

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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## MAJNIKOVA

Ko spomlad cvetoča pride  
in odklene temna vrata,  
z radostjo nas vse obide,  
doba nam zasiže zlata.  
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,  
konec zime je tedaj!

Sladki čujejo glasovi  
ptičic v mladi se naravi,  
ki srce v krasoti novi  
vabi k radostni zabavi:  
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,  
konec zime je tedaj!

Kjer si petje dom izvoli,  
tam življenje lepo sije,  
bratje, torej zdaj okoli  
pesem ta naj se razliže:  
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,  
konec zime je tedaj!

Poljska narodna.



## MAJCI.

SREBRNE SU TVOJE VLASI  
LEDJA SU TI POGRBLJENA  
U LICU NABORANA SI  
OD STAROSTI OSTAVLJENA,  
MAJKO, MUČENICE!

BOL I PATNJA SAD TE SLIJEDE  
MIRA, KADA TREBALA BI  
STAROST NOSI SLIKU BIJEDE;  
PRETEŠKI SU TVOJI JADI,  
MAJKO, MUČENICE!

MIRNO SNOSIŠ SVOJE JADE  
I SVE NIŽE SPUŠTAŠ GLAVU;  
U POTAJI SE SUZA KRADE,  
DA SE SPUSTI BAR NA TRAVU,  
MAJKO, MUČENICE!

F. Filaković, N. Čovjek.

Rabindranath Tagore:

## Kaj dete more

CE bi dete le hotelo, — bi ta hip v nebo poletelo.

Ni kar tako, da nas noče zapustiti.

Rado naslanja svojo glavico materi na prsa in ne more nikoli pogrešati njenega pogleda.

Dete pozna raznotere modre besede, dasiravno razume le malokdo na svetu njih pomen.

Ni kar tako, da ne želi nikoli govoriti.

Samo to hoče: učiti se materinih besed materi z ustnic. Zato gleda tako nedolžno.

Dete je imelo kup zlata in biserov, ali vendar je prišlo kakor prosjak na ta svet. Ni kar tako, da je prišlo s takšno preobleko med nas.

Ta ljubi, mali, nagi prosjak se dela popolnoma onemoglega, da lahko prosjači za bogastvo materine ljubezni.

Dete je bilo tako svobodno vsakterih spon v deželi malega rastočega meseca.

Ni kar tako, da se je odreklo svoji svobodi.

Ve, da je v malem kotičku materinega srca prostora za neskončne radosti in da je dosti slaje od svobode, biti zajetemu in stiskanemu v njenem ljubem naročju.

Dete ni znalo še plakati. Bivalo je v deželi večne blaženosti.

Ni kar tako, da se mu je zahotelo pretakati solze.

Čeprav vleče z usmevom svojega milega obličja materino hrepeneče srce k sebi, vendar spleta njegovo dobro vekanje nad malimi nadlogami dvojno vez sočutja in ljubezni.



Na ljubkem jezercu v Glacier National Parku.

## Garibaldi—prvoboritelj za svobodo

**G**E hočemo razumeti življenje Garibaldija, moramo najprej razumeti razmere, ki so vladale v Italiji pred 120 leti, ko je bil ta italijanski osvoboditelj rojen. Položaj tedanje Italije je bil silno žalosten. Vsa razkosana je bila, vse polno je bilo v nji malih kraljičev, ki so gospodovali čez njeno prebivalstvo in se prepirali in vojskovali med seboj. Že iz srednjega veka so bila večja severno-italijanska mesta republike, zlasti mesta kot so Benetke, Genova, Pisa in Florenca. Srednji Italiji je gospodoval papež, ki je bil takrat tudi posvetni vladar. Mesta so se polagoma združevala, ker so bile take potrebe, da se je bilo treba braniti proti zunanjim nasprotnikom. Velikokrat so Španci, Nemci ali Francozi vdrl v deželo in v vojskah pobili Italijane, ki niso bili združeni. V južni Italiji je gospodaril kruti španski Burbonec, katerega prestol je bil v Neaplju. Državljanji po srednji Italiji so bili najbolj siromašni tlačani in sužnji pod vlado samooblastnih papežev. Avstrijci so vladali v Lombardiji. Ko je prišel Napoleon, je pometel vse male vladarje iz Italije in se sam oklical za italijanskega kralja. Po njegovem padcu so se zbrali veliki vladarji na Dunaju in so si ponovno razdelili plen: vsa severna Italija je pripadla avstrijskim cesarjem.

To je bilo pred sto leti. Niti na severu pod Avstrijci, ne v sredi pod papežem, ne na jugu pod najbolj brutalnim neapoljskim kraljem niso bili ljudje svobodni. Avstrijci so vladali z vojaštvom, neapoljski kralj in papež pa z duhovščino, ovaduhi, z mečem in strupom. Izobrazbe pa ni bilo nobene, šole nikjer, ampak povsod samo cerkve in vojašnice.

V takih razmerah se je rodil Garibaldi ravno na dan 4. julija leta 1807 v Nici. Njegov oče je bil poštenjak, ampak siromak; lastoval je malo ribiško ladjico. Njegova mati je bila pobožna ženska, pa je mislila, da mora njen sin Giuseppe postati duhovnik, kajti bil je zelo priden in ubogljiv dečko ter lepega obnašanja. Toda že v zgodnji mladosti je mladi Giuseppe Garibaldi spoznal, da je ravno duhovščina največ kriva, da se tako godi njegovim ljudem in da domovina trpi pod jarmom izkoriščevalcev. Namesto da bi postal duhovnik, je torej rajši utekel z doma in se podal na morje.

Giuseppe Garibaldi ni imel izobrazbe v šoli, kajti šol za siromake takrat ni bilo; le njegovi izredni marljivosti je pripisati, da se je naučil zemljepisja, računstva, zvezdoznanstva in trgovskega prava. Že štirinajst let star je bil mornar in do svojega petindvajsetega leta je ostal na morju, kjer je postal kapitan ladje. Ko je odraščal, je posebno rad študiral zgodovino in pri tem učenju je najbolj vzljubil svojo domovino. Tu je z drugimi tovariši pričel kovati naklepe, kako reši Italijo tiranov. Imenovali so se "stranka mlade Italije" in pridobivali so člane, kateri so bili pripravljani prijeti za orožje, da preženejo tirane.

Drugih mož, ki so živeli istočasno z Garibaldijem ter bili bojovníki za svobodo, ni bilo malo. Cavour je bil kakor apostol svobode v parlamentu Piemonta in Sardinije; Mazzini je bil mislec svobode; Panizzi, ubežnik na Angleškem, je vztrajno deloval za zedinjenje Italije; duhovnik Sirtori je postal revolucionar, odpadnik in filozof, prvoboritelj za svobodo italijanskega ljudstva. Veliko jih je bilo, a med temi najbolj ognjevit Garibaldi.

Garibaldi je bil samo eden. On je bil prijazen mož, srednje velikosti, širokih prs in močan, košatih kostanjevih las, s širokim čelom in z malimi, rjavimi očmi. Bil je kakor rojen voditelj, obenem pa človek blagega srca.

Takega je tedanja razkosana Italija potrebovala. On se ji je tudi posvetil z edino željo za — svobodno italijansko republiko. Lotil se je tega ogromnega dela še kot 26-leten mladenič. Da pridobi več prijateljev, se je vpisal v vojno mornarico združenih

držav Piemonta in Sardinije. Podpihoval je svoje tovariše, da bi se dvignili za oklicanje republike. Čudno je, da se je svojega dela lotil ravno tu, kajti uprav monarhistična Genova je bila kakor sršenovo gnezdo. Podati se je torej treba nekoliko v tedanji položaj, da razumemo Garibaldijevo delo.

Savoja je od leta 1860 francoska, prej pa je bila del Italije. Njeni vojvode so postali sicilijanski kralji in iz te družine je tudi izšel sedanji laški kralj. Ti so bili tudi vladarji Sardinije in Piemonta, in sicer najbolj samooblastni. Ravno vsled tega se je Garibaldi lotil te kraljevine, da jo osvobodi tiranov in jo spremeni v republiko. Na dan, ko je v mornarici Sardinije izzval splošno vstajo, ki je imela napočiti leta 1834, ter je šel na obrežje, da bo videl, kako bo stvar uspela, je zaslišal šepet: "Bežite! Izdani smo!" On je ubežal. Preblekel se je v kmeta in je hitel domov v Nico, toda bil je že zasledovan in časopisi so že prinesli objavo, da je obsojen na smrt. Ko je petnajst let pozneje prvič videl sardinjskega kralja, je izvedel, da ga je bil ravno ta človek obsodil na smrt.

Garibaldi je moral bežati in zatekel se je v Ameriko, kjer je doživel veliko skušenj po južnoameriških republikah. Rad se je podajal v službo malih republik proti tiranom in si je na ta način stekel veliko slave ter priznanja od ljudstva. Z malimi četami je potolkel cele regimente, dasi ni bilo takorekoč nikakega upanja, da uspe. Bil pa je vedno na strani ljudstva in tlačениh. Ko je prišla naloga, da mora s svojo četo porušiti mesto in pobiti prebivalce, tega ni hotel storiti in se je uprl ukazom. Tudi ujeli so ga in mučili, toda z vsem tem si je samo pridobil slave kot prvobojevnika za pravico ljudstva.

V Braziliji se je Garibaldi sestal s potomko davnih španskih naselnikov, Anito de Silvia, in se z njo poročil. Ona je bila res njegova družica, kajti spremljala ga je skozi vse vojne pohode, skozi nevarnosti in zmage.

V teh letih je Garibaldi zbral po Južni Ameriki legijo Italijanov. Bojeval se je z njimi v tujini za male narode, obenem pa mislil na svojo domovino. Vedel je, da bo prišel pravi čas in to se je zgodilo leta 1848, ko je po vsej Evropi napočila revolucija. Tedaj se je Garibaldi s 84 možmi in z dvema topoma povrnil iz Južne Amerike v Nico.

Njegovo ime je že slovelo povsod in v rojstnem kraju so ga sprejeli z navdušenjem. S svojo četico je Garibaldi dobil službo v mali armadi Lombardije, katera se je bojevala proti Avstriji, da prežene te tuje tlačitelje. Toda armada Avstrijcev je bila prevelika in lombardijska pa preveč pceppljena in slaba, da se je Garibaldi s svojo četo le s težavo rešil iz bitke. Kralj je takoj, ko je uvidel, da izgublja, sklenil mir z Avstrijo in si je na ta način ohranil Piemont, Lombardijo pa pustil Avstrijcem. Garibaldi je proglasil kralja za izdajalca ter izjavil, da se ne bojuje več zanj s svojo četo, katera pa je bila razkosana, ter se je tudi sam moral podati na oddih.

Takrat je napočila vstaja v Rimu. Papež, ki je vladal čez ljudstvo, je bil brezsrčen tlačitelj in je izmозgaval ljudi do skrajnosti. Ljudstvo se je dvignilo in papež je moral uteči iz Rima, kateri se je proglasil za republiko. Kralj v Neaplju je takoj potegnil s papežem in napovedal vojsko rimski republiko; toda nasproti se mu je postavil Garibaldi z revolucionarji. Tudi s Francoskega so monarhisti poslali pomoč papežu, ali vsem se je postavil v bran Garibaldi s svojimi revolucionarji in jih prav pošteno namlatil. Šele ko je začela pokati močna francoska artilerija, se je moral umakniti.

Ko so revolucionarji vse izgubili ter se je vračal papež v Rim, je Garibaldi s svojimi puntarji rajši ubežal kakor pa da bi oddal orožje oboroženemu vojaštvu in duhovščini. Z njim je šla hrabra Anita, čeprav je bila bolehná. Ostrigla si je lase in se preoblekla v dečka ter jahala ob njegovi strani. Odjezdili so v gore, zatočišče

revolucionarjev, za njimi pa je hitela preganjajoča vojska francoskega in neapoljskega kralja ter rimskega papeža.

Za časa Garibaldijeve odsotnosti so nekoč napadle njegove ljudi monarhistične čete in dasi sta si Anita ter revolucionarni angleški poveljnik Forbes zelo prizadevala, je bilo slabo prehranjene in raztrgane ter izmučene revolucionarje nemogoče obdržati v redu, da so podlegli, in ko se je Garibaldi vrnil, je razpustil svojo pun-tarsko armado.

Tisti, ki niso hoteli z njim, so ga spremljali na pohodu do obrežja, odkoder so se njegovi najtrdnjši pristaši ukrcali na trinajst malih ladij ter se odpeljali proti Benetkam, katere so se takrat pod vodstvom revolucionarja Manina dvignile proti Avstriji.

Bila je krasna mesečna noč, ko so se ladje ubežnikov približale mestu na vodi. Luna jih je izdala Avstrijcem, ki so prežali na mesto z vojnih ladij. Razen štirih ladij so Avstrijci vse potopili, ljudi pa polovili. Garibaldi je ubežal s svojo Anito v naročju, ki je radi hudih naporov bila na smrt bolna in je umrla, kakorhitro so bili na suhem ter so prišli v vas La Mandriola blizu Ravenne. Izdahnila je v najbolj temnih dneh njegovega življenja, ko je obupaval vsled neprestanih izgub.

Garibaldija so zdaj lovili kot najbolj hudobnega zločinca. Velika vsota je bila razpisana na njegovo glavo. V Piemontu ga niso hoteli, ker je bil proglašen za nevarnega človeka, in so ga posvarili, da mora takoj zapustiti deželo.

Po dolgih potovanjih se je Garibaldi zopet znašel v Ameriki, kjer je delal kot najzadnji pomagač pri izdelovanju sveč. Mož, katerega slava je bila zasijala v tedanji temni Evropi, je bil sedaj zaposlen pri vlivanju sveč v Ameriki! K sreči ga je našel neki italijanski prijatelj in mu izročil poveljstvo čez malo trgovsko ladjo, s katero je potoval v različne dele sveta. Na nekem svojem potovanju je došel v London, kjer je našel Mazzinija. Ta ljubitelj svobode mu je pripovedoval, kaj uganja papež in kaj uganjajo Avstrijci v njegovi domovini. Garibaldi je našel v Londonu obilo prijateljev in ponekod so ga počastili kakor kralja ter mu ob neki priliki podarili meč v znak časti in spoštovanja. In tega meča ni kupil nihče drugi kakor angleški delavci, ki so od svojih malih plač utrgali po penijih toliko, da so mu kupili to darilo in izkazali svoje priznanje bojevniku za pravico in svobodo ljudstva.

Dasiravno si v Piemontu in Sardiniji niso upali obdržati Garibaldija, je bil vendar ta kraj edino mesto v Italiji, kjer je še vladalo toliko svobode, da se je Garibaldi vrnil leta 1854. Tudi časa niso imeli, da bi mislili nanj, kajti Sardinci so šli v krimsko vojno. Leto dni po njegovem povratku mu je umrl brat in mu zapustil 1400 lir, katere je Garibaldi skupno z drugimi prihranki potrošil za nakup napol divjega, ali lepega otoka Caprera, severno od Sardinije. Postavil si je tudi hišo in se preselil tja s svojo družino, z namenom, da bo preživel na tej zemlji kot kmet.

Prihajali pa so veliki dogodki. Sardinjski kralj se je sprijateljil s francoskim kraljem Napoleonom Tretjim, kateri je obljubil pomoč za slučaj, če bi Piemont ali Sardinijo napadla Avstrija. Avstrija je napovedala vojno Sardiniji in iz tega se je razvila francosko-avstrijska vojna, v kateri je bila tepena Avstrija. Zapustiti je morala Lombardijo, katero je Francija pustila Sardiniji, Francija sama pa si je za plačilo vzela Savojo in Nico. V takih razmerah je Garibaldi izjavil, da je tujec v svojem rodnem kraju. Nikdar ni pozabil tega, ali vedno se je še boril za ujedinjenje Italije, katero je moralo priti.

Leta 1848 je bila vstaja v Siciliji, katero pa je neapoljski kralj krvavo zatrl, ali leta 1860 se je ljudstvo zopet uprlo z namenom, da za večno vrže s sebe jarem Burboncev. Na pomoč so poklicali Garibaldija, kar je takoj izvedela vsa Evropa.

Pridružil se mu je nekaj prijateljev, vztrajnih delavcev za ujedinjenje, in takoj je bilo z njim tisoč mož, ki so se ukrcali za odhod v južno Italijo. V tem trenutku

je stopila na stran revolucionarjev še Anglija, katera je poslala na pomoč svoje ladje, da so revolucionarje varovale pri izkrcanju. V Salemi so proglasili Garibaldi-ja za zapovednika in diktatorja. Kot tak je imel veliko opravka z neapoljskimi regimenti, katere pa je kmalu pregnal ter zavzel mesto Palermo. Z vojsko se je spravil tudi nad Neapolj, da prežene krutega kralja in dobi mesto za Italijo. Takoj po tem izvojevanju se je Garibaldi s svojo vojsko podal nad Rim, da vzame oblast papežu. Vršilo se je osvobojevanje srednje in južne Italije ter Sicilije. Istočasno pa so diplomati bivših kraljevin po teh krajih oklicali za kralja Viktorja Emanuela Savojskega. Uvideli so, da ignorantnega ljudstva ne bodo mogli zadovoljiti z republiko, ker duhovščina je imela preveliko moč s svojim oznanjanjem, da so kralji postavljeni od boga, zato so pa rajši kot to, izvolili kralja, kateri bo delal za nadaljno zedinjenje vse Italije. Garibaldi, kot revolucionar, sovražnik monarhov in prijatelj ljudstva, se v teh časih tudi ni mogel upirati in tako se njegove sanje niso popolnoma uresničile — Italija ni postala republika.

Vendar pa je Garibaldi kaj rad prezrl ukaze kralja. Ko mu je prepovedal Viktor Emanuel Drugi, da ne sme prodirati dalje v Sicilijo pri osvoboditvenem pohodu, je Garibaldi odvrnil, da prosi za "dovoljenje neposlušnosti" in šel s svojimi regimenti dalje.

Garibaldi je bil ponosen na armadico tisoč delavcev, katera se mu je bila priključila v Genovi. Tej je šlo tudi največ priznanja, da je južna Italija bila tako kmalu prosta kraljev. Francija, Rusija, Prusija in Avstrija, vsi so smatrali te Garibaldijeve ljudi za pirate, katere je treba takoj pobiti. Ali vzlic preganjalcem, ki so prežali nanje vsepovsod, so se ti bojevniki za svobodo lotevali najsmelejših pohodov. Napadali so močno utrjena mesta in izganjali kralje in kraljiče.

Garibaldi je bil tudi izboren general. Ko je s svojo armadico napadel veliko mesto Palermo, je poslal četo ljudi v eno stran, z večino pa se skrila v gričevje, tako da ga sovražniki niso mogli opaziti. Prevaril jih je. Misleči, da se Garibaldi podaja na neko sosednje mestece, so se spustili za njim, ali Garibaldi se je že urno umaknil v drugo smer ter se po nevarnih potih približal Palermu.

"Tisoč junakov", tako so nazivali Garibaldijevo armadico, je imelo najbolj naporene boje, ali spremljala jih je sreča. V Palermu je bilo 24.000 dobro oboroženih vojakov in v pristanišču pa bojne ladje. Ali "tisoč junakov", ki so vdrli v mesto, je hitro zgradilo barikade in se branilo vzlic neprestanemu bombardiranju z ladij, dokler jim ni pošlo strelivo. Istočasno pa je guverner mesta poslal sla k Garibaldiju in proglašeno je bilo premirje. Nihče ni vedel, da Garibaldijevi nimajo streliva in tako so se pogodili, da 24.000 vojakov odide in prepusti mesto Garibaldiju. Palermo, glavno mesto Sicilije, je tako prišlo pod ujedinjeno Italijo.

Po končani revoluciji se je Garibaldi vrnil na svojo kmetijo. V Siciliji je vzel vrečo koruze in peščico denarja in se je povrnil na Caprero. Postal bi bil lahko kralj, ali rajši se je podal v tiho življenje na otok v Sredozemskem morju. Kmalu nato sta bili priključeni ujedinjeni Italiji tudi mesti Rim in Benetke.

Z osvoboditvijo Italije se je začel prebujati marsikateri do tedaj tlačeni narod. Garibaldiju gre torej zasluga za prebujo vseh narodov; saj on je tudi ljubil vse narode, ali črtil je tlačitelje.

Na svoji kmetiji pa ni bil Garibaldi tako uspešen kot v revoluciji. Kmalu je obubožal in postal siromak. Italijanski parlament je glasoval, da mu podeli 40.000 lir in letno pokojnino 1.000 lir, toda on je odklonil vse. Le darilo od svojih bližnjih prijateljev je sprejel, tako da mu ni bilo treba živeti v revščini.

Pred svojo smrtjo je Garibaldi še posejil London, kjer so ga sprejeli kot največjega junaka, ali on je bil še vedno isti priprosti človek kakor nekdaj — v navadnem grobem oblačilu, z rdečo srajco, kakoršna je bila noša njegovih tisoč junakov — revo-

lucijonarjev. Ta rdeča Garibaldijeva srajca je od tedaj prišla v modo po vsem svetu, zlasti pa pri revolucionarjih in delavskih bojovníkih.

Od ran, ki jih je Garibaldi zadobil v raznih vojskah, je veliko pretrpel na stara leta. Umril pa je vendar v zadovoljstvu na svojem malem domu na Capreri dne 2. junija leta 1882. Ne samo vsa napredna Italija, temveč tudi ves drugi svobodo ljubeči svet je žaloval za njim.

Albin Čebular:

### BARČICA

Barčica plava  
po morju zelenem  
klanja se solnčku,  
solnčku rumenem:

“Ali bo kmalu  
zemljica naša?

Daj no povedati!

Tonček me vpraša.”

“Misliš — slovanska?”

Tončka pogleda:

“Tam-le je, vidiš,  
prav tvoja, seveda!”

Anton Funtek.

### MAJNIKOVA

Juhejsa, juhaj,  
prekrasen je maj!  
Žgolevajo ptiči,  
prepevajo ptiči:  
juhejsa, juhaj,  
prekrasen je maj!

Juhejsa, juhaj,  
prekrasen je maj!  
Fantiči, dekličiči,  
zapojmo kot ptiči:  
juhejsa, juhaj,  
prekrasen je maj!

## Rjavi hrošč

Ko se odenejo spomladi listovci z nežnim zelenjem, prilezejo vsako četrto leto iz zemlje rjavi hrošči. Podnevi čepe po listju, v mraku pa brne po zraku. Nerodni so in marsikateri buti človeka v obraz. Otroci se jih vesele in tekajo za njimi.

Hrošč je žuželka. Ima glavo, oprsje in zadek. Na glavi so kleščaste zgornje čeljusti, s katerimi hrošč objeda listje, in manjše spodnje čeljusti. Z okroglimi, črnimi očmi ne vidi posebno dobro. S pahalčastima tipalnicama pa tipa, voha in najbrž tudi sliši. Glavico pokriva zgoraj ščitek, da lahko riže pod zemljo.

Oprsje je sestavljeno iz treh obročkov. Vsak ima po en par členastih nog. Vsaka nožica se končuje v dva krepeljca, ki se z njimi oprimlje listja in brstja. Zgornji rjavi, roženasti krili sta samo zato, da varujeta spodnji kožnati krili in zgornji mehki del zadka. Zadek je sestavljen iz sedmih obročkov, zadnji je kot dolga konica.

Preden hrošč zleti, dvigne pokrovki, skrčuje in razteza zadek ter srka tako zrak skozi luknjice, ki so med belimi, trivoglatimi lisami ob zadku, potem se šele dvigne. Ko sede, zloži in skrije daljši kožnati krili pod pokrovki. Včasih pa mu še molita zadi izpod pokrovk kakor kakemu malčku srajca skozi preklane hlačice.

Hrošč živi samo dober mesec. Samica gre večkrat v zemljo ter izleže po 80 belih, kakor makovo seme drobnih jajčec. Iz njih izlezejo ličinke ali podjedi. Bele barve so in slepi. Rijejo pod zemljo ter objedajo s kleščastimi čeljustmi korenine. Večkrat zamenjajo preozko kožo z ohlapnejšo: levijo se. Vsako jesen se zarijejo globoko v zemljo, da jih ne zebe, in prespe zimo. Proti koncu tretjega leta so do enega palca dolgi. Tedaj se zarijejo posebno globoko in se zabubijo. Iz bube prileze hrošč, ki se na pomlad izkoplje na dan.

Rjavi hrošč je jako škodljiv, ker obere listje sadnega drevja, zlasti pa hrastja čestò do golega. Še več škode od hrošča delajo podjedi. Z njimi pa se masti krt. Hrošča je treba torej zatirati, nikar ga pa ne smemo mučiti.

Kadar je hroščevo leto, imajo ptice pevke svoje koline.

(Slovenska čitanka.)

B. Podgoršek:

## Iz vsakdanjega življenja

**N**ALAHNO je zapel hišni zvonec, boječe, kakor krik v temni noči. Moj sin je pohitel in pogledal, kdo je zunaj, kajti mrak je že legel na sneženi vrt in noč je trkala na okna. Žalosten je prišel nazaj v sobo: "Majhen fant kruha prosi," je dejal. "Ali ga lahko peljem v kuhinjo, ali mu smem dati toplega mleka?" "Seveda moj dragi," sem dejal in še sam sem šel, da si ogledam mladega reveža.

V slabem, zakrpanem oblačilu, brez pokrivala, brez nogavic s strganimi čevlji, je stal otrok v kuhinji, star komaj pet do šest let. Dolgi lasje so mu padali na čelo in na bleda lica. Na obrazu se mu poznalo trpljenje. Široke, lepe oči so žalostno in s strahom zrle vame. Zgrozil sem se nad ubogim otrokom, ki mora tako majhen, tako nebogljjen in nedolžen, prenašati trpko breme usode — bede.

"Kaj bi rad fantek?" sem ga vprašal.

"Malo kruha prosim, za sebe in mamico, lačna sva."

"Čigav pa si, kako ti je ime?"

"Andrejček sem, Lipovžev Andrejc."

"Kaj pa dela ata?"

"Atek je umrl."

"Pa mama?"

"Mamica je bolna," je odgovoril mali revež in je tiho zaihtel.

Navajen sem žalostnih prizorov in življenje mi je utrdilo srce. Toda videč trpljenje tega zapuščenega otroka, videč svojega edinca poleg tega prosjačka, ki je imel polne oči solz, sem bil ganjen in tesnoba mi je napolnila dušo.

Dal sem prinesiti eno izmed oblek, perilo in obutev svojega sina, da otroka preoblečejo in naročil, da naj se mu da večerja, sam pa sem se vrnil v sobo.

Čez nekaj časa pride mali prosjaček počesan in prenovljen, svetlih oči in zarudelih lic.

"Andrejček, kje pa stanuje mamica,," sem ga vprašal.

"Za kolodvorom v baraki," mi je odgovoril in je radovedno zrl krog sebe.

Otrokova beda mi je dala razmišljati. Oblekel sem se, zavil nekaj jestvin in šel s svojim otrokom in Andrejčkom na njegov dom.

Med potoma sta otroka kramljala, jaz pa sem šel poleg njiju potr in težkih misli.

Ko smo prišli v barako, smo našli Andrejčkovo mater na bornem ležišču, pokrito z oguljeno odejo; prostor je bil ledenomrzl, kamor sem pogledal, povsod je zijala beda in uboštvo. Pogledal sem bliže ženi v obraz, ki je bil izstradan, lica pa so bila vdrta in potna. Imela je hudo vročico.

Andrejček je stopil bliže in je pokazal materi sladkarije: "Na mamica, poglej kaj sem ti prinesel!" toda mati ga ni spoznala več.

Naročil sem otrokoma, naj mirno sedita, sam pa sem skočil v bližnjo tovarno in telefoniral po rešilni voz. Edino hitra zdravniška pomoč in pravilna nega lahko še pomagata pri takem pojemajočem, izčrpanem življenju.

Andrejček je strmел v rešilni avto in preplašeno gledal može, ki so nalagali njegovo mamico na nosilnico.

"Kam nesete mojo mamico? Pustite jo, jaz ne pustim, da jo odpeljete!" Pri tem je revež zaplakal. Tudi meni so polzele solze po licu, ko sem tolažil to ubogo dete. Komaj je videl življenje, že je moral okusiti toliko gorja.

Dolgih dvajset dni se je borila s smrtjo in le misel, da mora živeti za otroka, ji je pomagala da je prestala težko bolezen. Ko je zdravnik dovolil, smo jo obiskali z Andrejčkom, ki se je pri nas hitro udomačil.



Otožno me je gledala, iskaje primernih besed, da izrazi svojo hvaležnost.

Pripovedovala je vsakdanjo povest, ki pa je vendar vsak dan nova.

“Moj mož je bil uradnik. Živeli smo dobro kajti vzela sva se brez dolga in mož je imel primerno zadosti dohodkov. Jaz, hči premožne trgovske družine, sem prinesla s seboj razne razvade; želja sem imela veliko, zahtev še več: sedaj novo obleko, sedaj klobuk, sedaj to, sedaj ono, mož pa dobrosrčen je ustregel vsaki moji želji, tako, da nama koncem meseca nikdar ni ničesar ostalo, da bi devala na stran za stara leta. Kdo misli na starost, če je mlad, in kdo na bolezen, če je zdrav!

Moj mož se je večkrat nameraval zavarovati za starost in smrtni slučaj. Pre-skrbel si je ponudbe zavarovalnic, napisal že prijavo, toda jaz, nesrečnica, sem ga pregovorila: “Saj je še čas, kaj je tega treba, saj bova imela pokojnino, saj niti moj oče ni bil zavarovan, ki ni nikdar mogel računati na penzijo!” Tako sem ga pregovorila.

Tudi našega Andrejčka sva zelo razvadila. Teško mi je pri srcu, če se spomnim, da je juho vedno odklonil. “Juhe nočem, juha ni dobra!” je dejal. Smejala sva se mu, mu dajala mesto juhe sladkarij. Kolikokrat je kasneje Andrejček pogrešal toplo juho!

Tako smo živeli brezskrbno življenje.

Toda nekega dne pride v hišo stražnik z naročilom, naj grem takoj v bolnišnico, ker se je moj mož ponesrečil.

Niti besedice nisem mogla izreči, niti vprašati, kako se je nesreča zgodila, pograbila sem Andrejčka in taka, kakor sem bila, skočila v prvi voz, ki naju je pripeljal v bolnišnico. Kaj sem takrat med vožnjo prestala, to se ne da povedati! Ko sem stopila v bolniško sobo, sem našla moža—mrtvega . . .”

Prepovedal sem bolnici nadaljne pripovedovanje, toda ko se je umirila, je nadaljevala s tihim glasom:

“Z njegovo smrtjo se je končalo vse; vsa radost, vse veselje in vsa moja življenjska sila je legla z možem v grob. Ostal mi je moj Andrejček, edina vez, ki me je še priklepala na zemljo.

Ker mož ni še imel deset let službe, so mi izplačali samo boro odpravnino. V dveh letih sem prišla na beraško palico. Šivala sem, toda ta udarec in bolezen sta me ovirala pri delu; tako sem prišla iz udobnega stanovanja v barako, kjer ste me našli!” — — —

Tiho je bilo v bolniški dvorani. Slišalo se je le pritajeno ihtenje, meni pa je bilo hudo pri srcu in s tiho ljubeznijo sem pobožal ubogega Andrejčka . . .

— (“Domači prijatelj.”)



A Lovely Scene from the  
Montana Rockies.

# Šola za mlade delavce

## VOLJA

Volja je bila predmet razprav in študij že pred davnimi tisočletji, ko so živeli grški filozofi, Sokrat, Platon in Aristotel. Po mnenju teh človeška volja sicer obstoja, ampak odvisna je od človeškega razuma. Tako je naprimer Sokrat rekel, da je npravno obnašanje človeka odvisno od človeškega razuma in da zlega človek pri umnem mišljenju sploh ne more delati. Ko je prišlo krščanstvo, so pričeli učiti ljudi, da imajo prosto voljo. Ljudje seveda niso izpraševali, če je to prosta volja, ko so prisiljeni moliti in se postiti. Pred stoletji sta modernejša filozofa Descartes in Spinoza, dasi bolj znanstvena kakor davni predniki, še vedno mešala v svobodo volje dušeslovje (metafiziko), zlasti pa prvi izmed teh. Angleški učenjak Locke je rekel, da je svoboda odvisna od človeka samega, namreč: "Če hočemo, smo svobodni, in sicer toliko svobodni, kolikor sami hočemo." Najbolj znamenit je nauk, ki ga podaja nemški filozof Kant v tem pogledu. Če sklepamo na podlagi njegovih izvajanj, svobodne volje sploh ni. Po najnovejših filozofih pa dobimo nauk, da je svobodna volja vsaj na zunaj tam, kjer človek lahko izbira in se odloči za ono, kar sam hoče. Ampak učenjaki, ki posežejo na dno pri vsakem raziskovanju, zaključujejo, da proste volje sploh ni, kajti vedno so motivi, na katere je človek vezan, da se po njih ravna.

Za delavca je dobro, da preučuje razlage učenjakov, četudi te razlage po večini ne soglašajo druga z drugo. Tako je zlasti glede človeške volje, o kateri je bilo spisano cele skladanice knjig. Toda pri delu za povzdigo delavskega razreda in za izboljšanje stanja ne sme delavca ovirati noben tak nauk o volji, pa naj bo še bolj črnogled. Vzemimo si za primer sužnja, ki je pobegnil od surovega plantažnika. Ali se je on izpraševal, če je bila volja za njegov beg svobodna ali ne? Ne, on je pobegnil, ker si je hotel izboljšati življenje in ker ni mogel več prenašati trpljenja. Kaj bi se on brigal za moderne modroslovce in njih zaključke glede prostosti njegove volje? On ve, da so ga v to silile razmere, in poguma ter volje je tudi imel dovolj, da je vse to izvršil.

Kakor niso sužnja vodila na beg modroslovna razglabljanja, tako tudi delavca ne bodo vodila do izboljšanja. Priprost razum, volja in odločnost, to je, kar bo delavstvo gnalo iz modernega mezdnege suženjstva. Moderni delavec ne bo pomišljal, po teoriji katerega filozofa naj si razloži svojo voljo za izboljšanje, temveč bo tako storil, ker se zaveda, da razmere, v katerih živi, niso pravične. Njegova volja bo toliko trdnjša, kolikor jasnejše bo videl krivico, ki se mu godi.

Za delavskega agitatorja je ena najvažnejših nalog ta, da vzbudi v delavcih voljo. Ta je seveda odvisna od delavske zavesti, kajti volje po izboljšanju si ne moremo misliti, ako zavesti ni. Delavec se mora zavedati, da je organizacija potrebna, zato pa mora delati zanjo s trdno voljo, ji pridobivati člane in jo širiti ter izpopolnjevati, da bo organizacija zmožna doseči za delavstvo to, za kar je osnovana.

Pri delovanju za organizacijo igra veliko vlogo dobra volja. Dobra volja delavca je, ko je vzlic neprilikam pripravljen sodelovati in to tudi vrši. Le na ta način je mogoče, da se organizacija povzpe, kajti delavcem je treba res trdne in dobre volje, če hočejo kaj doseči. Upoštevati je treba samo odpor delavskih nasprotnikov, ki so združeni, pa vidimo, koliko trdne volje in požrtvovanja je treba z delavske strani za dosego uspehov.

Malodušnost, katera je pravo nasprotje dobri volji, povzroča razpadanje. Ne samo da malodušnež odtrga sebe od delavske organizacije, temveč vpliva še na druge, da se jih polovi nevolja, katera pa je znana kot človeško zlo.

# Joško

Joško je dobil od matere sladko gibanico. Zadovoljen je bil, da nikoli tako! Sladka, dobra gibanica in pa lačen želodček, kdo si more misliti dveh boljših prijateljev! Če bi zdajci kdo pristopil k Jošku pa mu dejal: "Fant, cekin ti dam, pa mi daj svojo gibanico!" — brž bi se odrezal deček: "Imej ti svoj cekin, jaz bom pa imel svojo gibanico!"

Joško si je odrezal kos gibanice pa je stopil k oknu, da ga tam v miru in zadovoljstvu použije. Tam pri oknu je bilo pač tako lepo! Videlo se je daleč tja preko vrta in polja do daljnih gora. Sama velika zemlja, ogrnjena v debel zimski plašč! A kar je bilo najlepše: nikjer nikogar, ki bi se mastil s tako gibanico, kakršna je bila Joškova!

In ko je Joško tako lepo jedel in zadovoljno gledal, je pridrsal po cesti ubogi Jernejec, slep na obe očesi, za roko ga je pa vodil mladi Tonček, edina opora slepemu starčku. Oba je Joško poznal; njiju uboštvo je bilo znano vsepovsod.

Pa kaj stori Joško?

Gre od okna k mizi in ureže dva velika kosa od svoje gibanice, zbeži na cesto in da en kos Jernejcu, drugi kos pa Tončku. Ne da bi čakal, kako ga ubožca zahvalita, za dar, steče v sobo ter se zopet loti svojega koščka.

In glejte, sedaj se mu je zdela gibаницa še mnogo slajša!

E. Gangl.

Andrej Kobal:

## PRECEPLJENA ROŽA

V vrtu ob zidu,  
kjer solnčece greje,  
je vsajena roža;  
v zatišnjem tem kotu  
jo greje topleje  
in vetrič jo boža.

Krvavo-rudeči  
so bili nje cveti  
med trnjem bodečim.  
V neskajjeni sreči  
sem hodil ob leti  
k cvetom duhtečim.

Vrtnar sivobradi  
je rožo posekal,  
do zemlje rujave;  
nad koreninami  
novo je vcepil,  
še slajše vonjave.

V spomin za minulo  
se je roža razrasla  
v kotu ob steni.  
Njeno listje je belo,  
kot san se ospelo  
v spomin dobri ženi.



## Mladi kritiki o slikah umetnika Peruška

(Od tajnika slovenske šole v Clevelandu, brata Ludvika Medveška, smo prejeli nekaj kratkih spisov, katere so napisali učenci slovenske mladinske šole. Spisi se nanašajo na slike slovenskega umetnika Harveyja G. Peruška, katere so bile na razstavi v Clevelandu meseca marca. O sliki št. 33, ki predstavlja umetnika samega, ko je prišel iz gorovja v dolino, piše Emil Černej:)

“Gospod Perušek in njegov prijatelj sta šla v gorovje, kjer sta bila štiri dni brez jesti. Ozirala sta se doli, kje bi zagledala, kako mesto, da bi dobila delo in bi si zaslužila za hrano. Ali mesto je bilo daleč in dva dni je bilo treba hoditi do njega. Potem sta dobila službo in on se je izkazal za izvrstnega slikarja, ki so ga kot takega tudi cenili.”

O sliki “Družina” piše Rose Ivančič:

### “Prusheck’s Own Family.

This picture represents Mr. Prusheck’s little family. The flower made like the image of men represents him. The bending flower represents his wife. The little flower in her hand represents the little baby.

The curves and twirls upon the threes represent all the hardships they had to undergo during their lifetime.

Ta slika predstavlja mr. Peruškovo malo družino. Mr. Perušek stoji pod drevesom s svojo ženo, katera drži v naročju cvetlico, predstavljajočo njeno malo dete. Vsa zvita in upognjena drevesa spominjajo na vsakovrstne težave, ki jih je moral prebiti v svojem življenju.

This picture reminds us of the pictures called “V dolini” and “Upanje”, where Mr. Prusheck is sitting around the fire, with his friend. It was hard for them, because they could find no hopes. But they did not despair as any other ordinary man would.”

Frances Kotar piše o sliki “Jelovec”:

“Zelo me veseli, ker imamo Slovenca umetnika. Lepe so njegove slike, a ena se mi najbolj dopade, to je “Jelovec.” Najbolj mi ugajajo hišice, ki so majhne in prijazne, okoli njih pa so vrtovi z drevesi.

Lahko smo ponosni, ker imamo umetnika, samouka, katerega z veseljem pozdravimo. Zatorej mu želim, da bi dolgo živel in še kaj lepega naslikal.”

Albin Čebular:

### ČUJ!

Kadar stric od dela pride,  
Jure k njemu brž zaide,  
neumorno izprašuje —  
kaj je v jamici najhuje.

Striček mu pa odgovarja  
in posebej še povdarja:  
— Gledati, pač, res, lenuhe,  
ki so sitni kakor muhe . . .



Albin Č.:

## O NAŠI DANI

Naša Dana se je vsedla,  
si primaknila črnilo,  
pomencala si očesce,  
vzela v roko še peresce.

Pisemce je napisala,  
pismošo ga oddala;  
razložila mu je želje—  
naj v Chicago ga odpelje.

Dragi čitatelji!

Pretečeni mesec ste pa res veliko pripevali. Tako je prav! S tem napravljate večje zanimanje za vaš list, da se naročajo nanj tudi odrasli v tako velikem številu kakor še nikoli poprej. Le naprej na delo, bratci in sestrice, posebno sedaj v maju, vsi na agitacijo za Mladinski list, tako da se bo to leto število naročnikov na Mladinski list podvojilo.

\*

Tekma je končana. Kdo je poslal najboljši prispevek o Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti, o njenem vodstvu ali pa o svojem društvu, bo odločeno pozneje. Ako pošljete še kak prispevek o tem, bo dobrodošel, toda v tekmo ne bo sprejet, kajti tako je bil napovedan rok v začetku in tega se je treba držati. Od prispevatelev za dosedanjo tekmo bodo izbrani trije najboljši, kateri bodo ob koncu leta dobili lepo božično darilce.

\*

Mogoče je kateremu mlademu čitatelju žal, ker se do sedaj ni udeležil tekme. Res,

kar je zamujenega se ne povrne več; toda sedaj imamo novo tekmo, katera se prične z junijem. Ta tekma je za prispevke kratkih, originalnih pesmic. To se pravi, da morate pesmice, katere prispevate, sami spisati in ne jih kje prepisati. Pokažite, kaj sami znate, drugače v tekmi ne boste upoštevani. Najbolj človeku ugaja to, kar stori sam; torej na delo vsi, premislite dobro, kaj boste napisali, potem pa napišite lepo in s črnilom. Ko napišete in popravite, če vam ne ugaja, pa prepisite vse skupaj, potem pa pošljite Mladinskemu listu. Na dolgost pesmi ne gledam, samo lepa mora biti in pa vaša — ne prepisana.

Urednik.

\*

Dragi urednik!

Da ne boste mislili, da smo v Montani zmrznjeni! Tega pa ne. Smo že regrat nabirali. Mama in papa pravita, da je ravno prav, ker se bliža štrajk. Upam, da ne bo nihče stavkokažil v Montani. Korajžo in brez strahu!

Imeli bomo dosti časa za društveno veselico. Kadar ima veselico S. N. P. J., smo vsi veseli. Nekoč me je vprašala neka Švedinja: "Olga,

kdaj bo imela pa S. N. P. J. veselico? Mislim, da je to zelo dobro in veselo društvo."

"Ne vprašuj me, ker sama komaj čakam," sem odgovorila.

Odrasli člani, varujte se, da vas mladi ne prehitimo. Nekaj se sliši, da se sami mladi zberemo in napravimo veselico. "Oh boy, wouldn't we have fun," čeravno bi bil "hard time dance." Zbudite se! Pa še urednika M. L. povabimo.—  
Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana.

Dragi urednik!

Skušal bom napisati pesem, katero me je naučila mama, ki pravi, da so se je učili v starem kraju v šoli:

Kolo, kolo, kolovrat,  
vsakdo pleše z nami rad.  
vsi vrtimo se okrog.  
Kolo, kolo kolovrat,  
Kar naš zbranih je otrok,

Eden, štiri pet,  
ti si že preštet.  
Stopi zdaj na stran,  
ti ne boš izbran.

Kolo, kolo se vrtil,  
kolo gre okrog.  
V kolu poje Danica,  
ki najlepše zna.

pela je že sedem let,  
sedem let in pol.  
Danica se zavrti,  
v kolo stopi ti.

Pozdravljam vse sestrice in bratce, čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

Tony Lekše, Thompsonville, Pa., Box 1.

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v našem M. L., katerega zmeraj zasledujem, odkar izhaja. Govoriti znam pravilno slovensko, pisati in čitati pa mi ne gre tako, ker mi zmeraj gre bolj na angleško. Jaz ne morem zapopasti te abecede, ker je vsa drugačna kot angleška. Zato se je težko spuščati v javnost. Upam, da bo čez čas bolje.

Pozdravljam bratce in sestrice Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Theresa Resnik, Hostetter, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

Prečital sem pismo, katerega je pisala v M. L. Dorothy Rossa, na kar ji odgovarjam, tole: Ako bi v resnici rada hodila v slovensko šolo, bi to tudi lahko storila, če bi hotela. Jaz mislim, da ni nič predaleč. V našo slovensko šolo na St. Clair hodita brat in sestra Štefanič, stanujoča na E. 172 cesti, kar je še bolj daleč. Torej sestra Rossa: Ako hočeš, da se boš naučila, moraš priti v šolo, ne pa se igrati.

Pozdrav!

Frank Somrak ml.

Annie Shaffer iz Morgana, Pa., piše:

"Jaz sem stara deset let in sem v 4. razredu. Imam eno sestro 16 let staro in dva brata, 14 in 12 let stara. Jaz rada berem M. L. in komaj čakam, da pride in ga vsega preberem. Samo premajhen je. Da bi bil še enkrat tako velik! Moja brata sta v mladinskem oddelku, moja sestra pa je meseca marca prestopila v odrasli oddelek. Moj ata je tudi v S. N. P. J.

Jaz pišem še slabo slovensko. Uči me ata. — Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice mladinskega oddelka, posebno pa Gladis Shaffer v Lawrenceu, Pa. Pa naj se še ona kaj oglasi po slovensko, zakaj angleško zna vsaka sestra."

Dragi urednik!

Kadar čitam naš Mladinski list, ki je v resnici samo naš, želim, da bi večkrat prišel k nam, ker jaz bi se rada naučila čitati in pisati v slovenskem jeziku. Jaz nisem hodila v slovensko šolo, zato večkrat vprašam mojo mamo, kako se ena ali druga beseda zapiše v slovenščini. Stara sem deset let in hodim v šesti razred. Starejši brat hodi v sedmi razred, sestra Frances v peti razred, moj najmlajši brat pa v drugi razred. V Sheboyganu je slovenska šola, pa jaz ne hodim; mogoče pa bom drugo jesen, ako bom ostala tu. Mene jako veseli slovensko pisati in brati. —  
Antonia Tagel, 317 So. 13th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

#### Logika.

Možak vpraša dečka: Koliko let si imel lani?

Deček: Deset.

Možak: Pa letos?

Deček: Enajst.

Možak: Potem imaš edenindvajset let.

Deček: A tako? Slišite, koliko nog ste imeli lani?

Možak: Dve.

Deček: Pa sedaj?

Možak: Tudi dve.

Deček: Potem ste osel, ker imate štiri noge.

Joe Debelak, Trenary, Michigan.

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dva meseca se nisem oglasila v našem Mladinskem listu, čitam ga pa vseeno in sem opazila, da v tem letu naši bratci in sestrice več pišejo v Mladinski list, kar me prav veseli.

Tukaj imamo po en dan lepo in solnce, po dva, tri dni pa dež. Povem tudi, da so tukaj v Latrobu imeli katoliki birmo. Dobra prilika dobiti novo obleko, ali jaz je nisem deležna.

Lep pozdrav bratcem in sestricam. — Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v Mladinski list. Stara sem dvanajst let in sem v šestem razredu. Jako me veseli hoditi v šolo in imam dobro učiteljico. Pozdravim čitatelje Mladinskega lista.

Josephine Laushine, Leadville, Colorado.

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj vam pa jaz povem, kako se učim slovensko. Moj ata mi je napisal abecedo po slovensko. Tisto mi je pomagalo, da sem začela čitati. Sedaj gre počasi, ali pisati je bolj težko kot čitati. Ali za naš list ni nič pretežko.

Slovenski pozdravček samo tistim, ki znajo to čitati, posebno pa vam.

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

### REŠITEV UGANK.

Zagonetno pesem v marčevi izdaji so pravilno rešili:

Theresa Resnik, Hostetter, Pa.  
Frances Bostič, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana.  
Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

Črkovna zastavica v marčevi izdaji vsebuje besedo: SOBOTA.

Druge uganke v izdaji meseca marca so:

1. MAČKA.
2. PES.
3. LISICA.

Vse tri je rešila Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.  
Prvo in tretjo je rešila Frances Kochevar.

PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH v izdaji meseca aprila so:

1. MEDVED.
2. KRT.
3. ZAJEC.
4. SLON.

Drugi uganki na strani 112 sta:

1. VEVERICA.
2. OPICA.

### PRIJATELJČKI V UGANKAH

1.

Čuden naš je stric Matic:

Ponoči,

ko zvezdnato nebo se sloči,

maha jo v koruzo;

ko se noč prevrne,

v jamo se obrne . . .

2.

Tetka štirinoga

ribice lovi

ter na bregu z njimi

vedno se gosti

3.

Spaček črn plahuta,

se z mušicami igra.

4.

Bedaček!

Jaz nisem krojaček.

Res, polno da iglic imam,

a tebi nobene ne dam —

drugače bi kužek me—ham . . .

### CICIBAN-CICIFUJ.

Ciciban teče v zeleni dan;  
ptičica znanka v goščavi  
vsak dan lepo ga pozdravi:  
"Ciciban, Ciciban, Ciciban,  
Ciciban, dober dan!"

Ciciban, kaj pa je danes, čuj!  
Kaj ti to ptička prepeva?  
Po vsej dobravi odmeva:  
"Cicifuj, Cicifuj, Cicifuj,  
Cicifuj, fej in fuj!"

Ciciban misli: "Zakaj Cicifuj?"  
Takrat si roke zagleda,  
pa si misli: "Seveda,  
danes se nisem umil še, fej, fuj,  
danes sem res—Cicifuj!"

Bister potoček se vije čez plan,  
preko kremenov se lije;  
Ciciban v njem se umije,  
ptička zapoje spet: "Ciciban,  
Ciciban, dober dan!"

Oton Zupančič.

### LEV IN LISICA

(Basen.)

Neki lev je od starosti tako onemogel, da ni mogel več hoditi na lov. Da bi pa vendarle na kak način dobival hrano, si je izmislil naslednjo zvijačo: Napravil se je bolnega ter se popolnoma odtegnil svetu. Ves dan se je skrival v svojem ležišču na mahu. Druge gozdne zveri so prihajale, ker niso več videle starega leva in slišale njegovega glasu, obiskavat njega v ležišče, a on jih je drugo za drugo ubil ter porl.

Nekega dne ga je obiskala tudi lisica, ki pa ni hotela stopiti v njegovo skrivališče, temveč je ostala pri vhodu, odkoder je spraševala leva, ali se njegova bolezen že obrača na bolje.

"Zelo, zelo sem slab," je dejal lev in zastokal, "zakaj pa ne prideš k meni?"

Pretkana lisica pa mu je odgovorila: "Zato, ker vidim sledove nog onih, ki so k tebi prihajali, a ne vidim nikakih sledov, ki bi zopet vodili iz tvojega skrivališča."

# JUVENILE

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## THE DOVE SAID "GIVE US PEACE"

One morning, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved,  
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;  
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, "Hear the story, hear the story!"  
And the lark sang, "Give us glory!"  
And the dove said, "Give us peace!"

Then I hearkened, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved,  
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;  
When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty!"  
When the wren sang, "Give us beauty!"  
She made answer, "Give us love!"

Sweet is spring, and sweet the morning, my beloved, my beloved;  
Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon the year's increase,  
And my prayer goes up, "Oh, give us, crowned in youth with married glory,  
Give for all our life's dear story,  
Give us love, and give us peace!"

Jean Ingelow.

## MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, Day's  
harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads  
with her  
The Flowery May, who from her green lap  
throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail Bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire.  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.





## What Greece Gave Us

The nations of past to whom our world today is most indebted were the Greeks and the Romans. From the Romans we learned our historical lesson. Over a long period they kept the civilized world in safety, under law, and bound it together by a common language, and by great highways that a thousand years of use and neglect have not wholly destroyed. And what do we owe to the Greeks? In the breadth and variety of the influences they imparted to the human mind the Greeks far surpassed the Romans. The Greeks taught mankind to think, and by doing so they brought so much that was new and precious into human existence that it is almost impossible to conceive a full civilized life apart from the ideas they started in the world.

First and greatest of these ideas, because it is the foundation of all else that Greece gave us, was the idea of claiming freedom for the mind of man. All the ancient systems of thought were settled or fixed. They expected men to follow, obediently and faithfully, what had gone before. They looked upon running uninquiringly in the ruts of the past as the highest virtue.

Powerful priestly classes drilled and frightened the multitude into unthinking subservience, and were supported by great military organizations. Priest and soldier knew well that if freedom of thought and growth of personal individuality were allowed they were bound to clash with the systems under which priests and soldiers ruled according to the traditions of a far-off past. It was so in all perished nations: in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Israel, and Persia. It has been so in the stagnant nations such as Tibet and Turkey.

But the Greek, from the first, had no priestly or military class. They were not taught that it was wrong to think. They thought freely, and by thinking they

learned how to think. The story of what we owe to the Greeks is the story of what was accomplished by the first nation that set about thinking on its own account, unhampered by the restraints of a class of professional sham thinkers.

One result of this fearless thinking by a free people is summed up in the searching saying, "The Greeks invented truth."

Hitherto truth had been that which any person, or people, or priesthood happened to believe, and anything else was accounted falsehood, heresy, and wickedness. With the Greeks truth became the best human mind could discover, and it changed and enlarged every time that something better was discovered; and so, with expanding inquiry, vistas of newer and ever nobler truth opened out, with no end in sight when all truth could be known.

One of the first studies on which the Greeks used the freedom of their thoughts was thought itself. They were continually asking themselves how things came to be what they are. Could we not discover the reason why of everything? Why should we not trace the working of the mind? Trying to do that, trying to account for everything that is, the Greeks evolved philosophy. The early philosophers were all Greeks, seeking after wisdom by the use of deep thought.

On the practical side their thinking led them to science. Science is simply knowing, with a practical bent. The sciences go to the Greek language for their very



The Graceful Head of a Greek Goddess.

## Sculptures from Old Greece

(Illustrations by the Chicago Art Institute.)



**Poseidon, God of the Sea,  
Horses, and Chivalry.**



**Ares with Eros, the God of  
War. The Romans identified  
him with Mars.**



**Hermes, Another Greek God of  
Commerce.**



**The Statue of an Ancient  
Greek Warrior.**



**The Glorious Head of the  
Young Alexander.**

names. Of some of the most practical of the sciences the Greeks laid the very foundations. The first students of geography, for example, were Greeks. Practically all that was written about the face of the Earth in the earliest times was written by them. It may not have been correct, but such as it was it was all that we get.

### **The Ancient Greek Whom Historians Accept as a Model**

Then, too, the Greeks were the first writers of real history, and they developed a style of narrative and pictorial description of men and occurrences that has never been surpassed for pithiness and grace. The greatest of modern historians, taught by the lengthening of years the need for compression and a broad grasp of events, turns to the Greeks for a model of what summarized history should be.

So many and important were the good things this gifted race introduced or made more real to mankind that it is difficult to single out what is most characteristic of them; but it will be generally agreed through their devotion to what has, in these latter times, been summarized in the word aesthetics. Aesthetics are all those things which require sensitive feeling, art, or fine taste, for a true appreciation of them. For example, art in all its branches is embraced in aesthetics: sculpture, painting, architecture, music, poetry, and the drama. It is the expression of the beautiful. The Greek had a theory that underlying all beauty is a sense of harmony and proportion, and that, when this can be realized and presented to the eye, the result is perfection. Toward this he aspired. It shaped all his education. It was to him a part of his religion; and, following the leading of this exquisite taste, he became the transformer of all the art that had gone before, and the inspirer of the art of succeeding ages, which imitated but never equalled his own.

### **The Clever Sculptor Who Put Life Into Stone**

Of course art, in its many forms, is as old as man, though in the earliest ages it was crude, and in the later ages it was stiff. Egypt and Assyria, and the half-forgotten Eastern Mediterranean peoples who preceded the Greeks, had their art (in sculpture, painting, pottery, metal ornamentation, and architecture); but it was conventional and lifeless. Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture, for example, has left us set figures, huge and impressive, but scarcely human when they represented men.

The Greek brought life into stone. Instead of a dead image, he made the work of his hands a living, vivid figure, marvelously true to nature in outline, but truer still in feeling. He put a sight into the eye, a smile upon the face, speaking dignity in the pose. The figure was seen in action, with poise and balance suggesting the lightest movement and grace. Yet he did it always with measure and restraint, for his sense of harmony made him avoid all violence and exaggeration as tending to ugliness.

### **The Beautiful Art Which Reflected the Life of the People**

What he sought for in art he also sought for in real life. His education aimed at making the natural human figure beautiful, its gestures graceful, its form rounded and symmetrical, its motions pleasant to watch. Through gymnastics he aimed at attaining the same perfection or harmony in body that he dreamed was obtainable in mind and spirit. Exercise for him must be the poetry of motion, and bear the same relation to an ugly use of the body that music bears to mere noise. The Greek, in short, was a natural artist. He expressed himself in all his work. To copy the work of another, however beautiful it might be, was contrary to his ideas of art or workmanship. The genius of the race flowered into beauty through every medium of expression.

That is seen in each of the departments of art that have been mentioned. Greek painting is lost, but enough of it is known to convince us of its beauty. Greek sculpture remains, both in its original form and as it was copied and repeated by the Romans, and ideal not only unsurpassed but unattained by later peoples in so far as dignity, grace, and all delicate human qualities may be moulded in stone. The Greek had the power not only of picturing all shapes of beauty, but of stamping on stone the very mind of man.

In architecture his greatest care was to secure beauty through just proportions. In that respect he is resembled by Japanese artists, who always place a beautiful object, however small it may be (perhaps only a simple flower) where its loveliness may be enhanced and not overwhelmed by its surroundings. Greek architecture is not massive and overpowering. The temples of the Greek gods were made worthy of their favor by the exquisiteness of the parts in relation to the whole.



**The Splendid Figure of a Disc-Thrower.**

If now we trace the same spirit in other expressions of the Greek genius, we shall see how natural and consistent they were. Greek poetry, the Greek drama, and, no doubt, Greek oratory were all shaped in the same way as Greek art, and were, in fact, a part of it. The striking feature of Greek poetry, from its foundation in the romances of Homer, was a noble simplicity. From that tale-telling the drama developed, with, of course, greater elaboration and artificiality of form; but still, in drama, as indeed in Greek prose with an exactness, sincerity, and a splendid fitness that teach us how to express every emotion with finish as well as force. In all these ways the Greeks taught us that the finest art rises into simplicity.

### Three Master Men of Greece Whose Names Will Live for Ever

So far, with scanty mention of men's names, we have traced very broadly the main streams of Greek influence that have had a fertilizing effect on later ages; but no survey of Greece, however swift, can omit its three master men, who are bound together by successive discipleship:

**S o c r a t e s**, representing that freedom of inquiry from which all the power of Greece over future times sprang;

**P l a t o**, his pupil, who gave the world some of the wisdom of Socrates mixed with wider thought of his own; and

**A r i s t o t l e**, the pupil of Plato, who shaped for its preservation in looks much of the final wisdom of Greece, and established a system of thinking in which commoner minds, coming after him, bound themselves as with chains for many generations.

That self-imposed slavery to Greece is now over, but the memory of it ought not to prevent us from acknowledging her marvelous supremacy in the realms of art and thought and government when the rest of the mind of the world was almost barren.

### BY THE NURSERY CLOCK

"Tick-tock,"  
Said the nursery clock  
And in the dim night  
Of the low nursery light,  
Two eyes, blinking bright,  
Were awake.

"Tick-tock,"  
Said the nursery clock.  
And a small yellow head  
In a small white-barred bed  
Held eyes heavy as lead,  
But awake.

"Tick-tock,"  
Said the nursery clock.  
But only a bear  
With brown fuzzy hair  
And a beady-eyed stare  
Was awake.

Ruth Wenzlick Abbott.

# The Animal About to Die

(Conclusion.)

Still, in spite of all, the world has as many healthy animals today as it can support. They have secrets we cannot fathom. The elephant, like the mongoose, is impervious to the poison of snakes; the baboons are proof against any vegetable poison, as planters in their neighborhood, whose crops the apes destroy, have regretfully become convinced. In addition to these negative advantages animals have learned by experience the value of herbs and minerals in promoting and sustaining health.

We are assured that the natives of both Africa and India have learned their diet by watching monkeys feeding. If monkey eats a plant the plant is good for man, they say, and experience seems to prove that they are right. The great apes and the monkeys are all subject to the diseases that afflict humanity, yet when at liberty they escape these ills. In the beehive so exquisite a sense of hygiene animates the workers that the home is a palace of cleanliness and order.

An ant city is a model of sanitary precautions, though how the high standard of purity is maintained is a mystery, for ants carry carrion as well as living prey into their homes. The social wasps are careful, too, and unflinching in its wisdom is the solitary wasp. The victim which she leaves for her future offspring is not killed to await corruption; it is merely paralysed, so that when the egg becomes a grub the little one shall have fresh food to eat.

Care such as this is not invariable among the mammals. A badger is a model of scrupulous nicety of behavior in its home, cleaning its burrow and changing its bedding from time to time; but the fox, lovely as is its coat and bright as are its eyes, is a sloven, and an observer would expect it to suffer all manner of ills. Yet it does not.

Some birds' nests, those of the gulls, skuas, puffins, auks, and so on, are indescribably foul, while the eyrie of an eagle is a horror, a foul, ill-smelling shambles, yet these birds represent the acme of health, activity, and sober splendor of plumage. There is a destiny which safeguards them, deplorable as are their habits as housekeepers, a destiny which is mindful ever of the vulture, the hyena, and the jackal, in rendering them safe from the poisonous consequences of their unthinkable diet.

Are we justified in supposing that animals consciously seek and value food and practices essential to good health? Clearly they perceive its absence in their fellows, and reveal their sense of the situation in starting varied ways. It is believed that they do not understand death. The chill and silence of a dead companion move them to pity, but it is believed that they think dead is illness, that the inert and silent form before them will presently regain its functions and rejoin them in feast, frolic, and foray.

Cattle, with the instincts of a million years steadily urging, turn sometimes upon a sick member and fiercely drive it from them; they may even kill it.

Birds in an aviary show no pity to a wounded comrade; fowls are savages to one of their number sick or injured; rats kill one of their kind which is hurt; wolves fall on and devour any member of the pack which drops with a serious hurt.

Relations in the wilds are not always so fierce and heartless as this. Animals cooperate very largely for the preservation of common health. When an elephant is wounded in the presence of the herd doughty creatures of its kind take each

side, and, like human warriors, bear it out of danger. One of two hartebeests was heavily shot and pulled up; its fellow after running off returned, went behind the sufferer, gently butted it with its head, got it first into a trot and then into a gallop, and so enabled it to escape and recover.

Horses have been known to display moving sympathy and intelligence in saving a threatened and wounded comrade, though one has seen them fight appallingly over food and drink. All the great cats are valiant to the death in defence of the life of a wounded comrade.

Relations between the members of a troop of monkeys also suggest an understanding of illness and distress, and an anxiety to help. When a monkey in a cage had its paw ferociously bitten by a baboon in the adjoining cage the companion of the wounded monkey mourned as bitterly as the sufferer, clasped it to its breast, and rocked it with every art of soothing comfort. In another case the companions of a monkey which had been shot and carried off gathered round the tent of the captor, and, with open arms and with cries of lamentations and appeal, begged for the return of their friend.

Again, we have the case of a young gibbon which, having disabled one of his wrists, retired to a place of seclusion as if to die, but was tended by the others with sedulous care. One old creature, not related to the sufferer, always took the victim a share of its food before beginning its own meal. It needed but a whimper of pain to bring all the rest of the gibbons to the patient's side, and they would condole with him and hold him in their arms.

Much the same was the attitude of a cow which grieved for its ailing calf, and at its death was inconsolable till the calf was stripped and its hide stuffed with hay to make a dummy calf. The mother was at once content, but in moving in her stall she trod on the make-believe, burst its skin, and forced out some of the hay. She ate the hay, quite unperturbed; the hide of her calf with its characteristic smell was there, and that sufficed!

There is apparently some understanding and sympathy, but the idea of treating a suffering patient seems to be peculiar to mankind. Elephants, bisons, buffaloes, and all manner of herbivores, make great marches to eat earth containing the mineral salts necessary for the preservation of their health; but seals in certain rookeries resort year after year to plague-spots to bring forth their young beaches which are alive with parasites fatal to their young; grouse on overcrowded moors remain to be slain in thousands by their particular parasite. The level of health in the wilds is high, but it is due to instinct and not to conscious measures on the part of the animals. High resistance, power to overmaster the effects of wounds, inherent skill in the choice of food, are the master keys to animal wellbeing. Illness is unnatural in a state of nature. Shaggy Shetland ponies, rough, coarse-headed wild horses in Asia, and half-wild horses in America thrive in hardship.

We bring them into domestication, and they soon become as delicate as hot-house flowers, subject to diseases of the hoofs, to congestion and inflammation of the lungs, to fits and actual faintings, and to many diseases familiar to us all.

Wild life has its great gift of health as a natural endowment. Poison and pitfall are recognisable, the way of health and security is unmistakable; ideal conditions are present in the form of food, water, unfettered freedom, unflagging activity, and knowledge of safe and harmful food. Except in time of epidemic animals do not suffer illness. They live full and joyous lives, complete their cycle, reproduce their kind, wear out, and then, like trees and plants, fall and give place to others. And, so discreet and seemly is Nature, so swift the growth of her obliterating mantle, so rapid and persistent are her undertakers, that we know not where the

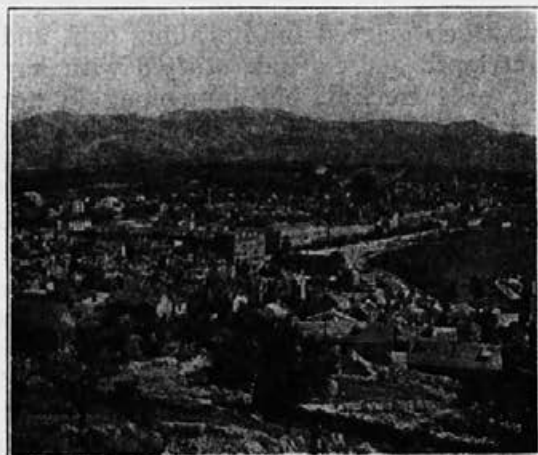
emblems of death lie buried. A tree takes rise from the remains of an elephant, wild vines and creepers make a paradise where towering buffaloes lay down to die. Who would have it otherwise?

## The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs

(Continued.)

### The Story of Slovenes.-- Their Arrival and the Warfare with Christians

**T**HE great migration of nations, which took place during several centuries, brought the Slovenes into the provinces of the eastern Alp territory, which has been entirely desolated in the campaigns of the preceding wars of Huns and Lombards. The historians maintain that the Slovenes settled the country in the early years of the seventh century; whereas the contemporary chronicles show that they were already at war with Bavarians by A. D. 595. Both of these statements may be true, since we know that the Slovenes occasionally joined with other nations against the Bavarians, a tribe which insisted to Christianize them. The tribes of Slovene nation joined the Avars in battles fought in the mountains of the present Slovenia and Austria, and settled the territories permanently at the time.



Split, Dalmatia.



Sarajevo, Bosnia.

#### Two Cities of Jugoslavia

Although the Slovenes had no racial relation with Avars, they fought side by side for their common interests. The main object of the Avars was to conquer the warlike Bavarians, who did not become more humane by adoption of the Christian religion, and who were determined to Christianize the nations on the East by force. This interest was identical with the interest of Slovenes. Moreover, the Avars desired Slovene friendship because the Slovenes were peaceful and laboring peasants, who were able to furnish them with food and clothing. The union of Slovenes and Avars, therefore, was most successful at home, as well as on the western frontier.

Although the country was unsettled when the Slovenes arrived, still, owing to the wandering tribes from Germany, the settlement was not accomplished easily and without battles. The Lombards, to be sure, who previously roamed over these lands,



immigrated into Italy, from where they did not return. The wars, which lasted through several centuries, were fought with Germans, who not only tried to force the Slovenes to accept the Christian religion, but also attempted to enslave them, or to force them out of the settled territories.

The territory which the Slovenes settled, was far greater than the Slovenia of today. The northern frontier spread as far as the Danube River, bounding on Bohemia; the valleys of Mura and Drava Rivers and also of the Enns and Inn Rivers, including the Eastern Tyrol and the province of Salzburg, were settled by Slovenes. On the south west the boundaries ran as far as Piave River, in the province north of Venice. Compared to the United States, the original Slovene country was approximately twice as large as the New York state.

Since everything was destroyed when the Slovenes settled the territory permanently, they had to start everything anew. The cities were destroyed and the fields neglected for centuries. Thus their life was a real pioneers' life: they had to build their towns and cities, and to cultivate land. The Slovene settlers, when they went on the field to plow, took their bows and arrows and shields; for they were not safe even in their peaceful enterprise of farming. Many times the hordes of the Christian Bavarians attacked the towns unexpectedly in order to rob and kill, or enslave them. Such conditions prevailed through several centuries. The Slovene colonies on the north, especially in the valleys of present Salzburg and Upper Austria, as well as in the West, in the wide valleys of Drava River, fought the most bitter battles. Many of the settlements were destroyed by Germans and the inhabitants were killed or taken to Germany as slaves. Similar events, which were not recorded and, perhaps, will never be known, occurred in the plains of the Upper Austria where the Slovenes disappeared. They were peaceful peasants and unable to defend themselves against the warlike Germans.

The only military organization of the Slovenes, during the centuries long struggle, was realized immediately after their arrival in the year 611. The Slovene peasants from the valleys of Tyrol and Salzburg jointly attacked the Bavarian Duke, Garibaldo. The battle was fought in the vicinity of Lienz in Tyrol, from where, after winning the day, they pursued the Germans far into Bavarian territory and took possession of Tyrol as far as the borders of Bavaria; but after many years of severe fighting the Germans succeeded to expell them from their land.

The loose organization of the Slovenes was due partly to their democratic mode of living, because their communes (*županije*) were independent units; and to a greater degree this defect was due to the vastness of their territories. Their colonies were far apart and separated by high mountain ridges which rendered no intercommunication.

A Slovene state was organized soon after their settlement, which, however, did not include the Slovenes of the distant mountains of present Salzburg, Upper Austria, and Tyrol. This was a state of Carinthia, Carniola, and the plateaus of Styria and Western Hungary. The name of the empire was not known as Slovenia, but by the ancient Roman name Pannonia. The organizer and ruler of this Slavic empire was Samo. After the death of Samo, the Slovenes were disorganized and lived their patriarchal life of "zadruga" and "župani." Their defense against the invading Germans was not organized.

The attacks of the Christian hordes upon the pagan Slovenes is a singular chapter in the Slovene history, which is recorded by Slovene men of letters, Jurčič and Prešeren, in "Tugomer" and "Krst na Savici" respectively.

The disorganized Slovenes finally submitted, community after community, and after two centuries of struggles, accepted the Christian religion, forced upon them by the armies of German bishops.

## The Story of the Little Red Hen

ONCE UPON A time, quite a long time ago, a pig, a rat, a cat, and a little Red Hen lived in a little house upon a hill.

It was quite a nice little house, and it was so spotless and clean.

And whom do you think the pig, the rat, the cat, and the Little Red Hen had to thank for that?

The Pig?

Goodness me, no.

The rat?

Certainly not.

The cat?

She was quite too lazy.

The Little Red Hen?

Of course. She worked and worked to keep the little house on the hill as clean, as clean could be.

"I wonder," thought the Little Red Hen, "if some day, we could not have a garden, or perhaps plant some wheat or corn."

She was quite pleased with the thought.

The very next day the Little Red Hen found a grain of wheat. She was just about to go marketing; she did not want to stop, as she was already quite late.

So she called the others. "Who will plant this grain of wheat?"

"Not I," said the pig, and he hurried away.

"Not I," said the rat, and into the house he scurried.

"Not I," said the cat, and he climbed a tree.

"Very well, then. I shall do it." The Little Red Hen was just the least bit provoked, but she stopped to plant the grain of wheat.

Some time later the wheat had grown large and ripe. They were all very proud of it.

"Our wheat is quite splendid," said the pig proudly.

"Our wheat does us credit," said the rat.

"Our wheat is so much better than our neighbor's wheat," said the cat.

Out came the Little Red Hen from the little house.

"Now who will reap this wheat?" she asked quite hopefully.

"Not I," replied the pig. "I must depart at once."

"Not I," said the rat. "Any other day but today."

"Not I," said the cat. "I am sorry, but I am not well."

"Very well, then," said the Little Hen. "I suppose I must do it myself."

Now the wheat was gathered and all ready for the mill. The Little Red Hen thought that perhaps the pig or the rat or the cat might like to take it to the mill.

"Here is the wheat ready for the mill," she said. "Who will take it there?"

"Not I," said the pig. "It is too far for me to walk."

"Not I," said the rat. "It would be quite too heavy a load for me."

"Not I," said the cat. "For I am expecting a cousin to call today."

"Very well, then," said the Little Red Hen. "I shall do it."

So off she went to the mill, singing quite cheerfully on the way.

When the wheat came back as fine white flour, they were all quite proud of it.

"Who will bake the bread?" the Little Red Hen asked each of them.

"Not I," said the pig. "I'm very poor at baking."

"Not I," said the rat. "I cannot stand a hot stove."

"Not I," said the cat. "I must have my nap."

"Very well, then," replied the Little Red Hen. "I shall bake the bread in the morning."

And she did. And when she took the bread from the stove, it looked so brown and smelled so good. They all gathered about and smacked their lips.

"Who will eat the bread?" asked the Little Red Hen, and she looked as if she were laughing.

"I will," said the pig. "Yum, yum, I will," he repeated, for he was afraid he had not been heard.

"I will," said the rat. "Doesn't it look good?"

"I will," said the cat. "I always like it fresh and hot."

"Oh, but you won't," said the Little Red Hen as she lifted the nice fresh bread from the stove. "For I shall eat it myself."

The pig, the rat, and the cat were so ashamed they never said a word, but walked out of the kitchen, their heads hanging lower than they had ever hung before.

#### THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN I WAS UP IN THE BIG TREE,  
A LITTLE BIRD SANG JUST TO ME.  
MY EARS WERE FILLED WITH PLEASANT  
SOUND  
MY EYES WENT SEARCHING ALL AROUND  
UNTIL A PRETTY NEST I FOUND.



Dear Readers:

After the meeting, held by the Pioneers last month, the President of the Lodge, Brother Donald J. Lotrich, told me that the juveniles do not frequent the meetings as often as they ought to. Bro. President said this: "You know, Brother Editor, that we expect them to remain good members of the S. N. P. J. for ever. They should come to our meetings and learn what we are doing."

Brother Lotrich, to be sure, meant the juveniles of the "Pioneer;" but I extend this invitation further—to all of you young folks of the S. N. P. J. Let's all be good and active members. Ask your parents to allow you to go with them. You may not enjoy the meetings at first, but you will become interested in the lodge affairs and you will enjoy it.

\*

Although the contest on the S. N. P. J. is concluded this month, you will be welcome if you occasionally send in articles dealing with the S. N. P. J. The winners of this concluded contest are three, and their names will be printed later. (Some beautiful presents await them.)

An active group of sixteen thousand readers, all members of the "S. N. P. J. Joygivers Club," can not get along without some real lively contest, and so we will begin with another one in June. This will be called "The Poetry Contest." The name

suggests what you will have to do. Contribute a poem, a long or a short one, a gay or a sad one (I prefer a gay one); but it must be a good one. Try to compose one about the S. N. P. J., our magazine, your lodge, or about anything that you feel like. There is but one obligation: **The poem must be original.** Do not copy or write something that you have learned in school. Employ your brains, think hard, and then write. **The Editor.**

\*

#### WHY WE BELONG TO THE S. N. P. J.

I think the S. N. P. J. is the largest organization of its kind. If you put the English organizations side by side with the S. N. P. J., you will find that it can not be surpassed by them. The reason is because the S. N. P. J. was organized not for the purpose of just a good time, it also had in back of it the realization that it was organized for the benefit of the sick and disabled members. The English societies were organized with the reason of recreation only. If you happened to get into an accident you received not even a cent; for they cared for you only while you were healthy and strong. The S. N. P. J. helps you as long as you are sick. It will help your family when you die.

Take my advice and make your Slovene friends join the S. N. P. J. which pays thousands of dollars to the sick and disabled members.

The S. N. P. J. Lodge in our city is No. 259. It has about 102 members in the adult and about 146 in the juvenile department. I expect it will increase soon. I think it was a nice of the old folks to publish such a magazine as the Mladinski list, for I think it is a very interesting magazine for the young folks.

Frances Blazic, Meadow Lands, Pa.

## IF I WERE THE PRESIDENT.

To get the funds for the M. L. I would have the subscribers every year send in at least 50c just for the magazine. — We children ourselves can save 50c for the M. L., instead of bothering mother and father.

There are many young members of the S. N. P. J. that don't know how to read or write in Slovenian. If these would get the M. L. instead of the Prosveta, they would be glad, too, since you can learn sooner to read and write from the M. L. These two ways we could have our M. L. come twice a month and be bigger. I know all of the subscribers would be glad to get it twice a month. —

Dorothy Rossa, Cleveland, Ohio.

Frances Seljak, 12 years, Livingston, Ill., Box 451:

"We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge, which, I think is a very nice lodge. Don't you think so? Gee! The Mladinski list is getting better every month. I didn't see many letters from Livingston, Ill., so I thought I would write. I have a little poem that I wrote tonight:

## "The Mladinski List."

The "Mladinski List" is good,  
Just a Little Red Riding Hood;  
But a little better  
When I write a letter.

Especially the little girls  
That wear the flaxy curls,  
Write to the "Mladinski list,"  
But boys usually show their fist."

Frances Miklege writes from Lawrence, Pa.:

"We have a sewing club at our school. The teacher instructs us how to do the fancy work. There are fifteen of us in the club, and most of us belong to the S. N. P. J. — I thought I would never learn to do the fancy work pretty, but after the teacher showed us, I worked many pieces, such as table cloths, dresses, and pillow cases. — My sister Anna belongs to the sewing club also. She can do the fancy work as well as I can. — The name of our club is Chatter Box."

Ruth Podboy, Park Hill, Pa.:

"I am going to be eight years old and in the third grade. I like to read the stories and riddles in the Mladinski list. I have two brothers and their names are Alfred and Thomas. We all belong to the S. N. P. J., except my mother. We all like the Mladinski list."

Rose Widmar, 15 years old, Willock,, Pa. R. F. D. 1.

"I graduated from school in May and so did my brother. I have two sisters going to school on the Hill, which is called Rocky Point. I saw my girl friend's letter in the Mladinski list; her

name is Stella Germovshek. I will write next time also."

Sargi Jereb, Oglesby, Ill., Box 272:

"I have two brothers and no sisters; we are all members of the S. N. P. J. On March 25, 1927, we presented an operetta, the name of it was "Bits of Blarney," which related to old Irish times. Rose Crowley and Jim Prelisnek, who are also the members of the S. N. P. J., were in the operetta too. On Feb. 22 we had a track meet, which we won. I wish that brothers and sisters would write to me."

Frances Racher, 318 Baldwin ave., Niles Ohio:

"I am not quite 14 years of age and in the 8 B grade. I should be in 8 A, but I was operated on my foot and stayed out of school all that time. The weather is becoming warmer every day and it will soon be summer. I have four sisters and one brother, all members of the S. N. P. J. My father and mother are also members. Our school issues a paper called "The Washingtonian," and the name of our school is "Washington Junior High."

Dear Editor:

I have lots of friends writing to the M. L. My age is 13 and I am in the 6th grade; I have three sisters and one brother, father and mother, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. When my brother had his birthday in March, the sisters had a surprise party on him. He is fifteen years old and in the 8th grade. We all enjoy our school days very much.

Edwin Wolf, Lafferty, Ohio.

Sylvester Stroy, 12 years old and in the seventh grade: "I live in Indianapolis, Indiana. This is an old saying of the boys around our district:

'My brother died from drinking beer,  
From an old tomatoe can.  
You know beer wouldn't kill a man,  
But an old tomatoe can."

Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Indiana:

"My age is fourteen years, and my brother's twelve; we both belong to the S. N. P. J. I wish the M. L. would come every week and that it were bigger. I would like to have some young members write to me. My address is: Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Ind., R. R. No. 3, Box 17."

Frank Tomazin, Cleveland, Ohio, writes a short letter on the English King Alfred. He says that Alfred was one of the best English kings, because he built many schools for children and translated books from Latin to English. King Alfred was born at Wantago in the year of 849, and died in the year of 901.

**Frances Kovacich**, Buhl, Minn., 13 years old and in the 8th grade:

"I have my parents and one brother and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. I like the M. L. very much, and I am writing just so that you won't think that I don't take any interest in this magazine. More next time. I have a joke to tell you:

Question: Why did the fur traders struggle for the mouth of the Columbia River?

Ans.: Because salmon is there.

Quest.: Does salmon have fur?

\*

Dear Young Members:

The conditions here are the same as it is in Wick Haven, as Mary Dernovshek mentions. In her letter last month. I wonder whether the company that owns the mines in Wick Haven, Pa., is the same as the company here. This is the Pittsburgh Coal Company aiming to enslave all the working people. I hope none of our members will go scabbing. Pittsburgh Coal Co. has tried various ways to destroy the Union, but the Slovenian people here hold the Union better than any other nationality; and I am proud of it. I hope the Union wins.

I would like to have the young members write to me. My address is: **Mary Jane Koritnick**, R. F. D. No. 10, Crafton Branch, Pittsburgh, Pa. Box 196.

\*

**Rosy Lotrich** from Columbia, Utah, says:

"I like the riddles, poems, stories, and jokes in the Mladinski list, and always read them. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I have two big brothers, Frank and Emil. My father works in the mine. I wish some girl would write to me.

Here is a joke:

First Farmer: "What do you feed pigs?"

Second: "Corn."

First: "In the ear?"

Second: "No, in the mouth."

\*

#### THE RAINBOW.

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas;  
But clouds that sail across the sky,  
Are prettier than these.

There are bridges on the rivers  
As pretty as you please;  
But the rainbow that bridges heaven  
And overtops the trees  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

E. Kodelja, Terre Haute, Ind.

\*

#### SPRING.

Spring is here. Now we are sure of it, for the robins have arrived; the grass is very green and the trees are blooming and blossoming.

The signs of Spring are also apparent in schoolroom. Some students seem to have an attack of "spring fever," which is a strange and unwanted ailment.

Wake up! Everybody should be lively and wide awake, for if you are laying down on the job now, what will become of you when hot weather comes? Let us not stop working, but let us put forth our best efforts. Now is the accepted time, for in winter it is too cold and in summer too hot; so work in the springtime.

Spring is the most beautiful time of the year. This is the time when Nature awakes, the trees are clad in beautiful grass. The flowers are just beginning to bud and the sun smiles down on the earth. The robins and other birds show their joy by singing the songs and all the world is gay.

**Frances Kochevar**, West Frankfort, Ill.

\*

#### SUMMER.

Summer comes with its beautiful flowers,  
Just about a month after the April showers,  
And the traffic aroars,  
Nearer to the breezy bathing shores.

The bright sun shines with delight,  
At the lovely night,  
As the summer breezes blow  
Through the large three boughs.

When comes the ripening of berries,  
Such as straw and rasp and blackberries,  
And merry children running about,  
Just about ready to spring a shout.

All of these delights  
Come with summer bright,  
And then it has to go with the year;  
That makes us after it sorrowfully peer.

**Mary Miklege**, Lawrence, Pa.

\*

#### THANKS.

Nature gives green plants and trees  
And singing birds and humming bees,  
The flowers smiling to the sun,  
And they are pretty, ev'ry one.  
Nature, for all that you do,  
I'd like to sing a song to you,  
A hundred songs, I must confess,  
Cannot thy beauteous world express;  
Yet, knowing this as very true,  
I hereby offer thanks to you.

**Mary Kozole**, Philadelphia, Pa.

\*

Dear Editor:

I love the Mladinski list very much and I wish it would come every week. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. There are five of us in the family, including my parents. We are all members of the S. N. P. J. The name of the school that I go to is the Lincoln School. I wish some of the young members would write to me.  
— **Anna Derganc**, R. F. D. 1, La Salle, Ill.

Anna Grosser, Nokomis, Ill., writes:

"We are all members of the S. N. P. J. and we go to the meeting every month. I know a joke from the natural history:

A little boy from the city was visiting, with several friends, on a farm, and while playing around in the woods near the house, he suddenly came upon a ditch with a number of empty condensed milk cans in it.

"Hey, fellers, come here, quick," yelled the citified kid. "I have found a cow nest."

Anna H. Brazic, 13 years old, in the 7th grade, Maynard, Ohio, Box 637:

"I like the riddles and jokes in the M. L. and I wish the magazine would come oftener than it does. I have a good teacher and I like to go to school. I belong to the lodge 275; all our family belongs to the S. N. P. J. Lodge."

Robert Skerbetz, Bentleyville, Pa., Box 678:

"I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. My father, mother and three brothers and one sister, all belong to the S. N. P. J. In our lodge there are 40 children and we are trying to organize it so that we can have our own meetings. I hope that other lodges are trying the same thing. I wish some of the members would write to me."

Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Oklahoma:

"I am very much interested in the M. L. My mother and father enjoy reading the Slovenian stories and poems. We are six members of the S. N. P. J. I am ten years old and go to the fifth grade. — I wish the Mladinski list would come twice a week instead of once a month.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters."

Josephine Laushine, Leadville, Colorado, Box 100:

"I am twelve years old and my birthday is August 28. I am in the B 6th grade of the Central School. All my teachers are good. My two sisters, one brother, and I, all like the Mladinski list."

Edward F. Medved, Yukon, Pa. — He wishes that the boys and girls from Yukon would be more interested in this magazine, and he sends a letter, saying:

"I am a little boy in the first grade, but I learn to read and write already. I have a good teacher; her name is Mrs. Dusenberry."

#### RIDDLES.

1. The garden is red  
and the fence is white,  
a good boy is working in there.  
In it isn't snow nor rain,  
but anyhow it is wet enough.  
What is it?

Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.

2. What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

Frances Miklege, Lawrence, Pa.

3. What goes and goes, and when it stops, it stops for ever.

Edwin Wolf, Lafferty, Ohio.

#### ANSWER TO RIDDLES OF MARCH ISSUE.

1. Double Acrostic:

1. S a m  
2. A m e r i c a  
3. I s t h m u s  
4. L i f e

2. Changed word:

S I L K  
M I L K  
M I L E  
R O I E  
M O L E  
R O B E

3. Riddle-Me-Ree: PAINTING

Solved by:

Anna Derganc, La Salle, Ill.

4. Why does a watch never get thirsty?

Because it has a spring in it.

Solved by:

Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.

Anna Grosser, Nokomis, Ill.

#### SOLUTION OF OTHER PUZZLES.

##### HONORABLE MENTION:

Pauline Feltz, Bryant, Ill.  
Mary Ostanek, Limestone, Michigan.  
Josephine Jeglic, Adamson, Okla.  
Rose Widmar, Willock, Pa.  
Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio.  
Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Rosy Lotrich, Columbia, Utah.  
Mary Jane Koritnick, Crafton, Pa.  
Frances Kovacich, Buhl, Minn.

#### ANSWER TO RIDDLES OF APRIL ISSUE.

Frances Zalaznik, Thomas, W. Va.:

- a. CHIMNEY.

Solved by Willie Milavec, Nokomis, Ill.

- b. FLEA.

Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.:

- a. Because its capital is always DUBLIN.

- b. MAID OF ORLEANS.

Mary Kren, Buffalo, N. Y.:

- a. MOON.

- b. LEVEL.

# Outdoor Games

Compiled by Glenn D. Adams.

## SQUIRREL

Divide all of those present into groups of four, who each number off, "1, 2, 3, and 4" and then take hold of hands and make a little circle. This represents a tree. Number one then steps into the circle and becomes a squirrel. In addition to all of these trees containing a squirrel, there is an extra squirrel who has no tree and a fox who chases him. The squirrel takes refuge in a tree. However, there can be only one squirrel in a tree, so that the other squirrel has to run away and the fox chases the second squirrel. He of course can save himself by jumping into another tree. When a fox catches a squirrel, they change places. Then number two of each tree circle becomes the squirrel in his tree and the game goes on.

## GANDER AND GEESE

All of those playing form a line with their hands on the shoulders of the person in front. The first one in the line is the gander and all the rest are geese. A wolf tries to catch the little goose at the other end of the line. The gander tries to fight him off and the line of geese by squirming around try to keep out of the way of the wolf. As soon as the wolf catches a goose, the goose becomes the wolf and the wolf becomes the gander and the rest move down the line.

## CROSSING NO MAN'S LAND

Players are divided into two equal parts. Each group has a goal, these being about fifty feet apart. One player, called "Sniper" stands midway between the goals, and at a given signal the two groups are ordered to "Exchange Posts." While the groups are passing from goal to goal, Sniper tags as many as he can. Now all tagged must be made prisoners, and are out of this game, or else help Sniper tag while the players are passing over No Man's Land. The last player tagged wins the game. The first one tagged becomes Sniper in the next game.

## LAST COUPLE OUT

IT stands at the head of a line of couples, all facing the same way. When IT is ready, he shouts "Last couple out" but cannot look around. The last couple then divides and each comes racing down his side. The object of the couple is to come together again and take hands beyond some point agreed upon in front of the line, without either being touched by IT. If they evade IT and clasp hands beyond the goal point, they come back and take their place at the head of the line, and IT tries to catch the next couple in the rear when they run forward. If he does, the one caught takes the place of IT.

## STEAL STICKS

First choose sides. Draw a line between the two sides on the ground or else they can have boards between them. Then have a pile of sticks about 13 steps back from each line. Each pile has ten sticks. Each side stays on its own side of the line until the game starts. Choose about three children to guard and never let any one on the other side through. If a child gets through without being touched and gets a stick then he turns back and puts the stick on the pile of sticks that belongs to his own side.

The game continues until one of the piles are gone. The side that gets the sticks is the winner.