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UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:

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JUGOSLOVANSKI GOSLAR.

GLEJ, s staro svojo violino
prehajam goro in dolino
ter v mesta spejem in vasi,
ovira zame vreme ni.

Jaz druge nimam imovine
in nimam svoje domovine
in žene nimam ne otrok
goslar le samcat sem ubog!

Naj se godi mi kakorkoli,
veselje svoje, svoje boli
zaupam violini jaz,
spremljalki verni mi vsak čas.

Korak do vsakih vrat ubiram,
na pragu pojem tam in sviram,
a radodarne mi roke
v zahvalo mnogi groš dade.

Če radostno je srce moje,
veselo violina poje,
njen glas pa žalostno drhti,
če žalost me, obup mori . . .

Občinstvo rado me posluša,
miline se topi mu duša,
otrok z rokami ploska roj:
"Zasviraj še in še zapoj!"—

Pa pride dan; pred hišo zadnjo
zasviram svojo pesem jadno,
l'bodja pesem vtihne mi,
življenja luč upihne mi . . .

Tedaj v pokoj me odnesite,
zame molite in recite:
Tu si počij, goslar Martin,
saj bil na svetu si—trpin!

Janko Leban.

LEDENE ROŽE.

UJ, mraz! Suh in trd je mraz
priplazil iz lesovja
med mirna se domovja
v mesto in samotno vas.

Rože je grede sejal
kot solnce v mladoletju,
in okna v mrzlem cvetju
zableste, ko dan je vstal.

V soju pestrem, mavričnem
vsa okna lesketajo,
a rože se igrajo
v mladem solncu jutranjem.

Žarke v cvetje vse upre
in gorko ga poljublja,
a mraz se v gozd izgublja —
in rože v solzah se tope.

V. Klanšek.



MLADINSKI LIST

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Silv. Košutnik:

Kaznovan ponos.

V obširnem grmovju tik lepega vrta je živel večja družba polžev. Ker je bilo vroče poletje, a polž ne more prenašati suše, se je vsakdo izmed njih splazil v prvi in najbolj senčnat ter mokroten kotiček. Naposled je vendar začelo deževati in naši znanci so se jeli veselo razhajati. Pa res — vedno v enem in istem kotu počepati preseda naposled tudi najbolj dobrodušnemu polžu. Poznali so se med seboj najbolj po barvi svojih hišic, ki jo je vsak iz previdnosti dobre majke prirode nosil takoj s seboj na hrbtu. Da se predalet ne razidejo, je bila njihova dobra volja.

Najlepši in največji med njimi je bil polž, ki je imel najlepšo hišico, skoraj belo kakor sneg in polikano, da se je v poševnih solnčnih žarkih njena barva izpreminjala v krasno modrino. Zaradi tega so mu bili tovariši dali ime Modrin. Vsak izmed družbe je imel svoje ime, a najlepše ime je imel Modrin.

Pa se prigodi naključje, da ga zagleda delavec, ki je kopal na vrtu. Dvigne ga previdno in si ga ogleda. Ker je bil dobrosrčen človek, ga zopet položi na trato in reče: "Tako lepega polža pa res še nisem videl!"

Ta ocena je bila Modrinu na kvar; postal je namreč tako ponosen, da je začel prezirljivo gledati na svoje tovariše, ki so se mogli ponašati le z več ali manj rjavoprogastimi hišicami. Naposled mu je začela družba starih znancev presedati in z besedami: "Rjavci, ne maram vas več!" je sklenil, da odide med svet in si poišče tovarišev, ki bi bili enako njemu obdarjeni z enako krasnimi zavetišči, kakor je bilo njegovo.

Zgodnjega jutra, ko so še drugi polži spali, iztegne Modrin svoje truplo iz hišice in se s polževo najurnejšimi plezaji požene v svet.

Začetek potovanja mu je skrajno ugal, ker se je pred njim razprostirala obširna, z jutranjo roso obilno prepojena trata. Tovariši so ga sicer kmalu pogrešili, a niso mnogo žalovali za njim; njegova ošabnost, ki jo je kazal zadnje dni, jim ga je močno odtujila.

Toda glej — čez dva dni pa je bilo zopet izpopolnjeno njihovo število. Pridružil se jim je bil namreč novi tovariš, ki pa je imel skrajno skromno hišico, povrh še blatno in zaprašeno in ki se je tudi vedel svoji zunanosti primerno, namreč jako mirno in skromno. Radovoljno so ga vzeli v svojo družbo in mu po obilnem prahu na njegovi hišici dali ime Prahun. Bil je navidezno zadovoljen s tem imenom.

In zopet sta minila dva dneva, polna solne svetlobe in toplote. Tretjega dne pa se nebo mahoma zakrije s temnimi oblaki, a že v prihodnjem trenutku začne razsajati huda nevihta z bliskom in gromom in z neizmernimi golidami gostega dežja. Oh, kako so bili polži veseli in zadovoljni, ker so imeli vsak svojo trdo hišico, kjer so si poiskali varnega zavetja.

Nevihta ni trajala dolgo. Vihar je ponehal, oblaki so se razpršili in zopet je zasiljalo toplo solnce ter prijazno upiralo blagodejne žarke na mokro zemljo. Lepo vreme je polže novič izvabilo pod milo nebo. Toda kdo popiše njihovo začudenje!

"Glejte no — Modrin je zopet tukaj! Od kod si pa prišel?" so klicali drug za drugim.

"Da, da — Modrin sem in ne več Prahun, kakor ste me zvali zadnja dva dni!" se je oglasil tih in skromen glas. "Prosim vas, prijatelji, imenujte me še naprej z imenom, ki sem ga imel prvotno, a naklonite mi tudi novič svojo staro ljubezen! Spokoril sem se

in svet me je korenito ozdravil ter mi pregnal nadute misli iz glave."

Polži so se presenečeni primaknili k Modrinu in ta jim je začel pripovedovati svoje doživljaje.

"Ko sem zarano odšel na pot in po svoji možnosti najurneje korakal naprej, sem prišel čez nekaj časa do velike tekoče vode, kakršne še nisem videl prej in je še tudi vi niste videli. Oh, kako je bila široka! Da nisem mogel čez, boste umeli. Krenil sem torej za vodo, a ni je bilo konca. Drvil sem naprej in naprej, a kmalu so mi začele pešati moči. Moral sem si nekoliko odpočiti. Toda kaj zapazim hipoma! Še zdaj me strese mraz, če se spomnim na grdo pošast, ki je počasi prilomastila proti meni. Bila je velika, umazane barve, po napihnjenem telesu polna krast, a velika glava je bila do polovice precepljena. Potem pa te strašne oči! Nikdar nisem tako naglo smuknil v svojo hišico kakor takrat. Pošast je korakala takoj čez mene, da se mi je od samega strahu zavrtelo po glavi. Minila je dozdevno cela večnost, preden sem si upal previdno pomoleti glavo iz hiše; videl pa nisem nič, ker je bila že napočila noč. Huda lakota me je prisilila, da sem si otipal nekaj mladih lističev, žeje pa si nisem mogel pogasiti, čeprav sem bil poleg vode, ker sem se bal pasti vanjo. Jutranja rosa me je rešila neznosne muke.

Pošasti ni bilo nikjer več, in previdno sem lezel naprej. Čez nekaj časa sem prispel na kraj, kjer ni bilo nikake trave, ampak obilo prahu. Pot mi ni več ugajal, ker me je prah silno oviral in mi grozil, da mi pokrije vse truplo. Že sem premišljal, ali bi ne bilo bolje, da se vrnem — kar me dohiti druga ne-zgoda. Po prašni cesti pridrvi namreč četa razposajenih otrok, ki me takoj zagleda. S krikom: "Polž, polž!" se požene proti meni in me začne brcati ter premetavati po cesti. Bili so hudobni dečki in kdo ve, ali bi ostal živ, da me ni rešila usmiljena deklica. Ošte-la je dečke in me ponesla nazaj na trato. Ni

mi treba zatrjevati, kako sem ji bil hvaležen.

Potovanja sem imel dovolj in polastila se me je edino želja, da se prejkoprej vrnem na svoj ljubi dom, kjer sem dozdej živel v tako lepem miru, imel vsega dovolj in povrh tudi tako dobre tovariše.

Vrnitev mi ni delala mnogo preglavice, če ne vzamem v poštev utrujenosti, ki se me je večkrat polotila s tako silo, da sem nehote moral tu in tam počivati. Potok mi je bil najboljši kožipot. Kako globoko sem si od-dahnil, ko sem od daleč zagledal znano mi grmovje!

"Nekoč si še dobro odpočiješ," sem si mislil, "in kmalu si na varnem!" A ni še povsem gladko. Hipoma namreč čujem nad seboj neko prhutanje, in ko se previdno ozrem, zagledam velikega, črnega ptiča, ki me je srepe ogledoval. Zopet sem smuknil v hišico in nehote sem se trdno oprijel korenine, na kateri sem bil počival. In to je bilo prav. Že v prihodnjem trenutku namreč slišim glasni "kluk — — kluk!" na svoji hišici. A ta je iz čvrste lupine in hudobec je kmalu uvidel, da je ves njegov napor zaman. Odletel je in bil sem rešen.

Proti noči, ko ste že spali, sem bil doma. Da ste me drugo jutro kot nepoznanega vse eno sprejeli v svojo družbo, me je navdalo z neizmernim veseljem. Kot nepoznanec sem vam namreč lahko dokazal, da sem po svojih lastnostih zopet vam dobričinam enak in da se ne boste več varali v svojem prejšnjem tovarišu. Ko pa mi je dež opral hišico in ste me spoznali, a mi nobeden od vas ni pokazal neprijaznega lica — to me pa navdaja z neizmernim zadovoljstvom. Ostanimo si torej še naprej dobri tovariši, kakor smo si bili prej, jaz vas pa zagotavljam, da vam hočem biti vedno hvaležen."

"Tako je lepo!" so rekli polži soglasno, a nikdar več ni prišlo med njimi do najmanjšega nesoglasja.



Pet velevlasti.

Po Karlu Ewald-u priredil dr. V. Katičič.

Katica je pospravljala sobo.

Otvorila je okna, poškopila tla z vodo in jih pometla. Izprašila je divan in naslonjače tako, da se je prah dvignil v gostih oblakih. Potem je vzela cunjo in začela brisati pohištvo. Obrisala je vsako nogo pri stolih in vsako knjigo na polici.

Ko je vse uredila, zaprla je okna in šla iz sobe. V tem hipu pade iz zraka povsem neznamen fantič. Padel je na gladek vogal mize. Bil je tako majhen, da ni bilo niti misliti na to, da se ga s prostim očesom opazi. Če bi ga bili opazovali s povečalom, videli bi, da je podoben drobnim vejici.

Dasi je bil majhen, bil je vendar žilav. Na mestu, kamor je padel, je ostal nepremičen, ni dal glasu od sebe in se obnašal, ko da se ga vse na okrog nič ne tiče. Če bi bila zapihljala sapica, odnesla bi ga. Ampak sapice ni bilo in ostal je na mestu ter se kmalu začel premikati.

Prav kmalu se je spustil kobacaje k njemu še drug tovariš. Tudi ta je bil nevidljivo majhen kot prvi in ravno tako žilav. S povečalom bi dognali, da je na enem koncu debelejši kot na drugem in podoben malemu kladivu.

"Ponižni služabnik," vzklikne prvi.

"Ponižni služabnik," odgovori drugi.

Za kratek čas sta umolknila. Po glasu sta se spoznala kot odlični osebi.

"Tukaj je presneto suho," reče drugi.

"Jaz sem istega mnenja," drugi. "Tukaj je tako suho, da bom moral skoraj umreti, če nikakor ne pridem do mokrine."

"Jako me boli, kar slišim."

"Hvala vam za sožalje. Čast mi je, da morem umirati v tako imenitni družbi."

"Vi ste zelo ljubeznjivi," reče drugi. "Morda se smem sam predstaviti, ker ni drugega, ki bi to izvršil? Moje ime je bacil difterije."

"Veseli me, da sem vas osebno spoznal," odgovori prvi. "Vaše ime mi je seveda že davno znano. Morda poznate tudi vi moje? Jaz sem bacil kolere."

"A-a! Vi ste torej slavni bacil kolere!"

"Slaven sem, slaven tja. Kdo prihaja sem?" Prišel je iz zraka kobacaje še en fantek in se postavil zraven obeh. Bil je enake velikosti kakor ona dva, toda negibljev kot kol. Takoj se je videlo, da je žilav in spoznala sta v njem svojega sorodnika.

"Baš govoriva o tem, kako je tukaj suho," reče bacil kolere in se prikloni.

"Imata zares prav," seže v besedo prišlec. "Ampak mene to ne moti. Jaz se tudi na suhem dobro počutim, če že mora biti. Moje ime je bacil tuberkuloze."

"Zelo me veseli. Jaz sem bacil kolere. Gospod tamkaj je bacil difterije."

"A-a! Torej se morem nadejati prijetnega kramljanja za čas, dokler sedim tukaj brez posla."

"Ravnokar sva govorila o imenitnosti bacila kolere," reče bacil difterije.

"O tem se ne splača zgubiti mnogo besed," ga prekine bacil kolere. "Meni gre slabo, odkar so me izsledili."

"Ah, da," seže v besedo bacil difterije, "meni se godi enako."

"Meni tudi," vzdihne bacil tuberkuloze.

"Prokleta povečala so temu kriva," zavpije bacil kolere. "Ti zviti ljudje najdejo vsakega, če je še tako skrit. Potem se bori zoper njega do skrajnosti."

"Treba se je braniti," reče bacil difterije. "Če se dobro čuvamo, si rešimo obstanek. Gre za tem, da se povsem pritajimo in kadar bo dovolj tovarišev, premagali bomo ljudi in jih ugonobili."

"Jaz rad vršim vse na skrivnem," začne bacil tuberkuloze.

"Mislim, da ni treba zelo hiteti. Treba se je samo vgnezditi, da nam bo kar udobneje, potem se pomnožiti in ostalo pojde samo od sebe brez velikega vika in krika."

"Tišina ni moja lastnost," pojasni bacil kolere. "Najraje se zaženem na ljudi kakor nevihta. V prejšnjih časih sem bil velesila. Takrat sem bil za ljudi nekaj groznega, zagonetnega. Imeli so me za kazen božjo za svoje grehe in nezakovitosti in so me pustili, da besnim in pokončavam, dokler se mi je

ljubilo. Moril sem jih kot muhe in povsod so ležali nepokopani. Upijani so se do nezavednosti tako, da mi je bilo delo ž njimi zelo lahko. Skrival sem se na smeteh, ki so ležale povsod naokrog in ko so mislili, da me že ni, sem bil prihodnjo spomlad zopet tam in sem počastil vasi in mesta. — Enkrat sem celo vojno ustavil, ker sem celo vojsko pomoril.”

“Vem, vem,” reče bacil difterije.

“Slavna je vaša zgodovina,” vzklikne bacil tuberkuloze. “Jaz sem bil vedno za bolj na tihem, vendar sem marsikaterega uničil. — Obdržal sem se v družinah od rodu do rodu in mi je tu zelo ugajalo. Vendar ne morem tajiti, da oni lepi dnevi minevajo. Povsod postavljajo zdravilišča in zavode, delajo mi ovire na vse mogoče načine, ob vsakem koraku.”

“Da, to je slabo,” pritrudi bacil kolere. “Sedaj zelo pazijo, da vlada povsod snaga. Če zlezem v človeka, odnesejo ga v bolnišnico ter izolirajo od celega sveta tako, da ne morem niti sam naprej. Če se prikažem na drugi polovici zemlje, tedaj javi to presneti brzojav takoj temu tukaj. Potem to objavijo v svojih ostudnih novinah in drugi dan že ve celi svet, kje je kolera.”

“Da, to je žalostno,” rečel bacil tuberkuloze.

Pa tudi bacil davice se je s tem strinjal. “Vse gre narobe,” reče.

Za trenotek so se poglobili v otožne misli. Potem pa reče bacil kolere: “Najbolj me jezi, da moramo podleči ravno tako strahopetnim stvarim, kakršni so ljudje.”

“No nanje res ne moremo biti ponosni.”

“Tako je.”

“Brez dvoma smo mi bacili najbolj dovršena bitja, ki živijo na zemlji,” nadaljuje bacil kolere.

Vse takozvane višje živali in rastline so naravnost smešne, če jih od blizu opazujemo. — Domišljajo si, da so posebno daleč napredovale, v resnici pa zapravijo tri četrtine svojega življenja za razne neumnosti.”

Čim večje so, tem bolj so smešne.”

“A od vseh najbolj smešen je človek.”

“Da, res je,” nadaljuje bacil kolere. Opažujte n. pr. kako se jaz množim in širim. Ne vem sicer, kako je to pri vas, gospodje, am-

pak domnevam, da je pri vas kakor pri meni in drugih razumnih ljudeh.”

“Tudi jaz mislim tako.”

“Jaz tudi.”

“To se razume,” reče bacil kolere, priklonivši se. “Jaz nisem niti za hip dvomil o tem. Rastemo, pri tem se cepimo na dvoje; rastemo zopet naprej in se zopet cepimo in tako do brezkončnosti. V enem pišem dnevu postanejo iz enega od nas milijoni. Pri ljudeh je kaj takega nemogoče. Pri njih je treba dveh, če hočejo dobiti deco.”

“Nedoumno.”

“Brezmiselno.”

“Pa kakšni so mladi, ki nastanejo na tak neprirodni način!” zavpije bacil kolere. “Izprva poteče mnogo časa predno se rodijo. Potem šele so ubožci, kakršne si moreš misliti in niso zmožni, da sami zrastejo. Morajo jih položiti v zibelko, hraniti, negovati in vzgajati. Pri ljudeh se rodi vsakokrat samo eno dete. Če se rodi dvoje, denejo to v novine. In kakor je čudno pri rojstvu, tako je tudi pri smrti. Jočejo in stokajo in pokopljejo mrliča z veliko nečimernostjo. Da, morebiti je tudi smešno, da vas nadlegujem s temi čenčami. Vendar sem jaz najstarejši med vami in poznam ljudi v dušo. Bil sem tudi nenavadno mnogokrat na njih pogrebih. Ha, ha, ha!”

“Hi, hi, hi!”

“Ho, ho, ho.”

“To smo mi vendar drugi fantje,” nadaljuje bacil kolere. Če umremo, zares umremo. Končali smo, izginemo brez joka in stoka. Kot primer, eto mene. Več nego tri dni ne morem živeti na suhih tleh. Danes je moj tretji dan. Vse je odvisno od tega, ali bo Katica jutri prišla v sobo s suho ali pa z mokro cunjjo, to pomeni za me življenje ali smrt. Jočem li radi tega? Ali zbiram svojo družino okrog sebe?”

“Imate popolnoma prav,” pritrudi bacil tuberkuloze.

“Iz duše ste mi govorili,” pritrudi bacil davice.

“Ne, ti dobri ljudje so zares bedne stvari,” reče bacil kolere.

“Pomislite samo, koliko časa so potrebovali, da so nas izsledili. Tisoč let so se pečali z raznimi nečimernostmi. Bojevali so

se z levi in tigri, s kačami in krokodili in z drugimi neznatnimi stvarmi in ko so jih premagali, smatrali so se za gospodarje sveta in za krono vsega stvarjenja. O nas niso vedeli ničesar. Njih bistre oči nas niso mogele videti. Njih umne misli nas pač niso niti slutile. Njih moralno orožje nam ni moglo škodovati."

"Ampak sedaj nas poznajo," pripomni bacil davice.

"Bog ve, kdo sta ta dva korenjaka," zašepeče bacil kolere svojim tovarišem.

"Jaz jih še nikoli nisem videl," reče bacil davice komaj slišno.—Isto pripomni tudi bacil tuberkuloze.

"Hajde, da nekaj poizvemo od njiju!" predlaga bacil kolere. Pokloni se obema prišlecima, ona pa uljudno odzdravita.

"Ali smem vprašati—ali sta gospoda znana in odporna?"

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V krčmi.

"Ah, da," vzdihne bacil tuberkuloze.

"Da, da, sedaj nas žalibog poznajo," pristavi bacil kolere.

Medtem, ko so tako vse tri prevzele otožne misli, prekucneta se iz zraka še dva fantiča in se spustita nedaleč od njih. Nista bila večja od teh treh, ki so že tukaj bili. Pač pa je bil eden tako debel, kakor majhen sodček, drugi pa tako tenek, da je bilo težko misliti, da bo mogel obstati, razven tega je bil še zvit kot sveder.

"E, na vsak način," zavpije debeljkovič in se veselo prekopicne.

"Jaz morem neverjetno mnogo prenesti," reče svedrič in se besno zavrti.

"Zelo me veseli," odvrne bacil kolere.

"Če se pa pomnožite, ali se cepite? V štiri . . ., osem . . ., šestnajst kosov?"

"V mnogo, mnogo več," vzklikne debeljkovič!

"Za koga pa nas imate," vpraša svedrič.

"Menim, da sta gospoda bacila," reče bacil kolere in se vnovič pokloni.

"Jaz vas pozdravljam in dobro nam došli! Jaz sem bacil kolere. Oni neokretni gospod, to je bacil davice, ta tukaj, podoben kladivu, to je bacil tuberkuloze."

"Dober dan," reče debeljkovič. Nadejam se, da nam boje udobno. Jaz sem bacil vrenja, ta gospod tukaj pa, katerega sem v zraku srečal, to je bacil gnilobe."

"O, kakšna čast," reče svedrič. "Ampak jaz nisem prijeten tovariš."

"Ravnokar smo se razgovarjali o ljudeh," začne bacil kolere.

Tedaj se je bacil vrenja prekopicnil od veselja in radosti okrog svoje osi.

"Ah, ljubi ljudje! Niso sicer nič posebnega, ampak z menoj so zelo ljubeznjivi. Oni so moji najboljši prijatelji."

"Žalibog, jaz se ne morem bahati s tako odličnim znanjem," doda bacil tuberkuloze nekoliko osupel.

"Bogme, jaz tudi ne," reče bacil difterije.

Bacil kolere izjavi na to: "Vaša pripomba nas žali. Mi smo ravnokar prišli do sklepa, da so ljudje naši najhujši sovražniki."

"Čemu pa sovraštvo," odvrne bacil vrenja. "Mi želimo v veselju živeti. Vi ne morete zahtevati, da naj živim z ljudmi v slabih odnošajih, če so oni tako dobri napram meni. Oni me naravnost vzgajajo.—Seveda so potrebovali mnogo časa, dokler so me našli. Nikdo ne more nič zoper naravo in se mora zadovoljiti z onim razumom, s katerim ga je ljubi Bog obdaril. Ko so me končno zapazili, postali so resni, to mi lahko verujete! Mlekarjem in pivovarnam sem jaz desna roka."

Bacil kolere, tuberkuloze in davice so se pomenljivo pogledali.

"Tako," vzklikne bacil difterije. "Vi bi toraj bili edini bacil, ki ljubi človeka."

"Meni se tudi zdi, da se pri tej pesmi ne vjema vse," reče bacil tuberkuloze.—Bacil kolere je bil mišljenja, da je izpoved tega tujeja gospoda nedostojna bacila.

"Sumim, da bi bil ta gospod sploh bacil," reče bacil difterije.

"Jaz sem tudi takoj dvomil," reče bacil tuberkuloze.

"On je predebel," doda bacil kolere. "Počil bode od nadutosti."

"Če počim, postane iz mene dvojica," reče veselo bacil vrenja. "Dva debeljkoviča. Obžalujem, da se gospoda jezi nad menoj, toda res vam ne morem pomagati. Na srečo je moj način življenja tak, da me ljudje potrebujejo. Priznam, da mi to da poseben položaj med tovariši, toda zagotavljam, da svoje bacilsko življenje opravljam popolnoma v soglasju s svojo naravo in da se niti najmanj ne oziram na ljudi. Raditega mi je pač dobro. Nasvetujem gospodom, da delajo isto, potem vam boje mnogo bolje. Če bi zelo spoštovani gospod bacil kolere, pa velenjeni gospod bacil difterije in blagorodni gospod bacil tuberkuloze bili nekoliko bolj prijazni, bi videli, kako bi vas častili."

Oni trije bacili, ki so prvi prišli, so se stisnili blžje drug k drugemu in so bili zelo potrti. Nobeden ni rekel ničesar. Bacil vrenja se je prekopicnil in se je smejal od srca.

Tedaj se pokloni bacil kolere pred svedričem in reče: "Želim slišati Vaše mnenje, moj gospod. Vi ste prišli hkrati s tem debelim gospodom. Ampak zdi se mi, da ste bolj resna oseba."

"To mislim tudi jaz," odgovori bacil gnilobe.

"Morebiti bi nas hoteli počastiti z Vašim naziranjem o ljudeh," vpraša bacil kolere.

Bacil gnilobe se je obrnil povsem malomarno in reče samozavestno: "Pa kaj je sploh posebnega na ljudeh? Kolikor vidim, niso prav nič drugačni kot ostale živali in rastline . . ., to je zame vse eno in isto. Jaz jih vse nadkriljujem. Jaz sem bacil gnilobe. Jaz sem velesila!"

"Pardon," odvrne bacil kolere. Mislim, da sem tudi jaz velesila."

"Tudi jaz," vzklikne bacil difterije.

"In jaz tudi," pripomni bacil tuberkuloze.

"Povsem dobro," reče bacil gnilobe. "Priznavam, da so gospodje bili velesile. Bili so časi, ko ste obvladali svet, kamor ste prišli. Vi ste znali pognati živim bitjem strah v kosti in ste jih pobili. Nikdo vas ni

razumel, nikdo se vam ni mogel upirati. Sedaj so pa vaši časi minuli. Ljudje so vas spoznali in vas zatirajo. Vi nimate prijateljev, ki bi vas branili. Ni mi težko prerokovati, da boste kmalu izbrisani iz obličja zemlje."

"Trije bacili so otožno povесili glave. Bili so jezni, toda niso vedeli, kaj bi na to odgovorili, ker so videli, da ima bacil gnilobe prav.

"Mene pa niste niti omenili," reče bacil vrenja zelo razžaljen.

"A, vi ste junak," odgovori bacil gnilobe. "Vi ste na višku svoje moči. Morebiti bo ta trajala dolgo, a morebiti tudi ne. Meni pa niste kos."

"Ali je kdo kdaj kaj takega slišal," vzklikne bacil kolere.

"Oprostite," reče bacil vrenja. "Kakor mi je žal, da vas moram prekiniti, toda sem prisiljen, da to storim, ker vam moram naznaniti, da bom takoj umrl."

"Umreti morate?" vpraša bacil kolere.

"Da!" odvrne bacil vrenja. "Več dni sem blodil po zraku in nisem našel ničesar, kar bi moglo vreti; počasi sem se precej osušil. Torej "Zdravo!" gospoda moja. Umiram, kakor se to spodobi pravemu bacilu s prepričanjem, da bodo milijoni in bilijoni moje veliko delo na svetu nadaljevali." To reče in umre.

Ostali so ostrmeli.

"Govoril je kot žentlemen in umrl kot pravi bacil," reče bacil gnilobe.

"Mogoče," reče bacil kolere, "toda ne vem, ali imate Vi sploh pravico o tem soditi."

"Čujte, čujte," zavpije bacil tuberkuloze.

"Bravo," pritrdi bacil difterije.

"Če je že rajni bil nekaj sumljive zunanosti, velja to še bolj za vas," nadaljuje bacil kolere. "Še nikoli nisem videl bacila, ki bi se tako zvijsal, kakor vi. Naj mi bo torej dovoljeno, da dvomim o vaši pristnosti."

"Jaz že dolgo dvomim," pristavi bacil tuberkuloze. "Bacil je ali izbočen, ali raven, debel ali tenek. Identiteti bacila vrenja si ne usojam oporekati, toda svedra ni med nami."

"Prosim, poglejte gospoda, kako imam na obeh konceh trepavice," reče bacil difterije. "Kateri bacil je tak? Ni dvoma, to je poizkus posnemati takozvana višja bitja."

Bacil gnilobe se obrne malomarno in reče samozavestno: "Evo, gospoda moja, že poprej sem povedal, da priznavam, da vsak od vas pomeni nekaj na svetu. Ampak moje rokodelstvo je brezdvoma najbolj važno. Da mene ni, bi svet propadel. Resnično je, jaz sem tisti, ki daje novemu življenju pobudo."

"Ali zahtevam preveč od Vas, če Vas zaprosim, da Vaše zagonetne besede dalje razjasnite?" vpraša bacil kolere. "Morebiti bi vas bolje razumeli, če bi se nehali za trenutek tako grozovito vrteti."

"Žalibog, Vaši želji ne morem ugoditi," odvrne bacil gnilobe.

"V moji naravi je, da se vrtim in zvijsam. Če bi nehal, prestalo bi moje življenje in vse bi propadlo."

"Kdo je kaj takega slišal?!" vpraša bacil kolere.

"To je norec!" reče bacil difterije.

"To je prava megalomania!" reče bacil tuberkuloze.

"Eto, moja gospoda . . . poprej ste govorili o ljudeh," nadaljuje bacil gnilobe. "Tudi jaz morem o njih govoriti, ker se zdi, da se jih vi bojite. Ljudje so smešne, bedaste in strahopetne stvari. To je gotovo. Ampak naravno je, da je pri njih tudi nekaj dobrega, kakor je to popolnoma upravičeno omenil rajni bacil vrenja. Moram priznati, da so najbistroumnejši izmed njih spoznali mojo važnost. Za večino sem jaz sicer le še vzduh, ki neprijetno draži njihove nosove. Ampak to mi je vseeno. Pustim jih, da zginejo, umne in neumne, brez ozira, kdo so in kaj so."

"Kaj je to pojasnilo?" vpraša bacil kolere.

"Vsekakor," odvrne bacil gnilobe. "Kjerkoli leži kako mrtvo bitje, eto mene, da ga čez kratek čas pretvorim v koristne snovi, ki so živim bitjem potrebne. Če mene ne bi bilo, bi bil cel svet gomila trupel. Vzemimo n. pr., da je spoštovani g. bacil kolere podavil kup ljudi, na katere je tako razjarjen. Eto takoj mene, da odredim, da imajo zginiti. Jaz učinkujem, da ljudje trohniijo

in zgnijejo, da zgnijejo tudi bacili kolere brez ozira, kaj so in kakšni so. Če bi tudi premagali ljudje vse tri navzočne gospode in vse mogoče bolezni, ki jih uničujejo, meni ne uidejo. Umreti morajo in če umrejo, eto mene, kjer začnem z gnilobo. Radi tega brijem norce iz vseh njihovih skrbi in nesmiselnosti, ker naposled morajo vsi pri meni končati."

"Tako, tako," reče zamišljeno bacil kolere.

Tudi druga dva sta postala zamišljena. Bacil difterije je hotel ravnokar nekaj povedati, ko se je začel bacil gnilobe zvijati kakor še ne dosedaj.

"Oprostite, da vam besedo prestrižem," reče "in nikar ne pozabite, kar ste hoteli povedati! Obžalujem, da moram posnemati bacila vrenja in umreti. Jaz sem se popolnoma izsušil in za mene ni tukaj nobenega dela. Moj rajni tovariš tamkaj je premajhen in preveč suh. Drugače bi bilo to zame čast in veselje, če bi mu pripomogel, da strohni. Toraj 'Zdravo,' gospoda moja!" To reče in umre.

"Hm," zamrmra bacil kolere. "Smešno! Menim, da je bil pravi."

"Jaz tudi mislim," doda bacil difterije.

"Tudi jaz," prizna bacil tuberkuloze.

In stali so nekaj časa eden poleg drugega. Naenkrat se je začel bacil kolere tudi zvijati.

"Zakaj ne pride Katinka z mokro cunjjo!" vzdihne. "Prav nerodno je, da sem se

v tako nesnažno hišo zatekel. Skrajni čas je že, da se pobriše prah."

Ostali so molčali, a bacil kolere se je vedno hujše zvijal. Podoben je bil povsem majhnemu, zelo staremu možakarju s skrivljenim hrbtom.

"Jaz umiram!" zavpije končno. "Z Bogom, gospoda moja! Zdravstvijte!" In bil je mrtev.

"Potemtakem sva ostala samo še dva," vzdihne bacil tuberkuloze.

"Tako je!"

"In to zategadelj, ker sva najbolj odporna. Odpornost je najbolj pomembna lastnost vsakega bacila."

"Na vsak način," pritrди bacil difterije. "Spričo take drobnosti! Pomislite, če bi bili veliki ko sloni!"

"Ho, ho, ho," nasmeje se bacil tuberkuloze. "Tedaj bi bili hitro gotovi. Ali pa, kaj mislite, če bi bili tako občutljivi kot so ljudje?"

"Hi, hi, hi," nasmeje se bacil difterije. "Tedaj ne bi bili vredni niti piškovega oreha."

Tačas se odpro vrata. Skozi sobo zaveje prepih. Bil je to tako slaboten prepih, da bi človek moral imeti grozovite zobne bolečine, da bi ga sploh občutil. Toda za bacile je to bila strahovita nevihta. Prepih jih zgrabi in zavrti ter dvigne v zrak. Kje so se pa ustavili, res ne vem.

Miroslav Kunčič:

GOLOBČEK NA POTU.

Golobček odprl je mogočno svoj gobček in rekel:

"V deveto deželo bom stekel!

Tam piče

je polno za gladne nas ptiče,

tam vsega je dosti—

a tu naj želodček se posti?"

In že je

odletel z hrastove veje

pod svod—

v deveto deželo na pot . . .

Ves beden

in gladen priletel čez teden

je zopet nazaj

k prijateljčkom svojim . . . in zdaj

pred njimi tako se pobahal:

"Bogat sem domov jo primahal!

Tako sem že sit vseh dobrot,

da moral domov sem na pot."

Namuzal nad tem

poredno se škorec je godček:

"Zakaj pa potem

ti lačnemu kruli želodček? . . ."

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Mačka.
(Egipčanski kip.)

STANKA IN TINČEK SE PREPIRATA.

Veselo Stanka jucka:
"Juhej! Kako je zala
ta mala moja mucka!"
Na solncu je dremala . . .

Pa pravi bratec Tinček,
da ji je kar neznosno:
"Je lepši petelinček!"
Tam stopal je ponosno . . .

"E, kaj pa!" prezirljivo
se sestrice namrdne,
pokrega se jezično,
pokrega se zbadljivo:

"Da tvoj petelin grdi
bil lepši bi kot mucka,
kot moja mala mucka?
Le srdi se, le srdi!

A jaz, da veš, ti rečem,
da strašno neprijeten
petelin je, ker preveč
bahat je in prevzetem!"

Užaljeni brat pikro
dotakne brž se Stanke:
"A vedi, jaz ne maram
te muce—te zaspanke!"

Miroslav Kunčič.

PREGOVOR.

Minki oče je podaril
štiri nebogljene piške.
Jožek pa imel je štiri
v past čez noč ujete miške,

Pa svetuje: "zamenjajva —
ti daj meni piške, Minka;
jaz pa dam ti miške svoje."
Brzo sestrice odčinka:

"Kaj pa hočejo mi miške!
V grde so odete kutke
z dolgim repkom — moje piške
vzrastejo pa v lepe putke!"

Miroslav Kunčič.

Slovinci.

(Dalje.)

Tako je preživel slovenski narod prvo dobo po prevratu. Kakor smo že povedali, je vodila v Sloveniji izprva vse vladne posle narodna vlada, ki je bila navezana edinole nase in odgovorna le ljudski sodbi. Njeno življenje je pa trajalo le kratek čas, kajti že meseca februarja leta 1919. jo je zamenjala deželna vlada za Slovenijo, ki je bila sestavljena iz po dveh predstavnikov "Slov. ljudske stranke", "Jugosl. demokratske stranke" in "Jugoslov. socialno-demokratske stranke" predsedoval ji je pa dr. J. Brejc. Izprva je imela vsled popolnoma neurejenih razmer v Belgradu še najboljše kompetence, zato je lahko nadaljevala ustvarjajoče delo narodne vlade, toda že sredi avgusta leta 1919. je prišlo do krize v koncentracijskem kabinetu v Belgradu in Protićeva vlada je demisionirala. S tem so bili prezgodaj razpaljeni zopet strankarski boji. To je jako slabo vplivalo na konsolidacijo razmer v centrali, še slabeje pa po provincah. Slovenska deželna vlada se je izprva postavila na stališče, da izprememba belgrajskega kabineta še ne daje povoda tudi za njeno demisijo, a demokratsko-socialistična Davidovićeve vlada je že tedaj jasno pokazala svoje centralistične tendence in notranji minister Svetozar Pribičević je dr. Brejca kratkomalo pozval, naj odstopi. Za dr. Brejcem je postal predsednik ljubljanske deželne vlade dr. Žerjav (7. XI. 1919), izrazit pristaš Pribičevićevih centralističnih tendenc in metod. Dr. Žerjav je vodil sam vse vladne posle. V kolikor ni sam izročal kompetence deželne vlade centralni vladi, mu jih je ta jemala, in to vkljub temu, da ni bilo v Belgradu za centralizacijo niti najprimitivnejših pogojev. Za dr. Žerjavom je nastopil dne 20. februarja l. 1920. zopet dr. Brejc, za njim meseca decembra l. 1920. dr. L. Pitamic (nevtralec) in nato meseca februarja l. 1921. dr. V. Baltič. Tedaj je bila uzakonjena tudi vidovdanska ustava, deželna vlada odpravljena in namesto nje postavljena "Pokrajinska uprava za Slovenijo". Za prvega pokrajinskega namestnika je bil imenovan Ivan Hribar (v začetku avgusta meseca l. 1921.). Odslej je šla notranjepolitična smer v vedno bolj izrazit centra-

lizem. Posledice vsega tega so bili vedno večji zastanki vsega gospodarskega življenja in javne uprave, upravna samovolja in neznosni birokratizem. Na vodilna mesta niso prihajali več strokovnjaki, temveč eksponenti političnih strank brez zadostne kvalifikacije, ki niso prav nič poznali dejanskih razmer in potreb posameznih pokrajin. Slovenci bi bili po prevratu za čim tesnejše zedinjenje z brati Srbi in Hrvati in bi se tudi centralistični ustavi ne bili upirali s tako silo, ko bi bila v razpravi n. pr. spomladi l. 1919., toda zaradi trpkih izkušenj z okornim in nesposobnim centralizmom je rasel proti njemu vedno večji odpor ne le med inteligenco, ampak tudi med kmečkim ljudstvom in gospodarskimi krogi. Vsak je uvidel nevdržnost obstoječih razmer. Iz tega splošnega razočaranja se je sama po sebi rodila zahteva po avtonomistični ureditvi države, ki bi bila v točasnih razmerah edina izvedljiva, za Slovenijo pa vprav življenskega pomena.

Glede na vse to so morale zavzeti svoje stališče kmalu tudi posamezne politične stranke, kajti problem slovenske avtonomije je postajal vedno aktualnejši in volitve v konstituanto so se bližale. Umevno, da so se morale izjaviti pri tem razpoloženju ljudstva bolj ali manj odločno za avtonomistično ureditev države vse politične stranke, ki so reflektirale na zaupanje ljudstva. In to se je tudi zgodilo. Na čelo avtonomističnega pokreta se je postavila "Slovenska ljudska stranka", a za avtonomijo so se izrekle tudi ostale, namreč "Samostojna kmetijska stranka", "Narodno socialistična stranka", "Jugoslovanska socialno demokratska stranka" in "Komunistična stranka Jugoslavije". S centralističnim geslom je nastopala samo "Jugoslovanska demokratska stranka" in doživela zato pri volitvah tudi vprav katastrofalen poraz, kajti dobila je vsega skupaj komaj 8% oddanih glasov. Ko je pa prišla v konstituenti v razpravo ustava, so se oglasili (meseca februarja l. 1921.) tudi prvi slovenski kulturni delavci, vseučiliški profesorji, pesniki, pisatelji, slikarji, komponisti, znanstveniki in publicisti ter izdali manifest, v

katerem so zahtevali avtonomistično ureditev države in nedeljeno Slovenijo.

Pa skoro soglasna zahteva slovenskega naroda po avtonomiji in nedeljeni Sloveniji je ostala neupoštevana, žal, tudi s pomočjo nekaterih slovenskih političnih strank in na Vidov dan 1. 1921. je doživel največje razočaranje, ki ga ta pošteni in iskreno jugoslovanski narod ni nikdar pričakoval. Toda centralistična in reakcionarna vidovdanska ustava ni pokopala ideje zedinjene in avtomne Slovenije, za katero se je boril ves narod, odkar se je začel politično zavedati, nasprotno, ona je danes bolj nego kedaj poprej osnovna točka vsega narodnega političnega stremljenja in udejstvovanja.

Žalostne čase je pa preživel v tej dobi oni del slovenskega naroda, ki je pripadel Italiji in Avstriji. Italija je zasedla takoj po razsulu avstrijske armade ves zapadni del slovenskega ozemlja. Tamošnje prebivalstvo je sprejemalo izprva italijanske čete z veliko gostoljubnostjo, ker jih je smatralo za ententne mandatarje, čeprav bi raje pozdravilo francoske, angleške ali ameriške čete. Kakor hitro so se pa začutili Italijani na zasedenem ozemlju varne, so takoj pokazali svojo pravo barvo. Trumoma so začeli izganjati in odstavljati slovensko inteligenco (zlasti duhovščino in učiteljstvo), ljudstvo je bilo pa izpostavljeno največjemu preganjanju. Dolgo ee je bil boj za to ozemlje na mirovni konferenci, kajti za jugoslovanske interese se je odločno zavzemal samo ameriški predsednik W. Wilson, dočim je Francoze in Angleže vezal nesrečni londonski pakt. Vkljub vsem posredovalnim predlogom je pa pustila mirovna konferenca to vprašanje nerešeno, tako da je morala Jugoslavija končno sprejeti (meseca novembra 1920) italijanski diktat v Rapallu, ki je prisodil Italiji vso zapadno četrtino kompaktnega slovenskega ozemlja. Ta nasilni akt je bil končno sankcioniran meseca marca 1921. leta, ko je proglasila Italija še formalno aneksijo Primorja.

Vso to dobo je preživelo tamošnje slovensko prebivalstvo v najljutejših bojih z nasilnim italijanskim šovinizmom, ki je kratil Slovincem najprimitivnejše, že davno pod Avstrijo priborjene pravice na političnem, kulturnem in gospodarskem polju. Toda Slovenci so se kmalu vživeli v nastali položaj ter

začeli z žilavim organizatoričnim delom na vseh poljih, ki sedaj že močno krepí njih odporno silo. Pri volitvah v italijanski parlament dne 15. maja 1921. l. so postavili tudi enotno slovensko politično stranko z dr. Vilfanom in V. Ščekom na čelu ter si priborili pet mandatov, toda vse kaže, da se ta enotna fronta ne bo dala trajno vzdržati in da se razcepi prej ali slej v svobodomiselno meščansko in krščansko socialno frakcijo.

Še bolj žalosten je bil pa po nesrečnem plebiscitu položaj avstrijskih (koroških) Slovencev. Tudi tam je bila izgnana večina maloštevilnih slovenskih inteligentov, tako da je danes duhovščina prav edina opora tamošnjemu kmečkemu ljudstvu. V samonemških šolah je prepuščeno sistematični germanizaciji in dvomljivo je, če bo moglo trajno vzdržati silni nemški pritisk zlasti vsled velikega pomanjkanja organizacije. Politično organizacijo koroških Slovencev predstavlja še vedno nekdanje "Katoliško gospodarsko-politično društvo za Koroško", ki si je priborilo pri deželnozborskih volitvah (l. 1921.) dva slovenska poslanca, dočim si ni moglo vsled spretno prikrojene volilne geometrije priboriti v dunajski parlament nobenega več. Tudi občine so prišle z brezobzirnim nasiljem po večini vse v nemške roke.

Tako je torej preživel slovenski narod zadnja štiri leta po prevratu. Velik del je prišel pod avstrijski in italijanski jarem, ostali del si je pa iz lastnih sil takoj po prevratu v Sloveniji lepo uredil svojo hišo vkljub jako neugodnim zunanjepolitičnim prilikam, katerim ni bil kos. Hotel je živeti v najiskrenejšem sporazumu in tesno zedinjen z bratskim srbskim in hrvaškim narodom, a nesposobni, nedemokratični in reakcionarni centralizem, sankcioniran z vidovdanko ustavo je vžil v slovenska srca grenke kaplje razočaranja, zato zahteva slovenski narod sedaj, da se mu točno očrtajo njegove pravice in dolžnosti v obliki zakonodajne in finančne avtonomije zedinjene Slovenije. V slovenskem narodu uživa srbski narod tople in bratske simpatije, zato tudi upa, da si jih ne zapravi s tem, da bi mu kratil njegove prirodne pravice.

Slovenski jezik.

Narod, ki živi v mejah že večkrat označenega ozemlja, je ud velike jugoslovanske

družine ter govori slovenski jezik, ki ni samo soroden, temveč tudi sličen ostalim južnoslovanskim jezikom, zlasti srbohrvaščini, da more n. pr. Slovenec razumeti brez večjih težav Hrvata ali Srba; kajti vkljub temu, da so se tudi posamezni slovanski jeziki že po naravnih zakonih diferencirali, ni segla ta diferencijacija nikdar tako daleč kot n. pr. pri germanskih jezikih.

Znano je, da izhajajo vsi slovanski jeziki iz enega prvotnega, to je praslovanskega jezika. Še ko so živeli vsi Slovani skupno v svoji pradomovini severovzhodno od Karpatov in severno od Črnega morja, so se začele prve dialektične diferencijacije, ki so bile pa še tako neznatne, da jih danes ni mogoče več zaslediti. Ko so bili potem razni slovanski rodovi vsled vedno močnejšega pritiska tujih narodov in pa hitrega lastnega razmnoževanja prisiljeni, da so si poiskali novih bivališč, se je razcepila tudi nekdanja slovanska jezikovna skupnost ter se začela vsled novih, pri vsakem delu drugačnih vplivov tudi vedno večja jezikovna diferencijacija.

Današnji Jugoslovani so se začeli v posameznih četah širiti proti jugu Evrope najbrž že v II. in III. stoletju po Kr. r., trajno so pa ogrožali meje vzhodnorimskega cesarstva od začetka VI. stoletja. Bizantinci so se jim sicer z velikimi žrtvami dolgo upirali, naposled je bila pa konec V. in v začetku VI. stoletja njih odporna moč vendarle strta in po vsem Balkanskem polotoku do Egejskega in Jadranskega morja na eni strani ter do Donave in visokih grebenov centralnih Alp na drugi strani so se razlila različna slovanska plemena ter prišla v najtesnejši stik s pisanim mozaikom najrazličnejših narodov, ki so živeli do tedaj na tem teritoriju. Sukcesivna asimilacija s temi narodi (z Ilirci, s Traki, Kelti, Romani itd.) je uvedla med južne Slovane kmalu različne dijalektične novosti, ki so jim pričele dajati napram prvotnemu skupnemu slovanskemu jeziku neki samostojen karakter ter jih ločile od svojih severnih bratov ne samo geografsko, temveč tudi jezikovno. Ta asimilacija in diferencija sta dobili še posebno ugodna tla tedaj, ko so se južni Slovani na svojem novem ozemlju definitivno utrdili, si poiskali stalnih bivališč ter se začeli pečati s poljedelstvom. Gotove glasovne nianse, prevzete od prvotnih prebivalcev no-

vega ozemlja, in različen razvoj (z ozirom na ostale severne slovanske narode) iz prvotne podlage, so dale južnim Slovanom končno popolnoma samostojen jezikovni značaj.

V tej dobi (v VI. stoletju) so govorili torej vsi južni Slovani vsaj teoretično še en jezik vkljub temu, da niso imela posamezna plemena, ki so stanovala na tem razsežnem teritoriju, vsled pomanjkanja vsakih komunikacij in popolnoma različnih zunanjih okoliščin (današnji Slovenci so bili v stalnih bojih z germanskimi plemeni, ki so pritiskali od severa, Srbi in del Hrvatov pa z Bizantinci) skoro nikakih medsebojnih zvez. Kljub različnim zunanjim vplivom bi zamogli glede na VI. stoletje govoriti še vedno o enotnem jeziku, ki bi ga nazivali prajugoslovanski jezik. Dokaz za to dejstvo so nam ona jezikovna fakta, ki ločijo danes slovenščino od srbohrvaščine, o katerih pa moremo za sigurno trditi, da so se razvila iz prvotno enotnih refleksov šele na Balkanskem polotoku. Pa tudi ona jezikovna dejstva, ki so danes skupna vsem Jugoslovanom proti drugim (severnim) slovanskim skupinam, so nastala že na balkanskih tleh.

Tako imajo danes vsi južni Slovani skupno:

1. razvoj nosnega e v čisti e;
2. glede na druge slovanske jezikovne skupine samostojen razvoj praslovansko palatalnih t in d (v slovenščini č (ć) in j, enako tudi še v hrvaški kajkavščini in čakavščini, kar kaže na to, da so bili Slovenci, kajkavci in čakavci tudi še v tej novi domovini člani neke tesno med seboj zvezane socialne družbe, to je, da so imeli še skupno življenje), v štokavščini é in dj in v bolgarščini št in žd (proti zapadno slovanskemu e in z ali ruskeemu e in ž);
3. tako zvani sprednji vokali (e in i) so izgubili svojo mehčalno naravo;
4. razvoj vokaličnega r in l;
5. skupino trat itd. iz tort, n. pr., vrana (skupno s češčino) proti poljskemu wrona ali ruskeemu vorona.

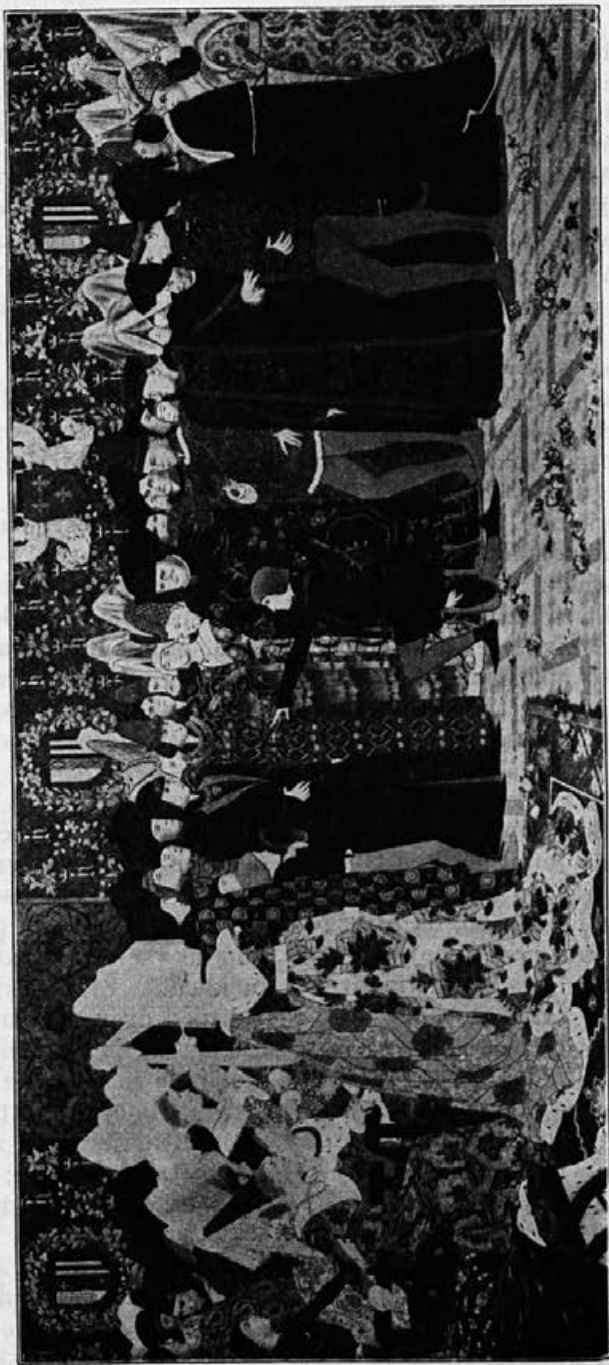
Kakor je razvidno že iz dosedanjšega, so nastala narečja (besedo rabimo tu v najširšem smislu te besede) slovensko kajkavsko,

štokavsko in bolgarsko šele po VI. stoletju, a so še danes najtesneje zvezana med seboj po prehodnih narečjih, tako da bi mogli zgolj teoretično še danes govoriti o enem južnoslovanskem jeziku s toliko in toliko narečji.

Taka jako značilna prehodna narečja so n. pr. vzhodno štajerska narečja do kajkavščine ali pa vzhodno macedonska in srbska do bolgarščine.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

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Prizor iz srednjeveškega viteškega življenja.

M. B. de Monvel.

Janko Leban:

Skrivnost.

Ko sem potoval po sudetskih deželah, so mi tam nekje otroci pravili mično in poučno povest, ki jo vam hočem tu ponoviti.

Pri gozdarski hiši je na velikem močnem drevesu gnezdil par štorcelj. Kmalu so iz gnezda gledali trije mladiči. Stara dva sta jim pridno donášala hrane. Zdaj jim je starica donesla žabo, zdaj jim je zopet stari donesel kaj drugega ali pa je svoje mladiče učil letati. Nihče ni bil štorcelj tako vesel kakor gozdarjeva otroka Anica in Živko. Če sta videla na strehi štorcljo, stoječo na hoduljasti nogi in stražečo, tedaj sta veselo zapela:

O štorcljež, hajd domov mi koj,
na eni nogi tu ne stoj,
doma ženica ti leži,
mladiče v gnezdu si goji!

Ko je prišla jesen in so mladiči že dorasli, tedaj se je vseh dolgonožcev lotila velika želja po potovanju. In ko je Živko nekega dne pogledal v gnezdo, ni bilo več štorcelj v njem, bilo je prazno!

Ko pa zasiže ljuba pomlad, tedaj se vrnejo pomladni oznanjevalci. Tudi štorclje so se vrnile, toda gnezdit so šle na čisto drugo, bolj oddaljeno drevo. Živko je večkrat hodil na staro znano mesto opazovat, ali se niso štorclje še vrnile. Pa videl je le vrabce, ki so se podili po gnezdu in čvrčali, kakor bi se hoteli norca delati iz Živka.

Zgodi se večkrat v življenju, da se s stariimi znanci nenadno kje zopet vidimo. Nedaleč od vaškega gozda je bil majhen ribnik. V ta ribnik je Živko nekega dne hotel lučati kamenje. Že je zavzdignil roko, da bi vrgel kamen, ko zdajci zagleda pred seboj svojega starega prijatelja štorclježa. Po njegovem črnobelem krilu ga je takoj spoznal. Ptič je stal na eni nogi, obrnjen proti Živku. Klopotal je in zdelo se je, da vprašuje dečka: "No, Živko, ali me več ne poznaš?" Deček je hotel do ptiča, toda štorcljež odleti. "Morda mi hoče pokazati svojo novo stanovanje," si misli deček. Šel je za njim in res tudi našel gnezdo. Kakšno veselje je bilo to za Živka! Ko najde pomorščak novo zemljo, ne more biti veselejši nego je bil deček!

Živko sklene, da bo stvar smatral za skrivnost. On sam je hotel imeti to veselje,

da bo domač prijatelj štorcljam. Njemu samemu naj klopočejo in pripovedujejo! Saj se je pa res zdelo, kakor bi ga štorclje prosile iz gnezda: "Nikomur ne ovajaj, da smo tukaj!"

Nekaj dni je Živko molčal o svoji najdbi. Nobenemu otroku ni povedal ničesar o tem. Toda skrivnost teži mlado dušo, to morate vedeti!

Nekega dopoldne pravi Živko svojemu prijatelju Pavlu: "Hočem ti nekaj odkriti, pa ne smeš živi duši povedati, veš!"

Pavel obljubi, da hoče molčati kakor grob, in Živko mu razodene svojo skrivnost. Pove mu tudi, da bo zvečer obiskal štorclje.

Pavel se poslovi in sreča na poti domov svojega součenca Janka. Temu pove, da je nekaj prav veselega zvedel, česar pa ne sme zaupati nikomur. Janko je prosil in prosil Pavla, naj njemu vendar pove, toda zaman. Naposled ponudi Janko Pavlu sladko hruško medenko. In to je pomagalo! Pavel zaupa Janku skrivnost, pa dostavi: "Pa glej, da nikomur ne poveš!"—"Bodi brez skrbi!" odgovori Janko ter se poslovi.

Spotoma sreča Janko Dorčeta, Dorče Milana, Milan Božidara: in pri vseh teh je že krožila Živkova skrivnost! Drug drugemu jo je zaupal, drug drugemu jo je širil dalje, vedno pristavlja je: "Pa glej, da nikomur ne poveš!"—

Zvečer je Živko šel obiskat štorclje, kakor je sklenil. Srečen je bil, ker je mislil, da se njegova skrivnost še ni razširila med otroke. Toda kako se začudi, ko pride na samotni kraj, kjer so gnezdile štorclje! Tu je bilo že vse živo otrok! Vse križem so vpili in klicali. Živko ostrmi in se prestraši, ko vidi pod drevesom trumo otrok, ki so kamenje metali na štorclje. Stara dva sta strašno klopotala in zdelo se je, kakor da Živku očitata: "Malopridnik ti, zakaj si nas izdal!"—

Živko je sicer zabranil, da otroci niso več metali kamenja; pa vest ga je le močno pekla, da je izdal skrivnost. Ves ogorčen je tekel domov.

Ko pa je doma sedel pod lipo ob očetovi hiši, se je nečesa domislil. In veste li, česa? "Skrivnost, ki jo izblebečeš, ni več skrivnost!"—

Naš kotichek.

Uganka.

Štejem črke tri samo,
z rilcem rijem pod zemljo.

Menjaj prvo črko le,
koj imaš na mizi me.
Če še enkrat spremeniš
prvo črko, pa dobiš:
kjer cvetličice cveto,
drobne ptičice pojo.

Dopis.

Cenjani urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za "Mladinski List." Rada bi napisala daljše pismo v slovenščini, pa ne znam še tako dobro. Prosim vas, da ne vržete v koš tega dopisa. Hodim v ameriško šolo, in sicer v 7. razred. Stara sem dvanajst let.

S pozdravom! — Mary Samec, Cone-
maugh, Pa.

Drobiž.

Vsak človek ima ustvarjajočo silo v sebi, ali vsakdo se je ne zaveda.

Človek se igra s silo in močjo prirode, kot da je njegova igrača.

Dobrota je hčerka ljubezni, kateri je oče značaj.

Značaj je oče vseh duševnih vrlin.

Jezik bi moral biti izraz duše, ali je čisto hlapec podlosti; jezik je tolmač duševnih čutov, po teh izpoznamo človeka.

Sreča je le v prirodi, ne išči je drugod!

Vir modrosti je skrit v samoti in ne v šumelih dvorih.

*

Zofka je pred par dnevi dobila igračke v dar, in danes so že polomljene. Ko mamica to vidi, se razjezi:

"Ti poredni otrok! Le stopi sem, da se malo pomeniva!"

"Ah, mamica, povej mi raje telefonično!"

*

Lisica in kozel.

Lisica in kozel sta bila žejna, pa sta zlezla v neki vodnjak, da se napijeta vode.

Ko sta se napila, je začel kozel gledati okrog sebe in je dejal: "Kaj bova napravila sedaj? Kako bova prišla iz vodnjaka?"

"Ej, za to se ti ne brigaj, to je lahko. Samo poslušaj mene, pa se ne boj. Upri se s prednjimi nogami ob steno, nagni glavo in rogove naprej!"

Kozel je napravil kakor mu je rekla lisica.

Tedaj se je lisica spela na njegov hrbet in na njegove roge ter skočila iz vodnjaka.

Skakajoča okrog vodnjaka se je lisica začela rogati kozlu. Čim bolj se je kozel jezil in jo nazival sleparico, tem bolj se mu je ona smejala ter mu rekla: "Dragi kozel, ko bi imel ti toliko možgan, kolikor imaš brade, bi ne zlezal v ta vodnjak prej, preden bi dobro ne premislil, kako boš prišel iz njega."

Dositej Obradović.

*

Kdo je osel?

Ožbovt je zapazil na vratih sosedovega vrta nekaj napisanega s kredo. Pogledal je natančneje in bral: Osel je tisti, ki to čita.

Te besede so Ožbovta razburile in da se osveti piscu, je oni napis zbrisal ter napisal: Osel je tisti, ki je to načelkal.

*

"Mama, zakaj se nečeš igrati z menoj?"

"Ker nimam časa."

"Zakaj nimaš časa?"

"Ker moram delati."

"Zakaj moraš delati?"

"Ker si moram zaslužiti denarja."

"Zakaj si moraš zaslužiti denarja?"

"Da ti morem kupiti hrane."

Dete malo pomisli, nato pa:

"Mamica, nisem lačen."

*

Bogdančka zalotijo na laži. Mama ga pokara:

"Ko sem bila mlada kot ti, nisem nikdar lagala."

"Kdaj pa si začela, mama?"



JUVENILE



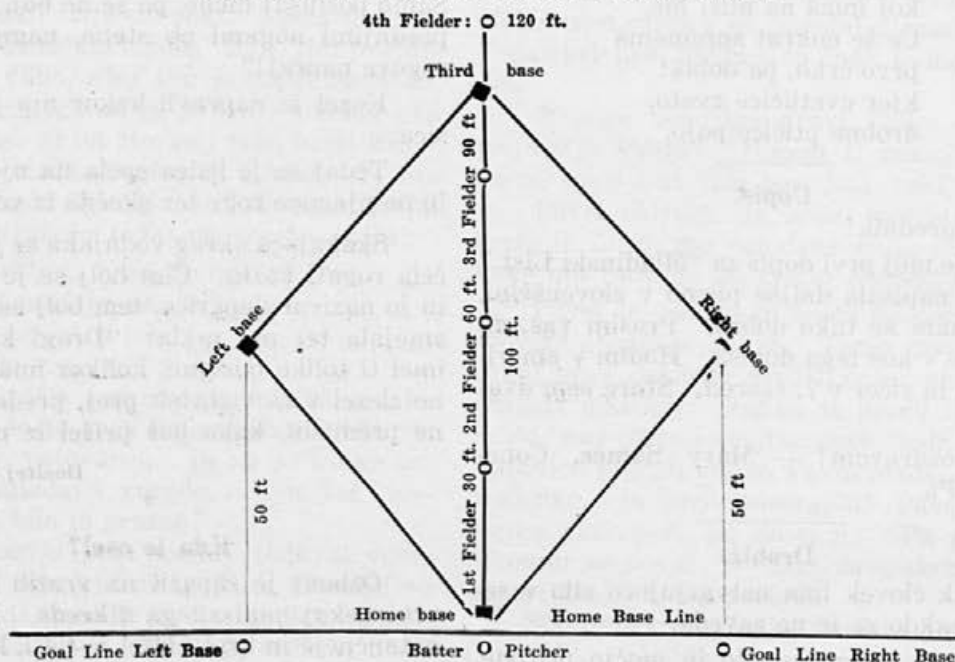
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THE FIELD FOR SLOVENE BASE BALL



SLOVENE BASEBALL.

February 1926.

Baseball as played in Slovenia, is entirely different from the American method, but just as interesting. This game can be traced back to the Middle Ages where it was played by the knights who called it pair ball (*biti žogo na pare*) on account of having equal number of players on each side. The smallest number of players for each team is five. The positions of pitcher and catcher are played by the same person. He is called the pitcher (*podajavec*).

While in play, the pitcher who throws a soft ball up into the air, stands opposite the batter. The batter tries to hit the soft ball which is a little bigger than our official league ball, with a flat bat, which is two to three inches wide. After he hits the ball, he tries to make a run by either running around the left base to home or by going around the right base to home. Each member of the team has one chance, except last batter, who has three trials, to hit the ball. That is why the best batter should be the last man to make an attempt to hit the ball. If the batting team fails to make a score, they go out to the field. If they should happen to hit the ball, the fielders either have to catch the ball on the fly, or hit the man while he is running from one base to another in order to put the opposite team out.

The field consists of a goal line and five bases. Two bases are on the goal line and they are called goal line left base and goal line right base. Two

more bases are fifty feet away from the goal line, each slanting away from the home base. They are called left base and right base. Finally one base is one hundred feet from home base; also, it is perpendicular to the goal line. Now that we have the bases, we must find the position of each player.

If there are five members in the team, one of them acts as pitcher, the other four as fielders. In a straight perpendicular line leading away from the goal line the players are placed as follows: First fielder thirty feet, second sixty feet, third ninety feet, fourth fielder one hundred twenty feet away from home base. If there are more than five players on one team, the division should be made according to the number of players and the distance from home line which is one hundred and twenty feet. If the batter fails to hit the ball, he goes to one of the bases on the goal line, from there he makes an attempt to reach one of the outside bases. If he fails, his side retires.

This game can be played by anyone from twelve years up. Introduce this game to the young blood. Everyone who has played it, will enjoy this game. In course of time this game will be as popular as our baseball of to-day. Then all the sons and daughters of Slovenian or Yugoslav parentage will say, "My father and mother played this game in Europe during their spare time, while they were children."

The Wolf.

By Anton Novačan.

Translated from the Slovenian by A—

It was a hard winter that year. Deep snow covered the region below; it all but hid from view the little village on the face of the hill, and still it kept on falling in thick dense flakes as if it would never cease. The huts groaned under the great weight, the timber cracked, and the peasants kept looking apprehensively at the impenetrable dark-gray source of these swirling myriads of tiny ghosts. Where was it all coming from, they wondered. Already it lay over five feet deep all around; the roads and paths were wiped out, and even the little stream that ran out of the wood had disappeared.

The village was shut off from the rest of the world. No one would dare go very far from that little cluster of shacks and sheds. The snow was freezing into a hard mass, and in the daytime the menfolk had to use their axes, sometimes even their saw, to chop and saw it off their low thatch roofs, giving the huts a breathing spell before a fresh load should descend upon them during the night.

Never before had the village lived in such complete accord. The huts seemed to be joined into one, the people co-operated with one another, and in the evening, after the last of that bleak daylight had been swept off the earth, the families—five of them, thirty souls in all—went down on their knees and prayed. They prayed not so much for the ultimate salvation of their poor peasant souls as for a temporary release from the grip of this terrible winter. They knelt around the tables, in the sickly glow of their oil lamps, and from each of the five huts issued into the dark, swirling night, the plea: "From trials and tribulations save us, O Lord!"

Then, all of a sudden, one evening a terrible long-drawn howl interrupted the prayers of the villagers.

Oo—oo—oo—oo—errr . . .

Consternation smothered the prayer in them; their eyes stared wide open, their faces paled, and their hearts began to beat in fits.

Then again—this time even closer by:

Ee—oo—oo—ee—arr . . .

"Wolf!" said Martin, a tall, gaunt peasant. "God have mercy upon us!"

He put away the rosary and hastened to assure himself that the door was securely bolted.

Another howl—and an instant later a pair of paws began to scratch frantically on the door. Martin instinctively withdrew from the vestibule door and returned into the living room, unable to keep from shaking.

"Don't be afraid, he can't come in," he said to his wife, who was pressing an infant to her breast.

Outside the wolf scratched, whined and howled. Once or twice he rose up on his hind legs and looked in through the little window, but the light inside must have dazzled him, and he went away.

Early the following morning the men of the village gathered in Martin's house to decide what there was to be done. In a fierce, unrelenting winter like this there was the danger that a whole pack might come down from the woods, and they promptly decided to send down to the county seat for a gun.

Martin was chosen to go. He had known that they would ask him to go, and now he was ready to set out immediately. In decent weather one could get there in three hours or less at a moderate pace, but now it took Martin more than six hours of strenuous walking through a thick layer of freshly fallen snow that had not yet had time to harden.

The county clerk was a loud, boastful person, and he laughed at Martin when the later told him about the wolf.

"What are you talking about?" he said. "There isn't a wolf for a hundred miles around here anywhere. They were all exterminated twenty years ago. Maybe that was some lost dog that has gone wild, or something."

Martin, hurt by the clerk's laughter.

went to the mayor and asked him for a gun. The mayor was a sensible, experienced man, and gave Martin a gun. He also promised to inform the authorities in the city about the wolf's visit, but of course one could not expect the government hunters to come out until it cleared up a little, at least till it stopped snowing.

Martin was pleased the way the mayor treated him; and instead of taking him six hours as it had going down, he got home in a little over four, for the gun instead of being a burden on his shoulders, made him feel lighter and freer.

Nearly the whole village had assembled in Martin's house, and seeing the gun they all breathed a sigh of relief. To try out weapon, Martin fired a shot from his window. It made a terrible, piercing noise; the womenfolk jumped and screamed, and the peasants laughed at them.

"Well, we got the gun," they said. "Now let the wolf come if he wants to." And the men decided to stand guard at night, turn and turn about.

The first man to be on guard dressed himself in thick clothes, put on a pair of heavy shoes and a pair of warm woolen gloves. As long as the huts with their lamps lighted inside blinked at him, he walked from window to window and joked with his neighbors; but soon, after all the lights went out and the people went to sleep, the brave fellow retreated to his own house, where he posted himself so that he stood with one foot on the doorsill, with the other in the vestibule. After a while, as nothing happened, the man stepped inside, shut the door, and went to sleep.

In the morning one of the peasants discovered that one of his hogs had disappeared during the night, and there was a bloody trail all the way from the pen to the wood.

The following night the second peasant stood guard, then the third, and the fourth. Neither of them saw the wolf; but after the hog they missed a goat, then another pig, and on the fourth night Martin's dog, Tiger, met his fate.

But this terrible prowler in the night no longer howled. He must have smelled the

gun, and now came quietly, stealthily, apparently after midnight, and seized the first living creature he came upon.

But the ravages of the beast in themselves were as nothing compared with the terrible fear—the unbearable sense of insecurity—which by now took possession of the hearts of the villagers. It seemed to them as though Heaven itself had sent this scourge upon them, as punishment for some old forgotten sin that must still be hanging above the village. Imagination and the tales of an old woman in the village confused them all to the extent that they did not know how they could help themselves; so they prayed to God to save them from this terrible trial.

Not so Martin, our tall, gaunt Martin. He gave no serious attention to the nonsense that went about the village. He was silent and looked with contempt upon the superstitious, frightened peasants and women. Every night, days before it was his turn to stand guard, he would get up several times, open the window and listen. His wife would plead with him to go to bed and rest up, but he would not leave the window for hours. He would listen and peer into the dark white night and every once in a while tighten his fists and gnash his teeth.

He hated the wolf as though the beast were a human being who had done him a great wrong in cold blood. He hated him because he would not give the poor little village peace at a time when it was practically cut off from the rest of the world. Why didn't he go to one of the villages down in the valley for a change! Those well-to-do peasants down below could better afford to lose their hogs and goats and dogs . . .

Then came the fifth night—Martin's night on guard. The village was dark and asleep, and Martin stood in front of his hut, gun in his hands, ready to shoot, his eyes boring into the darkness. Gradually it stopped snowing. It seemed to Martin that the sky was lifting, and presently he discerned the outlines of the wood beyond the village.

Martin was glad. Better weather would probably mean the end of this terror, he

said to himself. If the wolf came on a clear, quiet night, they would see or hear him, and shoot him. Yes, they would clear the roads. They would go to church on Sunday and meet people from other villages. They would, maybe, be able to resume work in the woods to earn a little something before Christmas. And they would go to midnight services on Christmas night down to the parish, and—

At this instant his thoughts stopped. Something mowed in the snow, something swift, agile and dark. Blood boiled up in Martin and he pulled back the hammer of the gun. There was a pair of luminous eyes in the dimness before him—and Martin fired. The wolf turned with a leap and vanished, while the report of the gun rolled off into the deaf night with a hundred echoes.

Martin realized that he had missed the beast and a fierce rage sprung up in him.

He hurled the gun away and in long, wild leaps bounded down the ridge after the wolf.

His wife came out in the doorway and, as she did not see him, called out his name. Then the neighbors came out, some with lamps, others with hoes, axes, and other implements. They went in search for Martin, but he was nowhere. They called him, but the only answer they received was the echo.

The trail in the snow led into the wood, and in the morning the villagers followed it. And there, deep in the thicket, in a clump of bushes, they found them—Martin lying on his right side, all bloody, and his huge, horny hands clamped around the beast's throat.

Both were dead, Martin and the wolf. The wolf had torn open Martin's throat and Martin had choked the wolf. His long, bony fingers were sunk deep into the skin, and the men of the village who found him had a hard time unloosening his grip.

THREE HAPPY YOUTHS.

By A. K.

The suburban C. B. & Q. train No. 15 has three steady passengers. Every morning when it pulls into town, they occupy their three seats, the first two benches of the smoker. One of them gets on the train at Hinsdale, the second at Brookfield, and the third at Riverside. Each one, when he enters the smoker, causes plenty of noise, because every rider that knows the three staunch passengers, greets him with a "Good morning!"

The first one that enters the car at Hinsdale is the youngest. He is a handsome fellow, a little dark colored, with an unceasing smile in his eyes. He is about eighteen years old, but looks much stronger for his age. He started to work at the Western Electric plant last fall. While he sits alone on his bench, he usually looks through the window. At Brookfield he knocks on the window, when he sees his friend approaching the stairs of the coach.

The other fellow enters. He is taller than the first one, not much older, two years probably; but his complexion is entirely different from the first. He is blond, with a

gentle expression on his face. His eyes are blue and his forehead high.

The last of the three youths sits just opposite to his pals, as the benches are situated so that the fellows face each other. He is probably of the same age as the second fellow of the group, but he is the tallest. His action seem to indicate that he is of Slavic race, while his face shows that his fathers were Italians. When the fellows see each other, they smile. Then they start to talk . . .

And how they talk? With their hands! They are **deaf and dumb!** Every rider looks at them, everybody is interested in those silent youths, who just "talk" and "talk". Their eyes glow with happiness; it must be interesting what they are talking about, for their faces smile unceasingly. They do not pay attention to other riders, they are busy talking. While other riders worry, and think of their daily tasks, and do not converse among themselves in order to shorten up the time of the monotonous ride, the dumb ones are speaking, enjoying their meeting.

It seems that other people are worrying more about the fate of the deaf ones than the youths care themselves.

Hope.

By Lincoln Zavertnik.

To cherish, to wish, and to desire, this is what one would find as the definition of the word hope. Although these phrases give an idea of the meaning of the word, yet there is no sentence, clauses, or phrases and no other method of expressing human

and guarded with the greatest care. Sometimes this intangible idea the presence of which has been found everywhere, is taken to bolster up the courage when one is trying to shut out from his mind the unknown dangers that are lurking near at hand. After

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The Peasant Family.

Brothers Le Nain.

thoughts which would show the hope of a lover, mother, or reformer. All are waiting for some unknown desire which only the future could reveal to them. Even before man ever had any means of communicating with one and another, the idea of hope was locked in their hearts. Here it is watched

man has reached his goal then he will know the meaning of hope. Often these few words were carrying a forceful meaning, were heard quoted, "Hope springs eternal into the human breast." All that was written in this paragraph will be conveyed into the minds of everyone by that simple statement.

Andrew Wilson:

Zoological Myths.

When the country swain, loitering along some lane, comes to a standstill to contemplate, with awe and wonder, the spectacle of a mass of the familiar "hair-eels" or "hair-worms" wriggling about in a pool, he plods on his way firmly convinced that, as he has been taught to believe, he has just witnessed the results of the transformation of some horse's hairs into living creatures. So familiar is this belief to people of professedly higher culture than the countryman, that the transformation just alluded to has to all, save few thinking persons and zoologists, become a matter of the most commonplace kind. When some quarrymen, engaged in splitting up the rocks, have succeeded in dislodging some huge mass of stone, there may sometimes be seen to hop from among the debris a lively toad or frog, which comes to be regarded by the excavators with feelings akin to those of superstitious wonder and amazement. The animal may or may not be captured; but the fact is duly chronicled in the local newspapers, and people wonder for a season over the phenomenon of a veritable Rip Van Winkle of a frog, which to all appearance, has lived for "thousands of years in the solid rock." Nor do the hair-worm and the frog stand alone in respect of their marvellous origin. Popular zoology is full of such marvels. We find unicorns, mermaids, and mermen; geese developed from the shell-fish known as "barnacles"; we are told that crocodiles may weep, and that sirens can sing—in short, there is nothing so wonderful to be told of animals that people will believe the tale. Whilst, curiously enough, when they are told of veritable facts of animal life, heads begin to shake and doubts to be expressed, until the zoologist despairs of educating people into distinguishing fact from fiction, and truth from theories and unsupported beliefs. The story told of the old lady, whose youthful acquaintance of seafaring habits entertained her with tales of the wonders he had seen, finds, after all, a close application in the world at large. The dame listened with delight, appreciation, and belief, to accounts of mountains of sugar

and rivers of rum, and to tales of lands where gold and silver and precious stones were more than plentiful. But when the narrator descended to tell of fishes that were able to raise themselves out of water in flight, the old lady's credulity began to fancy itself imposed upon; for she indignantly repressed what she considered the lad's tendency to exaggeration, saying, "Sugar mountains may be, and rivers of rum may be, but fish that flee ne'er can be!" Many popular beliefs concerning animals partake of the character of the old lady's opinions regarding the real and fabulous; and the circumstance tells powerfully in favor of the opinion that knowledge of our surroundings in the world, and an intelligent conception of animal and plant life, should form part of the school-training of every boy and girl, as the most effective antidote to superstitions and myths of every kind.

The tracing of myths and fables is a very interesting task, and it may, therefore, form a curious study, if we endeavor to investigate very briefly a few of the popular and erroneous beliefs regarding lower animals. The belief regarding the origin of the hair-worms is both widely spread and ancient. Shakespeare tells us that

"Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison."

The hair-worms certainly present the appearance of long, delicate black hairs, which move about with great activity amidst the mud of pools and ditches. These worms, in the early stages of their existence, inhabit the bodies of insects, and may be found coiled up within the grasshopper, which thus gives shelter to a guest exceeding many times the length of the body of its host. Sooner or later the hair-worm, or "Gordius aquaticus" as the naturalist terms it, leaves the body of the insect, and lays its eggs, fastened together in long strings, in water. From each egg a little creature armed with minute hooks is produced, and this young hair-worm burrows its way into the body of

some insect, there to repeat the history of its parent. Such is the well-ascertained history of the hair-worm, excluding entirely the popular belief in its origin. There certainly does exist in science a theory known as that of "spontaneous generation," which, in ancient times, accounted for the production of insects and other animals by assuming that they were produced in some mysterious fashion out of lifeless matter. But not even the most ardent believer in the extreme modification of this theory which holds a place in modern scientific belief, would venture to maintain the production of a hair-worm by the mysterious vivification of an inert substance such as a horse's hair.

The expression "crocodile's tears" has passed into common use, and it therefore may be worth while noting the probable origin of this myth. Shakespeare, with that wide extent of knowledge which enabled him to draw similes from every department of human thought, says that

"Gloster's show

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers."

The poet thus indicates the belief that not only do crocodiles shed tears, but that sympathizing passenger, turning to commiserate the reptile's woes, are sized and destroyed by the treacherous creatures. That quaint and credulous old author—the earliest writer of English prose—Sir John Mandeville, in his "Voiage," or account of his "Travile," published about 1356—in which, by the way, there are to be found accounts of not a few wonderful things in the way of zoological curiosities—tells us that in a certain "contre and be all yonde, ben great plenty of Crokodilles, that is, a manner of a long Serpent as I have seyed before." He further remarks that "these Serpents slew men," and devoured them, weeping; and he tells us, too, that "whan thei eaten thei meven (move) the over jowe (upper jaw), and nought the nether (lower) jowe: and thei have no tonge (tongue)." Sir John thus states two popular beliefs of his time and of days prior to his age, namely, that crocodiles move their upper jaws, and that a tongue was absent in these animals.

As regards the tears of the crocodile, no foundation of fact exists for the belief in such sympathetic exhibitions. But a highly probable explanation may be given of the manner in which such a belief originated. These reptiles unquestionably emit very loud and singularly plaintive cries, compared by some travellers to the mournful howling of dogs. The earlier and credulous travellers would very naturally associate tears with these cries, and, once begun, the supposition would be readily propagated, for error and myth are ever plants of quick growth. The belief in the movement of the upper jaw rests on apparent basis of fact. The lower jaw is joined to the skull very far back on the latter, and the mouth-opening thus comes to be singularly wide; whilst, when the mouth opens, the skull and upper jaw are apparently observed to move. This is not the case, however; the apparent movement arising from the manner in which the lower jaw and the skull are joined together. The belief in the absence of the tongue is even more rapidly explained. When the mouth is widely opened, no tongue is to be seen. This organ is not only present, but is, moreover, of large size; it is, however, firmly attached to the floor of the mouth, and is specially adapted, from its peculiar form and structure, to assist these animals in the capture and swallowing of their prey.

One of the most curious fables regarding animals which can well be mentioned, is that respecting the so-called "Bernicle" or "Barnacle Geese," which by the naturalists and educated persons of the Middle Ages were believed to be produced by those little Crustaceans named "Barnacles." With the "Barnacles" every one must be familiar who has examined the floating driftwood of the sea-beach, or who has seen ships docked in a seaport town. A barnacle is simply a kind of crab enclosed in a triangular shell, and attached by a fleshy stalk to fixed objects. If the barnacle is not familiar to readers, certain near relations of these animals must be well known, by sight at least, as amongst the most familiar denizens of our sea-coast. These latter are the "Sea-Acorn," or Balani, whose little conical shells we crush by hun-

dreds as we walk over the rocks at low-water mark; whilst every wooden pile immersed in the sea becomes coated in a short time with a thick crust of the "Sea-Acorns." If we place one of these little animals, barnacle, or sea-acorn—the latter wanting the stalk of the former—in its native waters, we shall observe a beautiful little series of feathery plumes to wave backward and forward, and ever and anon to be quickly withdrawn into

investigation of the subject will also afford a singularly apt illustration of the ready manner in which the fable of one year or period becomes transmitted and transformed into the secure and firm belief of the next.

We may begin our investigation by inquiring into some of the opinions which were entertained on this subject and ventilated by certain old writers. Between 1154 and 1189 Giraldus Cambrensis, in a work entitled "To-

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August Renoir—the Famous Painter.

the secure recesses of the shell. These organs are the modified feet of the animal, which not only serve for sweeping food-particles into the mouth, but act also as breathing-organs. We may, therefore, find it a curious study to inquire through what extraordinary transformation and confusion of ideas such an animal could be credited with giving origin to a veritable goose; and the

pographia Hiberniæ," written in Latin, remarks concerning "many birds which are called Bernacæ: against nature, nature produces them in a most extraordinary way. They are like marsh geese, but somewhat smaller. They are produced from fir timber tossed along the sea, and are at first like gum. Afterward they hang down by their beaks, as if from a sea-weed attached to the

timber, surrounded by shells, in order to grow more freely." Giraldus is here evidently describing the barnacles themselves. He continues: "Having thus, in process of time, been clothed with a strong coat of feathers, they either fall into the water or fly freely away into the air. They derive their food and growth from the sap of the wood or the sea, by a secret and most wonderful process of alimentation. I have frequently, with my own eyes, seen more than a thousand of these small bodies of birds, hanging down on the seashore from one piece of timber, enclosed in shells, and already formed." Here, again, our author is speaking of the barnacles themselves, with which he naturally confuses the geese, since he presumes the Crustaceans are simply geese in an undeveloped state. He further informs his readers that, owing to their presumably marine origin, "bishops and clergymen in some parts of Ireland do not scruple to dine off these birds at the time of fasting, because they are not flesh, nor born of flesh," although for certain other and theological reasons, not specially requiring to be discussed in the present instance, Giraldus disputes the legality of this practice of the Hibernian clerics.

In the year 1527 appeared "The Hystory and Croniclis of Scotland, with the cosmography and dyscription thair of, compilit be the noble Clerk Maister Hector Boece, Channon of Aberdene." Boece's "History" was written in Latin; the title we have just quoted being that of the English version of the work (1540), which title further sets forth that Boece's work was "Translait laityly in our vulgar and commoun langage be Maister Johne Bellenden, Archedene of Murray, And Imprintit in Edinburgh, be me Thomas Davidson, prenter to the Kyngis nobyll grace." In this learned work the author discredits the popular ideas regarding the origin of the geese. "Some men belevis that thir clakis (geese) growis on treis be the nebbis (bills). Bot thair opinoun is vane. And becaus the nature and procreatioun of thir clakis is strange, we have maid na lytyll laboure and deligence to serche ye treuth and verite yair of, we have salit (sailed) throw ye seis quhare thir clakis ar bred, and I fynd be gret

experience, that the nature of the seis is mair relevant caus of thair procreatioun than ony uthir thyng." According to Boece, then, "the nature of the seis" formed the chief element in the production of the geese, and our author proceeds to relate how "all treis (trees) that ar casein in the seis be proces of tyme apperis first wormeetin (worm-eaten), and in the small boris and hollis (holes) thairof growis small worms." Our author no doubt here alludes to the ravages of the Teredo, or ship-worm, which burrows into timber, and with which the barnacles themselves are thus confused. Then he continues, the "wormis" first "schaw (show) thair heid and feit, and last of all thay schaw thair plumis and wyngis. Finaly, quhen thay ar cumyn to the just mesure and quantite of geis, thay fle in the aire as othir fowlis dois, as was notably provyn, in the yeir of God ane thousand iii hundred lxxx, in sicht of mony pepyll, besyde the castell of Petslego." On the occasion referred to, Boece tells us that a great tree was cast on shore, and was divided, by order of the "laird" of the ground, by means of a saw. Wonderful to relate, the tree was found not merely to be riddled with a "multitude of wormis," throwing themselves out of the holes of the tree, but some of the "wormis" had "baith heid, feit, and wyngis," but, adds the author, "they had no fedderis (feathers)."

Unquestionably, either "the scientific use of the imagination" had operated in this instance in inducing the observers to believe that in this tree, riddled by the ship-worms and possibly having barnacles attached to it, they beheld young geese; or Boece had construed the appearances described as those representing the embryo stages of the barnacle geese.

Boece further relates how a ship named the Christofir was brought to Leith, and was broken down because her timbers had grown old and failing. In these timbers were beheld the same "wormeetin" appearances, "all the hollis thairof" being "full of geis." Boece again most emphatically rejects the idea that the "geis" were produced from the wood of which the timbers were composed, and once more proclaims his belief that the "nature

of the seis resolvit in geis" may be accepted as the true and final explanation of their origin. A certain "Maister Alexander Galloway" had apparently strolled with the historian along the sea-coast, the former giving "his mynd with maist ernist besynes to serche the verite of this obscure and mysty dowtis." Lifting up a piece of tangle, they beheld the seaweed to be hanging full of mussel-shells from the root to the branches. Maister Galloway opened one of the mussel-shells, and was "mair astonis than afore" to find no fish therein, but a perfectly shaped "foule, smal and gret," as corresponded to the "quantity of the shell." And once again Boece draws the inference that the trees or wood on which the creatures are found have nothing to do with the origin of the birds; and that the fowls are begotten of the "oceane see, quhilk," concludes our author, "is the caus and production of mony wonderful thingis."

More than fifty years after the publication of Boece's "History," old Gerard of London, the famous "master in chirurgerie" of his day, gave an account of the barnacle goose, and not only entered into minute particulars of its growth and origin, but illustrated its manner of production by means of engraver's art of his day. Gerard's "Herball," published in 1597, thus contains, amongst much that is curious in medical lore, a very quaint piece of zoological history. He tells us that "in the north parts of Scotland, and the Ilands adjacent, called Orchades (Orkneys)," are found "certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are contained little living creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little living foules whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese; but the other that do fall upon the land, perish, and come to nothing: thus much by the writings of others, and also from the mouths of people of those parts, which may," concludes Gerard, "very well accord with truth."

Not content with hearsay evidence, however, Gerard relates what his eyes saw and hands touched. He describes how on the

coasts of a certain "small Iland in Lancashire called Pile of Foulders" (probably Peel Island), the wreckage of ships is cast up by the waves, along with the trunks and branches "of old and rotten trees." On these wooden rejectamenta "a certaine spume or froth" grows, according to Gerard. This spume "in time breedeth unto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish color." This description, it may be remarked, clearly applies to the barnacles themselves. Gerard then continues to point out how, when the shell is perfectly formed, it "gapeth open, and the first thing that appeereth is the foresaid lace or string"—the substance described by Gerard as contained within the shell—"next come the legs of the Birde hanging out; and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it cometh to full maturitie, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger than a Mallard, and lesser than a Goose, having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white . . . which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree Goose."

Accompanying this description is the engraving of the bernicle tree bearing its geese progeny. From the open shells in two cases, the little geese are seen protruding, whilst several of the fully-fledged fowls are disporting themselves in the sea below. Gerard's concluding piece of information, with its exordium, must not be omitted. "They spawn," says the wise apothecary, "as it were, in March or Aprill; the Geese are found in Maie or June, and come to fulnesse of feathers in the moneth after. And thus hauing through God's assistance, discoused somewhat at large of Grasses, Herbes, Shrubs, Trees, Mosses, and certaine excrescences of the earth, with other things moe incident to the Historie thereof, we conclude and end our present volume, with this wonder of England. For which God's name be euer honored and praised." It is to be remarked that Gerard's description of the gooseprogeny of the barnacle tree exactly corresponds with the appearance of the bird

known to ornithologists as the "barnacle-goose"; and there can be no doubt that, skilled as was this author in the natural history lore of his day, there was no other feeling in his mind than that of firm belief in and pious wonder at the curious relations between the shells and their fowl-offspring. Gerard thus attributes the origin of the latter to the barnacles. He says nothing of the "wormeetin" holes and burrows so frequently mentioned by Boece, nor would he have agreed with the latter in crediting the "nature of the oceane see" with their production, save in so far as their barnacle-parents lived and existed in the waters of the ocean.

The last account of this curious fable which we may allude to in the present instance is that of Sir Robert Moray, who, in his work entitled "A Relation concerning Barnacles," published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society in 1677-78, gives a succinct account of these crustaceans and their birdprogeny. Sir Robert is described as "lately one of his Majesties Council for the Kingdom of Scotland," and we may therefore justly assume his account to represent that of a cultured, observant person of his day and generation. The account begins by remarking that the "most ordinary trees" found in the western islands of Scotland "are Firr and Ash." "Being," continues Sir Robert, "in the Island of East (Uist), I saw lying upon the shore a cut of a large Firr tree of about 2½ foot diameter, and 9 or 10 foot long; which had lain so long out of the water that it was very dry: And most of the shells that had formerly cover'd it, were worn or rubb'd off. Only on the parts that lay next the ground, there still hung multitudes of little Shells; having within them little Birds, perfectly shap'd, supposed to be Barnacles." Here again the description applies to the barnacles; the "little birds" they are described as containing being of course the bodies of the shell-fish.

"The Shells," continues the narrator, "hang at the Tree by a Neck longer than the Shell;" this "neck" being represented by the stalk of the barnacle. The neck is described as being composed "of a kind of filmy substance, round, and hollow, and creased, not

unlike the Wind-pipe of a Chicken; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the Tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter which serves for the growth and vegetation of the Shell and the little Bird within it." Sir Robert Moray therefore agrees in respect of the manner of nourishment of the barnacles with the opinion of Giraldus already quoted. The author goes on to describe the "Bird" found in every shell he opened; remarking that "there appeared nothing wanting as to the internal parts, for making up a perfect Sea-fowl: every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large Bird seen through a concave or diminishing Glass, colour and feature being everywhere so clear and neat." The "Bird" is most minutely described as to its bill, eyes, head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet, the feathers being "everywhere perfectly shaped, and blackish-coloured. All being dead and dry," says Sir Robert, "I did not look after the Internal parts of them," a statement decidedly inconsistent with his previous assertion as to the perfect condition of the "internal parts"; and he takes care to add, "nor did I ever see any of the little Birds alive, nor met with anybody that did. Only some credible persons," he concludes, "have assured me they have seen some as big as their fist."

This last writer thus avers that he saw little birds within the shells he clearly enough describes as those of the barnacles. We must either credit Sir Robert with describing what he never saw, or with misconstruing what he did see. His description of the goose corresponds with that of the barnacle goose, the reputed progeny of the shells; and it would, therefore, seem that this author, with the myth at hand, saw the barnacles only with the eyes of a credulous observer, and thus beheld, in the inside of each shell—if, indeed, his research actually extended thus far—the reproduction in miniature of a goose, with which, as a mature bird, he was well acquainted.

This historical ramble may fitly preface what we have to say regarding the probable origin of the myth. By what means could the barnacles become credited with the power

of producing the well-known geese? Once started, the progress and growth of the myth are easily accounted for. The mere transmission of a fable from one generation or century to another is a simply explained circumstance, and one exemplified by the practices of our own times. The process of accretion and addition is also well illustrated

of language and alteration of names lie at the root of the error. The learned author of the "Science of Language" argues that the true barnacles were named, properly enough, *Bernaculæ*, and lays stress on the fact that *Bernicle* geese were first caught in Ireland. That country becomes *Hibernia* in Latin, and the Irish geese were accordingly

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One of the Best Works of Velasquez.

in the perpetuation of fables; since the tale is certain to lose nothing in its historical journey, but, on the contrary, to receive additional elaboration with increasing age. Professor Max Mueller, after discussing various theories of the origin of the barnacle myth, declares in favor of the idea that confusion

named *Himernicæ*, or *Hiberniculæ*. By the omission of the first syllable—no uncommon operation for words to undergo—we obtain the name *Bernicuræ* for the geese, this term being almost synonymous with the name *Bernaculæ* already applied, as we have seen, to the barnacles. *Bernicle* geese and *bernicle*

shells, confused in name, thus became confused in nature; and, once started, the ordinary process of growth was sufficient to further intensify, and render more realistic, the story of the bernicle tree and its wonderful progeny.

By way of a companion legend to that of the barnacle tree, we may select the story of the "Lamb Tree" of Cathay, told by Sir John Mandeville, whose notes of travel regarding crocodiles' tears, and other points in the conformation of these reptiles, have already been referred to. Sir John, in that chapter of his work which treats "Of the Contries and Yles that ben bezonde the Lond of Cathay; and of the Frutes there," etc., relates that in Cathay "there growethe a manner of Fruyt, as thoughe it were Govrdes: and whan thei ben rype, men kутten (cut) hem a to (them in two), and men fyndem with inne a lytylle Best (beast), in Flessche in Bon and Blonde (bone and blood) as though it were a lytylle Lomb (lamb) with outen wolle (without wool). And men eaten both the Frut and the Best; and that," says Sir John, "is a great marveylle. Of that frut," he continues, "I have eten; alle thoughe it were wondirfulle"—this being added, no doubt, from an idea that there might possibly be some stay-at-home persons who would take Sir John's statement cum grano salis. "But," adds this worthy "knyght of Ingolond," "I knowe wel that God is marveyllous in His Werkes." Not to be behind the inhabitants of Cathay in a tale of wonders, the knight related to these Easterns "als gret a marveylle to hem that is amonges us; and that was of the Bernakes. For I tolde him hat in oure Countree weren Trees that beren a Fruyt, that becomen Briddes (birds) fleeynge: and tho that fallen in the Water lyven (live); and thei that fallen on the Erthe dyen anon: and thei ben right gode to mannes mete (man's meat). And here had thei als gret marvayle," concludes Sir John, "that sume of hem trowed it were an impossible thing to be." Probably the inhabitants of Cathay, knowing their

own weakness as regards the lamb tree, might possess a fellow-feeling for their visitor's credulity knowing well, from experience, the readiness with which a "gret marvayle" could be evolved and sustained.

Passing from the sphere of the mythical and marvellous as represented in mediæval times, we may shortly discuss a question, which, of all others, may justly claim a place in the records of Zoological curiosities—namely, the famous and oft-repeated story of the "Toad from the solid rock," as the country newspapers style the incident. Regularly, year by year, and in company with the reports of the sea-serpent's reappearance, we may read of the discoveries of toads and frogs in situations and under circumstances suggestive of a singular vitality on the part of the amphibians, of more than usual credulity on the part of the hearers, or a large share of inventive genius in the narrators of such tales. The question possesses for every one a certain degree of interest, evoked by the curious and strange features presented on the face of the tales. And it may therefore not only prove an interesting but also a useful study, if we endeavor to arrive at some just and logical conceptions of these wonderful narrations.

Instances of the discovery of toads and frogs in solid rocks need not be specially given; suffice it to say, that these narratives are repeated year by year with little variation. A large block of stone or face of rock is detached from its site, and a toad or frog is seen hereafter to be hopping about in its usual lively manner. The conclusion to which the bystanders invariably come is that the animal must have been contained within the rock, and that it was liberated by the dislodgement of the mass. Now, in many instances, cases of the appearance of toads during quarrying operations have been found, on close examination, to present no evidence whatever that the appearance of the animals was due to the dislodgement of the stones.

(To be continued.)



"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Letters from Our Young Brothers and Sisters.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the "Mladinski List," and I think it is about time to write. I wish that the "Mladinski List" would come once a week instead of once a month.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. I have one sister in the sixth grade.

We are all members of the S. N. P. J. I do not know how to read Slovenian, but I will soon learn.

I wish that Frances Platner of Barberton, Ohio, would please write to me, because I like that riddle she wrote for last month's "Mladinski List," and I know the answer also.

This is all I have to write this time. I have a riddle and a puzzle:

When is a girl like a mirror?

* *

Quite a Family Party.

The telephone rang at Mr. Jones' home and when Mrs. Jones answered the call she heard her husband talking from his office in the city. And this is what he said:

"I am bringing home to dinner my father's brother-in-law, my brother's father-in-law, my father-in-law's brother and my brother-in-law's father. So prepare a nice dinner for us, please."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Jones, and she did. But can you figure out the number of guests she had to provide for? Yours truly,

Josephine Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.

*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Ml. L. I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. I have two sisters and one brother. My sister Violet is in the fourth grade, my brother Ralph is in the second grade. My sister Jennie is three and a half years old, and she stays home with my mother so that she isn't lonesome. I think the next letter I am going to write is going to be Slovenian. I wish the Ml. L. would become larger, and I also wish that it would come twice a month. I am sending you two riddles, if you never heard these before.

What is it?

It is red and has a stick in its hands and a stone in its throat.

It goes thru the woods, and thru the woods, and never touches the woods.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.!

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski List. I like it very much, I can hardly wait till it comes. I am eleven years old and in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Manuel; she is a good teacher, and all of us children love her.

I would like to write in Slovenian, but I have to

learn it first. Our whole family is in the S. N. P. J. I have 2 sisters and 4 brothers. I have one sister and one brother going to school. I hope that our members of the S. N. P. J. here in Jenny Lind will wake up and write to our wonderful magazine, and I also hope that the others will keep on writing, for I love to read letters in the Mladinski List, because I love to hear from our young Slovene brothers and sisters. I will now close and try to write more next month. I hope there will be more members writing next month. So wake up, everybody, and write to our Mladinski List and try to keep it larger every month. I have no riddles nor jokes this time. I am sending my best regards to all members of the S. N. P. J.

Mary Grile, Jenny Lind, Ark.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski List. I am a member of the S. N. P. J. for nine years. I am in the 4th grade in school, and only eleven years old. I wish the Mladinski List would come every week instead of every month. I can read in Slovenian, but I do not know how to write all words. Our school has nine rooms and too many children. There are fifty-four pupils in our room. Next time I will write more in Slovenian.

Yours truly,

Frank Gumsey, Canonsburg, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I have ever written to the "Mladinski List." It is an interesting paper and I am always first at it. I do wish it would come every week; it wouldn't do any harm if it were published twice a week.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade, and expect to graduate when school closes. I have been a cripple all but about nine months of my life.

There are two mines here in Nokomis, North Mine and West Mine. The West Mine has been closed for about 1½ year.

My father is working in the North Mine ever since he's been here in Nokomis or in one of its suburbs.

Here are a couple of jokes and riddles.

Teacher: "James, I thought I told you to take the seat next to Pearl."

James: "You did, but I sold it to Jack for a nickel."

* *

What is round and shaped like a ball and is the biggest ball ever known of?

What word has twenty-six letters in it and doesn't spell anything?

Am ending with best regards to brothers and sisters.

Victor Friškovec,

421 Frederick St., Nokomis, Illinois.

P. S.:—I hope that some brothers would write

to me.

ALI

si član Slovenske narodne podporne jednote?

Najbrže. — Toda če nisi, prosi očeta ali mamico, da Te vpišejo.

Gotovo nisi brez prijateljev in prijateljic. Ali spadajo vsi k S. N. P. J.? Če ne, daj, povej jim, kaj je in kaj nudi največja slovenska organizacija na svetu svojim članom, in če jim to poveš, ne boš rabil mnogo prigovarjati — pristopili bodo sami. Kajti biti član S. N. P. J. je čast vsakemu poedincu mogočnega slovanskega naroda.

S. N. P. J. izdaja za odrasle člane "Prosveto", za mlade pa "Mladinski

list". Jednotina "Književna matica" izdaja tudi poučne in zabavne knjige.

*

Ali ti je znano, kdaj in kako so se začeli naši očetje in matere priseljevati v to deželo? Knjiga "Ameriški Slovenci", ki jo je spisal glavni urednik, br. Jože Zavertnik, in izdala jednota, Ti vse to lepo popiše, zlasti pa začetek in razvoj danes tako močne S. N. P. J.

Če Tvoji starši še niso naročili te knjige, prosi jih, naj jo kupijo Tebi v spomin.



VSEBINA — CONTENTS.

	Stran		Page
Jugoslovanski goslar. (J. Leban)....	34	Slovene Baseball.....	50
Ledene rože. (V. Klanšek).....	34	The Wolf. (Anton Novačan).....	51
Kaznovan ponos. (S. Košutnik).....	35	Three Happy Youths. (A. K.).....	53
Pet velevlasti. (Po Karlu Ewaldu)....	37	Hope. (Lincoln Zavertnik).....	54
Golobček na potu. (M. Kunčič).....	42	Zoological Myths. (Andrew Wilson)	55
Stanka in Tinček se pripravata. (M. Kunčič)	43	"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box Etc.	63
Pregovor. (M. Kunčič).....	43	Pictures:	
Slovinci. (Nadaljevanje.).....	47	The Peasant Family.....	54
Skrivnost. (Janko Leban).....	48	August Renoir—the Famous Painter	57
Naš kotichek	49	One of the Best Works of Velasquez..	61
Slike:			
V krčmi.....	39		
Mačka	43		
Prizor iz starega viteškega življenja..	47		