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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAREC 1923

ŠTEV. 3.

## Žalost na potovanju.

Pride žalost do potočka;  
naj li vanj se potopi?  
Kaj potočku hoče žalost!  
Ves vesel naprej hiti.

Žvižga kos, prepeva slavec:  
zlatih strun je pesem to.  
Žalosti ni tamkaj mesta,  
kjer prepevajo tako.

Ličeca kot mak rdeča,  
smeh vesel na njih vsak čas;  
kdo si malček-debelušček?  
"Jakec sem Martinkov jaz!"

Morda v srčecu prečistem  
tvojem je prostorček skrit,  
da bi vanj se naselila?  
Žalost, pojdi se solit!

Kmetič vstaja v rani uri,  
truden v mraku lega spat,  
v radost da pomlad mu cvetja,  
a jesen v plačilo sad.

Delo je uspeh rodilo,  
naj pokoj ga pomladi.  
Koder vlada tiha sreča,  
žalosti nikoli ni.

Ali ni nikjer nikogar,  
da bi vase jo sprejel?  
Žalost, ah, kaj bo iz tega,  
ves je svet lep in vesel!

Pa je mati tam živela,  
živel sin nepridiprav,  
kvartopirec in pijanček,  
samoljuben, svojeglav.

Nič mu ni ukazovala,  
milo ga prosila je —  
glasneje pa kot beseda  
solza govorila je.

Vse je bilo brez uspeha,  
pot je šla čimbolj navzdol,  
in srce je krvavelo.  
Kaj je še bridkejša bol?

Žalost težka je dospela,  
da v srce se potopi,  
pa je v srcu tam ostala  
tja do konca tožnih dni.

E. Gangl.

# Prva laž.

Spisal Mihael Levstik.



**I**VANČEK, če boš danes prav priden v šoli, dobiš popoldne nekaj posebno dobrega za južino!" Tako je dejala trgovčeva gospa sinčku, ko se je zjutraj odpravljal v šolo.

Ivanček je bil priden deček. Rad je slusal doma in v šoli. Tudi tega dne je sklenil, da bo še posebno miren in pazljiv, da zadovolji dobro mamico in dobi od nje obljubljeni dar.

Dobrega Ivančka so tudi součenci imeli prav radi. Pogosto mu je ta ali oni tovariš podaril kakšno malenkost, da bi mu naredil veselje. Tudi danes pristopi Robnikov Pepček pred ukom k Ivančku. "Na, Ivanček!" mu veli in mu stisne oreh v roko. V tem vstopi gospod učitelj. Ivanček hitro smukne darilce v žep.

Pri pouku je poslušal Ivanček vselej prav pazljivo. Danes pa si je še posebno prizadeval, da mu ne uide nobena beseda gospoda učitelja. Toda hipoma mu uidejo misli k orehu v žepu. Potihoma izmuzne desno ročico s klopji in seže v žep po oreh. Zanima ga sicer, kar ravnokar pripoveduje gospod učitelj, kako se jeseni sele ljubi ptički v daljne, daljne kraje, kako težavna in nevarna jim je ta dolga pot. Ali oreh v ročici — ta mu ne da miru. Poželjenje za sladkim jedrcem premaga njegovo pazljivost. Še so sicer njegove oči uprte v gospoda učitelja, a njegove misli so že popolnoma pri orehu pod klopjo. Počasi in tiho mu izgine še druga roka pod klop. Rahlo izvleče iz žepa nožič, otiplje s prstki mesto, kjer se da vbosti med luščini v oreh, poriva počasi rezilo med oreh in jame rahlo privijati nožev roč.

"Resk!" zahrešči luščina, in oreh je razpolovljen v Ivančkovi roki. Ta glas ni ušel tankim ušesom gospoda učitelja. Hipoma preneha v pripovedovanju. "Kdo je to naredil?" vpraša s strogim glasom.

Ivanček se prestraši, da mu oreh in nožič padeta iz rok. Rdeč kakor kuhan rak se počasi dvigne pokonci: "Jaz, gospod učitelj."

"Ti, Ivan? Kaj pa si imel pod klopjo?"

Pr eden je vprašani mogel odgovoriti, je že zaklical deček, ki je sedel zadi za njim: "Orehe je luščil!"

"Tako! To ni lepo, da ne paziš med poukom. — Stopi tjakaj za tablo za kazen! A tudi ti stopi ven, ker si tožil, ne da bi bil vprašan!"

\* \* \*

Nekako tesno je bilo Ivančku pri srcu, ko se je po dopoldanskem pouku bližal svojemu domu. Ni zdirjal v kuhinjo k mami, kakor je bila sicer njegova navada, Mirno je smuknil v sobo in tiho odložil svoje reči.

"Ivanček, kako da si danes tako tih?" ga vpraša mamica, ko je pogrinjala mizo. "Ali ti je morda grajal gospod učitelj, ali si bil morda celo kaznovan?"

Kakor da bi ga bila mrzla roka prijela za srce, tako jako se je Ivanček ustrašil zavoljo tega materinega vprašanja. Če prizna, da je bil kaznovan, kako se bo žalostila mamica, ko je dosedaj zvedela vedno le to, da je bil v šoli miren in priden. Če pa reče: "Ne!" — se zlaže in lagal še ni dosedaj. A preudarjati ni časa. Materine oči so vprašujoče uprte vanj — po kratkem molku počasi privzdigne oči in nekako boječe odgovori: "Ne, mamica, nisem bil grajan ali kaznovan!"

Komaj je bil izgovoril svojo prvo laž, že mu je bilo žal, silno žal, toda prepozno. Tesno mu je prihajalo v prsih, in čutil je, da mu lice rdi od sramote. Spomnil se je, kako je v šoli mnogokrat slišal, da je laž zelo, zelo grda. Sram ga je bilo, grozno sram, in ko so sedeli pri obedu, ni si upal niti očetu in materi niti drugim okoli mize pogledati v oči. Na mizi so se mu smehljali zabeljeni cmoki — oj, in te je imel Ivanček tako rad! Danes pa je položil žlico na mizo, komaj ko jih je bil pokusil.

Skrbna mamica je hitro opazila, da z Ivančkom nekaj ni v redu. "Ivanček, kaj ti je danes? Gotovo si nekaj bolan? Bržčas bo tako."

"Doma ostaneš popoldne in v posteljo pojdeš," je pripomnil oče.



“Ne, ne, ate, mamica, nisem bolan; prosim, le pustite me v šolo — prav ničesar me ne boli. Jest pa ne morem — danes mi ne gre prav nič v slast!”

Ko so se mu končno udrle debele solze po ličecu, mu je bilo vendarle dovoljeno, da se je smel odpraviti v šolo.

Drugi domači so se razšli po svojih opravkih, samo mati je bila v sobi, ko je Ivanček odhajal v šolo. Čedalje glasneje se

“E, Ivan, kako da si se danes zakasnil? To vendar ni tvoja navada!” ga ogovori učitelj, ko stopi Ivanček v šolo.

Deček hoče v svoje opravičenje nekaj povedati, a zazdi se mu, kakor da mu drugače tako prijazni pogled njegovega dobrega učitelja danes pekoče sega v dno duše in gleda ondi ostudni madež laži. Zdi se mu, da ga vsi součenci očitajoče pogledujejo, da si vsi mislijo: “Ivanček je laž-

Chicago Art Institute.



Pokrajinska slika.

Wallace L. de Wolf.

mu je oglašala vest. Ozrl se je med vrati na mater — že je mislil priznati svoj pregrešek in prositi odpuščanja, a zopet ga premagata sramota in strah. “Adijo, mamica!” S povešeno glavico odkoraka proti šoli.

“I, kaj je neki z otrokom?” se povprašuje mati, ko v skrbeh gleda za njim. —

\* \* \*

nik!” Nemirna vest mu uklone glavo in solze mu zalijo oči.

“No, le sedi, nič ne jokaj, pa v prihodnje dohajaj pravočasno!”

Slučajno so ravno tisti dan čitali v šoli berilo “Lažnik”. Gospod učitelj je pri tej priliki zopet govoril, kako ostudna razvada je laž, kakšna sramota za tistega, ki laže, kako postane lažnik celo — tat! Vsaka

beseda je spekla skesanega Ivančka kakor sam živi ogenj, ni si upal privzdigniti glave.

Na tabli je bil predpisan rek: "Kdor laže, je malopridnež!" — Učenci so ga morali pisati v zvezke. Ivanček je pisal že jako čedno. Danes pa se mu je tresla roka, parkrat mu je že kanilo črnilo na zvezek, spozela solza kesanja na beli papir, ko je moral pisati samemu sebi tako grenko obsodbo.

"Ivan, Ivan, danes pa tvoja pisava ni takšna kakor navadno," pravi gospod učitelj. "Zdiš se mi nekako otožen," nadaljuje potem, "ali si morebiti bolan?"

"Nisem, gospod učitelj!"

Vkljub temu se učitelj s tem odgovorom ni zadovoljil, ampak je lahko z glavo majaje opazoval danes precej izpremenjenega dečka.

\* \* \*

"Glej, Ivanček, to bo dobro!" veli mamica in mu prinese lep zlatorumen grozd, ko je po povratku iz šole tiho sedel za peč. "Vidiš, ker si bil danes v šoli miren in priden, kakor si mi povedal, sem ti zbrala posebno lep grozd. Ko pozoblješ tega, pa ti skuham še bezgovega čaja, preden ležeš v posteljo. In jutri bo moj Ivanček zopet popolnoma zdrav!"

Ljubezen in skrb zlate mamice je zadelo dobrega dečka v srce. Njegova čista du-

ša ni mogla dalje trpeti sramotnega madeža na sebi.

"O, mila mamica", zaihti Ivanček in se spusti pred osuplo mater na kolena, "obdržite grozd, nisem ga zaslužil. Kaznujte me, ljuba mamica, samo da mi odpustite!"

"Otrok, kaj si storil?" zakliče prestrašena mati, ko dvigne klečeči Ivanček sklenjene roke in se mu solze vdero po licu.

"Mama, mamica, odpustite — zla — zlagal sem se vam opoldne. V šoli ni — nisem bil miren — sem bil kaznovan — sem — sem moral stati pri tabli, ker sem luščil oreh!"

Prestrašeni materi se kamen odvali od srca. "Dete moje, to pač ni bilo lepo, da nisi pazil v šoli. Še slabše pa si naredil, da si se mi nalagal. Vedi, da niso lažnivi otroci ljubi ne starišem, ne ljudem! Ali ker vidim, da ti je resnično žal, ti odpuščam. Le vzemi grozd, dam ti ga za plačilo, ker si svoj greh odkritosrčno priznal in se ga resnično kesaš. Toda zanaprej, Ivanček moj, ne laži nikoli več!"

Ko je zvečer tistega dne mamica kuhala večerjo, je Ivanček stal ves čas poleg nje in se je držal za krilo. Zopet in zopet ji je stiskal in poljubljal roko in ji šepetal: "O, mila, dobra moja mamica, kako rad vas imam!"

Lagal pa ni od te dobe nikoli več.

## Zdravo, pomlad!

Izza meglene tenčice  
solnce pogleda — kukuk! —  
Pomlad, glej, vije cvetice  
mladim ljudem za klobuk.

Gora zbudjena in polje,  
zdravo, vesela pomlad!  
Kralj sem, ki pisane volje  
z boja v svoj vrača se grad!

Sinčki: vesele mi ptice  
židano voljo pojó;  
hčerke: dehteče cvetice  
meni na radost cvetó.

Polje, nebo pomladanje —  
pije vas žejno oko,  
misli, vesele mi sanje,  
v naravo potovat gredó.

Pojdi z menoj po poljani,  
vabi deviška pomlad,  
polje in nebes prostrani  
njen neizmerni sta grad!

*Fran Žgur.*





Pust je ležal, kamor smo ga položili, dokler ga niso drugi dan sosedovi otroci z velikim krikom in vikom vrgli v vodo . . .

V poznejših letih pa smo se še mnogokrat spominjali na ta dogodek, in kadar koli ga omenjam dobri svoji materi, me ta

skoraj osorno zavrne, češ, dosti me je veljala ta neumnost!

Tudi Stanko ni nič kaj vesel, ko se domisli onega dneva in z jokajočim obrazom nam pokaže veliko brazgotino na glavi, ki je še današnji dan priča naše lahkomišelnosti.

## Pomladni sel.

Spisal *Andrej Rapé.*

Na globokem vročem jugu je danes burno zborovanje. Kdo bi naštel imena vseh navdušenih zborovalcev!? Imenujem naj poleg imenitnih — najimenitnejše.

Stari Vihralec, mož silne moči, mogočnega in buččega glasu, predseduje. Njegov govor je ognjevit, navdušen. Pravkar je predlagal, naj izbero za letošnjo leto novega vojskovodjo, da prežene staro zimo zmagovalno kot vsekdar iz severnih pokrajin.

Z veseljem mu pritrjuje vročekrvni Talilec ter dostavlja, da je imel lansko leto dela, preden je pregnal strupeno starko z zimskega kraljevskega prestola.

"Mladeža vojskovodjo, a izkušeneža, izvolimo ter ga odpošljimo na sever," je govoril Talilec. "Pokazati moramo," je nadaljeval, "da znamo ugnati vsakoletno nasprotnico, kašljajočo zimo, tudi hitro!"

"Ah, kako me že mika, da bi pohitel na sever, da zavonjam tudi ondi," de Vonjivec, lep mož, cvetočih lic, trošeč blagodejno vonjavo po širni, večnokrasni dvorani cvetočega juga.

"Mladež naj gre!" je pravkar završalo v mogočnem zboru. "Mož naj enkrat poizkusi svojo srečo. Prednosti ima vse. Razkošnoporeden je; žilav je; vztrajen in svojeglav je! Kdo bi se meril z njim — mladim junakom?! Če ta ne, kdo bi zapodil tako hitro našo nasprotnico v nje mrzli dom!"

"A jaz se Mladežu svojevoljno pridružujem," de Vonjivec sladko.

"Da, tako bodi!" zabučil silni Vihralec.

"Vrednega se izkažem te velike časti," se je zahvaljeval Mladež, stresaje z lepo glavico.

Zborovanje so zaključili . . .

Nemudoma se je odpravil sloveči Mladež na pot proti severu. Na poti je pazno poslušal, kaj vse govore po svetu. Oko mu je žarelo bojaželjnosti in srda, ko je skoro povsod čul grdo zabavljanje na počasne njegove prednike, ki so vsako leto toliko časa rabili, da so razbili zimsko kraljevstvo.

"Saj bo letos prav tako kakor vsako leto," jih je čul godrnjati.

"No le stojte!" si je mislil mladi junak.

"Pravzaprav," je mrmral, "govore ljudje prav, da zabavljajo. V marcu že bi morala vsako leto zima mrtva ležati na tleh, pa je po navadi še april uganjal svoje burke. Je li doslej bilo to pravično? Jaz, Mladež, pričnem drugače! Vsakemu svoje, vse prav, vsakemu svoje do gotovega časa, a nič več, nič več!"

Stopil je na severna tla. Ozrl se je naokolo.

"Predniki moji so pustili zimo v njenem navadnem stanovanju pri miru," si je dejal. "Pa naj poizkusim jaz drugače!"

Uprl je svoje žareče oko na visoke gore. "Tu, moja starka, pričneva ples," se je smehljaj. Pod njegovimi žarečimi očmi in silno sapo so odletavale bele čepice z gorskih vrhov. Ponižno so se mu odkrivale gore — mogočnemu zmagovalcu. Prijazno so se mu smehljali sivi gorski starci-velikani ter ga pozdravljali, on pa je del: "Norcev si brila že dosti, ljuba starka! Pust je že minil, vstajenje se bliža. Pleši sedaj zadnji ples!"

In odtrgal je goram silne plazove, da so bučno zagrmeli v doline ter pokopali zimo. Zvonil ji je on s pomladnim vetrom k pokopu. Pa se je vstopil potem vrhu gorá in



ponosno gledal v dolino na umirajočo zimo. Silni plazovi so naredili pot hudournikom v dolino. Ponosno kot kralj je stopil v dolino.

Nad polje je poslal glasno ptičje petje, da je priroda zamaknjena poslušala te glasove, a zima jokala. Dvignil je celo morje meglenih hlapov nad kadeče se njive, pa jih zopet razgnal s svojimi žarečimi očmi. Raztegnil je svoje silne roke in raztrosil po

mantno okno na zemljo. Kopali so se v kehljih cvetic in bisernih valčkih iz sužnosti otetih studencev.

Junak Mladež je bil malo prehitel, preobjesten. Zima ni tako rada uklonila svojega tilnika. A Mladeža ni brigalo, da je preplavljala voda vso zemljo, da je komaj danes vzniklo cvetje že zamrlo v jutra strupeni slani.

“Prav ali ne!” je zvenelo v njegovem di-



Cigan pri delu.

prisojnih krajih in mejah obilico belih cvetov. Tedaj pa mu je priskočil na pomoč Vonjivec. Opojen duh je razširil po ozračju. Srca človeška je navdalo pravo pomladno veselje. Petje in veselje se je razlegalo povsod. Dol z neba pa je zrl stari a večnomladi junak — zlato solnce. Smehljaj se je veselo, živo, češ: “Kaj šele bo, ko še jaz odgrnem zagrinjalo z zlatega svojega okna? To bo življenje, samega življenje!” In res je bilo! Zlati žarki so se vsuli z užigajočim življenjem skozi odprto de-

hu. “Meni vsaj ne bodo zabavljali, da ne poznam koledarja!”

In iznova je sipal cvetje po mejah in livadah, iznova izvabljal petje iz ptičjih grl. Svoje glavost njegova je zmagala. Zima je legla v mrzli grob. Ptiči so peli, cvetje je cvetelo . . .

“Še nekaj!” je šepetal Mladež v rahlem pomladnem vetru. “Še ljudi si natančneje ogledam!”

In stopil je v hiše, pa ugasnil ogenj po pečeh in ga zanetil v dušah.

# Junak Milko.

Spisal Ivo Trošt.



URLANOVEGA Milka bi morali videti! Za jesen so mu obljubili prve hlače, pa stopa že danes kakor da je doslužil vojake med ogrskimi kornjeniki. Takšen junak je Furlanov Milko, "junak od mejdana", kakor pravi brat Hrvat. Zato ga imajo tudi vsi radi; mama, ata, stric, teta, da, celo starejši bratje in sestre, dasi jim njegovo junaštvo največkrat izpiha iz maminih rok mnogoter poboljšek, ki izgine potem nekam v Milkovo — pozabljivost.

Milko se tudi zaveda svojega junaškega dostojanstva, in prav to je, kar ga nemalokdaj spravi v zadrego. Ko hoče prenesti metlo, pride teta, ki vidi njegove slabotne moči in predolg metlin rep, pa prenese junaka in metlo na zahtevano mesto. Nič bolje se mu ne godi, če hoče prinesiti mami ali sestri smetiščnico. Lotil se je celo že stola ter ga s silnim ropotom in truščem rinil k mizi, da bi ata sedel nanj. Toda prej nego je bil stol pri mizi, je bil Milko v atovem naročju.

Ta splošna uslužnost domačih prebivalcev ga je celo prevzela, da je pomalem začel čutiti svojo moč in veljavo; začel je ukazovati. Ako ga ni vsakdo slušal, in sicer takoj, je vpil na vse pretege še veliko huje nego Čič z jesihom na vasi. Krik je bil tudi ponajveč povod, da so se vsi Furlanovi nekako bali naraščujoče veljave junaškega Milka in njegove sitnosti. Še najlažje je izhajal z mamico, že navajeno njegovih sitnob. Vsi drugi so se le smejali Milkovemu junaštvu in mirno umikali ušesa trgajočemu vpitju. Seveda se je Milko umiril prav brž, ko je videl, da ga ne poslušajo nihče. Najlepše solnce je potem zasijalo z njegovega lica in obsevalo vso Furlanovo hišo.

Priznati pa moramo, da je bil Milko navzlic vsemu temu jako delaven. Od jutranje kave do večernega mleka s kruhom je marljivo pomagal mamici, očetu, stricu, teti ali tudi bratom in sestram, če so ga le marali pri delu, kar je bil pa le redek slučaj, ker jim je Milko navadno več podrl in pokvaril nego koristil s svojo pridnost-

jo. Zato so ga najrajši podili stran. Tu je bilo pa zopet na poti njegovo junaštvo, ki je bilo krivo, da Milko ni slušal rad in zlasti ne ob prvem opominu. Veljava, ki so mu jo priznali početkoma s smehom in pritrjevanjem, se je sčasoma izpremenila v pravo trmoglavost. Znal je odgovarjati in tudi ugovarjati, zakaj ne sluša.

Domači so ga strašili tedaj: "Milko, nehaj, če ne, pride — pes!"

Odgovor je pa bil kratek, a izdaten: "Psa — zapodili!"

"Milko, slušaj, če ne, pride — volk!"

Deček je modro ugovarjal: "Volka — ubili!"

"Mož te vzame v koš, Milko!"

"Mi-mi koš vzeli."

Seveda je bilo malemu junaku za toliko premetenost plačilo zopet gromovit smeh. Kdo naj se jezi na Milka, ki so ga imeli vsi radi?

Nekoč jo je vendar izkupil — celo doma pri mami.

Manjši otroci so odšli dopoldne v šolo, odrasli na delo, vsakdo po svojem opravilu. Milku je bilo pri mami zaraditega prav pošteno dolgočasno. Hotel je že mami popravljati ogenj, pa se je hipoma pobiral na sredi kuhinje. Potem se je lotil brskanja po pepelu, a trska, ki jo je imel v rokah, je bila prej, nego se je zavedel, kaj se je zgodilo, v štedilniku. V kotu samevajoči stol mu je bil tudi na poti. Uprl se je nanj in ga z velikanskim ropotom rinil po kuhinji. Ta neugnani Milko! Mama mu je obljubila že vsega, česar koli se je spomnila, da mu ugaja, če bo vsaj za hipec na miru; toda Milko je pogledal, če pride za obljubo tudi dejanje; pa ker tega mama ni utegnila, je on nadaljeval svoje sitnosti.

Kmalu se mu zazdi, da drva pod štedilnikom niso na pravem mestu: polence za polencem — tebi nič, meni nič — jih začne nositi pred peč. Nič niso zalegle mamine besede ne prošnje ne opomini ne svarila, vse se je poznalo toliko kot dež v morje. Pes, volk, mož s košem — vsi so minili

brez strahu in tudi brez uspeha: Milko je nosil, vztrajno nosil, kakor da gre za stavo. Mami slednjič ni ostalo nič drugega kot misel: "Ker že ni drugače, se pozneje pogodiva tako, da znese polena izpred peči zopet pod štedilnik, naj stane karkoli." Toda sedaj jo je ukanilo dobro, Milkovo mamico.

Nenadoma neha junak nositi drva, preplašen pogleda mamo, potem zopet pod štedilnik, pa se zateče pod materin predpasnik in boječe pogleduje izpod njega, govoreč natihem: "Mama, mama, tam-le nekaj! Me bo — nekaj, mama, me bo! Lejno, mamica!"

zi razpoko prišel pozdravit junaka Milka in njegovo marljivost — pravcati ščurek, kuhinjski ščurek ali žohar!

"Aha! Milko, vidiš, ker ne slušaš, ta-le, ta-le te je došel pogledati. Aha, Milko, tega se pa bojiš, kaj? Ima sajasto suknjo in sajaste oči, kako?"

Junak Milko se stisne tesneje k mamici in zajoka.

"Ne boj se, Milko! Pridi z menoj, da vidi, če te še gleda!"

Toda Milko ni maral z mamo k štedilniku. Tudi radovednega ščurka ni bilo več tam, polen pa deček tudi ni znosil izpred peči; bal se je najnovejšega neznanca, dasi



Elica in njeni prijatelji.

Furlanova mama se začudi, kaj je vendar ustavilo neustrašenega junaka v tako vztrajnem delu, ko je bil Milko doslej popolnoma neobčutljiv za vsa strašila?

"To treba vendar pogledati."

Milkova mama stopi bliže, se skloni pod štedilnik in vidi, da je iz podne deske sko-

ga je mama zagotavljala z vso resnobo, da ne stori in ne stori nikomur nič žalega.

Od tega dne je ginilo Milkovo junaštvo, kakor gine kafra na zraku. Seveda: peš in volk in mož s košem ga niso mogli oplášiti, ali sajasti neznanec, žohar v črni suknji, ta ga pa je!

## Pogum.

Pred nami so strmine, hrib,  
pred nami temna noč,  
a mi gremó naprej — naprej,  
veselo vriskajoč.

Saj dobro vemo, da dehti  
za hribi ravna plan,  
da nam zasije za nočjo  
vesel in jasen dan.



# Elektrika.

(Nadaljevanje.)

## *Grenetov člen.*

Grenetov člen, kakor nam ga kaže podoba 10 v zadnji številki, je še močnejši kakor Bunsenov člen, vendar pa ni tako stalen. Sestavljen je iz steklene posode, v kateri se nahajajo dve ogljeni in ena cinkova plošča. Cinkova plošča stoji ravno v sredi med obema ogljenima in je tako pričvrščena, da se lahko premika navzgor in navzdol. Na ta način lahko dvignemo cinkovo ploščo iz raztopine, kadar ne rabimo električnega toka. Dokler je cink v raztopini, proizvaja člen stalen, nepretrgan električen tok, ki ga napeljemo po žicah, pritrjenih na vrhu člena, kamor hočemo.

Ako pustimo cink v raztopini, kadar ne rabimo toka, ga kislina razjeda skoro ravno tako, kot kadar proizvodimo tok; s tem se seveda sčasoma porabi ves cink in nevtralizira raztopina, tako da je potrebno člen znova napolniti, ker je toliko oslabil, da ne deluje več.

Z Grenetovim členom lahko gonimo električen motor ali hranimo električno žarnico za več ur neprenehoma. Vendar pa postane raztopina sčasoma črna, in člen odpove. V takem slučaju vržemo raztopino ven in napolnimo člen z novo raztopino, nakar je člen zopet popolnoma v redu. To lahko ponovimo vsakokrat, ko nam člen oslabi.

Kadar rabimo člen samo za par minut, spustimo cink v raztopino dokler potrebujemo tok. Kakor hitro ne rabimo več toka, dvignemo cink iz raztopine. Cink nam na ta način opravlja dolgo časa svojo službo. Ogljene plošče pa lahko pustimo vedno v raztopini, kajti kislina deluje samo na cink, ne pa na oglje.

Pritisk, ki ga merimo z volti, in količina elektrike, ki jo zaznamujemo z amperi, sta zelo različni pri raznih vrstah členov.

Pri Leclanchejevem členu in pri členih, ki so na podoben način sestavljeni, znaša pritisk ali takozvana elektromotivna sila približno en volt, a količina toka je navadno manj kot en ampere.

Bunsenov in Grenetov člen imata približno dva volta elektromotivne sile ter 1 do 50 amperov; število amperov je namreč odvisno od velikosti cinkovih in ogljenih plošč.

Zanimivo je, da se elektromotivna sila kakega člena ne spremeni, pa četudi bi naredili kak člen velik kot kak sod in v nje ga postavili magari cel ducat cinkovih in ogljenih plošč. Z drugimi besedami: elektromotivna sila nikdar ne prekorači voltov, ki smo jih gori navedli za posamezne člene. Pač pa se poveča število amperov, ako imamo večje število cinkovih in ogljenih plošč oziroma ako so te plošče večje.

Pa še nekaj upliva na število amperov, in sicer takozvana notranja rezistenca člena. Ta notranja rezistenca ali odpor je odvisna od raztopine, ki jo rabimo, in od razporedbe plošč v raztopini.

Ako je v členu velik notranji odpor, mora elektrika, predno zapusti po žicah člen, premagati ta odpor, vsled česar električen tok nekoliko zgubi na amperih.

Nasprotno pa nima tok veliko dela na potu do žic, ako je v členu samo mal odpor, vsled česar proizvaja člen večjo količino toka, to je, tok ima večje število amperov.

Tako smo videli, da, četudi je druga vrsta členov (Grenetov in Bunsenov) močnejša in naredi vse oziroma še več kot prva vrsta (Leclanchejev in drugi), vendar v kratkem času prva vrsta, vkljub temu da je slabejša, naredi isto delo sorazmerno z enako množino cinka in oglja kakor ga naredi druga vrsta členov; seveda rabi v to precej več časa.

Iz gornjega smo spoznali torej, da nam gotova vrsta členov dá samo gotovo število voltov in amperov. Pripeti se lahko, da nam en sam člen ne dá tiste elektromotivne sile oziroma tiste količine toka, kot bi rabili. V takem slučaju si pomagamo s tem, da spojimo več členov skupaj, kar se da storiti na tri načine, kakor bomo videli prihodnjič.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



# Naš kotichek.

*Ne bodite razočarani!*

Marsikateri pogleda najprej med rešilce, če je rešil obe ali vsaj eno uganko prav. Toda mnogi bodo razočarani, ker ne bodo našli prav nikjer svojega imena. To pa zato ne, ker gre ta številka nekoliko prej v tisk kot zadnja. Danes, ko je že vse vloženo, je prišlo nad dvajset pisem! Seveda je nemogoče sedaj kaj spreminjati, ko je že vse vloženo, zato bodejo v prihodnji številki naknadno priobčena imena vseh rešilcev in dopisi.

V prihodnje se vsi potrudite in pošljite svoje rešitve in dopise najkasneje en teden potem ko prejmete Ml. l. Tako bo mogoče, da bodo vsa imena in dopisi rešitev priobčena v pravi številki. — *Urednik:*

## Uganke.

- 5) Je bela kot sneg,  
zelena kot detelja,  
rdeča kot kri,  
otrokom diši.

6) Mate in Jakec prideta k nekemu farmarju in bi rada dobila vsak po štiri osminke (osminka=pint) mleka. Farmar pa pravi, da nima nobene posode, ki bi držala štiri osminke; ima samo posode po tri, pet, in osem osmink. Jakec in Mate nekaj časa premišljata, potem pa rečeta farmarju naj napolni ono steklenico, ki drži osem osmink. Nato sta si s pomočjo vseh treh steklenic razdelila mleko tako, da sta dobila vsak ravno štiri osminke. Kako sta to naredila?

## Rešitve uganek.

- 3) Kašlja ne more človek tiho prenašati.

4)

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

## Rešilci.

*Prav so rešili uganke v štev. 1.*

(Prišlo prepozno za zadnjo številko.)

Kathryn Sirc, Midway, Pa. ....1;  
Henry Arh, Breezy Hill, Kansas .....1.

*Prav so rešili obe uganke:*

Charles Zgonc, Chisholm, Minn.  
Frank Yavornik, Johnston City, Ill.  
Tony Alich, Gillespie, Ill.  
Karl Cenc, Johnstown, Pa.  
Josephine Lokar, Cleveland, O.  
Annie Bregar, Avella, Pa.  
Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
Mary Oblack, Clinton, Ind.  
Darinka Kuhel, Eveleth, Minn.  
Stephanie Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.  
Frank Hafner, Buena Vista, Pa.  
John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.  
Eleanor Cerne, Cleveland, O.  
Ethel Turk, Nokomis, Ill.  
Josephine Penca, Waukegan, Ill.  
Sylvia Homez, Auburn, Ill.  
Rozalija Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.  
James Kuzhnik, Chicago, Ill.  
Frank Toplak, Cleveland, O.  
Annie Grum, Blaine, O.  
Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.  
Mary Slapnik, Frank, Pa.  
Tony Ausich, Woodward, Ia.  
Mary Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.  
Isabella Junko, Pittsburg, Kansas.  
Valentine Bezek, Pineville, Minn.  
Frank Yancher, Girard, O.  
John Steban, Herminie, Pa.  
Victor Kranjc, North Chicago, Ill.  
Olga Peterlin, Cleveland, O.  
Robert Tekauc, Cleveland, O.  
Mary Penca, East Moline, Ill.  
Frank Zevnik, Cleveland, O.  
Irma Korosec, Pittsburg, Kansas.  
Angela Eisenhardt, Lorain, O.  
Tony Sedey, Gallup, N. M.  
Frank Kochevar, Aspen, Colo.  
Jacob Trobec, East Palestine, O.  
Frank Richard, Bear Creek, Mont.  
John Debelak, Avella, Pa.  
Mary Troha, North Chicago, Ill.  
Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

*Po eno uganko so rešili:*

Joseph Bizak, La Salle, Ill.  
 John Resnick, Sheboygan, Wis.  
 Wilma Raunig, Pueblo, Colo.  
 Mary Mihcic, Aliquippa, Pa.  
 Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.  
 Mary Kerhlihar, Auburn, Ill.  
 Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.  
 John Derglin, Aliquippa, Pa.  
 Anica Dolenc, Arona, Pa.  
 Dominik Apner, Franklin, Kansas.  
 Sophie Pirnat, La Salle, Ill.  
 Mary Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.  
 Frank Peternel, West Frankfort, Ill.  
 Augusta Ermenc, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Frank Stern, Herminie, Pa.  
 Mary Knaus, Limestone, Mich.  
 Mary Cirar, Nokomis, Ill.  
 Frances Kochevar, Red Lodge, Mont.  
 Aggie Kastelec, Franklin, Kansas.  
 Bartone Benedict, Columbus, Kansas.  
 Louis Ladiha, Clinton, Ind.  
 Mary Ostervich, Chisholm, Minn.  
 Mary Baraga, Chisholm, Minn.  
 Mary Stern, Herminie, Pa.  
 Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.

*Prav so rešili uganko sestrice Angele Eisenhardt:*

Ethel Turk, Nokomis, Ill.  
 Jennie Zupanc, Cleveland, O.  
 Mary Kerhlikar, Auburn, Ill.  
 Darinka Kuhel, Eveleth, Minn.  
 Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.  
 Tony Sedey, Gallup, N. M.\*

**Dopisi.**

Cenjani urednik! Jako me je razveselilo, ko sem prejel zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista v povečani obliki. Še bolj bi bil seveda vesel, ko bi ga dobivali dvakrat na mesec. Sedaj že veliko bolje čitam slovensko. Star sem enajst let in hodim v šesti razred. Tu v našem mestu je približno sedemdeset slovenskih otrok. Zabave imamo dovolj. Sedaj ko imamo še veliko snega, se vedno sankamo. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

*Valentine Bezek, Pineville, Minn.*

Cenjani urednik! Ko sem prejel zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista in ga pregledal,

sem z žalostjo videl, da sem pravilno rešil samo eno uganko. Meni se zdi to čudno in bi rad pojasnila, ker po mojem mnenju sem rešil obe uganki pravilno. Jaz trdim še vedno, da je bila moja rešitev pravilna. Pa brez zamere. Bratski pozdrav!

*Robert Tekautz, Cleveland, O.*

Počakaj malo, Robert, da se pogovorimo. Ali znaš kedaj si ti poslal rešitve na uganke? Ravno 23. februarja. Dobil sem jih tisti dan, ko je bil list že ves vložen. Toda hotel sem, da bi Tvoje ime prišlo med rešilce in sem ga zato obenem s štirimi drugimi, ki so prišla isti dan, napisal in dal stavcu. Stavc pa je vsa imena vložil na koncu tistih, ki so rešili samo eno uganko. Le poglej zadnjo številko, pa boš videl. Tvoje ime bi moral vložiti med gornje, a ga je pomotoma vložil z drugimi vred, ki so rešili samo po eno uganko. Ko bi Ti pravočasno poslal rešitve, se ne bi to zgodilo! A za to, da sem te še zadnji trenotek skušal spraviti v list, se še huduješ. Zpomni si, da nemogočih stvari ni mogoče delati. — Tvoje zadnje pismo, v katerem praviš, da si vesel, da je Ml. list večji in da upaš prihodnjič dobiti kako nagrado, bi tudi priobčil, a kadar je list že vložen, je to nemogoče. — Torej, da boš miren, Ti povem, da si do sedaj rešil vse uganke prav, in da prav lahko dobiš prvo nagrado, če boš vedno tako pridno reševal. — Ne huduj se pa na urednika, ako Ti prepozno pošlješ rešitve. — Pozdrav! — *Urednik.*

Cenjani urednik! Najprvo Vas moram malo okregati, ker ste me uvrstili med tiste, ki so rešili samo po eno uganko. Jaz sem rešil obe pravilno, zato bi bil rad med prvimi. Poslal sem tudi dopis, pa mislim, da je šel v Vaš koš. Rad bi pa, da bi me vsaj pri ugankah uvrstili na pravo mesto, ker sem se zelo trudil, da sem jih rešil. Pozdrav!

*Valentine Bezek, Pineville, Minn.*

Halo, dragi, ali si bral, kar sem ravnokar napisal Robertu? Isto velja Tebi! Tvoje pismo je bilo pisano 26. februarja, in sem ga prejel par minut predno je šel list v stroj. Ali misliš, da bomo radi enega pisma ustavili vse delo? Popolnoma izključeno je bilo priobčiti Tvoj dopis v zadnji

številki. Ime je prišlo še zadnji trenotek med rešilce, četudi ne na pravo mesto. Kakor se lahko prepričaš, je Tvoje ime prav zadnje, ker je zadnje prišlo. Drugič se pa malo bolj požuri. Rešil si pa obe uganke prav, in imaš do sedaj vse štiri uganke prav rešene. Le glej, da boš tudi v naprej tako pridno reševal. Pa piši vedno isti teden, ko prejmeš Ml. l., ker pač ne morem

moram mamico vprašati kaj kaka beseda pomeni, da potem zopet lahko nadaljujem. — Slika v zadnji številki pod imenom 'Ah, to je šlo!' pristoja ravno nam, ki živimo v tem mrzlem Michiganu. Svetovala bi oni sestrici iz Granville, Ill., da bi se meni pridružila; tu ji ne bi zmanjkalo zabave s sankanjem in snežnim možem. Ali ne bi mogli priobčiti slike kakega sneženega mo-



### Veselje in

(Glej naslednjo stran!)

čakati na Tvoje pismo. Pismo, ki ga zadnjič ni bilo mogoče priobčiti, je priobčeno danes. Pozdrav! — *Urednik.*

Cenjeni urednik! Priloženo Vam pošiljam rešitve zadnjih uganke. Jaz prav rada rešujem uganke, samo škoda je, da ne dobivam vseh številke našega prekornega Mladinskega lista. Vsako številko, ki jo dobim, takoj prečitam. Pri slovenskem delu gre bolj počasi in včasih se mi ustavi, da

za? (Tu zgoraj vidiš sneženega možakarja, ki je naredil otrokom precej strahu. — Ur.) Jaz še nisem videla toliko snega pasti v nobeni državi, v kateri sem se že nahajala, kot ravno v tem sibirskem Michiganu. Že celih pet mesecev nisem videla suhe zemlje, kajti sneg jo vedno pokriva. Ampak nam je tudi sneg v veliko veselje. Pa še več veselja bi bilo, ako bi imeli po zimi počitnice namesto poleti. Stara sem 14 let in hodim v osmi razred

Junior High School. Imamo zelo težke naloge. Vsaki večer prinesem par knjig domov, da se učim. Razen šolskega učenja imam tudi glasovir za učiti se. Tu v tej šoli sem jaz edina Slovenka. — Prihodnjic bom poskusila opisati Vam in vsem bralcem krasote tega velikega michiganskega mesta. — Prosim, dragi urednik, da bi oprostili pisavi in popravili, kar ni pravilno napisano, ter da ne bi celega dopisa vrgli v koš.

Iskren pozdrav!

*Augusta Ermenc, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

in pokusila bom dobiti kako nagrado. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in čitateljicam ter posebno Tebi, naš potrpežljivi urednik!

*Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.*

Cenjeni urednik! Prejel sem zopet težko pričakovani Ml. l. Brž sem se spravil nad njega, posebno nad uganke. Dva dni sem si belil glavo ž njimi, zadnjo noč pa sem spravil list pod blazine, ko sem šel spat, da mi bodo tako čez noč zlezle uganke v glavo. In res, drugo jutro sem jih pa že pogruntal. Zdaj Vam pa takoj pišem, da ne



**Žalost.**

Cenjeni urednik! Zopet sem se razveselila, ker sem tako srečno uganila Vaše uganke. Danes Vam pošiljam rešitve na zadnje uganke in upam, da so prav rešene. Ml. l. me zelo veseli. Posebno rada čitam dopise ljubih sosestric in sobratcev. Mlada sem še in ne znam dobro slovensko, vendar pa sem si naprej vzela, da se hočem naučiti dobro pisati in brati po slovensko. Tudi pri ugankah bi bila rada med prvimi

bo zamude na moji strani. Upam, da se bodo drugi bratci in sestrice tudi požurili, tako da bo lahko tretja številka prej izšla. — Tu pri nas že dva dni sneži. Toliko snega še nismo imeli — vsaj kar jaz pomnim. Samo da bi že skoro prenehal in da bi bilo zopet toplo. Potem bo zopet lepo, ko bomo delali snežene može in se kepali. Sedaj pa moramo biti zadovoljni, da smemo čez okna gledati; pa še skozi okna ne vidi-



mo dosti, ker so s snegom zametana. Moram končati s tem mojim dopisom, ker se bojim Vašega ogromnega koša.

Pozdrav vsem!

*Tony Ausich, Woodward, Ia.*

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik! Odločila sem se napisati nekaj vrstic v naš preljubljeni list, ki ga tako silno rada berem. Žal mi je samo, da mi dela slovenščina še velike težave. Moj atek dobiva slovenske časopise in jih prebira skupaj z mamico. Jaz pa sem radovedna, kaj pišejo ti časopisi, zato sem vedno gledala in učila se tudi slovenskega berila. Odkar pa dobivam Ml. l., sem se že veliko privadila. — V zadnji številki sem brala dopis sestrice Angelce iz Ohio, ki stavi neko uganko. Jaz sem jo takoj pogruntala. Četudi sem še mlada, vendar vem, da taki tiči nimajo samo spredaj, ali zadaj, ali pa od spred in zad, temveč imajo povsod dovolj. Tako sem kmalu prišla na to, da more to biti samo črka k.

Pozdrav vsem, ki čitajo Mladinski list!

*Jennie Zupanc, Collinwood, Ohio.*

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik! Težko sem pričakoval Ml. list, slednjič sem ga pa le prejel. Prvo sem pogledal v Naš kotiček, če sem rešil obe uganki prav ali ne. Gledal sem seveda najprej v prvi koloni med tistimi, ki so rešili obe uganki. Ker nisem našel tam svojega imena, sem se malo popraskal za ušesi, kajti mislil sem, da sem obe prav pogodil. — Sedaj pa zopet ne vem, kako bo šlo. Prva je tako zvita, da je kaj. Drugo sem takoj spravil skupaj. Prva mi je pa dala veliko dela in še ne vem ali je prav ali ne. Vse različne bolezni so mi prišle na misel, pa nobena ni bila taka, da je ne bi mogel tiho prenašati. Spomnil sem se svojega mlajšega bratca, ki ga je zobek bolel, in je strašno jokal. Mislil sem si takoj, da bo to najbrže tista bolezen, ki se je ne da tiho prenašati. Bil sem že vesel, da sem jo pogruntal, pa mi pravi mamica smehljaje, da ne verjame, da bi bila to prava bolezen. Rekla je, da so njo tudi zobje boleli, pa je čisto tiho prenašala. Ravno med tem pogovorom pa atek zakašlja, in meni

je takoj padlo v glavo, da je kašelj tudi bolezen, in kašlja se nikakor ne da tiho prenašati. Zato sem pa kar zapisal: Kašelj. Videl bom v prihodnji številki, če sem pogodil ali ne.

Bratski pozdrav!

*John Steban, Herminie, Pa.*

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik! Tudi jaz bi rad napisal par vrstic, četudi še ne znam dobro pisati slovensko. Mama mi pomaga in mi pove črke, jaz pa pišem. Vem, da mi ne bodete zamerili. Stara sem osem in pol leta in sem v tretjem razredu ljudske šole. — V prostem času imamo dosti razvedrila. V šoli dobimo za mal denar dobro kosilo; samo 5c plačamo, pa se dobro najemo. Za nas oddaljene je to jako pripravno. — Mladinski list me zelo zanima, če tudi ga le s težavo prebiram. — Srčen pozdrav!

*Annie Skok, Milwaukee, Wis.*

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik! Tudi mene zanima Mladinski list, ker razen njega in očeta nimam drugega učitelja za slovenščino. V slovenski slovnici na zadnji strani vsake številke pa včasih vidim, da Vi napišete sklanjatev drugače kakor me pa oče uči. Oče na primer pravi, da je v dvojini pravilno pri lipih in ne lipah, in pri množini z mestami in ne z mesti, kakor je v listu. — Sedaj Vam pa še jaz zastavim eno uganko, pa jo ali sami rešite ali pa jo dajte drugim za reševati. Sicer pa vem, da bi jo Vi gotovo pogruntali, dosti jih pa bo, ki si bodo zastoj belili možgane. — Prosim, da popravite moje pogrške, ker še nisem jako večš slovenskega pisanja. Pozdrav!

*Victor Kranjc, North Chicago, Ill.*

Slovenščina v slovnici na zadnji strani vsake številke je pravilna pismena slovenščina. Po nekaterih krajih se seveda nekateri skloni drugače izgovarjajo, toda pismen jezik je samo eden. Pravilno se reče 'pri lipah', na primer: Počakaj me pri onih dveh lipah! Ravno tako je pravilno 'z mesti' v množini. — Uganko sem dal med tekoče uganke, da bodo imeli naši bratci in sestrice par ur tuhtanja. Pozdravljen! — Urednik.

Cenjeni urednik! Že v naprej Vas prosim, da mi oprostite, če naredim kako pomoto. Nisem še namreč zmožen dobro pisati v slovenščini. Učim pa se pridno in upam, da bom kmalu znal pisati in brati. Druge slovenske šole nimam kakor Ml. l., katerega vsaki mesec komaj pričakujem. Najrajši bi videl, da bi prišel vsaki teden. Učim se z velikim veseljem in imam vedno dovolj zabave z našim ljubim Ml. listom. — Za uganke nimam posebno dobre glave, pa vendar bom vedno poskusil svojo srečo.

*Tony Sedey, Gallup, N. M.*

Cenjeni urednik! Prejel sem Ml. l. za februar. Toda kako sem bil presenečen, ko sem videl, da nisem obeh dveh ugank prav rešil. Toda po mojem mnenju ste se Vi, cenjeni urednik, malo zmotili. Če bi Vi zapisali, da bi imel Mate enkrat toliko ovac kot Jakec, bi uganil. Toda Vi ste rekli dvakrat toliko, in to me je zmotilo. In če je nas veliko ugibalo na ta način kot jaz, bi Vas mi malo pocukali, če ne bi bili tako daleč — toda samo iz veselja seveda, kadar bi do Vas prišli, ker vemo, koliko se z nami ukvarjate in da ste naš najboljši prijatelj. — One uganke pa, ki jo je Vam stavila sestra Angela, pa nikakor ne morem pogruntati. — Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam!

*Frank Zevnik, Cleveland, O.*

Aha, ti misliš, da sem jo jaz polomil z uganko? Pa nisem. Pač pa si se ti enkrat malo zmotil. Niti eden se ni oglasil razen tebe, da bi uganko na ta način razumel, kakor ti pišeš. Vzemimo en primer: Ti imaš štiri jabolke, jaz pa dve. Kolikokrat več imaš ti kakor jaz? Dvakrat seveda, kajti dvakrat dve je štiri. Ali ni res tako? Le pomisli malo. — Pozdrav! — *Urednik.*

Cenjeni urednik! Mladinski list za februar se je zopet nekoliko zakasnil. Toda kakor je razvidno iz Vašega pojasnila, je nekoliko tudi naša krivda. Vi seveda ne morete izdati lista, dokler ne dobite dopisov in rešitev, kajti potem bi bil Naš kotiček prazen. Jaz bi priporočal vsem mladim prijateljicam in prijateljem, da naj začno v bodoče takoj z reševanjem ugank, kakor hitro dobijo list. Kateri pa mislijo poslati tudi dopis, si ga naj že poprej spi-

šejo tako, da bodo imeli vse pripravljeno za odposlati. Jaz mislim, da bo Ml. l. lahko vedno prihajal pred koncem meseca, ako se vsi malo požurimo. Razveseljivo je, koliko bratcev in sestic se je v zadnji številki oglasilo z dopisi in rešitvami. Posebno se mi dopade dopis Angele Eisenhardt, ki je tudi Vam zastavila eno zavito uganke. Ker ste rekli, da ste jo Vi že pogodili, da pa nočete povedati, da bodo tudi drugi ugibali, sem se tudi jaz spravil nad njo in upam, da sem jo prav pogodil. Kaj ne da je črka k? — Sedaj pa hočem še na kratko opisati tukajšnje šolske razmere. Imamo dve veliki šoli. V ti dve šoli hodi 38 slovenskih otrok. Seveda je vsega skupaj tu več slovenskih otrok, toda nekateri hodijo v drugo šolo, ker se ta naselbina deli v dva okraja. Jaz imam do šole petnajst minut za hoditi. Obiskujem šesti razred. Pred štirinajstimi dnevi smo dobili v našem razredu domačo nalogo, da naj vsaki učenec napravi doma malo ptičjo hišico. Za najlepše hišice so bile razpisane tri nagrade. Jaz sem dobil drugo nagrado. Pri šoli imamo lepo igrišče, kjer nas uče raznovrstne igre, kadar je suho. Ob počitnicah pa se bomo hodili vsaki teden dvakrat učiti v šolo razna rokodelstva. Jaz sem se že lansko leto učil mizarstva. Posebne zabave pa ni bilo to zimo. V januarju je bilo toplo, v februarju pa mraz. Sploh je bilo prav nezdravo vreme, tako da so morali za dva tedna ustaviti šolski pouk. Ker ste omenili, da pošljete vsakemu kuverte z naslovom, ako pošlje poštino, Vam pošiljam priloženo zahtevane cente v znamkah in Vas prosim, da mi pošljete nekaj kuvert.

Z udanim pozdravom!

*Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.*

Cenjeni urednik! Pošiljam rešitev ugank, četudi nisem gotova ali sem prav rešila ali ne. Zaostala sem precej z ugankami. Dvakrat nisem prejela Ml. lista. Bilo mi je zelo dolg čas, ker ga silno rada čitam. Stara sem deset let in pol ter hodim v peti razred. Letos se učimo razen drugih predmetov tudi plavati v šoli. Ako se Vam zdi primerno moje pismo, ga priobčite, ako ne, bom pa drugič kaj boljšega poslala.

*Stephania Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.*

Cenjeni urednik! Želela bi, da bi prihajal Ml. l. vsaki teden in prinašal saj pet ugank, ker jih zelo rada rešujem. Zanimajo me pa tudi dopisi sestric in bratcev iz vseh koncev in krajev. Namenila sem se, da tudi jaz nekoliko napišem o naših zabavah v Girardu. Hej, to je bilo veselja cela dva meseca! Vsaki večer smo se sankali, da se je kar kadilo za nami. — Omenim še, da sem stara trinajst let in hodim v sedmi razred. Učim se rada. Zavzela sem se tudi, da se hočem naučiti brati in pisati slovensko. Par dopisov me bo še malo mučilo in bo treba še mamico povprašati za kako besedo, potem bo pa že šlo. Sestrski pozdrav vsem!

*Mary Yancher*, Girard, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik! Tukaj Vam pošljem zopet par ugank. Radovedna sem, če sem jih prav rešila. Rada bi bila med prvimi, da bi dobila kako nagrado. — Tu imamo

#### ANGLEŠKA.

Francoz: "Pardon, pepel od smodke Vam neprestano pada na ovratnico. Mogla bi se sežgati."

Anglež (jezno): "Ne brigajte se za to! Vi stojite že pol ure pri peči in Vaš plašč že gori in vendar Vam nisem o tem ničesar povedal."

#### ZNAMENJE.

Svtoslav Prati se je izgubila petletna hčerka Elica. Ves obupan se je podal na policijo, katero je milo prosil, naj mu pomaga jo najti.

Policaj: "Bomo že naredili, samo povedati morate po čem jo bomo najlažje spoznali."

Svtoslav: "Po tem, da zelo rada je hruške."

Policaj: "To pa ni kakšno posebno znamenje. Hruške jedo vsi otroci radi."

Svtoslav (v solzah): "Ah, pa nobeden tako rad kakor moja Elica."

velike snežne zantete. Vedno delamo snežene može. Toda jaz že komaj čakam, da bi zopet prišla zelena spomlad, da bi šla z mojo starejšo sestrico rožice brat. Oprostite, ker tako na drobno pišem; moram biti varčna s papirjem, da bom lahko večkrat pisala.

*Wilka Kuznik*, Grayslake, Ill.

Nekateri se pritožujejo, da ne dobivajo lista redno. Krivda seveda ne zadene uredništva. Kdor ne dobi lista, se naj obrne na upravnništvo, ker je mogoče, da dotični sploh ni upisan ali pa je naslov nepopolen. Mnogokrat je pošta kriva nerednega dostavljanja.

Kdor želi dobiti kuverte s tiskanim povratnim naslovom uredništva, naj pošlje uredništvu dva centa v znamkah. V zadnji številki je bilo pomotoma tiskano 3c. Vsem tistim, ki so poslali 3c, se je 1c vrnil.

*Urednik.*

#### TOČEN ODGOVOR.

Učitelj izprašuje učence po poklicu njih očetov.

Učitelj: "Kaj je tvoj oče, Tonček?"

Tonček: "Mrtev."

Učitelj: "To je žalostno. Toda kaj je bil preje?"

Tonček: "Živ."

#### EDINI ŠTUDENT.

Tone Mihač vpraša prijatelja Miho Tomača: "Kaj pa dela tvoj sin?"

"Moj sin študira," odvrne Tomač.

"No," pravi Mihač, "dandanes študira že vsak osel."

"Že mogoče," reče Tomač, "a moj sin je edini v celi vasi."

#### VERJETNO.

Mali Janezek bi rad šel v hišo, toda na pragu stoji veliki pes. Janezek ga milo gleda, toda pes se za to ne zmeni. Janezku gre že na jok, ko se domisli rešilne misli in reče:

"Ti pes, vsaj tudi jaz ne bom nič storil, če ne boš ti meni."





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

VOLUME II.

MARCH, 1923

NUMBER 3.

## Lepa naša domovina.

(*Jugoslav Hymn.*)



FATHERLAND! Thy name we cherish  
 Land renowned in song and story,  
 Thy great race shall never perish,  
 Fatherland! Thou home of glory!  
 Beauteous valleys and stately mountains,  
 Nature's queen thy children name thee,  
 Lov'd in suffering, lov'd in sorrow,  
 Now a free land we proclaim thee.

Skies serene, serene our bosoms,  
 Twilights soft that love enhances;  
 Summer warm and hearts still warmer;  
 Sparkling waters, sparkling glances;  
 Massive hills and stalwart manhood;  
 Rosy vintage, rosy faces;  
 Giant storms and giant heroes:  
 Such are our land's gifts and graces!

Gentle Sava, swift Morava,  
 Mighty Danube flanked with towers,  
 Tell it now to all creation —  
 That your fertile banks are ours,  
 While the sun shines on our meadows,  
 While our peaks still echo thunder,  
 While our dead sleep in their graveyards  
 Southern Slavs no more shall sunder!

Translated by *Elsie Christich.*

## The Savage Folk.



O baby mine, I long to know  
 If you will bless or curse me,  
 If when to manhood's height you  
 grow

Your hate will e'er immerse me.

You had no choice to come or stay,  
 Your kin was not your choosing,  
 You were not asked if you would play  
 Life's game where all are losing.

This world is not a gentle place  
 On which to start a stranger,  
 It greets you with a stony face  
 And strews your path with danger.

Its highways lead to Folly's court,  
 Where petty tyrants bind you;  
 Great, stupid fears about you sport,  
 And pleasant lies that blind you.

Full half your days are mocked by Fraud,  
 Or seared by blast of Sorrow;  
 If Joy doth for an hour applaud,  
 Grief claims a whole tomorrow.

So take your chance, O baby mine,  
 A foolish trick I've played you,  
 Some bitter brewings will be thine  
 Before to rest they've laid you.

*George C. Bensinger.*



# Remember Rover.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

(Continued.)

These two barges were pretty well loaded with willows. One of them was loaded from the tip of its bow to the end of its stern—willows piled ten or twelve feet high. The other, the "U. S. 420," was almost as well loaded but not quite.

"Raised him from a pup," I said.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Don't try to tell me anything like that, young feller. That's my dog. A feller stole that dog from me."

Well, I began to back away. I reached down and got hold of the rope that was fastened to Rover's collar.

Chicago Art Institute.



Windmill.

Edward B. Butler.

So Wampus and I stood looking at the barges and we thought maybe we would climb on the willows and have some fun, but when we were going to a man we hadn't seen sat up and looked at us. He had been lying on the top of the willows. We didn't like the looks of him much.

"Hello!" he said and he looked us over. Then he said, "Where did you get that dog?"

"He did not!" I said. "Mr. Jack Betts gave my sister this dog when he was a pup."

"Well, don't get mad!" the man said. "It might be I am mistaken. What will you take for the dog? I'll give you a quarter for him."

"He ain't for sale," I said.

"I'll give you half a dollar."

"No, he ain't for sale."

"Give you a dollar for him," said the man, but I didn't wait to have any more talk with him. I started back for our cottage.

Mr. Edwin Skreever was still walking up and down the porch and I sat down on the rocks. Wampus stood a minute or so and then he reached into his pocket and took out a nail. He had a pocket half full of old, rusty nails he had knocked out of old driftwood—old iron nails, all sizes.

"Look here, Mr. Skreever," he said, "can you do this?"

He took the nail, flat, between his thumb and two first fingers and threw it as hard as he could out over the river, making it spin, and it sang as it went. Whine is a better word; it whined like a guitar string when you pick it and then run your thumb up it.

"Did you ever hear anybody make a nail sing like that?" Wampus asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Edwin Skreever, "I have. I have heard that before. And I cannot imagine why it is a boy delights in throwing away perfectly good nails for the mere satisfaction of hearing them make a useless noise. You may wish, some day, that you had not thrown away that nail."

"Aw!" Wampus said.

"It is a useless and uncalled for waste," said Mr. Edwin Skreever. "Nails cost money. Nails cost labor and time. A miner must dig the iron ore, and another miner must dig coal, and laborers must turn the ore into iron and fashion the nails from the iron. Salesmen must go out and sell the nails, railroads must carry them, other salesmen must sell them again. And you throw them into the river! Why? What good does it do you?"

Wampus just said "Aw!" again, because he did not know what else to say, and I thought I was gladder than ever that I wasn't going to marry Mr. Edwin Skreever. I was glad he was going to live in Derlingport and in Riverbank. I don't like fellows that lecture you when you throw away an old rusty nail. So I said to Wampus:

"Let eat a muskmelon."

Well, all summer we had had a pile of muskmelons and watermelons under the cottage. They're cheap and whenever we

wanted to eat one we did. We used to get them by the skiffload. We would sit on the ripraps and eat and throw the rinds into the river, and the yellow-jacket hornets would come by the hundreds and pile all over any rinds that did not fall in the river. They would crowd onto any juice that fell on the rocks, and they would light on the very piece you were eating. There were lots of yellow-jackets but nobody minded them. If they got in the way we flicked them off with a finger.

But there is one queer thing about yellow-jackets. They will buzz around and fly around all summer and never sting you unless, perhaps, you step on one with your bare foot, but there comes a day sooner or later when every yellow-jacket everywhere gets hopping mad. All the yellow-jackets for miles around go crazy on the same day. Maybe they all go crazy at the same hour of the same day—or the same minute—I don't know. Anyway, this was the day. September tenth was the day the yellow-jackets quit being calm and gentle that year and began to be angry and go around with chips on their shoulders looking for a fight. So the first yellow-jacket Wampus flicked off him swore a blue streak in yellow-jacket language and buzzed in a circle to get up speed and banged right into Wampus's neck. Zingo!

Wampus made one jump and grabbed his cap and slashed at the air and in a minute a dozen yellow-jackets were on the war path. The next one to sting went at Rover's nose like a shot out of a rifle. We heard poor Rover give one wild "Yeowp!" and he jumped about six feet in the air and when he came down he was already running. He went out of sight down the path, making about twenty feet at each jump and yeowps at the top of his voice, and his yeowps grew fainter and fainter. Mr. Edwin Skreever laughed, but I stood still, just holding my hat ready to swat any yellow-jacket that came too near me.

"Come on!" I said to Wampus. "Let's get away from here. It's stinging time."

So we gathered up the rest of our muskmelons and got away from there as quietly as we could. We went up to his cottage,

which was all boarded up, and sat on the step.

Well, about six o'clock Orpheus Cadwallader came down from his shack to get our supper for us. He brought a spring chicken and fried it and we had a good supper, and then Wampus and I went out front. We fooled around awhile and Mr. Edwin Skreever lighted the lamp and wrote some letters or his will or something. It was none of our business what he wrote. Orpheus Cadwallader washed the dishes and then came out and said he was going to row down to town, and he went off in his skiff. Then, presently, Wampus said:

"Where's Rover?"

"Gosh!" I said, "I bet he's wandering!"

"We'd better find him," Wampus said, and I knew that was so. I thought I knew where he would be, over back by the slough where there were some dog fish on the shore that would never swim again.

Mr. Edwin Skreever came out on the porch.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Rover ran away," I said. "We've got to find him."

"Oh, drat you and your Rover!" he said. "Didn't May tell you not to let that dog run away? You certainly do aggravate me! For two cents I would go down to town now and be quit of your foolishness."

I did not say anything but Wampus did.

"Why don't you go then?" he asked. "We wouldn't care."

So we went to find Rover. We worked back to the slough, calling him all the while "Here, Rover; Here, Rover! Here, Rover!" — but not a yip nor bark from him. We went up the slough and down the slough calling him, and it began to get dark. Then, suddenly, Wampus stopped short.

"Say!" he said.

"What?"

"I know! That fellow got him—that fellow on the barge!"

"I bet he did!" I said.

Well, it seemed likely that that was what had happened, because Rover was such a friendly dog. If he saw that fellow and the fellow did not throw a rock at him Rover would go right up to him and try to climb all over him and kiss him. So

Wampus and I stood there in the dark a minute.

"Well, we've got to get him," I said. "I'm not going to have anybody steal my dog. Come on!"

We worked through the weeds and bushes, across toward the chute and down toward the two willow barges. We came out not far from them as we saw the red light the man had put on the barges as a signal. Then we crept along Indian fashion, bent over, toward the barges.

"He would put him inside," Wampus said, and I knew that as well as Wampus did. That was what any dog thief would do—put Rover down inside the barge and close the hatch cover. We crept close to the barges. I picked up a goodsized stone and so did Wampus.

Well, just as we got close up to the "U. S. 420" we heard Rover. We heard just one bark and then we saw a man lifting the hatch cover. The man slid down inside the barge and eased the cover back into place over his head, and then we heard no more barking. The cover was thick and heavy and I guess he wanted to shut in Rover's bark while he was tying him fast.

"Come on!" I said and the next minute I was on the barge and Wampus after me. Then I did not know what to do. We couldn't yank up that cover and go down and take Rover away from the man, because he might kill us or something. But Wampus knew what to do.

"Here!" he said, and he tossed me a handful of his rusty nails. "Hurry up! Get busy! Nail this cover down!"

So we did. We used the two rocks as hammers and drove in the nails, and then we jumped for shore and ran, because we were frightened. We ran up the path and we did not stop until we were almost at our cottage.

"Gee!" I said then. "We did it! We've got him! But what are we going to do about it?"

"Do?" said Wampus. "We'll get Mr. Edwin Skreever and Orpheus Cadwallader and have Orpheus take his shotgun, and we'll have them pry off that cover and get your dog. That's what we'll do."

(To be continued.)



# What Charles Darwin Saw

*on his voyage around the world in the ship Beagle.*

## THE PATAGONIAN.

At Cape Gregory the famous so-called *gigantic* Patagonians gave us a hearty reception. Their height appears greater than it really is, from their large guanaco mantles, their long flowing hair, and general figure: on an average their height is about six feet, with some men taller, and only a few shorter; and the women are also tall. Altogether they are certainly the tallest race that we anywhere saw. In features they strikingly resemble the more northern Indians whom I saw with Rosas, but they have a wilder and more formidable appearance; their faces were much painted with red and black, and one man was ringed and dotted with white, like a Fuegian. Captain Fitz Roy offered to take any three of them on board, and all seemed determined to be of the three: it was long before we could clear the boat. At last we got on board with our three giants, who dined with the captain and behaved quite like gentlemen, helping themselves with knives, forks and spoons; nothing was so much relished as sugar. The tribe spend the greater part of the year here, but in summer they hunt along the foot of the Cordillera; sometimes they travel as far as the Rio Negro, seven hundred and fifty miles to the north. They are well stocked with horses, each man having, according to Mr. Low, six or seven, and all the women, and even children, their one own horse. Mr. Low informs me that a neighboring tribe of foot-Indians is now (1834) changing into horse-Indians.

## THE INDIAN OF THE PAMPAS.

We stayed two days at the Colorado, near the encampment of General Rosas. My chief amusement was watching the Indian families, as they came to buy little articles at the rancho where we stayed. It was supposed that General Rosas had about six hundred Indian allies. The men were a tall, fine race, yet it was afterward easy

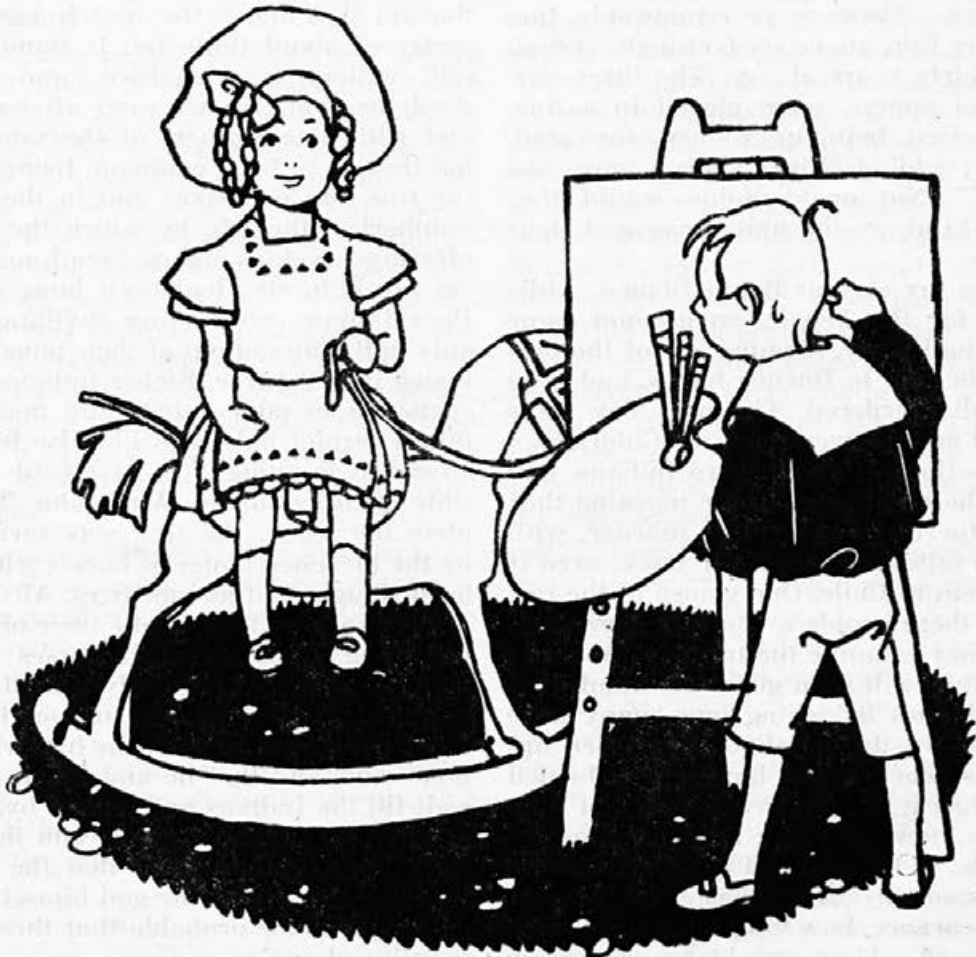
to see in the Fuegian savage the same countenance made hideous by cold, want of food, and less civilization. Among the young women, or *chinas*, some deserve to be called even beautiful. Their hair was coarse, but bright and black, and they wore it in two plaits, hanging down to the waist. They had a high color, and eyes that glistened with brilliancy. Their legs, feet, and arms were small, and elegantly formed; their ankles, and sometimes their waists were ornamented by broad bracelets of blue beads. Nothing could be more interesting than some of the family groups. A mother with one or two daughters would often come to our rancho mounted upon the same horse. They ride like men, but with their knees tucked up higher; a habit which comes, perhaps, of their being accustomed, when travelling, to ride the loaded horses. The duty of the women is to load and unload the horses; to make the tents for the night; in short, to be, like the wives of all savages, useful slaves. The men fight, hunt, take care of the horses, and make the riding-gear. One of their chief in-door occupations is to knock two stones together till they become round, in order to make the *bolas*. With this important weapon the Indian catches his game, and also his horse, which roams free over the plain. In fighting, his first attempt is to throw down his enemy's horse with the *bolas*, and when entangled by the fall, to kill him with his pike (*chuzo*). If the *bolas* only catch the neck or body of an animal, they are often carried away and lost. As the making of the stones round is the labor of two days, the manufacture of the balls is a very common employment. Several of the men and women had their faces painted red, but I never saw the horizontal bands which are so common among the Fuegians. Their chief pride consists in having everything made of silver. I have seen a cacique with his spurs, stirrups, handle of his knife, and bridle, made of



this metal. The headstall and reins, being of wire, were not thicker than whip-cord; and to see a fiery steed wheeling about under the command of so light a chain gave to the horsemanship a remarkable character of elegance.

The chief Indians always have one or two picked horses, which they keep ready for any urgent occasion. When the troops

culiar manner of his nation, namely, with an arm around the horse's neck, and one leg only on its back. Thus hanging on one side, he was seen patting his horse's head, and talking to him. The pursuers made every effort in the chase; the commandant three times changed his horse; but all in vain. The old Indian father and his son escaped and were free. What a fine pic-



The Young Artist.

of General Rosas first arrived at Cholechel they found there a tribe of Indians, of whom they killed twenty or thirty. The cacique escaped in a manner which astonished every one. He sprang upon an old white horse, taking with him his little son. The horse had neither saddle nor bridle. To avoid the shots, the Indian rode in the pe-

ure one can form in one's mind — the naked, bronze-like figure of the old man, with his little boy, riding like Mazeppa on the white horse, thus leaving far behind him the host of pursuers!

In a battle at the small Salinas a tribe, consisting of about one hundred and ten Indians, men, women, and children, were

nearly all taken or killed. Four men ran away together. They were pursued: one was killed, and the other three were taken alive. They turned out to be messengers from a large body of Indians, united in the common cause of defence, near the Cordillera. The tribe to which they had been sent was on the point of holding a grand council; the feast of mare's flesh was ready, and the dance prepared: in the morning the messengers were to have returned to the Cordillera. They were remarkably fine men, very fair, above six feet high, and all under thirty years of age. The three survivors, of course, were placed in a line. The two first, being questioned, answered, "No sé"; adding "Fire! I am a man, and can die!" Not one syllable would they breathe to injure the united cause of their country.

During my stay at Bahia Blanca, while waiting for the *Beagle*, an account came that a small party, forming one of the *postas* on the line to Buenos Ayres, had been found all murdered. The next day three hundred men arrived from the Colorado, a large portion of whom were Indians, and passed the night here. In the morning they started for the scene of the murder, with order to follow the *rastro* or track, even if it led them to Chile. One glance at the *rastro* tells these people a whole history. Supposing they examine the track of thousand horses, they will soon guess the number of mounted ones by seeing how many have cantered; by the depth of the other impressions, whether any horses were loaded with cargoes; by the irregularity of the footsteps, how far tired; by the manner in which the food has been cooked, whether the pursued travelled in haste; by the general appearance, how long it has been since they passed. They consider a *rastro* ten

days or a fortnight old quite recent enough to be hunted out.

In journeying from the Rio Negro to the Colorado we came in sight of a famous tree, which the Indians reverence as the altar of Walleechu. It stands on a high part of the plain, and hence is a landmark visible at a great distance. As soon as a tribe of Indians come in sight of it they offer their adorations by loud shouts. The tree itself is low, much branched, and thorny; just above the root it has a diameter of about three fet. It stands by itself, without any neighbor, and was indeed the first tree we saw; afterward we met with a few others of the same kind, but they were from common. Being winter, the tree had no leaves, but in their place numberless threads, by which the various offerings, such as cigars, bread, meat, pieces of cloth, etc., had been hung upon it. Poor Indians, not having anything better, only pull a thread out of their ponchos and fasten it to the tree. Richer Indians are accustomed to pour spirits and *mate* (tea) into a certain hole, and likewise to smoke upwards, thinking thus to afford all possible gratification to Walleechu. To complete the scene, the tree was surrounded by the bleached bones of horses which had been slaughtered as sacrifices. All Indians, of every age and sex, make their offerings; they then think that their horses will not tire, and that they themselves shall be prosperous. The Gaucho who told me this said that, in the time of peace, he had witnessed this scene, and that he and others used to wait till the Indians had passed by, for the sake of stealing from Walleechu the offerings. The Gauchos think that the Indians consider the tree as the god himself; but it seems far more probable that they regard it as his altar.

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#### *Breaking the Pair.*

During a very hot spell a man was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out over the door. A small boy, noticing this, shouted after him: "Hey, mister! Did you lose your other roller skate?"

#### *The New Peril.*

"Are you going any farther West?"

"I planned to," said the foreign visitor. "Is there any danger from Indians?"

"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."

## The Making of Races.

Ethnology studies races rather than nationalities; and by a race is meant a subspecies or a variety—a group of individuals with many features in common, and with a community of ancestry within itself greater than that between it and another race. But the difficulty is to find pure races in modern times—after so many centuries of intermingling.

A race may consist of clans, and a clan of tribes, and a tribe of communities, and a community of families—all these words implying different degrees of kinship. But the idea of kinship is not necessarily implied in the word nation or nationality, which is a political conception, a social integrate with a geographical home, and some measure of psychical unity. A unified nationality may include several distinct races, but in some cases, such as the Swedes, race and nation are almost convertible terms. It is plain, however, that kinship groupings, with which ethnology deals, must be distinguished from political and social groupings.

The making of numerous races depends, first of all, on man's migratory tendencies, and the question rises why mankind has spread over all the earth. Even in prehistoric times man has gone practically everywhere. There were Morioris in New Zealand before the Maoris; the American Indians were preceded by the "Mound Builders": there has always been some one before Columbus; and the question is why man is "the most wide-ranging of all mammals."

The answer must be found in his big brain—always restless, ever adventurous, able to adapt life to circumstances and to force Nature into service. But we must look for spurs to adventure in the ever recurrent pressure of increased population, and in the frequent changes of climatic and other environmental conditions. Man is not a very prolific organism, but parental care is strong and effective, and a little one soon becomes a thousand, and a small band a great nation.

The pressure of increasing population may be checked by infanticide, or by a very high death rate; perhaps the keener spur was an environmental change, such as the setting in of aridity, which made "trekking" imperative. Climatic changes and diversities have had a profound effect on human evolution: they prompt migration, they insist on initiative, they sift and winnow, and perhaps they stimulate variability. The old view that in a new climate men acquired new "modifications," which were entailed as racial characters, is not really tenable. In the new country new germinal variations crop up, and there is an elimination of the relatively less fit variants. It is indirect rather than direct adaptation that we see in the establishment of races.

Diffusions, migrations, raids, conquests, colonizations bring about intermingling or hybridization. In regard to the profitable limits of this, we know little. The union of races, having markedly different characteristics, is apt to be disappointing. Hence the popular prejudice against "halfbreeds."

But there is another fact, which history seems to verify, that very good results follow the intermingling of peoples who are unlike but not *too* unlike. Thus Great Britain is inhabited by a very variable people whose blood includes contributions from many diverse Nordic Aryan stocks. Similarly the so-called Jewish race is made up of complex crosses. The moral is that in a strong nation the mingling of good stocks is full of promise.

There is diversity of fertility in different races, and this has operated as a factor in evolution. There has always been a "yellow peril," or—of some other color. As a matter of fact, the yellow races are not at present increasing very rapidly in numbers, for while their fecundity is high, so is the death-rate. Similarly in the United States the rate of increase of the blacks is not equal to that of the whites, for the death-rate among negroes is high.

It is plain that differential fertility—greater increase in some races than in



others—must lead to struggle in many forms, prompting wars, migrations, and colonizations, leading to social unrest and distress, and sometimes profoundly affecting the current moral sentiment. For it is very interesting to observe in contemporary evolution how economic conditions lead naturally to polygamy in one tribe and to polyandry in another, to exposure of female infants in one region and to their welcome in another.

But beyond the problem of differential fertility, there is that of the possible overpopulation of the globe. Every year some forty million persons die, but far more than that are born! It has been estimated that the human population is at present about 1,700,000,000, about a third of these being white. In most of the older civilized countries there has been for some years a decline in the birth-rate, but there is also a notable lowering of the death-rate. As civilization develops the length of life will be increased and the health-rate will be heightened. The world will become too

full, though prophetic statisticians differ considerably as to the date of the tight-fit.

There are two suggestions, however, which must be considered. The first is that Science is rapidly increasing man's mastery of the resources of Nature. In many a field he can reap a richer harvest every year, and at less cost. The limits of this are unknown. The second suggestion is increased birth-control in its most enlightened forms.

It does not seem to be biologically necessary that a race should decline and die out. On the animal genealogical tree there are many branches that have been dead for a millions of years. The fossil-bearing rocks—the great graveyards of the buried past—are full, not only of ancestors, but of *lost races*. Yet there are many very ancient races of animals that are going strong today; and there seems no reason why this should not hold true for human races also—provided that the survival value of health and vigor of body and mind is practically recognized.

## The Disobedient Children.

Our English language has many puzzlers for little folks just learning to read and this is the way I handled the awful sound of "augh," as in daughter, etc., for a couple of little ones who just love "drill," when it is in metre or rhyme. Perhaps some mother or teacher will like to use it to "fix" it in a child's memory.

A naughty, haughty boy  
And a haughty, naughty girl  
Once failed to mind their mother—  
On the ice they took a whirl.

They had sought and bought some skates—  
Now they sought to try them out;  
So they made some naughty dates  
With some playmates, and went out.

They didn't know the places  
Where the ice was very thin,  
And when they tried their races,  
It just broke and let them in.

Now this naughty, haughty daughter  
With her naughty brother, too,  
When they struck the water,  
Were feeling rather blue;

For since the world's beginning,  
It's been known—'tis true as yet—  
If you tumble in the water,  
You are likely to get wet.

Now this naughty, haughty daughter  
With her naughty brother, too,  
Never go near the water  
Though it looks so fine and blue.

If you mention ice or skating,  
They will run to mamma hen,  
And these naughty, haughty children  
Will not be caught again.  
That's all.

Ben Ellis.



## "Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

### Puzzle No. 3.

(3) What is it that a man, no matter how smart he is, overlooks?

### Answer to Puzzle No. 1.

He gains 1 foot a day, and in 42 days he is 3 feet from the top; and on the 43rd day he reaches the top.

all the young boys and girls of Chicago, from 12 years up, that they should join us and have a good time at our club. So I make a real loud call to you all: Oh! Hoa! Hoa! you ought to join the 'Čmrlji' tamburica club and play one of the tamburica's instruments and hear the sweet sound of music, that we play at concerts and dances. We just had a dance given by us.

Chicago Art Institute.



Summer.

Walter Ufer.

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 1.

(Too late for the last number.)

Isabelle Junko, Pittsburg, Kansas.  
Henry Arh, Breezy Hill, Kansas.  
Leopoldena Zora, Panama, Ill.

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 2.

Dora Svetek, West Newton, Pa.  
Mary Dobrovolec, Waukegan, Ill.

### Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor: — Please allow me to write a few words in our magazine. I wish to tell

And you should just hear and see us! The people were applauding us merily when we played "Adriatic Sea" and "Sheik of Arabee". We have our lessons on Saturday at 2 P. M. at 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Our teacher's name is Mr. Frank Paulich. We have fourteen members now and want eighteen more to have a full orchestra. We pay 50c a month each to keep up. We gladly take in new members to our club. This is my appeal to you all Slovenian boys and girls of Chicago.

Oscar Godina, a member of the 'Čmrlji' club, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—I'm kind of late with this letter, because I just received the February issue. It is indeed very interesting for all the boys and girls that are learning how to read Slovenian. I hope that I'll soon know how to read and write as well as I can speak it.

Now I am sending in the answers to the puzzles.

*Mary Cirar, Nokomis, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:— I like the Mladinski list very much. I receive it every month. I cannot write very much in Slovenian but I am improving in my reading since I read all stories etc. published in the Mladinski List. My parents enjoy reading it as well as I do.

Yours sincerely,

*Sophie Pirnat, La Salle, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—I must tell you I appreciate the "Mladinski List" very much. I find the story "What Charles Darwin Saw" very interesting, and also the poem "The Earth a Sun." I have read this poem before in a book my father gave me as a Christmas gift which I enjoyed immensely. I wish you would reprint some more of these poems because I think they are very enlightening for the young folks that we are. I am sure other Slovenian boys and girls who read the "Mladinski List" will also enjoy such poems.

I am interested in radio and have a set of my own, and I think many other boys who read this magazine are interested also. Not only I but many others would appreciate it if you would print something about radio. — I attend High School.

*John Molek, Cicero, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor: We have been receiving the Ml. L. and I have found quite a number of interesting articles in it. I am very fond of the stories, because they are quite interesting. Ml. l. does not come often enough, and the hardest thing to wait is for the continuing stories. Well, I am sending you the answer to Puzzle No. 2 which is 45 days. (No, my dear, only 43. *Ed.*)

*Mary Groser, Nokomis, Ill.*

Dear Editor: I enjoy the Ml. L. very much, and wish it would come once a week. I am reading the story about "The Pup that Nobody Wanted", and like it very much. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. I speak and write in English and talk in Slovenian and my father is helping me to read and write in Slovenian.

*Leopoldena Zora, Panama, Ill.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor: I receive the Ml. L. every month. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. My brother and I are the only Slovenian children that go to school here. I am 12 years old and in sixth grade. My brother will be eight years old and is in second grade. We are all members of S. N. P. J.

*Mary Slapnick, Frank, Pa.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editor: I live on a farm and have lots of fun going to school. I like to play snowball; we made a fort for to play snowball. — I like the Ml. L. very much. My sister and I always fight to go to the mail-box. She gets angry if I get it first. When she takes it and I haven't nothing to read I run outside without my mother and my sister hearing me, they are so interested in the papers and the Ml. L. Whenever I put my eyes on the Mladinski List I can't put it down. When my mother tells me to clean off the table I quickly take off the dishes and read the List.

*Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.*

A son had arrived in the home of a West Philadelphia couple and the proud father rushed out to borrow a pair of scales, but none were available except some belonging to a rags, bones and bottles man. So he borrowed those and was aghast when he discovered the heir weighed only four pounds.

"But you mustn't worry," said the junkman consolingly, squinting at the dial. "Them's my buying scales. Your boy weighs about eight and a half—mebbe eight and three-quarters pounds."

*A NEW SOURCE OF SUPPLY.*

One day Louise's mother became aware of a long period of silence, which, she knew from experience, boded trouble. She was about to hunt for the child when Louise came in, her face rosy with happiness and her mouth covered with crumbs.

"Where have you been, Louise?" asked her mother. "And what are you eating?"

"Cheese," said the young lady, calmly.

"Cheese? Where did you get it, dear?"

"In the mousetrap."

"In the mousetrap!" exclaimed her mother, horrified. "But what will the mice do? They won't have any cheese."

"Oh, they don't care. There were two of them in the trap and they didn't mind a bit!"—

*IN THE FOG.*

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick that he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity, and sighed with relief.

"Where am I going?" he cried, anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness:

"Into the river—I've just come out!"

*THE PHILANDERER.*

In front of a Broadway restaurant yesterday we saw a small, ragged urchin watching a girl in the window baking batter-cakes. We thought we detected an air of wistfulness about the lad and our heart was touched.

"Hungry, kid?" we asked.

"Naw!" came his scornful reply. "Can't a feller look at a swell dame without drawin' no crowd?"

Black—Hello, White, where have you been?

White—To see my people.

Black—Ah! And how did you find them?

White—Quite easily—you see, I knew where they lived.

*BUSY.*

A school teacher received the following note:

"Dear madam, please excuse my Tommy today. He won't come to skul because he is acting as timekeeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a example if a field is 5 miles around, how long will it take a man walking three and one-half miles per hour to walk two and one-fourth times around it? Tommy ain't a man, so we sent his father. They went early this morning, and father will walk around the field, and Tommy will time him, but please don't give my boy such an example again, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family."

*MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.*

Mr. Swivel was much perturbed to find that the three pounds of meat which he had purchased for dinner had mysteriously disappeared. His wife, aiding in the search and noticing what she took to be a guilty look on the face of the family cat, pointed to it, and said:

"There's the meat."

"Why, no," objected Swivel, "that little thing couldn't get away with three pounds of meat. Still, lets weigh her and find out."

They did so. The scales registered an even three pounds.

"Yes," he admitted in puzzled tones, "there's the meat all right, but where's the cat?"

*AT LEAST CORRECT.*

Miss Whaley was trying to impress upon her class the importance of doing right at all times and, to bring out the answer "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

There was silence for a moment and then one girl answered "Bed."

*IN A HIGHER GRADE.*

Son—"Papa, give me a nickel."

Papa—"Why, son, you're too big to be begging for nickels."

Son—"I guess you're right, papa, make it a dime."

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

## IV.

### NOUNS.

(Continued.)

#### Fourth Declension.

	Singular	Dual	Plural
N.	sin	sinovi	sina
G.	sina	sinov	sinov
D.	sinu	sinovom	sinovima
A.	sina	sinove	sina
L.	pri sinu	pri sinovih	pri sinovih
I.	s sinom	s sinovi	s sinovi

#### Fifth Declension.

(Consonant-Stems.)

	Singular	Dual	Plural
N.	dan	dni, dneva	dnevi, dnovi
G.	dne, dneva	dni	dni
D.	dnevu	dnema, dnevoma	dnem, dnevom
A.	dan	dni, dneva	dni, dneve
L.	pri dne, dnevu	pri dneh, dnevih	pri dneh, dnevih
I.	z dnem, dnevom	z dnema, dnevoma	z dnevi, dnemi.

#### DECLENSION OF PROPER NAMES.

Proper names of persons, places, and of countries are declined as follows:

	Masculine		Feminine	Neuter	
	Singular	Dual	Plural		
N.	<i>Anton</i>	<i>Antona</i>	<i>Antoni</i>	<i>Rusija</i>	<i>Celje</i>
G.	<i>Antona</i>	<i>Antonov</i>	<i>Antonov</i>	<i>Rusije</i>	<i>Celja</i>
D.	<i>Antonu</i>	<i>Antonoma</i>	<i>Antonom</i>	<i>Rusiji</i>	<i>Celju</i>
A.	<i>Antona</i>	<i>Antona</i>	<i>Antone</i>	<i>Rusijo</i>	<i>Celje</i>
L.	<i>pri Antonu</i>	<i>pri Antonih</i>	<i>pri Antonih</i>	<i>pri Rusiji</i>	<i>pri Celju</i>
I.	<i>z Antonom</i>	<i>z Antonoma</i>	<i>z Antoni</i>	<i>z Rusijo</i>	<i>s Celjem</i>

If a title precedes the name, both are inflected:

N.	<i>predsednik Harding</i>
G.	<i>predsednika Hardinga</i>
	etc.

*Gospod* (=Mr.), *gospa* (=Mrs.), and *gospodična* (=Miss) are always inflected:

N.	<i>gospod Dular</i>	<i>gospa Kvedrova</i>	<i>gospodična Anica</i>
G.	<i>gospoda Dularja</i>	<i>gospe Kvedrove</i>	<i>gospodične Anice</i>
		etc.	

There are some proper names that only occur in the plural:

*Atene*, G. *Aten*, D. *Atenam*; *Benetke*, G. *Benetk*, D. *Benetkam*, etc.

(To be continued.)