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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNIJ 1923

ŠTEV. 6.

A. P.:

Na počitnicah.

Sedaj pa le urno čez polje,
čez travnike v loge in gozd!
Kako bi ne bil dobre volje,
ko prost sem, ko ptičica prost?

Res bilo prijetno je v šoli,
privadili so me na red,
brez truda, brez muke, brez boli
pridobil sem znanja in ved.

A bil sem pač tudi nadležen
in še ponagajal sem kaj —
tem bolj pa iz srca hvaležen
učiteljem svojim sem zdaj.

Kot srnica tekam čez polje,
čez travnike v loge in gozd!
Kako bi ne bil dobre volje —
počitnice so — in jaz prost!

Na našem vrtu.

Sredi našega vrta
breskev cvetoča stoji;
polno drobnih čebelic
vedno po cvetu šumi.

Z godbo prijetno čebele
delajo kratek nam čas;
časih pa vmes se oglasi
čmrljev zatégnjeni bas.

V senci pod hruško prepeva
Anica nam ves dan;
a za njo jo udarja
brat starejši — Boštjan.

Čist in prijeten kot slavčkov
Aničin mili je glas;
a premočan — kakor čmrljev —
bratov hreščeči je bas . . .

Starčkova pesem.

Dajte cvetja mi, da zopet
prsi z njim si okrasim
in po tratah razcvetelih
v jasne dalje pohitim.

Cvetja zame ni v poljani,
kjer se zbira mladi svet;
njemu pomlad v srcu cvete —
mojemu odcvel je cvet.

A jaz pojdem v gaj zeleni,
ki mi pesem zašumi
o pomladi, o veselju
in o sreči mladih dni . . .

Borisov.

Kakšen je bil prvi človek?

V južnoameriški Patagoniji so pred kratkim našli okamenelo človeško lobanjo. To je napotilo razne učenjake, da so jeli živahno razpravljati o prvem človeku.

Kdo in kakšen je bil prvi človek na svetu? Zaenkrat je na to vprašanje še nemogoče določno odgovoriti. Približno pa lahko ugotovimo dobo prvega človeka in črto njegovega razvoja.

Gotovo je, da se je prvi človek rodil, ko Himalajsko gorovje še ni dvigalo svojih vršacev iz velikih brazd nepreglednega skalovja. Šele v dobi, ko so se začeli oblikovati gorski vrhovi, so se severnejši kraji ločili od tropičnih. Polagoma je izginjalo obilje, pa tudi bujnost gozdov. Opice so bile prisiljene ostaviti svoja bivališča na drevju. Začele so iskati zavetja v duplinah in jamah ter so si jele tudi same graditi zatočišča. Namesto s sadjem so se začele prehranjevati z ribami in drugimi živalmi.

To lahko sklepamo iz naravnega razvoja. Ničesar pa ne vemo o načinu življenja opic, o njihovih navadah ter njihovih praoblikah. V zadnjem času raziskuje neka ameriška družba razne kraje v Mongoliji, kjer upa izslediti razne tajne predhistoričnega človekovega življenja.

Pred 29 leti so našli na otoku Java lobanjo in čeljust, o katerima se domneva, da sta najstarejšega izsledka, ki potrjujeta obstoj človeškega rodu. Iz te lobanje in čeljusti je razvidno, da je bil človek v pradedni dobi bitje nizkega čela, podobno opici, tako da so ga po vsej pravici imenovali *Pithecanthropus erectus*, po naše povedano, pokončna človeška opica. A ta "človeška opica" je za nas še vedno neznano bitje — zagonetna številka, katere ne znamo razčleniti.

Več nego o tej najdbi vemo o piltdornski lobanji, katero so pred par leti odkrili v

Sussexu. Najdba pripada po sodbi strokovnjakov pleistocenski dobi, ki sega deset in desettisočletja nazaj. Tudi belgijske, francoske in nemške jame nam nudijo mnogo zanimive tvarine za proučevanje prvotnih prebivalcev evropskega kontinenta. V Neanderthalu blizu Duesseldorfa so izsledili okostje človeka, o katerem se dá reči nekaj pozitivnega. V primeri z njegovimi predniki je ta človek naš intimen znanec iz davnine. A tudi njegove starosti ne moremo natančno določiti. Vemo samo to, da so se v dobi njegovega življenja velike ledene mase, pokrivajoče tedaj severno in srednjo Evropo, začele pomikati dalje na sever. Ozemlje Velike Britanije je bilo tedaj še neoddeljen kos evropske celine.

Švedskim geologom se je posrečilo vsaj približno določiti čas, ki je potekel od one starodavne dobe, ko se je začel seliti led njihove domovine v severni smeri. Svoja raziskovanja so podprli s stanjem glinastih plasti v jezerih in ob južnih bregovih ledenega morja. Po tej metodi se jim je posrečilo dognati, da je prvi človek živel približno pred 12 tisoč leti.

Tudi francoske in španske jame, četudi jih poznamo šele iz novejšje dobe, nam pomagajo pojasnjevati razmere v davni predzgodovinski dobi. V teh jamah so se našle slikarije, ki pričajo o izredni umetniški nadarjenosti in dovršenosti našega pračloveka. Slike predstavljajo navadno mamuta in nosoroga, ki sta se tedaj sprehajala po naših krajih. Tudi severni jelen, iz rogov katerega so izdelovali meče in druge potrebščine, je ovekovečen na strmih skalah španskih jam.

V ostalem je iz teh slik razvidno, da je bila Evropa v davnih časih tudi domovina bizona, živali, ki se je do dandanašnjeg dne na umeten način ohranila samo še v Ameriki.



Lovec.

Izkušen lovec, mož bradat,
na lov gre v hosto na zverjad.

Ob njem Čuvaj koraka — pes,
ki gospodarju vdan je ves.

Na plen lisjak baš ide svoj,
pomeri lovec nanj takoj.

“Ukradel mnogo si kokoš,
odslej nobene več ne boš!

Bal tebe se je vsak golob,
mirno bo živel odsihdob!” —

Tako pes zvesti govori,
žival pred lovca položi.

Chicago Art Institute.



Lovec.

Frank W. Benson.

“Pif, paf!” po hosti zadoni,
lisjak že ustreljen leži . . .

“Le teci mi, Čuvaj,
tatu prinesi mi sedaj!” —

Odbegne pes, sledeč po tleh,
in že lisjak mu je v zobeh.

Nasmehne lovec se nato,
Čuvaja boža prav ljubo:

“Ti storil svojo si dolžnost,
doma dobodeš lepo kost!

Sem v torbo pride zdaj lisjak,
a v pipo hajdi mi, tobak! . . .

Tako! — Zdaj pa naprej, Čuvaj!”

Vaški norček.

Spisal Ivo Blažič.

Cibrov Jaka je sedel na kameniti ograji pred gostilnico. Mrmral je sam s seboj nerazumljive besede, krilil z dolgimi rokami po zraku, majal majhno, okroglo glavo z močnimi čeljustmi, orlovskim nosom, razkuštranimi lasmi in neredno brado. Bil je bos in golglav. Telo so pokrivala bele, na več mestih zakrpane hlače, ki jih je moral držati z roko, da mu niso zlezle z ledij. Debela, modra srajca je bila na mnogih krajih preluknjana, da je rjava koža zvedavo gledala beli dan.

Jaka je zdajinzdaj pogledal okrog sebe. Nihče se ni prikazal na vasi. Žgavčevka in Maslovka sta prali ob potoku, ki je šumljaval in se penil kraj vasi. Tihota je vladala povsod. Vse je kazalo žalostno lice. Drevesa so izgubila lepo, zeleno obleko. List za listom je padal na tla; v velikih kolobarjih je krožil vsak po zraku in trepetal k zemlji. Poslednja cvetka v logu od skakljajočem potoku je povešala žalostno glavico in čakala smrti. Po prirodi je odmevala žalostna pesem . . .

Jesen je podoba ubožnega življenja Cibrovega Jake, ki ni imel zdrave pameti. Kaj je človek brez pameti?

"Cibrov Jaka, dober dan! Norček! Norček!" Tako je vpila vaška deca, ki je priletela po vasi iz šole. Žgavčev Pepe, ki je bil znan zaradi pretepanja, je pristopil prav tik ograje in Jako pocukal za hlačnico.

"Norček! Norček!" se je zopet glasilo. Nekaj paglavcev je odpiralo široko svoja usta in kazalo Jaki jezike.

"Norček! Norček! Norček!" je zopet povzel Maslov Tone, največji lenuh in malomarnež v šoli.

Jaka je skočil z zidu, pograbil kamen in ga zalučal za deco, ki je bežala po vasi in kričala venomer: "Norček! Norček! Norček!"

"Ah, boli, boli! Norček mi je vrgel kamen v nogo," je vpil Žgavčev Pepe in jokaval.

Jaka je nakremžil obraz in gledal z izbu-

ljenimi, jeznimi očmi za deco, ki je izginila za hišami.

"Kaj že zopet uganjaš in mečeš kamenje za deco? Razbojnik, ubijalec, otroke nam pomoriš, potem pojdeš v luknjo, ti nepridiprav!" je vpila Žgavčevka in mu pretila z roko.

Jaka je bil rdeč kot črešnja spomladi.

"Nič nisem naredil, teta; nedolžen sem!"

"Zdaj si še upa tajiti ta cigan!" je odvrnila Maslovka.

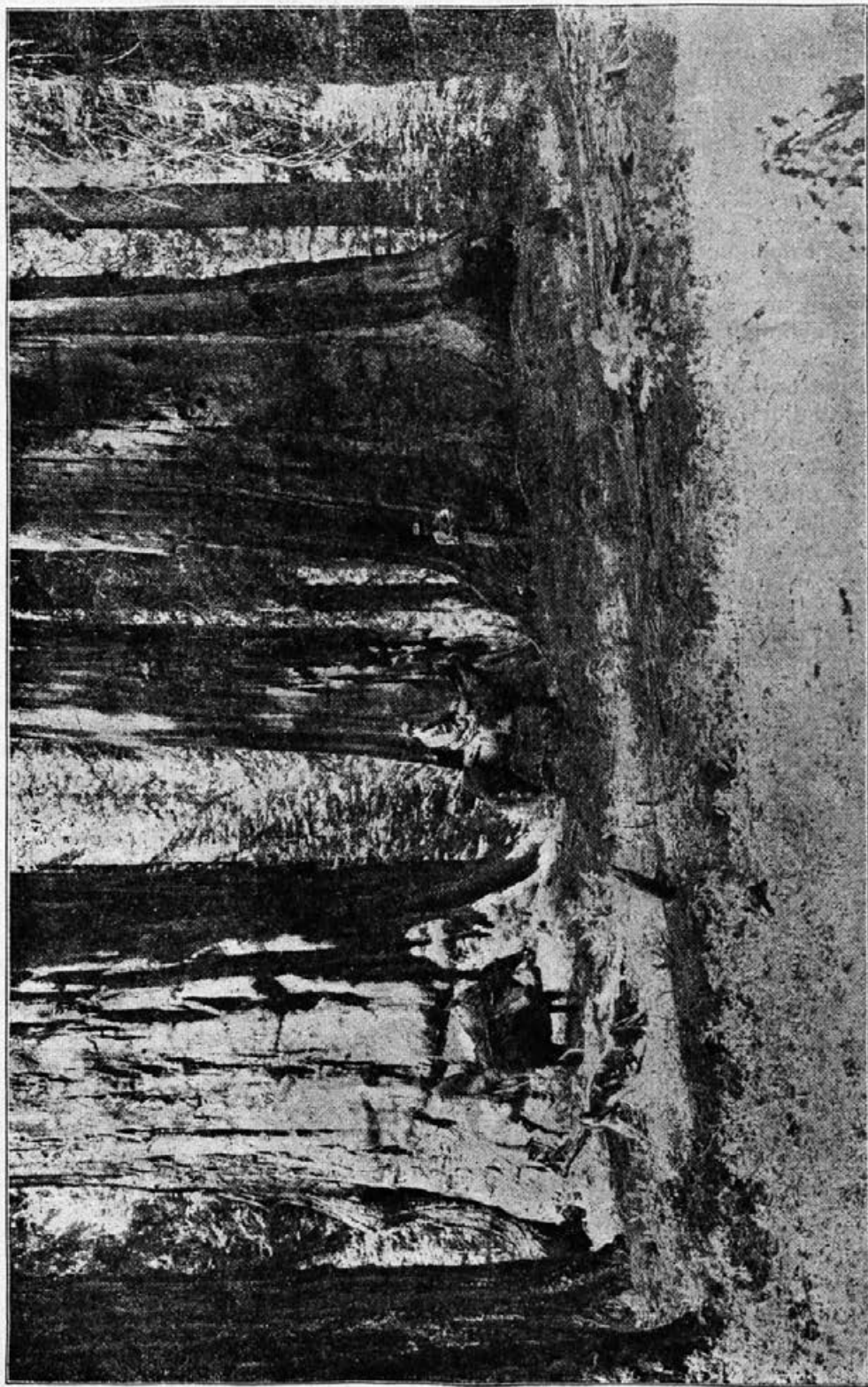
"Ali vaju ni sram, da se zadirata v ubogega Jako? Rajši učita doma svoje paglavce, kako se morajo vesti proti ubogim ljudem."

Tako je govoril lovec Matija, ki je stopil iz gostilnice. Jezno je gledal ženski, Jako pa z usmiljenjem.

"Cigan je bil, je in bo. Saj vemo: jabotko ne pade daleč od debla. Mati je pila toliko časa, da je znorela. V blaznico so jo peljali, kjer je kmalu umrla. Oče se pa poteplje po svetu. Bogve, kje je. Morebiti se klati po Ameriki, morebiti je že pod zemljo zaradi pijače," je regljala Žgavčevka.

Jaki je bilo hudo pri srcu, ker je govorila tako o njegovih starših. Dve gorki solzi sta se mu potočili po uvelem, zagorelem licu. Obrisal si je oči z rokavom in žalostno zrl — kdove kam. Morda je gledal v spominu uboga mater v temnih obrisih, vso otožno, zapuščeno in osamljeno. Črno ruto je imela na glavi in žalno obleko na izsušenem telesu. Zdelo se mu je, kakor bi rekla z glasom, milim in prosečim, da bi se je usmilil kamen ob poti: "Pridi, pridi!" Izginila je kot sladak sen v noči, ko vse miruje in sanja, gozd in livada, prostrana ravan in v višave kipeča gora. In pristopil je oče, ves krvav in pobit na rokah in nogah. Težko je dihal, in otožno je bilo njegovo obličje. Debele, potne kaplje in rdeča kri je curljala z njega, tekla je dol čez oči in mu močila obrvi in vejaste trepalnice in zalivala velike gube.

"Ali me poznaš, sin? Glej, to sem jaz. Pridi, sin, pridi!"



Pragozd v Californiji.

(Skupina velikanskih dreves "Sequoia washingtoniana." Iz enega debela se da napraviti 3,000 plank, s katerimi se lahko ogradi 8,000 akrov zemlje, ali pa 700,000 desčic, s katerimi se lahko pokrije 70 domov.)

Jokal je Jaka, oče ga je vabil s krvavo roko in odšel.

"Jaka, pojdi domov, ubožec!"

Matija ga je odvedel k županu, kjer je spal v listju zraven domačega psa, ki sta bila prijatelja. Tja so mu nosili jedil in pijače.

II.

Cibrov Jaka je sedel tam nad vasjo. Gozd je šumel svojo žalostno, otožno pesem. Privel je lahen vetrič, stresel vrhove šibkih jelk in ponosnih smrek. Zaječal je gozd in zastokal kot onemogel starec v trdi zimti.

Žalost se je oglasila v Jakovem srcu. Tudi on je bil otožen kot jesen v svoji zapuščenosti. Nekdaj je bilo nekaj, kar mu je delalo veselje. Bilo je nekaj neznanega, voljnega in radostnega. Zdaj je pa izginilo vse, radost in zadovoljnost. Ostala mu je otožnost in zapuščenost, prihajala je vedno večja duševna tema.

Da, nekdanji! Mlad deček je bil in vesel, ljudje so rekli: neumno vesel, ker se je smejal ob vsaki priliki. V šoli mu ni hotelo iti, jezen je bil nanjo! Komaj toliko se je naučil, da je poznal i in u. Nekaj drugega je pa posebno veselilo Jako. Krave pasti in prepevati po planini — to mu je bilo v največjo radost. Kako je duša svobodna! Lahko poleti nad gore in gleda po rodovitni dolini, kjer vse klije in cvete in se veseli pomladanske sreče in se odeva v zeleno, novo, svežo obleko. In solnce si ogleduje svoj obraz v zrcalu reških valov, ki se pené in zaganjajo ob bregove. Veselo je in se smehlja prirodi kakor dete svoji materi.

Zgodaj je ostavil Jakov oče svojo kočino in ženo in krenil po svetu. Z ženo sta se prepirala in živela v večni razprtiji. Ona je pila, on jo je zmerjal; nista se mogla gledati. Nekega dne je odšel in se ni vrnil. Meta je pa pila, dokler ni bilo preveč. Odvedli so jo v blaznico. Kmalu potem je umrla.

Jaka je podedoval po materi nekaj norosti, ki je rasla z leti. Časih se je kazala v prevelikem veselju, časih v preveliki otožnosti, ki se ga je polasčala čimbolj.

Dokler je bil mlad, je služil pri županu za pastirja, pozneje za volarja. Zadnji čas ni bil skoro za nobeno delo več. Seno je

raztresal po hlevu in ga metal pod živino, namesto da bi ga deval v jasli. Ljudje so mu vzdali ime norčka.

Nad vasjo si je napravil bajto, kjer je časih prenočeval. Naokrog je kopal zemljo in sadil trte, ki so mu pa usahnile. Pravil je, da se oženi in da bo stanoval z ženo v bajti.

Šoja je letela nad gozdom, dvakrat zape-la in sedla vrh hrasta.

Jaka se je zbudil iz sanj in pogledal po bregu nizdol. Glej, okrog njegove bajte je bilo vse polno dečkov, ki so se smejali in vpili. Siv dim se je dvigal iz bajte proti oblakom, ki jih je podil mrzel sever po jesenskem nebu.

"Ha-ha, norčkova bajta gori!" je kričal Žgavčev Pepe.

Jaka je hitel po bregu proti paglavcem. Ko so ga zagledali, so zbežali in vpili: "Norček! Norček! Norček!"

Visok plamen se je dvigal in lizal hrastove kole, ki so tvorili streho. Dim se je valil zdaj nizko pri zemlji, zdaj zopet visoko pod oblake.

"Gori, gori! Moja bajta gori!"

Sedel je zraven na zemljo in jokal in klical na pomoč. In prikazala se mu je tam izza bajte mati, vsa črna, s črno ruto na glavi in prosila: "Pridi, pridi!" In pristopil je oče, ves krvav in pobit, krvave je imel roke in noge in po obrazu mu je cur-ljala rdeča gorka kri. Težko je dihal in s slabotnim glasom je dejal: "Ali me poznaš, sin? Glej, to sem jaz. Pridi, sin, pridi!"

Prihiteli so gledat ljudje. Nekateri so se smejali, drugi so milovali Jako. Prišla je Žgavčevka in Maslovka, in Matija je prišel.

"Kdo je pa danes cigan? Menda vaš fant, ne, Žgavčevka?"

Tiho je bila in odšla. Matija je pa gledal za njo.

"Ne jokaj, Jaka!" Matija ga je prijel za roko in ga odvedel kot dveletnega otroka.

III.

Lepo zimsko popoldne je sijalo na zemljo. Povsod bel, prožen sneg. Zašumele so veje na drevju in sipale na tla snežne kristale.

Za vasjo so se kepali otroci. Med njimi sta bila tudi Žgavčev Pepe in Maslov Tone. Letale so kepe semintja in se svetile v zla-

tih solčnih žarkih. Potegnil je gorak, južen veter, in sneg se je tajal, tuintam je drla voda izpod njega in polzela nizdol.

Sem od vasi je stopal Cibrov Jaka. Še bolj žalosten in otožen je bil kakor jeseni.

"Norček gre! Norček! Norček!" so vpili, leteli proti njemu in ga obsuli s kepami. Žgavčev Pepe mu jo je vrgel z vso močjo v glavo.

Jaka je planil nadenj. Zgrabil je Pepecta, ga položil v sneg, vlekel za lase in tolkel z glavo ob tla, da je krvavela. Paglavec je vpil, drugi so mu pomagali.

Prihitele so ženske, kričale in zmerjale Jaka. Žgavčevka se je zagnala v norčka, da se je prevrnil v sneg. Otroci so ga začeli iznova kepati. Jaka je bežal po polju proti gozdu.

"Cigan, fanta si ubil! Ubijale, zaprli te bodo," je kričala Žgavčevka in žugala s pestjo.

Jaka je pa bežal. Zadel se je ob kameenje in padel. Ranil si je obraz, da mu je kri curljala po licu. Pobral se je in hitel dalje po gozdu. Izpodtikal se je ob korenine in padal. Naprej, naprej! Zdelo se mu je, da hiti nekdo za njim z ostrim mečem, da mu je vedno za petami, da ga vsak trenutek doide in umori. Kričalo je za njim in se togotilo: "Cigan, fanta si ubil! Ubijalec, zaprli te bodo!" In drl je dalje,

kolikor so ga nesle noge. Zganile so se veje, drevje je zašumelo kot v pomladanskem snu in prikazala se mu je mati, žalostna in otožna, vsa črno oblečena. Podajala mu je oljčno vejico in govorila vabeče in proseče: "Pridi, pridi!" In pristopil je oče, ves krvav in pobit, po obrazu mu je tekla rdeča kri. Mešala se je z znojem in kapala na zemljo. Težko je dihal in bolešno mu je govoril s slabotnim glasom: "Ali me poznaš, sin? Glej, to sem jaz. Pridi, sin, pridi!" Podajala sta mu roke in ga prosila in gledala milo. Zadaj je pa vpilo in zmerjalo: "Cigan, fanta si ubil! Ubijalec, zaprli te bodo!"

Nizko doli se je oglasil glas materin: "Pridi, pridi!" Proseč je bil glas očeta, krvavega in pobitega: "Ali me poznaš, sin? Glej, to sem jaz. Pridi, sin, pridi k meni!"

Jaka je padel v prepad . . .

Črez dva dni ga je našel lovec Matija. Solza se mu je utrnila v očesu.

Žgavčev Pepe je nosil dolgo obvezano glavo, teden dni je ležal. Hudo ga je bolelo in trgalo po glavi. Večkrat je ponavljal v spanju:

"Norček me je, norček! Norček, ah, ah!"

Ko je pa zvedel, da se je ubil Cibrov Jaka, se je prestrašil in bil je žalosten ter se je kesal.

Kako živali spijo.

Naravna lega spečega človeka je po strani z malo sključenimi koleni. Človek je svojo lego pri spanju že pogosto spremenil, kar je pač prišlo od tega, da je spremenil kulturo. Pri živalih je drugače, kajti živali pri spanju zavzemajo še izvirno stališče kot nekdanj, ki pa je pri različnih živalih različno. Sloni kakor konji po navedi vedno spijo stoje. Ptici z izjemo čuka, sove in indijske papige spijo na način, da zaobrnejo nekoliko glavo nazaj proti hrbtu in vtaknejo kljun med peroti in telo. Štorklja, galebi in drugi dolgonogi ptici spijo na eni nogi. Morski golobi spijo na vodi in pri tem neprestano krožijo z eno nogo, s čemur zabranijo, da jih val ne od-

nese proti obrežju. Netopirji spijo viseči z zadnjimi nogami na drogu, glavo pa medtem stisnejo pod peroti. Volkovi in lisice spijo zviti v klopčič, tako, da prideta gobec in rep skupaj pri sprednjih nogah. Rep služi pri tem za pokritje golega gobca. Zajci, kače in ribe spijo z odprtimi očmi. Sove imajo posebno mrežo na očeh, ki jo spuščajo čez zenice, ko se jim dremlje in zaspijo. S tem se ubranijo pred dnevno lučjo, ker spijo le po dnevi, po noči pa lovijo. Zanimivo je tudi videti nekatere opice, ko spijo. Posebne vrste opice se med spanjem obesijo za rep na kako vejo in tako visijo, dokler se ne naspe.

M. Stepančičeva:

O slovanskih naselbinah širom Evrope.

(Konec.)

Med Svave v Slaviji in sosedne neobljudene gozdne in pogorske pokrajine, doli do sedanje sev. Italije, se je pomešalo še drugo slovansko pleme, ki je prispelo l. 44. pred Kristusom iz Male Azije in je bilo njega prvotno ime Ivaniti. Grki so mimopotujoče Ivanite imenovali Henete ali Henede, dočim so jim Rimljani pravili Veneti ali Vinidi. Po večini in najrajše pa se je to pleme naselilo vzdolž vsega obrežja Jadranskega morja. Ti Ivaniti — oziroma Heneti ali Veneti — so ostali v neprestanem spoju z onimi svojimi rojaki, ki so se naselili severno od njih, po zgornji Svaviji, in sicer potom kupčevanja z jantarjem, oziroma z vsem kar so nabavili in pridelovali eni ob Svevskem morju, drugi ob Jadrinu.

Veneti, Heneti ali Vinidi so se v tolikem številu razkropili in razmnožili po novih naselbinah, da so tvorili večino prebivalcev v vseh krajih, ki — kakor ponekod — niso bili neobljudeni.

Preje nego severni Ivaniti, so se potujčili in poromanili južno naseljeni Ivaniti — oziroma Veneti.

Vendar spominja in bo na vek spominjala na slovansko pokolenje pokrajina Venetka. (Pozneje Benedka, Benečija ali kakor so jo Rimljani imenovali po Venetih — Venetija.)

Vobče pa so bile vse Karnske planine prvotni svet naših pradedov. Ob njih so se bili naselili z imenom Krni, Karni. To pleme nam je za spomin pustilo Kranjce in Karnijolo, Korošce in Karintijo.

V širšem pomenu sta se južno Svavov naseljeni plemeni Veneti in Krni prištevali Ilircem. Ilirija je bila namreč vsa dežela, ki se je spenjala od Jadrana do Norika, Macedonije, Tracije in Moesije (današnja srbohrvatska zemlja). Vsi ti Slovani so se na splošno imenovali vzhodne Ilirce, dočim so pravili v svrhu razlikovanja vsem onim, ki so bili naseljeni izključno na jadranskem

obrežju — Liburni. Potomci teh smo Slovenci.

Sedanji balkanski polotok je bil razen Grkov naseljen samo še s Slovani, zato se je imenoval vzhodna Ilirija ves tisti svet in seveda tudi, kjer so prebivali Geti (sedanje Bolgarsko).

Svet, ki je bil na severu reke Save in ni bil drugega ko severna Ilirija, so Rimljani nazivali z različnimi imeni, kakor Pannonija, Norikum, Vindelicija in Taurisci. Poslednje ime so ugotovili iz slovanskega izraza taur-tur, kar je takrat pomenjalo višava, bregovje, brdo.

One Ivanite (Venete) pa, ki so bili naseljeni po sedanjem Tirolskem že za časa Livija, ob reki In, so Rimljani imenovali Rhoeti, dočim so jim Vindelici bili Slavi ob Liku. Mesti Vindelicorum Augusta in Vindobona niso ustanovili Rimljani; pač pa so jima to ime le dodali, ker so tu stanovali izključno le Slovani, in sicer Veneti ali Vinidi.

Norikum so Rimljani pravili krajini, ki ji je bil starešina vesel, dovtipen mož, da so mu podaniki iznašli ime Norik, sebi pa so si rekli Norici.

Oni ljudje, ki so jih Rimljani imenovali Roetije, pa so se sami nazivali Boje. Ti Boji so že l. 58. pr. Kr. obljudili Galijo. In ker jih je prišlo celih 35.000, so to zemljo imenovali Boja. To ime sega od besede bojar in je treba Boje razlikovati od Boemov ali Boihoemov, katerih potomci so sedanji Čehi, ki so bili tudi slovanskega, toda svavskega in ne ivanitskega ali vinidskega plemena.

Bojani, Boiari, Bavari so bili najgostejše naseljeni po sedanjem Bavarskem. Mesto Mogutin so ustanovili Bojanci, dočim so je Rimljani prekrstili v Moguntia, a kradljivi Germani v Mainz. Bojensko ali Bodensko jezero spominja istotako na nekdanje Slovane. Rimljani so je imenovali Lacus venetus ali Lacus vandalicus. Boje ali bojarje so namreč nazivali Rimljani tudi

Vandale. Ob tem jezeru so si Boji ustanovili nabrežno mesto Bregetin, ki so ga Rimljani prekrstili v Breggentia. Tudi mesto Pasov sega v dobo naših pradedov.

Slovani, ki so prebivali ob gornjem delu Rena, so si naredili ime Triboki. To ime so iznašli po treh bukvah, ki so tam rastle, kjer so se najprvo ustavili, odpočili in naselili. Ker se je njihov kralj zval Vanek, ki so ga Rimci takoj prekrstili v Vangio, so jim Rimljani pravili Slavi-Vangioni. Tribuki ali Vangioni, so bili ob Renu s svojo govornico in šego še v VII. stoletju 1 Kr. — Med ob zgornji Italiji naseljene Slovane je pridrvelo tuje plemo, ki so je Rimljani razlikovali z imenom Longobardi in to vsled kosmatih brad, ki si jih niso nikoli ostrigli. In tako so tudi ti opomogli k podjarmljenju in potujčenju naših pradedov, kakor je n. pr. opomoglo prizadevanje Italijanov popolnoma odtujiti nam lepo število onih 30.000 Beneških Slovencev, ki jih je v svoji predzadnji bitki morala Avstrija odstopiti Italiji.

Sedanji Madjari so potomci Hunov, toda divjaški Huni, katerih je 3000 po številu podivjano pobeglo iz divjih bojev v Mali Aziji ter se naselilo med Svavi-Svivi v Helvetiji (sed. Švici) in Ogrskem, so se pomešali in posorodili s prvotnimi prebivalci, to je s Slovani. Odtod izhaja, da ima njihovo narečje vse polno slovanskih izrazov. L. 496. so se Svavi, namreč ona plemena v osrednji Evropi med Menom, Renom in Inom, združila v zvezo z Alemami ali Franki proti osvojevalnim Rimljanom. Toda kruti boj in upor jim nista pomagala in Rimljani so jih podjarmili. Ene in drugo je Alemance in Slave, so Rimljani nazvali Sklave ali Sklavone, pridevek, ki se je obdržal le za Venete, a to ne iz zlobe, marveč vsled sorodnosti z izrazom "Slavi". Nepodjarmljeni Slovani pa so nazadovali ter se umikali in umaknili preko Dunave, tako, da je dolgo dobo ta reka tvorila mejo med Rimljani in starimi Slovani.

Narodi, ki so se ohranili iz prastare dobe do dandanašnjosti v prav istih, do njihovega prihoda neobljudenih pokrajinah okoli Karpatov in preko balkanskega polotoka so Rusi, Rusini ali Ruteni, Poljaki, Slovaki, Kozaki in Vlasi. Dvojica posled-

njih ni bila prvotno slovanskega pokolenja ter se je poslovanila le zavoľjo skunega prebivanja s Slovani. *Zopetno naseljevanje ostalih slov. plemen*, kakor na sedanjem Češkem, Ogrskem in ob Jadranskem morju se je vršilo v drugič (namreč po prvi umaknitvi pred krutostjo Rimljanov), šele v VI. stol. po Kristusovem rojstvu. Naselili pa so se vendar ti narodi vnovič le tamkaj, kjer ni bilo v vsled bojev opustošenih pokrajinah nikogar več: ne Slovanov, ne Rimljanov. Le-ti so se namreč zadovoljili z domovanjem na sedanjem Italiskem polotoku, dasi so že pred Kr. s tisočermi krdeli vojščakov počivali se — sicer vselej le za kratko dobo — naseljevali po nabrežju sedanje Istre in Dalmacije.

Velikomoravsko-slovanska država, ki je segala, kakor že povedano, preko vse osrednje Evrope in od severovzhoda navzdol do Sredozemskega morja, je propadla žalibog in to z l. 907. po Kr.

V moravskoslovanski državi ni bilo pred njeno propastjo, ne nemških naseljencev, ne germanskih naselbin do kasnega XIII. stoletja. Kmalu po svojem prihodu pa so Germani s pačenjem slovanskih priimkov in krajevnih imen pospeševali zatajitev in uganabljanje sleherne slovanske sledi.

Enako početje tli in klije mogoče tudi v marsikomu izmed onih, ki spadajo k oni državi, ki je osvojila primorske Jugoslovane. Toda ti bodo pač trša kost nego so bili njih neuki pradedje. Med temi se ne da zlahka zatreti duh prosvete, ki jih je že napajal navzlic vsem zausnicam ranjke krivične mačeha Avstrije. Naj kdorkoli poskuša slovenske priimke, slovenske hribe in ravnine, sela, trga in mesta imensko spčiti kolikor mu ljubo, postavljali se bodo vselej z ranjenim samoljubjem, toda ponosno v bran in smatrali si v sveto dolžnost, da imenujejo sebe, sosodstvo in krajevna imena vedno le s prvotnim slovenskim imenom, ne le ko so sami med seboj, ampak tudi pred osvojevalci, ako se jim hočejo pokazati enakopravne, ako hočejo, da ne izgine nikoli ne sled o njih obstanku v krasni pokrajini, pa niti lepa slovanska govornica.

Mirini prijatelji.

Spisal F. G. Hrastničan.

Naša Mira — to vam je dekletce! Vedno in vedno je vesela, če se ji le ne zgodi kaka nesreča! No, in če pride do tega, da ji priteče solzica iz modrega očesca, tudi ne traja dolgo, da se potolaži. Pa ji tudi ni treba mnogo jokati; saj ji ne manjka ničesar; vsega, kar potrebuje in kar ji poželji srčece, vsega dobi od svoje ljube matere!

Dasi ima namreč Mira še več bratcev in sestic, vendar je prirasla svoji materi najbolj k srcu. Najbrže zato, ker je najmlajša in ker imajo matere majhne otročice mnogo rajše kakor velike, ki so jim mnogokrat le v jezo in nadlogo.

Pa kdo bi ne ljubil naše Mire?

Vsa je tako ljubka, da se mora vsakomur prikupiti.

A kadar pridejo njeni prijatelji in njene prijateljice k nji na obisk, tedaj ni veselju ne konca ne kraja!

Ko pride njena Elica, Milica in Pepca, njen Ivo in Mirko ter njena sestra Minka, tedaj je vsa srečna. Tedaj prinese vse svoje igrače, kar jih ima ter jih razkazuje svojim prijateljem. — In o takih prilikah se jim razvežejo jezički in vsi vprek žvrgote kakor ptički v gozdu.

Kodroglavi Ivo stopi pred Miro in ji pravi:

“Mirica, jaz bom tvoj mož, Elica pa najin otrok!”

“A jaz bom teta, ki jo vidva obiščeta!” mu seže brž Pepica v besedo.

“In kaj bom jaz?” vpraša nevoljno Milica.

“In jaz?”

“In jaz?” vprašujejo drugi po vrsti. — In ob takih prilikah je Mira vselej v veliki zadregi, in ko bi ji v tem hipu ne prišla sestra Minka na pomoč, res ne vem, kaj bi počela. “Glejte,” modruje Minka, “pokličem Kamila, in on bo zdravnik, a jaz njegova žena. Mirin mož bo Ivo, in Elica njiju bolni otrok. Milica bo pa pestovala vajinega otroka, Pepica bo pa postrežnica zdravnikova.”

“Dobro!”

Vsi so zadovoljni s tem ukrepom, in igra se prične.

Prišel je Kamilo s smehom na obrazu in z očali, ki mu jih je napravila v naglici Minka, na nosu. Oblastno je pogledal po sobi ter potem dejal Minki:

“Ali me že kdo čaka?”

“Gospod Ivo in gospa Mira sta prišla z bolno Elico ter vprašala po tebi!” mu odgovori s sladkimi besedami Minka.

“Dobro! Pepica, pojdi in pokliči jih noter!” zapove gospod “doktor” postrežnici, ki je dosedaj tiho brisala stole.

Pepica odide.

“Doktor” Kamilo pa je stopil pred ogleдалo ter si popravljaj očala in veliko očetovo suknjo. Minka je stopila k njemu ter mu snažila malce zaprašeni hrbet.

In vrata se odpro.

Ivo vstopi z Miro, poleg njiju pa klavirno stopica bolnica, držeč se pestunji krila. Za njimi hodi doktorjeva postrežnica.

“Klanjam se, gospa!” pozdravi Kamilo Miro ter ji ponudi stol, takisto gospodu Ivotu. Nato stopi k bolnici, jo poboža po licu in reče:

“Kaj ti je, mala, da si tako žalostna?”

“O, gospod doktor, bolna je, hudo bolna!” odgovori namesto nje gospa Mira.

“Jej, jej! Kaj ji pa je? — Kje te boli, punčka?” vpraša gospod “doktor” in upre oči skozi brezstekelna očala v bolnico.

“Želodec, najbrž želodec!” odgovori sedaj gospod Ivo, “saj vedno liže cukrčke.”

“No, bomo že napravili! Dam ji kapljic, in takoj ji odleže!” Učeno se je obrnil “doktor” Kamilo, vzel nekaj vode, ki je v nji stopil sladkorja ter dal to zdravilo bolni Elici.

“Oh, sladka, sladka, sedaj sem pa zdrava!” je zavpila Elica ter skočila k Miri.

“Ha-ha-ha! Izvrsten zdravnik, kajne, Mira? No, saj zdravnik tudi bom in zdravnik moram biti!” Tako se je bahal Kamilo ter snel naočnike z nosu.

Minka pa je pogrnila mizo ter smehljalje se povabila gospo Miro in gospoda Ivota z ozdravljeno Elico na kozarček vina.

"Saj smo že od nekdaj dobri prijatel' kajne?" je vprašala ter pomaknila svo stolec bliže k Miri.

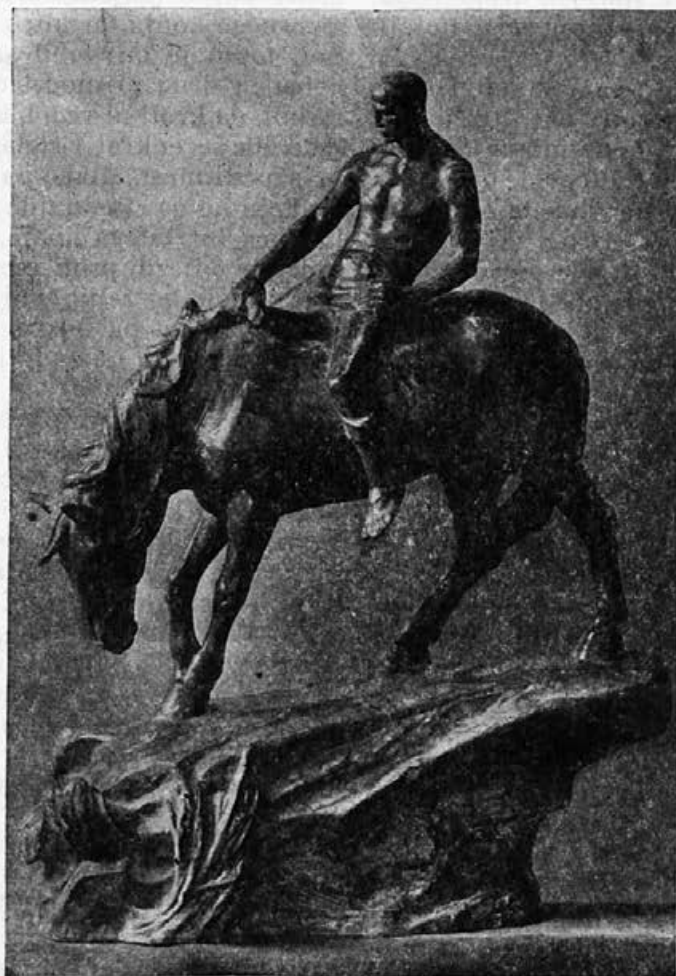
Sedaj je Minka zapazila, da Pepica in

pa moja, in tako lahko sedita obe pri naši mizi."

"Tako je!" so zaklicali vsi, in Pepica in Milica sta prisedli.

In dala je mama z vodo zmešanega malinovca, malo potice, sladkorja, orehov in češpelj; Minka pa je kuhala in nosila na

Chicago Art Institute.



Jezdec.

C. Meunier.

Milica samo gledata, medtem ko se drugi zabavajo. Že je hotela nekaj izpregovoriti, a v tem jo prehiti Mira:

"To ni nič," je dejala. "Pepica in Milica ne bosta služabnici, ker bi kot taki ne smeli prisesti k naši mizi, kar se pa ne sme zgoditi! Pepica bo Minkina sestra, Milica

mizo ter si prizadevala na vse mogoče načine, da zadovolji svoje goste.

Gospodska družba pa je hvalila kuharsko spretnost gospodinjino ter zauživala na mizo prinesena jedila.

In igrali so se dolgo ti Mirini prijatelji, igrali tako dolgo, da so se naveličali.

Stekleni most.

Živel je nekdaž oče, ki je imel tri sinove, dva pametna, tretji pa je bil podpečnik. Ta je namreč vedno sedel pod podpečkom, zato so ga sploh tako imenovali. Oče zbolil na smrt; zato pokliče svoje tri sinove ter jim reče: "Po dedščino si morate priti na moj grob. Prvi večer starejši, drugi večer srednji, tretji večer pa naj pride najmlajši."

Ko starec umrje, ne upata si starejša na pokopališče, češ, najmlajši naj gre, da ga oče raztrga. In res odide najmlajši na očetov grob ter ondi čaka. Nato pride oče in reče: "Ali si ti tukaj?" ter mu da oreh, katerega naj dobro hrani. Drugi večer mora iti namesto srednjega, in oče mu da zopet oreh, katerega shrani k prejšnjemu. Tretji večer pa pride vrsta na njega, zato zopet odide na pokopališče, in oče mu reče: "Ali si ti tukaj?" — "Da jaz sem." Oče mu da zopet oreh, katerega shrani k prejšnjima v pokopališkem zidu.

Nekoliko časa mine po tem dogodku, ko da bližnji kralj svojo hčer za stavo. Narediti da velik steklen most; kdor bi prejezdil ta most, dobil bi kraljestvo in kraljčino. Starejša brata si kupita imenitna konja, hoče poskusiti vsak svojo srečo. Ko starejša brata odjezdita, gre podpečnik na pokopališče ter vzame oreh, ki ga je dobil prvi večer namesto starejšega brata. Tega stre in najde v njem obleko za korporala in lepega konja. Nato se brž preobleče v korporala, zasede konja ter zdirja proti mostu. Veliko imenitne gospode je bilo že zbrane pred mostom, in veliko hrabrih junakov je že poskušalo svojo srečo, pa nobeden ni zmagal; vsak se je s konjem zvalil po mostu. Konj našega korporala pa je skočil kvišku, in kakor bi trenil, bil je na oni strani, pa

kakor blisk je zopet izginil in nihče ni vedel kam.

Kralj ni vedel, kdo je dobil stavo; zato da zopet razglasili, da kdor preskoči most, dobi, kar je že obljubil. In zopet gre mlajši na pokopališče ter stre oreh srednjega brata ter najde v njem obleko za častnika in srebrnega konja ter hitro odjezdi k mostu; tudi topot je on dobil stavo, medtem ko nobeden drug ni mogel črez. In zopet je izginil, da kralj ni vedel, kdo je dobil stavo. Zato da še enkrat razglasiti, če more kdo preskočiti most. Mlajši pa gre sedaj po svoj oreh, in ko ga stre, najde v njem obleko za kraljiča in zatega konja, katerega brž zasede ter odjezdi proti mostu. Tu ga že vsi pričakujejo ter želijo, naj bi on prvi poskusil srečo. On pa odvrne: "Jaz sem najzadnji prišel in najzadnji bom tudi poskusil svojo srečo."

Vsi so poskušali, pa nobeden ni mogel črez; ko je pa on poskusil, bil je kakor blisk na oni strani mosta. Nato je hotel brž pobegniti, pa kraljičina pristopi ter mu svoj kraljevski pečat pritisne na čelo, da bi ga v prihodnje spoznala. Ko zopet leto mine in se ni oglasil, pošlje kraljičina vojake, kateri bi morali poiskati tistega, ki ima na čelu njen pečat. Ti res vsakemu mladeniču pogledajo na čelo, pa nobeden ni imel pečata. Ko pa pridejo v hišo onih treh bratov, prideta starejša brata praznično oblečena. Ko ju vojaki pregledajo ter ne najdejo pečata, tedaj vprašajo: "Ali nimata koga drugega pri hiši?" — "Nikogar kakor podpečnika, ki tu pod podpečkom sedi." In ko mu pogledajo na čelo, najdejo na njem kraljičin pečat. Takoj mora z njimi v kraljev grad, in črez nekaj dni ga venčajo za kralja.



Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

11) Katera beseda (medmet) ima 4 zloge pa samo 3 različne glase?

12) Posadka neke ladje je štela 30 mož, od katerih je bilo polovico zamorcev. Ker je zmanjkalo živeža, je kapitan spoznal, da bodo vsi poginili od gladu, ako ne vržejo polovico posadke v morje. Kapitan pokliče torej mornarje in jih postavi na krovu v eno vrsto. Nato je začel šteti od prvega mornarja v vrsti, in vsakega devetega mornarja so vrgli v morje. Zgodilo pa se je, da, ko je bilo vrženo v morje polovico mornarjev, so ostali sami beli mornarji. Kako so torej stali mornarji v vrsti, da je bilo to mogoče? (Zaznamuj bele s črko B in zamorce s črko Z.)

Rešitve ugank.

9) Kakor domnevajo naravoslovci, naredi miši to na ta način: ena se vleže na hrbet in druga ji položi med noge jajce, nato pograbi ležečo miš, ki drži z vsemi štirimi nogami jajce, za rep in jo odvede v svoj brlog. Brezdvomno pa je to prava domneva, ker je skoro nemogoče, da bi mogle miši na kak drug način ukrasti jajce.

10)



Jakec.

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Anna Potisek, Girard, Kansas.
Joseph Bizjak, La Salle, Ill.
Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.
Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.
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Mary Zapaly, North Chicago, Ill.
Anica Dolenc, Arona, Pa.
Alice Šuštaršič, Imperial, Pa.
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(Prišlo prepozno za zadnjo številko.)

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Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi mene zanima Mladinski list, kakor vse druge bratce in sestrice. Le žal, da nas premalokrat obišče. Zelo se zanimam za uganke. Tu pa tam uganem katero, toda nekatere so pa že tako zavite, da jih nikakor ne morem uganiti. Odkar je začel izhajati Ml. L., sem se že precej naučila brati in pisati slovensko. Imam pa tudi

Abecednik iz starega kraja, tako da se lažje učim. V našem mestu imamo dve ljudski šoli ter eno višjo šolo. Jaz hodim v šesti razred ljudske šole.

Pozdravljeni!

Sylvia Homez, Auburn, Ill.

Cenjeni urednik!

Da ne bom ta zadnja, sem prosila ateka, da mi prepiše te jako zanimive ugankе, ker sem nekoliko bolna. Zato oprostite, prosim. Ker sem do sedaj še vse uganke uganila, se prizadevam, da bi še ostale, tako da dobim nagrado od Mladinskega lista in od mojega ljubega ateka.

Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj vam pošiljam sliko Jakca. Po velikem trudu sem zbrala njegove ude in jih skupaj zložila. Vendar pa ne vem, ali sem ga prav zložila ali ne, kajti ta preklicani Jakec mi je naredil precej sitnosti in skrbi, predno se mi je posrečilo zložiti ga.—V zadnji številki sem gledala, če bom našla mogoče mojo uganko, ki sem jo zadnjič poslala, pa je nisem našla. Mogoče je že romala v vaš koš.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.

Aha, kaj je s tvojo uganko, bi rada vedela? Nič bati se, še ni odromala v koš. Toda za enkrat je toliko ugank nabranih, da ni mogoče vseh na enkrat priobčiti, zato imej nekoliko potrpljenja. Pozdrav! — Urednik.

Cenjeni urednik!

Komaj sem pričakovala zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista. Najprej sem seveda pogledala v Naš kotiček, če sem prav rešila uganko št. 8. Prav vesela sem bila, ko sem zagledala svoje ime med rešilci. — Tukaj vam pošiljam Jakca. No, ta pa je res strašno živ in razposajen. Tako mi je nagajal, da ne vem, če sem ga dobro zložila ali ne. Ej, to vam je bilo veselja, ko sem s svojimi sesticami zlagala raztrešene ude porednega Jakca.

Pozdrav!

Anica Dolenc, Arona, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

Danes vam prvičrat pišem. Pošiljam tudi rešitev na eno uganko. Mislim, da sem Jakca prav zložila, četudi je bilo precej dela, predno se mi je posrečilo zbrati vse njegove razbite dele.

Stara sem štirinajst let in hodim v osmi razred. Slovensko ne znam posebno dobro pisati, ker se seveda v šoli učimo samo angleško brati in pisati. To kar znam, me je naučila moja ljuba mamica.

Pozdrav vsem!

Alice Sustaršič, Imperial, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

Hudo mi je, ker sem pri eni uganki zaostala. Tiste o petrolejski svetilki nisem namreč prav rešila. Jaz sem tudi mislila na svetilke, toda na vse skupaj; pa se mi ni ujemalo, ker nekatere svetilke tudi po dnevu gore. Zato sem nazadnje prišla na luno, ki je samo po noči svetla. — No, sedaj mi je dal pa Jakec dovolj posla. Njegovih udov je bilo preveč in premalo za zlaganje, pa sem ga končno vendar za silo zložila skupaj.

Tukaj smo imeli nedolgo tega prav lepe čase. Obhajali smo veliko slavnost in dobila sem mnogo lepih daril. Samo, da bi kmalu prišlo zopet kaj takega, ker bo moj atek gotovo zopet dobil kaj lepega za me.

Sedaj bomo imeli dovolj časa za igranje, ker se je končala šola. Jaz bom šla z mamo za nekaj časa v Minnesoto. Tam bomo obiskali moje doslej še nepoznane tete.

Pozdrav vsem našim bratcem in sestricam!

Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.

Cenjeni urednik!

Sedaj nadaljujem, kar sem začel v številki 4.

Zadnjič smo videli, da sem imel jaz pri ribolovu precej smole, ker sem pograbil rakca, ki me je pošteno uščipnil. Sošolec pa je res ujel z roko malo ribico. Ko jo je privlekel iz vode, se mu je hotela izmuzati iz njegovih rok. Ker sem videl, da je ne bo mogel obdržati, sem mu svetoval naj jo trdno prime za vrat in zadavi. Komaj pa sem to izgovoril ter skočil k njemu na pomoč,

se mu je ribica izmuzala in splavala po vodi. To ga je seveda strašno razjezilo.

Sklenila sva, da napraviva najprej ogenj, a potem pa da greva zopet na ribolov. Jaz sem res naredil lep ogenj, a on je kar takoj odšel nazaj k potoku. Nisem pričakoval, da bi kaj ujel, vendar pa je v kratkem času prinesel dve ribici. Jaz sem od veselja kar zavriskal, ko sem videl v njegovih rokicah dve ribici, ker vedel sem, da bo eno dal meni. Takoj sva spekla ribici in ju pojela. Ko sva bila s to okusno večerjo pri kraju, se mi je zazdelo, da je že precej

dalje, tako da sem nazadnje le nabral poln koš in ga s težavo prinesel domov. No, domači mi vsega tega seveda niso verjeli. Toda stara mama me vendar pokliče bližje, da naj grem jesti in potem pa spat. Seveda sem jih prav hitro ubogal, ker sicer bi se mi slabo godilo, ali pa bi še kakšno dobil po hrbtu. Ko sem drugo jutro vstal, me je stara mati posvarila, da sem tako poreden, ko sem že tako velik dečko in ker sem baš tisti dan deset let star. In jaz sem jim iskreno obljubil, da bom priden znanaprej.

Tako se je končal moj ribolov. O priliki



Prvi izprehod.

mračno. Vprašal sem ga, koliko je ura. Baš v tistem trenutku pa je zazvonilo pri župni cerkvi večernico. Ves iznenaden sem naglo pograbil koš, ga naložil na svoje rame ter hitrih korakov hitel domov, čeprav je bil koš težak. Ko sem tako prispil domov, so me že oddaleč izpraševali, kje sem toliko časa hodil. Kar oddaleč sem jim odgovoril, da sem v gozdu iskal drva, pa jih nisem nič dobil, zato sem šel še

pa mogoče še kaj napišem iz starega kraja. Če bode te tako prijazni in zopet priobčili.

Pozdrav!

Rudolph Grošelj, Cleveland, O.

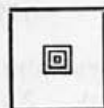
Le pošlji še kako dogodbico iz starega kraja, toda pošlji vse naenkrat, ne pa v nadaljevanjih, kakor si to storil sedaj. Med dopisi ne bo od sedaj naprej priobčeno nobeno nadaljevanje več. — Pozdrav!

Urednik.

Naša Milenca.

Modro oko — kakor jasno nebo,
ustni sta rdeči — kot črešnji žareči,
smeh razigran — kot solnčni je dan . . .

Naša Milenca med cvetjem kobenca.
Mamica tiha se srečna nasmiha:
njena radost — oživela mladost.



Nature's Reason Why.

Atmosphere and Its Utility.

When the earth cooled from its original intensely hot condition, the substances which did not chemically combine to form liquids and solids, or which required a very low temperature for their consolidation, were left still in the gaseous state around the solid core. This gaseous envelope, composed of the substances surrounding the earth, we call the *atmosphere*. Some of these gases are inert; that is, they do not really form chemical combinations with other substances. Others have formed extensive combinations, but they exist in such large quantities that they were not thereby exhausted.

Although the air appears to be a single gas and was so considered until the end of the eighteenth century, it has been shown to be a mixture of several different colorless gases. One of these, oxygen, supports combustion; another, nitrogen, neither burns nor supports combustion. These two gases make up by far the greater part of the air about us, and occur in the proportion of about one part of oxygen to four parts of nitrogen. Carbon dioxide is also found in the air in the proportion of about three parts to 10,000. There are in addition very small quantities of several other gases but these are not of sufficient importance to be considered here. Besides the gases, the air contains other matter, such as water vapor, dust particles, and microbes.

All of us have had occasion to observe that if there is a slight leak of gas from the gas stove in the kitchen, the "smell of gas" will permeate the whole house. It makes no difference whether there are

currents of air to carry the gas or not. Gases, whether heavy or light, mix readily with each other, or *diffuse*. As a rule, therefore, the proportion of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, and other gases is the same for all places on the surface of the earth.

Oxygen is the most important part of the air to animals, for without it they could not live. They breathe out carbon dioxide. All the heat and energy animals have is due to their power of combining oxygen with carbon. Plants also have need of oxygen, but to a smaller degree than animals.

The nitrogen is needed to dilute the oxygen. If oxygen were undiluted, animals could not live; and a fire once started would burn up iron as readily as it now does wood. Plants and animals need nitrogen too, but it is of no use to them as it occurs free in the air. Certain very low and minute forms of life known as bacteria have the power to take nitrogen from the air and to prepare it for the use of plants. The nitrogen must be chemically compounded with other substances before it can be used by animals or plants as food.

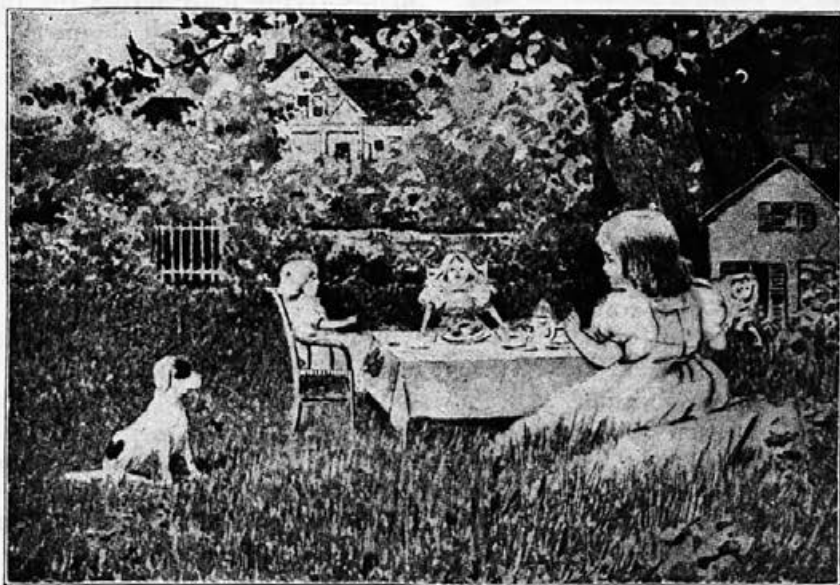
Plants need carbon dioxide as much as animals need oxygen. The growth of a plant is due to the power it has of tearing apart the carbon dioxide by the help of the sun and of building the carbon into its structure. It returns the oxygen to the air to be used again by the animals and the plants. By far the greater part of plants is made from the carbon which they get from carbon dioxide. Animals have not

the bodily power of breaking down carbon dioxide to obtain oxygen from it; consequently they smother in the gas. Since men and other animals are constantly using up the oxygen in the surrounding atmosphere, and are breathing out carbon dioxide, the rooms where they stay must be properly ventilated.

Carbon dioxide is heavier than air and has a tendency to accumulate in wells and unventilated mines. Workmen caught in this gas are smothered exactly as if by drowning. Frequently in coal-mine explosions so much carbon dioxide is formed

ficient quantities to be fatal to animals that attempt to pass through them.

The atmosphere at all times and under all conditions contains some moisture. In the air of even the driest desert there is some water vapor. Plants and animals both need it. Were it not for the moisture in the air there would be no rain; and without rain no land life could exist. Thus the air, which contains oxygen and water vapor for both plants and animals, carbon dioxide for plants, and nitrogen to dilute the oxygen, is one of the most important life factors of the earth.



In the Garden.

that but little free oxygen remains; and so miners often escape an explosion only to be smothered by the carbon dioxide (choke damps, as they call it). Before going down into a well or cistern, careful workmen always lower a lighted candle to test for the presence of carbon dioxide. If this is present in large quantities the candle is extinguished. In some places, such as Dog Grotto, near Naples, Italy, and Death Gulch in Yellowstone Park, carbon dioxide is being steadily emitted from the ground. Since these places are low and sheltered from the wind, the heavy gas accumulates in suf-

When water is exposed to the air, it gradually disappears into the surrounding atmosphere. This process is called *evaporation*. Evaporation takes place only from the surface of a body of water. It may occur at any temperature; but since heat is absorbed in the process of evaporation, the more heat there is available, the more rapid will be the evaporation. Evaporation must not be confused with boiling. Heat is absorbed in both processes; but boiling takes place only at a *definite* temperature and goes on *inside* the liquid.

(To be continued.)

The Little Turk.

(Conclusion.)

Ali had inherited from his forefathers the one great virtue of the Turks—gratitude.

Long he lay awake. Nothing came into his mind. Vainly he asked himself what he could do, until the door creaked gently, and a sweet old voice said:

"Li, my dear, you awake?"

"Yes, mother," he answered.

The old woman came and sat by his bed and kissed him softly.

"Sarah James is coming to tea to-morrow," she said, "and she'll bring the children. You won't mind making them one of them jumping dolls, will you? I told 'em you wouldn't."

"Of course I won't mind," he answered, and Mrs. Morgan kissed him and went away.

The little dolls Mrs. Morgan spoke of were comical figures, with long jointed limbs, which, by means of a contrivance of Li's own invention, would, when turned and doubled in a certain way, give long leaps, like those of a grasshopper. He cut them from wood, dressed them in loose trousers and jackets of gay colors, put turbans on their heads, and having made them for his own amusement at first, now entertained with them the children who came to the house to visit. They were always delighted with them.

"Just the sort of baby play I am always at. Never anything useful," Li said. Then suddenly an idea popped into his head.

"What pleases one baby may please another," he said to himself. "Why shouldn't I sell some? It would be a few pennies now and then, anyway, while I thought of some real work that I could do."

Mr. Brill's words came back to him:

"Being a cripple is no reason your boy shouldn't get to the top of the tree."

"It shan't be," he said. "Some way, somehow. I'll do my work in this world."

He wakened in the morning with a new feeling. He missed the dreamy happiness,

yet there was pleasure in the practical ideas that filled his brain.

His adopted mother only thought that he was more of a baby than ever when he kissed her so fondly, and when she saw him busy all day at his worktable, with bits of wood and wire and gay cloth.

The children had a grand time watching the manufacture; the cutting of the wood, the fixing of the little springs, the making of the costumes, the tinting of the faces and hands with red powder, of the feet with black, and the departure of each on his flying leap across the table.

"What do you call them, Li?" one small urchin asked.

"Little Turks," Li answered.

He had been thinking up a name for them, and this was what he had fixed on—"Little Turks."

For two or three days, when Mrs. Morgan looked for her boy, she failed to find him under the table, or in his hammock amongst the old pear-trees. Then she would listen at the foot of the garret stairs, and the little snipping and clipping and hammering sounds would come down to her:

"He's making something another; more of his toys, I reckon," she would say to the old man, and he would answer:

"Well, it's good to think he's happy enough to play all day, isn't it?"

By Saturday night there were fifty little Turks, in red, blue and yellow, all finished, all laid in a basket, and covered with a sheet of pink tissue-paper.

On Monday Li arose, dressed himself with care, told the old folks that he was "going out," and taking his basket from a hiding-place in the barn, limped away to the railroad station.

Those who took the trains or left that day saw the slender boy with his delicate face, his crutch behind him, his basket at his side, sitting patiently on the platform. He knew nothing of wending, but he did it prettily:

"I have little Turks for sale," he would say, lifting his dark eyes, and smiling the

soft smile of the Orient. "Does some one wish to buy a little Turk?" And the figure, dropped deftly from his hand, would leap to the feet of the stranger.

It was a curious and amusing toy. It took the eye of grown folks as well as of children. Before sundown the fifty little Turks were sold, and fifty ten cent pieces jingled in Li's pocket, and in his heart was that satisfaction that comes with the first money a boy earns for himself.

The old folks were sitting on the porch, anxious about Li, and wondering where he could be, when Neighbor Ashton's wagon stopped and set him down at the gate. As he stood before them his eyes shone like diamonds. He dipped his hand into his pocket. A shower of tinkling silver dropped into the old lady's apron.

"Why Li!" she cried shrilly.

"For the land's sake!" cried the old man. "Where did that come from?"

"I earned it, dad," said the boy. "I sold fifty little Turks down at the depot — my jumping dolls, you know. There's five dollars to show for it. I've been babied long enough. I'm going to work for you now. Dad, you'll understand me when I say that I mean to prove your friend Brill a true prophet."

"I reckon you was under the table when we was a-talking," responded the old man slowly.

"Yes, sir," said Li. "And I am glad I was."

But the woman began to cry.

"You haven't been setting to the depot sellin' things from a basket, Li?" she gasped.

"Must begin somehow, mother," said Li. "I'll have a big store one day."

And so the sale of little Turks began. So for some time it went on. Perhaps Li had

inherited, with his Oriental eyes and his gratitude, the Turkish aptitude for business. His toys sold wonderfully. When summer and the summer boarder departed together, trade grew dull. But by this time Li was able to go to New York. He had a small stand there at first, and his little Turks made a sensation.

One day a gentleman who watched him for a while, spoke to him.

"Who invented these?" he asked.

"I did, if it is an invention," the boy replied.

"That toy is a little fortune, rightly managed," the stranger said. "But you must patent it, or you'll be robbed. Let me talk to you to-night," and he gave Li a card.

The talk was held. The gentleman was an upright man of business, and Li was fortunate in having met him. Before many months were over, little Turks were being made by thousands, and children all over the United States were playing with them. Yes, children in England and in Europe, though I do not know whether they fell into the hands of any little living Turks.

"Hallo, Morgan! you are looking first-rate," cried a cheery voice one day. "Things going on better?"

The friends had met again in the streets of a great city.

"Brill!" cried Morgan, stretching out his hand. "Glad to see you, glad to see you. Yes; I don't want them no better than they be. And you did it, Brill, you did it. Remember what you said that day about cripples having luck and pluck? My Li heard it — happened to — and it sort of started him. Seems like a miracle, but he's saved the old house already, and I reckon, one way or another, he is going to carry out the whole prophecy."

Mary Kyle Dallas.

My Little Dog.

My little dog that I have had
So many jolly larks with,

Is wondering what he barks with.

Has teeth he uses when he bites;
But what keeps me awake o' nights,

Willie and the Treedeedle.

One day Willie was walking through the woods when he came to a great hollow tree. He peeped through the hole, and thought he would crawl in and see what a hollow tree was like.

Inside he found a ladder, very narrow and very steep, but up and up he climbed till he came to a little window. Through the glass he saw a funny little man, with three eyes, sitting at a round table eating his lunch. There was a great brown pie before him, and Willie was very fond of pie.

Then he noticed a little door at the top of the ladder, so he knocked very gently: rap-rap-tap-tap!

"Come in!" called the funny little man, and Willie opened the door and stepped into a little room.

"Who are you?" said the little man.

"I'm Willie, and I came up the ladder. Do you live here?"

"Yes; I am a Treedeedle, and this tree is my house. Won't you have some lunch?"

"O, yes!" said Willie, looking at the big brown pie and cake, full of little black things, and a big pitcher of lemonade.

"I always have an extra place for a visitor," said the Treedeedle. "Sit down," and he motioned toward the vacant chair. "Will you have some pie?"

"Yes, please," said Willie, taking the empty chair.

So the Treedeedle cut a huge piece of pie and handed it to Willie. Willie took up his fork and cut into his pie, and found it was full of empty spools.

"Oh! my mamma doesn't make pie out of spools. I don't like spool pie; I'm afraid I can't eat it," said Willie.

"Not eat spool pie!" said the Treedeedle, who was just finishing his third slice. "Why, it is delicious. But perhaps you'd like some cake?"

"O, yes; very much," said Willie, his eyes growing bright with pleasure.

So the Treedeedle passed him a large slice of cake, and Willie broke off a piece and was just going to eat it, when he saw

the little black things were not raisins but tacks, carpet tacks.

"Oh!" he said, "my mamma doesn't put tacks into her cake; no, can't eat tacks."

"Not eat tacks!" cried the Treedeedle, munching his cake with delight. "Why, they are so spicy, and sharp, and good; and these are particularly large ones. Perhaps you'd like some lemonade?"

"Yes," said Willie; "I think I should."

So the Treedeedle poured out a glass of lemonade, and handed it to Willie with such a polite bow that Willie thought he must be polite, too, and not find so much fault with the Treedeedle's lunch.

But as he lifted the glass to his lips, he smelled kerosene, and set the glass down very quickly.

"Oh! my mamma doesn't make lemonade out of kerosene," said he. "I can't drink it."

"Not make lemonade out of kerosene!" cried Treedeedle. "Why, yes; one lemon peel to one quart of kerosene is my recipe. I assure you it is very nice. But perhaps you would like an egg; I'll ring for one."

The Treedeedle picked up a little silver bell and rang: ding-a-link, a-ling-a-ling. In came a little man servant in green jacket.

"Hard or soft?" said the Treedeedle, looking at Willie.

"Hard," said Willie.

"Number-thirty-four, bring us some hard eggs," said the Treedeedle.

The man servant in the green jacket went out.

"Why do you call him 'Number-thirty-four'?" asked Willie.

"Because that is his name," said the Treedeedle.

Pretty soon Number-thirty-four came back with a dish of eggs, and Willie took one. The shell seemed to have been taken off, so he bit right into it, and found that it was lard, a ball of lard.

"Oh! my mamma doesn't have eggs made of lard. Your cooking isn't like my mamma's. I don't think I'm very hungry, and I think I will go home now; but if you

will come to breakfast with me sometime, I will show you what kind of things my mamma cooks. Bread and milk, and strawberries, and buttered toast, and chicken, and things like that, you know."

"O, yes! I know," said the Treedeedle. "I often have them too; and door-knob stew, and pincushion pudding, and needle

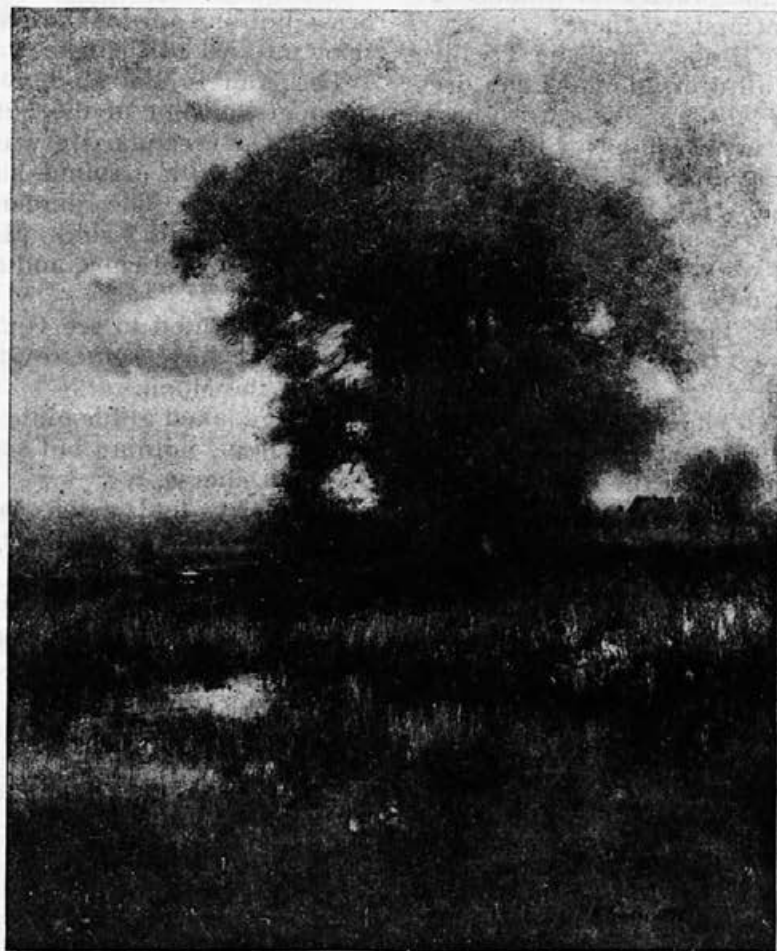
"I should like to go to see the Owl," said Willie, climbing down the ladder.

"Then let's go and call on him now," said the Treedeedle.

"All right. I've got on my clean dress, so I can go," said Willie.

When they reached the tree where the Owl lived, the Treedeedle gave a shrill

Chicago Art Institute.



Landscape.

George Inness.

tarts, and ice-cream made out of broken glass and lemons. I should like to take breakfast with you, though. Perhaps I will go to-morrow; and the next time you come to see me, I will take you to call on my friend the Owl, who lives in the next tree. Come soon."

whistle, and down from the tree came a basket on a rope.

Willie and the Treedeedle got into the basket, and were drawn up to a great limb. There they saw a little door standing open. Inside, they found the Owl sitting at a little desk writing a letter. "What are you

writing?" asked the Treedeedle looking over the owl's shoulder.

"I'm writing a letter to the Man in the Moon; he sent me an invitation to dinner. Is this your friend Willie?"

"Yes; let me introduce you to the Owl, Willie."

The Owl shook Willie's hand with one of his claws, and said, "Perhaps you and the Treedeedle would like to go with me to the Man in the Moon's to dinner. I'll send the letter after I get there."

"Of course we'll go," cried the Treedeedle. "Willie is all dressed, and I can dress in a jiffy, if you will lend me a wash-basin. I forgot to put my wash-basin in my pocket when I came away."

"All right," said the Owl; "you can go behind that screen, and I will go behind this screen, and we will dress."

So Willie sat down on a little stool and waited while the Treedeedle and the Owl splashed and scrubbed behind their screens.

They washed so violently that they dashed the water over the screens and sprinkled the whole room. Then the Owl curled all his feathers with a curling-iron in the latest style.

"Now for the paper collars!" cried the Owl. "We can't be dressed without paper collars. I'll lend you and Willie each one."

Willie didn't think he needed a paper collar, but he did not want to hurt the Owl's feelings, so he let the Treedeedle and the Owl put on his collar for him, and it came way up around his ears.

"How are we going to get to the moon?" asked Willie.

"Oh! I have a comet tied to my back fence," said the Owl, "and he will take us there."

Willie had never seen comet; so he followed the Owl and the Treedeedle out into the Owl's back yard with a good deal of curiosity.

The comet looked like a big star switching a long fiery tail. They all got on the comet's back; first the Owl, then the Treedeedle and then Willie.

"Now hold on tight," said the Owl, un-

tying the comet from the fence; and away they went like the wind, straight for the moon. Willie held on to the Treedeedle's coat-tails, and they went so fast it almost took his breath away.

When they reached the moon, the comet stopped, and they got off his back and walked up a little yellow path to a yellow house, and knocked on the little yellow door: rap-tap-tap-tap!

A little yellow man, with a great many brass buttons on his clothes, opened the door and asked them to walk upstairs.

The Man in the Moon was waiting for them in the roof of the house, which was flat like a veranda. He was a very round little man, with a round, shining face like a full moon. The dinner-table was all ready, set with gold plates, and gold spoons, and gold cups, and gold knives and forks.

"I'm delighted to see you; delighted! Sit down and have some oysters," cried the Man in the Moon.

Willie looked at his plate, but did not see any oysters; nothing but some little pieces of green cheese.

After they had eaten their cheese, the Man in the Moon called to the little man in buttons to bring the soup. So the plates were all changed, and in came the soup.

Willie looked into his plate, but all he saw was a little green cheese in the bottom of the soup plate.

"Well, that's funny," thought Willie; but he saw the Treedeedle and the Owl were eating their cheese, so he ate his.

"Now we'll have some chicken," said the Man in the Moon.

"That is nice; I like chicken," said the Owl. But when the plates were brought in, Willie saw that each one had a square piece of green cheese and nothing else.

"Any way, this is better than the Treedeedle's lunch," said Willie to himself; "but I wish they would have something different."

But though the Man in the Moon spoke of the salads, and strawberries, and cream, and ice-cream, and plum cake, and candy, and nuts, and raisins, and all kinds of good things, Willie saw that they were

only pieces of green cheese of different sizes.

"Let's go fishing," said the Man in the Moon, after dinner was over.

"How jolly!" said the Owl. "Where shall we go?"

"To the Milky Way," cried the Man in the Moon.

So off they started, with long fishing-rods over their shoulders till they came to the Milky Way; it was tumbling along like a river of milk.

The Man in the Moon had a little raft, and he rowed them all out into the middle of the stream to fish.

They caught all kinds of strange things. First, The Owl caught a pair of rubber boots, then the Treedeedle caught a pair of boxing gloves, then the Man in the Moon caught an umbrella, and then Willie caught a diamond crown, which sparkled and glittered like a row of stars.

"Oh! how beautiful," cried the Treedeedle; "you must be a king. Let's all put on the things we have caught."

So the Treedeedle put on his boxing-gloves, and the Owl put on his rubber boots, and the Man in the Moon put up his umbrella, and Willie put the diamond crown on his curls, and they started for the house of the Man in the Moon.

"I must go home quickly, for I am going to a ball at the Mud Turtle's to-night," said the Owl.

They looked all about for the comet to take them home, but as the Owl had forgotten to fasten it to the Man in the Moon's hitching-post, it had gone off.

"How shall we get home?" cried the Treedeedle.

"Let's fly," said the Owl, and he flapped his wings and flew off toward home.

"Oh! I can't fly," cried Willie.

"You will have to jump," said the Man in the Moon.

"All right; good-by! Come, Willie, take my hand," said Treedeedle.

So Willie took the Treedeedle's hand, and together they jumped.

Willie looked down and saw something sailing below them, and when they got nearer they saw that it was a balloon, and

as it was directly beneath them they stumbled into it.

The balloon was manned by a big black pussy cat with green eyes.

"What do you mean by jumping into my balloon?" asked the Black Pussy Cat, as Willie and the Treedeedle came tumbling into the basket.

"We did not mean to," said the Treedeedle; "but you were in our way, so we had had to fall in. Won't you take us home in your balloon?"

"I haven't time," said the Black Pussy Cat. "I'm on my way to the Mud Turtle's ball; you can go with me if you like, and I will take you home after the ball is over."

"Let's go," said the Treedeedle to Willie.

"All right," said Willie; and away they sailed with the Black Pussy Cat.

The Mud Turtle lived by a pond, under a willow-tree, and as it was getting rather dark, the bushes, and grass, and trees were all lighted up with fireflies, that snapped and sparkled like electric lights, and made the place as bright as day.

The guests were sitting about on stones. There was the Owl in his rubber boots, and he winked one big eye at Willie when he saw him come in with the Black Pussy Cat and the Treedeedle.

Then there was a big grasshopper, and a robin, and a field-mouse, and a bull-frog, and a blue butterfly, and ever so many others.

The Mud Turtle was in the center, shaking hands and talking with everybody.

Then the music struck up.

"Choose your partners for a hopity-kick waltz!" shouted the Mud Turtle.

Willie looked up to see where the musicians were, and saw them sitting on the branches; two thousands mosquitoes, humming and buzzing a waltz as loud as they could sing.

Then the Bull-frog came and asked Willie to dance. Willie saw the Black Pussy Cat dancing with the Mud Turtle, and the Grasshopper waltzing with the Field-mouse, and they seemed to be having such a gay time that he thought he would dance, too.

The Bull-frog hopped and leaped about so fast that Willie had hard work to keep up with him.

"The one who dances the longest wins the prize," shouted the Mud Turtle.

First the Mud Turtle got tired out and stopped, then the Field-mouse and the Rabbit, then the Robin and then the Blue Butterfly, and all the others, one by one, till only the Grasshopper and the Treedeedle were left.

They danced and danced, and hopped and twirled, till the room fairly seemed to Willie to whirl, too.

Then the Treedeedle threw off his boxing-gloves, and unbuttoned his coat, and danced faster all the time, till at last the Grasshopper fell down in a faint, and they had to bring him to by rubbing him down with a clothes-brush.

By that time everybody was shouting: "Hurrah for the Treedeedle!" "Three cheers for the Treedeedle!" "The Treedeedle has won the prize!"

The Owl and the Black Pussy Cat hoisted him on to a board, and carried him round the room.

Then the Mud Turtle brought in the prize, which was a hand-organ, and then they all cheered again, and the Treedeedle played them a tune on his organ.

"Now for the refreshments," cried the Mud Turtle; and they brought in a great wash-boiler and began to eat.

Presently Willie noticed the Blue Butterfly sitting on the fence, eating his lunch all by himself out of a little tin dinner-pail.

"Why don't you come and eat with us?" asked Willie.

"I don't like molasses candy, so I always bring my own lunch," said the Blue Butterfly.

Willie looked to see what the Butterfly had for lunch, and saw that he had brought five sausages all on a string.

After they had finished the molasses candy, and scraped the boiler nice and clean, the Treedeedle said it was time to go home; so they all shook hands with the Mud Turtle and told him what a good time they had had.

"I'm coming to see you, Willie," said the Mud Turtle.

"That will be nice," said the Willie. "I will show you my playhouse."

"Oh!" I'll come, too," said the Owl.

"And I," said the Black Pussy Cat.

"Can't I come, too?" cried the Blue Butterfly.

"And I?" asked the Grasshopper.

"I am coming", said the Robin.

"I'm coming, too," croaked the Bull-frog.

"All right," said Willie; "perhaps my mamma will let me have a birthday party and invite you all."

"Hurrah! hurrah! We all are going to Willie's birthday party!" cried everybody.

Then the Black Pussy Cat and the Treedeedle climbed into the balloon and pulled Willie in after them, and very soon they stopped at Willie's front gate and let him out.

"Good-by! I've had a beautiful time," said Willie, "and now I am going in to tell my mamma all about it."

Agnes Blackwell.

How to Know His Name.

A kindly old soul asked the seven children of an acquaintance to tea. The youngster's ages ranged from three years to fourteen. As they streamed into her drawing-room, her brain reeled, and their names failed her.

"And which one are you, dear?" she asked a solemn boy of seven, helplessly.

"Me?" said he, importantly. "I'm the one with the spectacles."

Terror Tommy.

Mother: "Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

Visitor: "Why is that, Tommy?"

Tommy: "'Cos we don't have no pie no other time."

Less than a dog.—Mollie (who has been taken with her puppy to see the "dog doctor")—"Oh, daddy, he—he's just an ordinary man. I thought he'd be a dog."

The Little Acrobat.

By Cara Lanning.

What little boy or girl hasn't seen the acrobats at the circus,—those wonderful people who go flying about the ring in mid-air, swinging by their toes from a trapeze,



Beat it!

or turning somersaults over a row of elephants?

Now Corny Chickadee was an acrobat also,—one of the best in Birdland. For a

long time, Corny had his favorite pine tree on the edge of the woods, and in winter he hunted fat grubs and cankerworm eggs on its rough bark, sheltered himself from January's storms among its feathery boughs, and did his acrobatic trick on its lowest branches. He would perch a moment on a bare twig; then turn over and dangle head downward by his strong toes, finally swinging himself upright with as much ease as any circus acrobat.

Fun? I should say it was fun! It was Corny's finest winter game. In summer he had little time to play, for he and his mate always moved into the deep woods early in May and built their nest in the hollow limb of an old birch tree. To line the hole with sheep's wool, ferns, feathers, bark, moss, and hair was a big task. Then there were the six speckled, white eggs to tend, and later six babies, crowded into that stuffy nest, to be fed and trained to fly. So you can see how busy the parents must have been.

But in autumn and winter, when Corny and the other chickadees gave up living in pairs and began to live in flocks, there were no birds so jolly and carefree as they. The stormier the weather, the more gaily Corny whistled and sang. He was such a hardy little bird that he didn't have to migrate to a southern climate for the winter. Would you like to know why? Because under his soft, fluffy, gray feathers he had a thick coat of fat that kept him as warm as toast during the coldest snow-storm.

No matter how freezing the January winds, you might have seen Corny Chickadee's brownish gray head with its crown of black bobbing up and down the pine trunks as he hunted for insect eggs, while he paused between bites to sing softly, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" Or you might have seen his white breast and the white streak like a collar around his neck, and his folded gray wings and tail edged with

white, as he hung upside down from a stout pine cone on his favorite branch.

One day a dreadful thing happened to Corny. He had alighted on his beloved perch and started to perform his acrobatic trick when he noticed that the branch was covered with a gummy substance which made it hard for him to move his feet. Soon he was stuck fast. Then he remembered the two big boys who had stood under the tree and watched him closely the day before. Being just about the tamest and friendliest of all the wild birds, he had never dreamed they would do him harm. He began to chirp in great fright.

As if in answer to his cries, the door of the house standing on the edge of the wood opened and a little boy came out, limping toward the tree on a wooden crutch as fast as he could go.

"Those mean Jones boys have put lime on the twigs to catch the chickadees!" he called to his mother in the doorway. "Poor Chicky! Hold still; I'll free you!"

He climbed on a box and, reaching up with his crutch, pulled the branch down until he could reach the trembling, struggling Corny and pull him loose amid much wild fluttering.

Too scared to be grateful to his rescuer, Corny flew away to a snowbank to rub the gum off his feet. And nothing could persuade him to return to the pine tree for fear of falling into the hands of those two cruel bird-hunters. This adventure made him so timid that for several days he hardly dared to look for a new perch.

One bitterly cold day when cankerworms were scarce and Corny was hungry, he discovered a thin trail of hemp seed leading along the edge of the wood. Joyfully he followed it, eating as he hopped along, curious to see where it led; for Corny had a remarkably big "bump of curiosity" for

so tiny a bird. Soon it wound into the yard of the house where the Little Lane Boy lived, and let Corny to the foot of an old Christmas tree stuck deep in a snowdrift near the porch.

Corny was foud of dead trees. So he fluttered cautiously around this one until he discovered a great lump of suet fastened to one of the upper limbs. He was having a fine time pecking at it with his bill when he was startled by the low whistle of another chickadee. He looked all around him, but could see none of his friends. He was returning to the suet when the whistle sounded again. Corny was too inquisitive not to follow up the call, which seemed to come from an upper window just above the porch. Cocking his head on one side, he hopped along the sill, on which he found a tempting lunch of raw peanuts and sunflower seeds. As he paused to munch a few of these dainties, he saw a smiling face gazing at him through the window, with puckered lips. The mystery was solved, it was the Little Lane Boy whistling to him like a chickadee!

Corny flew away; but he soon came back and perching on a bare bough of the old tree, he began to turn somersaults and hang upside down by his toes. Meanwhile the Little Lane Boy looked on at his open window, imitating the chickadee's call.

After that, the little acrobat came every day to answer the Little Lane Boy's whistle, to nibble at his suet, and, growing bolder, even to venture inside the window.

At last one day, the Little Lane Boy cried gleefully. "Oh, Mother, see how tame my chickadee is! He's already eating peanuts out of my hand! In a few days I'll have him perching on my shoulder!"

And he did!

If an S and I, and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell "su",
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if an S and I and a G
And an H E D spell "side",
There's nothing much for a speller to do
But go commit siouxeyesighed.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 6.

How shall the following stanza be read that it may be true?

There is a lady in the land
With twenty nails on each hand,
Five-and-twenty on hands and feet,
This is true without deceit.

Answer to Puzzle No. 5.

In fourteen ways.

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 5.

Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.
Tillie Boznar, Adamson, Okla.
Mary Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill.

Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 4.

(Too late for the last number.)
Rudie Raspet, Delmont, Pa.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

I appreciate the Ml. L. very much. I can read and write in Slovenian. I am interested in the stories and puzzles. As all children I wish it would come more times.

I go to school in the seventh grade. I am 12 years old. We have eight schools in our village. Each is about 70 feet high, one block long and half of a block wide. About 3,000 children go to school now. We have a playground with school. The school board furnishes the sewings, slides and other equipments.

We have a library in our village. It contains books for children from the first grade to high school. I like books on flowers most. I am always drawing and painting.

There are seven churches in our village, but only one is Roman Catholic.

Your friend,

Mary T. Robnik, Chisholm, Minn.

Dear Editor:

I am sending my answer to puzzle No. 5. I enjoy myself by reading the stories of the Ml. L. I am in the eighth grade, and am 14 years of age. I can read and write in English and a little in Slovenian, but am trying to read and write more in Slovenian. This is my first time in sending an answer to your puzzles. I found out it is very interesting.

Frances Supancic, Carona, Kans.

Dear Editor:

In school our teacher said we have to report on a story from any book or magazine for this month's reading. I shall report on the 'Paris Beggar', that was published in the Ml. L. for May.

School will soon be out and I will have more time to read the stories and poems. I am thirteen years old and am in the sixth grade. I was trying to solve some of the puzzles but I do not know if they are right. I also have a puzzle for you and it is: What must you add to nine to make it six?

Your friend,

Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am trying to learn Slovenian grammar. Our school was out a few weeks ago, and my father told me to learn grammar, so I can read Slovenian to him.

I am nine years old, and passed to the fourth grade. I have a sister and a brother. My sister is eight, and brother six years of age. My mother always reads the Ml. L. for us, when we get it, and then she tells us all about the stories. I wish only it would come twice a month. All Slovenian boys and girls like to read it because it is so nice. I read the English part alone. We are all of us in the S. N. P. J.

Mary Milavec, Maynard, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am always so happy when the Ml. L. comes. Just as soon as I get it I look in "Naš kotiček" to see if my name is in too,

and if I got all the puzzles right. Our school is out on a vacation for 3 months. We went to the park and had a good time. We had plenty of ice cream too. And now we have to help our mothers at home. I am planting flowers every day because we have so much of rain. I am sure glad we have so much of rain in Kansas so all my flowers will grow. When my flowers will grow up and bloom I wish that our dear editor would come here. I would give you my prettiest carnation.

I have seen Jakec all in pieces and I felt sorrow for him, so I tried to put him back together, because his name's-day and mine are right together. Jakec was hard on me so I wasn't going to put him together, but my mama and papa gave me a scolding. Then I tried again. I am not sure if I did it right, but I am sending him in with my other puzzles nevertheless. Brother Jos. T. Mihelich gave you a puzzle to guess. I am sending you the answer too. The answer is: None.

Your friend,

Anna Polisek, Girard, Kans.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first letter I am writing you. I enjoy reading *Ml. L.* very much. I think all Slovenian boys and girls should read it. I am fourteen years old and last year in public school. I can not solve the puzzles; I think they are very hard. Our school is out now and I just at home helping my mother to clean house. I am very busy.

Your friend,

Bertha E. Cres, Willock, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing. I am writing in English because I have not quite learned to write in Slovenian. I like to solve the puzzles in the *Ml. L.* I like especially to read the stories. I wish the *Ml. L.* would come oftener than now.

Tillie Boznar, Adamson, Okla.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines so I let you know how glad I was when I received the "*Mladinski List*". My mother made me a surprise because she didn't tell me before about it.

Now I will surely learn to read Slovenian. Oh, I like it. I know how to read and write a little in Slovenian, but not very much. Because *Prosveta* — which I tried to read — hasn't such nice large letters. Now I can learn Slovenian and my mother English, so our "*Ml. L.*" is good for all the family. And how interesting it is! What nice stories and letters it has and everything I like. What funny puzzles you make. I showed all my friends in how many ways American can be read and they were all surprised.

I am sorry I have no other Slovenian friends. We are the only Slovenian family in this settlement. I hope some day we will move to a place where there are more Slovenians. Oh, I wish I was in Chicago; then I would be your member and a member of the Club "*Čmrlji*" to learn tamburica.

Now I am 15 years of age, and last vacation I earned \$36.00. I hope I will earn more this vacation. I will try to solve some of your puzzles too. I am sending you one if you know what it is.

There is a green house and in the green house is a white house and in the white house is a red house and in the red house lives a whole lot of little niggers. What is this?

Here is a little joke too:

A mother was entertaining company when her little daughter Mary ran in and said: "Oh, mama, our big black cat got six little cats and I didn't even know she was married."

Next time I will try to write to you in Slovenian.

Your friend,

Angie Koss, Brodhead, Wis.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$20 a ton and you pay your dealer \$80 how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," said the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

The Rivals.

'Twas Mary Melinda Baker's doll,
With head of shining hair,
A waxen nose and ten pink toes,
A fan, and a real high-chair.

Mary Melinda Baker's doll
Was an airy sort of thing;
Though I never heard her speak a word,
And I know she could not sing.

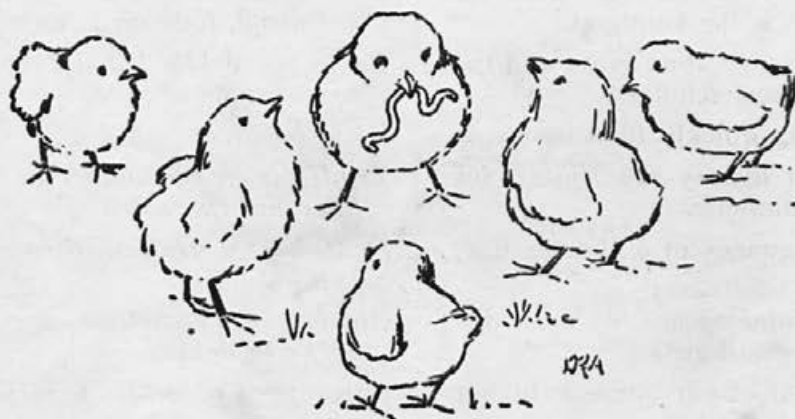
Now Peter Frisby Hamilton Jones
Was a perfectly lovely dear.
He was a cat, as black as my hat,
No tail, and a slit in one ear.

Mary Melinda never will know
How her doll stirred up that cat;
But she was the one 't the fuss begun,
We fellows are sure of that.

How do girls know what dolls may do,
When they are away at school?
A girl in their place would make up a face,
Which aggravates boys, as a rule.

So we think that doll with her waxen nose,
Just turned it up at Pete—
At nine she was there, in her real high-
chair;
At night we found one of her feet.

Cora Stuart Wheeler.



Chicks.

No Objection to Large Families.

Uncle John took little Florrie to the doll department in one of the big shops and said: "Now, Florrie, which shall it be—a boy or a girl?"

"Twins," promptly replied Florrie.—

"Why are we so late?" asked a passenger of the conductor.

"Well, sir," explained the conductor genially, "the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before, besides."

Knew the Meaning.

A teacher was reading to her class, when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew the meaning.

One little girl gave the meaning as: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."—

A kindly looking old gentleman was stopped by a very little girl carrying a parcel.

"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

V.

(Continued.)

EXERCISES.

I have a small, sharp knife.

My knife is small and sharp.

Have you read your dear father's long letter?

The warm days come in the spring and the hot weather in summer.

In hot countries there are two seasons, a wet and a dry.

In Jugoslavia the beautiful month is May.

One of the boys is much taller than the others, but he is the youngest.

There are more girls than boys, and the girls are the best scholars.

They learn more quickly than boys.

Geography and history are easier for girls than arithmetic.

Girls learn languages in a shorter time than boys.

Algebra and geometry are the most difficult for boys and girls.

The tree in front of our house is higher than the one behind it.

It is also bigger and handsomer.

Is Johnny the most diligent boy in the school?

No, but he is the oldest boy in the school and also the tallest; he is much taller than Edward.

Jackie is the youngest boy, Nellie the youngest girl.

This mountain is higher than that tower.

Charles writes well, Oscar writes better, but Tessie writes the best.

The weather is finest in June.

Imam majhen, oster nož.

Moj nož je majhen in oster.

Ali si prebral dolgo pismo svojega ljube-ga očeta?

Topli dnevi pridejo spomladi, a vroče vreme pa poleti.

V vročih deželah imajo dve letni dobi: mokro in suho.

V Jugoslaviji je maj krasen mesec.

Eden izmed teh dečkov je mnogo večji kot drugi, toda on je najmlajši.

Tu je več deklic kot dečkov, in deklice so najboljše učenke.

Učijo se hitreje kot dečki.

Zemljepis in zgodovina sta lažja za deklice kot računstvo.

Deklice se v krajšem času naučijo jezikov kot dečki.

Algebra in geometrija sta najtežji za dečke in deklice.

Drevo pred našo hišo je višje kot ono za njo.

Tudi je večje in lepše.

Ali je Ivanček najbolj priden deček v šoli?

Ne, toda on je najstarejši deček v šoli ter tudi največji; mnogo večji je kot Edward.

Jakec je najmlajši deček, Elica (pa) najmlajša deklica.

Ta gora je višja kot oni stolp.

Karl lepo piše, Oskar piše lepše, a Rezi-ka piše najlepše.

V juniju je vreme najlepše.

(To be continued.)