

Mladinski List

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

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 2.

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

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

“JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

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

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1923, at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 2, 1903, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:
(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

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MLADINSKI LIST

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ŠTEV. 2.

JANKO LEBAN:

Na tuji zemlji.

Ivan Novak je bil ubog kovač v vasi na Primorskem. Ker v svoji domovini ni imel dovolj zaslužka, da bi lahko izhajal, je sklenil, da se s svojo družinico — z ženo in s triletnim sinčkom izseli v Ameriko. Tam si je upal prislužiti toliko, da bi ne le bolje izhajal, nego si tudi prihranil nekaj denarja.

Prišel je dan, določen za odpotovanje. Kovačeva je bila uprav zaposlena s tem, da je malega sinčka Petrčka oblačila. Ogrne ga naposled z veliko gorko ruto ter odnese pred hišo na voz. Dobri materi se ob tem porose oči. In ni čuda! Spomnila se je, da bi njen otrok lahko obolel na dolgi poti ter rane smrti umrl v tujini; ta misel jo je jako žalostila. Sinček jo nedolžno-otroško vpraša: "Mama, ali je daleč ta Amerika? Je li še dlje nego do Trsta, kjer prebiva stric Janez?" Dobra žena je bila v dno srca presunjena in drugega ni mogla otroku odgovoriti, kakor preprosti, za-dušeni: "Da!"

Ko je stopila zopet v sobo, je kovač takoj opazil žalost svoje žene. Ljubeznivo jo je tolažil: "Le ne obupaj, Mica, saj se tudi v novem svetu živi!"

Kovačeva stopi k oknu ter pogleda na voz, ki je bila nanj malo prej posadila malega Petrčka. "Hočem ti povedati, Ivan," je dejala svojemu možu vsa ganjena, "kaj se mi je sanjalo danes ponoči. Pomisli si, bili smo na morju ter skupno sedeli na krovu. Zdajci prileti velika ujedna ptica ter pred mano zagradi Petrčka s sedeža. Začela sem vpiti na pomoč; toda mornarji so zmajevali z glavami, in ptičja pošast je odletela s svojim plenom....."

"Smešno!" odgovori kovač. "Sanje so sanje, prazna pena, ki nič ne pomenjajo. Čemu bi si grenili potovanje s tem?"

Kmalu je bil voz prea nišo z vsem potrebnim naložen in je imel naše potnike spraviti do bližnje postaje. Okolo voza pa so stali stari

kovačevi prijatelji. Ti so ponovno v roko segali kovaču in njegovi ženi, voščec vsej rodovini srečno pot.

"No, pa srečno hodite!" tako so klicali sosadni otroci, plezali po vozu navzgor ter božali in poljubljali malega Petrčka. Ta se je še precej pogumno držal in ni kazal niti sledu kake bojazni. Voznik naposled sede na kozla in požene. Kovač in njegova žena nazadnje pogledata na ljubo hišico, kjer sta preživela mnogo skrbi polnih, pa tudi veselih dni v milem domačem krogu. Konja jo čvrsto urežeta proti postaji.

Po železnici so na to prišli v kratkem času v tržaško пристanišče, odkoder so nastopili pot v New York. Kaj so na parniku vse prebili, koliko so trpeli zaradi morske bolezni, v kakšni nevarnosti je bil Petrček, ki se je zavoljo morskoga zraka prehladil: o tem vam, ljubi otroci, nočem praviti. Le toliko naj omenim, da so po marsikaterih potnih naporih došli v New York. Strmeč in upapolno so naši potniki gledali ameriško mesto, ki se jim je zdelo prav orjaško. Pogledi so jim plavali preko morske gladine do daljnih bregov in otokov. Posebno so občudovali cel gozd jadrenikov, ki se je širil pred njimi. In ko so se izkrcali, stopivši na kopno ter tu v glavnih ulicah videli ogromne množice različno opravljenih ljudi; ko so tu motrili krasne trgovine, neštete omnibuse, vozove, kočije in druga taka vozila: tedaj so kar ostrmeli. Ker so razen malega Petrčka imeli s sabo tudi precej prtljage, so si morali seveda najeti voz, ki so z njim kmalu prispeli do stanovanja znancev, kjer so se mislili začasno nastaniti. Bili so prijazno sprejeti in tu pri znancih so ostali nekaj dni, dokler si niso sami poiskali tesnega cenenege stanovanja. Odtod so večkrat delali male izlete, da bi si mož poiskal službe, ki bi jim dajala zadostnega zaslužka. Ob neki taki priliki so starši izročili Petrčka v var-

stvo ženi, ki je stanovala v isti hiši, kar se je sicer že prej ponovno zgodilo. Ivan je takrat imel srečo. Dobil je dobro službo ter se je ves vesel vrnil s soprogo v svoje stanovanje. Seveda so vrnivši se starši takoj povprašali po Petrčku, da bi ga veselo pozdravili in objeli. Toda — oh, žalosti! Žena, ki ji je bil otrok v varstvo izročen, je Petrčka pustila, da je stekel na dvorišče, a se potem ni več brigala zanj. Zdaj ga je sicer šla klicat, a deček se ni oglasil. Zaman so ga starši in žena iskali. Ta je trdila, da ga je videla še pred pol ure. Toda deček je izginil brez sledu.

Mislite si žalost ubogih staršev! Cele dneve so posedali v sobi v nemi žalosti in obupu. Ker je ostalo vse poizvedovanje po otroku zaman, so nesrečni starši sklenili, da zapuste to mesto, kjer so izgubili svojega otroka ter se izselijo v kak drug kraj v Ameriki, kjer bi si poiskali nove službe.

Vnovič so polnili svoje potovalne kovčge. Po dolgem, a srečno dostalem pomorskem potovanju so prišli v Kalifornijo ter se ustavili v mestu San Francisco. Mesto je krasno, da vse potnike zaradi svoje divne lege kar očara. Sreča je bila Ivanu mila. V kratkem času se mu je posrečilo udeležiti se pri nekem podjetju, kjer so izpirali zlato. Mnogo denarja je zaslužil. V malo letih je postal bogat mož. Zdaj bi lahko za zmerom ostal v Kaliforniji. Toda življenje v tem mestu mu je tem manj ugajalo, ker Petrčka ni mogel pozabiti. Zato sklene, da se vrne z ženo v New York. Svojo namero je tudi izvršil ter zapustil Kalifornijo. Kot uboga, skrbipolna človeka sta se Ivan in njegova žena naselila v zlatorodni deželi, a kakor bogatinca sta jo zapuščala; vendar ošabnosti nista poznala. Kalila je njiju veselje le misel, da ne more Petrček z njima uživati te sreče. Čim sta se bližala New Yorku, toliko živeje se je v njiju srcih pojavljala stara bol, hrepenenje po izgubljenem sinčku. Stare rane so jima iznova krvavele.

“Kje se neki nahaja naš Petrček?” vpraša Ivanova žena, zagledavši pristanišče. “Kaj li se je z njim godilo? Ali je morebiti nesrečno umrl ali pa morda še živi? Ah, ti moj ljubi Bog, kako zal mladenič bi bil zdaj Petrček! Kakšno veselje bi nama delal!”

“Ni treba, da si obnavljaš stare bolečine, Mica,” odgovori Ivan. “Le mirna in potolažena pojdiva v mesto, ki je nama vzelo najljubše, kar sva imela! S solzami pač ne priključeva otroka!”

Mater so te besede s pridom utešile. In ko je parnik obstal, sta se potolažena in vesela izkrcala.

Naredila sta bila že kakih sto korakov s pristanišča proti mestu, ko ju sreča strgan, ubog deček ter ju milo poprosi vbogajme. Mica takoj seže v žep po denarnico, da daruje ubogemu dečku nekaj denarja. Stisne mu denar v roko ter mu ob tem pogleda v obraz. Zdajci pa presenečena zakliče: “Poglej no, Ivan, te velike modre oči in to jamico v podbradku; deček je resnično podoben našemu Petrčku!”

“Prav govoriš, Mica! Najin sin bi bil zdaj ob priliki enake starosti s tem fantom.”

Novakova je fantu z roko gladila zlate kodre..... Zdajci privije otroka k sebi, kliče: “Najin otrok! O Bog, To je Petrček! Poglej vendar, ljubi mož; tu je znamenje za ušesom in to je uhan, ki sva mu ga kupila!”

Novak in Novakova sta božala in poljubljala na tako čudovit način najdenega sina, ki ni vedel, kaj se z njim godi. Na razna vprašanja deček pove, da so njegovi starši jako ubogi in prebivajo v eni bližnjih ulic. Ivan in Mica ga spremita tja in tam zvesta od dotične stranke, da so otroka našli na cesti ter ga vzeli k sebi, posebno zato, ker jim je bil jako všeč.

Novak je bogato obdaril rednike, ki so se le težko ločili od dečka. Vzel je Petrčka k sebi v najeto stanovanje. Oblekli so dečka v nova oblačila. Tako je Petrček stal pred njima kot novoprerojen, čvrst, zal dečko. Mica mu je vsa blažena gledala v modre oči ter ga božala po licih. Polagoma se je Petrček zopet domislil svojih staršev ter se jim nežno privil. To je starše jako veselilo, da se je vsa stvar tako lepo uravnala njim v srečo.

“Zdaj se pa tudi dejansko izkažimo hvalne usodi, da smo se zopet našli!” Tako je izpregovoril Ivan Novak nekaj dni po tem veseljem dogodku, ko so vsi skupaj sedeli za mizo pri obedu.

“To sem tudi jaz mislila,” odgovori žena ter razodene več načrtov, ki jih je bila osnovala v tem oziru.

“Kaj bi bilo,” je rekla, “če bi za svojega sprejeli kakega ubogega otroka, da bi Petrček imel primerno družbo?”

“Jaz sem si osnoval drug načrt,” odgovori Ivan. “Ustanoviti hočem zavetišče za izgubljene otroke. S tem bi najbolje pokazali

veselje o zopet najdenem svojem otroku, a obenem izrazili zahvalo za božjo previdnost."

"Da, tvoj načrt je zares krasen; izvesti ga hočemo, čimprej mogoče!" odgovori Mica ganjena.

Ta načrt ljubezni do bližnjega so Novakovi izvedli. Zdaj stoji zavetišče, delo milosrčnosti in človekoljubja, v najlepšem cvetju,

in že marsikateri izgubljen otrok je bil ljubeznivo sprejet v zavod in rešen pogube.

Resnične so in ostanejo tudi v tem oziru besede našega pesnika Gregorčiča:

Odpri srce, odpri roke,
otiraj bratovske solze
sirotam olajšuj gorje!.....

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Ob morskimi obali.

TVOJ DAN.

Tvoj dan se svita, jasni dan vstajenja,
moj narod dragi, mračne dni živeč!
Glej, rožni zor jutranji plameneč
obzarja pot že smotru hrepenenja!
Tvoj dan, tvoj dan prejasni, prost trpljenja,
prihaja v solnčni luči, glej, blesteč!
Oblakov roj, sovražno še preteč,

sicer mu brani k svobodi življenja,
a bo umaknil žarkom se mogočnim,
pregnan od luči njih ognjene,
ne bo zagrnil solнца s plaščem nočnim,
če, narod moj, ostaneš misli ene
in nerazrušen proti silam močnim
kot zrnca v stavbi skalne stene!



ANDREJ RAPE:

Druga mati.

Janko je imel dobro mamico. Pa sta srečala nekoč množico ljudi. K šolskemu vpisovanju ga je bila povedla tistikrat. Črno je bila oblečena ona množica. Pred njo se je pomikal voz, in po cvetju je dišalo. Oni za vozom pa so šli potrti, povešenih glav, opotekajoč se, kakor da ne sije z neba svetlo solnce, kakor da ne vonjajo cvetice tako opojno po zraku.

"Kako, da so tako tihi, tako potrti?" je pomislil; "saj poje ves lepi dan pesem veselja z menoj, ko grem z mamico v šolo, v šolo!"

In je pogledal mamico, ki je, za roko ga držeč, resno stopala poleg njega.

Take ni še videl doslej. Najlepši obraz na vsem svetu, ki ga je videl ponoči, če se je igral v sanjah, ali podnevi, ko je ni bilo doma, je bil danes v tem trenutku čisto drugi. Resno ji je bilo lice, in baš prekrizala se je bila, oko pa je motno, kakor s solzami zalito, zrlo v mračni izprevod; tako žalostno še ni nikdar pogledala njega, pa bratcev in sestic tudi ne. Skoro tuja gre ob njem, kakor da ne vidi njega, ki gre danes k vpisovanju v šolo, o kateri mu je že toliko pravila.

"Moja mamica pa ne bo nikdar umrla, nikdar umrla!" je zažvrgolelo v njegovem srcu. "In nikdar ne bom sam, pa bratca in sestrici tudi ne. Ne bomo sami, saj mamica bo vedno pri nas, nas! Druge ne maramo, druge ne maramo! — Ampak, če bi le kdaj umreti hoteli?" je zatrepetal. "Takrat bom pa jaz namesto nje umrl. — Saj ne morem biti sam!"

Zavila sta v drugo ulico; pogreb s svojo temo — kot Veliki petek — je šel dalje, in zopet je pel dan lepo pesem. Mati pa je bila taka kot vedno.

II.

Mati ga je bila vpisala v šolo. Prav priden, zgleden učenec je bil. Celo tiste nečedne napake se je iznebil, ki mu je često prinesla mamičin karajoč pogled in strogo besedo. Nohte je grizel nevede. In ko je mati ob nedejlah popoldne, ko je trenutek mogla počiti od večnega posla, jela pregledovati ročice malih dragih in odstrigla, kar je bilo predolgo, tedaj je bilo z Jankom vedno joj.

"Že zopet si jih pogrizel; to je grdo, to je nezdravo!" je očitajoče rekla.

"Saj nisem, mama, gotovo da ne!" je trdil Janko, in ubožec je resnično mislil, da mu ponoči, ko spi, grizejo nohte miške; prav čisto nič se ni spomnil, kdaj naj bi bil on sam to učinil. Toda že med opravičevanjem mu je šinil prstek med zobčke — in materi je pokazal malega grešnika, dasi je itak brez tega dokaza poznala poredno miško, ki grize nohte.

Spomnil se je nekoč, ko je bil hudo kregan, da bi bilo dobro roke nositi le v žepu, da bi prsti ne uhajali v usta; ampak vedno jih ni mogel imeti v žepih, posebno ne ponoči, ko se sleče; pa materi tudi ni bilo povšeč, saj se ne spodobi.

Ampak odkar je v šoli, je opustil to grdo navado in prijatelja sta z mamico in učiteljem.

*

Velike sanje, lepe sanje je sanjal Janko o mamiči, šoli, učitelju, bratcih in sestricah. Tudi o očetu je sanjal, ampak njegova slika ni pristojala v okvir njegovih pojočih dni.

Da bi me očka vzel na koleno, pa bi pojezdila daleč, daleč.

Širok svet se mu je odprl ob tej misli. Prav do Ježice in Save bi šla. Šmarno goro bi tudi obiskala. Ampak oče ga nikdar ne dvigne na koleno, pa bratcev in sestic tudi ne.

"Ne morem izhajati. Saj se trudim noč in dan. Poglej nas! Vsi smo lačni, raztrgani, neobuti in večji hodi v šolo, pa priden je, pridni so vsi!" je čul Janko nekoč mater reči očetu. "Glej, ne zapij vsega, vsaj nekaj svojega za služka daj družini!"

Vselej je ob takih dnevih in večerih, ki so bili vedno pogostejši, čimdalje je trajala vojna in je trkala beda na vrata, Janko zbežal v sobo in se skril, dokler ni bilo v kuhinji čisto tiho in ga ni mati poklicala.

Ta je vse pozabil ob pogledu na ljube mamičine oči. Topla roka je božala njegovo lice — in jasno je bilo zopet okolo njega, dan je pel svojo lepo mladostno pesem.

Tisti večer je prišlo nekaj temnega med njega in očeta. Oče je bil zaloputnil z durmi in odšel, dasi je bil komaj prišel, mamica pa je imela solzne oči, kakršnih Janko ni mogel videti.

Tisti večer je vstala med njima senca.....

III.

Vojni vihar je zakril vse solnce, zakaj sovražstvo je praznovalo med ljudmi svoj zmago-slavni dan. In glad je prišel, prišla je bolezen.

"Saj ni tako, ni tako!" si je prigovarjala mati. "Narodi se pomire, vojne bo konec, konec bo stradanja, in vse bo zopet dobro, vse se obrne na dobro!"

Pa glej! Bilo je pisano: Veliko boš trpela, neskončno ljubila — o, mati, zakaj vse, prav vse je tvoj del: brezmejna je tvoja sreča, neskončno je tvoje gorje!

Štiri službe je opravljala, preveč je trpela. Ampak, ko se je do smrti utrujena, bolj vlekla kot hodila zvečer proti domu, ji je postalo vse lahko, kakor bi ne bila nič delala, nič trpela: po ta-le kruh, ki ga ima v culici kot zaklad, ki ga je pritrjala lastnim ustom, je šla, da se zažare otroška ličeca, ko odgrne ruto in jim ga pokaže, kot bi jim pokazala najsvetlejšje igrače.

In vse trpljenje, ves glad — vse je izginilo, ko je gledala nedolžne, vesele obraze svojih otrok: svojo brezmejno srečo.

Pa ko ponoči ni mogla spati in je sedeč v postelji razmišljala, ji je šepetal skrivnost glas: "Ne bojuj boja, ki ga ne zmoreš! Saj še vse človeštvo ne more do miru. Vidiš, od dne do dne bolj slabiš; omagala boš. Čemu napor, glad! Zaman je vse!"

Mašila si je ušesa. Vedela je, da glas prav trdi; natanko tako se zgodi, ampak mašila si je ušesa in zakrivala oči, da ne sliši glasu, da ne vidi celo v temni sobi sladko dihaajočih, gladu ječečih otrok, ki bi zanje rada trpela neskončno gorje.

In izpolnilo se je, kakor je šepetal glas, kakor je bilo pisano od vekov: "šla je mati po poti trpljenja, bolna telesno, srečna v svojih otrokih."

"Druge mamice ne maram!" je zamrmral Janko v snu.

Sladko so jo pobožale v srcu te besede. "Glej, še v spanju misli otrok nate! Toda kako je prišel do te misli? Li morda ve, da sem hudo slaba? Trpi li otrok zato?" Stopila je k njegovi postelji in ga še enkrat prekrizala.

O, blagoslovljena roka materina, ki bdi celo ponoči nad nedolžnim otrokom. In blagor tebi, otrok, ki čuva nad tabo! Kaj bi dal, mati, da morem še enkrat položiti glavo, ki mi je že trudna, v tvoje sveto naročje!

Oče je le tuintam prišel domov, kadar je rabil perilo. Pa za družino ni imel ničesar, vse je šlo po grlu. Janko je hodil že v 4. razred. Z vso ljubeznijo se je oklenil šole, saj je delal s tem veselje dobri mamici, mati pa je delala, delala do skrajnosti, stradala, slabela in obležala v postelji.

In končana je bila njena pot: sosedu ji je ob zadnji postaji zatisnila oči, položili so jo k večnemu počitku. Očeta pa ni bilo doma.....

Biti brez mamice, to je hudo. Kamorkoli si pogledal, ko si jo še imel, povsod si videl in čutil njeno skrbno roko, njeno ljubo oko. Kot sladka glasba te je spremljal njen glas na vseh potih.

Ko se je Janko časih, grede v šolo, kje malo po nepotrebnem pomudil, je že zaslišal njen nepozabljeni glas: Janko, kje si? — Sicer ta glas tudi sedaj čuje, tudi sluša vedno, ampak ko pride domov, vendarle ni resnica, kar si je tako hrepeneče, živo predstavljal: Prihitim domov. V kuhinji na štedilniku zarožlja, vrata zaškripljejo, in ljubo se oglasi mamica: "Ti si, Janko? Ali si bil kaj vprašan? Ali si znal?" Ampak tega glasu ni in ga ne bo nikdar več.

Težko mu je bilo v srcu, pa je pomislil: Kaj jaz! Jaz hodim v šolo. Učitelj me ima rad. Součence — prijatelje imam. Kaj jaz! Ali moja bratca in moji sestrice! Ves dan morajo biti sami doma, kjer je tako prazno, tako temno brez mamice. Kaj jaz!

Iz šole je šel tisto popoldne. Hitel je, saj je vedel, da ga bratca in sestrice težko čakajo. Tudi je bil radoveden, če je sosedu že zvedela, kje je oče, po katerega je obljubila danes pisati.

Ampak tako hudo mu je v srcu, kakor da bi ga moglo še kaj hudega doleteti sedaj, ko so zakopali mamico. Toda kakor dopoldne, tako čuje tudi sedaj tisti glas, in hudo mu je v srcu. Pospešil je še bolj korake, prišel pred stanovanje in stekel po stopnicah navzgor.

"Sem že doma!" je zaklical pred vrati, da razveseli bratca in sestrice.

Ampak v sobi je bilo tiho, nikakega odmeva, kakor je bilo običajno.

"Ne slišijo me. Morda so pospali, saj jim je bilo dolgčas samim."

Odklenil je vrata, vstopil. Oblak dima mu je bušil v obraz. Razgleda se in vidi sredi sobe štiri trupla. Čisto mirna so bila.

"Ali spe? Pa tako se kadi tu!"

In je zakričal: "Tonček, bežite, gori!" Ali nihče se ne gane. Klical je, klical zaman, pa je pomislil: "Težko je bilo mamici zapustiti jih same, in se je vrnila z onkraj groba, da vzame, kar je njenega, kar brez nje ne more živeti." In spomnil se je onega dne, ko sta z mamico srečala mrtvaški izprevod.

"Da, da, ampak zakaj tudi po mene ni prišla.—Tonček! Milan! Jerica! Mara!"

A bili so tihi, tihi!.....

IV.

Nikamor ni šel po pomoč. Klečal je ob bratcih in sestricah in topo zrl vanje. Nato je odprl okno, ker so ga pekle oči.

"Sedaj bom pa še jaz umrl. Mamica, name si pozabila! Pridi!"

Legel je na tla, pa ni jokalo. Bil je prepričan, da ne bo dolgo, ko se odpro vrata in se prikaže mamica vsa svetla, lepa, neskončno lepa.

Sklonila se bo čezenj, pa mu, božajoč ga s tisto toplo roko, poreče: "Nisem te pozabila; le doma te ni bilo, pa sem bratca in sestrici odvedla prej, a sedaj pojdeš tudi ti z menoj." In objele ga bodo njene mehke roke in pojdeti v veselje. Zbogom šola, součenci, učitelj!

Ali vrata se niso odprla, mamice ni bilo. Polagoma se mu je odprl vir solza.

Sedel je in vnovič je pogledal po bratcih in sestricah. Oči so mu zrle plašno v to mirno kopico.

Ali pokličem soseda? Vstal je in šel vun. Potrkal je pri sosedi. Pa vrata so bila zaprta; odgovora ni bilo.

Ni si upal nazaj v sobo, strah ga je bilo. Na stopnice je sedel in čakal: morda le še pride mati. Toda nikogar ni bilo, da bi mu vsaj povedal, da je tam v sobi nekaj strašnega, kamor si ne upa več iti.

Kam?

Tam v šolski sobi, tam v prvi klopi, kamor tako lepo pada solčna luč, kjer sedi njegov dobri prijatelj, kamor se učitelj tolikokrat dotakne z roko, ko hodi pred klopmi, tam je tako lepo, je tako sladko, mirno. V klopi bi sedel in bi tam prebil noč. Morda tja pride mamica. Tam bi ga ne bilo strah, saj bi videl prijatelja, Milana poleg sebe in mi-

slil bi, da hodi učitelj pred klopmi in da se njegova roka opira ob klopi. In če bo zaspan, se nasloni z glavo na klopi, z roko se prime dobre roke učiteljeve, ki je ž njo uprt na klopi, in bo mirno, sladko zaspal; nič ga ne bo strah.

Mimo hiše so se čuli težki koraki. Nekdo je trdo hodil po tlaku.

Vzdramil se je in je vstal nehote in nevede. Po stopnicah je šel in kar dalje. Pred šolskim poslopjem se je zavedel.

"Ali me šolski sluga pusti v razred?" je zašepetal.

Pogledal je okolo in vstopil. Na hodniku ni bilo nikogar. Tiho, da ga kdo ne vidi, je šel dalje in v razred. Sedel je v prvo klopi.

Na mizi so bili še zvezki. Učitelj jih je bil pripravil tja. Nekaj blažilnega mu je leglo v izmučeno srce. Zdelo se mu je, da sedi doma pri mizi, da mamica kuha v kuhinji, da se okolo njega igrajo bratci in sestrice. Pa ga je zopet obšla žalost. Blažilne solze so mu tekle po licu. Naslonil se je na klopi. Tako tiho je bilo, da je čul črva, ki je glodal v lesu. Izmučen je vsnul.

Vse je oživel v šolski sobi, ki se je razgrnila pred njim kot velik, zelen travnik. Božji angelci so pripeljali vozove, polne cvetja. Pa to cvetje je bilo velo. Voz za vozom.... In ko so prišli blizu njega, je angelvoznik položil roko na voz in hipoma je vse oživel na njem. Vstalo je cvetje, prej velo in je opojno zadisalo, čebelice so zabrenčale po njem in pisani metulji. Joj, koliko cvetja, koliko voz!

Eden je bil posebno lep in velik. Ah, in iz rož na njem so pokukavali, ko se je bil angel voza dotaknil, znani, mili, domači obrazi. Mamica je sedela vsa lepa sredi cvetja. Držala je za roke bratca in sestrici, mu kimala z glavo in se sladko nasmihala. Pred njim je stal oče. Joj, kako je sedaj pristojal v ta krasni okvir. Čisto je bil izpremenjen: nič temnega, odbijajočega ni bilo na njem. Radostno mu je bilo lice. Mati je bila z eno roko objela vso deco, drugo pa je stezala očetu nasproti: vse se je izpremenilo, vse je lepo in dobro, ni več gladi in trpljenja; narodi so se umirili, vojne ni več in ti, oče te dece, si pri nas. Kako smo srečni! In iz prstov njenih, v blagoslov povzdignjenih rok, so švignili plameni, uničujoči v srcih vso bolesto, poječi jih z radostjo in veseljem.....

K njim je hotel Janko, pa se je izpremenila slika.....

Na velikem prostoru, vsem v cvetju, je hipoma zrasla prekrasna palača. Velik lok se je razpel nad njo: prekrasna mavrica. Iz nje pa je bleščal napis, sestavljen iz velikih brušenih demantov ter žarel v nepropisnem soju daleč naokolo: Šola.

Nešteto ljudi je okolo poslopja, pa samo mladi korakajo vanje, zakaj pod glavnim napisom se blesti drug napis v isti čarobni lepoti:

"Pridi mi v naročaj, ljuba deca, saj te ljubi srčno tvoja druga mati."

Iz gneče stopata oče in mati. Štiri otroke vodita s seboj.....

Premaknil se je na klopi, slika je izginila in dvignil se je zastor novih slik, ki jih je sanjal dalje Janko.....

V.

Dočim se je Janko v svoji bolesti zatekel k edini naravni svoji prijateljici, k svoji drugi materi—šoli in ondi gledal v živih sanjah pester slike in pozabljal v njih svojo žalost, so se na njegovem domu vsaj deloma uresničevale njegove sanje.

Oče se je bil vrnil domov. Uzršega svojega deco, ležečo na tleh sredi sobe, ga je zgrabila velika groza. Sem li to učinil jaz, moje življenje?—Kdo je vzrok? Ni imel časa premišljati. Dvignil je otroka za otrokom ter jih jel oživljati. Kakor materina je bila mehka njegova roka. O, spoznanje, kako si veliko, kako plemenito! K življenju zbuja očetova in materina ljubezen.

Zbudil je otroke k življenju ter nato zažgal ogenj v cunjah, ki so še polagoma tlele pod mizo, kjer so bili otroci zakurili. Strupeni dim je odhajal skozi okno, ki ga je bil Janko odprl in tako nevede rešil bratca in sestrice.

Sredi sobe je pokleknil oče, a z njim tudi rešeni otroci: živeli so svete trenutke ginjenosti, slavil je oče praznik svojega duševnega vstajenja.....

"A kje je peti, kje je Janko?" je naposled vprašal.

"Opoldne je šel v šolo," so odgovorili otroci.

Oblekel je otroke v praznično obleko: "Po Janka gremo!"

"Pojdimo, pojdimo!" so zažvrgoleli.

VI.

Tistega dne učitelj po pouku ni bil vzel zvezkov s sabo, imel je drug opravke, pa je proti večeru šel ponje, in tako so se sestali pred šolo.

"Iz šole je šel ob štirih," je odgovoril učitelj na tozadevno očetovo vprašanje.

In oče mu je pripovedoval ves današnji dogodek.

"Čudno! Saj je deček tako skrben, vzoren in reden. Kam bi bil šel?" se je čudil učitelj.

V razgovoru so prišli pred razred.

*

"Iz gneče stopita mati in oče. Štiri otroke vodita s seboj."—Janko je zopet sanjal prelesten sen o krasni palači.

"Mamica, Tonček, Mara, jaz sem tukaj!....."

Učitelj je odprl vrata v razred; začuli so bili glas in strmeč obstali na pragu.

Janko je sedel v prvi klopi. Glavo je bil pravkar dvignil in začudeno gledal okolo sebe. Hipoma pa je planil iz klopi, in zaradi prevelike sreče obnemoglega je prestregel oče v svoje roke.

"Žive, vsi žive!" je vzklikal ter jih zapored poljubljal.

V objemu vseh je pripovedoval svoje lepe sanje ter se s solzami v očeh obrnil k učitelju.

"Strah me je bilo doma. Odpustite mi, gospod učitelj, da sem se vrnil v šolo. Nisem vedel kam drugam."

"Ljubček moj dragi! Pribežal si v žalosti in nesreči v dom, do katerega imajo vsi otroci pravico. In kakor vidiš, si našel v njem zopet svojo srečo: očeta, bratca in sestrice, a ljubljeno mamico ti vsaj deloma nadomesti šola, vedno tvoja dobra, skrbna, ljubezniva, četudi le druga mati."



POZNA ZIMA

Belo polje, bele koče.....
 Vmes pa komaj vidne steze,
 a nad njimi mlade breze
 kot device plakajoče.....

Ve želite si pomladi,
 pa je Bog še dati noče;
 le snežinke padajoče
 vam nasul je po ogradi.

Kraj potoka se v zrcalo
 le pogledjte, če ne veste,
 da oblekel kot neveste
 vas v obleko je prezalo!

Belo polje, bele koče.....
 Vmes pa komaj vidne steze,
 a nad njimi mlade breze
 kot device smehljajoče.....

Boleslav.

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Pozimi.

Svoboda je kakor morje—
 na vse strani drže ravna pota.
 Svoboda je kakor zvezda—
 na vse strani lijejo jasni prameni.



FRAN ČRNAGOJ:

Zajčji lov.

Bilo je v hudi zimi. Snega je ležalo do kolena, ko so prihajali učenci z vseh strani proti šoli.

Pa vam plane prvi v šolsko sobo z razigranim vzklikom:

"Gospod učitelj, na šolskem vrtu je pa zajec—pa še prav velik je!"

"Zajec, zajec!" prisopiha drugi in "zajec, zajec!" hiti tretji in četrti.

"Zajec torej? Mrcina nemarna—napravil mi je že dovolj škode! No, pa danes mu napravimo sodbo, da jo bo pomnil, dokler bo živ! Malo še potrpi, da bo zbrana večina učencev, potem pa napravimo tak zajčji lov, da dobimo hudodelca živega v roke!"

Po teh besedah stopim proti vrtu in res vidim tam ob zadnjem koncu vrta lepega divjega zajca, ki je že precej preplašen tekal ob žični ograji ter iskal izhoda. V svoji zajčji pozabljivosti se ni več spominjal luknje, skozi katero se je bil prikradel na vrt; in sedaj so se ga lotevale resne skrbi za njegovo svobodo.

Medtem je dohajalo vedno več učencev. In kmalu je bila zbrana dovolj velika armada, da smo si upali nad zajca. Okrog petdeset dečkov je čakalo mojega povelja.

"Fantje—zdale pa pogum! Nikomur naj ne pade srce v hlače, ampak vsak mora biti kot cel mož na svojem mestu. Ti, Mihec, si uren in skočen—tjale na desno krilo stopi! Pa ti, Nacek, imaš tudi urne pete—postavi se na levo krilo! In ti, Jožek in Marček in Franek—vi tudi niste nerodni in ste pogumni dovolj, da se ne ustrašite vsakega zajca—vi boste v sredini naše fronte. In vi drugi pa sem—pa tja!"—In kmalu je bila črta postavljena od leve do desne strani vrta ne ograje.

"Tako! Zdaj pa glejte, da ostanete v lepi črti drug poleg drugega, da vas ne bo strah! Nobeden ne sme prehitovati, nobeden zaostajati! Tako pojdemo proti onemu koncu vrta in potisnemo zajca v kot, odkoder se nam ne izmuzne. Takrat pa ga zgrabimo za ušesa ali bedra—kdor prej, ta bolje! Zdaj pa naprej!"

Zajec tam doli pa je strme in z izbuljenimi očmi ves preplašen skokotal ob ograji in

se v smrtnem strahu oziral na našo črno vojsko!

"Tristo dihurjev! Kakšne zveri so to, ki tam gazijo sneg? Kaj jim je treba tega? Ali bi jim ne bilo bolje v zakurjeni šolski sobi? In ali ni še čas, da se uče, namesto da spravljajo mene v obup? Koklja jih brcni!"

In poganjal se je v višino, da v drznem skoku preskoči plot—a zaman—previsoka je bila ograja!

Dečki pa so gazili sneg, se udirali, padali, vzklikali—vedno hitreje in vedno glasneje! To je bil smeh in vrisk!—Jaz pa za njimi kot dober vojskovodja, ki ima vso fronto pred seboj in pazi na razvoj boja, da se obkoljeni sovražnik ne izmuzne.

"Mihec in Nacek! Pazita, da se vama zajec na krilih ne izmuzne! Pa v sredini je vrzel prevelika! Strnite črto! In Jožek in Franek in Marček, pazite—pazite!"

Zajec pa je—prevzet groze—potil smrtno srage ter molil kozje molitvice!

"Dečki, zdajle pa po njem! Zgrabite ga in držite!"

Dečki zaženo indijanski krik in planejo po zajcu! Ta pa zbere vse sile in se požene v velikanskem skoku čez glave svojih preganjalcev—Franek in Marček pa se od strahu zvrneta vznok v mehki sneg!

"No—za enkrat nam je unesel pete! Obrnimo se vsi, pa ženimo zajca proti drugemu koncu vrta! Dobimo ga gotovo, če se mu ne posreči, da najde luknjo, skozi katero je prišel na vrt!"

In vršil se je pogon v enakem redu kot prvič—le hitreje in strastneje! Pa zajec se to pot izmuzne skozi vrzel črte preganjalcev in se zateče zopet na konec vrta, na katerem je bil prvič. Naša črna vojska pa neustrašena in neupelahana za njim!

Zajec pa—ubogi siromak!—je bulil in bulil oči, da so mu stale iz glave kakor raku! Vse njegove molitvice in kletvice mu niso pomagale—videl je svoj konec, videl je svojo smrt in napravljaj je svoj testament.

"Zdale pa mora biti naš! Dobro pazite in junaško po njem!"

In res! Nacek ga spretno zgrabi za uhlje—zajec pa brca in se zvija in joče kot malo otroče!

Jaz vzamem zajca iz Nackovih rok, ga stisnem v naročje, in vsa mladina se v zmagoslavnem pohodu vrne z menoj v šolsko sobo.

Zajec pa je v mojem naročju vokal in vokal in bral in se je pomiril šele, ko smo bili že v šoli. Tresel pa se je po vsem životu kot bilka na vodi.

Tisto dopoldne pa se je v šoli prevrnil ves učni red: pouk se je vršil v znamenju zajca! Prvo uro ogledovanje in vsestranska obravnava zajca, drugo uro poglobitev in tretjo uro uporaba v spisnem izdelku!

Zajec pa je ždel mirno v kurniku, v kate-rega smo ga zaprli, in se je samo čudil, kaj govorimo toliko o njem—namesto da mu upihnemo luč ubogega njegovega življenja!

"Saj vem! Zdajle se menijo, kako me bodo mučili in drli na meh — o, vem — nazadnje me bodo pa vendarle požrli kakor pravi kanibali! Oh, to so zveri—ti nenasitni ljudje!"

Tako je mislil zajec sam pri sebi in vda-no čakal, dokler mu ne odleti glava.

Prišla je dvanajsta ura, prišel je odmor.

"Otroci—zajca smo si ogledali po vseh pravilih, kaj pa storimo zdaj z njim?"

"I kaj? Glavo mu odsečemo!"

"Iz kože ga denemo!"

"Na meh ga oderemo!"

"Jutri ga spečemo!"

"To bo kosilo!"

Tako so hiteli učenci z odgovori drug čez drugega. Jaz pa pravim:

"Nič ne rečem—tudi meni bi se prilegla zajčja pečenka, in pravijo, da so zajčja jetrca posebno dobra. Tudi je ta-li hudodelec res zaslužil, da ga obglavimo, pa denemo iz kože. Toda vendar mu bomo za enkrat prizanesli, nemarnežu, in ga izpustili.

Z lahnim godrnanjem in z navidezno nevoljo so se končno učenci vdali, da zajca izpustimo. Preden pa se je to zgodilo, smo mu navezali na vrat v nepremočljivo platno zavito pismo, v katerega smo napisali, kako velik hudodelec je to, da je pa bil izpuščen iz naših rok popolnoma zdrav, le koz nima stavljenih.

Ko je bilo to izvršeno, se zbere vsa šolska mladina na cesti pred šolo. Jaz z zajcem

v naročju in s šibo v roki, ki sem jo urezal v seči, pravim:

"Vsako zlo dejanje zasluži kazen! Tudi ta-le dolgoušec je imel hudobne namene, da obgloda in uniči vrtna drevesca, zato ne sme ostati brez kazni. Sicer je bil že strah, ki ga je danes užil, prav velik, in zanj že huda kazen. Lahko se ga od strahu loti božjast! A vendar mu damo še eno za spomin!"

Po teh besedah dam zajca enemu izmed najkrepkejših dečkov, šibo pa drugemu in pravim:

"Ti, Nacek, se vstopi takole in drži na tleh zajca krepko za ušesa, ti, Mihec, pa primi šibo! Ko odštejem jaz "ena, dve, tri," takrat prisoliš ti, Mihec, zajcu po tistem delu telesa, kjer ima vstavljen repek, s šibo prav mastno potezo; ti, Nacek, pa zajca v tistem trenutku izpustiš!"

"Ena—dve—tri!"

Sek!

In "ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—ha, haha—" se vsiplje iz otroških grl, in tudi jaz sem se od smeha priklanjal in si brisal oči, ko sem slišal tisti presrečni otroški smeh!

Saj pa je bilo tudi res smešno! Ko je prejel zajec tako gorko "ta zadnjo," poskoči v silnem skoku izpred nas in skokota in kobaca po mehkem snegu kar more, da pride čimprej iz—zanj tako strašne družbe!

Ko je bil dober streljaj daleč, se ustavi in postavi na zadnje noge, pomiga z ušesi in pravi:

"Bog in sveta Majka božja—to je bilo nekaj strašnega! Takega dne pa v življenju še nisem preživel in želim, da ga nikdar več ne!—Tista divja gonja po vrtu in tisti smrtni strah vse dopoldne! — Kaj pa šele tista "ta zadnja," ki me je pogrela od zadnjih peta pa do koncev ušes! — Vse žive dni jo bom pomnil!—Da bi mi le obližev ne bilo treba in da se mi stvar ne prisadi!—Jaz siromak!—E, kaj—kože mi pa le niso vzeli, in ti-le ljudje le niso prav take zveri, kakor sem prej mislil!"

Tako reče, pa se spusti v lahen tek, dokler se nam ne izgubi izpred oči.

Mi pa smo se vrnili v šolo ob mislih, da smo preživeli krasen šolski dan!



IVO TROŠT:

Neznano čustvo.

(Konec.)

Prej so se čudili otroci, da more mamica toliko potrpeti, mirno potrpeti vse, karkoli ji nakuri hudobni Zorko, sedaj se čudijo še bolj, da je mogla mama vse in tako hitro pozabiti ter skrbti samo zanj—za bolnika. Kadarkoli jo pokliče, je vsa vesela; če se predrami iz nezavesti, pa že ne ve, kaj bi počela, ne ve, s čim bi mu ugodila. Medu so mu že ponujali, sladkorja in kisle limone, naj jo grgra, da mu prej odleže. Ostali otroci ne smejo niti blizu, ne smejo niti glasno kihniti, da bi se ne predramil bolnik.

Ko bolnik pogleda mamico, ga hiti izpraševati, kaj ga boli, hiti ga milovati in mu obljublja, da bo kmalu bolje. Saj je bilo tudi njej neznansko hudo, ko je imel tiste težke sanje, da se je motil in ni umela njegovih besed, njegovega nezmisljivega blebetanja. Zorko se je bolno nasmehnil sam svoji onemoglosti. Sedaj je mamici že nekoliko odleglo: vedela je, da jo že umeje, da misli. Zajokala je od samega veselja. Omenila mu je, kako ga je že videla v duhu vsa potrta in je, kako ga je že videla v duhu vsa potrta in omotična, kako spančka na beli postelji med cveticami, ob njem gore bele sveče, on se sladko smehlja v tesni krstici, pregrnjeni z belo tenčico, ki jo kmalu za vselej pokrije leseni pokrov z belim vencem, in ona, mamica, ne bo nikoli več videla svojega—o, ne, tega si ne upa povedati, tega si ne upa niti na tihem izreči, da bi potem nikoli več ne videla svojega ljubljence, rajša se razplaka na glas in gladi mrzlo, potno čelo svojega Zorka.

Ali redki so bili tako srečni trenutki.

Po tisti noči, tako grozni in dolgi, ko je videl Zorko, da se mu reži izpod snega izgubljena čepica in mu kaže v obeh pesteh fige, da bo videl Benetke, se je bolnik le malo zavedel. Njegov duh je blodil po neznanih, pustih, groznih krajih—prepadih, vodah, jamah, po temi in vedno v strahu, po gozdu in med volkovi, hudimi psi in pihajočimi mačkami. Groza ga je prehajala, da se je tresel kot šiba po vsem životu. Po vseh potih je videl čisto, da ga še spremlja očetova šiba, ga preganja ali mu pa zastira pot. Videl je nevoljno lice uboge mamice, ki ga zmerja in

se jezi nanj v strahu in dvomu za njegovo bodočo srečo, ker je izgubil čepico, ker se ji grdo smeje, da mora jokati zaradi njegove neposlušnosti; z mamo pa jokajo vsi njegovi mlajši bratci in sestre, jokajo, ker joka njih mamica, in to jim je dovolj žalosti. On pa ne joka, on se grdo reži, in to je bridko. Oni jokajo z mamo, in to je sladak jok. Ali ni samo grda prešernost, če joka mama zaradi njega, njegova prešernost, ki mu donša samo bridkosti? Zorko je začel spoznavati, da to ni prav. Ako kdo joče, znači, da se mu godi krivica, hudo mu je v srcu, tako hudo, da silijo v oči solze, ki izvirajo nekje v tisti dolini, kjer domuje pravica in milosrčnost. Lepo mora biti v tisti dolini, ograjeni z neprestopnim zidom in zavarovani s trojno stražo naših trdnih sklepov, naših načel. Krivica in neusmiljenost ne smeta tu notri!—O, tudi Zorko bi jokal, jokal na ves glas, ko ga v spanju pode pošasti—jokal bi, ko bi le mogel, pa je popolnoma ohropel. Niti vpiti ne more na pomoč. V največji bridkosti in smrtnem strahu, ko ga napadeta dva medveda in začneta trgati, da je že ves krvav in razmesarjen, se prebudi iz nezavesti, plašno pogleda po sobi, če sta tudi tukaj še oba medveda, pa vidi, kako sloni ob njegovem zglavju in plaka uboga mamica. "Zakaj jokaš, mama? Ali je strah tudi tebe?"

"Strah me je, prav zares me je strah, otrok moj."

"Ali medvedov?"

"Ne, ne medvedov, Zorko!" se nasmehne skozi solze dobra mamica in pojasni: "Smrti se bojim, veš, ljubček moj, smrti, ki bi mi ugrabila tebe. Tja v jamico bi te nesli, kakor so že druge, ki jih ne bo nazaj. Globoko, globoko so jih zagreblili. Veš, stric grobar izkoplje jamico, oh!....." Mama Dolinara zopet krčevito zaplače. Zorko pa gleda, gleda mamico in ve, sedaj je prepričan, da plaka njegova mamica zanj. Kako to? Ali ni rekla tolikokrat, da ga ne mara? On je vedel zagotovo, da bi nikakor ne mogla imeti rada takega razbojnika, nemirneža, trmeža, nepoboljšljivega grdina. Ali more mamica plakati za njim, ker se boji, da bi umrl? Do-

ma bi bil potem najlepši mir, ko bi ne bilo njega v družini. To je slišal nebrojnokrat. In mamica je sama povedala, da joka zaradi njega, ki je njen ljubček. Torej vendar!

In on!

V sladki zadovoljnosti je pritisnil materino roko na svoje potno čelo in zaspal z blaženim nasmehom na osinelih ustnih. Spal je dolgo, jako dolgo. Mati se je bala odmekniti roko z njegovega čela, da se ne bi pre-

"Mama, ne bom ne umrl."

Dolarica meni, da se mu zopet blede.

"Kako veš, da ne boš, Zorko?" ga vpraša.

"Vem, ker si ti pri meni, mamica! O, kako te imam rad! Nikoli več, nikoli več te ne bom....." Dovršiti ni utegnil, zakaj mati se je sklonila in ga poljubila na čelo ter vzkliknila: "Oh, ti moj Bog!"

"Ali imaš tudi ti mene rada, mamica?"

"Rajša kot vse na svetu, otrok moj!"

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Na tujem.

budil iz dobrodejne sni. Zorko se ni več stresal, ni več blede. Sladko je dremal, kakor bi ga angelci zibali. Šele za dolgo se predrami in zavpije polglasno, hreščeče, s suhim grlom:

"Mama, kadar boš ti umrla, bom pa še jaz, prej pa ne, ne maram!"

In dvoje srečnih bitij se je sedaj objelo v sladkem, blaženem čustvu, ki je bilo Zorku doslej neznano.



Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

3.

Tajinstvena uganka.

Dibahibogo bohobegi gibekube bubahi
kagibadibo doduhobuke.

Razreši te čudne besede, v katerih znači vsak
zlog le po en glasnik, po tem ključu:

	b	d	g	h	k
a	a	b	c	č	d
e	e	f	g	h	i
i	j	k	l	m	n
o	o	p	r	s	š
u	t	u	v	z	ž

Da bodete to na prvi pogled jako težko
uganko lažje razumeli, vam tu navedem en
primerček, kako jo morate reševati. Rečeno
je, da pomeni vsak zlog le en glasnik, torej
zlog di na primer pomeni glasnik (lahko re-
čete tudi, črko) k. Kako dobite to črko k?
V gori natisnjenem ključu pogledaš v pokončni
stolpec pod d in v vodoravni stolpec desno
od i (saj vidite, da so b, d, itd., ter a, e, i, itd.
ločeni od drugih z debelo črto, ker oni tvorijo
nekako podlago za cel ključ!), in tako dobiš
baš tam, kjer se oba stolpca križata, črko
k.—Aha, sedaj bo pa že lažje šlo, kaj?

4.

Doma imam čudno miško. Če jo primem
za rep in jo vržem čez streho, imam še vedno
rep v rokah.—Kaj je to?

Rešitve ugank.

1.

Reka.—Skoro vsaka reka teče najprej
po gorah—planinah, potem pride v dolino, a
končno se približa morju.—Pesnik je v tem
slučaju mislil krasno primorsko reko Sočo,
ob kateri leži lepo slovensko mesto Gorica,
ki pa zdihuje žalibože pod italijanskim jar-
mom.

2.

Hči.

REŠILCI.

Obe uganki sta rešila:

Mikie Machek, Carlinville, Ill.
Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

Po eno uganko so rešili:

Charley Kumer, Mulberry, Kans.

Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Ljudmila Zdolšek, Cleveland, O.

Mary Yancher, Girard, O.

Mary Kosenina, Ramsey, O.

Josephina Rodica, Greensboro, Pa., je re-
šila uganki št. 23 in 24, a Andy Droblich,
Lloydell, Pa., pa uganko št. 24, toda njuni pi-
smi sta prišli prepozno za zadnjo številko.

LISTNICA UREDNIŠTVA.

V zadnji številki je bilo rečeno, da bo že
ta številka izšla sredi meseca, in da bodo
priobčeni po možnosti vsi zaostali dopisi. To-
da žalibože se to prerokovanje ni izpolnilo. Ta
številka je tiskana v naši lastni tiskarni, na
lastnih modernih strojih. Stroj, na katerem
se tiska "Mladinski list", je bil postavljen
še le začetkom februarja. Tiskarna ima polne
roke dela in predno pride vse v red, vzame ne-
kaj časa. No, sedaj je že vse v imenitem
teku in ker bo v kratkem tudi urednik na-
stavljen kot stalna moč, ki bo ves svoj čas
posvetil našemu listu, bo seveda list izhajal
točno, začetkom meseca ter bodo vsi dopisi
sproti priobčeni. Skratka, "Mladinski list"
bo v vseh ozirih zanimivejši, poučnejši in
vi, mali bratci in sestre, ga bodete še bolj
ljubili in se ga še bolj tesno oklenili, kakor
pa doslej, ko je bil tiskan drugod in ko je
urednik moral loviti ure, da ga je urejeval.

Bratski pozdrav vsem!

Urednik.

Opomba. — Povest "Little Billy and His
Teacher" je bila v zadnji številki zaključena,
in je torej pomotoma stalo "To be continued".
— V zadnji številki je bil priobčen začetek za-
nimive povesti "The Flower Magician". Po
nesreči pa je bila kopija imenovane povesti
nekje zataknjena in šele te dni najdena, tako
da ni mogoče ta mesec končati povesti, pač pa
bo priobčen konec prihodnjič. — Tudi imena
onih, ki dobe nagrade, pridejo v prihodnji
številki na vrsto. — Toliko v blagohotno po-
jasnilo. — Ur.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

FEBRUARY 1925.

Number 2.

Friends So Like Ourselves.

By Wolcott LeClear Beard.

It has been said truly that the most astonishing thing about animals is that they are so like ourselves. Take Violet for example. True, my recollections of her are somewhat fragmentary, but the fragments are clear. Violet was a wolf that a young uncle had brought from the Far West as an appropriate gift for me, his only nephew, aged three. The gift was not so absurd as you might think. From the time when Violet was a tiny, blind cub she had lived among men; so far as she knew, the entire world was populated by those who wished to serve her. As at that time my attitude was much the same, we became friends at once.

Violet was put into the back yard of our house in West 56th Street. It was there and only there that she and I could play. She was never allowed to share my daily romps in Central Park; my parents, I think, objected. Yet had Violet been allowed to go, I haven't a doubt that she would have conducted herself with perfect propriety and that she would have attracted little or not attention. An observer would have thought she was some variety of collie. As it was, life within the confines of a city back yard became very monotonous for poor Violet. Then when the unusual sound—unusual, that is, for New York—of cackling chickens reached her ears, what could you expect?

It was the man who lived next door but one that had violated an ordinance by temporarily keeping a few valuable chickens in his back yard. He was the man who, figuratively speaking of course, raised an agonized howl when the chickens vanished. What had become of them was a mystery. For a little while no one suspected Violet. How could they?

According to her frequent custom she was lying next to the fence where the earth

was coolest. That fence and also another, both seven feet high, separated her from the unlucky chickens. Besides, her manner was so unspeakably innocent; it seemed to imply that the one longing of her soul was to leave this world a better place because she had lived in it. But Violet overplayed her part. She was made to rise and in doing so revealed the mouth of a tunnel. She had burrowed under the fence and so had reached the yard of a vacant house next door. The first fence had spikes on top of it; the next one had not; so she had jumped and scrambled over, and the chickens were at her mercy. One by one she must have killed and carried them with the greatest care into the yard of the unoccupied house before she devoured them. She had tried even to bury the scattered remains. In short Violet had committed a deliberate theft and then had tried to lie out of it. We humans have been known to do much the same thing. Soon after the incident of the chickens we were obliged to send her away.

My father was an artist, noted during his lifetime, and noted still, for the matter of that, for the human expression that he could put into the faces of pictured animals without in the least caricaturing them. His genius did not descend to me, but I inherited his love of animals, and whatever understanding of them I possess is owing to him. It is owing also to my father that I was so lucky as to be associated with animals almost from the beginning of my life. No that he sought pets,—the fact that for at least half of each year we lived in the city made keeping them almost impossible,—but admirers of his pictures were always sending him some strange creatures; whereupon he would become so fond of them that he could not easily bear to let them go.

My Enemy, the Spider Monkey.

Among others there was a South American spider monkey that must have been a contemporary of Violet, but he was not among my friends. One morning I remember going with my father to his studio, within which the monkey was supposed to be chained, and, child though I was, I can never forget the merry havoc of that big room. Being of a resourceful turn of mind, the creature had hopped round and round until his chain was well twisted; then by a sudden forward dash he had caused a link in one of the kinked parts to break. And far above the debris, perched between the horns of a life-size plaster cast of a bull's head, was the monkey, pretending to smoke a pipe that the janitor had left behind; with a skinny little forefinger he was ramming the imaginary tobacco farther down into the bowl! No one could help laughing at him, and that is what he wanted us to do. He knew that it would be hard for my father to punish any creature that had made him laugh. On that occasion, however, he did not as usual fling himself into my father's arms with pleas for forgiveness and promises of better conduct—all in monkey language.

The monkey strongly suspected that my father preferred me to him, and in consequence he hated me so much that as soon as I approached he could do nothing except sound his war cry after the manner of his race. It is said that the ceremony of defiance is virtually the same for all simians, from the giant gorilla down to the little creature not much bigger than a breakfast roll; certainly it is true of all monkeys that I have known. There in the studio I saw and heard it for the first time—the jerky bending of the knees, the arms hanging straight by the sides, the bared teeth and the hoarse, guttural cough. Possibly by instinct I recognized the challenge for what it was, and until I was taken away and saw the monkey no more I hated him as fiercely as he hated me.

Other creatures came and went, but none of them interested me much until when I was perhaps ten years old Solomon and Solon came. They were eagle owls, which, if I mistake not, are the largest breed south of polar snows. How or where they were taken

I never knew, but both were somewhat injured, and the circumstance did not help to sweeten their dispositions. They believed, poor things, that they were at bay against all mankind. By the loud snapping of their powerful beaks, which is the owl's way of challenging, they announced themselves defiantly as being willing to fight as long as breath remained in their bodies. Some animals will bluff and then, if the bluff fails, will turn tail and run. But owls are not bluffers; they will fight, and most capable fighters they are.

One day a large St. Bernard dog came with his master, who was visiting the studio. The dog never had seen an owl, and he was curious. His master shouted a warning to my father on behalf of the owls; my father also shouted a warning on behalf of the dog. Both spoke too late. With a sweep of his big paw the St. Bernard ripped loose a slat of the owl's cage. Though I witnessed the fight,—if so one-sided an affair can be called a fight,—I cannot well describe it. Solon alone was concerned, for Solomon had not escaped; yet during the brief time that the dog remained in the vicinity he succeeded in giving the impression that he was literally covered with owls, each with as many claws as a centipede and with several beaks apiece. He was rescued, somewhat damaged, but seriously injured only in his feelings.

Solon did not remain long with us. It was not the fight with the dog but his former injury that killed him. One morning we found him in his cage quite cold but with talons extended as if he still were ready to fight the death that had overmastered him.

When two or more animals, men included, are together they will act with more determination than if they were acting alone. The explanation is to be found in the pack instinct; each is reluctant to be first to yield. So after the death of Solon his brother Solomon gradually lost much of his distrust so far as my father and I were concerned. He would accept tempting bits of raw beef from our hands; and, though he never failed to snap his beak before and after eating, he really meant nothing by it. He did it as a matter of form, perhaps to preserve his self-respect.

Solon and Solomon.

We allowed him much liberty now. Whereas Solon's injury had been internal, that of Solomon affected only one wing, so that though he could not fly he was otherwise in good bodily condition. He even got so that he would come part way when called; that is, he would approach until he could see the person calling him; then he would stop. Perhaps all that you would see of him would be one great eye peering through a crack or round a corner.

It is hard to keep wild creatures in good health when in captivity. Solomon's appetite began to fail. My father knew what was wrong; raw meat was an artificial diet. The owl needed his natural food; he was not civilized to such a degree that we could give him the "castings" that all captive hawks require—something fuzzy like tow to take the place of fur to brush out their inner economy. For a time we were troubled about Solomon; then he attended to the matter for himself. As in all studios there were many canvases on stretchers leaning face inward against one of the walls. They formed a little triangular tunnel. One day I came in to find Solomon pacing vigorously, but with all his preternatural dignity unimpaired, from one end to the other of the row of canvases. I could not imagine what he was trying to do. I did not interfere with him; he was so busy. Curious to ascertain the nature of his business, I took the liberty of watching; and after a time I was rewarded. There was a mouse behind the canvases, and while it remained in the tunnel it was safe, for, should Solomon enter to pursue it, it could run out of the other end and escape—a thing that it ardently desired to do. Quite as ardently Solomon wanted to catch it. Neither could succeed. The affair was at a deadlock, and so it remained until I became tired of watching and went away.

I never learned the exact manner in which the deadlock was broken, but when I returned Solomon was perched upon a footstool; one eye was open, and one was closed in a sort of elaborate semipermanent wink. By the sign, which was one that we had come to associate with extreme self-satisfaction, I knew that the late affair could have ended in only one way. Moreover, from

that moment Solomon's health began to improve. Soon his injured wing regained its normal strength. The supply of mice in a studio is not large, however, and could hardly be depended upon as a source of food. Even apart from that difficulty we thought that to keep Solomon confined longer would be cruel. Therefore one evening at dusk, when his eyesight was at its best, we took him to the roof of the building and set him free. For a moment he glanced inquiringly round him; then he spread his wings and sailed gracefully toward trees dimly visible on the distant Jersey shore. There, so far as I know, he still may live and prosper after the manner that he loves best.

Soon after that event our home was broken up. I was rather a big boy, newly returned from boarding school for the summer vacation, when I found that only the evening before Maud had arrived in a wooden hencoop. I found her sitting on the floor of my father's studio—a tiny black bear cub scarcely more than a foot high even when she stood on her hind legs. "Maud," I said impulsively, "shake hands!"

She must have been taught before to do just that, for instantly she extended her little paw. By that act she seemed formally to accept me among the number of her friends; she proceeded at once to climb up one of my legs to my knee. The proceeding was painful, for her claws were very sharp. Nevertheless, a person should accept such things in the spirit in which they are meant; and so for the time all was peace.

Maud was much like an animated Teddy bear, though she was darker. Really she was too young to be taken from her mother; but her mother was dead. In no way, however, had the bereavement depressed the cub; a more joyfully independent little being never lived.

Like man and all other animals as well, individual bears differ widely, but all have certain racial characteristics. It is common to assert that they are among the most treacherous animals in existence but, though there is a great measure of truth in the assertion, their treachery is rarely intended as such. Many animals are gifted with a sense of humor, but bears are the low comedians among North American fauna. To them a

practical joke is the most important thing in the world. By no means are all animals selfish; some of them, on the contrary, are capable of the noblest sacrifices. But selfishness is the bear's besetting sin. Therefore, in his own delight in his jokes, a bear cares little upon whom he plays them, or what their consequences may be. The attitude explains most of his so-called treachery.

For example, during the many years that my father had worked and dreamed in his room in the old Tenth Street Studio Building his first act, upon entering, was to

ately in order to pick just the right spot, would send her needlelike little eyeteeth deep into his unprotected hocks on both sides of his Achilles' tendon. Results would be instant and to Maud most gratifying.

She did not want to hurt my father; she loved him. But her selfish desire for her joke, her delight in seeing him jump and perhaps upset his chair, were stronger than any love. They were stronger even than her dread of the sound spanking with one of those same disreputable slippers—often in former days used in the same manner upon

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Orvieto.

Elliott Torrey.

replace his shoes with a favorite pair of disreputable slippers. To Maud, who never failed minutely to watch him make the change, it was a daily source of enthralling interest. Even more deeply was she engrossed when, as my father became absorbed in his work, he would lean forward toward the canvas on his easel with his ankles crossed beneath his chair. Then with noiseless, velvet-soft feet—while, undutiful though it might be, I would watch her with absorbed interest—she would steal up behind him and, bending her head to one side deliber-

me—that she knew must inevitably follow. The only way to restrain her was to shut her in her coop while my father was at work.

Maud and Her Sense of Humor.

Maud hated being confined and in her way said so. To console her we made her hours of confinement also the hours for her meals, but she refused to be fooled. So she protested, not by a hunger strike, for she had far too much regard for her own well-being to try that, but by something quite different. Being too young for solid food, she absorbed

her daily nutriment from a baby's bottle. Having finished all that was in the bottle,—and never until then,—she would strike it against the side of the coop until she had smashed it. Never had she done such a thing until she was confined. She knew that we did not want her to smash the bottles. Finally, so as not to have to buy them by the gross, we were obliged to use bottles made of glass so thick that she could not smash them.

Not always were Maud's jokes of so heroic a character as that which she delighted to play upon my father. Whenever she could escape from the studio into the corridor she loved to lie in wait for the small boys who served Mr. J. G. Brown as models for his pictures of street urchins—pictures, by the way, that are known to all the world. As the boys would come up the stairs Maud, lying in wait round a corner, would rush out at them with as near an approach to blood-curdling growls as her baby throat could manage. She had no desire to hurt the little ragamuffins; she could not have hurt them if she wanted to. But to them, as she suddenly sprang out into the corridor, she undoubtedly looked as huge and dangerous as a grizzly. So to the delight of Maud herself, they would run shrieking with terror.

When Maud escaped, however, her range of action was not always confined to the corridors of the old building. Once, after playing with her, I was obliged to leave the studio in rather a hurry, for I had forgotten an appointment. As I was walking rapidly along Tenth Street, preoccupied as I was, I could not help noticing that I was attracting an amount of public attention that never before had been accorded me. People on my side of the street stopped, looked and grinned; people on the other side crossed over and then stopped to grin. I looked behind me, and there of course was Maud close at my heels; her hind quarters were high above her head, as a bear's hind quarters always have to be when she is on all fours. There was

nothing to do except to return; Maud followed as before. I held open the door of the Studio Building to admit her and also a lady who was entering at the same moment. The lady did not see Maud, but a terrier that accompanied her did.

Probably being late for a sitting with one of the artists in the building, the lady hurried on into his studio. The dog remained behind; hurry or no hurry, the presence of a bear was something that he did not intend to tolerate. Yet he was a prudent dog. Barking but taking care not to go too close, he made a brave show of flying at her. Maud retreated until the wall stopped her; then, unable to go farther, she reared on her hind legs, with her paws above her head as if she had raised them in obedience to the command of a highwayman. Very rashly, the terrier seemed to interpret the posture as a sign of surrender; he ventured closer. When he was just within reach Maud struck, and no cat could have struck more quickly. Considering the size of the cub, the force of the blow that landed on the dog's ear was astounding. It set him to spinning like a woolly top; he howled to his mistress for protection. As for Maud, she humped herself up the stairs back to her own domain.

At that time she was no longer the tiny cub that she had been when she came to us; and she continued to grow at an extremely rapid rate. The outcome was inevitable; it is obviously impossible to keep a full-grown bear in a New York studio. We sent her to the Central Park zoo; the parting was sad.

Years afterwards, in passing a cage of black bears none of which I could recognize as my pet, I stopped and called, "Maud!" Instantly one of the bears turned and stuck a paw out between the bars. Maud had not forgotten me. But those claws of hers now were like small reaping hooks; so I regaled her with buns but declined to shake hands. I had not forgotten her peculiar sense of humor.



An Impromptu Picnic in Bolivia.

By Clara Ingram Judson.

Far, far away from the United States, in a South American country that is little known and seldom visited, a great lake, miles and miles long, is nestled high up among mighty mountains.

Near the side of the lake is a city and the name of the city is La Paz, which means "the peace."

This city has many houses in it, gay, pretty houses they are, though not one least bit convenient to live in for they have no faucets where one may get a drink, nor are there even pumps! There are no bathrooms or electric lights or gas stoves in this city of South America or any of the nice things that folks in the United States like to have in their homes.

But all the same, the houses are gay and pretty. Each is made of stone painted in bright colors and topped with a gaudy red roof of tile.

As she sat crouched on the ground in front of her home one warm afternoon, grateful for the gentle breeze from off the lake, Inda thought what a fortunate little girl she was and how glad she was that she had such a nice home. She didn't think how glad she was she lived in that country instead of any other because she didn't know there were other countries. She had never been to school and had never seen a book. That wasn't because her parents were too poor to send her to school. To be sure they were very, very poor, most folks would think, but as there were no schools to go to, being rich or poor made no difference about going.

So Inda, when she wasn't working, helping her father or mother, sat in the shade or in the sun, according to the weather, and wondered what she would do when she grew up big, and where the llamas going slowly by her home came from, and what she would be likely to have for dinner, and when her mother would get her new dress woven, and wasn't it almost dinner time now.

And just then, before she had had time to get very hungry, a weary looking llama stopped directly in front of her and looked longingly at her, as much as to say, "Now that I am home, aren't you glad to see me?"

Inda jumped up briskly, ran to the little beast, and patted it tenderly.

"I wasn't looking for you so soon, gentle one," she said kindly, and any one looking on would have known that the llama was a family pet—none other would have been spoken to so intimately by such a little girl.

Inda's father stepped from behind the llama, where he had been arranging the empty bags the llama had carried, and laughed heartily.

"You would not have said 'gentle one' if you had seen him an hour ago!" he exclaimed. "Never have I seen a creature so furious!"

Inda's brother and sister came out of the tiny house when they heard their father laugh. Laughter was none too common, for Inda's father worked hard and usually came home too tired for anything but food and sleep.

"That Spaniard! Little he knows about llamas!" said the father scornfully. "He should live in Bolivia all his days, and his fathers before him if he wants to know anything! I say to him, 'My fathers were the Incas, here long ages before yours left the country you call Spain. I do not have those things you call books! No! But I know from my fathers and their fathers before them. Years and years have we driven the llamas, loaded with their burdens, up and down these mighty mountains.'"

"Yes, but, father," interrupted the older sister, "what had that to do with the llama today?" Her father's pride in his Indian ancestry was an old story to her and she wanted to hear the joke of today.

"You should wait," he replied shortly. "Inda here, she is more Indian than you—she waits silently. To her will I tell the story."

"That foreigner and his queer ways! Wanting to hurry!" he continued. "Too big a load he put upon my llama, though I told him one hundred pounds—fifty to a side. But he did not heed. Sixty he put in each sack—sixty pounds. And when my llama lay down and refused to move, a stick he got and poked."

And then the father laughed again loud and long and the children thought they would nearly perish of curiosity.

"But I need not have worried," he finally added. "That llama blew his wet breath through shut teeth until that Spaniard was wet as from rain—wet and ashamed and sorry!"

"'Away with you,' said he to me, 'and take your day's wage and come not again until the morrow!'"

"So you do not have to work more this day?" said Inda's mother eagerly. She had come to the door unnoticed.

"That is true," replied the father.

"Then let us go and get the rushes for beds," she said gaily. "Let the little ones go, to on the rafts behind us and we shall make a party."

Such clapping of hands and dancing as there was then! A party! A boat ride and new beds—all in one day! It was almost too much for a little Bolivian to believe.

The father hurried to put the llama in the tiny yard back of the house where it could munch a meager meal at leisure. The mother hurried to pack some tiny, coarse cakes in a clean white cloth, while the three children helped get the thongs ready for the rushes, carried out the paddles, and made themselves ready. So very soon the little family was finding its way down to the edge of the lake where the balsa (boat) was tied ready for use.

For the journey out the father stood in the stern of the little craft and paddled, while Inda curled up in the tip of the prow and the others sat huddled together in the center. Coming home, when a great pile of freshly gathered rushes would be floating on a rush-made raft behind the balsa, then the two older children could perch on the top of that and the balsa would not be so crowded.

Never had Inda felt so gay. Wasn't it a fortunate thing that the strange Spaniard had been cross to the llama and had got himself sprayed for a punishment! Inda giggled at the thought. But for that she would still be sitting in the shade under the coarse little awning, instead of floating along on this lovely lake surrounded by lofty mountains. Her mother, too, was gay and happy at the unexpected holiday, and hummed a little

chant as she lay in unaccustomed idleness in the little balsa.

All too soon they reached the shore where the rushes grew.

It was fun to watch her father and brother cut the rushes. Inda, herself, was much too small to help, but she could hold out the thongs used for binding the bunches and hand them out, one at a time, as needed. And this was such fun!

Then, when plenty of rushes for new beds for each member of the family had been gathered, Inda and her mother and sister waded to shore and the picnic began. It wasn't much of a picnic some folks might have thought—just coarse little cakes with a bit of fruit—but Inda thought it very wonderful. For instead of eating silently in the tiny little room that was the main part of her home, she was sitting on the shore of the great lake of Bolivia. This was miles and miles long and very wide, and so deep out in the middle that it was said that a line dropped a thousand feet deep would not come to the bottom. Indeed, Inda had heard that there was no bottom, but, of course, she knew better than that—how else would the water stay in and hold their little boat?

Until the sun began to sink behind the peaks of the mighty mountains, the little family stayed on the shore. Then, in the rapidly gathering twilight, they climbed into the balsa, fixed a comfortable place for the brother and sister on the rushes, and the journey home was begun.

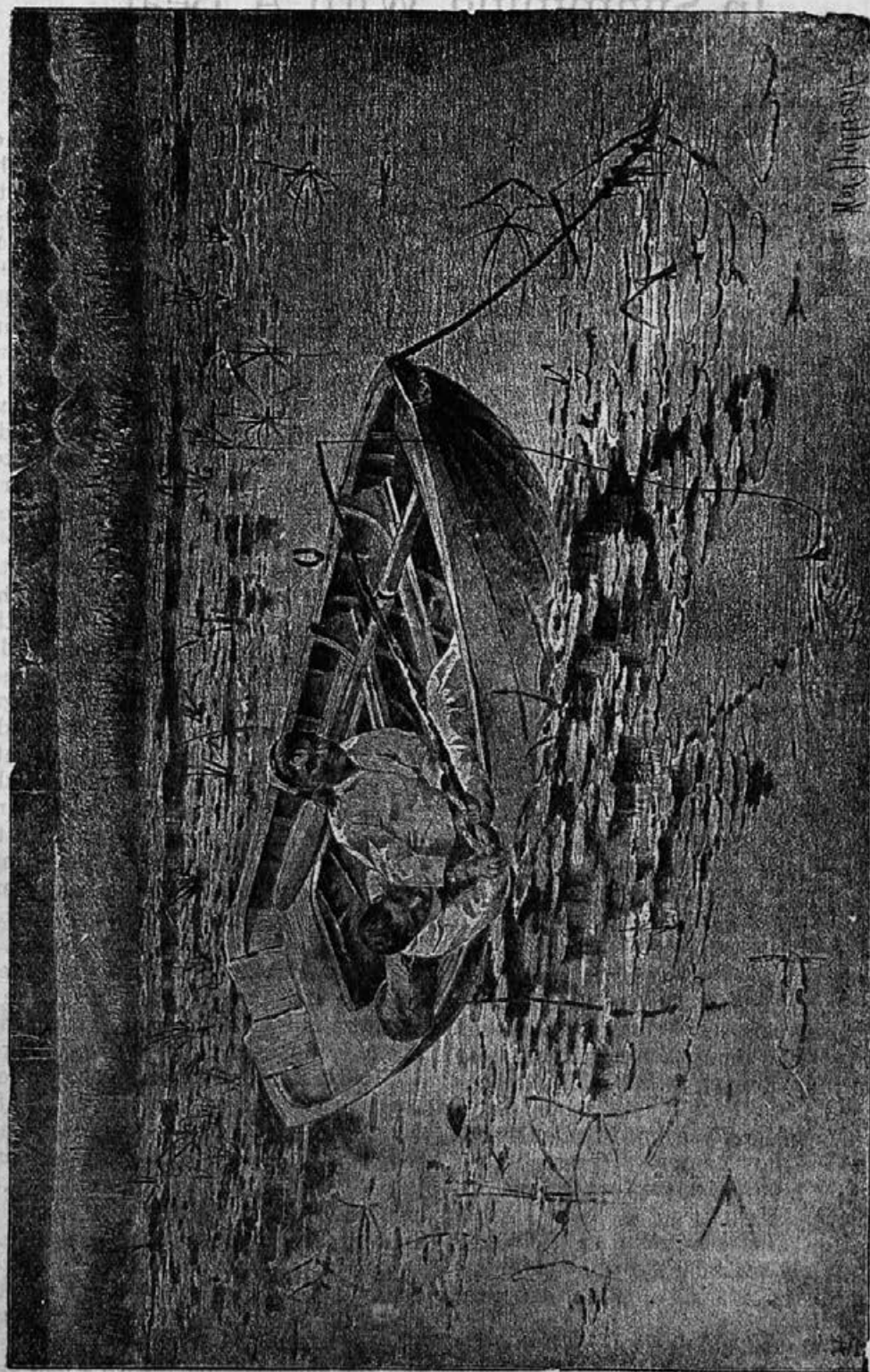
Inda meant to watch the stars as they came out, one by one, for she could see them so wonderfully well there in the clear mountain air. She counted one, two, three, four—and then the restful motion of the boat made her so sleepy, so very sleepy, that she forgot all about stars and nestled down to sleep in her mother's lap. Not even when home was reached did she really wake up, for her father carried her tenderly into the house and laid her on her bed of rushes off in a corner of the room.

Only once did she speak as he laid her down.

"Wasn't it wonderful," she whispered, happily. "The ride, the picnic, and the stars—all just because our llama wouldn't carry too much! I'm a lucky little girl!"

And then she went to sleep.

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Fishing.

Mac. Hays

In Swimming With A Bear.

Joaquin Miller.

What made these ugly rows of scars on my left hand?

Well, it might have been buckshot; only it wasn't. Besides, buckshot would be scattered about, "sort of promiscuous like," as backwoodsmen say. But these ugly little holes are all in a row, or rather in two rows. Now a wolf might have made these holes with his fine white teeth, or a bear might have done it with his dingy and ugly teeth, long ago. I must here tell you that the teeth of a bear are not nearly so fine as the teeth of a wolf. And the teeth of a lion are the ugliest of them all. They are often broken and bent; and they are always of a dim yellow color. It is from this yellow hue of the lion's teeth that we have the name of one of the most famous early flowers of May: dent de lion, tooth of the lion; dandelion. Get down your botany, now, find the Anglo-Asian name of the flower, and fix this fact on your mind before you read further.

I know of three men, all old men now, who have their left hands all covered with scars. One is due to the wolf; the others owe their scars to the red mouths of black bears.

You see, in the old days, out here in California, when the Sierras were full of bold young fellows hunting for gold, quite a number of them had hand-to-hand battles with bears. For when we came out here "the woods were full of 'em."

Of course, the first thing a man does when he finds himself face to face with a bear that won't run, and he has no gun—and that is always the time when he finds a bear—why, he runs, himself; that is, if the bear will let him.

But it is generally a good deal like the old Crusader who "caught a Tartar" long ago, when on his way to capture Jerusalem, with Peter the Hermit.

"Come on!" cried Peter to the helmeted and knightly old crusader, who sat his horse with lance in rest on a hill a little in the rear. "Come on!"

"I can't! I've caught a Tartar."

"Well, bring him along."

"He won't come."

"Well, then, come without him."

"He won't let me."

And so it often happened in the old days out here. When a man "caught" his bear and didn't have his gun he had to fight it out hand-to-hand. But fortunately, every man at all times had a knife in his belt. A knife never gets out of order, never "snaps," and a man in those days always had to have it with him to cut his food, cut brush, "crevice" for gold, and so on.

Oh! it is a grim picture to see a young fellow in his red shirt wheel about when he can't run, thrust out his left hand, draw his knife with his right, and so, breast to breast with the bear erect, strike and strike and strike to try to reach his heart before his left hand is eaten off to the elbow!

We have five kinds of bears in the Sierras. The "boxer," the "biter," the "hugger," are the most conspicuous. The other two are a sort of "all round" rough and tumble style of fighters.

The grizzly is the boxer. A game old beast he is, too, and would knock down all the John L. Sullivans you could put in the Sierras faster than you could set them up. He is a kingly old fellow and disdains familiarity. Whatever may be said to the contrary, he never "hugs" if he has room to box. In some desperate cases he has been known to bite, but ordinarily he obeys "the rules of the ring."

The cinnamon bear is a lazy brown brute, about one-half the size of the grizzly. He always insists on being very familiar, if not affectionate. This is the "hugger."

Next in order comes the big, sleek, black bear; easily tamed, too lazy to fight, unless forced to it. But when "cornered" he fights well, and, like a lion, bites to the bone.

After this comes the small and quarrelsome black bear with big ears, and a white spot on his breast. I have heard hunters say, but I don't quite believe it, that he sometimes points to this white spot on his breast as a sort of Free Mason's sign, as if to say, "Don't shoot." Next in order comes the smaller black bear with small ears. He is ubiquitous, as well as omniverous; gets

into pig-pens, knocks over your beehives, breaks open your milk-house, eats more than two good-sized hogs ought to eat, and is off for the mountain top before you dream he is about. The first thing you see in the morning, however, will be some muddy tracks on the door steps. For he always comes and snuffles and shuffles and smells about the door in a good-natured sort of way, and leaves his card. The fifth member of the great bear family is not much bigger than an ordinary dog; but he is numerous, and he, too, is a nuisance.

Dog? Why not set the dog on him? Let me tell you. The California dog is a lazy, degenerate cur. He ought to be put with the extinct animals. He devoted his time and his talent to the flea. Not six months ago I saw a coon, on his way to my fish-pond in the pleasant moonlight, walk within two feet of my dog's nose and not disturb his slumbers.

We hope that it is impossible ever to have such a thing as hydrophobia in California. But as our dogs are too lazy to bite anything, we have thus far been unable to find out exactly as to that.

This last-named bear has a big head and small body; has a long, sharp nose and longer and sharper teeth than any of the others; he is a natural thief, has low instincts, carries his nose close to the ground, and, wherever possible, makes his road along on the mossy surface of fallen trees in humid forests. He eats fish—dead and decaying salmon—in such abundance that his flesh is not good in the salmon season.

It was with this last described specimen of the bear family that a precocious old boy who had hired out to some horse drovers, went in swimming years and years ago. The two drovers had camped to recruit and feed their horses on the wild grass and clover that grew at the headwaters of the Sacramento River, close up under the foot of Mount Shasta. A pleasant spot it was, in the pleasant summer weather.

This warm afternoon the two men sauntered leisurely away up Soda Creek to where their horses were grazing belly deep in grass and clover. They were slow to return, and the boy, as all boys will, began to grow restless. He had fished, he had hunted, had

diverted himself in a dozen ways, but now he wanted something new. He got it.

A little distance below camp could be seen, through the thick foliage that hung and swung and bobbed above the swift waters, a long, mossy log that lay far out and far above the cool, swift river.

Why not go down through the trees and go out on that log, take off his clothes, dangle his feet, dance on the moss, do anything, everything that a boy wants to do?

In two minutes the boy was out on the big, long, mossy log, kicking his boots off, and in two minutes more he was dancing up and down on the humid, cool moss, and as naked as the first man in the world.

And it was very pleasant. The great, strong river splashed and dashed and boomed below; above him the long green branches hung dense and luxuriant and almost within reach. Far off and away through their shifting shingle he caught glimpses of the bluest of all blue skies. And a little to the left he saw gleam in the sun and almost overhead the snows of Mount Shasta.

Putting his boots and his clothes all carefully in a heap, that nothing might roll off into the water, he walked, or rather danced, on out to where the further end of the great fallen tree lay lodged on a huge boulder in the middle of the swift and surging river. His legs dangled down and he patted his plump thighs with great satisfaction. Then he leaned over and saw some gold and silver trout, then he flopped over and lay down on his breast to get a better look at them. Then he thought he heard something behind him on the other end of the log! He pulled himself together quickly and stood erect, face about. There was a bear! It was one of those mean, sneaking, long-nosed, ant-eating little fellows, it is true, but it was a bear! And a bear is a bear to a boy, no matter about his size, age or character. The boy stood high up. The boy's bear stood up. And the boy's hair stood up!

The bear had evidently not seen the boy yet. But it had smelled his boots and clothes, and had got upon his dignity. But now, dropping down on all fours, with nose close to the mossy butt of the log, it slowly shuffled forward.

That boy was the stillest boy, all this time, that has ever been. Pretty soon the bear reached the clothes. He stopped, sat down, nosed them about as a hog might, and then slowly and lazily got up; but with a singular sort of economy of old clothes, for a bear, he did not push anything off into the river.

What next? Would he come any farther? Would he? Could he? Will he? The long, sharp little nose was once more to the moss and sliding slowly and surely toward the poor boy's naked shins. Then the boy shivered and settled down, down, down on his haunches, with his little hands clasped till he was all of a heap.

He tried to pray, but somehow or another, all he could think of as he sat there crouched down with all his clothes off was: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

But all this could not last. The bear was almost on him in half a minute, although he did not lift his nose six inches till almost within reach of the boy's toes. Then the surprised bear suddenly stood up and began to look the boy in the face. As the terrified youth sprang up, he thrust out his left hand as a guard and struck the brute with all his might between the eyes with the other. But the left hand lodged in the two rows of sharp teeth and the boy and bear rolled into the river together.

But they were together only an instant. The bear, of course, could not breathe with his mouth open in the water, and so had to let go. Instinctively, or perhaps because his course lay in that direction, the bear struck out, swimming "dog fashion," for the farther shore. And as the boy certainly had no urgent business on that side of the river he did not follow, but kept very still, clinging to the moss on the big boulder till the bear had shaken the water from his coat and disappeared in the thicket.

Then the boy, pale and trembling from fright and the loss of blood, climbed up the broken end of the log, got his clothes, struggled into them as he ran, and so reached camp.

And he had not yelled! He tied up his hand in a piece of old flour sack, all by himself, for the men had not yet got back; and he didn't whimper! And what became of the boy you ask?

The boy grew up as all energetic boys do; for there seems to be a sort of special providence for such boys.

And where is he now?

Out in California, trapping bear in the winter and planting olive trees in their season.

And do I know him?

Yes, pretty well, almost as well as any old fellow can know himself.

The Transcontinental Line.

By John B. O'Brien.

Ten years ago the Atlantic Coast talked with the Pacific Coast by Long Distance telephone for the first time. So much has happened, however, since that historic event took place that for the most part we are apt to lose sight of the fact that it is of such comparatively recent date. A World War has been fought and won, the Panama Canal completed and opened for transit, wonders have been wrought in aeronautics and wireless. The completion of the Transcontinental Telephone Line, however, marked the culmination of an art born in the United States, created entirely by American genius and en-

terprise and developed to the highest achievement of practical science.

It was on January 25, 1915, that the first telephone line across the continent was opened. On that day, just one short decade ago, the Transcontinental telephone wires were given their first public test and the completion of the line was formally celebrated.

Among those who participated in the ceremonies was President Woodrow Wilson, who spoke from the White House in Washington to President Moore of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which was soon to open

in San Francisco in commemoration of another great accomplishment in the history of the nation—the completion of the Panama Canal.

In the gathering at New York was Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, advanced in years but still vigorous and keenly interested in the demonstrations of the idea of the electrical transmission of speech which he gave to the world. At the San Francisco end of the line was Thomas A. Watson, who was associated with Dr. Bell in his early experiments. When Dr. Bell spoke to his friend for the first time way across the continent, it was through a replica of the original wooden instrument which they had used in the old attic laboratory in Boston some forty years previous, and he repeated the first message which was ever heard over a wire, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you."

It would have required a week for Watson to have answered the summons in person, but in 1876, when he first heard that same message over a wire, all he had to do was to go from one room to the adjoining room. Later that year conversation was carried by overhead lines between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles. This may be termed the first Long Distance conversation in the world. By 1880, the range of conversation had extended a distance of 45 miles from Boston to Providence, and in 1844 the overhead line from Boston to New York, 235 miles, was opened. Then began the long development westward. The 900-mile goal was reached in 1892, when New York talked to Chicago for the first time. By the early years of the present century the line had crossed the Mississippi River and extended to Omaha, and in 1911 New York and Denver were connected by telephone. In 1913, Salt Lake City, a distance of 2,600 miles, was reached, but the climax of the undertaking did not come until two years later, when Dr. Bell and Thomas A. Watson held their memorable conversation across the continent.

The magnitude of the task was unprecedented. The route followed lay over tracts of unsurveyed country, much of it entirely uninhabited and inaccessible to the centers of supplies. In all, thirteen states were crossed. One hundred and thirty thousand

poles were used to carry the wire. Four hard-drawn copper wires, .165 inch in diameter, were run side by side for the entire distance. One mile of a single wire weighed 435 pounds, the weight of the wires in the entire line being 5,920,000 pounds, or 2,960 tons. To string this immense amount of wire across the continent, to set the poles and insure insulation, to conquer the innumerable difficulties offered by land and water, mountains, forests, deserts, rivers and lakes, was, in itself, a monumental achievement.

However, this was only a part, a small part indeed, of the problem. The real task was to make the line "talk" over 3,400 miles of wire. Without the aid of the telephone wires the human voice, if sent out from some powerful loud speaker, would require four hours to cross the continent and be heard beside the Golden Gate. With the telephone, however, time as well as distance has been routed. Over the Transcontinental Line a message travels at the rate of over 100,000 miles per second, so that speech is transmitted thousands of times faster than its own natural speed.

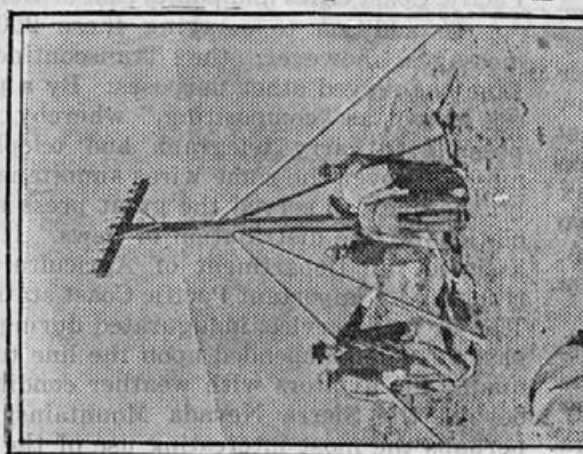
It was on the Transcontinental Line that vacuum tube repeaters were first used extensively. Their success was immediate. Twelve repeaters are installed on this line at intervals of about 300 miles.

The Transcontinental Line has served many and various uses during the ten years of its existence. As the nation's main highway of speech it has carried more than 200,000 Long Distance messages between the Pacific Coast cities and points east of Denver.

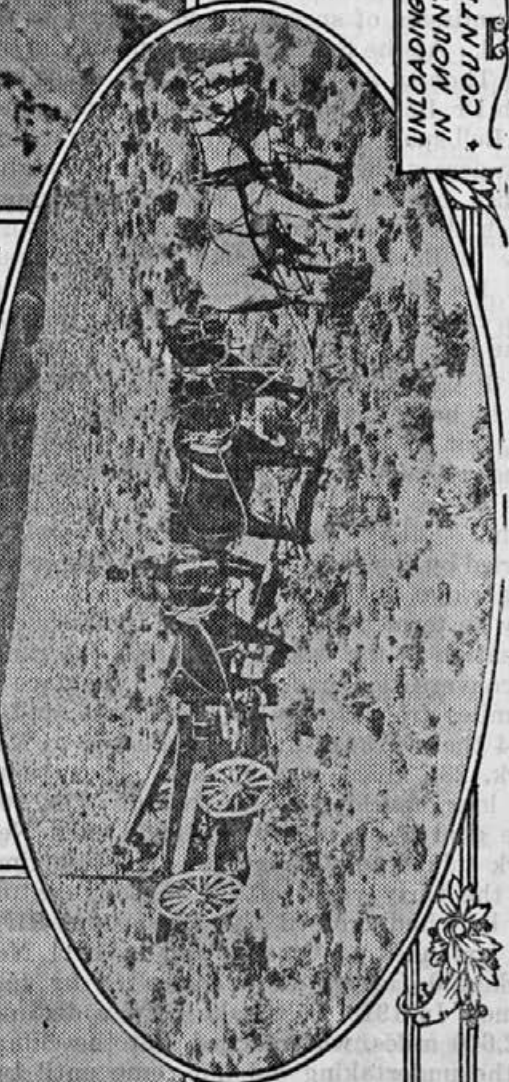
In addition to carrying these 200,000 messages, however, the Transcontinental Line has served other purposes. By a process known as "compositing," whereby it is possible to carry telegraph and telephone messages over the same wires simultaneously, the line has served the great press associations in the distribution of news. It has assisted the Department of Agriculture in reaching its important Pacific Coast stations. The air mail service, inaugurated during the past year, has depended upon the line to acquaint the aviators with weather conditions beyond the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but perhaps the most interesting use of the line from the standpoint of the general public is in connection with public addresses handled



SETTING
POLES IN
HUMBOLDT
LAKE, NEV.



PLACING
POLES IN
POSITION



UNLOADING POLES
IN MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY

The Transcontinental Line.

with loud speaking equipment and with the development of radio broadcasting. As the first decade closes, the line is also being used for the transmission of photographs by wire.

When the Transcontinental Line was completed it was expected that it would prove adequate for many years to come, but

within seven years the service had grown to such an extent that another Transcontinental Line was in process of being built. This new line, which was opened on December 22, 1923, runs westward from Chicago to Denver, and thence to El Paso, Tucson, Phoenix and Los Angeles.

The Magician of Once-Upon-a-Time Land.

By Maxine Davis.

Once upon a time when the world was young there lived a fairy prince, a magician. This magician lived in a land lighted by day by the most golden sunlight that ever slanted down elm leaves to make dancing patterns on the pansy beds, and silvered by night with moonlight the delicate color of frost.

Daily this magician sat in regal state, under an azure and white canopy held aloft by a good brown pillar, watching the miracle of the unfolding gooseberry bush and listening to the symphony of the birds. And looking out over his broad domain, the magician would see dainty princesses step out of rosebuds, and ugly dwarfs lurking in the shadows behind the syringas, and castles rearing noble towers. It was a fair land the magician looked upon!

"Hans! Hans! Aren't you ever going to school?" his mother would call impatiently. And then, alas, the magician would rub his eyes and would move slowly from beneath his canopy, which was straightway changed into his mother's old blue-and-white checked apron, held into the form of a tent by a broomstick.

Hans Christian Andersen did so dislike to go to school! He was very late, he knew, and it was hard to put aside his beautiful dreams for dull books. It was not until he tried to write the fairy tales, that took such rainbow colors in his mind, that he regretted that he had not studied more when he was a boy, so that he might have the language at his command in which to put those lovely fancies on paper for other little boys and girls to know and love. And then, you see, when he was a grown man, Hans Andersen had to return to his lessons.

Today, knowing the teacher would be very angry because he was tardy, and because he had not learned his "sixes", he gathered a great bunch of wild flowers.

"I am late because I wanted to bring you these, sir," he said, when he finally entered the schoolroom. But the teacher knew why Hans was late; knew that he preferred to sit and dream. And knew why he had brought the flower offering. So he turned to the little fellow and said severely, "You will wait after school, Hans Andersen!"

You see, Hans was really the son of a cobbler who lived in the old town of Odeuse, in Denmark. Hans was born long ago, in 1805. His father was not a very successful business man, and he liked better than making shoes to sit building castles in the air, just as his little son did, only he never tried to make his dreams known to other people. But he loved to read the few books that he owned, and he also loved to make wonderful toys for young Hans.

Now Hans' mother was not a very wise woman, and she was very discontented. Sometimes she left Hans do whatever he liked, which was not at all good, because thoughtful mothers know better than little boys what is good for them. And sometimes she ignored him entirely.

Hans' grandmother, though, was a very kind old lady who always brought Hans a bunch of flowers. Hans loved flowers, and would always say to his grandmother, "Flowers know I love them. They grow for me!" And she would nod her head understandingly and smile with her sweet blue eyes. Hans was very fond of her. Every nice grandmother in his fairy tales is just like his!

Hans also had many friends among the grownups of the village. He liked to go to hear them talk, and tell stories, and all the time he listened, he stored them up in his mind and many years later told them to other children. His books are still telling about "The Tinder Box" and "The Fellow Traveler" and "The Wild Swans" and "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" and "The Emperor's New Clothes" and "The Flying Trunk" and many other stories he liked and wanted you to know.

As we have already seen, Hans not only listened to stories and dreamed new ones, but he acted them out, too. When he was still a little boy he made a toy theater, dressed up some puppet actors and played with them a great deal.

But he played alone, for other boys and girls in those days did not like Hans, and he was afraid of them because they laughed at him. When he told them about the princess he knew whose brothers were turned into swans, or about the beautiful Snow Queen, or about the castles he owned, they thought it very funny indeed, because they knew Hans was not telling the facts as they saw them. They shouted at him scornfully when he said he was going to write, because you see poor men's sons did not write very much in those days. And all the children thought Hans was joking.

Finally his father died. Then his mother married another man, and poor little Hans was more lonely and neglected than ever. The children teased him and teased him, and he felt the world was very unkind to him and his play-dreams.

Wonderful Momentum.

An old yokel saw a motor-car for the first time in his life. It came dashing up the main street, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. "Well," said the yokel, "the horses must ha' bin goin' a good speed when they got loose from that carriage."

Hans was a homely boy, with long legs, and a face that was homely unless you looked hard and saw the promise behind it. As a boy he was undoubtedly the ugly duckling he wrote about so tenderly many years afterward. And in those early days he felt himself driven from the barnyard, his home, into the wide world. Nobody seemed to want this poor little fellow.

And so he set out for the city of Copenhagen. He expected a great many hardships, but, until he tried to make his living, he did not know how hard the world could be for an ugly duckling that has not been discovered by swans to be one of them.

But like many of his own fairy tales, it all ended happily. Hans became known as the writer whose dreams and stories made him beloved by children all over the world. And that wasn't the best of it! The best of it was that he was able to tell those stories to folks who loved them, and understood them, and were made happy by them.

Then, indeed, Hans Christian Andersen was grateful for all the hardships of his youth, for they made him understand others and help them in his own quaint way. And later he was especially grateful for all the happiness he knew because of having suffered first.

And he came to be the magician who could say, "Open, Sesame!" for young folk and old folk of all time; a magician who could help them to forget all ugliness as he led them through the golden gates of Once-Upon-a-Time.

Prejudice!

"Say," remarked the little American girl to her English cousin, "which would you rather be—British or American?" "Why, English," was the prompt response. "Aw, g'wan," she said, with a glance of disgust; "that's just like you Britishers."

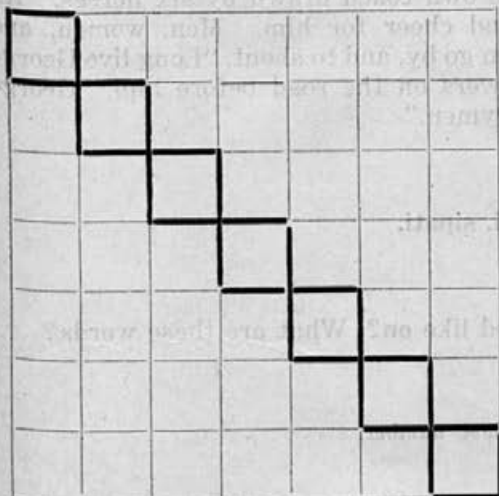


"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 2.

My first are traditions.
My second he gave the slaves.
My third he was noted for.
My fourth is a gallery.
My fifth his election caused.
My sixth he had to surmount.
My seventh is alien.

And my diagonal spells the name of a great American.



Fill all squares with letters.

Answer to Puzzle No. 1.

Coal.

Honorable Mention:

Louis & Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Answer to Puzzle No. 1. of Mary Matos:

If there were three doves on a house and I shot one, there wouldn't be any left, because the other two flew away.

Correct solution sent in by:

Mary Kocivar, McDonald, Pa.

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Answer to Puzzle No. 2 of Mary Matos:

A watch.

Correct solution sent in by:

Josephine Miklavic, Morgan, Pa.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—This is my first time I am writing to you. I, my sister, and father are all members of the S. N. P. J. I love to read the Mladinski List, and hope it would come every week. I am in the sixth grade, and my sister in the second. There are five of us in our family. I am very interested in the story "Little Billy and His Teacher." I wish all the members would write letters to make our little magazine larger. We have good weather here, but I know it will soon snow. I have two riddles for the readers.

1) The teacher was giving a spelling lesson so she said:

"Now, John, what does wrench your shoulders mean?"

"I know, teacher, you wrench your back when you take a cold bath."

2) What side of a mule has most hair on?

This is all I am going to write this time.

Mary Grahek, Klein, Montana.

Sun and Man.

In a long forgotten time
In a lonely desert place
A man and the lifting sun
Came suddenly face to face.

And they spoke in rhyme, each one,
The man and the lifting sun.
Here, if you will, you may scan
The words of the sun and the man.

"I," said the lifting sun,
"However I yearn and yearn
To go to my long, long rest,
Must forevermore return!"

"And I," said the wandering man,
"However I yearn and yearn
To tarry, when once I go
I may nevermore return!"

As it Seemed to Her.

Baby Margaret, describing her first ride in an elevator, said: "We went in a little house and the upstairs came down."

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

EXERCISES.

13.

Translate:

George Washington.

George Washington was the first president of the United States. All the people voted for Washington and all the presidential electors voted for him. He is the only president who was elected unanimously. New York was the first capital of the United States. When Washington was informed that he had been elected president, he at once started from Mount Vernon for New York in his own coach drawn by six horses. All along the way the people came out to meet him and cheer for him. Men, women, and children stood for hours by the roadside to see him go by, and to shout, "Long live George Washington." In many places they strewed flowers on the road before him. George Washington was "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

14.

Give the imperative forms of *izvoliti*, *stati*, *sipati*.

15.

What words in exercise No. 13 are declined like *on*? What are these words?

Solution of exercises in last number.

10.

Stara bajka na prste.

(Za zelo majčkene.)

Veliki prašič je rekel: "Jaz hočem nekaj koruze!"

Drugi prašič je rekel: "Kje jo boš dobil?"

Tretji prašič je rekel: "V skednju starega očeta."

Četrti prašič je rekel: "Ah! Saj pravim!"

In zadnji mali prašič je rekel: "I-i-i-i! Ne morete iti preko praga skednjevih vrat!"

(Po vrsti se dotikaj drobnih prstov, začeni s palcem.)

11.

Star, velik, nekaj, drugi, tretji, četrti, zadnji, mali.

12.

Velik, velikega, velikemu, velikega, pri velikem, z velikim;

velika, velikih, velikima, velika, pri velikih, z velikima;

veliki, velikih, velikim, velike, pri velikih, z velikimi.

Star, starega, itd.; stara, starih, itd.; stari, starih, itd.

Zadnji, zadnjega, itd.; zadnja, zadnjih, itd.; zadnji, zadnjih, itd.

(To be continued.)