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Krištof Kolumb pred španskim tribunalom.

(Kolumb dokazuje, da je zemlja okrogla, a katoliški menihi mu ugovarjajo.)

MLADINSKI LIST

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LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1926.

ŠTEV. 4.

Krištof Kolumb.

(Nadaljevanje.)

Krištof Kolumb je zrastel in postal mladenič. Kasneje je šel v Lisbono, glavno mesto Portugalske. Lisbona je morski pristan. Tukaj se je zopet shajal z mornarji in se pogovarjal z njimi o poti v Indijo.

Odšel je zopet na morje in zdelo se mu je, da mora biti zemlja okrogla. Kolumb pa ni bil prvi, ki je mislil, da je zemlja okrogla. Grški misleci so že dva tisoč let, preden je bil Krištof Kolumb rojen, učili, da je zemlja okrogla. Rekli so, da je krogla najpopolnejša oblika in zato mora biti zemlja okrogla.

Kasneje so Grki, med njimi Aristotel, imeli boljše vzroke, da so mislili, da je zemlja okrogla.

Rekli so, ako popotnik gre v Egipt, ne more videti nekaterih zvezd, ki se vidijo v Grčiji.

Mislili so, ako teh zvezd ne vidimo, tedaj mora biti zemlja okrogla. Nekateri Grki, ki so opazovali vsa znamenja na nebu, so zapustili pisanja, v katerih so izjavili, da verjamejo, da senca pri luninem mrku prihaja od zemlje. In ker je bila ta senca podobna loku, so sklepali, da mora zemlja biti okrogla.

Nekateri teh starih Grkov so tako globoko mislili, da so hoteli zmeriti, kako dolga je pot okoli zemlje. Zmerili so kot solnčnega žarka, ki je ob gotovi uri in na določen dan padel na zid v južnem Egiptu. Ravno tako preizkušnjo so napravili v Aleksandriji, ki je v severnem Egiptu. Tam je bilo vedno veliko učencev, ki so se učili in poslušali mislece, kakor so takrat imenovali znanstvenike.

S tem vprašanjem se je bavil tudi Eratosten, ki je preračunal, da znese pot okoli zemlje približno 29,000 milj.

O teh grških mislecih je najbrž slišal tudi Kolumb in tako je pričel resno misliti, da je zemlja okrogla. Kasneje se je seznanil z nekim Italijanom po imenu Toscanelli, ki

mu je dal zemljevid, ki je bil narejen na podlagi misli, da je zemlja okrogla. Po večletnem razmišljanju in študijah je bil Krištof Kolumb prepričan, da je zemlja okrogla. Mislil je, ako jadra proti zapadu na Atlantskem oceanu, da prijadra v Indijo. Sanjal je, da postane silno bogat, če odkrije Indijo. Večina ljudi, katerim je Kolumb pripovedoval, da je zemlja okrogla, se mu je smejala. Mislili so, da se mu je pamet zmešala.

Kolumb je bil revež in ni imel sredstev, da bi kupil ladjo in z njo odjadral proti zapadu. V svojem obupu je šel pred portugalskega kralja Ivana in mu razložil svoje misli in načrte. Kralj ga je zavrnil.

Zdaj je Krištof Kolumb vzel svojega malega sinčka Diega in se z njim napotil čez gore v Španijo. Svojega sina je pustil v Palosu in nato je šel iskat španskega kralja Ferdinanda in kraljico Izabelo. Bili so slabi časi, kajti Španija je bila zapletena v vojno z Moroti. Težko mu je bilo dobiti avdijenco. Končno je zadobil avdijenco in pri nji je bilo navzočih veliko takratnih učenjakov in modrijanov. Nekateri izmed njih so se mu smejali, ko je trdil, da je zemlja okrogla, drugi so pa rekli, da je misel pravilna.

Opravil ni zopet ničesar. Kralj in kraljica mu nista hotela pomagati. Kolumb je bil popolnoma obupan. Mislil je, da je zaman ves njegov trud, da ljudi prepriča, da je zemlja okrogla in da prijadra v Indijo, če jadra proti zapadu. Odločil se je, da zapusti Španijo in da poižkusi svojo srečo v Franciji.

Kolumb je bil revež in imel je zelo malo prijateljev. Tudi v tistih časih je bilo tako, kot je danes. Siromaki so imeli malo vplivnih prijateljev. Tudi takrat je bogastvo štel več, kot zdrava človeška pamet in bistri možgani, ki znajo misliti in delati logične zaključke.

Kolumb pa vendar ni obupal. Prepričan je bil, da so njegove misli pravilne, čeprav so ga nazivali neumnega sanjača. Odšel je v Francijo in s sabo je vzel zopet svojega sinčka Diega.

O Kolumbu pripovedujejo, da je bil lep človek. Bil je visoke postave, krepak in v njegovem obrazu so bile plemenite poteze. Iz tega obraza je pa gledalo v svet dvoje modrih in pogumnih oči. Njegovi sivi lasje so padali na njegova ramena v dolgih kodrih. Oblečen je bil slabo, ali v njegovem obnašanju je bilo nekaj, da so ga ljudje vzljubili, ko je imel opraviti prvokrat z njimi.

Ko sta oče in sin bila na potu proti Franciji, sta se ustavila pri nekem kloštru, kate-

rih je bilo veliko v Španiji. Kolumb in njegov sin sta bila gladna in žejna, in Kolumb je potrkal na samostanska vrata, da zaprosi za malo kruha in vode. Takrat je pa ravno prišel samostanski prior. Ustavil se je in pričel govoriti s Kolumbom.

Kolumb je pričel priorju takoj pripovedovati o svojih načrtih. Govoril je tako prepričevalno, da je priorja pridobil zase. Prior ga je pazno poslušal in takoj je pisal kraljici Izabeli, da je po njegovem prepričanju Kolumb dober in zelo pameten človek, kateremu gre vera, da je resnica, kar pripoveduje o zemlji in kar pričakuje odkriti, ako dobi pomoč, da lahko odjadra proti zapadu.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Carl Sandburg:

Tri zgodbe o motorogi zlatorogi.

I.

Bliksa Bimbrowa in moč motoroge zlatoroge.

Ko je Bliksa Bimbrowa rasla, je iskala sreče. Ako je našla podkev, jo je prinesla domov, privezala trak okoli nje ter jo obesila na zid v svoji sobi. Opazovala je mesec skozi prste pod laktom preko desne rame, nikdar, nikdar in nikoli pa ne preko levega ramena. Poslušala je in zbiralala vse, kar so pripovedovali Peter, Pavel ali Savel o svizcu ali marmotici ter o vprašanju, je li svizec videl svojo senco, ko se je drugega svečana prikazal iz svojega zimovišča.

Če se ji je sanjalo o čebuli, je vedela, da bo drugi dan našla srebrno žlico. Če se ji je sanjalo o ribah, je vedela, da bo drugo jutro srečala neznanca, ki jo bo poklical po njenem krstnem imenu. Ko je postajala večja, je iskala sreče.

To vam je bilo veliko šestnajstletno dekle s krili, segajočimi do čevljev, ko se je nekaj primerilo. Mladenka je šla na pošto gledat, je-li prišlo zanjo pismo od Mirčka Krompirčka, njenega najboljšega družeta, ali pa list od Jakca Bolhe, najboljšega tovariša, ki bi si ga rada pridobila za dobrega prijatelja.

Jakec Bolha je bil plezalec. Plezal je na hiše donebnice in na jambore, koder so visele zastave, ter na dimnike vrhu streh, in to vam je bil imeniten krovce. Ugajal je

Bliksi Bimbrowi nekaj zato, ker je popravljaval slemena, še bolj pa zaradi tega, ker je znal žvižgati.

Kadarkoli je Bliksa dejala Jakcu: "Tesno mi je pri srcu—žvižgaj, da mi preženeš tesnobo," je Jakec meni nič tebi nič zažvižgal in tesnoba je meni nič tebi nič Bliksi prešla.

Stopaje proti pošti je Bliksa zapazila igračko, motorogo zlatorogo. Stvarca je ležala na sredi pločnika. Nikdar ni izvedela in živa duša ji ni povedala, zakaj in kako je stvar mogla priti tja. "To je sreča," si je rekla in jo naglo pobrala. In potlej jo je nesla domov ter jo privezala na verižico, ki si jo je obesila za vrat.

Sama ni znala in živ krst ji ni razložil, da je motoroga zlatoroga različna od čisto preproste navadne igrače. Taka stvar ima moč. Ako pa neka reč učinkuje nate s svojo močjo, se ji povsem naravno ne moreš ubraniti.

Potakem je Bliksa Bimbrowa nosila za vratom poleg verižice še motorogo zlatorogo, ne vede, da ima ta reč tajno silo in da sila deluje ves čas.

"Brž ko naletiš na človeka, čigar ime vsebuje KS, se boš čez ušesa zagledala vanj, to je pisano," govori nema moč v motorogi zlatorogi.

In zbog tega je Bliksa Bimbrowa nekoč ko postala na pošti, potem pa se vrnila k

okencu in vprašala uradnika, je li trdno preverjen, da ni pisma zanjo. Uradniku je bilo ime Silas Baksbi. Šest tednov sta bila z Blikso Bimbrovo dobra prijatelja. Skupaj sta hodila plesat, lazit na senene dvokolnice, na vesele gostije in zabavne izlete.

Medtem pa sila v motorogi zlatorogi ni prenehala vplivati. Visela je za vrator in verižici in venomer delovala. Govorila je: "Čim naletiš na moškega, čigar ime ima dva KS v sebi, zapustiš vse in se neznansko zaljubiš vanj, to je pisano."

Srečala je ravnatelja višje šole. Pisal se je za Frica Aksenbaksa. Bliksa je povedala oči pred njim in se mu nasmihala. In šest tednov je bil dober prijatelj Bliksi Bimbrovi. Skupaj sta hodila plesat, lazit na senene cize, na skupne obede in na zabavne izlete.

"Zakaj si ga izbrala za dobrega prijatelja?" so jo vprašali nje starši.

"Čudno moč ima," je odvrnila Bliksa; "kratko in malo, ne morem drugače . . . tako je narejeno."

"Eno nogo ima daljšo od druge. Kako si ga moreš izvoliti za dobrega prijatelja?" so še prigovarjali.

"Narejeno je," to je vse, kar je odgovorila.

Medtem pa je seveda motoroga zlatoroga ob verižici dejstvovala. Pravila je: "Ako se dekle nameri na moškega, čigar ime obsega tri KS, se bo črez glavo zatelebala vanj, tako je pisano."

Pri koncertu na trgu je nekega večera zadela na Jamesa Siksbiksdiksa. Vse zaman Povesila je pogled in se mu nasmihala. In šest tednov sta kot ljubimca skupno posečala glasbene predstave, plese, hodila na senene dvokolnice, na piknike in na veselice.

"Zakaj si ga jemlješ za dobrega prijatelja? To ti je uboga para, ki nima pare v žepu," so ji prigovarjali roditelji. Ona pa je odvrnila: "Kaj si hočete . . . tako je sojeno."

Ko je nekega dne sklanjala glavo nad stekvo s sinjo vodo in poslušala odmev ob nenadnih lesenih obojih kapnice, ji je motoroga zlatoroga na lancu zdrknila z vrata in padla v sinjo vodo.

"Svojo srečo sem izgubila," je rekla Blik-

sa. Nato je odhitela domov in dvakrat telefonirala. Prvič je povedala Jamesu Siksbiksdiku, da ne utegne priti oni večer na določeni sestanek. Drugič je sporočila Jakcu Bolhi, plezaču, pokrivaču.

"Vrni se . . . Tesno mi je pri srcu in rada bi, da bi mi žvižgaje pregnal to tesnobo," to je dala vedeti Jakcu Bolhi.

In glejte si . . . Ako vam kedaj pride pod roke motoroga zlatoroga, čuvajte se. Ta stvar ima čarobno moč. Zbog nje bi se na vrat na nos zaljubili v prvega človeka, ki bi ga srečali, če bi bil v njegovem imenu KS. Ali pa bi napravili druge čudne reči, kajti kolikor takih igrač toliko čarob.



Divja koza.

II.

Jazon Smuk in zakaj je imel klobuk, palčnike in čevlje iz bele koruze.

Jazon Smuk je po svojem znanju in zvanju snažil kladeze. Rumenkasti lasje so mu vlekli na zeleno. Da ste potopili pogled v kapnico, kjer je baš dvigal vedra blata in brozge, bi bili povedali, kje stoji, in bi ga bili razložili na dnu črne rupe že kar po svetlikanju njegovih žoltkastih las, ki so vlekli na zeleno.

Včasih so se vedra brozge in blata gugala ter se mu cedila na teme. Nesnaga mu je pokrivala rumenkaste lase, vlekoče na zeleno. Tedaj pa je bilo težko povedati, kje stoji, in ni ga bilo lahko razločevati v črnem dnu, kjer je čistil stekvo.

Nekoč pa je Jazon Smuk prišel k Bimbrovim in potrkal na duri.

"Če se ne motim," se je oglasil proti gospe Bimbrovi, materi Blikse Bimbrove, "je

pač res, da ste me dali pozvati, naj bi vam otrebil kapnico na vašem dvorišču?"

"To je gola resnica," je rekla gospa Bimbrowa, "in tako prihajate prav kakor cvetlice, ki se razprezajo spomladi, tra-la-la."

"Potemtakem se bom pa kar lotil trebiti kapnico, tru-la-la," je odvrnil proti gospe Bimbrowi. "Jaz sem pravi tič, tru-la-la," je še pristavil in si segel z izvrstnimi prsti v rumenkaste lase, ki so vlekli na zeleno in se živo lesketali.

Začel je globiti kladenec. Bliksa Bimbrowa se je prikazala na dvorišču. Sklonila se je nad kladenec. Bila je tema kakor v mehu ali v rogu. Drugega nisi videl kakor trdo temo v tisti luknji. Polagoma je razbrala nekaj rumenkastega, ki se je prelivalo v zeleno. Motrila je to stvar. Skoraj je zapazila, da je to glava in kečka Jazona Smuka. Takrat pa je spoznala, da se čedi vodnjak in da je Jazon Smuk na delu. Zatorej je zapela tra-la-la in se vrnila materi pravit, da je Jazon Smuk na delu.

Jazon Smuk je naposled prišel do zadnje vedrice blata in klata. Polukal je na dno. Tam se je nekaj svetlikalo. Iztegnil je prste v mlaj in mulj ter izvlekel, kar se je svetlikalo.

Bila je motoroga zlatoroga, padla z zlate ogrlice, ki jo je Bliksa Bimbrowa nosila za šijnjakom prejšnji teden, ko se je pripognila nad kladencem, da bi videla, kar se je dalo videti. Bila je natanko ista motoroga zlatoroga, ki se je blesketala in bliščala nalik znamenju sreče.

"To je sreča," si je dejal Jazon Smuk in si osmukal prste ob žoltkastih laseh, vlekočih na zeleno. Nato je spravil motorogo zlatorogo v žep svojega telovnika in si ponavljal: "To pomeni sreča."

Malo po šestih se je tisti večer Jazon Smuk vrnil domov, v svoje stanovanje, ter pozdravil svojo ženo in svoje hčere. Vse so zagnale smeh. Smejale so se nekam boječe.

"Nekaj čudnega se je moralo zgoditi," je velel.

"Saj si ti sam čuden," so se vse znova nekam plaho zasmejale.

Tedaj pa so mu pokazale. Klobuk, rokavice napestnice in črevlji so mu bili od bele koruze. Vedel pa ni, da ima motoroga zla-

toroga čarobno moč, ki vsevdilj deluje. Vedel ni, da motoroga zlatoroga govori v njegovem žepiču: "V svojem imenu imaš K in ker ti je dana radost in blagost, da imaš K v svojem priimku, boš nosil klobuk, rokavice brezprstnice in črevlje od bele koruze, to je usojeno."

Drugo jutro je poveznil drug klobuk, si nataknil druge rokavice brez prstov in obul druge čevlje. Čim je imel vse to na sebi, se je izpremenilo v svetlo koruzno barvo.

Tačas si je pomeril vse svoje škrljake, vse svoje palčnike in vse svoje škornje. A toliko da si jih je nataknil, pa so se že pretvorili v svetlo koruznico.

Krenil je v mesto v prodajalno. Kupil si je nov klobuk, nove palčnike in novo obutev. Komaj pa se je preoblekel in preobul, je bil že ves od bele koruze.

Torej se je odločil, da pojde na svoj posel, snažit kladezov, s pokrivalom, s palčniki in z obuvalom od svetle koruze.

Vaščani Kislozeljarji dežele Kolerabe, kjer se vrši naša povest, so z veseljem opazovali moža, ki je korakal po cesti, idoč trebit vodnjakov. Pet ali šest ulic daleč so ga že videli, kako prihaja ter odhaja pokrit, orokavičen in obut v belo koruzo.

Kadar je stal na dnu kapnice, so otroci gledali odzgoraj v kapnico, kako rabota. Kadar mu ni kapal kač in pal na pokrivalo in na palčnike, ga je bilo lahko zaslediti. Sijaj svetle turščice je ozarjal in ozarjal vso no-trino rupe.

Sempatja je bila kajpada bela debelača pomazana s črnim glenom in s črno grezjo. Tedaj pa, kadar je Jazon Smuk lezel kvišku, da bi se povrnil na svoj dom, ni bil sijajen videti, nikakor ne.

To je bila čudna zima za Jazona Smuka.

"To je zločin, smrdljiv zločin," si je pravil. "Sedaj ne morem več biti sam s svojimi mislimi. Vsakdo me gleda, ko grem po cesti."

"Če srečam pogreb, se še celo tisti, ki drže vrvi mrtvaškega prta, jamejo krohotati mojemu naglavju iz bele turščice. Če naletim na svate, ki gredo na gostijo, zmečejo vame ves riž, kakor da sem obkrotu ženin in nevesta."

"Kamorkoli se napotim, mi skušajo ko-

nji pohrustati klobuk. To zimo so mi jih konji pohrumpali nič manj ko tri.

"In če se mi pripeti nezgoda, da izgubim palčnik, mi ga kure pozobljejo."

Takrat se je nekaj izpremenilo v Jazonu Smuku. Postal je ponosen.

"Vselej sem si želel tako lepega belega kriljaka, kakršen je ta beli klobuk od svetlega ličkanja," si je rekel. "In zmeraj sem si želel lepih belih palčnikov in lepih belih čevljev kakor ti beli palčniki in ti čevlji od svetlega ličkanja."

Kadar so se paglavci drli "Snežak! ja-hu-la-la, snežak!" se je zadovoljil s tem, da je dvignil roko in jim pomignil z dlanjo, hoteč jim pokazati, da se ponša s svojo vna-njostjo.

"Vsi zijajo vame," si je dejal. "Odličen možak sem, kaj ne?" je govoril sam pri sebi.

In položil si je desnico v levico ter se rokoval, rekoč: "Prav gotovo si videti petičen korenjak."

Nekega dne je sklenil vreči svoj podsuknjič v shrambo za staro šaro. V žepku je bila motoroga zlatoroga z močjo, ki je delovala in pripovedovala: "V svojem priimku

imaš K, ker pa ti je dana radost in blagost, da imaš K v svojem priimku, boš nosil klobuk, palčnike in čevlje od bele koruze, tako je sojeno."

Res je odložil oprsni v ropotarnico. Prav nič več ni mislil na to, da tiči motoroga zlatoroga v žepču.

Svoj životnik je kar tako dal cunjarju. Cunjar pa je vtaknil brezrokavnik v vrečo na svojih plečih z motorogo zlatoroga vred in se odstranil.

Zatem je Jazon Smuk postal podoben drugim ljudem. Njegovi klobuki se niso nikoli več pretvarjali v svetlo turščico, niti njegovi palčniki niti njegovi škornji.

In kadar si ga opazoval na dnu vodnjaka, kako je čedil in čistil rupo, in kadar si nalletel nanj na cesti, si ga spoznal po njegovih rumenkastih laseh, ki so vleкли na zeleno in so bili vsekdar posejani z blestečim sijajem. In glejte . . . ako imate K v svojem priimku, pazite se, če se vam kedaj naključni v roke motoroga zlatoroga. Ne pozabite, da je pri vsakem takem zdelu čarobna moč drugačna.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Ivo Trošt:

Tatvina in laž.

Ivanka je večkrat kaj izmaknila, pa je vselej srečno utajila svoje zlo delo. Starši so ji verjeli, pa so se jezili na součenke, ki so jo tožile in tudi na gospoda učitelja, ki je vodil ponesrečeno preiskavo.

Nekega popoldne je odhajala Ivanka zaradi premajhne marljivosti poslednja iz šole. Učitelj se vrne po nje odhodu v razred, pa sede k delu, da nadaljuje svoje delo. Šolskega pečata ni bilo več tam, kam je izginil? Vse iskanje po sosednjih razredih je bilo zaman. S pečatom je izginila tudi škatlja z močilom, kamor se pritiska pečat pred uporabo.

Vse povpraševanje je ostalo brezuspešno. Drugi dan je šolskega voditelja še bolj skrbelo, kaj bo: brez pečata ne sme oddati nobenega dopisa, ne šolskega naznanila. Treba bo naročiti nov pečat, a dotlej, dokler ga ne pošlje tvrdka, ne more biti brez njega.

Popoldne začno čitati. Tudi Ivanka odpre svojo knjigo in poišče označeno berilce. Vzklik tihega začudenja se dvigne izmed součenk njene klopi. Učitelj pogleda, zakaj

se iztezajo vsi vratovi v Ivankino knjigo: povsod ob robu so stali sami krožki šolskega pečata z napisom Šolsko vodstvo v R., kakor so bili znani otrokom že iz šolskih naznanil. Šolsko vodstvo v R. zgoraj, Šolsko vodstvo v R. spodaj, ob robu, podolgem in počez.

"Ivanka!" pozove učitelj. "Danes se ti tajitev ne posreči. Stvar, ki si jo ukradla, se je oglasila sama! Ali meniš, da je šolsko vodstvo v R. kar ponoči priplavalo v tvojo knjigo in na platnice in na ovitek? Pečat si ti sinoči ukradla!" —

Ivanka taji po navadi, pa se oglasijo učenci na moški strani: "Oho! Še veliki zvon ukradi in zvoni z njim, pa trdi, da ga nisi, tatica!"

Tudi o škatli z močilom je tajila, da je ni vzela, pa so jo zavrnille součenke: "Kam si pa namakala, da se je poznalo? Ali imaš barvan jezik?"

Velika sramota je bila to Ivanki in njenim roditeljem.

Fr. Palnak:

Četveronožci v našem gozdu.

I.

Solnce se še komaj zbuja, ko nastopimo spomladnega jutra pot v gozd. Polagoma se trga v njem trda tema, ki prepreza vrhove dreves ter leži še gostejša tema okrog nas. Napotili pa smo se vanj tako zgodaj, da vidimo, kako se bude njegovi čveteronožni prebivalci, kako vstajajo, kako odhajajo na svoja dnevna opravila, in da pogledamo, kakšna so ta.

Še vse tiho. V vrhah se počasi svetlika, vedno globlje prodira luč. A že v prvem svitu se oglasi nad nami: "Pojdi gor! Pojdi gor!" — Gledamo, kdo bi nas klical, a ne uzremo kričača. Vidi pa nas menda ta; saj se norčuje prav pošteno: "Stric motovilo, si videl svojo kobilo?" — Hej kobilar, ti si? Zgodnji budilec v gozdu? Le zbudi nam ga, da vidimo njega in njegovo življenje! Prikliči nam luč, pripravi nam jo! Glej, ni ravno prijetno, plaziti se v tej poltemi!

Pst! Kaj je to? Debela neokretna žival se je prevaila pred nami čez pot. Neokretna, a vendar nagla dovolj, da nam je izginila hitro izpred oči, in le slišimo jo še, kako lomasti naprej po gozdu. A ne sme nam uiti. Videti ga moramo, ki nam je pretekel pot prvi. Obrnemo se hitro za njim, svetloba že raste, in tudi že vidimo več okrožja skozi drevje. Tam že precej pred nami, se prikaže hrbet in belkasta glava z dvema črnima progama, ki gresta od gobca na vsako stran preko oči in ušes. Samo toliko ga vidimo, in že se nam zopet skriva. A spoznali smo ga vseeno — jazbeca, ki se vrača s svojega ponočnega pohoda. Natančneje si ga ne moremo ogledati, ker nam je že izginil.

A glej ga — drugega samotarca jazbeca, ki prihaja ravno proti nam! Postojmo! Prav mimo nas mora, in tega bomo videli lahko natančno. Ni nas zapazil, tudi zavohal nas ni in počasi koraca dalje.

Kratke, čvrste noge postavlja premišljeno naprej. Še ustavil se je. Zdaj ga vidimo: podolgovata, ošpiljena glava, male oči in tudi mala ušesa. Preril je nekaj na tleh. Najti je moral žužka, ki se ni nadejal sovražnika, da mu pomaga sam s seboj napolniti navsezgoda že itak siti trebuh. Izginil je v gobcu, in

že so ga zmleli ostri jazbečevi zobje. Požeruh pa, ki se je mastil vso noč s hrošči in črvi, ki si je zgrabil kje drobno miško ali prijel mladega zajčka, ki ni odnehal pri ptičjem gnezdu ter ga izpraznil, če je le mogel, se pomika naprej. Dobro ga še vidimo, a hipoma — kakor da se je pogreznil.

Tam na prisojnem obronku je izginil v zemljo. Tam ima svojo jazbečino, ki si jo je izkopal s svojimi čvrstimi zavitihi kremplji. Na štirih do osmih krajih pride lahko iz nje, vsak hodnik je dolg do deset metrov, vsi pa se stekajo proti kotlu, kjer si je priredil dva metra globoko pod zemljo prav udoben in prijeten dom ter si ga nastlal na mehko z mahom.

Tukaj prespi dremuh ves dan. Po vseh hodnikih pa ne hodi vedno, ker jih ima večino za slučaj nevarnosti. Če si je mogel izbrati za svojo palačo prostor med skalovjem, mu je še ljubše, bolj varen je in še bolj na miru; mir pa je za zavaljenega sivca prvi in najpomembnejši. Kakor je videti jazbec zapuščen, skrbi v svojem stanovanju za največji red in snago. V jazbečini njen prebivalec tudi prezimi. Debel, kakor je jeseni, se spravi k počitku, žre do hude zime še prihranke, ki si jih je nanosil na kmetov račun s polja, potem pa zaspi. Če zima ni prehuda, se zbudi večkrat, in sled njegovih širokih podplatov po snegu dostikrat pokaže, da je prišel pogledat na božji svet. Takrat si utrta tudi kakšno koreninico, a vendar pride spomladi na spregled medel in suh, jeseni tako rejeni trebušček mu je upadel docela.

Pustimo zdaj samotarca, naj se prespi! Če bi čakali nanj, da se prikaže, bi čakali predolgo. Pred večerom bi ga ne videli. Tedaj pa bi pri vходу luknje čuli podzemljaka, kako ropoče znotraj in se zopet odpravlja na lov. Počasi poluka tedaj z glavo in oprezuje, če je vse mirno in varno; potisne se še nazaj in skrit napeto posluša. Potem šele pride vun, preišče z ušesi in z nosom vso okolico, če je dosti varna, nato pa koraca počasi od svojega bivališča, kamor se vrača šele zjutraj.

Huš! Kaj je gozd že oživel?

Seveda! Solnce je že razlilo nanj svoje zlato, in vsepovsod se glase ptiči, od vsepo-

vsod nam bije na uho skrivnostno šumenje in šuštenje.

Pa kaj je skočilo pred nami in se prav tako hitro skrilo? Kje? Mlad hrastič — še skoraj šibica — se je zazibal ravnotam. Slaba šibica, je li bolan sirotek? Primemo ga, pa nam ostane kar v roki. Seveda, korenin nima. O, tu je bila na delu gozdna krtica. Ta se nam je skrila pod zemljo, kjer opravlja svoje škodljivo delo. Majhna, rjava, debelega trupla, malih ušes in kratkega, gosto poraslega repa, sodi med miši, ki pa jih ločijo od nje velika ušesa in dolgi, goli rep. Pod zemljo je ne moremo zasledovati, a zapomnili si bomo njeno škodljivo življenje.

Saj ni sama od mišjega plemena v gozdu. Še druge so, ki glodajo po drevju lub in veje, kakor nam pokaže marsikatero drevo na naši nadaljni poti. Med temi škodljivci je tudi sivorjavka gozdna miš, ki je sicer v vsem podobna hišni miši, le da je večja in daljšega repa. Ta sicer ne gloda debel in živi največ ob gozdnih sadežih, žužkih in drobnih, vlaknastih koreninicah, a ne zametava tudi svežih, sočnatih bukvic, ki so prišle iz zemlje, ter napravlja na ta način dosti škode. Tako tudi v gozdu, kakor doma in na polju miši niso prida.

Komaj smo izrekli to obsodbo, nam obstoja oko na živalci, ki leži zadavljena ravno pred našimi nogami. Čisto je podobna miši, samo manjša je in tanjša ter ima dlakav rep in dolg koničast gobček. Ta ji je odprt, in en sam pogled na zobovje nas prepriča, da nimamo opraviti z nikako mišjo, ki imajo vse spredaj po dva dolga, dletasta zoba, s katerimi glojejo. Naša živalca tu pa ima ostre koničaste zobke, prav ustvarjene za plenjenje. Rovka je ali, kakor ji tudi pravijo, špičmoh.

Kdo bi vedel povedati, koliko žužkov in črvov je pohrustala ta, zdaj mrtva živalca še to noč. Ali pa, kako je bežala, da uide sovražniku v svojo podzemeljsko luknjo? Kdo bi uganil, kateri močnejši in ostrejši zobje so storili konec njenemu požrešnemu življenju? Kaj je bila lisica ali kakšna mačka ali sova? Vse te zadavijo rovko, ne požre pa je razen kač nobena žival, ker ima rovka prav močen duh po pižmu, ki ne ugaja našim gozdnim ujedam.

Pustimo to mrtvo rovko! Saj dolgo ne obleži tukaj; žužki, črvi in mravlje so se že spravili nad njo ter uničujejo njo, ki je uni-

čila v svojem življenju toliko njihovih sorodnikov.

II.

Oho! Glejte, glejte! Ravno smo jo imeli v mislih — rjavo kožuško lisico, pa se nam prikaže! O, le skrivaj se s svojo rjavino ob rjavi zemlji in za rjavkastim grmovjem, izdajaš se nam vzlic temu, ker še vedno vidimo, kako zvedavo gledajo iz široke, ošpiljene glave s pokončnimi ušesi tvoje črne oči proti nam! Na tvojih prsih nam blešči nasproti tvoja belina s kožuha, in stiskaj se, kolikor hočeš, meter dolgo truplo je le predolgo, da ga skriješ kar tako!

Dolgi, košati rep si iztegnila in stojiš nepremično, a eno prvih šapic imaš že privzdignjeno, da jo pcediš, prekanjenka, kakor hitro zapaziš, da ti žuga od naše strani nevarnost.

Le čakaj! Tudi mi imamo čas čakati, ti pa nam pokažeš svojo pot.

Saj vemo! Zdaj-le, ko ugiblješ naše misli, si gotovo tudi preudarila: "Aha, moja lisičino bi radi spoznali. Pa ne bo nič!" se nam smeješ v pest.

Da bi bili mi lovci in bi oprezali za tvojim kožuhom, ali bi nam ga pustila?

Za našim hrbtom nekaj zašumi, za hipec se ozremo — in lisice ni več. Kje daleč pred nami se že premičejo pred njo vejice grmovij, skozi katera beži! O, ti prekanjenka! Ti potuhnjenka! Seveda nam ne pomaga nič vsa jeza. Da bi bil z nami pes, bi jo gonil in prignjal prav do katerega vhoda njene lisičine. Potem naj pa le laja zunaj, lahko tudi koplje v zemljo — lisice ne najde več v jami. Na drugi strani svoje luknje jo je že popihala na svetlo; zadavila je znabiti še mimogrede ptico, ki je sedela prenizko, in ji morda že prav ta čas skubi perje.

Taka je ta prekanjenka! Ukani te desetkrat v hipu, ko si se najmanj nadejal. Vemo, da so nastavljene za njo v gozdu pasti, a tudi ona ve ter se jim izogiblje tako vestno, da po baše iz njih vun vado, če le količkaj more. Kaj se briga lisica za pasti! Saj je ni, predrzne kakor je, niti strah, da ocigani pri belem dnevu skrbno gospodinjo ter ji odnese pred nosom najtolstejšo gos z dvorišča, če je to na samem in ni psa blizu. Potem pa se rjavka ob mastni pečenki lepo na tihem smeje ter leže nažrta spat pred svojo luknjo.

Pred svojo? I, seveda je tvoja, ampak če

si jo kopala sama, je drugo vprašanje! Težko, če nisi zasmradila snagoljubnemu jazbecu njegovega bivališča ter ga tako pregnala, sama si se pa na široko okoristila z njegovim trdom. Vemo, vemo, rjavka, da napraviš to, če ti je le jazbina po volji; če je le na takem kraju, kakor godi tebi; če je le dovolj globoka in skrita v skalovju in med koreninami. Ampak z jazbecem je izginila tudi snaga iz luknje in njene okolice, in kosti, ki leže razmetane pred lisičino, izdajajo gospodarja, ki se je hitro udomačil v bivši jazbecini in prebije v njej tudi vsako slabo vreme. V taki luknji tudi skoti samica svoje številne mladice — časih jih je kar do dvanajst — tu sem prinaša malim rjavčutom mrtvih in živih živali ter jih začne učiti rokomalharstva.

Zvita si res, lisica, a človek te ne more sovražiti, preveč čedna žival si. Pretkana si tudi in namazana, a moramo se ti smejati, če preudarjamo tvoje ciganstvo. Mi pa smo ti danes še hvaležni, ker si nas zvodila na sled mladih zajčkov. Ne daleč odtam, kjer smo zasačili lisico, je mala, z listjem nastlana jamica, in v njej so trije mladički. Te je rjavka zvohal, mi pa smo jo prepodili ter tako zajčkom za enkrat rešili življenje.

Za enkrat! Kdo ve, če kdaj dorastejo. Saj so mladi zajci take sirote: Njihova mati

jih zapusti že po prvih petih dneh, in navezani so sami nase v življenje. Seveda pridejo na svet že kot pravi zajci s širokoodprtimi očmi in popolnoma sposobni za nadaljnje samostojno življenje, ampak sovražnikov imajo! Lisice, jazbeci, kune, velike sove — vsi, vsi jim strežejo po življenju, in med njimi tudi človek ni zadnji, ki si prav rad privošči zajčjo pečenko na svoji mizi. Edino varstvo tem živalim, ki jih preganjajo vsi, človek pa posebno zaradi škode z glodanjem na polju in na vrtu, v vinski gorici in v gozdu, je, da se tako hitro plode. Zajka vrže štirikrat na leto mlade: prvič po enega ali dva, drugič tri do pet, tretjič in četrtič zopet po enega ali dva. Tako si pomaga zajčji rod pred iztrebljenjem.

Ogledati si pa teh mladih dolgoušcev kar nič nismo mogli. Komaj smo se jim približali, že so bili na nogah, pokazali so nam svoje kratke repke ter se spustili v skok, da se skrijejo na ugodnejšem mestu. No, poznamo jih vzlic temu; saj je zajec od vseh gozdnih živali najpogostejši, ki pride na polje, da se okoristi s kmetičevim trdom na njegovo veliko nevoljo, najpogostejši, ki si ga imamo priliko prav dobro pogledati na kuhinjski mizi.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Osle in razbojniki.

Človek je potoval s težko obloženim oslom po šumi. Vroče je bilo in ravno v opoldanski uri, zato sta počinila. Človek se je zvalil za košato bukev, osel pa je mulil travo, kolikor je je mogel v šumi dobiti. Naenkrat je človek zaslišal šum in brze korake skozi gozd. Obrnil se je in zagledal, da prihajajo razbojniki. Silno se je prestrašil, planil je k oslu ter mu zaklical: "Beživa! Beživa! Banditi gredo!"

"Kaj pa so to banditi?" je malomarno vprašal osel.

"Banditi?" je ponavljal preplašen človek. "To so razbojniki, ki vse poberejo lju-

dem, karkoli najdejo, in jih često tudi ubijejo."

"Ali razbojniki nalagajo oslom na hrbet dva ali samo eden tovor?" vpraša osel in se ne gane izpod bukke, kjer je k sreči našel vsaj šop zelene trave.

"Ta neumna vprašanja! En tovor jim naložijo, to se ve! Ampak beživa. Prišli bodo zdajpazdaj in hudo bó zame in zate."

"Beži ti, gospodare!" odgovori osel. "Jaz ne mislim bežati. Dokler sem osel, bom nosil tovor, pa me tovari ti ali pa kak drug gospodar. Meni je vseeno."



Od siromašnega velblodarja do slave in časti.

Na polotoku, ki se nahaja med Rdečim morjem in Indijanskim oceanom, leži sveto mesto Meka. Na milijone vernikov se vsak dan v molitvi obrne s svojimi obrazi proti temu mestu.

Meka ni bila vedno tako znana po širnem svetu, kot je danes. Bili so časi, ko so to mesto smatrali za sveto samo za posamezna arabska plemena. Med temi arabskimi plemenimi, ki so križala arabske puščave, je bil mladenič, ki so mu rekli Mohamed. Njegov dom je bila Meka. Velikokrat je prepotoval arabsko puščavo kot velblodar.

Mohamed je že v zgodnji mladosti izgubil svojega očeta in mater, toda usmilil se ga je stric in ga vzel za svojega. Kot velblodar in vodnik je videl veliko mest v Arabiji in Siriji. Izključeno ni, da je prišel tudi v Perzijo. Ko je živel Mohamed, so bili velblodi edino transportno sredstvo po teh puščavah in daljavah. Na velblode so nakladali blago in dolge karavane so se premikale od mesta do mesta in tako tvorile trgovske zveze med narodi, ki so živeli na Jutrovem.

Svet bi vedel prav malo o Mohamedu, ako bi bil vse svoje žive dni ostal navaden velblodar. Na svojih potovanjih je Mohamed prišel v dotiko z raznimi verniki. Seznanil se je s kristjani in spoznal njih nauke. Govoril je s častilci ognja in drugimi. Poznal je žide kot tudi razne krščanske sekte, ki so se v tedanjih dneh že pokazale na Jutrovem.

Kadar je Mohamed stopal poleg velblodov, je mislil. Primerjal je razne verske nauke in tem naukom dostavljal lastno filozofijo. Mohamed je razmišljal veliko o veri. Pri tem razmišljanju je pa delal svoje zaključke. Njegovi sorodniki in drugi v Meki so častili več bogov. Mohamed je pa mislil, da zadoštuje samo en bog. Ščasoma in pa daljšem premišljevanju je to edino božje bitje nazval "Allah".

Mohamedu so potekala leta in se je staral. Dosegel je starost štirideset let, ko je pričel pridigati in učiti javno. Oznanjeval je novo vero.

Učil je, da je samo en bog, on je pa njegov prerok. Svojim sorodnikom in znancem je pripovedoval, da je neumnost, ako molijo k več bogom, ampak časte in molijo naj samo "Allaha". Mojzes in Krist sta mu bila samo preroka in ob vsaki priliki je povdarjal, da je on še večji prerok, kot sta bila Mojzes in Krist. S takimi pridigami si je pridobil privrženca, pa tudi nasprotnike. Tisti, ki so častili po več bogov, so ga črtili, ker je govoril proti njih bogovom.

Najbolj so ga sovražili duhovni, ki so učili, da je več bogov, ker so v Mohamedu videli svojega tekmeca. Pričeli so mu streči po življenju. Mohamed je spoznal, da se nahaja v veliki nevarnosti, ako ne zapusti Meke. Odločil se je za beg iz mesta in je bežal v mesto Jatreb.

Meščani v Jatrebu so ga prijazno sprejeli. Bili so mu bolj naklonjeni kot v Meki. Tam je dobival vsak dan več privrženecv. Njegova armada je bila z vsakim dnem večja, glas o njem je prodiral v druge kraje in Mohamed je nekega dne bil na čelu velikega verskega gibanja. Kar je Mohamed učil, so njegovi učenci zapisali. Tako je nastala knjiga, imenovana koran. Ime Jatreb so izpremenili v Medinah, kar pomeni prerokovo mesto.

Mohamed je doživel starost 63 let. Preden je umrl, je bil njegov nauk že razširjen po raznih krajih Arabije.

Danes živi 220.000.000 mohamedancev, to je ljudi, ki verjamejo v Mohamedove nauke. Mohamedancem je "koran" to, kar je židom sv. pismo starega testamenta, kristjanom pa sv. pismo starega in novega testamenta, ali kar so Indijcem "vede".



Čerokeška roža.

Pričela se je spomlad, ki jo smatrajo ljubitelji cvetlic kot dobo rož. Rožnatih grmov je veliko po vseh krajih Amerike, a posebno veliko pa jih je v Georgiji, kjer je najbolj priljubljena Cherokee roža, nazvana po indijanskemu plemenu, ki je nekdaj svobodno živelo v goratem severnem delu te države.

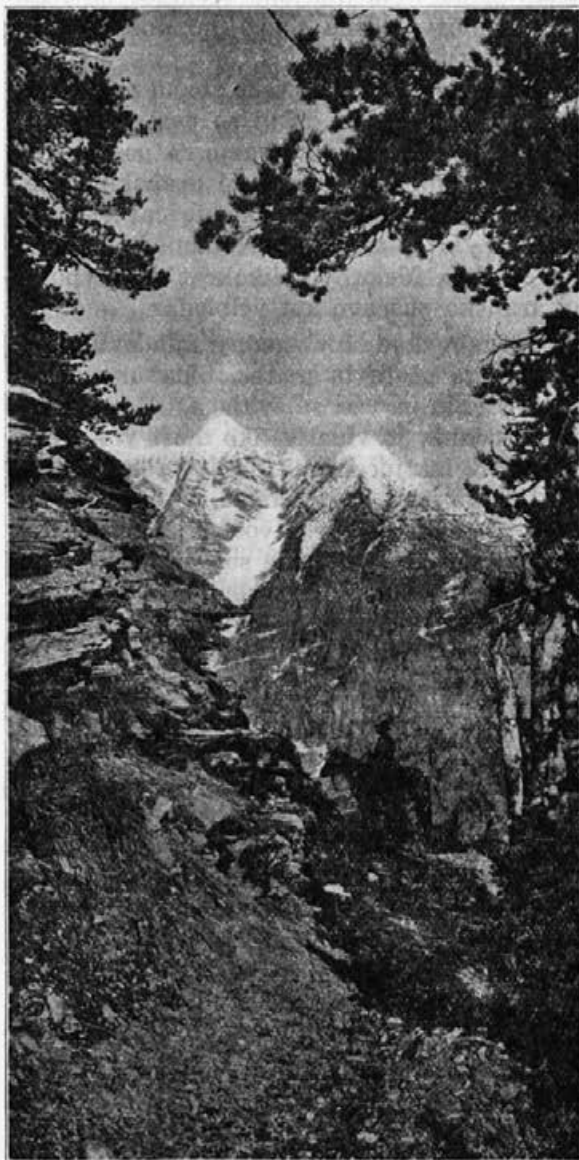
O začetku te rože ni znano nič zanesljivega, ampak med ljudstvom še vedno živi bajka, ki so jo belopoltni sprejeli od Indijancev. Bajka govori o neki čerokeški devojki in nekim seminolskim mladeniču iz Floride.

Čerokezi so ujeli mladeniča ter so ga obsodili na mučeniško smrt, nakar bi njegovo truplo sežgali v plamenih. Toda predno so mogli to obsodbo izvršiti, je hrabri mladenič težko zbolel. Med Čerokezi pa je vladalo staro pravilo, da se ne sme nobenega sovražnika usmrtiti, ako ni zdrav kot riba. In tako je poglavar vzel ujetnika v svoj šotor ter ga izročil svoji lastni hčerki v oskrbo.

Med tem ko se je stanje Seminolca počasi obračalo na bolje, je njegova strežnica čutila v srcu svojem vedno močnejše nagnjenje napram njemu. In malo pred za usmrčenje določenim dnevom je bila sama pri sebi popolnoma na jasnem, da ga nesmrtno ljubi. Rotila ga je, da naj z njeno pomočjo pobegne ter se poda domov. On je bil ves srečen radi njene ljubezni, ki jo je z vsem mladeniškim ognjem vračal, ampak o begu ni hotel ničesar slišati, razen ako bi hotela ona iti z njim.

Opolnoči sta skrivaj zapustila taborišče. Ko še nista bila jako daleč, je mlada Indijanka izjavila, da ne more za vedno proč od svojega doma brez vsakega spominka. Pa sta se vrnila nazaj in ona je odtrgala krasno rožo z rožnega grma, rastočega zraven očetove koč.

In od takrat je ta cvetlica znana pod imenom čerokeška roža.



Prizor iz zapada.

(Nekdanje kraljestvo Indijancev.)

F. P.:

Rahla omama nad zemljo visi,
z lahno zelenjo pokrita že prst je.
In vse okrog mene drhti, drhti,
i zelj i bilj, i popje i brstje.

HREPENENJE.

Pozabil sem se in sem z lesom drhtel,
spojil sem se v dežek in zlil v naravo;
boleče mi duše je klic onemel,
v blaženost sem se potopil sanjavo.

Ivan Vuk:

Služkinja.

Stara ženica, že nekoliko vpognjenega hrbtišča vsled dolgoletnega vsakodnevnega dela in trpljenja, je težko nesla za mlado, elegantno in lepo damo težak jerbas-prtljago.

"Tam le v ta vagon vstopite," je rekla mlada dama in pokazala na vagon tretjega razreda. Gledala je, kako se je trudila ženica dvigniti težak jerbas v vagon. Videla je, kako so ji drhtele mišice od napora na rokah in—ni pomagala. To se mladi, lepi dami tudi ne spodobi. Zato je služkinja, ki se jo plača.

"Lepo sedite. Karto imam jaz. Bom že sprevodniku povedala," jo je poučevala.

Ženica se je nasmihala nekako hvaležno, dobrotno. Ljubeče, bi rekel, je pogledala za mlado, elegantno damo, ki je vstopila v zraven stoječi vagon prvega razreda.

"Rada ima svojo gospo," je pokimaval sprevodnik, opazujoč vse to. "Privezana ji je, kakor domač pes, dasi ji niti z mezincem ni pomagala pri dviganju težke košare . . . Zares, zvesta služkinja."

Piščalka zapiska. Kolesa vlaka se zga-nejo.

Sprevodnik vstopi v voz, da pregleda karte. V prvem razredu mu pokaže elegantna dama dve karti. Eno za sebe, drugo pa za tretji razred.

"To je . . ." pogleda damo sprevodnik, dasi je vedel, da je karta za služkinjo.

"To je za mojo služkinjo," reče hladno dama, kot bi hotela reči, naj je ne vznemirja. "Tam v tretjem razredu sedi."

Sprevodnik salutira in gre.

"Prijazna pa ni," si misli sprevodnik in, navajen na take reči, brž pozabi na njen neprijazni ton.

V drugem vagonu tretjega razreda vidi služkinjo. V dobrohotnem, razoranem licu je načrtano vse življenje njeno, kakor na gramofonski plošči. Prijazne oči so se smehliale v nekaki zadregi in gledale v obraz sprevodnika.

Sprevodnik vidi, da hoče nekaj povedati in reče:

"Dobro, dobro . . . že znam. Vi ste služkinja gospe v prvem razredu tam. Pokazala mi je vašo karto."

Obrne se k drugemu potniku.

Nekaj mogočnega je prisililo sprevodnika, da se je še enkrat obrnil k služkinji. Zdrzil se je. Njene oči so buljile vanj.

"Ne . . . ne," reče naposled. "Zmotili ste se . . . Jaz sem mati tiste gospe."

Sprevodnik je spustil klešče, s katerimi je prešcipaval karte.

"Mati?"

Ženica pokima z glavo in se zopet smehlja. V očeh ji sije skriti ponos.

"Da," reče. "Mati. Spremljam jo v mesto nazaj. Bila je pri meni . . . Veste, majhno posestvo imamo, pa sem ji dala seboj nekaj pridelka. Bolje diši domače, nego kupljeno. In povrh je še v mestu vse tako drago. Sicer je njen mož velik gospod, zato se pelje ona v prvem razredu . . . Direktor je . . . Ali domače je le domače . . ."

Ženica je gladila s suho, izdelano roko težak jerbas, poln domačega pridelka, njenega lastnega znoja, ki je stal zraven nje na tleh, in bila je ponosna, da se more njena hčerka voziti v prvem razredu.

*

Sprevodnik je pregledal vse vagone. Prešcipal je karte. Prvič v življenju njegove desetletne službe se mu je pripetilo, da ni poznal, komu je že pregledal karte in komu jih ima še pregledati. Pred njegovimi očmi je bila ženica z jerbasom v tretjem razredu, srečna, da pelje svoj pridelek svoji hčerki, ki sedi v prvem razredu, ker je njen mož velik gospod, in ki drži v rokah karto za svojo služkinjo tam v tretjem razredu . . . služkinjo —lastno mater . . .

"Kakšni sužnji smo mi pred veličanstvom mamona," je rekel v mislih. In postalo mu je tako grenko v ustih in tesno v prsih, da bi se najraje vrgel pod dirjajoča kolesa . . .
(*"Pod lipo."*)



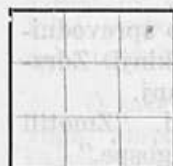
Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

5.

Kdo nima nobene noge, pa je vedno na nogah?

6.



del glave

prednik

misel v spanju

(Pokončno in vodoravno dobite isto.)

*

Rešitve ugank.

3.

o k o

k o s

o s a

4.

Voda (reka) teče brez sledu; kot led se jo lahko seče, ne da bi treske letele; ladje jo režejo, pa ne teče kri.

*

Rešilci.

Obe uganki so rešili:

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

Hedvika Skerlj, Export, Pa.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Po eno uganko so rešili:

Terezija Simončič, La Salle, Ill.

Angeline in Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.

Max Traven, Cleveland, O.

Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.

John Opeka, Oakdale, Pa.

Mary Košenina, Ramsey, O.

Joe Jerman, Ringo, Kansas.

Joe Rupar, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mary A. Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Justina Kramzer, Morgan, Pa.

Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis., in Max Traven, Cleveland, Ohio, sta pravilno rešila uganko v februarški številki, a je njih rešitev prišla prepozno za zadnjo številko.

Dopisi.

Cenjeni brat urednik!

To so prve vrstice izpod moje roke, poslane našemu priljubljenemu "MLADINSKEMU LISTU". — Jaz sem najstarejši izmed otrok v naši družini, in sicer bom v par mesecih star štirinajst let. Imam tri brate in dve sestri. Hodim v šolo, sedmi razred, v štiri milje oddaljeno mesto Hickory. Učim se rad in dobro. Moja želja je, da bi se kaj bolj izučil, tako da mi ne bi bilo treba iti iskat kruha tja doli globoko pod zemljo. Moj atek bi tudi rad videl, da bi se kaj naučil.

Prav rad se učim slovensko govoriti in pisati in mi že dobro gre, nakar sem prav ponosen. Materin jezik je še najlepši izmed vseh na svetu; rad ga govorim in se ga ne bom nikdar sramoval.

Ker nočem s tem svojim prvim dopisom preveč prostora porabiti, naj končam, a v kratkem pa se zopet oglašim. Bratski pozdrav!

Frank Perenic, South View, Pa.

*

Cenjeni urednik!

Rada bi napisala svoje pismo v slovenščini, pa ne znam še tako dobro. Za vsako najmanjšo stvar izprašujem mamo. "MLADINSKI LIST" se mi zelo dopade in želim edino, da bi izhajal dvakrat na mesec. V njem dobi tu rojena slovenska mladina veliko poduka.

Pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem!

Justina Jančar, Girard, Ohio.

Oglasili so se:

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa., je star 13 let ter spada k društvu "Bratoljub" št. 7. Hodi v sedmi razred. V pismu pravi, da hodi, kadar ima čas, regrat brat, ki ga je letos tam veliko. Rad bi tudi vedel, kako je tu v Chicagu z regratom. No, najbrže ga bo tu precej, ampak je malo zakasnel radi snega, ki smo ga imeli še začetkom tega meseca.

Sophie Kollar, Vandling, Pa., pravi, da vsi člani njihove družine z veseljem čitajo "Ml. L." Stara je 12 let ter hodi v sedmi razred. Poslala je par ugank, ki bodo mogoče ob priliki priobčene.

Andy Milavec, Krayn, Pa., je star 10 let ter hodi v 5. razred. Njegova sestra hodi v 6. razred; brata nima nobenega. On želi, da bi list prihajal tedensko.

Frank Tomazic, Forest City, Pa., ima sedem bratov in sester, ki so vsi člani S. N. P. J. razen enega. Ampak ta je še premlad—v par mesecih pa bo tudi ta član naše mogočne jednote. France zna precej dobro pisati in brati slovensko, pa se še uči, da bo znal še bolje.

Christina Kren, Buffalo, N. Y., je stara 12 let in zna slovensko tako dobro kot angleško.

Sophie Pernishek, Finleyville, Pa., poroča, da so vsi člani njih družine tudi člani S. N. P. J. — skupaj enajst članov. Štiri izmed teh enajstih hodijo še v šolo. Sophie hodi v 7. razred in upa, da bo prišla kmalu v 8.

Frances Zrimsich, Venetia, Pa., je stara 11 let ter hodi v 5. razred. Poroča, da bodo tam dobili novo šolo.

Margie Gartner, Fayette City, Pa., se je prvič oglašila, ampak obljublja, da se bo odslej pogostokrat oglašila. Hodi v 2. višji razred (Junior High). Ima več bratcev in eno sestro, ki vsi z zanimanjem čitajo "Ml. L." Vprašuje, če bi čitatelji radi brali njene povesti. (Kar pošljite, in če bo dobro, bo priobčeno, čitatelji pa bodo potem v svojih dopisih povedali, če radi berejo ali ne.—Op. ur.)

John Opeka, Oakdale, Pa., poroča, da so v imenovanem mestu samo štiri slovenski dečki, ki so imeli pozimi mnogo zabave s sankanjem. Johnnie je star 8 let in hodi v 3. razred.

Angelina Flere, Hermine No. 2, Pa., pravi, da vedno prva prečita "Ml. L.", kadar pride. V jeseni upa, da bo napredovala v 8. razred. Poslala je sledečo uganko: What is it that dries but gets wet?

Frank Podbregar, Witt, Ill., je poslal sledečo uganko: Patch upon patch but no stitches. What is it?

Josie Jerman, Ringo, Kansas, Box 108, bi rada videla, da bi ji kdo pisal. Stara je 12 let ter hodi v 5. razred.

Frank Matko, Penn, Pa., — 10 let star, 5. razred — se je prvič oglašil, a se bo še. Želi, da bi naš list izhajal pogostejše in v večji obliki. Poslal je zanimivo uganko, ki bo mogoče ob priliki priobčena.

Josephine Lipovec, Cleveland, Ohio, slovensko dobro govori, ampak pisati pa še najbrže ne zna dobro, zato piše angleško. Stara je 10 let in hodi v 5. razred.

Ida Buckowitz, St. Louis, Mo., zna tudi slovensko govoriti in tudi pisati za silo. Prihodnjici, pravi, bo pisala v slovenščini.

POZOR!

Ako kateri izmed mladih bratcev in sestic ni gori omenjen, oziroma njegov dopis ni priobčen, naj nikar ne zameri. Radi pomanjkanja prostora je zaostalo več dopisov, ki bodo priobčeni—če bo mogoče—kasneje. Uredništvo se trudi, da bi ustreglo prav vsem, ampak to je včasih težko ali celo nemogoče.

Pišite vedno le na eni strani papirja in s črnilom, ne s svinčnikom! Vaša pisma na-

slovite vedno na: MLADINSKI LIST, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Kateri želi, da mu pošljemo kuverte z natisnjenim naslovom, naj pošlje 4 cente v znamkah, pa bode dobil 12 kuvert, tako da jih bode imel za celo leto dovolj.

Pozdrav!

Uredništvo.

Multatuli:

UTRINKI.

Često se dogodi, da česa ne vidimo zato, ker je preveliko.

*

Oče je govoril:

"Glej, sinko moj, kako pametno je vse ustvaril bog. Tale ptička vali v svojem gnezdu. Mladiči bodo izlezli iz lupin v času, ko bo dovolj črvov in mrčesa za prehrano. In ptički bodo zapeli slavospev stvarniku, ki je tako dober za svoja bitja" ... In sin je vprašal:

"Ali bodo tudi črvi ž njimi vred prepevali, oče?"

*

Ni res, da je otrok dolžan poslušnosti in ljubezni do svojih staršev.

Ta revni predpis so iznašli za udobnost staršev, ki jim je manjkalo duševne premoči in ki so bili preleni ali brez srca, da bi si zaslužili ljubezen.

*

Poznam očeta, ki prav natančno ve, koliko ga stane sinovo učenje. Vse zapiše. Kar pa se od svojega otroka nauči, tega ne zapiše. Predrago je ...

*

Sin je vprašal:

"O oče, povej mi, čemu ne pade solnce z neba?"

Oče se je sramoval, ker ni vedel, čemu ne pade solnce z neba, in je kaznoval svojega otroka, ker se je sramoval.

Otrok se je bal očetove jeze in ni nikdar več izpraševal, čemu ne pade solnce z neba, tudi ne o drugih stvareh, ki bi jih vendar tako rad vedel.

Ta otrok ni nikdar dorastel v moža, dasiravno živi že šest tisoč let ... ne, že delj.

Ostal je neveden in trapoglav do današnjega dne.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

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Number 4.

Konstantin D. Balmont:

Water.

From droplets of dew that aquiver are
throwing
The lustre of jewels around,
To the pallor of spaces, where, distantly
flowing,
The wave of the ocean its foam-wreath is
strowing
O'er seas that no plummet can sound,
Thou art everywhere, ever, life changelessly
glowing,
Now emerald-tinted, now azurely showing,
Now in ruby and amber the waters abound,
In orange, white, green, and in dusky-blue
splendor,
And in such as the deserts alone can en-
gender,
In the swinging and singing of tides without
bound,
Of tints only seen by the choicest of gazes,
As they tremble and sparkle and dazzle, their
mazes
No words can be culled to reflect:
Though the word has its tints with un-
quenchable gleaming,
Though the word that is comely with bloom
ever teeming,
A spring-tide of hues has bedecked.

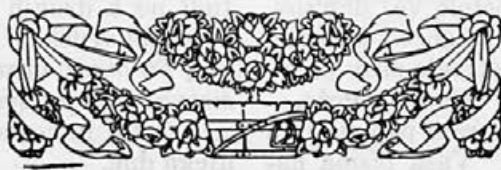
The water has guises of infinite seeming
In zones that are boundlessly deep;
Its multiple billows are cradled in dreaming,
The spirit with muteness and tune of its
streaming,
It answers and lulls into sleep.

Rich of old have they been, and rich still are
the spaces
Where deserts stretch onward in azure-green
traces,
And islands have birth in their shoals.
And Ocean, still Ocean, unfettered it ranges,
But man ever sees how it changes and
changes,
And billowy visions unrolls.

Wherever I wander,
Or hither, or yonder,
I have harkened to lays of the storm,
And I know how diversely I ponder.
— — — — —
And ever I mused, ever here, ever there,
Upon Water so endlessly fair.

2.

O waves of the ocean, akin to the blood in
my veins,
Ye ever unfettered are coursing to other
domains,
Ye ever are lonely in chillness of ebb and of
flow,
And,—alone or united,—we pine in uncom-
forted woe.
Why may I not breathe and course on as a
wave of the sea?
On earth I am lonely, and cold is the spirit
in me,
I likewise am speeding to other, to other
domains,—
O waves of the ocean, akin to the blood in
my veins!



My Native Town.

A. K.

It is a little town. I do not know when it became a town, but I am sure it still does not deserve such a title. I would rather call it a village. It has a little less than two thousand inhabitants, about two hundred and fifty houses, and two churches. From the mountains which are situated all around the narrow valley, my native town appears like a pile of white houses, among which the parish church is like a queen, twice as high as the highest buildings of the town, and the tower at least six times as high as the baptistry.

Three creeks join almost in the middle of the town, whence they combine into a little river, which hurriedly searches its way out of the narrow valley. It seems that there is no exit for the river, because the high mountains close out every sight and give the valley the appearance of an immense tank.

There is no railroad running through this little valley. The roads, however, are built of solid stone; so that the motor vehicles, busses, and trucks can take place of the trains.

The peasants, on the whole, are progressive. As the state did not want to build a railroad through the valley, they bought trucks to facilitate the shipping of the wood products which is one of the chief industries of the town. At the strong waterfalls, they have built up a modern electric plant. The story of this electric plant is interesting, and it will show the spirit of the people in the town.

There was a more conservative group among the peasants, the older and more religious people especially, who opposed to such an innovation as a co-operative electric plant. They said that the kerosene lamps were good enough to illuminate the town streets and their houses. And the older people who formed the "anti-electric-plant-group" were a stronger party than the progressive "pro-electric-plant-party". The town mayor and the majority of the town council were on the side of the conservatives.

However, the death of the old mayor proved to be the birth of new ideals of the whole town. A young man with young ideas was elected, and the "pro-electric-plant-party" gained a two-thirds majority in the town council. Immediately they passed a bill for the foundation of an electric plant owned by the town. Strong waterfalls of the creek were harnessed to the turbines of the hydro-electric plant. From the start it showed to be quite an expensive undertaking for the little town, but soon the benefits of the plant were seen.

The whole town, with its older and younger generation, celebrated the opening. The Town Band, the Singing Society, the Firemen's Brotherhood and all other clubs engaged in the celebration. A general dance at the Town Fair Grounds was given. And when the switch in the electric plant was thrown for the illumination of the streets and the Fair Grounds, it was the greatest and happiest moment in the history of the town and its inhabitants.

Soon every opponent of the plant was convinced that the electric illumination was better, cheaper, and safer for the home than the kerosene lamps. Now the hydro-electric plant furnishes its power to the saw mills and the co-operative dairy, and it illuminates the streets and houses of all the peasants in the town.

The peasants are proud of their progress in last decades. With their plant they were able to furnish electricity for the neighboring towns and villages. Higher up in the mountains some shepherd folks are jealous, and to satisfy their envy they would like to make a joke out of the "electricians in the town." They say: "Who would think that these townsmen are so smart that they even know how to operate a coffee grinder with their electric power."

But the people in the town pay little heed to such "jokes". They became more businesslike during the war, and now whenever mountaineers come shopping, they propose to sell them electric power.

Boleslav Prus:

From the Legends of Ancient Egypt.

The aged Rameses, the mighty ruler of Egypt, was on the point of death. On the breast of the monarch, before whose voice millions had trembled for half a century, had fallen a stifling phantom which was draining the blood from his heart, the strength from his arms, and, at intervals, even the consciousness from his brain. Like a fallen cedar the great Pharaoh lay upon the skin of an Indian tiger, his feet covered with the triumphal robe of the King of Ethiopia. And stern even to himself, he summoned the wisest physician from the temple at Carnac, and said:

"I know that thou art acquainted with potent medicines, which either slay or heal forthwith. Prepare one of them meet for my sickness, and let me end at once . . . thus or otherwise."

The physician hesitated.

"Consider, O Rameses," he whispered, "that from the moment of thy descending out of the high heavens, the Nile has ebbed a hundred times; can I then administer to thee a medicine, uncertain even for the youngest among thy warriors?"

Rameses raised himself to a sitting posture upon his couch.

"It must needs be that my sickness is great," he exclaimed, "since thou, O priest, makest bold to bestow counsels upon me! Be silent and fulfil what I have commanded. For Horus, my thirty-year-old grandson and successor, is yet alive; Egypt can have no other ruler, if he ascend not the chariot and raise not the spear."

When the priest with trembling hand had administered the dire medicine to him, Rameses drank it, as one parched with thirst drinks a cup of water; then he called unto him the most renowned astrologer of Thebes, and commanded him to relate what the stars revealed, without dissembling aught.

"Saturn is in conjunction with the Moon," replied the sage, "and that betokens the death of some member of thy dynasty, O Rameses. Thou hast done ill in drinking the medicine to-day, for empty are human

plans before the decrees that the Omnipotent inscribes upon the heavens."

"Of a surety, then, the stars have heralded my death," returned Rameses. "And when will it be accomplished?" he asked, turning to the physician.

"Before the setting of the sun, o Rameses, either shalt thou be hale as a rhinoceros, or thy holy ring will be upon the finger of Horus."

"Lead Horus," said Rameses, with a voice that was already growing weaker, "into the hall of the Pharaohs; let him there await my last words, and the ring, that there may not be even a moment's surcease in the wielding of authority."

Horus began weeping (he had a heart full of compassion) at his grandsire's approaching death; but that there might be no surcease in the wielding of authority, he forthwith entered into the hall of the Pharaohs, surrounded by a great company of servants.

He took his seat upon the gallery, the marble steps of which extended downwards even to the river, and, filled with unfathomable sorrows, he gazed around him.

The moon, near which glimmered Saturn, the star of evil portent, was just gilding the bronze-colored waters of the Nile, painted the shadows of the huge pyramids upon pastures and gardens, and lit up the whole valley for several miles around. In spite of the lateness of the hour, lamps were burning in huts and buildings, and the populace came out from their homes beneath the open sky. Upon the Nile, skiffs were moored in dreams as closely as on a festive day; in palm-forests, on the shores above the water, in market-places, in streets, and beside the palace of Rameses, surged a countless throng. And in spite of that, it was so still, that the rustle of water-reeds and the plaintive howling of hyenas in search of food, were borne to the ear of Horus.

"Wherefore are they gathered together in such numbers?" Horus asked one of the

courtiers, as he pointed to the immeasurable rows of human heads.

"They wish to hail thee as the new Pharaoh, lord, and to hear from thy lips of the benefits which thou hast ordained for them."

In this moment the prince's heart was smitten for the first time with the pride of greatness, even as the ocean, coursing forward, smites against a steep shore.

"And what betoken yonder lights?" asked Horus further.

"The priests have entered into the grave of thy mother, Zefora, that they may bear her mortal remains unto the catacombs of the Pharaohs."

In the heart of Horus was aroused once again grief for his mother, whose remains the grim Rameses had buried amid the slaves because of the mercy she displayed towards the slaves.

"I hear the neighing of horses," said Horus, as he listened intently. "Who is riding forth at this hour?"

"The chamberlain, lord, has given orders to make ready the envoys unto Jetron, thy preceptor."

Horus sighed at the recollection of his beloved preceptor, whom Rameses had driven out of the country for having inculcated into the soul of his grandson and successor a loathing for wars, and compassion for the downtrodden people.

"And yonder small light beyond the Nile?"

"By means of yonder small light, O Horus," replied the courtier, "faithful Berenice greets thee from her cloistered captivity. The high priest has already dispatched the vessel of the Pharaohs for her; and when the sacred ring gleams upon thy finger, the massive doors of the cloister will open, and, filled with yearning and love, she will return unto thee."

Hearing these words, Horus asked naught else; he became silent and hid his eyes with his hand.

Suddenly he gave a cry of pain.

"What ails thee, O Horus?"

"A bee has stung my foot," replied the prince, growing pale.

By the greenish lustre of the moon, the courtier gazed at his foot.

"Render thanks unto Osiris," he said, "that it is not a spider, whose venom at this hour is wont to be fatal."

O, how vain are human hopes, before the unrelenting decrees . . .

At this moment a captain of the host entered, and bowing down before Horus, he quoth thus:

"The mighty Rameses, waiting until his body shall grow cold, has dispatched me unto thee with the command: Go unto Horus, for my hours in the world are numbered, and fulfil his desire, even as thou hast fulfilled mine. Even though he command thee to surrender Upper Egypt to the Ethiopians and to conclude a brotherly alliance with these foes, accomplish it, when thou beholdest my ring upon his finger; for through the lips of rulers speaketh immortal Osiris."

"I will not yield Egypt unto the Ethiopians," spoke the prince, "But I will conclude peace, for I am grieved by the blood of my people: write forthwith an edict, and hold in readiness the mounted envoys that, as soon as the first fires blaze in my honor, they may speed hence in the direction of the noonday sun, and bear goodwill unto the Ethiopians. And write also a second edict, that from this hour even unto the end of time, no prisoner shall have his tongue torn from his mouth upon the field of battle. Thus have I spoken."

The captain fell upon his face, and thereupon he withdrew to write decrees; the prince, however, urged the courtier to gaze afresh upon his wound, for it sorely distressed him.

"Thy foot has swelled somewhat, O Horus," spoke the courtier. "What would have happened, if instead of a bee, a spider had stung thee!"

The imperial chamberlain now entered into the hall, and bowing down before the prince, he said:

"The mighty Rameses, perceiving that his vision is growing dim, has dispatched me unto thee with the command: Go unto Horus, and fulfil his desire blindly. Even though he command thee to release the cap-

tives from their chains and to bestow the whole earth upon the people, do thou it, when thou observest the sacred ring upon his finger, for through the lips of rulers speaketh immortal Osiris."

"My heart reacheth not so far," spoke Horus. "But write forthwith an edict, whereby the people's lease-rents and taxes shall be lowered by a half, and the slaves shall have three days in the week free from labor and they shall not be scourged upon the back with a rod, unless the judge issue a decree to that effect. Write yet one more edict, recalling from banishment my preceptor Jetron, who is the wisest and noblest of the Egyptians. Thus have I spoken."

The chamberlain fell upon his face, but ere he had time to withdraw for the engrossing of the edicts, the high priest entered.

"O Horus," he said, "at any moment the mighty Rameses will depart unto the realm of shadows, and Osiris will weigh his heart upon the infallible balance. When, however, the holy ring of the Pharaohs gleams upon thy finger, utter thy commands, and I will obey thee, even though thou shouldst have the miraculous shrine of Ammon destroyed, for through the lips of rulers speaketh immortal Osiris."

"I will not lay waste," responded Horus, "but a new shrine will I upraise and the priestly treasury will I enlarge. I crave only, that thou writest an edict concerning the solemn transference of the mortal remains of my mother Zefora unto the catacombs, and a second edict . . . concerning the liberation of Berenice the beloved from her cloistered captivity. Thus have I spoken."

"Wisely dost thou begin," replied the high priest. "For the fulfilling of these behests all is even now made ready, and the edicts will I engross forthwith; when thou touchest them with the ring of the Pharaohs, lo, I will enkindle this lamp, that it may proclaim favor unto the people, and to thy Berenice freedom and love."

The wisest physician from Carnac entered.

"O Horus," he said, "I marvel not at thy pallor, for Rameses, thy grandsire, is even

now breathing his last. He was not able to bear the potency of the medicine, which I was not fain to administer unto him, that monarch of monarchs. With him, therefore, is left only the deputy of the high priest, that, when he dies, the sacred ring may be removed from his finger and bestowed upon thee as a token of unbounded authority. But thou growest ever paler and paler, O Horus," he added.

"Gaze upon my foot," moaned Horus, and he fell upon the golden chair, the supports of which were carved in the shape of hawks' heads.

The physician bent down, gazed at the foot, and drew back horror-stricken.

"O Horus," he whispered, "an exceedingly venomous spider has stung thee."

"Am I doomed to death? At such a moment?" asked Horus, with a scarcely audible voice. And later he added:

"Can that come to pass swiftly? Let me hear the truth . . ."

"Ere the moon is hidden behind yonder palm-tree . . ."

"Verily? And Rameses will live long yet?"

"I know not . . . It may be that they are already bearing his ring unto thee."

At this moment the ministers entered with the edicts made ready.

"Chamberlain," cried Horus, clutching at his hand, "if I should die forthwith, wouldst thou fulfil my commands?"

"Mayst thou live, O Horus, unto thy grandsire's age!" answered the chamberlain. "But if straightway after him thou wert to stand before the judgment of Osiris, thine every edict should be accomplished, if only thou touch it with the sacred ring of Pharaohs."

"The ring!" repeated Horus, "But where is it?"

"One there was among the courtiers," whispered the captain of the host, "who told me that mighty Rameses is even now breathing his last."

"I have sent unto my deputy," added the high priest, "that so soon the heart of Rameses cease to beat, he shall remove the ring."

"I thank you," said Horus. "I am sorely stricken . . . ah, how sorely. But nevertheless I shall not utterly perish. I shall bequeath blessing, peace, happiness unto the people, and . . . my Berenice will regain freedom . . . Will it be long now?" he asked of the physician.

"Death is a thousand military paces from thee," replied the physician, sadly.

"Hear ye naught? Is there none who comes from thence?" spoke Horus.

Silence.

The moon was drawing nigh unto the palmtree and was already touching its foremost leaves; the finely crunched sand was softly rustling in the sand-clocks.

"Is it afar off?" whispered Horus.

"Eight hundred paces," replied the

"Five hundred . . ."

The edict concerning peace with the Ethiopians slipped from the prince's knees.

"Is there none who comes?"

"Four hundred," replied the physician.

Horus sank into pondering, and . . . the decree concerning the mortal remains of Zefora fell.

"Three hundred . . ."

The same fate befel the edict concerning the recall of Jetron from banishment.

"Two hundred . . ."

The lips of Horus grew livid. With clenched hand he flung to the ground the edict with which the tongues of prisoners taken into captivity were not to be torn out, and there remained only . . . the decree for the liberation of Berenice.



Many Glacier Region.

physician. "I know not, O Horus, whether it will be thine to touch all the edicts with the sacred ring, even though they bear them unto thee straightway."

"Give the edicts unto me," said Horus, hearkening whether any came running from the apartments of Rameses. "And thou, O priest," and he turned to the physician, "give word, how much of life is yet vouchsafed me, that I may be able to confirm at least the most precious of my behests."

"Six hundred paces," whispered the physician.

The edict concerning the lowering of rents for the people and of labor for the slaves, fell from the hands of Horus on to the ground.

"A hundred . . ."

Amid the deathly stillness could be heard the clatter of sandals. Into the hall the high priest's deputy came running. Horus stretched forth his hand.

"A miracle," cried the newcomer. "Mighty Rameses has regained his health . . . he has risen up alertly from his couch and at sunrise he desires to ride forth for lions. Thee, however, O Horus, as a token of favor, he summons to accompany him . . ."

"Dost thou not answer, O Horus?" questioned the envoy of Rameses, marvelling.

"Seest thou not that he has died?" whispered the wisest physician of Carnac.

Behold now, how vain are human hopes!

George R. White:

Slavery and Human Sacrifice in Burma.

Slavery still exists in the jungles of British Burma, India, but now the government is planning to stamp it out by buying up all the slaves at \$30 a head, according to cables from Rangoon, capital of that little-known country.

Parts of upper Burma remain unexplored.

According to stories told by natives from the jungles, the practice of sacrificing slaves at religious festivals still exists in the northern section. Last year the district commissioner received authentic information that six slaves had been sacrificed at different places.

The victims were bought from head-hunting villages whose inhabitants, though they no longer make human sacrifices, do not hesitate to sell their slaves to those who do.

Slavery in the Naga hills has been decreasing in recent years, largely on account of the difficulty and danger involved in capturing recruits to replace those who die or redeem themselves. The number found by census takers in the explored regions last year was 215, while the year before there had been 271.

Until recent years most of the slaves were Indians who had been kidnaped in Assam, but the Nagas have lately confined their raids to mountain tribes within their own borders.

No Indians are known to have been sacrificed since 1921, when two authentic cases were recorded. The Nagas are a Mongolian tribe in whose veins the blood of many races flows. Those to the south are the ones Kipling wrote about in his book, "Kim."

The Burmese boast that their women are more emancipated than their western sisters. In upper Burma it is the woman who makes love to the man first. If the man accepts her courtship she lavishes presents on him and proposes marriage. The Burmese can not understand what religion

has got to do with marriage, which they look upon as a pure and simple partnership which, if not happy, might be dissolved at any time. All through life the Burmese women are on equal terms with the men. Burma is free from feudalism and women are never looked upon as the "weaker sex." The women there do just as they like. They are fond of work. The husband has no right over the property which his wife might have possessed before their marriage, nor over the property she acquires later. If there is no longer any love between a married couple they divorce each other without ceremony and many times it is the woman who announces to the village that she has divorced her husband, often against his will.

When a villager dies, all work ceases and a great deal of noise is made. If a gun is handy, it is fired until there is no more ammunition. The coffin is a scooped-out trunk of a tree. While the tree is being felled a fowl is beaten to death against the stem.

Money is always put in the mouth of the deceased, for the mountain people believe he will have to take a long journey and tolls will have to be paid when crossing the rivers of the hereafter by ferry—a superstition which is very reminiscent of the River Styx in Greek mythology. At dawn the following day relatives return to the grave and place by it a piece of pork and some sheroo—a native drink.

Sacrifices are offered to the "nats," the ghosts whom they worship, to the sun and the moon and the community in which they live. It is only in times of a plague or bad crops that human sacrifices are offered to the "nats."

They also believe that underneath the surface of the earth another race of human beings live whom they call the Kasangs. They believe they are Lilliputians, so tiny that the grass seems as high as trees and their cattle no larger than beetles—in other words, a race like the elves that live in our fairy tales.

The Oak Tree and the Linden.

Adapted from the Greek myth.

There was once a good old couple who lived in a little cottage upon a hilltop. Baucis and Philemon were their names, and, although they were very poor, they tended their bees, and pruned their grape vine, and milked their one cow, and were happy from morning till night. For they loved each other dearly, and they were ready to share whatever they had with any one in need.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful village, with pleasant roads, and rich pasture lands all about it; but it was full of wicked, selfish people, who had no love in their hearts, and thought only of themselves.

One evening, as Baucis and Philemon sat in their cottage door, they saw two strangers coming slowly up the hill. There was a great noise of shouting, and the barking of dogs from the village, for the people were following the strangers, and jeering at them because they were footsore, and ragged, and weary.

"Let us go to meet them," cried old Baucis, "and ask them to share our supper, and stay with us for the night."

So Baucis and Philemon brought the strangers, who were quite faint for food, to their cottage, and they spread before them all that they had, which was very little—a half loaf of brown bread, a tiny bit of honey from their own hives, and a pitcher of milk. The pitcher was only partly full, and when Philemon had filled two bowls for the strangers, there was but a drop left.

The strangers ate as if they had never tasted anything as good, although the supper was exceedingly small.

"More of this delicious milk, Philemon!" cried one of the strangers, and, as Philemon took the pitcher to drain the last drop into the bowl, a wonderful fountain of milk burst forth from the bottom of the pitcher, so that the more she poured the more there remained.

And it was so with the loaf, which stayed always the same size, although the two strangers cut slice after slice, praising Phile-

mon for its sweetness and lightness. The honey grew the color of gold, and sweeter each minute; and the single, tiny bunch of grapes grew to a bunch of such size that the strangers were not able to eat it, and the grapes filled all the cottage with their wonderful fragrance.

"These are strange travelers!" whispered the old couple to each other, "who are able to do such marvelous things."

That night Baucis and Philemon slept upon the floor, that the strangers might have their bed; and in the morning they went to the edge of the hill to see the strangers safely started on their homeward way.

"The villagers are thoughtless and rude," said Baucis. "I hope they may not torment you again, good sirs."

But the strangers smiled, and pointed to the foot of the hill. There was no village there. Where it had stood a blue lake rippled, covering, with its clear waters, the houses and the trees. Baucis and Philemon rubbed their eyes in wonder.

"People with no love in their hearts shall not live upon the earth," said the strangers. "As for you, my good people, we thank you; and whatever you wish for most, that shall be given you."

As they spoke, the strangers vanished from sight, like mist in the morning sky; and Baucis and Philemon turned to see that their tiny cottage had disappeared also, and in its place stood a tall, white marble palace, with a beautiful park all about.

So the old couple went in, and they lived in their palace a great, great while, taking good care of their wonderful pitcher. No one ever passed their door without having a drink from the bubbling fountain of milk, and Baucis and Philemon were so happy doing good deeds for others that they never thought of wishing for anything for themselves.

But, after years and years had passed they grew very old.

"I wish we might never die, but could always stay together!" said Baucis, one day, to Philemon.

The next morning, where the tall marble palace had stood, there was nothing save a few stones with the moss growing over them; Philemon and Baucis were gone; but there, on the hilltop, stood two beautiful trees—an

oak tree and a linden—with their branches all twined and twisted together.

"I am old Baucis!" whispered the oak.
"I am Philemon!" sighed the linden—and there they stand to-day, quite close to each other, and always ready to spread their leafy shade over every tired stranger who chances to climb the hill.

Laura E. Richards:

The Mince Pie.

Mother was going to make the mince pie. She was very busy, and her mind was full of other things, for Kitty and Jack were in bed with the measles, and Maggie, the cook, had just scalded her hand, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were all coming on the afternoon train to spend Thanksgiving.

Still, it would never do to have a Thanksgiving dinner without a mince pie; so mother tied on her blue-checked apron, took out the paste board and rolling-pin, and went to work. She mixed the paste and rolled it out thin, and put bits of butter all over it; then she folded it over and rolled it out again and put more bits of butter on it. When she had done this a good many times, it began to puff up in places and make bubbles; and mother stopped rolling it and cut out a nice round piece which she laid in the pie dish, trimming the edges neatly all around.

Just then a man came to the back door and asked would the lady please give him a piece of bread, as he "hadn't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday"; so mother got a great piece of bread and some corned beef, and while he was eating it she went back to the pie and began cutting another round piece. But before she had it half done she heard Kitty calling, and she ran upstairs to see what was the matter. Kitty wanted a glass of water, and Jack wanted his pillow turned, and it was time for them both to take their medicine. Mother did everything they wanted and then went back to her pie. She put in the mince meat, and then she began to put on thin layers of crust around the edge; and then a book

agent came to the door and said he had a most interesting book he would like to show her, and it was in nineteen volumes, at two dollars a volume, and no person of education could afford to be without it.

So mother said she was not a person of education, and the book agent went away, looking very cross. Then mother put the cover on the pie; and then the doorbell rang, and she put the pie on the shelf in the closet, and took off her checked apron, and went to the door. It was the doctor, who had been called to set a broken leg for a boy who had climbed on a shed to find his ball and had fallen off, so the doctor could not come before to see Kitty and Jack.

By the time the doctor's visit was over, the afternoon train had come in, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were at the door. They had brought Cousin Almira Jane with them as a surprise for mother, and it was a surprise. She took them all upstairs and showed them their rooms, and put Cousin Almira Jane in her own room, because there was no other. Then she went down to get tea, and poultice Maggie's hand, and make milk toast for Kitty and Jack, and iron father's collars, and press out Aunt Kate's mantilla, which had got crumpled in the carriage.

So it was tea-time, and in a little while it was morning again, and Thanksgiving Day. Mother was so glad to think that the mince pie was all ready, for she had the turkey to dress and roast, and the cranberry sauce to make, and the vegetables to cook, and the pudding to make. At last dinner-time came,

and the turkey was done to a turn and smelled so good; and the pudding was ready, and so was everything else; and then mother

went to the closet and took out the mince pie—and she found that she had forgotten to bake it! Poor mother!

Frances M. Fox:

Making the Best of It.

"What a dreary day this is!" said the old gray goose to the grown hen, as they stood at the henhouse window and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farmyard.

"Yes, indeed," said the brown hen; "I would be almost willing to be made into chicken pie on such a day."

She had scarcely stopped talking, when the Pekin duck said, fretfully: "I am dreadfully hungry," and a little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus: "And we're so thirsty!"

In fact, the feathered folks in the henhouse were very much inclined to be cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them, early in the morning, they had been given nothing to eat or drink, and, as hour after hour went by, and the cold winter wind howled around their house, it is no wonder they felt deserted.

The handsome white rooster, however, appeared quite as happy as usual, and that is saying a great deal, for a jollier, better-natured old fellow than he never graced a farmyard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him, and he crowed quite as lustily in stormy, as fair, weather.

"Well," he said, laughing heartily, as his bright eyes glanced about the hen-house, "you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps."

Nobody answered the white rooster, but a faint cluck or two came from some hens who immediately put their heads back under their wings, as if ashamed of having spoken at all.

This was quite too much for the white rooster, who, standing first on one yellow foot and then on the other, turning his head from side to side, said: "Well, we are a lively

set! Any one would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes."

Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch, and, strutting pompously over to the big rooster, created quite a stir among the feathered folk by saying:

"We're all lively enough when our crops are full, but when we're starving the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot!"

"You won't see him until he feeds us," said the white rooster, "and then I guess you will peck his corn."

"Oh, oh!" moaned the brown hen, "don't mention a peck of corn."

"Madam," remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, "your trouble is my own—that is, I'm hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven't had enough to eat to-day, at least we have room enough to stretch our wings."

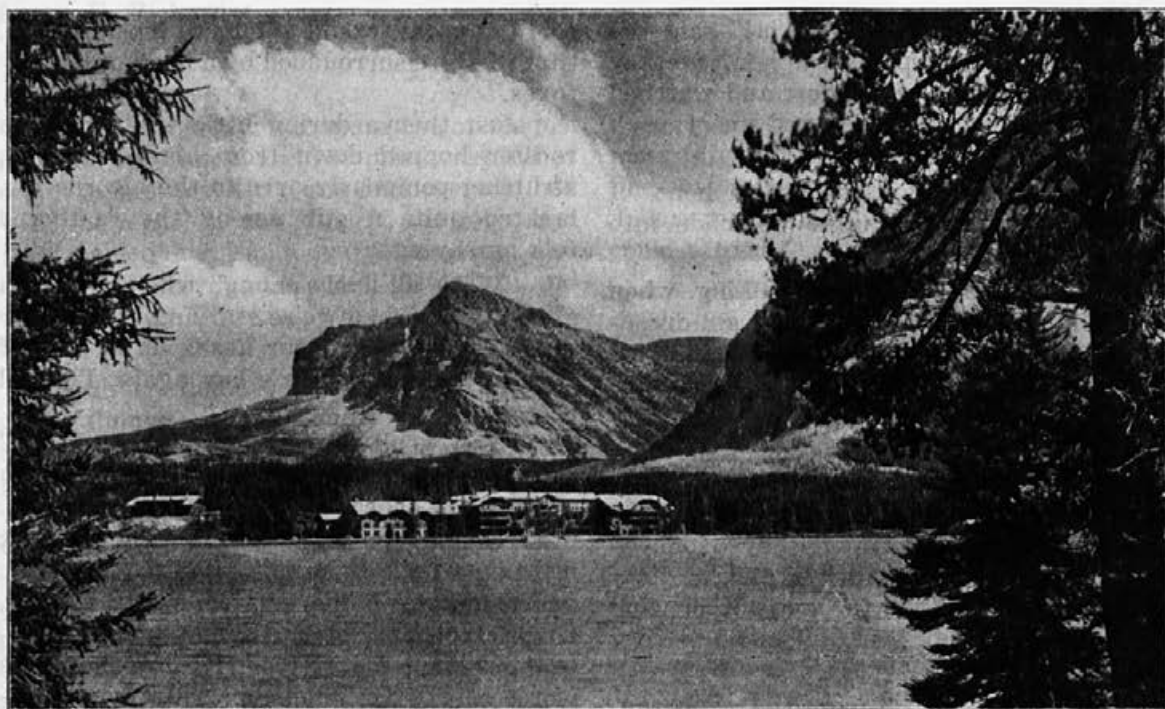
"Why, that is a fact," answered the brown hen; and all the feathered family—the smallest chickens included—stretched their wings, preened their feathers and looked a trifle more animated.

"Now, then," went on the rooster, "suppose we have a little music to cheer us and help pass the hours until roosting time. We will all crow—there, I beg your pardon, ladies; I am sorry you can't crow—we will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, Mrs. Brown Hen?"

The brown hen shook herself proudly, tossed her head back, and began: "Cut-cut-cut-ca-dak-cut," and in less than two minutes every one in the hen-house had joined her.

Now the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away, and hearing the happy voices in the hen-house, they, too, joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to sing louder than all the rest. Higher and higher, stronger and stronger, rose the chorus; louder and louder quacked the ducks, and shriller and shriller squeaked the pigs.

dled up that you could scarcely see her dear little face. "You see, we were so lonesome that we didn't know what to do; but when we heard all you folks singing out here in your house, we laughed and laughed until we pretty near cried. Then we went to tell Jack about you; he was lonesome, too—poor Jack's sick with a sore throat—and he said:



Many Glacier Resort.
(Glacier National Park.)

They were all so happy that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the hen-house burst open, and in came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was so snugly bun-

'Why, those poor hens; they haven't been fed since morning!'"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the white rooster. "This comes of making the best of things. Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and nobody asked him to stop his crowing.



Maria Kmetova:

Spring.

(From the Slovenian by A—)

The sky was greenish-blue, and here and there it was obscured by flimsy pale-reddish veils of translucent clouds. These veils were being torn up and their pieces dragged in uncertain directions, leaving behind threads of their fabric, which wavered and trembled awhile and finally vanished.

Paula sat by the window of her cottage—the village teacher's quarters—and, her head in her hands, gazed into the dusk. It seemed to her that she was hearing voices—tiny, long-drawn, infinitely tender voices, issuing from the earth, the trees, and the sky. It was as if an infinite number of violins, cellos and harps were playing, their notes in perfect accord with every rustle of the leaves and every life-throb of the myriads of blooms that were still sleeping in the buds.

All at once Paula felt a touch on her shoulder and she started.

"Hello, Paula! I've been knocking till I got tired, so I just walked in." This was Anna, Paula's friend from the village.

"You've startled me so!" said Paula and sank wearily on the sofa. The light of the lamp flooded her pale features and the shadows deepened under her brows.

"Yes, spring is here again, thank God," said Anna. "It makes life so much brighter, don't it? I just dropped in for awhile to see what you were doing with yourself."

"Oh, nothing. It's just spring again, that's all."

"What do you mean? 'Just spring again'—you say it so sadly."

"It's terrible!"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"To me it is terrible. Every spring I suffer indescribable tortures. Can you feel how things are growing and rising, or rather how they are longing and striving to begin to grow and rise? It's spring. It is taking the treads of one's being and tying them to the budding sprigs and the stirring sprouts!"

Anna stared at Paula, astonished, unable to say a word. Paula tried to smile, but the smile froze into a mere twitch of lips.

"I'm boring you; forgive me, dear," she said then.

"Oh, no; tell me all about it."

"Well, every spring I see my life duller and grayer."

"That's strange, Paula; on the contrary, I should say that spring makes one younger."

"But—oh, well, you're married you have your husband, your home, your children."

"But, Paula!"

"You see—I don't know just how to put it, but the very thought of my life going on like this indefinitely makes me shiver. The same thing day after day, week after week, year after year: teaching school in the daytime, to bed at night—eating the same kind of food—listening to the same phrases from the same people! Oh, it's terrible! There is nothing to lift me out of this, to lead me into that other life—perhaps no better than this, but different."

"What you ought to do is fall in love, with some man."

"That's easier said than done. Besides—besides, it's already a little late for me." She shuddered and then went on: "Here I am in this cottage, living this monotonous, lonely, everyday life. As I wake up in the morning I see spread before me the whole day—the same day I've lived through a thousand times. Yesterday is my to-day; to-day my to-morrow. I feel my youth leaving me; I see my face, my body fading."

"For goodness' sake, you look at everything in such a queer light! There are Sundays and vacations, aren't there?"

"Yes, but Sunday is just another day when I can lay in bed a little longer, that's all. Vacations—I can see ahead the whole string of weeks; just like it was last year and the year before. I know there are beautiful things in the world, but I've seen them and can't enjoy them any more."

"Why don't you go on a long trip somewhere?"

"Oh, I did. I travelled for weeks and returned home glum and grouchy."

"Things are not as dark as they look to you."

"No; of course not—not for you, I'm sure. You have something to hang on to, something that fills your life. My hands are empty. At times I feel absolutely lost; I'm almost afraid of myself, especially when spring comes. I see my life before me as a gray shadow, without a flicker of brightness in the past to look back to, or in the future to hope and live for. The future'll be even worse; my body'll be old, my face wrinkled and saggy—"

"Paula, Paula!"

"It's true, isn't it? I'm looking at reality; I don't want, or maybe I can't, live in illusions. Sometimes I almost hate myself when I think that in a few more years I'll be like some of the women I see—old, thin, wrinkled, nervous."

Anna attempted a laugh, but the sight of Paula's mien checked her.

"And this haunting fear that keeps after me!" said Paula.

"Fear? What is there for you to be afraid of?"

"In the evening I sit by the table reading when all of a sudden I feel as if there were someone behind my back: something alive, yet without body, and terrible. I look up at the light, smile at myself and try to tell myself that I'm childish to imagine such things; but at the same time I feel that I'm getting hot and cold all over. I try to ignore the feeling and read further. I read, but my thoughts are on the terrible thing behind me. Then slowly I turn my head and shudder. Of course I can see nothing—but what was it? It returns day after day. It is the gloomy

future—old age—that is waiting for me, that wants to embrace me."

"Strange, indeed! I've never felt that way," said Anna and leaned back.

Paula's eyes glowed with a strange, uncertain light, her face even paler than usually.

"Then I go to bed and put out the light. There I lay and presently it seems to me that the chairs, the table and every piece of furniture become alive and talk about me. It seems as if the world would crash and pile up on me."

"Nerves, my dear; just nerves."

"Well, nerves, then! Nerves, of course; but why should I have such nerves?"

"You should consult a doctor."

"What good would that do? He can't give a new direction to my life, can he? And the only thing that would cure me would be a new life. This quiet, this peace, is what is driving me mad."

"You're all twisted around, my dear. Peace is good for one—for one's nerves."

"Of course—for those who have had too much excitement. My 'nerves' come from peace, too much peace. Everything is quiet around me, so I can hear the throbs of my own body. I can feel the blood coursing in my veins. Sometimes I feel like I ought to explode at any moment. This is peace, this is life in a village—and I see no way out of it!"

Paula buried her face in her hands and rested it on her knees. Anna felt badly about this; she would have liked to say something, but what? So she rose, put on her hat and coat, and said:

"It's getting late, Paula, so I guess I'll be going. Good night, dear, and don't torture yourself with such thoughts."

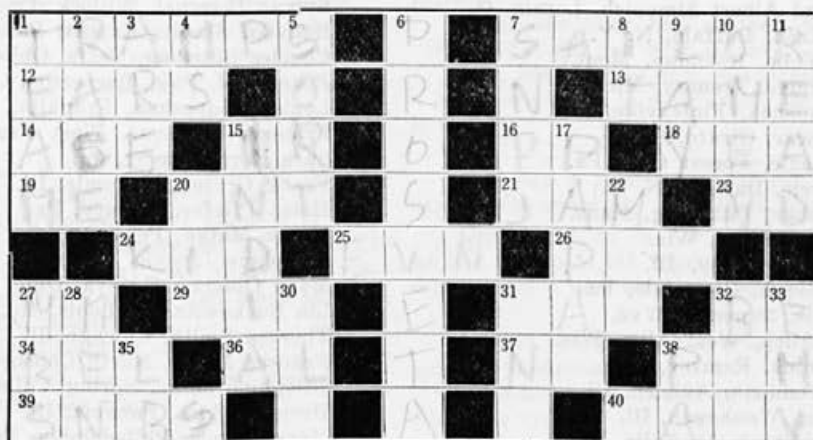
Paula, her eyes wide-open and moist, looked at her, and, smiling bitterly, said:

"Good night, Anna."



"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 4. CROSSWORD PUZZLE.



A. HORIZONTAL. (From left to right.)

1. Vagabond (plural).
7. Mariner.
12. The organs of hearing.
13. Not wild.
14. A card.
15. Prefix meaning not.
16. Past participle (abbreviation).
18. Exclamation.
19. I.
20. Insect.
21. A vessel for conserved fruit.
23. Northwestern state (initials).
24. A young goat.
25. Evening.
26. Man's name (short).
27. 2000 (Roman).
29. Expire.
31. Man's name (short).
32. Infinitive of "is."
34. Relative (abbreviation).
36. Aluminum (abbreviation).
37. Same as in 15.
38. A real friend.
39. Initials of our organization (English).
40. Jewish priest.

B. VERTICAL. (Down.)

1. A number of selected baseball players.
2. Contest.
3. Form of the verb to be.
4. Manuscript (abbreviation).
5. Assort.
6. The most popular Slovenian paper in America.
7. Initials of the biggest Slovenian organization in America.
8. Pronoun.
9. Recline.
10. Foreshowing sign.
11. What are the books for.
15. A vast English colony in Southern Asia.
17. Father (Latin).
20. Help.
22. 16½ ft. (measure).
27. Mistress.
28. More than one man.
30. One of the largest deer.
31. White metal.
32. Abbreviation for Babylon.
33. Town in Minnesota with many Slovenian inhabitants.
35. Pound.
38. Father.

* * *

Puzzle No. 5.

When a dog runs a trail
all crooked and funny,
What does he find that
sounds like money?

Answer to Puzzle No. 3.

Crow, Dove, Heron, Hawk, Thrush, Swallow, Jaybird, Sparrow, Bluebird, and Eagle.

H o n o r a b l e M e n t i o n .

Louise Dolinar, Library, Pa.
 John Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.
 Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.
 Angeline and Albert Simonich, Lorain, O.
 Christina Kren, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Josephine Vidic, Roundup, Mont.
 Antonija Knaus, Trenary, Mich.
 Sophie Pernishek, Finleyville, Pa.
 Justina Yancar, Girard, Ohio.
 Frank Tomazic, Forest City, Pa.
 George Kezele, Dawson, N. M.
 Stanley Hribar, Pittsburg, Kans.
 Mike Krulc, Willard, Wis.
 Guido Jereb, Oglesby, Ill.
 Mary Verhovsek, Coverdale, Pa.
 Olga Groznik, Superior, Wyo.
 Frances Miklich, West Allis, Wis.
 Mary Košenina, Ramsey, Ohio.
 Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
 John Celarec, Waukegan, Ill.
 Matilda Martinjak, La Salle, Ill.
 Angelina Flere, Herminie No. 2, Pa.
 Joseph Mozina, Greensburg, Pa.
 Frank Podbregar, Witt, Ill.
 Margie Gartner, Fayette City, Pa.
 Josie Jerman, Ringo, Kansas.

Justina Kramzer, Morgan, Pa.
 Emil Cavana, Claridge, Pa.
 Annie Dolence, North Chicago, Ill.
 Sylvan Peternel, Willock, Pa.
 Hedvika Skerly, Export, Pa.
 Charles Starman, Neffs, Ohio.
 Frances M. Poje, Barberton, O.
 Louise Podpechan, Franklin, Kans.
 Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.
 Sara Kern, Export, Pa.
 Frank Grosen, Nokomis, Ill.
 Helen Pfiefer, Library, Pa.
 Frank Matko, Penn, Pa.
 Josephine Lipovic, Cleveland, O.
 Mary Omerza, Geneva, Ohio.
 Ida Buckowitz, St. Louis, Mo.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Frances Mesec, North Chicago, Ill.
 Josephine Jeras, Spring Valley, Ill.
 Hermina Zora, Panama, Ill.
 Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sophie Kollar, Vandling, Pa.

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa., solved all puzzles in February issue; her letter came too late for March issue.

N o t e : Many readers solved puzzles of Theresa Smith, Mary Peve, Mary Staker and others in last issue; but on account of limited space their names cannot be published.

Letters from Our Young Brothers and Sisters

Dear Editor:

This is the second time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I am getting very interested reading our little magazine. The puzzles are getting easier to solve every time they are published.

But not many members from West Allis seem to notice them. I wish that they, too, would write letters to our magazine to make it larger.

Why can't we boast our city lodge like others do? Now take Penna., Ohio and Michigan, their doings, but they don't hear of ours. So all boys and girls of our lodge start to write letters. I know that your parents are very proud of this lodge and I know that they would like to hear what their children are doing to make this lodge larger and prouder.

I belong to the Lodge No. 104. In August I will be admitted into the grown people's department.

Can you solve this puzzle?

It has 2 lookers, 1 hanger, 4 milkers and 2 hookers. What is it?

I remain a member of the S. N. P. J.

Frances Miklich, West Allis, Wis.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. There are many wonderful stories

in it which I like to read. I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. I have a brother that was eleven in January and is in the fourth grade.

He never went to school last year because he was sick all winter. We are all members of the S. N. P. J.

I wish that this magazine would be larger and come once a week instead of once a month.

This is all for this time. I will try to write more next time. I will have to be getting to bed soon.

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

On December 31, 1925, we had a play by the young boys and girls of the lodge No. 259 S. N. P. J. at Meadowlands, Pa., at the Miners' hall.

There were 13 boys and 13 girls playing. The play was about Old year and New year.

Every child got a present, no matter if he did play or not.

Yours truly,

Andy Gruden, Meadowlands, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST.

When we get the MLADINSKI LIST, my brother, my sister, and I all want to read it the same time. We like it so well.

I also started to read the PROSVETA.

I would like to read and write in Slovenian.

There are six of us in the whole family.

We are still having the snow. It started in September and to-day—April 6—it is still snowing.

I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade.

I will close with best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. and to the editors.

Olga Groznik, Superior, Wyo.

Dear Editor:

I have written a few letters already to the MLADINSKI LIST. I enjoy it very much because it is very interesting to me and I know it is very interesting to everyone who reads the MLADINSKI LIST, too. For there are very good stories and riddles to read. And also a person can learn to talk Slovenian from this magazine.

Here are a few riddles to solve:

What goes around the house and round the house and only makes one track?

What is it, it is five inches and has a head on?

Here is a joke:

Hush-a-bye baby,

Mama is near,

Daddy is a lady,

And that's very clear.

Please put my address in, because I want the children to answer my riddles.

Yours truly,

Mary M. Verhovsek, Box 62, Coverdale, Pa. Aleg. Co.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time that I am writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I have three brothers and three sisters. All my brothers and one of my sisters are members of the S. N. P. J. I like to read the MLADINSKI LIST. The stories and letters are very interesting. I am sending a few jokes which I hope readers will enjoy.

Mrs. Brown was having a banquet, and her six years old son wanted to appear very important, so he said, "We have had chicken four times this week."

An old lady exclaimed, "My, what extravagance."

But the boy hastily replied, "Oh, but it was the same chicken."

"Johnny, of what use is the ear?"

"To catch the dirt, of course."

"I've heard that coffee is going to raise to a dollar a pound."

"That doesn't affect me, I buy mine by the cup."

A king and his guests were seated at a table dinig when suddenly his grandchild exclaimed, "Grandfather —"

"Please, do not interrupt us," replied his grandfather.

After the king had stopped talking, he said, "Now, what did you wish to say?"

"Oh, it's too late now, grandfather. There was a big green worm in your salad, but you have eaten it now."

One day a five year old son of Mrs. Wheat came home and said, "Gee, I bet, Mr. Brown's mad."

Questioned as to the reason, he said, "Well, he had a sign in his window, 'Boy wanted' and to-day he said a new baby-girl was born."

"Won't you go for a spin in my new roadster?" asked a motorist.

"Goodness, no, not if it skids that badly," replied his friend.

I hope that the MLADINSKI LIST gets bigger.

Yours truly,

Frank Zadel, Davis, W. Va.

Dear Editor:

This is my first time of writing to the MLADINSKI LIST. I surely do like it. There are many wonderful stories in it. Only I hope it would become larger than it is now. I hope this letter won't go in the waste basket. I can read in Slovenian as well as in English, for we were in the old country 6 years. I didn't like it very much—in some ways I did and in some ways I did not. I live on a 160 acre farm and I like it very much. I have two big brothers and seven sisters, and one died. We have plenty of snow this winter. Many times thermometer was below zero. I will try to write in Slovenian next time.

I will close with the best regards to all members.

Yours truly,

Antonia Knaus, Frenary, Mich.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter I have written to the MLADINSKI LIST. I surely do like it. I wish if it could come twice a month, because I just love to read the wonderful stories. I am in the 5th grade. I am 11 years of age. I have one brother; he goes to school every day. And I got two cousins. They came from the Old Country about 5 years ago. They surely like to stay here. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Well, I guess I will close for this time. I hope I hear some more from sisters and brothers. I'll give you a little riddle.

We got one girl. If we give her something to eat, she cries, and if we don't give her anything, she is quiet. Who is she?

Yours truly,

Stanley Hribar, Pittsburg, Kans.



Glavni stan S. N. P. J.—Headquarters S. N. P. J.



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