

Mladinski List

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

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 6

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.

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14311 Thames Ave.
(53)

VSEBINA—CONTENTS

	stran—page.
Mladi ljudje. (E. Gangl).....	163
Dve pesmi. (Tone Rakovčan).....	163
Slovenci. (Prir. ur.).....	164
Oče in sin. (Tone Gaspari).....	168
Na razstanku. (Andrej Rape).....	169
Na lovu. (J. Lapajne).....	171
Ob oknu. (Iz hrvaščine K. Z.).....	173
Šolsko naznanilo. (I. Dolenjec).....	174
Obe gosenici. (Iz nemščine K. Z.).....	175
Sova in miš. (Albin Čebular).....	176
Naš kotiček.....	177

* * *

The Tom Cat. (Don Marquis).....	178
Annals of the School. (J. J. Montague).....	178
The Record of a Spring Day. (R. S. Walker).....	179
Caterpillar on the Wall. (Marion Ryan).....	183
Reform of the Calendar.....	183
The Child-Improver. (Alicia Aspinwall.) Con- clusion	184
Dinny's Delirium. (Tennyson Charles.) Cont.....	188
The Dead Letter Office.....	190
Where Side Shows Get Their Wild Men.....	190
"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.....	191
Practical Slovenian Grammar.....	192

* * *

Slike—Pictures:

Prizor in starega jugosl. primorskega mesta.....	167
Na lovu.....	171
Ob potoku.....	176

* * *

In My Garden.....	181
On the Sea-Shore.....	187



MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNIJ, 1925.

ŠTEV. 6.

MLADI LJUDJE.

Kdo more kaj mladim ljudem,
ko lica jim zdrava žare,
ko glasne so njihove pesmi
in jasno je mlado srce!

Saj njihov na polju je cvet,
njim solnce veselo gori,
njim ptički prepevajo glasni,
vsa sreča le zanje živi.

Če pride nezgoda, boleost,
kdo kremžil bi lice mlado?
Na svetu ljudi je nešteto,
ki stokrat je bolj jim hudo!

—E. Gangl.

DVE PESMI.

(Izza vojne.)

Pesem tista je najlepša,
sladek nanjo je spomin:
Ko so naglji še cveteli,
ko dehtel je rožmarin,
fantje mladi so zapeli
k zvezdam gori sred višin—
jasno zvezde so sijale,
ljubek bil je njih migljaj,
fantom vse so se smejale,
vabile jih v zlati raj . . .

Pesem ta pa je žalobna,
bridek nanjo je spomin:
Cvetje nagljev spet poganja
in diši spet rožmarin,
pesem tiha sama sanja
od ljubezni bolečin—
solnce sije spet topleje,
nam želi stotisoč sreč,
zvezde svetijo jasneje—
mnogo fantov pa ni več!

—Tone Rakovčan.



Slovenci.

UVOD.

Odločil sem se že davno, da Vam, slovensko-amerikanska mladina, opišem našo staro domovino na kratko, a vendar tako, da boste imeli kolikor mogoče jasno sliko o njej. Tega pa doslej nisem storil, ker sem iskal primernega zemljevida in slik, ker bi bil tako opremljen opis in zgodovina bolj zanimiva in jasnejša. Ker pa slik in zemljevida nisem mogel dobiti, začnjam vseeno s tem že davno pripravljenim delom, a zemljevid in slike mogoče pridejo kasneje.

Če se že učimo ali učite o raznih tujih deželah in narodih, zakaj se ne bi pobližje seznanili z zemljo, na kateri so domovali naši očetje in očetov očetje?

Snov bom zajemal iz zgodovine Slovencev, ki jo je spisal Fran Erjavec, in iz raznih drugih virov. Erjavec pravi v predgovoru svoje zanimive knjige, ki je izšla v Ljubljani leta 1923, da je spisal to zgodovino predvsem za inozemce. Za nas, ki živimo tu, daleč od domovine naših očetov, je ta knjiga posebno važna, zato sem črpal največ iz nje.

H koncu pa kličem z Erjavcem: "Če ta skromni poskus moj vzbudi v bralcih vsaj nekaj ponosa in samozvesti ter nekaj ljubezni do slovenstva, doseže tudi to delo svoj iskreni namen." Urednik.

Slovensko ozemlje.

Od obali Črnega in Egejskega morja pa do beneških ravnin ter Karnijskih Alp in Tur živi kompaktno naseljenih okroglo 17 milijonov Jugoslovanov, ki so bili nekoč en sam narod, a so se spričo popolnoma različnega političnega, zgodovinskega, kulturnega in gospodarskega razvoja izoblikovali polagoma v več samostojnih, a še vedno sorodnih narodov, namreč v Bolgare, Makedonce, Srbe, Hrvate in Slovence. Slovenci tvorijo skrajni severozapadni del te sklenjene verige in so naseljeni v porečju Soče, gornje Save in srednje Drave.

Pri svoji naselitvi v sedanje ozemlje v VI. stoletju po Kr. r. so prodrli Slovenci sicer še mnogo dalje v alpske doline (na Tirolsko in Salzburško), a tam so se vsled preredke naseljenosti stopili kmalu z german-skimi plemeni. Danes zavzemajo Slovenci ozemlje, ki ga omejuje na zapadu Jadransko morje, potem reka Soča do Gorice, odtod proti zapadu do črte Krmin (Cormons) — Čedad (Cividale) — Humin (Gemona) —

Resiuta — Kanin — Sv. Mohor ob Zili (Her-magor), kjer je skrajna slovenska severo-zapadna postojanka. Odtod gre severna slovenska jezikovna meja neprestano proti vzhodu, nekako po črti Sv. Mohor—Beljak (Villach) — Vrbsko jezero (Woerthersee) — Celovec (Klagenfurt) — Breitriegel nad Velikovcem (Voelkermarkt) — Labud — (Lavant) — Špilje (Spielfeld) — Radgona (Radkersburg) do Monoštra (St. Gotthard), ki je skrajna severovzhodna točka slovenskega ozemlja. Od Monoštra gre vzhodna slovenska meja naravnost proti jugu nekako po črti Monošter—Spodnja Lendava, odtod pa po Muri do njenega izliva v Dravo. Odtod teče južna slovenska jezikovna meja ob Dravi do nekdanje ogrske-hrvaške-avstrijske meje (severno od Varaždina), potem po nekdanji štajersko-hrvaški in kranjsko-hrvaški meji do istrske meje (severno od Reke), od tam pa nekako na Buzet (Pinguente) v Istri in Piran (Pirano) ob Jadranskem morju. Pripomniti je treba seveda, da je vsa ta južna meja precej problematične vrednosti, ker prave meje med Slovenci in Hrvati nikjer ni mogoče določno označiti, kakor sploh nobene meje med posameznimi jugoslovanskimi narodi; tako se preli-va en jezik po dialektih stopnjema v drugega.

Na tem ozemlju torej, ki obsega nekako 25.000 km, prebivajo Slovenci kompaktno razen ob severni (nemško-slovenski) in zapadni (italijansko-slovenski) meji, kjer je ta vsled sistematične germanizacije in italijanizacije bolj ali manj razjedena. Že prvi pogled na zemljevid nam kaže, da je to ozemlje geografsko eno najvažnejših v Evropi, kajti vsa Slovenija je zgolj naravno zaledje tržaškega zaliva, kjer sega sredozemsko morje s svojim odcepkom—Jadranskim morjem —najgloblje v telo Evrope. Na tem ozemlju se križajo severna in južna ter vzhodna in zapadna kultura, naravne ceste od zapada na vzhod in iz srednje Evrope na jug, in zato so drli preko tega ozemlja tudi številni severni in vzhodni narodi v srce starega sveta — v Italijo. Popolnoma razumljivo je torej, da so se borila za to ozemlje dolga

stoletja številna ljudstva in dinastije, zato tudi ni moglo priti tu nikdar po pravega miru. In razdelitev tega ozemlja je bila v novejši dobi eden najtežjih problemov evropske diplomacije ter seveda tudi o sedanjih razdelitvi še davno ne more biti izrečena zadnja beseda.

Če pogledamo površino tega ozemlja, se kmalu prepričamo, da bi bilo težko kje na svetu najti košček zemlje, kjer bi bilo na tako majhni površini združenih toliko najzanimivejših površinskih formacij. Severozapadni deli pripadajo še visokogorskim alpskim skupinam, a jugozapadni deli že popolnoma kraškim tlem Dinarskega gorstva, v sredi pa prevladuje nižje predalpsko hribovje, ki prehaja proti vzhodu v še nižje terciarno gričevje ter naposled na skrajnem vzhodu v Panonsko nižavje. Na tem ozemlju se stikajo meje Apeninskega polotoka, Balkana, Srednje Evrope in Panonskega nižavja, njegovo težišče gre pa k Jadranskemu morju, na katero meji. To daje temu ozemlju njegovo geografsko važnost, s katero je v najtesnejši zvezi tudi njegova nesrečna politična usoda.

Od najzapadnejših odcepkov velike ogrske ravnine (kjer prebivajo zadnji Slovenci, t. j. Prekmurci) se začne proti zapadu teren polagoma dvigati preko vinorodnega gričevja (Haloze, Slovenske gorice itd.) in preide preko gozdnatega Pohorja kmalu v strme pečine Kamniških ali Savinskih Alp in Karavank. Odtod pade strmo v krasno Savsko dolino, iz katere se hitro zopet dvigne v masive Julijskih Alp z veličastnim Triglavom (2863 m), "eno najlepših razglednih točk Evrope" (Baedeker). Od grebena Julijskih Alp pada teren polagoma v romantično Soško dolino, se pri Matajurju (Monte Maggiore) še enkrat dvigne, nato pa preide v beneške ravnine, kjer se ustavljajo italijanzaciji zadnji Slovenci. Vse to je izrazita alpska pokrajina, v Savski in Soški dolini podobna švicarskim dolinam, a na jugu že zadnja, kajti južni odrastki Julijskih Alp preidejo hitro v popolnoma kraška tla z nešteti podzemeljskimi jamami (najbolj znana je več kilometrov dolga Postojnska jama) pronicajočimi rekami in znamenitim presihajočim Cerkljanskim jezerom. Jugovzhodne dele tega ozemlja pokriva prijazno gričevje

s skrbno obdelanimi polji in vinogradi, ki pa preide polagoma v ogrske in hrvaške ravnine. Kakor je razvidno že iz teh vrstic, to ozemlje ne predstavlja geografsko zaokrožene enote, temveč med seboj pogosto popolnoma različnih geografskih predelov (dolin, kotlin, ravnin, gričevij itd.).

Visoka in izrazita alpska pogorja so torej samo v severnem delu lepega slovenskega ozemlja, in sicer tri, namreč Julijske Alpe s Triglavom (najbrž najvišji vrh Jugoslavije) in Razorom (2601 m). Njih greben tvori tudi sedanjo italijansko-jugoslovansko mejo. Vzhodno, skoraj vzporedno z Julijskimi Alpami se vlečejo Karavanke s Stolom (2236 m), ki tvorijo sedanjo avstrijsko-jugoslovansko mejo. Na Karavanke so končno prislonejane Kamniške ali Savinske Alpe z Grintovcem (2558 m) in Ojstrico (2399 m), ki so geološko podaljšek Julijskih Alp. Južno Slovenijo pokriva gričevje in hribovje, ki je na zapadu izrazito kraškega značaja, na vzhodu pa predalpskega in je pokrito deloma z gozdovi, deloma pa s polji in vinogradi. Za večje ravnine torej niti prostora ni. Nekateri večji ravni kompleksi so samo na vzhodnem Štajerskem in v Prekmurju (odcepki velikega ogrskega nižavja), potem v dolinah ob Savini, Savi, Krki in Kolpi ter na skrajnem zapadu (začetek beneških ravnin).

Na vodah je to ozemlje precej bogato. Natančno po sredi teče v smeri od severozapada proti jugovzhodu Sava, ki izvira v Julijskih Alpah in v katero se izlivajo na levem bregu Kokra, Kamniška Bistrica in Savina, na desnem bregu pa Sora, Ljubljanica in Krka. Severni in vzhodni del tega ozemlja namakata Drava in Mura, zapadna dela pa Soča z Idrijco in Vipavščico. Soča s svojimi pritoki se izliva v Jadransko morje, vse druge reke pa v Donavo in z njo v Črno morje. Razvodje med Sočo in Savo tvorijo Julijske Alpe in Kras, razvodje med Savo in Dravo pa Karavanke. Jezer ima Slovenija izmed vseh jugoslovanskih pokrajin največ (če izzamemo tesno skupaj ležeča Plitvička jezera na Hrvaškem). Svetovno znano po svoji krasoti je Blejsko jezero sredi veličastne alpske okolice, ki postaja polagoma internacionalno letovišče in zdravilišče, opremljeno z vsem modernim komfortom. Ne-

kaj kilometrov zapadno od Bleda pod Triglavom leži divjeromantično Bohinjsko jezero z veličastnim slapom Savico (izvir Save) v bližini. Severno od Bleda pod Mangartom ležita ljubki Klanški jezera v Triglavskem pogorju pa več majhnih planinskih jezer. V izgubljeni Koroški leži Rabeljsko jezero, znamenito Vrbsko jezero (21.6 štirj. km) pri Celovcu z lepimi letovišči, dalje Blaško, Hodiško in Klopinsko jezero. Eden najzanimivejših naravnih pojavov je pa presihajoče cerkniško jezero jugozapadno od Ljubljane, ki vsako pomlad izgine v podzemeljske kraške votline, jeseni se pa zopet prikaže. Jezero je stalo v davnih časih tudi na sedanjem Ljubljanskem barju, kjer so se našli tudi bogati ostanki tako zvanih stavb na koleh, izvirajočih še iz mlajše kamenite dobe.

Podnebje na slovenskem ozemlju je zmerno kontinentalno, v zapadnem delu pa že sredozemsko, tako da uspeva tam že povsod južno sadje in izkazuje povprečna letna temperatura 13 do 11 stop. C, kajti pokrajina je odprta gorkim morskimi vetrovi. Srednja temperatura v ostalih slovenskih pokrajinah, ki so precej zaprte proti gorkim morskimi vetrovi po Krasu in Julijskih Alpah, se giblje med 11 in 9 stop. C razen v skrajnem severnem delu (na Koroškem), kjer je nekoliko nižja.

Vetrovi prihajajo večji del od jugozahoda in severovzhoda. Padavin je na splošno mnogo, kajti visoka pogorja v severnem delu ustavljajo mokre oblake, prihajajoče iznad morja. Najbogatejše s padavinami so Julijske Alpe (nad 2 m letno, Snežnik na Krasu celo 3 m), dočim znašajo v zapadnih pokrajinah povprečno 100—150 cm, v vzhodnih pa 70—144 cm. Po letnih časih so porazdeljene te padavine na splošno zelo ugodno za kmetijstvo. Padavin ima torej slovensko ozemlje dovolj, razen na Krasu, kjer posrka vso mokroto takoj apnenec.

Glede na ugodne klimatične in padavinske razmere uspevata na slovenskem ozemlju tudi živalstvo in rastlinstvo prav dobro. Baš na tem ozemlju ponehuje srednje-evropska vegetacija ter se pojavljajo prvi sledovi južne, sredozemske, obenem je pa bogato zastopana tudi alpska. Gozd sega v slovenskih pokrajinah do 1600 m nadmorske višine. Največ je smrekovega, jelovega, borovega in

bukovega drevja, manj je pa hrasta. Izmed sadnega drevja uspevajo zlasti jabolane, hruške in češplje. Vinska trta uspeva razen v območju visokih alpskih pogorij skoro po vseh slovenskih pokrajinah, od ostalega rastlinstva pa rastejo vse vrste žita, sočivja in gomoljev. Živalstvo je v splošnem srednje-evropsko. Od divjačine so najpogostejši zajci, srne, kune, polhi in lisice, dočim so medved, volk, ris in jelen že velika redkost.

Politično je pripadalo to kompaktno slovensko ozemlje do l. 1918 po veliki večini (nad štiri petine) avstrijskemu cesarstvu, tako da so bili pred vojno Slovenci združeni vsaj v eni državi, le skrajni severozapadni del (t. zv. Beneška Slovenija) je pripadal (od leta 1868 dalje) Italiji (provinca Videm, distrikti Možac, Humin, Tarčent, Čedad in Šempeter) in skrajni severnovzhodni del (t. zv. Prekmurje) ogrskemu kraljestvu. Na znotraj je bilo porazdeljeno še upravno-politično na različne (avstrijske) kronovine, (ogrske) komitate in (italijanske) province. Vse te upravne edinice so vsebovale poleg kompaktne slovenskega ozemlja še velike dele kompaktne tujega (nemiškega, italijanskega in madžarskega) nacionalnega ozemlja, tako da so bili Slovenci v večini le v dveh bivših avstrijskih kronovinah (Kranjski in Goriški), ki ležita v jugozapadnem delu slovenskega nacionalnega ozemlja.

O samoslovenskem nacionalnem ozemlju vsled navedene upravne razdelitve žal ni mogoče sestaviti natančne statistike. Približno obsega to ozemlje 25,000 štirjaških km in šteje okroglo 1,700,000 prebivalcev, med katerimi živi faktično (na podlagi štetja iz l. 1910) okroglo 1,450,000 Slovencev, kakih 135,000 Italijanov (Trst), kakih 100,000 Nemcev (Kočevje in severni del, ki je najbolj trpel po germanizaciji in nemški kolonizaciji) ter kakih 15,000 ostalih narodnosti (na vzhodu Madžarov). Razen tega je živelo (leta 1910) še okrog 150.000 slov. izseljencev raztresenih po različnih naselbinah v Ameriki (največja naselbina je v Clevelandu s 25,000 Slovenci) in okroglo 20,000 izseljencev v Nemčiji (na Westfalskem), tako da bi mogli ceniti Slovence l. 1910 skupno okroglo 1,600,000 duš. To kaže, da je slovenski narod eden najmanjših v Evropi.

Od svetovne vojne in njenega gesla o samoodločevanju narodov so pričakovali Slovenci, da jih rešita nacijsko tako škodljive razcepljenosti na več držav in jih politično osvobodita, da bi se lahko tako popolnoma osvobodili in zedinjeni pridružili kot samostojna nacijska in politična celota ostalim Jugoslovanom ter ustvarili skupno z njimi samostojno državno telo — Jugoslavijo. V tem svojem pričakovanju so bili pa kruto varani, kajti različne mirovne pogodbe so jih

kanski uradni statistiki iz l. 1920) 200,000 Slovencev v Ameriki in okroglo 20,000 Slovencev v Nemčiji, bi torej štel ves slovenski narod danes skupno okroglo 1,700,000 duš.

Kakor je torej razvidno iz navedene razpredelnice, se je slovenski narod v svojih nadah v boljšo bodočnost po vojni kruto prevrnil, kajti iz nje ni izšel zedinjen in osvobojen, temveč le še bolj razkasan.

Dele bivših avstrijskih kronovin (Kranjske, Koroške in Štajerske) in Ogrske (Prek-

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Prizor iz starega jugosl. primorskega mesta.

le še bolj razsekale, tako da jih živi danes v Jugoslaviji komaj dve tretjini, ostala tretjina je pa pripadla Italiji in Avstriji, nekaj malega celo Madžarski. Za močne, večmilijske narode taka razdelitev še ni največje zlo, za mali slovenski narod pa pomeni pravi pravcati smrtonosni udarec.

Če vzamemo torej vse Slovence, ki živijo kompaktno na očitnem ozemlju, bi znašalo njih skupno število danes okroglo 1,470,000 duš, če pa prištejemo k tem še (po ameri-

murja), ki so pripadli po mirovnih pogodbah Jugoslaviji, so Slovenci takoj po prevratu združili v eno upravno celoto z imenom — Slovenija, kajti že pod Avstrijo so od leta 1848 dalje neprestano, toda zaman zahtevali, da se zedini vse avstrijsko, s Slovenci kompaktno naseljeno ozemlje v samostojno upravno-politično telo, t. j. Slovenijo. In kot taka se je pridružila potem Slovenija takoj po prevratu Jugoslaviji.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

TONE GASPARI:

Oče in sin.

Na Doberdobu sredi sivega kamenja je v hudi borbi za svojo rodno goriško zemljo izgubil pešec Tomaž svetlo solnce. Zaskelalo ga je takrat v očesnih jamicah, iztekel je iz njih potok pekočih solz, in luč, tista topla in blagodejna luč je ugasnila za vedno. Nikoli več ne zazre zemlje, na kateri je zrastle njegova mladost, napojena veselja in zadovoljstva. In če vendar enkrat stopi na svetlo zemljo, takrat poklekne, vzame pest prsti ter jo pobožno poljubi. Morda požene iz tiste peščice prsti blagoslovljena čudotvorna roža, prebogata leka . . .

In ko se je napravil slepec Tomaž, da s svojim sinom poroma v deželo očetov, ga je nenadoma ustavila žalostna vest o tujcih, ki gospodarijo na njegovih tleh. Prešnila ga je boleost do globin srca. Tisti trenutek se je omračila še edina iskra, iskra upanja v njegovi bogati notranjosti . . .

Velik je svet, toda lice mu je povsod drugačno, oči so izpremenjene, tu svetlejše, tam temnejše, srca so različna v dobroti in ljubezni. Kam naj se obrne Tomaž s sinom — edincem, da sreča tisto ljubezen, ki tudi njemu samemu opaja to ubogo življenje? Vkljub vsej nesreči še spi nekaj v duši, kakor v meglo zavito od pretežkih misli. Ko se ustali in najde darežljivo roko, potem zakliče spet jasne misli, da razprše to meglo in da razjasni s to ljubeznijo do goriške zemlje vso svojo in sinovo notranjost.

Na travniku sedita Tomaž in sin. Cesta pred njima se koplje v gostem prahu, trava na krajih je pohojena, solnce stoji visoko in jima sveti v obraze. Povsod mir, le visoko nekje v zraku cvrčlja škrljanček ter jima pripoveduje, da se dviga k nebesom, kjer poje pesem miru, pravice in ljubezni. Oče drži desnico na sinovi rami, z levico mu boža glad-

ko lice. Kolikorkrat potegne rahlo preko obraza, ga prevzame tiha sladkost o najljubšem o sinu-edincu, ki mu je še edini preostal v tolažbo. Sin gleda tja čez zeleno ravan do obmejnih sivih gor in ugiblje, kje so lepi solnčni kraji, o katerih mu slednji dan pripoveduje oče. Še mlad je od tam ubežal, zato se le kakor v meglici rišejo nejasne črte njegove domovine.

"Oče, ali ne pojdeva nikoli več tja dol na naše vrtove?" Sinu trepeče glas kakor boječa struna.

"O, pojdeva, moj sin, kakor romarja se napotiva, ko začuje glas, ki nas vse nekoč gotovo pokliče!"

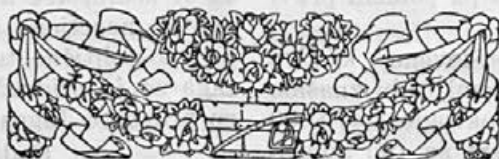
"A kdaj bo to, oče?"

"Ko bo tujec uvidel, da je vsa ta zemlja, ki se zdaj na njej on šopiri, last naših ljudi, edino naših, da je tam doma naš jezik, ki ne onemi nikoli, nikoli!"

In oče privije k sebi sina. V roke vzame drobno glavo, boža jo, poljublja. Zazdi se mu, da se v očesnih udrtinah nekaj taja, ki hladeče polzi čez vroča lica in pada na srce in ga spet prebuja in oživilja.

"Veš, moj sin, premlad si ubežal, da bi znal ceniti vso lepoto in dobroto naše zemlje. Vem, čutiš nekaj, kar te žene tja, toda pravo ljubezen do rodne grude spoznaš šele, ko nekoliko dorasteš. Do takrat pa ti hočem jaz slikati naše kraje v najlepših barvah. Hočem pa ti tudi zapisati v srce resnico, kako tujec črti in preganja naše ljudi, da umirajo kot mučeniki za svoj ljubi narod . . ."

Sinova glava počiva v očetovem naročju. Jasen oblak vesla čez nebo, jasna misel se spet poraja v očetovem srcu in se pomenkuje s škrljančkom, ki drobi že visoko, visoko pod milim nebom.



ANDREJ RAPE:

Na razstanku.

Vrabčevi so stanovali v lepi vili. Obdajal jo je krasen vrt, poln vonjivega cvetja. Prvi solnčni žarki so se zjutraj vsipali v prijeten stan Vrabčevih, zadnji so se poslavljali od njega. Pa tudi notranjost Vrabčeve vile je bila lepa in udobna. Majhen je bil sicer ta stan, vendar dovolj prostoren za šesteroglavo Vrabčevo družino. — Štiri otroke so imeli pri Vrabčevih, štiri žive, radojede, neugnane otroke. On — Vrabec in njegova družica Vrabulja sta komaj zmagovala njih prehrano, dokler so bili še tako majhni, da so čepeli samo v gnezdu in še niso imeli primerne obleke za med svet. Ej, kolikokrat je zmanjkalo očetu denarja in zvičaj.

"Kako bom kupoval!" je večkrat vpričo otrok tožil svoji ženi.

Vrabulja ga je malo začudeno pogledala, češ: kaj ti kupuješ? Ali mož je vpričo otrok mnogo držal nase in na vrabčjo poštenost. Že pridejo otroci polagoma tudi na to, s kakšnim denarjem kupuje vrabec — si je mislil in nadaljeval:

Vse je tako neizrečeno drago. Povsod te odero, kamor se le vrabec obrneš. Paziti moraš dobro, da te še čisto ne slečejo. Je že tako, no! Pa slednjič bi me še draginja ne ovirala ravno tako jako, saj bi si znal tudi na kak drug način pomagati, ali dobiti ni nikjer ničesar.

Človek ti pazi sedaj na vsako zrnco tako, da mu ga ni moči izvabiti. Če ga pa kje dobiš, ga moraš drago plačati, ej, drago, da nič tako! Redko smo prej z življenjem plačevali svojo prehrano, sedaj bi rekel, da jo dobiš redko brez smrtne nevarnosti.

Nisem pozabil naukov skrbnega očeta in dobre matere. Kaj sta me vsega naučila! Toda kaj pomaga! Ukani človeka, če ga moreš, ko je pa postal tak draginjar in navijalec cen, da bi se za malo zrnca stepel, te zanje ubil. Preslepi kuretino na dvoru, ko pa sama nima hrane v izobilju kot svoj čas, in ti še petelin hodi okolo s tako jeznim in bojevitim obrazom, da ti leti mraz po vrabčjem hrbtu, če prideš v njegovo bližino. Ej, vse je dandanes drugače! —

"Atek, pa pusti vendar že mene, da letim iskat hrane na trg," se je oglasil mali Vrabčelček ob takih očetovih tožbah. "Jaz prinesem gotovo vsega dosti domov!"

Pomilovalno ga je tistikrat pogledal oče, boječe je zacvrčala skrbna mati: "Premajhen si še, premajhen!"

"Le potrpi, tudi to te ne mine!" je morda zinil oče.

Tako so živeli Vrabčevi prejšnja leta. Vrabčelčki in Vrabčele pa so postali Vrabci in Vrabulje, ki so si spet dobro zapomnili nauke dobrih staršev. Ko so odrasli, so postali draginjarji posebne vrste, pa so si na poseben način kupili vilo.

Sredi vrta je bila na visoki, košati jablani ptičja hišica. Gotovo ni bila namenjena njim, zakaj človek jih nima toliko rad. Ampak letošnje pomladi so se kratkomalo naselili v njej, in ko so se vrnili njeni pravi lastniki, so morali iti iskat novih bivališč, zakaj danes je težko za stanovanja.

Pritožili so se pri ptičji stanovanjski komisiji, a pritožba se je vlekla na dolgo in široko, zakaj stari vrabec se je imenitno zagovarjal. Vsak njegov zagovor pa se je končal z besedami: "Kdor prej pride, prej melje!"

In Vrabčevi so mleli vkljub vsem pritožbam in odredbam komisije kar naprej vse do danes. Danes zjutraj pa je dobil stari Vrabec čuden, pa strog ukaz: "Stanovanje v tuji vili je izprazniti še danes dopoldne, sicer se izprazni siloma danes popoldne na vrabčje stroške!"

To je bilo dosti določno povedano! Kaj je bilo storiti? Stari Vrabec je dolgo ugibal, kako bi, kako ne bi, pa je slednjič dejal: "Namleli smo! Pojdemo, ker je tak ukaz!"

In Vrabčevi so se jeli pripravljati na odhod. Toda preden zapuste dom, kjer sta stara tako lepo odgojila svoje otroke, ki se bodo sedaj razkropili po vsem svetu ter šli s trebuhom za kruhom, jim morata roditelja dat še potrebnih naukov na pot.

Po stanovanju so pospravili vse svoje in se napravili v čedne obleke, da bi v svetu več veljali. Oče Vrabec je poveznil na glavo

svoj cilinder, oblekel svoj rjavi frak, vzel dežnik pod pazduho in oblastno hodil po stanovanju, med tem pa je mati Vrabulja oblekla otroke in vsakega posebe odvedla iz vile ter ga posadila na jabolčno vejo pred vrata in slednjič sama sedla k njim.

Ko je bilo vse gotovo, se je prikazal oče na vratih, da da otrokom na pot svoje nauke, kakor jih je bil dobil on od svojih staršev.

Široko je odprl svoj kljun in jih nagovoril tako-le:

Otroci moji ljubi! Svet je danes čuden, da ne rečem krivičen. Ne ume naših potreb, ne pozna naših pravic in nam jih krati, kjer le more. Ali tudi mi vrabci nimamo ajdovice v glavi. Svoje pravice moramo varovati. Te pravice, otroci, vedno varujte! Zapomnite si vse moje nauke in ravnajte se po njih! Preden pa se razstanemo, si dobro vtisnite v spomin svoja imena. Doslej teh imen niste bili dosti vajeni, saj jih tudi potrebovali niste. Poslej pa bodo važna za vas, ko vas z materjo puščava same v svet. Vsega potrebnega sva vas naučila za življenje: vaše petje je krasno, izvrstno znate skakati in letati; znano vam je — in to si še posebno zapomnite! — da je vaš dom povsod, kjer si ga le hočete postaviti. Drug drugemu pomagajte in — če mogoče — ne kradite med seboj! Bodite po možnosti prijatelji drug z drugim!

Imenujem vam torej še enkrat vaša imena. Pomnite jih dobro!

Ti, sinko — pokazal je najstarejšega — si Zakotnik. Muhe in komarje boš lovil. To ni tako nevarno, ker jih boš po raznih zakotjih lahko dobil v obilici. Hiter bodi in drzen!

Prosar sva dala ime tebi, kričač. Kradi kuram zrnje in konjem oves! Pazi na petelina — njegov kljun je trd — varuj se

hlapčevega krepelca, zakaj tvoji sovražniki so to.

Drobtinar moj mali! Zate me skrbi, zakaj h kuharicam boš zahajal v kuhinje in jim kradel drobtine. Kuharice so huda bitja, najhujša takrat, kadar peko. Varuj se jih. Večkrat se boš prikradel v sobe in jemal, kar je tvojega. Skratka: zahajal boš med ljudi in ti imajo ravno nasprotno zakone. S tatom te bodo ozmerjali, četudi boš po naših zakonih največji poštenjak. Da bi ti le ostalo vedno samo pri zmerjanju! Ker boš z ljudmi občeval, bodi vljuden in previden. Ta vrsta bitij je namreč jako čudna.

Za Sladkavčka sva z materjo klicala tebe, sinko. (Prišel je za kljun najmlajšega.) Po črešnjah boš skakal in jih zobal. Ne boj se strašila — klepetca, ki ga časih nastavi v drevo nespametni ljudje. Prav tako velja tudi tebi, ljubi Prosar, ki ti v strah nastavlajo na njive slamnatega moža. To so votli strahovi po sredi, okolo pa jih nič ni. Torej brez skrbi pred njimi!

Oče Vrabec se je po tem dolgem govoru odkašljaj in premeril z bistrim pogledom vso svojo družino. Žena mu je rekla ljubeznivo in otožno: "Sedaj pa vsem skupaj še eno povej, ljubi mož, ko tako krasno govoriš!"

In je dejal nato: Vsi pomnite ta-le nauk: "Kjerkoli stanujete, v grmovju ali pod streho, ne bojte se ničesar! Predrznost bo di vaša najlepša čednost!"

Globoko se je oddahnil po teh besedah, si snel cilinder z glave in si obrisal plešo, nato pa je odletel na bližnje dvorišče, kjer je potresala gospodinja perutnini zrnja.

Drug za drugim so odleteli mladiči, le mati Vrabulja je obsedela na svojem mestu, gledala nekaj časa za Sladkavčkom, ki jo je mahnjal na sosedno črešnjo, ter nato zletela za možem, ki je kradel kuretini zrnje na sosednjem dvorišču.



JOSIP LAPAJNE:

Na lovu.

Petnajsti avgust. Komaj se zasvita, že se ti pokazeta izza megle lovsko oblečen mož in njegov sinček, ki zmagovito razteza svoje drobne korake, da ne bi zaostal za očetom in ne zamudil prvega strela. Saj danes se je otvorila lovska doba, in on prvič spremlja dragega očeta na lovu.

Privito, potuhnjeno se plazi pred njima pes jerebičar. Zdaj meri krompirišče na

"Naprej!" veli lovec.

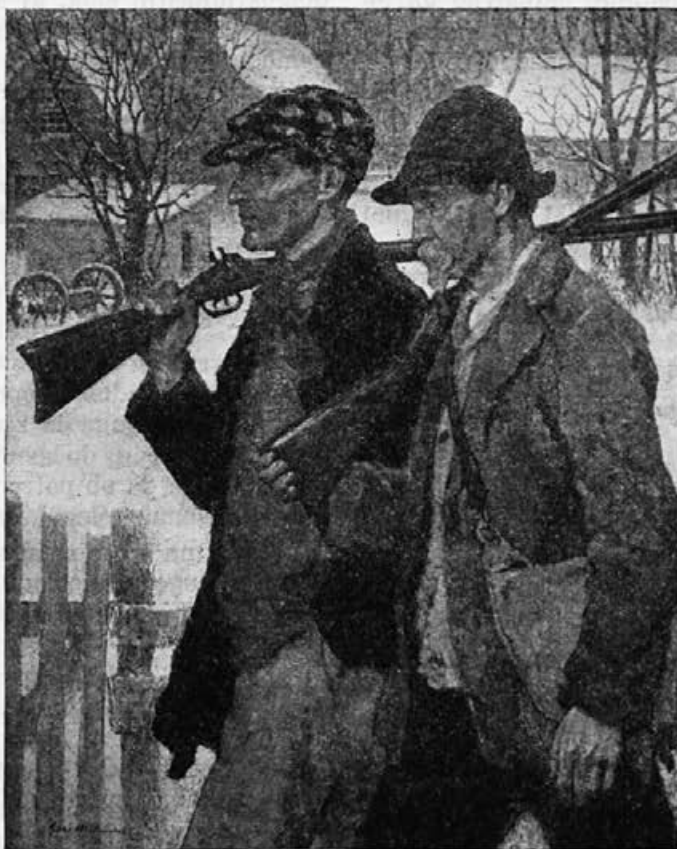
In pes se splazi par korakov dalje.

"Naprej!" se oglasi ukaz ostreje.

Pes ima glavo zravnano z životom in prestopi zopet nekaj korakov. Toda kakor bi trenil, obstane, sklonivši glavo med krompirišče. Sapa zastane vsem trem.

"Primi!" zakliče lovec. In v zraku za-

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Na lovu.

levi, zdaj je na desni, zdaj mu je nos pri tleh, zdaj sopeč voha po zraku. Nič!

Prihaja že nevoljen. Potrpežljivo pa korakata za njim lovca.

"Oče, glej! Čemu stoji pes kakor vko-

van?" zašepeče mali.

"Tako vidiš! Hodi le korak za menoj,

a počasi, tiho, previdno!" ga pouči oče.

Pes stoji nepremično.

frfota tropa jerebic. Strel počí; na tleh se jih valja dvojica. Željno čaka zvesti Olaf povelja.

"Prinesi!"

Kot bi trenil sta obe živalci v pasjem gobcu, in zmagovito mahajoč z repom, ju vrže gospodarju pred noge.

"Kako krasno!" zašepeče sinek. "Ubo-

gi živalci, kaj sta storili, oče?"

"Vidiš, ljubi moj, če bi na to mislili, bi nikdar ne smeli okusiti mesa, mrhovine pa vendar ne moremo uživati," odgovori oče.

"Glej, ta-le je petelinček. Ima pod vratom rjavi lisi, ki ju ona druga nima. Pa kako sta siti. Potiplji golši! Samo plevelno seme je v njej, in vendar jih nevedni ljudje obsojajo, da obirajo žita," razlaga oče.

Olaf se je medtem pripravil na pot. Nekoliko korakov dalje je na isti način prepodil prepeličko, ki je tudi zabingljala na lovčevi zanjki ob pasu.

Dalje! In sled gre od njive do njive. Zdajci Olaf zopet obstane. Ponovno ga lovec pozove naprej, a živali le ni. "Fazani se mu umičejo," reče oče, "koncem njive se ustavijo."

In res!

"Primi!" zakliče lovec osorno. Težko zafrfota iznad prosa krasna ptica. Bil je fazan, ki je na isti način prišel v družbo oni trojici.

"Kako ima lepo rdeč venček krog vratu! In ta krasna rumenkasta peresa v repu! Pa kaj je bila ona druga rjava ptica, ki je odletela v goščo?" vpraša radovedni lovček.

"To je bila samica, fazanica," odvrne oče.

V bližnjem deteljišču ju je pričakoval dolgouhi zajček. Ubožec se je ponoči preveč napasel in sedaj z odprtimi očmi dremlje, ne sluteč smrti, ki mu je tako blizu. Samo prosišče ga še loči od pogubonosne puške. Zaziblje se proso, in dečku se med nogami za-

kadi žival. Oče pričakuje, kje se pokaže zajec, toda žal, on je že za sinovim hrbtom na poti v gozd. Zazdaj je odnesel pete, pa drugič!

Iz prosa je Olaf prepodil še nekaj skupin jerebic. Tudi teh se je marsikatera pridružila onim na zanjki. Rjavi kosec takisto ni hotel več živeti.

"Pa bodi za danes!" reče oče. S sinom se napotita proti domu. Korakajoč mimo jelševih nasadov, opomni oče, da bo jeseni, ko zapade v gorah prvi sneg, tod okolo polno življenja. Od severa dol se pripode trope dolgokljunastih slok, ki se začasno usidrajo po naših močvirjih in goščah. Tedaj naženemo po grmovju otrok, da s hrupom dvignejo v zrak urno švigajoče ptice, in marsikatera pade na lovčev žrtvenik.

Vsa zasopla prideta domov, kjer najdetta častitljivega gosta—pesnika Simona Gregorčiča. Shemljajoče seže sivovlasi mož po puški, rekoč:

"Puška, zajcem daj pokoj,
a za narod idi v boj!"

Osramočen stoji lovec pred duševnim velikanom, nerodno se opravičuje, a spretno mu pesnik pomaga iz zadrege, češ: "Vem, da rabite poleg duševnega dela telesnega razvedrila in da ob potrebi zastavite vse sile v prid našemu milemu, zatiranemu narodu."

Blag mu spomin, in srečna hiša, ki jo je s svojo nogo blagoslovil in ji izročil svoj zadnji stih!

Lisica in ruševce.

Lisica gre po lesu, zagleda ruševca na drevesu in mu reče: "Petelin, petelin! Iz mesta sem prišla."—"Bu-bu-bu, bu-bu-bu, če si prišla, pa si prišla."—"Petelin, petelin! Dobila sem ukaz."—"Bu-bu-bu, bu-bu-bu, če je ukaz, pa je ukaz."—"Petelin, petelin! Zdaj pa je sklenjen splošen mir in prepovedan vsak prepir.—Naj nihče od vas ne sede na drevo, a vedno naj hodi po travci lepo."—"Bu-bu-bu, bu-bu-bu, če je lepo, pa je lepo."—"Petelin! Kdo se tam pelje?" vpraša lisica, ko sliši voz. "Kmet je."—"Kdo pa za vozom teče?"—"Žrebček."—"Kakšen rep ima?"

—"Zavihan."—"O, to je pa pes!"—"No, zbogom petelin, imam veliko dela doma."—"Kaj pa je z ukazom?" vpraša ruševce.—"No," reče lisica, "ne vem, če ga je pes že bral"—in uteče.

* * *

Krivicica.

"Tako, Gusteljček," je vpil razjarjeni oče nad svojim sinčkom, "ali veš, zakaj sem te premlatil?"

"To pa je nesramno," je v joku odgovarjal Gusteljček, "najprej me biješ, potem pa niti ne veš zakaj."

Ob oknu.

V hiši bankirja Blagojeviča je velika svečanost. Blagojevič obhaja svoj rojstni dan.

Večer je. Velika sobana se blešči. Godba igra. Gostje v polnem sijaju, krasnih oblekah in uniformah, so v najboljšem razpoloženju. Igra se, pije, pleše in zabava.

A v ozadju velike bankirjeve palače, z vhom iz mračne stranske ulice, stoji starinska hiša. Na oknu male sobice sloni stari Pavel Perič, tvorniški delavec, a zraven njega sedi na stolu mala Milica, hči njegovega umrlega sina.

Deklica široko odprtih oči željno upija ves ta blesk in sijaj, vse te barve, zvoke in akorde, ki izvirajo odtam preko vrta.

"Je-li očka, tako mora biti i v raju?"

Očka molči. Ve, da ni raja. Mogoče pa je tudi slišal ni.

"Očka, pa ono tam so vile, je-li?"

"Niso, dete; to so gospodične."

"Katere, iz šole?"

"Ne; učiteljice so samo na videz gospodične, drugače so one, kakor i mi, ubožne. To so pa bogataške hčere."

"Aa! To so 'prave' gospodične; zdaj vem."

"Kdo ve, da-li so baš 'prave'?" zamrmra starček.

Deklica ni razumela. Pogleda zopet skozi okno. Na vratih salona se pojavi oficir v polnem sijaju svoje gala-uniforme.

"Jej, očka, glej ga kralja!"

"Ni; to je oficir. Bil je moj poveljnik, ko sem bil v vojski."

"A kaj se mu tako sveti na prsih?"

"Redovi: zlate in srebrne medalje, i križci z dragim kamenjem."

"A odkod jih ima?"

"E, to je tako: če oficir naredi svojo stvar dobro, dobi odlikovanje."

"Ali je to tedaj, še očuva vojsko, da ne gine—je tedaj dobro naredil?"

"Hm... Kakor je... Vojna je vojna..."

"A kaj se pravi vojna? Zakaj je vojna? Kdo naredi vojno?"

Očka malo pomolči, pa reče: "Ne razumeš tega, Milica..."

Deklica malo premišlja pa vpraša: "Ali si ti, očka, vse dobro naredil, ko si bil v vojni?"

"Sem, da nisem, bi me bili ustrelili."

"Pa dobro; zakaj nisi potem i ti dobil kake redove?"

Stari oče jo pogladi po laseh ter reče: "Ni treba tega meni... Kaj če vse to očki?"

"I—nu, očka! Čemu toliko zlato in drago kamenje? Da ga prodamo, pa da kupimo kruha in kolače in obleke in igračke in hišo in vse..."

"Ne, ne... Ne razumeš ti tega, dete moje."

Deklica našobi ustnici: "Ej, očka, kakšen si! Na vse, kar te vprašam, a ti samo: ne razumeš..."

Medtem se pojavi v veliki sobani zopet cela gruča razgaljenih dam v raznobarni svili in bliščečih okraskih. Za njimi jata moških v frakih in raznih uniformah. Godba zopet zasvira, pa tako lepo, kakor v sa-njah. Ples prične.

Deklica vsa zamaknjena gleda v ono zmes raznobarnih obleke, nakita, gleda gručice in figure. Tisoč vprašanj ima naenkrat na jeziku, pa ne ve, kje naj prične. Skoro brez diha sledi plesu do konca.—Zadnji pari se po nekakim smešnem klanjanju razstajajo in zopet nastaja mešanje in vrvenje.

"Ej, očka, je-li še kaj lepšega na svetu!"—jedva dahne mala Milica.

V sobici molk. Stari oče zarine svojo glavo med stisnjene pesti, gleda predse. Nekaj premišlja.

"Je-li očka? Koliko neki mora veljati ona obleka?"—in pokaže na eno razkošno oblečenih dam.

"Pa seveda, mogoče pol tisočaka."

"Uh! A kako dolgo bi ti, očka, moral delati, da bi zaslužil za eno takih oblek?"

"Da... če bi vedno, nepretrgoma delal, eno leto ali še več."

"Eno leto...! A odkod ima ona to obleko?"

"Mož ji jo je kupil."

"Pa potem mora on mnogo več delati nego ti, da zasluži toliko..."

"Ne dela on, dete, nič . . ."

"Kako je to? Ne dela, a ima toliko, a ti delaš, pa nimaš nič . . .?"

Starec se zravna, pogleda nekam v višino, preko palače bankirja Blagojeviča in reče sam pri sebi: "Za sedaj . . . more . . ."

Nato rahlo prime vnuko ter jo posadi na tla.

"A sedaj spat. Očka mora zarana v tovarno . . ."

—Iz hrvaščine: K. Z.

IVAN DOLENJEC:

Šolsko naznanilo.

Mamica, mamica, počitnice imamo, dva meseca prosto in naznanila smo dobili!

S tem klicem je Milovan pridrl v sobo in bil z enim skokom pri mami. Tesno se je privil k njej in pritisnil svoj vroči obrazek k njenemu licu. Kako je bil srečen, da je mogel napraviti mami tako veselje! Dolgo se je trudil in učil, sedaj pa je prinesel domov same prav dobre rede.

Milovan je končal prvi gimnazijski razred. Uči se rad in marljivo, vedno je med najpridnejšimi učenci. Ko je prinesel prvo polletje šolsko izpričevalo, ga je še mogel pokazati očetu, ki je bil hudo bolan. Nekaj dni pozneje je umrl, pridni sinko mu je napravil zadnje veselje.

Po smrti ljubljene očeta je bilo v hiši vse prazno in žalostno; mama je pritajeno ihtela, petletna Zorica jo je plaho pogledovala in tiho sedela v kotu. Neštetokrat je vprašala brata: "Milovan, zakaj joče mamica, ali zato, ker ni očeta? Saj pride kmalu nazaj, kaj ne, Milovan?"

Kaj naj ji odgovori, ali ji naj pove, da se oče ne vrne nikdar več, ali naj jo tolaži, ko je sam tako žalosten in potrten? Nič več se ni mogel učiti, molče je posedal pred knjigo ali strmel skozi okno. Zanimarjal je šolo vedno bolj, in opomini so se množili. To se je zdelo kaj čudno gospodu profesorju in nekega dne je vprašal prej tako pridnega učenca, zakaj je nekaj časa tako žalosten.

Šele tedaj se je Milovan razjokal. Vse one vroče solze, ki jih je ubogi otrok toliko časa skrival pred materjo in sestro, so privrele na dan, in potožil je učitelju svoje gorje. Z milo, očetovsko besedo ga je dobri gospod potolažil, da je, da bo veliko slabši, če bo še nadalje zanemarjal šolo.

"Glej, Milovan," mu je dejal prijazno, "ti si sedaj svoji mami edina tolažba. Bodi priden, da ne boš še povečal njene žalosti. Kaj ti je rekel pokojni oče na smrtni postelji, ali te ni prosil, da bodi priden in marljiv? Kako bi bil žalosten, če bi videl, da je postal njegov sinko len, da se je tako predrugačil!"

Te besede so res učinkovale. Milovan se je še isti dan nanovo lotil učenja. Pri vsakem delu, pri vsakem koraku ga je vodila sladka misel, da gleda nanj oče in da mora razveseliti mater.

Polagoma se je v srca vseh naselil zopet mir, s tiho žalostjo so se spominjali očeta. Milovan se je neutrudno učil in se vse dolge tedne veselil dneva, ko dobi naznanilo. Komaj ga je imel v rokah, je hitel domov in prišel v sobo ves razgret in upehan.

Mamica je ravno šivala pri oknu, Zorica pa se je igrala zraven nje. Ko je deček pokazal lepe rede, so se mamici zalesketale v obeh solze sreče, in rahlo je božala kodrasto sinkovo glavo. Zorica je vsa začudena gledala ta prizor, tudi ona bi se bila rada pritisnila k materi.

"Mamica, jaz bom tudi pridna, veš, mamica!" se je prilizovala.

"Ti da boš pridna? Ej, pojdi no!" se je smejal Milovan, prijel sestrice za roke in plesal z njo po sobi. Tako je bil srečen, da bi bil najrajši zaukal.

Z blaženim nasmehom je gledala mamica vesela otroka, ozrla se je na možovo sliko, kakor bi hotela reči: "Glej, kako sta pridna, lahko si jih vesel!" Tiha radost ji je napolnila srce in vroča želja za srečo in blagor njenih dveh ljubljencev je zakipela v srcu.

Obe gosenici.

Živeli sta nekoč dve gosenici, otroka iz rodu prelcev, po imenu Porthesia, ki pa dobe drugo ime, kadar dosežejo najvišjo stopnjo svojega razvoja—to je, kadar postanejo metulji. To so gosenice tiste čudne vrste, ki trpe na koprnenju po solncu. Ko jih spomlad privabi iz njihovega skritega kotička, jih vleče k sebi velika luč, kakor magnet železni drobec. Kaj je za njimi, ne vedo. Vidijo samo solnce pred seboj, nad seboj, ter počasi plezajo višje in višje po vejah, prav do najvišjega vršička, kjer vztrajajo hrepeneč po solncu, dokler jih telesni glad ne prisili, da se nasitijo na prvem lističu, ki ga je poglano drevo. In šele takrat, ko so se prvič nasitile, se lahko okrenejo—doslej je vodila njihova pot samo kvišku, nikamor drugam.

Naši dve gosenici sta bili torej te vrste. V velem, zvitem listu neke bukve sta skupno prezimili, dokler se ni prvi topli pomladanski žarek pozibal na njihovem skrivališču ter se radostno poigral na deblu in vejah. Tedaj sta krepko zazdehali, se stegnili ter zlezli iz svojega zimskega domovanja.

“Kam?” je vprašala prva.

“K solncu,” je odgovorila druga.

“Težka bo pot.”

“Kaj zato? Kako more biti pot neprijetna? Ali ni cilj zvišen in lep?”

“Če ga samo dosežemo! Samo, če ga dosežemo!”

“Seveda ga dosežemo. Kaj, pa ja nimaš že sedaj trudnih nog?”

“Tega ravno ne. Toda toliko poti pelje navzgor. Na vse strani se raztezajo veje. Katero si izbereva midve?”

“Najdaljšo. Tisto, ki sega najvišje. Kajti tam bodeva solncu najbližji in nobena senca ne bo skrivala njegove svetlobe. Pili bova njegove žarke od jutra do večera.”

“Meni je ljubša krajša pot. Tudi ona pelje gori v svetlobo. In ne gre mi v glavo, zakaj bi se naj brez potrebe mučila!”

In ker se obe gosenici nista mogli zediniti, sta se ločili ter si izbrali različni poti.

Ena je z vsemi močmi hitela proti vrhu. Druga pa se je podala na neko stransko vejo,

ki je poganjala že prve popke. Že naslednjega dne je prišla do konca veje, se je udobno solnčila v toplih solnčnih žarkih ter odkrila, ko je začutila glad, zraven sebe dva silno nežna zelena lističa, katera je takoj začela glodati.

Toda kako naporna je bila pot druge gosenice! Kako neskončno dolga! Cele dneve je potovala, oči vedno obrnjene kvišku. Samo tekom noči je počivala. In slednjič, nekega nebeškega jutra, ko se je zbudila, se je razprostiral zlat ogenj tik nad njo—v prvih jutranjih solnčnih žarkih je žarel vrh. Tu se so odcepljale zadnje vejice krone. In dolgo je premišljala, katero od teh vejic naj izbere. Vsepovsod so poganjali sveži popki, samo ena vejica je bila, ki se je stegala gola strmo navzgor. Solnce je sijalo na to vejico z vso svojo silo ter jo odelo z zlato obleko iskreče krasote. Trepetajoč, vsa prešinjena od koprnenja po solncu je strmela gosenica na to vejico ter si jo izbrala kot zadnji del svoje poti k solncu. Kmalu je dosegla skrajni vršiček. Vsa omamljena od sijaja vsenokrog, se je krčevito prijelja skrajnega vršička suhe veje ter obstala tam na solnčni svetlobi v solnčni blaženosti, dokler ni večer pogoltnil solnca ter se je začel stezati mrak nad vrhom drevesa.

In sedaj, ko se je začelo mračiti, se je je polastil nek doslej ji neznani občutek: telo je zahtevalo hrane. Njen pogled je iskal okrog—nobenega lističa, noben popek ni zelenel v njeni bližini. Prav ničesar, s čemur bi mogla utešiti svoj glad. Na drugih vejah so vabljivo poganjali številni lističi, toda ona jih ni mogla doseči. Niti na misel ji ni prišlo, da bi se obrnila od solnca. In tako je obvisela, od lakote vsa skrčena, na skrajnem vrhu svoje veje ter videla, kako je njeno solnce izšlo in zašlo.

Njena tovarišica pa je medtem že davno snedla oba prva lističa, se obrnila ter začela nato vejo za vejo obirati. Pri tem je pozabila na solnce in na svetlobo; obračala je svoj pogled edino še na najbolj sočne liste. Postala je izbirična pri hrani. Z vsakim dnevom je namreč odkrivala nove, boga-

te pašnike. Postajala je vedno debelejša, in ko ji bukovo listje ni več prijalo, ker si je zaželela boljšega, se je odločila, zapustiti to drevo ter si poiskati drugo.

Nekega večera je dospela s svojim zaljubljenim telesom k vznožju bukve ter se je ravno pripravljala, da si poišče udobno prenočišče, ko je začel veter šepetati v vrhu. V gozdu je močno tulilo in pokalo. Veje so se lomile ter padale na tla. Neka suha veja je padala z veje na vejo baš na tisti bukvi, ter bi skoro ubila gosenico, kajti padla je blizu nje na tla. In ko jo je gosenica natančneje opazovala, je zapazila na njej nekak rumenkastorjav kupček, z belimi in rdečimi po-

dolžnimi progami; zgledalo je, kot da je ta stvar tesno spojena z vrhom veje.

In tedaj je spoznala svojo tovarišico. Očitajoče je zmajala z glavo ter rekla: "Kako suha si! In vendar je dovolj za jesti. Toda to je prišlo samo od tega, ker si se hotela hraniti samo s svetlobo! Poglej mene! Jaz sem se pravočasno obrnila. Svetlobi se mora obrniti hrbet, ako se hoče dobro živeti. Stori ravno tako!"

Toda ona druga ni storila tako. Niti odgovorila ni. Kajti že davno je umrla gladu. In šele nevihta je odtrgala njeno truplo od svetlobe.

Prosto iz nemščine: K. Z.

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Ob potoku.

Albin Čebular:

SOVA IN MIŠ.

Sovica črna
kakor bavbav,
lazi, iztika
sredi dobrav.

— Koga pa iščeš,
tetka, povej? —
— — Miško lažnjivo —
nič me ne glej! — —

Hipoma rovček
miško je skril:
— Tisto je mucek
včeraj vlovil! —

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

11.

Kako mi je ime?

ER ER

ER

ER ER

12.

Jata ptic prileti v gozd. Po dve se vse-
deta na eno drevo, pa je eno drevo odveč.
Po ena se vsedejo—pa enega drevesa zmanj-
kuje. Koliko je ptic in dreves?

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

9.

Rak.

10.

Blisk (ali strela).

*

Rešilci.

Obe uganki so rešili:

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
Albert Simonich, Lorain, Ohio.
Sophia Kushlon, Lloydell, Pa.
Mary Kocevar, McDonald, Pa.
Louis Droblich, Lloydell, Pa.
Augusta Alich, West Frankfort, Ill.

Po eno uganko sta rešili:

Mary Kosenina, Ramsey, O.
Annie Mekina, Onnalinda, Pa.

Uganko št. 7 je pravilno rešila Fran-
čiška Maček, Primrose, Pa., a je prišla njena
rešitev prepozno za zadnjo številko.

*

Rešitev uganke Therese Smith:

Pogrebnik.

Pravilno so jo rešili:

Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.
Sophia Kushlon, Lloydell, Pa.
Mary Kocevar, McDonald, Pa.

Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik:

Zdaj se zopet oglašim, ko imamo dovolj
časa za igre in tudi za pisanje. Šolo smo
končali 11. maja, pričela se bo šele 8. sep-
tembra. Najrajši bi videla, da bi Mladinski
List izhajal vsaj vsak teden, da bi imela kaj
brati.

Tu so moje rešitve: št. 7 je mlinar,
križne besedne uganki pa nisem mogla re-
šiti. Rešitev tiste uganki, ki sem jo jaz sta-
vila—prav, pa je le narobe—je čevelj z desne
noge obut na levo nogo.

Pa še eno dam: Bilo je in bo, kaj je to?

Še bi rada kaj pisala, pa boste mogoče
vi, urednik, nevoljni, če vas nadlegujem.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in čitatelj-
cam!

Franciška Maček, Primrose, Pa.

Draga Franciška! Uganko št. 7 si pra-
vilno pogodila. Škoda, da si se oplašila križ-
ne. Ko pride v kratkem zopet križna besed-
na uganka na vrsto, se je kar pogumno loti.
—Tvojo uganko je Sophie Kushlon rešila na
drug način, kot ti praviš. Prav ima ona ka-
kor ti.—Urednika pa ne boš čisto nič motila,
posebno še zato ne, ker tako dobro slovensko
pišeš. Torej le kmalu se zopet oglasi. Po-
zdrav!—Ur.

* * *

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj vam pošiljam rešitev ugank, ka-
tere mislim, da sem prav rešila. Uganka št.
9: rak, št. 10: vihar. (Vihar pa že ne!—Ur.)

Tako me veseli ta naš Mladinski List, da
ga komaj pričakujem. Že zadnje dni sem
prav hudo radovedna, kaj bom zopet našla
novega v njem.

Tudi jaz pošiljam tukaj dve uganki za
naše bratce in sestrice. Le poslušajte me
dobro:

1. Mi imamo eno deklico, ki črevo za
seboj vlačí.

2. Ni na zemlji, ni na nebu, duša iz nje-
ga, duša vanj.

Prosim, ako ne bi bilo kaj prav, bom
drugič boljše naredila.

S pozdravom!

Annie Mekina, Onnalinda, Pa.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

JUNE 1925.

Number 6.

THE TOM CAT.

At midnight in the alley
A Tom Cat comes to wail,
And he chants the hate of a million years
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony and brindled,
Tiger and devil and bard,
His eyes are coals from the middle of hell,
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and couches and capers,
And bares his sharp, curved claws.
And he sings to the stars of the jungle
nights,
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval
He and his leaping clan,
When the blotched red moon leers o'er the
roofs,
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug tomorrow
And lick his silky fur,
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley
He will couch again and wail,
And beat the time for his demon's song,
With the swing of his demon's tail.
—Don Marquis.

ANNALS OF THE SCHOOL.

Tommy Tucker's brow is low,
His hair is carrot red;
And nothing little boys should know
Can penetrate his head.
But he knows how to kick a shin
And block a forward pass;
So Tommy Tucker's always been
The hero of his class.

Polly Prim is very bright,
A studious little creature;
Who takes a rapturous delight
In walking home with teacher.
But when she smooths her sunny curls,
And clasps her shiny fur,
All the other little girls
Stick out their tongues at her.

Willie Wimple's marks are high,
His days in toil are spent;
People say that by and by
He'll be a president.
But just as soon as school lets out,
Homeward he has to race;
Because the big boys wait about
To slap his pudgy face.

Molly Mudge don't care for books,
A useless life she leads;
But she has got a lot of looks,
And that is all she needs.
She things that boys and clothes and fudge,
Are perfectly sublime;
And stupid little Molly Mudge,
Has just the loveliest time!

—J. J. Montague.



Robert Sparks Walker:

The Record of a Spring Day.

The robin and the cardinal have set the exercises of this Spring day in motion when the world is filled with their cheerful melodies at 3:30 o'clock in the morning. The wood thrush is nearby and has added his musical contribution to the beginning of the day's exercises. The robins and blackbirds are the first to be seen out on the lawn. The blackbirds walk in a sort of military style probing the ground for worms and turning over every leaf in search of pill bugs. The poor earthworm has little chance of escaping to prevent a tragedy in its life on this morning. If the blackbird gets a good grip and the worm is somewhat reluctant to release its hold, the bird breaks it in two and is satisfied with its trophy. The joy of the Spring morning for the blackbird is a tragedy in the life of the little earthworm.

But does it make any difference what becomes of the insignificant little earthworm? Does it amount to little, and is it fit for anything save food for birds and fishes? Not so. This denizen of the soil has added a mighty contribution to our boasted civilization. It has helped us build our cities, establish libraries, schools, churches, good roads, and, moreover, it is largely responsible for feeding and clothing the human race.

Soils must be replenished, else the food crops fail to grow;

Grave as it may seem, bare Tragedy has ruled it so;

In the soul's enjoyment of the things that are good to see,

Silently stern Tragedy brings blessings rich to thee!

Agriculture lies at the basis of all prosperity, at least with us in the United States. To make it a success, the relics of tragedies in the form of dead organic bodies of both animal and plant life must be thoroughly incorporated with the organic earth. The elements must be well distributed. The earthworm is the one chemist who has for centuries worked day and night mixing the soil with the subsoil, the organic matter with the

inorganic, that the earth may bring forth her crops in greater abundance. All hats off then to this humble little denizen to which, blind as it is, and even though it is born a worm and dies a worm, we owe much.

As the robins and blackbirds on this Spring morning turn over bits of paper and old leaves, the pill bug with its shell like an armadillo, rolls up into a perfect ball. The birds long ago discovered this little creature's means of protection, and though it may look as round and lifeless as an unsavory pebble, yet they are willing to risk gulping it down even though they are likely to swallow a few real pebbles.

The tripple-trunked persimmon tree in my front yard is almost constantly being visited by blue jays, mockers, cardinals, and English sparrows. Seeing these birds alight on the ground or in the tree, the sparrows fly insolently at them in an effort to frighten them away. The blue jays and blackbirds seem to be the only birds that are able to stand their ground this morning.

Down near the trunk of the tree, I have left a pool of pure drinking water, and the birds are going there to quench their thirst and for their morning baths. The mocking bird flies down on the ground and drinks gracefully, taking precautions at each dip to see that no cat or other enemy is near. The other birds fly down one by one, and the pesky sparrows tantalize them by surrounding them. Their contemptuous acts cause the other birds, except the jays and blackbirds, to postpone their baths.

With all his undesirable reputation as an avian citizen, I take my hat off to the blue jay for his courage and true birdliness. He is no coward, and, as far as I have observed, is not a bully. As he wades in the water to enjoy the cool bath, the sparrows surround him. Does he take flight like some other birds? You can see that he has a temper and a sense of right and wrong. The feathers on his head stand erect denoting mental provocation! He does not pause to reason with the sparrows. He dashes at

them and gives the hardest peck his strength can afford. I give the manly jay a hearty applause.

A robin is observed to walk across the lawn with head erect. His beak is pointing at an angle of scarcely forty-five degrees. He travels over the grass by taking a series of quick hops and these little races seem to come in spurts. No other bird has a better trained eye for objects on the ground or for living things in the soil. See how quickly he can turn over a piece of paper, a scrap of old leather or a dead leaf. He catches his game humanely and gracefully. For locating white grubs that lie beneath the surface of the soil the robin should certainly be given the silver cup. How quickly he hops to a clump of blue grass. It may seem absurd to the non-observer that it is possible for any creature to kill or to capture insects in a dignified manner, but there is grace in the robin's every movement.

He pecks down at the base of a tuft of grass that lies so near that I am sure that he can almost hear me breathing. He seals a scrutinizing eye on me as well as on the evidence of his breakfast. Spying some signs of a white grub he strikes the soil at the base of the tuft of grass with a heavy blow and drives his pointed beak into the ground. Then quick as a flash of lightning he hits a second blow, throwing his head to the right, then to the left, and so on. These quick plunges throw the dirt out, and then he reaches in and hauls out the white grub. Succeeding with the first attempt at locating the grub, I watch him to ascertain the percentage of his efficiency. He moves speedily up to another tuft, pauses a moment to see that no danger is imminent, and then proceeds to locate signs of another grub. Quick as a flash he has sent the dirt flying on both sides, and behold, he has scored a second prize, and I wonder if his judgment is a hundred per cent accurate!

At this moment his plans are somewhat upset by three sparrows that fly down and harass him in a rude and insolent manner. They have almost gained my extreme hatred this morning, for a righteous mind detests a bully and a glutton! The robin pecks at one of the sparrows but does not rush at it

with the determination that the jay did. In a few minutes the sparrows have disappeared, probably to look for another visiting bird to tantalize.

Robin keeps up his game, and behold, there come three blackbirds to join him in the grub chase. Such keen eyes these friends have! See how deliberately they walk over the lawn, reminding one of their relative, the crow. They keep an open eye for enemies, but display no signs of fear or uneasiness as the robins do. In fact, their behavior would indicate that their minds are much at ease on the subject of enemies.

But I must keep my eyes on the robin a while longer, for I am to mark his grade this morning as to the degree of his efficiency. Thirty minutes and he is ready to remove to my neighbor's lawn and when I have checked over my record I find that he has made 75 per cent. What a wonderful bird than can make such a high percentage in locating invisible white grubs that lie beneath the sod! When I take my mattock I cannot average more than 25 per cent!

Scarcely has my robin flown when the English sparrows return to harass the blackbirds. They hop around the blackbirds and one slips up and calls one of them all the ugly names known in the avian tongue. There is no word in the English language that will adequately describe the degree of insolence with which the sparrows treat the mocking birds this morning. As I watch the disgusting behavior of the sparrows, I find it somewhat difficult to repress my anger. But presently I see a female sparrow hop near a blackbird and take the offensive. I am near enough to see the anger flame up in the blackbird's eyes. He makes a quick jump and surprises me by alighting on the sparrow's back, and begins to peck the back of her head. The sparrow spreads her wings out on the ground and while the blackbird hammers away she cries for pity and assistance. The blackbird continues to hammer her on the top of the head, pulling out a mouthful of feathers each time and spitting them out on the ground.

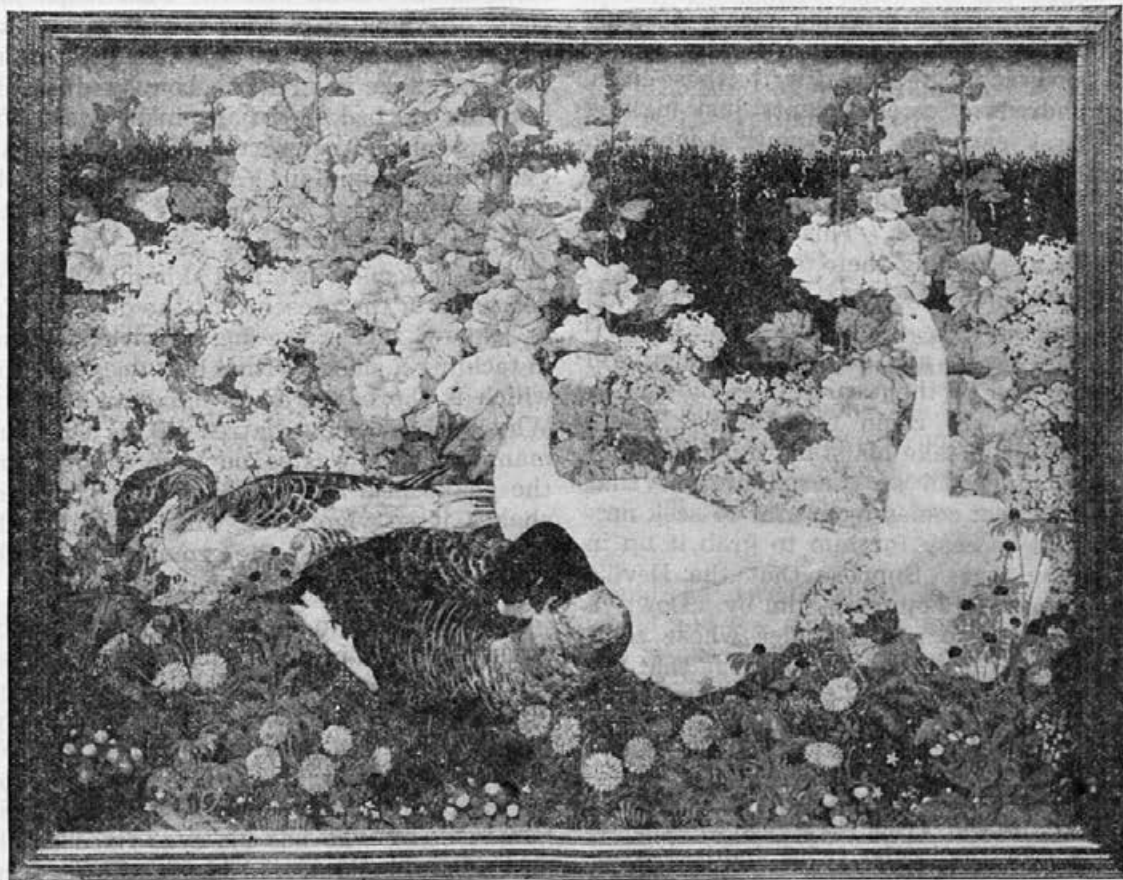
The other sparrows alight on the grass and watch the punishment that is being meted out to their sister, but the blackbird is

not touched by the pitiful cries of its victim. The other birds tiptoe around the blackbird but make no effort to secure the release of their sister. Their behavior indicates that they are anxious to help, but they know not how to begin. They fly away, but as the cries of the victim become louder they return and walk close by its side. The blackbird shows no signs of nervousness, but de-

once noisy crowd of sparrows has become funereally silent. The blackbird steps from his victim, walks around, dips his beak in the soil to clear it of the gore. He then flies away leaving his tantalizer dead on the grass.

For twelve years cardinals, mocking birds, and vesper sparrows have been roosting in the unpruned Amoor River privet

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In My Garden.

liberately pauses long enough to look at each sparrow, one at a time, with a mouth full of feathers, as if to say, "Will you now take heed?"

Again he pecks and hammers and finally removes the brains of his victim and throws them out on the grass in the presence of the members of its family. At this moment, the other sparrows take flight. The

hedge in my backyard, alongside my bedroom. I have grown accustomed to their awakening calls as well as their happy good-night messages.

Two catbirds came in yesterday and took up their residence in the same hedge but they are the exclusive occupants this Spring morning. Their coming has added a tragedy in the lives of the other birds. The catbird

is a beautiful singer. His voice is soft and much more mellow than the mocker's. As I slip under the hedge, he frisks about not more than five feet above my head and sings away in a tone so soft and low that were I not so near him, I could scarcely hear his voice. His concert is worth it all.

The catbird with all its sweet strains descends to the undignified mimicking of the cat. His calls cause many birds to give up their haunts to him. The happy home of the catbird this morning means tragedy in the lives of other birds.

Down at my feet, as I write these lines, are hundreds of young plants just making their first leaves on this beautiful morning. When they burst the old seed husks a few days ago and basked in the sunshine life was full of promise. This morning scores of snails are nipping their tender leaflets.

But the snails will not get them all. Some will be left. When the zinnias, marigolds, the pinks, and petunias blossom, will the tragedies of their early lives be forgotten? Then will come the Devil's Riding Horse who will take his stand by the side of a flower and will so conceal himself that when an insect comes from afar to seek nectar it will be easy for him to grab it up in his strong legs. Suppose that the Devil's Riding Horse lets one pass him by. Down in the flower there sits a spider whose color so matches that of his surroundings that the insect rushes into his arms before it is scarcely aware of what has happened. The joy of the spider means a tragedy in the life of the captured insect.

I go to the grapevines whose fruit is now set. On the tender twigs and leaves appear thousands of plant lice busily engaged in sucking the juice from stems and leaves. The bodies of the plant lice swell with the juice and the two ducts on the back of each insect exude a surplus of honeydew. Over their tiny bodies ants are continually romping, stopping here and there to eat some of the sweetness. The ants are as industriously engaged in attending to their herds as the dairyman out in the country is to his.

Witnessing one tragedy for almost every joy this morning, I decide to visit the tall timbers far away from the noisy streets.

Five miles and a half and I find myself on the banks of the Chickamauga in the midst of a thickly settled agricultural section, where Nature presents peace and rest.

Scarcely do I reach the wooded land before my ears are met with the shrieking cries of a toad in distress. The dog which is pioneering my way rushes to the center of the scene. A blacksnake has a toad half-way in its mouth, but when it sees the dog, releases its victim and the toad leaps joyfully. Its long leaps soon take it safely into a patch of briars. The dog grins grotesquely. The snake is a shiny, ebonyhued reptile, lying near a bed of Indian pinks, sweet Williams, golden ragworts, Venus' looking-glass, and cinquefoil. All is quiet, but the dog again grins grotesquely and rushes madly at the serpent.

A blacksnake is a fast skimmer, but this one halts in the presence of the dog. So far as I know, this is the dog's first experience in tackling a snake. Then how does he know which is the best way to handle a serpent? Why does he show hatred in his eyes and manners? He wastes no time in grabbing the snake near the middle of its body and shakes it so vigorously that he whips the life out of it against the ground. When the dog lets go its hold the snake is dead.

I continue to seek Nature. Tragedy! again it comes in sight, and now for a certainty I see its personification humped up against the huge roots of a red oak tree with rifle cocked, and eyes firmly fixed on the top of a branching white oak tree, one hundred yards away. I move on toward this human being who has his eyes fixed on the nest of a red-shouldered hawk. The mother comes to her nest, while the man with the gun doubts. He fears the young are still in the eggs and he dislikes to waste ammunition. He wishes one shot to kill the mother and young!

I asked him why. The hawk carried away a fowl or two each year from his barnyard. "They are vicious birds," he muttered. "All of 'em deserve death."

"How many fowls do you kill each season?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, a hundred or so, I guess."

"Who is seeking your scalp for such tragedies?" I asked half-smiling, hoping to bring him into a sympathetic relation with the mother hawk. He dropped his head, let the hammer down on the gun and said:

"The birds themselves might do it, if they could understand, but you know that man is a superior being and master of all he sees."

I was standing near the banks of the Chickamauga, a stream that looked so peaceful this Spring day that if I did not know history, I would not suspect that thousands of Indians had met death on its banks, and who became so enraged at the United States Government in its younger days that they made a number of formal declarations of

war against it. If I did not have the printed historical facts I could not learn from this placid stream this sunny day that along its sides the Blue and the Gray had once been mowed down by musket and cannon.

"You see," he went on, "I might kill more fowls each year but this creek furnishes me a number of fish in the course of a year."

The man moved on toward his home, leaving the mother hawk and her young unharmed.

It was time for me to return to the city.

The sun was bidding farewell to the day, and in the gathering twilight the creatures of fur and feather were retiring to their resting places.

Marion Ryan:

CATERPILLAR ON THE WALL.

Caterpillar on the wall,
Fuzzy, furry yellow ball!

Don't I wish that I could spy
You turning to a butterfly!

Will you be a yellow one,
Sparkling, golden, in the sun,

Or a dusky tan and brown,
Fluttering lightly up and down,
In and out among the flowers
All the warm sweet summer hours?
Caterpillar, please don't go
Till you've told me how you grow.

Reform of the Calendar.

If a movement which is now under way is successful, the annual custom of passing out millions of printed and engraved calendars may soon be a thing of the past.

Today, throughout the world, there is a concerted movement to abolish our present unsatisfactory and unscientific calendar. Many substitute plans have been proposed. However, only one has won any widespread approval.

Under our present system, the months have an unequal number of days, and in no month except February is this number exactly divisible by seven.

If each of the months had an equal number of days and this number could be divided by seven, every date in the month would fall on the same week-day each month. This is the main feature of the proposed calendar referred to above.

According to this plan, each month

would be twenty-eight days long. This would add one additional month to the year and would leave one day over. It is suggested that the new month be inserted between June and July. The extra day would simply be known as "New Year Day" and would have no week-day name. It is planned to have this day fall between the old and the new year.

In the same way, when Leap Year came around each fourth year, the extra day would be given no week-day name but would merely be called "Leap Year Day" and be inserted between June and the new month.

The outstanding advantage of this plan, of course, is that every month would be exactly the same. There would be four Sundays, four Mondays, and so on. January 1st would be Monday. So would February 1st and March 1st, and the first day of every other month. January 4th would be Thursday. So would the fourth day of every other month.

Alicia Aspinwall:

The Child-Improver.

II.

Meanwhile cross little Gwendoline Amelia walked slowly home with her father, finally reaching the white ivy-covered house, where they lived.

"Where have you two been?" called the mother cheerily, from the piazza. Papa told her the story of the afternoon's doings, repeating what Mr. Luegner had said. Mamma was, of course, greatly interested, although she thought the stranger's words sounded very foolish. "What could he have meant?" she asked.

They were not to be kept long in doubt as to this, however. Gwendoline went into the house for her school-books, seated herself before a table at one end of the shady piazza, and began to study. For ten minutes or so she worked in silence, while her father and mother walked up and down the garden, arm in arm. Before long, Gwendoline needed to look up a word in the dictionary, and not finding the book at once, she began to search for it, scattering her papers right and left, before she finally found it.

"Oh, daughter, pick up your papers,—see, they are blowing all about," called her mother.

At this gentle reproof, Gwendoline Amelia flew into a passion. "I don't want to pick them up. I don't see why you are so particular, Mother. Can't you let me alone?" she said, crossly.

These words had scarcely died away, when Gwendoline felt an odd twitching and pulling at her back. Then—to her amazement, her two long braids of hair suddenly flew up and crossed themselves, standing out stiffly, one at the right, one at the left, of her head! Then came a queer tugging at her waist, her beautifully tied sash untied itself with a quick nervous jerk, while the two ends proceeded to cross and stood out rigidly, one on either side! Next, her boots slowly unlaced themselves (a rare thing for boots to do). Gwendoline, fascinated, and too frightened to move, had been watching all these extraordinary happenings, which took place in a twinkling of an eye!

Suddenly, the child's temper rose; she became very angry at seeing herself thus publicly undressed in broad daylight!

"Stop unlacing," she cried crossly to the shoe-strings, "stop this nonsense, at once!" but they paid no attention and continued to unlace, after which the two ends crossed!

"I command you to stop. I don't like this business at all," screamed the now frightened girl. But at this angry outburst, something still more extraordinary happened, for her poor little arms began to fold themselves, one over the other—then her two legs crossed! She used all the strength that was in her to prevent these dreadful things happening, but was absolutely powerless.

"Papa! Mamma!" she screamed.

Both came running at her call, and when they beheld their child, twisted and crossed in such a horrible way, their terror equalled her own.

"My darling!" cried her mother. "What has happened—why are you like this? Are you having a fit?"

As she gazed at her only child, to her unspeakable horror, Gwendoline's eyes—her large beautiful eyes—began slowly to cross themselves! This was too much for the poor mother, who fell fainting to the floor! Gwendoline, helped by her distracted father, hobbled to a chair, where she sat down and buried her distorted face on her crossed arms.

"What can have happened to me?" she asked herself, despairingly. At that moment, a shrill voice whispered, in answer:

"I said that 'when you were cross, you must cross, till you were pleasant.'"

Gwendoline recognized at once, the voice of the Child-Improver.

"Oh, then all this is Mr. Luegner's work," she thought bitterly; "and I see now, exactly what he meant. He must be a powerful magician, for everything about me is certainly cross—as cross as cross can be! And he said that I should have to remain like this until I was pleasant. Then, if that's the case, I am going to be pleasant just as fast as I can!" So she removed the unpleasant

frown from her face immediately, and put in its place a pretty, winning smile. Then she began to sing gaily, although at heart, she felt anything but gay.

No sooner had she done these things, than to her intense delight and relief, her eyes became slowly straight, while her legs and arms hurried to uncross themselves!

With difficulty, she then stooped and smilingly picked up her scattered papers. As soon as this was done, her two braids of hair uncrossed themselves, her pretty sash untwisted its ends, and running merrily round her waist, deftly tied itself behind, in fine fashion. Her boots became straight, too, while the lacings scampered to their different holes, and—to make a long story short—in a very few moments everything was in its place, and Gwendoline Amelia was as fully and neatly dressed as before!

It was certainly most gratifying, and a real smile now came to the girl's face, so that when her poor mother recovered from her fainting-fit, she saw before her, her own dear child.

Meanwhile papa had arrived, bringing with him the family doctor. There was now really nothing for the latter to do however, so he went home, first prescribing a tonic. But as this tonic was cod-liver oil, the parents did not make their child take it, as they thought she had suffered enough already.

From that time on after her terrible experience, Gwendoline Amelia was a changed girl, and always as pleasant as one could wish. As for her parents, they never looked sad again, but smiled from morning till night!

III.

After the talk with Mr. Luegner, the third little girl, Rosamond Ophelia, went home with her father. When they arrived, they called for Mary (the elder sister) and taking extra wraps, had a long ride in papa's new automobile. It was dinner-time when they returned, and after dinner, tired Rosamond went to bed. She did not study her geography at all, so when the lesson-hour came at school next day, she could not answer any questions.

"Rosamond Ophelia," said Miss Treadwell, at last, "have you studied this lesson?"

"Yes," answered this naughty, untruthful child, "I studied it for over an hour last evening." (She knew, of course, that in saying this, she had told a lie, and she felt far from comfortable.) Miss Treadwell, who was a very truthful Miss Treadwell, did not doubt Rosamond's statement. She never even glanced at her again, until she heard a frightened cry from the other children; when looking up, she beheld, to her horror, Rosamond Ophelia, floating in the air, just above the desks! She could not believe her eyes at first, and gazed speechlessly at the child. There was certainly no doubt about it, for there lay the little girl, stretched at full length, with apparently nothing to support her!

"Rosamond Ophelia," gasped Miss Treadwell, when she was able to speak at all, "descend, and come here at once."

"I—I—can't," said the poor girl, beginning to cry.

"Why are you up there? What are you doing?" demanded the teacher sternly.

"Just lying down," sobbed Rosamond.

As she said this, there came a shrill whisper in her ear. "When you tell a lie,—then lie, until you tell the truth."

Rosamond recognized Mr. Luegner's voice. "Oh, dear," she said, "I see now, exactly what he meant. I have told a lie, so I must lie down, until I confess about the studying. I suppose I shall not be allowed to get down to the floor again, until I do! How awful!"

But for a moment she hesitated, ashamed to do this thing.

Meanwhile the teacher, believing that some trick was being played, was really vexed. "Rosamond Ophelia," she said sternly, "you are a very naughty little girl. I do not know, of course, how you manage to float up in the air, as you are now doing. But as you knew how to go up, you must also know how to come down again, and I insist upon you doing so, or—leaving the school at once."

At this, Rosamond burst into tears; but realizing that she could not remain floating there forever, she decided to tell the truth. So between sobs she made her confession.

"I am suffering from a magic punishment," she whispered. "I—I—told a lie about the geography, Miss Treadwell, so I have to lie down like this. Indeed I can not help it." Then she went on and told the whole story from the beginning. No sooner had she done so, than she floated down and stood upright upon her feet once more!

She was bitterly ashamed, of course, of having been obliged to confess before the whole class that she had told a lie, and Miss Treadwell seeing how she felt, very kindly sent her home.

This sad experience was enough. Rosamond Ophelia never told another lie. From that day on, she became a changed girl and as truthful as an arithmetic. Her father was very, very happy, and smiled from morning until night!

*

One week from this time the three broadly smiling fathers and the three good little girls went to meet Mr. Luegner again. This time, they found that he had arrived at the meeting-place before them.

"Straight from the Sunny South," he said gaily; and indeed, for such a climate he was very prettily and appropriately dressed, in a pale blue cheese-cloth costume with many dainty ruffles.

"Well," said he, looking about, "I tink I see some satisfactions in dose faces."

"You certainly do," said all the fathers, enthusiastically.

"Stand up, childrens," commanded the German.

They did so. "Now, Arabella Maud," he began, "has der selfishness gone out of you?"

"It has," she said.

"Gwendoline Amelia," he continued, "is der crossness all left you?"

"Entirely gone," admitted the child, smilingly.

"And you, Rosamond Ophelia, how is it mit you? Have you decided not to tell more lies?"

"I shall never tell a lie again," she answered firmly.

"It is goot. My work here is now done," and Mr. Luegner smiled and bowed low before them.

"But, sir," cried the three fathers, "what do we owe? What shall we pay you for these remarkable cures?"

"I want no money, but if you are satisfied mit me, just write your names here," and the Child-Improver produced a book, on the outside of which was stamped in large gilt letters, the words

"SATISFIED PARENTS"

"You see," he continued, "when this book is quite full, I shall get a prize—a beautiful and also a lovely prize!"

"What is the prize to be?" cried the three children.

"A genuine terfillated Gentipellion, with a pithical-botular attachment," cried Mr. Luegner enthusiastically.

Realizing how he must long to own so rare a thing as this, the three fathers hurried to add their names to the others, in the "Satisfied Parents" book.

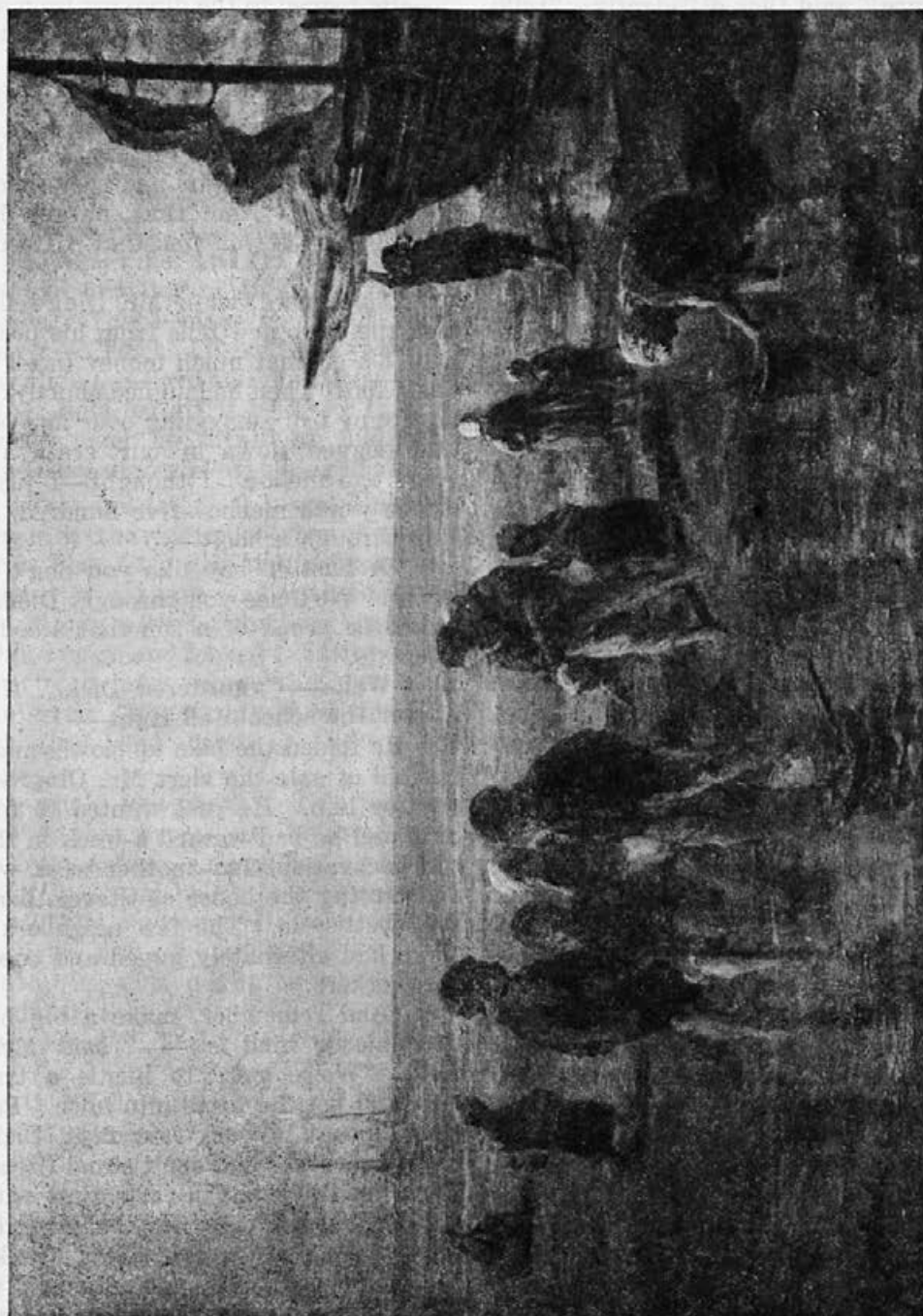
No sooner had they done so than a perfectly enormous bat flew down from above, and alighted in front of them. Mr. Luegner did not seem surprised, but jumped lightly on the back of the creature, which then rose slowly with him.

"Fare you well, peoples," he shouted; "I go now to get for myself three ice-cream sodas—a peach, a strawberry, and also a pineapple! You see, I am so happy to have made you happy, that I wish to celebrate. In other words, I am (as you see),—going off on a bat!!"

(The End.)



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On the Sea-Shore.

Tennyson Charles:

Dinny's Delirium.

(Continued.)

"Oh sure!" said Dick diffidently. "I did think of gettin' in the academy if—if I could this fall."

"That's what I come out for—as an alumnus of good old Bethesda. And this bag of old bones you found, Dick—you know they'd help put our poor little tank town college on the map? If we had this dinno—therium, or whatever it is, mounted in our Natural History department it'd be a great boost for science. That's what I hustled out here for—to see you before any of these Eastern sharps tried to swindle you out of your baby. Bethesda first, every time with us!"

Dick's blue eyes opened: "Well, I never thought of that! A man named Meyers wrote me he was comin' to look at it. I thought mebbe it would help me through school——"

"That's right. Don't let 'em string you, boy. Fossils aren't worth much, and Bethesda can't compete with the big museums, but if I was you I wouldn't think of less'n fifty dollars for your find."

"Fifty?" Dick started slowly.

"It's worth it——" put in Dinny eagerly. "We come out here to offer it for Bethesda. Some Eastern folks might offer a little more, but then the alumni want to mount this for Professor Doty's department."

"Fifty?" repeated Dick, somberly, looking off at the sere hills that hemmed in the lonely ranch. "I thought I'd get enough for school one year."

"Up in Hudson's Bay they just discovered oodles of 'em——" asserted Mr. Dingwell confidently. "And the expense of movin' and preservin' and all of course Bethesda couldn't bid against the big colleges, but we thought—you goin' to enter, and all—you'd be loyal to the old school, Dick."

Dick laughed slowly. Down in the creek he could see the pine crates and burlap with which he and Skip and Foreman Steve had tried to crate the fossil bones. The man who wrote him from Washington told him to leave them alone until expert help could care for them, but Dick and Skip didn't get the letter in time.

He turned to the dinosaur promoter doggedly: "Is that all the blamed thing is worth?"

"Well, I'll tell you——" he considered soberly: "Bein' it's you, and you goin' to my good old school, I'll say: Sixty-five." He looked at Mr. Letts and the other nodded approvingly. "And that missin' hind leg bone, Dick? If you find that, fifteen dollars more!"

Dick mused, while Mr. Dingwell briskly took the crisp new bills from his pocket. He hadn't seen that much money in all his life. Cash, too! Then he laughed shortly: "Well, it's funny to be hagglin' over and old brute that bogged down in our creek a million years ago mebbe. I thought—I just hoped it was worth mebbe—five hundred, and it'd help through school——"

"A hustlin' boy like you don't need to worry. We'll see you through, Dick. Bethesda'd be proud of a son that stood by her interests."

"Well——" muttered Dick. "If that's it—for the school—all right——"

He folded the bills up slowly and signed the bill of sale the alert Mr. Dingwell made out for him. He just wanted to forget it. Skip and he had worked a week in the shale bed excavation, and another week wrapping and crating the bones as Steve Allerby said they better do. The few neighbors around there had alternately guyed and encouraged the workers.

"And remember, make a big hunt for that missin' hind leg——" said Mr. Dingwell. "We're goin' to hustle a truck out here and get the fossil into town. Professor Doty'll want to work fast on it, Dick. You know bones like 'em don't stand the air long. They got to be put in casts first with some stuff to harden 'em. Say, I might get stuck that whole sixty-five if Letts' truck had a spill somehow. Boy, you're pickin' up that school money easier than any I ever got when I was strugglin' up in the world!"

Dick Jenkins turned back to the ranch. He was dumbly disappointed. Even when Letts' truck came out the next day, Dick and

Skip stayed away from the excavations down in the creek clay bank. Dick offered to split the sixty-five dollars with his chum but Skip refused. He was going in town to school anyhow, and his dream was to have Dick along with him.

"I didn't find the old buzzard, and it wasn't on our land," said Skip. "Nix, Dicky! You put that away and save and skimp, and you'll land in the freshman class with me!"

"Fat chance! It means another winter on the ranch for me. You go ahead Skip—I'll catch you sometime. And I'm goin' to find that dog-gone hind leg of this old dingbat for Bethesda! That'll make another fifteen toward my nest egg! I'll bet that old dinnowompus didn't believe in education—he'd kick another hind leg off if he knew that, a million years after he turned up his toes, you and me were dickerin' over his remains!"

And two days later Dick was building fence down in the bottoms when he was surprised to hear Skip yell at him from the creek bank. A stranger was with Skip—a big, bearded man with a twinkling eye, who sat in a hill-buggy and looked casually down in the scattered holes where the bone had been disinterred. But Skip pushed through the brush first and came to Dick with excited eyes.

"Say—wha'd you think? This is Professor Meyers that wrote you—he come over the ridge from Askins,' and he had an awful time gettin' in. And he—he's disappointed that you sold the dinosaur. He says, mebber it's a dinosaur, but anyhow, if it's as good as everybody says, it might be worth a—thousand dollars!"

"A thousand?" Dicky drew his breath sharply.

"And that fellow that bought it off you is a sharper! He called up Mr. Meyers just as he started here from Askins' and offered to sell it to his museum for fifteen hundred—what'd you think o' that?"

"Dingwell said it was for—Bethesda—" muttered Dick.

"Aw, he ain't carin' nothin' about Bethesda! He's a show man—a slick bird, Dicky! Dr. Meyers said Bethesda couldn't handle a big thirty foot fossil and wouldn't want to! He talked with Professor Doty over the

phone, and then he started out here to make you an offer. If the old dingbat was good and complete he'd pay a big price for it!"

Dick Jenkins sat down staring. Even the kindly man with the brown beard could not cheer him. "It's gone—" muttered Dick. "And I been stung! I wouldn't have cared so much if they hadn't just talked about loyalty—school loyalty—standin' by my college, and all! Oh, I been a boob!—I couldn't show my face at Bethesda if I had the money—they'd laugh at me for a hick and a farmer!" Then he turned savagely to the scientist: "And Dinny Dingwell's tryin' to sell the bones to you, now, is he?"

"He called me up from Bitter Creek. I'm going to drive on there now and see the fossil. It may be a rare and very complete one—if it isn't damaged by rough usage," said the curator.

"We worked our heads off binding and crating those big bones—" grumbled Skip. "Dick was fuller of hope than ever that old tom cat was of chills when he died in the mud! Shucks, it's mean!"

"I'm sorry—" smiled the big man. "I wanted to see it here, and deal with you boys. I suppose I'll have to go to this man, Dingwell."

Dick Jenkins didn't hear the last. He turned back to the forlorn ranch house, where Skip found him an hour later. Dick refused sympathy.

"Sympathy?" he growled. "That's what's the matter with me! I got so sympathetic with Dinny Dingwell over this old dinnowompus! Dinny almost made tears come in my eyes pleadin' for good old Bethesda, and he'll make maybe a thousand dollars off me. We deserve it, Skip—we should have waited until this Professor Meyers got here."

And it hurt Skip almost as much as it did Dick, for Skip wanted Dick with him in school this year. But Dick was not very pleasant company that day. Consequently when he saw Skip come loping back in a cloud of dust about sundown, Dick grumbly met him. He just wanted to be alone to nurse his grouch over the dinosaur disaster.

(To be concluded.)

The Dead Letter Office.

According to a recent announcement, the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department receives approximately \$100,000 every year in letters which cannot be delivered on account of faulty address. Less than half of this money is ever returned to the original owners. The remainder is turned over to the United States Treasury.

Each year the Dead Letter Office handles on the average about 12,000,000 "dead" letters and parcels and some 8,000,000 post-cards. Practically all of this mail is de-

stroyed. However a careful record is kept of all valuable enclosures, including money, commercial papers, deeds, wills and so forth.

Once a year the Post Office Department holds a dead letter sale. This is held just before Christmas, and yields about \$10,000 per annum. Formerly these sales were conducted on a lottery basis, but in recent years every parcel is opened and its contents displayed. In the larger cities this sale is eagerly awaited every year.

Where Side Shows Get Their Wild Men.

"See Minny-ha-ha, that strange girl from the wilds of Madagascar," shouts the barker in front of the side show. "See a real royal princess of a tribe of savage aborigines. She looks like a monkey and yet she is human. Scientists claim that Minny-ha-ha is the real missing link for which they've been looking for thirty years. She is the only member left of a tribe of bloodthirsty cannibals who lived in the trees. In a battle with French soldiers, all her people were killed and she is now the only survivor of the race of monkey-men. Minny! Minny! Ha! Ha! Only ten cents to see the little lady who speaks the monkey language."

When the spieler had got his raucous anthropological harangue off his chest, you contributed your dime for the privilege of passing behind the gaudy canvas spread. You saw a spindle-armed, loose-jointed female creature with a head about the size of a grapefruit. She was dressed in a bizarre garb and lavishly adorned with a variety of ten-cent-store jewelry. Her complexion was a dark oak color (applied daily by her impresario).

Her forehead sloped back from the eyebrows in a straight incline to the crown of her head. Her diminutive skull came to a point on top like an inverted V. The hair on her head had been shaved off leaving a tuft at the crown which exaggerated her distorted appearance.

I happen to know that Minny-ha-ha was born not in Madagascar but in Southeastern Ohio in the hills that border on the Ohio River. She is not a rare specimen but has her duplicates in any institution for the feeble-minded.

She is what is technically known as a microcephalic idiot—"micro" being the Greek for small and "cephalic" meaning head. A microceph is a living argument for eugenics because this condition is entirely attributable to mental and physical defects, latent in the parents, which have been transmitted in grotesque form.

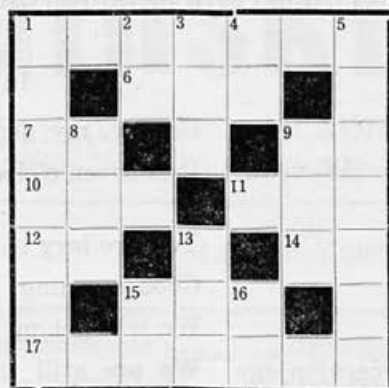
The Wild Man from Borneo, formerly an attraction with Barnum & Bailey's circus some years ago, was retired to the obscurity of a New York institution for the feeble-minded, where he is known simply as "Joe." Joe has a gnomish appearance, is about four feet tall, has a dark leathery skin and more wrinkles in his forehead than I have ever seen—a truly furrowed brow.

Joe also is an idiot, that is, he has less intelligence than a three-year-old child. He is unable to talk but jabbars occasionally or merely grunts. His greatest intelligence is displayed when he approaches visitors and feels their pockets to see if they have brought him any chocolate. Joe is of the type of feeble-mindedness known as cretinism.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 6.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

- 1—A person ejected or cast out.
- 6—Not in.
- 7—Street (abbreviated).
- 9—Conjunction.
- 10—Strike lightly.
- 11—A hard wood.
- 12—A printers measure.
- 14—Small New England State (abbr.)
- 15—Toward the stern.
- 17—Ungenerous.

DOWN.

- 1—Popular sea food.
- 2—Towards.
- 3—Slash.
- 4—Near to or in.
- 5—Language of the Turks.
- 8—School girl's cap.
- 9—Part of row boat.
- 13—Not on.
- 15—Prefix meaning wholly.
- 16—Stevenson's popular boys' story (initials).

How to Solve the Puzzle.

A cross-word puzzle is made up of words so interwoven in a symmetrical design that the letters of the horizontal words also form other words reading down, and vice versa. Diagram is made up of rows of small squares, one square for each letter, which are to be filled in with the missing words. The shaded squares are the "dead spots," at which words either start or end.

Answer to Puzzle No. 5.

Mail-carrier.

*

Honorable Mention.

Joseph Prince, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Augusta Alich, West Frankfort, Ill.
 Elizabeth Dolinar, Library, Pa.
 Frank Boltey, Library, Pa.
 Joseph Knaus, Chicago, Ill.



PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

Zjutraj.

Vstanite, moji ljubi otroci.
Sedma ura je že, in vi ste še vedno
v postelji.
Vi ste leni dečki.
Dobro jutro, ljuba mamica.
Tako hočemo vstati.
Trudni smo še od našega včerajšnjega
sprehoda.
Težko nam je zapustiti posteljo.
Si dobro spal, Tonček?
Zelo dobro, draga mama.
Pojdi sem in se umij.
Pohiti malo.
Kje je goba?
Tu je goba in brisača.
Navadite se, da boste imeli vse svoje stvari
v redu in vsako reč na svojem mestu.
Uj, kako je ta voda mrzla! Kar strese me.
Ne bodi tako občutljiv.
Mrzla voda krepi telo.
Snažno si umij svoje roke; izplakni si usta
in očisti si zobe.
Čistoča je potrebna, da si ohranimo
zdravje.
Tukaj imaš krtačo za lase in glavnik; ne
pozabi si izkrtačiti in počesati svojih
las; ne smeš iti ven z razkuštranimi
lasmi.

In the Morning.

Get up, my dear children.
It is seven o'clock, and you are still in bed.
You are lazy boys.
Good morning, dear mamma.
We will get up directly.
We are still tired from our yesterday's
walk.
It is hard for us to get out of bed.
Have you slept well, Tony?
Very well, dear mother.
Come here and wash yourself.
Make haste.
Where is the sponge?
Here is the sponge and the towel.
Accustom yourselves to keep all your
things in order and to put everything
in its place.
Ah, how cold this water is! It makes me
shudder.
Don't be so sensitive.
Cold water strengthens the body.
Wash your hands clean; rinse your
mouth, and clean your teeth.
Cleanliness is indispensable to preserve
health.
Here is the hair-brush and comb; don't
forget to brush and comb your hair;
you cannot go out with untidy hair.

(To be continued).