

Mladinski List

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 11.

Izdaja

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

	Za člane	Za nečlane
Zdr. Države za celo leto....	30c	60c
" " za pol leta....	15c	30c
Druge države: za leto.....		75c

“JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

	Non- Members	Mem.
United States per year....	30c	60c
" " half year....	15c	30c
Other Countries per year...		75c

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.



UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:
(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Jeraj Joseph
14311 Thames Ave.
(68)

VSEBINA—CONTENTS

	stran—page.
Begunski prizor. (Dramatična slikica.—F. R. Selski)	323
Prvo srečanje. (Tone Gaspari).....	326
Slovenci. (Nadaljevanje).....	328
Materinska skrb narave v jeseni. (Konec.—Fr. Pengov)	331
Simonov oče. (Konec.—Guy de Maupassant).....	334
"Mladinski list" naj ostane. (Jakob Zupančič)....	336
Naš kotichek.....	337
* * *	
Our Earliest Ancestors. (Van Loon).....	338
The Jump at Corey's Slip. (R. H. Davis).....	342
A Serbian Betrothal. (E. Chivers Davies).....	345
"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.....	351
Practical Slovenian Grammar. (Conversations.—Continued)	352
* * *	
Slike—Pictures:	
Begunka	325
Rimska boginja.....	330
Bolni kralj. (Van Leyden).....	335
* * *	
Geese at Play. (Schramm-Zittau).....	341
A Group of Statues. (At the Chicago Art Institute)	347



MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1925.

ŠTEV. 11.

F. R. Selski:

Begunski prizor.

Dramatična slička.

O se be : Slovenka ; njen sinček ; pet slovenskih fantov ; štiričlanska begunska družina .

Na levi slovenska hiša, podobna vili, z vodom. Iznad strehe visi slovenska trobojnica. Pred hišo ograjen vrt, poln bujnih cvetic in lepoticnega drevja. Med cvetičnimi gredicami bele stezice. Na stezici sredi vrta klop ali iz hiše prinesen stol. Ograja ima spredaj vratca. Na desni drevje. V ozadju slovenska pokrajina.

Na stolu na vrtu sedi mlada Slovenka v slovenski narodni noši, zraven nje stoji njen osemletni sinček v beli obleki. Za vrtno ograjo proti ozadju stoji pet slovenskih fantov, ki se deloma naslanjajo na ograjo in se mimično pogovarjajo med seboj.

Slovenka .

Po naši zemlji mejo potegnili
in naših bratov sto in stotisoč
zasušnili sosedje so nemili,
da narod naš odrinili bi proč
z Jadranskega morja obali,
kjer vedno bolj smo trdno stali!

Sinček .

A morje adrijansko
že bilo je slovansko!

Slovenka .

Tako se poje v naši pesmi,
ki zablja solze iz oces mi . . .
Zapojte, fantje, mi jo spet,
Da daleč zadoni tja v svet!

Fantje .

(zapoj oboje kitici pesmi "Adrijansko morje").

Sinček .

Kajne, lepo je, mati,
ob morju stanovati
in gledati, kako
se ladje vozijo po vodi

ter nosijo blago
vaščanom in gospodi!

Slovenka .

Lepo! In s tako morsko trgovino
podprli tudi mi bi domovino,
da vsa v blaginji zacvetela bi
in sreča narod ves objela bi.
Zdaj pa nam morje Lah zapira
in tam za žičnato mejo
preganja, muči in zatira
rojake naše bolj strašno
kot krvoločni Turek rajo
kristjansko tlačil je nekdej!
Kdor more čez ograjo
zbeži k nam v varen kraj.
Kdor mora tam ostati
in na pomoč nas zvati,
dočakal je težko bo!

Sinček .

Pa laško naj hudobo
nabijejo in v beg
poženejo čez breg
ti naši fantje mladi!
Saj tepejo se radi
in puške vsi
doma imajo
in streljati
vsi dobro znajo.
Z neba višin
kragulja in
s pečine divjo kozo
jim zbiže strel,
a zajca, ki čez lozo
beg je začel,
strel dohiti,
zver obleži!
Še ložje pa kot zajce
je, mislim jaz,

zadeti laške srajce!
 Če jaz ta čas
 že velik bil bi,
 brz se lotil bi
 kar s puško Laharije!

Slovenka.

To so le tvoje baharije,
 besede prazne; kadar boš
 mladenič zraščan ali mož,
 pa menda boš kot fantje ti-le,
 ki naše pesemce premile
 lepo pač znajo prepevati
 ter srne, zajce pobijati ...
 A če poklicala na boj
 za brate bi jih domovina,
 pogum upadel bi jim koj,
 in kakor plašna perutnina
 pred jastrebovom se razprši,
 tako bi naredili ti!
 Kajne, da res tako je?

Prvi fant

(se potrka s pestjo na prsa).
 Ne, ne! Plašljivci nismo mi
 Imetje, kri, življenje svoje
 pripravljeni smo slednji čas
 za brate svoje žrtvovati!
 Zdaj čakamo le na ukaz,
 ki hoče nas na boj pozvati!

Slovenka.

Ukaz vam ta naj da srce,
 če res kaj čuti vam za nje!

Prvi fant.

Domov po puške skoči, Janez,
 in k dobrovoljcem vsi še danes
 gremo, da se razžarimo
 in potlej skup udarimo ...

Drugi fant

(se obrne in odhiti na levo za kulise).

Ostali fantje

(zapojo vse kitice pesmi "Naprej!")

Drugi fant

(se vrne med petjem zadnje kitice s petimi puškami na ramah in odda vsakemu eno, ki si jo takoj zavihti na ramo, z ostalo se pa sam oboroži).

Prvi fant

(pokaže pred se na desno).

Poglej, Slovenka draga,
 tam skobec ptičko vjel
 in da jo prej premaga,
 kljuvati jo začel
 je s kljunom po glavici.
 Zavest je prešla ptici,

in skobec z žrtvo to
 se dviga pod nebo ...
 (Dvigne puško in ustrelj.)

Drugi fantje.

Haha, pogodil si izborni! —
 Ujetnik drzni obstreljen
 frfeče v zraku še okorno! —
 Izpustil je iz krempljev plen
 in zdaj iz zraka mrtev
 na svojo pada žrtev!

Tretji fant

(steče na desno za kulise in se takoj vrne z mrtvim skobcem in pojemajočo ptico ter da oboje prvemu fantu).

Drugi fant

(se obrne, nese ter izroči skobca in ptico Slovenki).

Poglej, Slovenka draga,
 tako mi zdaj sovraga
 prekucnemo in stremo v prah!
 Gorje ti, zlobni, kruti Lah!

Drugi fantje,

(ki so se bili obrnili za prvim, dvignejo pesti).

Gorje ti, zlobni, kruti Lah!

Prvi fant

(stopi nazaj k drugim).

Vsi fantje

(se obrnejo proti desni, stopijo skupaj po dva in dva vstric, prvi pa pred nje in zapojo, kazaje z rokami).

Naprej, naprej za brate rodne v boj!
 Naprej, naprej za dom in narod svoj!

(Odkorakajo na desno za kulise, pojoč.)

Naprej, zastava Slave,
 na boj, junaška kri!
 Za blagor očetnjave
 naj puška govori!

Slovenka

(drži v eni roki ptičko, ki se jame gibati in oživljati, a v drugi roki mrtvega skobca in ju gleda).

Sinček.

(se obrne k materi in gleda ptičko).

Uboga ptičica! Krvava
 in razkljuvana ji je glava
 in njena pernata obleka
 raztrgana je vsa!

Slovenka.

Podoba našega človeka
 pod peto Laha brez srca
 nesrečna ptičica je ta!
 A kot barbar Italijan
 bil ta-le ptičji je tiran,
 zdaj pa plačilo je dobil:

po naših krajih več lovil
ne bo nedolžnih ptic!
Sirotka ta pa vzlic
vsem ranam bo živila
in še veselo pela!

Begunci

(zakličejo na pomoč na desni za kulisami).

Barbari bodo nas pobili!—

Oj, pomagajte, bratje mili!

Laški vojaki

(na desni za kulisami).

O Dio mio! To pa diplomati

jugošlovanski nišo, nišo!—

Najboljše je, pete jim pokazati!—

Ševeda, glejte, kak močni šo

in s puškami na naš drve!

(Zasliši se tam gosto streljanje iz pušk.)

Slovenka, sinček

(osupla gledata na desno, kažeta tja in se mimično pogovarjata).

Prvi fant

(na desni za kulisami zakriči, ko utihne streljanje).

Tako! Od meje Lahi že

odnesli zajčje so pete;

a oni, ki so pali,

mir tudi bodo dali!

Trpini, zdaj pa brez strahu

pojdite k našim kot domu;

vam bomo pomagali!

Begunci.

Junaki vrli, iz srca

zahvalimo vas za rešitev!—

Nebeški Oče poravna

s plačilom naj vam to daritev!

Sovražnik nam je vse pobral

in dom naposled še požgal!

Življenje in pa cule te

zdaj naše so imetje vse!

(Medtem se prikažejo na oder od desne zadaj obvezani, okrvavljeni, raztrgani in šepasti).

Fantje

(jim odnašajo cule, enega ali dva pa drže pod roko, ker sta ranjena na nogah in težko hodita).

Prvi fant.

(Slovenki).

Tam pri ograji te trpine

hudobne laške so zverine

zasačile; rešili smo jih mi.

Zdaj pa jih sprejmi, sestra ti!

Nesrečnežem zavetja daj,

pogosti jih in pokrepčaj!

Mi vrnemo se, da še druge

otmemo smrtne robske tuge!

Begunci

(dvignejo proseče roke proti Slovenki).

Gospa in sestra dobrotljiva,

oj, bodi z nami milostljiva!

Primorski smo pregnanci bedni,

rojaki tvoji smo zavedni!

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Begunka.

Slovenka

(ki je vstala pri prihodu beguncev, odda ptico in skobca sinčku, stopi naprej k vrtnim vratcam, poda desnico prvemu beguncu in ga vede s seboj v hišo).

Pojdite vsi z menoj v moj dom,

kot sestra vam postregla bom!

Kar imam, z vami bom delila

in z vami vse gorje čutila!

Prvi fant

Tako je prav! Z dejanji le
odrešimo rojake vse!

Drugi begunci

(gredo za prvim).

Slovenka

(se na pragu obrne in iztegne roko blagoslovljajočo
proti fantom).

Junaki dragi, vojnih trum
Gospod podžigaj vaš pogum
ter daj vam sreče in moči,
da s tako silo na sovraga
pritisnete od vseh strani,

da bo popolna naša zmaga
in naši bratje vsi prosti!
Potem šele se vsi doma
življenja bomo radovali,
ljubili se in iz srca
to svojo himno prepevali:

(Zapoje)

Lepa naša domovina,
ti junaška zemlja mila . . .

Drugi

(se odkrijejo in pojejo za njo.)

Zagrinjalo.

Tone Gaspari:

Prvo srečanje.

Na levo je razgrnjena solnčna pokrajina, prevezana s širokim belim trakom. Od njega visi po več majhnih, pisanih pasov, izgubljenih se v temne gozdove ali padajočih v kotline zelenih dolin. Štiri strelice, izpuščene z brzino vetra, se iskrijo med cesto in poskakujejo rečico; čuvajo jih brzojavni drogovi, ki šetajo kot spremljevalci za njimi. Na belih lončkih počivajo lastovke, žgoliyo, gostole, do jih čuje visoko, pomlajeno nebo . . .

Z lastovkami se vrača invalid Jernej.

Pomlad ga je povabila spet domov, zakaj dolga štiri leta mu je tujina mačehovala, domače mesto mu je čez zimo ponudilo toplo sobo, in skrbno postrežbo, usmiljeno srce se je nekje oglasilo, pa mu v tolažbo podarilo lepo, svetlo harmoniko. In v to harmoniko je vlival invalid Jernej v zimskih dneh vso svojo bol, svoje neutešno koprnenje po pomladi in rodni puhtečih brazdah, pa tudi svojo bojazen in strah: saj stopi nekoč pred svetle obraze, pa jih njegov prihod iznenadi, njegova uboga postava zasenči, odtuji, da se tisti hip s pomilovanjem odvrnejo od njega. Ta hip toguje vsak dan v njegovi harmoniki, in te glasove izplaka takrat, ko bo znabit preziran od lastne zemlje, ki ji ne more biti nikoli več prijatelj z delom in ona njemu hvaležna dobrotnica.

Pa saj ima pomlad tako mehke sapice, tako cvetoče lice, in svet ima tudi smejočih se oči in skrbnih src. Na te se opre Jernej,

ko se ustali doma, da mu omehčajo kamen, da mu olajšajo pezo.

Ko se je poslavljajal z ognjem v očeh in z vero v skorajšnje veselo snidenje, takrat je rodilo poletje toliko iskrenih besed, opranih s svetlimi solzami, oklepalo se ga je toliko prežalostnih src, da je za trenutek tudi sam omahoval, zroč v temno, brezkončno bodočnost. Štiri leta ne morejo preobraziti svetih čuvstev, ne more jih popolnoma zatreti niti beda niti senca obupa, nasprotno: oživi jih zopet zlato solnce vstajenja . . .

Na parobek ob potu sede Jernej.

Levo od njega šeta pomlad, na desno se temni gozd, s čisto, jasno barvo nebeškega oboka ojačen, nekje drobi sinica; on sam pa misli o mehki besedi in odkritih očeh. Čez rame mu visi na rdečem traku harmonika, desno nogo je pustil v Galiciji in prinaša domov leseno, iztegnjeno pred njim kot velik kazalec, spominjajoč ga časov silnega gorja. Ta njegov zadnji pogovor s pomladjo pa mu je tako razjasnil oči, da ni niti ene sence na obrazu; še celo čez brazde prebitih bolečin pada luč ter jih rahlja s toploto upov . . .

Vstati hoče. Od zgoraj, kjer pot na desno izginja v gozdu, začuje ropotanje. Ozre se. Izmed orjaških debel in zelenega leskovja se izmota dekliška postava ter hiti navzdol, vodeča za sabo koleseljček. Ko zapazi deklica Jerneja, se ga prestraši, korak ji zastane, vprašujoče razpre oči. Jernej pa spozna te velike oči! Pa so prehudo iznena-

dene, zato pozdravi Jernej z vihtečo desnico in zakliče vabeče: "Marica, ali si se me ustrašila? Čemu se me bojiš, saj sva soseda!"

Mahoma plane čez dekliški obraz žar zaupanja, oči se zožijo, nasmejejo; naprej stopi do Jerneja.

"O, Jernej! Saj te nisem spoznala! Ustrašila sem se te skoraj, ker nisi pisal, da prideš!" Stoji pred njim, zroč v njegov izpremenjeni obraz, prsi ji globoko dihaajo, blažeč s tem hipno razburjeno kri.

"Pa mislim, da nisi huda, ko prvega tu spodaj med zelenjem mene srečaš!" reče Jernej.

"Ne, gotovo ne!" In nasmeh ji zaokroži lica in pokaže bele zobe.

Takrat šele opazi Jernej mladoletje deklice Marice. Bel predpasnik, rdeče krilce s svetlejšimi pikami potreseno, pa bledosiva jopica lepo pristoja ksvežemu, rdečemu obrazu, sredi katerega pojejo modre oči. Košček pomladnega neba je v tej modrini, tako zagonetnega, pa tako čistega, kakor pravljičice devetih dežel. Na sredi jopice pa sanja zataknjen šopek bledomodrih vijolic in priklanjajo se snežnobeke glavice zvončkov.

Nasmeh Marice se omrači, ko vidi desno nogo trdo, okorno, ko čuje, kako se ta mrtvilec oživlja in ji bolestno pripoveduje o težkih, prebitih urah. V srcu ji vstane usmiljenje, ki se njega rahločutje naseli z žalostnim izrazom na zenici. Zobe sklene, a beseda ji ne more preko ustén.

"Da, Marica, mačeha me je tako izpremenila . . . Toda srce, to ni še otrpnilo, niti mrzla roka tujine ni mogla zadušiti tega, kar mi je podarila naša zemlja in nje ljubezen in dobrota! Še bije toplo tu v prsih ter išče sorodnih, gorkejših src, z njimi pa vedrih dni, takih, kot je ta, ki me vodi v našo vas . . ."

Prelepe se zde te besede Marici. Zatrudno ve, da je Jernej ubožec; toda bogata je globina njegovega srca, in misli so še zmerom svetle.

Bošček si, Jernej! Pa doma imaš dvoje skrbnih rok, ki molijo zate že dolga leta in čakajo trenutka, da se te zopet vroče oklenejo . . . In glej, harmoniko imaš tudi. Zvečer pridem k vam v vas, boš zaigral — ali boš?"

"Ne harmonika, moje srce bo zapelo, samo da ga boš ti poslušala, Marica!"

Gosta rdečica ji zacvete na licih; povesi oči.

Jernej pa se zagleda v dolino na postajo, kamor drdra vlak s svetlikajočimi okni. Zdi se mu, da maha mlada roka z belim robcem pozdrav na pragu čakajočim dragim. In to ga spominja prvega srečanja v domačiji . . .

"Jernej, mudi se mi na postajo po zaboj! Torej zvečer pridem, veš!" Hoče se okreniti, pa jo tresoč glas Jerneja pridrži.

"Marica! . . . Ali mi daš ta šopek?" S prstom pokaže na cvetke, s peclji rahlo potisnjene v jopico tam blizu srca.

"Na, Jernej! Pa pozdravljen!" Veseilih rok mu da Marica šopek in vsa razgreta odhiti s praznim vozičkom navzdol . . .

Vzšlo je toliko solnc v Jernejevi notranjosti, da mu oči v tej brezmejni sladkosti svetlobe onemorejo — zapre jih. Ta trenutek pritisne cvetje na prsi — kakor izgubljeno dragocenost, po brezupnih časih zopet prisvojeno.

Ko odpre oči, se je solnce pomaknilo za spoznanje više. Mimo visoke smreke pada žarek na mesto, kjer je stala Marica. Kakor velika kaplja srčne krvi se mu zdi ta luč, topla in polna sladkosti . . . Od radosti vznemirjena levica seže po klobuku, a desnica zatakne šopek za široki zeleni trak. Potem se Jernej okrene, popravi svojo leseno nogo, zavihti harmoniko: ". . . ra-avno v sredi . . . mo-ojga srca . . ."

Veseli zvoki se oglasijo. Kakor ptički po vejah preskočijo zelene trave in plesočo rečico in poljubijo spodaj na srebrni cesti Marici oči in lica. —

Srce poje Jerneju — saj zre v kaplji solnčne krvi kakor v zrcalu svojo mirno, srečno prihodnost. —



Slovenci.

(Dalje.)

S splošno naobrazbo vred je napredovala tudi politična vzgoja ljudstva, za katero so bili posebno pomembni "tabori" (l. 1869—1871), ki so zanašali misel zedinjene in avtonomne Slovenije ter nacionalno samozavest v najširše plasti ljudstva.

Nedoglednega pomena so bili deželni zbori tudi za gospodarski napredek slovenskega naroda, saj so ustvarili v deželnih zbori kopico najmodernejših gospodarskih zakonov, poleg tega se je pa z deželnimi podporami visoko dvignilo vse narodno gospodarstvo. Gradili so velike električne centrale, zgradili na stotine vodovodov in najboljših cest, podpirali moderno živinorejo, poljedelstvo in kmetско združništvo, izorganizirali občine, podpirali in dvigali domači obrt itd. Tako se je slovenski kmet postavil po letu 1848 gospodarsko polagoma na trdne noge, prebolel veliki avstrijski finančni polom v sedemdesetih letih in zadnja leta tudi že precej zajezil beg v Ameriko.

Najlepši je bil pa kulturni razvoj slovenskega naroda zadnjega polstoletja. Zavedel se je popolnoma svojega slovenskega in slovanskega pokolenja ter nacionalno prebudil svoje najširše mase. Ustvaril si je razmeroma sijajno literaturo, solidno znanstvo, razširil do zadnje gorske koče politične in poučne liste, ustanavljal po vseh občinah kulturne organizacije, "Družba sv. Mohorja" je pa pošiljala leto za letom po pol milijona knjig med najširše plasti naroda. Toda o tem kulturnem, političnem in gospodarskem razvoju v zadnjih desetletjih govore še posebej posebna poglavja.

Iz vsega navedenega je razvidno, da je bil položaj Slovencev v Avstriji bistveno različen od položaja Srbov pod turškim jarmom, vsled česar je bilo tudi njih razmerje do Avstrije povsem drugo kot razmerje Srbov do Turčije. Gospodujoči Nemec jih je zapostavljal povsod, boriti so se morali za vsako drobtino, a živeli so v pravno kolikor toliko sigurni in solidni državi, kjer so svoje pravice dosegali, sicer počasi, a gotovo. Boj z gospodarsko in kulturno jakim nasprotnikom jih je tiral do tega, da so posvečali prav vse

sile svoji notranji gospodarski in kulturni organizaciji, kajti le kot politično, gospodarsko in kulturno do najmanjše podrobnosti organizirana enota so se mogli uspešno meriti z jačjim nasprotnikom. Tako Avstrija za Slovence ni bila le pozorišče stalnega boja, temveč tudi velika učilnica, ki je zapustila v tem oziru trajne in neizbrisne sledove v vsej narodni kulturi in civilizaciji.

Vpoštevajočim vse te okoliščine, zlasti pa stalni in razmeroma hitri napredek, nam je jasno, da so Slovenci verovali v bodočnost in v razvoj svojega naroda v okviru habsburške monarhije. Ni sicer dobe od l. 1848. dalje, ko ne bi bili stalno razmotrivali tudi svojega razmerja do Hrvatov in Srbov, iskali z njimi čim tesnejših zvez in zahtevali čim tesnejše politične in kulturne spojitve z njimi (zlasti za časa bosenske okupacije in balkanskih vojen), a za enkrat le v okviru Avstrije in to po treznem preudarku ter iz tehtnih razlogov. Prvič je bilo vse čase prav do zadnjih mesecev svetovne vojne naravnost nemogoče misliti na razpad Avstrije, saj smo videli da se je tej ideji celo med svetovno vojno tudi ententa zelo dolgo upirala iz razlogov velikega Palackega, ki je dejal: "Če bi Avstrije ne bilo, bi jo bilo treba ustvariti", in realni politik je moral s tem računati. Drugič so se Slovenci vseskozi zavedali, da morejo ostati nedeljeni le v okviru močne Avstrije, ki edina jim more braniti Trst. Scotus Viator je že pred vojno dejal, da Slovenci v nobenem slučaju ne morejo priti v kompleks eventualne jugoslovanske države. Da so v tem oziru prav mislili, dokazuje najjasneje sedanost, ko so razparcelirani med tri države. Tretjič — in tudi tega ne smemo prezreti — so po večini s precejšnjim nezaupanjem gledali na tedanje prilike in metode v Srbiji, kjer gotovo ni bilo vse tako, kot bi bilo želeli.

To so v kratkem razlogi, da so bile skoro vse slovenske politične stranke orijentirane v smislu avstrijske rešitve jugoslovanskega problema, čeprav so vedno in povsod opominjale Avstrijo, da se bo to vprašanje rešilo v srbskem smislu, če se ga ne loti ona. Ta njihova avstrijska orijentacija je bila za veliko

večino le prehodnjega značaja, kajti vedeli so, da morejo le po tej poti priti enkrat do svojega končnega cilja, to je v federativno jugoslovansko državo, ki bi segala od Soče do Črnega in Egejskega morja. Bili so torej za to, da se združi najprej vse slovensko ozemlje v zedinjeno in avtonomno Slovenijo in nato reši jugoslovansko vprašanje v okviru habsburške monarhije, to je, da se združijo vse avstro-ogrske slovenske, hrvaške in srbske pokrajine v eno državno pravno telo, ki bi bilo z Avstrijo v istem razmerju, kakor Ogrska (trializem). Ta habsburška Jugoslavija bi se pa končno lahko združila še z ostalimi jugoslovanskimi deželami izven monarhije. To je bila politična ideologija slovenskega naroda od sredine preteklega stoletja dalje do svetovne vojne. Izvzeti bi bilo iz te splošne orijentacije le redke posameznike, ki so že od l. 1848 dalje sanjali o takojšnji popolni politični ločitvi Slovencev od Avstrije in o ustvaritvi velike federativne jugoslovanske države izven monarhije. Ta revolucionarna misel je pa ostala iz zgoraj navedenih razlogov omejena vedno le na majhen krog intelektualcev in mladine, širših dimenzij pa v realno mislečem narodu seveda ni mogla zavzeti.

Tako pomeni torej doba od l. 1848 do pričetka svetovne vojne pravo pravcato vstajenje, prerojenje in najlepši napredek slovenskega naroda. Ustvaril si je jasno politično koncepcijo in program, ki ga je včasih bolj, včasih manj vztrajno in odkrito zasledoval, obenem si je pa z neumornim sistematičnim delom ustvaril tudi sijajno gospodarsko, kulturno in politično organizacijo, ki je bila v vseh časih najmočnejša opora njegovim bojem ter njegovemu razvoju in napredku. Tako ga svetovna vojna ni dohitela nepripravljenega na zunaj in na znotraj in le zato je mogel preboleti težke dneve preizkušnje, kolikor toliko trezno presojati nastali položaj, izvajati konsekvence in v odločilnem trenutku jasno izraziti svojo voljo.

SLOVENCIMED SVETOVNO VOJNO

Dne 28. junija l. 1914 se je izvršil sarajevski umor in mesec dni na to je napovedala avstro-ogrska monarhija vojno Srbiji ter s tem zanetila strašni požar, ki je potem nad 4 leta pustošil Evropo.

Kako so pogledali Slovenci na to dovršeno dejstvo, na katero seveda niso mogli imeti nobenega vpliva, kakor ga sploh niso imeli nikdar na avstrijsko zunanjo politiko? Odgovor na to vprašanje nam daje pravzaprav že prejšnje poglavje: Kot kulturno in politično prebujena slovanska veja so gojili že od početka tople simpatije za težko preizkušene srbske brate in za Rusijo, kot realni politiki so pa morali v svojem lastnem interesu želeti zmago avstrijskemu orožju. Prišli so torej v neprijeten položaj, v katerem je bila jasna in enotna orijentacija zelo težka. Srca so jih vlekla k bratom Srbom in Rusom, trezna politična preudarnost pa za enkrat še k—Avstriji. Iz tega dejstva bo tudi razumljivo stališče političnih strank do nastalega položaja: pod pritiskom razmer so se morale postaviti vse stranke brezpogojno za Avstrijo, a prava in iskrena čuvstva so bila deljena povsod. Pri vseh strankah in pri vseh slojih sta se pojavili dve bolj ali manj enako močni struji, ena za Avstrijo, druga za entento, kakor so pač prevladovali srce ali razum in politična izobrazba. Pripomniti je pa treba, da sarajevski umor (o katerem tedaj seveda še nihče ni vedel, da se je izvršil z znanjem Dunaja) in srbsko-bolgarska vojna na široke slovenske mase nikakor nista vplivala ugodno, ker so vedno obsojali bratomorne vojne in umore kot sredstva političnega boja.

Tako je torej vstopil slovenski narod v svetovno vojno: po svojih čuvstvih je bil v veliki večini na strani zaveznikov, po trezni politični preudarnosti (ki smo jo utemeljili že v prejšnjem poglavju) pa po večini na strani Avstrije, a na zunaj je bil razmeroma precej rezerviran; če seveda izvzamemo različne "patrijotične" manifestacije, ki so jih pridno uprizarjale vojaške in politične oblasti ter časopisje, ki je moralo proslavljati vse, še tako brezglave avstrijske politične in vojaške ukrepe. Enako je bilo tudi s slovenskimi polki: del slovenskega vojaštva se je hrabro in iskreno boril za avstrijsko stvar, drugi del se je predajal in vstopal v vrste dobrovoljcev na strani zaveznikov, le na Soči so si bili vsi avstrijski Jugoslovani edini v tem, da Italijan ne sme stopiti na slovensko zemljo in je opustošiti. K temu odporu jih je posebno vzpodbujal še zloglasni londonski

pakt, ki je že spomladi l. 1915. prisodil zapadni del slovenskega ozemlja Italiji, zato so baš jugoslovanski polki odbili enajst ljutih italijanskih navalov na soško fronto, toda pri tem je bila popolnoma opustošena prelepa slovenska Soška dolina, tisoči slovenskega primorskega prebivalstva so pa umirali po begunskih taboriščih.

Vsega tega pa kratkovidna avstrijska politika ni razumela in uvidela. Takoj v početku vojne je izjavil nemški zunanji minister Jakow, da je izbruhnil odločilni boj med Slovanstvom in Germanstvom, in vladajoči nemški krogi v Avstriji so se oprijeli tega gesla z vso verno. Proglasili so izkratka vse avstrijske Slované vsaj za nezanesljive, če ne direktno protidržavne, in temu primeren pravec je zavzela takoj tudi avstrijska notranja politika. Takoj prve dni po izbruhu vojne so zaprli in konfinirali velik del eksponiranejših narodnih voditeljev. Na stotine najboljših javnih kulturnih delavcev, novinarjev, umetnikov, politikov, učiteljev in duhovnikov je romalo v zapore in taborišča za politične osumljence, kjer so bili izpostavljeni največjim duševnim in fizičnim mukam policije in soldateske in premnogi so plačali svoje iskreno slovensko prepričanje tudi z življenjem. Sistirali so velik del ustavno zagamčenih političnih pravic (celo parlament), ustavili so izdajanje mnogih slovenskih listov, ukinili poslovanje nekaterih najvažnejših kulturnih institucij in domače polke so poganjali na najopasnejša mesta. Zmage sigurno Nemštvo je razgalilo tedaj ves svoj nacionalni šovinizem in dan na dan je bilo brati po najvplivnejših in najresnejših nemških listih in revijah pogubne namere, ki jih kujejo proti slovanskim narodom. Jemati so začeli težko priborjene pravice slovenskemu jeziku in celo vodilni državniki so izjavljali trdni sklep, da mora priti Nemštvo takoj po zmagoviti vojni preko slovenskega telesa do Adrije.

Vse te izjave in vse to postopanje avstrijskega Nemštva je začelo navdajati Slovence z vedno večjo skrbjo in tudi v širokih narodnih masah je vzbujalo sistematično žrtvovanje slovenskih polkov (glede vojnih izgub so bili Slovenci v Avstriji na drugem mestu) ter vedno večje persekucije narodne inteligence in brezobzirne rekvizicije vedno

močnejši odpor. Videti je bilo, da pride v slučaju zmage centralnih velesil tudi za dobo miru do najtesnejše zveze med Avstrijo in Nemčijo. Že med balkansko vojno (l. 1912—13) so mnogi najtreznejši slovenski duhovi spričo naravnost nerazumljivo kratkovidne avstrijske balkanske politike za-

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Rimska boginja.

čeli obupavati nad možnostjo avstrijske rešitve jugoslovanskega vprašanja, po vseh teh dogodkih in izkušnjah se je pa v slovenskih srcih vedno močnejše porajalo prepričanje, da bi Avstrija po zmagoviti vojni ne hotela ostati več mnogojezično združenje malih srednjeevropskih narodov, temveč izrazito nemška država. Začeli so uvidevati, da bi ostali v zmagoviti Avstriji sicer združeni, a da bi jim vedno bolj utesnjevali že priborjene narod-

ne pravice in da bi bili izpostavljeni najsilnejši in najbrezobzirnejši germanizaciji. Vse to je začelo porajati močno reakcijo in vedno glasneje so se vpraševali: Je li avstrijska politična orijentacija v istini koristna slovenskemu narodu?

Čim sijajnejše zmage je dosegal železni nemški militarizem na vzhodnih in zapadnih bojiščih, tem odkriteje so razgrinjali odgovorni in neodgovorni nemški politiki svoje načrte, tem silnejši je bil pritisk na avstrijske Slovence in tem hitreje se je porajal v slovenskem narodu na zgorajšnje vprašanje — negativen odgovor. Vpliv tega negativnega odgovora se je prikazoval povsod. Slovenski polki so vedno bolj odrekali, dezertacije so se

množile, preko meje so začeli bežati emigranti z določenimi misijami, doma so se pa začeli snovati zaupni krožki vodilnih osebnosti, ki so obravnavali nastali položaj in se posvetovali o bodočnosti. Čim bolj je triumfiral nemški meč, tem trdnjejše je postajalo prepričanje, da pomeni zmaga nemškega orožja za Slovence pogubo. Slovenski narod se je torej preorijentiral tedaj, ko je nemški meč najbolj zmagoval in še ni bilo prav nikjer nobenega znamenja o eventualnem nemškem porazu, kaj šele o popolnem razsulu. Pritirala je Slovence do tega Avstrija sama in ne šele zavezniške zmage, kakor se pogostoma trdi.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Fr. Pengov:

Materinska skrb narave v jeseni.

(Konec.)

Golobje pismonoši so vendar prečudne stvarce. V zaprtih kletkah in železniških vozovih jih prevažajo na stotine kilometrov daleč, in če jih izpuste, najdejo s pravljico gotovostjo zopet pot v domači golobnjak! Še bolj čudno je, da najdejo naše lastovice in kukavice vsako leto pot v južno Ameriko in da se vrnejo vsako leto redno v prav isto vas, v isto gnezdo, katero so zapustile jeseni.

Ta prikazen se zelo različno razlaga. Nekateri pravijo, da imajo ptice poleg znanih peterih čutil še poseben "čut za orijentacijo", s katerim se izpoznajo, kje da so. Opozarjajo na to, da nimajo tega "krajevnega čuta" samo ptice, ampak tudi druge živali, posebno pes. Pri človeku, pravijo, je v tem oziru veliko razlike. Izobražen Evropec mnogokrat kar ne more pojmovati, s kakšno gotovostjo da najde Indijanec svojo pot v pragozdu, Samojed svoje steze v brezkončnih tundrah ali pustih pašnikih severne Azije, dočim se tem naravnim ljudstvom to ne zdi nič posebnega. "Kako se pa spozna mali pesec (snežno bela lisica) v veliki tundri in kako da se nikoli ne izgubi?" je odgovoril Samojed na tako vprašanje in menil je, da je s tem uganka popolnoma rešena.

Iz tega vidimo, da je zmožnost za orijentacijo, to je sposobnost, da si vtisneš jasno in pravilno sliko bližnje in daljne okolice takorekoč nezavestno v glavo, pri mnogih živalih in pri naravnih, neizobraženih ljudstvih mnogo bolj razvita nego pri nas. S številnimi poizkusi so pokazali, da se golob-pismonoša le tedaj ne zmoti, ako najde iz zračne višave na obzorju kako opirališče za lego svojega rodnega kraja.

Toliko bolj pa se moramo čuditi, pravijo nekateri prirodoslovci, da ohranijo ptice selilke dolgo svojo pot, ki meri na tisoče kilometrov, tako zvesto v spominu. Mogoče je to le, ako si mislimo, da pticam pri tem dobro služijo velika gorovja in reke za mejnike, da se opirajo ptice na stanje solnca in lune; da so tudi tam, kjer se zdi, da se nahajajo v trumi samo mlade ptice, vmes tudi nekatere starejše, ki so bile že večkrat na potu in služijo zdaj mlajšim za vodnice.

Toda, mi ugovarjaš, slišal sem krik ptičjih selilk že mnogokrat v najbolj temnih nočeh oktobra in novembra. Da najdejo te ptičje jate na kopnem vendar le še to ali ono znamenje za opirališče, temu si ne upam naravnost ugovarjati. Toda kako se izpoznajo

ptice ob takih brezupno temnih nočeh sredi morja, to mi je popolna uganka, toliko večja uganka, ker je dokazano, da najdejo tudi mlade, šele 6 do 8 tednov stare ptice, same zase, brez starejših vodnikov z gotovostjo pravo pot, ki jo hodijo šele prvičkrat v svojem življenju?

Prav praviš, dragi moj! Ob vseh svojih dušnih in čutnih zmožnostih se ne more človek v popolni temi ali v gosti megli gibati niti četrtno kilometra daleč popolnoma naravnost. Ptice pa letajo vsako jesen brez kažipota, brez vsakega znamenja iz daljne vzhodne Azije v zahodno Evropo, od severnega rta Skandinavije doli v južno Afriko; v obeh slučajih znaša pot mnogo nad 1000 milj. Kadar čuješ v temnih jesenskih nočeh, ko neba niti ena zvezdica ne razsvetljuje, mešane glasove tisočev in tisočev ptic, ki letijo brez počitka v določeni smeri nad tvojo vasjo, tedaj čutiš ob tej čudoviti prikazni, kakšne zmožnosti je pač dala narava tem stvarem, da morejo ravnati tako nezmotno!

Kaj vodi mlado ptico precej prvičkrat na tej brezkončno dolgi poti brez vodnika, brez kažipota, v črni noči, visoko nad bučnim oceanom (morjem) s tako gotovostjo, s tako nezmotljivo sigurnostjo?

Kako sigurno potujejo, nam kažejo ptice sto in stokrat ob svoji vrnitvi. Vsak parček se vrne v prejšnje svoje gnezdo; ista hiša dobi nazaj svoje znane lastovice, bajer svoje ponirke in mokoške, isti grm svoje slavčke in penice, isto trsje svoje trsne penice. Da se vrnejo res ravno iste ptice, ki so nas zapustile jeseni, na spomlad nazaj na isto mesto, za to imamo mnogo naravnostnih dokazov. Tako je prihajala v mal gozdič vsako leto ista kukavica, katero je bilo lahko poznati po glasu, ki se je nekoliko ločil od navadnega glasu te ptice. Še bolj jasno in gotovo pa so dokazali to dejstvo zadnja leta s pomočjo lahkinih kovinskih obročkov, ki jih pritrjujejo pticam selilkam na nožice in ki nosijo vrtan kraj in čas odhoda ptice. Tudi je dokazala raba teh nožnih obročkov, da se ptice nikdar ne zmotijo, da vedno dosežejo svoj smoter, svojo deželo. Toda s kakšnimi pripomočki dosežajo brez pouka revne, male ptice svoje zimsko bivališče s toliko gotovostjo? Besede, kakor "nagon" ali "čut za

orientacijo" le malo pomagajo in ne razložijo ničesar.

Po opazovanju nekaterih naravoslovcev, na pr. Middendorfa, se sečejo črte-smernice ptičjih potov, če si jih mislimo podaljšane, približno v deželi Tajmir (polotok v severni Aziji) ali njeni bližini. V teh pokrajinah severne Sibirije je tudi sedež magnetnega zemeljskega tečaja. Ako pomislimo, da kažejo tudi v severni Ameriki smeri ptičjega leta proti magnetnemu tečaju, potem se težko ubranimo misli, da ima čudovita nezmotnost ptic selilk svoj temelj v tem, da se živali ne prestando zavedajo smeri magnetnega tečaja in se vsled tega obdrže natančno v svoji smeri. V lažje umevanje tega magnetičnega čuta naj omenim, da se tudi buden človek zaveda neprestano težnosti in ve natančno, kdaj drži glavo pokonci, kdaj mu je nagnjena na stran in na katero stran. Kar je mornarju igla magnetnica ali kompas, to bi bil po teh nazorih zračnim jadralcem prirojeni magnetični čut.

Zanimivo je tudi, da nekatere vrste ptic lete brez posebnega reda, kar v neurejenih četah, na pr. race, ščinkovci, strnadi, škorci, lastovice. Druge pa imajo določen red.

Divje gosi na pr. potujejo kakor vojaki v bočni črti, vsaka žival v enaki razdalji druga od druge, ne da bi se bile popreje tega učile. Če pa je truma zelo velika, potem si izvolijo raje obliko klina. Ibis plove v rahlo zaviti črti, ki se vije po zraku kakor silno dolga kača-velikanska od tvojega temenišča ali cenita pa do daljnjega obzorja. Roparske ptice ne romajo v združenih tropih, ampak v precejšnjih, a nedoločenih razdaljah.

Ptice selilke tudi ne lete vse v enaki višini. Dočim "hripavi žerjavi visoko lete, proti jugu hite," kakor pravi pesem, pa se dvigajo štorke v take silne višine, da popolnoma izginjajo človeškim očem. Pred odhodom se zbero na velikem travniku, na tisoče in tisoče jih pride skupaj. Nenadoma pa se vzdignejo in nobeno oko jih ne vidi več, preden ne pridejo na svoj kraj. Zamorcu v Afriki kakor tudi nam se zdi, kadar se vrnejo štorke, kakor da bi bile iz oblakov padle. V lepo zaviti črti se izvijajo iz grozotne višave doli na mesto, ki ga je njihovo oko, boljše od najizvrstnejšega daljnogleda, uzrlo že te-

daj, ko njih samih še nihče ni mogel opaziti. Štorklje ne prekinejo zlepa svojega potovanja.

Druge ptice pa imajo vmesne postaje, da si nabere hrane in novih moči za utrudljivo pot. Ti počivajo tudi na jamborih ladij, ki jih srečavajo, ali na otokih, pa tudi na celini si večkrat oddahnejo.

Pri tem se popotnicam večkrat godi zelo slabo; o lovcih-ptičarjih so nam pravili večkrat v šoli, kako grdo mesarijo naše ljubljenske, kadar gredo na jug ali pa se vračajo nazaj vse utrujene. Na stotisoče naših najboljših pevk, katerih oskubena telesa dajo komaj en grizljaj pečenke, se pomori vsako leto. Silno žalostno je za prijatelja narave, če mora gledati, kako prodajajo na stotine ptičic, natakne na žice, za malo drobiža.

Nekatere ptice potujejo ponoči, druge podnevu. Ponoči potujejo najpreje žužkojede ptice.

Žužkojedam je za pridobivanje njihove skrite hrane dnevna svetloba nujno potrebna, zato jim ne preostaja drugega, nego da potujejo ponoči.

Po noči potujejo tudi razni močvirniki. Nočno potovanje močvirnih ptic nam potrjujejo srebrno-jasni glasovi potujočih škurhov, deževnikov, martinov, prodnikov, ki se zdijo kakor glasovi lepe flavte, dočim odmevajo klici škurhovi v jasni noči iz velikih višav, kakor da bi potrkavali srebrni zvončki tlanit, tlanit!

Pred vsem pa so nočne selilke slabe letalke. Zato potujejo pod varnim plaščem temne noči. In kako prav delajo! Koliko bi jih sicer izkervavalo v morilnih krempljih roparskih ptic, ki potujejo ob enem z njimi proti jugu! Tako pa jih čuva po noči temina, po dnevu pa gosto ločje in trsje. Iz istega vzroka potujejo po noči mnoge vodne ptice in plovci.

Taki slabi letalci se drže na svojem potu radi večjih vodnih strug, v kolikor se ujemajo z njihovo potjo; saj jih obvaruje prijateljica voda velikokrat grabežljivih roparskih krempljev. Ti nočni potniki romajo zdaj v večjih, zdaj v manjših jatah, časih pa

tudi v orjaških množicah proti zimskemu stanovanju.

Nasproti pa potujejo lastovke, štorklje in žerjavi, ptice roparice, ščinkovci, drozgi in strnadi le ob veselo jasnem dnevu.

Ker so izvrstne letalke, se nimajo bati morilnih krempljev roparskih sopotnikov tako zelo, kakor nerodne vodne in močvirske ptice. Tudi jim preostaja ob dnevnem potovanju še vedno toliko časa, da si preskrbe potrebne hrane.

Čemu se pa nekatere selilke obotavljajo tako dolgo s svojim potovanjem ter ga odlašajo po cele mesece? Saj opazujemo ptičjo selitev kar cele tri mesece.

Kakor smo videli, da letijo dobre letalke po dnevu, slabe pa ponoči, tako vidimo, da odločuje čas potovanja to, da li so živali bolj ali manj utrjene proti mrazu. Zato vidimo, da odromajo utrjeni stari samci vselej nazadnje.

Prvi se poslavlja občutljivi hudournik, za njim kukavica. Kmalu za temi se vrste "marškompanije" raznih močvirnih ptic. September izpodbode na pot našega slavca in lastovko i. t. d.

Zadnjo stražo te mnogomilijonske vojske pa tvorijo okoli praznika vseh svetnikov utrjene divje gosi in race severnih krajev, pa tudi pri njih gredo pisani starci šele neka tednov za sivimi samicami in mladiči.

Vse hiti proti jugu, s potovalnim nagonom v srcu, z zadostno silo za težavno pot v perutih, četudi je pri nas še obilno hrane in se ni nobena ptica niti en dan postila. Jeesensko potovanje ptičev je urejeno po natančno določenih postavah že tisoče in tisoče let.

In to potovanje se vrši tako smotreno, po tako premišljenem načrtu, zdaj podnevu, zdaj ponoči, vedno v soglasju z načinom življenja, pri eni vrsti popreje, pri drugi pozneje, kakor je ravno utrjena proti mrazu, s tako mogočno in nebrzdano silo in vendar ločeno po spolu in starosti, proti tako neznano oddaljenemu cilju, ki je prikrit popolnoma vsem čutilom, ki pa vendar hite proti njemu s popolno gotovostjo in ga z isto gotovostjo tudi dosegaajo.



Guy De Maupassant:

Simonov oče.

(Konec.)

Življenski madež se težko izbriše. Čeprav je živel Blanchotte tako sama zase, je ostala na njej pega in jezikanje ni prenehalo.

Simon je imel novega očeta zelo rad in je šel z njim skoraj vsak večer po končanem delu na izprehod. V šolo je hodil pridno, napram tovarišem se je vedel dostojno, na besedičenje ni odgovarjal.

Neki dan ga je pa nagovoril paglavec, ki se je bil prvi zagnal vanj:

"Nalagal si nas. Saj nimaš očeta, ki bi mu bilo ime Filip."

"Kako to, da ne!" se je razburil Simon. Paglavec si je mel roke in nadaljeval:

"Če bi imel očeta, bi moral biti mož tvoje matere."

Simona je to pravilno dokazovanje vznemirilo, vendar je odvrnil:

"Pa je le moj oče!"

"Naj pa bo," je dejal paglavec in se zarežal. "Ampak prav tvoj oče pa le ni."

Deček je povsili glavo in krenil razmišljen proti kovačnici očeta Loizona, kjer je Filip delal.

Kovačnica je bila med samim drevjem. V njej je bilo silno temno, samo rdeči svit ognja na velikanskem ognjišču je obseval s svojim živim odsevom pet kovaških pomočnikov, ki so goloroki razbijali po nakovalih, da je strašno odmevalo. Stali so kakor hudiči v ognjenem svitu, gledali razbeljeno železo, kamor so padali udarci, s kladivom pa so se dvigale in padale tudi njih težke misli.

Ko je Simon vstopil, ga ni videl nihče; tiho se je splazil do prijatelja in ga potegnil za zavihani rokav. Ta se je obrnil. Hitro so vsi prenehali z delom in pogledali, kaj hoče deček. Sredi te nenavadne tišine se je oglasil Simon tiho in plaho:

"Kako je to, Filip, Michaudov mi je prav kar dejal, da ti le nisi moj oče?"

"Zakaj pa ne?" je vprašal delavec.

Otrok je z vso svojo nedolžnostjo pojasnil:

"Ker nisi mož moje mame."

Nihče se ni zasmel. Filip se je sklonil in položil čelo na drugo stran svojih velikih rok, ki so oklepale toporišče kladiva.

Razmišljal je. Njegovi štirje tovariši so gledali in Simon, ki je bil med temi orjaki še manjši, je čakal s strahom na odgovor. Zdaj pa je izpregovoril eden izmed kovaških pomočnikov za vse druge in rekel Filipu:

"Naj govore ljudje kar hočejo, Blanchotte je pa le dobra in vrla ženska, navzlic vsej svoji nesreči delavna in poštena. Dobremu možu bi bila lahko najboljša žena."

"Res je," so pritrdili še drugi trije.

Delavec je pa zopet povzel besedo:

"Je mar njena krivda, če je grešila? Obljubil ji je, da jo vzame. Koliko jih poznam, ki niso storile nič drugače, pa jih danes vse spoštuje."

"Prav res!" so vzkliknili vsi trije tovariši hkrati.

In govoril je še naprej:

"Pomislite, kako se je morala ubožica mučiti, ko je čisto sama vzgajala otroka, in koliko je prejokala, samo če je stopila iz hiše. To ve samo Bog!"

"Tudi to je res!" so pritrdili drugi.

Slišal se je samo še meh, ki je razpihaval ogenj. Filip se je urno pripognil k Simonu:

"Pojdi k mami in ji povej, da bi rad danes zvečer z njo govoril."

S temi besedami je spravil otroka do vrat.

Vrnil se je k delu in že je padlo kakor na en sam udarec pet kladiv na nakovalo. Tako so nabijali do večera, krepko, z vso močjo, z veseljem. Ali kakor poje na praznik veliki zvon v stolnici vse glasneje kakor drugi zvonovi, tako je odmevalo tudi Filipovo kladivo, ki je padalo z vedno večjo silo, vse bolj kakor druga štiri. Okoli njega so švigale iskre, oči so se mu svetile in tolkel je kar se je dalo.

Ko je potrkal pri Blanchotti, je bilo vse nebo z zvezdami posejano. Oblekel je bil nedeljski suknjič, preoblekel srajco in si naravnal brado. Mlada žena se je prikazala na pragu in mu rekla otožno:

"Kaj pa mislite, gospod Filip, da prihajate k meni tako pozno?"

Hotel je odgovoriti, pa je samo zajeceljal in zmeden obstal.

Oglasila se je zopet ona:

"Saj si lahko mislite, da se ne smem dati ljudem še bolj v zobe."

"Kaj pa je, naj govore, če le hočete biti moja žena," se je ojunačil.

Odgovora ni bilo, zdelo se mu je pa, da

kovač Filip Remy, ki bo navil ušesa vsakemu, ki ti stori kaj zlega."

Ko so bili drugo jutro že vsi dečki v šoli in bi se moral že skoro začeti pouk, je mali Simon vstal in izpregovoril bled in s tresočimi se ustnicami, a vendar s krepkim glasom:

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Bolni kralj.

Van Leyden.

je slišal, kakor bi bilo v sobi nekaj padlo. Skočil je noter. Simon, ki je bil že v postelji je slišal poljub in besede, ki jih je njegova mama šepetala. Potem pa je začutil, kako ga je prijatelj s svojimi orjaškimi rokami vzdignil, in slišal njegove besede:

"Povej svojim tovarišem, da je tvoj oče

"Moj oče je kovač Filip Remy. Naročil mi je, naj vam povem, da odtrga ušesa vsem, ki bi mi kaj storili."

Tistikrat se ni nihče zasmel. Kovača Filipa Remyja so poznali vsi. Bil je tak oče, da bi bil lahko vsakdo vesel, če bi bil le njegov.

“Mladinski list” naj ostane.

Nekako ob času, ko bode prejeti to številko “Mladinskega lista,” se bo začelo pri društvih S. N. P. J. glasovanje glede novega angleškega glasila v ameriškem (angleškem) jeziku. Odrasli člani bodo odločili, ali se naj izdaja poleg slovenskega glasila tudi angleško glasilo ali ne. Ako bodo odglasovali, da naj izhaja tako glasilo, bodo istočasno tudi s svojimi glasovi odločili, če bo izhajalo to novo glasilo kot tednik ali kot mesečnik.

V uradnem glasilu naše jednote, v “Prosveti,” točasno članstvo obširno razpravlja o novem glasilu. Večina meni — v svojih razpravah,—da se naj uvede glasilo v angleščini, ker so mnjenja, da se bo edino na ta način dalo obdržati, oziroma pridobiti za našo jednoto v Ameriki rojeno slovensko mladino — to se pravi, vas. Nekateri so mnjenja, da naj zaenkrat ostane po starem—to je, da se ne upelje novega glasila. O našem “Mladinskem listu” pa se le malo govori. In vendar je to vprašanje velikega pomena. Novo uradno glasilo v angleščini bi čitalo približno 10,000 odraslih članov, po večini v Ameriki rojenih Slovencev, ki ne razumejo dovolj slovenščine, pa nekaj onih odraslih članov raznih drugih narodnosti, ki ne razumejo slovenščine. “Mladinski list” pa je glasilo 15,000 članov in članic Mladinskega oddelka. In sedaj bi se naj kar meninčič tebinčič odpravilo “Mladinski list,” ter s tem odvzelo glasilo 15,000 članom i članicam Ml. oddelka?!

Na zadnji konvenciji S. N. P. J., ki se je vršila pred par meseci v Waukeganu, Ill., se je veliko govorilo o nameravanem novem uradnem glasilu v angleščini ter o “Mladinskem listu.” Mnogo delegatov se je zavzemalo za to, da “Mladinski list” ostane. Isto mnenje izražajo nekateri odrasli člani jednote tudi v svojih razpravah v Prosveti. Par jih je mnjenja, da bi bilo najprimernejše za vse, če bi se “Mladinski list” v toliko spremenil, da bi zadostoval vsem našim potrebam, to je, da bi bil glasilo članov Mladinskega oddelka, kakor tudi vseh tistih odraslih članov, ki ne razumejo slovenščine.

Ta ideja je brez dvoma najboljša in naj-

prikladnejša, kajti zadovoljila bi vse, jednotinih blagajn pa bi tudi ne črpala preveč.

Izvesti bi se dala na ta način: “Mladinski list” bi naj dobil drugo ime, ki bi odgovarjalo njegovi novi ulogi. Izhajal bi naj tedensko na 32 straneh—kakor sedaj—toda z ovojem, kakor ga ima na primer “Proletarec.” Dobivali bi ga člani Mladinskega oddelka baš kakor dobivajo sedaj mesečnik “Mladinski list,” in sicer v vsaki hiši, kjer so člani Mladinskega oddelka, po en iztis. Vrh tega pa bi ga dobivali tudi vsi tisti odrasli člani, ki ne razumejo slovenščine, torej v Ameriki rojeni otroci slovenskih staršev, kateri se niso priučili svojega materinskega jezika, in pa člani drugih narodnosti.

Novi tednik bi naj bil poluradno glasilo tistih odraslih članov, ki bi ga dobivali, to se pravi, prinašal bi vse važne sklepe, zapisnike in podobno, toda ne dobesedno predstavljeno, temveč samo v izčrpkih. Prinašal bi nadalje agitatorične članke za jednoto, s katerimi bi seznanjal bralce z našo jednoto, s slovenskim narodom itd. V vsaki številki pa bi imeli člani Mladinskega oddelka svoj kotichek za svoje dopise, uganke, povesti, poučne članke in članke, ki jih bi seznanjali z bistvom in delovanjem S. N. P. Jednote in z zgodovino in kulturo naroda, katerega sinovi so. V to svrhu bi imeli v vsaki številki osem strani—štiri v slovenščini, štiri v angleščini, kar bi mesečno zneslo 32 strani, torej baš toliko, kolikor ima strani mesečnik “Mladinski list.” Člani Mlad. oddelka bi ne bili v tem slučaju prav nič prikrajšani, a oni odrasli člani, ki želijo svoj list v angleščini, bi ga tudi imeli.

Seveda, to je le mnenje nekaterih članov jednote in urednika “Ml. l.”, ki pa kajpada pri glasovanju, ki je sedaj v teku, ne pride v poštev. Toda ako članstvo odglasuje, da se ne izdaja uradno glasilo v angleščini, potem je na mestu gornja ideja, ki jo bo brez dvoma sprožilo eno ali drugo društvo S. N. P. J. v obliki iniciative.

Slovenska narodna podporna jednota je dala svojim članom v Mladinskem oddelku “Mladinski list” in najbrže jim ga ne bo kar

(Konec na strani 337, spodaj.)

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

20.

A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	C	C	E	G	
	G	H	I	I	J	
	K	N	N	O	O	
	O	R	R	R	R	
S	T	T	V	V	V	Z

Besede pomenijo:

veliko ameriško mesto;
 ptiča, ki se drži polja;
 moško ime;
 del suknje;
 kar ima vsaka hiša in vsaka soba;
 okusno morsko živalico.

Črke tako zamenjaj, da dobiš naznačene besede. Srednja vrsta od zgoraj navzdol ti da ime najznamenitejšega slovenskega pisatelja.

* * *

21.

Farmer ima svojih 96 ovac na treh poljih, in sicer jih je na prvem polju baš toliko kot na drugem in tretjem skupaj, oziroma štirikrat toliko kot na tretjem. Na drugem polju pa je trikrat toliko ovac kot na tretjem. Koliko ovac je na prvem, drugem in tretjem polju?

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

17.

Vino, to se pravi, alkohol v vinu.

*

18. Sir—ris.

*

19. Tri.

Rešilci.

Vse tri je rešila:

Josephine M. Jenko, Export, Pa.

Dve uganki sta rešila:

Josip Horvat, Morgan, Pa.

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Prečitala sem Vaš poziv v zadnji številki glede obstoja "Mladinskega lista." Prva sem med prvimi, da protestiram proti odpravi. Močno bi ga pogrešala, če bi ga res odpravili. Posebno rada berem mične povesti in pravljice v slovenščini, pa šaljive uganke seveda tudi. Slovensko znam še iz starega kraja.

Priloženo pošiljam rešitve ugank v zadnji številki.
 S pozdravom!

Josephine M. Jenko, Export, Pa.

*

Cenjeni urednik! Pošiljam Vam rešitev ugank, in upam, da sem jih pravilno rešil.

Zelo se bojim, da bi nam odvzeli "Mladinski list." Upam pa, da ga nam ne bodo, ker ga tako rad čitam, in sicer slovensko in angleško.

Spoštovanjem!

Josip Horvat, Morgan, Pa.

(Nadaljevanje s strani 336.)

enostavno odvzela. Nasprotno, ta njih list—pa naj izhaja samostojno, ali kot priloga novega poluradnega glasila—naj bi jednota izboljšala, da bi bil v vseh ozirih popolnejši, kar dosedaj ni bilo mogoče, ker doslej "Mladinski list" ni imel urednika, ki bi se popolnoma posvetil listu samemu, vsled česar se

veda ni bilo mogoče pričakovati, da bi bil list tak, kakor bi lahko bil in bi tudi moral biti.

Člani Mladinskega oddelka S. N. P. J. zahtevajo, da se jim ohrani njih list. In ne sme se pozabiti, da bodo oni tvorili jedro jednote, ko stopijo v prve vrste.

Jakob Zupančič.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

NOVEMBER 1925.

Number 11.

Van Loon:

Our Earliest Ancestors.

WE live under the shadow of a gigantic question mark.

Who are we?

Where do we come from?

Whither are we bound?

Slowly, but with persistent courage, we have been pushing this question mark further and further towards that distant line, beyond the horizon, where we hope to find our answer.

We have not gone very far.

We still know very little but we have reached the point where (with a fair degree of accuracy) we can guess at many things.

In this article I shall tell you how (according to our best belief) the stage was set for the first appearance of man.

Man was the last to come but the first to use his brain for the purpose of conquering the forces of nature. That is the reason why we are going to study him, rather than cats or dogs or horses or any of the other animals, who, all in their own way, have a very interesting historical development behind them.

In the beginning, the planet upon which we live was (as far as we know) a large ball of flaming matter, a tiny cloud of smoke in the endless ocean of space. Gradually, in the course of millions of years, the surface burned itself out, and was covered with a thin layer of rocks. Upon these lifeless rocks the rain descended in endless torrents, wearing out the hard granite and carrying the dust to the valleys that lay hidden between the high cliffs of the steaming earth.

Finally the hour came when the sun broke through the clouds and saw how this little planet was covered with a few small puddles which were to develop into the mighty oceans of the eastern and western hemispheres.

Then one day the great wonder happened. What had been dead, gave birth to life.

The first living cell floated upon the waters of the sea.

For millions of years it drifted aimlessly with the currents. But during all that time it was developing certain habits that it might survive more easily upon the inhospitable earth. Some of these cells were happiest in the dark depths of the lakes and the pools. They took root in the slimy sediments which had been carried down from the tops of the hills and they became plants. Others preferred to move about and they grew strange jointed legs, like scorpions and began to crawl along the bottom of the sea amidst the plants and the pale green things that looked like jelly-fishes. Still others (covered with scales) depended upon a swimming motion to go from place to place in their search for food, and gradually they populated the ocean with myriads of fishes.

Meanwhile the plants had increased in number and they had to search for new dwelling places. There was no more room for them at the bottom of the sea. Reluctantly they left the water and made a new home in the marshes and on the mud-banks that lay at the foot of the mountains. Twice a day the tides of the ocean covered them with their brine. For the rest of the time, the plants made the best of their uncomfortable situation and tried to survive in the thin air which surrounded the surface of the planet. After centuries of training, they learned how to live as comfortably in the air as they had done in the water. They increased in size and became shrubs and trees and at last they learned how to grow lovely flowers which attracted the attention of the busy big bumble-bees and the birds who carried the seeds

far and wide until the whole earth had become covered with green pastures, or lay dark under the shadow of the big trees.

But some of the fishes too had begun to leave the sea, and they had learned how to breathe with lungs as well as with gills. We call such creatures amphibious, which means that they are able to live with equal ease on the land and in the water. The first frog who crosses your path can tell you all about the pleasures of the double existence of the amphibian.

Once outside of the water, these animals gradually adapted themselves more and more to life on land. Some became reptiles (creatures who crawl like lizards) and they shared the silence of the forests with the insects. That they might move faster through the soft soil, they improved upon their legs and their size increased until the world was populated with gigantic forms (which the handbooks of biology list under the names of *Ichthyosaurus* and *Megalosaurus* and *Brontosaurus*) who grew to be thirty to forty feet long and who could have played with elephants as a full grown cat plays with her kittens.

Some of the members of this reptilian family began to live in the tops of the trees, which were then often more than a hundred feet high. They no longer needed their legs for the purpose of walking, but it was necessary for them to move quickly from branch to branch. And so they changed a part of their skin into a sort of parachute, which stretched between the sides of their bodies and the small toes of their fore-feet, and gradually they covered this skinny parachute with feathers and made their tails into a steering gear and flew from tree to tree and developed into true birds.

Then a strange thing happened. All the gigantic reptiles died within a short time. We do not know the reason. Perhaps it was due to a sudden change in climate. Perhaps they had grown so large that they could neither swim nor walk nor crawl, and they starved to death within sight but not within reach of the big ferns and trees. Whatever the cause, the million year old world-empire of the big reptiles was over.

The world now began to be occupied by

very different creatures. They were the descendants of the reptiles but they were quite unlike these because they fed their young from the "mammary" or the breasts of the mother. Wherefore modern science calls these animals "mammals." They had shed the scales of the fish. They did not adopt the feathers of the bird, but they covered their bodies with hair. The mammals however developed other habits which gave their race a great advantage over the other animals. The female of the species carried the eggs of the young inside her body until they were hatched and while all other living beings, up to that time, had left their children exposed to the dangers of cold and heat, and the attacks of wild beasts, the mammals kept their young with them for a long time and sheltered them while they were still too weak to fight their enemies. In this way the young mammals were given a much better chance to survive, because they learned many things from their mothers, as you will know if you have ever watched a cat teaching her kittens to take care of themselves and how to wash their faces and how to catch mice.

But of these mammals I need not tell you much for you know them well. They surround you on all sides. They are your daily companions in the streets and in your home, and you can see your less familiar cousins behind the bars of the zoological garden.

And now we come to the parting of the ways when man suddenly leaves the endless procession of dumbly living and dying creatures and begins to use his reason to shape the destiny of his race.

One mammal in particular seemed to surpass all others in its ability to find food and shelter. It had learned to use its fore-feet for the purpose of holding its prey, and by dint of practice it had developed a hand-like claw. After innumerable attempts it had learned how to balance the whole of the body upon the hind legs. (This is a difficult act, which every child has to learn anew although the human race has been doing it for over a million years.)

This creature, half ape and half monkey but superior to both, became the most successful hunter and could make living in

every clime. For greater safety, it usually moved about in groups. It learned how to make strange grunts to warn its young of approaching danger and after many hundreds of thousands of years it began to use these throaty noises for the purpose of talking. This creature, though you may hardly believe it, was your first "man-like" ancestor.

We know very little about the first "true" men. We have never seen their pictures. In the deepest layer of clay of an ancient soil we have sometimes found pieces of their bones. These lay buried amidst the broken skeletons of other animals that have long since disappeared from the face of the earth. Anthropologists (learned scientists who devote their lives to the study of man as a member of the animal kingdom) have taken these bones and they have been able to reconstruct our earliest ancestors with a fair degree of accuracy.

The great-great-grandfather of the human race was a very ugly and unattractive mammal. He was quite small, much smaller than the people of today. The heat of the sun and the biting wind of the cold winter had colored his skin a dark brown. His head and most of his body, his arms and legs too, were covered with long, coarse hair. He had very thin but strong fingers which made his hands look like those of a monkey. His forehead was low and his jaw was like the jaw of a wild animal which uses its teeth both as fork and knife. He wore no clothes. He had seen no fire except the flames of the rumbling volcanoes which filled the earth with their smoke and their lava.

He lived in the damp blackness of vast forests, as the pygmies of Africa do to this very day. When he felt the pangs of hunger he ate raw leaves and the roots of plants or he took the eggs away from an angry bird and fed them to his own young. Once in a while, after a long and patient chase, he would catch a sparrow or a small wild dog or perhaps a rabbit. These he would eat raw for he had never discovered that food tasted better when it was cooked.

During the hours of day, this primitive human being prowled about looking for things to eat.

When night descended upon the earth, he hid his wife and his children in a hollow tree or behind some heavy boulders, for he was surrounded on all sides by ferocious animals and when it was dark these animals began to prowl about, looking for something to eat for their mates and their own young, and they liked the taste of human beings. It was a world where you must either eat or be eaten, and life was very unhappy, because it was full of fear and misery.

In summer, man was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, and during the winter his children would freeze to death in his arms. When such a creature hurt itself, (and hunting animals are forever breaking their bones or spraining their ankles) he had no one to take care of him and he must die a horrible death.

Like many of the animals who fill the Zoo with their strange noises, early man liked to jabber. That is to say, he endlessly repeated the same unintelligible gibberish because it pleased him to hear the sound of his voice. In due time he learned that he could use this guttural noise to warn his fellow beings whenever danger threatened and he gave certain little shrieks which came to mean "there is a tiger!" or "here come five elephants." Then the others grunted something back at him and their growl meant, "I see them," or "let us run away and hide." And this was probably the origin of all language.

But, as I have said before, of these beginnings we know so very little. Early man had no tools and he built himself no houses. He lived and died and left no trace of his existence except a few collar-bones and a few pieces of his skull. These tell us that many thousands of years ago the world was inhabited by certain mammals who were quite different from all the other animals—who had probably developed from another unknown ape-like animal which had learned to walk on its hind-legs and use its fore-paws as hands—and who were most probably connected with the creatures who happen to be our own immediate ancestors.

It is little enough we know and the rest is darkness.

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Geese at Play.

Schramm-Zittau.

R. H. Davis:

The Jump at Corey's Slip.

The jump from Corey's slip was never made but by two of the Brick Dust Gang, and though, as it turned out, they were not sorry they had taken it, they served as a warning to all the others of the gang against trying to emulate their daring.

Corey's slip is part of Corey's brick-yard, on the East Side of New York, near the Twenty-sixth Street wharf, and the Brick Dust Gang are so called because they have a hidden meeting-place among the high piles of bricks which none of the other boys, nor the police, nor even the employees of the brick-yard have been able to find. It is known to exist, though, and the gang meet there to smoke and play the accordion and gamble for cigarette pictures, and to pursue such other sinful and demoralizing practices of East Side youth as they elect.

The Brick Dust Gang must not be confounded with the Rag Gang of "The Bay," near Thirty-third street, for, while the Rag Gang are thieves and toughs, the Brick Dust Gang are too young to be very wicked, and their "folks" are too respectable to let them go very far astray. The gang got along very well during the winter months, and the hole in the bricks was filled every afternoon after the public schools had closed, with from a dozen to twenty of them.

Buck Mooney was the leader, and no one disputed his claim, for he was a born leader in some respects, just as was his father, who could throw the votes of the Luke J. Mooney Star Social Club whenever they would do himself and the party the most good. But his son Buck was quick-tempered and stronger than he knew, and he had a way of knocking the younger and less pugilistic members of his crowd around which was injudicious; for by this he hurt his own popularity as well as their heads.

He was no bully though, and there was no one who could lead him in any show of physical prowess recognized and practised by the gang. So all through the winter he was easily the leader, and no one stood against him. His fall came in the spring. The coming of the spring meant more to the Brick

Dust Gang than to almost any other crowd along the river front, for their knowledge of the brick-yard and its wharf enabled them to bathe in the river quite hidden from the police at any hour of the day, and this means a great deal to those who have felt the stifling heat of the tenements along the East River.

They bathed and swam and dived from the first of May until the autumn came and gave the water such a sharpness that they left it numbed and with chattering teeth, and they began at five in the morning and kept it up late into the night. They lived in the water, and were rather more at home in it than they were on the streets. The workmen in the brick-yard never interfered with them, because the boys helped them in piling the bricks and in unloading the scows and loading the carts; and the police could never catch them, for the reason that the boys always kept a part of the gang posted as sentinels in the yard.

Mooney and Tommy Grant were easily the best swimmers in the crowd. Tommy was four years younger than the leader, and small and consumptive-looking; but he was absurdly strong for his size, and his body was as hard and muscular as a jockey's. The trouble began between the two at the swimming-match at Harlem for all comers, where they both entered for the one-mile race with a turn. The Harlem boys were not in it from the first, and the two down-town boys led all the others by a hundred yards. "The little fellow," as Tommy was called by the crowds on the shore, was the popular favorite; and the crowd was delighted when he came plunging in ahead, swimming so much under water that only one bare shoulder and revolving arm told where he was.

Buck Mooney, the leader of the gang, was a bad second and a bad loser as well. He swore a great deal when his backers pulled him out of the water, and gave every reason for Tommy's success, except that Tommy could swim faster than he could.

When Tommy appeared around the streets the next day with the big gold medal on his coat, and with the words "Champion

of the East River" blazoned on it, Mooney felt worse than ever, and grew so ugly over it that some of the gang soon turned against him, and his hold over them disappeared. Little Tommy took his place without any formal election, and Mooney sulked and said unpleasant things about him behind his back.

They never came to blows, but they both grew to hate each other cordially,—principally through the stories their friends told of each to the other, as friends, true friends, are fond to do, in all classes of society. So the breach grew very great and the gang was divided and lost its influence. One faction would refuse to act as sentinel for the other, and each claimed the meeting-place. On the whole, it was very unpleasant, and most unsatisfactory to those who loved peace.

It was evident that something must be done; either the gang must separate into two crowds or reunite again under one leader. It was a foolish, dare-devil young Irish boy that suggested how this last and much-desired result could be accomplished. There was a big derrick at the end of the wharf to lift the buckets of coal from the scows, when the place was used for a coalyard.

Some of the more daring boys had jumped from the middle bar of this derrick, in emulation of Steve Brodie, whose jump from the Brooklyn Bridge and subsequent elevation to the proprietorship of a saloon had stirred up every boy in the East Side. It was a dangerous thing to do, because there was an outer row of posts beyond the slip, and whoever jumped had to jump out far enough to strike the water beyond them. For, if he should not jump far enough—

What the Irish boy proposed was that some one should try to dive—not jump—from the very top of the derrick. The derrick was fifty feet above the water, and the outer line of posts was eight feet from the slip and fifteen feet from the line of the derrick. It looked like just what it was—an impossibility—for any one but the coolest and most practised diver.

"If a lad should do it," objected one of the gang, "and 'ud hit them piles, there'd be no getting at him quick e'cept from the

top of the derrick. He'd sink afore any one could get around the piles to him from the slip."

"There'd be no need to hurry," said another, grimly. "He'd keep till the police boat picked him up."

"Well, the morgue's handy," commented another, flippantly, with a nod of his head toward Bellevue Hospital, back of them.

As ill luck would have it, Mooney came up just then, and they told him what they were discussing.

"I'll bet Tommy Grant wouldn't be afeard to try it," said one of the youngest.

That was enough for Mr. Mooney. He said with a sneer that Tommy would be afraid, and of course Tommy was told of this at once, and Tommy, after a careful survey of the jump, said it was suicide. And then Mooney called him a coward, and said he'd do it, and he'd show him who was fit to lead the gang.

The elder boys told him not to be a fool, Tommy among the number; but he said they were cry-babies, and told them to keep quiet about it and to meet at the wharf at seven that evening.

The tide was low then, and the piles showed high above the water. At high tide they were covered, and besides there were very few people about at that hour.

At seven o'clock twenty of them gathered at the end of the wharf. They were badly scared and wished they were well out of it, but there was no stopping Mooney. The more they begged him not to do it, the more he laughed at them. He climbed the ladder to the top of the derrick alone, and stripped off every thread but his swimming tights. The big posts rose out of the water in front of the slip—black, slimy-looking, and as pitiless as rocks.

Some sailors in a steam yacht lying at anchor off the New York Yacht Club's wharf saw the boy mounting the ladder and shouted to the other boys to stop him. The other boys would have liked to do what the gentlemen suggested, but it was too late. But Tommy ran halfway up the ladder, begging his rival to come down. Mooney swore at him to go back, and Tommy hung

there half-way up and fearful to do more lest he should rattle the ex-leader of the gang.

The sailors ran to cast off the rowboat.

Then they saw Mooney outlined against the dark background of the tenements, as motionless as a marble statue on a high pedestal.

He raised his arms slowly over his head until the finger tips met and interlaced, then he bent his knees and his body swung forward. There was a brief, breathless silence as he dived out and down, and then a yell from the yacht and a gasping cry from the boys, as they saw him throw out his hands to save himself, and saw that he had misjudged the distance and would strike the posts. Some of the youngest boys turned sick and sank whimpering to their knees, and six of the older ones dived like one man into the water to pull him out. He had struck the posts with his arm, had turned, striking them again, and then sank without a cry into the river.

The sailors in the rowboat had just started toward the spot. The six boys in the water were shut off from Mooney by the posts, and slipped back after they had tried vainly to climb over them.

"He's killed. He'll be drowned. Ah, he's sunk for good," the boys wailed and cried in chorus.

Young Tommy from his post half-way

up the ladder, saw that before the boat could reach his rival, or the boys could get around the piles to him, he would be drowned, and so he ran up the rest of the ladder, poised for just a second, and then took the second and last jump that was ever taken from Corey's slip. He cleared the posts by an inch or two, turned in the water before he had gone halfway into it, and dived to where he saw the white body settling toward the bottom.

The sailors in the rowboat reached him in time to pull him out and carry him to the yacht with the bruised and unconscious body of his rival in his arms. Then they sent Mooney over to the hospital, and wanted to make up a purse for Tommy, but he said it was "all right" and "hadn't done nuthin' anyhow." It took several weeks for Mooney's leg and arm to knit, and he limped for months afterward.

The sailors on the yacht wanted to compromise by giving Tommy a medal, but he said he'd had enough trouble over the last medal, and asked why they did not give it to Mooney, for he had taken the jump in cold blood; "an' I," said Tommy, "just did it because I was in a hurry to get down."

So the sailors gave Mooney a very fine medal, which told that he was the "Champion Diver of the East River." And now there are two leaders to the gang, though each protests that the other is the only one.

Ottawa, the capital of Canada, will celebrate in 1927 the centennial of its settlement by Colonel By, British army engineer, who constructed the Rideau Canal. It was known as Bytown until about 1850 and made the federal capital to settle the disputed claims of Montreal and Toronto for the honor.

* * *

The tail of Tempel's comet, which makes its appearance every five and one-half years, is largely made up of carbon monoxide and carbon, two of the main constituents of automobile exhaust.

One loaf of bread a week was the allowance of nine-year-old Michael Faraday, from the Government of England at the time of the corn famine of 1801.

* * *

Twelve-year-old Swiss farm boys must get up at four in the morning to cut grass with a scythe in the orchard, for their cows.

* * *

On "sauerkraut day" at Springfield, Minnesota, seventeen tons of sauerkraut were consumed by the thousands of persons who attended the cabbage festival.

E. Chivers Davies:

A Serbian Betrothal.

It was really a very hot day even for July. The sun beat fiercely down on the white woods and on the square courtyard that lay between the old farmhouse which belonged to Ivan Radovitch and the smaller buildings where his married sons and daughter lived with their children. If you go into the little villages of Serbia you will find a great many farms like this one, where a whole family will be living, all their houses built inside the rough wooden fence which encloses them and protects them, seeming to spread from the house where the head of the family lives just as branches spring from the big oak-trees that grow so plentifully along the Serbian country lanes.

Ivan Radovitch's farm was a big one, for he and his wife had four sons and three daughters, and the sons and one of the daughters were married and all were living in the shadow of the old house where they had been born. So the little children of Ivan's children played among the cattle-sheds, climbed the trees in the plum orchards, and drove the herds of pigs up the hill-sides for food, just as their mothers and fathers had done before them.

They were big, sturdy boys and girls, these grandchildren of old Ivan—himself still upright and strong—and it was not often that you could see any of them sitting still; romping and racing was more in their minds.

In the corner of the courtyard, under the big walnut-tree—just the one bit of shade at that time of the day—sat Ivan himself, and by his side his youngest grandchild of all, named Stefan. If you had told any of the noisy band what their grandfather Ivan Radovitch was doing, and asked why the small boy was sitting so quietly beside him, they would have shrugged their shoulders and run laughing away, saying: "Oh, but that is our lazy Stefan. He thinks of nothing but carving and whittling with his fingers. He thinks that if he watches the grandfather at his work he too will make a carver! What rubbish, since all the village knows that there never has been a carver like Grandfather!"

Stefan himself, however, would laugh as heartily as any of them, for he didn't mind in the least how much his cousins teased him, provided they would only leave him in peace to be with his grandfather.

He would sit for hours perched on a little stool by the old Ivan's side watching the clever fingers at work—for there was no doubt at all as to their cleverness. Any-one for miles round would tell you that Ivan Radovitch could work magic with a piece of wood, cunningly fashioning it into a water-bottle, or a box to hold **bride clothes** that would make any bride or bridegroom in the district quite puffed up with pride.

To-day he was working at a special task, and the small boy watched with almost breathless interest the movements of the strong brown fingers. The carving was almost finished; soon Stefan knew his grandfather would begin to color the wood, burning and tinting until the plain brown sycamore was glowing with colors, red and blue and gold, like those in some fine old illuminated book.

The box was for a wedding gift, and the bride was to be Stefan's favorite aunt, the last but one of Ivan's children to marry. The gift was to be one of no common excellence, and Stefan dared scarcely breathe as the last touches were given to the delicate acorns which ran in a scroll round the lid.

Grandfather Radovitch worked on almost in silence, for he was very intent on his task. In less than a week would be the wedding-day of Milutina, his second daughter, and the pride of his heart, and the bridal coffer into which all her best finery would be packed must be a thing of particular beauty. All across the top of it lay curving sprays of plum blossom, and round the sides were carved cunningly figures that told the story of a famous Serbian hero, Kraljevitch Marko, and his piebald horse Sharats.

Stefan could no longer contain himself as his grandfather stretched out his arms with a long sigh of relief.

"Bozhe! but it is wonderful, my grandfather! See how the little horse snuffs the

wind, and see how his hoofs paw the ground! He might be alive now!"

Ivan looked down at his work, being well pleased, for he had a curious delight in praise from his black-thatched youngster, while he was, as a rule, perfectly indifferent to anyone's remarks on his carving. "I am Ivan Radovitch," he would say, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and this is my work: if anyone does not like it he is free to say so, but it is no matter to me."

Yet he was pleased when Stefan said he thought Sharats, the piebald horse, looked so real, for he himself was rather proud of the spirited way the carven figure stood out in relief from the coffer.

Stefan looked up again. "Will you color it tonight, my grandfather?" he said eagerly. "Shall I run and fetch the bowls and dyes? The sun is still high and I need not go to fetch the cattle back till it is lower."

Ivan Radovitch shook his head, however.

"There is no time," he said, with a hand on the boy's shoulder, for he had laid the heavy coffer down on its side against the rough bench on which he had been sitting. "Thy grandmother will be calling thee to make ready the supper with her—to-night is my neighbor Milan Toplich coming with his friends to ask the hand of thy Aunt Katinka, and we must do honor to our guests. Truly it would please me better to sit here and finish the coffer, but thou knowest, Stefan, that there is a proverb, 'Better let the village perish than the old customs in the village,' and I for one will do as my fathers did before me."

Just at that moment, indeed, Stefan's grandmother came to the door of the house and stood shading her eyes with her hand against the heat of the sun, and "Where is my little Stefan?" she called. "Ah, there he is! Come, little rascal; there is much to do, and only thou and I and thy Aunt Katinka, for the rest are all away in the fields and will not be back till supper-time."

Stefan would have liked very much to stay out in the sunshine a little longer. He did not love the hot kitchen overmuch, and moreover he had several private plans of his own that he desired to carry out. But

in Serbia no small boy or girl would dream of disobeying their elders, and with a little nod of farewell to his grandfather he trotted obediently into the house at his grandmother's heels.

Militsa Radovitch was a handsome old dame, tall and dignified, with fine hair which had gone white rather early under the silk handkerchief she always wore knotted round her head. She was plump in body, rather like a nice partridge, with soft, cushiony hands that were very clever when a small boy had an ache or a pain, and nimble feet that trotted about from dawn to sunset, just as if she were twenty instead of sixty. To-night she was more than usually energetic, and Stefan was soon running about the big kitchen in obedience to her quick voice.

Militsa Radovitch was very proud of her house, though it was not a very big one according to our ideas. It was built one story high, with a wooden balcony running right round it. The kitchen was really the living-room too, and opening out of it were two rooms used as bedrooms, these in turn opening out of one another.

The kitchen had a square low hearth with a wide, open chimney above it, and to-night there was a rich smell of cooking coming from the big black pot that hung from chains in the chimney over the fire which crackled on the hearth.

Stefan sniffed inquiringly when he first came inside; then he recognized the smell—it was cabbage stew, and how good that would be only those who had tasted Grandmother Radovitch's cooking could know. From the roof hams and pieces of dried salted meat were hanging, and presently Militsa Radovitch cut a thick piece of pork that was to be cooked with the cabbage soup, and popped it knowingly into the pot. How good it smelt! But Stefan had not much time for sniffing, for he had to make up the fire, fetch more sticks from the wood-pile in the yard, pump water at the well to fill up the black pot, and grind much coffee, for visitors were expected.

Then he had to stir the soup while his grandmother made wheaten cakes at the ta-

ble near the door, and he found that rather hot work. And he had to stir all the time, for loud would his grandmother's voice have been raised if even the tiniest bit of cabbage had stuck to the side of the pot.

Aunt Katinka was busy in the inner room preparing a table for supper. As a rule they had supper in the kitchen, and Stefan was a little puzzled over this new idea.

"Grandmother," he ventured to ask at length, raising a very red face from his task, "why is the Aunt Katinka making ready the

supper, and why his grandmother was taking such special care over her little cakes.

Prossidba means 'the requesting errand.' When a certain man in the village has a son whom he wishes to marry, he first of all looks round to see if any one of the village girls is likely to make a good wife for his son, and if he finds one, he tries to discover whether her father and mother would like her to marry. If they say that they think their daughter would be happy married to his son, he comes with a friend or relative

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



A Group of Statues
at the Art Institute of Chicago.

table in there? Is it a feast, and shall I put my velvet coat on?"

Grandmother as a rule did not like little boys to ask questions, but to-night she only smiled as she mixed her cakes.

"To-night is the Prossidba for thy Aunt Katinka, little boy, so we must all prepare to do honor to the guests."

Stefan nodded wisely at this, for he knew quite well what a Prossidba was. If I tell you what it means you will understand why Stefan had to come in to help to make

to the girl's home on this 'requesting errand,' when he asks permission formally for the marriage to take place.

Now Katinka Radovitch was a very nice girl, and a very clever girl, able to cook and brew, spin and weave, as well as any girl for miles round the village where her father's farm was built. And also she had such a frank, open face and was known to be so kind-hearted and happy-tempered that very many fathers had wished that she might be a bride for their sons.

But since she was the youngest child of Militsa and Ivan Radovitch and the old couple did not want her to go away from them, they had always said 'No' to anyone who came to ask for her, till one day Michael Toplitch had seen her, and had gone home to tell his father that she must be his bride or none other would he have. Now Michael Toplitch was the eldest son of a farmer who had much land and many cattle, and he was, too, a fine, handsome young man, so that for many reasons Militsa and Ivan Radovitch thought he would be a good bridegroom for their daughter Katinka.

Of course in America I suppose Michael would just have come to Katinka and told her that he would like her to be his bride, but being a Serb he could not do that. However, he had told his father that the affair must be settled as soon as possible, and Milan Toplitch had taken great pains to find out if Katinka's parents were willing. Now their assent was secured, and to-night Milan Toplitch was to come and ask formally for the hand of Katinka for his son Michael.

And lest it should seem that Katinka's inclinations in a matter so nearly affecting her had not been sufficiently considered, let it be said that there was a good deal of the love match in the affair, for Katinka's heart had been given to the handsome Michael from a day, more than a year ago, when she had first caught his glance in the market at Banja.

Most Serbian marriages are arranged by the parents, and love matches are rare. The young people submit as a matter of course to their parents' wishes. Sometimes, of course, a maiden will prove obdurate and refuse to accept the husband chosen for her; and in such a case the young man may seek the aid of witchcraft to turn the damsel's affections toward him. At midnight on a certain Friday he will go to the courtyard of the young woman's house and there shake a tree three times, repeating her Christian name at each shake, whereupon she will answer his call and her affections are secured to him. Or he will catch a certain fish and let it die near his heart, then roast its flesh till it is burnt to a cinder, then pound the

ashes and place the powder in water or some other drink. If the maiden can be prevailed upon to taste the love-philtre her heart will be won.

Katinka, however, had not to be gained by enchantments. So Grandmother Militsa blithely went about the business of making her cakes, Ivan hurried to help his sons fodder the cattle and drive the pigs in, and Stefan stirred the soup, while Katinka herself, humming a quaint little air, arranged the feast in the inner room.

Presently there was a great deal of noise and laughter in the courtyard, and Stefan guessed that these were his uncles and cousins coming home with the last of the herds. It was a great temptation to him to step out to join in the fun, for though he might like sitting quietly by his grandfather's side or in a corner with the lumps of clay that he was so fond of patting and moulding into shape, still he was a real boy and loved the jokes that were always flying about when two or three of the Radovitch cousins were together.

In a minute Djura, one of the elder boys, came in with a big armful of faggots for the fire. "See, Grandmother," he said, "how fine a fire you will have with these faggots. I picked them from the woods as I came along with the pigs."

"Put them down in the corner, boy," said his grandmother, "and run across to your mother to ask her for her little coffee mill. I do not know what ails ours, but grind finely it will not. And then come and grind some beans for me, for it is getting late and the sun is low."

Stefan looked out of the window. Oh, yes, it was certainly nearly time for supper. Just when the sun dipped below the branches of the big walnut-tree it would be time for the kitchen door to be opened again, and his grandfather's heavy tread would come up the three wooden steps that led to the house. There was not a clock to be found in the whole of the village, and Stefan knew nothing about telling the time except by the sun—and his appetite, which was certainly a big one.

Katinka came in from the inner room now, very fine in her Sunday dress, and her

mother, though in the very middle of her cake-baking, could not resist the temptation of coming up to her to arrange the folds of the pleated skirt and straighten the beautiful velvet apron, worked in silk by her mother's hands. Katinka's hair was braided under a fine silk kerchief instead of the cotton one she wore on ordinary working days, and round her neck she had the prettiest beads. How fine she looked! Her nephews Stefan and Djura could scarcely keep their tongues quiet, only they did not dare to tease her, or indeed to make any remarks in their grandmother's presence.

Grandmother Radovitch went back to her cakes, which by now were being baked over the wood fire, with a very pleased look on her face. There was no doubt that Katinka would be making a very good marriage; and few girls would have a better bride-chest to take with them to a new home—a splendid carved chest, filled with homespun flax and cloth, embroidered pillows and fine rugs.

Just then the door opened, and in came Grandfather Radovitch and his eldest son, Petar.

"Is supper ready, wife?" he asked, "for I hear the trot of horses down the lane, and I fancy that will be our good neighbor Milan Toplitch."

And so indeed it proved to be. Hardly had he spoken when horses' hoofs were heard in the courtyard, and the sound of voices.

The grandmother sent Stefan and Djura flying out to take the horses away, and old Ivan went out to receive his guests. Katinka ran into the other room, and her mother followed her, first giving a glance round to see that all was in order.

Then Milan Toplitch and a man whom Stefan did not know came into the house, and while Milan was greeting the grandfather the stranger shut the kitchen door with his shoulders—to signify that the maiden is shut in the house and there is no escape for her—a memory of the savage times when a man in search of a bride had to capture her by force.

Ivan invited his guests to sit round the fire, and when Stefan and Djura came in they joined the circle too.

Presently Militsa Radovitch came bustling into the kitchen, and after she had greeted the guests she carried the savory-smelling stew into the next room, and invited them to enter and partake of it.

Neither Grandmother Radovitch, Katinka, nor the two boys came in to have supper—only Grandfather and Stefan's uncle Petar, Milan Toplitch, and his friend seated themselves round the table.

Stefan and Djura remained in the kitchen and ate their supper there, while Grandmother Radovitch stood by the chimney with her hand on Katinka's shoulder, both far too excited to eat at all.

When the guests had eaten and drunk for a little time, Stefan heard the stranger say to his grandfather: "Brother, thou hast not asked us what is the object of our visit this evening. We have not come to eat or drink, but to make a certain arrangement, if it be agreeable to you."

Ivan Radovitch made a grave little bow, then he answered: "Brother, I have not asked the object of this visit, because I thought you would tell me yourself why you came. I am certain it was for some good purpose, so you are very welcome to me."

Milan Toplitch then turned to Grandfather Radovitch, and pulling out a little bag he had in his pocket he laid it on the table, saying: "Yes, Ivan Radovitch, it is true that I have come for a good purpose. We would be pleased to enter into family relationship with you! My son Michael would like to take your daughter Katinka for his bride, if it be agreeable to you."

Then he pulled out of his bag a flat wheaten cake, and laying on it a small bunch of flowers he placed them on the table. Pulling out of his breast-pocket a handful of coins, he then picked out several gold pieces and laid them on the cake too, as the first present which he meant to give to his son's future bride.

Ivan Radovitch nodded his head. Then he said: "Brother, we must not be in too great a hurry over this—let us see what my daughter would have to say," and rising from his chair he went out to consult his wife.

Really, of course, all this had been settled beforehand, but it was the custom, so of course Ivan followed it, just as his father and grandfather had done before him. In a moment or two he came back to the inner room, and filled up the glasses of his visitors with red wine, saying to them that they must continue their supper till his wife should find out whether her daughter were willing or not.

Stefan and Djura found this deeply interesting. Then in another moment Uncle Rayko, the brother who was Katinka's twin, came in from his own house across the courtyard, and after kissing his mother and sister on the cheek he took Aunt Katinka by the hand and led her into the inner room.

Aunt Katinka bowed deeply before Milan Toplitch and kissed his right hand; then she went round the table and kissed the hands of the other three. Back again Uncle Rayko led her to the father of her future husband, and Milan picked up the coins from the flat cake and placed them in Katinka's hand, together with the bunch of flowers, saying as he did so: "May God's blessing rest upon this marriage, O my dear daughter, and may all happiness await thee, my little lucky one, my charming carnation!"

Katinka blushed very prettily and kissed his hand again, then Uncle Rayko led her out to the kitchen, holding her coins and flowers.

This was the signal for which the two boys had been eagerly waiting. With cries of joy they hurried out of the house and fired off pistols in the courtyard. Out came the other two brothers and their sons, out came Uncle Rayko and Uncle Petar, and for a few minutes you would have thought that there was a battle going on!

Really it was just the Serbian way of telling the rest of the people in the village that Katinka was formally engaged to be married.

Meantime in the supper-room Milan Toplitch had taken out another gold coin from his money-bag and laid it on the flat cake, that being the price for which he bought a wife for his son—another old custom which Ivan Radovitch would not dream of forgetting, though of course he would only have laughed if anyone had really suggested that he should sell his daughter!

Then they drank the health of the young couple, and the two fathers embraced and kissed each other, for from that moment they would be family relations.

"And we must fix the day for giving the ring," said Milan Toplitch.

"And for the wedding too," agreed Ivan Radovitch.

"Yes," said his wife. "My daughter will not keep her groom waiting while she spins her wedding clothes. She is a fine worker and not lazy good-for-nothing like some of the girls of to-day."

"But the dress I shall give my son's bride," said Milan, and that indeed was the custom.

Stefan was not much interested in all this talking, but he liked a wedding, for did it not give plenty of opportunity for pistol-shooting? and besides, were there not always such splendid things to eat? Decidedly, he thought, as he followed his uncles into the house, and helped to make a big hole in what was left of the cabbage stew, it would be rather a good thing if one had a wedding in the house every month!

Bumblebees are the chief agents in cross-pollinating red clover, the honey bees playing only a very small part.

* * *

The private aquarium of the Duke of Bedford harbors a European catfish, which though more than 50 years old shows no sign of weakness.

Systematic boxing began in England in 1740.

* * *

Claude Etienne Pasteur, great-grandfather of Louis Pasteur, bought his freedom from serfdom with four gold pieces of twenty-four livres.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 11.

RABE rearranged is BEAR.

CON RACO	BIB RAT
CUP OR PINE	SURE QRIL
HOP GER	SO SO PUM
BAD GER	B EVER A
WE SEAL	TOE COY

Try to rearrange the other ten groups of letters into names of animals.

* * *

Answer to Puzzle No. 9.

There once was a parrot who cried,
 "I am sure that somebody has lied!"
 When an owl queried "who?"
 Said the parrot, "Not you,
 You're even too dumb to have tried."

*

Correct solutions sent in:

Catherine Tauchar, Power Point, O.,
 Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

* * *

Answer to Puzzle No. 10.

Ere, dad, gag, bib, pip, bob, eye, pap,
 mum, tat, pup, nun, did, Eve, pop.

*

Correct solutions sent in:

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

* * *

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa., solved correctly also puzzles of Rosie Yellen (doughnut has no shell) and of Mary Widitz (with their — Mary Koritnick, Moon Run, correct solution to the puzzle of Rosie Yellen.

* * *

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—

I am a girl in the eighth grade. I expect to finish this year. I expect to go to high school. There are 44 pupils in our eighth grade.

Nobody had written a letter in the "Ml. L." from Library. So I decided to write. Most all letters that are written come from Pennsylvania. So let us hear from Kansas and other states. I mentioned Kansas, because I lived there two years ago. So there-

fore quite a few boys and girls will know me. My cousin Matilda Sheme lives there. I would like to see her letter in "Ml. L." too.

I live on a 60-acre farm on which we have a large apple orchard.

I will try to write every month.

We are all members of the S. N. P. J., except mother.

I have a joke for you:

Christmas Comes Early.

Mother:—Gee, we usually have snow for Christmas, and here it is summer yet and it is snowing.

Little girl:—Well, mother, why worry, we might have Christmas a little earlier.

A member,

Antonia Mautz, Library, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to you in a long while. I have written to you once before, but it is so long ago I can't remember. I like the "Mladinski List" very much. I have been reading the stories every month. But I see that in September issue there are no letters from anybody. How come? Are the members starting to neglect the paper? If they do, why, we won't even get it once a month instead of starting to get it once a week.

I do wish that the paper was larger than it is, because I just get started to read it and I have to quit. That is all I have to do—read all day. I guess that everybody must know by this time that I have tuberculosis, but thank goodness, that I am better, so I don't have to stay in bed any more. But I would rather be well and working than lay around like I do, or be going to school. But I guess that I will be well this time next year, ready to go home.

Well, I guess that I will close now and write you a longer letter next month. I am sixteen years old and have been sick for two years. My home is at La Salle, but I am in a Sanatorium at Ottawa.

Yours truly,

Theresa Mahnich, Highland San., Ottawa, Ill.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

Potovanje.

Kje je (železniška) postaja?
Ni daleč. Ta poulična železnica vozi k
Unijski postaji. Obstane pri vratih, da
sprejme potnike.
Prvi vlak za New York bo baš kar odpe-
ljal.
Kje se dobe vozni listki?
Kje je oddelek za prtljago? Kje je čakal-
nica?
Dva povratna listka za New York!
Vozne cene so precej zmerne.
Peljali se bomo v istem oddelku.
Kako daleč se vozite z nami?
Do Buffala, kjer zapustim glavno progo
Newyorške centralne železnice in na-
daljujem vožnjo do Halifaxa.
Prosim, pokažite mi vaš vozni red.
Stroj piska; vlak se premika. Odpeljali
se smo.
Ne nagibajte se skozi okno!
Listki! Pripravite vozne listke!
Kajenje je prepovedano, razen v oddelkih
za kadilce.
Zakaj se vlak tukaj ustavi?
To je prostor, kjer srečamo tovorni vlak
iz Detroita.
Tu stojimo deset minut.
Paro izpuščajo.
Kje je restavracija?
Ali se dobe tukaj okrepčila?
Nimate časa jesti.
Vlak se je nekoliko zakasnil.
Dospeti bi bil moral že pred osmimi mi-
nutami.
Dospeli smo na postajo.

The Journey.

Where is the railroad-station?
It is not far. This street-car goes to
Union Station. It stops at the door
to take up passengers.
The first train for New York is just on
the point of starting.
Where are the tickets to be had?
Where is the baggage-room? Where is
the waiting-room?
Two return tickets to New York.
The fares are pretty moderate.
We shall travel in the same compartment.
How far are you going with us?
As far as Buffalo, where I leave the main
line of the New York Central (Rail-
way) and go on to Halifax.
Please, show me your time-table.
The engine whistles; the train is moving.
We are off.
Don't lean out of the window.
Tickets! All tickets ready!
Smoking is not allowed, except in the
smoking compartments.
Why does the train stop here?
This is the place where
freight train from Detroit.
We stop here ten minutes.
They are letting off the steam.
Where is the restaurant?
Are refreshments to be had here?
You have no time to take anything.
The train is a little behind time.
It was due eight minutes ago.
We have reached the station.

(To be continued.)