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Jeraj Joseph
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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1923

ŠTEV. 11.

Po ravnici lovec hodi.

Po ravnici
lovec hodi,
v deteljici
zajček blodi.

Vzame puško
lovec, počí,
a za hruško
zajček skoči . . .

Lovec reče:
"Ne poznaš me."
Zajček steče:
"Tu imaš me."

Gre domov že
lovec prazni,
blodi vnov že
zajček pazni.

Petruška.

Mornarska.

Ladija meni domovje,
Polje neskončno morje,
Klasi rumeni valovje,
Kadar je žarki zlate.
Ladijo veter poriva,
Mokri odpira se tir;
Jasno nebo se odkriva,
Luči nešteti izviri.
Mnoga mi znana dežela,
Zemlje široke okrog,
Znana na nebu krdela —
Celi neskončni obok.
Boj silovito mi geslo
Sredi nemirnih vetrov,
Roka obrača mi veslo,
Gledam grob temnih valov.
Ladija hipoma plava,
Vstaja — odhaja vihar,
Čvrsta je moja postava,
Zdrav in vesel je mornar.

A. Umek.

Ščinkovec.

Bival na zeleni lipi
Nekdaj ščinkovec je mlad,
Prepevaje v senčnih vejah,
Ki dajale so mu hlad.
Lipa ga je bolj ljubila,
Nego druge ptice vse,
Vejo mu je odločila,
Naj si plete gnezdice.
Ko so tekli prvi časi,
Lipi je hvaležen bil;
Komaj pride tretje leto,
Že predrzen je grozil:
"Vejica, na kateri gnezdo
Pletel sem že tolikrat,
Že ni tvoja, nego moja;
Moj je les in cvet in hlad."
Lipo to do srca zbode,
Z vej mu gnezdo obali;
Ptič preširni brez zavetja
Z doma v tuji svet zleti.

M. Vilhar.

Josip Ribičič:

Čudodelna srajca.

Igra v enem dejanju.

O s e b e:

Kalif.
 1. vezir) Kalifova ministra.
 2. vezir)
 Kalifov osebni zdravnik.
 Učeni Selim.
 Bogati Alimar.
 Labakan — vojskovodja.
 Ubogi Omar.

Velika razkošna dvorana, ki jo razsvetljujejo prižgani raznobarvni lampijoni. Vhod na desni zakriva težka žametna zavesa. V ozadju široka okna, skozi katera se vidijo vrhovi dreves.

Levo počez bogato opremljena otomana.

Kalif je star mož z dolgo sivo brado; leži na otomani; z roko si podpira glavo; komolec mu je globoko pogreznjen v mehke blazine. Za otomano pihlja zamorec s pahljačo.

Vezirja sedita na desno in levo ob otomani na blazinah na tleh s prekrizanimi nogami.

Zdravnik pride od desne.

Črni suženj mu sledi s skodelico v rokah.

ZDRAVNIK: Evo, mogočni gospod, pripravil sem ti zdravilo.

SUŽENJ (*poklekne pred kalifa in moli, sklonjen do tal, skodelico predse.*)

KALIF (*vzame skodelico in se bridko nasmehne*): Zdravilo? — No, daj! (*izpije*). Glej, izpijem in še predno izpijem, vem, da je vse zaman — Vsak na smrt bolan bolnik ve to, pa vendar izpije. — Ali ni to čudno?

ZDRAVNIK: Odleglo ti bo; lažje se ti bo pripraviti na težko pot.

SUŽENJ (*odnese skodelico na malo mizico ob oknu v ozadju. Obstane za kalifom s prekrizanimi rokami*).

KALIF: Na težko pot? Torej tudi ti si že obupal? Tudi tvoja veda pravi, da mi je usojeno kmalu umreti?

ZDRAVNIK: Alah je velik! Tako je Alah določil!

KALIF: Čemu mi daješ tedaj zdravila, če je tako določeno? Čemu služi vsa tvoja zdravniška učenost?

ZDRAVNIK (*zmigne z rameni*): Pomagamo, kakor moremo! Kjer ni mogoče premagati smrti, tam lajšamo bolečine.

KALIF: Ne, bolečin ne lajšate, ampak še povečate jih — zakaj s silo dramite človeka, ko ga narava kliče v sen! — Podaljšate mu življenje za minuto, ko si želi še deset let življenja. In če premagate smrt za minuto, zakaj bi je ne mogli za leto dni? Čuj me, zdravnik! Krivice nisi trpel pri meni — izkaži se hvaležnega in podaljšaj mi življenje samo za leto dni! Dam ti zanj polovico svojega bogastva!

ZDRAVNIK: In če mi daš vse svoje bogastvo — ne zmorem. Smrt je neizprosna! In pred njenim obličjem smo vsi enaki!

KALIF (*jezno*): Ni mi do tvojih modrosti! Če ne moreš pomagati — idi! K sreči sem bil previden in dal poklicati moža, ki je močnejši od tebe! — Poznam človeka, čigar moč začenja tam, kjer se tvoja končuje!

ZDRAVNIK (*se prikloni*): Alah ti usliži željo. (*Odide.*)

KALIF: Naj vstopi učeni Selim!

ZAMOREC (*ki je stal za kalifom, je bil šel in odrinil zaveso pred odhajajočim zdravnikom. Zaveso izpusti šele za Selimom. Obstane pri zavesi.*)

SELIM (*star mož, z dolgo brado, z naočniki na dolgemu nosu, v dolgi halji in z velikim turbanom na glavi, vstopi*): Alah je velik in Mohamed je njegov prerok. (*Po pozdravu, ki ga je bil vzdiknil z visoko dvignjenimi rokami, se globoko prikloni*): Kaj želiš, mogočni gospod?

KALIF: Selim, pridi bliže! (*Ko se Selim približa*): Pravijo, da si velik modrižan!

SELIM: Izreci svojo željo, gospod!

KALIF: Pravijo tudi, da čitaš iz zvezd ter da ti zvezde povedo vse, karkoli želiš izvedeti.

SELIM (*dvigne roke*): Alah se je usmilil svojega hlapca! Res je, kar pravijo!

KALIF: Poslal sem odposlanca k tebi z naročilom, da čitaj iz zvezd, kaj mi je usojeno. Ali si čital?

jutri vsi pravi verniki pozvani z minaretov k večerni molitvi, tedaj ne boš več živ med živimi. Alah je velik — poslal bo pote svo-

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Kip Republike.

Daniel Chester French.

SELIM: Čital sem!

KALIF: No? Kaj si čital?

SELIM: Tako je bilo zapisano: Ko bodo

jega angela in Mohamed, veliki prerok, te bo čakal na pragu, da te odpelje pred Alahovo obličje!

KALIF (*prestrašeno*): Jutri že?

SELIM: Jutri! Zvezde govore jasno in ne lažejo!

KALIF (*skrije glavo med blazine. Polagoma se zopet skloni*): Moder človek si, Selim! Povej, ali ni rešitve? Glej, tako rad bi še živel! Ko sem tako ležal, bolan in ves betežen — je stalo življenje pred menoj kakor v zrcalu — slika za sliko se je vrstila — pa sem spoznal, da sem bil mnogokrat krivičen, premnogokrat krut. Stotočkrat sem poganjal v smrt tisočero podložnikov, kar tako — za prazen nič! Vse to bi rad še popravil! Govori Selim — ali ga res ni zdravilo, ki bi mi dalo moč živeti — samo leto dni še živeti!

SELIM: Je! Eno samo zdravilo je na svetu, ki te ozdravi!

KALIF: Povej, govori!

SELIM: Tako govore zvezde: Ako obleče srajco najsrečnejšega človeka na zemlji, mu bo odleglo in ozdravel bo!

KALIF: Srajco najsrečnejšega človeka na zemlji? — Zakaj srajco drugega človeka? Ali ni moja srajca srajca najsrečnejšega?

SELIM: Ni! Preveč je madežev vesti na njej. Sam si dejal, da si izpoznal svoje krivice, svojo krutost — —

KALIF: Prav imaš. — Nikoli nisem bil srečen — cesar ima preveč človeških življenj v svojih rokah, da bi bil lahko srečen. — Povej mi, Selim, kje je človek s čudodelno srajco?

SELIM: Tega ne povedo zvezde!

KALIF: Tedaj je vse izgubljeno! En sam dan mi je dan — v enem dnevu ga ne najdem!

SELIM (*zmigne z rameni*): Moli k Alahu — Alah je velik! Morda ti pokaže pot, da najdeš najsrečnejšega človeka! (*Se prikloni in odide.*)

1. VEZIR (*je bil vstal in se zamislil*): Mogočni gospod! Troje srečnih ljudi poznam; kdo je med njimi najsrečnejši, tega ne vem! Pošli ponje! Alah ti bo pomagal in razsvetlil tvoj duh, da najdeš pravega!

KALIF (*vzradoščen*): Govori, kdo so trije srečni?

1. VEZIR: Prvi je bogati Alimar, drugi mogočni Labakan in tretji je človek, ki ga po imenu ne poznam. Biva nekje visoko

na planinah. Vsako jutro ob jutranji zori me zbudi njegova piščalka. Same vesele pesmi piska! Večkrat sem vzdihnil: Kako srečen mora biti človek, ki je vedno tako vesel.

KALIF (*si pogladi brado*): Moder je tvoj svet, vezir. Idi in pripelji troje srečnih. Morda se Alah usmili svojega hlapca.

1. VEZIR (*odhiti v desno*).

(*Od daleč se zasliši šum pojočih glasov.*)

KALIF (*prisluhne*): Kaj je to?

2. VEZIR (*vstane in gre k oknu pogledat*): Verniki so, ki so se zbrali krog gradu in ki molijo za tvoje zdravje. Zelo te ljubijo tvoji podložniki! Glej, tam hite služabniki na vse strani iskat troje srečnih. (*Gleda vedno skozi okno.*) A star služabnik, ki ga noge več ne ubogajo, je pokleknil sredi vrta, priklanja se in moli — moli zate — — — (*Veselo dvigne roke*): Ah, glej! Alah je velik! Hvala njemu in čast! Bogati Alimar in mogočni Labakan se bližata. Nebroj slug ju spremlja! In ljudstvo se jima globoko priklanja. Vsak pozna njiju vrednost: moč zlata in moč pesti! — Srečen, kdor ima tako moč!

1. VEZIR (*vstopi in se prikloni*): Dva sem pripeljal! Po tretjega sem pa poslal najhitrejšega jezdeca na najhitrejšem konju. Kateri naj vstopi prvi?

KALIF (*premišljuje*): Vezir — v veliko zagato si me spravil! Če sprejemem prej bogatega Alimarja, bo mogočni Labakan užaljen — če vstopi najprej Labakan, bo pa Alimar razsrjen! Oba sta mi enako potrebna. — — —

1. VEZIR: Gospod, sprejmi Alimarja — zlato je močnejše od meča.

KALIF: Misliš? Kaj praviš ti, moj drugi vezir?

2. VEZIR: Zlato je mogočnejše. Meč lahko uničuje — zlato pa lahko uniči, a tudi zida; — meč lahko razseče vsaka vrata — zlato jih pa odpre brez škode — —

KALIF: Naj vstopi tedaj bogati Alimar!

ZAMOREC (*na desni odgrne zaveso*).

1. VEZIR (*se približa desni*): Bogati Alimar, stopi pred obličje svojega gospoda.

ALIMAR (*pretirano bogato opravljen, suh, razburljiv. Se ob vratih okrene z nasmehom*): Vsak ob svojem času, dragi moj Labakan — tudi nate pride vrsta! (*Se*

prikloni kalifu): Hvala ti, gospod, da si mi dal prednost pred tem širokoustnim Labakanom. Opira se na svoj meč in žvenketa z ostrogami, kakor da ga ni pod solncem človeka, ki bi mu bil enak! — — Še enkrat bodi zahvaljen, mogočni gospod! Da boš pa videl mojo resnično hvaležnost, poslušaj: vse moje bogastvo ti je na razpolago. Moje sobe so polne zakladov. Izbi-raj!

KALIF: Ni mi do tvojih zakladov. Zdravje iščem — tega mi daj!

ALIMAR: Zdravje? To prihaja od Alaha! Zdravja ne kupijo vsi moji zakladi. Jaz sam bi ga kupil, ako bi bilo kje na prodaj!

KALIF: Povej mi, Alimar to-le: Kdo je naj srečnejši človek na svetu?

ALIMAR: Tega ne vem; samo to vem, da to nisem jaz!

1. VEZIR (*kalifu*): O mogočni gospod! Kamorkoli sem prišel, povsod sem slišal vzdih: "Ah, ko bi bil bogati Alimar, kako bi bil srečen!"

2. VEZIR: Da, mogočni gospod! Videl sem ljudi, ki so stali pred Alimarjevo hišo: zavist jim je sijala iz oči. Vsak bi bil rad zamenjal z njim!

ALIMAR: Sreča, ki zbuja zavist — ni sreča! Res je, vsi mislijo, da sem srečen — morda naj srečnejši! A kdor bi preživel eno samo tako noč, kakršne preživljam jaz vedno, bi ne mislil več tako. Zamenjati ne bi hotel več!

KALIF: Kakšne so tvoje noči?

ALIMAR: Grozne so! Stotero slug me obdaja — stotero stražnikov me straži! Kdo med njimi je pošten — kdo nepošten? Ali se morda med njimi ne skriva zločinec, ki čaka, da zaspim, in mi porine nož v srce? In ko razsaja zunaj vihar: Ali bodo dospele moje bogato naložene ladje srečno v pristan? In če jih večkrat pogoltne, kdo mi vrne škodo? In če jih večkrat pogoltne — sem obubožal. Kdo bi vzel pod svojo streho Alimarja, ki je nekoč vzbujal toliko zavisti in ki je tolikim in tolikim zarubil premoženje, da so morali po svetu beračit!? Take so moje noči, o gospod; polne groze, strašnih prikazni in morečih skrbi! Proti jutru zaspim — a pridejo sanje! In sanje so še groznejše od resnice. — — O, gospod, to ni srečen človek, ki stoji pred teboj. Nesrečen je, naj nesrečnejši Alahov hlapec! Rad bi dal polovico svojega bogastva za srečno uro!

KALIF: Ubogi Alimar! Beden človek si. Idi in Alah ti bodi milostljiv v zadnji uri!

ALIMAR (*se prikloni*): Zahvaljen, mogočni moj gospod! (*Odide*.)

KALIF: Pokličite mi Labakana!

1. VEZIR (*je bil šel za Alimarjem. Zakliče v desno*): Labakan, vstopi!

LABAKAN (*stopa moško in ponosno. Ob strani mu visi dolg kriv meč. Ramena mu zakriva rdeč plašč. Se pokloni*): Kaj želiš, gospod?

(Konec prihodnjic.)

Zdaj sem tiho!

Spisal V. S.

Sestrico imam, in sicer jako ljubeznivo, tri leta staro sestrico, ki nima miru, razen če spi. Vedno je za petami zdaj enemu, zdaj drugemu; vse hoče videti in vse vedeti. Vpraša vedno toliko, da ji vsi skupaj komaj odgovarjamo.

Posebno rada se pa igra, a ne sama, temveč v družbi. Skriva se najrajša. Stisne se v kakšen kotiček; zleze pod mizo, pod posteljo, a tudi pod odejo na postelji smukne, da bi je časih skoraj ne mogli

najti. Tega se menda tudi sama boji, zato pa vedno kliče: "Tukaj sem, tukaj sem!"

Naša ljuba mamica, ki navadno šiva v naši sobici, se je nekaj časa smejala, potem pa je sestrico poučila, da more biti tiho, kadar se skriva. Ta jo je umno in pazljivo poslušala ter ji končno tudi obljubila, da bo tako storila. Nato jo skriva mamica v omaro. A komaj je začel bratec iskati sestrico po raznih kotih, zakliče sestrica v omari: "Mama, zdaj sem tiho!"

Franc Erjavec:

Črtice iz življenja in delovanja učenjaka Schnakschnepperleina.

VII.

Ni nesreče brez sreče.

Češnjekar nam pride naproti in nas odvede v hišo. Ko gremo skozi vežo, me obide neka čudna prazna misel, ker na ognjišču ni bilo videti ognja. Kaj bo z našim obedom, sem si mislil sam v sebi. Ali prva skrb je bila zdaj, da preoblečem mokrega gospoda. Pa kako? Češnjekar ni nosil gosposke suknje in Schnakschnepperlein v hladnem večernem mraku tudi ni mogel iti moker domov. Dolgo smo ugibali, kaj bi bilo početi. Naposled je bilo sklenjeno, da bo dal Češnjekar nekaj perila in svoj stari kožuh. S konca to Schnakschnepperleinu ni bilo nič kaj po volji, pa ker smo mu vsi prigovarjali in ker je tudi sam uvidel, da si ne more pomagati, se je vdal.

Češnjekar ga pelje v hram in čez nekaj časa prideta nazaj. Češnjekarica in Boštjan bi bila kmalu počila od smeha in jaz si tudi nisem mogel kaj, da bi se ne bil smejal.

Češnjekar je bil namreč bolj majhne in čokate postave in kožuh je segal Schnakschnepperleinu pičlo do kolen. Ker so se njegove hlače zunaj sušile, so se videle njegove suhe koščene nožice. Na glavi je obdržal svoj slamniki in na nosu zelene naočnike.

"No, mati, zdaj pa z obedom na mizo!" veli Schnakschnepperlein Češnjekarici.

Mati prinese latvico sladkega mleka i kos domačega kruha. Schnakschnepperlein drobi kruh v mleko in vabi Boštjana k obedu. Boštjan je pa že izvlekel iz svoje malhe mastno kračo in zdaj je ravno brusil nož ob peč.

"Boštjan, prisedi k nama in zajemi žlico mleka!"

"Saj veste, da jaz ne jem mleka. Mleko je le za otroke!" odgovori Boštjan modro.

"Pogosto sem ti že rekel, da ceniš ti mleko vse premalo; mleko je ena najredilnejših jedi, ker ima v sebi vse, česar potrebuje telo. Le poglej dete, ki se živi ob samem mleku in se počuti prav dobro."

"Zato ravno pravim, da je mleko le za otroke, za odraslega možaka pa take prazne pomije niso; moje telo si želi kaj tečnega, da želodcu kaj zaleže."

Schnakschnepperlein je nato obmolčal, menda ker je izprevidel, da Boštjana prepričati bi bilo bob v steno metati. Kar se mene tiče, bi bil rajši pritrđil Boštjanu, ali ker ni bilo boljšega, je moralo biti dobro to.

Schnakschnepperlein veli prinesiti še latvico kislega mleka. Tudi tega se lotiva, ali zdajci Schnakschnepperlein obstane, položi počasi žlico na mizo in gleda strmo za duri pod klop. Jaz gledam, kaj ga je tako zmotilo, in vidim, da je ležala pod klopjo na umazanih cunjah psica s tremi mladiči.

"Gospod, kaj ste položili žlico? Le še zajemite!"

"Hvala, ne morem več. Oh, ko bi hotel dobiti jaz te cunje! Gotovo leži in skače po njih še veliko nepoznanega blaga za obširno moje delo."

Vstane in se bliža psici s koščkom kruha in z dobrimi besedami. Psica je vzela kruh, ali za dobre besede se ni zmenila. Jela je renčati in zobe kazati, da se je moral Schnakschnepperlein pomikati počasi nazaj. Sedel je zopet za mizo in vzela žlico v roke, ali ni mu več šlo tako v slast kakor poprej; cunje mu niso hotele iz glave, vedno je pogledaval postrani pod klop.

Češnjekar pride zdaj zopet v hišo in prinese Schnakschnepperleinu hlače, ki so bile že dobro posušene. Gospod začne Češnjekarja nagovarjati, da bi mu za dober denar prepustil tiste stare cunje, na katerih leže psički.

Češnjekar je poznal gospoda in se delal, kakor bi ne hotel vzeti ničesar. Pobere cunje in jih da gospodu. Schnakschnepperlein mu potisne skrivaj nekaj v roko in spravi cunje v posebno škatljo.

Boštjan je bil s kračo tudi že pri koncu. Psici je dal kost, za kar se mu je Schnakschnepperlein zahvalil z očmi. Mastne roke in nož je obrisal ob čevlje in potem se je obložil zopet s svojim tovorom.

Kratko se poslovimo pri Češnjearju i odrinemo.

Boštjan je šel naprej, mislim zato, ker je vedel, da se ne bi mogel vzdržati smeha, ko bi videl gospoda tako našemarjenega pred seboj. Tiho in hitro korakamo naprej,

v kratkem nas obsuje vsaj deset psov, ki jih je mikal posebno Schnakschnepperleinov kožuh, vsaj vsi so se zaganjali le vanj.

Gospod ni vedel, kako bi se vsem obrnil, in je začel vpiti. Boštjan je pa kot star vojak kmalu izprevidel, pri čem smo. Sko-



Zanimiva knjiga.

nihče ni žugnil besedice, le stari kožuh je opletal okoli Schnakschnepperleinovih kolen.

Ko pridemo v bližnjo vas, se začne togotiti na nas mlado ščene, pa tega smo bili že navajeni in še zmenili bi se ne bili za to. Ali

či do gospoda, mu iztrga dežnik izpod pazduhe in plane na pse. Zdaj mahne na levo, zdaj na desno, zdaj od spredaj, zdaj od zadaj; enega udari po glavi, enemu odmeri rebra in tretjemu izpodbije noge. Tako srčno je mlatil, da so kmalu brusili vsi

pete. Boštjan je pa še vedno stal na cesti s povzdignjenim dežnikom in gledal moško okoli sebe, kakor bi hotel reči: "No, kje vas je še kaj?" Ko vidi, da se nobeden več ne prikaže, da gospodu dežnik nazaj, rekoč: "Saj sem vam pravil, da ne hodite k vodi!"

Gremo zopet dalje. Schnakschnepperlein je vedno molčal, ali vesel je pa bil, ker se je vedno muzal in tudi na obrazu se mu je bralo tiho veselje. Rad bi bil vedel zakaj. Kar zapazim, da privzdigne mož zdaj desno, zdaj levo ramo in da se popraska zdaj pod to, zdaj pod drugo pazduho.

Rečem mu tedaj: "Gospod, mislim, da ste v Češnjearjevem kožuhu dobili neprijetne goste, ki bi radi prišli do vaše krvi."

"Res je taka," on odgovori, "ali ti gosti mi niso neprijetni, marveč so mi prav ljubi. Saj človek ne ve, kje ga čaka nova species. Ta kožuh je star in bog ve, kod se je že valjal; tudi je pri Češnjearju ves drug zrak nego pri nas v mestu. Češnjear bi mi ne bil mogel bolj ustreči nego s tem kožuhom, saj pravim, ni nesreče, brez sreče. Tem sitnim gostom pa tudi privoščim to kratko veselje. Pokažem jim že jutri, počem je moja kri."

"Ravno tako po sreči," nadaljuje gospod, "sem naletel pred tremi leti na novo uš. Prenočil sem namreč v neki krčmi na Dolenjskem. Ker sem bil truden, sem sedel po večerji nekoliko k peči na klop. Ko nekoliko zadremlem, me ujé nekaj hudo v roko. Pogledam in vidim, da je lepa velika uš ali po naše pediculus. Brž jo denem pod mikroskop in vidim, da se razlikuje od svojih sestra.

"Vprašam gospodinjo, kdo je tukaj sedel. Ona mi pove, da so bili sinoči tukaj svinjariji, ki so gnali prašiče s Hrvaškega. To mi je bilo zadosti. Pozvem tudi, kje so ležali, in akoravno sem bil truden, sem šel vendar v slamo na hlev. In res, hvala bogu, prida sem se jih bil nalezel. Drugi dan pa brž domov. Presneto so me zdelavale, pa sem si mislil: le dajte me, jutri bom pa jaz vas. In še dandanes se ne kesam, ker v novem katalogu že stoji: *Pediculus Schnakschnepperleini*."

Med temi in drugimi pogovori pridemo do mesta. Ker sta se tukaj najini poti ločili, sem se poslovil od njega. Bila je že trdna noč, ko pridem v zaspano mesto.

Psa.

(Živalski pogovor.)

Cigan: Že z dežele?

Belko: Kakor vidiš.

Cigan: Lepo bilo?

Belko: Pa kako lepo! Ti si kar misliti ne moreš, kako lepo!

Cigan: Kako bom mogel, ko sem vedno priklenjen! Ti pa, ko začne malo gorkeje prihajati, hitro ven, na deželo, na kmete! Po polju skačeš, po gozdih; jaz pa tu prah požiram v najhujši vročini.

Belko: Siromak! Meni se res dobro godi, da se mi skoro ne more bolje. Pri takih ljudeh!

Cigan: Menim, da!

Belko: Pa veš, kaj je najprijetneje na deželi?

Cigan: Kaj?

Belko: Nositi nam ni treba tiste neumne torbe. Sam vrag vedi, čemu nam kakor konjem obrzdavajo gobec!

Cigan: Prav govoriš. Če kateri popada in grize, dobro, naj nosi svojo torbo, da bo mir. Zakaj bi se pa večina pokorila za manjšino?

Belko: V mestu je križ! Če me kdaj, vsak teden morda enkrat, mož vzame s seboj na izprehod, nikoli brez tiste vražje torbe! Na kmetih je pa še videl nisem. Prosto skačem ves dan po polju, pa zajce in srne gonim po gozdu.

Cigan: Srne tudi?

Belko: Vse polno jih je v tistem kraju. Po gozdu skačejo, kakor bolhe po rjuhi.

Cigan: Ali pa po pasjem kožuhu!

Belko: Tudi.

Cigan: Ali si pa tudi kaj ujel?

Belko: Ujel! Bil bi že, pa nisem smel. Če sem gonil, pa me ni bilo hitro nazaj, pa je začel mož kričati in klicati in piskati, dokler se nisem vrnil. Bal se je, da bi me

ne ustrelil lovec, ki lazi ves dan s puško po gozdu.

Cigan: Torej vendar nisi bil popolnoma prost.

Belko: Nu, to se že potrpi. Enkrat je pa res prav malo manjkalo, da nisem ujel srne; bil sem ji že prav za petami. Mož je kričal, jaz sem se pa gluhega delal: Ne! to pa moram, bodi potém, kar hoče! Po nesreči zavije žival proti njegovi strani. Mož naju zagleda; tu so bili pa vsi križi doli! Kaj sem hotel? Pustiti sem jo moral! Nato je bila pa prava komedija. Škoda, da nisi bil zraven; počil bi bil od smeha!

Cigan: Tega pa vendar ne! Kaj takega mi ne boš želel, kaj?

Belko: E kaj, to je le tako beseda, človeška beseda!

Cigan: Nu, kako je bilo potem?

Belko: Moj mož je bil videti silno hud; nikoli prej ga še nisem videl takega! V svoji jezi odčesne vejico od breze, ki je stala poleg njega, pa mi začne strašno pretiti z njo!

Cigan: Aha, zdaj bo pa brezovka pela!

Belko: Ali pa ne! Kaj storim? Saj me je bilo skoró res malo strah!

Cigan: Verjamem.

Belko: Kaj storim, buča prekanjena? Počasi, počasi lezem proti njemu; ko pridem bliže, plazim se po trebuhu, pa trepečem in mežikam, kakor da bi si od samega strahu ne upal mu pogledat v oči, skesani grešnik! On pa vedno vihti svoje strašno orožje! Ko sem se slednjič vendar priplazil do njega — dolgo je moral čakati — se vržem bliskoma na hrbet, pa molim vse štiri od sebe. Zdaj me pa bij in tepi po golem trebuhu, če moreš! Menim, da bi bil rajši samega sebe, dobra duša!

Cigan: Pri mojem gospodarju bi to ne pomagalo; on bije, kadar je v jezi, po hrbtu, po trebuhu—lop! kamor prileti.

Belko: Pa sva bila zopet dobra prijatelja. Kakor sem rekel, prava komedija! In to poskusim zdaj, kadar je treba; vselej mi pomaga.

Cigan: Pri takem možu! —

Belko: Pa še eno naj ti povem; to je bilo pa z ženo. Neki dan sva bila sama doma. Pa se začne žena napravljati v bližnjo vas ali trg, ali kaj je; menda kaj kupovat. Prosim jo, kakor po navadi, naj me vzame

s seboj. Ona pa, da ne! Pokaže mi v kot, naj ležem tja ter mirno čakam, da se vrne. Dajala mi je še po svoji navadi dobrih naukov, kako naj bom priden, da me bo rada imela. Jaz v kot; ležem, zamežim in začnem smrčati, kar dobro znam kakor človek. Ko je bila zunaj, skočim na noge. Kaj pa zdaj? Ves čas se dolgočasiti, to ni po volji mlademu, poskočnemu psičku. Po sreči je bilo okno odprto, in stol je stal pri tistem oknu. Jaz, ne bodi len, planem s tal na stol, s stola na okno in z okna hop! na tla. Stanovali smo namreč pri tleh. Zdaj se pa pojmo lepo izprehajati, kakor gospoda po cesti! Še nisem bil daleč, kar zagledam — njo! Zdaj pa v dir, da me niso pete dohajale — domóv!

Cigan: Ne njej naproti?

Belko: Tako neumen nisem. Zdelo se mi je, da me ni zagledala. Ali zdaj je bil križ! Okno je bilo previsoko!

Cigan: Seveda, doli se laže skoči kakor gori.

Belko: Po sreči je bila služkinja v veži. Začnem cviliti in praskati po vratih, naj me spusti v izbo. Dekle me je razumelo. Jaz hitro v izbo, ležem v kot in začnem smrčati, da se je vse treslo. Žena stopi v izbo, jaz po koncu, njej nasproti! Prijazno me pogladi po čelu, kar imam posebno rad, ter me lepo pohvali, da sem priden psiček. Ne samo pohvali me, podá mi tudi, in to je več vredno ko vsa pohvala, košček sladkorja, ker sem bil tako priden.

Cigan: Srečen ti, da imaš take ljudi!

Belko: Saj jih imam pa tudi rad. Ne vem, kaj bi storil zanje!

Cigan: Koga pa imaš vendar najraji?

Belko: Koga imam najraji? Tako se vprašajo otroci. Vendar, če že moram odgovoriti: S konca sem najraji imel sina; on je tudi moj pravi gospod, ker me je dobil, menda v dar ali kaj? Igra se rad z menoj in šale uganja. To mi je bilo kaj ljubo, ko sem bil še mlad in otročji, ali zdaj sem že malo prelen, da bi se z njim podil in lovil po sobi, kadar ga je volja. Vendar ga imam še vedno rad, kako da ne? Dober je in prijazen z menoj, in če le more, mi prinese kaj dobrega domov.

Cigan: Kaj pa mož, oče ali gospod?

Belko: Tudi njega imam rad. Posebno pa zato, ker me večkrat vzame s seboj na

izprehod. Samo predaleč ne od njega, pa nič prijaznosti s tovariši, še povohati ne! Menda se mož boji, da bi se njegov kužek ne nalezel kake bolezni od teh cuckov, ki se klatijo po ulicah, včasih celo brez torbe. Strah!

Cigan: In ona!

Belko: To ti je ženica, da si ne morem misliti boljše na svetu! Vsega mi dá, kar hočem, pa rada me ima tudi, čeravno me večkrat malo zmerja. Ali če prav grmi, strela ne udari nikoli! Pa svoje posebnosti ima.

Cigan: Kakšne?

Belko: Misli si, za vse moram prositi, kakor priden otrok. Celó zvečer, ko hočem v posteljo. Meniš, da smem kar tako? Kaj pa da! Prosim moram dovoljenja.

Cigan: Kako?

Belko: Na zadnje noge moram počeniti; po koncu se držati kakor žrd, s prednjimi pa tako! Včasih me pusti dolgo tako, da sem ves trd. Še le ko mi dá znamenje z roko, smem v svojo posteljico. Dobra pri-

jateljica: podolgovat košek za mojo velikost, pa lepo poslano. Tu se leži in smrči, da je veselje.

Cigan: Menim, da.

Belko: Pa še eno sitnost ima: po vsej sili naj se ji navadim kruh jesti, ali pa ga vsaj po jedi prigrizniti malo.

Cigan: To vendar ni tako hudo. Vesel bi bil marsikateri, ko bi ga le imel, pes in človek. Ne bi bilo treba ga siliti.

Belko: Jaz ga pa kar ne morem in ne morem! Dovolj imam mesá in drugih dobrih reči. Pri takih ljudeh! — Pasje življenje najlepše življenje!

Cigan: Ne vsako!

Tudi pri psih je takó,
Kakor pri nas, ne lepo:
Enemu cele klobase,
S kožo drug gólo se pase.

Pristavek: Da je resnica vse, kar tu pripoveduje Belko, pričam in potrjujem jaz, ki sem to zapisal, s svojo moško besedo.

Jožef Stritar.

Budnica.

Spisal Ivo Trošt.

Jernej Piščalka in Tone Grgon sta bila še edina ostanka nekdanje slavne vaške godbe v Branici. Jako se jima je zdehalo po boljših časih, ko zlasti predpustom ni manjkalo godcem ne pečenke ne pijače. Sedanji časi so zares piškavi.

Zato sta z veseljem, ki se ne da popisati, pozdravila nekoliko mlajšega Sardinčeka, čigar harmonika jima je nadomeščala, ko je došel od vojakov, vse one tovariše, kolikor jih je v dolgih letih pobrala smrt. Piščalka jo je ubiral na klarinet: fidli, fidli, a Grgon je pihal v bombardon: ha-ha, ha-ha-ha, in Sardinček je raztezal harmoniko, da je donelo čez hrib in plan: m-ha, mha-ha! To vam je bila godba, da nič boljšega v Branici. Sicer so trdili tudi nekateri Braničani, ki so slišali mimo slavne braniške še kako drugo godbo, da poje Piščalkin klarinet s harmoniko nekoliko previsoko, a bombardon pa v primeru z ostalima štrmentoma previsoko

in prenizko. Toda kaj hočemo, ko ima vsaka dobra stvar na svetu nasprotnike, pa jih ima tudi braniška godba.

In boljše ni bilo v treh okrajih, pa naj si prebere kdo!

Ves predpust so imeli polne roke in polna usta opravila na svatbah in veselicah, a med letom povsod, kjer se je vršil kak shod in pa pred godovi braniških dostojanstvenikov, ki jih pa slavni godbi na nesrečo ni bilo preveč. Za plačilo so bili še primeroma skromni. Zato se ljudje niso bali njih postrežbe.

In prav zaradi podoknice je bila braniška banda nekoč v resni zadregi, ki je pa nastala tako-le: Braničanom je tedaj županil na hudo jezo vseh malobrojnih nasprotnikov oče Rován. Kmalu po rojstvu, ko še niso vedeli, seveda, kake usodne posledice bo imel ta ukrep za domačo godbo, so mu dali ime Filip. Filip Rován je bil prvi med tistimi odličnjaki, ki so

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

21.

Elica je kupila gotovo število jabolk in ravno toliko pomaranč. Jabolka so po 4 cente tri, a pomaranče po 1 cent vsaka. Koliko jabolk in koliko pomaranč je kupila, ako je plačala za vse skupaj 14c?

22.

Kaj ima vedno glavo spodaj?

Rešitve ugank.

19.

Mati.

20.

Višje stvari se vedno hitreje premikajo kot nižje.

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Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet vam pošiljam par vrstic za priobčit v Mladinskem listu. Jaz prav rada čitam Mladinski list in moja sestra tudi. Včasih se kar skregava, ker vsaka ga hoče prva čitat, ko ima tako lepe povesti. Kakor hitro ga pismonoša prinese, brž pogledam za uganke. Nekatere je včasih prav težko za rešiti. Moja sestra in jaz sva članici Mladinskega oddelka, najini stariši pa

članskega. Jaz sem v šestem razredu in sem enajst let stara; moja sestra je pa v osmem razredu ter je trinajst let stara.

Vaša udana

Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.

KOKLJA IN PIŠČE.

Koklja je vodila piščeta. Ko so pa piščeta nekoliko odrasla, se hoče eno izmed njih meriti s kokljo.

Koklja mu reče: "Kaj se boš merilo z mano, ker vidiš, da si desetkrat manjše nego jaz!"



Elica.

Ker pa piščete le sili, pritrdi koklja in reče: "No, pa se meriva, samo da staviva za uho!"

Pišče reče: "Dobro!"

Tedaj skoči piščete na kokljo ter jo prime s kljunom za uho. Pri tem zleti koklja na streho, piščete pa pade na skalo in se ubije.



JUVENILE



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The Little Brown Dog.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?

Or a cosey rug by a blazing fire?

Or a sudden race with a truant cat?

Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?

Is the worn-out ball you have always near

The dearest of all things held dear?

Or is the home you left behind

The dream of bliss to your doggish mind?

But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if "None of these are best", he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,

And the little brown dog did not even say
"Excuse me, ma'am", as he scampered away.

But I'm sure as can be that his greatest joy,
Is just to trot behind that boy.

May Ellis Nichols.

Thinking.

Little maid with searching eyes,
Looking out and looking far,
Off to where, 'neath sunny skies,
All your rosy islands are;
Small discoverer, brent of brow,
Planning what to get or do,
Singing low, "My realms, I trow,
Silken sail and golden prow,
O'er the seas shall bring me to—"

All your lands are there, we know,
Just as sure and just as plain
As when, years and years ago,
Sailed Columbus out of Spain.
Brave of heart, to conscience true,
Firm of purpose, strong of will—
Such as he was, so may you
See new worlds and find them, too,
From your lookout on the hill.

G. B. E.

Piggywee's Little Curly Tail.

Piggywee woke up one bright morning and squinted his little piggy eyes at his mother. "My tail doesn't curl, does it?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Pig; "I'm afraid it doesn't."

"But I want it to," wailed Piggywee. "I like curly tails." And Piggywee began to cry.

"Hush, my child!" Mother Pig admonished. "Be thankful you have a tail at all. The bunnies do not have any, and they don't cry."

"I don't care," said Piggywee; "I want my tail to curl. Why doesn't it?"

"How can I tell?" Mother Pig shook her head. "You had better ask Grandfather Owl. The children say he is very wise."

So Piggywee ran crying to the woods. "Grandfather Owl," he called, "why doesn't my tail curl?"

"Whoo-oo-oo?" asked Grandfather Owl, opening his big eyes.

"Me, me, Piggywee! Why doesn't my tail curl?"

"Tut! tut!" answered Mr. Owl. "How old are you, Piggywee?" And he screwed his head to one side and peered down at the little baby pig.

"I'm five days old, Grandfather Owl," wailed little Piggywee, "and I want my tail to curl."

"Hm-m-m-m," said the wise bird in the tree. "Five days old and crying already."

Piggywee cried some more. "How can I help it when my tail will not curl?" he asked.

The old owl ruffled his feathers and closed one eye. "Piggywee," he began gravely, "if you cannot make yourself stop crying, how can you expect to make your tail curl?"

"If I don't cry any more, will it curl?" asked little Piggywee.

"You never can tell," smiled Grandfather Owl, and he closed his other eye and went to sleep.

The next day Piggywee came back again. "Grandfather Owl," he called out

in his happiest little squeal, "I don't cry any more. I am six days old and I have stopped crying. Now will my tail begin to curl?"

The old Owl popped out his big, staring eyes. "Six days old," he said, half to himself. "What have you been doing in those six days, anything besides eating and sleeping and crying?"

"N-o-o," admitted Piggywee.

"Well, well!" laughed Grandfather Owl. "Six days old and you have done nothing but eat and sleep and cry. And still you expect your tail to curl." And Mr. Owl closed up one of his big eyes.

"If I do something better than eat and sleep and cry, will my tail curl?"

"You never can tell," smiled Grandfather Owl, and he closed his other eye and went fast asleep.

Little Piggywee walked home very slowly. "I must find something to do," he said to himself, "that is better than eating and sleeping and crying."

Just then Billy Boy passed him on the path.

"Hello, Piggywee!" he called out.

"Hello!" said Piggywee. "How old are you, Billy Boy?"

"Me? I am six to-day." And Billy Boy held his head up high, and then he stopped and patted the little pig on his pink back. "How old are you, Piggywee?"

"I am six, too." But Piggywee looked down at the ground as he said it. "What do you do, Billy Boy, besides eat and sleep and cry?" he asked.

How little Billy Boy did laugh! "Why, Piggywee," he said, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? You ought to know that I don't cry. Only babies cry, and a boy six years old doesn't want to be a baby, does he?"

"N-o-o," admitted Piggywee. "I don't cry either now. I used to, but I stopped it. But what do you do besides eat and sleep?"

"Oh, lots of things." Billy Boy stopped to think a minute. "I take care of my sisters while Mother is busy, and I bring in

wood for her, and I have a nice time playing and watching the birds build their nests. I laugh and I sing and run errands for my father. Oh, there are hundreds of nice things to do. What do you do, Piggywee?"

But Piggywee was ashamed to tell, and he ran home as fast as his little piggy legs could carry him.

And the next morning he went back to Grandfather Owl.

"Grandfather Owl! Grandfather!" he called. "I do lots of things now besides sleep and eat!"

Grandfather Owl squinted his blinking eyes. "Well, well!" he said, looking down. "So here is little Piggywee back again. And what are the lots of things you do besides eat and sleep?"

Piggywee laughed loud and hard, and his little fat sides shook. "The very jolliest things I do, Grandfather Owl. I take care of my brothers and sisters when my mother goes to the woods, and I carry home acorns for her, and I play around and laugh and squeal and grunt and have a good time all day. To-morrow I am going to help the farmer shoo the chickens out of the garden, and he is going to let me follow him up and down the rows in the corn-field and root up the big lumps. It will be lots of fun." And off ran Piggywee, laughing and shaking his little fat sides and so happy that he forgot all about his tail not curling. And Grandfather Owl ruffled his brown feathers and winked one eye and smiled.

Days passed by and, though Grandfather Owl waited in the big oak tree and wondered, no Piggywee came back to ask why his tail did not curl. "I wonder what that funny little pig is doing," said the wise old owl to himself one merry, merry morning. So with a hoot and a flap of his wings, off went Mr. Owl to the gnarled tree by the side of the farmer's cornfield. There was the farmer going up and down

the rows of tasseled corn and trotting after him with many a merry squeal was little Piggywee.

"To-hoo! To-hoo!" called Grandfather Owl.

Piggywee came running. "Oh, Grandfather Owl," he declared as he trotted up close to the tree, "I've been having the best fun. I haven't even had time to come down and tell you about it. The farmer says I am the biggest helper he has." And Piggywee laughed and squealed as happily as though the whole world were having a gala day. Nobody would ever have guessed that he had sighed and cried and whined and pined because his little tail would not curl.

"Having a good time, are you?" smiled the wise old owl.

"Oh, such a good time!" Piggywee told him. "Isn't the corn beautiful with its silk tassels? And isn't this a lovely world, so full of happy things to do?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed the old owl, "it certainly is. But what's that I see way at the end of your back?"

Piggywee twisted his little fat side around and he twisted his little fat head around, and all of a sudden he saw what Grandfather Owl saw—what do you suppose?—why, there was his little pink tail all curled up.

How he did squeal! "Why," he said, "I've been having such a good time that I forgot all about my tail. When do you suppose it began to curl?"

"You never can tell," said the wise old owl.

Just then the farmer started down a new row of corn. "Good-bye!" called Piggywee, and off he trotted after him, his little squinty eyes almost shut up with smile.

"Rustle! rustle! rustle!" went the silk-tasseled corn.

And "Wiggle! wiggle! wiggle!" went little Piggywee's curly tail.

Our Tommy.

Tommy was a pet gopher, and like other pets, had his little history. He came to us in a very remarkable way. I was sitting in my office, in the third story of one of those big office buildings in the city, when one of the office girls exclaimed, "What is that?" pointing to a little animal about the size of a rat, running in at the door. If it had been a rat we should not have been surprised, as they were common; but this

definitely some one had brought him in; but no one in the building knew anything about him, so as he seemed quite tame, it was decided to adopt him as an office pet, and he was named Tommy. And as nature had provided him with a nice suit of clothes, all he needed was food, drink, and a nest.

We soon found that he liked peanuts, and it was great fun to see him eat them. When any one called, "Tommy, Tommy,"

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A Village in Moonlight.

George H. Bogert.

little fellow had a bushy tail, and rows of spots along his back, and ears hardly visible above his fur. I knew him at once, for I had seen plenty of his kind on our prairie farm, when I was a boy, and used to dig them out of their holes in the ground, or drown them out by puring in water as they scratched up our seed corn. But how this little fellow could have got into the city, and up into the third story of an office building was a mystery. Evi-

and held out a peanut, he would run and sit up on his hind feet, reach up his little paws, and beg for his peanut. When he got it he would shell it, put the kernel into his pocket, and hold up his paws for another, and when he got both pockets full, he would run off to his nest, store away his nuts, and come back for more.

Now you will wonder about his pockets. Well, every gopher has two pockets, one in each cheek, in which he carries food

and bedding to his nest. He makes his nest in a hole in the ground, which he digs out with his paws, putting the earth into his pockets and carrying it out. I know that our Tommy would want such a nest, so I got a large box and filled it with earth for him, packing it in tight. Tommy went vigorously to work, and soon had a cosy little room dug out in the bottom, just big enough for himself, with a winding passage down to it, where he made a nest of bits of paper and cloth and twine, picked up round the office.

When it was finished, Tommy's demands for peanuts increased, and he soon laid in a large supply. It was amusing to see him hold up his paws and beg, as he were very hungry, when his pockets were so full of kernels that his cheeks were puffed out. If we gave him a nut that had no kernel, he would get very angry, springing at the hand of the person who gave it, and biting if he got a chance.

One day he found a satchel in which there was some cake; so he gnawed a hole in it, and was soon inside helping himself. We wondered where he had gone, when some one happened to notice the satchel, and saw Tommy peering out through the hole, which was just big enough to fit his head.

He had large black eyes, but his sight did not seem to be sharp — probably because his eyes were better adapted to the dim light of a life underground than to the bright sunlight and he was afraid of objects which he could not see clearly; the dust-brush, which he evidently regarded as some big burly animal, was an object of especial terror to him, and he would act like a cat frightened by a dog when it was placed near him. You should know that every animal has a little curtain inside of its eye, called the iris, with a window in the middle of it, called the pupil, around which is a muscle which contracts, making the window smaller when the light is bright, and expands, making it larger, when the light is dim. You have often seen the pupils of Pussy's eyes get small in the light and large in the dark, so that she can see almost as well by a dim light as by a bright one. But as gophers do not live much in the day-

light, their eyes have large pupils adapted to semi-darkness.

Tommy liked to lie and bask in a warm, sunny spot on the floor, just as you have seen Puss do. He became quite tame, and would sometimes climb up and sit on my knee; but he would not allow any one to touch him or stroke him, and always resented any such familiarity by his peculiar little scolding chir-r-r, or an attempt to bite.

About the middle of summer he disappeared, and could not be found anywhere; and his old little ways had made him such a pet that he was greatly missed. We knew he could not have left the office, and so concluded he must be in his nest, but whether dead or alive no one knew. So when six weeks had passed, and he did not make his appearance, we emptied the earth out of his box, when out jumped Tommy, angry as he could be, and scolding loudly with his usual chir-r-r, chir-r-r, but none the worse for his long sleep.

The box was filled again, and Tommy made himself a new nest, near the top this time, for he was too sleepy for deep digging, laid in a fresh supply of peanuts, and in a few days went to sleep again and slept five months; so that we saw nothing of him till the following February, when he came out, lean and hungry, making his usual demand for peanuts; but was soon as fat and lively as ever.

We now happened to learn his early history, and how he came to us. Three or four young gophers had been brought in from the country by a son of the janitor, who lived in the building, and had all run away and been caught by the cats, or had fallen down the stairs, except this little fellow; and he had crept in behind a coal bin in the hall, and slept there all winter till he came to us.

In this way we learned that gophers, like bears and some other animals, sleep, or hibernate, as it is called, during a large part of the year, which accounts for the fact that they are seldom seen except in spring and early summer; and so they escape the summer's heat and winter's cold in their underground nests, and come out full of vigorous new life in the spring.

You will be sorry to learn that poor little Tommy came to a sad end. There was always a vessel of water left for him, but one Saturday night it was forgotten, and so he went to the wash basin to get a drink, and fell into the water and was drowned, not being able to climb up the slippery sides and get out; and there we

found him on Monday morning. That was a sorrowful day in our office, for Tommy was a great favorite. The little body was tenderly wrapped in paper, placed in a box, and taken home and buried in the garden; and many tears were shed over our little pet's grave.

Philip Atkinson.

Oliver Twist.

Charles Dickens.

(Continued.)

It grew so dark that the figures on the dial-plate were scarcely discernible. The gas lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door; the servant had run up the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still the two old gentlemen sat, perseveringly, in the dark parlour, with the watch between them, waiting — but Oliver did not come.

He meanwhile, had walked along, on his way to the bookstall, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" — and then he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me. Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

"Oh, my gracious!" said the young woman, "I've found him! Oh you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come!" With these and more incoherent exclamations, the young woman burst out crying, and told the onlookers that Oliver was her brother, who had run away from his respectable parents a month ago, joined a gang of thieves and almost broke his mother's heart,—to which Oliver, greatly alarmed, replied that he was an orphan, had no sister, and lived at Pentonville. Then, catching sight of the woman's face for the first time, he cried, — "Why, it's Nancy!"

"You see he knows me!" cried Nancy. "Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!" With this a man who was Nancy's accomplice, Bill Sikes by name, came to the rescue, tore the volumes from Oliver's grasp, and struck him on the head. Weak still, and stupified by the suddenness of the attack, overpowered and helpless, what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighbourhood; no help was near — resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark narrow courts, and was forced along them, at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared to give utterance to, unintelligible.

At length they turned into a very filthy street, and stopped at an apparently untenanted house into which Bill Sikes and Nancy led Oliver, and there, were his old friends, Charley Bates, the Dodger, and Fagin.

They greeted Oliver with cheers, and at once rifled his pockets of the five-pound note, and relieved him of the books,—although Oliver pleaded that the books and money be sent back to Mr. Brownlow. When he found that all pleading and resistance were useless, he jumped suddenly to his feet and tore wildly from the room, uttering shrieks for help which made the bare old house echo to the roof, and then attempted to dart through the door, opened for a moment, but he was instantly caught, while Sikes' dog would have sprung upon him, except for Nancy's inter-

vention. She was struck with Oliver's pallor and great grief and tried to shield him from violence. But it was of little avail. He was beaten by the Jew, and then led off by Master Bates into an adjacent kitchen to go to bed. His new clothes were taken from him and he was given the identical old suit which he had so congratulated himself upon leaving off at Mr. Brownlow's, and the accidental display of which to Fagin, by the Jew who purchased them, had been the first clue to Oliver's whereabouts.

For a week or so the boy was kept locked up, but after that the Jew left him at liberty to wander about the house; which was a weird, ghostlike place, with the mouldering shutters fast closed, and no evidence from outside that it sheltered human creatures. Oliver was constantly with Charley Bates and the Dodger, who played the old game with the Jew every day. At times Fagin entertained the boys with stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days, which made Oliver laugh heartily, and show that he was amused in spite of his better feelings. In short, the wily old Jew had the boy in his toils, and hoped gradually to instil into his soul the poison which would blacken it and change its hue forever.

Meanwhile Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Nancy were arranging a plot in which poor Oliver was to play a notable part. One morning he found to his surprise, a pair of stout new shoes by his bedside, and at breakfast Fagin told him that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night, but no reason for this was given. Fagin then left him and presently Nancy came in, looking pale and ill. She came from Sikes to take Oliver to him. Her countenance was agitated and she trembled.

"I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again; and I do now," she said, "for those who would have fetched you if I had not, would have been fare more rough than me. Remember this, and don't let me suffer more for you just now. If I could help you, I would; but I have not the power. I have promised for your being quiet; if you are not, you will harm your-

self and perhaps be my death. Hush! Give me your hand! Make haste!"

Blowing out the light, she drew Oliver hastily after her, and into a hackney-cabriolet. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed his horse into full speed, and presently they were in a strange house. There, with Nancy and Sikes, Oliver remained until an early hour the next morning, when the three set out, whither or for what Oliver did not know, but before they started Sikes drew out a pistol, and holding it close to Oliver's temple said, "If you speak a word while you're out of doors, with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice!" And Oliver did not doubt the statement.

In the gray dawn of a cheerless morning the trio started off, and by continual tramping, and an occasional lift from a carter reached a public house where they lingered for some hours, and then went on again until the next night. They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary boy had expected, but still kept walking on, in mud and darkness, until they came in sight of the lights of a town. Then they stopped for a time at a solitary, dilapidated house, where they were met by other men. The party then crossed a bridge and were soon in the little town of Charsey. There was nobody abroad. They had cleared the town as the church-bell struck two. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which one of the men, Toby Crackit, climbed in a twinkling.

"The boy next!" said Toby. "Hoist him up; I'll catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms; and he and Toby were lying on the grass, on the other side of the wall. Sikes followed, and they stole towards the house. Now, for the first time Oliver realised that robbery, if not murder, was the object of the expedition. In vain he pleaded that they let him go, — he was answered only by oaths, while the robbers were busy opening a little window not far from the ground

at the back of the house, which was just large enough to admit Oliver. Toby planted himself firmly with his head against the wall beneath the window, then Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oliver through the window with his feet first, and without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

"Take this lantern," whispered Sikes, looking into the room. "You see the stairs afore you; go up softly and unfasten the street door."

Oliver, more dead than alive gasped out, "Yes." Sikes then advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way; and that if he faltered, he would fall dead that instant.

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work. Hark!"

"What's that?" whispered the other man.

"Nothing," said Sikes. — "Now!"

In the short time he had to collect his senses, Oliver had resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart up stairs and to alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! Back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the stillness and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall and knew not whether to advance or fly. The cry was repeated — a light appeared — a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes — a flash — a smoke — a crash somewhere, — and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had Oliver by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his pistol after the men, and dragged the boy up.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! How the boy bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of fire-arms, the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid

pace. Then the noises grew confused in the distance; and the boy saw or heard no more. Bill Sikes had him on his back scudding like the wind. Oliver's head hung down, and he was deadly cold. The pursuers were close upon Sike's heels. He dropped the boy in a ditch and fled.

Hours afterwards Oliver came to himself, and found his left arm rudely bandaged hung useless at his side. He was so weak that he could scarcely move. Trembling from cold and exhaustion he made an effort to stand upright, but fell back, groaning with pain. Then a creeping stupor came over him, warning him that if he lay there he must surely die. So he got upon his feet, and stumbling on, dizzy and half unconscious, drew near to the very house which caused him to shudder with horror at the memory of last night's dreadful scene.

Within, in the kitchen all the servants were gathered round the fire discussing the attempted burglary. While Mr. Giles, the butler, was giving his version of the affair, there came a timid knock. They opened the door cautiously and beheld poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes and mutely solicited their compassion. Instantly there was an outcry, and Oliver was seized by one leg and one arm, lugged into the hall, and laid on the floor. "Here he is!" bawled Giles up the staircase; "here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's a thief, miss! Wounded, miss. I shot him, miss; and Brittles held the light!" There was great confusion then, all the servants talking at once, but the sound of a sweet voice from above quelled the commotion. On learning that a wounded thief was lying in the house, the voice directed that he be instantly carried up-stairs to the room of Mr. Giles, and a doctor be summoned; and so for the second time in his short, tragic existence, Oliver fell into kind hands at a moment when all hope had left his breast. He was now in the home of Mrs. Maylie, a finely preserved, bright-eyed, elderly lady, and her fair young adopted niece, Rose.

(To be continued).

A Race for Life.

(The Last Encounter with Red Skins in North Carolina.)

In a certain beautiful valley that nestles among the great mountains of North Carolina is found one of the few Indian settlements that yet remain east of the Mississippi. So quiet and inoffensive are these people that few realize how, within the memory of those yet living, they were upon the warpath in Carolina, and hunted by the regular troops as were the wild Apaches in the West. Here and there among the hills may yet be found old hunters who fondle the rifles that fifty years ago they loaded for red skins; and more than one old Indian there is lazily carving pipes and "relics" with hands that have known bloodier work.

In the gorge where the Hiwassee River breaks through the Chilhowee Mountains, a rocky breastwork marks the spot where these Cherokee Indians made the last bold stand for their hills and fertile valleys. The white man had said they must move; the troops were among them in threatening numbers, and listening to reason, when resistance was in vain, they consented to go westward. With what emotions they turned their backs upon the hill country and marched out into the level valley, only they who dwell among the hills can know. At night they camped by the banks of the Tennessee River. On the morrow they would cross, then passing beyond the low, rolling hills of the Cumberland, their blue mountains would be lost to them forever.

When morning came some hundreds of them had broken the guard, and fled back to the hills. The troops followed with all speed, and here, in this narrow defile among the Chilhowee Mountains, they were overtaken. Hastily building a breastwork of rock between the high cliff and the river, they waited till the troops should approach. But their fortification did not avail them, for the wary general had sent a body of militia over the mountains, and they were attacked at the same time in front and rear. Abandoning their useless work, they

broke precipitately for the river, and swimming the stream sought refuge in the fastness of the great mountains beyond. Here for weeks they were hunted like wild animals till the government, in despair of capturing them, agreed that they should remain upon good behavior.

It was during these weeks of trouble that occurred the last of the many thousand personal encounters which white men have had with Indians since the first settlement of the country. The hunter who participated yet lives in one of the mountain coves in Carolina, and his strength and endurance in old age attest the vigor of his early manhood. From his lips I heard the story.

"At the time the Cherokees were moved out," he said, "I was living in a cabin high up on the side of the great mountain. Several years before I had married, and clearing a corn patch there on the hillside, moved up where I could have elbow room, and be nearer my hunting ground. That was in '35, and in those days the white settlers were few and far between in here. Out in the valley country roads had been built, and farms cleared off, but in the mountains it was as wild as if no white man had ever set foot upon it. Cherokee settlements were scattered along the streams, but the Indians were very jealous of white men, and more than one had been made to leave after he had broken ground in the cove and pitched his cabin. Had I built my house down there they would have made trouble for me, but being so high on the hill and far away from their lands, I was not molested. Still they did not regard my settlement with favor, for they knew how the white people had spread around them, and that their lines were drawing closer year by year.

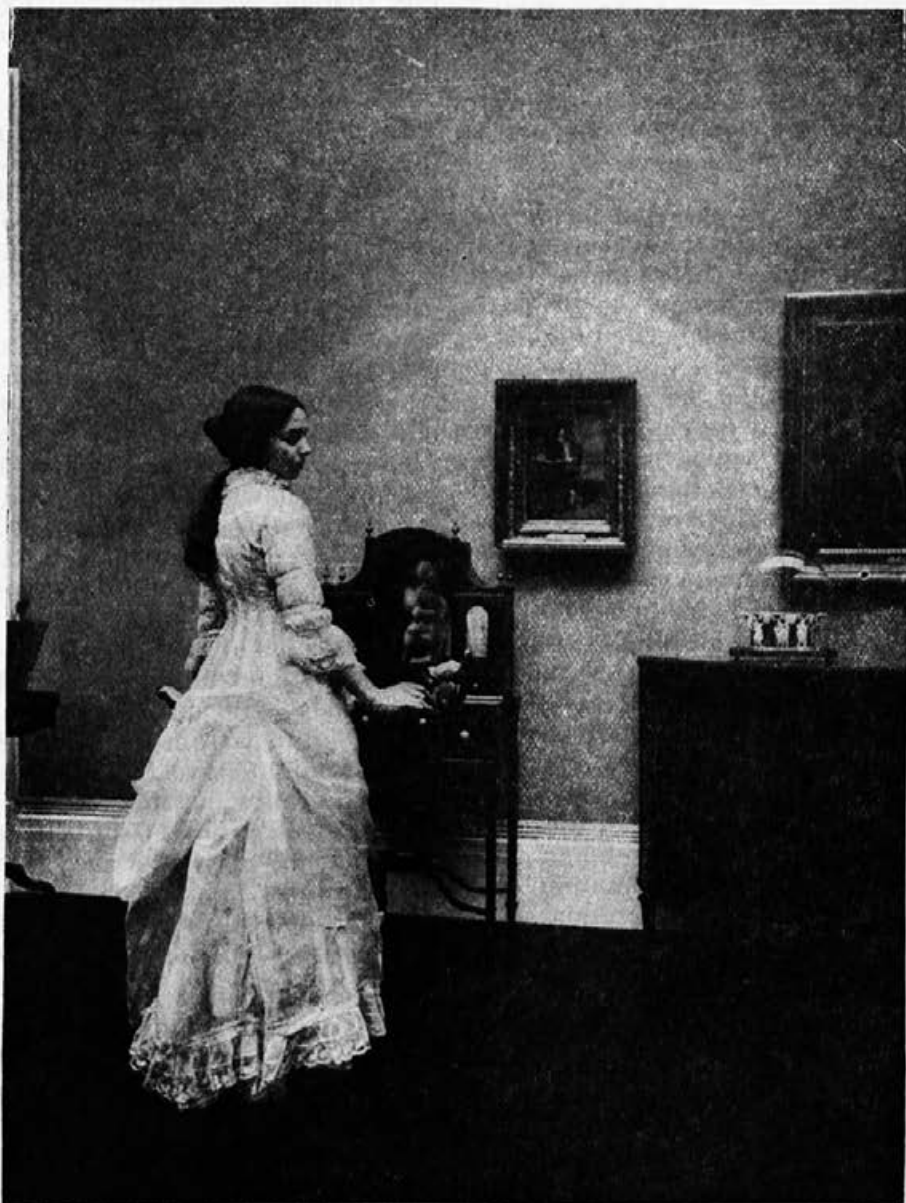
"At least the trouble they had feared so long came upon them. Men, women and children were driven from the mountains in a body to be taken West. There was a

rush of settlers to take up the new land that was opened, but before their claims could be marked, news came that the Cherokee had broken away in the night-

father used to tell of, when he and Dan Boone hunted, and fought Indians together.

"I had taken no part in the trouble; the Indians had let me alone, and now I was

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A Graduation Gown of the Early Eighties.

time and come back to the mountains. Then followed dangerous weeks, when there was hiding and hunting and fighting in the hills. It was like the old days that my

not going to hunt them; bearing in mind, too, that my cabin was up there on the hillside where they were hiding, and that it held my wife and baby. But for some cause

they laid all their trouble at the door of those men who had lived among them, and who, they thought, wanted their lands. Rumor came that they planned evil against me, and that I had best be on my guard. It was late in the autumn, and I did not wish to leave my corn crop to be gathered by the savages, and at the same time I felt uneasy about my wife and little boy. But my wife refused to take the child down and leave me alone — for in those days women handled rifles like men.

“As the Indians were pressed harder in the mountains they grew more revengeful and savage. Several of their number were captured and shot, and when shortly after they took a soldier, he was hacked to pieces with their tomahawks. I learned, too, that they thought me playing the spy, and that their comrades had been captured by my aid. Some of them wanted to burn me in revenge. Dangers were thickening about us, and as my wife still refused to leave with the child, I sent her one morning into the valley for re-enforcements while I remained by the boy to guard my cabin and corn. She would be gone all day, and so I amused myself the while with the lad. He had just begun to toddle about the place, and could talk more than any four-year-old I ever saw. All through the morning he was laughing and chattering, now crowing like the cock, now calling to the dogs that were away with his mammy, now clambering over chairs; then bumping his head as he tumbled upon the floor. But toward evening he grew tired and fretful, and taking him in my arms I went out into the corn. For awhile I strolled about, looking at the ripe grain and planning to gather it on the morrow. The boy had been comforted with an ear of scarlet corn, and chattered gayly as he watched the thieving squirrels skip away from their feast. It was scarcely time for my wife to return, but shading my eyes from the light I stood looking into the valley for a figure that might be seen approaching through the open land, when zip! a bullet whistled past my head, and the crack of a rifle sounded behind me. Needless to look back; I knew all that had happened. In front of my

door stood the Indian who had fired the shot, and hurrying across the clearing from the opposite side were a dozen others. Without pausing a moment I sprang away through the corn with the child in my arms. A single leap took me over the brush pile that lay about my clearing, and then I bounded along through the open forest like a deer.

“From a lad I excelled in strength and agility. No men had ever put my back to the ground, and when once I went to the Indian “ball-play” in Nacoochee Valley, there was but one among their men whom I could not toss over my shoulders. Half the morning we wrestled, and neither of us touched more ground than we stood upon. But when they raced afoot I left him far behind, and Indian-like he hated me ever after; for among all his fellows not a man could catch him. The one glance that I threw back to my cabin had shown me this fellow. It was he who had fired the shot, and looking back now as I ran, I saw him coming like the lead hound on a trail, followed as closely by the others as their heavy feet would bring them. Instinctively I had dashed into the woods for shelter, without thinking where I would go or what I would do. I was unarmed; not even a knife was in my belt. Had I been alone I might have laughed at the whole tribe for following me; but my child was in my arms. Could I outrun them with such a load? It was a race for my baby's life and mine, and no panther ever sprang faster to defend its young than I did down that long rolling spur.

“In a short time the yellow pack had been left behind, but the leader was gaining upon me, and I discovered that he had thrown aside his empty rifle as he ran. The weight I carried was telling on my strength and speed. I should be overtaken. Had he been without aid I would have turned and fought him as readily as I would a bear-cub, but well I knew his friends would be about us before the struggle was ended, and then not I alone might suffer the fire they had promised.

“Turning from the crest of the ridge I struck down toward the mouth of a cavern

that runs back into the limestone rock. There more than once I had camped in stormy weather. Could I get within now and hide the boy in one of its deep recesses, I might fight the savage hand to hand, if he should follow, or else lie hidden in there till the night came, and then slip away in the darkness.

"It was some distance down to cavern, and the Cherokee was gaining upon me rapidly. He had drawn a steel tomahawk from his belt, and carried it now in his hand as he ran. Over rocks I bounded, dashing through brush and undergrowth, leaping fallen trees, slipping now upon moss covered stones, and sliding on loosened schist. The Indian followed, springing as lightly along as a deer but just started from cover. He was playing with me, waiting until I should exhaust myself with run that he might close in and capture me the more easily. Perhaps he did not know of the cave, or else he was sure of catching me before reaching it. Meanwhile I pressed on, for, wearied as I was, the darkness of the cavern was my only hope. For some distance he followed me at his leisure, keeping only a score of yards behind, but presently, when the opening appeared in the rocks, he seemed to realize whither I was bound, and uttering his peculiar *yip! yip!* sprang quickly along. The sheltering darkness was only a few yards ahead. Once within they might seek me in vain among those winding passages. My child and my life would be lost with the race, and with nerves tense I was making a final effort. I amazed myself with my speed. I should win! and new vigor came with hope. Hardly a dozen yards away was the mouth of the tunnel, and not half so far the Indian, when glancing over my shoulder I saw the hatchet gleam as he raised it. Before it descended I had caught his arm, and the weapon was hurled into the shrubbery.

"Run to the cave!" I called to the child, as he slid from my arms; and I had grappled, man to man, and both were unarmed.

"Well, you have seen men fight with the weapons Nature gives, though perhaps you never saw them fighting for their lives, and so I need not tell how we clenched and rolled about those rocks, now one on

top and now the other, writhing, pitching, squirming. No strength was spent in blows; we gripped for each other's throat. He was fresher from his race than I, but he had no wife and child at stake. He fought for hate, I for love, and it was this that made me strong. You have watched a wild-cat seize a rabbit? Just so I caught him and held him, held him by the throat till his copper face turned black. Then slipping off my belt I strapped his hands behind him, and bound his feet together.

"Already I had heard the voices of his tardy fellows as they followed slowly upon our trail. But now that the struggle had ended I was thoroughly exhausted, and lay panting upon the rocks, like a tired dog.

"But I did not wish to lose my captive, and summoning strength dragged him into one of the dark recesses of the cavern. Now that all was safe I called to my little boy. Once, twice I called, but heard not a sound, save the echoes thrown back by the walls. Had he not done as he was told? I hurried down toward the entrance again, but hardly had I gained the light when the savages without caught sight of me, and came running and whooping forward. Their shots rattled harmlessly against the walls as they were fired into the darkness. A moment I paused and listened. Would they enter? Their voices came along the tunnel way while they noted the traces of the struggle, and marked how the body had been dragged into the cavern. But how I, unarmed, had overcome their comrade, with his rifle and hatchet, they could not comprehend, for none had seen the gun thrown aside in the race. I had met aid, they thought, and armed now with the captured rifle, two of us, or more, for aught they knew, would be dangerous foes to meet in darkness of the cavern. They did not dare show themselves before the entrance.

(To be concluded.)

Too Risky.

She—"Shall we make mud pies?"

He—"No, mud pies gets ye all dirty an' first thing ye know somebody springs a bath on ye."

Radio.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

(Continued.)

In addition to all these parts I have described, coils of this type are also provided with a device known as *condenser*, which is made of pieces of tin foil separated by waxed paper or mica,—a most simple little affair which any child could make, but which, nevertheless, possesses really remarkable properties. The *condenser* is connected between the battery wire and the terminal of the primary wire, and its function is to prevent sparks taking place at the contact-breaker's points and in addition to add to the intensity of the induced current in the secondary. Condensers are so little understood by most people that it may be well to try to explain what they do. In a way they are misnamed, for they are really accumulators rather than condensers, or perhaps it would be better to say reservoirs. The condenser in an electrical circuit increases the capacity of the circuit and at the same time, by giving out the electricity it has stored, produces a steady flow of current.

But to return to the coil. When one of these is in operation, the secondary current will jump or leap across a break or opening in the secondary wire and this spark, jumping across the gap of a device known as a *spark-gap*, is what starts the wireless or radio waves of the wireless telegraph instrument on their journey. There are many forms of these spark-gaps, some consisting known as *quenched-gaps*, consist of brass or metal plates between sheets of mica, while still others are known as *rotary-gaps* and consist of electrodes mounted on a disk or wheel and which revolves between two larger, adjustable electrodes. But as spark-gaps and spark-coils are not used in wireless telephony and are far inferior to the vacuum bulb for sending any form of radio message, there is no reason to go into further details regarding them. Very closely related to spark-coils or induction coils, are *transformers*, which are

used only in transforming an alternating to a direct current.

There are two principal forms or types, known as the *open-circuit* and *closed-core* forms, the former being very similar to an ordinary induction coil without the vibrator or contact-breaker, whereas the closed-core form consists of a rectangular or square core made up of sheets of soft-iron and with the primary and secondary wires wound on opposite sides of core. In both forms there are no contact breakers, for as these devices are used only with an *alternating current* which is constantly changing its magnetic field, no vibrators are required to produce an induced current in the secondary. I have already spoken of the simple little *condenser* in connection with induction coils and have hinted that it possessed remarkable properties and now let us see what these are and why they are so useful, for condensers are one of the most useful and important parts of wireless instruments. If you should take a condenser apart you would find it was made of alternate sheets of tin foil and waxed paper or mica and that there was no connection between the sheets of tin foil.

Although this is all there is to it, yet it stores up electrical energy and releases it automatically as the current is made and broken and by using condensers of the variable type, which may be adjusted, fine tuning in radio telephone sets is greatly aided. The next part of the simple transmission set which we are now studying is the *helix* or *tuning-coil*. This is also a form of induction coil and in its simplest form is merely a coil of wire around a framework or core. The purpose is to develop the highest possible high-frequency waves, or in other words, to "*tune*" the waves to the point where, as before explained, they will travel the farthest with the least loss of energy. When a simple *helix* is used, tuning is accomplished by snapping the wires off and on the coil by means of metal clips,

whereas in the other type, known as a *loose-coupled helix*, the tuning is done by raising or lowering the secondary or upper coil. It is well to bear in mind all these devices used in the earlier types of simple sending sets, for many of them, or at least variations of them under other names, are used in the latest and most up-to-date radiophone sets and the principles of these are exactly the same as those described. Thus you will find inductance coils of various forms and helices or tuning coils of numerous types and under many names. You may be confused if you read about radio in some magazine or paper and hear of "loose-couplers," "vario-couplers," "variometers," "choke-coils," "amplifying transformers," "modulators" and many other things, but once you know the principle of an induction coil all the types of inductances are easily understood while the principles and functions of loose-coupled coils, vario-couplers, variometers, and other tuning devices are identical with that of the older and more easily understood helix.

CHAPTER IV

Crystal Detector Receivers and How They Work.

Simple as is the apparatus required for sending wireless telegraph messages by the old type spark-gap, the instruments and equipment for receiving are even simpler. In its very simplest form, a receiving set consist of but three instruments, known as the "detector," the "tuning coil" and the "receivers" or "phones". And, aside from the phones, any school boy can make such a set with odds and ends in a few hours. Receiving sets are ordinarily sold for \$15 to \$25 and any one can readily construct such a set at home at a cost less than \$7 which will receive messages, music, voices, etc., exactly as well as ready-made set costing several times as much. But before describing how this set is made and how it operates, it will be well to study each of the various instruments it contains and to learn its purpose and how each is made. The most complicated of all the phones or re-

ceivers, and as these are used on all receiving sets and cannot be made at home and as their operation and principles will be very fully described later on there is no need of going into the matter here.

The most important part of the set and really the simplest is the *detector* or *mineral detector*. This little device is extremely simple and cheap; any person can make one in a few minutes which, even if it does not look quite as well, will answer every purpose of the ready-made detector. The detector consists of a metal cup or holder, containing a bit of crystal,—usually of the lead ore known as galena—and an adjustable wire or point. Like many another simple thing, however, the detector is extremely important and is a most remarkable affair. It serves as a gate or valve to shut out a part of the high frequency, alternating waves and thus reduces their vibrations to the point where the vibrations they set up in the telephone receivers are audible to the human ear. This may not be very clear to you and so, before going ahead with our study of the receiving set and the detector, let us thoroughly understand these vibrations and how they carry sounds and how they are recorded or received. As I have said in a previous chapter (Chapter II), the human ear cannot hear sounds or vibrations of more than 10,000 vibrations per second. So, as the continuous waves or high frequency waves used in radio vibrate at many times this speed, they would produce sounds in the receivers of the phones which our ears could not possibly detect unless some means were provided for reducing them to what is known as "audible frequency," or in other words, to less than 10,000 vibrations a second. This is exactly what the mineral detector does, for galena and some other crystals possess the marvelous property of letting electrical currents pass through in one direction and not in the other. As a result, an alternating current after it has passed through the detector, will appear as it has been cut in half.

(To be continued.)

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 11.

If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other one do?

Answer to Puzzle No. 10.

Kittens.

. . .

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 10.

Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.
John Kutch, Canonsburg, Pa.
Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frances Supancic, Carona, Kansas.

Answer to Puzzle of Mary Milavec:

Cocoa-nut.

. . .

Correct solution sent in by:

Elizabeth Lavrich, Yukon, Pa.

Answer to Puzzle of Pauline Gradisek:

Nine cents.

. . .

Correct solutions sent in by:

Frances Logie, Jenny Lind, Ark.
Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rudolph Sernel, Chicago, Ill.
Valeria Kurent, Mulberry, Kansas.
Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.

Answer to Puzzle of Anna Slobko:

Time to get a new pair.

. . .

Correct solutions sent in by:

Frances Logie, Jenny Lind, Ark.
Rudolph Sernel, Chicago, Ill.
Frank Valentinčič, Meriden, W. Va.
Mary Suckla, Frederick, Colo.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter written to you. I am very interested in the Mladinski List. There are twelve of us in the family and we are all members of the S. N. P. J. My sister and I often fight like two cats, but lookout when my mother comes. Sometimes she gives us about two or three extra cracks. But, gee whiz! I wish it would come three times a week. One day I had to laugh. My sister and I were doing the dishes. My brother came in with the Ml. List from the post office and we both grabbed it. I had a hold on one side and she on the other side, so she wouldn't give it to me and I wouldn't give it to her. So we just stood there and held it, and all at once my mother came and took it from us, and gave us both a crack. It didn't hurt, but anyhow we were crying. We were going sniff-sniff and my tears were dropping in the dish-pan. But then we burst out laughing. When we were through with dishes we sat down and read the Ml. List together.

I like the stories in the Ml. List very much. I am sending you a short story.

Stretching A Church.

Long long ago, in a little town lived very stupid people. They went to church every Sunday. There were many people but a very small church. So the priest decided to get the church larger in some way. One Sunday the priest said to his people, "We will get a woman to roast a turkey." So this was done. Then he said, "We will set it three yards away from the church and go inside and push with all our powers, and when the turkey is covered we will know that we stretched the church three yards." So they all said it was a very good idea, and they went in and pushed and pushed and pushed till their bones were starting to hurt. And while they were pushing a man came along and saw the nice turkey, took it and ran into the woods with it. So the people inside still pushed, and then the priest said, "Now let us go

out and see if the turkey is covered." So they went out to see if the turkey was covered, but they saw no turkey, and they shouted for joy, "We stretched the church! We stretched the church!"

Agnes Ogrin, Willock, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

I received the Ml. L. a few days ago, and was very glad to get it. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I have puzzled out No. 10, the answer to it is: Kittens. I hope it is right this time. I wish I could read the Slovenian stories. My father is telling me about your Slovenian stories. I have three sisters and one brother. They are also interested in the Ml. L. My sisters all love to read it. I read the Halloween story. It sure was interesting. I let my teacher read the stories. My teacher's name is Miss Link; she is the principal of our school. We had a fine Halloween party.

I have a puzzle for your readers to solve:

The thing he bought he didn't want.

The man who sold it couldn't use it.

The man who used it didn't know it.

What was it?

Frances Supancic, Carona, Kansas.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing. I am going to be twelve years of age December 3rd and am in the 6th grade. There are only two rooms in the school I attend and we have two teachers because there are not very many pupils. We live about two miles from town in a village called Wenona.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister, Mary, is fifteen and goes to High School, she is in the second year, and is called a sophomore. My youngest sister, Anna, is eight years old and is in the third grade. My oldest brother, Jack, is thirteen and in the eighth grade. My youngest brother, Lucas, is ten years old and also in the third grade.

We keep a little boy who is only two years old and his name is Robert. His mother died about a year ago and his father

couldn't keep him so we have him. He is my cousin.

I like the Mladinski List, for it has many stories. I wish it would come more often.

I am, a loyal reader of the Mladinski List.

Frank Groser, Nokomis, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am kind of late but I don't think it will matter. I am in the seventh grade and I have to take home school-work every night. I stay up working problems till late at night. And I quite forget the Mlad. List. But last night I left my school work alone and got busy with the Mlad. List. Every month in school every pupil has to report on a book or story in order to get a high grade in reading. I get some books from the library but most from the Ml. List. Mollie Raunikar has an interesting puzzle published in the M. L. My sister and I tried to solve it, but we could not do it. And Augusta Alich was a very nice poem in the Ml. List. Most mornings in school we sing, but sometimes we tell jokes. I get the jokes from our Mladinski List.

Puzzle: What goes down the chimney but cannot go up the chimney?

Elsie Kralj.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am sending you a letter so I think it is best to write it in English and later on I shall write it in Slovenian. I am fourteen years old and in first year of high school. I am taking a 2 year stenographer's course. Shorthand is included in this course and I think it is a very interesting subject. I hope that all of the young readers of the Mladinski List get a chance to go to high school and enjoy it as much as I do. Here are a few riddles which the children may solve!

A man was scratching his head on the corner. Tell the exact time.

It's not my sister, it's not my brother, but it's the child of my father and mother.

Who is it?

An ardent reader,

Rose Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

VI.

THE VERB.

(Continued.)

II. CONJUGATION.

ACTIVE VOICE PRESENT

INDICATIVE		SUBJUNCTIVE		POTENTIAL	
<i>venem</i>	I fade	<i>jaz bi venel</i>	(if) I fade	<i>naj venem</i>	I may fade
<i>veneš</i>	you fade	<i>ti bi venel</i>	you fade	<i>veni</i>	you may fade
<i>vene</i>	he fades	<i>on bi venel</i>	he fade	<i>naj vene</i>	he may fade
<i>venemo</i>	we fade	<i>mi bi veneli</i>	we fade	<i>naj venemo</i>	we may fade
<i>venete</i>	you fade	<i>vi bi veneli</i>	you fade	<i>venite</i>	you may fade
<i>venejo</i>	they fade	<i>oni bi veneli</i>	they fade	<i>naj venejo</i>	they may fade

IMPERATIVE:	<i>veni! venite!</i> (fade)
INFINITIVE:	<i>veniti</i> (to fade)
PARTICIPLE:	<i>venoč</i> (fading)

PERFECT

INDICATIVE		SUBJUNCTIVE	
<i>venil sem</i>	I faded	<i>jaz bi bil venil</i>	(if) I have faded
<i>venil si</i>	(or: I have faded)	<i>ti bi bil venil</i>	etc.
<i>venil je</i>	etc.	<i>on bi bil venil</i>	
<i>venili smo</i>		<i>mi bi bili venili</i>	
<i>venili ste</i>		<i>vi bi bili venili</i>	
<i>venili so</i>		<i>oni bi bili venili</i>	

POTENTIAL

<i>jaz bi naj bil venil</i>	I may have faded
<i>ti bi naj bil venil</i>	etc.
<i>on bi naj bil venil</i>	
<i>mi bi naj bili venili</i>	
<i>vi bi naj bili venili</i>	
<i>oni bi naj bili venili</i>	

PARTICIPLE: *zvenil* (faded)

FUTURE		PLUPERFECT	
<i>venil bom</i>	I shall fade	<i>jaz sem bil venil</i>	I had faded
<i>venil boš</i>	etc.	<i>ti si bil venil</i>	etc.
<i>venil bo</i>		<i>on je bil venil</i>	
<i>venili bomo</i>		<i>mi smo bili venili</i>	
<i>venili bodete</i>		<i>vi ste bili venili</i>	
<i>venili bodo</i>		<i>oni so bili venili</i>	

(To be continued.)