

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Members, per year 30c, half year 15c. Nonmembers per year 60c, half year 30c, foreign countries per year 75c.

LETO VI.—ŠT. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL, MAREC 1927.

VOL. VI.—NO. 3.

PRI TVORNICAH

Dimniki visoki
v sinji zrak kipijo,
strički goloroki
pa ob njih stojijo.

Iz dimnikov visokih
dimi se valijo,
strički pa ob strojih
delo zadobijo.

Albin Čebular.

SLOGA

Očka, povejte,
pa kaj je to: sloga?

— Sloga je moč!

Glej mravlje v gozdíču,
čebele v panjíču —
povsod vidiš eno,
najbolj dragoceno:

v krog se
združujejo,
k delu
strnjujejo,

vse dela za enega —

eden za vse,

zato jim najboljše
v kraljestvu njih gre.

Albin Čebular.

STUDENČKU

Studenček pod skalo,
kako si vabljev,
in v svoji prostosti,
kako ljubezniv.

Midva sva si stara
prijatelja že,
ker dan sem za dnevom
obiskaval te.

Kozarček si mali
s pijačo hladno
šumljaje napolnil
mi vselej voljno.

A zdaj več izviraj
ne bodeš za me;
več tvoje jaz zviraj
ne bodem vode.

Po tujem hoditi
obsojen sem jaz.
Kako je to bridko,
težko ti povem:

A jaz med spomine
bom svoje sladke,
studenček pod skalo,
zapisal te.

Narodna.

Reka—mrtvo mesto

Če je katero mesto na svetu prizadeto vsled barantanja politikavev, je to gotovo Reka, nekdanje cvetoče pristaniško mesto na severu Jadranskega morja, v zalivu med Istro in vzhodnim hrvaškim primorjem, kateri zaliv se imenuje Kvarner. Radi svoje primerne lege za pomorsko trgovino je bilo to mesto predmet političnih špekulacij že v davni zgodovini, toliko bolj pa po svetovni vojni. In posledica teh špekulacij je, da je danes Reka mrtvo mesto. Ljudje so se v velikem številu izselili drugam za kruhom, ostali pa so se iz mirnih in poštenih ljudi izpremenili v tihotapce, ki s tveganjem življenja prenašajo blago čez krivično odmerjene meje. Nekdanje prometne luke so prazne, po svoječasno lepo pometenih ulicah pa raste trava. Kdor je



Brezposelni delavci na reškem pomolu.

nekdanje poznal Reko, bi ne mogel verjeti, da je to danes še tisto mesto, kot je bilo nekdanje. Nekoč vse veselo je danes otožno, živahne ulice so prazne, trgovine zaprte in pristanišča brez velikih ladij.

Poglejmo malo v zadnja leta, v katerih se je naredil ta nezaželjeni preobrat, ki je napravil iz tisočernih množic reveže.

Pred vojno je Reka s svojim mešanim, hrvaškim, slovenskim in italijanskim prebivalstvom pripadala Avstro-Ogrski. Bila je pristanišče za Ogrsko in je kot taka z velikim zaledjem Slovenije, Hrvaške in Ogrske lepo uspevala, domačini so imeli lepe zasluške in še od drugod so se priseljevali na Reko ljudje, da si zaslužio kruh. Ne samo pomorska trgovina, tudi letoviščarji so prinašali obilo zasluzkov, kajti na tisoče in tisoče jih je bilo vsako leto, ki so posetili lepe kraje ob reških bregovih Jadranskega morja, posebno pa sosednje izletne kraje Opatijo, Volovsko in druge.

Takoj ko je pričela svetovna vojna, je bila Reka prizadeta. Mladi so morali na vojsko, stari pa niso imeli več zasluška, kajti prekomorska trgovina je do malega

prenehala. Toda črni oblaki nad mirnim prebivalstvom tega lepega mesta so se šele zbirali. Ko je Italija napovedala vojno, si je prej zagotovila, da se bo polastila gotovih krajev, kateri niso bili njeni in katerih prebivalci niso hoteli pod Italijo. Med temi kraji je bila kajpada vključena tudi Reka, kajti italijanski politikaši so mislili, da si z njo opomore Italija, čeprav je v resnici samo toliko na slabšem s pridobitvijo tega mesta, katero pod Italijo ne dobi nobenega zaslužka s pomorsko trgovino.

Dne 26. aprila leta 1915 so Italijani v Londonu skrivaj podpisali pogodbo, da pomagajo v vojni zaveznikom, ampak njim morajo pripadati vzhodni kraji na Jadranskem morju. Jugoslovani, ki tam žive, so se seveda upirali, ampak kaj je izdal njih glas, ko so pa diplomati, kateri še v onih krajih nikoli bili niso in ki ljudskih potreb sploh ne poznajo, imeli glavno besedo. Menda jih je bilo sram kupčije z Italijo, ker niso hoteli pogodbe izdati in jo je izdal šele Nikolaj Lenin, kateri je izvedel za barantanje. Kako so bili ti mešetarji (tako jih upravičeno lahko imenujemo) premeteni, nam svedoči dejstvo, da so v kupčijo zapletli celo predsednika Wilsona, ki pa je bil paktu vedno nasproten in se je ravno radi te politične kupčije leta 1920 odkrival vseh nadaljnjih stikov s političnimi špekulanti v Evropi.

Novonastala država Jugoslavija je rabila pristanišče. Reka bi ji bila najbolj primerna, kakor je bila tudi za Reko potrebna Jugoslavija, ker mesto samo, ki nima nobene dežele za seboj, ne more imeti uspešne prekomorske trgovine. Ampak italijanski politikaši so vztrajali, jugoslovanski pa, ki niso bili kos premetencem, s katerimi so mešetarili, so odnehali.

Prva kupčija glede Reke je bila sklenjena med italijanskimi in jugoslovanskimi diplomati v Rapallu na Laškem dne 12. novembra, 1920. Italijanski zastopniki so bili grof Sforza in druga taka gospoda, kot Bonomi in Salata; jugoslovanski zastopniki pa Vesnič, Trumbič in Stojanovič. Da bi vprašali prebivalce na Reki, če so zadovoljni s tako kupčijo za njih kožo, jim še na misel ni padlo. S to pogodbo so zadali takorekoč smrten udarec Reki, ker so od nje ločili mesto Sušak, katero tvori z Reko eno mesto. Zmešetarili so torej tako, da skozi mesto gre državna meja in da ljudje z ene strani potoka Rečina, ki služi kot meja, ne smejo na drugo stran, če nimajo državne dovoljenja. Kako neumno je to, si je težko predstavljati. Mislimo si, da bi razpolovili Chicago in rekli: Kar je na vzhodni strani reke Chicago, je angleško, drugo je pa ameriško. Ljudje ne smejo čez reko, če ne prosijo za dovoljenje in plačajo zanj. Poleg tega se morajo tudi sovražiti, čeprav so sosedje in morda celo bratje in sestre ter drug od drugega odvisni. Prav tako so storili diplomati z Reko, Rečanov pa niso vprašali, če so zadovoljni, kajti nje so kar prisilili z italijanskim orožjem, da morajo biti tiho in prestajati krivico.

Po imenovanju pogodbi v Rapallu je bila Reka smatrana kot samostojna država, njen del Sušak pa je pripadel pod Jugoslavijo. Pa kaj pomeni taka samostojnost, če pa ni zaslužka in kruha. Odtrgana je bila od zaledja. Ali tudi ona samostojnost je bila samo na papirju, kajti pogodba je jamčila Rečanom samo samostojnost v upravi, drugače pa je določala, da Reka spada pod Italijo. No, in italijanski vladi tudi to ni bilo dovolj, zato je Reko popolnoma zasedla in prevzela njeno upravo 27. januarja, 1924.

Kakor je s Trstom, Puljem in Zadrom, to je z mesti, ki se jih je po vojni polastila Italija in jih tako odtrgala od zaledja, da zdaj umirajo kot brezpomembna pristaniška mesta, tako je z Reko, katera je najhujše prizadeta, kajti Reka je bila izključno samo mesto s prekomorsko trgovino. Mesto bo izumiralo čedalje bolj, dokler bo pod sedanjo vlado odtrgano od ostale zemlje, na katero je navezano. Najhujše pri tem pa je, da ljudstvo samo ni krivo, kajti pravice so mu bile odvzete z mečem in puško.

Obraz starega človeka

Neki ljubeznjivi pisatelj je pred davnim napisal, da je obraz starega človeka lepši kakor obraz mladega. Nikakor ni mogel razumeti, zakaj se nekatere stare ženske lišpajo in hočejo izgledati kot dekleta. Vsakdo rad pogleda staro poslopje, kos starega pohištva, zastarelo sliko ali staromodni vrt. Zakaj pa ne občuduje tudi starega obraza? Pisatelj John Erwine, kateri je napisal oni izrek, da je obraz starega človeka lepši, je v istem spisu nadaljeval:

“Človek vidi plemenit izraz na obrazu starega moža ali žene, česar ne najde na mladem obrazu. Jaz zelo rad vidim gube okoli oči starčka in globoke poteze nad njegovimi obrvi. Gladkost na obrazu mladega je lepa, kakor je lepa gladkost svežega jabolka, nikakor pa ni tako značilna kakor je raskavost na obrazu starega. Našel sem jasnost v očeh zelo starega moža, kakoršno vidimo samo na tistih, ki so veliko prežstali in niso bili poraženi. Večkrat sem tudi opazil, da ljudje, ki v svoji mladosti ne izgledajo lepi, postanejo na svoja stara leta naravnost krasni.”

To je vsekakor lep opis, ki tudi nudi lep nauk. Ali ni to lepa uteha za človeka, ki je bil rojen z neprikupnim obrazom in ki lahko pričakuje, da bo njegov obraz nekoga dne ljubeznjiv. Seveda je vse odvisno od človeka samega. Samo mlad človek lahko reče: “Moj obraz je tak, kakoršnega mi je dala narava.” Star človek pa mora reči: “Moj obraz je tak, kakoršnega sem si naredil.” Brazde na starem obrazu je res izoral čas, toda plug je vodil človek sam. Kakorhitro vidimo starega človeka, lahko spoznamo ali je slabega ali dobrega značaja, ali je ozkosrčen ali velikodušen; toda kdo more razbrati značaj s tujega obraza mladega človeka?

Ko stopamo po galeriji portretov, kmalu začutimo, da nas slike starih ljudi bolj zanimajo kakor slike mladih. Iz davnih časov ohranjene slike bogatih lepotic so skoraj vse enake, z edino razliko, če ima katera daljši nos ali pa oči druge barve, dočim slike starčkov, katere so izdelali isti umetniki, pokazujejo velikansko medsebojno različnost. Obraz kakega starega kardinala je kakor poosebljena prekanjenost, obraz marsikaterega vladarja pokazuje samopašnost in prevzetnost; na sliki marsikaterega starega viteza beremo posledice mladostnega čezmernega uživanja, pa tudi odločnosti in hrabrosti, a poteze na obrazu kakega učenjaka, ki so navadno najbolj globoke, spričujejo zamišljenost, velikodušnost in dobrohotnost. Toliko razliko med slikami starih in mladih obrazov vidimo radi tega, ker so značaji ljudi bolj zanimivi kakor pa telesa in ker značaja navadno ne vidimo na obrazu, dokler se na njem ne napravijo gube.

NA POTI V ŠOLO

Kaj mudiš me, oj zeleni
in cvetoči travnik ti?
Lep si, ali v šolo meni,
ljubi travnik, se mudi!

Urne ribice v potoki,
rad bi vam tovariš bil,
Tekal, skakal bi po loki
in metulje bi lovil.

Ptiček, ti utegneš peti,
kar ti treba, znaš ti že,
v šolo moram jaz hiteti,
kjer se bistrijo glave.

Ali ko pa šola mine,
kakor ti bom ptiček prost.
Hej, čez jarke in krtine,
travniki ves bo moj in gozd!

Josip Stritar.

Svet, ki ne bo nikoli govoril

Bržkone ni bil nihče posebno razočaran, ko tudi pri zadnjem približanju zemlji ni bilo nobenih znakov z Marsa, dasiravno so bili pripravljeni vsi brezžični in radijski aparati.

Če bi nas bil dosegel kak val iz etra, da bi ga aparati le občutili, bi ga lahko sprejeli kot poročilo, katero bi bilo svetu kot pravcati čudež. To bi spremenilo vse človeško mišljenje, stremljenje in cilje. Če bi bili prepričani, da na Marsu žive bitja tolikega razuma, da nam lahko pošljejo poročila, bi se vse prizadevanje na svetu obrnilo v drugo smer, kajti ljudje bi se brigali, da bi prišli z ožje in gotovejše stike z njimi. Ideja za sporazumljenje med dvema planetoma bi zasenčila vsa vprašanja na svetu med narodi, ker bi se ta zdela premalenkostna.

To bi se lahko zgodilo, če bi se Marsijani javili in povedali zemlji, da so pravi ljudje. Posledice takega odkritja bi bile tako ogromne v verstvu in vsem, da si jih danes ne moremo še predstavljati.

Nemogoče si je misliti, da bi na zvezdi živeli mogočni in razumni ljudje, ki niso znani in se ne razodenejo. So stvari, s katerimi se rada bavi naša domišljija, ampak naša misel jih ne more sprejeti.

Če bi na Marsu živel rod živih bitij, ali radi tega že lahko mislimo, da se je povzpел do tolikega viška umskega razvoja, da bi nam lahko pošiljal poročila? Zemlja je bila zelo dobra mati človeškemu plemenu. Na mnogih delih svojega površja je dala enako in ugodno podnebje, in ko se je prvi prednik človeka razvil, je že imel svojo hrano. Naravoslovec, ki je našel dinosavrova jajca na planjavah Centralne Azije, je prepričan, da se je tam pojavil prvi človek, ki je živel po sočnih pokrajinah v ugodnem podnebju, kar je bilo vsekakor prijeten prostor za človeka.

Od tedaj je človek zašel v kraje z mnogo drugačnimi podnebji, toda nikdar v takega, kakor je na primer grozna pustinja na Marsu. Silen mráz in zima, temni zimski dnevi poleti, ozračje redkejše kakor ga je najti na vrhu gore Everet, take so razmere, ki vladajo na najboljših krajih Marsa. Nikjer na Marsu ni nitj tisoč kvadratnih milj površine, na kateri bi mogla živeti in uspevati toplokrva žival, kakor na zemlji.

V takem podnebnju bi mogoče še vztrajali nekateri plazilci, ali tudi ti bi imeli hud boj za obstanek. Na velikih močvirjih bi morali prezimovati večinoma časa in biti brez hrane dolgo mesecev. Noben zemeljski plazilec bi ne mogel na Marcu preživeti, ker bi imel premalo kisika, a vzlic temu ni izključno, da bi na Marsu ne živel prav noben plazilec, ki se morda tudi drugače razvija. Ker je težnost na Marsu veliko manjša kot na zemlji, bi take živali lahko zrastle do ogromne veličine, vsaj take kot so bili gigantični dinosavri, ki so se valjali po močvirjih Azije in Amerike pred desetimi milijoni let. Toda zelo dvomljivo je, da bi na Marsu zrastle nova boljše živa bitja.

Da se je na zemlji razvilo toliko različnih življenj od hladnokrvnih plazilcev pa do gorkokrvnih sesalcev s človekom, je pripisati dejstvu, da je toliko različnih podnebij, živeža in pogojev za življenje. Nekateri pogoji so bili manj ugodni za življenje in hujši, toda vsi so pomagali novemu razvoju, novim oblikam in postavam in končno tudi novim mišljenjem. Na Marsu pa je mrtvaška ravan s spreminjanjem časovnega podnebnja, ki more biti ugodno le za življenje nižjega razvoja. Če bi s pomočjo kake velike iznajdbe v bodočnosti zemljani mogli stopiti v stike z Marsom, se mogoče zgodi, da bo človek učitelj in ne prebivalec na Marsu.

Domišljajmo si, da v skriti bodočnosti razum zemljanov toliko prodre, da bi človek mogel stopiti v stike z bitjem, ki si je na Marsu mogoče razvilo svoj razum. Kaj bi si imela povedati? Ali bi se mogla sestati?

Do kolike stopnje sega inteligenca človeka, je znano. Celó do zvezd sega. Človek je majhen in zemlja je komaj mala pikica med velikanskimi zvezdami, pa vendar človekov razum pričinja zapopadati zvezde. Bori se za spoznanje njih začetka in konca, kakor se bori za umevanje svojega lastnega postanka in življenja. Radi svojega razuma stika po tajnostih Marsa in mu je mogoča domišljija o intelektu in razumu, ki na njem živi, dasi je razkril, kako pičli so življenski pogoji v primeri s pogoji na zemlji.

Čudovito ravnotežje med toploto, zrakom in vodo je omogočilo, da je pričela materija rasti in se razvijati ter tako postala snov, iz katere so se rodile vse žive stvari na zemlji. To snov imenujemo protoplazmo. Po preučevanju se nam zazdi težko, da bi bilo na Marsu mogoče, da bi protoplazma bila hranjena v prsti in še težje pa nam je misliti in da bi se v onih okoliščinah razvilo iz nje življenje bitij z enako silo domišljije kot jo ima človek. Zdelo bi se nam vse to prečudežno naključje slučajev.

Toda človeška misel si še poleg tega lahko domišlja, da ni bilo treba protoplazme za klico življenja na Marsu, temveč je bilo mogoče čisto na drug način vsejano življenje. Z vsemi raziskovanji ne moremo zapopasti, kakšno naj bi bilo to seme, odkod naj je prišlo in kdaj. Bilo pa bi tudi najbolj nesmiselno trditi, da je samo zemlja tista srečna pikica v vesoljstvu, na kateri je življenje. Če je torej tudi na Marsu kdaj začelo življenje, je lahko zrastle do silne veličine in razvoja misli, a čisto drugačno kakor pa si ga moremo mi predstavljati. Samo radi tega, ker naše misli ne morejo zapopadati, lahko trdimo, da ni možnosti za obstoj sličnega življenja.

Mogoče nam je misliti, da so na Marsu kdaj živele živali neprimerne velikosti in so bile v davni preteklosti zakopane, ali pa si mislimo, da so na tej zvezdi zrastle ptice ali mrčes velikega obsega ter prilagodene tudi preredkemu ozračju Marsa. Take kreature so morda bivale na Marsu že toliko milijonov let prej kot so je pojavil prvi prednik človeka na zemlji. In te kreature so morda razvile svoj razum, ki je veliko višji kot človekov, dasi lahko čisto drugačen. Če taka bitja eksistirajo in se svojih moči ne poslužijo, da bi dale kak znak zemljanom, je to iz razloga, ker so pričane, da bi jih človek ne razumel. To je najbolj žalosten položaj, katerega si moremo domišljati, ampak tolažimo se lahko z zavestjo, da bo človek nekega dne mogoče sposoben izvedeti vse o Marsu, pa če je na njem življenje ali ne. In ko pride to odkritje, se človeku ne bo treba prav nič sramovati, če bo moral žrtvovati svoj ponos.

LASTOVKAM

Lastovke, oj Bog vas sprimi,
ko po dolgi, ostri zimi
priletele ste nazaj
v mirni naš planinski raj!
Ve pomladi ste znanilke,
dobre sreče ste nosilke.
Kjer si dom postavite,
srečo tja pripravite!
Gostoljuben strop je moj.

Gnezda svoja nanj pripnite,
tu valite, tu gojite
srečonosni zarod svoj!
Skrbno jaz vam branil bom
nežni rod in mali dom.
Nihče vas se ne dotakne
in mladičev vam nikdo
z roko kruto ne izmakne,
čuval jaz jih bom zvesto.

Simon Gregorčič.

Debelokožci

Debelokožci so živalska skupina, katera spada v red sodoprstov. V to skupino prištevamo prašiče, domače in divje (divjega vepra), afriškega prašiča in povodnjega konja (hyppopotamus). Najbolj poznan izmed teh je kajpada domači prašič, ki je bolj kakor radi svoje neokretnosti znan radi svojega okusnega mesa.

DOMAČI PRAŠIČ je nečista, neumna in uporna žival. Rad gre v vodo, če je tudi blatna, pa le zaradi hrane in da se hladi, ker ima debelo in mastno kožo. Ogromno in nerodno telo nosijo štiri suhe in kratke noge, ki pa imajo štiri v kopita obute prste. Truplo je od strani nekoliko stisnjeno, porastlo s ščetinami, ki so zlasti na robatem hrbtišču dolge, debele in močne. Barve je bele, črne ali lisaste, rep pa ima svedrasto zavit.

Ko si išče hrane, domači prašič rad riže po zemlji. Klinasta glava se mu končuje v dolg, gibek in občutljiv rilec, ki je predrt z mokrimi nosnicami. Veliki očnjaki v obeh čeljustih, čekani, so navzgor zakrivljeni. Z njimi prašič lahko ruje korenine in privzdiguje krompir, repo in drugo hrano, katero išče po zemlji. Prašič je ravno radi teh zob dokaj nevaren.

Drugo zobovje prašiča je zelo prikladno vsakovrstni hrani. Sluh ima dober, oči majhne, poševne in vdrte.

Ne samo radi okoliščine, kako je umazana, prašič je nečeden tudi glede hrane. Nič ne izbira in se pase tudi na plesnjivem in pokvarjenem; ko je na paši, se loti tudi mrhovine, miši podgan, polžev in sploh vsega, kar mu pride pod zob. Menda ni tako površne živali v izbiranju hrane, kot je ravno prašič.

Domači prašič se plodi jako hitro, kajti svinja vrže v dveh letih do dvajset pujskov. Mladiči hitro rastejo in se začno debeliti. To je pa tudi namen prašičje-rejcev, kajti od prašiča porabijo ali prodajo vse od ščetin pa do najboljšega kosa stegna.

DIVJA SVINJA ali VEPER je bolj krepka kakor domači prašič. Ker živi v naravi, ji je narava preskrbela bolj trpežne ude. Noge ima večje kakor domači prašič in tudi močnejše so. Ušesa so vepru visoka in pokončna, tako da dobro sliši. Očnjaki, to so čekani, so tudi veliko večji, tako da zlasti spodnja dva molita precej iz čeljusti. Saj jih veper tudi potrebuje, ko riže med gozdnimi koreninami iščoč si hrane.

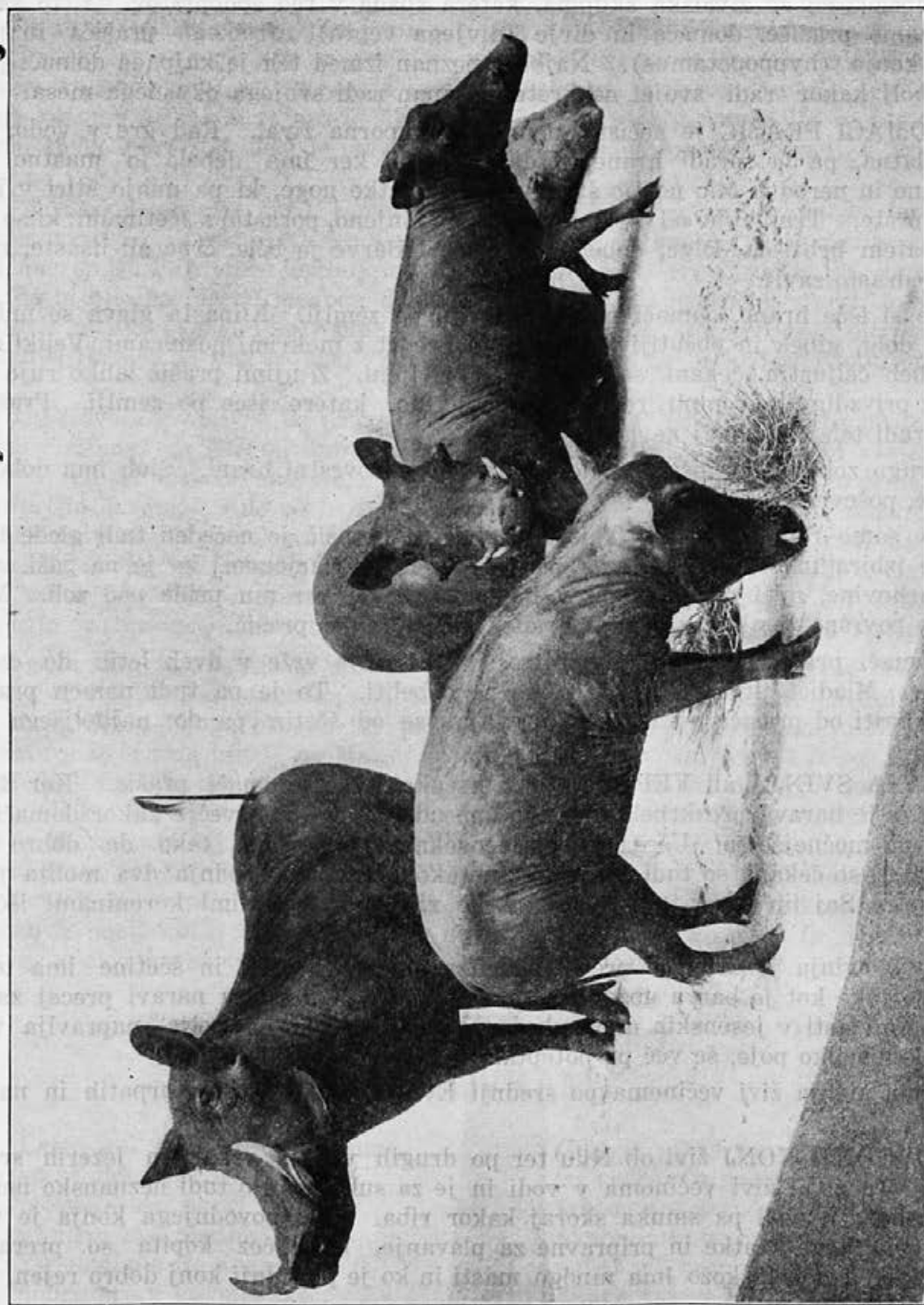
Divja svinja je drugače precej podobna domači. Kožo in ščetine ima temne, približno tako kot je barva gozdnih mlak. Z barvo je torej v naravi precej zavarovana. Ko zlasti v jesenskih dneh uhaja veper iz gozda na polja, napravlja veliko škode, ker veliko poje, še več pa potepta.

Divja svinja živi večinoma po srednji Evropi, zlasti pa v Karpatih in na Balkanu.

POVODNJI KONJ živi ob Nilu ter po drugih velikih rekah in jezerih srednje Afrike. Ta žival živi večinoma v vodi in je za suho zemljo tudi neznansko nerodna in počasna. V vodi pa smuka skoraj kakor riba. Telo povodnjega konja je valjasto in golo, noge kratke in pripravne za plavanje, kajti čez kopita so preraščene plavuti. Pod debelo kožo ima mnogo masti in ko je povodnji konj dobro rejen, tehta do pet tisoč funtov.

Telo povodnjega konja ni nič kaj prijetno, a še toliko manj prijetna pa je njegova debelobulasta glava. V velikanskem gobcu ima povodnji konj silno močno zobovje s štrlečimi očnjaki, katerih se ljudje poslužujejo kot slonove kosti. Mesc

(Chicago Field Museum.)



Afriški divji prašič. (Wart Hog.)

in mast povodnjega konja sta užitna, iz kože pa delajo drage palice. Povodnji konj ne je mesa, temveč samo rastline.

AFRIŠKI PRAŠIČ je skoraj taka žival kot domači prašič, samo da je še toliko zoprnejši. S slike lahko sodite, da nima prav ničesar na sebi, radi česar bi ga mogli prištevati k lepim živalim. Neki pisatelj se je izrazil o teh prašičih, da se mu je zdelo, kakor da ima zoprne sanje in ne, da vidi pred seboj resnične živali.

Afriškemu prašiču rečejo tudi "bradavičasta svinja" (wart hog), katero ime dobiva od bradavičastih izrastkov po glavi, ki so posebno veliki pri samcih, bolj mali in skoraj nevidni pri samicah.

Dasi afriški prašič izgleda naravnost strašno, vendar ni nevarna žival in ne stori človeku nič žalega, dokler ni ranjen. Ko je pa preganjan in ranjen, pa zna afriški prašič tudi neusmiljeno suniti s svojimi velikanskimi očnjaki.

Afriški prašič živi po velikih planjavah, ki so skoraj popolna puščava. Pase se na bodičevju in na koreninah, katere izruje iz peščenih tal. Po luknjah, katere si izruje v peščeno zemljo, živi v večjem številu. Ker nima skoraj nič vratu, se mora obračati s celim životom, če hoče kaj videti.

Dlake po životu nima skoraj nič, a na vrhu pleč pa mu je izraščena redka greben dolgih dlak. Rep ima tanek in dolg ter ga možko dvigne pokonci, ko se kam zagleda.

Afriški prašič živi raztreseno skoraj po vsej Afriki, največ pa ga je dobiti v Somaliji ter po drugih delih Afrike vzhodno od Sahare.

Ž A B E

Rega, rega, rega, rega,
vedno hujša je zadrega,
solnce že do dna nam sega,
jojmene, kaj bo iz tega!

Kum, kum,
le pogum!
Slišal sem od juga šum.

Kvak, kvak,
glej oblak,
glej oblakov sivih vlak!
Vedro vode nosi vsak,
kmalu bo vse polno mlak.

Rega, rega, rega, rega,
Bog nas reši vsega zlega!

Kum, kum,
le pogum!
Kvak, kvak,
glej oblak!

Oton Župančič.

Lučke

Precej davno je že tega, kar se mi je nekega temnega jesenskega večera naključilo, da sem plul po otožni sibirski reki. Pred menoj, na ovinku reke, prav pod temnimi gorami, je kar nenadoma zabrlela lučka.

Posvetila se je žarko, močno in čisto blizu . . .

— No, hvala Bogu! — sem dejal vzradoščen — prenočišče je že blizu!

Veslar se je okrenil, pogledal čez ramo na luč in se nato zopet apatično uprl v vesla.

— Daleč je še!

Nisem mu verjel. Saj je bila lučka čisto blizu in je svetila iz neopredeljive temine. Toda veslar je imel prav. Izkazalo se je, da je res še daleč.

Te nočne lučke imajo to posebnost, da se, prodirajoč temo, kaj rade približujejo, se bleščijo, obetajo in vabijo v svojo bližino. Vidi se ti, da le še par zamahov z veslom in konec bo poti . . . A v resnici je še daleč . . .

Dolgo sva še plula po reki, temni ko črnilo. Kotline in pečine so se pojavljale, se približevale ter oddaljevale, zaostajajoč za nama ter izginjajoč nekam v brezkončni daljini, a lučka je še vedno stala pred nama, brleča in vabeča, — ravno tako blizu in ravno tako daleč . . .

Zdaj se premnogokrat spominjam tiste temne reke, zasenčene od skalovitih gor, in pa one svetle lučke. Kakor poprej, tako je vabilo tudi pozneje veliko lučk s svojo bližino tudi druge, ne samo mene. Ampak — naše življenje teče med vedno istimi turobnimi bregovi, lučke pa so še daleč . . .

Treba se je zopet upreti v vesla . . .

A vendar . . . vendar so pred nami lučke!

(V. G. Korolenko.)

SEVERNI SIJ

Iz višnjeve teme pada zastor
do blede planjave;
srebrne niti so kakor predor
v dežele sanjave.

Luč veličastna pritajeno vabi
iz zime ledene,
poljane snežene.
S prameni dolgimi kaže nam pot
v deželo, kjer zarja
svetlobo ustvarja,
ker solnce ne greje;
v deželo, kjer led —
s snežnim plaščem odet —
pritiska strašneje
kot silni gospod.

Iz želje pristrčne
šli bi za bleskom iz mrtve dežele,
da bi spoznali, če so jo uklele
pošasti mogočne.

A. K.

Albin Čebular:

SNPJ

Strički, tam ob dolgih mizah,
prišla sem, da vas obiščem,
vam povem, ker ravno zbrani
mi sediti v uri rani:

Moja punčka Maja
prav nič ne nagaja,
tudi nič ne joče;
res, prav nič ne stoče,

no, zato bi vas prosila,
da sprejeli moj bi predlog:
Majo vpišite kar v knjige,
pa bom preje jaz brez brige!

Albin Čebular:

URA TIKTAKA . . .

Ura tiktaka,
zimica plaka,
ker mora od nas
v deveto spet vas.

Ura tiktaka . . .
dežec namaka
vsenaokrog:
polja in log.



Ura tiktaka . . .
Vesna koraka —
na ličecih smeh
in iskra v očeh.

Ura tiktaka . . .
minutica vsaka
ima novost:
zdaj žalost-norost.

Tri dobe poezije

Poezija ima tri dobe, od katerih je vsaka taka, kakoršna je bila pesem človeške družbe: oda, epopeja in drama. Prvotno so imeli lirično, klasično, etično, sedaj pa imamo dramsko pesem.

Oda opeva večnost.

Epopeja slavi zgodovino.

Drama prikazuje življenje.

Značaj prve poezije je: naivnost, druge: prirodnost, tretje: resnica. Oda je sestavljena na idealih, epopeja na plemenitosti, drama pa na resnici. Ta trivrstna poezija je zlasti zajeta iz biblije, Homerja in Shakespearja. To so oblikovni izrazi misli v raznih dobah človeka in družbe. Oblike pa so: mladost, zrelost in starost.

Ko človek preučuje književnost, posamezno ali skupno, vedno pride do zaključka, da so bili lirični pesniki prvi, nato epski in nato dramski. Tako je bil na Francoskem Malerbree pred Shapelenom, Shapelen pred Cornejem; v stari Grški je bil Orfej pred Homerjem in Homer pred Eshilom; Mojzesova knjiga je bila pred knjigo kraljev in knjige kraljev pred Jobovo knjigo — ali če hočemo zopet vzeti poezije skupno: Biblija je bila pred Ilijado, Ilijada pred Shakespearjem. Človeška družba opeva to, kar sanja, zatem pripoveduje ono, kar dela, in končno prikazuje ono, kar misli.

(Victor Hugo.)

Kako toži zajček pozimi

Nesrečni zajček sem, vse me sovraži in preganja, od vseh strani mi preti smrt. Lovec me išče s puško na rami, pes me zasleduje, ptica roparica se spušča iz zračnih viših nadme, mladiče pa mi jemlje maček. Niti enega prijatelja nimam! Da bi znal skakati po drevju kakor veverica ali pa da bi mogel prespati vsaj pusto in neusmiljeno zimo kakor jazbec ali medved! A tudi nikake obrambe nimam. Z dolgimi in močnimi zobmi lahko sicer oglodam najtrše deblo, a braniti se z njimi ne znam. Nisem baš junak! Če zaslišim najmanjši šum, napnem ušesa, potem pa zbežim, kot bi me nesel veter.

V teku pa sem vam mojster! Skačem zdaj sem, zdaj tja, na levo in na desno, zdaj naprej pa zopet nazaj, da se moji preganjalci jeze, da je kaj! A kaj mi vse to pomaga, prej ali slej me vendar dohiti smrt iz lovčeve puške. Najhuje je zame pozimi. Trav-

niki so pokriti z debelo sneženo odejo, zelniki prazni, gozdovi goli in zasneženi. V hudi sili se moram lotiti drevja in glodati trdo skorjo, da vsaj malce potolažim sitni želodček . . . In vrhu vsega prirejajo baš v zimskem času lov za lovom na nas uboge živali . . . Psi lajajo in cvilijo pa drve za nami in nas pode naravnost do lovcev in pok — po nas je!

Pa ko bi še vsaj po smrti ravnali malo lepše z nami! Mrtve konje in pse zakopljejo v zemljo — nas pa čaka kuhinja. Tam nas najprej slečejo iz gorkega kožuščka, ki ga posuše in prodajo. Naše okusno meso pa skuhajo ali spečejo, najrajši pa ga snedo v omaki, a naše kosti vržejo psom, da jih požro . . .

Zdaj pa preudarite sami, če ni smola in nesreča biti zajčjega rodu!

Iz hrvaščine A.

EGIPČANI SO LJUBILI GODBO.

Da so starodavni Egipčani dosegli visoko stopnjo razvoja na polju glasbe, nam svedoči godala, katerih so se posluževali. Tako so oni na primer imeli inštrumente, ki so bili podobni kitari, harfi, trobenti, bobnu in cimbalam. Trobento in boben so zlasti rabili v vojski, da so vojake navduševali na bojne pohode. Ta dva inštrumenta sta še danes v rabi v iste svrhe.

NAJHUJŠA ZIMA V EVROPI.

V zgodovini Evrope je zapisana najhujša zima leta 1709. Mraz je takrat prodrl devet čevljev globoko, da je zemlja zamrznila. Voda na obalah Sredozemskega morja je bila zmrznjena. Celo gornje Jadransko morje je bilo takrat pokrito z ledom.

IZREKI MODRIH MOŽ.

Plemenit človek je enako visok v sreči kakor nesreči. On se ne povišuje in se ne ponižuje. Uspeh ga ne omamlja in poraz ga ne žalosti. On ne govori veliko o sebi in tudi o drugih ne. Ne žene se za tem, da bo pohvaljen, pa tudi druge grajati ni njegova naloga.

Aristotel.

Srce ima svoje razloge, katerih naš razum ne dosega.

Pascal.

Vzgoja se mora naslanjati na dve podlagi: na moralo in modrost; z moralo se podpira krepost, modrost pa brani pred pokvarjenostjo.

Chamfort.

Največja modrost je krepka odločitev.

Napoleon.





Albin Č.:

KAJ DELA PALČEK?

Palček naš seveda
pisma vsa pregleda,
jih v KOTIČEK stavlja,
potlej nas pozdravlja.

Vsi smo ga veseli
v domovini celi —
zdravo! očka palček,
res ste radoznalček!

HALOOOOOO

- Kdo je tam?
— Tukaj Mla . . . din . . . ski . . . Dali ste pet centov, kaj želite zanje?
— Vedeti hočemo, kdaj bo "Mladinski list" povečan.
— Povečan? Tega odgovora pa za pet centov ne dobite.
— Zakaj ne?
— Odgovor na vprašanje, kdaj bo "Mladinski list" povečan, boste dobili šele, ko boste dovolj agitirali za list! Ne pozabite, da je zdaj kampanja za "Prosveto." Veliki agitirajo za Prosveto, vi pa agitirajte za "Mladinski list."—Še kaj?
— Še, še! Nekaj boste vendar dobili za groš, ki ste ga vrgli v telefon. Tu je nekoliko navodil, kako pišete dopise in prispevke Mladinskemu listu:

1. Pišite s črnilom in razločno!
2. Pišite samo na eni strani papirja!
3. Naslovite pismo natančno, kakor sle-

di: Mladinski list, 2657 So. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Ill.

4. Ako pišete zastavice, pristavite zraven tudi rešitve, drugače ne gredo v list.

5. Ne pozabite vedno zapisati svojega imena in naslova!

Za kontest bi moralo biti več prispevkov. Ne čakajte do konca. Kar bo prišlo na uredništvo po 31. maju, ne bo všteto v kontest, četudi bo priobčeno. Časa je torej samo še dva meseca.

Kaj pa s prevodom povestic, ki sta bili v februarski številki? Ali ste prevedli obe? Sedaj primerjajte prevode. Če niste prevedli, se istotako lahko učite s primerjanjem.

Za zastavice se zelo zanimате, toda ne da bi jih rešili, temveč jih samo prispevate nove. Skušajte jih tudi reševati. Kaj pa s tema dvema v današnji številki v slovenskem delu? Besedna uganka se reši ravnotako kakor "riddle-me-ree." Drugo

pa skušajte čitati in pošljite rešitve za prihodnjo številko.

— Bo dovolj?

— Še to povejte, kaj dobi tisti, ki zmagava v kontestu.

— Nak, tega pa ne. To bi pa bilo preveč za groš. Pišite in napišite najboljše, pa se vam bo zelo izplačalo. Ali boste?

— Bomo. — Good-bye!

— Call again!

Ding, ding . . .

Urednik.

Dragi urednik!

Kadar čitam naš Mladinski list, ki je v resnici samo naš, želim, da bi večkrat prišel k nam. Znam slovensko čitati in pisati (seveda ne popolnoma, ker nisem hodila v slovensko šolo) ter učim tudi moja brata med šolskimi počitnicami. Stara sem trinajst let in hodim v osmi razred, brat John v peti, mlajši brat Feliks v četrti in sestra Rosie v prvi razred.

V tej county (Crawford) bomo imeli ta mesec "spelling contest" v Girardu, Kansas. Med drugimi gremo tudi mi, ki smo vsi člani S. N. P. J.: Stanko Dolinar, Frank Cvetkovič, Rudolph Hudaj, Julija Hudaj, moj brat John in jaz. — Mary Šular, Gross, Kansas.

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moja prva slovenska pisava in prvi dopis v Mladinski list. Stara sem deset let in sem v petem oddelku. Jako me veseli hoditi v šolo. Imam učenega učitelja in tako hočem biti tudi jaz. Sedaj imamo dosti zabave. Je še precej mizro vreme in blato, da se ne moremo igrati. Ali mislim, da bo kmalu prišel čas, ko bo lepše.

Prav lepo pozdravim čitatelje Mladinskega lista.—John Hrvatin, Farmington, Illinois.

Cenjeni urednik!

Dopade se mi nova barva platnic Mladinskega lista. Ali moji bratci in sestrice poznajo proletarski prapor? Zahvalim se vam tudi lepo za poslano knjige. Jaz mislim, da mi bo sedaj boljše šlo v slovenskem jeziku. V pisavi se še priučim. Pa sem tudi zelo zaposlena, ker moram vsak večer reševati nalogo svojemu mlajšemu bratcu. On je star enajst let in je v petem razredu.

Če bi bila predsednica pa bi jaz tako delala:

Poskrbela bi, da bi bilo vse v najlepšem redu in bi vzpodbujala člane k napredku, da bi se večkrat združili v kakem pikniku ali na veselici. To bi pomagalo, da bi se boljše razumeli in bi naša jednota zmeraj bolj napredovala; kakor sem brala v tedniku.

Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice, ki se zanimajo za naš list in spadajo k S. N. P. J.—Angela Flere, Herminie No. 2, Pa.

Dragi urednik:

Jaz nisem tako srečna radi slovenščine kakor je brat F. Somrak, ki se uči v slovenski šoli. Ta šola je zame predaleč ker je na 64. st. v Slovenskem narodnem domu, jaz pa sem na 141. st. Učiti se moram torej sama. To pa ni lahko in ker se rada igram, imam tudi malo časa za to. Kdo bi se samo učil in učil pa delal. Ali moja mama pravi, da bo vse prav prišlo, kadar bom velika. No, to ne bo še tako kmalu, ker sem komaj enajst let stara. Ampak slovensko hočem čitati in pisati.

Dorothy Rossa, 995 E. 141. Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

ČRKOVA ZASTAVICA.

Moja prva je v očesu in nalazi se v ušesu. Drugo imam v potoku, kakor tudi v veletoku. Tretja moja je v sobi in v vsaki suhi robi. Četrto imam na Japonskem, kakor tudi v New Yorku.

Peto ima moja teta in brez nje ni niti stric. Šesta je v magazinu, kakor tudi v vsakem članku. Vse pa so na koncu tedna, ko je delo le pol dneva

ZAGONETNA PESEM

Š× + Ž1 STA TEP1
KER STA 5EL+A UBILA
+ ME2DA S KOŽE DELA;
ZDAJ PA 100KATA =ČITA,
SE BO3 =RI SMILITA.

UGANKE.

Predica joka, joka,
ker rada mleko loka,
a prazne so police
in suhe so kozice.

Tatove strašim
in zajčke podim.

Od doma
brez novcev gre tetka v vasi,
priroma
pa s piščeti, zajčki, gosmi.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume VI.

MARCH, 1927.

Number 3.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the opening door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees its close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lessons thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

—Longfellow.

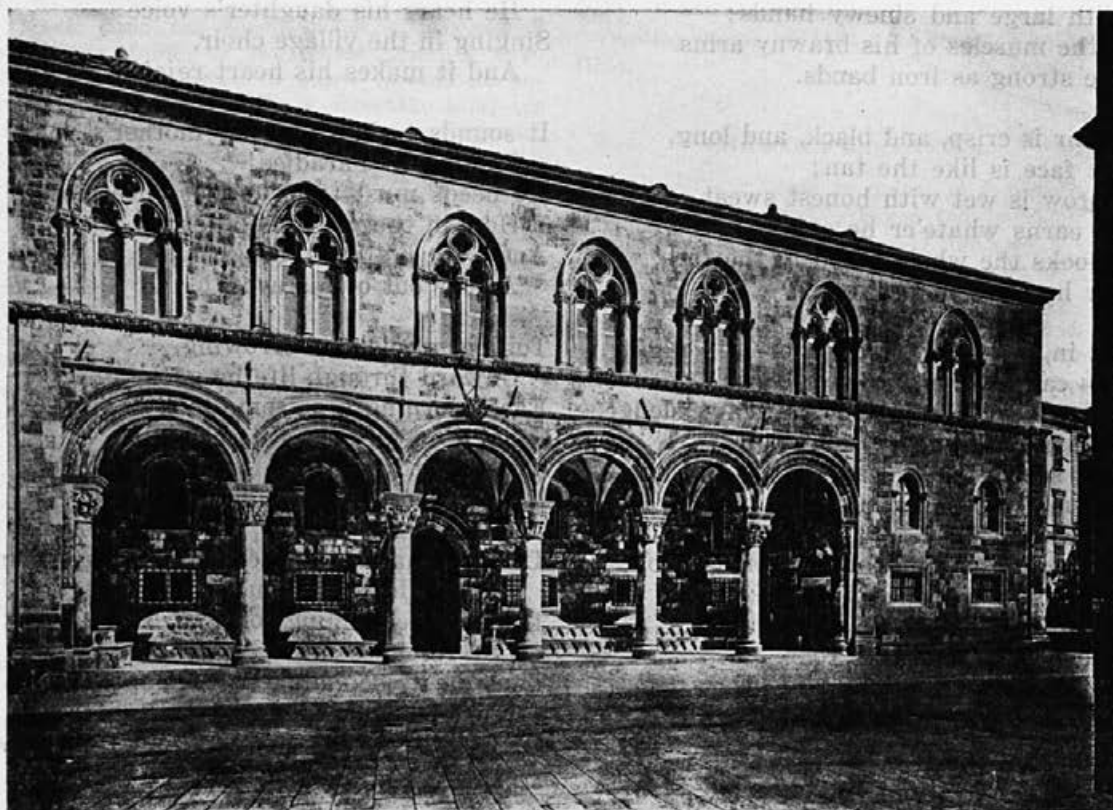


The Earlier History of Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

The peaceful character of the Southern Slav agricultural settlers, who possessed no supreme administrative or military organization, contributed to endangering their independence. Fate placed them in a most exposed position: on the high road connecting the East with the West, or rather on the boundary between two worlds, the East and the West. Therefore, it is little wonder that the Southern Slavs had a most stormy history, and were the prey of many foreign invaders. The vastness of the occupied territories; the sparseness of the population, together with the division of the country by large tracts of forest and by high mountain ranges, hindered them,

(“The Yugoslav Review.”)



Ancient Doge's Palace in Dubrovnik, Dalmatia.

through centuries, from forming stronger bonds of political unity. They had, however, their independent states of which the Serb empire of the medieval ages was the strongest.

The first Serb kingdom was formed towards the end of the ninth century. Its formation was resulted by the war marches of the Bulgarian tsar Samuel, who occasionally went with his army through the Serbian land which was subdivided into communes (županije). The communes elected a leader (called prince, or sometimes king) in order to stop those war marches. The prince of Zetta (Montenegro) actually succeeded in stopping tsar Samuel. Since that time the kingdom grew, more com-

munes joined it, because they wanted to avoid the suzerainty of the Byzantine emperors. The kingdom, however, was nothing more than a group of loosely joined communes, which enjoyed the privileges of electing their leaders.

The change for a better state organization began when Stephen Nemanya, became the Grand "župan" of Raška. He succeeded in uniting the Serb countries under his rule, and although he never took the title of king, he was the real founder of the Serb empire and of the dynasty of Nemanjić which reigned over the Serb people nearly 200 years. The youngest son of Stephen Nemanja, prince Rastko, secretly left his father's court, went to a convent in Mount Athos, made himself a monk, and afterwards, became the first archbishop of Serbia. His greatest merits were for encouraging schools and learning. Even today he is regarded as the great patron and protector of education among the Serbs, and as the greatest statesman in their history.

("The Yugoslav Review.")



Modern Buildings of the Belgrade University.

Among many others of the Nemanjić dynasty Stephen Dušan (1331-1355) was a more prominent emperor, known as a great soldier and statesman. Seeing the danger which menaced the disorganized Byzantine empire from the Turks, he thought the best plan to prevent the Turkish invasion of the Balkan Peninsula would be to replace the empire by a Serbo-Greek empire. He took from Greeks Albania and Macedonia and proclaimed himself "emperor of the Serbs and Greeks," and was as such solemnly crowned at Skoplje. He also convoked the Sabor (parliament) in order to give the Serbs a constitution. The parliament adopted the constitution and new laws which were published in a book known as "Zakonik cara Dušana." This book is of great historical interest because it proves that Serbia was on the same level of

civilization as other European states. Tsar Dušan also made the preparations to march towards Constantinople in order to secure better centralization of the entire Balkans, but he died suddenly in 1355. Dušan's son Uroš, however, was not able to continue his father's policy and the big empire was again subdivided into provinces. With his death ended the rule of the Nemanich dynasty.

There followed a few years of anarchy until the parliament elected a new tsar (in 1374), knez Lazar Hebrljanović, a kinsman of Uroš, as ruler of the Serbs. Lazar accepted the position and its responsibilities, but he never would assume the title of tsar, although the people commonly called him "Tsar Lazar." His main ambition and struggle was to check further disruption of the Serb empire and worked to organize a league against the Turks, who were progressing from Asia. When Lazar's scheme was reported to Turks, they immediately decided to attack the disorganized Serbian provinces one by one. They succeeded and defeated the armies of separated Serbian kingdoms; finally they prepared for the big battle towards the Serbs who in the last moment united to meet the Turks on Kosovo Polje. They greatly outnumbered the Serbs and defeated them on Kossovo on the 15. of June, 1389.

No historic event has made such a deep impression on the mind of the Serbs than the battle of Kossovo—probably because the Serb aristocracy fell in that battle, and because both the tsar of the Serbs, Lazar, and the sultan of the Turks, Murad, lost their lives. There exists a cycle of national songs concerning this battle of Kossovo, the treachery of Vuk Branković and the heroism of the Serbian army.

The defeat of Kossovo meant the end of Serbia. Of course, the empire still existed for some seventy years, but only as a country tributary to the sultans. The Serbs governed themselves under their own rules, and their rulers during this period were called "despots." The first despot was tsar Lazar's first son Stephen the Tall, and being childless he appointed his nephew George Branković.

The Turks, after recovering the big loses of the battle of Kossovo, prepared for new attacks, and finally defeated the Serbs. The wives were taken as slaves into Turkey, whereas men were taken prisoners and killed. Hundreds of thousands of them, however, escaped and took refuge in Hungary where they populated the empty country of Banat.

The original Serbia was oppressed for fully 345 years. Their country was made a Turkish pashalik, enduring all the miseries which the lawless regime implied. But the invasions of the Turkish empire in Europe by the Austrian armies in the course of the 18th century — invasions in which thousands of Serbs always participated as volunteers—prepared the way for a new state of things. (To be continued.)

DALMATIAN NOCTURNE

Sea bluely gleaming,
Dreaming;

Chill darkness earthward falls

The last red glimmer

Dimmer

O'er blackened ridges crawls.

And chimes are droning,

Moaning,

Trembling where rocks arise;

Prayers have ascended.

Blended

With poor men's long drawn sighs.



Can a Machine Cross the Atlantic Alone?

Flying men on both sides of the Atlantic are now investigating the possibility of air journeys of thousands of miles directed by wireless, pilotless machines being passed in and out of the control area of one station after another.

Such a daring project, which would have been declared fantastic only a little time ago, is not now beyond the means of science, which could conduct aeroplane flights across the Atlantic without a man on board of the plane.

The first attempts at such flights will probably be made in the direction from America to Europe, because on this route, for long periods at a time, high altitude winds of a favoring character can be relied upon. A specially designed Atlantic air machine will have its engines and air-screws adapted to work in the thin air at immense heights above the ocean.

Guided at its start so that it ascends miles high, and then heads toward the coast of Europe, it is calculated that the machine, aided by some great tide of the upper air, and rushing like a huge projectile fired from a monster gun, will travel at a speed as great as 300 miles an hour, or five miles a minute.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the scheme will be the employment, at the point where the pilotless machine will complete its voyage above the ocean, of a great, perfected type of wireless beacon. One might compare this to a vast lighthouse, throwing its rays far seaward to attract the eyes of mariners; only in this case the beam from the beacon will be a powerful projection of wireless energy.

The invisible ray from the beacon, flashing out over the Atlantic, will influence a special mechanism in the pilotless plane while the machine is still a great distance away. This mechanism will be connected to the control surfaces of the plane, and the result will be that the machine, pointing its bow automatically till it is heading directly for the distant beacon, will fly toward it unerringly, as a sea-going ship might be steered by its human pilot toward the visible lights of some shore station.

International cooperation will be summoned to the guidance of the manless craft while far out above mid-Atlantic. Ships with specially adapted wireless plants will be required, some setting out from the United States side and some from European waters.

One of the greatest pieces of scientific wizardry will be the method by which the pilotless plane itself, even without a soul in board, will signal its own position, from minute to minute, as it rushes unseen through the upper air. This will be effected by an automatic installation within the machine itself. Operated by mechanism driven by the power plant of the plane, this wireless installation will send out, over and over again, a prearranged signal which will be recognised by all who listen for it. By this means ships and shore stations, working out the position of the plane from the stream of the signals emanating from it, will be able to keep track of it and guide it on its flight through the upper air.



Wolves in Slovenia

For a matter of a generation, wolves were in Slovenia but a memory and a legend. Hoary grandfathers would thrill the youngsters with tales of the greed and ferocity of the brutes, of the raids upon sheep-pens and farms, their danger even to man. And the youngsters would feel a sneaking sympathy for the wolf. He was a fine old outlaw of the good old days, a kind of four-footed Robin Hood, driven from his native heath, i. e. the Slovene forest, by the unsportsmanlike superiority of modern firearms, and the base use of poison; ousted by trains, saw-mills and trappers. For over thirty years, wolves disappeared from Slovenia, and then, all unexpected, they began to return.

In 1906 a wolf was shot in Lower Carniola, the first after many years, who had probably strayed there from Bosnia through the unbroken chain of great Croatian forests. From that time onward, wolves have appeared more and more frequently, and during the war they increased in numbers till it was feared they would destroy all the valuable game, which is one of Slovenia's great assets. Apparently the various theories to account for the extinction of wolves in Slovenia were all quite wrong. The brutes have no objection to trains; they give a wide berth to men with guns and simply wouldn't look at poisoned carrion. Up-to-date fire-arms proved very little use. They settled down comfortably in forests where deer were specially plentiful and hunted and destroyed at their own free will. And here is the true reason why wolves disappeared from Slovenia in the past and have now come back to their old haunts. Years ago they reduced the game in these parts until it became inconveniently scarce and then betook themselves to regions better provided for their wants. Since the war, the supply of game has been greatly improved, and lo, the wolves are with us once more.

They take up their headquarters where food is most abundant and from there make their devastating raids. A favorite haunt of theirs is the forest round Kočevje where

there are deers by the hundred. But the wooded hills about Rakitna in Styria and Mount Krim, not so far from Ljubljana, are also to their liking. In 1921, they actually strayed into Alpine Slovenia. But the animals found the broken ground unsuitable for hunting; they tried to get back, and several were shot on the return journey to Lower Carniola.

Big drives were not very successful. They entail too much preparation and fuss, and the wolves are made aware of their enemies' presence. Moreover, there is always a certain number of bad shots among the guns. Some are even nervous. The animals seem to know by instinct who would be likely to miss and so get clean away. Poisoned meat they obviously distrust, especially if it lies on the ground. Buried meat they would grub up and sometimes devour, whereby several met their end. More profitable it has proved to lie in wait in winter nights by the moonlight beside the little footbridge which the raiders had to cross on their way from forest to forest, and many a marauder perished under the hail of bullets that awaited him at such a night crossing. Sometimes a wolf allowed himself to be enticed within gunshot by a clever imitation of a wolf's howl, especially in the mating season. Or the imitation of the belling of a deer would lure him to destruction. If a keeper happened to come across a she-wolf with cubs, the old animal was shot and her cubs were taken.

In Istria, just across the frontier, where wolves have been rather troublesome last winter, the native Slovene hunters have a curious method in dealing with the brutes, which demands both skill and patience. The wolf is tracked — most easily, of course, in fresh snow — and from his trail the hunter discovers, more or less, where he is likely to lie up; for after a good meal the wolf likes to rest at some point of vantage where he can see all around him and indulge in a snooze. Of course the slightest noise is enough to rouse him. Meantime the hunters quietly surround this spot with long cords

with bits of rag tied to them at intervals of a yard or so. The cords are stretched at a height of about two feet from the ground, and hunters take their stand at the gaps. Then one man goes up towards the wolf and

rouses him. The wolf runs as far as the cords. Scared by the fluttering rags, he then runs along the cord until he is shot down by one of the waiting hunters.

(“The Yugoslav Review.”)

Variety—the Spice of Life

BABY

Where have I come from? the baby asked its mother.

She answered, half-crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast:

You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning I made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our household deity; in his worship I worshipped you.

In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother, you have lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

Rabindranath Tagore.

EPITAPH.

By George S. Wykoff.

If I should die in youth,
This epitaph is true:
“Ah, great the things he planned
That he would some day do.”

If I should die in age,
Carve this upon my stone:
“Ah, wonderful the deeds
He dreamed he might have done.”

Ourselves and Life

To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of Nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

ON AN OLD MAN DYING FRIENDLESS

The writer of this grim picture was a doctor of the end of the eighteenth century, who no doubt knew the forlornness of the aged poor. John Leyden was a famous student of Eastern languages. He became a doctor as a way of getting out to the East, and died of fever at Batavia in 1811, young, but distinguished.

To thee, thou palid form, o'er whose wan cheek

The downy blossoms of the grave are shed!
To the crumbling earth and clay-cold bed
Of joys supreme, instead of sorrows, speak.
Deep in the silent grave thou soon shalt rest;
Nor e'er shalt hear beneath the ridgy mould
The howling blast in hollow murmurs cold,
That sweeps by fits relentless o'er thy breast!

No warm eye glistens with the dewy tear
For thee, no tongue that breathes to heaven
the vow,

No hand to wipe the death-drops from thy brow,

No looks of love thy fainting soul to cheer!
Then go forlorn! to thee it must be sweet
Thy long-lost friends beyond the grave to meet.

John Mouse: “There goes Mr. Turtle, the oldest inhabitant of the meadow.”

Henry Mouse: “Does he have any set of rules for living to such a ripe old age?”

John Mouse: “I understand he is a great believer in the mud bath.”

* * *

Jimmy: “My dad's awful smart.”

George: “What does he do?”

Jimmy: “Why he's a mechanic and makes locomotives.”

George: “Gee, that ain't nothing; my father's a commuter and makes two trains every day.”

THE NOSE AND THE EYES

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest
arose;

The spectacles set them, unhappily
wrong;

The point in dispute was, as all the world
knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to
belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argues the
cause,

With a great deal of skill and a wig full
of learning,

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the
laws,

So famed for his talent in nicely discern-
ing.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will un-
doubtedly find,

That the Nose has the spectacles always to
wear,

Which amounts to possession, time out of
mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes, they are made
with a straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a
saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment
suppose

('Tis a case that has happened, and may
happen again)

That the visage of countenance had not a
Nose,

Pray, who would or who could wear
spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument
shows,

With a reasoning the court will never
condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for
the Nose

And the Nose was as plainly intended for
them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows
how),

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments, few people
know,

For the court did not think them equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn
tone,

Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That whenever the Nose puts his spectacles
on,

By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should
be shut.

MR. GROUND HOG.

LITTLE WEATHER PROPHECY,
PLEASE, TELL ME THE TRUTH.
WHY YOU RUN AWAY?
PLEASE, TELL ME, PRAY:
WHEN YOU SEE YOUR SHADOW NEAR,
IS SUMMER REALLY HERE?

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.



Mr. Frog Comes to Tea

One day at the end of the summer Mother Mouse called Winnie and Jimmy to her, and said: "I think, my dears, it is such a beautiful afternoon that it would be nice to take our tea into the meadow and eat it by the side of the stream."

"Hurrah!" cried the children. "A Picnic by the river!"

"I'll pack the basket," said Winnie. "Do let me."

"And I'll carry it," said Jimmy. "I'll be ever so careful."

They chose a sunny spot and set down the basket, and while Jimmy fixed up the lamp to boil the kettle Winnie set the tea things out on the grass.

As soon as the kettle boiled Mother Mouse made the tea, and then they all sat down.

"I wish we could have tea like this every day," mumbled Jimmy, his mouth full of plum cake.

"It's certainly very pleasant," agreed his mother, "and so very peaceful."

"Three cups and saucers and plates," counted Winnie, reaching the things down from the dresser, "and the teapot and a bottle for the milk."

Mother Mouse smiled and said, "Very well—as it's a picnic."

And then they spread a cloth over the basket and off they went—up the lane, over the stile, and across the meadow till they came to the stream.

But it wasn't peaceful long, for just then up came a big bumble-bee and sat down on the cake.

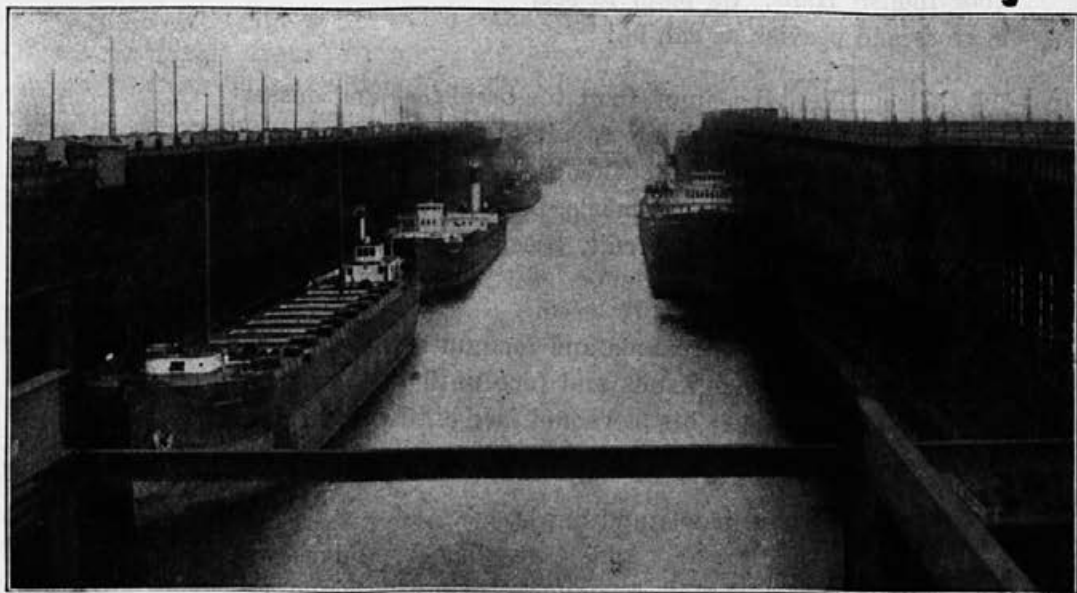
"Be off!" said Winnie Mouse; "we don't want you!"

"I do!" said a deep voice; and out sprang a huge frog!

He missed the bee—but he found the cake!

And he wouldn't get up!

So in the end they invited him to join the party.



The Locks of the Panama Canal.

All Things Have Much in Common

Have you ever seen a gardener, watch in hand, feeling the pulse of a rose? Of course not; and yet the sight would not be so ridiculous as we might imagine.

Plants have no hearts or arteries, but the sap is sent coursing through their limbs as blood is sent through ours. Alter the pulse beat of a plant or an animal and something will happen.

When a man takes alcohol, his heart beats quicker; soon his face is flushed with blood, and if he goes on drinking he becomes unconscious. In certain sorts of illness it may be necessary to enliven a man's heart beats, and then doctors will give him doses of a poison like alcohol or strychnine. If they gave him a big dose of strychnine the

same thing which was curing him would now kill him. And poisons have the same effect on plants as they have on men, as we know from Sir Jagadis Bose's experiments with drugged plants.

For over a thousand years Hindu doctors have treated cases of heart failure with a medicine which contains cobra venom as one of its principal ingredients. Yet the bite of a cobra means death.

Sir Jagadis Bose has found that a small dose of cobra venom revives a dying plant, while a big dose kills a healthy one. He has found that the effect of strychnine on men and plants is identical.

Truly the poet was right, and "all things to each other hiddenly linked are."

HANS - COLLEEN - EILEEN AND LITTLE WOOFY WOOF

BIG Colleen says, Oh, oh, oh,

Hans drinks coffee,

Hans drinks tea, tea,

But creamy milk is the drink for me."

Poor foolish Hans, 'tis plain to see,

Is cross and peevish as can be!

BIG Colleen likes ripe, juicy fruit for breakfast and dessert.

Little Eileen likes ripe, juicy fruit for breakfast and dessert.

Middle-sized Hans wants fruit when he wants it,—

Before meals, after meals, at meals, between meals, anytime.

Sour fruit, sweet fruit, ripe fruit, green fruit, any fruit, Greedy Hans!

IT is time for dinner now.

Big Colleen washes her hands and face until they are sweet and clean.

Little Eileen washes her hands and face until they are sweet and clean.

Tiny Woofy Woof washes his paws and face until they are sweet and clean.

Middle-sized Hans does not wash his hands and face until they are sweet and clean.

He hides his face and bawls and bawls,

And leaves black smudges when he squalls

A smudgy, grimy, sticky face,

Naughty Hans!

Kaiser's Visit

The burning Italian sun shone almost vertically. There was no breeze, nor a little cooling wind which would refresh the tired bodies. The only disturbance in the air was caused by heavily loaded trucks which passed by, toward the western trenches on the banks of Piave River. Clouds of dust behind the iron vehicles rose over the white-grey road, and remained there in a certain height, until the regiments breathed in all of it.

We started the tiresome march in the morning. Early at three o'clock the trumpets had called to alarm, through the desolated village, which has been occupied by two regiments six days ago. The rush began immediately. Soldiers, adjusting their clothes, guns, bombs, and helmets, were silently running to their groups. They did not talk and they hurried, for such were the strict orders which they followed in obedience. Everybody was wondering and almost everybody was aware that the fatal hour has come to depart into the neighboring trenches.

In twenty minutes both regiments, fully equipped, stood on the road-side at the end of the village. Some other groups from the neighboring town joined our brigade. We all knew that we were going to trenches, but we were all mistaken.

Riding on a black horse, the "adjutant" of our regiment approached with some other officers. They had a short conversation, after which every officer went to his group announcing that this was the happy day of the Kaiser's visit. But it sounded like a paradox, because the officer added, that we would have to march into the distant town of Sacile, far behind the frontier, "in hinterland," where the Kaiser would visit us.

We went. A number of strict orders were given for breakfast; the twenty-six miles long march was our starving lunch. The telegram about the Kaiser's visit came during the night, and it was said that the regiments ought to be in Sacile at noon. Therefore, there was no time for cooking, no time to rest on the dusty road. We were compelled to go on and march on that wide road that seemed endless.

A score of soldiers fell during the march; they were broken down by hunger, thirst, heat, and dust. We were not allowed to leave the groups to go for water into the country houses which we passed by; for the chiefs seemingly were afraid that we might get poisoned water, as it often happened in that country to Austrians—the enemies. We had to suffer and march, and march . . .

Many more soldiers would have fallen if we had not been so anxious to see the Kaiser, to see him, "His Majesty," for whom we suffered so much, for whom we fought and carried out the military hardships. We arrived before noon and just a short pause was given to sit down. The officers repeatedly commanded how we had to salute. The arrangement started. On the side of the road we were commanded to stay, erect, straight and forward looking, arms parallel with guns and legs together. Officers from smaller groups, battalions, regiments, and even the commander of the brigade, came around to inspect with their critical eyes. We were prepared long ago, inspected many times, but the Kaiser did not yet arrive, although even the officers were tired of inspecting and commanding on the dusty road.

The sonorous blow of trumpets was finally heard. The Kaiser was coming after two hours of waiting. All the orders of the officers were in vain, a disorder began in the lines of soldiers: everybody wanted to see "His Majesty," the Kaiser, whose name sounded so mystic and so effective. The first automobiles were approaching.

Generals, high officials, and priests were sitting in the cars comfortably. The Kaiser's car was best looking of all, carefully decorated with silver and precious metals.

Our eyes were gazing, our ears were listening, and our hearts beating faster, while the revolution of our brains was rising. From the soft seat in the slowly moving automobile, a high, well looking person stood up. His eyes were turbid and dull, his hands were making peculiar gestures, and his whole body was uncertain; the official sitting near him was watching the Emperor. He was drunk!

"Hello, my soldiers!" we heard the exclamation of Karl, and his automobile passed by. There were other luxurious automobiles passing by, but we paid no more attention. We saw our Kaiser, "His Majesty."

On the same day all the newspapers of Austria wrote about the generosity of His Majesty, Emperor Karl, and about his heroism, because he even dares to go into the trenches to visit his soldiers.

A. K.

THE SKATER

'Twas cold and brisk upon this night
The moon danced on the ice in pretty sight,
Where one lone skater glided along
And kept in step to his whistled song.

He skated with ease around each bend
And followed the river through dale and glen,
Till he came to a place where the river turned
But all thoughts of danger in his mind he spurned.

Gliding onward as he had been before
He whistled a much louder encore,
But his lips were soon forced to a hush,
For there was a faint cracking in the underbrush.

Several dark forms did then appear,
Wolves plain seen in the moonlight clear,
He without even a hunter's knife
Must take one chance to skate for his life.

He turned as a good skater would face
And began his first step in his life and death race,
He was ahead of the savage and hungry wolf band
When he made the turn into familiar land.

Then with long steps did he faster skate
But even at this (record breaking) rate.
He felt behind him a warm breath
Reminding him a possible perilous death.

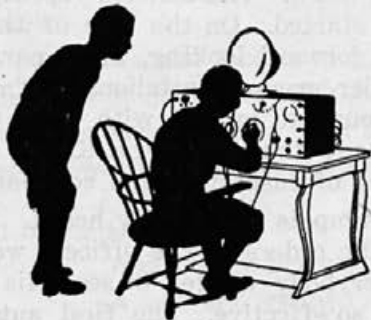
And then he almost hit a broken limb
Which made him in an awkward form skim,
Casting a quick and frightened glance arround,
He found the wolves slipping on the icy ground.

This following his best and only hope
He went in awkward form down each slope,
And at each awkward turn he made
He, the slipping, sliding wolf band betrayed.

In this manner he went along
Death lurking at any move made wrong,
But hark, 'twas Rover's friendly bark
At which the wolves began to slink into the dark.

The dog, after sending them one their trail
Came back and wagged his friendly tail,
Altho' this skater is old and grayed,
This adventure in his memory has stayed.

Mary Blumel, Collinwood, Ohio.





Dear Readers!

You have noticed that the last two were the record breaking months in the history of your contributions to the "Juvenile". Will you keep this up? Obviously so, because I already have another pile of letters left over for the next issue. Go on with your contributions; write them as well as you can, with pen and ink, address them correctly, and send them to me without delay.

*

The Contest is going on. Read what Dorothy Rossa (from Cleveland) wrote in her suggestion. If she were to become the President of the S. N. P. J., she says, she would immediately make the "Mladinski list" to appear twice a month. Not so bad! Most of us would do that, but the question is, how to get the funds. The solution of this problem is this: Go out and secure new subscribers for the "Juvenile." **By securing more subscribers you will enable the Magazine to get more funds.** Then it will be easy to make the Magazine bigger.

*

On account of the limited space I was forced to condense your letters as much as possible. This, of course, should not discourage you from further contributing. Go on with writing, but try to make it short and to the point. Always tell

something new, something original. Your theme should be, during this contest, primarily about your home lodge, the S. N. P. J., the officers, or the like. Choose your own subject.

The Editor.

*

IF I WERE THE PRESIDENT OF THE S. N. P. J.

The first thing I would do if I became the President of the S. N. P. J., I would make the Juvenile Magazine come twice a month.

The second thing would be: the organization of a club in every city, so that the children of the S. N. P. J. could meet at least once a month—like the grown-up members of the S. N. P. J. And I would have the President from the grown-up lodge to preside the S. N. P. J. children club.

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

WHY WE BELONG TO THE S. N. P. J.

I think the S. N. P. J. is the largest organization of its kind. If you put the English organizations side by side with the S. N. P. J., you will find it cannot be surpassed by them. The reason is because the S. N. P. J. was organized not for the purpose of just a good time, it also has in back of it the realization that it was organized for the benefit of the sick and disabled members. The English societies were organized with the reason of recreation only. If you happened to get into an accident, you received not even one cent, for they only cared for you while you were healthy and strong.

The S. N. P. J. helps you as long as you are sick. It will even help your family when you die.

Take my advice and make your Slovene friends join the S. N. P. J. which pays thousands of

dollars to the sick and disabled members. The truth, if you do not believe this, will be found in Prosveta: there you will find the names of the persons and the statements, of how much they received.

The S. N. P. J. Lodge in our city is called "Naprej" št. 5 S. N. P. J. It has about 575 members in the adult and about 255 in the juvenile department. I expect this number will increase very soon.

Frank Somrak Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE HISTORY OF LODGE 284.

Recently, in Philadelphia, a branch of the S. N. P. J. received its charter. The reason for having this branch was to enable the people of the same nationality to know each other better.

On September 15, 1915, the lodge whose present number is 284, received a charter, after two great societies were combined. They were the S. D. P. Z. and the present one, the S. N. P. J. All charter members were named on the charter. In all there were about ten.

Since then more people took interest in this society. The present number of members is about seventy five, including all the juveniles. The Lodge 284 has improved in many ways besides the growth in the membership. There have been more dances, shows, and concerts, but not many picnics.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bertha Erpich, 11 years old, Thomas, W. Va., writes:

"I have no brother or sister and am very lonesome. Our family belongs to Lodge No. 29. Here we have no school now, because there are many cases of scarlet fever and about twenty or more people have it. About six people on our street have it. Here is a joke:

A man rents a bed in a hotel and goes to sleep, but is soon awakened by a clerk: "Get up, the hotel is on fire!"

Man: "All right, I'll get up, but, mind you, I won't pay for the bed."

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana:

I got a quite a number of valentines for St. Valentine's day as I hope the rest of the brothers and sisters did."

Guess this riddle: "What was our President's name in 1912?"

How do you like this joke:

A hobo knocked at a back door of a lady's house and said: "I was at the front —"

"Poor man," said the lady. "I'll get you something to eat, then tell me your story."

After he finished, the lady said: "Now tell me what you did in the front."

Man: "I knocked, but nobody came, so I came to the back door."

Victor Friskovec, Nokomis, Illinois:

"The first thing I do when we receive the M. L., I eagerly scan it to see if my letter has been edited. Then I check up to see whether there were more letters from boys or girls. I was having hopes that it would come true in the February issue, but have been disappointed. I think I know why some boys' letters are not edited. It is because you don't express your thoughts so that the editor can reason them out. Let some-one read the letter for you, then you will know your mistakes.

Some of you may think, 'Well, what is the use. I wrote once and it was not edited.' But that is the wrong thought. I have been trying to learn to read Slovenian and have found it rather difficult. With the help of my parents I have translated the Slovene story "Three Pigeons" (Trije golobi).

John Smith, 11 years old, Chicago, Ill.—

"I know very little in Slovenian, but I am going to learn some more. I have two sisters: Theresa is fourteen, and Victoria seven years old. I belong to Lodge "Francisco Ferrer" No. 131 S. N. P. J."

More Tonic and Less Hair.

Barber: "Do you want any tonic, sir, I see that your head is getting very bald."

Customer: "Yes, I will have some tonic. My hair is falling so fast that I run a comb through my hair every few minutes to see if there is any there."

There will be tonic but no more hair.

Tony Potochnik, Bowen, Colo.

Mildred Hochevar, Box 408, Aurora, Minn.:

"I think the M. L. is getting more interesting every month. I have received letters from Neverka Germodnich and Antonia Zager. I go to Junior High School in seventh grade. My father works in the Mohawk mine which is the only one in Aurora. Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J."

Sylvester Gaspersich, Broughton, Pa.:

"This is the first time I am writing in American: I always wrote in Slovenian before. I have one sister and we both belong to the S. N. P. J. My age is twelve years and I go to the 9-A grade of the Garrick High School. I take five subjects. I was also an honor student at the last two reports. My joke:

"Pat and Mike wanted to go to heaven, so they put all the barrels in the world on top of each other. They needed one more barrel and Mike was on top. He cried, "Hey, Pat, take one of the bottom."

Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio:

"I have received a few letters from Christine Sernel, Chicago, and from Mamie Gruden, Pennsylvania. Here I have two riddles:

What two letters make a county in Massachusetts?

What goes up and down the hill and never moves?

*

Mary Strle, Johnstown, Pa.:

"I have a brother who is a Lone Scout and is interested in the M. L. too. He takes the M. L. to their meeting and lets other Lone Scouts of the tribe to read it. The boys tell me that the M. L. is very interesting and they ask why it doesn't come every week. I also wish that it were bigger."

*

Frank Hafner Jr., 12 years old, in the 6th grade, Louisville, Colo.:

"There are seven of us in the family: Three sisters, one brother 18 months. We all belong to the Lodge Columbine, 218 of the S. N. P. J.

I surely like the M. L. For me this magazine is the best ever published in the U. S. If it only came a few times a month.

The name of our school is "The Louisville Public School: "I can read and write in Slovenian. My teacher's name is Miss Budd; she is a very good teacher.

"Can you solve this riddle: "What is the best thing to do in a hurry?"

*

Mary Miklege, 14 years old, 8th. A grade, Lawrence, Pa.:

"I am glad to see so many letters in the M. L. My brother's name is Matthew, and my sisters are Frances and Anna. We all belong to the S. N. P. J., except Anna, but she is going to join soon.

My mother and father say that the M. L. is a good magazine for the young members of the lodge. They say, it is not only convenient in teaching Slovenian, but it helps the young generation to communicate with each other. I wish that some of the young members would write to me. My address is: Mary Miklege, Lawrence, Pa. Box 125.

Here is a riddle: "What dies if you take it out of its bed?"

*

Mollie Cremosnik, Mulberry, Kansas, R. F. D. 3, Box 225.

"I am a member of društvo No. 65 of Breezy Hill and I will be 16 years of age in April. I graduated from Common School last May. I have two married sisters who belong to the Lodge also. My father is a member of the S. N. P. J., but my stepmother is not. Our lodge will give a dance on April 9th.

I wish some brothers and sisters would write to me.

Theresa Resnik, Hostetter, Pa.:

"I have one brother and one sister, and, together with our parents, we are all members of the S. N. P. J. I am in the 8th grade and the teacher's name is Mr. Hoffman of Latrobe. The School is located at Hostetter. We have an orchestra and Glee Club. The teacher of the Glee Club is Miss Sticle of Latrobe. I am a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Fradel's family. My parents are Slovenian and all the children can talk Slovenian. My parents are going to teach me how to read.

Here are a two riddles:

1. A riddle, a riddle,
As I suppose:
A hundred of eyes
And never a nose.

2. As high as a castle, as weak as a wattle,
but all the king's horses cannot pull it down."

*

Mary Dernovshek, Wick Haven, Box 68, Pa.:

"I have two sisters and one brother and except my little sister Florence, we all belong to the S. N. P. J. I am in the eight grade and am going to graduate this year. My sister Millie is 10 years old, my brother Frank 12 years. I am thirteen.

The conditions here are bad. My father did not work for a god while. The company wants to break the Union; it hired a large number of non-union men. The organized miners are fighting against them, and we all are doing the best we can in order to win and still have our Union organization.

I want some of my friends and lodge sisters to write to me. Frances, Mary, and Josephine Kralj in Hesperia, Mich., are my cousins and I wish they would write to me.

Here is a riddle simple to solve:

Eyes like a candle, ears like a fool, tail like a cotton ball, runs like a fool.

*

Mary Skerbetz from Broughton, Pa., tells you this joke:

Lady (seeing a little boy smoking): It gets me in the heart to see little boys like you smoking.

Little boy: But, lady, it seems to get me more in the stomach."

*

Mille Stafanovich from New Alexandria, Pa., tells of their family that they belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 280, but he and his sister belong to No. 379. He says, "I am your best friend."

*

Stella Germovshek, Broughton, Pa. She has a nice teacher whose name is Miss Cusic. Stella's mother and father belong to the S. N. P. J. also.

Lillian Cainkar, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I would like to become a member of the Chatter Corner Club. I think Joseph Lever is perfectly right in saying that every member should send a letter, although I don't think there would be enough room in the magazine."

Wm. Lekše, Lawrence, Pa., Box 1. He writes that he cannot read in Slovenian, but he is going to learn.

Helena Modic, 90 Milton st. Warren, Ohio.—She was eight years old on Feb. 4, and she likes to go to school. Her brother's name is Frank and he is 6 years old. They both belong to the S. N. P. J.

Mary Renko, Blaine, Ohio, Box 215.—Mary tells us this joke:

Teacher: Harry, where do you belong?

Harry: I belong in the corner.

Teacher: That is correct.

Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.—She sends best regards to all.—Thanks.

Frank Krainz, Ringo, Kansas.—Frank is 12 years old and a brother of a twin. He also has a big sister. They all belong to the S. N. P. J.

Mamie Betty, Newark, N. J. 87—16. ave.—Her brother's names are Fred and John. They all belong to Lodge 540 S. N. P. J. Her birthday is on May 4th.

John Sproh, Cherokee, Kansas.—He has three brothers and three sisters. They are members of the S. N. P. J., except his smallest sister.

Paulina Fetz, Bryant, Ill. She has to walk about two miles and a half to a country school which is called "Morning Star."

Louis Girard, Nokomis, Ill. asks the readers to answer this puzzle:

What is it: The more you take from it, the larger it grows?

Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old in fourth grade. I have one sister and one brother. My sister is eight years old in second grade. My brother is six years old in first grade. I started to school when I was six years old. I passed every year. Our whole family belongs to the S. N. P. J. I wish the Mladinski List would come twice a week instead of once a month. That is all I have to write. I have a riddle to tell you:

What goes through the river and never moves?
— Gladys Shaffer, Hills Station, Lawrence, Pa.

Mary Jurca, Highland Park, Michigan.—"I wish the M. L. would come out more frequently. My father and mother belong to S. N. P. J. and my brother to the "Young American" No. 564, of which he is the President. I am 14. If anyone wishes to write to me, my address is: Mary Jurca, Trumbull ave. Highland Park, Michigan."

Mary Mayl from Kenosha, Wis., writes: "I was so glad when I received a letter from Frances Blazic that I read it once again. When I came home from school, I said to my mother, "Now I will write to the Mladinski list and then go out to play."

Martin Alich, Aurora, Minn.: "I have two brothers and two sisters. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. except one. We have very nice schools in Aurora; I go to the 6th grade. Aurora has an excellent team in basket ball and wins many games. Those who wish to write to me, my address is: Martin Alich, Aurora, Minn. Box 604.

Katherine Alich: "I am 14 years old and I go to the Junior High School. I have many teachers. I know how to read in Slovenian just a little bit and I will try in Slovenian once. My address: Katherine Alich, Aurora, Minn., Box 604.

Stanko Dolinar, Gross, Kansas, Box 95. He is twelve years old and in the eighth grade. His sister and brother and he belong to the S. N. P. J.

Frank Klobuchar, Hendersonville, Pa.—He has a good teacher in his fourth grade.

MY HISTORY LESSON.

History is hard as for the names:
Some are long as the river Thames.
One such as Napoleon Bonaparte
Whose wife had died of a broken heart.
Two sons he left in disgrace and shame
To carry the burden of the Bonaparte name.

Henry Hudson sailed into an unknown bay,
"Very loving" Indians he found, they say;
The land was rich as a river bed —
The city of Albany now stands
where there were once such fertile lands.

Profesor Morse invented the telegraph,
Watt and Fulton the steamboat—half and half.
Howe invented the sewing machine
While McCormich made the grain come clean.
Now I finish this history for you
Although the Ribničans will ask: KAKU?

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.

THE TRIP TO THE BEARTOOTH
MOUNTAINS.

I was fishing in the water clear,
Suddenly I saw a deer;
Gently it gazed and gazed and stood—
A fire in the wood!

The birds were flying away,
As the fire came rushing that way,
The birds flew from nest to nest
As the fire was getting its best.

As the trees were burning,
The men came running.
The trees fell one after other on the ground;
But men were working all around.

Many acres the fire ate,
Many acres at a very fast rate;
People did not know what it meant
With trees all burned and bent.

In the morning light
The sun was bright.
I did not see anybody in sight
But I saw the burned forest in the right.

There were some people up there too.
I put my fire out; did you?
When the fire was out
The men came racing another route.

Stanley Kropivshek, Red Lodge, Montana.

MLADINSKI LIST.

The good stories and jokes
Entertain old folks
While we crowd around to hear
Because we like Mladinski List, yes sir.

Good, good I shout as I grip
The Mladinski List to see what it contains
And joyously I skip
To read the rest that remains.

From all of the magazines
Our Mladinski List is the best;
For me better than all the rest.

Joseph Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

Up hill spare me,
Down hill ware me,
On level ground spare me not
And in the stable forgot me not.

Anna Dolence, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUZZLES.

1. Double Acrostic.

Spreading and white,
In the air I fly;
Lofty and firm,
I point to the sky.

- a. An uncle living in the Western Hemisphere.
b. His home, which exiles from all lands infest.
c. A narrow space bounded by mighty seas.
d. This is your fate, endure it as you please.

*

2. Changed Word.

Change the word SILK into ROBE altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only four intervening links.

*

3. Riddle-Me-See.

My first is in picture and also in plan.
My second's in woman and also in man.
My third is in brilliant and also in shine,
My fourth is in workings and also in mine,
My fifth is in temper and also in grit,
My sixth is in idle and also in sit, !
My seventh's in seeing and also in blind.
My eighth is in working and also in grind.
My whole is a product of art and skill.
It used to give pleasure and does so still.

*

Why does a watch never get thirsty?

Frank Mervar, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

ANSWER TO RIDDLES OF FEBRUARY
ISSUE.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.

1. HEAT travels faster. You may catch cold.
2. M-u-sick.

Margaret Pozego, Willard, Wis.:
A RECORD.

Louis Cirar Jr., Nokomis, Ill.
The more you lick them, the faster they go.
Joe Debelak, Trenary, Mich.

THE MILKING STOOL.
Anna Morouse, Broughton, Pa.
YEAR.

*

HONORABLE MENTION:

Paulina Fetz, Bryant, Ill.
Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.
Louis Cirar, Nokomis, Ill.
Ella Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa.
Mary Dernovshek, Wick Haven, Pa.
Theresa Resnik, Hostetter, Pa.
Annie Gorsic, Library, Pa.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



THREE DOVES.

(Translation from Slovene.)

Three white doves sat comfortably in their native nest. Deep down below the earth was stretched; all around there was a great, colorful land—an endless distance. On the horizon there stood high mountains as if trying to grow up into the sky.

"It is lonesome at home," said the first dove. "I will fly from here to see how things are in the world."

It said so and flew away. But it was noticed by the sharp eyes of a bird of prey which swooped down upon it like lightning, caught it and killed it.

"I will follow my brother," said the second dove. "Who would always perch at home!"

It said so and flew away. But a bird thief had laid his snare which grasped the dove and caught him. It returned home never again.

But the third dove remained at home. It viewed in expectation to see when its two brothers will return, but it viewed in vain. It coo-ed its song half sad and half happy—sad on account of its lost brothers, and happy in honor to its safe native nest.

JUGOSLAV PROVERBS

As long as man does not dishonor himself,
nobody can dishonor him.

*

There are as many good step-mothers as
white ravens.

*

Better something than nothing.

*

A lie has short legs.

ZAJEC IN TELESKOP.

(Prevod iz angleškega.)

Stari zajec je rekel svojemu sinu: "Pazi se, moj sin, pazi se!" Če te lovec vidi, te ubije."

"Toda, ate," je odvrnil otrok, "tako hitro bom tekkel, da me ne bo nikoli ujel."

"Lovec nosi puško, sin moj, in strel iz te puške teče hitreje kakor ti."

Živali sta se povrnili v svojo zajčjo luknjo. Na poti pa je mladič, ki je od daljen sledil svojemu očetu, zagledal nek nenavaden predmet. Bil je teleskop.

Zelo radoveden je mladi zajec krožil okoli njega in končno pogledal v teleskop ter na svojo veliko presenečenje je videl svojega očeta komaj dva koraka proč. Dvignil je glavo, pa je videl, da je oče sto korakov daleč!

"Kako imeniten inštrument!" si je mislil mladi zajec. S pomočjo tega lahko vidim prihajajočega lovca, tako da ne bo treba vedno bdeti na straži."

Lovec je prišel. Naš mali zajček ga je videl daleč, daleč proč. "Dovolj časa imam še." si je mislil.

V istem hipu je počil strel in naš ubogi zajček se je zavalil mrtev po ruši. Ubogi mali dečko je gledal skozi napačen konec.

JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI

Dokler se človek sam ne onečasti, ga nihče ne more onečastiti.

*

Ravnolično je dobrih mačeh kakor belih vran.

*

Bolje nekaj kakor nič.

*

Laž ima kratke noge.