

Jeraj Jeraj Jeraj

# MLADINSKI LIST

Mesečnik za Slovensko Mladino v Ameriki  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

LETO-VOL. II.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER 1923

ŠTEV.--NO. 10.

Izdaja

## SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

	Za člane	Za nečlane
Zdr. Države za celo leto.....	30c	60c
" " za pol leta.....	15c	30c
D ruge države: za leto.....		75c

## "JUVENILE"

Published Monthly by the

## SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

	Members	Non-Mem.
United States per year.....	30c	60c
" " half year.....	15c	30c
Other Countries per year.....		75c

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1917, at  
office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 2, 1903,  
acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in  
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1923.

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:  
(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWDALE AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

come and party

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14311 Thames Ave.  
(53)

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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., OKTOBER 1923

ŠTEV. 10.

## Veseli pastir.

Zakrivljeno palico v roki,  
Za trakom pa šopek cvetic,  
Ko kralj po planini visoki  
Pohajam za tropom ovčic.

Saj tukaj na solnčni višavi  
Le sam sem, le sam gospodar,  
Živejem po pameti zdravi,  
Za muhe mi ljudske ni mar.

Nikomur tu nisem na poti,  
Na poti ni meni nikdo;  
Kdo čisto veselje mi moti,  
Kdo moti življenje mirno?

Nikdar ne zmračí se mi čelo,  
Nikdar ne stemne se oči.  
In pojem in ukam veselo,  
Da z gore v goró se glasi.

Naj drugi okoli po sveti  
Si iščejo slave, blaga,  
Jaz hočem na gori živeti,  
Tu sreča, tu mir je doma.

Za čedico krotko popeval  
Bom pesnice svoje sladke,  
Dolincem glasno razodeval,  
Kar polni mi srečno srce.

Ne, palice svoje ovčarske  
Za žezlo kraljevo ne dam,  
In rajši, ko krone cesarske,  
Cvetice na glavi imam!

*S. Gregorčič.*

## Prijatelja.

Kos in kalin, soseda mlada,  
Imela sta se silno rada;  
Nekdaj sta šla po gozdu, brata,  
Kar prilomasti zver kosmata.

Kalin na bukev urno spleza,  
(Morda je bila tudi breza)  
Kos pa na trebuh, potaji se —  
Mrliča medved ne loti se.

Zver ga povoha, glavo zmaje,  
Koraka dalje godrnjaje;  
Kalin pa zdrsne dol z drevesa:  
"Kaj ti je pošeptal v ušesa?"

Kos vstane, prédenj se postavil:  
"Dejal je kosmatin rujavi:  
Beseda gladka večkrat laže,  
Prijatelj v sili se pokaže."

*Jožef Stritar.*

# V temi.

Ivan Cankar.

(Konec.)

Tine je hotel izgovoriti misel, ali vzrasla je čudno pred njim, strašna in neizmerna. Gosta tema je bila v izbi, toda okrenil se je k Ani in videla sta si v oči, tudi v lica sta si videla in lica so bila bleda.

"Da bi bila luč!"

Iskali so vdrugeč, ali strah jih je bilo teh tihih korakov — hodili so pač tuji ljudje po izbi — in tistih neznanih senc, ki so se premikale oprezno, sence tujih ljudi.

Tončka je stala ob oknu.

"Glejte, tam je luč!"

Ob oglu je gorela svetilka z majhnim rumenim plamenom, ki je prodiral komaj skozi dež in noč. Vsi so se stisnili k oknu in so strmeli v dremajoči rumeni plamen. In ko so se uprle vanj njih oči, je pričel plapolati in se zvijati; sunil je veter in plamen je ugasnil. Objeli so se in vsa tri drobna telesa so trepetala . . .

Kakor je rasla strašna misel v njenem srcu, je videla Ana zmirom jasneje, kako hodi mati po ulicah, v dežju in vetru. Ogrnila si je bila tenko ruto in ruta je zdaj vsa premočena, mokri lasje se sprijemajo na čelu. In mati se trese od mraza, veter piha skozi tenko obleko, zbada z iglami v kožo, v meso, zbada v srce. Nikoli ni videla Ana materinega obraza tako jasno kakor zdaj. Dolg je in koščen, oči gledajo srepo in so rdeče obrobljene . . . Ali nikoli ni bila drugačna, odkar je umrl oče, in vendar je ni videla Ana nikoli tako jasno; kakor da bi jo bila ugledala prvokrat v življenju . . .

Vsi hkrati so se zdrznili, odprli so okno. Materin glas je bil, ki je zaklical spodaj. Skozi odprto okno je planil veter v sobo, mrzle kaplje so jim udarile v obraz, zašumelo je v izbi, na postelji, ob zofi. Sklonili so se skozi okno.

"Mati!"

Ali ni je bilo. Pijan človek je šel počasi in omahovaje preko ceste od te strani na ono in je izginil za oglom.

"Mati!"

Z veliko silo je sunil veter in umaknili so se strahoma, zaprli so okno.

Tončka je ihtela, ali jokala ni naglas.

"Moram pogledati . . . pojdem! Lezita na posteljo in se odejta čez glavo; vrnem se kmalu."

Ana je položila na posteljo brata in sestro in ju je odela, nato si je ognila ruto. Odprla je duri, šla je skozi temno kuhinjo in vežo, in po stopnicah navzdol. Vse temno je bilo; drugače je gorela svetilka na stopnicah, nocoj je ni bilo. Tipala je z rokami, šla je počasi in varno. Na njenem srcu je ležala misel strašna in težka; ni je izpregovorila ne sebi in ne naglas, ali ustnice so se premikale. Ko je stopila na prag, jo je objel veter s silnimi rokami; kakor da bi jo hotel vzdigniti, treščiti jo ob zid; strgal ji je ruto z glave, v lice so ji bile mrzle kaplje, ves život je trepetal od mraza.

"Kam greš, Ana?"

Stisnila se je ob zid, široko so gledale oči, ali videle niso ničesar. Čisto razločno jo je bil nekdo ogovoril, materin glas je bil.

"Mati!"

Ali bilo ni nikogar, samotna je bila ulica in dež je pljuskal v vetru.

Globoka groza je obšla Ano; sklonila se je, pritisnila je ruto k prsim in je hitela domov. Opotekala se je, ker jo je suval veter in šele ko je bila pred pragom, je začula svoj glas; jokala je ali veter je dušil njen jok in ni ga mogel slišati nihče, tudi mati ne. Ko se je vrnila v izbo, je trepetala vsa od mraza in od strahu. Odložila je ruto in nato je hodila po izbi. Hodila je že dolgo, ko je mahoma postala in se domislila: prav tako je hodila kakor mati, glavo globoko sklonjeno, roke prekrižane na prsih. In prestrašila se je sama, da je hodila tako kakor mati.

Tončka in Tine sta ležala v postelji. Objela sta se bila tesno, odeje pa nista marala preko glave; strah ju je bilo teme in vendar sta strmela vanjo s široko odprtimi očmi. In oči so se privadile, razločevale so zmirom bolj, ali vse, kar so razločile, je bilo strašno. Tam je bila zofa in nekdo je

sedel na nji, čisto razločno se je vzdigala velika senca. In sence so bile tudi ob oknu, premikale so se tudi po sobi, počasi, po prstih, kakor da bi iskale luči. Zahreščale

prekrižane na prsih, enakomerno, zmirom od duri do okna.

"Mati!" je izpregovoril Tine plašno in srce mu je nehalo utripati, ko je pričako-

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Jesenski dan.

Van Marcke.

so naposled duri, veter je pihnil v izbo. Srepe so se uprle oči v duri, videle so kakor podnevi in so spoznale Ano, toda niso je hotele spoznati. In nato je hodilo po izbi s težkimi koraki, glavo sklonjeno, roke

val odgovora. Vedel je, da je bilo upanje prazno, in vendar je upal.

Odgovora ni bilo.

Ana je stala sredi izbe, roke še zmirom prekrižane na prsih.

Zakaj bi moralo biti in zakaj nocoj? Saj je bilo življenje zmirom enako — zmirom enako je hodila mati po izbi, od okna do duri. Zakaj bi nehala nocoj? In ko je izgovorila Ana v svojem srcu naglas tisto strašno in neizmerno žalostno misel, se je uprlo upanje s poslednjo silo. Ne, ne, ne more biti! . . . Zajokala je s kričečim glasom, vse telo se je streslo. Omahovaje je stopila k postelji in jokali so vsi trije.

Zunaj je deževalo, pihal je veter in na okno je trkala nevidna roka.

Slišali so, da so se odprle zunaj duri, narahlo, tihotapsko; in srca so zastala. Stopalo je po kuhinji z nerodnimi koraki, toda previdno, počasi, tipalo je po durih in duri so se odprle tako nalahko, kakor da bi se odpahnile same. Na pragu je stala velika senca, razločevali so zmirom bolj in zmirom bolj so se širile oči od strahu. Stal je tam človek visok, da se je skoro dotikal stropa z veliko črno kučmo, ki jo je imel na glavi. Ogrnjen je bil v dolg črn kožuh, ki mu je segal do peta, obraza pa niso mogli razločiti, zato ker je bil ves skrit v temni bradi. Tako je stal in se ni ganil, gledali so naravnost nanj kakor pričarani. Gledali so in so ga videli tam na pragu še zmirom; senca je bila tam, dasi so se bile duri že narahlo zaprle in ni bilo več nikogar na pragu. In ko so opazili, da ni nikogar več na pragu, so se pričeli tresti kakor v silnem mrazu, glasu pa ni bilo iz ust.

Temna je bila izba in tiha, zunaj je potrkavalo še zmirom. Tedaj pa so se oglasili zunaj mnogoštevilni, kričeči, surovi in jezni glasovi; težki in hitri koraki so se bližali po tlaku; nekdo je preklinjal s hripavim glasom, nekdo drug je pel razposajeno pesem; pijanci so se vračali iz krčme. Prav pod oknom je nekaj butnilo ob tla, gosti koraki so bežali preko ceste, oddaljevali so se in so utihnili . . .

Vsak šum, ki se je oglasil nenadno, je napravil še strašnejšo tišino, ki je bila v izbi; kakor da bi ugasnila luč in bi bila vse-naokoli neprodorna tema, polna skrivnosti in hudobnih senc . . .

Trdovratno je bilo upanje — zmirom še je živel človek v rakvi, živel je in je trkal na pokrov.

“Da bi že prišli mati!” je prosila Tončka.

“Da bi bila luč!”

Ana se je prijela za glavo z obema rokama, in ko je začutila roke na sencih, se je prestrašila, zakaj domislila se je, da se je tudi mati tako prijemala za glavo, kadar je stala ob postelji ali sedela za mizo.

“Slecita se in zaspita, ko ni luči; in ko bosta spala, pridejo mati . . . morda . . .”

In ko je rekla “morda”, je vztrepetala, zakaj spet je bila izpregovorila v svojem srcu naglas tisto strašno in neizmerno žalostno misel.

Tine se je vzdignil v postelji.

“Nikoli več ne pridejo mati, nikoli več!”

V tistem trenutku so se odprle duri brez šuma; odpirale so se počasi, dokler niso bile odprte na stežaj. In bilo ni nikogar na pragu. In kakor so se odprle, tako so se počasi in nalahko zapirale. Zunaj je zapihal veter in odprlo se je okno . . .

Na stopnicah so se oglasili koraki.

“Gor, v prvo nadstropje!”

In ženski glas je vzdihoval:

“O jej, o jej!”

“Prav je storila!” je zagodrnjal surov, moški glas.

Koraki so se bližali in zunaj so se zasvetile luči. Dvoje moških se je sklanjalo in je neslo nekaj belega . . .

Otroci so se bili objeli tesno; krika ni bilo iz grla; oči so bile široko odprte, neznan groza je bila v njih.



Franc Erjavec:

## Črtice iz življenja in delovanja učenjaka Schnakschnepperleina.

(Nadaljevanje.)

Schnakschnepperlein se pa vrže na tla in po vseh štirih se splazi po luknji z nogami naprej, za njim grem jaz in oba sva, čeprav težavno, srečno prišla v jamo, ki je bila precej s konca toliko visoka, da sva stala lahko pokoncu. Ali ubogemu Boštjanu se je godila huda. Revez je bil precej životen in zdaj stoka in vzdihuje v ozki cevi, kot bi ga bil nataknil na raženj.

“No, Boštjan, le pogumen bodi, le še nekoliko se pomakni naprej, kmalu bo bolje!”

“Gospod, jaz ne morem ne naprej ne nazaj,” vzdihuje Boštjan tako milo, da sem mislil, da se mora omečiti trda skala.

“Kaj, da bi ravno danes ne mogel! Saj si bil enkrat že tukaj. Srčnost velja!”

“Enajst tisoč devic, pomagajte!” vzdihne Boštjan, z vso močjo se še enkrat upre, in glej, šlo je. Boštjan je živ, le nekoliko zmrušen in opraskan, prilezel iz luknje in v roki za sabo potegnil malho z regljami.

“Hvala bogu! zdaj sem menda prebil vse hudo, ali kako pojde nazaj?”

“Seveda ne moreš noter,” se prereka Schnakschnepperlein, “ker imaš s seboj toliko nepotrebnih reči. Čemu ti je malha?”

“O gospod, to je najpotrebnejše med vsemi reči! Če bi te malhe ne bilo, bi jaz ne bil mogel priti tako daleč; že napol pota bi bil obležal.”

“Boštjan, ti se menda nikoli ne poboljšaš! Pa zdaj smo v jami in z marnjami ne bomo trčili časa, čas je drag.”

*Veseli in žalostni dogodki v podzemeljski jami.*

Schnakschnepperlein prižge zdaj tri sveče, dá nama z Boštjanom vsakemu eno, eno si pa obdrži sam.

“Zdaj pa le tiho za mano, sicer bi nenačuden šum prestrašil živalco.”

Vsi vlečemo sapo vase in po prstih tava-va z Boštjanom za Schnakschnepperleinom.

Ko gremo nekoliko časa naprej tiho kot duhovi, nama da Schnakschnepperlein z roko znamenje, da smo na mestu. In res se ustavimo pri veliki črni kopici. Ko jo pogledam bliže, vidim, da je kup netopirjevega gnoja; teh živali je bilo namreč vse črno po stropu.

“Tu ali pa nikjer!” zašepeta Schnakschnepperlein.

Reče in pade pred kupcem na tla in z Boštjanom storiva po njegovem zgledu. Vsi trije pokleknejo v blato in brskamo kake pol ure. Nobeden ne črhne besedice. Toda čeprav smo prebrskali že pol kupca, hroščka vendarle ni; le hudi duh nam udarja v nosove in okužuje Boštjanu sleherni grizljaj.

“O ti prokleti Adelops!” zarentači Boštjan bolj po tihem.

“O Boštjan, Boštjan, ne imenuj po nemarnem tega lepega imena,” ga resno zavrne Schnakschnepperlein. “Zdaj ga pa gotovo ne bo. Če se ti ne ljubi, če si prelen, pa pojdi proč!”

Boštjan si ni dal reči tega dvakrat. Mrmraje vstane in sede na bližnjo skalo, zasa- di luč v blato na tla in jezo svojo znosi nad regljami in klobasami. Kakor raztrga krvo- ločni tiger ovco, tako je trgal zdaj Boštjan reglje, in kmalu se je razlegalo njegovo cmokanje po vsej jami, da so se vznemirili celo netopirji in jeli frkati sem ter tja.

Mene so jela tudi že boleti kolena in želodec mi je vedno pravil, da je poldne že davno odzvonilo. Pa nekoliko bi bil morebiti še potrpel, ali Boštjanovo cmokanje ga je bilo zdaj popolnoma zdrazilo. Uprl se mi je in zahteval pravice svoje, katerih mu nihče ne sme kratiti. Ali s čim ga hočem potolažiti? Le sam Boštjan bi znal pomagati.

Vzdignem se iz blata in sline se mi cede, ko grem mimo Boštjana. Ta je menda uganil moje želje: “Nate nekoliko! Vem, da ste že potrebni,” mi reče in mi pomoli eno klo- baso in eno regljo.

Schnakschnepperlein se pa ne gane, ve- dno dalje rije po gnoju. Ne vidi nič, ne sliši

nič, kot bi bil zamaknjen. Le časih globoko vzdihne — Adelops in diplom mu rojita po glavi.

dam pred seboj globoko vodo, onkraj vode pa se je razprostiral drugi del jame. Le po ozkem skalnatem grebenu, ki je držal ka-



**Ruski mužik.**

S klobaso in regljo si grem iskat mirnega kraja, kjer bi me nihče ne mogel motiti. Grem proti drugemu koncu jame in zagle-

kor brv čez vodo, se je moglo priti v ta oddelek. Spravim se čez greben in kmalu najdem primeren suh kotic, sedem na ka-



men in s hvaležnim srcem uživam Boštjanov dar.

Ko mirno jem, mi prileze po nogi droben hrošček. Kaj zlodja, ko bi bil to Adelpops! Pogledam ga natančneje in primaruha, po Schnakschnepperleinovem popisu je utegnil biti ta hrošček Adelpops. Primem ga rahlo in ga denem v steklenico, ki mi jo je izročil Schnakschnepperlein v ta namen. Ko ga imam notri, ga pogledam še enkrat in se popolnoma prepričam, da je to živalca, katero išče Schnakschnepperlein s tolikim trudom.

"Imam ga, imam ga!" vpijem na vse grlo.

Te besede prebude Schnakschnepperleina iz njegovih sanj. Kakor bi ga bila zadela sama strela, plane kvišku, sveča mu pade iz rok, ves se trese od veselja in z besedami: "Kje je, kje ga imate?" jo udere po ozkem grebenu proti meni, ali o joj! stopinje mu zmanjka in štrbunk se zvrne v vodo.

"Gospod, kaj delate? Ne hodite k vodi, boste mokri!" ga svari skrbni Boštjan.

"Pomagajte! Pomagajte!" se dere Schnakschnepperlein na vse grlo in voda mu zapira sapo.

"Kaj vam pa je, da vpijete, kakor bi vas drl na meh? Ali vam nisem pravil, da ne hodite k vodi? Zdaj pa imate! Čemu je treba tega?" se prepira Boštjan, spravi reglje v malho in se počasi vzdigne.

Jaz sem pa hitro priskočil in Schnakschnepperleina, ki je kakor ranjen som pretepal vodo in že začel pojemat, srečno zgrabim za škric in vlečem na vso moč. V tem pa je prišel tudi Boštjan; zgrabi po sreči gospoda za eno bedro in z združeno močjo ga potegneva na suho. Schnakschnepperlein je bil moker kakor miš, nič se ni zavedel; kakor črviv gaber, ki ga je podrl zimski vihar, je ležal na tleh. Z Boštjanom ga začneva drgati. Najin trud ni bil zastonj; počasi se zave, pogleda in pravi s tihim glasom: "Kje ga imate? Pokažite mi ga!"

Podam mu steklenico. Schnakschnepperlein pogleda živalco, mrtvo oko se mu zasveti in s povzdignjenim glasom zažene: "Gloria, gloria! Je že, je že! Pravi je!"

Ta pogled ga je zopet osvestil, ker le strah ga je bil tako omamil, da je ležal kakor napol mrtev na tleh. Počasi se je sklonil in opiraje se name stopi na noge.

"Kje ste ga dobili, kje? Hitro povejte, o vi srečni človek!"

Povem kje in kako sem se nameril na hroščka. In Schnakschnepperlein je bil takoj pripravljen, da ga gre iskat. Jaz ga primem za roko in mu rečem:

"Gospod, poslušajte me in ne hodite! Mokri ste, kako lahko bi se prehladili v mrzli jami; le pomislite na svoje zdravje! Saj je dosti, da imamo enega; z veseljem vam ga izročam. Le hitimo, da pridemo do Češnjeparja, da se preoblečete ali vsaj posušite."

"Prav pravite, zdravje je treba varovati in saj zdaj ga imam ljubčka srca, po katerem je tako željno hrepenela duša moja. Pa kaj vam hočem dati v dar za ta biser? Vsa zbirka moja vam je na ponudbo. Izberite si iz nje, kar vam je ljubo, in če si izberete tudi eno tistih dveh stenic, kateri mi je nedavno poslal Raggedfellow iz Philadelphije, ki ju je nabral tam v neki podrti indijanski bajti — vam je ne morem odreči. Tudi mi morate dovoliti, da dam prvi novi živalci, ki jo najdem, vaše ime; vredno je, da se ohrani v vednosti naši."

"Gospod, to je vse preveč!" mu odgovorim. "Meni je dosti, da vem, da sem vam napravil veselje, drugega plačila ne zahtevam. Zdaj pa poskusiva, da prideva iz jame."

Jaz svetim naprej in Schnakschnepperlein gre za menoj, Boštjana pa ni bilo nikjer videti. Šele ko prideva k izhodu, zaslišiva reveža, kako stoka in vzdihuje v ozki špranji. Ko je videl, da se odpravljamo, se je hitro izgubil in hitel proti luknji, ker zadnji ni hotel biti.

"Kaj počenjaš, Boštjan?" ga nagovori Schnakschnepperlein.

"Ven bi rad prišel, pa nikakor ne gre! Bal sem se, da bi mi vidva ne ušla in bi jaz ne obtičal v tej luknji. To se bo menda tudi zgodilo, vsaj zdravih udov ne bom prinesel ven. Oh, kaj bo, kaj bo!"

Ker Boštjanu niso hoteli pomagati dobri duhovi, je jel rentočiti in kleti, da me je groza izpreletavala. In glej, zgodi se čudo! Hudi duhovi so pomagali: zdajci se zasveti beli dan po razpoklini. Boštjan je bil zunaj in počasi greva s Schnakschnepperleinom za njim.

Boštjan se je zvrnil zunaj precej v travo, kakor bi bil zadet od kapi, in res je mi-

slil sam, da je napol mrtev. Čez nekoliko časa vzdigne počasi roko za roko, nogo za nogo, se skloni in z obema rokama preštevava rebra, ker je mislil, da si jih je vsaj polovico polomil.

Ko se v svoje veselje prepriča, da so še vsa cela, se iztegne po svoji malhi, katere ni nikoli zgrešil, in si v njej poišče novih moči.

Schnakschnepperlein pa sede na solnce, vzame steklenico z Adelopsom v eno roko, v drugo pa prime lupo in pregleduje živalco od vseh strani, časih pokima z glavo in se sladko nasmeje. Vse, kar je danes prebil, vse je pozabljeno, on se zdaj ne zmeni za nobeno drugo stvar, še celo Boštjana ni

menda videl in slišal, ki je stopil predenj in ga nagovoril z resnim glasom: "Gospod! obljubite mi, da me ne boste nikdar več silili, da bi vas spremljal v to grdo luknjo! Meni je vaša služba ljuba, ali moji zdravi udi in moje življenje so mi vendar ljubši." To rekši se je obrnil in jo zavil proti vasi.

Zdaj se osvesti tudi Schnakschnepperlein, mi poda roko, me milo pogleda in zašepeta: "Vi ste angelček moj!"

Potem greva za Boštjanom proti Češnjearju. Solnce je hudo pripekalo in iz mokrega so se vzdigovale megle vodenih soparov kot iz gnoja, katerega je ravno Češnjear kidal iz hleva. (Konec prihodnjič.)

## Srna in orel.

Na visoki skali je stala skočna srna. Ko jo ugleda požrešni orel, prileti k njej in ji pravi takole: "Pač je res, da si skočna, o srna; vendar ne bi hotel zamenjati svojih peruti za tvoje noge."

"Jaz pa svojih nog ne za tvoje peruti," se mu odreže srna ponosno.

"Hm," de nato orel zaničljivo, "pa skoči čez tale prepad, ko se tako hvališ s svojimi nogami. Bomo videli, kdo bo prej čezenj, ti ali jaz!"

Srno ujeze te besede. Hitro se požene in zaleti čez prepad. Toda prepad je preširok in srna trešči vanj tako nesrečno, da pri tej priči obleži mrtva. Orel se pa veselo spusti navzdol in si odnese plen brez truda v gnezdo.

"Da, da," pravi še, ogledujoč mrtvo žival, "kaj bi sam ugonabljal, ko vas pogubljata častihlepnost in jeza!"

Dragotin Kette.

## Mravlji.

Zvečer sta se sešli mravlji tovaršici v mravljišču.

"Joj, kako sem zdelana," reče prva, "ves dan sem prevlačevala košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla spraviti do doma; na sredi poti sem ga morala pustiti."

"A tako, misliš drobtinice sladkorja, ki ga je razsula neka deklica tam na cesti? Pa kako je to, saj je bilo polno majhnih kosov tam . . ."

"Polno, ali lotila sem se največjega."

"Brezumnica!" reče druga. "Vidiš, jaz pa sem nosila le manjše kosce. Le pojdi gledat, kakšen kup jih je! Seveda, ti hočeš vse naenkrat. No, pa imaš. Boš vsaj vedela za drugič!"

## Stava.

Od dolgega časa se sova in čuk pogovarjata o nadarjenosti ptičev. Tako primerjata tudi prepelico in ščinkavca. Pa se ne moreta zediniti. Končno stavita za eno mastno miško: čuk stavi, da je prepelica bolj učena in pridnejša, sova pa isto trdi o ščinkavcu. Domenita se, da ju bosta drugi dan skrivoma poslušala iz vejevja.

Komaj se drugi dan snideta, že čujeta nekje od polja in vrtov glase obeh ptičev.

"Pet pedi, pet pedi, pet pedi . . ." ponavlja venomer prepelica.

"Tisočosemstopetinšestdeset črviičkov, tisočosemstopetinšestdeset črviičkov . . ." šteje ščinkavec.

In čuk osramočen odleti, ker je izgubil stavo.

Tone Gaspari.

## V jeseni.

O kako hitro  
Listje odpada —  
Hitro nam leta  
Minejo mlada.

V vrtilih cvetice  
Vse so zvenéle —  
Cvetke mladosti  
Bodo scvetele.

Ptice v dežele  
Gorke letijo —  
Dnevi radosti  
Ž njimi bežijo.

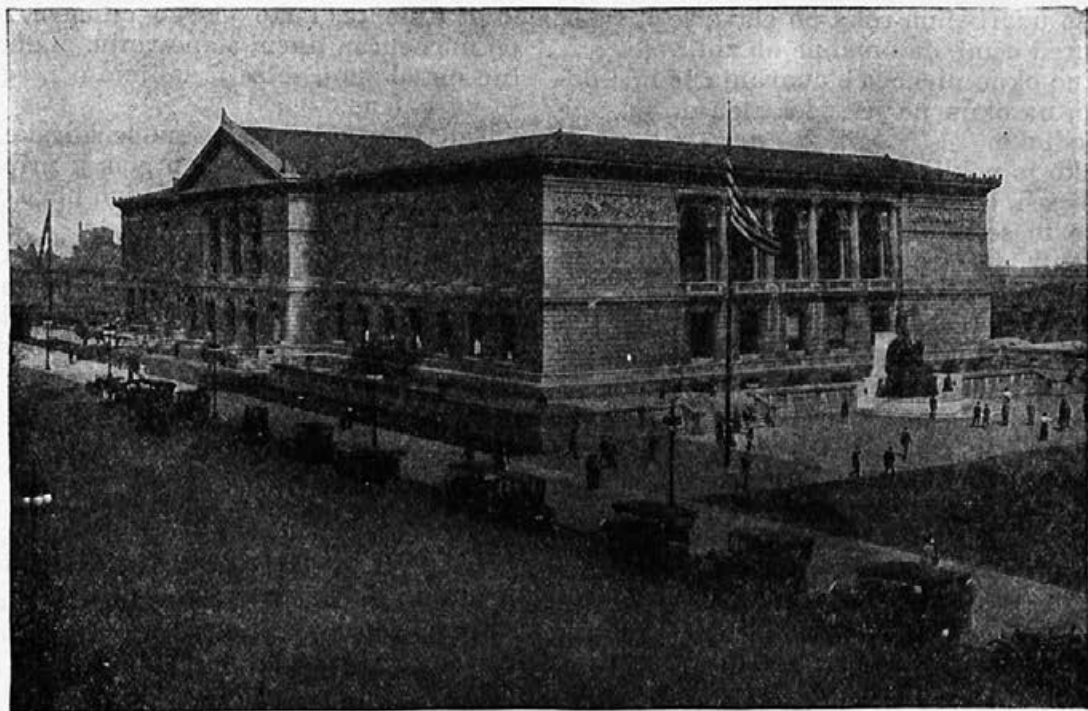
Veter drevesca  
Gola vpogiblje —  
V meni pa tožno  
Srce se ziblje.

Megla pokriva  
Plan in doline —  
Časov zakriva  
Srečnih spomine.

Skoraj bo skoraj  
Jésen minila,  
Nas in naravo  
Zimi zročila.

*Savo Zorán.*

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



### CHICAŠKI UMETNIŠKI ZAVOD.

(The Art Institute of Chicago.)

Kdor se zanima za lepe slike in kipe, naj obišče — kadar se mu ponudi priložnost — Umetniški zavod v Chicagu na Michigan Avenue in Adams ulici. V tem zavodu se nahajajo bogate zbirke umetniških del, med drugim tudi mnoga dela slovanskih umetnikov. Zavod je odprt vsak delavnik od 9. ure dop. do 6. ure popoldne, ob nedeljah od 12:15 popoldne do 10. ure zvečer. Ob sredah, sobotah, nedeljah in ob narodnih praznikih je vstopnina prosta. V zavodu se nahaja tudi šola, v kateri se poučuje slikarstvo, kiparstvo in arhitektura.

## Sivi lasje.

Spisal E. Gangl.

Materi se je mudilo z doma. Imela je edinega otroka, dveletno hčerko. "Hčerko pustim doma!" si misli mati, "okna so zaprta, vrata zaklenem, in prav nič se ji ne more pripetiti. No, pa saj se tudi precej vrnem."

Deklica je bila v drugi sobi. Mati odide, ne da bi rekla otroku, da gre z doma. Vsaj siten ne bo! Mati odide in zaklene vrata za seboj. Hitro zbeži po stopnicah v prodajalnico onkraj ulice, da kupi, česar ji je treba, in da takoj zopet steče domov.

Ko stopi mati iz prodajalnice, se ozre na okna svojega stanovanja. Sapa ji zastane, noge ji klecnejo v kolenih. Kakor da jo udari silna roka po glavi, se ji stemni pred očmi, da omahne ob zid.

Eno okno njenega stanovanja je bilo odprto, na oknu pa je sedel njen otrok, njena edinka.

Ako jo pokliče, iztegne ročice k nji ali se prestraši, da pade z drugega nadstropja na ulico in se ubije. Ako zbeži naglo v stanovanje, se otrok zopet prestraši, pade in se ubije.

Malone brezzavestna se priplazi mati na drugo stran ulice in tava ob zidu hiše, kjer je stanovala. Vsa je bila sključena in

trudna, kakor da jo tišči k tlom silna peza.

Rada bi zdirljala po stopnicah navzgor. A noge so ji bile težke, kakor da ji teče po žilah svinec. Z obema rokama se je oprijemala za držaj; počivati je morala na vsaki stopnici.

In ko odpre stanovanje in ne zagleda hčerke — kaj potem? Ali je ni ubila tako rekoč sama, ko jo je pustila brez nadzorstva in ni niti pogledala prej, ali so res vsa okna zaprta?

Tresla se je kakor bi bila mrzlična, ko je vtikala ključ v ključavnico. Hotela je odpreti vrata brez vsakega hrupa, a roka se ji je tresla, da je udarjalo železo ob železo. Čula je, kako glasno odmeva ropot po mirnem in tihem stanovanju. Mater oblije mrzel znoj, solze ji zalijejo oči, zgrudi se na kolena.

Tedaj začuje drobne, nagle korake, tožič, sladak, neskončno lep glas ji priplava na uho: "Mama, mama!" Vedno bliže, vedno bliže, prav tik vrat.

Osrečena plane mati kvišku, odklene vrata. V naročje se ji privije objokana deklica. Gleda jo z velikimi, začudenimi očmi, zakaj njena zlata mamica je imela sedaj — popolnoma sive lase.

## Vrabc in lastovka.

Na streho je priletel vrabc k lastovki.

"Kam greš, lastovka?" je vprašal ščebe-taje brhko sosedo.

"Na jug, na jug," začvrči ptica. "Kaj, ti pa ne pojdeš na zimo iz teh mrzlih in neprijetnih krajev?"

"Jaz, a zakaj neki?"

"Glej ga, bedaka! Saj tu ne boš imel ni gorkega stanovanja ni dovolj hrane."

"In ko bi tudi moral poginiti," odvrne dobri rjavček, "ne zapustim svoje preljub domovine, marveč z njo hočem trpeti in stradati ter pričakovati boljših in srečnejših dni."

Dragotin Kette.

## Osel-kralj.

Osel zve, da je poginil lev, kralj živali, in pravi: "Poslej bom jaz kralj."

Konj ugovarja za vse zbrane živali:

"Nimaš kraljeve postave, in treba ti zato tudi potrebne modrosti."

"Postava je postranska stvar — obleka ne naredi človeka," dé modro sivec, "a v modrosti nadkriljujem vas vse."

"Tvoje sedanje besede pričajo, da v modrosti ostaneš osel za vselej, pa brez zamere, prijatelj."

In konj in vse živali se obrnejo zaničljivo od osla-bahača.

Ivo Trošt.

# Plemenit zgled.

Spisal Mihael Levstik.

Petnajstletna Marjetica je nekoliko dni služila v mestu. Za svojo gospodo je morala vsak opoldan prinašati obed iz krčme. Nekega poletnega dne opoldne hiti z jerbasom na glavi po ulici. Pred prodajalnimi so bile po ulicah zavoljo solnca razpete platnene strehe. Neizkušena deklica zadene z jerbasom ob drogovje take strehe. Jerbas ji pade na tla, draga posoda se razbije, in jedi se razlijejo po kamenitem tlaku. Marjetica od strahu obledi, potem pa jame jokati na ves glas.

Kar hitro se zbere okolo jokajoče deklice mnogo ljudi.

“Oj,” tarna ubožica, “kaj mi je storiti! Gospa me spodi iz službe, a domov si ne upam, ker bi bila mamica silno žalostna. O, kaj naj naredim!”

V svoji zmedenosti začne pobirati črepinje in razsute jedi po tlaku ter spravljati v jerbas. To se je zdelo nekaterim gledalcem jako smešno in začeli so se posmehovati plakajoči deklici in njenemu početju.

Kar pristopi k Marjetici zala, lepo oblečena gospica in ji položi roko na ramo, rekoč: “Nikar ne jokaj, dekle, pojdem jaz s teboj. Kupili bova drugo, ravno takšno posodo in ravno takšna jedila.”

Hvaležno povzdigne Marjetica objokane oči k blagi rešiteljici. “O, kako ste dobri, mila gospica! Hvaležna vam bom, dokler bom živela. Kako bi bila moja uboga in bolehnna mamica pač žalostna, če bi izgubila službo.”

In gospica, hči imenitnega in uglednega uradnika, prime služkinjo za roko, da jo odvede v prodajalnico za posodo. —

Ta plemeniti čin dobre gospice je jako ugajal okolo stoječim; sram jih je bilo, da

so se posmehovali nesrečni deklici, namesto da bi ji pomagali, kakor je to storila ona blaga gospica.

“Oprostite gospica, smem li tudi jaz prispevati nekoliko?” se oglasi eden okolo stoječih gospodov in ji pomoli par bankovcev.

“Hvala, poravnava te škode je moja skrb. Toda, če pa dovolite, da obrnem vaš dar v podporo njeni materi, ga vzamem z veseljem!”

Zgled mladega gospoda je zdramil marsikoga iz množice. Kar po vrsti so segali v žep: “Prosim, izvolite, gospica, za njeno mater!”

Mnogoteri, ki se je prej škodoželjno posmehoval, je sedaj osramočen ponudil svoj prispevek, in ko je gospica — spoštljivo pozdravljena od narasle množice — odhajala, je imela v rokah za svojo varovanko nenavadno obilen dar.

Črez nekaj minut je bil jerbas zopet enako naložen kakor prej. Tedaj stisne plemenita gospica nabrane darove povsem iznenadeni Marjetici v roko, rekoč: “Bodi odslej previdnejša v svojih opravkih! Ta denar pa pošlji svoji materi, in skrb ti bo di v prihodnje, da je ne boš žalila.”

Od tega dogodka je minilo pet let. Mislite, da je Marjetica pozabila svoje dobrotnice? Nikakor! Ona blaga gospica je sedaj soproga tistega gospoda, ki ji je takrat prvi ponudil svoje damilo in ki je sedaj ugleden zdravnik. Marjetica pa služi pri nji za kuharico in je svoji dobri gospé vdana z vso ljubeznijo in zvestobo. Vsak mesec pošilja skoraj ves svoj zaslužek materi. Njena gospa pa pravi pogosto svojim znan-kam, da bi boljšega posla kot je njena Marjetica ne mogla najti nikjer na svetu.



# Naš kotichek.

## Uganke.

19.

Ako ni tvojega strica sestra tvoja teta, v kakem sorodu je potem s teboj?

20.

Ali se gornji del kakega voznega kolesa hitreje premika ko spodnji?

## Rešitve ugank.

17.

Vsak del verige je obstojal iz treh sklepov. Ako bi odprl vse tri sklepe enega dela, bi mu ostali še štiri deli. Te štiri dele bi seveda lahko spojil z onimi tremi sklepi, ki jih je sam odprl.

18.

Sloga jači, nesloga tlačí.

## Rešilci.

*Obe uganki so rešili:*

Mary Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.  
Freda Ferjančič, Walshville, Ill.  
Mary Yancher, Girard, O.  
Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.  
Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

*Po eno uganko so rešili:*

Rose Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.  
Florian Odlasek, Fairpoint, O.  
Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.  
Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.

Uganko št. 15. je rešila pravilno *Freda Ferjančič*, Walshville, Ill. (Prišlo prepoznano za zadnjo številko.)

*Odgovori malim bratcem in sestricam.*

*Augusta Alich*, Wilburton, Okla. — Nagrade se dobe samo za pravilne rešitve ugank v slovenskem delu lista. Rešilci ugank v angleškem delu ne dobe nobene nagrade. Nagrade dobijo tisti trije, ki rešijo največ ugank. — Pozdrav!

## Dopisi.

Dragi urednik!

Ne smete mi zameriti, da Vam toliko časa nisem nič pisala. Prav lepo se Vam zahvaljujem za knjigi, ki sem ju dobila kot nagrado. Prebrala sem že obe in se mi obe zelo dopadeti.

Želim, da bi še kateri brat ali sestra iz Waukegana reševal uganke in se potrudil, da bi dobil kako nagrado.

Še enkrat se Vam najlepše zahvaljujem in ostajam

Z bratskim pozdravom,

*Mary Dobrovolc*, Waukegan, Ill.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Priloženo pošiljam rešitve ugank v zadnji številki. Ne vem, če sem obe prav rešil, vendar pa upam, da je saj tista o verigi pravilno rešena.

Prosim Vas, če bi priobčili priloženo smešnico.

Jaz, Florjan, in moj tovariš Matija sva šla po koruzo. Ko sva nabrala že polno vrečo, me vpraša Matija, kje si bodeva koruzo razdelila. Jaz pravim, da bi bilo najboljši iti na bližnje pokopališče, ker ni bilo tam tisti dan nobenih ljudi. Šla sva torej na pokopališče. Pred pokopališkimi vrati sem zapazil, da je vreča nekoliko raztrgana ter da sta dva roga izpadla. Matija je rekel, da jih naj kar pustim tam ležati in jih bova pobrala, ko prideva nazaj. Spraviva se za velik spomenik ter streseva koruzo v travo. Nato sva se z Matijatom domenila, da bova razdelila koruzo na ta način, da bova štela po angleško: 'I take one, you take one', etc. Tako sva na glas računala, ko pride slučajno na pokopališče neki Anglež. Pri vratih je postal, ker je zaslišal najine glasove, toda videl naju ni, ker sva bila za spomenikom. In ko je poslušal najino štetje: 'I take one, you take one', se je domislil, da si bog in hudič delita kakega mrliča. Moral je biti zelo praznoveren, kajti kakor bi gorelo za njim, jo je pobrisal po polju. Pri svojem begu nareti na nekega zamorca, kateremu pove, kaj je na pokopališču slišal. Zamorec ni

hotel verjeti, da bi si bog in hudič delila mrtveca, zato vpraša Angleža, če je videl boga ali hudiča. Ta mu pove, da ni videl ničesar, pač pa razločno slišal dvoje glasov. Nato se obadva podata pred pokopališče, da bi se prepričala, kaj je pravzaprav. Midva sva še vedno štela 'I take one, you take one,' in zamorce je bil takoj prepričan, da je res, kar mu je Anglež povedal. Med tem pa sva midva že razdelila koruso ter sva bila popolnoma zadovolj-

### PREDOLGE HLAČE.

Krojaški mojster zmerja vajenca:

"Hlače so zopet pol metra predolge! Takoj napravi krajše!"

Vajenec: "Koliko pa naj odrežem?"

Mojster: "Hm, takole en centimeter!"

*Tonček* (obložen s prtljago, stopi iz vlaka): "Voznik, koliko stane za me vožnja do Tolmina?"

*Voznik*: "Dvajset kron, mladi gospod."



**Dimnikar.**

na. Tedaj pa se jaz spomnim, da ležita pred vrati še dva roga, pa rečem tovarišu: "We got two by the gate, you take one, I take one". Ko je zamorec zaslišal te besede, jo je udrl proti gozdu, Anglež pa za njim. Policaji so ju morali loviti po gozdu, da se pojasni, zakaj sta tako bežala.

Upam, da bodete to priobčili v Mladinskem listu, katerega z velikim veseljem čitam.

Pozdrav!

*Florian Odlasek, Fairpoint, O.*

*Tonček*: "Koliko pa za mojo prtljago?"

*Voznik*: "Nič, gospod."

*Tonček*: "Vzemi prtljago, jaz bom šel peš."

*Ako vsak bralec pridobi enega ali dva nova naročnika, bomo dva ali trikrat močnejši in nam bo vsled tega mogoče izdajati naš list v lepši obliki, v večjem obsegu ter pogosteje. Skleni torej dobiti vsaj enega novega naročnika!*



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

VOLUME II.

OCTOBER, 1923

NUMBER 10.

## Who Likes The Rain?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,  
For I have my pretty red rubbers on;  
They make a little three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud—quack! quack!"

"I!" cried the dandelion, "I!  
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."  
And she lifted a tousled yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 't will pour! I hope 't will pour!"  
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door,  
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,  
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook, "I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they never need to stop  
Till a big river I grew to be,  
And could find my way to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,  
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat  
on,  
Through every puddle and runlet and pool  
I find on the way to school."

*Clara Doty Bates.*



**We Like the Rain.**



## Perseverance Wins.

About thirty years ago, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had "geographies" to sell.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so dear."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he; "will you let me have the book, and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly the lad looked for an answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man refused his request! The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the childish face cloud at a harsh refusal.

"Shall you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

"To study, sir. I cannot go to school; but when I have time, I study at home. All the boys have geographies, and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know something about the places that he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

"Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then; and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and, when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Hartley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the serious little face.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the volumes that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank-note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad; whatever you want."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you."

He asked my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him. Many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the

finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage; but, toward the end, there came a terrible storm, and the ship would have sunk, with all on board, had it not been for the captain.

Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. The crew were strong and willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class.

But, after pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

The captain, who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me, I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, and said: "Yes sir; so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails, I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done

to save the ship, and, if we fail, it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank. I was the last to leave.

As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I did not; I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati? He owes a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain.

And I said, "The perseverance that, thirty years ago, secured you that geography, has to-day saved our lives."

*Anonymous.*

### *Absolutely Fearless.*

Green was always spinning yarns about his experiences in Africa, and usually he wound up by saying he never yet saw a lion he feared. One night after he had finished yarning, he was taken aback by one of his audience, who said:

"That's nothing. I have thrown myself down and actually slept among lions in their wild, natural state."

"I can't believe that," said the bold hunter.

"It's the truth, though."

"Can you prove it? Were they African?"

"Well, not exactly African lions. They were dandelions."

### *Putting On Airs.*

In a conspicuous place in the parlor of a country hotel was an inscription, "Ici on parle Francais" (We speak French here).

The proprietor was asked: "Do you speak French?"

"Not me," the man replied. "United States is good enough for me."

"Why do you have that inscription on the wall, then; that means French is spoken here?"

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the hotel keeper. "Well, I'll be darned! A young chap sold that to me for 'God bless our home!'"

# A Halloween Story.

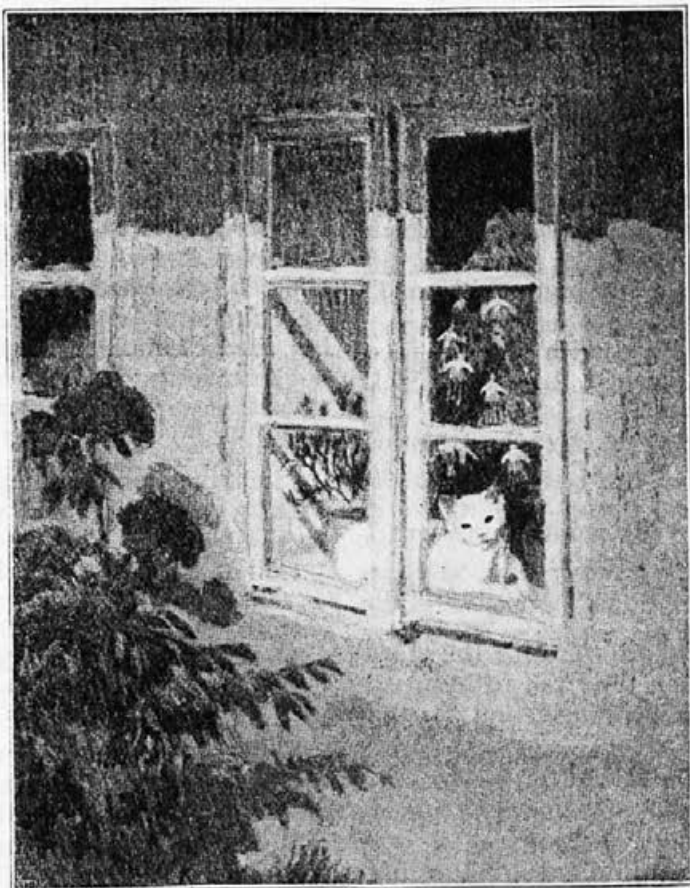
*Elizabeth Thompson Dillingham*

Once upon a time a big orange pumpkin was growing just outside a stone wall, far off in a field, all alone. The farmer had gathered all *his* pumpkins and stored them carefully in his great barn. But no one knew of the big orange pumpkin growing just outside the wall, all alone. The big orange pumpkin was lonely.

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat eagerly. "I want to belong to a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes."

"And I," said the big orange pumpkin, "want to belong to a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works. Let's hurry right away to find them."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat.



**Pussy Cat on the Window.**

"I wish I belonged to some one," said he.

"Miew, miew! I do, too," cried a little black pussy cat, stretching herself and jumping down from the stone wall where she had been sleeping.

"It will soon be winter," said the big orange pumpkin; "let's go find some one to belong to."

So off they started—the big orange pumpkin rolling and tumbling along, and chuckling to himself as he went, and the little black cat pit-patting along on her soft little cushions, purring because she was happy.

On and on they went, over the fields and through the woods. It began to grow cold,

oh, so cold, and dark too. The little black cat shivered as the wind whistled through the trees.

"See here," said the big orange pumpkin, "you can't sleep outdoors to-night. What shall we do?"

Just then they saw a man coming along the path with a bundle of wood on his back.

"Ho, Mr. Woodcutter!" cried the pumpkin, "have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the merry woodsman. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut off a piece of my shell where the stem is, and scoop out some of my seeds, if you please," said the pumpkin.

No sooner said than done.

"There, my little black pussy cat," said the pumpkin, "when you wish to sleep to-night, you may curl inside and be as warm as a sunbeam."

"But will you not come home with me?" asked the woodsman.

"Have you a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes?" asked the little black pussy cat.

"Have you a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works?" asked the big orange pumpkin.

"No, ah, no," said the woodsman, "but I have a pig and some hens."

"Then we'll go on," said the pumpkin, "but thank you kindly."

So on they went, and on, until the stars began to shine. Then the tired little pussy cat curled in her hollow nest, put on the cover, and went to sleep.

In the morning they went on again, but before long it began to rain. The pussy cat's soft fur was soon very wet.

"You poor little thing," said the big orange pumpkin; "curl inside your house and I will trundle you along."

"But it's so dark inside, and I couldn't see where we were going," cried the pussy cat, holding up a tiny, dripping paw.

"Windows!" cried the pumpkin. "Of course, windows! How stupid of me! Wait here under this fence, my little friend, until I come back."

Then off he hurried across the road to a carpenter's shop.

"Ho, Mr. Carpenter!" cried the pumpkin, "have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the jolly carpenter. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut some windows for me, if you please."

So the carpenter took a sharp knife and cut four windows—just like a face he made them, two for eyes, one for a nose, and one for a mouth, and he laughed as he did it.

When he finished the mouth, the pumpkin laughed, too.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried he. "What a relief to have a mouth to laugh with! Ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed all the way back in the rain to where the little shivering cat was waiting.

And she laughed, too, and climbed inside her coach, and put on the cover. So on through the rain they went, and on and on. Just as dark was drawing near, they came to a wee brown house by the side of the road. In the yard was a little boy picking up chips and putting them into a big basket. He whistled as he worked, and then he began to sing:

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride;  
If turnips were watches, I'd wear one by my side."

Then the door opened, and a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes stood on the treshold.

"What do you wish, John?" she called.

"Oh," laughed the boy, as he came in with the chips, "I wish I had a pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern, for this is Halloween."

"And I wish I had a pussy cat to love," said the little girl.

"This is the place for us," whispered the big orange pumpkin; and he rolled up to the door, bumpity bump!

"Look, John!" cried the little girl, "here's your jack-o'-lantern! The Fairies must have sent it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"There's something inside," said John, snatching off the cover, and out jumped a tiny black pussy cat, straight into the little girl's arms.

"Oh, oh!" they cried.

And when mother came home in the dark, a jolly jack-o'-lantern with a candle inside was shining out of the window at her, and close beside it sat a little black pussy cat.

# Oliver Twist.

Charles Dickens.

(Continued.)

"Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?" said the Jew.

"Yes sir," replied Oliver.

"Ah!" said Fagin, turning rather pale. "They — they're mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon in my old age. The folks call me a miser, my dear. Only a miser; that's all."

Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a decided miser to live in such a dirty place, with so many watches; but thinking that perhaps his fondness for the Dodger and the other boys, cost him a good deal of money, he only cast a deferential look at the Jew, and asked if he might get up. Permission being granted him, he got up, walked across the room, and stopped for an instant to raise the water-pitcher. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

Presently the Dodger returned with a friend, Charley Bates, and the four sat down to a breakfast of coffee, and some hot rolls, and ham, which the Dodger had brought home in the crown of his hat.

"Well," said the Jew, "I hope you've been at work, this morning, my dears?"

"Hard," replied Dodger.

"As Nails," added Charley Bates.

"Good boys, good boys!" said the Jew. "What have you *got*, Dodger?"

"A couple of pocket-books," replied the young gentleman.

"Lined?" inquired the Jew, with eagerness.

"Pretty well," replied the Dodger, producing two pocket-books.

"And what have you got, my dear?" said Fagin to Charley Bates.

"Wipes," replied Master Bates; at the same time producing four pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Well," said the Jew, inspecting them closely; "they're very good ones, very. You haven't marked them well, though, Charley; so the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall us, Oliver, eh?"

"If you please, sir," said Oliver.

"You'd like to be able to make pocket-handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, my dear?" said the Jew.

"Very much indeed, if you'll teach me, sir," replied Oliver.

Master Bates saw something so exquisitely ludicrous in this reply, that he burst into a laugh; which laugh, meeting the coffee he was drinking, and carrying it down some wrong channel, very nearly terminated in his suffocation.

"He is so jolly green!" said Charley, when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his unpolite behaviour.

When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way. Fagin, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop windows. At such times he would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and would keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner. That Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face.

All this time, the two boys followed him closely about; getting out of his sight so nimbly, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, Dodger trod upon his toes accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watchguard, chain, shirt-

pin, pocket-handkerchief — even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in one of his pockets, he cried out where it was; and then the game began all over again.

When this game had been played a great many times, a couple of young women came in; one of whom was named Bet, and the other Nancy, and afterwards Oliver discovered that they also were pupils of Fagin's as well as the boys.

Later the young people went out, leaving Oliver alone with the Jew, who was pacing up and down the room.

"Is my kandkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?" said the Jew, stopping short, in front of Oliver.

"Yes sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it: as you saw them do when we were at play."

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

"Is it gone?" cried Jew.

"Here it is," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs."

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play, had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

For many days Oliver remained in the Jew's room, pickin' marks out of the pocket-handkerchiefs. But at length, he began to languish, and entreated Fagin to allow him to go out to work with his two companions. So, one morning, he obtained permission to go out, under the guardianship of Charley Bates and the Dodger.

The three boys sallied out; the Dodger

with his coatsleeves tucked up, and his hat cocked as usual; Master Bates sauntering along with his hands in his pockets; and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture he would be instructed in, first.

They were just emerging from a narrow court, when the Dodger made a sudden stop; and, laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again with the greatest caution.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A prime plant," observed Master Charley Bates.

Oliver looked from one to the other, with the greatest surprise; but could not ask any questions, for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and slunk close behind the old gentleman. Oliver walked a few paces behind them, looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman had taken up a book from the stall; and there he stood: reading away, perfectly absorbed, and saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor anything but the book itself. What was Oliver's horror and alarm to see the Dodger plunge his hand into the old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief! To see him hand the same to Charley Bates; and finally to behold them, both, running away round the corner at full speed!

In an instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood, for a moment, with the blood tingling through all his veins from terror; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels!

In the very instant when Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator, and, shouting "Stop thief!" with all

his might, made off after him, book in hand. The Dodger and Master Bates, who had merely retired into the first doorway round the corner, no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting, "Stop thie! Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens!

"Stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices; the tradesman, the carman, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the school-boy, follow in hot pursuit. Away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slapdash: tearing, yelling, screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements, following after the wretched, breathless, panting child, gaining upon him every instant. Stopped at last! A clever blow! He is down upon the pavement, covered with mud and dust, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surround him.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "I am afraid that is the boy. Poor fellow! he has hurt himself!"

Just then a police officer appeared and dragged the half fainting boy off, the old gentleman walking beside him, Oliver protesting his innocence as they went. At the police station Oliver was searched in vain, and then locked in a cell for a time, while the old gentleman sat outside waiting, and read his book. Presently the boy was brought out before the Magistrate; and the policeman and the old gentleman preferred their charges against him. While the case was proceeding, Oliver fell to the floor in fainting fit, and as he lay there the Magistrate uttered his penance, "He stands comitted for three months of hard labour. Clear the office!" A couple of men were about to carry the insensible boy to his cell, when an elderly man rushed hastily into the office. "Stop, stop!" he said. "Don't take him away! I saw it all. I keep the book-stall. I saw three boys loitering on the opposite side of the way when this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw it done; and I saw that this boy was perfectly amazed, and stupified by it!"

Having by this time recovered a little breath, the book-stall keeper proceeded to relate in a more coherent manner the exact circumstances of the robbery, in consequence of which explanation Oliver Twist was discharged, and carried off, still white and faint, in a coach, by the kind-hearted old gentleman whose name was Brownlow, who seemed to feel himself responsible for the boy's condition, and resolved to have him cared for in his own home.

After Charley Bates and Dodger had seen Oliver dragged away by the police officer, they scoured off with great rapidity. Coming to halt Master Bates burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What's the matter?" inquired the Dodger.

"I can't help it," said Charley, "I can't help it! To see him splitting away at that pace, and cutting round the corners, and knocking up against the posts, and starting on again as if he was made of iron, and me with the wipe in my pocket, singing out after him — oh, my eye!" The vivid imagination of Master Bates presented the scene before him in too strong colours, and he rolled upon a door-step and laughed louder than before.

"What'll Fagin say?" inquired the Dodger, and the question sobered Master Bates at once, as both boys stood in great dread of the Jew. And their worst fears were realised. Fagin was livid with rage at the loss of his promising pupil, as well as fearful of the disclosure he might make. After long consultation on the subject, it was agreed by the band that Nancy was to go to the police station in a disguised dress, to find out what had been done with Oliver, for whom she was to search as her "dear little lost brother."

Meanwhile Oliver lay for many days burning with fever and unconscious of his surroundings, in the quietly comfortable home of Mr. Brownlow at Pentonville. At length, weak, and thin, and pallid, he awoke from what seemed a dream, and found himself being nursed by Mrs. Bedwin, Mr. Brownlow's motherly old housekeeper, and visited constantly by the doc-

tor. Gradually he grew stronger, and soon could sit up a little. Those were happy, peaceful days of his recovery, the only happy ones he had ever known. Everybody was so kind and gentle. On the wall hung a portrait of a beautiful, mild lady with sorrowful eyes, of which Oliver was the living copy. Every feature was the same — to Mr. Brownlow's intense astonishment, as he gazed from it to Oliver.

Later, Oliver heard the history of the portrait and his own connection with it.

When he was strong enough to put his clothes on, Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes, to be provided for him. Oliver gave his old clothes to one of the servants who had been kind to him, and she sold them to a Jew who came to the house.

One evening Mr. Brownlow sent up word to have Oliver come down into his study and see him for a little while, — so Mrs. Bedwin helped him to prepare himself, and although there was not even time to crimp the little frill that bordered his shirt-collar, he looked so delicate and handsome, that she surveyed him with great complacency.

Mr. Brownlow was reading, but when he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away, and told him to come near, and sit down, which Oliver did. Then the old gentleman began to talk kindly of what Oliver's future was to be. Instantly the boy became pallid with fright, and implored Mr. Brownlow to let him stay with him, as a servant, as anything, only not to send him out into the streets again, and the old gentleman, touched by the appeal, assured the boy that unless he should deceive him, he would be his faithful friend. He then asked Oliver to relate the whole story of his life, which he was beginning to do when an old friend of Mr. Brownlow's—a Mr. Grimwig,—entered.

He was an eccentric old man, and was loud in his exclamations of distrust in this boy whom Mr. Brownlow was harbouring.

"I'll answer for that boy's truth with my life!" said Mr. Brownlow, knocking the table.

"And I for his falsehood with my head!" rejoined Mr. Grimwig, knocking the table also.

"We shall see!" said Mr. Brownlow, checking his rising anger.

"We will!" said Mr. Grimwig, with a provoking smile; "we will."

Just then Mrs. Bedwin brought in some books which had been bought of the identical book stall-keeper who has already figured in this history. Mr. Brownlow was greatly disturbed that the boy who brought them had not waited, as there were some other books to be returned.

"Send Oliver with them," suggested Mr. Grimwig, "he will be sure to deliver them safely, you know!"

"Yes; do let me take them, if you please, sir," said Oliver, "I'll run all the way, sir."

Mr. Brownlow was about to refuse to have Oliver go out, when Mr. Grimwig's malicious cough made him change his mind, and let the boy go.

"You are to say," said Mr. Brownlow, "that you have brought those books back; and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five-pound note, so you will have to bring me back ten shilling change."

"I won't be ten minutes, sir," replied Oliver, eagerly, as with a respectful bow he left the room. Mrs. Bedwin watched him out of sight exclaiming, "Bless his sweet face!" — while Oliver looked gaily round, and nodded before he turned the corner.

Then Mr. Brownlow drew out his watch and waited, while Mr. Grimwig asserted that the boy would never be back. "He has a new suit of clothes on his back; a set of valuable books under his arm; and a five-pound note in his pocket. He'll join his old friends the thieves, and laugh at you. If ever that boy returns to this house, sir," said Mr. Grimwig, "I'll eat my head!"

(To be continued.)

*Correct.*

Prof.—Give me a good example of a coincidence.

Frosh—My father and mother were married the same day.



# Radio.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

(Continued.)

A current that is said to have 70 cycles a second will have 140 alternations a second or 9000 alternations a minute. On the other hand, a direct current flows in a straight line and in order to cause such a current to swing back and forth or alternate some instrument must be used to

form of electricity known as *induced electricity* or electricity produced by magnetism. If a fine wire is coiled on a cylinder or tube and a magnet is slipped inside, a current of induced electricity will be formed in the coil of wire. Oddly enough, this current is of but momentary duration, for it exists only while the magnet is being moved and just as soon as the magnet re-

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After a Summer Shower.

Inness.

break it up and at the same time increase its voltage as well as to produce what is known as an *electrostatic field* in the ether, and this is where the induction coils or transformers come in. In order to thoroughly understand how the induction coil works we must first understand something of its principles. The first principle is that known as *induction* or, in other words, a

mains motionless the induced current ceases. Although it seems almost magical to produce electricity in this way, the real source of the energy is in the mechanical force or muscular exertion used in moving the magnet, for you must remember that all electricity or electrical energy is produced by the transformation of some other force into electrical energy. But despite this,

when we induce a current of electricity in the coil by moving the magnet back and forth, we are also bringing into play one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature and which is known as the *magnetic field* and regarding which very little is really known. But like a great many things in nature, and especially in electricity, the magnetic field is easily demonstrated and seen, even if we cannot explain it. If you take a sheet of thin glass or paper and place a common horseshoe magnet below it and scatter fine iron filings on the upper surface you will see the filings rush about until they assume a regular form or pattern. This is what is known as a *magnetic phantom* and the lines of filings show the lines of force which form the *magnetic field* of the horseshoe magnet. You will also find, if you are fond of experimenting and are of an inquisitive mind, that if wire is passed through a sheet of paper or a card and an electrical current turned through the wire that the filings scattered on the card will rush into a very different pattern and will form regular, concentric circles about the wire while a coiled wire through a card will produce a still different *magnetic phantom*. By trying magnets and electrically charged wires of varying forms you will find that the lines of force of the *magnetic field* as shown by the iron filings vary with each different shape, but that the coil gives the largest and strongest phantom. This principle of the magnetic field is one of the important factors in the functions of an induction coil. In the simplest type of such a coil there is a coil of wire known as the *primary*, wound around a core or center of soft iron, the whole surrounded by another coil of much finer wire known as the *secondary*. If a current

of electricity is allowed to flow through the primary wire, a magnetic field is produced which induces a far more powerful current in the secondary coil, the increase in voltage or power being in ratio to the number of times the turns in the secondary exceed those in the primary. Roughly, therefore, a coil with 100 turns in the primary coil and with five thousand turns in the secondary will give an induced current fifty times as great as the original current flowing through the primary. But as the induced currents are produced only when the *magnetic field* is changing, a mechanical device is employed to turn the primary current off and on. This is known as a *vibrator* or *interrupter* and every one who has ever used a gasoline motor knows how this vibrator buzzes on the end of the spark-coil. It is a very simple little device and consists of a spring pressing against a point which may be adjusted by a screw and which is connected with one wire from the battery. As the heat generated where the two touch is intense the contacts are usually of platinum or iridium. The spring is placed directly over the internal iron core of the coil and is connected to one of the wires of the primary coil. When a current passes through the primary winding the iron core is transformed into an *electromagnet* which draws the spring from its contact, and thus shuts off the current from the battery. The instant this happens the core loses its magnetism, releasing the spring and permitting it to again make a contact and let the current once more flow through the primary of the coil. In this way the magnetic field is constantly changed and thus a powerful induced alternating current is produced in the secondary coil. (To be continued.)

#### *Boys Prepare for Future.*

"I guess our educators are wise enough," remarked the old-timer.

"How now?"

"I visited a school last week. The girls were playing basketball."

"Well?"

"But the boys were learning to sew."

#### *Bargain Prices.*

Her mother took little Edna down town the other day, and as they walked slowly along they saw the sign in an entrance, "Children half price."

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "do let's go in and buy a baby, now that they are so cheap."

# The Two Little Maple Leaves.

*By Isa L. Wright.*

Once there were two little leaves that grew side by side in the top of a tall maple tree. They were green as green could be. Their stems were green and the branch on which they lived was green, as green as the violet bed at the maple tree's roots. Every morning the sun wakened the two little leaves and every night the cool dark put them to sleep, and day after day they swung on the topmost branch of the tree.

"We shall always play together here," they said to each other.

"Always?" asked a little bluebird.

"Always," said the little leaves.

"Not quite always," said the old maple tree. "When fall comes, you will put on your winter dresses. Maple leaves never wear green dresses in the fall. The North Wind comes with his chariot and you will sail away with him for a merry ride. Then you will rest in a new Sleepyland and Father Winter will tuck you in bed beneath a white coverlet of snow."

But the little leaves only laughed. "We like our green dresses best," they said, "and we do not care to ride with the North Wind." And they swung faster than ever in the sunlight.

Days passed. The flowers closed their eyes and seed pods nodded from the blossom stems. Fall days crept in and one by one the maple leaves all took of their green summer dresses and put on russet and crimson and golden ones. The maple tree was aflame with color.

"Oh, oh, oh" cried children who passed by, "the maple tree looks like a flower garden in the springtime. But see those two little leaves in the top! They have forgotten to take off their summer dresses. Little Leaves," they called, "aren't you going to the North Wind's party?" But the little leaves only smiled and went on dancing.

Autumn swept over the land and the days grew chill. The little leaves drew their summer clothes closely about them and shivered a little.

The big brown tree shook her branches and called to them.

"All the world knows," she said, "how a maple leaf should dress in autumn. Put on your winter clothes. The air is growing colder."

"It will be warmer by and by," smiled the little leaves.

And then one day came the big, blowy, North Wind.

His breath stung the cheeks of the two little leaves and tingled their toes till they ached and sent a sharp chill piercing through them.

"All ready!" he called. "Button your crimson coats tigher, my leaves, and fasten your brown dresses close. Tie your golden scarfs around your heads and put on your yellow mittens! We are off for a merry ride!"

One by one he lifted them into his chariot, the little and the big, the red, the brown, the gold, and the russet leaves. Oh, there was a load of them, and how they laughed and shouted and sang as they climbed in. For the merriest day in the long, long year for them was the North Wind's gala day.

The two little leaves were left in the topmost branch all alone.

"Take us! Take us!" they cried, as the North Wind climbed in.

"In faded summer clothes?" asked the North Wind. "Nay, none ride with me but those who are robed for winter." And with a whistle and a shout he was off. And the two little leaves hung in the tree-top, cold and tired and sad.

"Poor little children!" said the maple tree, as she looked up at them.

"Poor little children!" said the North Wind to himself, as he rode along, for he was sorry. Then he stopped a little breeze that was blowing past. "Hurry to the maple tree," he said. "Two little leaves hang in the topmost branch in their faded summer dresses. They are cold and tired. Take them down to the violet bed and tuck them in."

And so it happened that the little leaves  
let go their hold on the top branch and  
found themselves slowly sinking down,  
down —

"Good-night!" called the bare brown tree.  
"Good-night!" said the two little leaves.  
Then they shut their eyes, for Mother  
Nature was hushing them to sleep.

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## The Age of Good.

Mankind has waited long;  
Still saved by hope it waits  
Calming its eagerness with song,  
While quelling fears and hates.

No more the soul is bound  
By childhood's partial creeds;  
Love makes the earth all holy ground,  
And fills all human needs.

War's trumpet still may peal,  
And Greed with Greed may fight,  
But they who shape earth's future weal  
Urge Brotherhood and Right.

The flashing sunlight clear  
On many a mountain's head  
Is symbol of earth's passing fear;  
Wrong's shadowy hosts are fled.

O happy Age to Be,  
When Ignorance lies prone!  
When Love has perfect liberty,  
Nor meets for bread a stone!—

Be ours to sing thy praise,  
Be ours to aid thy birth,  
And earlier bring the wished-for days  
Of Righteousness on earth.

—R. R.

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## Ungrasped.

On many a marvel which Nature discloses  
Man's eye never looks, and the daintiest  
roses  
Bloom wild where his footsteps may  
never have stirred.

Unseen by man's eye, and untouched by  
his hand,  
Lie treasures unnumbered awaiting com-  
mand  
If only his heart and his will say the  
word.

With noble realities life is replete;  
But he who shall seek them with wander-  
ing feet  
Shall never earth's best benediction have  
heard.  
—J. H. W.

# Great Men of Science.

## Archimedes.

Archimedes, the Greek inventor and mathematician, was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, about 287 B. C. He was the son of an astronomer. Though he set no value himself on his mechanical inventions, considering them beneath the dignity of pure Science, they made a greater impression upon the popular imagination, and naturally made up a large part of what has come down to us concerning Him.

He devised engines of wars which terrified the Romans and prolonged the siege of Syracuse three years. He is said to have contrived a burning mirror which set the Roman ships on fire when they were within a bowshot of the wall. He invented a machine for raising water, called the Screw of Archimedes, probably devised in Egypt for the purpose of irrigating the fields, the principle of which is still in use.

He founded the science of hydrostatics; according to one story, upon the occasion of being asked to solve the problem of how much silver was contained in a gold crown that had been made for King Hiero. It continued to puzzle Archimedes, until one day as he was stepping into his bath and saw the water running over, it occurred to him that the excess of bulk occasioned by the alloy could be measured by putting the crown and an equal weight of gold

separately into a vessel filled with water, and observing the difference of overflow. He was so pleased at the discovery that he is said to have run home without his clothes, crying "Eureka!" (I have found it.)

His contributions to mechanics is illustrated in his famous reply: "Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth." King Hiero asked him for a proof of this contention, that a great weight could be moved by a very small force. Archimedes selected a large and fully-laden ship, and is said to have constructed a mechanical device which enabled King Hiero to move it by himself. Many of his works on *Balances and Levers*, on *Centers of Gravity*, and other subjects, have been lost.

In the massacre that followed the capture of Syracuse by the Roman general, Marcellus, Archimedes was run through the body by a Roman soldier, while engaged in drawing a mathematical figure on the sand. This was an accident, as orders had been given to spare his house and person; and a burial full of honor was given him. His tomb was marked, according to his desire, with the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder, in reference to what he considered his most valuable achievement.

## Where Do All the Daisies Go?

Where do all the daisies go?

I know, I know!

Underneath the snow they creep,  
Nod their little heads and sleep,  
In the springtime out they peep;

That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know!

Far away from winter snow  
To the fair, warm South they go;  
There they stay till daisies blow,

That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?

I know, I know!

In the glancing firelight warm,  
Safely sheltered from all harm,  
Soft they lie on mother's arm,

That is where they go!

*Isabella F. Bellows.*

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

### Puzzle No. 10.

What is that which a cat has, but no other animal?

### Answer to Puzzle No. 9.

Vowels.

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 9.

Rose Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.  
Pauline Livek, LaSalle, Ill.  
Augusta Alich, Wilburton, Okla.  
Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Answer to Puzzle of Pauline Lourence:*  
Icicle.

*Answer to Puzzle of Mollie Raunikar:*  
Andrew.

### Correct solutions sent in by:

Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.  
Anna Slobko, Oak Creek, Colo.

### Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to you. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. My sister and I always have a fight when the Mladinski List comes.

I will give a puzzle for the boys and girls to solve: What is the difference between an old dime and a new penny?

*Pauline Gradisek, Herminie, Pa.*

Dear Editor: There are nine of us in the family and we are all members of S. N. P. J. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I can read and write Slovenian, but not very good. There are very nice stories in the Mladinski List.

Your friend,

*Joe Zlatoper, Maynard, O.*

Dear Editor:

We live between mountains. There are all kinds of things to be seen on the mounts. I cannot read very good Slove-

nian. My father is going to teach me to read Slovenian this winter. I am very glad to learn it. Then I will write you in Slovenian.

I have a puzzle for you: A man was walking along the street and he had 6 holes in his pants. What time was it?

*Anna Slobko, Oak Creek, Colo.*

Dear Editor:

I am glad that I am a member of S. N. P. J. and a reader of Mladinski List. I have three brothers who are also members of S. N. P. J. and a cousin who lives with us. Her mother and father are both dead. She is also a member. I wish that the Mladinski List would come once a week.

I have a puzzle for your readers to solve: What has 3 eyes and cannot see?

*Mary Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing. I am nine years of age and in the fourth grade. My sister Sadie is in the third grade and my brother William is in the first grade. In our town we only have two school rooms. In one of the rooms there are only first and second grade. But in the room I'm in, there are third, fourth and fifth grade. The sixth grade goes to Cecil but the higher grades go to Venis. The bus takes them up in the morning.

On the twelfth we drew pictures. We drew pumpkins, cats, and bats. The third grade did not draw the same as the fourth and fifth. The third grade wrote something and then made it look just like a book.

I like to go to school very much because I want to learn quick. I like to read books because it is fun reading them. I wish that the Mladinski List would come once a week.

*Mary Kochevar, Bishop, Pa.*

Dear Editor:

In looking over the Ml. L., which we receive every month, I studied puzzle No. 9

and I got it. It didn't take me more than three minutes to work out the vowels a—e—i—o—u. The answer is: "The creatures are vowels and the vowels are a—e—i—o—u."

One month ago was the first time I wrote to the *ML. L.* I am very glad I wrote because I got a far away friend through the *ML. L.* My far away friend is Miss Jennie Beuk.



Johnnie.

Miss Beuk first wrote to me that she saw my letter in the *ML. L.* She also wrote that she was interested about me because we are of the same age and class. Through the *ML. L.* I now have a far away friend. I think that a good plan would be this:

All the boys and girls who see letters in the *ML. L.* about other boys and girls of the same or about the same age and class should write to each other. Remember the proverb, "In Union there is strength."

Hoping that the boys and girls of S. N. P. J. will take my advice, I am,  
a loyal juvenile member of S. N. P. J.,  
*Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

#### *Inexperienced Papa.*

"Papa, did you go overseas to fight?"

"No, my child . . . not exactly."

"Papa, were you ever poisoned by bootleg whisky?"

"No, my child."

"Papa, did you ever get held up by a bandit in Central Park?"

"Never."

"Did you ever see the Prince of Wales, or hit a taxi-cab driver, or lose money in a Wall Street fraud?"

"None of those, son."

"Well, Papa, were you ever caught in a subway panic?"

"No, my dear, never."

"What kind of a father have I got, anyway?"

#### *Her Cares.*

The five-year-old daughter came from school, and the child's mother, noticing how tired she looked, asked her if there was anything wrong. The little one replied: "Oh, nothing, mother, only I was worrying about you." "Why, dear, were you worrying about me?" asked the mother. "Well, because I was afraid you would be worrying about me."

#### *Partially Invisible.*

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

## VI.

### THE VERB.

#### I. CONJUGATION.

##### ACTIVE VOICE

(Continued.)

##### FUTURE

*nesel bom* I shall carry  
*nesel boš* you will carry  
*nesel bo* he will carry  
*nesli bomo* we shall carry  
*nesli bodete* you will carry  
*nesli bodo* they will carry

##### PLUPERFECT

*jaz sem bil nesel* I had carried  
*ti si bil nesel* you had carried  
*on je bil nesel* he had carried  
*mi smo bili nesli* we had carried  
*vi ste bili nesli* you had carried  
*oni so bili nesli* they had carried

##### PASSIVE VOICE

##### PRESENT

##### INDICATIVE

*jaz sem nesen* I am carried  
*ti si nesen* you are carried  
*on je nesen* he is carried  
*mi smo nesen* we are carried  
*vi ste nesen* you are carried  
*oni so nesen* they are carried

##### POTENTIAL

*naj bom nesen* I may be carried  
*bodi nesen* you may be carried  
*naj bo nesen* he may be carried  
*naj bomo nesen* we may be carried  
*bodite nesen* you may be carried  
*naj bodo nesen* they may be carried

##### IMPERATIVE:

*bodi nesen!*

*bodite nesen!* (be carried!)

##### INFINITIVE:

*nesen biti*

(to be carried)

##### PARTICIPLE:

*nesen*

(being carried)

##### INDICATIVE

*jaz sem bil nesen* I have been carried  
*ti si bil nesen* you have been carried  
*on je bil nesen* he has been carried  
*mi smo bili nesen* we have been carried  
*vi ste bili nesen* you have been carried  
*oni so bili nesen* they have been carried

##### PERFECT

##### POTENTIAL

*jaz bi naj bil nesen* I may have been carried  
*ti bi naj bil nesen* you may have been carried  
*on bi naj bil nesen* he may have been carried  
*mi bi naj bili nesen* we may have been carried  
*vi bi naj bili nesen* you may have been carried  
*oni bi naj bili nesen* they may have been carried

##### PARTICIPLE:

*nesen* (carried)

##### FUTURE

*jaz bom nesen* I shall be carried  
*ti boš nesen* you will be carried  
*on bo nesen* he will be carried  
*mi bomo nesen* we shall be carried  
*vi bodete nesen* you will be carried  
*oni bodo nesen* they will be carried

(To be continued.)