



# MLADINSKI

# LIST



Mesečnik za slovensko mladino

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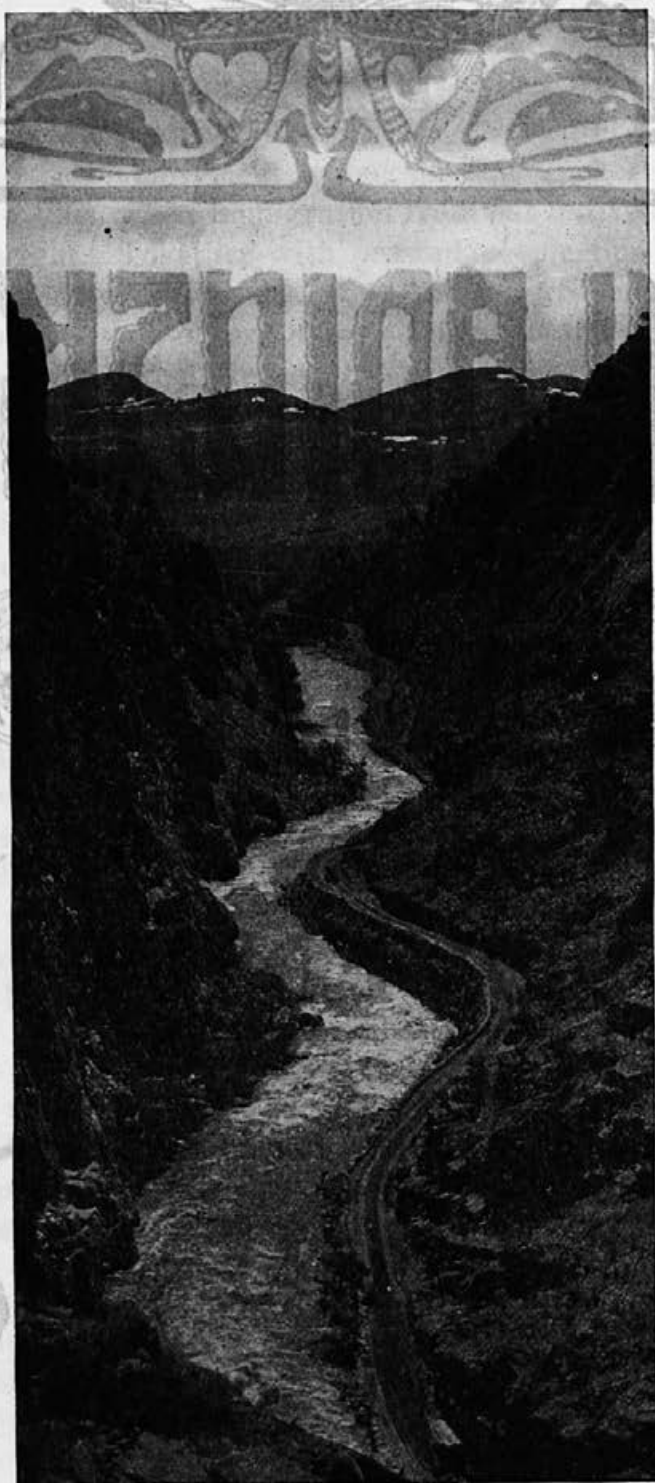
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Gorska dolina v Koloradu.

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1926.

ŠTEV. 9.

Ivan Albreht:

## MATI LJUDEM

Oj vi, ki hodite mimo nas,  
ali poznate, spoznate naš glas,  
kadar zapoje mati:  
lala, lala, lala . . . ,  
da slajše bi mogla zaspati  
njena edinčica? —

Oj vi, ki hodite mimo nas,  
ali poznate, spoznate naš glas,  
kadar zaplaka mati  
iz svoje duše dna,  
ker mora v grobu spat  
njena edinčica? —

O, da vam je to doumeti,  
kako bi mogli živeti,  
kako bi se mogli smejati,  
kadar zaplaka mati? . . .

“Pod lipo.”

## STARA VZGOJA.

Bodi skromen in ponižen,  
živi vedno v strahu božjem!  
Z malim bodi zadovoljen,  
potrpljenje je krepost.  
Zvesto služi gospodarju,  
pokoravaj se vladarju!  
Verno moli in zaupaj  
božji dobrotljivosti!  
V muko svojo — voljo božjo —  
s srcem, dušo, se udaj!  
Se ponižaj, boš povišan  
na tem svetu in v nebesih  
z zlato krono kronan beš.

## NOVA VZGOJA.

Ne ponižaj se nikomur,  
boj krivice lastne se!  
Takrat bodi zadovoljen,  
ko dobiš, kar tebi gre.  
Zvesto služi za človeštvo,  
kloni svoji volji le!  
Nič ne moli, le zahtevaj;  
daj vsakomur, kar mu gre.  
Če v muke si udan,  
nikdar ne bo napočil dan,  
da ne bi bil ogoljufan.  
Ne glej v nebo! Glej v srce,  
da pravo in pošteno je!



# Obljubljena dežela je naša dežela

Povest o razvoju človeka, njegove kulture  
in morale.

(Konec.)

Poglejmo, kaj pravi zgodovina o prvem sanjaču Amenhotepu, ki je bil četrti kralj v Egiptu. Povedal je svoje sanje kraljici Nefertiti.

Amenhotep: Čuj me, kraljica Nefertiti! Sanjal sem sanje, ki se bodo uresničile.

Nefertiti: Ali naj ti svečeniki razložijo sanje, kralj?

Amenhotep: Ne, ne bodo mi čarodejniki in svečeniki razlagali sanj po svojih starih bogovih, ki sem jih jaz vrgel s prestola. Ti bogovi so samo maliki starih vraž. Isis in Osiris ter temna Anubis so samo pomagali, da se je svečenikom dobro godilo, ker so z njimi slepili nevedno ljudstvo. Tudi svetišče Amena v Tebah sem porušil.

Nefertiti: In kaj si dal ljudstvu Egipta v nadomestek, veliki faraon?

Amenhotep: Ukazal sem, da bodo ljudje častili samo enega boga in samo enega. Ta bog je veličastno solnce, ki nam sije, daje luč, gorkoto in življenje človeštvu. Samo solnce je pravi bog in jaz, faraon, sem njegov služabnik. Od sedaj naprej torej ne bom več Amenhotep, slepi vernik v malike Amena, temveč ime mi bo Aknaton, kar pomeni častilca solnca.

Nefertiti: Pa ti bo ljudstvo sledilo, Aknaton?

Amenhotep: Mi že sledi! Dvigajo se žrtveniki solnca in njih učinek vidim po vsem Egiptu. Ljudje mislijo in čutijo z novim navdahnjenjem. Stari umetnosti sledi nova. To je nov nauk in nova nada. Če ne bom jaz doživel, vendar bo prišla nova doba. Seme solnca se bo zasejalo po vsem svetu.

Tako je mogoče mislil ali govoril kralj in izgovoril rojstvo novih idej. Kmalu pa je umrl in stare sence nazadnjaške duhovščine so zatemnele novo idejo. Solnca niso več častili, duhovniki so prinesli stare tebanske bogove. Naslednik Aknatona je zopet častil Amena in se je zato imenoval za Tutankamena. Ta je bil tisti, katerega grobnico so lani razkrili in katerega blišču se divi člo-

veštvo dvajsetega stoletja. Vse je častilo nazadnjaka s starimi bogovi, njegov prednik Aknaton je pa umrl z novimi idejami vred.

Seme vendar ni izginilo, v pustom egiptovskem pesku je vzkalilo. Prenešeno je bilo v kraljestvo Hitite, iz katerega so se kraljčine možile s faraoni; to je bilo v gornjem teku reke Evfrat. Tam so se osnovala kraljestva, v katerih so častili solnce. Pri bogočastju so začeli rabiti prve črke, ki so jih vklesavali po ogromnih stenah templjev. Rastolmačenje teh črk pove vso zgodovino. Upali so in delali. Duhovnik boginje Ištar je vprašal svojega brata duhovnika boga Enurta:

“Kako napišeš ime svojega boga Enurta? Sedaj gre to delo počasi.”

Duhovnik Enurte: “Tako in tako. Toda kdo drugi bo razen nas imel dobiček, če skrajšamo pisavo. Gotovo ne kraljevi generali, ki poznajo boga Enurta kot boga vojske in se za drugo ne brigajo.”

Duhovnik boginje Ištar: “Ne, brat! Vojaki ne bodo rabili ne moje ne tvoje pisave. Z ilovico narejene podobe, s katerimi pošiljajo svoja povelja, zadostujejo njih rabi. Toda ti znaki, katere zdaj delava, bodo pomagali razviti naše bogočastje bolj kot so kralji in generali kdaj pomagali.”

Duhovnik Enurte: “Pazi! O brat, piši, ampak ne dopusti, da bi stene slišale tvoje izdajstvo.”

Duhovnik boginje Ištar: “Kaj za to! Dolgo potem, ko tebe in mene in asirskih kraljev več ne bo, bodo še čitali te nove asirske črke. Armade si podvržejo ljudstva. Sovražnik Asircev lahko prodre do vrat Egipta, toda za seboj bo vedno zapuščal razdejane. Toda te črke bodo dale razumeti misli Hebrejca in Asirca, Arabca in Sumerijanca. Ljudje pa ne potrebujejo drugega kakor da vedo misli svoje, če hočejo postati prijatelji in bratje. Najina abeceda, dragi duhovnik boga Enurta, bo prinesel ljudstvom veselje. Kovino, katero zdaj brusijo za vojno, bodo stepili v pluge. Prišlo bo blagostanje in mir.”

Tako je govoril duhoven boginje Ištar in govoril je modro. Vojne niso prenehale s tem, ko je prišla prva abeceda, in mir ni zavladał za ljudstva, ki so si jih podvrgli Asirci. Asirija je propadla, toda njena abeceda je ostala, živela in se razvijala. Z njeno pomočjo so se razvijale ideje, ki so delale narode daleč na zapadu za asirskimi razvalinami.

Del civilizacije je iz rodovitnih dolin Evfrata in Tigrisa zavel daleč notri na Grško, kjer je imel plodovita tla, da se je razvila civilizacija, katera je nadkriljevala bleščečo slavo Egipta in Asirije. V Grčijo so se stekali ostanki izginulih civilizacij, katere so se tam izpopolnjevale. Slogi za zgradbe starogrške civilizacije so danes vzor stavbenikom.

Toda grški filozofi niti najmanj niso mislili, da so bile Atene božansko mesto sredi obljubljenega dežela. Platon in Aristotel sta vedela, zakaj sta nevednost in tiranija mogli ubiti Sokrata. Njune misli so bile daleč naprej pred Grčijo. Lahko si mislimo Aristotela, ki govori o idealni državi svojemu učencu Teofrastu.

Aristotel: Ne, Teofrast, izobrazba ne zadostuje. Platon bi bil moral vedeti, da je za obljubljenega dežela več potrebno kakor samo izobrazba, da vedo ljudje vladati drug drugega.

Teofrast: Kako bi torej ti, učitelj, vladal mesto in idealno državo?

Aristotel: Prvo vprašaj, kaj je idealna država. Idealna država je tista, v kateri vsak dela to, za kar je najbolj sposoben. To je država, ki je prikrojena za delo, nikdar za vojsko in zmago, temveč za mir. Idealna država je tista, v kateri ni cilj človeka posol, temveč razvoj njegovih misli in sposobnosti.

Teofrast: Toda kdo naj vlada državo—aristokracija?

Aristotel: Ne postarnejša aristokracija, kakor je Platonova, ker modrost ne pride z leti. Niti ne oligarhija bogatašev in plemenitašev in tudi še ne demokracija potrebnih delavcev. Vsi ti naj vladajo le zase.

Teofrast: Kratkodobna tiranija?

Aristotel: Ne, moj sin. Naravno je, da idealne države, v kateri bi vsi vladali in bili vladani, ne bomo nikoli videli.

Teofrast: Idealne države torej ni?

Aristotel (smehlja): Iskali bodo idealno državo še dolgo potem, ko bo že pozabljena tvoja in moja filozofija.

Aristotel je mislil, da bo vlada iz srednjega razreda najbližja idealni vladi, toda ko se je zatopil v globlje misli, se je rajši pričel baviti z drugimi zadevami.

Grčija nikakor ni postala idealna država; padla je radi svojih lastnih razkolov in radi vsiljivosti nekaterih držav, ki so bile bolj pripravljene na vojne kakor na delo v miru. Rim, ki je Grčiji sledil z dviganjem civilizacije, je bil imperij zmagoslavja. Raztegnil je svoje meje in njegove legije so se zmagoslavno vračale v Rim iz vseh delov sveta. V rimskem cesarstvu so se med zatiranim ljudstvom pojavile vrste, ki so iznašle srečo v drugačni deželi kakor v zmagoslavnem imperiju. To je bila prva organizacija kristjanov, ki so našli obljubljenega dežela v posmrtnem življenju.

Učili so, da bo sreča prišla za človeštvo, ko bo ovrгло poganstvo in se obrnilo k pravemu krščanskemu bogu. Veliko so agitirali kristjani in pridobili so državo. Pridobili so ves rimski imperij, pa pokazalo se je, da ni prišla s tem sreča idealne države. Rimski imperij je propadel, cerkev je s svojo posvetno oblastjo postala nepremagljiva, pa vendar niti za spoznanje ni bilo več sreče; nezadovoljnost je vladala kakor prej in v nezadovoljnosti pa stremljenje po srečni deželi.

V srednjem veku so se narodi posluževali zopet orožja, da bi dosegli srečo na svetu. Tudi tisti, ki bi imeli učiti mir, so rabili orožje, da zatrejo nasprotnike in osrečijo sebe.

Reformatorji proti koncu srednjega veka so iskali sreče s tem, da se ločijo od cerkve, katera je gospodarila z mečem. Pa tudi z dosego reformacije niso dosegli popolne države, niti tiskarski stroj z vsem ogromnim učinkom ni zatrl krivice in vraževerstva. Vse skupaj je bilo samo pomoč na potu razvoja. S pomočjo tiskarskega stroja so preučevalci iskali novih poti za dosego sreče.

Toda napredek človeštva nikdar ne teče gladko niti navzgor niti navzdol. Zastanki so in padci in dostikrat se celo vidi, kakor da je znanost porinjena daleč nazaj. Komaj so umrli napredni reformatorji in se je utrdil

njih nauk, je nastala nova verska nestrpnost in nazadnjaštvo, kakor se poraja vedno in ima tudi svoje uspehe. Toda stopinje naprej niso izgubljene. Galileja so lahko zaprli, pa tudi če bi ga bili ubili, bi ne bilo nič spremenjenega na dejstvu, ker leto potem, ko je on umrl, se je rodil sir Isaac Newton, da nosi naprej bakljo znanosti. Galileo in Newton sta bila znamenji na nebu, da se je rodila znanost.

Nastopilo je stoletje vojska, ljudje so se "borili za domovino". Toda znanost je že bila tu, ki si je prizadevala izboljšati svet. Pojavil se je Laplace, ki je prvi razmotrival, kako je nastalo solnce, in Lavoisier, ki je našel kisik v zraku kot zdravje življenja. Pojavil se je Watt, ki je izdelal parni stroj, in Jenner, ki je zadal prvi udarec nalezljivim boleznim. Našel se je kapitan Cook, ki je odkril nov kontinent. Volta je našel v elektriki novo naravno silo in William Smith je razbral zgodovino zemlje po kamenskih žilah. S temi začetniki prihaja nova vera v znanost.

Prihajala je industrijalna revolucija. Prva jo je začutila Anglija, seme tej revoluciji pa je sejal parni stroj Watta in istotako strojne preslice Cartwrighta ter lokomotive Stephensona. Faraday je delal v klanici, da odkrije silo, katera spremeni ves svet. Zakaj so delali vsi ti ljudje? Zato, da dosežejo boljšo srečo za človeštvo in boljšo človeško družbo. Tudi oni so sanjali o obljubljeni deželi.

Inženir je mislil in prepričeval, da z železnicami prepreže vse dežele in odpravi ceste.

Filozof ga je vprašal, da li bo to popboljšalo svet.

Inženir je odgovoril, da on ne more tega trditi, toda železnica bo pomagala izobraziti ljudstvo. Pripeljala bo ljudi skupaj in jih zaposlevala.

Filozof je ponovil za pesnikom:

Da vsak človek najde sebe v dobrem  
vseh ljudi

in vsak dela v plemenitem bratstvu.

Inženir: Mogoče. Toda svet najbolj potrebuje sile, da skrajša razdaljo, da gradi in dela.

Filozof: Sila. Ta naj torej napravi svet srečen. Kdo pa da silo?

Inženir: Kdo jo da? Mi jo damo.

Filozof: Vi? Kaj pa žene in otroci, ki morajo trpeti po tovarnah? Kaj možje, ki se mučijo v temnih rudnikih? Oni so del industrijalne revolucije in oni krijejo ogromne stroške s svojim življenjem.

Inženir: Da! Ampak delali bomo lahko brez delavcev, ko bomo imeli dovolj sile. Blagostanje bo tedaj in velika sreča za vse.

Kdo ima prav? Čas pa teče dalje neprestano, niti sila, neomejna sila ga ne more ustaviti. Vsa industrija, vse bogastvo z vso vpreženo znanostjo ni rešilo sveta, da bi se ne bil zapodil v najstrašnejšo vojno. In vendar je tudi v sredi najhujšega pobijanja in najgroznejših muk, ki jih je trpelo človeštvo, milijone src bilo večno upanje človeka. V upanju so živeli, da je bila vojna zato, da se konča vojna. Patrijotizem ni zadostoval; trpkosti v naših srcih ne sme biti proti nikomur.

In v sredi današnje visoke civilizacije in kulture, ko se je svet medsebojno ubijal, se je našel patrijot, ki je padel v vojni in pel o obljubljeni zlati deželi sreče:

**Slišal sem že davno o drugi domovini,  
najdražji vsem, ki jo poznajo,  
Kralj njen ni znan, armade niso štete,  
trdnjava njena zvesto je srce, ponos trpljenje . . .**

Tako je pisal vojak v vojni, ki je sanjal o človeški sreči. Daleč je še ta sreča, tako daleč, da je zapopadati ne moremo, toda čaka na nas in mi po nji hrepenimo, ker je že hrepenenje del sreče.

#### Pomagam.

Oče (kliče v sobo skozi okno): "Pepček, kaj delaš?"—Pepček: "Nič!"—Oče: "In ti, Jurček?"—Jurček: "Jaz pa Pepčku pomagam."

\*

#### Iz šole.

Učitelj: "No, Mihec, naštej mi pet afriških živali."

Mihec: "Tri opice in dve papigi."

## Povesti strica Matica

Stric Matic je splezal na visoki oreh. Urno se je vzpenjal od veje do veje, prav do vrha je priplezal in gori počival. Težko smo čakali, kdaj bo začel klatiti orehe. Stegnili smo mu v vrh dolgo rahljo in ga prosili:

Orehov, orehov, naklati nam, stric,  
da bo teta napekla sladkih potic.

Pa stricu se še ni ljubilo, samo parkrat je udaril, pa je spet počival. Hudo ga je bilo upehalo plezanje. Zelo radi bi bili splezali k njemu na oreh, ampak stric Matic tega ni dopustil.

“Še enkrat se skrijte,” je rekel. “Potem pa bom orehe klatil in vi jih boste pobirali.— Kdo bo zdaj mižal?”

Cenček je rekel: “Štejmo se! Kdor bo prej ven, tisti bo mižal. Jelica, ti šteji!”  
Stopili smo v krog in Jelica je štela:

Anderle, banderle,  
Čičkov sin,  
kod si hodil?  
Po vrtu špinciral,  
kamenčke pobiral.  
Rajha — pajha  
— ven!

Izštet je bil Cenček, ki je brž skočil za oreh, si naslonil glavo v dlani in štel do edenindvajset. Izgubili smo se za vogale, se brž poskrili in že je bil Cenček za nami. Iskal je in pel:

Eden ban  
kot pet podgan;  
sedem miši  
v uh se piši.

Dobil je mene prvega, dobil je Tončka in Jurčka, toda predno je dobil Jelico, so že zaropotali orehi na peščena tla pod drevesom. Hiteli smo tja in se nič več skrivali. Zapodili smo se pod oreh, ko je najbolj peketaloz drevesa. Odkrili smo se, da bi nabirali orehe v čepice in klobuke, a orehi so tako neusmiljeno udarjali na glavo, da se je bilo treba pokriti.

“Ajs!” je zavekala Jelica, ko ji je na golo glavo padel šop orehov. Skočila je k deblu, kamor niso padali orehi tako na gosto. Tam smo vsi iskali zavetja.

Stric Matic se ni utrudil. Od vrha oreha je odkraja jemal veje vedno nižje in veselo ter urno klatil, da so orehi z ropotom padali na tla.

Visoko gori so letale vrane in stric Matic je prenehal klatiti orehe. Oponašal je vrane na ves glas:

Krah, krah, krah!  
Mene nič ni strah,  
nisem nikdar plah.  
Nisem v srcu rah,  
Krah, krah, krah!

Za njim smo ponavljali: “Krah—krah—krah!”

Vrane so odletele, stric Matic pa je oklatil še spodnje veje. Splezal je z oreha in z nami pobiral orehe v košare. Nabrali smo jih pet velikih košar, jih pomagali stricu Maticu naložiti na voziček in odpeljali proti domu. Stric Matic je peljal, mi smo pa porivali vsak pri svoji ročici in od zadaj.

Ko smo prišli okoli vogala, smo zagledali nekaj čudnega, da še nikoli kaj takega. Na sredi trga se je zbrala velika množica ljudi, ki so vsi drveli na kup, da nismo mogli videti, kaj je. Nad množico pa se je zibala velika, črnorujava in kosmata glava s pokončnimi ušesi, špičastim gobcem in svetlimi očmi. Prestrašili smo se, vsi hkratu smo prenehali porivati voz in skočili k stricu Maticu, ki je sključen vlekel za ojesa. Spomnili smo ga:

“Stric Matic, oh stric Matic! Kaj je tam?”

Stric Matic je že ustavil voz. Oziral se je nazaj, misleč, kako je to, da težje vleče, ker smo vsi hkratu prenehali porivati. Nagnetli smo se okoli njega in mu kazali na trg.

Gledal je za trenutek, potem pa se je prav veselo zasmel: “Medveda imajo, medveda, ki pleše!”

“Medveda, joj, medveda, ki pleše!” smo veselo vzklikali in skakali okoli strica Matica ter ga vlekli od voza na sredo trga. S stricem Maticem se nismo bali približati medvedu.

“Ali grize?” smo vprašali.

“Nič ne grize, ne,” je odgovoril stric Matic. “Vendar ne smete hoditi preblizu. Medved ne zna pobožati, zato se držite proč od njegovih šak!”

Dospeli smo do množice, pa nismo nič videli, ker samo veliki ljudje so bili pred nami. Še stric Matic se je moral stegati, da je

kovi. Obut je bil v črne škornje in za škornji je imel kratko palico. V roki je tudi imel palico in z njo dopovedoval medvedu, kako mora plesati. Mož je medvedu pel:

Tancaj, tancaj, moj Martin,  
za petice, za cekin,  
da te bodo gledali  
in ti solde dajali!  
Tancaj, tancaj, moj Martin!

Kaj takega nismo še nikoli videli in vsi smo se smejali. Ko je kosmatinec odplesal,



### Beli medvedi.

Fotografija je vzeta po skupini v naravni velikosti kakor je na razstavi v Fieldovem muzeju.

videl, kako je medved na malem podu sredi velike gneče plesal in se guncal. Vlekli smo ga za roke in prerivali skozi gnečo toliko časa, da smo prišli v ospredje.

Na podu je stal na zadnjih nogah veliki kosmatinec in kazal proti nam svoj rmenkasti poraščeni trebuh. Povzdigoval se je na zadnjih nogah, se veselo dvigal, skakal in brundal. Poleg njega pa je stal mal možiček, ki se je neprestano smejal. Imel je oblečen rdeči jopič s svetlimi gumbi in rumenimi tra-

se je postavil nazaj na vse štiri noge, mahal je s svojo debelo glavo in se zibal z vsem telesom ter gledal po nas. Včasih je stegnil debelo glavo proti gledalcem in takrat se je cela vrsta plaho umaknila nazaj in grozno zavpila.

Mož je iz torbe izvlekel pisan krožnik. Ukazal je medvedu, naj bo miren, sam pa je šel okoli gledalcev in pobiral novce. Vsak je segel v žep in vrgel na krožnik drobiž, samo da je smel gledati čudo—plešočega med-



veda. Mož z medvedom je bil zadovoljen z nabranim drobižem, zato je takoj zopet zapel medvedu:

Tancaj, tancaj, moj Martin,  
za petice, za cekin . . .

Vse popoldne smo bili tam. Stric Matic je rekel, da je že videl medveda plesati, ampak tako velikega še nikoli ne, zato je tudi on ostal ves čas z nami. Malokdo se je naveličal gledati; prihajali so pa vedno novi. Pozno popoldne je mož z Martinom zavil z odra na trgu in po ulici. Vsi smo šli za njim, mi večinoma spredaj, odrasli pa so stopali zadaj v procesiji. Veliko izmed njih medveda še nikoli videlo ni, zato smo bili tako radovedni. Okoli hiše, kjer je prenočeval mož z medvedom, se je zbralo več ljudi kakor pa jih je pred par tedni prišlo skupaj k sprejemu novega župnika.

Medveda je mož zaprl v svinjak, sam pa je odšel v hišo. Zelo žal nam je bilo, ker medveda tisti dan nismo videli več. Odšli smo za vogal, odkoder je stric Matic že odpeľjal svoj voziček z orehi. Predno smo prišli do njegovega doma, smo ga dohiteli in mu vsi hkratu porinili. Stric Matic se je začudil in se ozrl. Veselo se je nam zasmeljal ter se lepo zahvalil.

"Zakaj medved pleše?" je vprašala Jelica strica Matica.

"Zato, da služi denar gospodarju."

"Pa nič ne grize?"

"Nič."

"Zakaj ne?"

"Ker je tako naučen."

"Kdo ga je naučil plesati?"

"Gospodar."

"Zakaj ga je naučil?"

"Zato, da mu služi denar."

"Kako ga je naučil?"

Stric Matic se je popraskal za ušesi. Ni se popraskal zato, ker mogoče ni vedel, ampak obotavljal se je in povedati ni hotel.

"Stric Matic, kako je mož naučil Martina plesati?" je ponovno zastavil vprašanje Cenček.

"Povedal vam bom, ko pridemo domov," je rekel stric Matic in vlekel dalje.

Pripeljali smo orehe v klanico za hišo pri stricu Maticu. Zložili smo košare z voza in sami sedli na voz ter gledali strica Matica. Pogledal je po nas vprašujoče.

"Ali nam ne boste povedali, kako je mož naučil Martina plesati?" je vprašal Tonček.

"Seveda bom." Stric Matic je sedel med nas na voz in pripovedoval:

"Medved je divja zver, ki se ne da veliko naučiti, ko enkrat odraste. Če ga ujamemo mladega, ga pa naučijo marsičesa. Da v medvedu ubijejo vsak odpor, ga ljudje stradajo in mu ne dajo jesti več kot toliko, da ne pogine. Medved postane pohleven in tedaj ga naučijo plesati, skakati, prekucavati se in delati ljudem zabavo. Ko medveda učijo plesati, ga zaprejo v kletko, pod katero je železen pod. Pod podom zakurijo, tako da medveda peče v tace in se mora dvigati ter se postavlja na zadnje noge, da ga v sprednje ne peče. Pri tem mu pojejo:

"Tancaj, tancaj, moj Martin,  
za petice, za cekin . . ."

Medved se tega navadi in ker je lačen in pohleven, začne plesati in skakati, ko mu zopet tako pojejo. Boji se, da bi ga peklo pod nogami."

Vestno smo poslušali in nič kaj veseli nismo bili, ko smo to slišali. Martina smo bili na trgu neizmerno veseli, kajti zdel se nam je smešen in zabaven. Niti malo nismo slutili, koliko je moral trpeti, ko so ga učili in koliko lačna in molčeča žival mogoče še trpi, ko pleše iz strahu.

"Ali se Martin možu nič ne smili?" je vprašala Jelica.

"Nič," je odvrnil stric Matic. "On tako dela, da zasluži denar."

"Meni se pa smili," je rekla. "Če bi ga jaz imela, dala bi mu dovolj jesti."

"Potem bi pa medved postal divji," je pojasnil stric Matic.

"Bi ga pa izpustila," je rekla Jelica.

Ko smo od strica Matica odhajali domov, nismo bili več tako veseli kakor popoldne, ko smo gledali kosmatinca Martina plesati na trgu. Žal nam je bilo za nerodnega plesalca.  
— A. K.

Dragotin Kette:

## Kako se je zgodilo Matijčku

Krznarjevi so imeli lepo hišico s sadnim vrtom, a za vrtom se je razprostirala majhna dolina, ki se je proti hiši vedno bolj zoževala, v nasprotno stran pa prehajala v zeleno ravan. Imeli so pa Krznarjevi tudi Matijčka, in ta Matijček ni imel ušes. Nikari pa ne mislite, da ni imel morebiti uhljev; o uhlje že, pa kakšne! Toda ušes pa ni imel, drugače bi vendar vsaj katerikrat kaj slišal.

Tako se je, recimo, nekega dne igral v dolinici za vrtom. Solnce je gorko sijalo, a po šumečih travah so brenčale čebele, mušice in metulji. Pa niti solnce niti čebele ne bi mogle odvrniti živega Matijčka, da se ne bi zaganjal za pestrimi metulji in lučal klobuka za njimi.

"Matijček, Matijček!" se oglase zdajci mati. Toda Matijček je že zopet po svoji stari navadi sedel na ušesih in ni hotel ničesar slišati. In letal je še dalje za metulji in ni se bal ni vročega solnca ni čebel.

Okoli ušes pa mu je vedno nekaj šumelo: "Zakaj ne greš, zakaj ne greš? . . ."

In v drugič so se oglašili mati: "Matijček, Matijček!" Toda o Matijčku ni duha ne sluha . . . Tam na zelenem travniku se podi Matijček, vidi mamo, a jih noče videti, sliši jih, a jih noče slišati. In leti tam za metulji in se ne boji ni vročega solnca ni čebel.

Okoli glave mu pa vedno nekaj šumi: "Zakaj ne greš, zakaj ne greš?"

A tretjič niso zaklicali več mati. Pa tudi ni bilo treba.

Kar v hip začuti Matijček neko stvar v ušesu. In ta stvar brenči notri in šumi, šče-gače ga in gluši. Strahoma stresa Matijček glavo, da bi se oprostil neprijetne stvari, a zastonj. Stvar le še bolj brenči in šumi, tako votlo in hudobno, joj, kakor da ga hoče sedaj, sedaj snesti. In Matijček se spusti v jok in tek proti domu.

Doma so pa mislili, da je znorel, tako je stresal z glavo, kremžil se in jokal in vpil: "Ajej, ajej v ušesih!"

"I kaj je, kaj je?" izpraševali so mati.

"V ušesih, v ušesih," klical je žalostno Matijček, "prej je vedno dejalo: "zakaj ne greš, zakaj ne greš?" potlej pa notri šlo—o—o . . ."

Mati so precej vedeli, pri čem da so. Vzeli so hitro lasno iglo in jo vtaknili v uho. Kmalu, kmalu so privlekli iz ušesa tisto stvar, tisto pošast—majhno mušico . . .

In so dejali: "Vidiš, vidiš, Matijček, kaj vse človeka zadene, ako noče slišati! Dva-krat sem te klicala, pa te ni bilo na spregled, mušica pa te je prignala . . . prav, prav. Drugič je pa tudi ne slušaj, kadar te bo opominjala: "Zakaj ne greš, zakaj ne greš?"

Toda Matijčku ni nikdar več zastonj šepetala: "Zakaj ne greš, zakaj ne greš?"

### VEVERKA IN DETE.

Gloj veverko, kako prijazno v tesnobi kletke se zabava: ob lešniku zobe si brusi — hm! — z metlico-repom povihrava.

Martinec jo zavzeto gleda in preudarja zagonetko: kako in kdaj in s čim, da tudi on imel bi lešnik, rep in kletko!

E. Gangl.

### VRT IN POLJE.

Ob hišici dehti cvetoči vrt, metulji, ptički se spreletajo, srce Alenki v pesmih se oglašja, in prstki vence nežno spletajo.

In blizu, daleč tam—glej, njiva—kruh! V tla brazde se globoke režejo. za plugom—oče; in njegove misli nebo, Alenko, njivo vežejo.....

E. Gangl.

# Basni

## OVCA IN ZEVS.

Ovca se je prišla k Zevsu\*) pritožiti, kako hudo se ji godi na zemlji, in ga je prosila, naj na kak način napravi, da se ji bo boljše godilo in bo bolj upoštevana.

"Ovca moja," ji je rekel Zevs. "Drugače tega ne morem storiti, kakor če ti dam kako sredstvo, s katerim se boš branila pred sovražniki. Na primer če ti dam srepe oči in strašne čeljusti, da boš ustrahovala vsakega, če boš samo zapihala ali pa grdo pogledala."

"Oh, ne govori tako, gospod Zevs. Srepe oči in strašne čeljusti! Kdo bi to maral imeti? Ali hočeš, da postanem hujša od kače?"

"Če hočeš, ti dam levje zobe in kremplje," je ponudil Zevs.

"Tudi to je zlo," je rekla ovca. "Nočem. Daj mi kaj drugega."

"Ali hočeš, da te napravim veliko kakor bika in ti dam strašne rogove, da se te bo vsakdo bal?"

"Tudi tega nočem; ne maram, da bi se me kdo bal."

"Še eno ostaja in če še tega nočeš, boš morala trpeti kakor si do zdaj. Evo ti, dam ti lisičjo hitrost in zvitost."

"Nočem," ga je zavrnila ovca, "tudi tega bi ne imela rada. Rajša trpim, če se drugače ne morem obvarovati zla."

Tedaj je Zevs blagoslovil ovco in zapovedal, da bo v bodoče imela pastirja, ki se bo z ovcami lahko prehranjeval in z njih kožami oblačil, obenem pa jih varoval in se staral pri njih.

## MUHA IN ČEBELA.

Prestrašena je muha odletela, kajti komaj je ušla izpod zamaha kuharice, ki jo je hotela ubiti. Zletela je skozi okno in se vsedla na cvet poleg čebele.

"O, povej mi, čebelica, zakaj tebe ljudje ne preganjajo tako kakor mene? Mene odžene vsaka roka, ti pa letaš, koder te je volja.

\*) Zevs je bil najvišji bog pri starih Grkih (ki so imeli veliko bogov).

Nikdo ti niti takrat ne brani, ko s cvetja piješ sladki med, meni pa povsod preti smrt, četudi sedem na kos najslabšega kruha. Oh, če bi jaz imela želo in bi znala pičiti kakor ti, bi imela mir pred ljudmi."

"Varaš se," je odvrnila čebela. "Mene ne ščiti želo, temveč najbolj to, ker s svojo pridnostjo svetu koristim in mu dajem medu in voska."

## DVA OSLA.

Lev je šel na lov in je imel osla s seboj; za kaj mu je osel bil, to že vsakdo ve. Drugi osel, drug in dober prijatelj osla z levom, je to videl, pozdravil je svojega tovariša in ga nekaj malega vprašal:

"S kom pa ti misliš, da govoriš," je rekel ošabno osliček z levom. "Ti osel vseh oslov," ga je zavrnil, visoko dvignil glavo in ušesa. "Ali si slep, da ne vidiš, s kom jaz hodim?"

Sirotek osliček se je spomnil in jo je hitro ubral odtod, misleč sam pri sebi: "Ubogim moj tovariš, izgubil je še tisto malo oslovske pameti, ki jo prej imel."

## VRABEC IN LASTOVKA.

(Iz Dragotin Kettejevih parabol.)

Na streho je priletel vrabec k lastovki. "Kam greš, lastovka?" je vprašal vrabec, čvrkajoč svoji lepi sosedu.

"Na jug, na jug!" je zažvrgolela ptica lastovka, "kaj ti pa ne pojdeš za zimo iz teh hladnih in neprijetnih krajev?"

"Jaz?! Zakaj neki, povej!"

"Vidiš, ti neumnež, tu ne boš imel toplega stanovanja in ne zadosti hrane . . ."

"Kaj mi mar za to! Tudi če bi imel poginiti," odgovori dobi vrabec, "ne bi zapustil svoje preljube domovine. Z njo bom stradal in trpel in čakal boljših in srečnejših dni."

## Sumljivo.

Učitelj: "No, Jožek, povej mi, kako se imenuje žival, ki se vedno po blatu valja in pogosto potepa po sosedovem dvorišču?"—  
Jožek (sramežljivo): "Oprostite, gospod učitelj, saj se ne bom več valjal!"

## Življenski nauki

Kdor hoče kolikor mogoče srečno živeti, mora biti predvsem vesele in živahne narave. Modro je rekel nemški pesnik Goethe: "Dokler živiš, bodi živ!" To je umeven pogoj življenja, ki ga dopolnjuje najboljši francoski vzgojevalec Rousseau, ki pravi: "Bodi pravičen, če hočeš biti srečen."

"Nikdo se ne more smatrati srečnega, dokler ne umre," je rekel modrijan Solon bogatemu perzijskemu kralju Krezu, kateremu se je čudna zdela ta modrost, pa je preizkusil, da je resnična, ko ga je kralj Cir oropal za vse in ga mučenega postavil na grmado, da bo tam zgorel. Ko je bil na grmadi, je vzkliknil: "Solon, Solon, Solon!" Takrat je šele vedel, da se je prezgodaj štel med srečne.

Med modre može prištevajo knjige tudi Jezusa Krista. Ta je dal ta nauk za srečno življenje: "Veselite se vedno, bodite veseli med veselimi." Žalost res ni nikjer dobrodošla. Še boljši nauk za srečno življenje je dal modri Tomaž Kempen. On je zapisal: "Če je kje na svetu veselje, je to poznano

samo čistemu srcu." Hudoben človek ne more občutiti pravega veselja.

Eden jako lepih naukov za življenje je tisti, ki ga je dal judovski kralj Salomon. Rekel je: "Ljudje so malo poznali in tudi danes še malo poznajo snago in lepoto svojega srca." Čistost je najlepši zaklad na svetu, biser nad vsako ceno.

Fontaine je živel pred par sto leti. Bil je Francoz, in sicer eden najboljših francoskih učiteljev. Pisal je kratke povesti, pravljice, basni in pesmi za mladino in med te je zapisal tudi kratek stavek, ki še danes drži in bo vedno držal: "Kdor hoče ustvarjati, mora biti vesel."

Ljudje nimajo radi žalostnih in otožnih, temveč vesele ljudi. Mrka družba napravi človeka mrkega, vesela pa veselega, kakor je rekel znani Herbert: "Bodi v dobrem društvu in štet boš med dobre."

Ako pa si storil napako, priznaj jo in ne izvijaj se radi svojega ponosa. Ponos je slab zaveznik ob času, ko je treba priznati napako.



Mladi plavači pred tekmo.

(Last Y. M. C. A.)



# VAJA V SLOVENSKEM

## A LESSON IN SLOVENE



### JUGOSLAV PROVERBS.

### JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI.

The spider does not spin its web for a single fly.

Pajek ne prede mreže za eno samo muho.

First get the barn, then the cow.

Prvo dobi hlev, potem kravo.

Even a blind hen occasionally finds a grain.

Tudi slepa kokoš zrno najde.

Injustice laughs at the table while justice weeps behind the door.

Krivica se smeje pri mizi, pravica se pa joče za vrati.

He who associates with wolves must howl with them.

Kdor se z volkovi druží, mora z volkovi tuliti.

He who is late may gnaw the bones.

Kdor je pozen, naj gloda kosti.

The drunkard reforms when he keels into his grave.

Pijanec se spreobrne, ko se v jamo zvrne.

You cannot argue with the stomach.

Z želodcem se ne moreš pričkatí.

The sun rises and sets for the good and the evil.

Solnce vzhaja in zahaja za dobre in hudobne.

Woe to the dove which falls among the eagles.

Gorje golobu, ki pade med orle.

Vineyards have no need of prayers, but of mattocks.

Vinogradi ne potrebujejo molitev, temveč rovníc.

A good rest is the task half done.

Dober počitek je pol dela.

Shadows of tall trees grow long.

Sence visokih dreves daleč segajo.

Do not ask a blind man which way to go or the fool for counsel.

Ne vprašaj slepca za pot in ne norca za svet.

The greedy one has big eyes and a small stomach.

Pohlepnež ima velike oči in majhen želodec.

The heart is the seat of virtue and of sin.

Srce je sedež kreposti in greha.

An old habit is like an iron shirt.

Stara navada je železna srajca.

You can tell a bird by its voice, a lion by its paw.

Ptiča spoznaš po glasu, leva po taci.

Lightning never strikes from a clear sky.

Strela nikoli ne udari iz jasnega.

# Pesmi Dragotina Ketteja

## JURČEK—ZIDAR.

Jurček ima kóla,  
toda brez koles,  
črnega volička,  
toda brez ušes.

Kdo pa je voliček  
črni brez ušes?  
Jurček sam . . . Poglejte,  
kak je čez in čez!

Blaten ves po hrbtu  
prav do ramice,  
ker nikdar ne vboga  
svoje mamice.

Po največjih lužah  
cepeta vam bos,  
blata si nalaga,  
kamenja na voz.

Za ogrado zida  
belo znamenje,  
v levi roki blato,  
v desni kamenje.

To vam je visoko  
že nad tri pedi,  
kar primaha z repom  
pudelj iz vasi.

Z malim repkom maha  
psiček sem ter tje,  
z malim repkom revež  
znamenje podré.

Hej, to vpije Jurček:  
"Proč, ti pudelj, proč!"  
Pobeži vam pudelj  
glasno lajajoč:

"Hov, hov, hov! Ne zidaj,  
hov, hov, hov, nikar!  
Saj si ti le Jurček,  
a nikar zidar!"

## TONČKOVE SANJE.

Sanjal je nocoj naš Tonček  
da je žolta ribica,  
lepo pikčasta in gladka  
in tenká ko šibica.

Pa, da plava v beli vodi,  
pa to bela voda ni,  
in to je le sladko mlekce,  
ki se krog njegá cedi.

Srka, srka, sladko mlekce  
in lepo posname ga,  
in na dnu je bela gora  
iz sladkorja samega . . .

Ah, to je pač grizel Tonček,  
grizel, lizal in cmakljal,  
in z jezikom sladkosnedim  
ustnici oblizoval.

Toda bela rosa pride,  
škrliček zagostolí,  
Tonček se zbudi ležeč še  
v svoji mehki postelji.



## PETELIN IN PUTKA.

Že je tukaj lepo jutro,  
lepo jutro, dan svital,  
petelinček je poskočil,  
da bi ga oznanjeval.  
To zagledala je putka,  
naša tolsta jarčica,  
ki se vozi po dvorišču,  
kakor kaka barčica.  
Pa tako je govorila:  
"Petelinček, čuj me, čuj,  
saj je še prezgodaj! Jutra  
še nikar ne oznanuj!"  
Odgovoril petelinček:  
"Le ne trudi se nikar,  
kaj bi rekli drugi moji,  
da sem kakšen gospodar!  
Kaj bi rekle druge putke  
in sosedov petelin,  
ako ne bi se oglašil  
jaz najpreje z naših lin?"  
In prosila lena putka  
petelinčka je zaman,  
gori v lino je poskočil  
in zapel je beli dan.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe:

## Aforizmi

Nič ni novi resnici bolj nevarnega kakor stara zmeta.

Človek se moti, dokler stremi.

Družbo moramo graditi od spodaj navzgor, na materialni osnovi potrebe. Najprej, kar je koristnega: jed, pijača, stanovanje, spanje, oblačilo in kurjava; potem, kar je resničnega: da prodere koristno s človeškim in npravnim svetovnim naziranjem; in končno kot višek samo sebi namenjeno lepoto, kupolo na palači človeške družbe.

Dva otroka sta pala v vodo. "Z božjo milostjo" so enega rešili. Drugi je utonil... Z božjo nemilostjo?

Čas je podvržen večnemu napredovanju in človeške stvari imajo vsakih petdeset let drugačno obliko; tako da je ono, kar je l. 1800 popolnost, l. 1850 že morda zločin.

Ni nikake patrijotične umetnosti in nikake patrijotične znanosti. Obe pripadata, kakor vse velike dobrine, celemu svetu in jih more pospeševati le menjajoče se delovanje vseh.

Priroda ne pozna zaprek in kaznuje vsako nedelavnost.

Započeti in poprijeti je temelj mojsterstva.

## Kužek in sultan

Zgodilo se je nekdanj, da se je izgubil kužek od svojega gospodarja. Klatil se je okoli ves božji dan in šele na večer pricapljal proti domu. Luna je svetila in prav lepa, jasna noč je bila. Pred hišo je stal sultan in vsprejel ubogega kužka z jeznim lajanjem. Utihnil je šele, kadar je prišel prav blizu, da ga je lahko spoznal.

"A kako je to, kužek, da si danes sam?" vpraša ga sultan.

"Izgubil sem se, izgubil, dragi sultan; a kaj pa ti delaš tu zunaj?"

"I glej ga, hišo varujem, kakor se psu spodobi. Kaj ti nimaš takega opravila?"

"Oj nikdar!" vzklikne kužek ponosno, "jaz delam vse kaj drugega. Kadar sem pri gospodi, postavljam se na zadnje noge, podajam zdaj levo, zdaj desno tačico, skačem čez palico . . . in druge take umetnosti.

Vidiš, sultan, moje delo je vse bolj imenitno nego tvoje."

Kaj je hotel sultan reči na tako hvalisanje? Sram ga je bilo in molčal je.

Kar se zdajci priplazi izza zida siv, gladen volk. Rep se mu vleče po tleh, oči se mu bliskajo kakor dva žareča oglja.

Hej! To je pobral kužek pete in jih odnesel v hišo. Tako se je tresel, kakor da bi ga ravnokar iz vode potegnili.

Ne tako sultan! Pogumno je skočil pred volka, pozdravil ga z glasnim renčanjem in mu pokazal obenem svetle, bele zobe, da se to volku ni prav nič dobro zdelo in da je nemudoma zapustil nevarnega soseda.

No, ko ga je tako odpodil, legel je sultan zopet lepo pred hišna vrata, nekoliko zamižal in pomislil: "Hm, kuže, z vsemi svojimi umetnijami si vendar-le strahopetnež!"

**Ribe** postanejo polagoma krotke, da jih lahko krmimo z roko. S silo seveda tega ne dosežemo, pač pa polagoma s potrpežljivostjo in ljubeznijo!

**Kokoši in druge ptice** ne padejo raz veje, dasi spe. S kremplji se veje ali klina tako oprimejo, da popolnoma mirno počivajo.

**Ptičice se selijo celo leto**, zdaj so te, zdaj one na potu. Mnoge potujejo samo ponoči. Zvezdoslovci, ki opazujejo zvezde, jih mnogokrat vidijo.

**Ribo uporabljajo kot svečo** Indijanci v Kolumbiji. Zažgo njen rep, ki gori z rumenkastim plamenom.



### Dragi čitatelji!

Še vedno ni toliko pisem od Vas v slovenskem jeziku, kakor bi jaz rad videl. Ker vem, da vsi čitate Chatter Corner, vam ne bom tistega ponavljal v "Našem kotičku", samo to ponovim, da prihodnjo številko, napolnite Naš kotiček s slovenskimi pismi. Če sami ne morete, pa prosite ata ali mamo, da vam pomagata.

V bodoče bo Mladinski list izhajal vsaki mesec nekoliko preje, tako dolgo, da bo začel izhajati ob prvem vsakega meseca. Ako hočete, da bo Vaše pismo v Našem kotičku tisti mesec kot ga pišete, torej pošljite kakor hitro ste rešili uganke. Oktoberska številka Mladinskega lista bo izšla okoli desetega, zato je zadnji čas, da prispevke pošljete vsaj okoli 1. oktobra.

Vsi tisti, kateri tekmujete s prispevki in hočete biti med prvimi, ne pozabite, da bodo to leto izšle samo še tri številke Mladinskega lista. Pošljite kako pesmico, malo povest ali pravljico, kratkočasnico ali kaj takega, kar sami radi čitate. Če ste skozi leto veliko prispevali Mladinskemu listu, bo to pomagalo, da dobite toliko lepšo nagrado. Za najboljše prispevatelje imam že izbrane knjige, da jih boste veseli.

Iz Delmonta, Pa., piše v Mladinski list Justina Paulich. Njeno pismo se glasi:

"Jaz rada čitam Mladinski list in Prosveto. V Mladinskem listu imam rada pesmi, povesti in članke. Zadnji mesec smo premalo pisali v slovenskem jeziku. V angleškem so več. Nas člani mladinskega oddelka zanima Mladinski list, čitam pa tudi Prosveto na strani "The Young S. N. P. J." in tudi povest "Hlapec Jernej in njegova pravica."

Iz Roundupa, Montana, mi piše daljše pismo Olga Zobek:

"To je moje prvo pismo v Mladinski list. Mama pravi, da se moram učiti slovensko. Mislim, da je prav tako. Angleško se učimo v šoli. Zato mislim, da je Mladinski list za slovenski poduk.

Jaz znam čitati in pisati po slovensko. Imam staro mamo in očeta v starem kraju in vedno jima pišem po slovensko, ker drugače ne razumejo.

Stara sem trinajst let in sem v osmem razredu. Imam sestro, ki zna tudi dobro slovensko. V kratkem tudi ona piše v Mladinski list. Jaz mislim, da bi moral vsak bratec in sestra se učiti slovensko. Sprva je malo težko, a malo po malo se navadimo. Samo volje je treba.

Dragi bratci in sestrice, ne zamerite, ker tako pišem. To so moje misli.

Želim, da bi Mladinski list prišel vsaki teden. Rada bi vedela, koliko bo slovenskih dopisov za "Klub veselih članov S. N. P. J." Pozdrav vsem dopisovalcem Mladinskega lista.

Vaša sestra — Olga Zobek."

K temu pismu ne morem prav nič dostaviti. Še malo vaje, pa boš sestra Olga znala tako dobro, da bo veselje. Le piši še, pa mamo pozdravi, ker te uči.

**Urednik.**







# JUVENILE



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## IN SCHOOL-DAYS

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
 A ragged beggar sunning;  
 Around it still the sumachs grow,  
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
 Deep scarred by raps official;  
 The warping floor, the battered seats,  
 The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
 Its door's worn sill, betraying  
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
 Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
 Shone over it at setting;  
 Lit up its western window-panes,  
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
 And brown eyes full of grieving,  
 Of one who still her steps delayed  
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
 Her childish favor singled:  
 His cap pulled low upon a face  
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
 To right and left, he lingered;—  
 As restlessly her tiny hands  
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
 The soft hand's light caressing,  
 And heard the tremble of her voice,  
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
 I hate to go above you,  
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
 That sweet child-face is showing.  
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
 How few who pass above him  
 Lament their triumph and his loss,  
 Like her,—because they love him.



# Land Hunger<sup>\*)</sup>

By Lovro Kuhar

Translated by Louis Adamic.

From Ljubljanski Zvon (Slovenian Literary Monthly)

My father was a peasant. He had no land of his own; he rented it from others. We moved from one place to another; and the frequent moving stamped my youth with unpleasant memories. My earliest recollections are of a cheerful home in the country, an indescribably beautiful, sunshine-flooded place. But that was not my birthplace. When I was older, I learned that mother gave me life elsewhere and had brought me in her arms to this fairy-tale home. When I was about eight years old, father and I happened to pass my birthplace.

'See, that is where you were born,' said father in a solemn voice. I looked and shuddered.

Presently we left the pleasant home on the hill. Whv. I do not know; I think father had quarreled with the owner. At that time I did not yet clearly comprehend such things.

I remember that moving. The sun was shining. In front of us someone drove a well-loaded wagon; behind it, father led the cow by a chain, and then I came with mother, who carried a baby, my brother, in her arms. Mother's eyes were red from weeping; she often glanced at me and at the little house which stood on the hilltop amid trees and sloping fields, flooded with sunshine. Whenever father looked back, mother would look at the ground and try to hide her grief. Coming to the edge of the wood, where the old home disappeared from view, she could no longer restrain herself and sobbed loudly.

Even as a baby I liked best to be near father. Whenever I could I accompanied him at his tasks. He had a habit of talking to himself. At first, of course, I could not understand; but gradually I began to comprehend. He would often pause in his work, tighten his fists, and, forgetting my presence,

sigh: 'Oh, if a man could own his own land, he would work with pleasure! But this way — Ah, if I could only buy some!'

Often he held lengthy discourses with himself; but as soon as he saw me near him, he looked confused, embarrassed. Thus I became conscious of his suffering very early. I heard his bones squeak, and saw how, under the hot sun or from exertion, the hot, dirty sweat streamed down his face, making his bushy mustache sticky and his clothing wet. Sometimes he took off his hat in the middle of his work, started to pray in a loud voice, and told me to pray, too.

Sometimes he filled his pipe and smoked, thoughtfully gazing into the dark tree-tops. On these occasions his eyes blazed with an especially fierce flame of longing.

'If it were mine . . .' he mumbled at intervals. Then his face would come under a shadow and he would again burden himself with the sack, starting on the last lap homeward.

Gradually I began to ponder over father's conversations with himself, which I had heard so often. I asked myself why we had no 'home of our own,' as father said. The question was too puzzling, and I decided to ask mother.

'Oh, there are many others who have not got their own homes, just like us,' she answered.

'Why?' I persisted.

'Because it has always been this way.'

'Why has it always been this way?'

'Because it has! There must be poor people and rich people in the world. That's how God made it!'

I was perplexed. God! Hadn't both father and mother always taught me that He was infinitely good, merciful, and righteous? And this that I heard now was plainly an injustice! So, by an edict of God had my parents been doomed to live in poverty;

\*) Reprinted from the Living Age with the kind permission of the Editor.

but why? They were both so good and suffered so much day after day. Why couldn't they have their own house and land, for which father so often so yearningly sighed? Why didn't God hear his plea? My young, developing mind could not understand this logic.

When speaking to others about him, father always referred to the count, on whose estate we had come to live, as 'gospod count'; but in his own discourses, or sometimes when he was very angry, he spoke of him as 'that cursed count'. I had queer ideas of this count, whom I had heard mentioned very, very often, but whom I had never seen. They said that he lived somewhere far away in a great city, and that he was right next to the Emperor. Among the trees in the valley could be seen a great white castle, his summer home. Frequently I sat for hours gazing with a secret, curious fear at the splendid structure. I compared it with castles in fairy tales.

One day I ventured to ask father about the count.

'Is he a person just like us, that count?' I asked.

'He is and—Yes, he is like the rest of us,' father replied humbly.

'Why is he called a "count" then?' I asked.

'Because he is rich. They say he has blue blood; but I guess he has hell!' Then he proceeded to tell me something about the man's wealth. 'All this country that you see south of here is his. But this is only a trifle of what he owns. He has property like this in many other parts—factories, where thousands and thousands of workmen work for him day and night; and he has great palaces and castles . . .'

I was amazed by his account of the count's wealth, and when I asked him how a man could become so terribly rich father was vexed and answered harshly: 'Poor people made it for him, like we are doing it for him here. But the Devil will take him the same as me!' By 'the Devil' he meant 'death,' I thought, and was satisfied with the explanation.

Then one day I saw the count. Though I was very small, I distinctly remember the event. It was an afternoon in summer. Mother and father were working in the field, while I was home, digging with a hoe a hole alongside a pond. Beside me my younger brother was playing in the dust. We were both dirty and muddy.

Suddenly a group of people appeared in the courtyard; among them I recognized the estate-manager from the castle, who had been frequently coming to the house. With him was a strange, very tall gentleman, quite ordinarily clothed, carrying a cane, and listening to the manager, who was evidently explaining to him an important matter. They went out to the front. Behind them walked a tall, beautiful lady who carried a parasol and was accompanied by a young and handsome gentleman with a smoothly combed head of hair. On his arm leaned a lovely girl, her throat bared. Her parasol and fan dangled from the young gentleman's other arm.

Behind them was running a boy of about ten years, playing with a common hazel-stick. As he saw us, he came over, stopped in front of us, and began staring at us arrogantly. The rest of them stayed in the yard, looking around, laughing, and talking in a strange, incomprehensible language.

I was beginning to feel ashamed. I was conscious of my poverty and uncleanness, and was thinking of hiding myself. My little brother sat in the dust, wholly undisturbed, holding his thumb in his mouth, as he was generally in the habit of doing. I had seen before gospoda,—gentry,—but these faces now before me seemed extraordinary, queer, strang, cold.

'Hey, you over there!' the estate-manager then spoke up with a voice of authority, which he immediately changed to a kind tone. 'Where is your father?'

I barely managed to stutter that father was in the field.

'Go quick and call him! Tell him that "gospod count" is waiting for him,' said the manager.

I ran as fast as my feet would take me and called father. When he heard who it was wanted to see him, he was terror-stricken for a spell, changing color and glancing at mother.

'Would you go?' he said. 'I wonder what he wants with me.'

'Being that he is calling you, go ahead and see. Everything is clean inside the house, so you can take them in.' Mother was trying to put him at ease.

Father went and I ran behind him. He was afraid of meeting the count, because, as an ordinary man, he did not know how to associate with the gospoda; perhaps also because his conscience bothered him. He took off his hat as if he already stood before the count, then again replaced it. He looked at his clothing, then at his huge, calloused, scarred hands, dirty with soil and manure. He tried to wipe them on his pants and asked me if he was black in the face. As I answered that he was not, he was relieved, and said: 'I don't care what I look like, anyhow. The count knows well enough that I am a workman.'

Finally we reached the house. The count's family had in the meantime seated themselves under the linden tree. Father removed his hat before he got anywhere near them, and, holding it in his hands, he approached the linden, stopped by the table, and greeted them respectfully.

'The count wishes to know you and see how you are getting along,' said the estate manager.

'Good, good—I am contended — Quite well—' father hurried to answer, and began to laugh, twirling his hat in his hands. When in embarrassing situations such as this, father had the habit of laughing aloud and continually, without having any reason for laughing. Then he thought of the possibility of the count's raising the rent, if he praised himself too much, and quickly added: 'Quite well; only, you see, one must work—work.' And he laughed again.

'Maybe the gospoda counts would like to drink a little cider?' he thought of saying. 'It isn't bad—not bad—quite good!'

The count turned to the rest of them, who showed interest; then the manager told father to go and get some.

Father brought out a large flagon of cider, as many glasses as there were mouths, and a large loaf of rye bread. He blew the dust off the table and placed everything before them.

The family helped themselves, laughed at the black bread, and nodded at the cider, while father stood by and laughed. He was growing bolder and spoke much, supposing that to talk was the proper thing to do. He said he hoped they would excuse him for having only black bread and remarked about how nice the count's children were.

(To be continued.)



# Slavs

## A Review of Their Prehistoric and Early-historic Movements.

In the ages not conceivable to the historian there lived in Eastern Europe a great group of Indo-European nations—the Slavs. They populated the countries from the Adriatic up to the Northern Sea on the West, and to the Ural Mountains and the borders of China on the East. It is not known when this enormous Indo-European branch immigrated from Central Asia into Europe; it happened once in the prehistoric eras when the nations had grown and found themselves too congested in the small hilly provinces of Asia.

Originally, the Slavic tribes were called "Serbs" (Serbi) which means in old Slavic language "fellow countrymen", but foreigners, and Germans especially, called them "Venedi," "Vindi", or "Vinidi." Under this name the Slavs were known to Romans and Greeks from the seventh century before Christ. "Vanes" was the Scandinavian name for Slavs.

The best information about the early historic Slavs was given by the father of Greek history, Herodotos, who lived in the fifth century before Christ. According to his account the Slavs lived somewhere on the banks of the Dnieper River which flows into the Black Sea. His story relates of a "half barbaric race which plows the fields and raises sheep and cattle."

From the low lands, near the Black Sea coast the Slavs spread westward into Pannonia and Illyria. After numerous battles with previous settlers they established their homes on the Adriatic coast and in the provinces north. The strongest population centered on the fertile grounds of the central valley of the Danube River. On the western and northern sides, they encountered new enemies, other half barbarians, the Germans.

With the spread of the Roman Empire, the early Slavs became more known. In the second century after Christ the Slavs on the North pushed the Germans living on the coast

of the Baltic Sea farther inland to Pomerania (Slavic—Pomorje). Even the Roman armies had hard struggles with Slavs who often attacked their settlements. As the Germanic races hated the superior warriors of Rome, who came to devastate their country and rob them of their herds, they often united with the Slavs and fought together against the Romans. This occurred in the low lands of what is Germany today as well as on the grounds of Slovenia and Austria.

After the immigration of Goths into the northern coastland of the Black Sea, parts of the Slavic tribes were subdued under the Gothic King Ermanarik (332-350), but they were freed of this supremacy by Huns, barbaric hordes that had recently emigrated from Asia. The reign of the Huns was peaceful and conditions between both nations were rather friendly. On account of this union with the Huns, the Slavs were often called by that name.

The great kingdom of Huns was destroyed with the fall of the Roman Empire. This meant more liberty for the Slavs, who now spread far into the West. Small sections of them reached as far as France, but they were so much isolated that they lost their language and customs and accepted the customs and languages of other nations which surrounded them.

Other Slavic groups made permanent settlements. Their old home name of "Serbs" was practically forgotten and was retained only for two sections—the Serbs, who are part of present Jugoslavia, and the Serbs of Lushice who are remains of a Slavic nation in Germany, surrounded by Germans.

Instead of "Serbs" the Slavic nations were, from the fifth century, called "Slavs", "Slovani", "Slavini", or "Sclavini". In the sixth century the Slavic race was divided into two main linguistic branches: Slavs and Antes. The Slavs comprised the groups

which are today the nations of Western and Northwestern Slavs, while the Antes were the ancestors of the Eastern and Northeastern Slavic groups. The Antes were people of war, and about the 384 they were ruled by a duke, Bože. A Gothic King, Vinithar, invaded their country, he captured the duke of Antes and crucified him and his sons.

The name "Antes" was lost in the seventh century and historians no longer mentioned them by other name than Slavs. Even the name "Venedi", "Vindi", and others, were lost. The language of the settled Slavs began to differ, and the nations acquired new names, but still reserved their general name — the Slavs.

## THE JOY TIME TAKES AWAY

Lord Byron, who wrote this poem, never qualified to write of Youth and Age. He died when he was only thirty-six. But here he shows how Time will take away the Joy of Age after a mis-spent youth.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away  
When the glow of early thought declines in feelings dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for other's woes, it dare not dream its own;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept over many a vanished scene;  
As springs in desert found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,  
So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.



# The United States of Europe

The Americans are often tempted to speak as if Europe had seen its best days. Europe appears to Americans in the light of an ancient but worn-out civilization. Europeans are regarded as unenterprising beings who lack the push-and-go of the New World, and cling to old customs and out-of-date ways.

But wise Americans know better than this. The United States citizen who travelled over Europe, knows that American continent can offer him nothing to equal the priceless possessions in Europe. So we see tens of thousands of rich Americans flocking to Europe every year to see the treasures which can not be acquired, and to enjoy culture which can not be built up in a year. No similar stream crosses the Atlantic from Europe. If Europeans visit America, they go on business. Many a cultured European who saw American cities expressed his opinion that he could not imagine life in American cities to be particularly desirable. The World is more than a factory.

The attitude of some untravelled Americans can be easily understood; it is that of the spoiled child of a rich house who, because his father has plenty of money, looks down on the children not so well fed, so well dressed, or so well housed. Or it is like the conduct of a man suddenly grown wealthy who boasts of his possessions, rattles his money in his pockets, wears a big diamond, and is generally offensive to those who have not been so lucky as he.

It is an infinite pity, for, after all, it is not difficult for a nation to become rich if it has such big coal mines, iron mines, lead mines, silver mines, copper mines, oil fields, forests, and vast areas of fertile soil as are found from Atlantic to Pacific and from Canada to Rio Grande.

In these facts lies the secret of America's success in manufacturing, for successful manufacturing rests on natural resources. Seeing the richness of her natural possessions, there is really no cause for surprise at the magnitude of American production.

The possession of a great rich land and the size of the problems to be dealt with have fitted the Americans for handling big problems in a big way.

Take the case of an American railway engineer. He has to devise the means, not to cross a small island like England, or a big country like Germany, but to cross a continent. Thus his work does not deal with hundreds but with thousands of miles, and he becomes accustomed to working on a large scale.

Then think of the effect of this colossal railway work on the industries supplying the railways. The railway companies need enormous quantities of rails, sleepers, cars, wagons, and so on, and therefore the industries supplying these work also on a big scale.

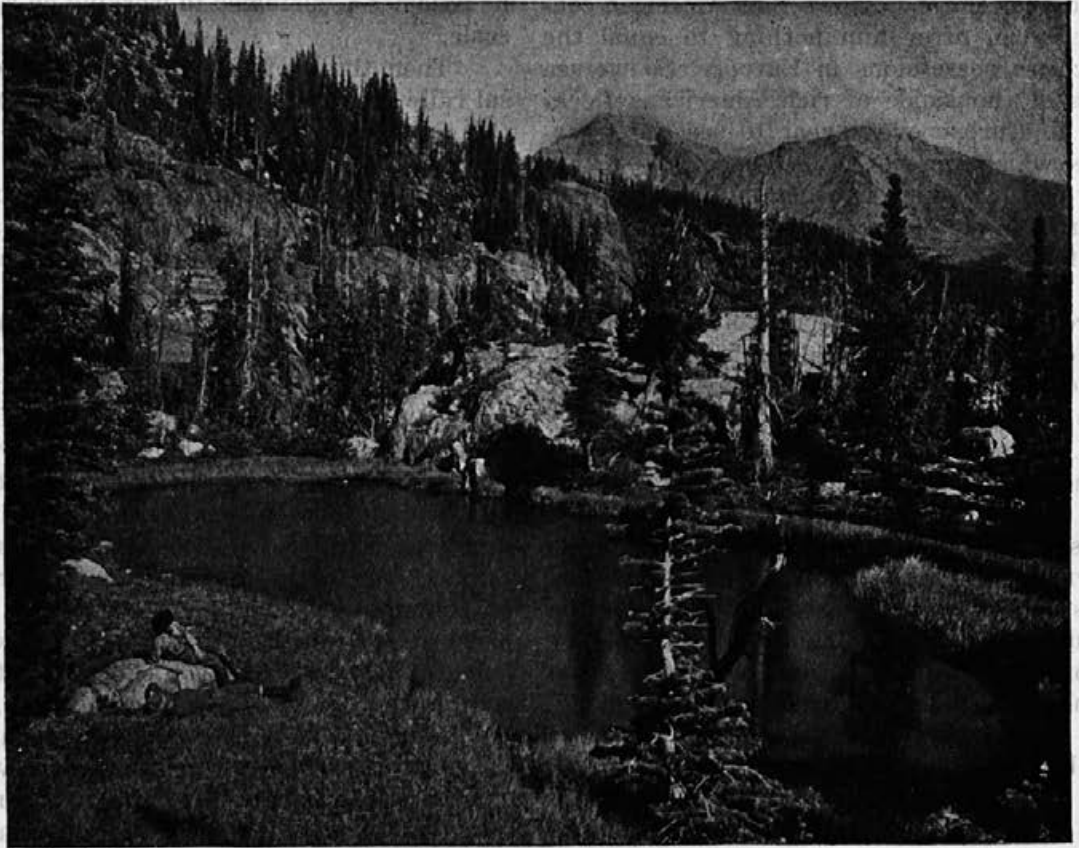
There is no gainsaying the magnitude of American work. It arises quite naturally out of quite natural circumstances. Europe, however, is divided up into many nations, speaking different tongues, using varying coinage, weights, and measures, different widely in customs and habits, and severed by those barriers which arise out of national differences. One often hears American expressions which refer to these European differences as if they were matter for surprise or contempt. The student of affairs, who looks at the world with appreciative knowledge and historical vision, knows that Europe is the cradle of white civilization, and the nationalities existing in Europe today are the natural product of centuries of development in times when the swiftest means of communication was the speed of a horse, and when the settlement of groups of mankind in different places produced nations with varying customs.

Europe is what she is because of her history, and her history represents the struggles of varying races who have had to acquire slowly and painfully the knowledge, the literature, the arts, the science, the culture, which a new land can now adapt without struggle, without research, and without payment.

And even when we come to industry, Europe has nothing whatever to be ashamed of in its work as compared with America's. The truth is that where America shines is in big engineering works, a fact which has naturally arisen from her great needs; but when it comes to the kinds of manufacturing most allied with life and culture, America does not compare well with Europe.

We see this prominently in the case of clothes. America fails to produce best clothes

to be conceived in Europe. Perhaps the most striking scientific discoveries of recent years have been radium, the wireless, the obtaining of nitrogen from the atmosphere, artificial silk, the steam turbine, and the internal combustion engine which made possible the motor car and aeroplane. All these things originated in Europe. Thus it is, also, with medicine and surgery. The great advances of recent years have been almost entirely European.



A Lake in Colorado Rockies.

which are made in England, France, and other countries of Europe. If American shop wishes to attract the best customers, it boasts that it has stuff from Europe. So it is with other industrial arts. American furniture, glass, jewelry, china and earthenware can not compare well with those in Europe.

This is true of science. Americans are inventive, but the major inventions continue

So that America is not only the child of Europe in historical sense, she is still learning from Europe. It is abundantly clear, therefore, that Europe is far from being played out. She is newly devastated by the greatest war of history, and she has lived and progressed through many troubled centuries. Never, however, were her people more alive to possibilities. The soil of the



Old World was never more fertile than now in eager spirits and talented men and women.

If Europeans could but kill the spirit of ill-will, and bring about a United States of Europe, what might not be the fruit of the rich genius of Europeans.

A greater unity in business, in thought, in aims, and in sympathy is required to awaken in all the nations of Europe the ambition of being good Europeans as well as good Britons, Russians, Germans, Jugoslavs, Bohemians, Italians, Frenchmen, or what not. What the world most needs is a great, combined movement to establish a United Europe.

If a spirit of continental co-operation could be introduced, think of the artificial troubles that would be swept away as if by a breeze of mental and moral health. There would be no more reluctance on the part of Germany to allow the now great inland country of Poland to have a sufficient outlet to the Baltic. Instead of that the simple jus-

tice of arrangement would be a cause for German pleasure. There would be no desire on the part of Italy to pen Jugoslavia within the mountains that skirt the Adriatic coast, but convenient railway across to convenient ports would be provided as a matter of course from the central plains; and Italians would not try to Italianize the Slovenes. Similarly, Greece would not be excited by the fear of Jugoslavia and Bulgaria having an ample outlet into the Eastern Mediterranean. France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland would be of one mind and purpose in passing their drainage waters through the Low Countries to the North Sea in times of flood, and the use of navigable waters would be unhampered by restrictions. Instead of standing in the way of neighbor nations, each would seek to cultivate the European mind and to show the World that Europe has the broad outlook necessary for peaceful and reasonable life within her own borders, for the universal prosperity of her own mixed but friendly races.

## Plants That Almost Think

**They Steal Food, Attack, Defend, Have All Senses Except Hearing—Strange Stories of Man-Eating Trees and Vegetable Criminals.**

Have plants feelings? Do they think? Have they, like men and animals, sensitive brains and nervous systems? These are questions that scientists have been discussing with renewed interest since, in a recent lecture delivered at University College, London, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, a distinguished Indian plant psychologist, revealed the results of astonishing experiments in which he found, he said, that plants react to pain, poisons and danger in much the same manner that man reacts.

In his laboratory at Presidency College, Calcutta, Sir Jagadis declared, a delicate electrical apparatus known as a "resonant

recorder" revealed amazing facts about the crowded world of vegetation. A carrot winced at pain! When he touched a sensitive plant with fire, not only did the leaves shrink away and fold up, but the branch bearing them dropped sharply to escape the flame. Many plants, he found, believe in a ten-hour day, for they sleep all night, and, like many humans, doze from six to nine in the morning. Other plants seldom sleep. He was able, he said, to produce an artificial paralysis in a plant nerve, and then cure it with a treatment found to be effective in the removal of paralysis in animals. Thin plants, he found, are more excitable than stout plants, and plants grown under glass, while they look healthy, really are flabby.

Some other American scientists hint that their Indian colleague has been mixing Hindoo mysticism with modern science.

Nearly all agree, however, that research seems to show a striking likeness between plant reaction and human reaction.

Except that plants are by their nature stationary, rooted to the ground and hence unable to wander about in search of food and comforts, they match in almost every particular the life processes, habits, and activities of man and the other animals. Plants are born into the world as the result of a union between two previous individuals of their species. They marry and raise families quite as man does. They grow hungry and thirsty, and they satisfy their appetites with food and water, digesting and assimilating food products as the animals do. They have respiratory organs with which they breathe.

Their economic life, too, is almost as well defined as that of the animals. They barter and exchange, exercising where necessary a talent for business that is quite amazing. There are thieves, bandits and shirkers in the world of plants, just as there are in the world of men. Plant society has its social scale. Plants know riches and poverty. They adapt themselves to their environment, clothing themselves against the cold, ingeniously manufacturing their food where Nature fails to supply it, changing their structure or the color of their flowers to suit the necessities of their surroundings. Evidence that plants possess intelligence of a sort is to be observed everywhere. Apparently, scientists say, they possess all the senses except hearing. They use weapons to defend themselves against attack. In short, just like man and the animals, they come into the world and fulfill their natural destiny, living, rejoicing, and suffering, and at last dying and leaving behind descendants to continue their line.

Probably it is the marvelous instinct—or intelligence—displayed by plants in their struggle for life that is responsible for the most remarkable story we have heard regarding the wonders of the vegetable kingdom.

A Man-Eating tree! Such was the monster of the vegetable kingdom described some years ago by Carle Liche, a traveler in Madag-

ascar, in a letter to Dr. Omelius Fredlowski—a letter which attracted world-wide attention. Liche's account was dramatic. Traveling in the remote interior of the island with a party of savage natives of the Mkodo tribe, he had seen the tree himself—a pineapple-shaped vegetable eight feet high, and thick in proportion, with hanging leaves twelve feet long and armed with terrible thorny spikes. Horror-struck, he had seen an unfortunate native driven by the spears of his fellow-tribesmen into the deadly embrace of the closing leaves as a human sacrifice to the worshipped devil-tree; had seen him crushed slowly to death. Passing that way a few weeks later, he had seen the leaves unfolded again, and under them a few bones! The tree had devoured its victim, and was lying in wait for another.

Later Dr. Chase Salmon Osborn, ex-governor of Michigan, veteran traveler, and the only American member of the Madagascar Academy of Science, visited Madagascar. While he did not see the man-eating tree, he learned much about it from the natives of various tribes—so much that he decided that Liche's weird story must have been built on a foundation of solid fact.

From Central America comes another story of a man-eating tree. An explorer, returning from Nicaragua, reported in a lecture that he had seen a tree whose tentacles sucked the blood from any animal unfortunate enough to come into contact with them; that his dog had become enmeshed in the foliage of this carnivorous vegetable, and that in trying to rescue the animal, he—the explorer—had fallen into the grip of the hungry tentacles, and had escaped with his life only at the cost of the loss of portions of flesh from his hands and legs.

"Bunk!" you may exclaim. But is it all "bunk"? Darwin believed that certain plants live on insects that they capture, and botanists of today are familiar with several plants which are at least insect-capturing, if not insect-devouring.

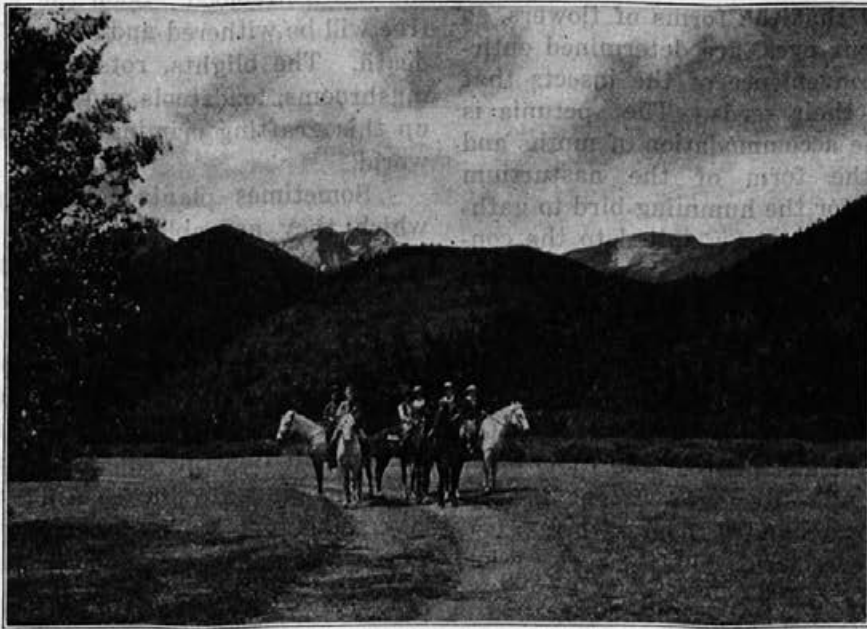
The best-known varieties of insect-capturing plants are the pitcher plant and the Venus fly-trap. The pitcher plant has leaves

shaped like pitchers, the tops of the pitchers being delicately-balanced lids. The bottom of each pitcher holds a colorless fluid with an odor attractive to insects, and its inner walls are covered with fine hairs, normally pointing downward. An insect pushes open the lid, and enters. When it tries to depart it finds the lid closed and the hairs bristling. It struggles against its fate until it falls exhausted into the fluid at the bottom of the pitcher and is drowned.

The Venus fly-trap, a beautiful plant with delicate, fragile flowers at the ends of slender stems, is as deadly. Each of its

go forth in the world in search for mates. With the kind assistance of Mother Nature, however, they have evolved ingenious methods of circumventing the disadvantages of their lack of mobility.

There are two plant sexes, which sometimes are combined on the same stem or in the same flower—for the flowers are the reproductive parts of plants. The male portion of the flowers, known as stamens, shed a yellow powder, called pollen. In the female portion of the flowers, called pistis, are produced the ovules, or young seeds. Pollen must be brought to the ovules for them to



A Jolly Expedition.

leaves is equipped with teeth, and with three sensitive hairs. When one of these hairs is disturbed by contact with an insect's body, the leaf folds together, its teeth interlocking. Then surface glands give off a sticky fluid, and the insect is held prisoner until death ends its struggles to escape.

As with animals, the strongest instinct that plants possess is the instinct of self-preservation. As with animals, too, their second strongest instinct is the instinct of reproduction. Unlike animals, plants, being locked to the ground by their roots, cannot

become fertile—seeds capable of entering the ground and becoming young plants.

In plants such as the goldenrod, thistle and dandelion, which have flower tops that are soft, light and feathery, this transfer of pollen is a simple matter. It is brushed off and carried by the wind to fertilize the ovules of other plants. But other varieties of plants are made so that the pollen cannot be carried about by the breeze. Insects, such as the bee and the butterfly—each, according to the laws of nature, concerned only with its own battle for life, must be per-

sueded to do this necessary work. Deep down in the flowers of such plants is a store of an exceedingly sweet substance called nectar, which is most attractive to insects. In search of this nectar, the insects visit the flowers, and, as they remove it, the pollen adheres to their legs and heads. On their next plant visits the pollen is brushed off and fertilizes the tiny ovules.

But competition is keen in the vegetable world, and the plants have found that it pays to advertise. They attract the attention of roving insects by brightly colored flowers, or by sweet-smelling perfumes. Scientists say that the forms of flowers, so beautiful to our eyes, are determined entirely for the convenience of the insects that help fertilize their seeds. The petunia is shaped for the accommodation of moths and butterflies, the form of the nasturtium makes it easy for the humming bird to gather its nectar, the sage is suited to the convenience of the bee.

The wily plants use even man—who usually considers himself the lord of all creation—to help spread their seeds. When you throw away a peach, or plum, or orange, or cherry pit, you are falling into a trap which a cunning plant has set for you. The plant wanted those pits—its seeds—to get into the ground, so it surrounded them with a sweet, luscious pulp that you would be sure to eat,

but made the pits so hard that you would be as sure to throw them away.

There is a criminal class in the plant world—plants that are grafters, bandits, or even murderers. Like human criminals, they make an easy living by preying on the hard-working members of their community. Few plants die a natural death—they are murdered by the thugs of the vegetable world. A tree will continue to grow, year after year, until a branch breaks because it has become too heavy to support its own weight. Then a deadly fungus will attack the rich sap—the tree's lifeblood. Soon the whole sturdy tree will be withered and rotten. Then comes death. The blights, rots, molds, mildews, mushrooms, toadstools and other fungi make up this grafting criminal class of the plant world.

Sometimes plants have weapons with which they are able to defend themselves against such enemies as browsing animals, insects and fungi. Thorns, and the poison of such plants as poison ivy and poison oak, are such weapons. Sometimes plants, in an effort to defend themselves against their enemies, enter into alliance with insects. The accacia of Central America, for example, gives lodgings to meat-eating ants, which pay their rent by driving away leaf-eating ants which come to attack the plant.



## Will You Come Into My Basket? Said the Piper to the Snake

What strange ways there are of making a living! Who would think that people could support themselves by collecting snake-venom? Yet there is a market for it, because in Italy and South America and Melbourne scientific men extract the poison from snakes in order to find antidotes for it, and so find a way to save some of the thousands of lives lost each year in both hemispheres from snake-bite. In this work there is a poor travelling tribe among the jungled islands of the Sunderbunds which takes a share.

The Sunderbunds lie in the Delta of the Ganges, and among these numberless islands a tribe of people moves about in matting-sheltered boats, in which they live and die. They are the gipsies of the Sunderbunds, a tribe without any other habitation than their houseboats, and living on what they can pick up out of the water or from the dense islands. From the islands they collect snakes, the more poisonous the better. The snakes are of no use to them, though, strange as it seems, they are also of no harm. They are sold to Calcutta and then transported to other countries. Calcutta is the market for snake venom.

A traveller who has recently been there describes these curious people and their ways. He met a fleet of their houseboats, twenty strong. The boats were long, narrow, canoe-shaped vessels about twenty feet long, with a rounded cover of matting, and divided into two cabins. The family slept in one cabin, the other was their store-room, larder, and kitchen. Their menagerie they kept outside on the roof, and these private zoos contained cocks and hens and snakes. The snakes were kept in closed baskets.

The snakes kept the family. They were their means of livelihood and the more poisonous the snakes the more can be got for them. The Sunderbund water gipsies secure the snakes by searching for them on the

densely-wooded islands—with a reed pipe! The traveller who tells the tale went hunting with one of the snake catchers, who brought also with him three or four women from the other boats to act as beaters. The women spread out in open order among the scrub of an island to find a likely place. The man who was seeking snakes presently drew out his pipe and began to play on it a soft melody in a plaintive minor key. It grew louder and louder, and then changed its rhythm to something that was like a dancing tune, interspersed with sudden runs up the scale.

Ten minutes passed while the tune went on. Then there was a rustle in the grass, and a big spectacled cobra glided forward. It came toward the piper, while the onlooker confesses that a shiver ran down his spine. Ten feet away the cobra raised its hooded head, and its eyes glittered. But the piper went on playing. The beat of the tune quickened. It became a jig, and the cobra began to sway to the music. Faster and faster the rhythm ran and the snake kept time, till, in a crescendo of sound the piping stopped, and the snake stopped, too. Before it had time to think the piper stepped forward, grasped it below the head, and thrust it into his basket. The snake made no movement to escape or to attack its captor.

In another hour the piper had added a python and another cobra to his bag, and, content with a good morning's work, the party returned to the boat. Other boats had gathered round, and in return for some fresh venison meat offered by the traveller, who was on a hunting expedition, they showed him their collection of live cobras. The cobras sometimes struck at their owners, but apparently without injuring them; the people are said to be immune from their poison. Otherwise the tribe is not peculiar, except in its love of venison, for which one woman offered in exchange—a baby!



### Dear Readers:

Our little sister, **Olga Zobek**, writes in Slovenian (see *Naš koticék*) that she would like to know how many of you will write for the "S. N. P. J. Joy-Givers Club" in Slovenian. That's what I would like to see. Let's fill the "*Naš koticék*" of October's issue with your letters. It does not matter if you cannot accomplish the task all by yourselves; your father's or your mother's assistance is allowed. However, it is best for you, if you write letters without others helping you.

I was already asked as to what will be required from the members of the "S. N. P. J. Joy-Givers Club." Let me explain to you that the obligations will vary from time to time. The members—all the readers of the *Mladinski* are members—who want to be real Joy-Givers of the S. N. P. J., will have to follow the instructions given in the *Chatter Corner* and in the "*Naš koticék*." One month we shall have a contest for the best original poem; another month we shall work on short stories and tales not containing more than a certain amount of words. We shall also have contests in jokes, puzzles etc.

You have already been making contributions of this kind, but I want to make it more interesting and on a bigger scale. Furthermore, this new Club, in which you will find joy as well as give it, will be of educational value to you. It will not only help you to know more about your mother tongue,

it will also give you knowledge of our organization, about its foundation, its progress, its existence, and its aims. This valuable knowledge you will acquire by contests which we shall have in short writings about the S. N. P. J.

I want you all to get interested in it and give your opinions. In the next issue you will read about other benefits you will have from the new Club.

\* \* \*

**Anna Grosser from Nokomis** wrote in her first letter:

"One of my sisters—she is older than I am—is in Chicago, but will be home soon.—Miss Angeline Crowley used to write to my sister, but now she gets no letters from her.—We all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge. I and my oldest brother were both in the hospital and we got \$50 from our lodge. \_\_\_\_\_"

\*

**Sister Pauline Kodolja from Conneaut, Ohio**, asks me to put this in the *Mladinski*:

"This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the fifth grade. I have three sisters and one brother; he is ten years old and in the fourth grade. My other sister is eight years old and in the third grade. The other two sisters are six years old and twins. They are in the first grade."

\*

**Sister Anna Berger from Chicago** is an ambitious girl. Look what she writes:

"I like to read all the articles in the M. L., especially the ones that girls and boys write. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade at Gary School. Pretty soon vacation will be over and I will be glad to go back to school and learn all the things that I still have to learn in order to be an educated and intelligent woman."

Sister Beatrice Kobi, 10 years old and in the fifth grade, writes from West Duluth, Minnesota:

"The vacation is over, and we have to put our thinking caps on and go to school. The vacation time passed so quick that it found us unprepared for school. We will have to work a little harder now to get into our heads what we had in before vacation."

Another letter I received from West Duluth, written by Beatrice's brother John. He is eleven and in the sixth grade. He says:

"One of the sisters of the S. N. P. J. from Aurora writes in the August issue of M. L. that she never read a letter from her State. I have written to the Mladinski before and she missed it.

"The weather is getting cold in our State; let's hope for some more warm days. This summer was very short; we only had warm days in July and August. Now we are heading for a Siberian winter which will be a long and weary. We, the children of poor workers, do not get enjoyment as we should."

Miss Veronica Bokulich, Powhatan Point, Ohio: "I like to read the Mladinski list. I am not a member of the S. N. P. J., but my father, mother, and my brother are. I am expecting to become a member soon. I am eight years old and in the fourth grade. My pets are: a cow, one dog, some chickens and two pigs."

Katherine Klarich from Detroit writes to her beloved Magazine:

"I just can't wait till the M. L. arrives, next month again. I have one brother and one sister, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. I wish some members would write to me. I am thirteen years of age and in the seventh grade."

Sophie Klemen from Euclid, Ohio, sent me a letter with jokes and this:

"I have written several letters for the Mladinski list" and I didn't see any from Euclid, Ohio. I am fourteen years old and this fall I will be going to the Euclid High School. I wish the girls who read the Mladinski list would write to me. My address is: Sophie Klemen, 20681 E. Miller ave., Euclid, O."

Her jokes are:

**More Luck than Sense.**

Teacher: "Willie, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Willie: "No 'm."

Teacher: "That's right."

**Clear.**

What is the best material for kites?

Answer: Fly paper.

—Flapper: Do you think this dress was cut too long?

Friend: How much was it?

In a letter from Mary C. Koroshetz, Johnstown, Pa., I read:

"I love to read the Magazine. I wish it would come weekly instead of monthly. I would like to see the home of the List. Our whole family belongs to the S. N. P. J. I am eleven and in the sixth grade. I go to the Village Street School."

Frances Racher from Niles, Ohio, writes:

"I love to read the Mladinski List, for its stories are interesting. I could hardly wait for it. I wish it would come once or twice a week."

Miss Mary Bubnich from Cleveland, Ohio, sent in the following joke:

Teacher: "Who can describe a caterpillar?"

Tommy: "I can, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, Tommy, what is it?"

"An upholstered worm."

\*\*\*

## ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES OF AUGUST ISSUE.

**Riddle No. 11: TEETH.**

Solved by Theresa Smith, Chicago.

**Riddle No. 12: MATCH.**

Solved by Theresa Smith, Chicago.

**Riddles No. 13: (By Hubert Jereb.)**

a) KEROSENE.

b) DONKEY.

Solved by Mary Widitz, Washoe, Montana.

**Riddles No. 14: (By Frances Gliko.)**

a) MOUNTAIN.

Solved by Mary Widitz, Washoe, Montana, and Theresa Smith, Chicago.

b) ROOSTER.

**Riddle No. 15 (By Frances Racher): WATER.**

Solved by Mary Widitz, Washoe, Montana, and Theresa Smith, Chicago.

**Riddle No. 16. (By Lena Chadash): MINER.**

Solved by Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio, and Theresa Smith.

**Riddle No. 17: ONIONS.**

Solved by Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio, and Theresa Smith.

Honorable Mention: Pauline Ramous, Morgan, Pa.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa., and Clarence Widmar, Presto, Pa., solved the Butterfly Puzzle in the July's issue before the August issue, with the answer to that puzzle, was printed, but their letters came too late for the last issue.

## PUZZLE NO. 18.

Big on the top  
Little below  
With the center  
As cold as snow.

\*

## PUZZLE NO. 19.

In his tail  
are many eyes  
And he looks  
most wonderous wise

## PUZZLE NO. 20.

By Mary Bubnič, Cleveland, Ohio.

Long like a stick,  
It has red in it  
And a nail in it.  
What is it?

\*

## PUZZLE NO. 21.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

What is the difference between Hunyady  
and a half starved countryman?

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