želodu in žiru, ob oglati bukvi. Tako noč na noč, vse poletje! Siti si znašate obilnih zalog v svoje skrivališče, in ko bo grelo še jesensko solnce, se že spravite k dolgem zimskemu spanju. Le časih se zbudite pozimi, tedaj pa kar zato, da praznite svoje zaloge. Oj, požrešni ste polhi! Pa le bodite, le mastite se še in redite, da bodo zadovoljni z vami polharji, da bo srečna poljšja lov.

IV.

Poljšja lov! Sedimo malo in počijmo se tu-le na hrastovem parobku, pa naj nam pripoveduje o njej Josip Jurčič:

— Ko se naredi mrak, se snide za vasjo mala družba polharjev. Na čelu ji je star polhar, ki so mu bile že od mladih nog poljšja lov in samostrine veliko veselje. Na rami nosi ozek, iz vrbovih šibic spleten koš, poln pasti. Sicer prestavlja mož nekam počasi svoji nogi; malo besedi prihaja iz njegovih ust, toda kadar sedi ponoči v gozdu in ima okrog razstavljenih pasti, takrat je zgovoren, in ne poide mu tako kmalu govorica. Že se začne delati tema, ko pride vodnik svojo družbo v globoko dolino, po eni strani zaraslo s prastarimi hrasti in gabri, po eni pa opustošeno do same praproti. Na starem pogorišču se družba ustanovi. Tukaj strese vodnik svoje samostrine iz koša na tla, razklene vsaki posebe železne klešče ter jih namaže od znotraj z gnilimi hruškami, ki si jih je nabral spotoma. Tako store tudi drugi.

Tedaj jih pouči starina: "Ti pojdi tja k razklanemu gabru, tam je gabrica polna, že oni teden sem jo ogledoval. Ti pa nastavi na vrhu, kjer je želod poln!" Spet drugemu: "Zate in za polhe, ki bodo polželi po tvojem goltu, je obrodila žir v bukovju nad skalo. Ako pride še kateri, naj se nastavi bolj zgoraj v vrhu, jaz že ne hodim lahko daleč pobirat iz pasti, zato nastavim tod okolo."—

Tako daje povelja v svesti si svoje moči in oblasti, kakor vojvoda pred bojem.

Vsi se razidejo. Vodnik nagrabi naročaj pasti in gre tudi nastavljat. Prvo nastavi v rogovilo votlega gabra tik luknje, kamor je bila nanesla polšica velik kupček želoda, žiri in gabrice. "Tukaj je gotovo eden moj!" si prikima polhar gredé do drugega gabra. Drdraje beže polhi v dupla, kamor jih obseva polharjeva nažgana treska, ali kadar trči ob deblo, poizkušaje, če se bo kaj zgenilo. Ko razpostavi pasti, se vrne na mesto ter zaneti iz kresilne gobe ogenj. Kmalu se zbere vsa družba. Vsakteri prinese gredoč suhe brsti in jo vrže na ogenj, da ta veselo plapola.

In okrog ognja se prične ono veselo ponočno življenje, ki napravlja poljšjo lov še posebno mikavno. Pravljičica se vrsti za pravljico . . . Kako je prišel k polharju v gozd volk, mu raztrgal malho z nalovljenimi polhi ter pridno trgal, kar si je nalovil mož. Kako da lovi pravi polhar le do sv. Simona in Juda in da ne mara po tem dnevu več ne v pasti, ne v skledi ne živega, ne ubitega. To pa zato, ker mora imeti vsaka stvar kdaj svoj mir in pokoj, polh pa po sv. Simonu in Judi. Tisti večer pred njunim godom spravlja hudoba polhe skupaj ter jih žene spat.

Med pripovedovanjem pa vstaja od ognja zdaj eden, zdaj drugi, da pogleda k svojim pastem ter pomaga ujetim živalcam, ki se uvijajo, stopicajo in brcajo, da bi se ubranile, a jim nič ne pomaga. Mrtve romajo v malho polharju, ta pa nastavlja iznova.

Tako gre lov naprej do novega dne, ki prinese polharju plačilo za njegov nočni trud: polno skledo tolstih polhov, kuhanih v krompirju.—

Tako pripoveduje Jurčič, mi pa smo se zamislili v jesenske noči in v polšje love ter smo skoraj pozabili, da je okrog nas vsepovsod življenje. Dvignemo se s svojega sedeža, suha veja pokne pod našimi nogami. Glej! Tam pod drevesom iz dupline nas gleda iznad malega rilčka dvoje oči. O, jež, ježek! Kaj vidimo tudi tebe pri belem dnevu, ki si vendar predvsem ponočnjak? Le razvij spet klopko, kakor si se zvil, in spravi se v svojo luknjo k počitku! Ni se ti nas treba bati, ne storimo ti nič. Tudi psa nimamo s

seboj, da bi te divje in sovražno oblajal, znabiti celo izkopal ter si odnesel od tvojih bodic krvav gobec. Mi pa te poznamo, poštenjaka!

Odpravimo se naprej, v mislih pa nam ostane jež. Siromak! Pač malokatera žival v našem gozdu se prebije vse svoje življenje na tako pošten način kakor jež, in vendar se ni priljubil človeku. Res, da ga imajo časih celo po hišah, da zatira ščurke in miši, a ko je prenehala ta nadloga, mora iz hiše tudi jež. Ponoči—pravijo—da ne da miru, ker venomer copota s svojimi širokimi podplati okolo in pa da smrdi. Recimo, da v hiši ni ravno posebno všečen, a s tem se vendar še ne daje pravica vsakemu paglavcu, ki dobi v roke siromaka, ki so mu bodice edina obramba, da ga nese k potoku ter vrže tam v vodo, da se klopko razvije, potem ga pa pobija s kamenjem. Takega ravnanja ni prav nič treba in tudi ni pametno. Ne bomo zagovarjali ježa, če kdaj izpije pticam jajca ali pohrusta mladiče, preudariti pa je treba, da je spravil s sveta ob vsakem jajcu po več miši in pri vsakem mladiču množino škodljivih žužek in črvov, ogrcev, polžev, žab, kuščarjev in kač. Da, tudi kač!—Sprime se celo s strupenim gadom in ga ustrahuje.—

Ko smo tako dokazovali sami pri sebi ježevo koristnost, smo dospeli navkreber polagoma do prostorne jase na zeleni planici, in pred nami se pasejo srne. Če hočemo, da jih lahko opazujemo, jih glejmo oddaleč, pa skrijmo se za deblo, da nas ne zapazijo, in ostanimo tukaj prav tihi, da nas ne slišijo.

Lepe in ljubeznive živali so srne s svojimi vitkimi vratovi, pa z manj vitkim truplom, s kratko, prisekano glavo in skoro brez repa. Jasen in mil je pogled njihovih rjavih oči, premikajo pa se na visokih, vitkih nogah ter stopicajo na male, ozke in ošpiljene parkeljce. Gosta rjava dlaka se gladko pritiska trupla. Srnjaka spoznamo med čveteroglavo odraslo živino že oddaleč, ker ga krasi lepo, kratko, rogovilasto rogovje. S starimi vred se paso tudi tri mlade srnice, ki jim je dlaka še pegasta. Mirno mulijo travo, odgrizujejo tupatam tudi brst ali mladiko, mehki mah izgine v njihovem gobčku . . .

"Stojte!" bi jim radi zaklicali, a ne pomagalo bi nič, le še bolj bi jih splašili. Ko

smo jih gledali, je mahoma dvignil srnjak svojo rogato glavico, je povohal proti nam v zrak in z enim skokom je izginil preko grmovja v goščo. Za njim so jo ubrale prav tako ročno in brez vsakega truda v mogočnih skokih srne in srnice, pred nami pa je ostala prazna jasa . . .

Kaj jih je prepodilo? Ali nam je spo-

drsnila noga, in nas je izdal srnam njihov preostri sluh? Ali je potegnil od naše strani prav lahek veter, ter so nas zavohale? Ali pa so zapazile kje v zraku kako nevarnost? Zaman ugiblujemo in zaman bi jih čakali, ker so gotovo že na paši kje drugje, kjer se jim zdi varnejše. Mi pa se obrnimo proti domu, ker nam pravi solnce, da smo že dosti dolgo v gozdu.

Tone Kosem:

Zlata pomlad.

V čistem solnčnem sijaju so se objemali nad holmom, nad nizko sivo hišico krožeč, mehki pomladanski oblaki.

Belolas starček je stopil iz hišice; do pasu mu je bila košata brada, vele roke so mu podrhtevale ob životu; ozrl se je proti nebu, globoko je potegnil vase sveži zrak, nasičen z vonjem vijolic, potem pa je zavrtil v vratih ključ in se napotil po holmu navzdol.

Zemlja se je dramila iz zimskega spanja. Povsod je kopnel sneg; posebno naglo pa je plahnela njegova odeja na prisojnih krajih, kjer je izpod tankih, topečih se belih plasti že pozdravljalo sveže zelenje mlade trave. Nič ni lepšega kakor to prvo prebujanje prirode, ko se človeku zdi, da sliši pri-tajeno razgibavanje zemlje iz spanja v življenje, ko se bilka za bilko vzravna iz svoje dolge leže pod snegom in od žlahtnega soka slehrno drevo utriplje, tako da skorja napoljenih vej poka in se na vseh koncih kopiči rosno polje, že ob rojstvu koprneče po dehtečem cvetju.

Starček se je zadovoljno razgledaval po vstajajoči prirodi in hodil urno s svojimi tresočimi nogami, šepetaje si spotoma:

“Nič se ne boj, Milena, srček moj! Kakor tem drevesom na livadi — tako tudi tebi vzcete pomlad, zlata pomlad..... Polna sladkih šmarnik bodo tvoja mlada pota..... Hoj, kako toplo je danes solnce! Pa — tam je že gaj!..... Kmalu bom pri svojih prijateljkah.....”

V tistem gaju, kjer se je izmed temnozelene smrečine lesketala vrsta belih brez — tam so ga čakali. Troje jih je bilo. Kraj bistrega studenca, na mokri zeleni ruši stoječi, so bili kakor troje prelestnih Vil, ki se, prav-

kar okopane v sveži kopeli, zdaj posvetujejo, kam bi krenile v vseprostrano gozdno kraljestvo. Takoj so ga spoznali — svojega starega obiskovalca. In sladko so se mu nasmehnil in mu zabingljali s svojimi snežnobelimi glavnicami v pozdrav, vsi trije mladi in veseli, od sočnega življenja prekipevajoči, pogledali so ga toplo, komaj da so jih bile njegove oči radostno pozdravile.

“Pozdravljeni, zvončki!”

“Pozdravljen, človek!” — so mu odzdravili s svojimi belimi smehljaji. “A kje imaš danes Mileno, hčerko svojo?”

Starčku so zadrhtela ustna.

“Poslušajte me, dragi moji: Milena mi je sinoči zbolela..... težko zbolela..... in še sedaj leži..... ubožica..... Tako zdrava, živahna, vesela in poskočna je bila zmerom — sedaj pa ne more nikamor, od žalosti ji teko solze po licih..... Kdo naj jo ozdravi? Zdravnika v človeški podobi ni zanjo. Ali vem zanjo drugačnega zdravnika: ponoči v sanjah ga je imenovala Milena sama in ga klicala na pomoč.....”

Zvončki so dvignili glavice.

“Kdo in kakšen naj bi bil ta njen zdravnik?”

“Ta zdravnik bi moral najprvo sam umreti, šele potem bo lahko ozdravil; njegova smrt bo Milenino ozdravljenje. — Zvončki, dragi moji — kdo izmed vas bi hotel žrtvovati svoje življenje za Milenino ozdravljenje?”

Beli in sočni, mladega življenja polni, so se zvončki tedaj vsi hkrati spogledali.

“Mi naj bi bili njeni zdravniki?”

“Vi. Ne vsi — zadostoval bi samo eden izmed vas!”

Iznova so se spogledali.

In rekel je prvi:

“Utrgaj mene, človek; naj bom jaz Milenin zdravnik!..... Samo prej bi se še rad naužil solčnih žarkov; nikoli še nisem videl solnca, nikoli še ni pogledalo njegovo zlato oko name..... Toliko še počakaj, človek, da se vsaj enkrat v življenju naužijem solčnih žarkov — potem pa me le odtrgaj, da bo moja smrt Milenino ozdravljenje.....”

Drugi je rekel:

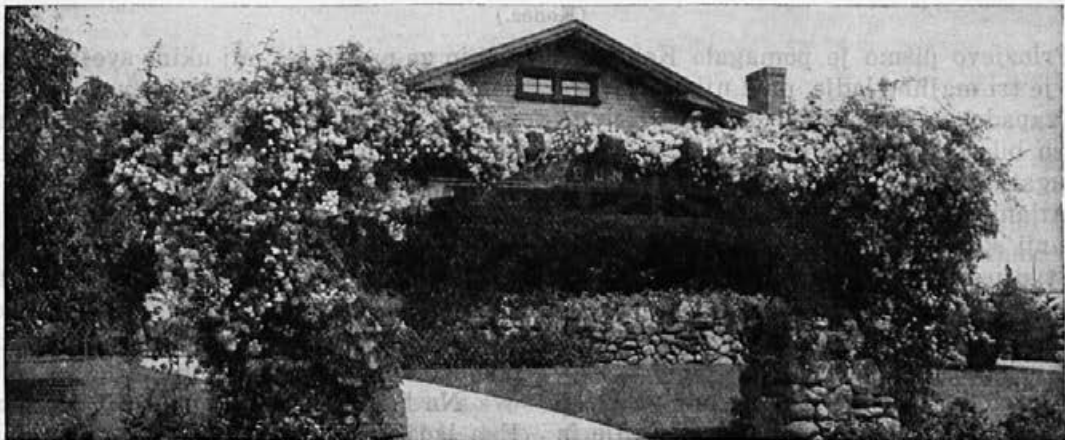
“Jaz si ne želim solčnih žarkov — zadovoljen sem s senco, v kateri živim! Ali rad bi, da bi še enkrat zažgoled slavec tukaj v gošči, da bi slišal njegovo sladko petje..... Nikoli še nisem slišal slavca, nikoli še njegovega rajsko lepega petja..... Toliko še počakaj, človek, da se vsaj enkrat v življenju nauži-

preden je tretji zvonček utrgal, ga je hvaležno pobožal.

“Pa bodi ti Milenin zdravnik, ti najmlajši, najlepši!..... O, ne boj se smrti, zakaj iz nje se boš prebudil v novo, svetlejšo življenje!.....”

In z utrganim zvončkom je hitel starček iz gaja, stopal je urno po ozki, beli stezi navzgor na holm, kjer so se v solncu svetila okna sive hišice. Mirno je počival mrtvi zvonček v starčkovem naročju.

V Milenini spalnici so drgetale pod stropom in po stenah vijoličaste sence, se raztezale in krčile, izpreminjale vsak hip svojo barvo, se mahoma zvile v ogromen, bleščeč, sredi spalnice proti stropu kipeč prelesten šopek, iz katerega so se smehljali dolgi beli



Doba cvetja.

jem slavčevih milih glasov — potem me pa le vzemi s seboj in rad bom Milenin zdravnik.....”

Tretji je rekel:

“Čemu živim? Ali živim zato, da bi se grel v solčnih žarkih, ali zato, da bi poslušal slavčevo žgoljenje?!..... Čemu mi je dala Narava življenje, priklicala me iz zemlje, da se smehljam sedaj bel in visok in bingljajoč kraj tega studenca?..... Ti, človek, ti si gospodar na zemlji—tvoj sem; naredi z menoj, kar hočeš! In če je treba moje smrti, umori me!— Tako rad sem zdravnik tvoje hčerke Milene..... Škoda vsake minute odlašanja, če postane moja smrt njena rešitev!”

Starčku so se orosile oči; sklonil se je, in

zvončki — šopek tako dehteč in bajnolep, ki pa se je hipoma zrušil — in zopet so se plazile po stenah navzgor le samo sence, rumenkaste in rdečkaste, zelenkaste in mavričaste, lazile trudno kvišku, omagovale in padale in vzdihovale. Izza zavese na oknu je silil svetel trak solčnih žarkov — kakor zobčki neumnim sencam na stenah, z iskrecimi se očmi je pobliskal semtertja, po mizi, po omari, po stari stenski uri, priplesal je poskočno do Milenine postelje, se zavihtel nanjo in počenil tik mehkega zglavja, da je mladi bolnici lahko nemoteno ovil njeno desnico, ki je bela in vroča počivala na odeji. Milena je sanjala z napol odprtimi očmi; šele ko je odprl starček vrata in vstopil hrupoma, se je zgenila

in zdramila; iz polmraka se je svetil njen obraz kakor izklesan iz mramorja.

Starčku so žarela lica od veselja.

"Milena, otrok moj zlati, veseli se, zakaj tvoja želja se je izpolnila!"

In položil ji je zvonček v naročje.

Milena je gledala, dolgo časa je gledala prinešeni ji zvonček; pa so se ji zableščale oči, smehljal ji je zaokrožil lica, iztegnila je desnico, prijela je zvonček in ga je nesla k ustnom.

"Saj si res to ti, moj dragi..... Nisem te klicala zaman, nisem zaman hrepenela po

tebi..... Sedaj mi je lažje, samo da si ti pri meni, ljubček moj miljeni!....."

Tako je rekla in je zvonček gorko poljubila.

Tistikrat se je zgodilo čudo. Zvonček je v Milenini desnici hipoma oživel. Milena je od veselja zavrisnila, oči so ji zaigrale, lica zaplamtela kakor v ognju. Planila je iz postelje, čudežno ozdravljena, zaplesala je z oživelim sladkim zvončkom na cvetočih prsih in je plesala in vriskala in prepevala ves dan in še pozno v noč, v veselju in smehu vsa bleščeča kakor velik, od zlate nebeške zarje pozlačen žgoleč lišček.....

Krištof Kolumb.

(Konec.)

Priorjevo pismo je pomagalo Kolumbu. Dobil je tri majhne ladje, da z njimi odjadra proti zapadu na nova odkritja. Pred Kolumbom so bile še druge ovire, ki jih je moral premagati, preden je odjadral proti zapadu.

Atlantski ocean je bil nepoznan. Med mornarji so krožile čudezne povesti o njem. Ljudstvo je bilo vraževerno, mornarji pa tudi. Kolumb je imel veliko sitnosti, preden je dobil moštvo za svoje ladje.

Z velikim prizadevanjem je dobil za svoje ladje stodvajset mož, ki so bili pri volji tvegati svoje življenje in se podati v tuje in nepoznane kraje. Največja ladja se je imenovala "Santa Maria", in še ta je bila komaj tako velika, kot so danes ribiške ladje na oceanih. Tej ladji je zapovedoval Kolumb.

Dne 3. avgusta 1492 je Kolumb odjadral s svojimi ladjami proti zapadu. Vražam in praznoverju udani mornarji so Kolumbu delali veliko sitnosti. Med njimi so krožile pripovedke o strašnih vrtincih, ki pogoltnejo vsako ladjo in jo potegnejo v globočino, ko ladja prijadra v njih bližino. Druge pripovedke so govorile o velikanskih vodopadih na oceanu. Ladja, ki zaide v tak vodopad, se razbije na drobne kosce. Drugi so vedeli zopet povedati o strašnih morskih pošastih, ki uničijo ladjo in mornarje. Z mornarji, ki so verjeli v take pripovedke, ni bila igrača jadrti v neznani svet. Mornarji so se mu upi-

rali in ga prosili, da naj ukine svoje predrzno potovanje proti zapadu in se vrne na Španško. Kolumb je kljuboval vraževernim mornarjem in dne 12. oktobra 1492 je došel do karibejskega otoka, ki mu je dal ime San Salvador. Naporno potovanje je trajalo 71 dni.

Prihodnje dni je odkril še tri male otoke, nato pa Kubo in Haiti. Mislil je še vedno, da je odkril Vzhodno Indijo in je temnopoltne domačine imenoval Indijance.

Na božični večer je imel Kolumb smolo. Ena ladja je nasedla na peščeninah. In ker mu je ena ladja že ušla, je imel samo še eno ladjo. S to ladjo se je v mesecu januarju l. 1493 vrnil domov in je dne 15. marca i. l. prijadral po zelo viharni vožnji v luko Palos. Ljudstvo ga je sprejelo slavnostno in s častmi.

Nove časti so ga čakale v Barceloni in ponj je poslala kraljica Izabela. Zdaj mu niso več rekli, da je bedast sanjač, ampak dvorjani so se kar drenjali okoli njega in so bili veseli, ako so mu mogli stisniti njegovo roko.

V mesecu septembru tistega leta se je vrnil s sedemnajstimi ladjami v Ameriko. S sabo je imel 1,500 mož, ki so sanjali samo o tem, kako si nagromadijo bogastvo v novem svetu, da se vrnejo domov in v domovini žive kot velikaši udobno in prijetno življenje. Mislili so samo na to, kako v novem svetu prisi-

lijo domačine, da bodo v velikih trumah zanje kopali zlato.

V novem svetu so pa Kolumba čakale nove težkoče. Indijanci niso bili zmerom in povsod prijazni. Tudi ubogati niso hoteli.

Po treh letih se je vrnil nazaj na Španško. Na tem dolgotrajnem potovanju so porabili živežne zaloge na ladjah in njegovi ljudje so zelo godrnjali, ker so stradali.

Nekaj let kasneje se je podal na tretje potovanje. Ko je došel do otoka Haitija, so ga čakala nova razočaranja. Indijanci so bili sovražni, nastali so novi prepiri med naseljeniki. Dve leti se je Kolumb prizadeval uravnati zadeve v koloniji. Uspeha pa ni imel. Iz Španije je prišel ponj uradnik, ga ukoval v železje in odpeljali so ga v verigah na Španško. Njegovi sovražniki so dosegli svoj namen.

Hasan-Aginica:

Pomlad.

Dve brezi stojita na samotni ravnini. Odločno in ponosno gleda ena v svet. Druga pa sklanja veje k tлом. Le vprašanje kratkega časa je, da jo morda prvi vihar trešči na zemljo. Okoli njiju cvete resa. Njeni rdečkasti cveti se ljubko smejejo v toplem solncu. Praprot, ki tuintam senči reso s svojimi izrezljanimi pahljačami, ji daje lepo ozadje. Nad brezama je razpeto jasno modro nebo. Kakor zlat čolnič plava solnce po modrini.

Polna življenjske moči gleda prva breza svojo potrto družico.

“Sestra, ali si bolna?” jo ogovori.

Druga se ozre vanjo. V njenem pogledu je poleg bolesti tudi nekaj zavisti. Izogne se odgovoru in reče: “Čudim se tebi. Tako mirno in veselo zreš naokolo. Mene zebe v solncu. Moje veje so kakor mrtve. Nobene moči ni v meni. Pomlad mi prinaša smrt. Ko bi mi solnce hotelo preroditi moči!”

“Motiš se!” izpregovori zopet prva. “Sama si prinašaš smrt. Ni moči v tebi? Kako

V Španiji je bil vržen v ječo in obtožen veleizdaje. Ko je bil oproščen, je odpotoval še enkrat v Ameriko. Zadele so ga zopet nove neprilike. Vrnil se je potrta na duhu in telesu nazaj na Španško, kjer je umrl leta 1506 osamljen in zapuščen od svojih prijateljev.

Tako je končal svoje življenje mož, ki je bil drzen, neupogljiv in nadarjen. Odkril je svet na drugi strani Atlantika, kar so njegovi sovrstniki trdili, da je nemogoče. Dokazal je, da so njegove teorije o obliki zemlje pravilne. Sanjal je po odkritju novega sveta, da postane bogat in mogočen, njegove sanje so se pa izkazale za varljive. Mesto bogastva in mogočnosti je žel revščino in zaničevanje. Danes mu poje ves civilizirani svet slavo, Španci in Italijani se pa pripravajo glede njegovega rojstnega kraja.

tudi! Lahkomiselno si jo raztrosila lani in predlanskim in še prej. Katera daleč naokolo se je tako šopirila in tako oblastno šumela?—Ti si hotela priklicati vsak vihar, ki je divjal bogvekje za deveto goro! Ti si se hotela poizkusiti z vsakim vetrom, ki je letel mimo!—Solnce ti ne bo dalo moči, če je ni dobilo speče v tebi, da bi jo prerodilo, pomnožilo in ojačilo.”

Žalostna skloni druga svoje veje še niže k tлом.

Priskačejo otroci—solnce v očeh, solnce na laseh. Prihajajo mimo odrasli po drobni stezi, ki drži med cvetočo reso.

“Pomlad, pomlad!” se vzradosti srce.

A vsak gleda le zdravo, močno in veselo brezo; njene družice, ki umira pod solnčnimi žarki, ne pogleda nihče.

“Če je v tebi solnce, je tudi na nebu; če je v tebi pomlad, tem lepša je okolo tebe!” mrmra ozelenela breza in gleda za mimoidočimi.



Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

7.

Ni niti zemlja, niti morje; ladje ne plo-
vejo po njem, za pešce pa tudi ni. Kaj je to?

*

8.

S p r e h o d.

li	ve	šo	Kam
ko	no	pan	na
jed	ja	to	za
Vsi	na	de	lo

Sestavi te zloge v stavek, ki velja vsem. Začni
z enim gotovim zlogom ter pojdi nato od zloga do
zloga, ne da bi katerega preskočil. Lahko greš vo-
doravno ali navpično ali postrani.

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

5.

Čevelj (ali podkev).

*

6.

n o s
o č e
s e n

Rešilci.

Obe uganki sta rešila:

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

E no uganko je rešil:

Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.

*

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa., je reši-
la uganko št. 4, (angleško) uganko št. 3 in
uganke sestric Therese Smith in Mary Der-
novsek, ki so vse bile priobčene v zadnji šte-
vilki. Njeno pismo je prišlo, ko je bila zadnja
številka že v tisku.

* * *

Oglasili so se:

L o u i s L i k a r, Claridge, Pa., poro-
ča, da je prejel knjige za nagrado, za katere
se iskreno zahvaljuje in pravi, da jih je zelo
vesel.

F r a n c e s B e r n o t, Pittsburg,
Kans., je stara 14 let in hodi v osmi razred.
Ima dva brata in eno sestro. Vsi so člani
S. N. P. J. Želi, da bi naš list prihajal pogo-
steje.

S a m B a l o h, Jacksonville, Kans.,
ima štiri brate, ki so vsi člani jednote, kakor
on sam. Pravi, da imajo lepo vreme. Tudi
želi, da bi MLADINSKI LIST pogosteje pri-
hajal.

IZREKI MODRIH MOŽ.

Če hočemo iz mladega človeka napraviti
razumnega, moramo dobro razviti njegovo
presojo, ne pa mu vcepljati svoje.

Rousseau.

*

Ljudje so, ki nas že samo s svojo bližino
posvečujejo.

Paul Jean.

*

Naša prsa so močnejša kot najhujša bol.

Lindau.

*

Blagor človeku, ki najde modrost, ker z
njo je boljše trgovati kakor s srebrom.

Salomon.

Kdor živi za velike ideje, kdor jim tudi
svoje življenje rad žrtvuje, ta je velikan.

Silvio Pelico.

*

Pisati ne boš znal, dokler ne boš zaklju-
čil spisa in se na koncu vprašal: Kaj sem
pravzaprav hotel povedati?

Cankar.

*

Največja jasnost mi je bila vedno naj-
večja lepota.

Lessing.

*

Največ je vredna ona ženska, ki zna na-
domestiti otrokom očeta, če ga izgubijo.

Goethe.



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Ivan Cankar:

At Dawn.

(Freely translated from the Slovenian by Louis Adamic.)

Our steps resounded on the pavement with a remote hollowness. The city was still sunk in that death-like slumber that precedes the breaking of day. It was an enthralling night; the whole of the wide sky glowed with

We were a light-hearted, gayly disposed crowd; only on the bottom of our beings trembled a fear that this spell would pass too quickly, that there might suddenly appear something crude and cruel and with its



LOUIS ADAMIC.

IN FEBRUARY issue you read an interesting story, "The Wolf", and in last issue you read Ivan Cankar's "A Cup of Coffee". Louis Adamic translated both of them. On this page you see Cankar's story "At Dawn," translated from Slovene also by Adamic. In "PROSVETA," on the English page, is now appearing a free translation by Adamic of the Cankar's best novel, "Yerney's Justice" ("Hlapec Jernej in njegova pravica").

Louis Adamic was born in 'old country' and came to America twelve years ago. He writes for many of the best American magazines. He has made many good translations from the Yugoslav literature, especially Slovene, and is the first one to bring the great Slovene novelist and poet, Ivan Cankar, before the American reading public. Louis Adamic is twenty seven years old, and lives in Los Angeles, Cal.



an extraordinary light, such as I had never seen before. This light—a silvery dimness—poured down on earth in innumerable cold shafts, softening or erasing the contours. About us loomed the buildings like so many vague grey colossi, and the street was overcast with great, fantastic shadows.

unclean hand sweep aside this silvery, dreamy curtain that was drawn between our eyes and the drab everydayness of life.

On the corner glowed the windows of a café; we entered.

In the rear, at a round little table sat an old fellow with a shiny bald head, arrayed

in an elegant but wrinkled and soiled evening dress. He had evidently had a gay night; his face was sunken and grey. On the billiard table leaned a waiter, dozing.

We sat down at a table in the corner.

In those hours our souls were free of everything that is hard and commonplace to man; we were in a sort of mellowness of spirit. Those feelings which in broad daylight drowse deep in one's heart, unnoticed and unknown, now stirred in us and took possession of our beings. Those thoughts which one shamefacedly represses in everyday life, not daring even to whisper them, now found free expression in us. We felt that these feelings and thoughts were, indeed, the only worthwhile feelings and thoughts.

The waiter brought us a pile of journals. None of us felt like reading, but I chanced to open a copy of a well-known review and on the first page beheld the name Maeterlinck. I read no further; at the instant I saw Maeterlinck's name my heart thrilled with a strange sensation. I perceived, as did the others, the meaning, or rather the meaninglessness of life; we took cognizance of what truth was. Our beings became dissolved into a thousand dreams, and every dream was life and truth unto itself, and yet a part of the whole.

We spoke in low voices, in whispers almost, careful of our words and phrases. We saw ourselves in a magnificent light and with extraordinary ease solved the mysteries of life; but at the same time we sensed that our cognition of life was a structure of sunbeams in the air, erected only for the moment; and knowing that the end of the spell was drawing close, our hearts trembled with apprehension. But no one would speak a word of his fear, although it stared out of the eyes of each of us. We were convinced that our cognition was truth, but we were not unaware that this truth was a feeble thing, without even so much resistive power as to withstand the first breeze of the lying, trite everydayness. We tried to prolong the beautiful moments and voraciously drank of the joy that was still to be drunk.

The waiter brought us a second cup of coffee. We sat with our elbows on the table; no one would dare to look at the watch. We

conversed in perfect accord; word supplemented and completed word, never answered or rebuked it.

With profound seriousness we declared that the everyday life was but a crude, unworthy shell of the great true life. True life was Art, and Art was a great Dream. Everydayness with its shrieking, lying colors had no use for dreams, therefore it did everything in its power to press Art out of existence. One yielded to the violent pressure of the commonplace and spent upon it ninety-nine percent of his days. One spent his time upon superficial, trivial things, upon lies. Only now and then, at infrequent happy moments, in some divine hour, the lid is raised from the caliche of one's soul, whereupon the strings of his true being are being strummed upon, stirring within one the finest, the loftiest of feelings—feelings which one could scarcely feel. All of a sudden one's eyes opened wide and he beheld the truth in its charming nakedness. There were but a few of us who had been conceived in such divine moments; and these few of us had our eyes and souls everlastingly open, and the strings in our beings sung without cessation. Everydayness detested us, the common, drab life persecuted us; but we—we artists, we of the chosen few—were sauntering through life with light steps and cheerful countenances. We were going through life discussing our fortune, contemplating and interpreting the truth which we alone were privileged to see and comprehend. Life, the dull, common life, was blubbing words in its stupid nightmare-existence; now and then it uttered vague, meaningless phrases, as though it were only half-conscious; and it killed off men like us, who had been born during those rare divine hours, and who alone could see the light that emanated from the source of truth. . . .

Unvoluntarily I reached for a newspaper which lay on the table next to ours, and I was instantly filled with overwhelming disgust—I had touched that unclean, everyday life. At the same time I became aware that the happy moments which I and those like I alone could enjoy were fading away, and I thrilled with apprehension. I thought of the lackadaisical night outside with its silvery

half-light, its great fantastic shadows in the streets. . . .

We rose and went out, to wander through the deserted streets and enjoy the wondrousness of the night. A breeze blew, and in the clump of trees in the center of the spacious square was low, subdued rustling of leaves, as the boughs swayed lightly and bowed. But that silvery half-light had vanished from the sky, and a heavy grey fog was beginning to creep upon the city from east and west. People were yet few in the streets; here and there appeared a bent-up figure and presently slung away into some side street. There was something stirring all about us; a mingling of vague, indistinguishable sounds and noises began to assail our ears. . . .

The city—this great, crude beast was yet asleep, but it was starting to wake, opening its drowsy, stupid eyes, bending its creaking back—stirring to another round of everydayness.

Here and there a door squealed on its hinges, a drowsy person in his nightshirt appeared on the treshold, yawned widely, looked around, and then returned inside with slow, lazy steps. From afar came the rumble of wheels. All of a sudden someone nearby called out a name. It was a shrieky,

coarse sort of voice, and its sound cut me deeply, as though someone had struck me on the head. Tears came to my eyes and I felt an overwhelming wretchedness. . . . Everydayness was coming on with all its harshness, with all its uncleanness, and the divine spell of our exaltation had passed on as though it had never been. . . .

We stood on the edge of the pavement, sadness and apprehension in our eyes. Then there came toward us a long line of men in dirty, ragged clothing. Their faces were hard, dark, self-conscious; their hands were heavy and calloused. From their lime-bespattered aprons and blouses we could tell that they were stone-masons on the way to their daily work. They went by us silently, with strong, hard steps. None of them as much as noticed us, except a bent-up, bearded old fellow with a wrinkled, leathery face, who glanced at us with profound contempt in his eyes, and then spat to one side and went on his way with the others. . . .

We dare not even to look at one another or to press each other's hand as we parted. We felt that we were a silly lot, utterly absurd beside those grimy, self-conscious, horny-handed men, and felt shame burning upon our faces.

I'D RATHER CROW . . .

Sometimes I think I'd rather crow
And be a rooster, than to roost
And be a crow. But I dunno.

A rooster, he can roost also,
Which don't seem fair when crows can't crow,
Which may help some. Still, I dunno.

Crows should be glad of one thing, though;
Nobody thinks of eating crow,
While roosters, they are good enough
For any one, unless they're tough.
There's lots of tough old roosters, though,
And, anyway, a crow can't crow,
So mebbe roosters stand more show.
It looks that way. But I dunno.

—Credit Lost.

W. Gomulicki:

The Ploughman.

The scene I was gazing at looked like one of Holbein's immortal sketches. A sketch forming the nucleus of the cycle, "The Dance of Death," representing an old villager who is ploughing the hard soil at sunset, while death is urging on his horse. My villager and his plough were likewise floundering along through the clayey soil, and above them the invisible envoy of destruction appeared to be creeping. . . Only the landscape was different. In Holbein's picture we see clusters of shady trees, roofs of numerous dwellings, picturesque bridle-paths, the turret of a stone-built church, and, on the horizon, the curving line of a mountain chain. A rich, southern nature, full of diversity and solemnity. The setting sun is beautiful and its beams are extended fan-shaped over the horizon, sending their shafts beyond the mountains and trees.

But the Mazurian plain was wearisome and humdrum. The earth, as if it consisted of widely spilt and somewhat crinkled waves, stretched in a grey, boundless mass of clods to the remotest line of the horizon. A narrow, garnet-colored strip of distant woods divided it from the horizon which was also grey and only at one spot, close above the wood, slightly tinged with yellow. The yellow tinge was a sign that somewhere yonder behind the ashy curtain of clouds, the sun was dying away. The coloring of the picture was so thin that it would have been possible to paint the whole of it, including the old man ploughing and his pair of lean horses, with Indian ink or sepia,—in the style of those old aquatints, upon which nature is represented without color, as if it were seen through a piece of blackened glass. The soil, as far as the eye could reach, was cut up into plots, and these girdles, here and there zig-zag, ran lengthwise in various directions, even as the fields differed one from another. Some were completely black, others a brownish red, others again were brightening into a pale ashen color, which suggested the notion that into his Indian ink the painter had been pouring more and more water. Here and there stood, as if upon guard, a wild

pear-tree, isolated, mournful, silent. Here and there the ground was a little hollowed out, and in the cavity, which was clearly damp, grew alders with glistening leaves. The largest patches of green were formed by a few limes and poplars, which served as a screen behind which the village was concealed.

The existence of the village could be distinguished only by the senses of hearing and smell. The wind, a cold evening wind, which rustled in the dry grass and dishevelled the old ploughman's long grey hair, bore sounds and scents from sequestered human dwellings. There could be heard the dull droning of the bass-viol which was being played at the inn, and the sudden "Ho" which burst from the throat of a tipsy farm-hand. There could be smelt the sharp scent of baked rape-seed and the penetrating odor of coffee, which was being roasted in the kitchen at the parsonage.

There all was joy and bustle, here sorrow and dull silence prevailed. The old man looked as if he were weighed down by the burden of a whole century. His back was arched, his head drooped to the ground, his nose was long, sharp and crooked as the beak of an old falcon. His whole bearing revealed the greatest feebleness and a forcible dragging towards the earth. And the earth seemed to be waiting impatiently for him, alluring him like a siren to her black bosom, reeking with dampness. From beneath his straw hat emerged wisps of grey hair, matted and resembling white ribbons. His projecting chin was covered with the unshaven bristles of his beard. His eyes and cheeks were hollow. His temples, his face and his twisted neck were intertwined with a hundred wrinkles in a shapeless net, like the zig-zag lines that a moth eats out on the cover of an old book. At every jerk of the horse, the old man staggered, as if he were falling. It was difficult to believe that he was guiding the plough. It might rather be said that the plough was his support and that it was dragging him after it. Every moment that the horses stopped, the plough stopped also, and

the old man struggled with an evil-sounding cough. His cough was curiously similar to the muffled echo which can be heard when the nails are being knocked into a coffin. But hardly had his cough abated than the horses were plodding on again, and the glistering iron cut its way into the earth, throwing up black clods to the right and to the left. The ploughman did not think of resting; his gaze hovered from the earth to the horizon, comparing the length of the paths which the plough and the sun still had to traverse. His powerful lips and toothless jaws were moving as though they were chewing something up. He chewed the words which broke heavily away from his mouth. The whisper of his voice was carried to me from time to time. The old man was saying to himself: "My ears have grown deaf; my eyes have lost their sight. Merciful Jesus, have pity on me. . . My feet can no longer move, my life is coming to an end. . . Merciful Jesus, have compassion on me!"

This old man, reciting the litany of the dying, was the one whom I had seen in the town a week before. The district doctor, a surly man who gave advice to the poor people from the window of his carriage the while they stood on the pavement with uncovered heads, remarked to him as he wheezed at the smoke of a pipe: "To your coffin, gaffer, to your coffin. . . Look at him! He's a hundred years old and still he wants to go on living." But the old villager shook his white head and wailed: "Ah, kind sir, ah!"

When I now saw him at his work, I could not help exclaiming: "I see that you've got well again, gaffer, as you're following the plough."

He stood still, panted for breath, and said in a voice that sounded as if it were coming out of a well:

"Well again? I follow the plough because the plot must be ploughed over for the winter crop. . . now I'm ploughing about the last two ridges . . . and that'll be the end of it."

"Do you hope to see the harvest?"

"Jesus preserve! This very week they'll bury me in the holy soil."

"How do you know that?"

He raised his eyebrows a little and silently opened his lips, as if he were unusually surprised at this question. Then he shook his head and remarked with emphasis:

"I know, and that's enough."

The horses dragged the plough and the old man a few paces farther. And when the triple team stopped afresh, I asked:

"But if you do not expect the harvest, why are you ploughing the field?"

This question, too, seemed to be unintelligible to him.

"Why?" he answered in surprise. "Not for myself, of course, but for those who will come after me." And breaking off the conversation, he started shouting at the horses to make them turn to the new, and last strip of the field.

I took leave of the old man and went my way. His words sank deep into my soul. I repeated them to myself until the stars appeared in the sky, and when, before falling asleep, I pondered as ever, upon death, it seemed to me to be something as elusive and as untraceable as the merging of one color with another in a rainbow.



Indian Ideas about a Clock.

A curious event took place at the Quebec fort in the summer of 1632. Indian visitors were watching a small French boy who was drumming on a box with sticks. Suddenly the youngster lifted a stick and struck one of the Indians. Strangely enough, the blow drew blood. The Indian declared that he must be given a present, to make up for the injury.

child, he said: "You can hit me, but you can't hit the little boy. He did not know what he was doing."

Three white men who lived amidst a tribe west of Quebec told of the interest the Indians took in their clock.

"It can speak!" the Indians said when they heard it strike, and they would remain



Where Once the Indians Roamed.

A Little Mountain Lake near Mt. Hood.

"No," said one of the Frenchmen, "we do not do things that way. We will punish the boy."

To the surprise of the Indians, the man made ready to lay on with a whip. "No, no!" they cried. "Don't hit the little boy. You won't need to give any present."

The white man would not listen, and was about to strike when an Indian prevented him. Throwing his coat over the

around the cabin hour after hour to hear its "voice." One of them asked:

"What does the clock eat?"

The reply is not on record, but Brebeuf wrote:

"They asked at the beginning what it said, and we told them that when it struck four, it said "Move on, and let us shut the door!" They always get up and leave at that time."



Edgar C. Wheeler: Science Mines the Ocean.

Five-sevenths of the world's surface has never been explored. Hidden millions of mysteries have beckoned to man for centuries from this vast area covered by the waters of the oceans.

Now, however, spirited venturers in the fields of science are reading the secrets of the sea. They are finding, not only new methods of locating sunken treasure, but also how to prospect for new resources that can be turned to the use of mankind.

One scientist says he has found a way to sift pure gold from the salt waters. As an eager prospector would search among quartz hills, this scientist—Prof. Fritz Haber, of the University of Berlin—literally is following veins of gold, silver, and other precious metals running through the oceans. And in this venture he is enlisting the cooperation of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Gold! Thousands of millions of tons of it carried in the foaming surf that pounds the beach; tossed about in mountainous waves of mid-ocean; hidden in miles of watery depths.

No such staggering dream of wealth ever lured the hardy adventurers who staked their lives in the reckless gamble for fortune in the California hills or down the Yukon. It seems unreal, fantastic.

It has been found that water from the Atlantic Ocean contains from .015 to .267 part of gold to each million parts of liquid. Water from certain parts of the ocean contains nearly twice as much gold as the lowest grade land gold deposits profitable to operate.

Captain F. B. Basset, hydrographer of the U. S. Navy, is authority for the recent statement that billions of tons of gold are dissolved in ocean waters in a concentration of from half a grain to one grain to every ton of water. This represents about \$10 worth of gold in every 250 to 500 tons of ocean waters.

Will the day come when we shall see great ocean mines where men will dip into miles of sea and extract from vast volumes of its waters the gold it conceals?

No one can answer these questions with certainty today. Nevertheless, Professor Haber's claims give us some inkling of the fascinating chances of fortune in store for the modern prospector who digs down into mysteries of the unknown deep.

The vast expanses of water are saturated with valuable salts and minerals. And they literally are swarming with living things, both plants and animals, far outnumbering the life of the land. Lying beneath these myriad forms of life are great mountain ranges, volcanoes, valleys, and plains that form the floor of the sea. Strewn over this uneven floor, buried in shifting sands and held in the slime of dead things from above, are countless carcasses of wrecked ships that have gone to their doom laden with rich cargoes.

Cognizant of these immense possibilities, Uncle Sam's Navy is embarking on a far-reaching program of ocean research. As a first step, the U.S.S. Rainbow is being fitted out for an expedition to the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The announced purposes are to chart the ocean floor and to discover and develop for immediate use some of the sea's hidden resources.

One of the most fascinating efforts of the expedition is toward the location of oil fields in the vast realm under the great blanket of water. The navy already has located and charted places in the Gulf of Mexico where oil spots constantly appear. With the oil fields of the land nearing exhaustion, the economic importance of such a potential discovery is obvious.

Scientists have determined by study of land oil fields that the presence of fossils of small shell-like animals, called "foraminifera," is a highly accurate indication of oil-bearing strata. The Rainbow is equipped to study the geological formation of the sea bottom and to bring up samples of the fossils below the bottom at spots indicated on the charts.

The resources sought by the Rainbow include, beside oil and the myriad living things, vast stores of inorganic matter—salts, minerals, chemical elements. Whether

the extraction of gold from ocean water by Professor Haber's process ever will prove commercially practical, there is no question that the sea is a tremendous potential commercial source of common salt, potassium, magnesium, and calcium salts, iodine, and bromine.

At this moment one of the strangest ships afloat, the Ethyl, is mining the ocean for bromine, an element used in medicine, in photography, and in the manufacture of motor fuel. The Ethyl pumps aboard 7000 gallons of sea water a minute, and from each 1700 gallons is extracted one pound of bromine. Other ships, it is reported, will be equipped similarly to mine this valuable element.

Truly, there are fortunes locked in Neptune's vaults and the number of modern prospectors of the sea is increasing daily. Probably never before in history was there a "gold rush" so feverish as that which now is luring adventure-loving men away from solid ground.

Fortunes are gambled and lives are risked in hazardous attempts to retrieve millions in gold and jewels from the hulks of sunken ships. Wealthy men are spending other fortunes equipping expeditions to study the teeming sea life and the luxuriant vegetation miles below the sea's surface. Still others are searching the waters of the Mediterranean for the riches of cities that were engulfed centuries ago.

Marvelous diving chambers have been devised to permit men to work and explore freely under the tremendous pressure in the deep caverns of the ocean. Undersea cameras now are available to record ocean wonders. Ingenious depth-finding apparatus is giving us accurate contour maps of the floor of the ocean. Radio is being employed in attempts to reveal the spots where sunken treasures are hidden.

With these elaborate tools, the ocean prospector is finding his field almost limitless. Just remember that five-sevenths of the earth is covered by the oceans and in the oceans are 302 millions of cubic miles of water!

In sunken ships alone fabulous rewards

beckon the fortune-hunter. Recent inventions make this form of prospecting something more than a wild guess and a perilous plunge. Armored diving-suits and working chambers are making it possible to go down far beyond the 200-foot depth, formerly the limit of human endurance.

Improved deep-sea pumping apparatus also is making it possible to remove tons of sand with which Neptune holds many a treasure hulk in tight grip, and to wash this sand for bits of precious metal, much as miners wash the sands of streams for grains of gold.

Within the next 10 years it is predicted, more wealth will be recovered from sunken ships than in all the preceding ages in the world's history.

Perhaps the achievement that did as much as anything to encourage the present stampede of ocean prospectors was the spectacular success of divers in recovering the \$30,000,000 cargo of gold from the wreck of the *Laurentic*, sunk by a submarine off the coast of Ireland in 1917. Other ships of comparatively recent sinking have given up much of their treasure because science has found ways to reach depths never before attempted. Thousands more await the salvager.

Along our own Atlantic Coast lie at least a dozen of these wrecks with strongrooms full of gold waiting the first comers. At this moment four young Americans are exploring what is probably the richest of these prizes—the wreck of the *Ward* liner *Merida*, sunk in collision off the Virginia capes in 1911 with gold, silver, copper, and jewels worth from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Dragging a mile-long iron sweep along the floor of the ocean, the trawlers *Foam* and *Spray* located this prize several months ago. And now, using the most modern of armored undersea apparatus, divers are at work to recover the treasure.

Yet tremendous as is sunken wealth, it is actually small compared with the enormous natural resources of the sea in animal and vegetable life and in minerals. Scientists have counted more than 19,000 different varieties of fishes, some of which, like the menhaden and herring, are caught by the millions each year. Every year we haul

millions of dollars' worth of products from the sea—foods, oils, fertilizers, pearls, leather, shells, glue. We have barely touched its natural riches and we have just begun to discover its hidden wonders, packed in layers upon layers, one farm and feeding ground above another, each level with its own forms of plant and animal life. The immensity of such a vast storehouse staggers our imaginations.

Here again is a compelling challenge. And the challenge is being accepted by science in a manner which, for dramatic episode and thrilling adventure, rivals any of the gripping tales of fiction. The most fascinating figure in this new drama is William Beebe, curator of ornithology of the New York Zoological Society. You have perhaps read of his wonderful explorations on barren Galapagos Island—the "world's end"—and of his voyage of discovery into the Sargasso

Sea, that ocean wilderness in the Atlantic. Now, having fished from the depths amazing creatures that never before had been seen, he returns home to report his finds and to prepare for new adventure.

And for picturesque setting and lively romance, the new adventure promises to surpass anything in deep-sea mining. This is indicated in the recent announcement that Harrison Williams, New York financier, has purchased the palatial million-dollar yacht *Vanadis* (to be renamed the *Warrior*) and is transforming her into a wide-cruising laboratory from which scientists will plumb the undersea for fresh wonders.

Truly the sea still remains the great frontier of the world. On earth the spots that remain undiscovered can be counted on one hand. But the ocean is still mostly mystery—deep, dark, wonderful, rich.

The Story of Phaeton.

Adapted from the Greek myth.

There was once a proud boy named Phaeton, who thought he was able to do quite everything. But one day his schoolmates laughed at him for being so proud, and Phaeton ran home to his sisters and his mother—the beautiful nymph, Clymene—crying: "Mother, mother, am I not able to do everything?"

Clymene stroked his head sadly. She feared her boy would meet with trouble, because he was so proud, but she said: "Your father was Apollo. You should be as great and strong as he. Go and ask the king of the sun if you are able to do everything."

So Phaeton was happy once more, and he set out on a long journey to the land of the sunrise. He traveled for many days, until at last he found, at the top of a steep mountain, the wonderful palace of the sun. Oh, but it was beautiful!—all built and carved by the skilled workman, Vulcan. It stood high, upon golden columns, and it glittered

with emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts. The doors were made of silver, and the ceilings were all of carved ivory. On the walls Vulcan had set marvelous pictures of the earth, the sea, and the sky. There were the woods, the rivers, and the towns; the sea fairies riding on the fishes, or sitting on the rocks to dry their sea-green hair. Last of all, Vulcan had painted the sky and all the shining stars.

When Phaeton entered the great throne room the light was so bright that it blinded him, for there was Phoebus, the king of the sun, all dressed in purple and sitting upon a throne which shone with diamonds. Near him stood his servants ready to do his bidding—the Days, the Months, and the Years. Spring was there with a wreath of flowers on her head. Summer stood near, with a great sheaf of ripened grain in her arms. Autumn's feet were stained with grape juice, and Winter wore a mantle of ice and snow.

But in spite of all this splendor Phoebus reached out his hand kindly to Phaeton. "What do you wish, my son?" he asked.

"My father was Apollo," said Phaeton. "Am I not able to do everything?"

"You may attempt mighty deeds," said Phoebus. "Whatever you ask of me, that will I let you do."

Phaeton thought for a minute, and then he said: "For one day I will drive the chariot of the sun."

Then Phoebus was sorry that he had promised so much to Phaeton. "My boy," he said, "none but myself may drive the sun; not even Jupiter who hurls the thunderbolts. The first part of the way is steep to climb, and the middle part is so high to travel that I, myself, cannot look down at the earth and seas beneath. The last part of the journey is down so rapid a descent that you would fall headlong. From morning till night the heaven is turning around, and the stars twist about my head. You must pass the Great Bear and the Small Bear; the horns of the Bull; the Archer, who will shoot at you; the Lion; and the Crab, who has such sharp claws. My horses breathe fire, and they are so headstrong that you could not drive them. Choose more wisely, my son, than to ask me this."

But Phaeton was now bursting with pride. "I will drive the sun," he said. So Phoebus led him out to the chariot of the sun. Vulcan had built the chariot, also, with its axles of gold, and gold wheels with silver spokes. All about the edge were chrysolites and diamonds that dazzled and shone.

Phoebus led the horses from their stalls, and harnessed them. Then he bathed Phaeton's face with sweet oils that the sun might not burn him, and he fastened the rays about Phaeton's head.

"My son, hold fast to the reins, and spare the whip," he said. "Follow the wheel tracks which you will see in your path."

So Phaeton jumped into the chariot, and took the reins in his hand. But the horses knew at once that it was not their own master, Phoebus, who was driving them. They stamped, and snorted, and breathed fire from their nostrils. The chariot was light with only Phaeton in it, so they jumped the bars of the Day, and they rushed headlong through the clouds and away from the old road they had always traveled.

Phaeton was frightened, indeed, but he could not stop the horses. On and on they went! They scorched the paws of the Great Bear and the Small Bear. Old Bootes, who was quietly ploughing the skies, dropped his plough and ran as far away as the north pole, in order to keep cool. At last, right in his path, Phaeton saw the Crab with his sharp claws spread out, and he was so frightened that he forgot the names of his horses, even, and he dropped the reins.

Then the horses dashed off wherever they liked. They ran into the moon; they set the clouds to burning. Down on the earth the mountains smoked, the forests burst into flame, and the seas boiled. The rivers began drying up; the crops were scorched black. I do not know what would have happened in the end, had not the mighty Jupiter just then thrust his lightning sword through the clouds and hurled a great thunderbolt at Phaeton. It stopped the horses at once, who turned and went slowly back to the palace of the sun; but poor Phaeton! Down, down he fell, like a shooting star, with his hair and clothing all on fire—down—until he dropped in a deep river, and that was the end of him!

For a long time his sisters and his mother, Clymene, waited for him. At last his sisters changed to poplar trees, which stood on the river bank and dropped tears of amber into the water where Phaeton fell. And his mother said, sadly:

"Phaeton was full of pride, but he failed in a great undertaking."



An Adopted Chick.

By A. K.

"Chee chick! Chee chick! I am here, Andy dear. Are there plenty of worms now? I am starving."

"You are starving? How much do you want to devour yet? The whole time before noon you were here, eating, and now, I see, you are still full up to the goiter."

"Oh, but I have a wonderful appetite!" the bonny, long legged chicky exclaimed, and without any further chicking, she jumped into the moist, just previously dug burrow. Furiously she started to pick up the creeping worms. If only a little end of the crawling animals was seen the chicky grasped it and pulled it out, and consumed it with a marvelous appetite.

I just sat down and observed the hungry poultry baby which could not finish eating while there were any worms to be seen. With satisfaction then, the chicky turned to me as if to see whether I would start to dig the garden beds again; so that she might get fresh worms from the overturned soil.

As I did not feel like digging, the chick took her rest also. She jumped onto my knees and after some friendly chicking, she started to tell her story:

"Andy, you do not know how happy I feel. I shall always be thankful to you for your kindness, and when I shall grow up, I will lay plenty of eggs.

"It was a kind deed when you bought me from the hatchery store where I was born in the incubator. We were so crowded there that I always thought the other chicks (some

of them were one week older than I was) would smash me and knock me down. Oh, you do not know what good you did for me at that time.

"Though, you made a mistake when you gave me to that old cluck. She really adopted me, but you know what a terrible foster-mother she was. She killed half of us that you bought in the hatchery store. And she planned to kill me also. She was grewsome enough to do it; but you, good Andy, took me away and separated that unchristian hen from the chicks that were left. Then I had no nurse. Since I was two weeks old I have taken care of myself.

"There already had been many dangers in which I had almost lost my life. You saved me from the neighbor's bulldog; instinct led me once, so that I hid myself when some murderous crows were approaching. Now I am almost sure nothing can happen to me. Soon I will be grown up as an adult spring chicken. That will be again the dangerous era in my life. Anyway, I think, you won't give me to the butcher as you did give those annoying roosters. I shall grow up to be a good chicken. Will you keep me, Andy?"

"Yes, little girly, Leghorn, I shall keep you. You are too hungry to be given away."

She jumped from my knees straight into the burrow, as she saw a white worm creeping through the crevice. I started to dig again, and the chicken went on with her endless dinner.



Frances Higgins:

Christina Rossetti.

In London, some years ago, there lived a little dark-eyed girl by the name of Christina Rossetti. Her father was a poet who had left his native land of Italy to come to England to live. He taught the beautiful language of his country in a great college there.

Her mother had once been a governess, and she, too, was very wise and good. And her godmother was the Princess Christina Bonaparte.

Now Christina was a very dear little girl. Her parents, her sister, her brothers, and all who knew her thought so. You would have thought so, too, could you have known her. When she was only three years old her father wrote a little verse in Italian about her and her sister Maria. As tiny as she was, she no doubt understood it, for she learned Italian as soon as she learned to speak. Her father taught this language to all his children, and in their own home they seldom spoke English. You see, he loved his own country, though he was so very far away.

Christina never went to school, for she had all her lessons at home with her own dear mother for a teacher. Though she loved her father, her sister, and her two brothers very much, she loved her mother even more. When lessons were done, her mother always had interesting stories to tell her. Christina never forgot the lovely times they had together. When she grew up and wrote stories and poems, as of course you know, she always dedicated her books to her dear, dear mother, who was very proud of Christina and of her work.

Another person who loved this little girl of the long ago, and whom she loved very dearly, was her Grandfather Polidori, who lived in the country, full thirty miles from London town. What fun it was to visit him! To do this she had to ride on the stage-coach for hours and hours.

Around Grandfather Polidori's cottage was a beautiful garden. It was there she saw the "brown and furry caterpillar," the "sun-loving swallow," and the "poor little, timid mouse," which she wrote about in her

books for little girls. We can easily imagine it was there that she learned to love the "clouds that sail across the sky," the "bow that bridges heaven," and the wind that no one sees.

When she returned to the great city, she missed them all very much. It was then her great delight to go to the Zoological Gardens with her brother to visit the birds and animals there. Though she liked to do this, she always felt very sorry for the captive creatures. She knew they would be so much happier free.

Christina once had a beautiful dream about her captive friends, the canaries. It was that all the canaries of London—and that would be a great many indeed—left their cages at night and gathered in a beautiful park. She saw them flying homeward at sunrise, a great cloud of pale yellow. Her elder brother, who grew up to be a famous painter, often thought that he would paint this beautiful dream in a picture. He never did so, but many, many times he painted his lovely little sister. She was his very first model.

One day her brother William had to write a composition about China. He was then going to a real school. While he did his lesson, which he thought very difficult, his little sister secretly wrote a poem called "The Chinaman." You can imagine how surprised every one was, and how happy! Those verses, which were among the first she ever wrote, may be seen today in the British Museum in her own childish handwriting.

Christina wrote other verses when she was very young. There was one about her pet cat. Until she grew older and learned to write quite well, her sister copied these poems in a little notebook for her.

All the family were proud of the little poet. When Christina was sixteen her grandfather had all of her verses printed in a little book, which she illustrated herself. One of the very best pictures was that of her pet cat with a kitten by its side.

At that time she loved to paint in water colors. She took lessons from a very fam-

ous artist, who was a friend of the Rossetti family. Her artist brother always said that she could have been a famous painter, had she cared to enter that profession.

Very soon, it seemed, Christina was no longer a dark-eyed, little girl, but a dark-eyed, slender lady. One little girl who knew her then said that she was just like a fairy princess; she was so beautiful and her voice was so soft. These two once had a delight-

Her artist brother was quite as fond of animals as she. He lived at a place called Tudor House, and there kept a number of pets. At one time he had an owl, a woodchuck, a deer, and a wombat. You may be sure Christina loved to visit there! She wrote a little poem in Italian about the wombat.

Another person who liked to visit Tudor House was Mr. Lewis Carroll, the author of



Blossom Time.

ful game of ball under an apple tree. Christina loved little girls and boys very much.

Though she was now a young lady, Christina still loved all her childhood friends—flowers and trees, beasts and birds. The children who watched her take up in her hand "cold little frogs, clammy toads, and furry many-legged caterpillars," often wondered how she could do so. But she loved them and knew they would not harm her.

the "Alice" books. You see, it was really a sort of Wonderland, with all the queer pets about. He took some pictures of them, as well as of Christina and her dear mother.

As Christina grew older and became a very busy writer, she did not forget her small friends. It was then that she wrote the lovely book called "Sing-Song" for them. In it were all those verses that you know and love so well.



Dear Editor:

I decided that I would write to the MLADINSKI LIST, for the first time, and wish that all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. will enjoy my letter.

I am fourteen years of age, and a freshman in the Union High School, Burgettstown, Pa.

I wish, that the MLADINSKI LIST would come twice every month instead of once a month, because I am very interested in it, and appreciate it very much. Wishing it will become larger soon. Now I have a number of riddles.

*

If the ice wagon weighs 1,000 lbs. and the ice weighs 1,000 lbs., what does the iceman weigh?

*

Which is the strongest day of the week?

*

This is all for this time. Hoping that many readers will solve my riddles, I remain your reader,
Andrew Bucklich, Bulger, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST, because I know that most of the readers enjoyed my jokes the last time I wrote. I wish that more members of the S. N. P. J. would write. I like to read the letters and jokes very much. I hope that the readers of these jokes will enjoy them, also.

*

First Cannibal—"The chief has the hay-fever."

Second Cannibal—"Serves him right. We warned him not to eat the grass widow."

*

"My friend only wears one garter."

"How come?"

"She's got a wooden leg and she keeps the other stocking up with a thumb tack."

*

Usher (to man in the picture show, looking with the aid of a match for something on the floor):
"Hey, put out that light! What'cha lookin' for?"

Man with a match: "I'm looking for a piece of taffy I dropped."

Usher: "You're causing all this trouble for a piece of taffy?"

Man with match: "But the taffy had my teeth in it."

*

"What's better than sitting down in front of a nice turkey dinner?"

"Eating it."

*

With much success to the MLADINSKI LIST, I remain,
Frank Zadel, Davis, W. Va.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. There are many wonderful stories in it which I like to read. And there are many puzzles that I like to solve. I am fourteen years old and in the seventh A grade.

I hope that this magazine will become larger. I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month.
Lena Chadash, Taylorville, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Little brothers and sisters are reporting, how long they are members of our honored society, the S. N. P. J. I wish to state here, that I am a member of the S. N. P. J. over 12 years. I am 13 years and 4 months old. I am finishing public school this year. We are 5 in our family belonging to the S. N. P. J. and soon, when weather warms up, two more of my brothers and sisters will join the S. N. P. J. I remain yours very truly,

Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Written by Eleanor Vogrich, member of the Juvenile department, Lodge No. 131, Chicago, Ill. She is ten years old and in the fourth grade.

Characters: Mother, Father, Children.

Time: Summer.

Father: My, what a beautiful garden we are going to have this summer!

Mother: Sam, I am very glad you say that because we are going to work this summer, aren't we children?

Children: Yes, yes, we are going to work also.

Mother: If you will be good, and if you work hard.

Father: We will give you a piece of land. You will work on it and we will work on our land.

Children: Thank you, father, for we are studying about vegetables this month. The teacher said the one who has the best vegetable book or garden or anything about vegetables, will receive a prize. So we are trying to win.

Father: Here are some plants you can have for your garden. Be very careful with the seeds.

Mother: We will go to supper and talk about it.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Children: Father, get up, it is seven o'clock.

Father: Thank you, children, for I have work to do in my garden.

Mother: I will get breakfast ready.

Children: Yes, and we will then go in the garden and work.

Father: Now we are ready for work, aren't we?

Mother: After I get my work done I will help, too.

*

Mother: I think we better stay home because it looks like rain. Look at the clouds.

Father: I just felt a drop on my nose.

Mother (later on:): It has stopped raining and it is good for transplanting.

WINTER TIME.

Children: Father, we have won the prize. Can you guess?

Father: No, tell me the answer.

Children: It was the biggest carrot ever grown. We must keep it in water thru the winter.

Children: We are now going to play in the snow.

Mother: I wish the winter was over.

Father: It is already May. We better start to work in the garden.

Children: Yes, yes, let's start!

SPOMLAD JE TU!

IN Z NJO VELIKA KAMPANJA ZA S. N. P. J.!

Spomlad je prišla v deželo, narava se je začela prebujati. Cvetke odpirajo svoje čašice, drevesa so se odela v zeleno, z raznobarnim cvetjem posuto oblačilo. Vse je oživilo.

Tudi v Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti je vse živahno. Naša jednota — to smo mi, odrasli in mladi člani — ni spala po zimi, kakor je spala narava. Ona je vedno pokoncu, vedno na straži, vedno borec se za svoje članstvo. Toda sedaj, ko je narava vstala, je sklenila tudi naša Slovenska narodna podporna jednota, pomnožiti svoje moči, povečati svoje vrste. In v to svrhu je razpisala

veliko kampanjo za Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto.

Posamezni brati in sestre in cela društva se udeležujejo te kampanje z največjo vnemo in navdušenjem. Ustanavljajo se nova društva, zlasti angleško poslujoča, pridobivajo se novi dobri člani.

Tudi vi, bratci in sestrice v mladinskem oddelku, lahko pomagate svojim staršem in odraslim sorodnikom in prijateljem pri tej kampanji za najboljšo in največjo slovensko podporno organizacijo na svetu.

Ti, mali čitatelj ali čitateljica, si li član ali članica Slovenske narodne podporne jednote? Če nisi, prosi takoj očeta ali mater, da te vpišejo!

In Ti, ki si že v naših vrstah, imaš gotovo male prijatelje in prijateljice, ki še niso člani, pa bi lahko postali. Brez posebne težave jih lahko pridobiš za našo jednoto. — In mogoče kateri odrasli sorodnik ali znanec še ni član, pa je sposoben biti član. Vprašaj ga, zakaj še ni član, in pozovi ga, da naj čimprej pristopi.

Pod okriljem Slovenske narodne podporne jednote je prostora za vse otroke slovanskih staršev. Biti njen član je vsakemu v čast in ponos!

Vsi na delo, mladi in stari, za

VELIKO SLOVENSKO NARODNO PODPORNO JEDNOTO!

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