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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

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## K začetku novega šolskega leta.

Novo šolsko leto! — Zelo veliko pomeni v človeškem življenju eno leto, posebno pa eno šolsko leto za vas, dragi prijatelji in prijateljice. V vsakem šolskem letu naberete celo kopico zakladov, ki so neprecenljive vrednosti za vaše bodoče življenje. Ti zakladi so znanost in veda, do katerih vrata odpira šola. Škoda, silna škoda vsakega dne, ki ga zamudite v svoji mladosti.

‘Čas beži!’ pravijo, in nobena ura, nobena minuta, ki jo zamudite, se ne povrne. Zato pa sklenite izrabiti vsako minuto, zato se z veseljem poprimite knjig, z veseljem in hvaležnostjo poslušajte in ubogajte svoje učitelje!

Razlika med odraslim možem ali ženo ter mladim dečkom ali deklico je edino izkušnja. Tudi vi, dečki in deklice, lahko mislite natančno tako jasno kot kak moški ali žena, vi imate iste sposobnosti, kakor odrasli. Toda nekaj vam manjka, nekaj, kar je glavno v življenju. Izkušnje nimate, dolgoletne izkušnje, ki bi odločevala pri vaših odločitvah.

In kaj je izobrazba? Izobrazba je izkušnja. V šoli črpate dan za dnevom iz neprecenljivih vrelcev izkušnje. In treba je bilo leta in leta, predno je bila ta izkušnja zbrana za vas.

Čim več izkušnje si pridobite v šoli, torej čim več se naučite na podlagi izkušenj drugih, tem boljši možje in žene boste. In čim hitreje dobite to izkušnjo, tem prej boste sposoben moški, sposobna žena.

Prvo in najvažnejše za vas pa je, da se naučite brati. Ali ste se že naučili brati? To vprašanje bi lahko zastavili tudi odraslim. Večina bi najbrže odgovorila: ‘Da.’ Toda ali ste se res naučili brati? Več kot polovica vprašanih bi bolj pravilno odgovorila: ‘Ne.’ To je tisto, kar vam vzame toliko odragocenega časa, da se naučite svoje domače vaje. Vsake oči lahko požirajo črke in besede. Toda samo tisti, ki bere z močmi zadaj za očmi, v resnici zapopade pomen in važnost dejanj in idej, ki jih izražajo tiste besede. Tisočero se vam bo poplačalo, da se naučite pravilno brati.

Kdor zna pravilno brati, tisti hitro razume tisto, kar je hotel pisatelj povedati. Besede same ne povedo ničesar. A za vas je čitanje velikanske važnosti, največje važnosti. Vi si hočete v šoli pridobiti izkušnje drugih učenih, slavnih moških, kajne-da? A te izkušnje so popisane v knjigah. Ako hočete torej najti pot do teh izkušenj, morate znati pravilno brati, brati z močmi, ne samo z očmi.

V svojem poznejšem življenju boste dobili marsikatero lastno izkušnjo, marsikaj se boste še naučili, kajti človek se uči celo svoje življenje. Toda podlago za celo življenje dobite sedaj v vaših šolskih letih.

Omenili smo že pregovor: ‘Čas beži’. O času pa imajo Angleži še en drug, važen pregovor, ki ste ga že tisočkrat čuli, namreč: ‘Čas je zlato!’ V teh treh besedah je silna resnica, te besede so pomembne za vsakega, a posebno pa za vas, malčki. Kajti

čas vaše nežne mladosti je najdragocenejši, najzlatejši! Vsaki dan, vsaka minuta, ki jo porabite, da si širite svojo izobrazbo, vam prinese tisočere obresti. A vsaka zamujena minuta bo prinesla v vašem življenju samo škodo in kes. Dobro je torej takoj v začetku novega šolskega leta spomniti se na ta pogovor ter skleniti, da se bomo dan za dnevom pridno učili.

Še nekaj je, kar bi vam priporočal. To je vztrajnost. Pri vsakem delu, bodisi duševnemu, bodisi telesnemu, je potrebna v prvi vrsti dobra volja. Toda, da se kako delo dovrši, ne zadostuje samo volja, potrebna je tudi vztrajnost. Brez vztrajnosti je tudi najboljša volja brez vsake vrednosti. Zato nikdar ne odlašajmo z nobeno stvarjo, tudi z učenjem ne. Star pogovor pravi na primer: "Kar danes lahko storiš, ne odlašaj na jutri!" Tisti, ki vedno odlašajo na jutri, se ne bo nikdar ničesar naučil, ne bo nikdar dovršil nobenega dobrega, koristnega dela. Kajti jutri nikdar ne pride.

Iz vaših številnih pisem je razvidno, da ste imeli jako lepe, vesele počitnice. Mogoče so bile te počitnice najlepši čas vašega življenja, na katerega boste v svojih poznih letih še mnogokrat mislili. Toda ali veste, čemu so počitnice?

Vsak je že videl kak stroj. Noben stroj ne more trajno delovati brez olja. Vaše življenje je tudi stroj. In ta vaš stroj ne more iti brez olja. Dva meseca počitnic je tisto olje, ki je namazalo vaš stroj za desetmesečno delo.

H koncu pa vas moram opozoriti še na eno stvar. Znano vam je, da je v teku tekma za nabiranje novih naročnikov za Prosveto. Mogoče se vaš oče ali mati udeležuje te tekme. Med počitnicami ste imeli dovolj časa in prilike pomagati starišem ali bratom in sestram pri nabiranju novih naročnikov. Pa tudi sedaj, ko se začne šola, vam ne manjka lepih priložnosti delovati za našo skupno mater S. N. P. J. Naša Jednota je največja in najboljša slovenska organizacija v Ameriki, in lahko ste ponosni, da ste član te Jednote.

V šoli se seznanite z mnogimi mladimi rojaki in rojakinjami. Med njimi boste dobili tudi take, ki niso člani naše Jednote. Pokažite jim ML. L., ki je vaše lastno glasilo, povejte jim, kako dobra mati je Jednota vsem mladim in starim, in ne bo vam težko dobiti novih članov za mladinski oddelek Jednote.

*Urednik.*

*J. Ribičič:*

## Meč in zlato.

Pred davnim časom sta se srečala meč in zlato.

Meč se je svetil in zlato je žarelo.

Pa ju je omamila zavist, da sta se začela prepirati.

"Kaj še šopiriš!" vzklikne meč. "Toliko vendar ne zmoreš kot jaz! Ako hočem, prebijem vsaka vrata, zlata ali jeklena!"

"Kaj bi se bahal!" odgovori zlato. "Kar ti zbiješ, jaz popravim. In vrata, ki jih ti ne moreš zbiti, jaz odprem, pa če jih brani sto jeklenih mečev!"

"Mene se vse boji!" zavpije meč.

"A po meni vse hrepeni!" pravi zlato.

"Kamor pridem, izvabim solze!" trdi meč.

"A jaz solze posušim!" se zmagonosno posmeje zlato.

Meč pomolči osramočen, pa se domisli: "Če zamahnem, prinesem smrt!"

Zlato zažari od sramu, pa premišljuje in premišljuje, a se ničesar ne domisli. Pa pravi: "Kaj bi se prepirala! Združiva se in ves svet bo najin!"

In od tega dne sta meč in zlato nerazdružljiva.

## Usoda.

Nekoč sta živela dva brata v skupni hiši. Eden je pridno delal, a drugi pohajkoval brez dela ter samo jedel in pil.

Imela sta srečo povsod: pri govedi, konjih, ovcah, prasičih, čebelah in povsod drugod.

Brat, ki je rad delal, si misli nekoč sam pri sebi: "Zakaj bi jaz garal za onega lenuha? Bolje je, da si razdeliva in da de-

imaš v rokah vse, svoje in moje, in jaz sem zadovoljen, karkoli ukreneš!"

Drugi brat ostane pri svojem in tako privoli končno tudi prvi ter mu reče: "Ker je tako, ti dam na voljo, da razdeliš, kakor veš in znaš."

Potem razdeli oni vse po vrsti in vsak prevzame svoje.

Lenuh najame za krave kravarja, za ko-

Chicago Art Institute.



V mraku.

C. H. Davis.

lam sam zase, on naj pa začne, kar mu drago."

Reče torej svojemu bratu: "Brate, ni pravično, da delam samo jaz, ti mi pa ne pomagaš prav nikjer, temveč samo ješ in piješ. Jaz hočem, da si razdeliva."

Brat ga začne pregovarjati: "Nikar, brate, saj nama je dobro v vsakem oziru. Ti

nje konjarja, za ovce ovčarja, za koze kozarja, za svinje svinjarja, za čebele čebelarja in jim reče: "Prepuščam vam vse imetje."

Živel je potem še dalje doma kakor prej.

Prvi brat se muči s svojim imetjem kakor prej, čuva in nadzira vse, a ne zapazi nobenega napredka, temveč samo nazado-

vanje. Bilo je slabše od dneva do dneva, dokler ne obuboža tako, da ni imel niti opank več, temveč je hodil bos. Tedaj pravi sam pri sebi: "Grem k svojemu bratu, da vidim, kako se godi njemu."

Spotoma pride na travnik do neke ovčje staje. Ko dospe bliže, ne vidi pri ovcah pastirja, temveč sedela je tam prelepa deklica in predla zlato nit. Lepo jo pozdravi in vpraša, čigave so ovce, a ona mu odgovori: "Čigava sem jaz, onega so tudi ovce."

On jo zopet vpraša: "A čigava si ti?"

Ona mu odvrne: "Jaz sem sreča tvojega brata."

Tedaj se on razjezi in ji reče: "Kje je pa moja sreča?"

Deklica mu odvrne: "Tvoja sreča je daleč od tebe."

"Ali bi jo mogel najti?" jo vpraša zopet on.

Ona mu odgovori: "Lahko, poišči jo!"

Ko to sliši in vidi, da so bratove ovce lepe in da ne morejo biti lepše, niti ne mara iti dalje, da bi si ogledal še drugo živino, temveč odide odtod naravnost k bratu.

Ko ga brat zagleda, se mu zasmili in zaplaka: "Kje si bil tako dolgo?" In ko ga vidi golega in bosega, mu da takoj nove opanke in denarja.

Ko se nekaj dni gostita, se odpravi prvi brat zopet domov. Doma obesi torbo čez rame, dene vanjo kruha, vzame v roke palico in odide v svet iskat svojo srečo.

Tako potujoč pride v velik gozd, in ko gre skozenj, naleti pod nekim grmom na staro ženščino, ki je spala. Zamahne s palico in jo ogrene po zadnji plati, a ona se komaj dvigne in leno odpre oči ter mu reče: "Vesel bodi, da sem zaspala! Ko bi bila bdela, bi ne bil dobil niti teh opank."

Tedaj ji reče on: "A kdo si ti, da bi ne bil dobil niti teh opank, če bi bila bdela?"

Ona mu odgovori: "Jaz sem tvoja sreča."

Ko to sliši, se začne tolči po prsih: "Kaj, ti si moja sreča? Vrag te vzemi! Kdo te mi je dal?"

Ona se takoj postavi: "Mene je dala tebi Usoda!"

Tedaj jo vpraša on: "A kje je ta Usoda?"

Ona mu odgovori: "Idi in jo poišči!" In v tem trenutku izgine.

Potem mož odide iskat Usodo.

Tako potujoč, pride do nekega sela, kjer opazi lepo kmetsko hišo in v njej velik ogenj. Misli si sam pri sebi: "Tu bo najbrže kaka veselica ali domač praznik" in vstopi. Ko pride v hišo, vidi nad ognjiščem velik kotel, kjer se je kuhala večerja, poleg ognja je pa sedel gospodar.

Mož pozdravi: "Dober večer!"

Gospodar mu odzdravi in ga povabi, da sede poleg njega. Začne ga izpraševati, odkod prihaja in kam je namenjen.

Mož mu pove vse, kako je bil gospodar, kako je obubožal in kako sedaj išče Usodo, da jo vpraša, zakaj je postal tak siromak. Potem vpraša gospodarja, zakaj kuhajo pri njem toliko jedi, a ta mu odgovori: "Ej brate, jaz sem gospodar in imam vsega dovolj, a svoje družine ne morem nikdar nasititi, kakor bi metal zmaju v žrelo. Boš videl, ko začnemo večerjati, kaj bodo počeli."

Ko sedejo k večerji, so trgali drug drugemu iz rok. V trenutku je bil kotel prazen. Po večerji pride gospodinja in pobere vse kosti na kup ter jih vrže v kot. On se začudi, da meče gospodinja kosti v kot a tedaj prideta nenadoma dve stari bitji, suhi kot trski, in začneta sesati kosti. Potem vpraša gospodarja: "Kaj je ono za pečjo, brate?"

Gospodar mu odgovori: "To sta, brate, moj oče in moja mati. Kakor da sta prikovana na ta svet, nočeta ga zapustiti."

Drugo jutro pred odhodom mu reče gospodar: "Brate, spomni se tudi mene, če najdeš kje Usodo, in vprašaj jo, kakšna nesreča je to, da ne morem nikdar nasititi družine, in zakaj mi nočeta umreti oče in mati."

On mu obljubi, da jo bo vprašal, pa se poslovil in odide dalje iskat Usodo.

Tako potujoč, pride čez dalje časa nekega večera v drugo vas in poprosi v neki hiši prenočišča. Gospodar ga lepo sprejme ter vpraša, kam potuje. In on mu pove vse po vrsti, kako in kaj je.

Tedaj mu začne pripovedovati gospodar: "Moj dragi brate! Ker greš že tja, vprašaj tudi, zakaj nam ne uspevajo naša goveda, ampak zdržema propadajo."

On mu obljubi, da bo vprašal Usodo, in odpotuje drugo jutro dalje.

Tako potujoč, pride do neke vode in začne klicati: "O voda, o voda, prenesi me!"

Voda ga vpraša: "Kam greš?"

On ji pove, kam gre, in voda ga prenese, potem mu pa reče: "Prosim te, brate, vprašaj Usodo, zakaj v meni ni rib."

On obljudi vodi, da bo vprašal, in odide dalje.

Čez dolgo časa prispe v neko šumo, kjer najde puščavnika, in ga vpraša, ali bi mu lahko povedal kaj glede Usode.

opazi, sede tudi on k mizi in začne jesti. Po večerji leže Usoda spat in tudi on leže v posteljo.

Okrog polnoči nastane strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja je bilo slišati glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko duš. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro z denarjem in začne razsipati po sobi same rumene cekine, rekoč: "Kakor meni danes, tako naj bo njim vedno!"

Ko zasije zjutraj solnce, izginejo vsi



Pri studenčku.

Puščavnik mu odgovori: "Pojdi tu preko planine pa prideš baš pred njen dvor. A ko stopiš pred Usodo, ne zini ničesar, ampak stori vse, kar stori ona, dokler te ne vpraša sama."

Mož se zahvali puščavniku in odide preko planine.

Ko pride do Usodinih dvorov, uzre čudne stvari: dvor je videti kot carski grad, povsod se vrti vse polno slug in služkinj, vse je praznično. A Usoda sedi sama za pogrnjeno mizo in večerja. Ko mož to

dvori in namesto njih se pojavi srednje lepa hiša, a tudi v njej je bilo vsega dovolj. Na večer sede Usoda k večerji in tudi on sede poleg nje, a ne črhne nobene besede. Po večerji ležeta spat.

Okrog polnoči se začuje zopet strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko duš. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro z denarjem, a ni cekinov, temveč srebrn denar in le tu in tam kak cekin. Usoda začne

razsipati denar po sobi, govoreč: "Kakor je meni danes, tako naj bo njim vedno!"

Ko se zasveti zjutraj dan, ni niti te hiše več, a namesto nje stoji manjša.

Tako je delala Usoda vsako noč in hiša se je manjšala vsako jutro, dokler ni ostala od nje le še kolibica.

In Usoda je vzela v roke motiko ter je začela kopati. Tedaj vzame tudi on motiko in začne kopati. In tako kopljeta ves dan. Na večer vzame Usoda kruha, odlomi od njega polovico in ga da še njemu. Tako večerjata, po večerji pa ležeta spat.

Okrog polnoči se začuje zopet strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja se sliši glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko duš. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro in začne razsipati sam drobiž, le tu in tam kako desetico, rekoč: "Kakor je meni danes, naj bo njim vedno!"

Ko napoči dan, se pretvori koliba zopet v velike dvore, kakršni so bili prvi dan. Tedaj ga Usoda vpraša: "Po kaj si prišel?"

On ji pove po vrsti svoje nezgode in ji reče, da jo je prišel vprašat, zakaj mu je dala slabo srečo.

Tedaj mu pravi Usoda: "Videl si, kako sem razsipala prvo noč cekine in kaj je bilo potem. Kakor je meni tisto noč, ko se kdo rodi, tako bo njemu do konca njegovih dni. Ti si se rodil v revni noči, zato boš siromak do smrti, a tvoj brat se je rodil v srečni noči, zato bo vedno srečen. Ker si se pa že toliko trudil, ti povem, kako si lahko pomagaš. Tvoj brat ima hčer Milico, ki je srečna kakor njen oče. Ko prideš domov, vzemi k sebi Milico, in karkoli pridobiš, reci, da je vse njeno."

Tedaj se on zahvali Usodi in ji še reče: "V tej in tej vasi živi bogat kmet, ki ima vsega dovolj, le nesrečen je, ker ne more nikdar nasititi družine. Na mah izpraznijo poln kotel jedi, a še to jim je premalo. In njegova roditelja kakor da sta prikovana na ta svet. Ostarela, osivela in oslabela sta, a ne moreta umreti. Kmet me je prosil, Usoda, ko sem prenočeval pri njem, naj te vprašam, kaj je vzrok temu."

Usoda mu odgovori: "To je vse zato, ker ne spoštuje očeta in matere. Meče jima za peč kosti, da morata jesti tam, a ko bi ju posadil na častni sedež in bi jima dal

vselej prvo čašo vina, bi ne pojedli niti polovico tega in obadva bi se poslovila."

Potem vpraša še: "V tej in tej vasi, ko sem prenočeval v neki hiši, mi je tožil gospodar, da mu ne uspeva goved, temveč da mu vedno bolj propada. Prosil me je, naj te vprašam, kaj bi bilo temu vzrok."

Usoda mu odgovori: "To je zato, ker zakolje na svojega godu dan najslabšo žival, a ko bi zaklal najboljšo, bi goveda lepo uspevala."

Potem jo vpraša še glede vode: "Kaj je vzrok, da v oni vodi ni rib?"

Usoda mu odgovori: "Zato jih ni, ker ni nikdar utopila nobenega človeka. A ne šali se in ji ne povej, dokler te ne prenese, kajti če ji poveš, te takoj utopi."

Potem se zahvali Usodi in odide domov.

Ko pride do one vode, ga voda vpraša: "Kaj si zvedel pri Usodi?"

On ji odgovori: "Prenesi me in potem ti povem."

Ko ga voda prenese, zbeži, in ko se nekoliko oddalji, se obrne in zakliče: "O voda, o voda! nikdar nisi utopila nobenega človeka, zato nimaš rib!"

Ko voda to sliši, se razlije preko obale in se udere za njim, a on zbeži in komaj uteče.

Pride v vas k možu, ki mu niso uspevala goveda in ki ga je že komaj pričakoval. Mož ga hitro vpraša: "Kako je, brate? Si li zvedel kaj pri Usodi?"

On mu odgovori: "Sem! Usoda pravi: Ko praznuješ svoj god, zakolješ vselej najslabše živinče. Če bi zaklal najboljšo, ki ga imaš, bi ti goveda kar plesala."

Ko to sliši, mu reče: "Ostani, brate, pri nas! Glej, do mojega godu je komaj tri dni še, in če je resnica, kar si povedal, dobiš lepo darilo."

On ostane tam do pospodarjevega godu. Tedaj zakolje gospodar najboljšega junca in od tistega trenutka se začne živina bolj šati. Nato mu pokloni gospodar petero goved. On se mu zahvali in odide dalje.

Ko pride v drugo vas k onemu gospodarju, ki je imel nenasitno družino, ga je gospodar že komaj pričakoval in ga je hitro vprašal: "Kako je brate? Kaj pravi Usoda?"

On mu odgovori: "Usoda veli: Ne spoštujš očeta in matere, temveč jima daješ jesti v kotu. Če bi ju posadil za mizo in bi dal prvo čašo vina njima, bi ti ne pojedla družina niti polovico tega, oče in mati bi pa našla mir."

Ko gospodar to sliši, pove ženi. In ona takoj umije in očisti tasta in taščo, ju lepo preobleče, gospodar ju pa posadi za mizo in jima ponudi prvo čašo vina. Odslej ni pojedla družina niti polovico toliko več in drugi dan sta umrla tudi ded in babica. Tedaj mu podari gospodar dva junca in on se mu zahvali ter odide domov.

Ko pride v svojo rodno vas, ga srečujejo povsod znanci in vprašujejo: "Čigava so ta goveda?"

On odgovori vsakemu: "Prijatelj, ta goveda so Milice, moje nečakinje."

Ko stopi v domačo hišo, gre takoj k svojemu bratu in ga začne prositi: "Daj mi, brate, Milico, da jo vzamem za svojo! Saj vidiš, da nimam nikogar."

Brat mu odgovori: "Dobro, brate, tu je in vzemi jo!"

On vzame Milico ter jo odvede domov in odslej se mu je vidno množilo bogastvo, a za vsako stvar je rekel, da je Miličina.

Nekoč odide na njivo, da bi požel žito, ki je bilo lepo, da mu ga ni bilo para. Mimo pride popotnik ter ga vpraša: "Čigavo je žito?"

Pa se zmoti in reče: "Moje."

Komaj to izgovori, se žito vname in začne goreti. Ko to opazi, steče za popotnikom in kriči: "Počakaj, brate, to žito ni moje, ampak Miličino, moje nečakinje."

Tedaj zopet ugasne ogenj in on ostane srečen z Milico.

## Medved in volk.

Medved: "Dobro jutro, boter!"

Volk: "Ni mi baš dobro!"

Medved: "Pa si siten danes, menda si lačen, ker si postal tako tanek. Tudi krvav si! Kaj ti je?"

Volk: "Bogme, prijatelj, slabo se mi je godilo. Postal sem gladen, pa sem si šel poiskati hrano v vas. Komaj sem hotel odnesti jagnje, me zasledijo psi in začnejo lajati. Pritekel je človek, pa zamahnil po meni s svojim svetlim repom, ki ga on imenuje sekiro, in komaj sem utekel."

Medved: "Mnogo sem že čul o človeku. Ko bi se enkrat sešel z njim, bi ga premikastil, da bi imel zadosti."

Volk: "Če te ravno veseli, pridi zjutraj k meni, pa ti pokažem človeka."

Drugo jutro pride medved k volku. Odideta na pot in se ustavita za nekim grmom v zasedi. Ko nekaj časa čakata, pride po poti otrok.

Medved: "Ali je to človek?"

Volk: "Še ni, pa bo še."

Čakata dalje in tedaj pristopica starček, bel kot ovca.

Medved: "Ali je to človek?"

Volk: "Ne, ta je že bil človek."

Čakata dalje in tedaj prijezdi po cesti

lovec ves v zelenem suknu in z brkami kakor dve borovi veji, na rami mu visi puška, a za pasom se mu blesti dolg nož.

Medved: "Ali je to človek?"

Volk: "Da, to je človek!"

Medved je hitro skočil izza grma na pot, volk pa je ostal za grmom in gledal, kaj bo.

Ko je zapazil lovec medveda sredi poti, kako se napihuje, je nastavljal puško in ustrelil. Pogodil ga je. Toda medved ni zbežal. Lovec pa ni poznal šale, temveč je potegnil svetli nož in lopnil po medvedu. Ko je mahnil tretjič, je zbežal medved v gozd, vseh oblit s krvjo.

Po nekoliko dneh, ko so se medvedu rane nekoliko zacelile, se je medved sestal z volkom.

Volk: "No, kako je bilo, prijatelj? Sedaj menda vidiš, da je človek najmočnejše živo bitje."

Medved: "Sedaj moram verovati. Nisem še videl take živali kakor je človek. Stal sem na poti, a on mi je prhnil v lice kot divja mačka, tako da se mi je naježila vsa koža. Ko sem mu prišel bliže, je izvlekel nekak svetel jezik in me je oplaknil enkrat, dvakrat, glej mojo glavo!"

(Srbska narodna pripovedka.)

Franc Erjavec:

## Črtice iz življenja in delovanja učenjaka Schnakschnepperleina.

(Nadaljevanje.)

Mene so kolena bolela in tudi hrbet mi je odrevenel. Plazeč se sem prišel zopet blizu mize. Tu je ležalo vse polno onih navadnih govnohrbcev. Izkušnjava je bila velika, prilika ugodna. Obenem bi tudi Schnakschnepperleina lahko malce potipal za znanstveno žilico. Izmaknem tedaj enega z mize in potem vzkliknem veselo: "Imam ga, imam ga!"

Schnakschnepperlein skoči na noge in pogleda govnača v moji roki.

"Bogme, je! Pravi je! A zdaj ga spravite bolje. Evo vam stekleničico!"

Shranim ga, in ker se je že mračilo, pozdravim Schnakschnepperleina in odidem.

### IV.

#### Grozna nesreča na železni cesti.

Pokopal misli visoko leteče,  
želj neizpolnjenih sem bolečine.

Pretekla sta potem dva meseca, kar nisem videl Schnakschnepperleina. Nekega popoldneva pa pride k meni Boštjan in me milo poprosi, da bi pogledal h "gospodu", ki se je v nekoliko dneh tako izpremenil, da ga ni poznati. Nič ne je, nič ne pije, niti ne spi. Takoj se napravim in grem z njim. Korakal sem naravnost v njegov kabinet. Baš sem hotel potrkati — kar se zdrznem in roka mi zastane.

Pri odprtih durih ugledam Schnakschnepperleina, sedečega na stolu. Pa to ni več moj Schnakschnepperlein, to je samo njegova senca. Lica so mu upadla in zbledela, osiveli lasje mu razmršeni vise po zgubnem čelu, vdrte in osteklenele oči strme v pod in njegova brada, ki je bila vedno gladka, se je osula z rjavimi in sivimi ščetinami. V levi roki drži nekaj v majhnem okviru, desna mu pa onemogla visi ob boku. Tu pred menoj sedi kakor kip iz kamena.

Ne vidi nič, ne sliši nič,  
kot bil bi mrtva stvar.

O Schnakschnepperlein! Kakšna nesreča te je vendar zadela? Ako bi bil vprežen v zakonski jarem, rekel bi, da se ti je izpregla verna družica ter te pustila samega, ali znal sem, da si bil še vedno samec.

No zdaj se je mož vendar nekoliko zganil. Mrtev torej še ni. Pogleda na podobico v levi in iz prsi se mu iztrga globok vzdih, ki votlo odjekne od sten. Tudi mrmra nekaj, a mogel sem razbrati samo besedi: Adelops — Judendorf. Ne umejem niti te niti one. Stopim v kabinet, približam se mu in mu položim roko na rame.

Mož se zlekne, odpre oči in me pogleda debelo, kakor bi se bil vzdramil, dvigne glavo in me milo pogleda.

"Dragi gospod, zakaj ste tako žalostni? Kaj se vam je pripetilo, kaj vas je tako izpremenilo, da vas ni poznati?"

Schnakschnepperlein raztegne usta ter se gorjupo nasmehne.

"O verjamem, da sem se izpremenil. Menda bi se vsakdo na mojem mestu. Povedal bi vam vso nesrečo, ki me je zadela kakor strela z jasnega neba. A čemu bi si s povestjo ponavljal vse groze, vse muke, ki jih je pretrpela moja duša? Čemu bi si iznova trgal rane, ki mi jih je vsekala ta izguba? O Adelops! O Judendorf! O Judendorf!"

"Prosim vas, povejte mi vse! Morebiti se vam s tem zljajša srce. Kakor prijatelju svojemu mi odvalite pol svojega jada!"

"Znano vam je, da je naša deželica zadnja leta zaslula po vsem svetu zaradi osebitih, jako zanimivih živalc, ki živijo po podzemeljskih jamah. Nobena druga dežela se ne more ponašati s takimi. Prav jutri bo tri tedne, kar sem v Krški jami našel povsem novega hroščka, kateremu pravimo mi Adelops. Ta moj Adelops je bil izvestno nova species, kajti po pipalih se na prvi pogled lahko razlikuje od vseh svojih sorodnikov. Mislite si moje veselje! Zavriskal sem, kar mi je dalo grlo, ko sem ga srečno spravil v stekleničico ter ga v

njej ogledoval, kako je kobacal po gladkem steklu. Boštjan je že mislil, da sem iz uma. Prišel domov, ga takoj narišem, opišem in odpošljem prijatelju Gimpelspatzu na Dunaj. Neizrečeno težko sem se ločil od svojega edinčeta; zdelo se mi je, kakor bi me bila ostavila duša in srce. Ali moralo

vsako malo stvarco križce, svetinje in diplome, mene pa zavistni samopašniki vedno odrivajo. Da, dolgo ste me odrivali, ali ta Adelops moj vam pokvari vse zlobne vaše nakane! Mislil sem sam v sebi: Ti ključ, ti vrata, ti si srečna cesta, ki me popelješ naravnost v državno akademijo. Moj



Počitniška zabava.

je biti. Na tega Adelopsa sem zidal zlate gradove . . .

“Vi ste pameten, z vami je lahko govoriti. Četudi meni ni toliko do časti in hvale, kolikor do splošne blaginje in napredka v znanosti, vendar ne morem mirne duše gledati, kako dobivajo moji nasprotniki za

prijatelj Gimpelspatz mi je obljubil, da predstavi znamenitega podzemskega sina občemu učenjaškemu zboru. Toliko je bilo izvestno, da se mi ne izmakne vsaj diplom državne akademije za dopisujočega člana, pa ko bi se Štrucelius tudi na glavo postavil.

"Drugi dan po obedu prebiram časopise in med drugim zapazim brzojavno vest, da je trčil prešnja noč pri postaji Judendorf blizu Nemškega Gradca ljubljanski vlak ob dunajskega ter da se je razdrobilo polno voz in poškodovalo mnogo ljudi.

"Ko to preberem, mi začne vstajati strašna misel, da se ni morebiti tudi edini moj Adelops, zenica mojega očesa, vozil s tem nesrečnim vlakom. Dvakrat, trikrat berem kratko poročilo, primerjam dan, in vse bolj in bolj se mi je dozdevalo verjetno, da me je udarila neizmerno velika nesreča. V glavi mi začne vreti, nimam več miru. Vrzem časopis od sebe in derem na pošto.

"Kdaj ste oddali to pošiljatev?" vprašam uradnika, pokazavši mu predajnico.

"Včeraj!" mi odseče uradnik ravnodušno, ne pomislivši, da mi je s to besedo podrl zadnje upanje.

"Oh včeraj! zakaj baš včeraj!" se mi izvije bridek stok iz potrlih prsi.

"Kdo vraga bi mogel vedeti, kaj se utegne zgoditi. No vaš hrošč, mislim, to bi bila še najmanjša nezgoda. Pomislite, koliko ljudi je hudo ranjenih in nekaj tudi mrtvih! Tistih pet goldinarjev že dobite, ako se pokaže da je šel hrošč po zlu. Ne bojte se! Sicer pa je smešno, tak mrčes ceniti pet goldinarjev." "

"Moj Adelops — mrčes! Menj se zmračí pred očmi. Ničesar ne odgovorim neotesancu, temveč pohitim v brzojavni urad in brzojavim v Nemški Gradec železniškemu nadzorniku, svojemu nekdanjemu sošolcu. Prosim ga, naj pošlje na mah komisijo ali, kar bi bilo še bolje, naj gre sam v Judendorf ter naj razgleda, kaj je z mojim Adelopsom. Najrajši bi bil sam zdrčal po brzojavni žici na nesrečno mesto, ako bi bilo mogoče.

"Čakam odgovora, čakam in čakam, ali ne učakam ga. V strahu in trepetu prebijem štiriindvajset ur; bile so mi pol večnosti. Drugega si nisem mogel misliti, nego da moja brzojavna vest ni našla nadzornika doma. Kaj mi je početi?

"Proti večeru se napravim in tavam na kolodvor. Bilo mi je, kakor bi sanjal. Stoprav, ko se vozim nekaj časa po železnici, se zavem popolnoma in vsa moja nesreča mi stopi živo pred oči. O Adelops! Ali si še

cel, ali pa ležiš razdrobljen v judendorfskem prahu? Moja duša sluti najhujše. Potem bi bilo zame bolje, da te, ljubljeni moj Adelops, nikoli nisem videl ali pa da bi tudi jaz poleg tebe ležal razbit.

"S takimi strašnimi mislimi se vozim ob Savi in Savinji. Zdelo se mi je, da vlak leze po polžje. Ljudje so vstopali in zopet izstopali, govorili in se šalili, jaz jih nisem poslušal. Pazil sem vedno, kdaj mi udari na ušesa beseda "Judendorf". Želel sem si jo in se je zopet bal. Naposled zakriči sprevodnik: Judendorf! V meni se strese ves drob, kakor bi trenil, planem iz voza in že od daleč ugledam velik kup ruševin, kar jih niso že odstranili. Tu je ležalo vse križem, kolesa, železje, vozovi, strti kakor orehove lupine. In pod tem kupom nekje je ležal gotovo tudi moj Adelops. O Judendorf, kraj nesrečnega imena, v tebi se je utrnila zvezda moja, v tebi so pokopane vse misli moje visoko leteče.

"Hotel sem precej na delo. Ali niso me pustili blizu. Stoprav potem, ko sem bil inženirju, ki je nadzoroval delo, na drobno razložil, kdo sem, odkod sem in česa tukaj iščem, mi je dovolil po nekaj nepotrebnih in žaljivih opazkah, da smem med delavce.

"Zdaj sem s svojim pripovedovanjem pri kraju. Nočem vam na dolgo in široko opisovati, koliko sem trpel, kako težko sem privzdigoval razlomljeno železje in lesovje in koliko žaltavih sem moral požirati od sirovih delavcev. Iskal sem vse dopoldne, ali o biseru mojem ni nikjer ni duha niti sluha. Poldne odzvoni — Adelopsa še vedno ni! Mrak nastopa in moči mi že pojemajo. Privzdignem še široko desko — in pod njo je ležala moja škatljica — spoznal sem jo na prvi pogled — v njej pa moj Adelops, oh pa kakšen! Ves potolčen, ves razdrobljen, samo desna zadnja nožica je bila še cela. Oprezno jo poberem — tu jo vidite v okviru — in zdaj sedam k njej ter jo gledam, in gledal jo bom tako dolgo, dokler mi ne ugasne že slabo brleča luč življenja." "

"Gospod, ne togujte preveč! Saj je mogoče, da ulovite še katerega, menda ta ni bil edini."

"O nikdar, nikdar več ne bom videl nobenega. Iskal sem že potem in tudi Bošt-

jan je iskal tri dni. A ni ga nobenega več. Ta je bil edini ali zadnji svojega rodu, jaz ga nisem bil vreden, zato je mi je izginil — in z njim tudi moj diplom.”

“Nikar še ne obupavajte! Jaz bi rekel, da najdemo še katerega. Ali nismo trije junaki, vi, jaz in Boštjan? Na noge! Npravimo se, tudi jaz pojdem z vami in vam pomorem iskati. To bi bilo vendar čudno, da bi se nam trem izmaknil.”

Schnakschnepperleinu so te besede očitno ugajale. Obraz se mu razvedri in oko se mu zopet zasveti.

“Torej tudi vi greste! O, hvala vam!

Vi ste srečen človek. Izgubljenega govno-brbca, o katerem sva oba mislila, da ga ne bova več videla, ste našli vi zopet. Mogoče, da boste jutri tudi tako srečni. Neki notranji glas mi pravi, da ste rešitelj moj. Jutri se torej vidimo. Ob sedmih krenemo na pot.”

“Bodite brez skrbi, še pred sedmo bom pri vas. Zdaj pa zdravi!”

Schnakschnepperlein me je spremil do vrat, in ko mi je tu še enkrat priporočil, da bi prišel za časa, se je vrnil nekam bolj vesel v svoj kabinet.

(Dalje prihodnjč.)

## Kako je zrasla srajčka na polju.

*Iz ruščine.*

### I.

Tanja je videla očeta, kako je razsipaval drobna blesteča zrnca na razoranem polju, in ga vprašala: “Oče, kaj delaš?”

“Lan sejem! Zrasla bo tebi in Vasilku srajčka na polju.”

Začudila se je Tanja; nikdar še ni zlišala ni videla, da bi zrasla srajčka na polju. Črez dva tedna se je pokrilo polje z lepo zeleno odejo, z drobnim zelenim lantom, in pomislila je Tanja: “Bilo bi dobro, da bi imela jaz tako srajčko!” Mati in obe sestri sta ji rekli: “Lepo srajčko boš imela, Tanja.” Minilo je nekoliko nedelj; zelena odeja na polju je temnela, in prikazali so se lepi, modri cvetovi. “Ah, moj bratec Vasilko ima take oči,” je modrovala Tanja, “a nikdar še nisem videla takih srajčk! . . .” Ko so odpadli cvetovi, so se pojavile zelene, okrogle glavice. Te so dozorele. Mati in Tanjini sestri so popluli lan s koreninami vred, ga povezali v snope ter ga razgrnili na polje, da se posuši.

### II.

Ko se je lan posušil, so mu odstrgnili glavice, ga potonili v snopih v reko ter navlčili nanj kamenja, da bi ne odplaval.\*

Žalostno je gledala Tanja, kako se po-

taplja srajčka, a sestrici sta jo tolažili: “Lepo srajčko boš imela!”

Pretekla sta dva tedna; lan so vzeli iz reke in ga posušili; nato so ga trli s trlicami, da je letelo kosmiče na vse strani . . . Zatem so ga česali z železnim grebenom, narkar je bil ves mehak in svilnat.

“Lepo srajčko boš imela,” govorita iznova sestri Tanji. No, ona odgovarja: “Kdaj bo to srajčka, to je podobno Vasilkovim laskom! . . .”

### III.

Bili so dolgi zimski večeri . . . Tanjini sestre sta obesili mehko, svilnato predivo na kolovrat, in tanke nitke so se sukale izpod njihovih prstov. “To so še komaj niti,” je mislila Tanja, “a kje je še srajčka! . . .”

Minila je zima, prišla je pomlad, dospelo leto, in vrnila se jesen. Oče si je pripravil v hiši statve, navil nanje niti ter začel tkati. Potekel je čolniček med nitkami, in tu je Tanja že videla, kako se dela platno.

Oče je natkal platno; zatem so ga belili na mrazu, ga razgrnili na snegu, spomladi na zeleni trati, ga polivali z vodo, in solnce ga je sušilo. Bilo je popolnoma belo.

Ko se je vrnila zima, je izkrojila mati iz platna srajčke, sestrici sta šivali . . . In o božiču sta oblekla Tanja in Vasilko novi, kakor sneg beli srajčki. — In tako je zrasla srajčka na polju.

\*) Na Slovenskem polagajo lan na trato, da ga pereta dež in rosa.

## Pes in mačka.

**C**UJTE čudo!—Pes in mačka sta sklenila prijateljstvo in si obljubila večno zvestobo do hladnega groba. Dogovorila sta se, da pojedeta takoj prvi večer na lov. Pes je namreč zapazil, da hodi v deteljo mlad zajček. Poizkusil ga je že ujeti, ali zajček je imel prebrze noge.

tlom. Zajček se je poizkušal rešiti. Ali pes mu je pregrizel vrat, da je bil v kratkem mrtev.

“Čigav je zajček? Moj! Jaz sem ti dal znamenje za napad, jaz sem ga tudi umoril,” pravi pes in pograbi zajčka, da bi zbežal z njim.

“Bratec, moj je! Tebi bi ubežal. Meni se



Elica in njene mucike.

Zvečer, ko se je že vozila blede luna po nebu, sta ga čakala v detelji. Tiho sta čepela in prežala na dolgoušca.

Zajček je prihitel in jel puliti deteljo. Pes je zalajal, mačka je skočila hipoma na zajčka in ga tiščala z ostrimi kremplji k

moraš zahvaliti, da je mrtev. Moj je, moj!” je vpila mačka. “Moj je!” “Moj!”

Toliko časa sta se prepirala, da je prišlo do praske. Oba sta bila že krvava, ko je pristopil gospodar, ju nemilo potipal s palico in jima vzel zajčka.

## Nesreča.

Hitro po rešilni voz,  
Marko padel je na nos,  
hitro most in tri brvi,  
teče, teče rdeča kri!

Marko je drugačen ptič,  
Marko ni zajokal nič,  
sam se z nosom vred pobral,  
zjezil se in se smijal!

Vida Jerajeva.

# Naš kotichek.

## Uganke.

15.

Vzemi 17 kratkih palčic — na primer vžigalic — in sestavi 6 enakih kvadratov, kakor kaže spodnji načrt. Potem odstrani 5 palčic, tako, da ostanejo samo tri kvadrati.



16.

Neka soba ima osem kotov, v vsakem kotu sedi ena mačka, pred vsako mačko je sedme mačk in na repu vsake mačke je ena mačka. Koliko mačk je v sobi?

## Rešitve ugank.

13.

Hči.

14.

1	16	11	6
13	4	7	10
8	9	14	3
12	5	2	15

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John Jobkar, South View, Pa.  
Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.

## Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Silno sem se razveselila, ko sem zagledala svoje ime med tistimi, ki dobijo nagrade.

Isabella Junko, Pittsburg, Kans.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Zelo rada imam *ML*, samo premalokrat pride. Da bi prišel saj dvakrat na mesec! Tukaj Vam pošiljam obe uganki št. 13. in 14. Ne vem, če sem jih prav rešila ali ne. Zelo sem se trudila, da sem jih dobila v glavo.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Mary Kosenina, Ramsey, Ohio.

*Odgovori malim bratcem in sesticam.*

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa. in mnogi drugi. — Priloži pismu, v katerem boš poslal rešitve današnjih ugank, znamko za 2c in takoj ti pošljem kuverte z natisnjenim naslovom uredništva. Pozdrav!

Mary Dobrovolc, Jennie Bohinc, Frank Virant, Isabella Junko. — Le brez skrbi bodite. Vaše nagrade se ne bodo izgubile. Knjige so bile naročene iz starega kraja, kakor sem že zadnjič omenil, pa je trajalo cele mesece predno so prišle v Chicago. Tega so seveda v prvi vrsti krive neurejene poštne razmere med Ameriko in Jugoslavijo. S knjigami so prišli tudi raznovrstni klišej prav lepih slik, ki jih začnemo priobčevati v prihodnji številki. Celo pošiljatev je zadržal carinski urad. Kakor rečeno, je sedaj že vse v Chicagi in se bodo knjige v par dneh odposlale na Vaše naslove. Kakor hitro prejmete svoje nagrade, prosim, mi to sporočite. Pozdrav!

Urednik.



# JUVENILE



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## Wah Tee Made a Bowl.

Wah Tee wove a Basket,  
With many twists and passes,  
(To carry eggs and berries in)  
Of brown and yellow grasses.

The basket carried nuts and shells,  
And fruit and snails and fishes,  
For in that far off long ago,  
There weren't any dishes.

And when the rainy season passed,  
And days grew long and hotter,  
Wah Tee regretted that his basket  
Would not carry water.

He lined and covered it with clay,  
And in a corner sunny,  
He hung his basket up to dry,  
And ran to gather honey.

And all day long the sun shone down,  
And warmed and cooked, and caked it,  
And made the basket tight and strong,  
And hardened it and baked it.

So now the basket was a bowl,  
And carried cooling water,  
And all the people looked and learned  
Of Wah Tee Wee, the potter.

So all the cave folks gathered clay,  
And hands obeyed the wishes  
Of squatting people learning to  
Make pots, and bowls and dishes.

—Early Jungle Folks.

## True Philosophy.

His years were not so many, nor his stature very big;  
His eyes required no glasses and he did not wear a wig;  
Yet, answering every problem with a remedy so sage,  
We found that truest wisdom does not always spring from age.

He tried it in his lessons, and he used it in his play;  
It won the highest honors, and brought trophies of the day;  
And when we gently asked him for a basis of his plan,  
He said, "You can't do better than the very best you can."

We've used it since in worry, and it works just like a charm;  
It saved "a deal of trouble," and has calmed down each alarm;  
When bothered by misfortune, when sick or e'en perplexed,  
If in a press of business you can hardly tell what's next—  
Then pause for just a moment and take comfort in the plan:  
"You can't do any better than the very best you can."

*Allice Grary.*

# The History of Dick Whittington and His Cat.

## Old Chapbook

### (Conclusion.)

About this time Miss Alice was going out one morning for a walk, and the footman happening to be out of the way, little Dick, who had received from Mr. Fitzwarren a neat suit of clothes, was ordered to put them on, and walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money; and, as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and immediately presented it to her.

Besides the ill-humor of the cook, which now, however, was somewhat mended, Whittington had another hardship to get over. This was, that his bed, which was made of flock, was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls that he never went to bed without being awakened in his sleep by great numbers of rats and mice, which generally ran over his face, and made such a noise that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling down about him.

One day a gentleman who paid a visit to Mr. Fitzwarren happened to have dirtied his shoes, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. This he resolved to lay out in buying a cat, if possible; and the next day, seeing a little girl with a cat under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny, to which the girl replied she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could maintain, adding that the one she had was an excellent mouser.

This cat Whittington hid in the garret, always taking care to carry her a part of his dinner; and in a short time he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as sound as a top.

Soon after this the merchant, who had a

ship ready to sail, richly laden, and thinking it but just that all his servants should have some chance for good luck as well as himself, called them into the parlor, and asked them what commodity they chose to send.

All mentioned something they were willing to venture, but poor Whittington, who, having no money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come in with the rest; but Miss Alice, guessing what was the matter, ordered him to be called, and offered to lay down some money for him from her own purse; but this, the merchant observed, would not do, for it must be something of his own.

Upon this, poor Dick said he had nothing but a cat, which he bought for a penny that was given him.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," says Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Whittington brought poor pus, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes, for he said, "He should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice."

All the company laughed at the oddity of Whittington's adventure; and Miss Alice, who felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

This, and several other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favors the poor boy received that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea, asking him if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a halter.

At last the unhappy little fellow, being unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to run away from his place. He accordingly packed up the few things that belonged to him, and set out very early in the morning on Allhallow Day, which is the first of November. He traveled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whit-

tington's Stone, and began to consider what course he should take.

While he was thus thinking what he could do, Bow Bells, of which there were then only six, began to ring, and it seemed to him that their sounds addressed him in this manner —

"Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord mayor of London."

"Lord mayor of London!" says he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would bear anything to be lord mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of old Cicely, if I am at last to be lord mayor of London."

So back went Dick, and got into the house, and set about his business before Cicely came downstairs.

\* \* \*

The ship, with the cat on board, was long beaten about at sea, and was at last driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors that were unknown to the English.

The natives in this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board, who were all of so different a color from themselves, and treated them with great civility, and, as they became better acquainted, showed marks of eagerness to purchase the fine things with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of the choicest articles he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver; and, the king, and queen being seated at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, which consisted of the greatest rarities. No sooner, however, were all the dishes set before the company than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering pieces of flesh and gravy all about the room.

The captain, extremely astonished, asked if these vermin were not very offensive.

"Oh, yes," said they, "very offensive;

and the king would give half his treasure to be free of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, but they disturb him even in his chamber, so that he is obliged to be watched while he sleeps."

The captain, who was ready to jump for joy, remembering poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had entrusted to his care, told him he had a creature on board his ship that would kill them all.

The king was still more overjoyed than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," says he; "and if she can really perform what you say I will load your ship with wedges of gold in exchange for her."

Away flew the captain, while another dinner was providing, to the ship, and, taking puss under his arm, returned to the palace in time to see the table covered with rats and mice, and the second dinner in a fair way to meet with the same fate as the first.

The cat, at sight of them, did not wait for bidding, but sprang from the captain's arms, and in a few moments laid the greatest part of the rats and mice dead at her feet, while the rest, in the greatest fright imaginable, scampered away to their holes.

The king, having seen and considered of the wonderful exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed she would soon have young ones, which might in time destroy all the rats and mice in the country, bargained with the captain for his whole ship's cargo, and afterwards agreed to give a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, of still greater value, for the cat, with which, after taking leave of their Majesties, and other great personages belonging to the court, he, with all his ship's company, set sail, with a fair wind, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

\* \* \*

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, and was going to seat himself at the desk, when who should arrive but the captain and mate of the merchant ship, the *Unicorn*, just arrived from the coast of Barbary, and followed by several men, bringing with them

a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold that had been paid by the king of Barbary in exchange for Mrs. Puss. Mr. Fitzwarren, the instant he heard the news, ordered Whittington to be called, and, having desired him to be seated, said, "Mr. Whittington, most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you, for the captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than I possess in the whole world; and may you long enjoy them!"

justly so," answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "and I have no doubt you will use it generously."

Whittington, however, was too kind-hearted to keep all himself; and accordingly made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his excellent friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting crabbled old Cicely.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him

Chicago Art Institute.



**The Fountain of the Great Lakes.**

(Chicago Art Institute—South Terrace.)

Lorado Taft.

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the immense treasure they had brought, and added that Mr. Whittington had now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety.

Poor Dick could scarce contain himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole. "No, no, this wealth is all your own, and

to send for tradespeople, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in till he could provide himself with a better.

When Mr. Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a fashionable suit of clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who

had formerly thought of him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her lover; and the more so, no doubt, because Mr. Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

Mr. Fitzwarren, perceiving their affection for each other, proposed to unite them in marriage, to which, without difficulty, they each consented; and accordingly a day for the wedding was soon fixed, and they were attended by the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London; and the ceremony was succeeded by a most elegant entertainment and splendid ball.

History tells us that the said Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splen-

dor, and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was sheriff of London in the year 1340, and several times afterwards lord mayor; that in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth on his return from the battle of Agincourt. And sometime afterwards, going with an address from the city on one of his Majesty's victories, he received the honor of knighthood.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly fed great numbers of the poor. He built a college with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and near it erected a hospital.

The effigy of Sir Richard Whittington was to be seen, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, over the archway of the late prison of Newgate that went across Newgate Street.

## Religion and Kindness.

As I stood in the rain on the corner of 16th and Broadway waiting for the street car, I could not but overhear the conversation of a young couple who were also waiting.

It dealt with the depth and beauty of the Christian religion, and the kindness and consideration it taught to one's fellow creatures.

From the knowledge they showed of the Scriptures, they must have been missionaries or Bible students.

As I listened to them I heard behind me a peculiar tapping sound. I turned and saw an aged, poorly dressed, blind man slowly and uncertainly feeling his way with his stick. Both heard the question from the blind man, "Isn't there anyone

near who will tell me if the street is clear. I am blind and cannot see."

The young man desisted talking to his fair companion for a moment to throw a look of annoyance as the old creature who persisted in interrupting the trend of his conversation, and then turning his back, continued chatting about the wonderful teachings of the Son of God.

For a moment I was too astounded to believe my eyes, and then as I assisted my unfortunate fellow being along his way, the thought so excellently expressed by a well known poet came into my mind:

"So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many ways that wind and wind,  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs." —K. H.



## Reproduction.

One of the fundamental attributes of living matter—perhaps the most fundamental of all—is its capacity for assimilation, for building up into its own complex likeness the simpler chemical compounds by which it is surrounded. What is more, in all primitive forms of life, assimilation is more rapid than its converse—new living molecules are constructed and put into place in the organism faster than old ones are used up; the result is growth.

But to increase in size is to increase volume faster than surface, and this is, metaphorically speaking, to increase your population faster than you increase your import and export facilities. The difficulties inherent in large size are felt by life in all its forms; as a matter of fact, the evolution of higher from lower forms abounds in devices for overcoming these difficulties.

The lowest forms of life, however, have never seriously faced the problem. As soon as the inconveniences of growth are felt, they are surmounted by the simple process into division into two halves, or as it is technically called, of binary fission. Bacteria, unicellular animals and plants, and the cells of which the bodies of higher, multicellular organism are built, multiply almost without exception by this method.

It will be seen that sex does not enter into this simplest and most obvious method of reproduction; furthermore, no substance is lost in the process; the one whole simply divides into halves, which then are reorganized into two new wholes. Fission continues as a common method of reproduction among the simpler types of multicellular animals. Many worms, for instance, adopt it; in some cases the products of division may remain attached, forming a chain for some time.

But as Evolution proceeds, fission becomes more and more difficult. In an insect, for instance, or a cuttlefish, the processes of reorganization after division would be impossibly complicated; and, while division and reorganization were going on, the animal's powers of move-

ment would be interfered with, and it would fall an easy prey to its enemies.

When the organism becomes more complicated, therefore, other methods have to be devised. The commonest method, which prevails in corals and many other Ctenophores, in some worms, and in the degenerate relatives of the vertebrates known as Ascidians, is that of budding. The organism as a whole remains unaltered, except that one small portion of it is divided off and becomes reorganized into a new miniature whole. Usually the bud remains attached to the parent during its period of growth and organization; and in animals with more complicated types of budding, whole chains of buds are formed, and new individuals are thus produced in rapid succession.

As soon as multicellular animals and plants had been evolved, the sexual process inevitably became associated with reproduction. The sexual process implies the union of two single cells into one, and thus to effect it two cells must be detached from the multicellular animals to which they belong, and the cell produced by their union must multiply and grow into a new manycelled individual.

Conjugation is the simplest form in which we find the sexual process. Two facts merit remark. First, we see that sexual fusion need not involve difference of sex; the two gametes, as the cells are called which unite during the process, may be alike. Secondly, we see that sex is primitively not associated with reproduction.

In multicellular animals, however, the gametes are always of two different sorts, the male gametes or spermatozoa, and the female gametes or ova. The former are almost always very small, intensely active and consist well-nigh entirely of a head which contains the condensed nucleus, and a tail, by the movement of which they swim. The latter are large, often very large, cells, and have sacrificed their mobility in favor of the storing up of reserve material for the use of the embryo which is to grow out of them.

When animals are too complex for fission or budding, and too small for the full advantages of sexual reproduction to be felt, still another form of propagation, known as parthenogenesis, is often to be found. It consists in this, that an egg develops without uniting with a sperm. In order to make sure of the fusion of nuclei which is the essential of sexual reproduction, eggs are usually rendered incapable of developing without some stimulus afforded by the sperm's entry. Parthenogenetic eggs need no stimulus and start to develop as soon as mature; so that once more, but in another form, we find reproduction as a special case of unlimited growth.

Parthenogenesis is found in such creatures as plant-lice (Aphides) and a good

many other insects, water-fleas, and wheel-animalcules, which all reproduce by its means throughout the summer and only produce males in the autumn; and it can be artificially produced in many other forms of life. A drone bee, too, develops from an unfertilized egg; it has a mother, but no father; whereas the queens and workers arise from fertilized eggs.

To sum up we may say that reproduction is always the result of growth, and always must be the separation of one part of an organism from the rest. As life evolves, the part separated, at first equal to the rest of the organism, becomes proportionately smaller and smaller; and the sexual process, at first antagonistic to reproduction, becomes associated with it, at first in part and finally altogether.

## Radio.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

(Continued.)

Radio has already made gigantic strides within the past few years and yet it is still in its infancy. There is as much or even more to be done than has already been accomplished. Thousands of experts and many more thousands of amateurs are constantly working and experimenting with it. When you are tinkering with radio instruments you are ever working on the verge of the unknown, the mysterious, the mightiest and most remarkable of forces. At any instant you may make an astounding discovery; a seemingly simple experiment may result in incalculable benefit to the world; luck or chance may solve a problem which has baffled the greatest authorities for years and now and then you may obtain a glimpse of something more astounding, more mysterious and more inexplicable than man, in his wildest fancy, ever conceived.

### *A Brief History of Wireless.*

It was only a few years ago that the world was startled by the announcement that messages or telegrams could be sent

from one place to another without connecting wires. It seemed a marvelous, an incredible thing, a magical performance, and many intelligent and scientific persons openly scoffed at the claims of the inventors. But despite this, wireless telegraphy became an accomplished fact. To be sure, the early results were very crude and unsatisfactory; the distance to which messages could be sent was limited and few believed that wireless communication would ever be a commercial success or would compete with telegraphy over wires or cables. There were tremendous difficulties to be overcome, special instruments to be devised, countless experiments to be made. But gradually and surely wireless was improved until radio telegraphy was an everyday affair and people took it as a matter of course, and the day arrived when wireless messages were successfully flashed across the Atlantic. In those earlier days of wireless, very little was known as to the action, the principles or the control of wireless or electromagnetic waves and even to-day there is much mystery, much that is unknown in regard to them. From

time to time came reports of messages received from far-distant stations,—from half way around the globe—and while these were “freak” messages yet, as the knowledge of radio increased, as it became a recognized science and as better and better instruments were devised, the range

the idea of wireless telephony had been broached and many men were earnestly engaged in experimenting with the possibility of transmitting vocal and other sounds by means of radio. Whenever a wireless operator reported having heard such sounds over his instruments, those



**Storm on the Sea.**

of wireless communication was rapidly increased, until practically all the world was within touch by radio. The wireless operator, listening at his receiver, heard many strange sounds and signals,—odd, unintelligible things and at rare intervals the sounds of voices or of music. Already

who believed that radio telephony would one day be successful were encouraged, for often the sounds thus accidentally transmitted could be traced to their source and were found to have been produced where a wireless transmitting apparatus was being used. But in every case, the sounds

thus heard were broken, interrupted and fragmentary. By a process of reasoning and elimination, the key to the mystery was at last discovered and soon thereafter various experimenters succeeded in successfully sending and receiving vocal and instrumental sounds by radio over considerable distances. Oddly enough, however, the first really successful long distance radio telephone message was accomplished by boys, the Bancroft Foote Boy's Club of New Haven, Conn., holding the world's distance record up to 1913. Then came the Great War and along with airplanes, submarines, poison gases, high explosives and other things, radio was developed and perfected by leaps and bounds. The outside world knew or heard very little of the marvelous strides being made by the radio experts during the war and what they did hear from time to time was so eclipsed by war news of more vital interest that little heed was given to it. Now and then some short article in a magazine or newspaper would mention wireless telephones, would speak of airplanes equipped with wireless, would call attention to pocket, or at least, very compact wireless apparatus, or would describe some new invention by which boats or even ships had been controlled by radio. But the public gave little heed. There were too many big things going on,—the world was too much upset and torn by the war, there were too many other interests to give much heed to wireless, while many people who did read took the statements with a grain of salt, so to speak, and thought them exaggerated or overdrawn. Then came peace and suddenly the world discovered that radio telephony was an accomplished fact, a perfected science, a commercial thing. People forgot that it had been developing for years; that it had been brought to perfection through countless experiments, the expenditure of vast sums and the untiring efforts of master minds, and so, to the public, it came as an entirely new thing, as something which had appeared overnight, figuratively speaking. And not only had radio telephony been given to the world in a highly perfected state, but it had come within the

reach of all and had been simplified until any schoolboy could use it and could even build his own apparatus. And yet radio, and especially radio telephony, is still in its infancy. Its possibilities have scarcely been scratched; its future cannot be conceived or foreseen. Even now, receiving sets have been built—many of them by boys—which can be placed in an ordinary safety-match box, while pocket sets have been designed and are used by police, firemen, motorists, aviators and others. Explorers in the far-off, frozen north, people in mid-ocean, travelers in unknown wilds, farmers on isolated ranches, lonely forest rangers, prospectors and miners far from civilization all listen daily to the music, songs, weather forecasts, baseball returns, important news and even operas and theatrical performances, brought to them on invisible waves through hundreds of miles of air. Daily, almost hourly, improvements are being made; new and better instruments are being devised and better and better results are being accomplished. Not only are the future possibilities of radio communications almost unlimited, but in addition, there is the vast field of power transmission by radio and of sending pictures by wireless. Both of these seeming miracles have been accomplished and while neither is yet a practical or commercial success, only time and experimenting are needed to bring wireless pictures reproduction to the present perfection of radio telegraphy and telephony. Indeed, the main obstacle to be overcome in wireless power transmission is a system of control by which the right power will be received by the right receiving station. In other words, the question of tuning, for it would be a most unfortunate and perilous thing to send power through the air by radio unless under absolute control. You can easily imagine what the results might be if some one using a few horsepower,—as, for example, a motorcycle or a small car or a sewing machine,—should accidentally receive several thousand horsepower intended for some big factory or if a great mill or traction line, requiring thousands of horsepower, should receive only

the low power required by some farmer's pump and churn. But think of the possibilities, of the future of the world's work when radio power transmission is perfected, for perfected it will be and within a very short time at that. Then there will be no further need of fuel, of coal, gas, oil, gasolene, wood or steam. From the great cataracts of the world, power in unlimited quantities will be sent to every part of the earth and the rivers of Africa, of Asia and of South America will operate the mills, the spindles of looms, and the traffic of our cities. Our motor cars, elevators, electric lights and even our household machinery will be run by the waterfalls of far-distant lands, for there is more than enough power going to waste in mighty Kaieteur in British Guiana, in Iguassu on the southern boundary of Brazil, in the Zambesi and Nyanza falls in Africa and in countless other cataracts to turn every mill wheel, operate every loom, run every motor car and do all the work of the entire world.

Almost more wonderful is the transmission of picture by wireless. This has been done in a way already and sending pictures or photographs by ordinary telegraphy has been successfully carried out by numerous magazines and newspapers. Within a few years, a photograph of some event taken in Europe will be reproduced by radio and will appear in New York papers hours before the event actually happened on the other side of the Atlantic. Wireless is instantaneous and with the difference of five or six hours between our country and Europe we will be able to pick up a morning paper and read accounts of a marriage, a murder or a great celebration and to look at photographs taken on the spot and which, we will read, do not occur until noon of the same day. Then, indeed, will the uttermost ends of the earth be brought together and our present day methods will then seem as antiquated and out-of-date as the ancient stage coach and pony express seem to us now.

And beyond a doubt many of the improvements, many of the discoveries and

many of the inventions that will bring such things to pass will be the work of boys.

And now, having so briefly sketched the history and the past and future of radio, let us study its hows and wherefores, let us learn why the wheels go round, so to speak, and when we have mastered the principles and essential reasons for radio communication, learn how to build and install the instruments and how to use them.

\* \* \*

### *Principles of Sound and Electrical Waves.*

We usually speak of wireless messages as traveling through the *air*, but in reality the medium through which the invisible waves are sent is the colorless, odorless and almost weightless substance known as *ether* or *luminiferous ether*, which occurs everywhere—in the air, in space, in all solids and in fact throughout the entire universe. Heat and light, sounds and energy are all transmitted by means of vibrations or waves through this ether and while the sound, light and heat waves have long been known, electromagnetic waves, as we know them, are a comparatively new discovery. It was the discovery of these waves or vibrations and of the laws governing them that made radio communication possible. Many people seem to think that these wireless waves are really sounds or sound waves which only have to be "caught" and tamed, so to speak, in order to be audible, but in reality, the two classes of waves are totally distinct. In order to understand just how these waves act we may compare them to the ripples of water in a pool when a stone or some other object is cast into it. Just as these ripples travel in all directions from the splash, so the wireless or electric waves radiate and travel away from the apparatus in the sending station. And just as the water ripples become lower and weaker and more indistinct as they move farther and farther from the splash, so the wireless waves become weaker and more indistinct the farther they travel from the sending instruments which start them on their journey. And in the same way that the ripples will move and toss a bit of wood upon the surface of the water, or will sway a sedge

or reed, so the electric or wireless waves will produce a vibration or wave in the proper instruments erected for receiving them. If, when the waves are produced in the pool, we watch floating objects upon the water or stems of reeds, we will see that while such objects rise and fall and vibrate in unison to the waves, yet they do not prevent the waves from continuing on to the shore and neither do they travel along with the waves. Thus we may compare the floating objects or the reeds to sounds on wireless waves and while it might be a difficult matter to accomplish, still it would be possible to communicate by means of these water waves if splashes were made at regular intervals or in a certain notation. But in one way the waves of the pool are very different from the wireless waves in the ether. In the former, the waves are visible and are in a solid and are created and set going by mechanical energy represented by the muscular force of your arm used in throwing the stone. The wireless waves, on the other hand, are invisible waves and are in the ether and are created and set going by electrical energy represented by the spark, arc or oscillating devices of the wireless sending instruments. Originally, all wireless waves were set in motion by means of an electrical spark and while, to the human eye, each spark that flashes and crackles from the sending instruments as a message is sent appears to be a single spark, yet in reality each is made up of a vast number of small sparks following one another with inconceivable rapidity. These sparks discharge electricity or energy by the rush of current in one direction and then a similar rush of current in the opposite direction and for this reason they are known as *alternating currents*. Every time these sparks are discharged they start ripples or waves through the ether, and by making the sparks by means of a mechanical device known as a key, the sparks and the waves they create may be produced in

any desired sequence or of longer or shorter duration. As these waves or oscillations in the ether will set up or induce sympathetic vibrations in any conductor they meet,—just as the ripples in the water vibrated the bit of floating wood or the reeds—they may be “caught” or picked up by properly designed instruments known as *receivers*.

Thus, it is not at all difficult to understand how a series of sparks, produced in long and short lengths to represent dots and dashes of the telegraph code, will produce a corresponding series of oscillations and which by means of the proper appliances will be recorded as short and long vibrations or buzzes on a receiving instrument. But it is a far more difficult matter to thoroughly understand how the sounds of music, of the human voice and of similar things can be sent instantaneously for hundreds or thousands of miles through the ether by means of these electromagnetic or wireless waves.

The real secret of transmitting the sounds of the human voice, music, etc., by wireless, lies in the production of extremely high frequency continuous waves or oscillations. Indeed, the waves or vibrations used in wireless telephony are of such incredibly rapid oscillation that they appear as a continuous stream or flow, a frequency of several millions a second being possible. But here again is a problem which had to be solved in order to render radio telephony practicable.

The human ear cannot hear or record, or in other words “detect,” vibrations of over 10,000 per second and so means had to be found for cutting down the high frequency oscillations to such an extent that the sounds carried by them would come within the range of the human ear. This is done by means of various appliances which will be described later, the principal one being the “detector” of the receiving set.

(To be continued.)

# The Best Children in the World.

## CHARACTERS:

*Mrs. Montgomery.*

*Harry.*

*Phoebe.*

MRS. MONTGOMERY.—(With her bonnet on, putting on her gloves etc. HARRY and PHOEBE playing on the floor.) Good-bye, my children, I shall be back soon. (HARRY and PHOEBE get up.)

HARRY.—Where are you going, Mammy?

Mrs. M.—Only to pay two visits.

PHOEBE.—How long will that take?

Mrs. M.—About three-quarters of an hour if the people are at home.

P.—You would be very sorry if they weren't at home, wouldn't you?

Mrs. M.—Oh, of course.

H.—What stupid questions Phoebe asks, doesn't she!

Mrs. M.—Well, never mind, everybody is stupid sometimes. What are you going to do while I am away?

H.—We are going to play, I suppose.

Mrs. H.—Haden't you better go to the nursery then?

H.—Oh no, Mammy! it's so babyish to stay in the nursery! It's much nicer to stay in the drawing-room by ourselves, as if we were you and Pappy.

Mrs. M.—Only Pappa and and I don't get into mischief when we are left in the drawing-room.

H.—We won't either. You tell us what we mustn't do in here, and we will be the best children in the world.

Mrs. M.—Well, now, let me see; you are not to have a pillow fight with the sofa cushions.

H.—Of course not.

P.—What an idea!

Mrs. M.—You are not to play with my reels of cotton, or to throw them about.

P.—Certainly not.

Mrs. M.—You are not to build houses with the books, or to drop them on the ground.

H.—No, we won't.

Mrs. M.—And, above all, you are not to touch that box.

H.—Why mustn't we touch that box?

Mrs. M.—Never mind that.

H.—Oh Mammy! is it a great secret?

Mrs. M.—Perhaps it is. Now, mind you remember all I've told you.

H.—Of course we will. Good-bye, dear Mammy. (They kiss.)

Mrs. M.—Good-bye.

P.—Look at us out of the window. (They go and stand at the window and wave their handkerchiefs.)

H.—(Turning from the window.) Now, what shall we do?

P.—I think it's rather dull staying in the drawing-room. Let's go into the nursery.

H.—No, that's so babyish—you talk as if we were little children. Let us stay here, and do exactly what Pappy and Mammy do.

P.—Very well—I'll sit here and work, and you sit in that chair with your legs crossed, and read the newspaper to me.

Harry sits and crosses his legs, takes a newspaper.

P.—I wish I had some work to do. I wonder if I may do some of Mammy's?

H.—I should think so. She didn't say anything about her work, she only said you aren't to play with the reels of cotton, you know.

P.—Well, of course, I shan't do that. (Takes a piece of embroidery.) Oh dear, I've unthreaded the needle! I shall never be able to work with this thick thread, I must get a finer reel. (Gets out two of three reels which she puts in her lap. Tries to thread the needle.)

H.—Now, I'll tell you what, I'll read out loud just as Pappy does. (Begins to read.) "The threatening aspect of the political outlook has undergone no recent modification—" what on earth does that mean?

P.—I don't know in the least what modification means.

H.—It isn't modification, you stupid! modification.

P.—Well, what's the difference?

H.—How should I know?

P.—Then you are as stupid as I am.

H.—No, I am not. Boys are never as stupid as girls. But I'll look it out in the dictionary.

H.—You are not to call me names.

*(Throws the sofa cushion at her.)*

P.—Naughty boy!

*(Jumps up, reels fall off her lap, and picks up the cushion. He tries to drag it away from her. While struggling,*

Chicago Art Institute.



**Primitive Man.**

Bartlett.

*(Puts a sofa cushion on a chair and stands on it to get down the dictionary. Jumps down and knocks down chair, and falls down with books.)*

P.—Great clumsy creature you are!

*they knock over the box their mother told them not to touch. It drops. It is full of sugar plums. They are all spilt on the ground.)*

H.—Now look what you've done!

P.—Sugar plums!

H.—That's the box Mammy told us not to touch.

P.—We must pick them up as quickly as possible, and put them in again.

*(They begin putting them in again.)*

H.—I wonder whether they are really sugar plums?

P.—I'll tell you what. Let's lick the outside of one and see if it's sweet.

H.—*(Licks it.)* Yes, they are sugar plums.

P.—*(Licking one.)* Are you quite sure?

H.—Yes, I think so. I'll just lick it again to be quite certain. Oh yes, they are sugar plums, there's not a doubt. *(They put them into the box.)*

P.—I think it's rather horrid to put them back into the box again after we have licked them.

H.—I think it is. Let us take out the ones we licked, and eat them. That will be cleaner, won't it?

P.—But they are all mixed! I don't know which they are now!

H.—Oh, you are a stupid girl! Well, we must eat all that are in the box, there is no help for it.

P.—I really think that would be the safest plan.

*(Their mother comes in while they are sitting on the floor eating the sugar plums.)*

Mrs. M.—I've come back for my card-case which I have forgotten. Why, what have you been doing? Oh, Harry! Oh, Phoebe! I thought you were going to be so good!

P.—So we were! We were trying to be very, very good.

H.—Awfully good.

Mr. M.—Good, indeed! I told you not to play with my work-basket, or the books, or the sofa cushions, or that box, and you have disobeyed me in everything! My reels are on the floor, my books on the floor, the sofa cushion on the floor, the box that I particularly asked you not to touch upset

and emptied! I must say I think you have been very naughty.

H.—Dear Mammy, I am so sorry! We really didn't mean to play with any of the things. We were going to be like you and Pappy. So I began to read the paper to Phoebe.

P.—While I did your work.

Mrs. M.—*(Horried.)* My work!

H.—And, then, because I didn't understand what we were reading about, I got a dictionary to look out the words, and I dropped it, and Phoebe said I was clumsy.

P.—So then he threw a sofa cushion at me.

H.—Only because she called me names, you know. It wasn't a pillow fight in the least.

P.—And I jumped up, and the reels rolled off my lap, and I tried to take the cushion away from him, and somehow we knocked over the box.

H.—But we didn't mean to in the very least. It was quite by accident.

Mrs. M.—Then, how did those sugar plums get into your mouths? That was by accident too I suppose.

H.—No, that was because we thought it was so dirty to put back the sugar plums we had licked.

P.—We just licked them to make sure they were sugar plums.

Mrs. M.—I see. Well, those sugar plums were for you. Your uncle sent them, and I was going to give them to you this evening, but now I shall throw them away instead.

H.—Throw them away! Oh!, Mammy, what a pity!

Mrs. M.—Yes, it is a pity I can't trust two children of six and seven years old in a room by themselves. Come, let me see you safely in the nursery before I go out again.

P.—It is a pity, just when we were trying to be the best children in the world!

*(They go out.)*

*Lady Bell.*



# "Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

## Puzzle No. 8.

Place three 2's together so as to make 24.

## Answer to Puzzle No. 7.

The letter L.

## Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 7

John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.  
Isabella Junko, Pittsburg, Kans.  
Alice Pogachnik, Rentchler, Ill.  
Mary Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.  
Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.  
Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.  
Mary Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.  
Stephanie Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.  
Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

## Answer to Puzzle of Mary Rapret:

A black hen is more clever than a white one because a black hen can lay a white egg, and a white hen cannot lay a black egg.

## Correct solutions sent in by:

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
Mollie Raunika, Hartshorne, Okla.

\* \* \*

## Answer to Puzzle of Elsie Kralj:

A pumpkin.

## Correct solutions sent in by:

Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.  
Mamie Kobe, Calumet, Mich.  
Valeria Skarja, Herminie, Pa.  
Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
Mollie Raunika, Hartshorne, Okla.  
Josephine Mahnich, Granville, Ill.

\* \* \*

## Answer to Puzzle of Augusta Alich:

A hole in her stocking.

## Correct solutions sent in by:

Mary Ocepok, Bonanza, Ark.  
Mollie Raunika, Hartshorne, Okla.  
Josephine Mahnich, Granville, Ill.  
Mamie Kobe, Calumet, Mich.

## Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the Ml. L. very much and would rather have it come every week instead of every month. I am sending you the answer to puzzle No. 7, which is the letter L. I had to read it over twice before I knew what it is.

School is going to start pretty soon. They are building a new school-house. The weather is cool out here, only a few days were hot. My father took us swimming a couple of times. Monday I was out in the field raking oats that my father cut. My father and my brother go to work every day except Sunday.

Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the Ml. L. very much because it has nice stories in it. As soon as I get it from the post office I look in for the puzzles. I like to solve them. I solved the puzzle No. 6, but I cannot solve the puzzle No. 7. I tried hard to solve it, but it was a hard nut for me to crack.

Our school was out April the twentieth and it will start again next month. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. This is my last year of school. We are going to move to West Virginia pretty soon. We live in Blaine for about eight years. I wished we would move once anyhow.

I have also a puzzle for you: It goes through the water, under the water, on the water, and never gets wet. What is it?

If nobody can answer it, I will send the correct answer next time.

Your Friend,

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

We are two girl chums who enjoy reading the Mladinski List. We are thirteen and fourteen years of age. Our parents are members of S. N. P. J., and so are we. We have very nice times since schools is

out. There are many Slovenian families in our town, and that's where we have most of our fun.

We are sending a riddle for the boys and girls to solve:

What is this that wanders through the woods during the day and sits on the shelf at night?

Your Friends,

Annie Krisher, Josie Ocepek,  
Jenny Lind, Ark.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter I am writing to you. I think that the Ml. L. is the best magazine I have ever seen. I can read Slovenian, but not very good. My parents teach me at home. There are always nice

the woods. We have two swings and we have lot of fun when on them. We have a lot of tomatoes this year. My sisters and I are waiting for our grapes to ripen. We live in the country. I am thirteen years of age and passed to the seventh grade. I tried to solve puzzle No. 7 and I could not solve it. I think the puzzles are getting difficult.

Elsie Kralj, LaSalle, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Ml. L. comes every month about the same time. At that time I am the happiest. I am 14 years old and am in my second term of High School. I sincerely hope that Ml. L. will become a weekly magazine. I



A Country Home In Jugoslavia.

stories in the Ml. L. I like the story 'Ebno' Amed'.

I am fourteen years of age and am going to start the second year in High School. Our school will start the 5th of September.

I have vacation now for three months. I have all kinds of work on the farm, I feed the chickens, help to milk cows, etc.

Your Friend,

Anna Gabrenja, Durango, Iowa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

School will soon start and it won't be so hard to wait for the Ml. L. to come. I will try my best in answering the puzzles you publish in the Ml. L.

We spend most of our time playing in

am sending in the answer to puzzle No. 7. It is the letter "L".

I am a member of S. N. P. J. since I was 4 years old.

Yours sincerely,

Albina Kramarsich, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the Ml. List. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I am enjoying the summer vacation very much. I read the stories and puzzles to my little brother Rudolph.

Try and answer this puzzle: It goes from New York to Chicago, and from Chicago to Buffalo and yet it never moves.

Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

## VI.

### THE VERB. CONJUGATION. (Continued.)

#### The Infinitive.

The **Infinitive** (*ljubiti*, to love, etc.) is a verbal noun. It has neither person nor number, and is not used in making assertions. Like a noun it may be the subject or the complement of a verb: **Videti je verjeti** (to see is to believe). Like a verb it may have an object and adverbial modifiers: **Navajeni smo zgodaj začeti naše delo** (we are used to begin our work early).

The infinitive may also be used in other noun-relations, and sometimes as an adjective or adverb.

#### The Participle.

A **Participle** is a verbal adjective. Like an adjective it may qualify a noun: **ljubeč oče** (a loving father). Like a verb it may have an object and adverbial modifiers: **Dobro poznavajoč kandidata, se ne smemo obotavljati oddati svoje glasove zanj** (knowing the candidate intimately, we shall not hesitate to vote for him).

a) There are in Slovenian three participles in the active voice: present: **stoječ** (standing), past: **ljubil** (loved), perfect: **zgubljen** (lost).

In the passive voice is in Slovenian for present, past, and perfect one form: **ljubljen** (being loved, loved, having been loved).

b) The participle **ljubljen**, etc. is used with the auxiliary **biti** (to be) to make the passive voice: **ti si ljubljen** (you are loved).

#### Tense.

Tenses are forms of verbs which indicate the time to which the state or action is referred. There are four tenses in Slovenian.

The **Present Tense** refers to present time: (*jaz*) **sem**, (I am).

The **Future** refers to future time: **bom** (I shall be).

The **Perfect** refers to past time: **ljubil sem** (I loved, I have loved).

The **Pluperfect** represents an action as completed in the past: **ljubil sem bil** (I had loved).

#### Number.

In Slovenian are three numbers and not only two as in English: singular, dual, and plural. **Jaz mislim** (I think); **midva tečeva** (we two run); **mi tečemo** (we run).

#### Person.

There are three persons in Slovenian as in English: first, second, and third. **Jaz ljubim** (I love), **ti pišeš** (you write), **on, ona, ono spi** (he, she, it sleeps). (The person of the verb is indicated, for each of the three persons, both active and passive, singular, dual, and plural, by regular terminations, known as personal endings.)

#### The Six Conjugations.

Slovenian verbs show six types of inflection, known as the **Six Conjugations**, which are distinguished by the stem of the present infinitive active. The stem with his suffix, called the distinguishing or characteristic suffix, appears before **-ti** in the present infinitive active.

CONJUGATION	PRESENT INFINITIVE	PRESENT STEM	CHARACTERISTIC
I.	<b>nes-ti</b> (to carry)	<b>nes</b>	—
II.	<b>dvig-ni-ti</b> (to lift)	<b>dvig</b>	<b>ni</b>
III.	<b>gor-e-ti</b> (to burn)	<b>gor</b>	<b>e</b>
IV.	<b>hval-i-ti</b> (to praise)	<b>hval</b>	<b>i</b>
V.	<b>del-a-ti</b> (to work)	<b>del</b>	<b>a</b>
VI.	<b>kup-ova-ti</b> (to buy)	<b>kup</b>	<b>ova</b>

(To be continued.)