

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Andrej Kobal:

## RAZGOVOR O DOMOVINI

*MLADI:*

Dragi oče, draga mati!  
Kje so hribi in doline,  
kje bleste snežniki zlati,  
ko gre solnce za planine?  
Ali ste v knjigah brali  
o prelepih solnčnih krajih,  
se v mislih radovali  
po povestnih logih, gajih?  
Vse nedelje pri odmoru,  
ko s prijatelji ste zbrani,  
pojete v veselem zboru  
o deželi nam neznani.

*STARI:*

O deželi nismo brali,  
nismo čuli pravljic praznih;  
sami kras smo njen poznali:  
prišli smo iz sel prijaznih.  
Smo pustili domovino  
daleč, daleč za vodami,  
zavabljeni smo šli v tujino  
z domov rodnih med gorami.

*MLADI:*

Kje vam je dežela rodna,  
ki je niste pozabili;  
kje ležijo polja plodna,  
hribi, doli, gaji mili?

*STARI:*

Tam kjer zadnji val Jadrana  
s peno breg kamniti spira,  
dviga kraška se poljana,  
ki čudesa v tleh zapira.  
Brda žlahtna in Vipavo  
spaja solnčni kraj Gorica,

koder Rožni dol z Dobravo  
diči teloh, mak, zlatica.  
Soča se v strugo stiska  
v dolih Krna, Matajurja;  
porodila se je iz bliska  
in triglavskega neurja.

Z druge strani velikana  
dvojčka iz pečin hitita,  
od jezer, gozdov obdana  
v Savo bistro se spojita.  
Mimo holmov, gradov starih,  
preko ravnih polj gorenjskih,  
mimo Kranja, Lok škofovskih  
teče do hribov dolenskih.  
Jo Ljublanica napaja,  
lena, zagonetna voda,  
ki se zgublja in poraja;  
mesta v nji blestj podoba.  
Kamniku okras Planine,  
vrt narcisu Karavanke,  
ko Korošec spe iz doline,  
služijo mu podkovanke.

Tiha Drava obiskuje  
mesta, trge in vasice,  
kovač kraj nje na vodo kuje  
melje mlinar za potice.  
Sapa s Kleka se igra  
z jezera zelenim valom,  
lan in ajda kraj brega  
z gibata se pod udarom.  
Z Dravograda do Trbiža,  
Črne v Meži do Celovca  
jezik naš rodove bliža  
gosposvetskega potomca.

Biser štajerske dežele  
 stari je Slovenski gradec,  
 med Pohorjem, Urško goro  
 žubori Mislinje padec.  
 Korošica obiskuje  
 Maribora bele ceste,  
 za Goricami odpluje,  
 veseli se Ptuj neveste.  
 Iz Ljutomera sladko vino  
 sosed preko Mure vozi  
 mu Bizeljsko da črnino,  
 pokušuje v Halozi.

Daleč onostran Gorjancev  
 Belokranjec meji s Hrvati,  
 v Mestu naleti Poljancev,  
 sreča z drugimi se brati.

Kranjska, Štajerska, Koroška  
 naše so dežele rodne  
 solčna vodi v nje Primorska,  
 kjer začno gorice plodne.

## Velasquez

**M**ED NAJBOLJŠE slikarje vseh časov prištevamo Španca Velasqueza, ki se je rodil leta 1599. Njegov oče je bil Portugalec Juan Rodriguez de Silva in njegova mati Geromina Velasquez, doma iz Sevilje na južnem Španskem. Slikar si je po španskem običaju ohranil ime po materi. Starša sta bila dokaj premožna in jima je bilo lahko poslati sina v najboljšo slikarsko šolo. Učil se je Velasquez pridno, toda občutiti je moral že v svoji zgodnji mladosti sovražstvo, ki so ga ljudje izkazali napram njemu. Radi predsodkov namreč niso mogli strpeti, da bi se plemenitaški sin šel učiti za slikarja, kar je bilo gospodi poniževalno. Vendar je vztrajal in že kot trinajst let star deček prišel v šolo strogega Herrere, kateri je vidno vplival na njegov slikarski razvoj. Pozneje je Velasquez prišel v šolo k učenemu slikarju Pachecu. Tu se je učil pet let, potem pa se oženil s hčerko svojega učitelja. Tu je Velasquez prišel v dotiko z raznimi tedaj slavnimi slikarji, ki pa so danes radi njegove slave skoro docela pozabljeni.

Med svojim šolanjem je Velasquez zelo veliko čital. Poleg tega je preučeval najrazličnejše umetnike. Važno je tudi, da je pri svojem tastu dobil ugodna priporočila za Madrid, kamor se je podal. Po pismenih priporočilih je bil uveden v umetniške kroge in na dvor, kjer je dobil prvo delo, da naslika mladega kralja Filipa, kateri mu je bil v poznejših letih prijatelj in pokrovitelj.

V Madridu je Velasquez videl po palačah najboljše slike in se od teh učil, kakor so se učili razni drugi slikarji. Ko se je vrnil v Seviljo, je naslikal dokaj dobrih študij. To niso še bila mojstrska dela, kajti bil je še mlad in neizkušen in njegova dela več ali manj slikanje učenca. Le tu pa tam se je lotil česa težjega. Vendar se že v teh delih pokaže nekaj velikega, zlasti pa v slikanju ozadja, katero je pri Velasquezu najiminitnejše.

Štiriindvajset let star je Velasquez zopet dobil povabilo iz Madrida, kateremu se je takoj odzval. Na poti ga je spremljal kot suženj mulato Juan Pareja, kateri mu je služil pri neštetih slikah za model in ki je pozneje tudi postal njegov učenec ter dober slikar. V hiši svojega prijatelja v Madridu je Velasquez izdelal portret, ki je nekemu mlademu plemenitašu tako ugajal, da ga je takoj odnesel na dvor. Kralj je bil sam kos slikarja in se lotil mnogokatero umetnosti. Kot tak je bil Velasquezu naklonjen. Zanimarjal je politične dolžnosti in se čisto posvečal umetnostim. Tako se ni posebno čuditi, če povemo, da je Velasquez naslikal največ slik zanj in je njega samega slikal sedemintrideset let. Vsa ta

leta je bil Velasquez dvorni slikar. Plačan ni bil posebno visoko, je pa bil deležen ugodnosti, katere mu je zavidalo veliko dvorjanikov. Z namenom, da bi ga obsovražili pri kralju, so mu očitali, da ne zna napravljati drugega kakor glave. "Mi pa te delajo čast," jim je odgovoril Velasquez. "Nikogar ne poznam, ki bi jih boljše slikal."

Upoštevati moramo, da Velasquez ni slikal za splošno javnost. Prisvojil si ga je kraljevski dvor, kakor je na Laškem papeštvo v največji meri prisvajalo zase umetnike. Velasquezova publika je bil kralj sam, ki ga je neprestano posečal in sledil njegovim delom ali celo stal za model. Dalje mu je kralj svetoval, kaj naj slika, ter mu stal ob strani kot prijatelj.

Vendar je Velasquez imel še dolgo pot do izpopolnjenja. Pripravljal se je z neštetimi študijami. Celo mojstersko delo "Pijanci" (glej posnetek v zadnji novemberski izdaji M. L.) je še smatrano kot študija.

Gospoda se je zelo protivila Velasquezu. Nikakor niso mogli razumeti, kako da jemlje za predmete vagabunde, postopače, pritlikavce, pijance in berače ter jih potem imenuje s slavnimi imeni. Če bi ne imel tako mogočnega pokrovitelja, bi ga gotovo uničili. Toda ravno na teh za gospodo neprimernih slikah je zapopadenega veliko mišljenja in skrbno delo daje slikam skoroda pesniško veličino. Naslikal je predmete, ki niso ugajali viteštvu, kakor na pr. slovitega "Don Kišota," ki je bil v resnici satira na vladujočo gospodo. Vendar ga je kralj obdaril in ko mu je dal dovoljenje, da potuje v Italijo preučevat mojstre, mu je plačal potne stroške, ki so znašali štiri sto zlatnikov.

V Italijo je Velasquez šel na priporočilo belgijskega umetnika Rubensa in pa tudi iz svojega lastnega nagiba. Želja vsakega šolanega Španca tedanjih dni je namreč bila, potovati po Italiji. Nekateri učenjaki trdijo, da je Rubens vplival na mladega Velasqueza, ali dejstvo je, da je že tedaj, ko sta se slikar-



**VELASQUEZ:**  
*Doña Margareta.*

ska velikana prvič sestala, Velasquez naslikal par največjih del po vzorcu katerih je v poznejšem razvoju skoro dosledno sledil, to je, da se ni nikdar ločil od popolnega realizma, katerega najdemo v "Pijancih."

Španci so v tistih časih zapovedovali precejšnjemu delu Italije in ker je Velasquez prišel s kupom priporočilnih pisem, so domačini na Laškem začeli sumiti, da je mogoče kakšen diplomat ali celo ovaduh. Njegov suženj in učenec Pareja je šel z njim. Ustavila sta se pri španskem poslaništvu v Benetkah. Tam je Velasquez s svojim radikalnim slikanjem slabo naletel, kajti Benečani s svojo razpadajočo družbo niso bili dovzetni za take stvari.

Potoval je po Italiji in bil za gosta pri odličnjakih. V Rimu je zašel med veliko skupino umetnikov ter prebil precej časa v sikstinski kapeli. Tu je dovršil dve največji deli. Na Španko pa se je povrnil čez dve leti in od tedaj je ostal na dvoru kralja nepretrgoma osemnajst let. Slikal je neprestano. Kralj mu je dal napraviti delavnico prav blizu svojega stanovanja, in sicer tako, da je iz delavnice videl tudi pokrajine. Pokrajine, ki služijo kot ozadje slikam, so nekaj, česar ne dobimo pri nobenem modernem umetniku in kar je pretežko opisati z besedami. Posnetki slik služijo kot najboljši opis.

Velasquez se je zdaj skokoma izpopolnjeval in njega slike iz poznejšega razvoja je težje preučevati. Slikal je tudi za španske potrebe, ki so bile menda največje v cerkvah, ter izdelal veliko nabožnih del.

Osemnajst nepretrganih let na dvoru smatrajo preučevalci kot drugo dobo v razvoju Velasqueza. Živel je skromno, skoraj neopazno in plače ni prejemal velike. Po tej dobi pa se je zopet podal v Italijo. Bilo mu je petdeset let in zaslovel je povsod v tujini. Vse slavne umetnike v Italiji je posetil in vsa njih dela preučil, končno pa se podal v Rim, kjer je za papeža Inocenta X. izdelal strašni portret. Opisati sliko tega človeka je skoraj nemogoče. Oči so škiljave in zvite, brada kozja, ustnice židovsko preračunjene in vsa figura do tolike resničnosti popolna, da je v resnici neprijazna za oči. Kritiki pravijo, da je ta papež v resnici bil najgrši od vseh Petrovih naslednikov.

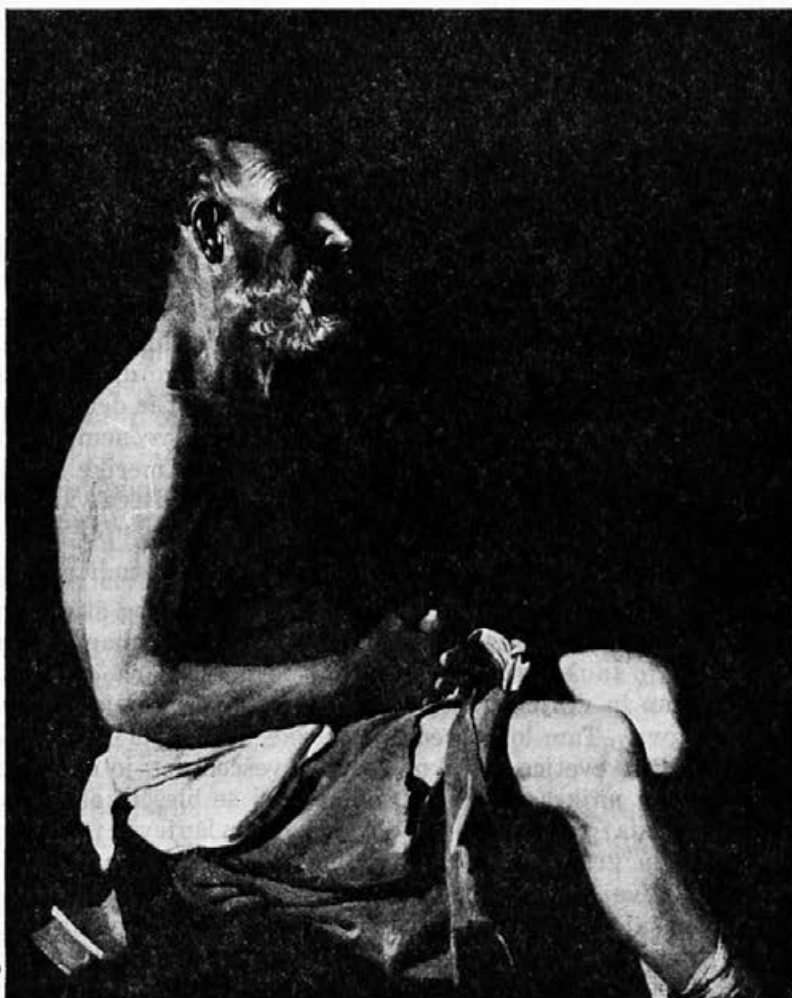
Delo je Velasqueza dolgo zamudilo, da je kralj v Madridu že postal nestrpen in mu radi tega prepovedal povratek v domovino. Čez šest mesecev pa je pisal poslaniku na Laško, da mora ukazati Velasquezu, naj ne odlaša niti minute več in se takoj vrne. Velasquez se je vrnil domov.

Doma so ga čakala slavna dela. Imenovan je bil za generalnega mojstra kraljeve palače ter za razna druga imenitna mesta. Zdaj mu je bilo določenih tri tisoč zlatnikov na leto in imel je ključe do vseh soban kraljevega dvora. Da mu pomaga, je najel nekega del Mazo, kateremu je dal hčer za ženo.

Zadnja leta svojega življenja je Velasquez naslikal svoja najlepša dela. Slike so kakor vzete iz narave in v njih je izražena vsa iskrenost umetnika. Slikal je kralje, dvorjanike ter berače in postopače. Vse je podal z isto resničnostjo. V njem seveda ni nič tistega, kar smo videli pri Michelangelu; po španskem nazoru se je izognil vsemu, kar bi vzbudilo dvom glede moralnosti. Najbolj znamenita pa je njegova raznoličnost. Ko je dovršil eno mojstersko delo, se ga ni držal, kakor bi na pr. v modernih časih zahtevali od umetnika, da se mora držati svojega najbolj posrečenega izdelka. On se je loteval vedno česa novega in, kolikor nam je znano, tudi vedno uspel. Ta razvoj nam je umljiv šele ko pomislimo na razmere, v katerih je slikal. On ni slikal za prodajo. Vse je storil kot služabnik kralja, da zadosti sebi in njemu. Za svoja dela je bil povzdignjen šele v zadnjih letih svojega življenja in tedaj je rede in nove časti, za katere se pa ni brigal, prejel v velikem številu.

Še par velikih del, ki izražajo popolnost, kakršno je mogoče doseči samo umetniku skozi pol stoletja izpopolnjevanja, in Velasqueza ni bilo več. Umrl je 6. avgusta, 1660. Pokopali so ga s kraljevskimi častmi in teden dni na to še njegovo ženo Juano, ki leži v isti grobnici.

Življenje Velasqueza je bilo skromno, iskreno in častno. Po vseh životopisih ne najdemo na njem niti enega madeža. Bil je plemenit napram drugim umetnikom in je občudoval dela drugih. Priprostost njegove misli vidimo zapopadeno v delih; ni ga tako genialnega umetnika kot je bil on. Občudujejo ga še danes in ga bodo občudovali umetniki vseh časov. Španiji, katere slikar je bil, pa je stekel več slave kakor katerikoli kralj njih dolge rodovine.



VELASQUEZ: *Umirajoči Seneka.*

*"Velasquez je slikal kralje, dvorjanike, berače in postopače, vse z isto resničnostjo in ljubeznijo."*

# Življenje v južno-ameriškem pragozdu

## I.

AMERIŠKA polovica zemeljske oble ima čisto drugačno lice nego polovica starega sveta. Zemlja je tu druga, drugo je podnebje, druge rastline rasto tu in žive druge živali. In izmed najbogatejših in najbujnejših krajev na svetu so gosti, bujni pragozdi, ki se raztezajo po Južni Ameriki od vznožja zahodnih Kordiljer čez vso Brazilsko nižino, malone od Tihega pa prav do samega Atlantskega oceana.

Prekipevajoče življenje živi v teh pragozdih, ki jih namakajo južni dolgotrajni dež in velike reke, ki stopajo iz svojih strug. In vsa ta voda se zopet zbira v Amazonskem veletoku, ki nosi ogromno močo v Atlantski ocean. Po obeh bregovih veletoka in po bregovih njegovih dotokov pa se razprostirajo gozdovi, polni velike, divje, neukročene prirode. Tu kipi in kaplja, vre in izvira v sočnati zemlji, tu mrgoli divjačine in žužkov, metuljev je tukaj več nego nikjer drugje na zemlji. Oblečeni so v bujno krasoto barv vročega podnebja. Voda izpira in izpodjeda prastara drevesa, druga trohne po pragozdu. Mrtve živali in gnile rastline gnoje tla vedno na novo in iz neizčrpno bogate prirode poganja vedno nova rast.

V ta pragozd ne najdeš pota. Nepristopen leži od davnih, davnih časov v svoji zeleni temotnosti. V njem še kraljujejo palme v rajskem miru, pri njih znožju pa raste praprot z lesenimi debli. Pod visokimi lavorjevimi drevesi rasto v zelenkastem mraku najraznovrstnejše širokolistne rastline. Drevo, ki mu iz debela jemljejo gumij, ima tu svojo domovino. In še drugo drevo, ki nam je dober znanec, raste tukaj. Njegovi cvetovi rasto naravnost iz debela in njegovi kumarčasti, rumenkastordeči plodovi zore v vsakem času v večnem tukajšnjem poletju. V gozdu raste drevo divje, a še pred spoznanjem Amerike so ga gojili Indijanci ter napravljali iz njega kakao in čokolado. Tudi dišeča vanilija sodi med prečudne goste pragozde in njih žužki jo plode, da zore na njej plodovi.

Kakor je v pragozdu raznothero rastlinje, prav tako so tudi različne živali.

Samih kolibrijev, prečudno lepih ptičkoy, je znanih okrog štiristo vrst in vsi žive po teh krajih. Največji je velik kakor tresorepka, najmanjši je malo večji nego čmrlj. Vsi imajo tanke nožice, s katerimi se obešajo na cvetove, vsi dolg, kakor igla tenak kljun in v njem razcepljen jezik, ki ga prožijo kakor žolna ter ga pomaljšajo v cvetove. Tam love predrobne žužke, srkajo sladke sokove ter oprasujejo tudi dolgovenčne cvetice. Kakor metulji veččeci letajo okoli, vsem pa se žari perje in lesketa v najkrasnejših barvah. Zdaj se blešči kakor zlato in brušeno drago kamenje, zdaj zeleno, zdaj rdeče, pri tem višnjevo, pri onem zlatorumeno. Zlasti glavo in grlo jim pokriva drobno, luskavo perje, ki se izpreminja v najčistejših in najživejših barvah. Mnoge krasi še perjanica ali pa pernat ovratnik ali se ponašajo z dolgimi peresi v repu. Vedno so po drevju, tiho čvrče ali žvrgole, se vrte, vise v zraku, se vznášajo naravnost kvišku, padajo od veje do veje, in videti je, kakor bi frčali po zraku sami pisani cvetovi.

Med malimi kolibriji se motajo v velikih jatah raznovrstne papige. Tu velika amazonka, vsa zelena, le po čelu modra in po grlu rumena, zgibi na perutnicah in stranska repna peresa so ji rdeči. Tam kriči z neprijaznim glasom dolgoropi arara svoj "ara-ra" ter leta počasi med drevjem. Po glavi, vratu, plečih, prsih in trebuhu je rdeč kakor škrlat, hrbet in podrepje sinje kakor vedro nebo,

dolgi rep je živo višnjev in rdeč, peruti pa so mu zeleno, rdeče in modro pisane. Po teh pragozdih so obljudene vse rastline, vse vodice, vsi kotički. Vseposod je življenje in le življenje.

Ob solnčnem vzhodu in zahodu se razlega z drevesnih vrhov neznansko rjovenje. Človek bi mislil, da se prepirajo vse živali v gozdu. Pa so le opice vriskačke. Na drevesu jih sedi celo krdelo, dolgočasijo se ter zro topo in zbočki druga v drugo. Kar se oglasi tista, ki s kričanjem vedno začenja, in tuleč, vreščeč, rjoveč, kruleč se zadere ves zbor. Na podjezični kosti ima vriskačka koščen bobnič, s katerim sicer mala žival tako neizrečeno povečava in menjava svoj glas.

Tisti, ki "poje naprej," utihne in mahoma je tiho vsa tolpa, dokler spet ne prične njih kapelnik.

Tudi opic ima južnoameriški pragozd mnogo vrst, a vse se ločijo od navadno nerepatih opic v starem svetu najbolj po tem, da imajo dolg rep, ki jim je peta roka. Na njegov močni, gibljivi konec se obeša opica za vejo z glavo navzdol, z njim se ujame v skoku za drugo vejo, z njim si pobira živež, z njim največ prijemlje.

Rep je za večino teh trapastih živali vse, brez njega bi ne mogle živeti. Pomaga jim pri plezanju, vedno se oprijemlje z njim in ima ga tako v časti, da si ga pri spanju, ko ga ne rabi, ovije okrog lastne roke. Preizvrstni čut v njegovem koncu jim daje priliko, da se kar najbolj uspešno okoriščajo s tem čudnim prirodnim darom. Rep jim nadomešča celo duševno in telesno živahnost njih sorodnikov iz starega sveta, ki je ameriške opice nimajo.

## II.

Kakor je število prebivalcev po drevju ameriških pragozdov veliko, tako raznovrstne živali žive ondod tudi po tleh. A kakor je živalski kralj v Afriki lev in v azijskih džunglah tiger, je kralj tudi tukaj iz mačjega plemena.

Jaguar je, ki si je prisvojil to veličanstvo. Nič manj krvoločni ni kakor njegova visoka sorodnika, in čeprav je nekaj manjši nego tiger in ni tako progast kakor ta, je vendar tudi lep. Saj je njegov gosti, svetli in mehki, zgoraj bolj kratko, po prsih in trebuhu pa bolj dolgo dlakasti kožuh vsepovprek porisan deloma z manjšimi črnimi, okroglastimi, podolgastimi ali tudi nepravilnimi lisami, deloma z večjimi pegami in kolobarji, ki so rumenkastordeči in črno obrobljeni in imajo v sredi še po eno ali dve črni piki. Cele lise ima zlasti po glavi, vratu, prsih in nogah, bolj goste tam, kjer je kožuhova barva rjasta ali sploh temnejša, bolj redke na belih prsih in belem trebuhu. Kolobarji so zadi po truplu večji, po vsem pa razpostavljeni v vrstah. Prav lepi in polni mu krase dolgi, enako debeli rep.

Lepa mačka je jaguar in prostrano je njegovo kraljestvo. Samica se skriva sicer bolj v goščavo, kjer se igra s svojimi mladički, ki jih ima po dva ali tri, a jaguarju, kralju, je še pragozd premajhen. Lovi pač po njem vse živali, ki jih le more doseči, hodi tudi k rekam, kjer si lovi ribe, zaletava pa se tudi iz gozda v brezmejne stepe, kjer mu dajeta visoka trava in bičevje udobno skrivališče.

Po stepah napada antilope, ovce in vodnega prašiča. Manjše živali požre s kostmi in kožo. V stepah zalezuje divje konje mustange. Srednje visoki, z veliko glavo in dolgimi ušesi, z debelimi členki na nogah se paso mustangi v čredah po visoki travi. Oprezni so in ubero pot pod noge, kakor hitro zaslutijo nevarnost. A jaguar je zvit lovec z veliko potrpežljivostjo in vztrajnostjo. Kakor mačka se potuhne ter opazuje iz zatišja svojo izbrano žrtev z nepremičnim

pogledom. Občudovanja je vredna njegova spretnost, kako se tiho plazi bliže in bliže. Ko si je svojega plena gotov, skoči z enim samim skokom na žrtev in ji pregrizne žilo na vratu.

Kolikor more požreti, požre, nato se zavleče v goščo ter se spravi spat. Ko se prebudi, se vrne k ostankom in žre dalje. Kjer ga je baš zaseglo solnce, tam leže ter zaspi, če je le svet varno skrit.

Kadar pride jaguar do reke, se mu večkrat nameri, da mora bojevati boj s štirinajst čevljev dolgim kuščarjem aligatorjem. Če ga zasači na suhem, kjer je jako neokreten, mu je vrlo všeč. Gleda, kolikor more, da popade kuščarja pri trebuhu, kjer nima roženega ščita kakor na hrbtu, in marsikdaj se pomasti ob takih prilikah z aligatorjevim mesom. Drugače pa je, če mora jaguar v vodo, da preplava reko. Navadno se ustopi takrat na breg in rjove, da tako prepodi aligatorja, ki bi bil kje blizu v vodi. A kuščar ne pobegne vedno. Često počaka sovražnika, skrit pod vodo, in tedaj se vname v valovih boj. Če se jaguarju ne posreči, da aligatorja utopi, je izgubljen, in aligator mu vrne milo za drago. Po končanem boju se vrača zmagoslavni kuščar v svoj tolmun, kjer živi srečne čase, saj mu lete ribe v preveliki množini tako rekoč same v vedno lačni želodec.

Poln življenja je pragozd vsepovsod. A še bolj živ nego dandanes je bil v davnih, davnih časih. Takrat so ga odlikovali velikani iz rodu sesalcev s svojimi čudnimi telesnimi oblikami. Izmed vseh teh izumrlih prednikov so se ohranili do današnjega dne le še trije od starega rodu pasancev, mravljinčarjev in lenivcev.

Danes živeči niso več velikani in zde se nam starikavi zanemarjenci, ki ne sodijo več v našo dobo. Mnogo svojcev jim je že poginilo in izumrlo, danes so v brazilskih pragozdih osamljeni in vredni prav zato še posebe, da si jih ogledamo natančneje.

Pasancem (armadillo) je usnjena koža že tako okostenela, da jim je truplo pokrito s koščnim oklepom, ki je na mnogih mestih predeljen; zato je žival videti, kakor da jo obdajajo po hrbtu roženi pasovi. Rožene ščite ima tudi na glavi, po plečih, po križu in po zunanjih straneh nog. Le spodnji deli trupla so obdržali mehko kožo, ki je porasla s ščetinastimi dlakami. Tako razpredeljen se v nevarnosti marsikateri pasanec zvije v klobko kakor jež.

Nekaj posebnega je tudi njih zobovje. Dasi je število zob včasih jako veliko in jih ima nekateri v čeljustih celo do sto, so vendar tako slabi, da žival z njimi ne more ne dobro gristi in ne žvečiti. Jezik, ki je na koncu trivoglata, izteza lahko iz gobca.

Ko se približa večer, se prikaže oklepni samotar iz globokih podzemeljskih rovov, ki si jih z močnimi kremplji izkoplje v pragozdu, ter se pomika počasi in nerodno naprej. Ravna tla so njegov svet, kjer je doma kakor malokatera žival. Kakor je videti počasen in len, kadar se pomika dalje, tako je uren in ročen, če je treba, da se zakoplje. Če se preplaši ali če ga kdo sledi, se izroči v varstvo zemlji ter se zagrebe tako naglo, da se res pred očmi pogrezne v tla. Ta naglica je zanj prav koristna, kajti vzlic svojemu oklepu bi marsikdaj izginil v razbojniškem žrelu zveri, ker nima ničesar, s čimer bi se je drugače ubranil. Še če se zvije v klobko, že tudi koplje luknjo v zemljo.

Na svojih nočnih potih se potika, da si poišče črvov in žužkov, da izkoplje mravlje ali si najde sadja in korenin. Na teh potih mu je najboljši vodnik nos, zakaj njegove male, brljave oči niso kaj prida. Tako prekolovrati noč, s prvo jutranjo zarjo pa že zopet izgine pod zemljo, da prespi dan kot puščoben in skrit samotar. V zemlji ga s psi poiščejo ljudje, da si privoščijo njegovo meso, ki je belo in nežno kakor piščančevo. A ne dobe ga kaj lahko. Če ga zasačijo psi na



zemlji, ga ujamejo laže, zlasti če si ne more najti hitro kake luknje. Kadar pa je v njej, ga psi ne morejo lahko izkopati, ker se zagreba žival vedno globlje. Če je pri roki lovec, ki zgrabi napol zakopanega preplašenca za rep, ga tudi še ne izvleče sam iz luknje, če je le tako ozka, da se pasanec oprime s kremplji tal ter se upre zgoraj s hrbtom. Dva šele ga spravita ven tako, da ga vleče eden za rep, drugi pa hitro odgreba zemljo ter pograbi žival za zadnjo nogo. Njegovega mesa pa si ne privoščijo samo človek, ampak še mnoge ujedne živali.

Kakor pasanec je samotar tudi mravljinčar (ant-eater), ki je tako čudovit sesalec, da si ga domišljija ne more misliti bolj čudnega. Glava mu je zožena v dolgo, brezobo cev, iz katere priletava spredaj pri mali ustni odprtini okrogli, tanki in dolgi jezik. Jezik je gibčen kakor kača in vedno lepljiv, in kadar ga potisne žival v mravljišče, se primejo nanj vse mravlje. Tako polnega ga potegne nazaj v cevasti gobec, da najdejo ujete živalce odtod pot v mravljinčarjev želodec. Jezik potiska v mravljišče ter potega z njim na dan razkačeni drobiž tako naglo, da napravi to lahko po petdesetkrat v minuti.

Kje se za gobcem pravzaprav začneja glava, kažejo male, neumne oči in prav tako mala, okrogla ušesa. Vratu skoraj ni, dolgo truplo podaljšuje še dolgi, široki metlasti rep, da je vsa žival nad dva metra dolga. Vse truplo razen glave je poraslo z dolgo, kocasto dlako, ki je vsa rjava razen spredaj po prsni, kjer je bela. V to belino pa sega od strani na pleča črn trikot.

Kadar stopa mravljinčar po gozdu ter išče trdno zidanih bivališč velikih belih mravelj, termitov, upogiblje prednji nogi na znotraj, da si tako ne brusi zlasti krepkega kremplja na sprednjem prstu. Zato pa z njim lahko razbija termitom stanovišča, za katera mora rabiti človek železno orodje. Z njim se tudi postavi, stoječ na zadnjih nogah, v bran sovražniku, ki mu zasadi krempelj včasih tako globoko, da ga sam komaj iztegne. Zato se z razkačenim mravljinčarjem ni šaliti. Manjše živali objame kakor medved s sprednjima nogama ter jih zaduši.

No, človek hodi vzlic temu nadenj, zakaj pečen je prav tak kakor gos. Ker nima stalnega bivališča, ga išče po gozdu in njegovih obronkih. Kjer mravljinčarja ujame noč, tam si poišče kotiček v visoki travi ali v grmovju, kamor leže in zasp. Dveh skupaj ni najti; le samica prenaša včasih svojega edinega mladička s seboj na hrbtu.

Tretji v družbi teh dolgočasnih pustežev je lenivec (three-toed sloth), top in len mračnjak, da ga je žalostno pogledati. Lenivec je kar ustvarjen za to, da mu hrana tako rekoč sama leti v gobec. Venomer je na drevju, kjer se drži veje s tremi močnimi kremplji iz zraslih prstov na nogah ter visi s hrbtom obrnjen navzdol, ne da bi se najmanj napenjal za to. Še podplati na nogah so mu upognjeni na znotraj, da se tem laže oprijemlje. Sprednji nogi sta daljši od zadnjih, vse pa so jako tanke in suhe. Če mora lenivec v veliki sili na tla, se pri hoji opira na gornje členke ter se tako prav nerodno pomika naprej. Pri spanju se zvije kar v sveženj, vejo objame z vsemi štirimi, in takega vidimo lenivca skoro vedno, zakaj navadno zmerom spi. Obrnjenemu s hrbtom z drevesa proti tlom se mu je obrnila tako celo dlaka, da gre od trebuha proti hrbtu in ne kakor pri drugih živalih od hrbita proti trebuhu. V dlako se mu zarastejo zelene rastlinice, zarde se mu v kožuhu celo mravlje in molji. Da je to mogoče, priča dovolj očito prelenu lenivčevo življenje. Zelenkastosiv, kakršen je, živi lahko v miru na drevju, saj ga je komaj videti, čeprav je dolg skoro tri čevlje. Na drevesu obrne okroglo, opičji podobno glavo do listov, popkov in sadja, jih potegne z nogo k sebi, odpre mala usta in se naje. Če je žejen, posreblje z listov roso.

Tako se ne trudi za nič na svetu, nikdar ni vesel, tudi ne plašen, le včasih se čemerno oglašja s svojim žalostnim "i-i-i." Človek bi dejal, da je celo prelen, da bi čutil kake bolečine, in če je ranjen še tako hudo, mu počasi in leno umira luč življenja.

Tak je lenivec vse svoje dni. Ko je mlad, ne visi še na drevju, zato pa se takoj po rojstvu oklene svoje matere, ki ga vedno nosi s seboj, da ga tako že v mladosti vzgoji za pravega lenivca. Če ga zaleze človek na drevesu, ga ne spravi izlahka proč. V bran se sicer ne postavi, le topo in žalostno gleda ter se oprime s kremplji tako čvrsto, da je treba precej sile in napora, preden ga odtrgaš. S prosto nogo pa rad zada kakšno rano, zakaj v ostrih krempljih nima baš slabega orožja. Tudi če ga zasačiš na tleh, ne gre brez boja. Vrže se na hrbet ter izkuša sovražnika objeti s kremplji. Sovražnikov pa nima dosti, ker menda ne diši nobeni živali.

Morebiti so živali med seboj domenjene, da puščajo lenivca, naj pase svojo lenobo v tako živem pragozdu! Saj spada po vsej priliki jako malo vanj, tako drugačen je od njega.

Raj je pragozd tudi človeku, ki prejema iz njega toliko dobrot. Daje mu plod za kakao in čokolado, iz posebnega drevesa si črpa gumij. Iz pragozda je presadil dišečo vanilijo in še druge koristne in krasilne rastline. Iz njega si je podjarmil tudi živali. Papiige uči govoriti človeško govorico, jaguar sam mu mora prepuščati svoj lepi, porisani kozuh in mnoge živali mu morajo dajati tečne pečenke.

Tako je vdrl človek v pragozd s silo, največkrat si je pridobil pot korak za korakom šele s sekuro v roki, da je trebil pred seboj grmovje in mnoge zavijalke, a uklonil se mu je tisoč in tisočletni pragozd v vsem svojem veličanstvu.

(Po P. Fleretu.)



Kitajska umetnost: Cesar.

# Sakuntala

Indijska igra v sedmih dejanjih.

Spisal KALISADA. Po raznih prevodih iz izvirnika priredil A. KOBAL.

(Nadaljevanje.)

DUŠJANTA: Ali smem upati, da ima puščavnikova hči mater druge kaste? Mora biti!

Zastonj vse misli, želje preiskrene  
če vojščaku se ne sme udati.  
Srce vendar hoče nje, ljubljene,  
razumu ne pusti ukazovati.

Izvedel bom resnico.

SAKUNTALA: Oh, oh! Čebela je pustila jasminov cvet in se mi zaletava v obraz. (Maha z rokama po zraku in pri tem z orijentaliskim plesom oponaša dekle odganjajočo čebelo.)

DUŠJANTA (goreče):

Jo čebela obletava:  
čar v očeh sledi za njo,  
išče drobne stvarce zlet.

S tem pa deklica zaznava  
spretno seči v srca dno,  
le uči jo strah prevzet.

(Ljubosumno.)

Zaletavaš se, čebela,  
pred obrazom oplašenim,  
proti zalim rdečim licem.

Šumna si kot da bi cela  
s poročilom zaupljivim  
šla pošepetat na tajnem.

Te dekle z roko odganja,  
ti ukradeš ji poljub,  
drobna sladkosnedka.

O nje kasti nimam znanja,  
ne kje domek njen je ljub;  
ti jo vzemi, tekmovalka.

SAKUNTALA: Rešita me te strašne čebele!

PRIJATELJICI (smeje): Kdo pa sve midve, da naj te rešive? Pokličiči si kralja Dušjanta. Gozdni log pobožnega samostana je v varstvu kralja.

DUŠJANTA: Lepa prilika se mi nudi, da se predstavim. (Postoji.) Ne,

potem bi vedele, da sem kralj. Rajši pridem k njim kot navaden gost.

SAKUNTALA: Čebela ne gre od mene. Zbežala bom. (Poskoči in se ozre.) Glejta, glejta! Za menoj leti. Prosim rešita me.

DUŠJANTA (urno stopi naprej): Oh!

Kralj slavnega Puru rodu  
pregnat hudobne pride goste.  
Kdo tisti je, ki brez sramu  
preži na deklice priproste?

(Deklice so nemalo zbegane, ko zagledajo Dušjanto.)

ANUSUJA: Nič hudega ni, gospod. Za najino prijateljico (pokaže na Sakuntalo) je letela čebela in jo prestrašila.

DUŠJANTA (Sakuntali): Upam, da so ti božji dnevi dnevi sreče. (Sakuntala povese oči.)

ANUSUJA: Seveda so, ko nas poseti tako slaven gost.

DUŠJANTA: Vaše besede zadostujejo, da se počutim kakor doma.

ANUSUJA: Tedaj pa, gospod, sedite in si odpočijte na klopi v senci.

DUŠJANTA: Tudi ve ste bržkone utrujene od dela. Posedite za trenutek.

PRIJAMVADA (od strani Sakuntali): Dragica, bodimo uljudne z gostom. Ali naj sedemo? (Sedejo.)

SAKUNTALA (sede): Oh, zakaj sem tako razburjena, ko vidim tega človeka? Gotovo se ne spodobi biti tako v samostanu.

DUŠJANTA (gleda deklice): Zelo me veseli vaša naklonjenost. Vse ste tako mlade in lepe.

PRIJAMVADA (proti Anusuji): Kdo je to, draga? Dostojanstven in dvorljiv je; obnaša se kakor kralj ali vsaj plemenitaš.

ANUSUJA: Tudi jaz sem radovedna. Vprašala ga bom. (Glasno.) Gospod, tako zelo dvorjanski ste, da si vas drznem nekaj vprašati. Katero kraljev-

- sko rodbino dičite? Katera domovina tuguje, ko ste z doma? Kako da se gospod tako lepih šeg podaje na trudapolno pot v naše pobožne loge?
- SAKUNTALA (zase): Bodi krepko, srce moje! Anusuja govori besede, katere bi prav ti izreklo.
- DUŠJANTA (zase): Ali naj takoj povem, kdo sem? Ali naj skrivam? (Premisli.) Tako storim! (Glasno.) Preučevalec sem svetih spisov. Moja naloga je, gledati po mestih, da se ne godijo ljudem krivice. V vaš samostan prihajam po nadzorovanju.
- ANUSUJA: Tedaj mora kdo iz samostana govoriti za nas. (Sakuntala je v zadregi.)
- PRIJATELJICI (opazujeta par, kako se obnaša. Po strani Sakuntali): Oh, Sakuntala! Da bi bil vsaj oče Kanva doma.
- SAKUNTALA: Kaj bi storil?
- PRIJATELJICI: Osrečil bi našega gosta, pa če bi ga stalo njegovega najlepšega bisera.
- SAKUNTALA (se dela jezno): Pojdita no! Kaj si vendar mislita? Ne maram vaju poslušati.
- DUŠJANTA: Rad bi vaju vprašal o va-  
jini prijateljici.
- PRIJATELJICI: Gospod, veselilo bi naju.
- DUŠJANTA: Oče Kanva je puščavnik vse svoje življenje, vendar pravita, da je vajina prijateljica njega hči. Kako je to mogoče?
- ANUSUJA: Čujte torej, gospod. Nekje živi siloviti kraljevski učenjak z imenom Kavšika.
- DUŠJANTA: O, da! Slavni Kavšika!
- ANUSUJA: Ta Kavšika je njen oče. Al! Kanva ji je bolj ljubeznjiv oče, kajti prevzel je skrb zanjo, ko je bila zapuščena.
- DUŠJANTA: Moje zanimanje vzbuja-  
te z besedo "zapuščena." Ali smem čuti vso povest?
- ANUSUJA: Vedite torej! Pred dav-  
nimi leti je kraljevski modrec živel strogo življenje in bogovi, ki so bili zelo ljubosumni nanj, so poslali k njemu vilo Menako, da ga zmoti v njegovih pobožnostih.
- DUŠJANTA: Seveda, bogovi so ljubo-  
sumni na pobožnost drugih. In po-  
tem . . .
- ANUSUJA: Potem je ljubke spomladi  
zagledal njeno lepoto . . . (vsa v za-  
dregi.)
- DUŠJANTA: Ostalo si lahko mislim.  
Prav gotovo je hči vile.
- ANUSUJA: Da.
- DUŠJANTA: Kakor je prav.
- Nadnaravna nje lepota  
ni iz ženskega života.  
Zlatega solnca žar  
ne ustvari človek nikdar.
- SAKUNTALA (zbežana povese glavo.)
- DUŠJANTA (zase): Moje želje posta-  
jajo upanje.
- PRIJAMVADA: (smeje napram Sakun-  
tali): Gospod, zdi se mi, da bi lahko  
še kaj več rekli. (Sakuntala zapreti  
prijateljici s prstom.)
- DUŠJANTA: Prav imate. Vaše pobož-  
no življenje me zanima in stavim še  
eno vprašanje.
- PRIJAMVADA: Nikar se ne obotav-  
ljajte! Puščavniški ljudje smo vedno  
pripravljeni odgovoriti na vaša vpra-  
šanja.
- DUŠJANTA: Vprašanje je:
- Ali samo do poroke njena zaobljuba  
jo drži v samostanu? Ali sme postati  
ljuba?  
ali mora pogled dekliški vedno samo  
srne gledat?  
vode cvetju v logu in drevescem le pri-  
livat?
- PRIJAMVADA: Gospod, zaobljubljene  
smo, da živimo krepostno življenje.  
Vendar jo njen oče želi oddati pri-  
mernemu ženinu.
- DUŠJANTA (veselo, zase):
- Srčna želja izpolnjena;  
Dvomi vsi so šli.  
Lilija je pridobljena,  
se zanjo balo srce si.
- SAKUNTALA (komaj slišno): Anusu-  
ja, jaz grem.
- ANUSUJA: Zakaj?

SAKUNTALA: Povedat grem materi Gavtami, da Prijamvada govori neumnosti. (Vstane.)

ANUSUJA: Draga, saj vendar veš, da puščavniški ljudje moramo biti na uslugo odličnemu gostu in ostati pri njem, dokler želi.

SAKUNTALA (odhaja, ne da bi odgovorila.)

DUŠANTJA (zase): Ona odhaja! (Stopi za njo, da jo pridrži, a postoji.) Dejanje je hitro kakor misel pri zaljubljenih.

PRIJAMVADA (se približa Sakuntali): Ti draga, sramežljiva deklica. Ne smeš oditi.

SAKUNTALA (se obrne s hudovernjem): Zakaj ne?

PRIJAMVADA: Dve drevesci moraš še zaliti namesto mene. To si mi dolžna. Potem pa lahko greš, ko to storiš. (Jo prisili, da se vrne.)

DUŠJANTA: Saj se vidi, da je že trudna od zalivanja dreves. Glejte! Jaz bom poplačal njen dolg. (Da prijateljicam prstan, ki ga vzameta, čitata na njem napis in se spogledujeta.)

DUŠJANTA: Nikar se ne motita! Prstan je darilo kralja.

PRIJAMVADA: Tedaj, gospod, bi se ne smeli ločiti od njega.

ANUSUJA: Dobro, Sakuntala, prosta si, kajti ta gospod bo storil delo zate. Lahko greš.

SAKUNTALA (zase): Nikoli bi ne šla, če bi si mogla pomagati.

PRIJAMVADA? Zakaj pa sedaj ne greš?

SAKUNTALA: Saj nisem vaša dekla. Šla bom, kadar se bo meni zljubilo.

DUŠJANTA (gleda Sakuntalo, zase): Al' misli o meni kakor jaz o nji. Vsaj upam lahko:

Čeprav z menoj ne govori,  
poslušaj, ko jaz rečem kaj,

Dekle, v mene se ozri,  
oči le moje išči zdaj!

GLAS (za pozoriščem): Puščavniki! Puščavniki! Pripravite se, da branite pobožni log vsega hudega. Kralj Dušjanta lovi v soseščini.

Prah dvignila kopita konjska  
so do neba visoko,  
zdaj pada kot kobilci vojska,  
kazi perilo mokro.

DUŠJANTA (zase): Ojoj! Moji vojniki nadlegujejo pobožni log, ko me iščejo.

GLAS (za pozoriščem): Puščavniki! Puščavniki! Tu je slon, pred katerim trepetajo možje, žene in otroci.

DEKLETA (poslušajo in se zresnijo.)

DUŠJANTA: Pregrešil sem se zoper puščavnike. Moram se vrniti.

PRIJATELJICI: Gospod. Bojimo se radi vpitja o slonu. Dovolite, da se vrnemo v samostan.

ANUSUJA (Sakuntali): Draga Sakuntala. Mati Guatami bo v skrbeh. Hitimo.

SAKUNTALA (se dela kakor da ne more prav stopiti na nogo): Oh, oj, saj ne morem hoditi.

DUŠJANTA: Iti morate zelo počasi. Jaz bom pa poskrbel, da se samostan ne bo vznemirjal.

PRIJATELJICI: Gospod, zdi se nama kot bi vas poznali zelo dobro. Oprostite, če nismo bile dobre gostiteljice. Prosimo vas, da bi drugič iskali pri nas boljše zabave.

DUŠJANTA: Skromni ste. Zdi se mi, da sem počaščen, samo če vas vidim.

SAKUNTALA: Anusuja, vrezala sem se v nogo ob ostro travo in obleka se mi je zapletla ob veje amaranta. Počakajta me, da se oprostim. (Obrne se proti kralju in ga dolgo gleda, končno stopi za deklicama.)

DUŠJANTA (vzdihne): Šle so. Tudi jaz moram iti. Radi pogleda Sakuntale se bojim vrniti v mesto. Velel bom svojim ljudem, da šatorijo v bližini loga. Ali kako naj obrnem svoje misli od Sakuntale.

Telo samo zapušča ljubav drago, jaz ne.  
Telo gre proč, so misli poleg nje.

Saj k njej nazaj svetel spomin me vleče.  
nevtešno si srce želi z njo skupne sreče.

(Odide.)

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



### ČITATELJEM IN DOPISNIKOM.

Dopisovalcem smo že večkrat priporočili, kako naj spišejo svoja pisma, da bodo natisnjena v Mladinskem listu. Ob tej priliki zopet podajamo nekaj navodil, ki naj pripomorejo do vsestranske zadovoljnosti ter soglasja med dopisniki in uredništvom. Pisma morajo biti spisana razločno in ne s svinčnikom. Priporočljivo je, da pišete samo na eni strani papirja. Pazite posebno pri naslovljanju pisma, da se ne izgubi in naslovite vedno na Mladinski list ter ne na druge oddelke v jednoti. To je manj zamudno. Jednota namreč dobi velike kupe pisem vsaki dan in ko se pošta razdeli, je veliko lažje, ako je že na kuvertah imenovan oddelek, kateremu dopis spada.

Nekaj nasvetov imamo tudi glede gradiva, ki ga prispevate. Pazite, da bo vedno vaše. Ne prepisujte iz drugih listov ali knjig, kajti to ne samo da ni častno, tudi naučite se ničesar ne iz prepisovanja in pa, kar je važno, Mladinski list vam ne bo priobčal, če boste prepisovali. Ako pa le želite, da gre kakšen prepis v list, nam morate poslati ime pisatelja in pa knjige ali časopisa, iz katerega ste prepisali. To je edini pošteni način. Med dopisovalci Mladinskega lista moramo imeti samo poštene dečke in deklice, ki so zmožni sami kaj napisati. Ne pozabimo, da je poštenje ena najlepših čednosti. Kdor prepíše drugod in stavi spodaj svoje ime, mu pravimo Slovenci, da je kakor sraka, ki se krasi s pavovim perjem. Tega torej ne sme biti med nami.

Skrbite tudi da bo dopis prišel na urad ob pravem času, kajti tudi to je potrebno, če hočete, da bo priobčen kakor želite.

\*

Koliko mladih čitateljev že ve, da bo letos Slovenska narodna podporna jednota stara petindvajset let? Srebrno obletnico bo praznovala dne 9. aprila t. l. Velike priprave se vršijo v to svrhu, društva bodo imela slavnosti skozi vse leto, glavni urad sam je razpisal veliko kampanjo za letošnje leto in ob petindvajsetletnici izide velika Prosveta, katero bodo dobili vsi odrasli člani. Če še niste ničesar slišali od vašega društva, kaj bo storilo za petindvajsetletnico, poizvejte pri svojem društvu in takoj poročajte Mladinskemu listu. Pazite pa, da boste poročali dovolj zgodaj! Napolnimo tudi Mladinski list s primernim gradivom za ne navadni slučaj, za slavnostno praznovanje, kakoršnega ni dosegla še nobena slovenska organizacija.

\*

Nobena slovenska organizacija še ni tega dosegla, smo zapisali. Res ni! Čeprav so nekatere organizacije starejše, niso doživele tolikih uspehov kakor

S.N.P.J. Naša jednota pomeni en sam neprestan napredek od majhnega postanka v aprilu leta 1904, ko se je združilo prvih devet društev na prvi konvenciji v Chicagu, pa do današnjega dne, ko organizacija šteje nad šestdeset tisoč članov. Če čitate Prosveto in njena poročila, ste videli seznam, ki pravi, da je ob novem letu 1929 S.N.P.J. štela 60,240 članov, od katerih je članov mladinskega oddelka 19,331. To je jako lep napredek! Na vas, mladi člani, je ležeče, da se bo organizacija še v bodoče tako lepo razvijala. Pokažite že sedaj vaše zanimanje! S.N.P.J. je vaša jednota, njen napredek vaš napredek. Kolikor bolj se boste zanimali zanjo, toliko več boste imeli od nje in toliko bolj boste pomagali svojim roditeljem. Ne pozabite, da storite slovenskim očetom in materam največje veselje s tem, da se zanimате za organizacijo, katero so vam ustanovili in ki jo z vsem velikim premoženjem zapuščajo vam.

UREDNIK.

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem že velikokrat mislil pisati v Mladinski list. Za naprej bom večkrat pisal. Znam pisati, čitati in govoriti v slovensko. Slovensko govoriti pa ne znam prav dobro. Morda se vam to čudno vidi, ampak je resnica. To leto nisem naredil posebnega sklepa, vendar bom poskusil narediti, kaj je pravilno.

V Clevelandu nismo imeli šole prvi teden januarja, zato ker je bilo toliko slučajev influence. Jaz sem do zdaj zdrav in varujem se, da ne dobim prehlada.

Opazil sem v zadnji izdaji Mladinskega lista več dopisov v slovenskem jeziku kot kdaj prej. Upam, da bo večkrat vsaj toliko, če ne več dopisov in da drugi mladi člani in članice piše v Mladinski list.

Pozdrav! Stanley Somrak, Cleveland, O.

\*

Čenjeni urednik!

Zahvaljujem se za knjige, katere ste mi poslali. Prav ugaja mi, ta izbira knjig in mislim, da bi bil vsak fant zadovoljen z njimi.

Zadnji mesec so pokazali vsi, kako se zanimajo za Naš kotiček. Videli bomo, če bo kaj več zanimanja to leto kot je bilo zadnje leto. Upam, da bo dosti napredoval kotiček in da se bodo tudi bratje in sestre boljši zglasili. V angleščini je dosti dopisov in kakor se vidi preveč. Tudi pisati so se navadili boljše in znajo, kaj bolj interesira čitatelje.

Meseca je zopet minilo pol šolskega leta in bom končal študirati v tej šoli. Šel bom v East Technical High šolo in bom v desetem razredu. Drugega nimam povedati, zato pa bom končal in bom drugi mesec kaj več novega povedal.

S pozdravom vsem čitateljem in članom S.N.P.J. Frank Somrak ml., Cleveland, O.

\*

Matilda Widmar iz Chicaga nam pošilja pesem, katero je deklamirala na dvajsetletnici društev S.S.P.Z. v Chicagu. Deklamirala jo je lepo, zato želimo, da pride še kdaj na oder pri društvih S.N.P.J.

Dragi urednik!

Zopet se malo oglasim. Bila bi se že prej, pa me je zadrževala bolezen. Zahvalim se za knjigo "Heidi," ki mi je jako po volji. Hudo zimo imamo. Človek se najrajši drži v hiši.

Mladinskemu listu želim obilo naročnikov in da bi se mladina moje vrste bolj zanimala ter se oglašala slovensko bolj kot angleško. Tudi sinovi in hčere slovenskih mater moramo znati naš jezik. Jaz se bom v bodoče bolj trudila za naš ljubljani list.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem, M. L. pa mnogo uspeha. Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

\*

Dorothy Rossa je tudi pisala iz Clevelanda k novemu letu, toda prepozno za januarsko številko. Pravi: "Želim, da bi bratci in sestrice še dosti pisali v Mladinski list." Tudi važno vprašanje zastavlja čitateljem: KDO BO PRVI LETA 1929?

\*

Dragi urednik!

Jaz želim pisati slovensko, ali težko je. Mi nimamo slovenske šole. Učita me ata in mama. Stara sem deset let in v petem razredu. Mary Staudohar, Calumet, Mich.

\*

Johanna Kozel pošilja iz Blaina, Ohio, pesmico o starem oglarju, ki ra je že precej znana. Priobčiti je nismo mogli tudi zato, ker pesmica ni cela.

\*

Dragi urednik!

Prejela sem darilo od Mladinskega lista, za katero se prav lepo zahvalim. Prav lepe povesti so v nji. Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice mladinskega oddelka.

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

\*

Čenjeni urednik!

Hvala lepa za darilo, katero sem dobila od naše S. N. P. J. Knjige so jako zanimive. Prav presenečena sem bila, kadar sem videla v Mladinskem listu, da sem dobila prvo nagrado. Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Že zopet imam nekaj za "Naš kotichek." Pišem v slovenščini, ker vidim, da več našega mladinskega oddelka piše v angleščini, ter je "Naš kotichek" manjši kakor "Chatter Corner." Rada pišem in čitam v slovenščini, ker moj oče mene in mojega brata uči slovensko, kadar mu čas dopušča. Rada bi se navadila popolnoma čitati in pisati slovensko.

Na dne 30. dec., 1928, je imelo "Columbine" društvo št. 577 S. N. P. J. dve igri: dvodejanko v slovenščini, pa enodejanko v angleščini. Igrali so samo mladi. Prav dobro so igrali. Tudi jaz sem že igrala v angleščini v šoli in v slovenščini tudi. V igri "Kralj na Betajnovi" sem imela vlogo "Franceljna." Bila sem za fanta.

Pozdravljeni vsi čitatelji Mladinskega lista in tudi urednik.

Evelyn Hochevar, Pueblo, Colo.

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo pismo, katerega pišem v Mladinski list. Imam dve sestri. Stara sem trinajst let in v sedmem razredu. Jaz igram piano. S šolo imam veliko dela, pa vendar hočem pisati par vrstic v naš list. Videla sem, da se nikdo ne oglasi iz Milwaukeeja, torej se bom pa jaz prva. Želela bi, da se še vi bratci in sestrice oglašite v našem listu. V drugič bom pisala kaj več.

Angeline Šimenc,  
560 National Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz se pridružim bratcem in sestricam, ki pišejo v Mladinski list, in bom napisala vsaki mesec kako pismo, da bom tudi jaz deležna nagrade.

Jaz sem bila trinajst let stara 15. januarja in hodim v sedmi razred. Učim se čitati in pisati slovensko. Pomagata mi ata in mama.

Sestra Violet, ki tudi piše v Mladinski list, je že en mesec bolna. Ne vem, kdaj bo ozdravila. Ona je dobila tretjo nagrado in je bila zelo vesela.

V Exportu nas je tudi obiskala influenza. Dosti ljudi je bilo bolnih.

Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice, ki pišejo v Mladinski list.

Rose Beniger, Export, Pa., R. 7.

Dragi urednik!

Dam Vam vedeti, da sem prejela darilo: dve lepi knjigi s prav lepimi povestmi. Lepo se zahvalim, ker sta res lepo darilo. Rada jih čitam.

Bratci in sestrice, le vsi la delo. Za novo leto tudi vi lahko dobite nagrado v bodoče. Pozdravljam vas vse.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio, Box 181.

Dragi urednik!

Zopet bom napisala par vrstic v Mladinski list.

Tu v Trauniku je jako lepo vreme. Za božič so avtomobili šli kakor po leti. Na tako lepo vreme se jako redko naleti v Michiganu. Tudi snega je jako malo.

Drugih novic nimam nič pisati, samo lepo se zahvalim za tisto lepo darilce, ki sem ga dobila od Mladinskega lista.

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich., Box 4.

Anna Traven poroča iz Clevelanda:

"V Newburgu kar nadaljujemo s prireditvami. Nič nas ne ustavi. Šestega januarja smo imeli igro "Raztresenca." Bila je lepa. Dne 17. februarja pa imamo igro, ki se imenuje "Županova Micka." Za vles bo igral Vevrovškov orkester iz Collinwooda."

#### OPOMBA UREDNIŠTVA

**Uganjkarjem.** Rešitev uganjk iz januarske številke priobčimo v marcu. To velja za slovenski in angleški oddelek. Imena rešiteljev tudi izidejo v marcu.

**Dopisnikom.** Iz tekoče številke smo morali izpustiti precej pisem, ki pridejo na vrsto v marcu.

#### UGANKE

Katera noč traja celih 24 ur?

Katera noč pa traja samo trenutek?

Kaj se tudi v vodi ne zmoči?

Kako se glasi stavek "On nije" v prihodnjem času?

Anna S. Traven, Cleveland, Ohio.

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#### REBUS

Sestavi iz zlogov stavek o slovenski organizaciji.







# JUVENILE



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## CHORAL SONG TO THE ILLYRIAN PEASANTS

UP, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!	Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the meadows trip away.	To the cricket and the mouse:
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,	Find grannam out a sunny seat,
And scare the small birds from the corn.	With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:	Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go	For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow	With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.	To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Samuel Coleridge.

## WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

## An Achievement of Don Quixote

(From Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Part II, Chapter 16.)

AS DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza were engaged in a conversation, they were overtaken by a man who was following the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a gaban of fine green cloth, with tawny velvet facings, and a montera of the same velvet. The trappings of the mare were of the field fashion, and of mulberry color and green. He carried a Moorish cutlass hanging from a green and gold baldric; the buskins were of the same make as the baldric; the spurs were not gilt, but lacquered green, and so brightly polished that, matching as they did the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveler came up with them he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare was passing them without stopping, but Don Quixote called out to him:

"Gallant sir, if so be your worship is going our road, and has no occasion for speed, it would be a pleasure to me if we were to join company."

"In truth," replied he on the mare, "I would not pass you so hastily but for fear that your horse might turn restive in the company of my mare."

"You may safely hold in your mare, señor," said Sancho in reply to this, "for our horse is the most virtuous and well-behaved horse in the world; he never does anything wrong on such occasions, and the only time he misbehaved, my master and I suffered for it sevenfold; I say again your worship may pull up if you like; for if she was offered to him between two plates the horse would not hanker after her."

The traveler drew rein, amazed at the trim and features of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a valise in front of Dapple's pack-saddle; as if the man in green examined Don Quixote closely, still more closely did Don Quixote examine the man in green, who struck him as being a man of intelligence. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, with but few gray hairs, an aquiline cast of features, and an expression between gay and grave; and his dress in his accoutrements showed him to be a man of good condition. What he in green thought of Don Quixote of La Mancha was that a man of that sort and shape he had never yet seen; he marveled at the length of his hair, his lofty stature, the lankness and sallowness of his countenance, his armor, his bearing and his gravity—a figure and picture such as had not been seen in those regions for many a long day.

Don Quixote saw very plainly the attention with which the traveler was regarding him, and read his curiosity in his astonishment; and courteous as he was and ready to please everybody, before the other could ask him any question he anticipated him by saying: "The appearance I present to your worship being so strange and so out of the common, I should not be surprised if it filled you with wonder; but you will cease to wonder when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights who, as people say, go seeking adventures. I have left my home, I have mortgaged my estate, I have given up my comforts, and committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to bear me whithersoever she may please. My desire was to bring to life again knight-errantry, now dead, and for some time past, stumbling here, falling there, now coming down headlong, now raising myself up again, I have carried out a great portion of my design, suc-

coring widows, protecting maidens, and giving aid to wives, orphans, and minors, the proper and natural duty of knights-errant; and, therefore, because of my many valiant and Christian achievements, I have been already found worthy to make my way in print to well-nigh all, or most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the high-road to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if heaven does not put a stop to it. In short, to sum up all in a few words, or in a single one, I may tell you I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance'; for though self-praise is degrading, I must perforce sound my own sometimes, that is to say, when there is no one at hand to do it for me. So that, gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms put together, nor the sallowness of my countenance, nor my gaunt leanness, will henceforth astonish you, now that you know who I am and what profession I follow."

With these words Don Quixote held his peace, and, from the time he took to answer, the man in green seemed to be at a loss for a reply; after a long pause, however, he said to him: "You were right when you saw curiosity in my amazement, sir knight; but you have not succeeded in removing the astonishment I feel at seeing you; for although you say, señor, that knowing who you are ought to remove it, it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more amazed and astonished than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant in the world in these days, and histories of real chivalry printed? I cannot realize the fact that there can be anyone on earth now-a-days who aids widows, or protects maidens, or defends wives, or succors orphans; nor should I believe it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heavens! for by means of this history of your noble and genuine chivalrous deeds, which you say have been printed, the countless stories of fictitious knights-errant with which the world is filled, so much to the injury of morality and the prejudice and discredit of good histories will have been driven into oblivion."

"There is a good deal to be said on that point," said Don Quixote, "as to whether the histories of the knights-errant are fictitious or not."



*Don Quixote Attacking the Wind-Mills.*

"Why, is there anyone who doubts that those histories are false?" said the man in green.

"I doubt it," said Don Quixote, "but never mind that now; if your journey lasts long enough, I trust in God I shall show your worship that you do wrong in going with the stream of those who regard it as a matter of certainty that they are not true."

From this last observation of Don Quixote's, the traveler began to have a suspicion that he was some crazy being, and was waiting for him to confirm it by something further; but before they could turn to any new subject Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he himself had rendered account of his station and life. To this, he in the green gaban replied: "I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am a gentleman by birth, native of the village where, please God, we are going to dine today; I am more than fairly well off, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, children, and friends; my pursuits are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, nothing but a tame partridge or a bold ferret or two; I have six dozen or so of books, some in our mother tongue, some Latin, some of them history, others devotional; those of chivalry have not as yet crossed the threshold of my door; I am more given to turning over the profane than the devotional, so long as they are books of honest entertainment that charm by their style and attract and interest by the intention they display, though of these there are very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, and often invite them; my entertainments are neat and well served without sting of anything. I have no taste for tattle, nor do I allow tattling in my presence; I pry not into my neighbors' lives, nor have I lynx-eyes for what others do. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no display of good works, lest I let hypocrisy and vainglory, those enemies that subtly take possession of the most watchful heart, find an entrance into mine. I strive to make peace between those whom I know to be at variance; I am the devoted servant of Our Lady, and my trust is ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho listened with the greatest attention to the account of the gentleman's life and occupations; and thinking it a good and holy life, and that he who led it ought to work miracles, he threw himself of Dapple, and running in haste seized his right stirrup and kissed his foot again and again with a devout heart and almost with tears.

Seeing this the gentleman asked him "What are you about, brother? What are these kisses for?"

"Let me kiss," said Sancho, "for I think your worship is the first saint in the saddle I ever saw in all the days of my life."

"I am not a saint," replied the gentleman, "but a great sinner; but you are, brother, for you must be a good fellow, as your simplicity shows."

Sancho went back and regained his pack-saddle, having extracted a laugh from his master's profound melancholy, and excited fresh amazement in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, and observed that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who were without the true knowledge of God, placed the highest good, was in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends, and many and good children.

"I, Señor Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a

bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would like him to be an honor to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the Iliad, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss of four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament."

To all this Don Quixote said in reply: "Children, señor, are portions of their parents, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of daily bread, and it is the student's good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences. She must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their luster from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed, either at the corners of the market places, or in the closets of palaces. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, señor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named shall become famous, and his name honored throughout the civilized nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, señor, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mothers' milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions. That being so, the usage should extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, señor, I suspect, is not prejudiced against

Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere versewriters, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigor to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet. At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of languages, with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honors, and distinguishes him, as much as the gown does the learned counselor. If your son write satires reflecting on the honor of others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals. There are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. If the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too. The pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the things that it writes down."

He of the green gaban was filled with astonishment at Don Quixote's argument, so much that he began to abandon the notion he had taken up about his being crazy. But in the middle of the discourse, it being not very much to his taste, Sancho had turned aside out of the road to beg a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their ewes hard by; and just as the gentleman, highly pleased with Don Quixote's sound sense and intelligence, was about to renew the conversation, Don Quixote, raising his head, perceived a cart covered with the royal flags coming along the road they were traveling; and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, quitted the shepherds, and, prodding Dapple vigorously, came up to his master, to whom there fell a terrific and desperate adventure.

(To be concluded.)



# The Language of the Birds

(A Russian Folk-tale.)

SOMEWHERE in a town in Russia, there lived a rich merchant with his wife. He had an only son, a dear, bright, and brave boy called Ivan. One lovely day Ivan sat at the dinner table with his parents. Near the window in the same room hung a cage, and a nightingale, a sweet-voiced, gray bird, was imprisoned within. The sweet nightingale began to sing its wonderful song with thrills and high silvery tones. The merchant listened and listened to the song and said:

"How I wish I could understand the meaning of the different songs of all the birds! I would give half my wealth to the man, if there were such a man, who could make plain to me all the different songs of the different birds."

Ivan took notice of these words and no matter where he went, no matter where he was, no matter what he did, he always thought of how he could learn the language of the birds.

Some time after this the merchant's son happened to be hunting in a forest. The winds rose, the sky became clouded, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared loudly, and the rain fell in torrents. Ivan soon came near a large tree and saw a big nest in the branches. Four small birds were in the nest; they were quite alone, and neither father nor mother was there to protect them from the cold and wet. The good Ivan pitied them, climbed the tree and covered the little ones with his "kaftan," a long-skirted coat which the Russian peasants and merchants usually wear. The thunder-storm passed by and a big bird came flying and sat down on a branch near the nest and spoke very kindly to Ivan.

"Ivan, I thank you; you have protected my little children from the cold and rain and I wish to do something for you. Tell me what you do wish."

Ivan answered: "I am not in need; I have everything for my comfort. But teach me the birds' language."

"Stay with me three days and you shall know all about it."

Ivan remained in the forest three days. He understood well the teaching of the big bird and returned home more clever than before. One beautiful day soon after this Ivan sat with his parents when the nightingale was singing in his cage. His song was so sad, however, so very sad, that the merchant and his wife also became sad, and their son, their good Ivan, who listened very attentively, was even more affected, and the tears came running down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" asked his parents; "what are you weeping about, dear son?"

"Dear parents," answered the son, "it is because I understand the meaning of the nightingale's song, and because this meaning is so sad for all of us."

"What then is the meaning? Tell us the whole truth; do not hide it from us," said the father and mother.

"Oh, how sad it sounds!" replied the son. "How much better would it be never to have been born!"

"Do not frighten us," said the parents, alarmed. "If you do really understand the meaning of the song, tell us at once."

"Do you not hear for yourselves? The nightingale says: 'The time will come when Ivan, the merchant's son, shall become Ivan, the king's son, and his own father shall serve him as a simple servant.'"

The merchant and his wife felt troubled and began to distrust their son, their good Ivan. So one night they gave him a drowsy drink, and when he had fallen asleep they took him to a boat on the wide sea, spread the white sails, and pushed the boat from the shore.

For a long time the boat danced on the waves and finally it came near a large merchant vessel, which struck against it with such a shock that Ivan awoke. The crew on the large vessel saw Ivan and pitied him. So they decided to take him along with them and did so. High, very high, above in the sky they perceived cranes. Ivan said to the sailors:

"Be careful; I hear the birds predicting a storm. Let us enter a harbor or we shall suffer great danger and damage. All the sails will be torn and all the masts will be broken."

But no one paid any attention and they went farther on. In a short time the storm arose, the wind tore the vessel almost to pieces, and they had a very hard time to repair all the damage. When they were through with their work they heard many wild swans flying above them and talking very loud among themselves.

"What are they talking about?" inquired the men, this time with interest.

"Be careful," advised Ivan. "I hear and distinctly understand them to say that the pirates, the terrible sea robbers, are near. If we do not enter a harbor at once they will imprison and kill us."

The crew quickly obeyed this advice and as soon as the vessel entered the harbor the pirate boats passed by and the merchants saw them capture several unprepared vessels. When the danger was over, the sailors with Ivan went farther, still farther. Finally the vessel anchored near a town, large and unknown to the merchants. A king ruled in that town who was very much annoyed by three black crows. These three crows were all the time perching near the window of the king's chamber. No one knew how to get rid of them and no one could kill them. The king ordered notices to be placed at all crossings and on all prominent buildings, saying that whoever was able to relieve the king from the noisy birds would be rewarded by obtaining his youngest daughter for a wife; but the one who should have the daring to undertake but not succeed in delivering the palace from the crows would have his head cut off. Ivan attentively read the announcement, once, twice, and once more. Finally he made the sign of the cross and went to the palace. He said to the servants:

"Open the window and let me listen to the birds."

The servants obeyed and Ivan listened for a while. Then he said:

"Show me to your sovereign king."

When he reached the room where the king sat on a high, rich chair, he bowed and said:

"There are three crows, a father crow, a mother crow, and a son crow. The trouble is that they desire to obtain thy royal decision as to whether the son crow must follow his father crow or his mother crow."

The king answered: "The son crow must follow the father crow."

As soon as the king announced his royal decision the crow father with the crow son went one way and the crow mother disappeared the other way, and no one has heard the noisy birds since. The king gave one-half of his kingdom and his youngest daughter to Ivan, and a happy life began for him.

In the meantime his father, the rich merchant, lost his wife and by and by his fortune also. There was no one left to take care of him, and the old man went begging under the windows of charitable people. He went from one win-



dow to another, from one village to another, from one town to another, and one bright day he came to the palace where Ivan lived, begging humbly for charity. Ivan saw him and recognized him, ordered him to come inside, and gave him food to eat and also supplied him with good clothes, asking questions:

"Dear old man, what can I do for you?" he said.

"If you are so very good," answered the poor father, without knowing that he was speaking to his own son, "let me remain here and serve you among your faithful servants."

"Dear, dear father!" exclaimed Ivan, "you did doubt the true song of the nightingale, and now you see that our fate was to meet according to the predictions of long ago."

The old man was frightened and knelt before his son, but his Ivan remained the same good son as before, took his father lovingly into his arms, and together they wept over their sorrow.

Several days passed by and the old father felt courage to ask his son, the king: "Tell me, my son, how was it that you did not perish in the boat?"

Ivan laughed gayly.

"I presume," he answered, "that it was not my fate to perish at the bottom of the wide sea, but my fate was to marry my beautiful wife, and to sweeten the old age of my dear father."

## Cooling the Tropics from the Ocean Bed?

NEARLY three-quarters of the face of the Earth is covered with salt water—water as deep in parts as the Himalayas are high—and the part the sea plays in the economy of Nature is as vast as its volume.

It is a repository of huge quantities of mud; it provides a pathway for ships; it supplies enormous quantities of food. With the aid of the Moon it gives us the tides; with the aid of the Sun, which with prodigious labor lifts it to the mountain-tops and even to the clouds, it gives us rivers; and in collaboration with Sun and atmosphere it gives us clouds and rain and diverse climates.

The part played by the sea in climate is particularly important. Its water absorbs a tremendous amount of heat before it becomes perceptibly warm and begins to radiate heat. It reaches a high temperature much more slowly than the land, and its lagging lower temperature tends to cool adjacent coasts. Islands in the tropic zones are, therefore, less torrid in hot seasons

than continental lands in similar latitudes. Hence, too, we go to the coast to escape inland heat.

The great latent heat absorbed is a sort of hidden reservoir supplying more heat as heat radiates away from it, and thus it is able in cold seasons to supply heat to neighboring lands which, though heating more quickly, cool more rapidly.

So it comes about that islands and coasts are warmer in winter than continental lands and inland places in the same latitudes. Generally we may say that the immense stretches of sea mitigate and equalize the summer and winter climates of the world. It happens, also, that the difference in the temperatures of sea and land, and the difference in the humidity of the air over sea and land, cause ascending and descending currents of air and wind either off sea or off shore; and moist, warm winds from the ocean or cold, dry winds from the land may, therefore, very greatly influence the climate of any locality.

These and many other facts are well

known, and the meteorological importance of the sea is a commonplace. But, if two distinguished Frenchmen are to be believed, the sea has still gigantic work to do for humanity. Not only are there tides to be harnessed but (so these two men declare) the heat in the tropical sea and the cold of the Arctic and Antarctic ice can be used as energy and can be employed still further to transform climate.

As we know, cold water sinks and warm water rises. In accordance with that principle great volumes of cold water sink from the melting ice in the Polar regions and stream along the floor of the oceans toward the Equator. The deeper we plumb the colder the sea becomes, and at 2000 fathoms it is almost ice cold. Even in tropical seas, whose surface temperature may reach from 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit, the water in the depths is icy cold.

In view of this fact two or three years ago two eminent French engineers, George Claude and Paul Boucherot, reasoned that by raising the icy cold water from the ocean depth and using it to condense the warm surface water an almost illimitable source of power could be tapped. Now they have also suggested that the cold water of the ocean could be used like ice for cooling purposes. Weight for weight, they admit, ice has ten times more cooling value than such water; but, on the other hand, the water is more readily transportable, and is to be found everywhere.

It is, of course, largely an economic question of cost, and the cost must depend on the distance of deep water from land. Off most coasts the water deepens only gradually, and one would require tubes hundreds of miles long to reach deep water and to convey it to the surface; but off some coasts the sea is immediately deep, and there a short tube would suffice.

On a coast with a gradient of one in five M. Boucherot calculates that cold

water could be raised so cheaply that it would be possible to make habitable tropical countries whose high temperature at present excludes white men. He calculates that we could obtain enough cold water for five cents to cool a house of several rooms for a week. A pipe 39 inches in diameter would convey every hour from the bottom of the sea water representing as much cold as is contained in fifty wagons of ice. A pipe about 120 to 150 feet in diameter would supply in a year water with as much cooling capacity as forty million tons of ice—all the ice made in a year in the United States!

The idea of M. Boucherot is that the cold water conveyed to the tropical coast should be distributed, as hot water is distributed in cold countries, by means of pipes and radiators. In addition there might be fountains, jets, and cascades of cold water. Having been used thus to cool houses, shops, and warehouses, the water could be led along the streets and finally poured into rivers.

He proposes, further, that part of the cold water should be used in conjunction with the warm surface water as a source of power, and that the power should be used to produce ice, and also, where fresh water is lacking, to procure fresh water by distilling salt water. He calculates that a cubic metre of fresh water thus obtained would cost less than a penny, and would serve to grow a pound of vegetables; so that by the icy water of the ice and icebergs of the Polar regions the tropical desert would not be merely cooled and rendered habitable but made to blossom as the rose.

A new epoch of civilization will begin, this Frenchman declares, if these ideas can be carried out, and the great task of the future will be the utilization of the energy contained in the sea.

It seems too good to be true, but the prophet is not a dreamer: he is a distinguished practical engineer.



DEAR READERS:

In the Slovene department of the "Mladinski" we have given under "Naš kotiček" several instructions regarding your contributions. We wish you to read them, or your folks read and explain them for you; for the instructions may prove helpful in your writings. Above all, the "Mladinski List" wants you to consider the suggestions regarding the material you contribute. Do not copy poems, stories, or other material from magazines and books. We want you to think for yourselves and write us your own ideas. In this wise only we can guarantee for the publication of your letters.

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We want our readers to prepare for the celebrations that the S.N.P.J. lodges are planning for the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the S.N.P.J. Help your parents in our lodges to make the anniversary year of the S.N.P.J. a great success. The lodge affairs must be mutual, and we must all participate in order to make the adult members feel that the greatest Slovene organization in America, our "Jednota," is just as young and hundreds of times stronger than it was at its first convention in April 1904.

You have probably read the encouraging reports of the growth of the S.N.P.J. in the Prosveta. It has grown in membership and wealth. At the end of the year 1928 there were no less than 60,240 members in all, including 19,331 members of the Juvenile Department.

Youngsters of the S.N.P.J., let us show that we are all vitally interested. Our interest in the "Mladinski List" and the contributions dealing with the organization and its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary must convince the parents of the S.N.P.J. that there is a new generation growing up which will continue to uphold the Society with all its good principles. It is not duty, but privilege that you are a member.

THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor:

I can read and talk Slovene, but I can't write. I am 11 years old and a member of the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 5 for 10 years. There was plenty of flu in Cleveland; both my sister and I had it.

John Dolinar,  
8805 Vineyard Ave., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:

We had a nice program on December 21st. There was a Slovene song and play. The song was "Sveta noč," the play was "Kupčija z jajci." I wish some of the girls would write to me.

Emma Knaus,  
Traunich, Mich., Box 26.

To the readers of the Mladinski List:

I like our List very much: quite as much as you do; but tell me, couldn't our List be more wonderful than it is? I know so. You are wondering what I am talking about; are you not? Just like this, girls: couldn't you tell a bit more beside the name of your school, a joke, and your address? Boys, you, too, must just say: I go to so and so school, live at so and so street? You could do better.

Boys and girls, all over the U. S., don't you think it sounds just a little too simple in saying that? My idea of a wonderful List is: Stories, recipes, wood work hints, pictures etc. If you have a drawing of which you are proud, send it in. Then we could have contests.

I am talking very rashly, am I not? It will cost much to enlarge our List's Corner; will it not? But haven't you any friends who could subscribe to the List? You surely have. Pep up and see our List grow.

A Clevelander.

Dear Editor:

I am in the fourth grade and I am only eight years old. I like to go to school. On certain days when it is nice outside the teacher comes out and plays with us.

Old Mr. Santa Claus was good to me. He brought me everything I wanted. I don't believe in him, though; for it is my dad, or my mother, that give the presents.

Betty Modic, Keisler, Pa., R. 1.

Regarding Santa Claus we have received a still more interesting letter from John Kobi, Duluth, Minn.:

"I have something to bring up. Boys and girls, readers of the Mladinski List, what do you think of this Santa Claus joke, I am out. I want to believe in something that is real, not in something that is misleading.

Young members, let us begin to discuss the Santa Claus and his gifts, and tell the world that we shall be fooled no more. Come, boys and girls, what have you to say to this."

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old and I began to attend the high school. We had a large epidemic of "flu" in our school and had two weeks of Christmas vacation. I got many presents. The "Domovina" lodge gave a sack of candy for the "kiddies" of the S. N. P. J. Our family and I all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge and I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Frances Ambrose,  
Barberton, Ohio, 135 N. W. 15th St.

### POOR GIRL

She would swing a ten pound dumb bell,  
She could fence and she could box,  
She could row for many hours  
And climb high upon the rocks.

She could golf from dawn to twilight  
And play tennis all day long;  
But she couldn't help her mother,  
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

Joseph Mihcic, W. Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Editor:

My mother, father, brothers and I are all members of the S. N. P. J. We had a sad Christmas, because one of our friends, Joe Balcer, had died. He was one of our brothers of the S. N. P. J.

Mary Derner,  
907 Washington Ave., Madison, Ill.

### A POETIC PICTURE.

Her eyes are pools of quiet waters reflecting the simple beauty of the purple violets. Her lips are a dainty bow that parts in a charming smile. And she moves about like a lonely dove all the while.

Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor and Readers:

I read every Mladinski List from cover to cover thoroughly and I enjoy reading all letters. I almost always read every magazine twice, and I don't see why some contributors to the Mladinski List insist on describing their faces, as the color of hair and eyes. It seems as though a beauty contest is going on in the "Juvenile."

I noticed especially in the December issue that "Naš kotiček" had more letters than usual. I hope we all keep it up. We all realize that it is harder to write a Slovene letter than an English one; but we must know that without practicing we cannot succeed in writing Slovene.

We all know that the S. N. P. J. is good, but unless we attend meetings, read the Prosveta, and ask our parents about the great organization, we don't know what its aim is.

I am now a "freshman" in high school and I take five subjects and gym. The subjects are: Algebra, English, civics, Latin, and general science. Science is the most interesting, because we get to perform different experiments.

I am always sending letters to the M. L., but I always forget to mention that Latrobe has a flying field, called Hill Airport. Airplanes from different parts of the United States stop at the local flying field.

My best wishes to every reader of the Mladinski List.

Jennie J. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am in the seventh grade and in section I, in which I learn history, geography, English, grammar, and arithmetic. We also have physical training and basketball. We have two man teachers and four woman teachers.

My resolution for 1929 is to write to the Mladinski List every month.

I wish the Mladinski List would become bigger and would come every week.

Sincerely yours,

John Hrvatin, Farmington, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am in the 7th grade of Stewart School. I have three teachers. I think the best of the subjects I have is spelling. All of our family belong to the S.N.P.J. There are four of us.

Stella Ambrozic,

Library, Pa., Box 63.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I certainly was surprised to see my name on that list of sixteen, and want to thank the Mladinski List very much for the lovely present. I appreciate it very much.

Many people here were ill with the flu and I had it, also, although it was very mild.

Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I wish that the M. L. would be larger in 1929 than it has been last year. More boys and girls should be interested in it. I made a resolution on New Year that I will write to the M. L. every month.

I was very glad to receive two books as a souvenir from the S.N.P.J., which I thank very much.

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18.

\* \* \*

Dear Readers:

Seeing that there is very little sent to the M. L. from Newark, I took up my time to write something myself. I am sixteen years old and belong to Lodge No. 540.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I will gladly answer their letters.

Lillian Bettys,

Newark, N. J., 244 Hunterdon St.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Anton Zgonce wrote in the M. L. that he wanted to be the first member to write from his home town, and I want to be the first member to write from our state, of Murray, Utah.

The whole family of us belong to the S.N.P.J., Lodge No. 12.

I am very interested in reading the M. L.

Frank Godnick, Box 22, Murray, Utah.

Dear Editor:

I am thirteen years of age and in seventh grade. I like school sometimes, but sometimes I do not like it.

My two favorite sports are football and baseball. I usually play as a catcher of our baseball team and a halfback of our football team. I am fit for a guard because I am heavy and over 5 feet tall, but they put me for a halfback, because I am the fastest running boy in our team.

John Holjevac,

Anvil Location, Michigan.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I think that if any time the Mladinski List happens to be published every two weeks, every boy and girl would write because they wanted it to appear weekly.

Boys and girls, write to our wonderful magazine to make it larger, and surely some day your wish shall come true.

Matilda Martinjak, La Salle, Ill.

\* \* \*

I am writing to tell you how matters go along in Rockwood. We are all well, but before my father was ill. He is now a little better. There is no work in Rockwood.

There is one thing that I notice about the M. L. which is: that the boys are not as good as the girls are. They do not write. Come on boys! Come on! Come all! Don't let the girls be the head of the M. L.

Robert Furlan, Rockwood, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am in the 8th grade of the Westmoreland City public school. I can read and talk Slovene, but I can not write it. My mother is teaching me to write Slovene. I expect to write a letter in Slovene in the next issue. I wish that some of the Westmoreland City boys and girls would write to the "M. L." and that some of the other members would soon write to me. My address is:—Anton Zgonc, Box 58, 4th Street, Westmoreland City, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am now a "freshie" at the McKinley High School and am 13 years old. I am taking a four year commercial course and have the following subjects: Algebra, General Science, Spanish, English, Music and Gym.

I would like to have the members write to me as I like to correspond with friends who live in various states.

Rudolph Sernel, 535 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Here is a letter from the "Sunshine State," New-Mexico. I intended to write years ago, but could never get down to business. I am

eleven years old, and I have been a member of the S. N. P. J. lodge for several years.

I am a girl scout. I have been a girl scout for two years. We have a sewing club. I like to read "Mladinski List" very much.

A member,

Lillie Podboy, Sugarite, New Mexico.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

There is much snow here. There is a lake near our house called the Long Year Lake, because it is so long. In winter we go skating on the lake. We have very much fun.

I have not seen any letters in the "M. L." written from Chisholm. My sister's name is the only name I have seen last month from Chisholm. I wish more children from Chisholm would write. My sister Mary cannot write in the "Mladinski List" this month, because she is very ill now. She thanks the Editor for the book; and she likes it very much.

Bertha Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am a twin and will be fourteen years old in March. I am very much interested in this magazine. My twin sister has written twice and is writing again this time. I am going to try hard to get a prize this year.

Olga Koss, Detroit, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Whenever the Mladinski List came I always read the letters, stories, jokes and poems that the other member contributed; so I made a resolution for the year 1929 that I would write at least every other month. I am 14 years old and attend the eighth grade at Collinwood High School. My mother, father, and my brothers and I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 312.

Dorothy Marc, 716 E. 160th St., Cleveland, O.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I never saw a letter in the Mladinski List written from someone in Calumet; so I thought I would start. I am 12 years old and in the 7-A Grade. I am a member of the S. N. P. J. Lodge and so is our whole family.

Pauline Staudohar,

32—6th St. Tom., Calumet, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am in the fourth grade and I will be 11 May 21st. I said I will start to be writing every month. On Christmas day we had a Slovene play and a Slovene song. The Slovene play was very good.

Mary Knaus, Traunik, Mich.

## FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school  
Down beside the rushy pool,  
Twenty little coats of green;  
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they;  
"First we study, than we play,  
This is how we keep the rule,  
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,  
called the classes in their turn;  
Taught them in the water deep,  
How to dive and how to leap;

Quick to leap and quick to see,  
As a bullfrog ought to be.  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.

Sent by

Anna Cerne,

Pittsburgh, Kans., R. R. 2.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I received the story book of "Hans Brinker" and I appreciate it very much. I am interested in it. I read it every night. I have made a resolution to write to the M. L. every month during the year.

Fitz Henry played Jeannette at Jeannette on Dec. 25. The score was 1—1, after a hard battle of 90 minutes, Keystone played Fitz Henry on Dec. 30, 1928; Keystone defeated Fitz Henry 2—1.

Henry Indof, Smithton, Pa., Box 378.

\* \* \*

## FOR SALE

One light car, with piston rings,  
Two rear wheels, no front springs;  
Has no fenders, seat or plank,  
Burns lots of gas, and hard to crank.

Carburetor's busted half way thru—  
Engine missing, hitting on two.  
Three years old, four in spring —  
Has shock absorber an' everything.

Radiator's busted, sure does leak,  
Differential dry—can hear it squeak.  
Ten spokes missing, front all bent.  
Tires blow out, not worth a cent.

Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce,  
Burns either gas or tobacco juice,  
Tires all off, been run on the rim,  
A darn good car for the shape it's in.

Joe Langus, Box 381, Blawnox, Pa.

Dear Editor:

One of my New Year's Resolution is, "Resolved that I will write to the M. L. at least once a month."

I don't see very many letters from Minnesota, especially from Ely.

I have received many letters from the members and wish that a few more would write to me.

Jeanette Pirce,

Gilbert, Minn., Box 392.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am writing because I never see any letter from La Salle. I cannot tell anybody how I appreciate reading the Mladinski List. I think if all the young Slovenes that belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge would write, the Mladinski List would become larger. I belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 98. I wish some of the children would write to me. I am going to try and write a letter every month this New Year.

Helen Zevnik, La Salle, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

There are nine in our family and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge No. 223. My father belongs to it ever since 1908. I have 4 sisters and 4 brothers. I have hardly seen any letter from Greensburg in the Mladinski.

Jennie Plume, Greensburg, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I didn't have any fun for Christmas, because I had a bad cold I hope that Francis Blazic is not angry at me for not answering his letter. Don't worry, Francis, I will.

Mary Moyl, Kenosha, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have not seen any letter from Franklin Borough. Don't brothers and sisters of Franklin appreciate the M. L.? I hope they do. Come on, wake up, and show you like the M. L. just as much as the other brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.

I have a sister and a brother. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. (including parents). I am 15 years old and in the 10th grade of the Franklin Jr. High School. My sister, Frances, is twelve years old and in the 7th grade. My brother is only one and half year of age.

Carolina Kraytz,

Franklin Boro., Conemaugh, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I intend to write the whole year. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade at Glencoe school. I have a good teacher. I had 3 teachers this year already and they were all good to me.

I love to read the M. L. and I can hardly wait till it comes, but I can't afford to put my work aside and read it because I have too much work. In the evening when the lights are on I read it through and through till I get sleepy and then I go to bed.

Vera Hribernik, Glencoe, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Mildred Hochevar, writes from Aurora, Minnesota, Box 408:

"I am a Freshman now. Last summer I spent my vacation at Milwaukee, Wis., with my aunt. One Saturday afternoon we went to Chicago, where I saw the S. N. P. J. building. I wish there would be more letters from Aurora."

\* \* \*

Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind., enjoys reading the book "Pinocchio" very much. She writes: "My brother and I even fight because we both want to read the book. It is a good book and I read it almost through already."

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:

I hope that all readers of the M. L. are enjoying winter sports, skiing and sleigh riding. I wish we would have snow in Latrobe.

Mary Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \* \*

### THE EVENING STAR

Out of my window at night  
I see a bright little star.  
He's waiting see me go to sleep.  
His bright little eyes  
A watch will keep,  
While a dear little bird,  
on a tree close by,  
Will sing me a beautiful lullaby.

Mary Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I am 12 years of age and in the sixth grade. I have two brothers; we all belong to Lodge 484 in New Philadelphia, Ohio. My mother and father belong to it also. I am learning to read Slovene. Regards to all,

Tony Debevec, Roswell, Ohio, Box 2.

\* \* \*

### JOKES

Teacher: Don't you know that punctuation means to pause?

Willie: Of course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.

Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colo.

A little gas, a little oil,  
A little spark, a little coil,  
A little tin, a three inch board;  
Then shake these well  
And you have a ford.

Beatrice Kobi, West Duluth, Minn. —

Mother: And what is mother's little man  
going to be when he grows up?

Albert: I want to be a soldier.

Mother: But, dear, that is dangerous.  
You might get killed.

Albert: Who's going to kill me?

Mother: Why, the enemy.

Albert: Then I'll be the enemy.

Valeria Koss, Detroit, Mich.

A.: There was a big run on the bank this  
morning.

B.: Heavens, which bank?

A.: Both banks. The creek overflowed.

Sylvia Krizner, West Newton, Pa.

Doctor: Is your husband better from my  
medicine

Lady: Yes, we burried him yesterday.

Emma Krizner, West Newton, Pa.

"He is like a lunatic," said the man in cell  
25 of the insane asylum as the keeper brought  
in another unfortunate.

Customer: Have you something that will  
cure fleas on the dog?

Druggist: I don't know. What's the matter  
with the fleas?

E. Brumovich, Pueblo, Colo.

Teacher (talking on the phone): You say  
that Billy Smith has a bad cold and will not  
be able to attend the school today? Who is  
this speaking?

Voice (hoarsely): My father.

Helen Zevnik, La Salle, Ill.

Son: Father, I have saved you a whole  
dollar.

Father: You have? Just for that I will give  
you a quarter. Now tell me how you saved it.

Son: You said if I got a good report card,  
you would give me a dollar.

Father: Yes, go on.

Son: Well, I didn't get a good one.

John Kobi, West Duluth, Minn.

Judge: "How did you get that awful bump  
on your head?"

Victim: "Family quarrel, your honor."

Judge: "Hit by a piece of bric-a-brac?"

Victim: "Not the brac, your honor, just  
the brick."

Jennie Peternel, West Newton, Pa.

Other letters were written by the following  
members:

Jenny Zajc, Braddock, Pa.

Frances Grill, Bridgeport, Ohio.

Frank R. Cerar, Bridgeport, Ohio.

Catherine Androna, Blaine, Ohio.

Anna Miklege, Canonsburg, Pa.

Sylvia Kodre, West Allis, Wis.

George Margitta, Benson, Mich.

Joseph Stephan, McDonald, Pa.

Matilda Krizner, West Newton, Pa.

#### EDITOR'S NOTES

Mary and Dorothy Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio:  
Please, let us know who wrote the poems.

Dorothy Matelich, Indianapolis, Ind.: The  
poem is lovely. Who wrote it?

Mary R. Stonich, Pinon, Colorado: "Sea  
Phantasy" might be printed if we knew the  
author of it. Try to do some other drawing.

Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind. We must  
know who wrote the short story.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa. Sorry, your  
picture reading story cannot be printed.

Elizabeth Klinar, Seanor, Pa. Who wrote  
"A secret?"

#### RIDDLES

1. What sheds many tears when the sun  
comes up?

2. Where is a robber honest?

Anna S. Traven, Cleveland, Ohio.

1. What ear can't hear?

2. What dog never barks?

3. What bell never rings?

Joe Elersich, Cleveland, Ohio.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup, and  
all the king's horses can't pull it up.

Jennie Zupan, Hazel Park, Mich.

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred  
eyes and never a nose.

Angela Zupan, Hazel Park, Mich.