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2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,
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14311 Thames Ave.
Joseph
11811

2345 649 11011

14311 Thames Ave.

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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

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Pomladni dan.

Kako si lep, pomladni dan,
ko vse brsti, cvete, prepeva;
kot z biseri si posejan,
blestiš kot krona se kraljeva.

Pomladno solnce iz višav
po zemlji tople žarke lije;
lahkoten veter sred dobrav
budi vesele melodije.

Vse diha čilost in prostost,
veselja žar ves svet obdaja:
veseli zdaj se, o mladost,
ko tvoj veseli praznik vstaja!

Koristen svet.

K slovečemu odvetniku je prišel kmet. Ko stopi v pisarnico, reče: "Prišel sem vas vprašat za dober svet, gospod odvetnik."

"O, imate gotovo kako tožbo."

"Jaz! Nikakor ne! Živim v veliki prijaznosti z vsemi sosedi."

"To je jako lepo. Morda se boste oženili in hočete zaradi pogodbe slišati mnenje moža postave?"

"Oženjem sem, in najina pogodba obstoji v tem, da otroci nekaj podedujejo po naju."

"Prav. Potem hočete menda narediti oporoko."

"Dobro mi je, in nimam nič posebnega zapustiti."

"S čim naj vam torej postrežem?"

"No, prosim vas dobrega sveta."

"Pa čemu, ker nimate narediti niti tožbe, niti pogodbe ali oporoke? Razložite mi!"

"Gospod, sloveč človek ste, mož dobrega sveta. Dajte mi kak svet pismeno."

"Ali hočete svet za prihodnost?"

"Da, gospod!"

"Pa ne veste za kakšno stvar?"

"Ne, gospod!"

"To je jako težko, kar zahtevate od mene."

"O, vem, da ste sloveč odvetnik, gospod! Če hočete, mi boste dali dober svet."

"No, naj bo," reče odvetnik.

Premišlja pet minut. Potem zapiše na list nekaj vrstic in spravi papir v zavitek. Kmet se zahvali odvetniku in mu posili odšteje tri dolarje. Nato se vesel napoti domov.

"Žena," reče, ko se vrne, "dobro sem opravil. Ko sem bil v mestu, sem šel k slovečemu odvetniku in ga prosil sveta. To me je stalo tri dolarje, pa bo nama, upam, v veliko korist. Glej, tu je."

"Svet," reče žena, "čemu?"

"Boš že videla."

Kmet prime zavitek, slovesno prelomi pečat in bere tele preproste besede:

"Kar lahko storiš danes, ne odlašaj na jutri!"

"Za to si dal tri dolarje?" reče žena. "In čemu hočeš, da bi ti to bilo v korist?"

"Žena," reče kmet resno, "dober svet nam more vselej koristiti. Moje seno je pokošeno in suho. Hotel sem ga domov spraviti jutri, pa ga speljem nocoj."

Kmet pokliče takoj služinčad in reče: "Prijatelji, nocoj gremo po seno!"

"Tako pozno! Čemu to? Noč nas dohiti sredi dela! Zakaj ne počakate do jutri zjutraj?"

"Rekel sem: nocoj in ne jutri. Naprezi-mo konje in naprej!"

V četrť ure je vse pripravljeno. Vozovi drdajo po vasi z velikim ropotom. Ljudje stopijo k oknom, da bi videli mimoidoče. Hkratu pogledujejo proti nebu. Bilo je vedro, le tupatam prepreženo z oblaki.

"Zakaj gre vendar ta človek tako pozno po seno?" vprašujejo posmehoma.

Kmet se ne zmeni za to, dela poleg svojih delavcev, da jim daje pogum z besedo in zgledom. Vozovi so naloženi. Delavci so se segreli, znoj jim teče s čela.

Ko se je bilo znočilo, je bilo vse končano. Pet voz, polnih sena, je stalo pod kozolcem pridnega gospodarja.

Že začne kapati dež, pride nalive in debele kaplje bijejo po strehah. Vso noč je lilo. Seno poljedelcev je voda odplavila. Namesto sena so se svetile široke luže.

Kmet zopet vzame v roke odvetnikov svet, ga prebere vnovič, ga prilepi na zid ter reče:

"No, žena, sedaj vidiš, da dobrega sveta ne smemo prezirati. Zapišimo si ga v spomin! Obvaroval nas je velike izgube."

Fr. Jordan.



Pravljica o šivilji in škarjicah.

Živela je v starih časih v nekem gradu mlada, nedolžna in zelo prijazna deklica Bogdanka. Bila je šivilja in služila je grajski gospe. Nekega dne je ravno šivala v svoji tihi sobici, ki je imela okence na vrt. Sama je bila; zato jo je začel napadati dolgčas, dasi je imela dela čez glavo. No, ko je tako vbadala in vlekla, merila in rezala, ji je prišlo v glavo polno čudnih misli

pa da bi se takoj ustavile, to bi bilo lepo!" je dejala sama pri sebi, pa vendar tako, da jo je lahko slišal tudi kdo drug. Kakor je to izgovorila, je priletela na vejico pred okencem drobna ptica in zapela:

*"Oj Bogdanka,
kar si prosila,
to si dobila!"*

Chicago Art Institute.



Ob potoku.

Adam E. Albright.

in želja. "Kaj, ko bi imela take škarjice, da bi se jim samo reklo:

*Škarjice, hrustalke,
po rumeni mizi bézite,
jopico mi uréžite!*

pa da bi me poslušale, če bi jim pa dejala:

*Škarjice, hrustalke,
zdaj se pa ustavite,
zdaj pa v kot se spravite!*

Ko je deklica to slišala, se je tako ustrašila, da se je zbodla v prstek. Ko pa si ga je obvezovala s platencem in z belo nitjo, je odletela čudna ptičica. To je bilo Bogdanki žal, ko je ni več zagledala! Kako rada bi bila še enkrat čula tiste besede od drobne ptice! Toda ptičice ni bilo od nikoder več. "Čakaj," si je mislila deklica, "hočem pa vendarle poskusiti, kar je dejala ptica!" In hitro je zaščeбетala:

*"Škarjice, hrustalke,
po rumeni mizi bėžite,
jopico mi urėžite!"*

In glej ga spačka! Škarjice-hrustalke so se vzdignile in jele rezati belo platno na mizi. Obračale so se hitro kakor kača in rezale tako natančno, da se deklica ni mogla načuditi. In ko je bilo urezano vse platno na mizi, so skočile na skrinjo, da bi tudi tam pričele svoje delo. Toda deklica jim je brzo zaklicala:

*Škarjice, hrustalke,
zdaj pa se ustavite,
zdaj pa v kot se spravite!"*

In precej so bile pri miru in so ležale lepo v kotu in niti genile se niso.

To pa to! si je mislila Bogdanka vsa srečna in vesela. Kaj bi ne bila? Zdaj ji ni bilo treba polovico toliko delati kolikor poprej. Ona je samo šivala, rezale so pa škarjice same. Tudi grajska gospa je bila odsej dosti bolj zadovoljna ž njo in kar načuditi se ni mogla, kako more Bogdanka obleko narediti tako lepo natančno in vendar tako hitro. Pride torej nekega dne k njej in reče: "Kako je to, ljuba moja Bogdanka, da zdaj vse tako natančno urežeš in tako hitro sešiješ, saj prej si potrebovala vedno več časa?"

"Seveda sem ga," ji odgovori deklica nedolžno, "saj prej pa tudi nisem imela takih škarjic."

"Kakšnih škarjic?" jo vpraša gospa radovedno. In Bogdanka ji vse pove po pravici, kako je prosila takih škarjic, ki bi same rezale, in kako jih je potem dobila. Nato hoče gospa videti škarjice, kako režejo. Ko jih pa vidi, jih hoče dobiti na vsak način od deklice. In ko jih ne more niti izhuda, niti izlepa izprositi in Bogdanka denarja neče sprejeti zanje, jo gospa izpodi iz gradu, škarjice pa ji vzame.

Vsa žalostna in potrta je šla deklica iz gradu in objokávala svojo nesrečo. Pot jo je vodila skozi teman gozd. Ko tako hodi in hodi med visokim drevjem, zdajci zasliši nad seboj znano petje. Ozre se kvišku, in koga zagleda? Na drobnih vejicah nad deklico se je zibala tista ptičica, ki se ji je bila nekdanj prikazala na oknu. Otresala je z glavico in potem hitro zapela:

*"Oj Bogdanka!
Kar si izgubila,
boš nazaj dobila!"*

In kakor je to zapela, je že ni bilo več na drevesu. Deklica pa je šla nekoliko potolažena dalje po gozdu.

Grajska gospa je pohitela vsa vesela v svojo sobo, kjer je imela nakopičenih vse polno lepih oblek, pa tudi robe zanje. Hitro vzame škarjice iz žepa in jih postavi na mizo ter vzklikne:

*"Škarjice — hrustalke,
po rumeni mizi bėžite,
jopico mi zrėžite!"*

Škarjice pa so takoj slušale in začele rezati jopico. Ker je namreč gospa rekla "zrežite" in ne "urežite", so škarjice trgale vso robo in obleko na drobne kosce. Ali se je gospa prestrašila! Hitro je začela misliti, kaj naj reče, da jih bo zopet ustavila, toda zastonj. Ni in ni si mogla tega domisliti. Škarjice so pa le škrtale in rezale. "Joj, joj," je stokala, "kaj bo z mojo obleko?" In hitela je k škarjicam in jim pozkušala iztrgati obleko, toda škarjice se nikakor niso dale odtrgati in so le dalje škrtale in rezale. Gospa je kar besnela in jih lovila po mizi, ali škarjicam je bilo malo do njenega strahu in njene jeze. "Škrt, škrt" so delale in razrezale skoraj vso obleko, kar je je bilo v sobi. Ko pa več ni bilo obleke, so se spravile kar na dragoceni plašč, ki je bila vanj ogrnjena gospa, in so jele rezati še njega. Zdaj, zdaj je bila šele gospa v strahu, kaj bo! Kakor brezumna je begala po gradu in otresala hudobne škarjice, toda še zmenile se niso za otrsanje, nego so rezale dalje in dalje, da so leteli drobni kosci od dragocenega plašča. Zdajci se spomni gospa v največji sili, da ve deklica za tiste besede, s katerimi se da do ustavititi škarjice.

Hitro, hitro se tedaj spusti za njo v gozd, da bi jo čimprej došla in se iznebila nesrečnih škarjic.

Ko je tako begala več nego pol ure, zagleda slednjič ubogo deklico, tiho in žalostno korakajočo po slabem gozdnem potu. "Reši me, reši me, deklica, škarjic, da mi ne porežejo še te obleke, ki jo imam na sebi! Bogato te poplačam!" je jela vpiti za njo.

Deklica se skoraj ni mogla zdržati smeha, ko je videla svojo nekdanjo gospo vso obupano in razcapano, vendar pa je hitro vzkliknila:

*"Škarjice — hrustalke,
zdaj se brž ustavite
in v moj žep se spravite!"*

In res! Škarjice so se takoj ustavile, in v naslednjem trenutku jih je že imela srečna deklica v svojem žepu.

Gospa je bila v hudi zadregi in se ni ve-

dela kam deti od sramote. Vendar pa se je hotela izkazati hvaležno. Ponujala je deklici mošnjo cekinov in jo vabila, naj se vrne na grad. Toda deklica ni hotela niti denarja sprejeti, niti se vrniti k lakomni gospe, ampak se je napotila lepo na svoj dom, kjer si je s šivanko in čudotvornimi škarjicami zaslužila toliko, da je bila kmalu najbolj premožna deklica v vsej okolici. Ali ostala je vedno ponižna ter je storila ljudem veliko dobrega, saj je imela s čim.

Dragotin Kette.



Ptičja hišica.

Uho in roka.

UHO in roka sta živela v toplem prijateljstvu: uho je poslušalo lepe reči in jih pravilo roki. Ta ga je dostikrat pogladila v zahvalo in se nastavljala za uhljem, da je zajemalo več glasov in da je bilo veselje tem večje. Uho je časih kar striglo od same poskočne radosti. Tudi zaplesalo bi rado, pa ni imelo nog, kaj šele pete, da bi udarilo z njo ob tla. Roka je zamahovala semintja, prav kakor so jo ščegetali vabljeni glasovi, ki jih ji je šepetalo uho.

Človek bi mislil, da ne pride nikoli nič takega med uho in roko, da bi zadnja v jezi segla po prvem in mu navila uro.

Uho ni maralo dosti za spanje. Zaspalo ni prej, dokler ni odbrnel od njega poslednji glasek. Celu muho je slišalo, ko se je brenče odpravljala spat. —

Roka pa je bila zaspanka prve vrste. Komaj se je zmračilo, je že omahnila kakor dveinpolletno otroče, ki se mu hoče spati s kokošmi vred. Legla je na blaziño, a ni mogla zaspiti, saj jo je še vedno dražilo uho, ki ji je izblebetalo vsak ničvredni glasek, najsi ga je ujelo tudi od krmežljave mačke, ki je predla na zapečku.

Ob jutrih pa je bila vsa ta reč še sitnejša!

Imeli so na dvoru petelinčka. Bil je lep gospodek, jehasta! Nosil je ostroge, dolge in ostre, kakor kak ogrski huzar. Grebenček mu je bil lepo načesljan in rdeč kot iz same rdeče krvi. Pel je sicer visoko in tanko, a za uho tako neznansko lepo kot nobene orglice. Komaj se je zjutraj utrnil prvi žarek mlade zore, že je splehetal petelinček na dvoru in zapel ljubemu dnevu pozdravnico. In komaj je splehetal petelinček in zapel ljubemu dnevu pozdravnico, že se je zbudilo uho in se popolnoma in čisto odprlo sladkim glasovom petelinčka-huzarja.

Roka pa bi rada spala še tri dni in tri noči in tri ure na vrh. Ali kaj — zbuditi se je morala. Vsa je šinila pod odejo, a petelinček je pel, uho poslušalo, roka se dramila. Jezna je vrgla odejo s sebe in se hotela maščevati nad ušesom, ker jo je zbudilo tako zgodaj. A kako, ko ni mogla do

njega? Od rame do komolca in dalje do konca prstov je čutila, kako se izprehajajo po nji mravljinici. Vsa je bila topoglava in neokretna, da se še prvi hip ni mogla poštono umiti. Ko se je pa vendarle oprala, se ji je ohladila jeza, in spoznala je, da ni krivo pravzaprav uho, da mora tako zgodaj vstajati, nego da je temu vzrok kričavi kokotek.

V takih mislih ni videla, da govori glasno predse. Uho je pa vse slišalo in povedalo petelinčku: "Ljubi moj gospodek, čuvaj se roke! Dávi se je zaklela, da ti zavije vrat in potrga sladke tvoje strune v grlu!"

Petelinček to sliši, in obide ga kurja polt od kljuna do repka. Vendar se domisli pravega. Zletí na plot sosedovega vrta in se poroga roki: "Hej, peteroprsta avša, daj me, daj! Šlek, ali sem ti nastrgal korenčka!"

Roka se raztogoti in reče: "Nihče drugi mu ni povedal tega nego uho!"

In komaj je petelinček zevnil enkrat, je padla roka z vso jezo na uho in mu še hotela pokazati Benetke, da je ni zdramilo iz jeze neusmiljeno vpitje petelinčka-huzarja.

Izza plota je namreč segla po njem druga roka, ki je takisto kuhala jezo, ker ji vedno krevči in krađe spanje.

Hipoma se je umirila v roki razburjena kri in prijazno je pogladila po ušesu, češ, oprostí, saj nisem mislila tako hudo!

A kaj to pomaga, ko je po ušesu tako šumelo in vršalo, da ni bilo razločiti nobenega določnega glasu. Tudi roka je čutila to brenčanje. Bilo ji je, kakor bi godovali v nji sršeni.

"Pojdiva pogledat, kaj je sedaj s petelinčkom!" reče roka, da se razmisli, in si kakorkoli prežene tisto čudno drnavsanje in začuje od ušesa zopet kakšen lepši in veselejši glas.

Tako prideta k sosedu.

Stopita v kuhinjo. Na ognjišču zagledata nesrečnega petelinčka, ki je brez srpastege repka in blestečega ovratnika žalostno ležal v ponvi.

"Čakaj, malo te pa le moram!" reče ro-

ka in seže v ponev. Ali kakor bi jo pičila osa, se brž umakne od vroče pečenke, ki ji je opalila kožo na prstih.

Ker ji ni hotelo in moglo povedati uho, da je petelinček šele pečen, ker tako cvrči v razbeljeni masti, si ni mogla misliti roka,

da jo bo izplačal mrtvi junak, ki je pravzaprav uklonil ponosni vrat po njeni krivdi.

Dasi žalostno, se je uho potihem nasmejalo, a med njim in roko ni več pravega prijateljstva.

Chicago Art Institute.



Premogar.

Meunier.

Bukev kima . . .

V zmrzlem snežcu bukev kima
z vejicami drobnimi,
skoz oblačke luna bleda
z žarki zre milobnimi.

Bukev kima, sladko sanja,
da že zre pomladni raj,
oj, pa daleč za goró še
tiho sniva zlati maj.

In čarobne sanje sanja,
da jo biseri krase,
pa si misli, da kraljica
slavna je postala že.

In mecesen, kralj ponosni,
v snežcu poleg nje šušti,
bukev v lahnem vetru kima,
jasna noč se ji smeji . . . Sokolov.

Joel Chander Harris:

Povest o čudovitem smolivčku.

“Ali lisica nikoli ni ujela zajca, ujec Remus?” je vprašal mali dečko.

“Za piko je manjkalo, da ga ni ta botra lisica, dragec, tako gotovo, kakor si na svetu! Neki dan potem, ko jo je stric zajec vodil za nos s tisto kolmeževo korenino, je botra lisica šla in si poiskala smole, jo zmešala s terpetinovim oljem in naredila iz te zmesi smolivčka, ter ga položila na cesto, sama pa se je skrila v grmičje, da vidi, kaj bo iz tega. No, veš, pa res ji ni bilo treba dolgo čakati, zakaj kmalu jo primaha po cesti stric zajec, klunpeti klunpeti živ, pa vesel kakor šoja. Botra lisica je ležala tiho in mirno, kakor da je ni. Stric zajec pa se prišopiri po cesti in zagleda smolivčka; tako se je začudil, da se je postavil kar na zadnje noge. Smolivček pa je sedel tam, res je sedel, botra lisica pa je bila tiha kot miška.

“Br jutr,” pravi stric zajec. “Lepo vreme danes, kaj?”

“Kako se pa imate kaj pri zdravju?” vpraša stric zajec. Botra lisica je na eno oko zamižala pa ležala tiho kot miška, smolivček pa ni rekel nič.

“Kaj pa je s teboj, kaj? Ali si gluhi?” vpraša stric zajec. “Veš, če si gluhi, pa lahko bolj na glas zavpijem!”

Smolivček pa ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala mirno in tiho kot miška.

“Ti pa preveč vihaš nos, prav gotovo da,” pravi stric zajec, “ampak jaz te bom precej ozdravil, veš, kar precej te bom!” pravi.

Botra lisica se je na tihem smejala, da se je kar za trebuh držala, res se je, ampak smolivček ni rekel nič.

“Presneto te že naučim, kako se govori s poštenimi ljudmi, če se ti ne zljubi besediti,” pravi stric zajec. “Če ne snameš tistega klobuka z glave, ti kar precej odprem usta,” pravi.

Smolivček ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala tiho kot miška.

Stric zajec ga je izpraševal še naprej,

smolivček pa je še naprej molčal. Kar naenkrat pa je stric zajec stisnil pest, res jo je stisnil, in — čof! — po glavi. Ampak tisti trenutek je bil že v škripcih. Dlan se je namreč sprijela, da je ni mogel razkleniti. Prijel je smolo, a smolivček je bil pri miru, botra lisica pa je ležala mirno kot miška.

“Če me precej ne izpustiš, ti dam pa še eno,” pravi stric zajec, in pri tej priči mu primaže še eno z drugo roko in sedaj se je sprijela še ta.

Smolivček ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala tiho kot miška.

“Izpusti me, sicer te brcnem z nogo, da se ti kar čreva pokažejo!” pravi stric zajec. Smolivček pa ni rekel nič, samo držal ga za roke, stric zajec pa je ravno na isti način prišel še ob noge, da jih ni mogel rabiti. Botra lisica je ležala mirno kot miška. Nato je stric zajec začel vpiti, da bo smolivčka, ako ga ne izpusti, butnil še z debelo svojo glavo. In ko ga res udari še z glavo, se mu sprime še glava. Tedaj pa se prikaže botra lisica, tako nedolžna kakor ljubljencek tvoje mamice.

“Kako pa se kaj imaš, stric zajec?” vpraša botra lisica. “Grozno visok si videti danes,” pravi, potem se zvali po tleh in se smeje, da ji kar solze prihajajo v oči. “Stric zajec, nadejam se, da prideš danes k meni na kosilo! Namočila sem malo kolmeža, pa ne sprejem nobenega opravičila,” pravi botra lisica.

Tukaj je ujec Remus prenehal in izgrebel velik krompir iz pepela.

“Ali je lisica zajca pojedla?” je vprašal mali dečko.

“Zgodba gre samo do tukaj,” je odgovoril starec. “Mogoče da ga je, mogoče tudi, da ga ni. Nekateri ljudje pravijo, da je župan medved prišel po cesti in ga osvobodil — drugi pa govore, da ga ni. Ali slišiš, gospodična te kliče. Sedaj pa kar hitro beži.”

Elektrika.

(Konec.)

Suhi členi.

Opisali smo najnavadnejše člene, pri katerih se rabi kaka raztopina. Ti takozvani mokri členi so največ v rabi. Toda razen teh členov imamo tudi drugo vrsto členov, pri katerih ne potrebujemo nikake tekočine. To so takozvani suhi členi, ki nam opravljajo marsikatero koristno službo.

Suhe člene so začeli rabiti šele pred kakimi 20 leti, a danes so že vsesplošno razširjeni.

Suhi členi so izredno praktični. Predvsem ni treba vedno paziti, da je dovolj raztopine v členu. Ni potreba torej vedno prilivati nove vode oziroma raztopine. Samo spojiti treba oba pola — in baterija je gotova. Ena glavnih prednosti je, da ni nikakega izhlapevanja tekočine, da se ne tvorijo na stenah posode kristali, da ni potrebno dolivati vode in da se ne razvijajo različni plini.

Suh člen lahko postavimo kamorkoli hočemo. Prav nič paznosti ni treba posvečati členu, kadar je postavljen. Priporočljivo je seveda, da ga vedno postavimo na suho mesto.

Različne družbe, ki izdelujejo suhe člene, jih izboljšujejo in olepšavajo, vendar pa ni mogoče reči kateri člen je najboljši, dokler ga ne preizkusimo.

Suhi člen je takole sestavljen: Cinkova posoda ima na svojem gornjem kraju košček žice, ki služi kot en pol. V posodi je chlor calcium in chlor ammonium s kredom. Drugi je ogel, ki je votel in napolnjen z drevesnim ogljem. Drevesno oglje upija amonijakove pline.

Spajanje galvanskih členov.

Ako nam ne zadostuje električna sila enega člena, jih lahko spojimo več skupaj tako, da dobimo dovolj sile.

Tako spajanje električnih členov delimo na tri vrste:

1) Vse cinke več členov spojimo skupaj in ravnotako vse ogle. Tako spajanje imenujemo paralelno.

2) Ogel prvega člena spojimo s cin-

kom drugega člena, ogel drugega člena s cinkom tretjega člena itd., torej + — + — Tako spajanje imenujemo spajanje v serijah.

3) A tretji način je takozvano mešano spajanje. To spajanje je sestavljeno iz paralelnega in serijalnega spajanja. Na primer: imamo štiri člene; spojimo ogle prvih dveh členov in cinke drugih dveh. Ostanejo nam še dva pola oglev in dva pola cinkov. Spojimo jih skupaj in imamo mešano spajanje.

Toda kak pomen ima različno spajanje? Mnogo večji kot bi človek na prvi pogled mislil. Različne načine spajanja imamo z ozirom na to, da hočemo na različen način uporabiti našo baterijo.

Kadar hočemo dobiti iz naše baterije večjo množino elektrike, spojimo člene paralelno; s povečanjem elektromotivne sile zviša se tudi intenzitetna sila elektrike. S tem, da spojimo cinke posebej in ogle posebej se namreč poveča elektromotivna sila. Tako spojeno baterijo lahko smatramo kot en člen z mnogimi ploščami. Popolnoma vseeno je, ako imamo en člen z 50 kvadratnimi palci površine, ali dva po 25, ali deset po pet. V vseh teh slučajih je množina elektrike enaka.

Serijalno spajanje rabimo, kadar hočemo dobiti večjo napetost elektrike.

Z mešanim spajanjem pa dobimo oboje, t. j. večjo množino elektrike in večjo njeno napetost. Kjer rabimo torej oboje, se poslužimo tega spajanja. Ta način spajanja se predvsem uporablja pri hišnih električnih zvoncih, kjer mora včasih ista baterija nasičevati več električnih zvoncev.

S tem končavamo za enkrat z razpravljanjem o elektriki. V eni prihodnjih številka pa bomo začeli v angleškem delu na ponovno željo naših bralcev s poljudnim razmotrivanjem o brezžičnem telefonu (radio). Seveda bomo o priložnosti še večkrat pogledali v kraljestvo elektrike, ki je ne samo silno važno, temveč tudi nad vse zanimivo.

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

7) Ponoči bdi, podnevi spi, svoja čreva
jé in svojo kri pije. Kaj je to?

8)

.	l	.	c	.
L	.	n	.	a
.	v	.	n	.
C	.	l	.	a
.	n	.	c	.

Na mesto vsake pike postavi eno izmed naslednjih črk: aaaaa ee iiii kk. Kadar umestiš vse črke na prava mesta, dobiš pet ženskih imen.

Rešitve ugank.

5) Črešnja.

6) V svrhu lažjega razumevanja zaznamujemo steklenico, ki drži 8 osmink, A, steklenico, ki drži 5 osmink, B in ono steklenico, ki drži 3 osminke, C.

Spodaj je tabela, ki kaže koliko je bilo v posameznih steklenicah mleka po vsakokratnem prelivanju.

a) Mate in Jakec sta napolnila iz A steklenico C.

b) Iz C prelijeta mleko v B.

c) Nato znova napolnita C iz steklenice A.

d) Sedaj napolnita iz C steklenico B do vrha. Ker je bilo v B že od prej 3 osminke mleka, gre sedaj v njo samo 2 osminke.

e) Vse mleko iz B vlijeta v A.

f) 1 osminko, ki je ostala v C, prelijeta v B.

g) Napolnita iz A steklenico C.

h) Iz C vlijeta vse mleko v B, in tako ima Mate svoje 4 osminke v steklenici A, Jakec pa svoje 4 v steklenici B.

	A	B	C
a)	5	—	3
b)	5	3	—
c)	2	3	3
d)	2	5	1
e)	7	—	1
f)	7	1	—
g)	4	1	3
h)	4	4	

Rešilci.

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 Mary Stern, Herminie, Pa.

Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Darinka Kuhel, Eveleth, Minn.
 Frank Stern, Herminie, Pa.
 John Steban, Herminie, Pa.
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Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik! Danes prvič pošiljam rešitve na uganke v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Stara sem deset let in hodim v peti razred ljudske šole. Prav rada čitam Mladinski list, četudi mi ne gre branje še posebno dobro izpod rok. Hočem pa se potruditi, da bom znala pravilno pisati in brati po slovensko in da bom sploh dobra Slovenka. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Eleanora Černe, Cleveland, O.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik! Zelo vesela sem Mladinskega lista. Samo žal mi je, da včasih kaka številka zaostane. Ne vem kje je krivda, na uredništvu, upravništvu ali na pošti. — V Mladinskem listu imam vedno dovolj poučljivega in zanimivega berila, a zraven še uganke za ugibati. Jaz Vam danes prvič pošljem svoje rešitve. Upam, da sem dobro uganila. Težko pričakujem prihodnje številke, da vidim če je moje ime med rešilci ali ne.

Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.

V zadnji številki je bilo pojašnjeno, da ne zadene uredništva in upravništva nobena krivda, ako kaka številka zaostane. Kar dar zopet kake številke ne prejmeš, piši takoj, da se preišče, kje leži vzrok in da se poskrbi, da dobiš dotično številko.

Urednik.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnjič sem nekoliko opisal našo šolo. Sedaj bom pa poskusil povedati kaj o našem mestu Indianapolis. Indianapolis je že sto let glavno mesto države Indiana. Danes šteje naše mesto skoro 350.000 prebivalcev. V sredini mesta je velik spomenik, ki je visok 300 čevljev. Spomenik je postavljen v spomin slavnim ameriškim vojnam. Indianapolis je znan po svetu poseb-

no radi tega, ker ima največje dirkališče za avtomobile celega sveta. Vsako leto koncem maja meseca je velikanska dirka. Na to dirko pridejo iz Evrope in iz vseh ostalih delov sveta. Zmagalci dobe lepe nagrade. Te dirke pride gledat vedno 20 do 30 tisoč ljudi. Dirkališče meri $4\frac{1}{2}$ kvadratne milje.

Pozdrav!

Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

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Upam, da boste priobčili ta moj dopis. Popisati želim nekoliko, kako sem hodil v šolo v starem kraju, od koder sem pred kratkim prišel.

Star sem bil šest let, ko sem začel hoditi v šolo. Na deželi po navadi otroci ne začnejo tako zgodaj pohajati v šolo. Mene so pa prej spravili v šolo, največ radi tega, ker sem se vedno rad zabaval z otroci. Ko sem torej začel hoditi v šolo, so me že začeli strašiti, da bom moral delati, četudi nisem bil še posebno velik in močan. Najbolj hudo mi je pa bilo, ko so mi moji sošolci pripovedovali, kako hude da so učiteljice. Tega sem se res zelo bal, a sem kmalu spoznal, da niso tako hude kot so pravili. Hitro sem se torej privadil in sem prav rad obiskoval šolo. Vsaki dan sem šel v šolo. Eno leto dopoldne, drugo zopet popoldne. Ko sem malo odrasel, sem dobil, ko sem jo primahal iz šole domov, kos kruha. Nato sem vzel koš na hrbet in odšel v gozd po drva. Šel sem seveda tja, kjer sem vedel, da jih največ dobim. Včasih sem imel srečo, da sem jih prej nabral kot sem upal. Ko sem prinesel poln koš domov, sem dobil zopet kruha, nato pa hajdi zopet nazaj v gozd. Mimogrede sem videl sošolca, ki je pasel krave. Jaz sem se mu takoj pridružil. Zakurila sva si ogenj. Nato sva šla v potok loviti ribe; pri tem sva se skušala, kdo bo prej ujel kako ribo. Komaj sem posegel pod kamen, sem že nekaj začutil v roki. Mislil sem, da držim ribo, a spomnil sem se takoj, da najbrž ni riba. Bil je namreč rak, ki me je pošteno uščipnil, da sem kar odskočil. Prijatelj pa je v resnici zagrabil pod kamnom pravo ribo. Jaz sem mu rekel, da jo naj dobro potiplje, da se prepriča, če je boljša kot moja. Jaz sem

svojega raka namreč prijel za glavo, a on je rekel, da drži svojo ribo za rep. Toda predno sem jaz izgovoril, jo je on že prilekel iz vode. —

Moram hitro odposlati, da ne pride nepozno. Za prihodnjo število pošljem nadaljevanje. Pozdrav!

Rudolph Grošel, Cleveland, O.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Ako imate še kaj prostora, prosim, denite te vrstice v naš Mladinski list. Prav vesela sem bila, ko sem v zadnji številki videla, da so se nekateri bratci in sestrice zanimali tudi za mojo uganko in jo prav rešili, čeprav nisem obljubila nobene nagrade. Pesmico, katere prvo kitico sem zadnjič navedla v mojem dopisu, sem zapela pred dvema leti na odru pri neki slovenski igri. Vsem se je zelo dopadla. Danes pošiljam tu drugo kitico te lepe pesmice. Škoda, da se zadnje kitice ne spominjam več natančno.

Vprašaj čemu slovenske glase
lira moja le doni,
kaj da zvesta za vse čase
bom besedi materni?
Ker slovenski oče, mati
me učila dom svoj znati . . .

Prihodnjič bom pa poslala eno drugo pesmico, da se boste vsi smejali, seveda če je ne bo brat urednik v koš zagnal. Pisala bi kaj več, pa ne smem, ker se bojim, da bi za druge sestrice in bratce zmanjkalo prostora. Jaz se pa nočem nikomur zameriti. Iskren pozdrav!

Angela Eisenhardt, Lorain, O.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik! Predvsem se vam moram zahvaliti, da ste nam list povečali. Naše goreče prošnje niso bile zastonj. — Tukaj na Eveleth imamo devet ljudskih šol. Mestece je majhno in šteje nekaj nad 4,000 prebivalcev. Imamo dvojne velikih drsališč. Eno je samo za otroke, da se drsamo kadar smo prosti. Jaz bi prav rada videla, da bi vi brat urednik prišli enkrat semkaj. Sedaj še ne, ker je tu še hud mrz, katerega niste tam v Chicago tako vajeni kot smo ga mi. Ampak poletje je tu zelo prijetno. Srčen pozdrav!

Louise Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.

Cenjeni urednik!

Obljubila sem, da se oglasim že zadnji mesec, a razmere so me zadržale, da nisem mogla izpolniti svoje obljube. Bila sem namreč nekoliko bolehná. Sedaj pa sem zopet v redu. Vreme imamo prav sibirsko že celi mesec. Danes ko to pišem se je obrnilo nekoliko na boljše. Komaj že čakam, da bomo vrt obdelali, da dobim svo-

kotiček, samo bojim se malo, da ne bi romal v tisti veliki koš. Stara sem komaj devet let. Slovenščina mi dela še velike težave, toda zavzela sem se, da se moram naučiti brati in pisati slovensko. Sedaj moram vedno mamico vprašati, in kadar hočem kaj pisati, mi morajo vedno pomagati. Upam pa, da se v kratkem toliko naučim, da bodem lahko sama pisala brez



Pomladanske cvetlice.

jo gredico za cvetice, katere zelo ljubim. Upam, da ta dopis ni tako robot kot je bil prvi, ker se mama ne smeje tako kot takrat. Ko sem ji rekla, da naj prebere, je samo rekla: Bo že. — Pozdrav!

Elsie Stushek, Ladysmith, Wis.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi mene zelo zanima Ml. l. Nameni-la sem se napisati tudi par vrstic za Naš

vsake pomoči. — Zima je pri nas precej huda, a brez snega, tako da ne moremo delati sneženega moža. Jaz komaj čakam, da bi prišla gorka pomlad, da bi šla z mlajšo sestrico in bratcem cvetlice nabirat. Udan pozdrav!

Mary Dernovšek, Wick Haven, Pa.

* * *

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čepprav nisem članica S. N. P. J., temveč S. S. P. Z. Priloženo pošiljam naročnino. Moja sestra, ki je članica Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J., dobiva sicer redno ta priljubljeni list, a tudi jaz ga hočem. Smo štiri sestrice, in vi si ne morete misliti, kak dirindaj je vsakokrat, ko pride Mladinski list. Vsaka bi ga rada prva prebrala. — Uganka št. 5 je menda črešnja, kajneda? Tu vam pošljem tudi jaz eno uganko, ki jo bodele gotovo takoj pogruntali, saj ste tudi tisto sestrice Angele. "Štirje se po cesti lovijo, pa eden drugega ne more ujeti. Kaj je to?"

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Anica Dolenc, Arona, Pa.

To številko boš že dobila na svoj naslov. Sedaj ne bo več takega dirindaja, kadar pride Ml. l. — Uganka je prav lahka, da jo bo gotovo vsak lahko rešil. — Pozdravljena, Anica!

Urednik.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik! Oprostite, ker sem se nekoliko zakasnil. Prehladil sem se in sem bil nekaj časa bolan, sedaj sem pa že zopet boljši. Uganka št. 5 je črešnja. Šesto pa itak veste, da znam rešiti, ker sem jo jaz poslal. Zelo me veseli, da ste jo dali na rešitev, in se vam najlepše zahvaljujem. Sedaj težko pričakujem prihodnje številke, da vidim koliko bratcev jo bo rešilo. Pozdrav!

Viktor Kranjc, North Chicago, Ill.

* * *

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Rad bi na kratko opisal kako sem obhajal velikonočne praznike v tej mrzli Minnesoti. Imamo še vedno mraz in dosti snega. Pred velikonočjo so nesli katoličani žegnati kolače, šunke, pirhe in kaj vem kaj še; komaj pa je bil žegen končan, je pa začela cerkev goreti. Otroci smo seveda takoj tekli gledat ta cerkveni požar. Videl sem nekatere pridne ljudi, kako so nosili iz goreče cerkve križev pot, lesene svetnike in orglje iz kora. Okoli stolpa so privezali močno vrv in jo pričvrstili na motorni voz. Ko je voz potegnil, je šel seveda stolp z velikim hrupom na tla. — Toda moram končati, da zopet ne zamudim, kot sem zadnjo številko. Pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem!

Frank Yuzna, Biwabik, Minn.

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Josephine Rodica, Greenbow, Pa.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Priloženo pošiljam rešitev ugank št. 5 in 6. Mate in Jakec sta mi dala strašno veliko dela s svojim mlekom. Pa še nisem gotova ali sem prav rešila ali ne. Toda vseeno upam, da sem. Ker mi je dala uganka št. 6. toliko za misliti, sem se tako ujezila, da sem se spravila tudi na angleško uganko št. 3. Upam, da sem tudi to pogruntala. — Prosim Vas, da imate potrpljenje z mojo pisavo. Stara sem šele 11 let. In slovensko pisati in brati se nisem nikdar prej učila, dokler ni začel izhajati naš nad vse hvalevredni Mladinski list. — Pozdrav Vam in vsem bralcem Mladinskega lista!

Isabella Junko, Pittsburg, Kansas.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Dovolite mi malo prostora v Našem koticu. Ravno danes sem sprejela zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista. Silno sem se ga razveselila. Najprvo sem seveda pogledala, če je moje ime tudi notri. In moje veselje je bilo še večje, ko sem zagledala svoje ime. — V Mladinskem listu so jako lepe povesti in pesmice. Zato ni čudno, da ga vsak slovenski otrok komaj pričakuje in želi, da bi pogosteje izhajal. V tej številki so tudi dve imenitni uganki. Uganka št. 5 sem takoj uganila, toda št. 6 je pa precej zavita. No, poskusila bom vseeno. Jaz sem takoj odposlala svoj dopis, ko sem

prejela Ml. l. Ko bi vsi tako naredili, bi ne zastajal list. Pozdrav!

Mary Knaus, Limestone, Mich.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Mojega dopisa še niste imeli v Mladinskem listu. Pa tudi jaz še nisem dobila nobene številke Mladinskega lista. To se mi zdi zelo čudno. Moja sestra, ki je samo dve leti stara, je dobila že dvakrat Mladinski list, a jaz, ki bom kmalu dvanajst let stara in sem že v šestem razredu, nisem dobila še niti enkrat Mladinskega lista. Jaz ne vem, kje tiči vzrok za to. Menda ga ne prinese pismonoša, ali ga je pa morda sama vzela.

Jaz zelo rada prebiram pisma mladih sobratcev in sosestric. Vsak mesec komaj pričakujem, da pride. Zdi se mi, da bi bilo res potrebno, da bi pogosteje izhajal. Uganke me strašno veselijo. Jako lepe uganke so vedno priobčene, samo nekatere so res malo preveč težke.

S pozdravom,

Mary Hrovat, Bedford, Ohio.

Mladinskega lista ne jemlje sapa, tudi pismonoša ni prav nič kriv, da ga ne dobiš na svoje ime, ljuba moja. V par številkah je bilo že popolnoma jasno povedano, da dobiva vsaka družina, kjer imajo več dečkov in deklic, ki so člani Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J., po en izvod. Tista številka, ki prihaja na ime tvoje mlajše

sestrice, je namenjena ravnotako tebi kot njej.

Urednik.

Odgovori malim bratcem in sestricam.

Sestrica Mary Mesnarich, Britt, Ia., je poslala že dva lepa dopisa, ki pa jih ni mogoče priobčiti. Vidiš, Mary, Tvoja zadnja povestica ime lepe slike, ki bi se pa morale najprej doti engravirati, če bi jih hoteli priobčiti. To pa stane denar, ki ga pa žalibože ni preveč na razpolago.

Mary Shular, Gross, Kansas. Dobro, da si me opozorila. Ti si rešila obe uganki št. 1 in 2 prav. Tvoje ime pa je bilo v februarški številki umeščeno na napačnem mestu. Napaka je sedaj popravljena.

Irma Korosec, Pittsburg, Kans. Dopisi se priobčujejo brezplačno.

Nekdo iz La Salle, Ill. En deček ali deklica iz La Salle, Ill., je rešil pravilno uganko številko 5, a se je pozabil podpisati. Pisal je angleško. Naj pošlje svoje ime, da se mu ušteje rešena uganka.

John Resnick, Sheboygan, Wis., bi rad znal kako nagrado dobi tisti, ki reši kako uganko. V prvi številki je bilo že omenjeno, da se bodo nagrade dale tistim trem, ki bodo v prvih šestih mesecih tega leta rešili največ ugank. Kake nagrade bodo, bodo rešilci že sami videli. Lepe knjige najbrže, toda gotovo kaj takega, da bo vsak vesel. Za posamezne uganke pa se seveda ne dajejo nikake nagrade.

Pozdrav vsem!

Urednik.

Vrnitev pomladi.

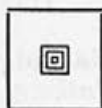
K nam prišla je mlada deva,
ljubka Vesna zlatolasa,
v halji rožni, dragoceni,
s kito cvetja okrog pasa.

In prišle so z mlado Vesno
v kraje naše pevke ptice;
gnezditi pod hišnim krovom
so začele lastovice.

Z ljubo Vesno, aj, je prišlo
zaželeno prerojenje,
in povsod se prebudilo
preveselo je življenje.

Radostna zveni zdaj pesem
tja po dolu in po bregu,
saj posmrtnice otroci
pojejo veseli snegu.

Branko Brankovič.



JUVENILE



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The Early Pithecanthropus.

Before the time of cave men,
In the early Pliocene,
There lived a pack of wild things,
All hairy, squat and lean;

They fought with tooth and sharp nails
And wielded mighty stones;
That they walked as you and I do,
Is proven by their bones.

They had no tools or weapons;
They feared the fire too;
They hid, and sulked, and shivered,
As weaker creatures do.

They did not have a language;
Could scarcely speak at all,
But grunted sounds of portent,
Should good or ill befall.

They heard the tiger roar, when
He gorged upon his kill,
And when he had departed,
Crept out to eat their fill.

In wood, or swamp, or jungle,
Or out upon the plains,
They hurried forth in numbers,
And stole the grim remains.

And when they met a stranger,
They hit him on the head,
And ate, and ate, these cannibals,
Till all the pack was fed.
* * *

Perhaps a million years ago,
The human race began,
For the early pithecanthropus
Erectus was a MAN!

—Early Jungle Folk.



Spring is coming . . .

What Charles Darwin Saw

on his voyage around the world in the ship Beagle.

THE NEGRO.

We determined to pass the night at one of the posthouses, a day's ride from Bahia Blanca. This *posta* was commanded by a negro lieutenant, born in Africa; and, to his credit be it said, there was not a rancho between the Colorado and Buenos Ayres in nearly such neat order as his. He had a little room for strangers, and a small corral for the horses, all made of sticks and reeds; he had also dug a ditch round his house as a defence, in case of being attacked. This would however, have been of little avail if the Indians had come; but his chief comfort seemed to rest in the thought of selling his life dearly. A short time before, a body of Indians had travelled past in the night; if they had known of the *posta*, our black friend and his four soldiers would assuredly have been slaughtered. I did not anywhere meet a more civil and obliging man than this negro; it was therefore the more painful to see that he would not sit down and eat with us.

While in Brazil, not far from Itacaia, we passed under one of the massive, bare and steep hills of granite which are so common in this country. This spot is notorious from having been, for a long time, the residence of some runaway slaves, who, by cultivating a little ground near the top, contrived to eke out a living. At length they were discovered, and a party of soldiers being sent, the whole were seized, with the exception of one old woman, who sooner than again be led into slavery, dashed herself to pieces from the summit of the mountain. In a Roman matron this would have been called the noble love of freedom; in a poor negress it is mere brutal obstinacy.

During our stay at an estate on the river Macahe, I was very near being an eye-witness to one of those atrocious acts which can only take place in a slave country. Owing to a quarrel and a lawsuit, the owner

was on the point of taking all the women and children from the male slaves, and selling them separately at the public auction at Rio. Self-interest, and not any feeling of pity, prevented this act. Indeed, I do not believe the inhumanity of separating thirty families, who had lived together for many years, ever occurred to the owner. Yet I will pledge myself that in humanity and good feeling he was better than the common run of men. It may be said there is no limit to the blindness of interest and selfish habit. I may mention one very trifling incident which, at the time, struck me more forcibly than any story of cruelty. I was crossing a ferry with a negro who was uncommonly stupid. In endeavoring to make him understand, I talked loud and made signs, in doing which I passed my hand near his face. He, I suppose, thought I was in a passion and was going to strike him, for instantly, with a frightened look and half-shut eyes, he dropped his hands. I shall never forget my feelings of surprise, disgust, and shame at seeing a great powerful man afraid even to ward off a blow, directed, as he thought, at his face. This man had been trained to a degradation lower than the slavery of the most helpless animal.

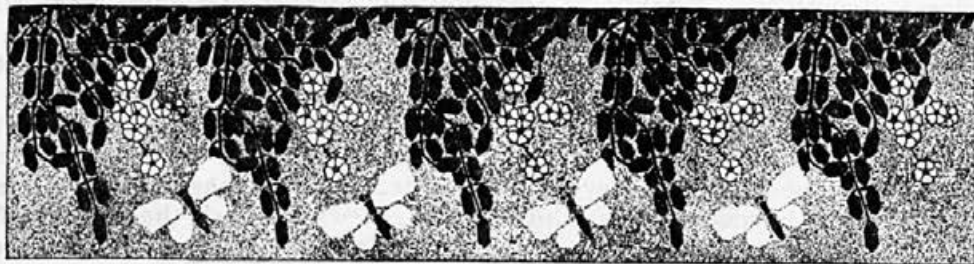
On the 19th of August, 1836, we finally left the shores of Brazil. I hope I shall never again visit a slave country. To this day, if I hear a distant scream, it recalls with painful vividness my feelings when, passing a house near Pernambuco, I heard the most pitiable moans, and could not but suspect that some poor slave was being tortured, yet knew that I was as powerless as a child even to remonstrate. I suspected that these moans were from a tortured slave, for I was told that this was the case in another instance. Near Rio de Janeiro I lived opposite to an old lady who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I have stayed in a house where a young household mulatto, daily

and hourly, was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy, six or seven years old, struck thrice with a horsewhip (before I could interfere) on his naked head, for having handed me a glass of water not quite clean. I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye. These latter cruelties were witnessed by me in a Spanish colony, in which it has always been said that slaves are better treated than by the Portuguese, English, or other European nations. I will not even allude to the many heart-sickening atrocities which I heard of on good authority; nor would I have mentioned the above revolting details, had I not met with several people so blinded by the natural gayety of the negro as to speak of slavery as a tolerable evil. Such people have generally visited at the houses of the upper classes, where the domestic slaves are usually well treated—and they have not, like myself, lived among the lower classes. Such inquirers will ask slaves about their condition; they forget that the slave must indeed be dull who does not calculate on the chance of his answer reaching his master's ears.

It is argued that self-interest will prevent excessive cruelty; as if self-interest protected our domestic animals, which are far less likely than degraded slaves to stir up the rage of their savage masters. One day, riding in the Pampas with a very respectable planter (*estanciero*), my horse, being

tired, lagged behind. The man often shouted to me to spur him. When I remonstrated that it was a pity, for the horse was quite exhausted, he cried out, "Why not? Never mind; spur him—it is *my* horse." I had then some difficulty in making him understand that it was for the horse's sake, and not on his account, that I did not choose to use my spurs. He exclaimed, with a look of great surprise, "Ah, Don Carlos que cosa!" (what an idea). It was clear that such an idea had never before entered his head.

Those who look tenderly at the slave-owner, and with a cold heart at the slave, never seem to put themselves in the position of the latter. What a cheerless picture, with not even a hope of change? Picture to yourself the chance, ever hanging over you, of your wife and little children being torn from you and sold to the highest bidder! And these deeds are done and excused by men who profess to love their neighbors as themselves—who believe in God, and pray that his will be done on earth! It makes one's blood boil, yet heart tremble, to think that we Englishmen, and our American descendants, with their boastful cry of liberty, have been and are so guilty: but it is a consolation to reflect that we, at least, have made a greater sacrifice than was ever made by any nation to expiate our sin. (Slavery was finally abolished in the British West Indies in 1834—1838; in the United States by the civil war of 1861—1865.)



Remember Rover.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

(Conclusion.)

"But Orpheus has gone to town."

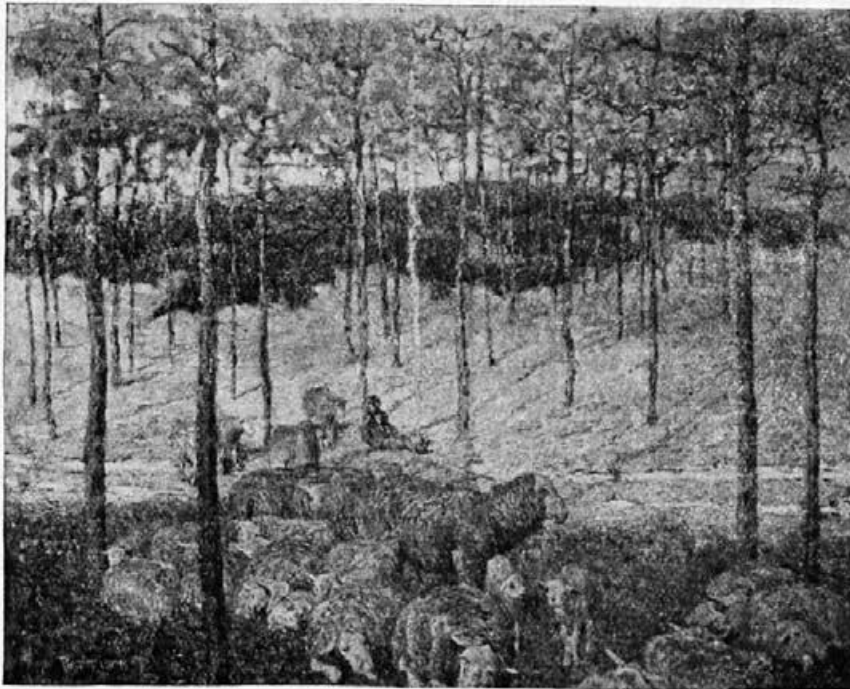
"Well, we'll do it in the morning."

That would have been all right, too, but just then the *Bright Star* came around the lower end of Buffalo Island and steered for the two barges. I went cold, I tell you! The only thing I could think of doing was to get Mr. Edwin Skreever, so we ran to our

the barges out into the river and away. We watched them until they were just dim red and green lights far down the river. Then we went back to the cottage.

We were scared, I tell you! We thought maybe that man would stay nailed down inside that barge until he starved to death and some day his bones would be found and we would be arrested and, maybe,

Chicago Art Institute.



Tranquility.

James Wm. Pattison.

cottage and called and shouted, but he was not there. We guessed he had gone down to town as had threatened to do, maybe, so we ran down the path to the barges. The men were already throwing off the cables. They were pretty cross, too, because they don't like to work at night, and they wouldn't listen to us. They told us to get away from there and they chased us. We had to stand and see the *Bright Star* tow

hung. And then, as if that wasn't bad enough, we saw Mr. Edwin Skreever's motor boat tied in front of the cottage! He hadn't gone down to town. Then we were scared! Ten times over!

We sat in the cabin until it was awful late, hoping Mr. Edwin Skreever was only out somewhere hunting Rover, but he did not come. We couldn't fool ourselves. We knew we had nailed May's bridegroom in-

side that barge and sent him down the river—nobody could tell how far, perhaps all the way to New Orleans! And the wedding was the next day!

Well, it was terrible! We tried to think that we had not done anything wrong—that we had only tried to keep our dog from being stolen—but it was no comfort. About midnight we heard the creak of Orpheus Cadwallader's oars as he rowed home from town, but that did not comfort us much, either. We went to sleep right there in the living room of the cottage, thinking what would happen to us the next day when the wedding time came and there was no Mr. Edwin Skreever. I dreamed awful things all night, but the worst was a dream of May. She was all dressed up in her wedding clothes, with a white veil and flowers, and when it came time to be married Mr. Edwin Skreever was not there, so she wept and wept. Mother and Father were very stern and cross and Mother said, "Well, there is no help for it; you will have to marry Rover!" so they dragged Rover in, yowling and pulling back, and Father and Mr. Smale held him up on his hind legs and then, all of a sudden, Rover gave a big wiggle and turned into a pile of rusty nails. Then May wept again and in came Mr. Edwin Skreever, but he was nothing but bones—just plain skeleton bones. He pointed his bone finger at me and opened his bone face and I thought he was going to speak but he didn't. He let out a noise like Mr. Jack Betts' *Skittery III*.

That woke me up and, sure enough, I was hearing the noise of the *Skittery III*. It wakened Wampus, too, and we went to the door, rubbing our eyes. The *Skittery III* swung in toward our cottage and Mr. Jack Betts shut off her power and taxied in. He jumped ashore and climbed up the rocks.

"Hello, young fellows!" he said. "May and your folks sent me up; they've changed their minds—want you and Skreever to come down right away and not wait until noon."

"Well—" I said. "Well; all right."

"What's all the welling about, son?" Mr. Jack Betts asked.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I guess there isn't going to be any wedding. I guess maybe Mr. Edwin Skreever won't be there."

"He isn't here," said Wampus.

Then I thought of something.

"Unless you would be the bridegroom," I said to Mr. Jack Betts. "I guess May wouldn't like to get all ready for a wedding and not have one. I guess, when she's got her dress and the house all decorated and everything—"

"My word!" said Mr. Jack Betts laughing. "What are you trying to do? Are you asking me to marry your sister?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"As a substitute? My word!"

"Well—well—" I said, and then he laughed again.

"What's all this about Ed Skreever not being here and not being there and not being anywhere?" he asked.

So I told him and Wampus told him. We both told him at the same time. We told him how we had nailed Mr. Edwin Skreever into the hold of the barge "U. S. 420" and sent him down the river. We said we were sorry but maybe the *Bright Star* would tow him all the way to New Orleans before he could get out. We told him the whole thing.

"My word!" he cried, when he could stop laughing. "My word! I wouldn't have missed this for a million dollars; no, not for two million! For eight million dollars I would let the stuck-up fellow stay in the barge. I would for ten million dollars, anyway. But, no! I like May too much. We can't have May 'waiting at the church'."

"It isn't going to be at the church," I said. "It is going to be at our house."

Mr. Jack Betts looked at me then.

"George," he said, "you are wonderful! You are just wonderful—no other word for it! Come on, you two boys; we'll go get that interned bridegroom."

Well, that was the only time I ever rode in the *Skittery III*, and I don't know whether I want to ride in her again or not. I was scared every inch of the way—every single inch. It was like being shot out of a gun or something. Mr. Jack Betts certainly could make the *Skittery III* go. They skittered down the river and were past the town

before I caught my breath and we were miles below town before I could breathe my breath after I caught it, and then there was the *Bright Star* lazying along twelve miles below town and Mr. Jack Betts shut off his gas and slid up alongside and told the captain what he had come for. The captain shouted to the pilot and he jingled a bell and the *Bright Star* backed water and half a dozen hands ran forward over the willows and pried off the hatch over and out came Rover and Mr. Edwin Skreever.

"A nice business!" Mr. Edwin Skreever said bitterly. "A fine hole to be in! I'll smell of tar all the rest of my days. But you young rascals will suffer for this—I promise you that!"

We thought we would, too.

"Oh, no, now, Edwin!" Mr. Jack Betts said. "Come, now! That's no way to talk on your merry wedding morn. These boys meant no harm. Just forget it!"

"I'll not!" Mr. Edwin Skreever said, even more bitterly.

"Well, of course," said Mr. Jack Betts cheerfully, "I appreciate your feelings but this boat of mine—this *Skittery III*—is such a peculiar boat. She won't carry any but

forgetful people. I did hope you were forgetful, Edwin, so I could take you aboard and skitter you back to town in a couple of minutes. But if you really want to stay on this barge—"

For a minute Mr. Edwin Skreever scowled at us all, and then he grinned.

"All right! I've forgotten," he said.

We made a pretty heavy load for the *Skittery III*, but she skittered up past the town and up to Birch Island in no time at all. Then Mr. Edwin Skreever packed his things and Mr. Jack Betts skittered away and Mr. Edwin Skreever and Wampus and I went down to town in the motor boat. Rover rode on the stern seat.

When we went up to our house May was standing at the gate looking for us. She waved her hand as soon as she saw us and when we reached the gate she took Mr. Edwin Skreever's hand and said some soft stuff to him, and then she said:

"And you didn't forget Rover, did you, Edwin?"

"No," he said, "I didn't forget him. And I don't believe I ever will."

I don't believe he will, either.

Chopin,

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

When you hear Chopin's music you must remember that its composer was half a Pole and half a Frenchman. For his father was a Frenchman and his mother a Pole.

Now the French have always been noted for writing beautifully graceful and neat music, and the Poles are very fond of wild dances, and besides this have been so much oppressed that in their music you often find something very sad or very fierce. And one or other of these various qualities, French and Polish, you generally find in the lovely piano pieces Chopin wrote.

A Boy Pianist.

When little Frederic was only nine years old he had become quite well known

as a clever pianist. The rich Polish noblemen used to send for him to perform at their houses, and one day he had an invitation to take part in a great public concert.

This was the first time Frederic had performed before a large audience, and there was great excitement in the Chopin household. The little boy was dressed with great care. He stood on a chair and his mother put his best clothes on him.

There was one thing which he had never worn before, and he was very proud of it. His mother was not able to go to the concert, and when he came back she asked him, "Well, what did the people like best? And instead of naming one of his piano pieces

the little chap exclaimed, 'Oh, Mother, every one was looking at *my collar!*'

At this concert Frederic played a piano-forte concerto. This, as you probably know, is a piece in which the solo instrument, the piano, has the chief part, but a full orchestra plays too. Sometimes piano plays alone, and sometimes the orchestra, and sometimes they both play together. To play a Piano Concerto well is a great feat.

How Frederic tamed rough people.

At that time Warsaw was ruled by the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, and he was said by everybody there to be a very violent and brutal man. But when Frederic played to him, as he often did, the Great Duke was always as kind and gentle as possible.

But there are some people even harder to tame than Grand Dukes, and these are—*schoolboys!* Now Frederic's father had a school, and one day, when he was out, the master left in charge could not keep order.

Whilst the uproar was at its height Frederic came in and begged the boys to be quiet whilst he played them a story on the piano. Then they kept as still as mice, and the young pianist put out the lights and began to play. As he did so he told them what the music meant. It was all about robbers, who tried to get into a house with ladders, but were frightened by a noise and ran away. They came to a dark wood and lay down to sleep.

When the story got to this point Frederic played more softly until not only the robbers, but his hearers too, dropped off, one by one, to sleep.

Then he stopped playing and crept quietly out of the room to fetch his mother and sisters, so that they should have a good laugh at the sleepers. They brought lights into the room and then Frederic struck a loud chord on the piano to waken the boys.

You can imagine they all had some fun out of this incident. Is this tale true? What

do you think? Can boys be lulled to sleep as easily as that?

How he played to the Emperor of Russia, and then began to see the world.

When Frederic was fourteen the Emperor of Russia came to Warsaw. Probably the people of Warsaw were proud of their young pianist, for he was asked to play before the Emperor.

All this time Frederic had hardly been outside his native city, and it was not until he was nineteen that he began to see the world. It chanced that a professor of natural history was going to Berlin, to attend a great congress of naturalists. So it was arranged that Frederic should go with him, and that whilst the professor was attending his lectures and meetings the youth should go to concerts and the opera, and also make the acquaintance of the musicians of Berlin.

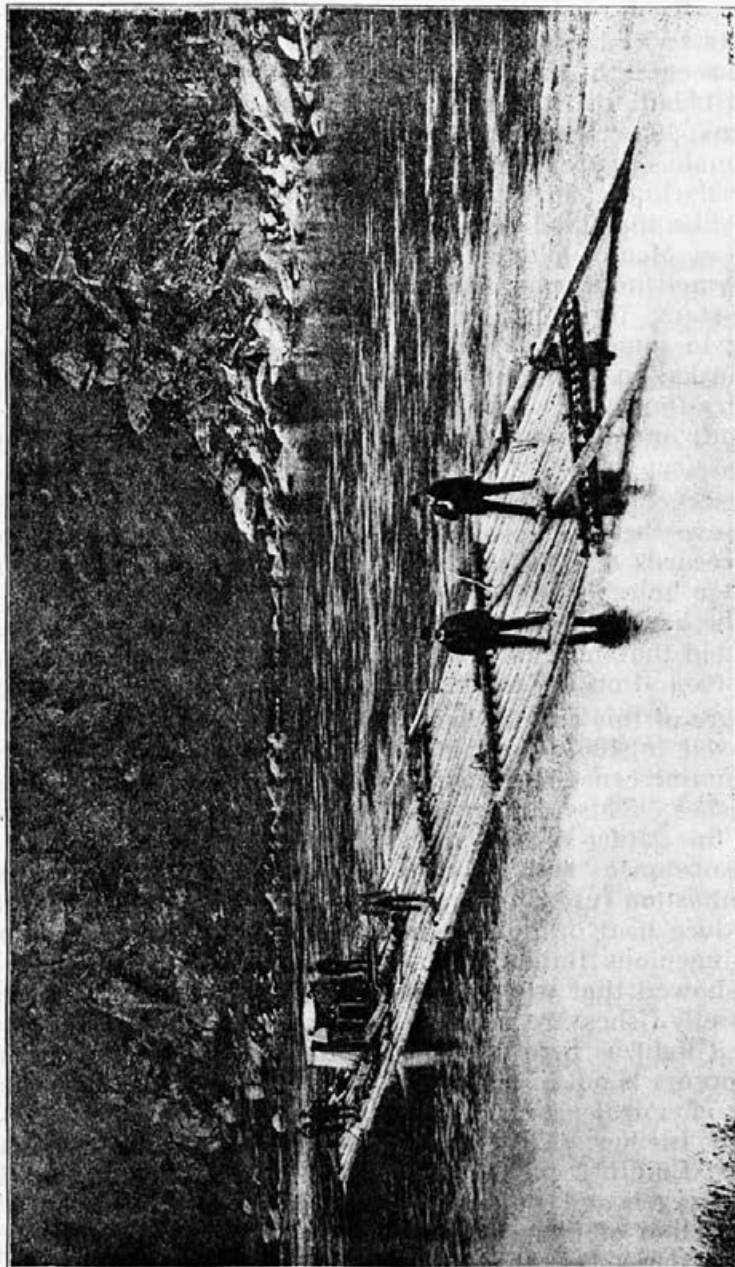
Mendelssohn, who was the same age as Chopin, and who then lived in Berlin, was present at the Congress, but Chopin did not like to introduce himself to him, because Mendelssohn had already become famous, whereas he himself was almost unknown outside his home city.

Pianist at the Inn.

In those days travelling was, of course, done by coach, and when the professor and the young pianist came to a certain little town they stopped to change horses.

In the inn parlor Chopin found a grand piano, so he began to play. The landlord and the landlady and their daughters were delighted, and so were all the coach passengers. For some time the coach could not start, for the people would not get into it. When at last Chopin stopped playing the landlady and her daughters came to the coach after him, bringing lovely cakes to eat on the way, and wine to refresh him on the dusty road.

(To be continued).



Floating the Logs.

Luminous Animals.

The production of light by animals is a phenomenon which occurs more widely than is generally realized. It is known in no fewer than thirty-six orders of animals, and there does not seem to be much rhyme or reason in its distribution. It is seen in various Infusorians like *Noctiluca*, the Nightlight, which makes the sea sparkle in the short summer darkness; in numerous Stinging Animals, like the fixed Sea-Pens and the Portuguese Men-of-War of the open sea; in sundry marine worms; in star-fishes and brittle-stars; in many crustaceans and insects; in some squids and in two or three mollusks; in compound Ascidians, like the Fire-flame, by whose light one can see to read; and in many fishes, especially from the deep sea.

Animal luminescence (light-showing) does not occur above the level of fishes. There have been records of light-showing in a few freshwater animals, e.g., in the larvae of one of the harlequin-flies, but it is usually maintained that "animal lights" occur only in the sea and on dry land.

What is the nature of this animal light? Robert Boyle proved in 1667 that air is necessary for the luminescence of decaying wood and dead fishes. This implies that what occurs is of the nature of an oxidation (union of substance with oxygen chemically) or combustion (union of chemicals so as to produce heat or light). In 1794 the not less ingenious Italian naturalist Spallanzani showed that when dried parts of luminous elly-fishes are remoistened they will emit light as before. This implies that what occurs is not in the strict sense *vital*. It is a chemical process. But it is possible to go further. The theory may be stated thus: Luminescence occurs in the presence of oxygen and water, and is due to the interaction of two different substances. One of these, the *luciferase*, acts like a ferment on the other, *luciferin*, and oxidizes it or accelerates its oxidation, with the result that light is produced, as in some other rapid chemical processes.

A body that gives off light-rays because of its high temperature is laid to be *in-*

candescent. But when the emission of light is due to some other cause we use the term *luminescent*. All animal light is "cold light," for not only is it produced apart from high temperature, but it is all light without any heat. Thus the luminescence of the fire-fly has been called "the cheapest form of light," for none of the energy is lost in the form of heat, and it would be great gain if man could learn the fire-fly's method.

Moreover, the animal light is all *visible* light; it has no infra-red or ultra-violet rays. Yet it behaves in general like ordinary light—it affects a photographic plate; it can produce phosphorescence (light without heat) and fluorescence (light caused by external light) in various substances; it causes plant seedlings to bend towards it; and it stimulates the formation of chlorophyll (the green-coloring matter contained in plants; leaf-green).

The Marquis de Folin, who led one of the French deep-sea expeditions, describes the surprise and delight of the naturalists on board the exploring vessel when they first saw the dredge brought up in the darkness from a great abyss. There were many coral animals, shrub-like in form, which threw off "flashes of light beside which the twenty torches used for working by were pale. Some of these corals were carried into the laboratory, where the lights were put out. There was a moment of magic, the most marvelous spectacle that was given to man to admire. Every point of the chief branches and twigs of the coral *Isis* threw out brilliant jets of fire, now paling, now reviving again, to pass from violet to purple, from red to orange, from bluish to different tones of green, and sometimes to the white of over-heated iron. The pervading color was greenish, the others appeared only in transient flashes, and melted into the green again. Minute by minute the glory lessened, as the animals died, and at the end of a quarter of an hour they were all like dead and withered branches. But while they were at their best one could read by their light the

finest print of a newspaper at a distance of six yards." In the corals the luminescence was diffuse, in other cases it was localized in organ. Thus one of the cuttlefishes had about twenty luminous spots, "like gleaming jewels, ultra-marine, ruby-red, sky-blue, and silvery."

When a living creature simply exudes a luminous secretion, or glows as it oxidizes certain complex substances in various parts of its body, it is quite possible that the luminescence is not as much of any importance in the everyday life of the creature. It may be no more than the by-play of something more vital, a side-track in the metabolism (the sum of the constructive and the destructive processes) of the body. Thus no one feels bound to search for a use of the luminescence of certain bacteria or of the *eggs* of fire-flies. But the case is wholly different when an elaborate luminous organ has been evolved. Then there must be a use. But most of the suggestions in the field are highly speculative.

(1) In some cases the luminescence may possibly serve to scare away intruders, or, if it is intermittent, to distract predatory animals. Perhaps a sea-pen suddenly illumined may warn off intruders. (2) In some cases the light may be a lure attracting booty in the darkness of deep waters, and it is striking that the luminous organ of an abyssal fish is sometimes pendent on a tentacle hanging down in front of the

mouth. (3) In other cases the light may serve as a lantern, enabling deep-sea squids and fishes, for instance to find their way about in the darkness. But this interpretation is only applicable when the hypothetical lantern is hung in an appropriate place, which is far from being generally true. (4) In many cases the luminous organs have a very definite pattern, e. g., on the side of the body of the fish. In the dark waters this pattern may facilitate the recognition of kin by kin. (5) In some cases the facts certainly suggest that the light is used as a sex-signal. It is noteworthy that the toad-fish, *Porichthys*, is luminous only during the breeding season.

In the meadows around Bologna the female fire-fly may sometimes be seen in the evening among the grass. Numerous males fly about overhead. It looks as if the approach of a male served as the stimulus to the female to let her light shine forth. It looks as if he saw her signal—these things are difficult to prove—at any rate, he is soon beside her, circling round like a dancing elf. But one suitor is not enough. The female attracts a levee. Her suitors form a circle around her on the ground, and flashes pass to and from. The luminous rhythm of the males is more rapid, with briefer flashes; while that of the female is more prolonged, but with longer intervals. (For further information regarding Luminous Animals, consult "The Nature of Animal Light" by E. Newton Harvey.)

Nature's Protest.

No day is holier than its sister day,
But all were made for work and love and play.
Why, look in Nature—what there do you find?
Are not all days alike—all of a kind?
On Sunday does the Sun not still arise,
And paint the heavens—illumine the eastern
skies?

Do not the breezes wave the pleasant air?
Are not the peaks as high—the mountains fair?
Are not the birds as high—sing as loud and glad?
The birds, do not they sing as loud and glad?
The Moon in her high glory roll as sad
Through the blue ether? Does she hold her
course,

Because 'tis Sunday? Does the giant force
Of rivers mighty keep their waters, or
The clouds less swiftly o'er the horizon pour,

Because 'tis Sunday? Does the fleecy flock
Delay its step—the saucy echo mock
The distant hills less loudly, or the flower
All light-enameled in its summer bower,

The Sun's bright eye less seek, or shun the breeze
Which woos it from among the whispering trees,
Because 'tis Sunday? No—'Tis Nature's plan,
All days should be alike. Why not with man?

—Andrew F. Burleigh, Jr.



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Your Worst Enemy.

Carelessness is one of America's greatest enemies, with *Fire* as a chief ally. With *carelessness* as a leader, *Fire* conquers and devours all within its path until it is checked by Man.

Do you know that *carelessness* in the United States burns over 15,000 people every year, mostly women and children, and injures and maims over 17,000? It destroys property every year to the extent of nearly \$500,000,000.

Carelessness is more powerful than the combined armies of the world. It spares no one, and finds victims among the rich and poor, the young and old, the sick and healthy, the strong and weak, and makes many widows and orphans. It kills many thousands of wage earners every year. It

is relentless. It is everywhere—in the home, on the street, in the factory, and in the school. It brings sickness, death and devastation. It destroys, crushes and maims. It gives nothing but takes all.

Beware of all fire hazards. Never throw a match away until you are sure every spark is out. Keep your gas flames protected by globes, as far from curtains and other inflammable objects as possible. Be careful of kerosene and gasoline. Oil lamps, and stoves, if you use them, should never be filled while they are lighted. Never leave an electric device such as a flat-iron toaster, etc., even for a minute without making sure that the current is turned off.

Carelessness is your worst enemy. Be careful!

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 4.

(4) What is the difference between a dime dated 1899 and a new dollar?

Answer to Puzzle No. 3.

His own nose.

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 3.

Mary Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.
 Louis Zgonc, Chisholm, Minn.
 Dorothy Ladiha, Clinton, Ind.
 Bartone Benedict, Columbus, Kansas.
 Mary Ostervich, Chisholm, Minn.
 Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.
 Simon Repovsh, Pittsburg, Kansas.
 Ethel Turk, Nokomis, Ill.
 Anna Pasick, Bear Creek, Mont.
 Frances Vracher, Pittsburg, Kans.
 Mary Mesnarich, Britt, Ia.

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 2.

(Too late for the last number.)

Mary Bizjak, Herminie, Pa.
 Rudie Raspet, Delmont, Pa.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—

Last time I wrote in Slovenian, but now I will write in English. — During the last week of March we had a Spring vacation. I will tell you what we did during that time. We played baseball all day almost. We have two baseball teams, the Reds and the Blues. We played three games Monday. The scores were: Reds 6, Blue 4; Reds 9, Blues 10; Reds 3, Blues 0.—Thursday found us ready to fly our kites in the gentle breeze. We were holding our kites and sitting on the large rock watching the kites in the air when all at once a strong gust of wind came and tore the kite strings in two. On Wednesday we were again flying our kites all day. On Thursday we played awhile until 10 o'clock, when it became suddenly cold. Friday night it began to snow. Saturday was very cold. — I'd like to

ask you what the answer to this puzzle is: "Four eyes and can't see, what is it?" —
 Frank Kreffel, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the Ml. L. very much. I am sorry that I cannot write you a letter in Slovenian, because I am still learning. My mother is my teacher in Slovenian and I am her teacher in English. I'm very fond of the stories and poems in the Ml. L. I am 12 years of age and in sixth grade. You see I am the only child in the family so I make good use of the Ml. L. I am not writing a very long letter for I am afraid it would take too much of your time.

Angeline Lepej, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I can read Slovenian, but I cannot write in Slovenian. I am in the seventh grade. I like the Ml. L., especially now as the issue is larger. There is only one school in our village and it has six rooms. It is situated on a hill. My sister also likes our Ml. L. I have to walk a long way to West Newton, where I get our mail. Your friend,

Mary Yamnik, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter in the Ml. L. I am always waiting for another issue. I am enjoying the stories and puzzles very much. My mother reads the Slovenian stories to us. I have two brothers who also like to read the stories. I am in the sixth grade and am twelve years old. We ride to school in the bus. We play baseball in school. Sometimes we play tennis. But I like baseball better, it is one of my greatest sports. — I wish there would be some stories of Oliver Twist. I am just crazy at the little Jackie Coogan. Not very long ago we each paid 25c in school and we went to South Hibbing to the State Theatre to see Jackie as Oliver Twist. I think Jackie is a very smart little boy. He got in the rôle of Oliver Twist such a cute face I could never tire looking at it. Mary Kutzler, Buhl, Minn.

Dear Editor:

I love the Ml. L. very much and I am trying to read and write Slovenian. I hope I will soon learn. I cannot yet read the Slovenian stories. My father always reads our magazine and he tells me about the stories. He likes Ml. L. very much. When the last number came I went to the mailbox. I opened it as soon as I got home and looked if my answers were right. But I was sorry that I didn't think harder in puzzle No. 2. — I am reading the story 'Remember Rover'. I like it very much and I hope that May and Skreever will have a happy wedding. At any rate I hope the story will end pleasantly. I go to school and study hard. I love to read very much and when I look at a book I can't put it down. I have read 21 books this year. They were the books from the school library and some of our neighbors' girls let me read some of their books. I almost read all the books in the school library and wish they get some new books.

Mary Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I live on a farm. It is very nice here. But there is one thing I can't enjoy: I do not get to play in the snow as much as the boys and girls do farther north. The largest snow we had was one inch thick. Today—the 18 of March—is the coldest day we had this winter. Soon will come the hot summer. Then we will go swimming, fishing, horseback riding, etc. I am 13 years old and in the 7. grade. I can talk the Slovenian language but cannot read it. Mother learns me everytime the Ml. L. comes. This is my first time I am writing to you.

Anna Raunikar, Hartshorne, Okla.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am very much delighted with Ml. L. I am greatly interested in all the stories, jokes and puzzles. I wish just the same as all the other young Slovenians do: to have it published oftener than just once a month. — I am fourteen years old and going to Northern High School.

Jennie Kenich, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I appreciate our Ml. L. very much but most of all I like is the Slovenian Grammar, which is a great help to me at home and at school. I can hardly wait till it comes and when I do receive it I am always first to see it.

Mary Bizjak, Herminie, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Here in our town we have two schools, a public and a catholic. All the Slovenian children go to the Public School, because we learn much better in the public school than in the catholic. All of the Slovenian children here belong to the lodge 122 S. N. P. J. We get the Ml. L. every month. I read all of it the first day I get it. I wish it would come twice a month.

Alizabeh Smrekar, Aliquippa, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am sending in two puzzles which I solved. They were a little hard, but I got it at last. I enjoy reading the Ml. L. I wish it would come every week. I solved some puzzles before already but I never did send any in. Since I've been getting the Ml. L. I learned to read and write a little Slovenian. I am twelve years old and in the 5th grade. Your friend,

Anna Potisek, Girard, Kans.

* * *

Dear Editor:

The snow is melting out here and the grass is peeping out of the ground. The trees are budding. And the children in our school have had started to play ball the second day of April. I did not play that day because the ball was wet and it didn't go far when I bat at it.

I am thirteen years old and in sixth grade. I like to read the stories in the Ml. L.; I like especially to crack the nuts; some of them are easy to crack, others are hard. But I try very hard to crack them. I always want to read in the Slovenian language, but I don't know some of the words. I am interested in an kind of books or magazines, where I can find a story about a naughty boy or girl. But most

I am interested in the Ml. L. My brother, my sister and I are the only Slovenian children in this school. My brother is sixteen years old, and my sister fourteen.

Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.

MORE HEAD THAN HEART.

Mother: Jessie, the next time you hurt that kittie, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it I'll slap you. If you pull its ears I'll pull yours. If you pinch it I'll pinch you.

Jessie: (after a moment's thought) Mamma, I'll pull its tail.

gone home to the brains of her students, she inquired:

"Now, Jimmy, which would you rather have—one apple or two halves?"

The little chap promptly replied:

"Two halves, you bet."

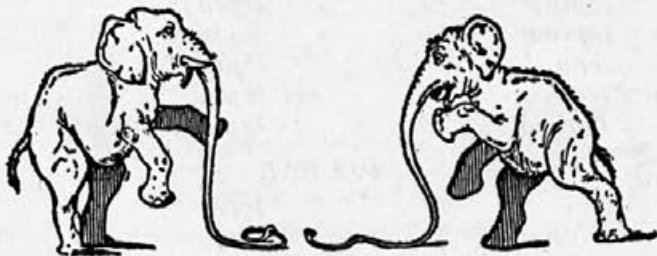
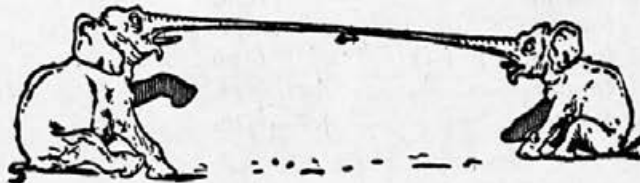
"Oh, Jimmy," exclaimed the young woman, a little disappointedly, "why would you prefer two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was bad inside."

* * *

"You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me into his room and strops me three or four times a week."



A Story Without Words.

A group of youngsters were off for the 'old swimming hole'. Stopping on their way, they called for one of their pals, whose mother shortly appeared at the door. "We're going swimming, Mrs. Schmidt. Can Henry come?"

"No, indeed" she asserted. "My Heine can't go swimming 'til he knows how!"

* * *

THE SUSPICIOUS BOY.

The teacher had been explaining fractions to her class.

When she had discussed the subject at length, wishing to discover how much the lesson had

BEGINNING EARLY.

Little Girl: "Mother, when I get to heaven, will I play with the little angels?"

Mother: "Yes, darling, you will."

Little Girl: "And don't you fink, mother, if I'm very, very dood, they will let me play with a lickle devil sometimes?"

* * *

Mother to Jackie: I wonder if a horse is not cold walking in the cold weather?

Jackie: I don't know, mother; I never was a horse yet.

blurred handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

(Continued.)

EXERCISES.

Point out all the nouns in the following sentences, and then decline them in full.
Ta deklica ima moj nož, oni mož ima mojo knjižo. (This girl has my knife, that man has my book.)

Iz okna naše hiše sem videl na vrtu tvojo hčerko. (From the window of our house I saw your daughter in the garden.)

Moja teta je prišla včeraj iz Bostona. (My aunt came yesterday from Boston.)

Vprašal sem gospoda Dularja, koliko je ura. Odgovoril mi je, da ne ve, ker je zgubil svojo uro. (I asked Mr. Dular what time it was. He replied that he did not know, for he had lost his watch.)

V.

ADJECTIVES.

An Adjective is a word used to qualify or limit the meaning of a noun or pronoun: *priden deček* (a good boy), *velika hiša* (a large house).

Adjectives are declined as follows:

SINGULAR

	Masculine	Feminine	Neuter
N.	<i>lep, lepi</i> (beautiful)	<i>lepa</i>	<i>lepo, rdeče</i>
G.	<i>lepega</i>	<i>lepe</i>	<i>lepega</i>
D.	<i>lepemu</i>	<i>lepi</i>	<i>lepemu</i>
A.	<i>lepega, lep (-i)</i>	<i>lepo</i>	<i>lepo, rdeče</i>
L.	<i>pri lepem</i>	<i>pri lepi</i>	<i>pri lepem</i>
I.	<i>z lepim</i>	<i>z lepo</i>	<i>z lepim.</i>

DUAL

N.	<i>lepa</i>	<i>lepi</i>	<i>lepi</i>
G.	<i>lepih</i>	<i>lepih</i>	<i>lepih</i>
D.	<i>lepima</i>	<i>lepima</i>	<i>lepima</i>
A.	<i>lepa</i>	<i>lepi</i>	<i>lepi</i>
L.	<i>pri lepih</i>	<i>pri lepih</i>	<i>pri lepih</i>
I.	<i>z lepima</i>	<i>z lepima</i>	<i>z lepima.</i>

PLURAL

N.	<i>lepi</i>	<i>lepe</i>	<i>lepa</i>
G.	<i>lepih</i>	<i>lepih</i>	<i>lepih</i>
D.	<i>lepim</i>	<i>lepim</i>	<i>lepim</i>
A.	<i>lepe</i>	<i>lepe</i>	<i>lepa</i>
L.	<i>pri lepih</i>	<i>pri lepih</i>	<i>pri lepih</i>
I.	<i>z lepimi</i>	<i>z lepimi</i>	<i>z lepimi.</i>

Note: *lepi* in Nom. Sing. Mas. and *lep (-i)* in Accus. Sing. Mas. are the only definite forms of the declension of adjectives. Definite forms are used when the person or thing is known: *ljubi oče* (dear father).

Uses of the Adjective.

The adjective may be used substantively: *mlado in staro* (young and old).

The adjective may be used as an absolute predicate or following the noun directly: *drevo je zeleno* (the tree is green); *našel sem ga mrtvega*, (I found him dead.)

(To be continued.)

P 3 to be continued