

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Vida Jerajeva:

## VPRAŠANJA SOLNČECU

Kje, solnčece moje,  
domovje je tvoje,  
kam pojdeš o mraku nocoj?

“Čez sinje vodice  
na zlate stopnice,  
tja v grad bom odplavalo svoj.”

Pa kje ta tvoj grad je?  
Mar tudi ves zlat je?  
In posteljna — kakšna je ta?

“Moj grad za gorami,  
čuj, biseri sami —  
in postelja vsa iz zlata.”

Pa kdo te uspava,  
kdo se poigrava,  
če noč je, če dolg čas ti je?”

“Aj, zvezdice takrat  
prišetajo vsakrat,  
če noč je, če dolg čas mi je.”

Pa nimaš je majke?  
Kdo pravi ti bajke?  
In vence—kdo spleta zate?”

“Ves svet mi je majka,  
ves svet mi je bajka  
in rože so moje sestre.”

Rabindranath Tagore:

## Na obali

NA obali neskončnih svetov se shaja deca.

Nedogledno nebo se negibno spenja nad glavo, in nepokojna voda hrumi. Na obali neskončnih svetov se shaja deca z vriskom in plesom.

Zida si hišice iz peska in se igra s praznimi školjkami. Iz velega listja si spleta čolne in smejoč se jih spušča preko brezmejne globine. Deca se igra na bregovih svetov.

Ne zna plavati, ne ve, kako se mečejo mreže. Potapljači iščejo bisero, kupci se vozijo na ladjah, deca pa nabira kamenčke in jih zopet razmetava. Ne išče skritih zakladov, ne ve, kako se mečejo mreže.

S smehom se vzpenja morje in blede se blešči usmev obrežja. Smrtonosni valovi prepevajo deci nerazumne balade, kakor mati, kadar ziblje dete. Morje se igra z deco in blede se blešči usmev obrežja.

Na obali neskončnih svetov se shaja deca. Vihar rjuje po brezcestnem nebu, ladje se razbijajo v brezslednih vodah, vsenaokoli je smrt in deca se igra. Na obali neskončnih svetov je veliki shod dece.

# PESMI IN RISBE

## ALBINA

### NA OBALI.

Kot galébi  
snežnobeli  
pljuskajo nad morjem  
daleč za obzorjem—  
misli lahkokrile  
ubirajo stezice,  
da jih zapeljale  
bodo v vasice,  
kjer nas majka čaka,  
od bolesi plaka . . .



## ČEBULARJA

### O. POZDRAVLJEN STARI KRAJ!

ti si meni pravi raj.  
Vse vrsti lepo se v redu:  
rožna zarja, jutra rosna,  
v njih pa polja plodonosna,  
poleg pisane so trate,  
tudi lozice bogate,  
kjer veselo čez kremenček  
poskakuje čist studenček:  
kapljice pretaka,  
njivice pomaka,  
teče dalje skozi vas  
in vesel pozdravlja nas.

**G**OTOVO ga vsi poznate po številnih pesmicah, ki jih neumorno prispeva za "Mladinski list." Mislili bi, da je Amerikanec, kajti v njegovih pesmih o naši jednoti in o "Mladinskem listu" vidite predobro poznavanje naših ustanov. Ko nas torej on tako dobro pozna, spoznajmo se tudi mi bolj natančno z njim, posebno sedaj, ko bo njegov rojstni dan.

Pesnik Albin Čebular je bil rojen 17. septembra leta 1900 v Mokronogu na Slovenskem ter je daljni potomec rodovine, iz katere je izšel najboljši slovenski pesnik, dr. France Prešeren. Njegova prababica je bila sestra dr. Prešerna. Morda je to daljno sorodstvo nekoliko pripomoglo, da je Čebular, sedaj šolski vodja na Talčjem vrhu pri Črnomlju na Slovenskem, postal pesnik, a bolj gotovo je začel pesniti radi svojega prirodnega nagnenja. Če bi tega ne bilo, bi si tudi ne mogli misliti, kako je v kratki dobi zadnjih let, odkar piše, napisal toliko pesmi kot bržkone le malokateri slovenski pesnik v enaki dobi.

Kakor je čitateljem "Mladinskega lista" znano, prispeva Albin Čebular samo pesmi za mladino. Isto vrši tudi za mladinske mesečnike in časopise v domovini, kjer je bilo natisnjenih že precej njegovih zbirk, največ pa je izšlo po mesečnikih "Zvonček," "Vrtec," "Mladi junak," "Naša radost," "Gruda," ter v drugih, ki izhajajo v stari domovini. Poleg pesmic je pa Čebular spisal tudi več mladinskih iger, smešnic, člankov in drugega. Za "Mladinski list" je pripravljena cela zbirka njegovih pesmic, katere še izidejo v bodoče. Pesmice so lepe in njih ustvaritelj pravi v njih:

**SLIŠITE!**

V MLADINSKEM ODDELKU smo junaki,  
junaki, veste, taki,  
ki bistre imamo glavice,  
se učimo brez težavice.

Le v naše vrste brž stopite,  
le v naše kroge se strnite!

Kdorkoli prišel bo med nas,  
pozdravimo ga vsaki čas;  
le vkup, le vkup, hehej, juhej,  
pri nas ni krajev in ni mej!

Zanima se tudi za očete in strice mladih čitateljev "Mladinskega lista". O njih ne piše črnogledih kitic, temveč tako kakor prija mlademu srcu. O jami, v kateri delajo očetje in strici, nam zapoje:

#### V JAMICI . . .

V jamici so naši strički  
rjavi kot na brajdi črički,  
pesmice prepevajo,  
rudo v kare devajo.

Veterček jim ne nagaja,  
mrzla burja ne razsaja,  
dežka tam nikoli ni —  
čudne res so tam stvari!

Istotako o delu v tovarnah, kjer si služijo kruhek "tete in strički":

#### KAMORKOLI POGLEDAŠ,

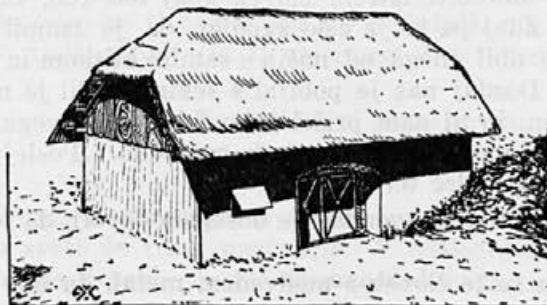
na solčne poljane,  
na njive izorane,  
naj pelje te cesta  
v oddaljena mesta,  
povsod so tovarne,  
tovarne—steklarne,  
steklarne, pilarne,  
kjer kruhek si služijo  
tete in strički  
in beli konjički.

Albin Čebular je že izza mladih dni kaj rad risal. V ljudski šoli je bilo samo risanje predmet, za katerega se je on zanimal. In tako pravi o svojem veselju z risanjem:

"Oče je vedno prinesel veliko polo ovojnega papirja in rudeče-moder svinčnik. To je bilo risanja do opoldne in še preko.—V meščanski šoli smo dobili v trgovinah za obleke kupe lepenk, na katerih so bili nerabni vzorci blaga in smo na nasprotni strani prerisali vse, kar smo le videli."

Na učiteljišču se je izpopolnjeval v risanju pod nadarjenim profesorjem, a še več pa na raznih razstavah in pa iz knjig. Tudi risbe Albina Čebularja so že izšle v številnih starokrajskih revijah, nekaj malega pa tudi v "Mladinskem listu." Več njegovih originalnih risb je pripravljenih za bodoče.

Iz mladinskih pesmi Albina Čebularja kali svežost in mladostna razposajenost. Vse je svetlo in čisto kakor glasen spev nedolžno razposajene mladine. On ne vcepja mladini žalosti, tudi spoznanja ne nezrelim, temveč podaja samo to, po čemur mladina hrepeni in kar je za mladino. Tak je pravi pesnik za mladino in takega želimo imeti vedno.



## P. Flere: Kronika evropskega medveda

### I.

TAM POD planino je soteska, imenovana Hudi graben. Ozka in dolga je, ob strmih roboh skalnata, po sredi pa skače preko pečin in pečinic živahen potoček, bister in boder. Kadar je solncu dano, da za hipec posije v to skrivališče, si ogleduje potočkovo strugo prav do dna ter se smeje rdeče- in modropikčastim postrvim, ki plešejo in pljuškajo zadovoljne po bistri vodi. Visoko zgoraj nad potočkom sklanjajo vrhove smreke, hoje in macesni ter se ogledujejo v vodni bistrini. Ima pa Hudi graben v svojem pečevju skalnate brloge, skrivne in zatišne. Ljudska govornica je zbijala povesti o Hudem grabnu, o njegovi šumni vodi, o njegovi samotni tihoti, o njegovem skalnatem brlogu, povesti, dokaj čudne in grozne, o zmajih, ki spe v teh skalah, o povodnem možu, ki se vzdiguje iz vode . . . In človeška noga ne prestopi rada v sotesko, še najrajši se odpravi človek skozi njo. Le zgoraj v gozd prihajajo včasih drvarji in oglarji po svojem poslu.

V teh brlogih — tako pripoveduje ljudski glas — je bilo njega dni dosti medvedov. Danes pa je kraljeval v Hudem grabnu sam samcat stari medved Godrnjavec.

Lep poletni dan je bil, ko je sedel Godrnjavec pred svojim brlogom, na skali pred seboj pa je imel stare listine, pisane od težke medvedje šape. V njih je brskal in pregledoval. Že spomladi jih je našel v brlogu za skalo, vso poraslo z debelim mahom. Le nekaj listov je še ohranjenih, čitljivih, nekaj jih je preperelo, požrli pa so jih tudi drobni žužki, ki so izsledili to medvedjo redkost. Vendar je Godrnjavec, ki se je zaglabljal v listine, od dne do dne bolj spoznal, da hranijo v sebi kroniko, pravo medvedjo kroniko, kakor jo je pisal v davnih dneh njegov praded.

Tudi ta je bil podpisan za Godrnjavca.

In kar je razbral in čital v tej kroniki sestavljalčev potomec, mu je dalo misliti. Tole se je dalo pregledati:

“. . . in od naših očetov, dedov in pradedov nam je znano po ustnem sporočilu, da žive naši bratje po vsem svetu. Nekateri od njih res da imajo drugačno barvo svojega kosmatega kožuha, res, da so večji in močnejši nego mi rjavi medvedje, a vendar smo vsi eno veliko sorodstvo: medvedje. Celo čisto beli medvedje baje žive na svetu in so neki v strašno mrzlih krajih. Jaz ne vem, če je res, ker nisem videl sam nobenega, dasi sem obhodil dosti sveta, ko sem obiskaval medvede po gorkejših in tudi po mrzlih, zasneženih planinah. Pa bodi zapisano tudi to sporočilo, da vidiijo naši potomci, kako mogočen je naš medvedji rod danes. Mnogo se nas klata po naših krajih, mnogo sem jih videl drugod. To lahko izpričam sam, medved Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna, ki sem prespal dozdej že štirideset zim in sem videl v tem času veliko po svetu. Morebiti iztrebi človek kdaj naš rod, zakaj hudo nas sovražijo od nekdej. Zdej pa se je celo zgodilo, da je izumil proti nam novo orožje. Te dni je ubil enega od naših s samim bliskom in gromom. V hipu je bilo po njem. Dozdej nas je pobijal s sekiro, hodil je nad nas s kopjem, s sulico in z nožem, in ni nam prišel tako lahko do živega. Pomagala nam je naša moč, ker je moral priti človek k medvedu. Poslej bo pa spuščal v nas blisk in grom od daleč ter . . .”

Dotod je segala kronika in vendar je obsegala dovolj, da je dala Godrnjavcu misliti . . .

Kdaj je bilo to, da se je človek z medvedom metal, da mu je prišel sam nasproti? Kar pomni sam, kar je slišal od svoje matere in ta od svoje in ta zopet od svoje

in tako nazaj v nepregledni vrsti, vedno je prihajal človek z bliskom in gromom, kakor je pisal stari Godrnjavec, vedno se je prikazoval s puško ter streljal iz nje trde, svinčene krogle . . . Dolgo, dolgo je od tedaj, ko se je zgodilo to prvič . . . Tedaj je bilo vse polno medvedov v Hudem grabnu, danes je sam . . . Tedaj so vedeli za brate po vsem svetu, celo za bele, on ne ve za nobenega . . .

Veliko mu je dalo vse to misliti in razmišljal je že vso letošnjo pomlad, vse letošnje poletje. Pri tem razglabljanju mu je tudi prišla misel, kaj če bi prišel on resnici na dno? Ali stari kronist sporoča prav ali ne? Ali so res različni medvedje po svetu ali žive le redki taki, kakršen je sam? Saj bi se sam odpravil na pot, a star je in nadložen in za dolga pota mu ni bilo nikdar. Kako bi to zvedel?

Nekega dne sedi zopet in premišljuje, ko začirička nad vodo tik pred njim:

“Čiri, čiri, čiri! Oj medved Godrnjavec, kaj si pa tako zamišljen?”

Glej lastovičko, drobno ptičko!

“Kaj pa ti?”

“Obiskujem še zadnje koticke v domovini. Drugi teden odidemo.”

“Kam?”

“Po svetu, na jug. Kaj misliš, da prespimo lastovice zimo kakor ti? Ni časa, dragi moj!”

Ko lastovica tako gostoli, jo v hipu izumi medvedja glava; ta mi pozve. In obrne se k lastovici:

“Hej, lastovička! Poslušaj me! Sedi malce sem k meni, nekaj ti razodenem.”

“Pa samo za hipec,” odvrča lastovica “Ne utegnem. Mladički niso še trdni v letanju, pa morajo poleg na dolgo pot. Vaditi jih moram.”

“Samo za hipec,” jo potolaži medved ter ji takoj pokaže najdene listine in jo vpraša, ali ve, bi li bilo to res ali ne.

“Hm, mogoče je,” pravi lastovica. “Ali jaz na svojem potu nisem še videla drugačnega medveda, nego si ti. Morebiti je bil kaj bolj črn ali bolj rjav, belega ali kakorkoli drugačnega nisem še videla.” Nadalje pa je uganila lastovička, drobna ptička: “Napiši mi dva lista! Dam ju tovarišem ptičem, ki prelete ves svet. Vzame ta ali oni. Ko se spomladi vrnem, ti morebiti prinesem odgovore. Napiši pa do drugega tedna! Jernejevo je že minilo in čas odhoda se bliža.”

Izgolčala je in zletela.

## II.

Medvedu Godrnjavcu pa so godile njene besede. Sklenil je, da napiše. A sam preokoren za tak posel, je poklical dolgouhca Plahuna, ki sta mu gibčna šapica in gobček, in z njim sta se spravila na delo.

Medved je narekoval, zajec pa pisal:

“Dragi moj beli brat!

Pišem ti tvoj rjavi brat, Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna. V starih listinah sem zvedel zate, zdaj pa ti pišem, da mi naznaniš, ali si res na svetu, ali še živiš in kako živiš. Tudi jaz ti opisujem v naslednjem svoje življenje . . .

Tako se je začelo prvo pismo. Drugo, ki ni vedel, komu naj ga pošlje, pa je začel:

“Dragi moj brat!

Jaz, rjavi medved, Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna, sem čital v starih listinah, da žive po svetu še razni medvedje. V naslednjih vrstah ti opišem svoje življenje, tebe pa prosim, da mi naznaniš, kje si, ali živiš drugače nego jaz in kakšen si . . .”

Odtod sta se glasili obe pismi enako, in zajec je pisal, kar mu je narekoval medved:

“. . . Na svet sem prišel pozimi v brlogu v Hudem grabnu, kjer prebivam še dandanes. Bili smo trije bratje. Iz kraja smo se skrivali pod materjo, ki nas je varovala in čuvala tako, da se ni genila od nas. Ni se zme nila ne za jed ne za pijačo, le na nas male, slepe neboglence je pazila. Šele, ko smo po petih tednih izpregledali, je šla pit ter si je poiskala okoli brloga nekaj jagod. Kam dalje strani tudi tedaj ni šla. Pozneje nas je znosila v vodo ter nas okopala. Sčasoma smo dorasli. Hodili smo iz medvednice na solnce, tam smo se bratje premetavali, rvali in topli in se hodili kopat. Plezali smo po drevju in ni nam bilo previsoko nobeno drevo.



Morske kleči.

Tedaj sem tudi prvič spoznaval svet in živali na njem. Ko sem ugledal prvo lisico, sem se je ustrašil, da sem padel vznak, lisica pa je pobegnila pred medvedko, našo materjo.

Komaj smo dorasli, smo začeli zapuščati mater in brlog ter se sami potepali po gozdu. Vedno daljši in daljši so bili ti izleti in nekega dne sva se vrnila samo še dva brata. Kje je ostal tretji? Bržkone je zašel prav daleč, našel si je svoj brlog, kjer je začel živeti po lastni volji. Tudi drugega brata je skominalo po tem in izginil je tudi on. Edini sem ostal pri materi, z njo sem tudi prezimil prvo zimo. Priljubil se mi je kraj v Hudem grabnu, in ko je dobila konec zime mati vnovič mladičke, sem jim bil za pestuna. Preveč prijeten ta posel sicer ni, a moral sem čuvati bratce, dru-

gače je pela okrog mojih ušes materina šapa. Minilo je tudi to: mladički so odrasli ter se poizgubili v svet.

Nazadnje me je zapustila tudi mati in ostal sem sam v brlogu v Hudem grabnu. Bodisi! Nisem bil nevoljen. Če bi me ne bila zapustila mati, bi jo morebiti bil jaz, zakaj odločeno je nam medvedom, da živimo sami samcati. Ohranil sem le spomin na mater, ki nas je iznegovala, lepega tudi bratoma, ki sta preživela z menoj lepo mladost. Trideseto zimo sem že legel spat, moji lastni otroci so se porazgubili po svetu in ostal sem sam, star in že nadložen, a spomin na spremljevalce mojih mladih dni mi je vedno ljub.

Trideset zim — trideset dolgih let!...

Kako sem živel v tem času? Kaj sem doživel? Le redki so še spomini v moji stari glavi...

Živil sem se največ s tem, kar mi je dajal gozd. Še danes mulim travo, iščem gobe, lesnike in jagode, kopljem korenine in ne zametavam ne hroščev ne črvov. Če najdem mravljišče, ga razkopljem in požrem iz njega jajčeca in mravlje; če zasledim satovje, pograbim njega in čebele. Med — oj, ta mi je najljubši! Da se nasladkam pri njem dodobra, to je moja strast, ki pa me je že tudi dostikrat spravila v smrtno nevarnost. Moj nos mi je naznanil slaščicó v čebelnjakih pri človeških bivališčih, in nič nisem pomislil, da me tam lahko izslede psi, da mi streže po življenju človek. Neredkokdaj sem plačal to svojo ljubezen do medu s svojo krvjo. Moja dolga, gosta, rjavkasta in kocasta dlaka krije na moji koži marsikateri obrunek, ki mi je ostal od udarcev, prizadejanih od sekire ali vil, od ugrizov, ki so mi jih usekali pasji zobje.

Ves čas svojega življenja se tudi nisem branil mesa, bodisi ovčjega, če sem odnesel žival in črede v staji, bodisi govejega ali konjskega. Kakor hodim na lov sploh najrajši ponoči, sem se tudi k tem čredam na planini pritepel od vetra, da me niso zavohale. A tudi za dne, zlasti proti večeru sem jih zalezal dostikrat in tedaj sem gonil govedo ali konja, da se je žival upehala, skočil nanjo in jo ugonobil. Jaz pa sem imel bogatih zalogajev za nekaj večerov. Danes moram opuščati take love. Prestar sem že in premalo gibčen; zadovoljen moram biti s hrano, ki jo še lahko dobim.

Ali zaradi tega mojega vedenja me je zasovražil človek in mi začel streči po življenju. Zato se mu ogibljem, kolikor znam in morem. Dostikrat sem moral bežati celo iz Hudega grabna, potikal sem se po svetu, preganjan povsod. Šele, kadar sem upal, da so ljudje blizu moje domačije že pozabili name, sem se vrnil. Če mi je predla na begu trda, se nisem pomišljal ter sem skočil v vodo, ker znam dobro plavati; splezal sem na drevo, čeprav ne posebno rad, zakaj tisto plezanje z drevesa doli ni nič kaj prijetna zabava. A ljudem tako vendarle utečem. V boj se s človekom ne spuščam rad. Lahko je, da sem močnejši od njega, a moji kremplji le niso tako orožje kakor njegovi noži. Z zobmi res da se lahko pokažem; niso sicer tako ostri kakor volčji, ki trgajo samo meso, saj jaz grizem tudi korenine, a vendar so še vedno dovolj dobri, da ogrizejo tudi človeka. A njegova puška! Prepričal sem se, da s človekom ni dobro zobati češnje. Zgodilo se je nekoč, da se je na moji poti nenadoma prikazal človek in nastavil puško. Zabliskalo se je in zagrmelo, mene pa je zaščemelo v rami. A drago je plačal človek svojo šalo, kajti v jezi, ki me je pograbila, nisem poznal usmiljenja. Postavil sem se na zadnji nogi, objel človeka s prednji-

ma šapama ter ga stiskal, dokler ni obležal. Poizkusil mi je potisniti med rebra nož, a to se mu ni posrečilo. Spoznal pa sem, kako nevaren je človek, in rajši se mu ognem nego pa bližam.

Tako sem zrastel in živel. Danes sem dolg blizu sedem čevljev, truplo mi je postalo težko in okorno. Vem, da doleti tudi mene ista usoda, kakor je še vsakega medveda v našem kraju: ubije me človek. Zalezuje me, ker pravi, da sem mu škodljiv, dobiva pa od mene tudi po moji smrti korist. Že za kožo dobi lepe denarce. Kar dobe na meni masti, jo sevro s čebulo in porabijo, v slast pa jim gre zlasti meso mojih prednjih šap. Tako sem zvedel, ko sem nekoč pri človeku otepal posluške.

In zdaj, dragi moj brat v nepoznani deželi, ko sem se ti pošteno izpovedal, te pozdravljam in prosim, piši mi tudi ti kaj o sebi.

Stari Godrnjavec iz Hudega grabna.

Taki pismi je napisal hitri pisarček Plahun ter je napravil tudi prepis pisma, ki ga je spravil Godrnjavec. Za plačilo je oskubel vso slastno travico ter oglodal mladike okrog medvedjega brloga, potem jo je popihal. Godrnjavec pa je pismi, namenjeni tujim medvedom, dobro shranil, dokler ne pride lastovica, da ju vzame s seboj ter ponese v daljni svet, prepis pa je shranil k listinam svojega pradedu.

### III.

Medvedu ni bilo treba dolgo čakati lastovice. Dober teden zatem, ko sta se zmenila, se je že oglasila pri brlogu.

"Ej, striče Godrnjavče!" je poklicala medveda. "Ali si napisal? Danes bi vzela s seboj; zakaj lastovice smo že zapustile svoja gnezda in se zbrale. Še nocoj nas vzame noč in poletimo proti južnim krajem."

"Imam," odvrne Godrnjavec. "Če ti le ne bo pretežko," in izvleče od Plahuna na drobno popisana lista.

"Zvila ju bom prav na malo, da mi ne bosta delali nadlege," pravi lastovica in že je hitela s kljunčkom, da zgane vsako pismo prav na drobno. Vtaknila si ju je pod perje, pozdravila medveda ter odletela.

Poln misli je zrl za njo Godrnjavec ter ji želel srečen pot, da se vrne ter prinese njemu poročil, da se izkaže, ali je resnica, kar je zapisal njegov praded . . .

Lastovica pa je izginila s tovarišicami še tisto noč. A kakor so bile nagle pri odhodu, je treba, da pogledamo za njimi po daljnem svetu.

Obrnile so se iz Evrope proti jugu, preletele razne dežele, počivale in plule v zraku preko morja v tople kraje severne Afrike, da tamkaj prezimijo.

Našo lastovico sta medvedovi pismi vedno skrbeli. Ali ju odda in kje? Kje sreča ptico burjevko, ki kroži po vseh morjih? Ali ve burjevka za te sorodnike medveda Godrnjavca, za katere bi ta rad zvedel? In če ne ve, pozna li koga, ki bi pismi lahko prevzel in oddal? Skoro kesati se je začela, da je prevzela to odgovornost . . .

Vsa jata lastovic pluje nad morjem. Nič kot morje pod njimi, nič kot morje nad njimi. Naša lastovička pa se ozira in ozira . . .

Hej, hoj! Kaj je tam tisto, kar se vozi po zraku? Mogočen ptič na dolgih kreljutih kroži nad morjem. Zdaj se zapraši do vode in pograbi ribo, zdaj se zopet zaleti nad oblake. Kakor misel izgine, pa se zopet prikaže tam spredaj. Leteč striže z repom, na velikanskih ostrih perutih pa je videti majhno truplo, kakor da visi na njih.

Ej, burjevka je, burjevka, ti drobna lastovička!



In lastovica se zažene iz vrste, mahne jo naravnost proti burjevki in jo glasno pokliče. Burjevka se okrene in zavozi po zraku proti lastovici.

“Hej, lastovička, drobna ptička, kaj bi rada od mene?”

Kar v zraku ji pove lastovica povest o medvedu, ki išče sorodnike, ter jo prosi, ne bi li mogla ona oddati pisem.

“Medvedom ne,” odgovarja burjevka. “Ne pridem do njih. Oddam pa ju lahko svojemu pomorskemu bratu albatrosu, ki leta prav do severa in preko velikih morij. On jih najde ali pa pozve o njih pri drugih pticah. — Do kdaj hočeš imeti odgovor?”

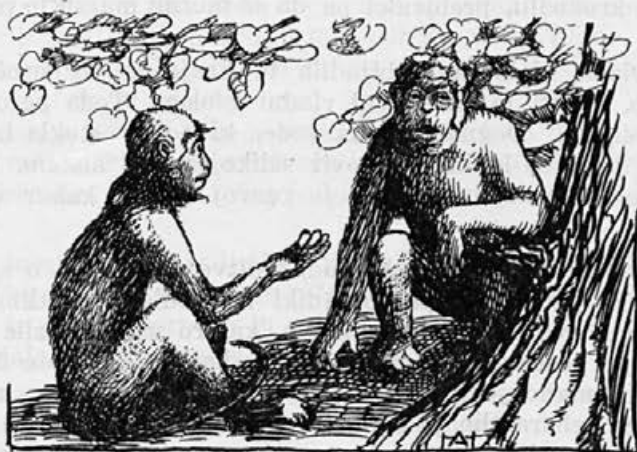
“Vseeno je, kdaj mi ga oskrbiš, da le do pomladi. V severni Afriki bom čakala vso zimo, na pomlad pa me najdeš na poti.”

Tako sta se zmenili lastovica in burjevka, ki je prevzela medvedovi pismi ter izginila lastovici izpred oči. Lastovica je plula s svojim krdelom dalje, burjevka pa se je obrnila nad široko morje, nad neizmerni ocean . . .

Tam nad oceanom kroži velika ptica albatros, najmogočnejša vseh pomorskih ptic, najdrznejša in najvztrajnejša od vseh pernatih prebivalcev zračnega kraljestva. Za hip se prikaže, v hipu izgine — velik kakor labod, s kratkim, debelim vratom, z veliko glavo in s čvrstim, rožnatorumenim kljunom. Ves je bel, le po robu peruti ima črne lise. — Te njegove peruti! Čudež stvarstva so! Ko jih zgrne ob truplu, izginejo popolnoma, a ko jih razprostre, merijo od konca do konca štirinajst čevljev, pri tem pa so ozke in dolge, tanke in rahlo upognjene kakor sablja. Njegov let je lep in plemenit kakor nobenega drugega ptiča. V najhujšem viharju udarja na lahko s perutmi, drugače pa so napeta kakor jadra na ladji. Veter ga premika dalje, zrak sam ga nosi, in to po vsej južni poluti, preko vsega Velikega oceana gori do severa . . .

Do tega zrakoplovca se je napotila burjevka. Našla ga je in naletela je dobro. Albatros je prevzel medvedovi pismi ter se je spustil z njima po svetu. V severno Ameriko je poslal pismo z naslovom “Dragi moj brat!” do sivega medveda, imenovanega Grizli, poletel je še dalje proti severu, kjer je oddal pismo za belega medveda. Naročil je, da pride čez štirinajst dni po odgovor. In res je čez štirinajst dni že dobil odgovor od sivega medveda Grizlija in od severnega belega medveda. Zazibal se je zopet v zraku ter nesel pismi do burjevke, da ju je spravila v severno Afriko, kjer so prezimovale lastovice.

(Konec prihodnjic.)



Zaupen pomenek.

## Puščava, ki ne bo nikoli ozelenela

JUŽNA AFRIKA ima ravnotako svojo Saharo kakor jo ima severna. Veliko puščavo Kalahari včasih imenujejo tudi Južno Saharo. To je del velikega notranjega ozemlja južne Afrike. Po površini je veliko večja kakor vse angleško otočje in je približno tri tisoč čevljev nad morsko gladino. Puščava je velikanska planota pokrita z gredami peska kakor valovi na morju, ter se dviga po trideset do sto čevljev in zopet pada. Tupatam planota pade v nižine izsušenih rek, katere so velike zlasti na severu, kjer se struge v času deževja napolnijo in spremene v razdirajoče hudournike. Nobeno rastlinstvo ne uspeva po teh krajih, le tu pa tam moli iz peska šop puste, do kolen visoke trave. Nekatere pokrajine so tudi pokrite z gostim grmičjem, ki se tupatam spremeni v šumo, ali tega je tako malo, da se popotnik še toliko jasnejše zaveda strahote puščave.

Prebivalci južne Afrike so se zadnje čase nemalo zanimali za puščavo Kalahari. Neki profesor Schwarz je ugotovil, da puščava še ni stara več kakor kakih sto let, prej pa da je bila tod plodna in dobro namakana zemlja in da se še lahko obnovi, kar je bilo.

Pripovedovanje profesorja Schwarza je bilo vsekakor zanimivo. On je dejal, da so velikanske globeli soli v osredju puščave bile svoječasno velika jezera, v katera so se stakale reke z vseh strani. Zemeljske spremembe površine pa, je dejal, so obrnile vodo, da se je pričela odtakati v druge smeri proti zapadu in vzhodu. Te vode bi se po njegovem mnenju zajezile nazaj, tako da bi se začele zopet izlivati proti sredini in jezerska dna bi se ponovno nalila.

Eden izmed teh izlivov proti vzhodu, je dejal profesor, je slap Victoria, dotoka mogočni Zambesi. Nič drugega bi ne bilo treba kakor zajeziti reko Chobe nad slapom in voda bi namesto proti morju tekla nazaj proti središču v izsušena jezera. Na isti način naj bi se zgradil jez zapadno od reke Cunene, ki se v slapu zaganja čez veliko planoto in išče izhoda k morju. Ta voda bi pa napolnila prazna jezerska dna na zapadni strani puščave. Če bi se to izvršilo, bi puščava Kalahari imela sama svoj vodni sistem, ki bi ji zadoščal.

Kakor v potrdilo profesorjeve teorije je pričel padati dež in je čezmerno lilo skozi daljšo dobo. Poročali so, da je gornje vodovje Zambesi prestopilo bregove in da so se suhe globeli zopet izpremenile v jezera, v katerih je vse polno živali in celo povodnji konji ter krokodili, prebivalci pa da so morali marsikje pobegniti iz hiš, ker jih je zalila voda.

Južnoafriška vlada, ki bi rada obljudila te kraje, je po poročilih takoj poslala v kraje ekspedicijo, kateri je načeljeval vladni geolog. Toda poročilo ekspedicije ni bilo nič kaj razveseljivo. Dognali so, da vode, ki se je stekla iz rek proti suhim jezerom, ni dovolj, da bi se lahko ustanovil velikojezerski sistem, ki bi služil v namakanje. Komisija je sploh dognala, da je razvoj dežele, kakor so sanjali o njem, nekaj nemogočega.

Toliko glede razvoja v bodoče. Ali tudi trditve profesorja o zgodovini so neutemeljene. Dognali niso geologi, ampak botaniki na podlagi rastlinstva, ki tupatam uspeva. Puščava ima svoje vrste rastlinstvo, katero uspeva vzlic suši. Tako rastlinstvo raste samo po puščavah, je nekake vrste kaktus, ki raste čisto pri tleh in je pokrit z bodicami in mahovjem, katero prepreči, da ne more izhlapevati sok iz listov. Mnogo izmed teh rastlin je čudovito lepih, nekatere pa so grdo zvežene in sploh razraščene tako, kakor so mogle zrasti samo skozi stotine in tisoče let v puščavi.

Vse to torej zavrača misli, da bi bila puščava samo stoletje stara. Veliko se bo mogoče še dalo storiti z namakanjem, toda dvoma ni več, da bo puščava Kalihari ostala dom potujočih bušmanov in hotentotskih pastirjev, kakor tudi čudnih Behuanec z njih tankimi rokami in nogami in njih ogromnimi čredami in z njih puščavskimi vrtovi buč in dinj.

Tako je življenje v puščavi Kalahari, v divjini, kjer je par sto Burov, moških in ženskih z otroci ter več tisoč goveje živine poginilo za žejo med njih preseljevanjem leta 1878. Čudno pa se čita, da je ravno v teh suhih krajih, kjer ne morejo živeti ne Buri ne priseljeni Angleži in kjer težko preživi celo domači Behuanec, najboljša dežela za leve, leoparde, povodnje konje, nosoroge, slone, žirafe, bizone, zebre, antilope, babune in noje, ki imajo dovolj hrane v brezdanji puščavi.

## Začetek in konec

**N**AD vrati neke obcestne hiše na deželi sem nekoč čital napis: "Dokončaj ali pa nikoli ne začni!"

Kakorkoli je napis prišel tja, gotovo je moral biti nekako geslo in naročilo za tiste, ki so ga čitali. Pisec onih besed je bržkone videl, kako lahko se ljudje česa lotijo in enako lahko tudi potem opuste, ko se naveličajo ali pa utrudijo.

Ali ni res, da preveč začetkov nima koncev?

Ni malo ljudi, ki se lotijo nešteti reči, dovršijo jih pa nikoli ne. Vse njih življenje je polno začetih del, katera so naveličani opustili.

V življenjepisu nekega umnega državnika čitamo: "Kar je začel, je dovršil. Njegovo življenje in delo se odlikuje po dovršenosti." Bilo je pravilo njegovega življenja, da mora vsako reč dokončati po svoji najboljši sposobnosti. Na svetu na pol in površno dovršenih nalog in dolžnosti je to vsekakor plemenito geslo.

Večkrat je že bilo rečeno, da ni nič tako škodljivega človeškemu značaju kakor ravno napol dovršena opravila. Mogoče se komu zdi, da nedokončana dela nimajo nikakega stika s človekovim značajem, ali v dejstvu ga prav gotovo imajo.

Ljudje, ki so storili kaj dobrega, so dokončali, kar so začeli. Hoteli so dokončati. Ko so prijeli za plug, se niso več ozrli nazaj. Z vztrajnostjo so nadaljevali do konca brazde in nato začeli prevračati drugo. Ko so se lotili kakega razglabljanja, so šli stvari do dna, dokler niso našli tega, kar so iskali. Predno je Edison pritisnil na gumb za električno luč, je napravil 35.000 poizkusov. Predno je Luter Burbank razvil dišeče georgine, je eksperimentiral na tisočeri rastlinah. Šele po dvajsetih letih preizkušenj je dosegel prijeten vonj pri georgini. Dognal je, da je vonj najbolj nežen in ga je najtežje doseči. Ko je uspel s spremembo barv pri cvetlicah, s spremembo oblike in rastlinskega ter cvetnega listja, še skozi dvanajst let ni mogel dobiti dišečega vonja cvetlicam. Toda začel je bil in odločil se je, da dokonča delo in dokončal ga je uspešno.

Samo z vztrajnostjo zmagajo ljudje. Vztrajnost je gonilna sila za vsako veliko dosego človeštva. "Popustljivec ne doseže ničesar," je dejal neki veliki umetnik. "Vse, kar sem dosegel jaz, je plod napornega in vztrajnega dela skozi skoraj sedemdeset let." Vztrajnost, je dejal, je bila ona sila, ki ga je dvignila.

Izgleda, da ne moremo prezgodaj začeti dela, če ga hočemo popolnoma dovršiti. Ko se nas poloti izkušnja, da bi odložili nedokončano delo, tedaj je pravi čas, da se prav z resnostjo lotimo dela, drugače se znajdemo med tistimi, ki so vse življenje opravljali samo dela, katerih niso nikoli izvršili.

# Šola za mlade delavce

## DELAVSKA ČUJEČNOST

**ČUJEČNOST** za delavce pomeni, da morajo biti vedno pripravljene varovati to, kar se jim je posrečilo doseči po dolгих bojih s podjetniki. To ni tako lahka naloga, kot se nam mogoče zdi na prvi pogled, ker v resnici je čestokrat celo težje očuvati kakor pa pridobiti kako reč. Kako zelo je resnična ta trditev, se lahko učimo neprestano, ker vedno se nečuječnost članstva in vodstva kake delavske organizacije maščuje nad delavstvom, da izgubi težko pridobljene pravice.

Nekaj takega opazimo najprej pri veliki organizaciji rudarjev. Koliko težkih bojev so imeli ustanovitelji te organizacije, še ni pozabljeno. V Illinoisu, kjer je danes še najbolj trdna U. M. W. of A., so rudarji pred desetletji bili pravcati sužnji brez vsakih pravic. V sili so se zavedli potrebe po organizaciji in složno so šli na delo ter izvojevali (prav izvojevati so morali, ker podjetniki ničesar ne dajo pristočno) unijo in več pravic. Približno enako je bilo po drugih državah. Rudar ni imel nikakih pravic. Pa so povsod ustanovili močno organizacijo. Ali ko so zavladale boljše razmere, je delavstvo marsikje pozabilo, da mora skrbno čuvati, čuvati ne samo proti zunanjim, temveč tudi proti notranjim nasprotnikom, ki rujejo v organizaciji, da razpada. Če je v organizaciji slabo vodstvo, je krivda na članstvu, ki ne čuva. In vzroke, da članstvo ni čuječe, pa moramo iskati v nevednosti.

Kakor pri rudarski uniji, najdemo slabe posledice članske nečuječnosti pri skoraj vsaki organizaciji. Pozabiti namreč ne smemo, da podjetniki vedno čuvajo in si na vse načine prizadevajo, razbiti organizacije delavcev, ker te organizacije omejujejo izkoriščanje. Podjetniki ne nastopajo vedno odprto, zato je čuječnost toliko potrebnejša. Najemajo si vohune in razdirače, ki s hudobnim namenom pristopijo v organizacijo. Zato je čuječnost potrebna pri sprejemanju članov.

Poleg tega čuječnost v delavski organizaciji pomeni skrbno pripravljane za napad, ki lahko pride od strani podjetnikov. To pripravljane pomeni, da se organizacija denarno kakor tudi gmotno vzposobi za odpor proti podjetnikom. Denarno se pripravi zato, da pomaga delavcem, če so v potrebi med stavko in da lahko plačuje stroške, ki jih ima z upravo; moralno pa se pripravi organizacija s podučevanjem članov ter z agitacijo tudi izven organizacije, kajti zelo odvisno je od tega, kaj sodi o delavski stavki javnost. Podjetniki zelo veliko dajo na to in v času stavke širijo propagando proti delavski organizaciji, dočim se delavci še ne zavedajo dovolj, kako veliko jim taka propaganda škoduje in kako bi s protipropagando pokazali javnosti, kaj je resnica. Čuječnost mora biti torej vedno, tudi tedaj, ko ni stavke; takrat pa se je treba pripravljati za odpor proti navalu podjetnikov.

Ne samo v strokovni organizaciji delavstva, čuječnost je potrebna v vsaki delavski ustanovi. Vsaka delavska ustanova je namreč v očeh podjetnikov ustanovljena zato, da njim škoduje in kot tako bi jo zatrli, če bi le mogli. A tudi če bi tega ne bilo, je čuječnost potrebna, da se ohrani sloga v organizaciji in da ne preneha dobra volja za izpolnitev.

Slovenska narodna podporna jednota se nima toliko bati nasprotovanja od strani kakih podjetnikov, kakor se mora čuvati notranjega razdora. Od vsakega posameznega člana je odvisno, da v organizaciji vlada sloga in se članstvo izpopolnjuje. Od članstva je tudi odvisno, kako vodstvo ima jednota. Čuječnost je torej potrebna vedno in povsod.

Delavec se uči od podjetnika, ki je premetnejši od njega, katji drugače bi sploh podjetnik ne bil. Od njega se nauči, da je vedno čuječ, da ne samo ne dovoli nikakih pravic delavcem, temveč da jim tudi odvzame tiste, ki so si jih pridobili v dolgih bojih, ko je moral popustiti. Istotako se delavec uči, da je podjetnik z drugim podjetnikom složen, ko je v boju proti delavski organizaciji, četudi je drugi podjetnik njegov največji konkurent. V splošnem se mora delavec ravno tako trdno organizirati kot se podjetnik. Delavske organizacije morajo biti še čvrstjše kot podjetniške, ker le na ta način je njih trajen uspeh mogoč.

Lašt "Proletarca"



Maksim Gaspari: "Slovenska mati pri zibelki."



Albin Č.:

## KAKO JE ŽE BILO?

Janezek spisal  
je že poročilce  
ter se odpravil  
je na kosilce.

Prišla je muha,  
z nosom je brala,  
Janezku pisemce  
vse je spacala . . .

Dragi čitatelji!

Urednik obrača, čitatelji pa obrnejo. No, sedaj ste pa vi enkrat obrnili, dragi bratci in sestrice. Številne pesmice, katere ste prispevali, niso šle vse v naš kotiček in v Chatter Corner, zato pa bomo našo tekmo še nekoliko raztegnili, in sicer tako, da bo vsakdo imel priliko še poslati kako pesmico v kontest. Da bo pa malo več veselja vmes, bomo pridali še nekaj v tekmo in to so številne zastavice, katere morate rešiti in pisati, kako ste rešili. Kdor jih bo do decemberske številke rešil največ, ta bo dobil božično nagrado. Poleg pisanja pesmic torej rešujte tudi zastavice. V tej številki imate rešiti precej težko v slovenskem, namreč križno uganko. Da boljše razumete, so navodila v angleškem, odgovoriti pa morate slovensko. V Chatter Cornerju pa so različne druge uganke in prihodnjič bo pa Cross-Word-Puzzle. Kdor jih reši več, ta bo prvi v kontestu.

Zdaj pa le na delo, dragi čitatelji. Ne samo da boste imeli zabavo s tem, tudi izplačalo se vam bo, kajti Slovenska narodna podporna jednota vam bo za vztrajnost podarila lepe nagrade. Pokažite, kateri je bolj vztrajen in kateri zna bolj globoko misliti. Jaz želim, da bi bili vsi prvi.

**Urednik.**

\*

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista!

Vidim kontest za čitatelje Mladinskega lista. Sicer nisem preveč učena, vendar se hočem udeležiti. — Hodim v šolo "Special Class" v Wade Parku. Stara sem 11 let in bom šla prihodnjo sezono v VI. razred. Z mojimi starši govorim vedno slovensko, v šoli pa saj veste, da angleško. Vzela sem si čas, da napišem malo kitico, ki ne sme biti starodavna —

Chicago — miljonsko mesto,  
otiraš deci — bratom, sestram solze.  
Bodi nam simbol napredka, sreče!  
Kdor upa v te — ne pozabi te,  
in to je — S. N. P. J.

Vida Shiffner,

7513 St. Clair, Cleveland, Ohio.

## POROKA

Škrjanček pozdravi  
na ravni poljani,  
visoko na nebu  
se s solncem igra.

In skoči na barko,  
po solnce gre žarko  
in kljubici svoji  
ga v žito pelja.

Po svate in goste,  
v hrib, dole in hoste,  
da ž njimi praznuje  
poročni svoj dan.

Brž v hribe, brž v gričke  
po murne čiričke!  
In kašče odprite,  
saj vse se gosti.

A kdo naj jim gode?  
I zelene vode  
in slavček na gosli,  
basist so pa kos.

Poroka končana,  
vsa družba pijana.  
Hitita škrjančka  
pod sinje nebo.

Frances Hochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

\*

## Mladinskemu listu.

Povestice prinašaj  
nalašč za nas, mladino,  
in pred oko postavljaj  
očetov domovino.

Le bodri nas,  
ne smeš nas zapustiti.  
Povedi nam,  
da rod smo kremeniti.

Če smo rojeni  
v tej novi domovini,  
smo hčerke  
in slovenski sini.

Le čuvaj nas,  
ostani nam še zvesti;  
spominjaj nas,  
da narod smo slovenski.

Jennie Krizmančič, 12 let;  
West Park, Ohio.

\*

Jennie Fradel iz Latroba, Pa., se je pritožila, da ni dobila julijske izdaje Mladinskega lista. Od tukaj je bil poslan, toda izgubiti se je moral na pošti. — Urednik.

## ŽELJE.

Pesmico bi rada napisala,  
za kontest v Mladinski list poslala,  
ali meni to velika je nadloga,  
ker slovensko pisati sem še uboga.

Zato ti pa želim, Mladinski list,  
da prišel ti bi večkrat v tisk;  
pogosteje obiskovat nas prišel,  
in vsaki teden enkrat bi izišel.

Od kar si ti pričel izhajati,  
in redno k nam dohajati,  
veliko lepše ljubim jaz  
slovenski govor — je za mene kras.

Za to pa mladi bratci in sestrice ve,  
kolikor vam moči, potrudite se vse,  
da govorili vsi slovensko bomo le  
in ohranili jezik očeta, matere.

Margaret Kebe.

\*

Več kitic je poslal Fred Predikaka iz Stauntona, Illinois, med katerimi sta sledeči precej lepi:

Bratje, skupaj vsi delujmo,  
podajmo složno si roke  
in korake pospešimo.  
Krivica bratu, to ne gre!

Iz ljubezni do jednote  
in do bratov in sestic,  
vsi se skupaj veselimo,  
saj Slovenci vsi smo mi.

\*

Poizkušala je tudi Jennie Krizmančič iz Clevelanda s sledečimi kiticami, ki se pa bolje čitajo v prozi:

Pred triindvajsetimi leti je naš slovenski rod ustanovil jednoto, svobodno, brez spon. Načela nje so jasna, njen cilj je plemenit; v pomoč nam je v bolezni, ob smrti tolažnik. Temelj je njen svoboden, ne krati nam pravic; če ljubimo pravila, se bati nam ni nič. Ne samo da podpora dobivamo od nje; nas tudi izobražuje — kako si izboljšamo gorje. Mi mladi, smo hvaležni za delo, dobri čin, kar so nam starši ustvarili, nam ostane v spominu.

Ne smemo se sramovati, da smo slovenski rod, ker jezik naš slovenski je čist, vsepovsod. Jednota naj ostane, vrši delo kot dozdej; naj ščiti rod slovenski, kot zdaj, na vekomaj.

\*

Charles Starman piše iz Clevelanda:

"To je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Star sem 14 let in imam štiri brate, vseh v družini nas je sedem in smo vsi člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Mladinski list vsi prav radi čitamo, samo želimo, da bi izhajal vsaki teden. Celi mesec čakati, to je že predolgo."

Dragi urednik!

Kako sem bil vesel, ko sem zagledal moj prvi dopis v M. L.! Misli sem, da bo našel prostora v uredniškem košu. Nedolgo sem prišel iz bolnišnice, kjer sem bil na operaciji; počutim se precej dobro. Imel sem slabe počitnice, sedaj pa bo zopet šola, zopet čas učenja. Jaz bom v sedmem razredu, sem star 12 let. Imam 3 brate in 1 sestro, vsi člani S. N. P. J.

Pozdravim čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

Joe Elersich, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik!

Še enkrat se oglašim v našem Mladinskem listu. Prav nič nisem imela časa pisati par vrstic za naš list, zato ker je moja mama bila bolna skoraj celo poletje ali zdaj ji gre na boljše. Jaz mislim, da od zdaj naprej bom vselej imela kak dopis v Mladinskem listu. Naša šola je končala tretjega junija, pa bo začela šestega septembra. V Latrobu bomo imeli "Public Library" (ljudsko čitalnico). Čitalnica bo začela izdajati knjige prvega septembra. Kadar so hodili po knjige, smo mi dali "Jerney's Justice".

Dne 21. avgusta imajo socialisti od Westmoreland in Allegheny Counties piknik na Woodside parku. Ta park je med Irwinom in McKeesportom. Zadnje leto je tudi bil piknik v Woodside parku. Vsi člani kluba J. S. Z. št. 170 in otroci so se dobro zabavali v pikniku. Kako bo letos, bom poročala pozneje. Pozdrav!

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem učenka Slovenske mladinske šole, kjer se učimo pisati, brati, govoriti in peti. Moj brat tudi hodi v šolo. Mi hodimo v Slovensko mladinsko šolo od začetka. Gosp. E. Primožič je bil naš učitelj, zadnji čas pa gosp. J. Siskovich. Kakor upam, bo tudi za naprej. Imeli smo tri piknike in več iger. Dne 19. marca to leto smo namesto v šolo šli gledat slike gosp. Peruška razstavljene v Slovenskem narodnem domu v Clevelandu. Videli smo dosti lepih in zanimivih slik. Tam smo videli gosp. Peruška osebno.

Dne 7. avg. smo imeli šolski piknik. Vsak otrok je dobil pet listkov za pop in učenci še tri navadne. Tudi smo imeli različne tekme. Najbolj smešno je bilo videti, kako so fantje hoteli jesti paj; seveda, prvi trije so dobili še nagrado v denarju. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista.

Mary Štefanič.

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo v Mladinski list. Sedaj smo na počitnicah in se učim slovensko pisati.

Stanujemo na farmi. V šolo imam eno miljo, ob pričetku šolskega leta bo pa še dalje, bom morala hoditi na bus. Bom v petem razredu. Stara sem deset let. Zelo rada prebiram Mla-

dinski list, zato sem napisala ono pesmico. Spadam v Mladinski oddelek S. N. P. J. društvo št. 145.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem lista in vam urednik.

Margaret Kebe,

R. F. D. 1, Box 9, Oakdale, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Žal mi je, ko se nisem za julijsko številko nič oglašila. Vzrok je, ker sem bila skoro ves čas bolna; sedaj se nekoliko boljše počutim. Članica S. N. P. J. sem že sedem let, kakor tudi moj brat in sestra ter ata in mama.

Pristopili smo vsi pri društvu "Solnce" št. 81 v Red Lodgu, Mont.; 1925 smo prestopili k št. 313 v West Frankfortu, Ill. Sedaj smo pa pri novem društvu št. 681.

Frances Kochevar,

West Frankfort, No. 18, Ill.

## PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH

1.

Le stopi na cesto,  
poglej tudi v mesto —  
povsod me je dosti.  
Ta pravi: "Lenuh!" mi,  
a on: "Potepuh ti!"

2.

Pri Metki  
je zlata ptička  
v kletki.

3.

V grm se je zaklenil,  
kljunček odprl,  
se v nebo zazrl —  
njegove pesmi rajskomile  
tišino nočno so zalile.

Albin Čebular.

## REŠITEV IZ AVGUSTOVE ŠTEVILKE

1. PTIČ.
2. GNEZDO.
3. JAJČECA V GNEZDU.
4. SOKOLIČI.
5. NETOPIR.

Joe Elersich pošilja sledeče uganke:

1. Kaj napravi številka dvanajst?
2. Lase ima, glave ne.
3. Prste ima pa nič kosti. Kaj je to?

Uganke v mesecu juliju sta tudi pravilno rešila Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill., in Joe Elersich, Cleveland, Ohio.





# JUVENILE



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## Ivan Meštrović—An Artist of the World

[From the "Introduction," by Christian Brinton, issued in a catalogue of Meštrović's works exhibited in America.]

THAT content of passion and aspiration which assumes distinct form in Greek mythology, in mystic appeal of Arthurian legend, and the songs of Troubadour finds fitting counterpart in the "pesmas" (songs) of the Yugoslavs. For centuries it has preserved intact the race consciousness of a people whose fortitude has been rare in human history. Centring around the clash between Christianity and Mohammedanism, it voices itself with particular eloquence in the Lay of Kosovo, which occupies rightful place as the national epic.

It was on Kosovo Polje, the Balkan Flodden Field, where the Slavic aspirations were shattered by the ruthless onrush of the Turk horde. Here, where today flower countless scarlet flashing peonies, the earth was once "like unto a tulip field, with its ruddy severed heads and rolling turbans." Still, though lost in a military sense, the fateful day became, through a process of spiritual transmutation, a day of triumph for the broken nation. From village to village, from door to door, throughout the land wandered the blind "guslar" chanting and haunting the "glorious defeat"—celebrating the mighty deeds of heroes and the dark treachery of the traitor. The memory of entire nation focussed around these hero tales of ever present past. They became, and continued to be, the dominant factor in the imagination of every Yugoslav child. These concepts remained for a youth of our own day, to achieve their expression in wood and marble, in clay and bronze. It has been the mission of this veritable David of sculpture to effect a bold and convincing transposition of native poetry into plastic form, to endow with visible and material semblance that same heroic song which, though essentially Jugoslavic, is universal in application.

\*

Descended from the haiduk chieftains who for generations harassed the Turks along the borderland, Ivan Meštrović was born August 15, 1883, in the little hamlet of Vrpolje in Slavonia. The family, which was of Croatian peasant stock, had but lately come from Dalmatia, and shortly following the birth of their son returned to the original home at Otavice, near Drniš. It was here that the future sculptor passed his childhood. His father, Mate, and his mother, Martha Kurabasa, were simple peasants, and like every peasant lad of the district, Ivan tended the flocks by day and at night harkened to fireside tale of the old Yugoslav heroes.

The artistic career of Ivan Meštrović began in typically modest fashion when, with rude curved peasant knife, he commenced carving wooden spoons, forks, and kindred domestic utensils for daily family use. During his formative period his

father, a remarkably gifted native craftsman, guided his early efforts. Much encouragement was likewise derived from the village priest, for whose humble church he fashioned his first crucifix, the forerunner of his many versions of the Man of Sorrows.

In the Golden Book of Ivan Meštrović's memory are inscribed a few significant episodes, a few outstanding names. Amongst the former are sunny days spent on stony upland pasture when, in his fancy, the legends of his people spontaneously assumed plastic form. There were also solitary nights in front of the thatched cottage home where he would gaze for hours at the silent mountains rearing the star-crowned crests toward infinity. Such was his true vigil, the prelude to the unfolding of his genius. And, too, one must not forget the boyish ecstasy of a visit to Šibenik, where he beheld his first cathedral with its carved saints and gleaming altar and, beyond, the bright bosom of the sea.



Ivan Meštrović: "Mozes."

producing angels, crucifixes, and altar ornaments, for various local churches. The nights he spent absorbing his elementary education from the district teacher Škarcia, in whose domestic circles he found lodging. Scorning drudgery and privation, he worked manfully on for a year or so until, through the offices of a friendly though speculative Hebrew, Koenig, he was enabled to pursue his studies in Vienna. Provincial costume he shortly discarded for the corduroy's and capacious soft hat of the typical art student, and sharing humble quarters with young Sykora, a Czech companion as impecunious as himself, he began life in Austrian capitol.

The barrier of unfamiliar language, the lack of formal preparation, and the constant pinch of poverty, not wholly mitigated by a meagre bursary from the municipal council of Drniš, could not however dishearten a youth whose creative fancy was already aflame with dreams of native hero myth. Four years in all—1900—to 1904 were passed at the Academy.

The lad meanwhile worked unremittingly at his art, carving and modelling a variety of subjects including local peasant types, cattle, and crucifixes in wood and stone. When but thirteen his father sent several of these to the office of "Narodni List" at Zadar and the editor kindly placed them on informal exhibition where they attracted much favorable notice. At this period there appeared, in Drniš, a certain Captain Grubišić, who displayed immediate interest in the boy and undertook to raise funds for his education. Money was, however, scarce in this humble peasant community, so the future artist was eventually taken to Split, where his father apprenticed him to a marble cutter.

Clad in native dress, including red Croatian "kapa", the eager, brown-haired lad passed his days

From the outset Meštrović's works were a completely personal and racial expression. They could not have been otherwise. The soul of the young artist harked backward across the centuries to the shinning dream of ancient king, a dream evoked in his own time by the great liberal bishop, Strossmayer, whose watchword was the unity of the Southern Slav people.

Following his schooling, the artistic tours of Ivan Meštrović included a brief trip to Italy. He made successful appearances in Paris and incidentally attracted the enthusiastic notice of his great compeer August Rodin. It was, however, in Vienna and Zagreb, during 1910, where he revealed the full measure of his power. He had become a distinctive personality, backed by recognition accorded him in both Paris and Vienna, where he had exhibited at the exclusive and progressive secession as early as 1902.

Into the nationalist artistic movement, which was largely his own creation, and which centred in the Croatian capitol, Ivan Meštrović poured all the ardency of his spirit. Round him rallied his fellow craftsmen, sculptors, authors, and poets, and in 1910 their association, appropriately called "Croatian Society of Art," held its first display in the Art Pavillion in Zagreb, which proved to be an event of unquestioned significance.

Forty artists in all were included, and rarely has an exhibition shown such urgency and purpose, such striving for a national art expression, as was manifest in the offering of these Jugoslavs. Their leader was fittingly represented, the whole affair proving a foretaste of that greater glory which awaited him the ensuing season in Rome. The period of Meštrović's initial struggle was at an end, and the subsequent developments of his art and personality belong to the world at large.

No one fortunate enough to visit the International Exposition of Rome during 1911 can forget the power of the Serbian Pavillion which included the works of Meštrović. He masterfully modelled the age-old sorrows and aspirations of a martyred race. The effect was at once that of a creation and a resurrection.

The significance of Meštrović's contribution to contemporary art was manifest at a glance. He had restored sculpture to its proudest province. And yet his world, which revolved mainly around the projected Temple of Kosovo, was not wholly peopled by the hero gods of this Yugoslav Valhalla. For beside the figures of heroic Marko and Miloš, beside mourning widow and nursing maiden, were seen his father, the peasant shepherd Mate, and his mother Marta, her work-weary hands clasped in patient resignation.

Despite his sudden hours of glory, the sculptor lived quietly in Rome. He scarcely left his modest apartment in the Babuino save to repair to his studio beyond the Public Square in Rome. His closest friends were three Americans, and there the plans were first made to bring Meštrović and his sculpture to America. Yet this project had to wait until the world had regained some of the lost ideality.

The two master motives of Ivan Meštrović's creative activity are the national and the religious. And just as his powerfully conceived and executed hero cycle shows the former phase of his effort, so in the later does his spiritual yearning find appropriate expression. Following the second ruthless crucifixion of his race, which reached its climax in the Great Retreat of the Serbian army through Albania and Montenegro to the coast, the sculptor turned to the consolation of Christian mysticism. In enforced exile at Rome, Geneva, Cannes, and elsewhere he carved and modelled the image of Christ on the Cross and kindred of episodes that to him symbolize mortal sorrow and sacrifice. Most of them are carved out of wood—walnut wood—which, through the irony of fate, he could obtain only from busy gun factories.

It was certain of these subjects, together with numerous examples of his earlier work that comprised the second notable offering of Meštrović to the world. This was imposing exhibition seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum in England, during the summer of 1915. The event proved to be a revelation to the British public, and critics who had seen his exposition in Rome were more enthusiastic than ever.

Of Ivan Meštrović's activities since the war, the American exhibition since 1924 were fully representative. The heroic statue of Bishop Strossmayer for the city of Zagreb was not shown in America, nor, save in the mind's eye, the beautiful Chapel of the Madonna of the Angels recently completed at Cavtat. Looking across the azure Adriatic near Dubrovnik (Dalmatia), this memorial is wholly the creation of the artist. Its architecture, its sculptured saints and angels, and its exterior and interior decorative features constitute a unique since the days of medieval or renaissance builder and craftsman. It is in this connection significant to note that, although the Temple of Kosovo of his youthful dreams still remains an unrealized possibility, this gleaming chapel has in a sense become his "Visioned Temple," showing not what is militant and physical, but what is alone in spirit.

In confronting the work of Ivan Meštrović one should first of all realize that in spirit and form it is largely pre-Greek—that, like most Slavic art, it reflects influences less Greek than Asiatic. It has been everywhere and at all times the mission of the Slavic artist to shatter the bonds of convention and achieve free emotional utterance. You have here the difference between creation and convention, also between the mystic East and the rigid West.

One has scant difficulty discovering, in Meštrović's works, the personality of the sculptor. From the colossal plaster figure of the Old Croatian poet Marko Marulić (now the property of the Chicago Art Institute) to the most delicately wrought bust of relief, the man is wholly himself. His artistic way is, as we have noted, a terrain of big, vitally treated forms, and simple, basic ideas.

Like his country, ancient Slavonia, Meštrović is a product of divers influences. Born midway between Byzantium and Rome he partakes of both cultural currents. His art enacts in plastic form the two dominant factors in history of humanity—the ego and the nego—the will to achieve and the will to concept. He is at once a Pagan fashioner of heroic figures from the Twilight of the Gods, and a profound Christian mystic.

Two of the greatest Meštrović's works, just being produced at Zagreb, are the horsemen which will be brought from Jugoslavia to America and given to the city of Chicago. After the exhibition which was held in the Chicago Art Institute, years ago, the city of Chicago asked the sculptor to produce two great figures for the Grant Park. The artist chose to create for Chicago figures which will represent America of the past and of present. One of the Horsemen is a colossal Indian already made, and the other is the Cowboy which will soon be finished.

Slowly but surely Meštrović is drifting toward that province of abstract ideas and impressions wherein creative aspiration, if sufficiently clear and confident, finds its own particular vehicle. The sensitive rhythmic grace of his musical fantasies, and such figures as the recently completed Contemplation, point the pathway toward a free plastic interpretation, toward a broader, deeper spiritual vision.



## Darkie Tales

A NEGRO once had to give evidence in a burglary case against the prisoner and was very cautious.

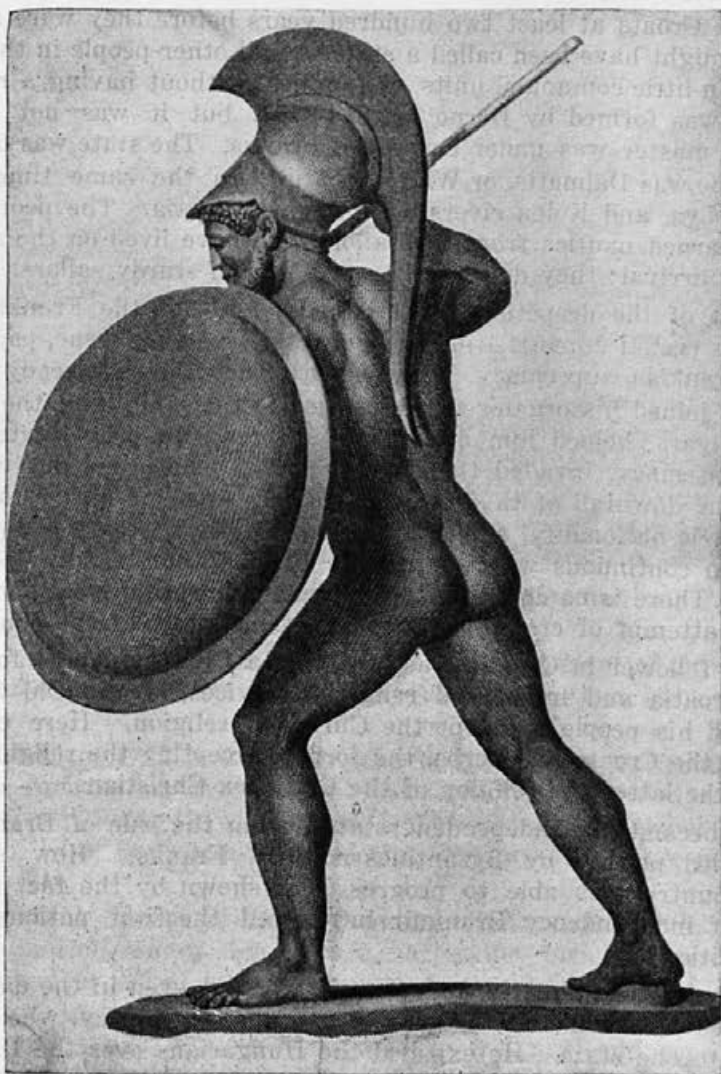
"Do you call him a thief?" threateningly demanded the counsel for the defense.

"I'm not going to say he is a thief, sah, but what I say is dis. If I was a chicken, and I saw dat nigger loafin' around I'd roost high; dat's all!"

Another darkie lay very ill. The minister was called to see him.

"Well, Rufus, how are you getting on? Did the new doctor take your temperature?"

"I don't know, sah," replied the old man; "the only thing I've missed so far is my old watch!"



Old Greek Sculpture: "Persian Warrior."

# The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

## The Croats

ALTHOUGH the permanent settlement of the Balkan Peninsula had been completed long ago, the Slavs populating these territories showed no tendency toward a differentiation of their language: their name was common to all, and the names as Serbs or Croats were merely the names of small clans. We must, however, take the history of each group separately, and, especially, we must separate the history of Croats from the history of Serbs, which has already been told.

After defeating the Avars in 626, the Croats became independent in the lands between the rivers, Sava, Cetina in Dalmatia, and Vrbas in Bosnia. The capital cities of these lands were Biograd and Bihač.

It took the Croats at least two hundred years before they were able to organize a union which might have been called a state. As all other people in the ancient times, they had lived in little communal units, or families, without having a ruler. The first Croatian state was formed by Borno (in 814-840), but it was not an independent state, since its master was under control of Franks. The state was of a considerable size and its name was Dalmatia, or White Croatia. In the same time the lands between Sava, Drava, and Kolpa rivers were named Croatia. The people living in the former state learned nautics from the sailors who have lived on the coasts of Adriatic before their arrival; they developed to be able and sturdy sailors.

On account of the despotism of the feudal lords of the Frankish Empire, the Croatian leader (veliki župan), Ljudevit Posavski (see June issue, page 182), rebelled against the Frankish supremacy. Slovene provinces, being already under the control of Franks, joined his organized troupes and, at the same time, the Serbs, breaking away from Bulgars, helped him organizing a strong Yugoslav state. The Franks, fearing for supremacy, invaded the country and a war broke out which lasted for four years. The downfall of this early Jugoslavia was due partly to Borno, who, in spite of his Slavic nationality, supported Franks. Even after the downfall, Ljudevit was engaged in continuous warfare against Franks; but, finally, he was killed by Borno's uncle. There is no doubt as to the Ljudevit's revolutionary movement; it has been the first attempt of creating a strong national state of the Southern Slavs.

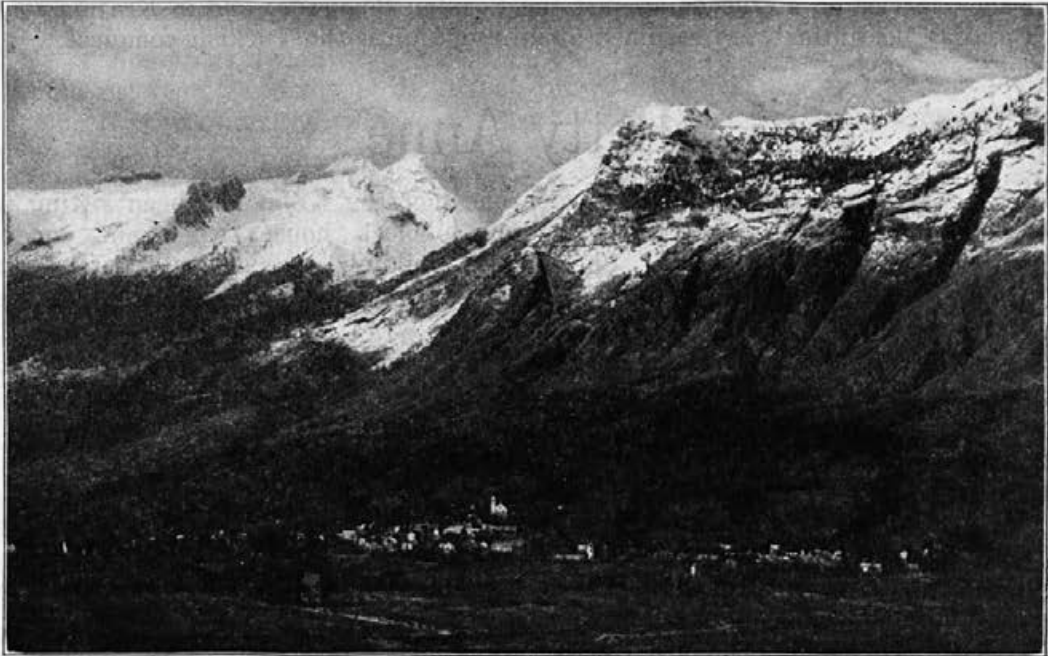
Ljudevit's follower in Croatia was Mutimir, a Christian, who founded the first bishopry in Croatia and introduced religious services in the Old Slavic language. This stimulated his people to adopt the Christian religion. Here came the actual break between the Croats and Serbs, the former accepting the religion of the Roman Catholics and the latter the religion of the Orthodox Christians.

Dalmatia became an independent state during the rule of Branimir (879-890); it was controlled neither by Byzantines nor by Franks. How successfully the independent country was able to progress was shown by the fact that during this short period of independency Branimir introduced the first national alphabet, the so-called Glagolitic.

A union between Dalmatia and Croatia was due even in the days of the strong foreign suppression. It came to a union in 910 under Tomislav, who joined Dalmatia and Croatia into one state. He expelled the Hungarians over the Drava River, thus freeing his country; whereas the Byzantine emperors forced the cities of Split and Zadar, Dalmatia, to subdue under the control of Tomislav. After the war with Bul-

gars, he was crowned in 925 as the king of Croatia. Byzantine historians tell that Tomislav was the strongest ruler of their time, having 100,000 men of infantry, 60,000 cavalry, and 80 large and 100 small battleships, which constituted an army that even Franks could not have defeated. Having a force of great strength, Tomislav turned to be an absolutistic ruler, attempting to subdue all that was of Southern Slavic nationality.

The mightiest of the Croatian kings was one of the Tomislav's descendants, Petar I. Kresimir (1058-1073), who added to his kingdom all lands on the eastern coast of Adriatic. After his rule the provinces south of his kingdom broke away and formed two new states of Hercegovina and Montenegro. This was due primarily to the inconvenience of communication and, partly, to the attempts of Venetians



Bovec, an Alpine Town in Slovenia. (Now Italy.)

and Byzantines, nations that were hampering the development of Croatia. The Hungarians on the north, also, formed a mighty state and thus gained the influence with the Croats.

After the death of Dmitar Zvonimir, the last successor of Tomislav, who died without sons, a competition arose among the lords for the throne of Croatia. The national party elected Petar II, whereas the followers of the widow Helene, a sister of the Hungarian King Ladislaus I., called the Hungarians to take possession of the country.

Upon doing this, Ladislaus introduced the Hungarian law in the country in 1091. His death in 1095 was a signal for a nationalist insurrection; but two years after the rebels were crushed by Ladislaus's successor, Coloman. He respected the existing institutions of the conquered territory so far as to leave its autonomy in domestic affairs intact; but delegated his own sovereignty, and especial the control of foreign affairs and war, to a governor known as a Ban. This office was sometimes held by princes of the royal house, often by Croatian nobles.

King Coloman also extended his authority over Dalmatia and the islands of Quarnero, but some historians reject that he was crowned king of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. In 1127 Syrmia (Srem) which had been annexed to Bulgaria from about 700 and to the Eastern Empire from 1019, was united with Slavonia.

The Hungarian government left much liberty to Croatian nobles, a turbulent class, ever ready for civil war, rebellion, or campaign against the Bosnian heretics. Their most powerful leaders were the counts of Zrin and Bribir, whose surname was Šubić. This family played an important part in local politics from the thirteenth century to 1670, when Petar Šubić was its last member to hold the office of ban. Paul Šubić and Mladen Šubić (1312-1322) even for a short time united Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, and part of Dalmatia under their own rule. From 1322 to 1326 the Croatian nobles successfully withstood the armies of Hungary and Bosnia, and later they carried on a crusade against the Bosnian Bogomils; and in Krajina (Turkish Croatia) hostilities were resumed at intervals until the Turkish conquest.

## Betty Anne

BETTY ANNE was playing in the garden one morning. She had been sitting ever so still on the warm, sunny grass building a block house, when she suddenly thought she heard a familiar call. She stopped building, so she could listen better. Yes, indeed, there came the sound again. "Caw, caw, caw," was the way it went. "Caw, caw, caw."

Betty Anne looked all around to see where it came from. She looked in front of her, but didn't see anything. She looked to her left, and there, what do you think she saw? A shiny, purple, greeny, glisteny blackbird. He was strutting around so proudly, strut, strut, strut. And every minute he would stop and down would go his bright, glossy head, bobbing into the grass.

"Wonder what he's doing," Betty Anne thought to herself. "He must be eating," and right she was for the blackbird was eating weed seeds, from the lawn. Strut, strut, strut, he would go, and then down bobbity-bob with his head, and gobble-gob another seed would be eaten up.

"That's the daddy blackbird," Betty Anne mused to herself. "My Mammy told me so the other day. She told me that the daddy blackbird was all shiny and purple-black, while the mother blackbird is brownish and duller. Oh, there is the mother bird. She is much tamer than the daddy bird."

Betty Anne sat there watching the blackbirds strutting around. After a little while, Mother came out of the house to join her, and as Mother approached, away flew the birds, up, up, and away. Mother sat down next to Betty Anne on the nice warm, sunny grass.

"I've been watching the birds, Mother," said Betty Anne. "They flew away when you came out, but maybe if you sit very still now, they will come back again. Oh, I do hope so, don't you?"

So Mother and Betty Anne both sat very still waiting for the blackbirds to come back. Pretty soon, they heard a sound. "Caw, caw, caw," came the sound. "Caw, caw," and "Caw, caw," again. Betty Anne looked all around to see where the sound came from. She looked in front of her but did not see anything. She looked behind her, but didn't see anything. She looked to the right, but didn't see anything. She looked to the left, but, still she didn't see anything. And yet she heard the sounds just as before, "Caw, caw, caw," they went. "Caw, caw, caw, caw."



"I wonder where that bird can be," whispered Betty Anne.

"Look, dear," answered Mother. "There it is, up in the tree there, not so very high up either. Maybe it has a nest."

Betty Anne looked up. There, sitting on the branch of one of the bushy trees sat the daddy blackbird. He was very talkative, it seemed, for besides his usual, "Caw, caw," he was saying, "Chack, chack," too, in a very angry voice, and flapping his tail as he said it.

"Shall we see if there is a nest in the tree?" asked Mother.

"Yes, let's," said Betty Anne.

So very quietly, Betty Anne and Mother looked into the branches of the bushy tree. Of course, when they came near, the blackbird flew away. After looking carefully in several places, Mother said, "Here it is, Betty Anne, come and see. Here's the nest, and what do you think, it has four tiny baby birds in it."

Betty Anne was delighted. Mother picked her up to look into the nest, where she could see four tiny baby birds, dullish brown with their mouths wide, wide open.

"Oh, they're hungry," whispered Betty Anne. "They have their mouths open so wide."

"They're always hungry," smiled Mother. "Maybe if we go and sit down again we'll see the daddy and mammy birds go back to their little ones. Maybe we'll even see the babies get something to eat."

After Betty Anne and Mother were seated once more on the green sunny lawn, back came the blackbirds. The daddy bird, shiny, purply-black, and the mother bird duller and brownish. Up they flew to their nest, making a lot of noise about it. "Chack, chack, chack, chacker, chacker, chack," they scolded. The mother bird flew right to the nest, while father bird hopped around the branches nearby, flipping his tail, and chattering all the time.

"Just think, Betty Anne," said Mother, "the father bird and the mother bird built the nest together to make a home for their babies. They gathered little pieces of sticks, and plant stems, and grass, and bits of rootlets and hair, and they cemented them all together with earth, making a cozy little house for their family. Then the mother bird laid four little eggs in the nest, four greenish brown, little eggs. After that, she sat on the eggs to keep them warm and the father bird kept guard over the house for her. She did this for several weeks until one day she heard, 'Pickety pick, pickety pick,' coming from inside one of her eggs.

"What ever can that be?" thought the mother bird, and called the father bird over to listen, too, to the 'Pickety pick, pickety pick,' coming from inside the egg shells. Then what do you think they saw happening, Betty Anne? Why, one of the shells broke right open and out wriggled a baby bird. Then another shell broke and out came another baby bird. The daddy and mother birds were so excited, they kept chacking at each other the whole time until all four little eggs had hatched into baby birds. Then off flew the daddy to get them some weed seeds to eat, while mammy went back to her nest to keep them warm by spreading her wings over them."

"Oh," said Betty Anne, "and will they learn to fly, too, the way the other birdies do?"

"Yes," answered Mother. "When they get old enough for their wings to be strong enough to carry them through the air."

Birdies fly

In the sky,

Way down low,

Way up high.

# Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

## CHANGING A TIRE

Select two captains to line up two sides. Have two barrel hoops covered in some manner (wound with cloth or painted so there will not be any splints). Beginning with the captains each person in the line in turn puts the hoop or auto tire down over his or her head and on down over the body and steps out of it and passes it quickly to the next in line and so on until it has reached the end of the line and all have passed the hoop down over them. In returning it, they must step into it and take it off over the head each passing it on until it reaches the head of the line. The winning side is the one that finished first.

## HUMAN CROQUET

Two toy ballons are required, and that's all. Human arches are used as in regular croquet. If there are many at the party, the game may be played double. That is, each arch may be formed with two persons, so as to make the game a bit harder. Also, if wanted two games may be played, that is, two sets, and the winners play each other. The players will find a balloon is a very hard thing to control, and especially with the foot. Each player uses his foot for mallet. If there is only one set, then the participants all move up, that is, the winner plays the first arch and so on, all moving have had a chance. To avoid having two boys or two girls against each other, the arches may be set with the boys and girls alternating.

## NAVY WRESTLE

is a similar game in which two boys face each other on a pole which they have straddled. They imagine that they are high up on a cross beam and at a signal from the referee they begin to wrestle with each other using one hand only, keeping the other hand with which to hang on to the pole. The winner, of course, is the one who stays on top.

## FOX AND SQUIRREL

In the game of fox and squirrel, small circles are formed by groups of four or six, depending upon the number present at the party. They are numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4. Number 1 steps into the small circle formed by the rest joining hands. This is done by every group. Then an extra player called the "Fox" chases another extra player called the "squirrel." Every one of these circles is supposed to be a tree and every one in the center of each circle is a squirrel protected by that tree. The squirrel who is being chased, can only escape the fox by getting into a tree or one of these circles. As soon as one squirrel gets into the tree, then the other squirrel has to get out and the fox chases the new squirrel. As soon as a squirrel is caught, he becomes the fox and chases the other.

Every few minutes places should be changed and number 2 becomes a squirrel in the center and so on until all have a chance to chase or be chased.

## HOG TIE

is a game that does not sound very pretty but is interesting for boys just the same and affords lots of action. Give each of the two boys a piece of rope and at the sound of the whistle, each one tries to tie up the legs of the other fellow. You can have several sets of opponents at once if you like. Have a definite time limit for each contest. The chances are that most of them will be a tie if not a hog tie.

## COCK FIGHT

Similar to Bull Fight. Each boy holds up one foot behind him with his hand on his ankle. Hopping around on the other foot, he tries to push his opponent outside of the circle or else to cause him to break his hold.



Dear Readers:

Seeing that your contributions to the contest on poetry do not cease at the time when the contest is concluded, I have decided to make this contest a little longer thus giving a chance to everyone. The contest, therefore, will last until December and in December issue the names of the winners in both contests of this year will be published. In order to have at least a little change, we shall also have a contest on solving riddles. Each month you will have to solve several riddles printed in the Chatter Corner and, also, in the "Naš kotiček." The cross-word puzzle of this month must be solved in Slovene, although the instructions are in English.

If you haven't send the poem yet, write and send one immediately. Try to solve all puzzles in English and Slovene, since the solution of the riddles may also help you to secure the best prize from the S. N. P. J.

Editor.

\*  
A WISH.

I wish the M. L. was a flying bird,  
Just like a nice yellow canary bird;  
All the young members would try to catch it,  
Then we would call it  
"Our Little Tid a bit."

Mildred M. Jerala, Age 13, Moon Run, Pa.

OUR LODGE.

Dear friends, please lend me your ears,  
And listen to what I say,  
For he who always listens, is one who always  
hears,  
What the lodge does for the people called S. N.  
P. J.

It usually gives a party  
On every holiday,  
And you don't know how hearty  
It is in every way.

Ice-cream cones and candy  
In every stand and hall,  
But can't you think how dandy  
And happy is one and all.

Oh yes, have you been heard to tell  
About the little "at it"  
Just for the child of the Juvenile,  
If you didn't you wish you had it;  
For it's the only thing in style.

So I have now my poem end,  
Telling you of our lodge.  
You don't need your money to spend,  
'Cause you can't dodge our lodge.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.

\*  
REWARDS

There's a pot of gold, so I've been told,  
At the end of the rainbow's light.  
But the rainbow is tears and lurking fears  
That are covered with colors bright.

There's a wrath of joy, without alloy,  
At the end of the work-worn day.  
When friend meets friend at each journey's end,  
But sweat for this we say.

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE M. L. AND THE S. N. P. J.

The Moon was shining light,  
Because she tought the sun,  
Had no business there,  
After the day was done —  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry;  
You could not see a cloud because  
No cloud was in the sky;  
No birds were flying overhead —  
There were no birds to fly.

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the M. L. said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the S. N. P. J.,  
And shed a bitter tear.

But four young oysters hurried up  
All eager for the treat;  
Their coats were brushed, their faces  
washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

"A loaf of bread," the M. L. said,  
"Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper, vinegar besides  
Are very good, indeed—  
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin our feed."

"It was kind of you to come,  
And you are very nice."  
The S. N. P. J. said nothing, but  
"Cut us another slice;  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I've had to ask you twice!"

"Oh Oysters," said the S. N. P. J.,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none —  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

Anna Okorn, Mulberry, Kansas.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am a new member from društvo Saginawski Slovenci št. 473 of the Mladinski oddelek. I like to read the stories and poems in the magazine. What I like best in the M. L. is the lesson in the Slovene. It helps me to read letters in Slovene. I am ten years old and passed to the sixth grade.

Emma Jackman,  
729 Kendrick St., Saginaw, Mich.

## "GUESS."

Through all Europe you may roam;  
Through the foamy sea;  
But you would neve find  
A magazine good enough for me.

But you don't have to go to Europe  
Nor through the foamy sea,  
To find a magazine for me.

For right in our own dear country,  
There's a certain brightly covered one,  
Which always brings ever so much fun.

It has many a story and jokes  
Which are good for all kind of folks.  
Who ever will guess the name  
Of this dear magazine;  
I'll treat him to a cane  
Of delicious ice cream.

Louisa F. Chernagay, Age 14,  
Eveleth, Minn.

\*

## THE ATHENIANS

Giant warriors, great and tall,  
Some were middle-sized, but none were small;  
Fought great battles like Marathon,  
And yet they prospered on and on.

They built large cities the country over,  
Which could be seen by the country rover,  
For example, Athens, great and strong,  
Which was occupied by such a great throng.

The buildings they built within it,  
Where thousands of people could sit,  
And the shell with which they made them all,  
So the buildings would never, never fall.

But those cruel old Persians came along,  
Destroyed the place held by the throng,  
But they were conquered forever and ere,  
And then they couldn't get anywhere.

The Athenians by tricks known only to them,  
Gave the Persians a little, yes only the stem,  
But that was enough as the Athenians soon saw,  
And so they did not change this law.

Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wis.

\*

Dear Editor:

I am very interested in reading the M. L. There are four of us in our family; we are all members of the S. N. P. J., Lodge No. 88. I am 13 years of age. I was in seventh grade, and I passed to the eighth.

As soon as the M. L. comes, I am the first one to read it. This is the first letter I wrote. I wish more of the members would write to the M. L. and make it larger.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. I remain,  
Mildred Tomec,  
R. F. D. No. 10, Box 191, Crafton Branch, Pitts-  
burgh, Pa.

## EDWARD AND HIS BIRD.

Good-by, little birdie! Fly to the sky.  
Singing and singing a merry good-by.  
Tell all the birdies flying above,  
Edward, in the garden, send them his love.

Tell how I found you, hurt in a tree  
Then, when they're wounded, they'll come right  
to me.

I'd like to go with you, if I could fly;  
It must be so beautiful up in the sky!

Why, little birdie, why don't you go?  
You sit on my finger and shake your head, no.  
— I know, for he really seemed trying to say,  
My dear little Edward, I can't go away.

But just then some birdies came flying along  
And sang, as they neared us, a chirruping song,  
And he felt as I do when boys come and shout  
Right under the window, Come Edward—come  
out!

It's wrong to be sorry, I ought to be glad  
But he's the best birdie that ever I had.

Edward Medved, Lodge 117, Yukon, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading the articles in the M. L. immensely. I am fourteen years of age and will be fifteen on February 18th. I am in the B-8 grade. I attended the new Ella Fitzgerald school. Our school closed for the children's summer vacation on June 21st.

I have four brothers and no sisters. We have all been members of the S. N. P. J. since we were babies.

My girl friend, Theresa Werholz, is now visiting at our house. We were friends in Ringo and Franklin, Kansas. We wish that our friends from Kansas and those who would like to write to us would do so. Theresa's address is: 17163 Orleans Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and mine is: 15326 Crudder Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. We all have so many friends, so why not let us write to each other through this magazine?

Here is a joke:

Small child whose mother had just given him a penny: "Mother," said he, "instead of buying candy today, I'll buy something else."

On he went to a bakery shop.

"Mister," said he, "a doughnut, please." He took the doughnut and handed the man the penny.

Baker (turning over and looking at it):

"Sonny, this penny has a hole in it."

"Well," replied the child, "you are not going to cheat me. You have a hole in your doughnut also."

Yours truly, Mary Benedict, Detroit.

## MLADINSKI LIST

Our Mladinski List that's so very fine,  
Brings joy to folks, yes, every line,  
The letters filled with glee we read,  
And stories of some daring deed.

Our Mladinski List wins cheers,  
While other lists just shrink in fears,  
First honors home our dear list brings  
And we listen in while the joy bell rings.

The life of great poets and musicians, too,  
Are in our list, and we like 'em, we do,  
Games and riddles are also in it,  
And we read them while in a soft seat we sit.

High in all honors,  
High in all cheers,  
High in the highest,  
For the rest of the years,  
That's the Mladinski List.

Christine Sernel, Age 14, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I have read all the interesting letters which the members of the S. N. P. J. have sent in and I really enjoyed reading them; so I decided to write, too. I am 16 years old and in the third year high school, or a Junior, as they say.

I also belong to the S. N. P. J. I am very much interested in the Mladinski List, and wish it would come more often than once a month.

The first thing I do when the Mladinski List comes, I read the stories and and then the jokes.

I can not read nor write in Slovenian.—My father is secretary of the S. N. P. J. lodge. I wish other members would write to me.

Matilda Dolenc, Mascoutah, Ill., Box 202.

Dear Editor:

I am sorry I didn't write before, but I really had no time, because I go to high school and I always had so much work to do at home. Now we have a vacation.

I am enjoying my vacation very much and I hope everybody else is, too. I am not going out to the country or to some other place, but that does not keep me from having a nice time. I spend my days going to parks, beaches, theatres, and for occasional motor rides. This vacation I went to the Chicago Theater, The Oriental, The Senate, The Marbro, and to the theatres in our neighborhood. I suppose the names of these theatres won't mean anything to those of you who never were in Chicago, but then you'll know the names of some shows here, at least. When I'm not away from home, I embroider and read books.

Theresa Smith, Chicago.

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORA  
JEDNOTA

## I.

S is for Slovenes young and old;  
L is for ladies who joined the S. N. P. J. hold;  
O is for old the lodge of the hour,  
V is for valence the degree of combining power,  
E is for everybody, who honor,  
N is for never to dishonor;  
S is for sadness of leaving this society.  
K is for keeping this lodge in dignity,  
A is for another good picnic.

## II.

N is for National benefit fate,  
A is for all so great.  
R is for ranks of the S. N. P. J. the best;  
O is for over, when meetings are over and the  
lodge lies in a nest.  
D is for decoration;  
N is for need of a larger association;  
A is for amazement of us all.

## III.

P is for people who are true;  
O is for obtaining a M. L. for you;  
D is for dearest society of all;  
P is for parents who go to the hall;  
O is for obeying the law;  
R is for a real club that I saw;  
N is for ninety people or more that have joined;  
A is for always in time to pay your dues.

## IV.

J is for jolly Juniors;  
E is for ever the club for us all;  
D is for dearest flag of ours that will never fall;  
N is for none that cares to leave;  
O is for owning the land where the hall stands,  
in it I believe;  
T is for time which are very great;  
A is for all of us to love and none to hate.

Mary Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa.

There were several other letters contributed by our readers. Anne Kosmatin, Bonanza, Ark., sends several riddles, but without answers. Thus the riddles cannot be published. She wishes that young members would write to her. Her address is: Anna Kosmatin, Bonanza, R. 1, Box 153, Ark.

Robert Sherbitz, Bentleyville, Pa., Box 678, says: "Our neighbor's home burned down and nobody knows the cause. We have a beach near Bentleyville called Nelson's Beach.—I received a letter from Angela Brisnik and would like others to write to me.

Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio. She writes that she likes the idea of Mary Kozole's Who is who page in our Magazine.

## PUZZLES

## 1. Changed Word

Change the word BIRD into FOWL, altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having seven intervening links.

## 2. Riddles

a) What is it that everybody and everything is doing at the same time?  
b) When can the alphabet be shortened by one letter? c) What is it that the fox has and the hare needs? d) What is smaller than an ant's mouth? e) Why are babies like castles in the air?

## 3. Arithmetical Puzzle

Mrs. Jones ordered of her milkman four gallons of milk. When the milkman came he had forgotten to bring his measure. He had with him a can containing eight gallons, and the only measures Mrs. Jones could find were two jugs, one holding three gallons, and the other five. How with these and his own can did the milkman measure out four gallons of milk for Mrs. Jones?

## 4. Word Diamond

Fifty; to tap; country thoroughfare; a number; a curved letter.

Theresa Smith, Chicago:

1. What is it that is lower with a head on than without one?
2. What is that? Flies high, flies low, has no feet, yet wears shoes?

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.:

1. In one room there are boys playing ball, in another room people are drinking tea, and in the third room people are calling for more.
2. Why must you be careful what you do and say in a garden?

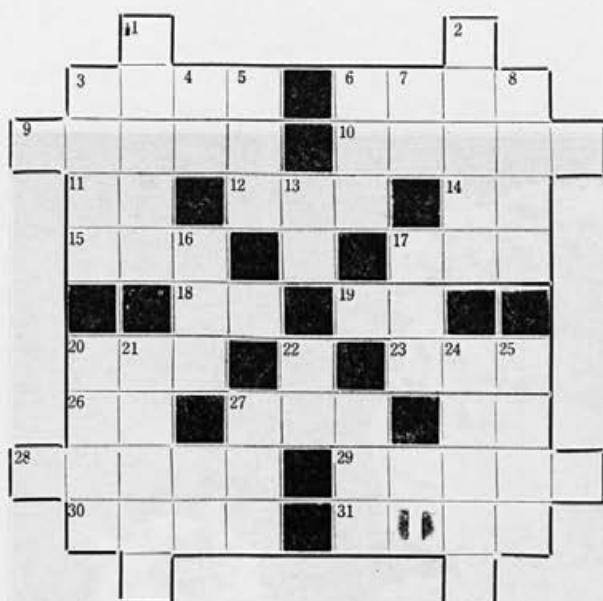
## ANSWER TO PUZZLE OF AUGUST ISSUE

## 1. Changed Word.

F I N D  
F I N E  
L I N E  
L O N E  
L O S E  
L O S T

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

(Answer it in Slovenian.)



## ACROSS:

3. Frog.
6. We eat.
9. Accorn.
10. Unit.
11. It is not.
12. I.
14. These.
15. Common Latin salutation.
17. Full (satiated).
18. We.
19. You.
20. You (two) are.
23. Garden.
26. Well! (exclamation).
27. Ear.
28. Over.
29. He forged.
30. Anger.
31. A stick.

## DOWN.

- |                              |                                       |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Shower.                   | 16. Girl's name.                      |
| 2. To wash.                  | 17. Gray.                             |
| 3. Woman.                    | 20. Initials of a great organization. |
| 4. It will be.               | 21. Thus; consequently.               |
| 5. Adjective (abbreviation). | 22. Exclamation.                      |
| 6. Dam.                      | 24. Poor.                             |
| 7. One.                      | 25. Pavement.                         |
| 8. Vinegar.                  | 27. He yells (cheerfully).            |
| 13. Exclamation.             |                                       |

## ATTENTION YOUNG PIONEERS!

The Pioneer lodge is giving four prizes, two for the boys and two for the girls. Only Pioneer juvenile members can participate in this contest. This is what you must do. Send names and addresses of boys and girls who do not belong to the S. N. P. J., to Oscar B. Godina, 3211 So. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is all

right if you know only the name of the boy or girl. The boy who sends the most names and addresses will get the first prize and the girl who gets the most names, will get the first prize for girls.

Fraternaly Yours,

Oscar B. Godina.



Who, Youngsters! Who knows the most appropriate name for this picture?

Send your name and address of boys and girls who do not belong to the S. N. P. U. to Oscar H. Godkin, 3211 So. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is all