

MLADINSKI LIST



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LIST



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**VSEBINA—CONTENTS**

Pesmi:	Stran	Poems:	Page
Hallowe'en. (K.).....	291	We are Seven. (William Wordsworth).....	305
Mati premišljuje. Srečna mati. (Ivan Albreht)	299	A Cottage Cradle Song. (D. Wordsworth).314	
Zastavice. (Albin Čebular).....	299	Mr. Wood-pecker. (F. E. Funk).....	319
Deček in cvet. (D. Kette).....	301	Dear Little Snow Stars. (E. Snyder).....	319
Petelin in osel. (Dragotin Kette).....	304	A Little Rhyme. (H. Wilbur).....	319
Povesti:		Stories:	
Živalske shrambe.....	292	Social Standing of the Ancient Slavs.....	306
Kako se zgodi s strahopetcem.....	295	Land Hunger.—Continued.—(Lovro Kuhar).308	
Povesti strica Matica.....	296	Variety	311
Mars	300	A Lesson in Slovene.....	313
Slava Francije.....	301	Inquisitive Scamp.....	314
Basni. (Dragotin Kette).....	302	Hallowe'en Fun.....	315
Naš kotiček	303	Chatter Corner.....	316
Vaja v slovenskem.....	313	Puzzles	318
Slike:		When the S. N. P. J. Began.....	320
Veverica	292	Illustrations:	
Zimska shramba veverice.....	293	Man-eating Lions.....	307
Šoja	294	The Delegates to the Charter Convention of the S. N. P. J.....	312
Jezerce v Skalnatem gorovju.....	297	Rhyming Words.....	317
Plavači	300		

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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., OKTOBER 1926.

ŠTEV. 10.

Hallowe'en

Naš Frici laja: "Hav, hav, hav!"

Meni ni nikakor prav,
da so škrjančki, lastovke,
zapustili kraje te."

Zjutraj laja: "Hov, hov, hov!"

Treba iti bo na lov,
ker je Tonček šel v šolo,
si bom jaz poiskal šojo
ali zajčka v koruzi."



Tonček prišel je iz šole, kosilce urno je pojel,
potem pa, kar ga neso noge, je na polje odhitel.
Prilajal Frici je naproti, ki šoje, zajčka ni ujel,
a Tonček noče, da ga moti, ker važen posel bo imel.

Na njivi Tonček je izbral debelo bučo rumeno;
domov v klanico jo je vzel in z nožem žepnim jo načel.
Iztrebil seme je in vse, kar v glavi nepotrebno je.
Oči velike, strašne zobe; to gledal Frici je!

Tonček dal je svečico v glavo bučino:
rudeče svetijo oči in iz čeljusti kar gori!
Frici bi se bal, če ne bi znal za Tončkovo strašilo,
tako pa le zalajal je: "Hav! Hav!"

Pa kaj je to, kar sveti tam
in bliža iz klanice se?
Oči rumene, usta rudeče,
Joj! to Fricija ščemeče!
Dejalo je: "Mijav! Mijav!"
To sosedov je bavbav!
Pošastno je zapihal,
Frici jo domov pobrisal.



Živalske shrambe

V tistem času leta smo, ko kmetje spravljajo svoje pridelke za zimo. Vse sklada živež v svoje shrambe. Toda na svetu so tudi shrambe, katerih niso naredili in jih tudi ne napolnjujejo ljudje. Ptice in žuželke, sesalci in druge živali, nešteto jih je, ki se pripravljajo za zimo prav tako kakor se pripravlja poljedelec.

Napoleon je nekoč rekel: "Ko vidim, da imajo živali želodce in da jedo, kakor jem sam, si rečem sam pri sebi, da morajo živali imeti tudi duše." Če premislimo delovanje živali, pravimo: "Ljudje imamo civilizacijo, tako morajo tudi živali imeti neke vrste civilizacijo." V resnici jo imajo. Imele so jo že prej kot ljudje. Živali so bile že modre, predno je človeka navdahnila modrost.

Živali so lovile in spravljale živež. Pripravljale so prst, v kateri človek prideluje svoj živež. Živali so zasadile gozdove, s katerimi je človek zgradil svoja prva stanovanja. In tako živali še nadaljujejo z obdelovanjem in spravljanjem živeža kot so pričele pred milijon leti.

Če upoštevamo njih sredstva, slabo orodje, so njih uspehi naravnost čudoviti. Poglejmo torej v njih skladišča!

*

V živalstvu najdemo pastirje, bojovnike, poljedelce in državljane. Ptice se sele v tem času, nekatere pa ostanejo v mrzlih severnih krajih in se preskrbe za zimo. Veverice in šoje (jays) so sedaj najbolj pridne: nabirajo in v svoje shrambe zakopavajo želod, orehe in lešnike. Čebele izlivajo zadnje trohice medu v satovje in mala živalska mesta se napolnjujejo s hrano po skladiščih pod prerijo, travnikom, stepo ali goro. Nekaj čudovitega je v tem gibanju med živalmi, ki se mrzlično pripravljajo za zimo.

Imenitno je opazovati veverico v tem času, če je zaprta v kletki. Ko ji damo hrano, bo takoj smuknila z njo v kot in jo zagrebla ter se nemudoma povrnila po drugo. Pojedla bo le malo in večinoma vse skrila. To je njen notranji nagon, ki sili žival k takemu početju. Isti nagon vidimo pri lisici, če pride v kurnik. Vse bo pobila in vse spravila. To ni radi lisičine krutosti, temveč nagon, da si žival ohrani kolikor mogoče veliko hrane za čase, ko bo pritisnilo pomanjkanje. Isto vidimo pri lisici, katera živi v pokrajinah ob Severnem ledenem morju. Vse bo shranila in zakopala v led, kjer ostane meso sveže.

Ali ni isto pri psu, ki skriva kost, ako ni lačen? Zemlja je njegova shramba, v zemljo zagrebe kost. Tisočletje umetnega življenja s človekom ni psa odvadilo tega nagona za shranjanje živeža.



Veverica je naša lešnik.

Veverica in šoja, ki sta pravcata bankirja, nimata sešteti vseh svojih shramb, imata pa čudovit spomin, katerega razumemo, ko ju gledamo, kako se približujeta kakemu mestu, ki po našem mnenju nima nikake vrednosti. Toda tam so zakopani želodi. Ker pa je pridna žival toliko nabrala v jeseni, da vsega še porabiti ne more, poženejo spomladi iz shramb želoda kali, ki v dolgih letih zrastejo v mogočna drevesa. Tako sto šoja in veverica zasadila največ hrastovih dreves.

Veverica še sedaj, prav ob tem času, sadi želod, da bo iz njega zrastel hrast, katerega bo človek prihodnjega stoletja posekal za pohištvo. Na milijone želodov to jesen v zemljo zakopanih bo vevericam preostalo, da bodo pogнали prihodnjo spomlad.

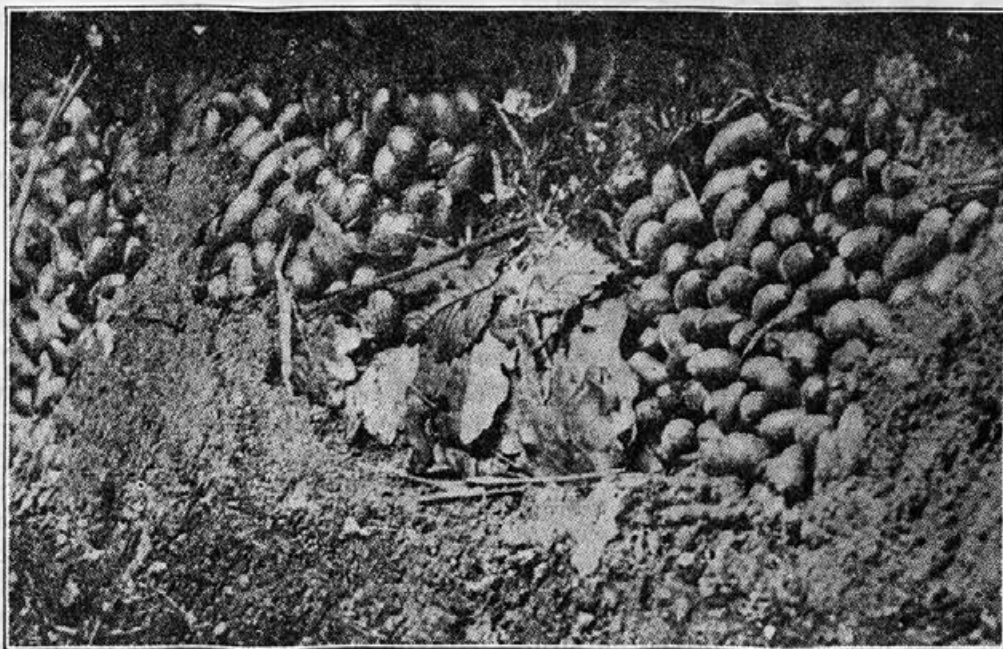
Veverice in šoje so kajpada samo slučajno taki dobrotniki človeštva, da sade drevje. Tako je v njih nagonu in delajo ta-

ko kakor so delale njih prednice pred tisočletji. Kdaj so živele veverice in šoje, ki so zasadile danes mogočne in najbolj stare hraste? Pred tisoč leti.

Pa ne samo veverica in šoja, nešteto je takih živali. Žolna tudi spravlja zalogo živeža za zimo, samo da spravlja to zalogo v debela dreves. S tem sicer ne koristi človeku, toda koristi pa sebi, ker to je njeno življenjsko vprašanje, da se preživi čez zimo. In podgane in miši, katerih je povsod toliko v nadlego, imajo isto navado. V brazdah, ki so jih izkopal podgane, so že včasih našli čudovite shrambe: velike količine žita, od-

ni mar človeku. Le nekatere živali so, katere kakor divji lovci gredo na njive ali v človeške shrambe in odnesejo tolik plen pod zemljo, da se kmečki ljudje čestokrat podajo z motikami nad te shrambe in poberejo iz njih blago. Nekatere podzemeljske luknje včasih vsebujejo do štirinajst funtov živeža, korenin in žita.

Presenečeni bi bili, če bi stehali vso hrano, katero bober (beaver) nabere skupaj od meseca julija pa do konca jesenske dobe. Spravi si v svoje skladišče cele hlode in veje in napravi iz njih mogočen jez. On je navih an inženir. Jez zgradi tako, da se voda od-



Odkrit veveričin zaklad za slabe zimske čase.

padke mesa, kose kruha in trupla kokoši in rac.

Meščanu se kaj takega zdi skoraj neverjetno, ker ne da prilike podganam ter jih pobije v svoji hiši. Toda na kmetijah, kjer farmarju ni mogoče pregnati vseh podgan, pa je prišlo tudi že tako daleč, da je samo en farmar našel trideset kokoši in petdeset mladih rac zakopanih v podganjih luknjah.

K sreči so te shrambe živali le v malo slučajih na škodo človeku. Marmotica (marmot) se preskrbi za zimo s pridelki, za katere

taka, med lesom pa ostane hrana, ki jo voda priuša s seboj. Gozdar se velikokrat jezi nad bobrom, ki mu uničuje drevesa, a se ne vpraša, kako se jezi bober, ker ga gozdar preganja.

Toda tudi bobru gredo zasluge. Ravno vsled delovanja bobra se je že dostikrat zgodilo, da je kak kos zemlje postal primeren za obdelovanje. Bobri so omogočili, da je voda zgradila veliko močvirij, katera so se polagoma spremenila v travnike in plodovite njive.

V naravi najdemo tudi živali, katere se

ne preskrbujejo s hrano za zimo, posebno take živali, ki so vedno živele in žive v južnih in toplih krajih. Opica in slon sta precej umni živali, pa se nikdar ne zalagata s hrano. Slon vse dni svojega življenja prepotuje za hrano in dve tretjini svojega življenja je.

Če hočemo najti najbolj zanimive živali, ki shranjajo živež za zimo, se moramo podati v kraljestvo žuželk. Pri teh se je shranjanje živeža najbolj razvilo. Te se skoraj lahko merijo s človekom.



Šoja—od vseh ptic najbolj varčna shranjevalka živil za zimo.

Človek zelo težko reši žito, da bi ne vzkalilo, ako je žito na vlažnem kraju. Krompir na vlažnem mestu prehitro požene in gnije, tekoči živež nam začne vreti na gorkem ali pa se strdi. Žuželke, katere imajo skoraj slične naloge, si pa znajo pomagati. Osa ima na primer tudi napravo, s katero vso hrano v svoji shrambi obdrži svežo. Osa ne bo nikoli videla svojega deteta in nikoli ni videla svoje matere, toda dom mu pripravi in tudi hrano v njem.

Velikokrat ni človeku tako težko pridobiti hrano, temveč težje to hrano ohraniti

sladko in užitno. Osa ujame pajka, čvrčka ali drugo žuželko, jo piči z želom in sikne vanjo malenkostno sluzo, katera ohrani meso plena sveže za vedno.

Najlepše so shrambe čebel, panji, dasi je tudi v teh panjih veliko krutosti, ko pride do boja med pristaši raznih matic. Kateri človek na svetu je sposoben, da bi sladki cvetni sok ohranil cele mesece, ne da bi sok zavrel in se pokvaril. Umetna kemikalija bi še kaj naredila. Čebela pa to stori na najenostavnejši način.

Vse poletje zbira sladko cvetlično tekočino in jo spravlja v celice satovja. Z želom doda pijači mal drobec tekočega strupa in sok postane med, ki ohrani svojo svežo sladkost za vedno.

Ni ga bolj ljubkega mesta na svetu kakor je čebelji panj. Na tisoče je celic, polnih sladke tekočine, vseh založenih za zimo. Ne glede na to, kakšna burja bo pritisnila ali koliko bo slane, se čebelam ni treba bati v njih voščenih stanovanjih polnih sladke hrane.

Najbolj čudovite pa so shrambe mravelj. Njih domovanja so cela mesta. V mravljiščih so dvorane in hodniki, celice in shrambe, sobe za mladež in za strežnice. Mravelj je veliko vrst in ravnotoliko imajo mravlje navad. Povsod jih lahko preučujemo. Rdeče in hude mravlje so nekak vojni rod. V resnici so vojno bolj izvežbane kakor nekateri človeški rodovi, ki so v krdelih cepali v Evropo pred par tisočletji ter so ustanavljali nove dinastije in nova kraljestva. Te mravlje so že na višji stopnji. Imajo nekako državljansko življenje in imajo uvedeno suženjstvo. Njih življenje je odvisno od dela sužnje. Rdeče mravlje so že tako izurjene, da se podajajo na vojsko, kjer nalove sužnje, kateri jim morajo delati. Tako bi mravljišče rdečih mravelj lahko primerjali nekdanjemu Rimu.

Razmere pri rjavih vrtnih mravljah so drugačne. Te se lotevajo kuhinjske posode, zlasti lončka za sladkor, sploh sladkih stvari in tudi mesa. Jedo vse v tako tudi spravljajo vse v svojih mravljiščih, kar morejo odnesti. Tudi semena odnesejo ter telesa mrtvih moljev ali metuljev in celo debele gosence. Rjave mravlje pa nimajo posebnih

prostorov za sužnje, temveč za goste. K njim pridejo mali hrošči, kateri jih zabavajo. Dognano je namreč, da je na stotine mladih žuželk, ki žive v prijateljskih odnosjih z mravljami. Do teh se rjave mravlje obnašajo gostoljubno.

Najbolj zanimivo je, kako goje te mravlje rastlinsko uš, ki jim je nekaka molzna krava. Mravlje odnesejo rastlinsko uš v svoje mesto, jo hranijo in skrbijo zanjo čez zimo ter pazijo na njena jajčeca, jih umivajo, prezračujejo, vale in sploh negujejo tako kakor svoje otroke—mravlje. Toda rastlinska uš ne more vedno živeti pod zemljo. Mravlje že naberejo semena, da spomladi poženejo in na te rastline preselijo zimske uši, ki so pri njih gostovale čez zimo. Odnesejo jih na rastlino in tam jih vse poletje molzejo ter pazijo nanje.

Nič ni v svetu žuželk bolj zanimivega kot to, četudi je vse to na škodu vrtnarju. Misli bo že, da je vse rastline rešil rastlinskih uši, pa spozna, da je v kotu, kjer je največ mravelj, pognala in se razrastla fukcija, katere deblo je preobloženo z ušmi. Uši so prinesle mravlje iz svojega mravljišča. Ko vrtnar iztrebi še te rastline z ušmi, ga pa mravlje navadno napadejo in pikajo po prstih.

Človeška misel se je bavila z mravljami že pred tisočletji, ker mravlje so se najbolj izpopolnile ter so bile vedno v kaki najbolj zanimivi družbi. Večinoma vse mravlje so trde delavke. Posebno zdaj podvzajo, ko spravljajo zadnje zaloge za zimo. Pustimo jih preskrbljene za zimo v njih udobnih, založenih in proti temi in mrazu preskrbljenih domovih, v katerih se bodo gibale, dokler ne napočijo zopet svetlejši in toplejši dnevi.

Kako se zgodi s strahopetcem?

Narava je stroga gospodarica, ki bi ne storila ničesar, da ohrani življenje bolne ptice ali pohabljenega živali. Kmalu nastopi za tako žival smrt, ki je v resnici boljša kot nezdravo življenje. Narava hoče samo močne, prijetne in lepe, da ostanejo pri življenju.

Globoko doli v Maroku, kateri je afriška kolonija pod fancoskim gospodstvom, živi v puščavi človeško pleme, ki je enako strogo kakor narava. Ti ljudje pravijo, da je smrt boljša za človeka kakor strahopetnost. Človek bi lahko imel sinove, ki bi bili tudi strahopetci in v pogubo vsemu rodu.

Ti divji ljudje slave zvestobo in pogum bolj kot vse drugo, toda njih najbolj goreča želja je svoboda. Da si ohranijo svobodo pred enako divjimi sosednimi plemeni, se morajo neprestano vojskovati. Na čuden način

se ti divjaki podajajo v boj. Za vsakim vojakom koraka ženska, ki ima svojo desno roko namazano z rdečo drevesno barvo, katera ne gre s kože. Če moški obrne hrbet sovražniku, ga ženska udari z rdečo roko. Ako se pobegli hoče vtihotapiti v svoje šotorišče in hoče svoje nalagati s kako pripovedko, zakaj je ušel, mu nič ne pomaga, kajti na sebi ima znak rdeče roke. Njegovi lastni sorodniki ga kmalu ubijejo kot izdajalca. Če more, divjak s pečatom uteče, ker s pečatom sramote je vedno izvržen iz svojega rodu.

Ljudje tega divjega rodu se nam zde čudni, ker pošiljajo ženske v boj, da čuvajo za vojaški. Surovo se nam zdi to, vendar se iz vsega tega zrcali njih pravilo, da je sramota grša kakor smrt.



Povesti strica Matica

Lepega jesenskega popoldneva po šoli nas je stric Matic poklical za klanico, kjer je ravno nacepil drv teti Anci. Dal nam je čepico sladkih medic in se veselo smejal, ko smo si oblizovali prste vse mastne od sladkih hrušek. Sedel je na tnalno in začel pripovedovati povesti iz davnih dni, ko je še služil pri mornarjih.

“Katero vam povem,” je vprašal stric Matic in se ozrl po nas vseh.

“Tisto o slovenski dovilji pri bogatem Angležu v Aleksandriji,” je prosila Jelica.

“Povejte nam ono iz Indije Koromandije,” je rekel Jurček. “Tisto kako je čarodejnik prebodel debelega Turka.”

Tonček bi bil rad še enkrat slišal tisto, kako so lastovke rešile ladjo.

Vsak bi rad slišal drugo in vsakemu bi bil stric Matic rad ustregel. Prvo nam je povedal o slovenski dovilji pri bogatem Angležu v Aleksandriji.

V Trstu je pred davnim živela mala in revna Mornarjeva družina. Očetu je bilo ime Tone, materi Jerica in malemu detetu, ki je šele nekaj mesecev ležalo v zibelki, tudi Jerica. Dete je bilo veselo in ljubko, nikoli ni jokalo, posebno veselo pa se smejalo, ko je prišel domov mladi ata Tone in dete pobožal z žuljavo roko. Oče se je poigral z detetom; z mezincem je pobrskal mala usteca in se prav sladko nasmejal. V takih slučajih je poklical svojo ženo Jerico, da sta skupno gledala, kako je mala Jerica—neumna kot je takrat bila—vlekla za prst. Mlada žena se je tudi nasmejala, samo včasih se ji je stožilo, zapustila je moža, ki se je igral pri detetu; odhitela je v kuhinjo in zajokala.

Tone je opazil, da ima njegova žena objokane oči, skrbno jo je povprašal, kaj se je zgodilo, pa Jerica ni nikoli rekla, da je jokala. Svoje skrivnosti ni hotela izdati možu. Ko je odšel na delo, je drugi dan odšla v sredo mesta pred velik hotel. V hotelu je vprašala po bogatem Angležu Blackeleyju in odpeljali so jo v njegovo sobo.

“Dober dan, mlada gospa!” jo je pozdravil.

“Dober dan,” je Jerica odzdravila. “Gospod, prišla sem vam povedat, da se ne morem ločiti od moža in iti z vami v Aleksandrijo za doviljo vaše družine. Rada ga imam in ga ne morem pustiti samega z detetom.”

Gospod Blackeley se je začudil in se oziral po lepi Jerici. “Saj ravno radi tega, ker ga imate rada, bi morala z menoj. V Aleksandriji boste zaslužili veliko denarja in se vrnili k njemu bogati, da boste lahko srečnejše živeli.”

Anglež je dolgo prigovarjal Jerici, da se je končno odločila in mu obljubila, pustiti svojega moža in dete in iti z njim daleč preko morja v Afriko—lepo mesto Aleksandrijo.

*

Ladja je odplula. Oddaljeval se je beli Trst z visokimi gorami v ozadju in Jerica je zaplakala. “Joj, joj meni, kaj sem storila!” je jokala. Bilo je prepozno. Ladja je plavala po modrem Jadranskem morju. Izginil je izpred oči Trst, v daljnem mraku so izginile gore in poslednje obrežje. Storila se je noč in ladja je plula celo noč. V tujih pristaniščih se je ladja ustavljala in plula zopet dalje. Prešel je tretji in četrti dan, peti dan pa je Jerica skozi solze gledala zidovje velikega bogatega mesta Aleksandrije.

Uljudno jo je gospod Blackeley peljal po pristanu do kočije, sedla sta v voz in kočijaž je pognal, da sta poskočila iskra arabca po kamnitem tlaku. Mimo Jerice so se vrstile slike zamorskega mesta: visoke, bele stene, mramorne stopnice belih palač, cipresni in palmovi vrtovi, valoveče množice Arabcev, ženske z vrči na glavah, trgovci z osli in kamelami, prodajalci preprog, usnja, vsi modri in zamišljeni, po opravkih hiteči ali pa v seneci palm počivajoči.

Kočija se je ustavila pred belo palačo. Vrata visoke železne ograje so se odprla in kočija je zavozila po belo-peščeni poti pod palmami. Jerica je bila v novem domu, v razkošni palači, po kateri je vedno hrepene-la. Vse je bilo tako, kakor je sanjala še kot deklica. Težke preproge iz živalskih kož so

ležale po sobanah, visoki, svetli svečniki so krasili razkošno poslopje. Tu bi bila zadovoljna, če bi imela s seboj malo Jerico in svojega Toneta. Tako pa je bila žalostna in potrta. Negovala je tuje dete in ga hranila, obenem pa močila s solzami. Edino tolažbo je imela v upanju, da si prihrani denarja in se vrne domov.

*

Tone je prišel tistega dne bolj pozno domov. Pod pazduho je prinesel zavojček, radi katerega se je zamudil v prodajalni. Veselo je poklical svojo ženko Jerico in vstopil v sobo, kjer je brez utehe jokala mala Jerica. Dvignil je dete v naročje in ga potolažil. Misлил je, da je žena morala v trgovino ali kam, da je ni doma. To mu je bilo še bolj ljubo, kajti priliko je imel, da je odvil iz zavoja volneno pisano jopico, katero je

kupil svoji ženici za roistni dan. Zla slutnja ga je obšla. Ko je položil jopico na mizo, je namreč opazil, da miza še ni pogrnjena za večerjo, kakor je bila vsaki dan.

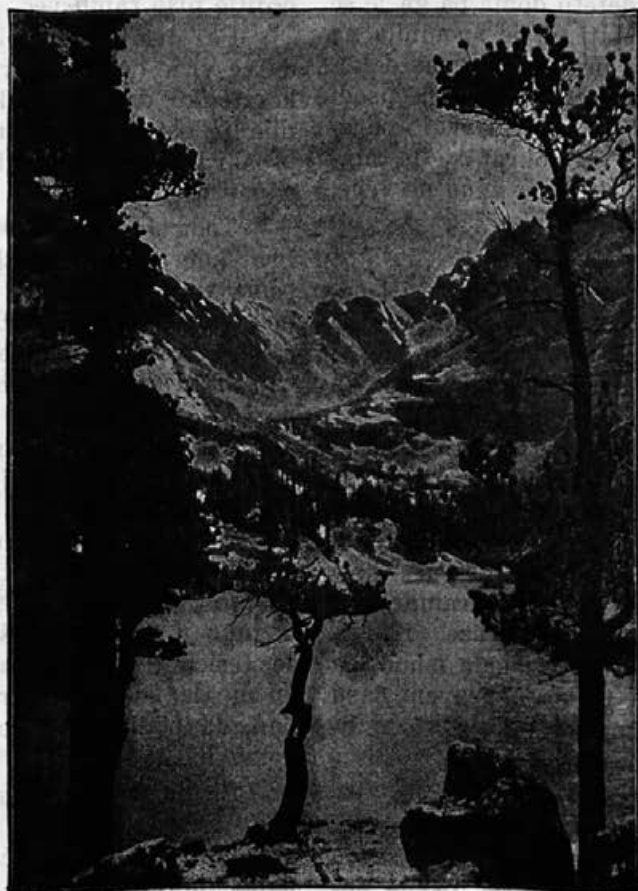
"Jerica, Jerica!" je klical. Odgovora ni bilo. Vrnil se je k detetu, a obstanka zdaj ni imel in miren ni mogel biti. Ko je stopal po kuhinji, je ugledal na mizi pismo. Nestrpno ga je odprl in čital:

"Tone!

Odpusti mi! Nisem mogla več strpeti najine revščine in podala sem se v Aleksandrijo, kjer bom v kratkem času zaslužila veliko denarja in potem se vrnem. Prosim, daj Jerico v oskrbo moji materi in ko se vrnem, bomo srečni vsi.

Tvoja zvesta

Jerica.



Jezerce v Skalnatem gorovju.

Tone ni mogel razumeti in je prečital še enkrat. Zbolelo ga je v srcu, kakor bi mu v hipu okamenela vsa kri. Sesedel se je na stol. Hudo mu je bilo, da bi vpil, a jokal ni, samo hropenje mu je prihajalo iz prs. Dolgo je tako presedel, topo zrl v papir s kratkimi besedami. Predramilo ga je jokanje v zibelki. Brez čustev se je dvignil in se podal k detetu. Skozi motne oči je videl ljubeznjivo glavico vso v plenica zamotano in solzno. Kakor običajno se je z mezinem poigral na mehkih ustecih deteta. Ustnice so hlasno pograbile po prstu in vlek-le, vlek-le. . . . Zagomazelo je Tonetu po telesu. V srcu se je zganilo in debele solze so mu padale na razbeljeno glavico drobne nebogljenske.

Dal je detetu mleka, sam pa ni večerjal. Spal tudi ni in drugi dan se ni podal na delo. Dete je izročil materi in sam taval ves izgubljen po ulicah. Utehe na ulicah ni dobil, samevanje pri detetu doma pa ga je še bolj tiralo v obup. Mati ga je spomnila na dolžnost, naj skrbi za dete in se vrne delat. Tone je delal in se staral. Udal se je usodi in v svoje razvedrilo je negoval svojo odraščajočo hčer Jerico. Velikokrat se je zmisllil na ženo, toda zayest, da se žena ne vrne, mu je zatempila lep spomin.

*

Jerica je velikokrat poizkusila priti domov. Kot dovilja je kmalu zaslužila dovolj za vožnjo, toda hotela je služiti še nekaj dalj, da prinese toliko več denarja možu in detetu.

Lahko ji je bilo pri srcu, ko je zapuščala dom gospoda Blackeleyja. Neizmerno se je veselila, da se z malim premoženjem vrača domov. Stopala je po lepih drevoredih in zavila v trgovske ulice Aleksandrije. Zašla je v veliko gnječo med trgovce, kramarje in črne, nič kaj zaupne arabske obraze. Zaskrbelo jo je in vsa zbegana je iskala izhodišča iz ozkih ulic. Hitela je, da o pravem času pride na pristaniški urad in kupi vozni listek, da takoj odide na ladjo.

Pred njo sta stopala mlada, v belih rjuhah ogrnjena Arabca. Ko je zašla v gnječo, sta se Arabca pred njo ločila vsak na svojo stran in zaostala. Jerica ni več pazila nanju. Nenadoma je zagledala obraz enega

istih dveh na svoji desni strani. Vprašal jo je, če mu dovoli nositi kovčeg in v istem trenutku že držal kovčeg. Na levi strani jo je v istem hipu vprašal drugi, če sme nositi kovčeg. S tem sta jo zbegala in predno se je Jerica zavedla, že ni videla nobenega več okoli sebe in tudi kovčega ni imela več. Bila je okradena, sama v tujem mestu, daleč od moža in deteta. Kriknila je groze, jokala in po mestu ustavljala policaje, toda nihče ji ni mogel pomagati. Med tavanjem po ulicah bogate Aleksandrije jo je zajela noč. Svetilke so motno razsvetljale stene krivih ulic. Jerica je zašla.

Tistega večera so Jerici ukradli še plašč ter volneno ruto z ramen. Vsa obupana se je zjutraj prebudila na kamnitem tlaku obmorske ulice. Kaj naj bi storila? Bila je brez vsega in nikogar ni poznala. Našla je pot na dom Blackeleyjevih. Sprejeli so jo za hišno, ampak za veliko nižjo plačo, ker dovilje niso rabili več.

Čez dve leti se je Jerica pričela veseliti, da se vrne domov. Prihranila je od zaslužkov toliko, da bi se lahko vrnila, ampak sklenila je ostati še par mesecev, kakor so jo prosili Blackeleyjevi, ki so potem nameravali odpotovati v London.

Toda Jerica ni več služila dva meseca. Prej kot je družina Blackeleyjeva odšla, je odšla tudi Jerica, ali ne domov, temveč v bolnišnico. Hudo je zbolela in ostati je morala v bolnišnici dolgo, dolgo. Porabila je za zdravljenje ves denar. Up je zopet šel po vodi.

Ko je okrevala, se ni imela podati nikamor in prosila je, da jo obdrže v bolnišnici. Postala je postrežnica. Mali so bili njeni zasluzki in komaj si je utrgala od ust, da je mogla ob tednu spraviti kaj malega za dolgo vožnjo. Od tugovanja tudi zdrava ni bila in tako ji je vedno pošel prihranek. Veliko je Jerica trpela, postarala se je in že vsa onemogla še vedno hrepenela, kdaj napoči dan, da bo imela dovolj za vožnjo v ljubo domovino.

Pisala je tudi pisma, a odgovora ni dobila. Slutila je, da ji mož noče odgovoriti, a trdno je bila prepričana, da bo lahko vse pojasnila, ko se vrne.

*

Jerica se je varala o svetu in je v prevari zapustila moža in dete. Pa kakor je ta zgodba žalostna, ima veselejši konec.

Tone je prejemal pisma, toda svoji ženi ni mogel odpustiti, zato ji ni odpisal. Njegova hči je rastle in tako tudi njegova ljubezen do deklice, da jo je lepo vzgojil in šolal. Jerici je očetova ljubezen zadostovala tudi za materino, toda zahrepenela je po materi, ko je odrasla. Izvedela je, da se mati nahaja daleč doli v Aleksandriji v tujem svetu, oslabljena in uboga. Prosila je očeta, da gre ponjo, toda oče, dasi dober in ustrezljiv, tega ni hotel storiti. Celo jezil se je, ko mu je hči prigovarjala, naj gre po mater.

Jeričino hrepenenje po materi pa je rastlo. Oče je čutil, da se mu hči odtuja. Zbal se je in sovraštvo v njem je popuščalo. Dovolil je hčeri, da sama gre po mater.

Po dolgih letih se je zopet peljala Jerica v Aleksandrijo. Zdaj je bila na poti druga Jerica, hči prejšnje, toda po vsem podobna svoji materi. Jerica ni težko našla svoje matere. Bila je še vedno za postrežnico v bolnišnici.

*

Stari, sključeni postrežnici so naznanili,

da čaka nanjo v čakalnici mlada gospodična. Kar verjeti ni mogla, da bi kdo njo obiskal, pa vendar je stopila v čakalnico.

S stola pri mizi se je pri vstopu starke dvignila Jerica in zrla staro postrežnico v beli obleki. Starka je onemela zrla; zdelo se ji je, kakor da vidi lastno podobo iz davnih, pozabljenih dni.

"Mati!" je ganjeno vzkliknila dekle, skočila k nji in jo pritisnila k sebi. Mati se ni mogla razbrati. Kar megleno se ji je delalo pred očmi. Zaihtela je in med jokanjem zastokala: "Jerica?"

"Da, jaz sem Jerica, mati."

Objeli sta se mati in hči.

*

Ladja je plula severno po modrem in nemirnem Jadranskem morju in nesla hčer in davno izgubljeno mater. Sivo Triglavsko pogorje daleč za kraškimi gorami se je večalo in se končno izgubilo za domačimi griči. Ladja je plula proti belemu Trstu.

Davno razbita družina Toneta Mornarja se je zopet našla. Z ljubeznijo je Jerica premagala dolgoletno očetovo jezo in združila očeta in mater.

A. K.

Ivan Albreht:

MATI PREMIŠLJUJE.

Moji dnevi, moji dnevi,
ali jih je ljubil kdo?
Bori dnevi mrki dnevi,
ni jih božalo nebo.

Le dve svetli zvezdici
vanje sta pogledali.

Vrt moj pa se takoj razcvete,
kadar otrok moj nasmehne se.

Ivan Albreht:

SREČNA MATI.

Lep je, prelep prostrani svet,
lepše pa tvoje so oči,
srca ti mojega sladki cvet.

Kaj je meni do vsega sveta,
dokler v naročju mojem živi
dete, ta sladki pozdrav iz neba! . . .

Albin Čebular:

ZASTAVICE.

Ej, z vetrom bradatim
in solnčecem zlatim
kraljica pripenja
zbujenemu drevju
po golem vejevju
obilo zelenja.

Na kateri zvezdi,
dečica, povej mi,
mrazek k nam prijezdi?

Mars

Mars je bil poleg Jupitra najbolj češčen bog pri starih Rimljanih. Bil je bog vojne. Po vsej Italiji so mu gradili templje in žrtvenike. Nekateri so ga častili tudi kot boga solnca, vetrov in viharjev, dobrega leta in dobre rasti. Rimljani so po njem imenovali mesec, ki je bil prvi mesec v rimljanskem letu. V starem Rimu so ga pa častili le kot boga vojne in zaščitnika države v vojnem času. Do Avgustovih časov sta bila v Rimu na čast Marsu zgrajena dva templja, a oba sta bila v zvezi z vojnimi pripravami in operacijami.

V zvezdoznanstvu se pa Mars imenuje četrti planet v našem solnčnem sistemu. Ta planet je najbližje naši zemlji. Na nebu ga vidimo s prostim očesom kot odločno rdečo zvezdo s temno senco, ki se loči od blede svetlobe Venere in Jupitra, največjega planeta v našem solnčnem sistemu. Včasih prekosijo Mars v svetlobi celo zvezdo Sirij.

Mars se suče okoli svoje osi kakor zemlja in obenem se obrača okoli našega solnca. Dan na Marsu traja 24 ur in 40 minut. Za pot okoli solnca potrebuje 686,98 dni. Ka-

dar je Mars najbližje zemlji, je njegova oddaljenost od zemlje 35 milijonov milj, kadar je pa najbolj oddaljen, je pa njegova oddaljenost od naše zemlje 63 milijonov milj.

Učenjaki sodijo, da ima Mars bolj hladno temperaturo kot zemlja, ker je Mars bolj oddaljen od solnca kot zemlja in ga obdaja tudi redkejši zrak. O zimi sodijo učenjaki, da traja od osem do dvanajst mesecev in da so klimatične razmere v zimskem času ob njegovem ravniku take, kakoršne so na naših najvišjih gorah, razen da je mraz veliko hujši.

Na Marsu so zvezdoznanci odkrili ravne črte, ki so jih krstili za kanale. Kaj te črte pomenijo? Profesor Lowell trdi, da so umetni kanali, po katerih teče voda in ob katerih se razvija vegetacija. On podpira svojo teorijo na ta način, da pravi, da so kanali, po katerih teče voda, premajhni, da bi jih videli z našimi daljnogledi, ampak kar vidimo, je vegetacija ob kanalih za umetno namakanje. Drugi učenjaki pa pravijo, da so kanali izhlapevanje vode, ki teče od obeh tečajev proti ravniku.



'Sport, katerega smo morali opustiti do prihodnjega poletja.'

—(Last W. M. C. A.)

V resnici nimamo danes še tako dobrih inštrumentov, da bi dohnali, kaj pomenijo kanali na Marsu.

Italijanski zvezdoznanec Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli je te črte prvi odkril leta 1877. Imenoval jih je po italijansko "canale" in vsi drugi narodi so sprejeli besedo "kanal." Na Lowellovi zvezdarni so spopolnili ta odkritja in so leta 1908 že našli 585 ta-

kih kanalov. Nekateri zvezdoznanci jih vidijo kot fine črte, kakor da bi bile potegnjene na papirju s svinčnikom, drugi zvezdoznanci jih pa vidijo na nekaterih mestih bolj široke, na drugih pa bolj ozke. Čudezna prikazen je tudi ta, da se kanali včasih vidijo, kakor da so se podvojili v širini. To je opazil že Schiaparelli in drugi opazovalci so njegovo izjavo potrdili.

Slava Francije

Na Francoskem žive ljudje, ki se naenkrat navdušijo, da hvalijo slavne može in dajejo ulicam imena teh slavnih mož. Nekdo je pred nedavnim dal na glasovanje, kdo je najbolj priljubljen junak Francije in Francozov.

Ljudje, ki ne poznajo Francije in Francozov, bi se takoj odločili za Napoleona. Rekli bi: Napoleon je napravil iz Francije najsilnejšo vojaško državo v Evropi in je svojim bratom maršalom podelil prestole narodov, katere je premagala Francija. Francoski orli so leteli po vsem svetu; nikdar ni bila Francija večja gospodarica kot takrat, ko jo je vodil Napoleon.

Slava (francosko la gloire) je fraza, katero najdemo na ustih vsakega Francoza. Tej besedi bo Francoz sledil kakor večča luči. Toda nekaj drugega je, kar Francozi še bolj spoštujejo in to se imenuje "domovina" (la patrie). Ime njih domovine je še pogosteje na njih ustnih. Francoz, ki je svoji domovini najboljše služil, je od Francozov najbolj spoštovan.

Francozi se zavedajo, koliko slave jim

je prinesel Napoleon, toda v svoji previdni razsoji tudi računajo, koliko jih je stala tiista slava. Vsaka zmaga, katero je Napoleon dosegel, je bila plačana s francosko krvjo in tako tudi s krvjo ostalega sveta. Nihče ni bil srečnejši radi Napoleonove slave in nihče ni bil bogatejši. Milijsi pa so bili bolj siromašni in potisnjeni v hujše trpljenje. Cvet francoskega moštva je s smrtjo plačal Napoleonovo slavo. Napoleon je bil poleg vse svoje slave najhujši francoski sovražnik, kar jih je Francija kdaj imela, radi katerega tudi še plačuje vsako uro in vsaki dan.

Zato pa tudi mož, kateri je bil izbran za najbolj priljubljenega junaka Francije, ni bil Napoleon. Izvoljeni ni bil zmagovalec na bojnih poljih, in ako bi bil mož to slišal, ko je živel, bi se bil nasmehnil ter nikoli ne bi veroval, da je on voditelj Francozov. V dejstvu je on premagal srednji vek, čeprav se tega takrat še nihče zavedal ni, razen morda on sam. To je bila njegova zmaga nad boleznimi. Zmagovalec je bil Victor Pasteur. On je slava Francije.

Dragotin Kette:

Cvet.

Ti me ne trgaj,
s sabo ne jemlji,
pusti me, deček,
v materi zemlji!
Šopek duhteči
kmalu ovene,
a korenina
več ne požene.

DEČEK IN CVET

Deček.

Rahlo te hočem,
cvetek, izruti,
v gredi vsaditi
drobno posuti.

Cvet.

Rodni zemljici
me ne izpuli!
K meni letijo

krasni metulji,
k meni letijo
drobne čebele,
kadar se zlato
solnce pripelje.
Kaj bi dejali
sestre in bratci?
Pusti me, pusti
v zelenem gradci!

Basni

Dragotin Kette.

MUHA IN PAJEK.

Muha se je vjela v pajčevino.

"Ah, ah," tako je vzdihovala, ko se ni mogla nikakor več rešiti, "da nisem videla teh nitek, te mreže! Ah, zakaj ne predejo pajki debelejših mrež; potem bi se gotovo ne vjela."

"Tudi jaz mislim, da bi se ne," dejal je nato pajek zaničljivo in zagrabil ubogo muho, "toda mi pajki nismo tako neumni. Kdor hoče koga zapeljati in vjeti, mora nastavljati tanke, malovidne mreže, le zapomni si muha. Tebi že povem, ker te takoj zadavim."

Rečeno, storjeno.—Ali veste, kdo posnema pajka?

SRNA IN OREL.

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

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

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

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

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

MAČKA IN MIŠKA.

Mlada miška je videla nekoč mačko, kako je slanino. Hitro steče k njej in se ji prijazno pridruži, rekoč: "Boterca, tudi meni diši slanina, saj mi pustiš, da jo tudi jaz nekoliko pokusim?"

"Ti tatica tatinska, ti!" zareži mačka nanjo, "jaz ti pokažem krasti, čakaj me!" In v hipu jo zagrabi in zadavi. Nato pa zo-
ret mirno liže dalje okusno slanino.

Drugi dan pride pa v klet gospodinja, najde slanino snedeno, a miško zadavljeno. Kakor hitro zagleda mucu, pokliče jo s sladkimi besedami k sebi in jo začne božati: "Da, da, ti si moja mucika. Prav, prav, da si zadavila to požerunsko miš, ki mi je snedla vso slanino."

In mačka je zadovoljno godrnjavala in predla, prav kakor da je ona najbolj nedolžna žival na svetu . . . Ali bi jo vi nabili tako hinavko, kaj, otroci moji? Da in prav bi imeli!

KRT—MODRIJAN.

Nad zelenim travnikom je švigala sem ter tja lahkokrila lastavica in si lovila v zraku muh, mušic in drugih žuželk. Kar ugleda po tleh lezti črnega krta.

"Ej ti, možiček črni!" zaščebeta mu prezirljivo, "da si pameten ko jaz, ne iskal bi črvov pod zemljo, ampak zgoraj na belem dnevu. Glej, koliko jaz pomorim teh kmetičevih sovražnikov, ki mu objedajo listje in sadje. Kaj dobiš tam v zemlji? Skoro nič!"

"Prav, prav," odgovori lastovki modri krt, "ali tega mi vendar-le ne moreš oporekati, da so skriti in hinavski sovražniki hujši od znanih in očitnih. In glej, takih iščem jaz. Da, oni so hujši, ker izpodjedajo same korenike, ki so vir življenja."

Kaj je hotela lastavica reči na ta odgovor?

"Prav praviš, striček!" je dejala in odletela.

OSEL IN EZOP.

Osel je zapazil Ezopa*), ki je hodil po polju in ogledoval, kaj počenjajo živali, da jih bo potem opisoval v svojih basnih in jih dajal ljudem za vzgled in nauk. Pristopil je k njemu osel in mu rekel: "Čuj me, Ezop! Ti pogostokrat pišeš v svojih basnih tudi o meni. Napiši enkrat še kaj modrega, da sem kaj pametnega rekel ali storil!" Nato mu je z nasmehom odgovoril Ezop: "Tedaj bi bil jaz osel in ne ti."

*) Ezop je bil starogrški pisatelj basni.



Dragi čitatelji!

To pot sem dobil par lepih slovenskih pisem. Veliko vas je, ki mi pišete, da znate čitati slovensko, ampak za pisanje se ne morete pripraviti. Vam priporočam, da vztrajate in vedno prečitajte tudi vse slovensko v Mladinskem listu; povesti so itak samo kratke, tako da lažje razumete. Ko boste znali dobro čitati, tudi pisati ne bo težko.

V "Chatter Cornerju" sem vam naznanil, kako boste tekmovali v januarju. Kdo bo boljše napisal kratko povest o razvoju S. N. P. J. ali kaj podobnega. Ker vem, da se bo vas veliko zanimalo, sem moral določiti, da povest ne sme presegati dvesto besed. Kdor bo boljše napisal — v slovenskem ali angleškem — tisti bo dobil darilo ob koncu leta. Takih tekem bo več skozi vse prihodnje leto in o njih vam naznanjam že sedaj raditega, da se boste za prvo že sedaj lahko pripravljali.

Letos bosta izšli samo še dve številki. Tisti, ki ste to leto prispevali, ne pozabite nadaljevati do konca. Najboljši prispevatelji dobijo letos lepa darila. Če prispevate še v slovenski kotichek, bodo darila toliko lepša. Potrudite se torej, dokler je čas.

Naš bratec Frank Perenic nam piše iz Southview, Pa.:

"Cenjeni mi urednik!

Mladinski list dobivam vsaki mesec. Po moji mladi pameti se mi vidi, da imate prav, ko nam na-

ročate, da pišemo dopise po slovensko v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list. Saj po angleško zna tako in tako vsak, posebno kar nas je tukaj rojenih.

Jaz sam sem tukaj rojen leta 1912. Govorim gladko slovensko, zato ker moj oče zelo strogo gleda na to, da se moram učiti materinega jezika. Kadar smo z brati in sestrami pri večerji, nam sploh ne dovoli, da bi govorili angleško, zato sem se jaz toliko navadil slovensko in tako se bodo navadili tudi moji bratje in sestre.

Želim mojim sovrstnikom, da bi se dobro učili, kakor jaz."

Kar vesel sem pisma, ki ga je nisala naša Jennie Fradel iz Latrobe, Pa. Ona piše:

"Že dolgo se nisem oglasila v našem Mladinskem listu. Povem vam, da jaz redno čitam Mladinski list in Prosveto in tudi Proletarca. Čitam pa najraje naš list, ki mi najbolj dopade; v njem se oglašijo bratje in sestrice v slovenskem jeziku. Angleško se učim v šoli, slovensko pa doma. Jaz mislim, čim več jezikov znamo, boljše bo. Slovensko pa bi morali znati čitati in pisati gladko kakor angleško. Me veseli, da nas vedno vzpodbujate, da se učimo in pišemo slovensko. Moja mama in oče zmiraj pravita, naj se učimo slovensko. Jaz hodim v ljudsko šolo in sem v sedmem razredu to leto. Učim se tudi šivati in kuhati.

Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J. in želim, da bi v bodoče nridno polnili slovenski kotichek v Mladinskem listu."

Cenjeni brat urednik:—

Članki, povesti in pesmi, ki jih prinaša Mladinski list, so podučni in kratkočasni in so vredni, da si jih zapomnimo. Mislim, da je ni slovenske organizacije v Ameriki, ki bi izdajala tako lep in podučen list za svoje člane v mladinskem oddelku. Tudi slike so večkrat priobčene prav krasne in list je vreden, da ga hranimo. Rada čitam Mladinski list

bodisi angleški ali slovenski del. Le žal, da premalokrat izhaja; ko bi vsaj dvakrat na mesec prišel.

Vas pozdravljam,

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Tu imam uganko, katero rešite in mi pošljite odgovor. Mislim, da ne bo pretežka. Boste pa prihodnjič dobili kaj težjega.

Urednik.

UGANKE

Križna uganka št. 11.



Navzdol:

1. Ptica znana vsem Slovanom.
2. Sila.
3. Znak žalosti.

Počez:

2. Svojitni zaimек (Pronoun).
4. Isto kakor v 1. navzdol.
5. Hlod.

D. Kette:

PAV IN GOLOBČEK

Košatil se pav je na belem dvorišču,
v vsej svoji lepoti in blišču,
in kakor baronček se nosil,
da bi pač vse druge prekosal.
Svoj rep je razkrožil na kviško
in bil je tak grozno bahav,
da se niti zmenil ni prav
za cibko, za gosko, za piško.
Pa vidi golobčka, kak gleda po hrani
in zrnju po tleh,
očesci nedolžni in krotki in vdani
in perje kot sneg . . .
Tako je začel: "Hej, golobček,
kako si pač krasen, golobček,
kako imaš pisano perje,
kako imaš rep krasno bojen,
in zdaj naj mi kdo še ne verje,
da res za gospoda si rojen!
Kako se ti rep izpreminja,
in krona na glavi ti sveti!
Oj, krasni! Pač res, gospodinja
te mora pač rada imeti!"

Tako se je delal pav norca
na sredi zelenega dvorca.
A krotki golobček molčal je,
potrpel in zobal nadalje.
Prišla pa je res gospodinja skrbna
na lepo dvorišče,
in stresla je rmenega zrnja na tla
oj, celo perišče! . . .
Hej, to ti je bilo čebljanja,
skakanja, letanja, zobanja! . . .
hej, to je bilo prerivanja!
Golobčku pa skoro bi kmalo
ničesa ne bilo ostalo.
Zato gospodinja v naročaj ga djala
iz roke mu zrnjiča dajala je,
in božala ga in se ljubko smehljala
in s hladno vodo ga napajala je.
In pav se je grozno, oj grozno prevaril,
ker niti pogledala ni ga barona,
in naj se je še tak neznansko baharil,
in naj je bila še tak lepa mu krona! . . .





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

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WE ARE SEVEN

William Wordsworth.

—A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s
door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
“O master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!”

’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

Social Standing of the Ancient Slavs

According to the accounts of the earliest historians, the ancient Slavs were a race of permanent settlers. A Roman writer, Tacitus, described them as a nation which built its homes in villages. The villages were built in the centers of the regions cultivated by peasants.

The Slavic inclination to farming was consequent to their living on the fertile lands in the valleys of the Vistula and Dnieper rivers. As early as in the age of Herodotus this country was known for its farming and grain marketing. On the coast of the Black Sea there were cities of wooden houses which were repeatedly visited by Greek ships, and Greek merchants founded their business houses in these cities.

The ancient Slavs were not organized as a state with a central government. They had a certain kind of communal life. There were independent "communes" (občine) which had democratic administration formed by their elders. In warfare, however, they joined together, and the elders of each "commune" elected their leaders.

The historians all agree that the ancient Slavs were not a people of war, but that they were farmers who tried to cultivate the ground as well as possible and sell the products to their neighbors. In addition to farming they also had business and trade communes, i. e., the members of such communes were occupied in different trades as well as in the sale and transportation of their farm products.

A well known historian of ancient Slavs, Procopus, refers to the characteristics of ancient Slavs with praise. He does not consider them as mean and clever people, but as being sincere and simple. Another historian, Emperor Mauricius, describes them as a nation which was benevolent toward foreigners; and when foreigners travelled across the Slavic country, they were accompanied from one village to another by the harmless natives. This simple sincerity and humanity, therefore, were the chief characteristics of the ancient Slavs.

The Slavs worshipped one supreme god as the Creator of the Earth and Heaven, but they also had gods of smaller degrees which were some sort of agents between the people and the supreme god. To all gods they sacrificed cattle, sheep, and other animals, and also farm products. The sacrifice of people was unknown among the ancient Slavs, but, for a short period, it became popular in certain parts of Russia. They believed in a life after death and in rewards for good deeds as well as punishment for sins.

Their civil administration slowly developed from communal government into higher forms. The elders (starešine) met at their national meetings and elected dukes for which they chose different names (knezi, pani, vladike, župani, bojari etc.). These public men had in charge separate or united communes; their duty was to conduct the worship, juries, trades, business, war, and peace negotiations. There is no doubt that the ancient Slavs had their codes and order even before they emigrated from Asia. These codes were sacred to them, and they were told from father to son, or written on wooden blocks by the priests.

The Slavs had equal rights; but gradually they began to form classes. This was especially true among the Slavs who lived near the German nations. However, they never practiced **slavery**, as this word was **not known to them**. From the most prominent elder down to the most simple peasant they all had equal rights. The western Slavs became acquainted with slavery in later ages when they mingled with Germans, Greeks, and Romans. They had a law concerning the individuals who trespassed upon their property without their permit. The trespasser was not a free man, and was considered a prisoner. Still, nobody had right to harm him. A definite time after the prisoner was captured, the Slavs asked him whether he desired to remain among them and become their friend or to go back to his tribe and pay the ransom.

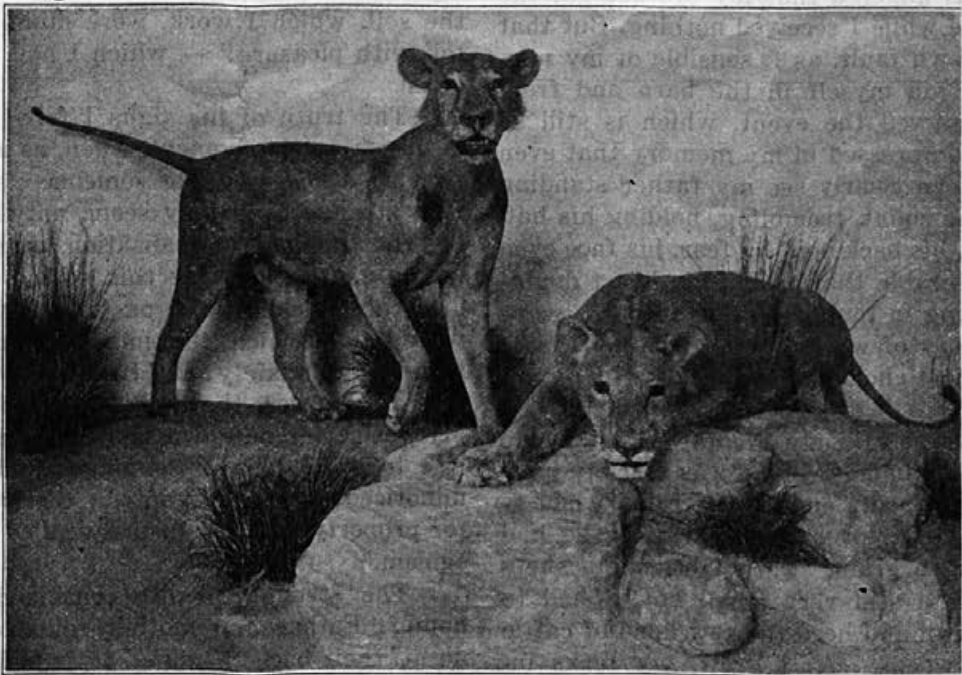
The care given old and sick people was one of the greatest Slavic duties and a common virtue. In their country laziness was unknown. The Roman historian, Mauricius, praises them as a race of unusually kind hosts.

Polygamy, which was practically general in their days, was not prohibited by the ancient Slavs; but, as a matter of fact, it was practiced only among the richer Slavs. Wives were neither guarded nor locked up as among the oriental races; they were free to go among the natives as well as among the guests. This is one of the best records of the high moral standard of the ancient Slavs.

Nevertheless, the ancient Slavs had not only merits. They had their defects just as any other nation. Emperor Mauricius points out that jealousy was one of their worst

defects. Jealousy actually was the cause of their eternal struggles among their own ranks. They lived separately in small communes and never cared to centralize them because of this jealousy among them. They lived in hatred towards each other and forgot their mutual interests. Another common mistake of the Slavs which this same historian refers to as early as in the VI. century, was their love for the foreign and contempt for their own. To the ancient Slav the foreign language was more appealing than his own; so it was with the customs and art. The early historians considered this as a great mistake of the Slavs.

The above mentioned defects of the ancient Slavs were the main causes of the suppression which was repeatedly forced upon them even by smaller nations, such as Goths, Avares, Bulgars, and others.



Man-eating Lions

These two lions, exhibited in the Chicago Field Museum, killed several road workers in Africa before they were shot.

Land Hunger

By Lovro Kuhar.

Translated by Louis Adamic.

From Ljubljanski Zvon (Slovenian Literary Monthly).

(Continued.)

Having rested themselves, they rose and the count wanted to pay for the bread and cider; but father declined payment, the countess stepped to my little brother, who was squatting near the fence, and pressed a gold piece in his dirty hand. The count and the countess then shook father's hand, and they left.

Father was extremely happy that their visit ended so well. He rubbed his hands and told mother how he had done it. He praised the count, and added that the higher *gospoda* were always easier to get along with than the lower class of *gospoda*. As he thought of it, he was sorry that he had not taken advantage of the occasion to ask the count for some favor that the manager would not grant him.

I was angered that my brother got the gold piece while I received nothing. But that was my own fault, as I, sensible of my misery, had hid myself in the barn and from there observed the event, which is still so indelibly impressed in my memory that even to-day I can clearly see my father standing before the count, trembling, holding his hat, laughing, his back bent by fear, his face even more miserable than usual, his heart doubtless beating in terrible anticipation—a scene the memory of which often grips my throat till it almost chokes me.

Very early in my life father set me to work. No wonder; for he was terribly busy—he could hardly endure it. First I had to drive the oxen over the field after he had sown it with grain. Then I became a shepherd. As a still very small boy, I had to rise at dawn and herd the few head of cattle into the woods. As I grew, my tasks increased. Accustomed too early to suffering, I became headstrong, morose, despondent and timid. I especially hated the estate-manager, who was always an unwelcome caller

at 'our' home. He was short and fat and dark-skinned—very repugnant. Father abhorred him from the bottom of his proletarian soul, and when out of his hearing he called him 'that hound'; but when he came to the house father respectfully removed his hat and addressed him as "gospod manager." He was spiritless, meek, and humble in his presence and called him 'that hound' in his absence—something I am still unable to understand.

Presently it occurred to me that my father was but a slave on the count's estate, a tool in the hands of the unscrupulous castle-manager—in every sense of the word, a thing without rights. The realization that I was the son of a slave was tightening its hold upon me, until it finally settled in my heart. This realization prompted me to reflect upon my understanding of father's sighs—'Oh, if the soil, which I work, were mine, I would toil with pleasure!' — which I had heard so often.

The truth of his sighs I felt especially keenly from the moment, when, as a toiler, I first shed my sweat for someone else's land. But, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding that unpleasant realization, there awoke in me a deep love for this soil. I grew to love these fields, these pastures, these dark woods, for which the manager constantly trembled in anxiety; and I wished, I yearned, that all this were the property of my parents. My desire for our own land grew and gave rise to ever stronger longings; and finally, unnoticed, it changed into a terrible thirst for property, which is usually called 'peasant egoism.'

The struggle of life continued in our home. Father and mother toiled day and night, their backs bending, their bodies waning and again in the neverending struggle for bread—a struggle wearisome and bitter.

The manager continued coming to the house, and father, hating him from the depth

of his soul, feared and avoided him. But when they met, he always pulled off his hat and greeted him meekly and cajolingly. The manager's disposition varied. If he had quarreled at home with his wife, then he was fierce and poured out his wrath upon us. On such occasions nothing suited him; the ditch along the road was not clean, a board on the barn was loose, or a broken twig on some tree had not been removed. Father promised to do everything and brought him cider from the cellar, while mother baked sausages and made scrambled eggs for him, in order to direct his mind into other channels. After the manager had left, father was always sorry for the cider and the food they had given him.

Sometimes there was a shortage of wood for fuel in the house. Mother urged father to ask the manager for some, but father would only nod. Next time they met, he would recall his promise to mother, but would not dare to open his mouth. Then at the last moment, when the manager would be already leaving, he would hesitatingly step after him. The manager would notice this and immediately understand that the old man wanted something.

'Well, what do you want now?' he would usually ask.

'You know, gospod—I hope you will not mind — You see, my woman — well, I am telling her every day, but it doesn't do any good. The old woman has already used up all the wood you gave me the last time.'

'Oho! Again!' the manager would exclaim. He was selling wood without the count's knowledge and allowed the tenants to get along with what he could not dispose of. Then he would say that father and his old woman could not save anything and were trying to swallow up the whole estate. Father humbly listened to everything the manager said, and later he repeated his words to mother.

Then mother would cry every time and say: 'Oh, if God would only end this one way or another!'

Sometimes they quarreled fearfully, shouting at and threatening each other, un-

til mother fled before father and hid herself. While this was going on, we children cried, and I was especially afraid for mother, who then cried and cried, without consolation. I remember that once, when still very small and disobedient, I had the courage to step before father, my fists closed, and tell him that he was cruel. Father shouted at me, but shortly after quieted down. After each quarrel he would not speak a word for days and his face showed how sorry he was.

As with wood, father had to go through nearly the same process with the manager in order to procure litter for the animals, of which there was always a scarcity. Tenants could not go into the count's forest and cut litter as peasants did in theirs; we were only permitted to rake leaves and clean the brush, but that was not sufficient for the bedding of the animals father was trying to keep, and for the manure he needed for the fields. To get it, he had to 'steal' it.

Usually in the morning, when in his opinion the castle people still slept, or toward evening, sometimes even by moonlight, he would climb on some tall, broad-topped pine and here or there chop off a branch or limb, so no one could tell. I piled up these branches and twigs, as he threw them down, meantime alertly looking out for the manager. As I was instinctively aware of what would happen if we were caught, I had my eyes always widely open; and the manager knew nothing about this 'thievery.' Father chopped until we got a wagonload, and then we hurriedly hauled it home with oxen. Quite often we worked at this late into the night.

Then one day the manager surprised us. On that occasion my little brother was with us. It was in the evening, just before dark. Father was chopping off branches and I was piling them up, when suddenly I heard someone's step behind me. I turned and beheld the very much astonished fat countenance of the manager. He must have been walking through the forest and heard the sound of chopping. Instantly I became aware of a great crisis.

'What is this?' he demanded looking up, whence a branch was about to descend.

His face changed colors—red, green, yellow, pale. I was under a terrific tension. I did not dare to breathe. On the edge of the forest my brother started to wail. Then something stirred among the branches and a moment later my father came sliding down the trunk. He placed himself before the manager as if he wanted to say: 'Well, here I am, the sinner!'

The manager was dumfounded for a moment; then he began to curse father, and at last informed him that we would have to vacate within a month.

Broken in spirit we started home, and on the way father threatened to do us something or other if we told mother about it. But mother, who was afraid of this very thing, immediately saw in father's depressed features and our scared-to-death faces what had happened. Against his will, father told her everything during supper. That night I could not sleep, and from the adjoining room, where she slept with father, I heard mother's subdued sobbing.

'Don't cry, please don't!' I heard father say: 'It will turn out somehow.'

'We must go!' mother wailed.

'Gladly, if we had some place to go. I have a good mind to go and buy myself a roof of my own. But it is hard right now; there is so much work—have to mow the aftermath and cut the oats.'

Mother sighed.

After all, he can't kick me out, though he thinks he can. But you should have seen the way he looked at me! Maybe he will tell the count and he, too, might punish me some way. The best thing to do would be to go

and beg him to forgive me. It might soften his heart. How about your going to see him?'

'I?' sobbed mother.

'Yes, you. He has nothing against you. He might listen to you. Suppose you talk to the lady first, eh?'

'I should hate to go,' said mother.

'Of course; but think if you succeed! I would go myself, but he is surely very angry at me. We poor people must swallow many things that others need not.'

'I will take along a couple of young chickens for the lady,' whispered mother, having decided to undertake the mission.

'Chickens? They cost money and we can't be throwing it away, but it may not work otherwise. Yes, take a couple of young roosters and give them to him.'

When I arose the next morning, she had already left; and when she returned, her face was radiant, contented. I knew that everything turned out satisfactorily.

'At first he refused,' she told father, 'but then he softened up and said that personally he doesn't care about it, but that such were the count's orders. He said we can stay—we can also keep the litter—but must not ever again do anything like it. He was very glad when I gave him the two roosters.'

We were all happy, but father most of all. 'If he will let me alone now for just a year more! Then I won't lick his boots any more,' he said. 'I must buy something this fall.'

(To be concluded.)



Variety—the Spice of Life

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest greenhouse. I love to see everything in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless potherbs, springing up in their full fragranciness and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil not adapted to them.

Addison.

THE CAGED BIRD

A wild bird filled the morning air
With dewy-hearted song;
I took it in a golden snare
Of meshes close and strong.

But where is now the song I heard?
For all my cunning art,
I who would house a singing bird
Have caged a broken heart.

Wilfried Gibson.

THE CRIME OF BEING YOUNG.

The atrocious crime of being a young man I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach I will not assume the province of determining; but, surely, age may justly become contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement.

William Pitt.

THE LIKENESS.

I wish that people wouldn't say
(They very often do),
"You are just like your Mother, dear!"
(Although it may be true.)
My Mummy's got the nicest face
That ever you could see;
But it's silly being someone else:
I want to look like me!

The House Beloved.

The house full of books is proof against Time. It grows richer with the years, as more and more of us come to add our memories to its store, our volumes to its gay regiment of cloth and gold. The house full of books knows no winter, no sickness, no loneliness, no empty nights of far-fled sleep. It is a house where we love to be, where others love to come.

A Great Booklover.

MEN AND WOMEN FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD: Three coachmen, well trained and handsome; and two girls, the one 18 and the other 15 years of age, both of them good-looking and acquainted with various kinds of handiwork. In the same house there are for sale two hair-dressers: the one, 21 years of age, can read, write, play on a musical instrument, and act as huntsman; the other can dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair.

An advertisement from the
Moscow Gazette in 1801

THE SWEET SINGER.

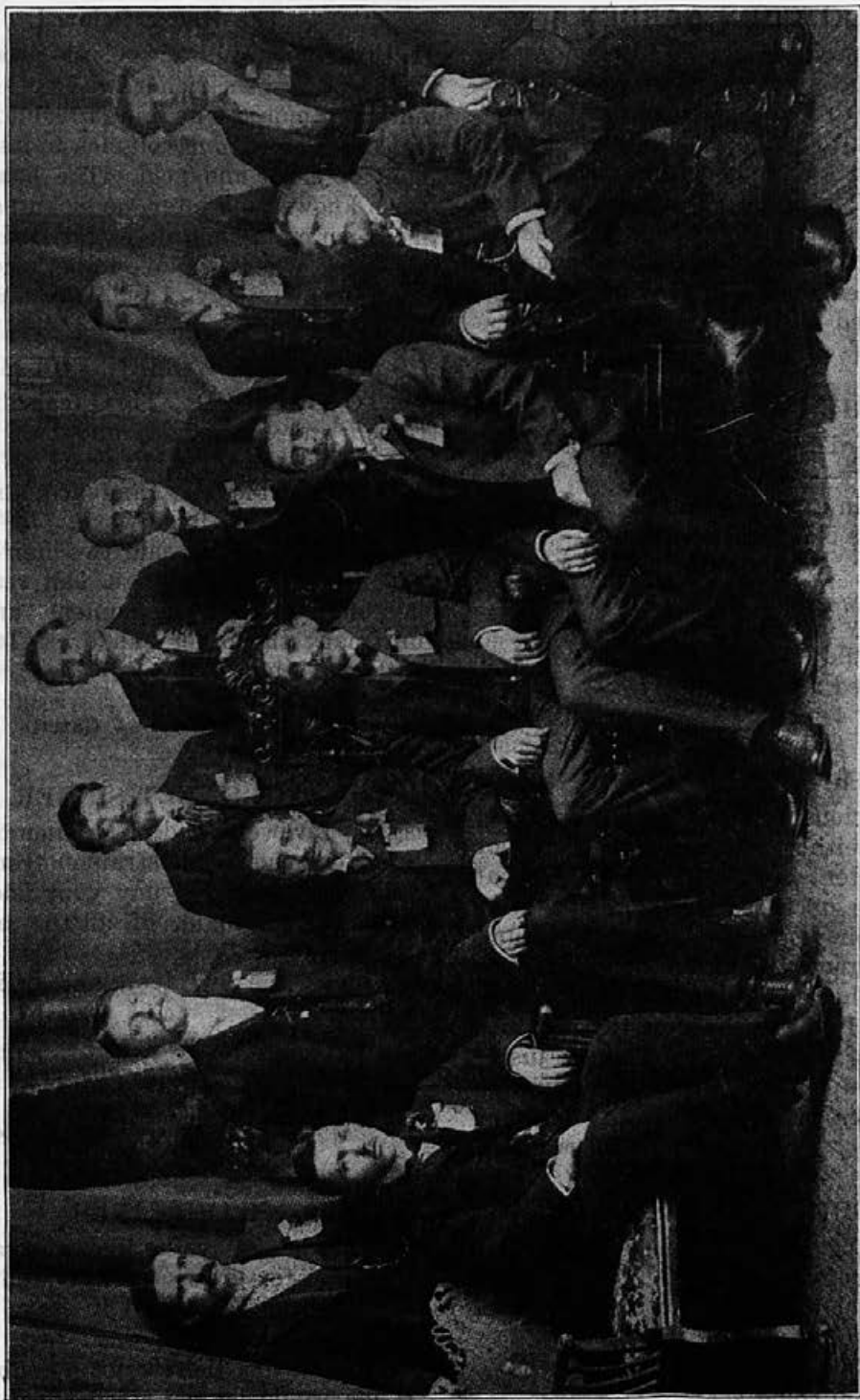
Origias, farewell! and oh! remember me
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,
And ask you, maid, of all the bards you
boast,
Who sings the sweetest, and delights you
most.
O! answer all, "A blind old man, and poor,
Sweetest he sings, and dwells on Chios' rocky
shore."

From the Hymn to Apollo.

HARD LINES.

Our gardener says he likes the rain,
It's good for growing plants and grain;
But then he hasn't got to stay
Up in the nursery all day!
I'd like it, too, there's not a doubt,
If ma would let me stroll about
Outside around the potting-shed
Without a hat upon my head!

Variety—the Spice of Life



The twelve men on this picture were the delegates to the First or Charter Convention of the S. N. P. J. which was held in Chicago on the 9th day of April, 1904. (Read the story on the back cover page.)

Without a hat upon my head!
Outside around the potting-shed!

I want to look like me!
But it's silly being someone else!



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



A GREEDY GIRL.

Well knowing that her little girl is greedy, Mother has hidden the jam.

But Anna adores jam. She knows that Mother has made some—oh! twelve pots at the very least. Strawberry jam, too!

While wondering where Mother could have hidden twelve pots of jam Anna's eye follows a wasp flying across the room straight to the cupboard.

That's strange! Ah, suppose Mother had hidden the jam there?

It did not take her long to open the door. Anna and the wasp entered the cupboard at the same time. Anna's arm poked behind a pile of sheets. One pot, two pots—it was jam right enough. Her finger pierced the thin paper cover and plunged into the jam. The wasp plunged in at the same time.

Anna uttered a cry of pain: "Oh!" What else can you expect? The wasp did not like being disturbed in her meals; it had stung Anna.

You must admit that it certainly served her right.

POŽREŠNA DEKLICA.

Dobro vedoča, da je njena mala deklica požrešna, je mati skrila marmelado.

Toda Ana obožuje (ima rada) marmelado. Ve, da jo je mati nekaj naredila—oh! najmanj dvanajst loncev. In še jagodno marmelado!

Med čudenjem, kam neki je mati skrila dvanajst loncev marmelade, Anino oko sledi osi, leteči preko sobe naravnost proti kuhinjski omari.

To je čudno! Ah, kaj če bi bila mati tja skrila marmelado?

Ni je vzelo dolgo odpreti vrata. Ana in osa sta hkratu šli v kuhinjsko omaro. Anina roka je potipala za kup rjuh. Eden lonec, dva lonca—bilo je marmelade ravno zadosti. Njen prst je predrl tanki papirni pokrov in segel v marmelado. Osa se je istočasno zagнала notri.

Ana je izustila krik bolečine: "Oh!" Kaj morete pričakovati drugega? Osa ni marala za motenje pri njeni pojédini; pičila je Ano.

Priznati morate, da jo je gotovo pravilno poslužila.

SLOVENE PROVERBS

Luck is faltering.

*

By the side of Luck stands misfortune.

*

A stolen thing shrieks for its owner.

*

An empty barrel has a powerful sound.

*

To the wise head one eye is sufficient.

*

It is of no use to ring the bells after it has hailed.

SLOVENSKI PREGOVORI

Sreča se opoteča.

*

Ob strani sreče stoji nesreča.

*

Ukradena reč vpije po lastniku.

*

Prazen sod ima mogočen glas.

*

Modri glavi zadostuje eno oko.

*

Po toči ne pomaga zvoniti.

Inquisitive Scamp

There never was a more inquisitive dog than Scamp, so Elsie said. And she was right. He was always poking his nose in to see what was going on. But one day he poked it in a little too far, and got paid out finely.

Elsie was at the seaside; and you may be sure that Scamp was there too, for he was her very own dog. She was having a lovely time, hunting for shells one morning, when up bounded Master Scamp.

"What have you got?" Elsie cried. "My shrimping net! Well, now just you give that to me before you break it, you young rascal."

Scamp didn't want to give it up; but when Elsie had taken it, and was drawing it through the pools for any little fish that

wasn't quick enough to get out of her way, Scamp kept so close that his little mistress grew angry.

"Oh, do keep back, silly!" she cried. "There are lots of shrimps and you are frightening them away."

But Scamp just barked and came closer still. As Elsie pulled the net up he darted forward and poked his nose right in. And then he jumped back with a sharp yelp.

"What is it?" cried Elsie. "Oh! a crab. Poor Scamp! The horrid thing has nipped your nose."

But it was only a tiny crab, and a tiny nip; and soon Scamp was running round again as happy as ever.

A COTTAGE CRADLE SONG

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse.
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain.
Then, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

Dorothy Wordsworth.



Hallowe'en Fun

October is usually the best time of all the year to take to the trail.

Nature study, nature games and little dramatizations along the way add to the interest of a hike. Nature hikes are most successful when a definite object is decided upon to search for and observe. Leaves, birds, trees, the discovery of water or rock forms, may all serve as objects for the hike.

Flowers should be studied and admired, but not picked in quantity. Fires should be carefully extinguished and no litter left.

October 31 is always a gala night for children. No Hallowe'en party is complete without fortune telling and ghost stories. Some appropriate games are:

Apple-Ten-Pins.—Lay several planks side by side and cover them with a sheet stretched out to make a good rolling surface. The surface is about four by eight feet, at the height of an ordinary table above the ground, and sloped slightly upward at the farther end. A row of apples is placed like ten-pins at the farther edge, and beneath this a basket to catch them as they fall. A baseball is rolled from the opposite end of the table, each guest taking turn in seeing how many apples he can knock into the basket in three trials.

Bats, Goblins and Elves.—The players are divided into two sides, each side at opposite ends of the room. Each side sends a player into the center. These are the witches. The other players are divided into bats, goblins or elves. A witch calls "Bats change" and all bats must run to the opposite end of the room. The witches catch all that they can. Those who are caught stay and help. With "Goblins change" the

game continues. At the end of three or four minutes, the side having the most players left wins.

Marshmallow Race.—Several strings of the same length have a marshmallow tied at the center of each. Partners take a string and at "Go!" chew up to the marshmallow. Who wins?

Bite the Apple.—Suspend horizontally from the ceiling a stick three feet long. On one end stick an apple, on the other end tie a small bag of flour. Set the stick whirling. Each guest takes turn in trying to bite the apple. It is amusing to see them receive dabs of flour on the face.

Ghosts.—The leader names some letter of the alphabet. The next player adds a letter, thinking of some word. Each player then adds a letter, but must avoid an addition which completes the word. If someone does finish a word, he becomes a "half ghost" and anyone who speaks to him becomes a half ghost, too. The half ghosts may continue talking and playing. After a word has been finished, the next player starts a new word. If a half ghost finishes a word, he becomes a whole ghost and drops out of the game, but still may talk. If any player talks to him, he becomes a full ghost, too. Soon all the players are eliminated.

Recently many cities have adopted the Community Hallowe'en, which has proved not only the jolliest sort, but the safest, preventing accidents and destruction to property. A parade of everyone in costume, a big bonfire and stunts are usually part of these celebrations. Modesto, California, had an animal cracker hunt in the park.





Dear Readers:—

Not long ago I received a letter from one of our brothers in Wyoming who has asked me to send him a book in English language about the Slavs. He meant the history of the Slavic nations. I was sorry when I had to answer that I know of no such book in English which would be advisable for him to read. There are books in English dealing with the Slavic nations, but — alas — they are written mostly on prejudice against the Slavs. Answering to our reader in Wyoming I decided to write short articles about the Slavic and Slovene history, based upon facts. I am sure you will gladly read and study the history of your ancestors.

* * *

In the last issue I promised to tell you more about the benefits to which you, the Joygivers of the S. N. P. J., will be entitled. First of all—and what you are going to like most—will be the presents which you will receive after the contest will be over. This, of course, is a little too early to tell you about, as the contest won't begin sooner than in January, but I want you to get interested and be ready for it. You all like to read short stories, therefore, everyone of you that enters the contest will have to write a very short story of not more than two hundred words about the S. N. P. J. I do not want to compell you what to write, but write something about our organization, about its history, if you prefer, about its

officers, your home lodge, the young members, or any similar thing. Chose your own subject, but let it be about S. N. P. J. I will prefer, if you put just a little bit of fun into it. I am telling you about this contest now, so that you will have plenty of time to prepare.

There will be other contests all through the next year, and you shall always have plenty to tackle. But at the end of the year, the best of you will get nice rewards.

* * *

You all like to solve puzzles and to have something to do just for the fun of the thing. Here is a chance for you to have some real enjoyment. Look over the picture printed on the next page and find as many rhyming words as possible. The Key Word is **Hair**. On the picture you see a pear which rhymes with "hair". When you know the way of doing it, go to work; find as many rhyming words as you can, write them down, and send them to me. We shall see who is the smartest.

* * *

Joe Valenčić of Barberton, Ohio, is eleven years old and in the fifth grade. This time he wrote his first letter in which he says:

"I am a member of the S. N. P. J., Lodge 48, and have three brothers and one sister. Our Lodge celebrated its twentieth anniversary on Labor Day. Our whole family was at the party. Mr. Cankar, president of the S. N. P. J., had a nice speech; I like to listen to him. At the celebration there were many people, and we had a whole load of ice-cream."

* * *

Lena Chadesh, Taylorville, Illinois:

"I just wish the Mladinski list would come weekly instead of monthly. I am in the eighth grade and going to the Memorial Junior High."

* * *

Prom Philadelphia, Pa. (the Sequicentennial City) I received a letter written by Mary Kozole. She says she is back to school, and she wishes that the members of the Juvenile Department of the S. N. P. J. would write to her. Her address is: 2612 Richmond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

*

Our sister Mary Uli from Oglesby, Ill., writes a nice letter:

"I wish the Mladinski list would come once a week, because I enjoy reading it.—Our whole family belongs to the S. N. P. J. I would like to write in Slovenian, but I don't know how. I am in the sixth grade and eleven years of age."

*

Here is a long letter from Miss Anne Bogataj of Cleveland:

"After reading so many interesting letters from my brothers and sisters in this truly wonderful magazine, I couldn't help writing one myself. As a rule, I cannot end my letter when I start to write, but I will try to make this one as short and interesting as other boys and girls made theirs.

"I am quite a little lady, for I am fifteen. I am not sure, but I think I am the oldest of any as yet that have written to our little treasure Magazine. I attend a Cleveland High School, Wilson

Junior High, and am in the 9B1 grade. Do you readers know what the "1" after B means? If you go to public school, you no doubt know it. For the benefit of those who do not know it, I will give a short explanation. We have our grades divided into 9B1, 9B2, 9B3, and so on up to 7 and 8. In the first division are pupils who can do the best work, in the second—the second best, and so on. I am very proud to be in the highest division.

We have many interesting subjects to study: sewing, cooking, printing, mechanical drawing, art (I love that), music, gym, science, and English. The former of the latter two is very interesting, all about the earth, stars, planets and what not. Then, we experiment with many things and our science room is verily a curiosity shop. About English I can't say much, because I don't like it, that is, the parts of speech. But I like story writing.

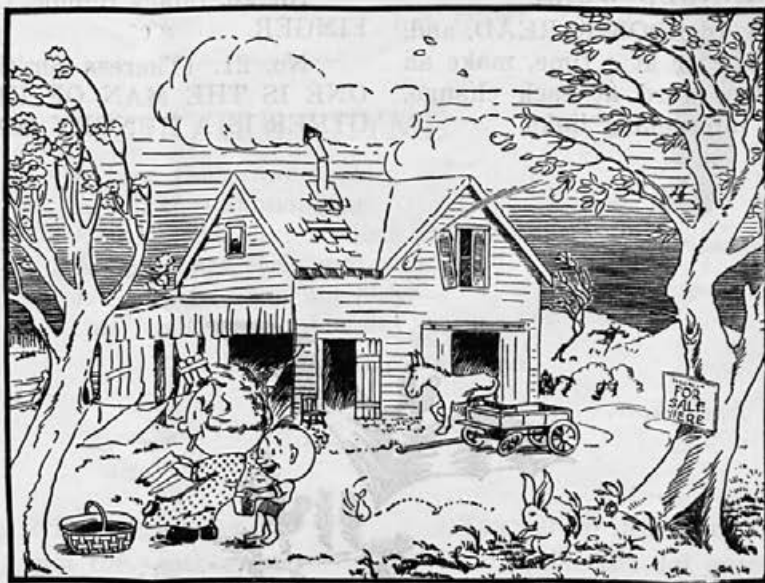
One more thing I have to say, and that is: "Mladinski list" beats any magazine I have ever read. I wouldn't mind getting one every day. Don't forget to write to both—me and the Magazine. I would like to hear from Jose Osnich from Montana; J. Rayovich from Iowa, Albina Pecnik from California, M. Stich from Colorado, and all others.—Good bye!"

* * *

Jennie Vidmar, Livingston, Illinois:

"This is my first letter to our magazine. I wish the "Mladinski" would come once a week. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I have five sisters and two brothers. We are all members of the S. N. P. J."

How many rhyming words does this picture suggest?



The Key Word is HAIR.

Rose Crowley, La Salle, Illinois:

"All articles of the M. L. are very interesting to me. I have read every letter from you all, and I got busy and wrote, too. I see that more readers are busy than they were a few months ago. I am fourteen years of age and in the eighth grade. I am glad to think that Hubert Jereb also writes. He is in the same room as I. I write to Julia Andlar

of Washington and I wish she would write a few lines. This letter is my first and not very long.

A joke for our readers:

Teacher: Name something necessary for life.

Student: . . . er—

Teacher: Correct! Now name a food rich and fat.

Student: . . . But — er —

Teacher: Very good!"

Puzzles

22. RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in inkpot and also in pen,
My second's in dungeon and also in den,
My third is in sidewalk and also in way,
My fourth is in yardarm and also in stay,
My fifth is in toiler and also in work,
My sixth is in jarring and also in jerk,
My seventh's in Kathleen and also in Kate,
My whole is a city both wealthy and great.

23. ANIGMA

I often murmur, but never weep;
I lie in bed, but never sleep.
My mouth is bigger than my head,
And much pours out though never fed;
I have no feet yet swiftly run;
And with many falls move faster on.

24. CHANGED WORD

Change the word **BOOK** to **READ**, and, altering only one letter at a time, make an ordinary dictionary word at each change, using only three intervening links.

25. BURIED FLOWERS

What are the three well-known garden flowers that lie buried in this sentence? The emir is a hero setting out faster than his opponent.

Puzzle No. 26. What eye could you lose and not miss?—(By Lena Chadesh, Taylorville, Ill.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLES OF SEPTEMBER'S ISSUE.

No. 18: **ICE CREAM CONE.**

Solved by Lena Chadesh, Taylorville, Ill., and Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

No. 19: **PEACOCK.**

No. 20. (Mary Bubnič, Cleveland, Ohio.)
FINGER.

No. 21. (Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.)
ONE IS THE MAN OF HUNGARY, THE OTHER IS A HUNGRY MAN.



MR. WOOD-PECKER

Who is tapping in the woods,
Up where branches blow?
Tapping on the heavy bark,
Hopping to and fro!
"Peckity-peck! Peckity-peck!"
How the hammers go!

How he stands and strikes the tree,
With his slender bill!
Deep and deeper drills the hole,
Hammer never still!
"Peckity-peck! Peckity-peck!"
Hammer with a will!

Now he starts another hole,
Boring through the wood.
Searching for the little grubs,
Which are very good!
"Peckity-peck! Peckity-peck!"
So he hunts his food!

Frances Ellen Funk.

DEAR LITTLE SNOW STARS

Dear Little Snow Stars,
Falling so free,
No more the birdie is
Up in the tree.
No more the grasshopper,—te-la-rol-de,
Not even one green blade of grass
Can we see,
But the glistening snow stars,
Make up for all three.

E. Snyder.

A LITTLE RHYME

A bird that cannot sing,
A bell that cannot ring,
A horse that stands stock still,
A clock that strikes at will,
A child that will not play,—
One wouldn't want a day.

Harriette Wilbur.



"Mamma, is it lunch time yet?"
"No, darling, not for another hour."
"Well, then my tummy must be fast."

Teacher to little girl learning to write:
"But where is the dot over the i?"
"It's in the pencil yet!"

WHEN THE S. N. P. J. BEGAN

THERE is quite a number of you, brothers and sisters of the Juvenile Department of the S. N. P. J., who do not know much about the S. N. P. J. As you will remain in the S. N. P. J. when you grow up, and because you are going to be the leaders of the S. N. P. J., it is essential for you to know more about this organization.

The first thing you should know is the date of its origin.—The S. N. P. J. was born on the **9th day of April, 1904**. Slovene workingmen started to agitate among the Slovenes in America about one year before that date. On July 17th, 1903, there was an appeal issued by the Slovene weekly, "Glas Svobode," which called the Slovene immigrants to the organization of a new benefit society.

At that time the Slovenes in America had other benefit organizations in which the leaders were Catholic priests. Such organizations were by no means suitable for the progressive workers, therefore they were prepared immediately to follow the instructions of the organizers.

The first new Lodge was founded by Slovenes in Chicago. This Lodge was Slavia, No. 1 of the S. N. P. J. The members of this Lodge were most active organizers. They wrote propagandistic literature in the progressive Slovene newspapers. The second lodge was organized in La Salle, Ill.; the third one in Johnstown, Pa.; the fourth in Steel, Ohio; the fifth in Cleveland, Ohio; the sixth in Morgan, Pa.; the seventh in Claridge, Pa.; the eighth in So. Chicago, Ill.; and the ninth in Yale, Kansas.

These lodges sent their delegates to the first, or Charter Convention, which was held in Chicago on April 9th, 1904—the birthday of the S. N. P. J.