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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., AVGUST 1925.

ŠTEV. 8.

NA POLJANI.

Škrjanček je zavrnil
skozi jasni, sinji zrak,
kot misel k solncu blisnil
tako mehak, lehak.

Po nebu izprehaja
oblak se srebrotkan,
blesteč pred vrati raja
pa vriska svat neznan.

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Slavospev naravi.

Čez šumna žitna polja
bahato mak žari,
ožarjen od okolja
srebrnih solčnih dni.

Marjetic je vse živo,
in poljskih lilij zbor
se klanja prikupljivo,
smehlja se k solncu gor.

Gizdav metuljček raja
po jasi svatujoč —
pa hrošček ponagaja
iz bilk vun kukajoč:

“Hej, hej, ti poniglavček —
saj nič ne znaš, ne znaš!
Capljaš tam kot pijavček —
a pamet kje imaš?”

Metuljček jo ulije
za njim, srdito zroč,
a hrošček se mu skrije
brž v luknjico smejoč.

Dehtijo rože bujne —
metuljčki gredo v vas,
napijajo si rujne
pijačice iz čaš:

“Izpijmo ga, o bratci,
izpijmo ga do dna —
da ga ne bodo škratci
čez noč, ha-ha, ha-ha . . .”

Ves dol, ves vzduh trepeče,
Čez plan gre buden glas —
Kdo? — Veterček šepče:
“Kdo li je več kot jaz?”

Miroslav Kunčič.

Slovenci.

(Nadaljevanje.)

Slovenija v prazgodovinski in rimski dobi.

Preden nadaljujem s pripovedovanjem o naši slovenski preteklosti, je potrebno, da se ozremo tudi v tiste čase nazaj, ko je še prvotno prebivalstvo bivalo v naši domovini in je še Rimljan gospodaril v njej. Te čase imenujemo prazgodovinsko in rimsko dobo naše stare domovine.

Zgodovinski viri izpričujejo, da se je naseljevanje Slovencev v sedanjih pokrajinah pričelo šele proti koncu šestega stoletja po Kristusu, da so takrat prejšnji prebivalci bili premagani in se deloma izselili, deloma pa poslovenili in strnili z novimi priseljenci. Kaže se nam v tisti dobi popoln prevrat verskih in družabnih razmer, ki bi bil nemogoč, ako bi bilo isto prebivalstvo že preje v teh krajih. Zato moramo v zgodovini naših dežel ločiti dve dobi: dobo pred prihodom in po prihodu Slovencev.

O najstarejših časih in dogodkih slovenskih dežel nimamo pisanih poročil. Toda o čemur molčita knjiga in povest, o tem glasno govore izkopane posode, orožje in kinč, ki se v vedno večji množini dobivajo iz krila zemlje. — Mnogokrat zadene kmetovalec pri oranju ali prekopavanju svoje njive na starinsko orodje razne oblike, na bronaste obroče, sulice, nože, čelade. Ljudje pa pripovedujejo, da so tamkaj nekda prebivali "ajdje" in imenujejo take kraje "ajdovščina", "ajdovski grad" ali pa "gradišče"; tudi pravljice o zakletih kraljičinah in skritih zakladih rade nastanejo na takih skrivnostnih mestih.

Vse te starinske reči so ostanki nekdanjih prastarih prebivalcev slov. pokrajin in nam nudijo precej jasno podobo o njih življenju in delovanju. Starinoslovci, ki se bavijo s preiskovanjem in tolmačenjem takih izkopavin, pravijo, da je ni kmalu dežele na svetu, ki bi bila na njih tako bogata, kakor je naša slovenska dežela. O prazgodovinskih prebivalcih, ki so nekda bivali pri nas, pa pripovedujejo to-le:

Že dva tisoč let pred Kristusom so bile slovenske dežele naseljene z ljudstvom, kateremu ne vemo imena, ki je pa zapustilo

mnogo sledov svojega bivanja. Bil je malo izobražen, napol divji narod, ki je prebival v skalnatih duplinah ali na malih holmih poleg močvirja, ki so bili že po naravi utrjeni. Žita še ni poznal, niti domače živine, niti tkane obleke. Bil je lovski rod, čigar življenje je bil nepretrgan boj z divjimi zvermi. Glavno orožje mu je bil kamen, iz katerega si je napravil mlat ali kladivo, pa tudi kosti ubitih živali je znal porabiti za razno orodje in z njihovimi kožami si je odeva telo. Te čase, ko je še surov ali pa prosto obdelan kamen človeku služil za edino orodje, imenujemo kameneno dobo človeškega rodu.

Posebno zanimive prastare naselbine so mostišča ali stavbe na koleh, ki nam že kažejo višjo stopnjo izobrazbe tedanjega prebivalstva. — Pri izbiranju selišč so ljudje posebno pazili na to, da je bil kraj že po naravi utrjen in se je dal lahko braniti pred sovražnikom. Zato so v jezerih in plitvih rekah ne daleč od brega zabili v dno kole in položili čez nje mostove, na katerih so si postavili svoje kočje. Te kočje so bile lesene, večinoma okrogle, pokrite z deskami, slamo ali praprotjo. V tleh je bila na sredi napravljena odprtina, da so mogli zajemati vodo ali loviti ribe. Take naselbine na koleh so se našle na ljubljanskem barju blizu Iga, ob Ljubljani in v Cirkniškem jezeru, a bile so gotovo tudi drugod.

Ribištvo, lov, živinoreja so bila glavna opravila mostičarjev. Za obleko so jim služile živalske kože, iz kosti pa so napravljali raznovrstno orodje: kladiva, mlate, igle, iz zobov divjega merjasca zakrivljene nože. Žita menda še niso pridelovali; pač pa jim je služil v živež povodni orešek, čigar jedro je bilo močnato kakor kostanj. Tega so zmleli s kamni in si iz njega napravili kruh. Poznati so morali tudi že lan, ker se nahajajo v bližini mostišč pogosto vretenca in vički, ki se rabijo pri preji in celo ostanki cvirna ali preje. Precej razvito je bilo tudi lončarstvo. Vse posode so bile sicer napravljene z roko, pa vendar okusno ozaljšane z različnimi okraski. Posebno ljubko se kaže v teh ilovnatih izdelkih materinska ljubezen tedanjih

žena. Na ljubljanskem barju so namreč našli poleg mostišča veliko množico ilovnatih otroških igrač: malih posodic, vrčkov, ropotulj, ki imajo podobo ježa, sove, vretenca, in katere so matere svojim ljubljjenčkom obešale okoli vratu.

Koliko časa so se ohranile stavbe na koleh, ni mogoče natančno določiti. Nekateri starinoslovci sodijo, da se je pri nas okoli leta 1300. pred Kristusom končal ta način naseljevanja. Le to se jasno vidi, da je te naselbine uničil požar, bodisi, da je slučajno nastal ali pa so ga zanetili sovražniki.

Pet stoletij pozneje se nam razgrne popolnoma drugačna podoba. Naselbine prebivalstva niso bile več nastavljene na vodah, temveč na strmih, dobro utrjenih hribih, katere sedaj imenujemo gradišča. In ljudstvo, ki je bilo naseljeno v teh gorskih trdnjavah, ni poznalo le kamenja in živalskih kosti, temveč je znalo že iz raznih kovin, iz bakra, bron in železa izdelovati svoje orodje.

Prazgodovinskih gradišč imamo na Slovenskem vse polno. Najznamenitejša so na Kranjskem: Vače, Šmarjeta, Šmihel pri Hrenovicah; na Goriškem; Sv. Lucija pri Tolminu; na Koroškem: Rožek, Napoleonov vrh blizu Beljaka; na Štajerskem: Ruše, Negova. Nekatere teh naselbin so silno stare. Tisočletja je tu prebival rod, za rodom: od prvotnih kamenarjev pa do izobraženih, bojevitih Rimljanov.

Predmeti, ki se izkopujejo na teh krajih, so najraznovrstnejši. Iz vseh teh najdenih predmetov sklepamo, da je bilo ljudstvo, ki je prebivalo po naših gradiščih, mogočno in bojevito. Imelo je svoje poglavarje, ki so je vodili v bojih. Poznalo je živinorejo in poljedelstvo in je tudi že udomačilo konja za ježo in vprego. — Gradišča so podobna dobro zavarovanim trdnjavam. Na vrhu, sredi naselbine, na lepem ravnem pro-

storu, so imeli ljudje shranjeno svoje imetje, živila, tudi živino, ali pa je bilo tamkaj pokopališče. Okoli te središčne ravnine so se vrstili nasipi, včasih v več krogih. Debeli koli, zabiti v zemljo, med katere je bilo vpleteno protje, so služili nasipom v oporo. K tem močnim plotovom in nasipom so prislonili svoja stanovanja, lesene, na pol v zemljo vkopane in s prstjo pokrite koče.

Dočim nam izkopavine razgrinjajo dovolj jasno sliko življenja in delovanja prazgodovinskega prebivalstva na Slovenskem, nam pa vendar ne odgovore odločno na vprašanje: kateri narod pa je imel tisočletja v posesti naše dežele in kakšno je bilo njegovo ime? Zdi se, da je izza dobe mostišč in kamenarjev pa do Rimljanov tukaj prebivalo eno in isto prvotno prebivalstvo, ki je sicer napredovalo v gospodarstvu in izobrazbi, pa je vendar glede na narodnost ostalo bistveno neizpremenjeno. Skoraj vsi novejši starinoslovci prištevajo to ljudstvo Ilirrom, to je onemu mogočnemu narodu, ki si je že pred Rimljani ob Jadranskem morju ustvaril veliko kraljestvo, raztezajoče se daleč tja preko Istre in Dalmacije do albanskih gora, in o katerem poje pesnik: "Mogočen na morju Ilir'jan je bil, ko se je Rimec še ladje tesat učil." — Severni Iliri so se delili v mnoga plemena. Najznamenitejši izmed njih so Veneti, naseljeni po gornji Italiji, Istrijani, Japodi, stanujoči ob gornji Kolpi in po Krasu, Liburni v vzhodni Istri. Nad ilirske rodove so prišli okoli leta 380. pred Kristusom iz Galije (sedanje Francoske) bojeviteli Kelti, jih deloma premagali in se med njimi naselili. Keltom pripisujejo zgodovinarji Noričane na Koroškem, Karne ob koroško-beneški meji, Tavriščane na Kranjskem, Labotike ob Savi in Krki. Pa njih gospodstvo ni dolgo trajalo. Podjarmili so jih Rimljani.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



Razodetje.

Modrijan Kantičandra je počival ob potoku, se zamislil ter polagoma zadremal. V polsnu je poslušal ribo, ki je pripovedovala potoku naslednje:

"Vsak migljaj gospodarjev je poslušalo stotine sužnjev. Kar je rekel on sam, to je izvrševalo stotine sužnjev. Zahotel je, da mu je skuhala jed, se mu je skuhala takoj. Poskusil jo je in jo dal vreči psom. Mi sužnji pa smo jedli, ako je kaj ostalo njim. In bilo nas je na stotine, ki smo morali čakati, da se nasitijo psi. In če ni ostalo ničesar, nismo ničesar jedli. To gospodarja ni brigalo. Ako je kdo izmed nas onemogel, dal ga je odvesti v gozd, da pogine. In vselej je bilo ukazano sužnju, da je moral odvesti sužnja. Gorje, če bi se obotavljal ali pa prosil za nesrečneža. Ubiti je dal oba. Ukazal je sužnju in suženj je moral sužnja ubiti. Zakaj lastnoročno ni nikoli ubijal.

Nekoč, ko smo bili silno lačni in so naša telesa popolnoma oslabela, otroci naši pa umirali vsled gladu, sem rekel:

Sotrpini! Lica naša nam blede in roke se nam tresejo od slabosti. Zakaj, lačni smo. Prošnja otrok naših mi reže v srce, zakaj kruha prosijo, a ga nimamo, da bi jim ga dali. Vdrta so njih očesca in prozorne drobne ročice. Grem h gospodarju in mu porečem: Glej, gospodar, umirajo otroci naši in slabe naše moči. Daj nam in otrokom našim jesti, zakaj, delamo ti zvesto.

Bili pa so, ki so se ustrašili tega. Gladovali so, otroci so jim umirali od gladu, a so se ustrašili.

Rekli so:

'Ne hodi! V gozd te da odvesti in nas pretepe.'

Veliko je bilo v njih hlapčevstvo, da so se tako bali.

Kako naj pretepe vas in mene odpravi v gozd, da poginem, ako vi nočete?! Saj smo mi tisti, ki izvršujemo njegove ukaze. Kdo nas bo tepel, ako mi sami ne izpolnimo njegovega ukaza, in kako naj odidem v gozd, ako ukaza vi ne izpolnite? Ali ne vidite, da je njegov ukaz le takrat ukaz, ko ga izpolnite vi?

Pritrjevali so in se vseeno bali. Toliko je bilo njih hlapčevstvo.

Ali glad je silil. Zato so rekli: 'Idi!'

Stopil sem pred gospodarja in mu rekel:

'Gospodar! . . . Glej, težko delamo in zelo smo oslabili, ker smo lačni. Ukaži da se nasitimo.'

Hrbet mi je kazal, ko sem govoril. Ko se je obrnil, so mu gorele oči, kakor risu.

Vedel sem, da je končano.

Ukazal je in glej, vsi, ki so umirali od lakote in za katere sem prosil, so me privezali k deblu drevesa. Tak je namreč bil njegov ukaz. O, kako jih je znala združiti gospodarjeva volja zoper samih sebe. Njih lastna volja jih pa ni znala združiti. Zakaj, bili so resnično sužnji.

Zopet je ukazal gospodar.

Tedaj pa so zasikali jermeni in padali na moje golo telo brez usmiljenja.

"Silneje!"

In bili so silneje. Nekateri izmed njih so bili tako, da so se začeli potiti, kot da so delali na vrtu in plantažah, zakaj, mislili so, da se jih gospodar zato spomni bolj, kakor drugih.

Ko mi je viselo meso s telesa, kakor cunje, je ukazal, naj me odvežejo. Obležal sem na mestu.

Tisti, ki so me bili bolj, nego je ukazal, so posedli okrog mene in rekli glasno, da jih je gospodar slišal:

"Prav ti je! Zakaj pa vznemirjaš gospodarja!"

Bogataš pa, odhajaje, slišavši to, je velel, da se jim da jesti.

Ozrl sem se za njim in moj resničen "Jaz", tisti, ki je tudi v njem, mu je zaklical: "Sebe samega si dal pretepti."

Ni se obrnil. Le urneje je stopil čez prag. Tam pa je ukazal sužnji Majabi, naj mi umije rane. Vedel sem, da tega ni ukazal on, pepel, nego njegov večni "jaz".

Pogledal sem po tistih, ki so me bili. Tedaj sem spoznal, kaj zamore glad. Jedli so s pravcato požrešnostjo lačnih. Njih obrazi so bili topi, oči pa so se svetile v zverinski pohoti po večjem kosu. Mojega pogleda so se izogibali.

"Za ceno mojih bolečin jeste," sem po-

misli. Njim pa je postal naenkrat grižljaj grenak.

"Hočeš jesti," so rekli, a pogledali me niso.

"Zaslužili ste, jejte," sem rekel.

"Nismo radi," je rekel eden izmed njih.

— "Sam veš . . ." ukazal je.

"Sužnji smo in moramo ubogati," so rekli, kakor da so preslišali moje besede. "Gospodar je naš in kar ukaže, ti, suženj, ubogaj. Zakaj, ustvarjen je, da ukazuje, kakor si ustvarjen ti, da poslušáš."

"Ali on je vendar človek, kakor vi. Kdo mu je dal pravico, da ukazuje nad vami?"

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Buddha.

"Sami sebe ste bili," sem rekel.

Niso me razumeli.

"Meša se mu," so se spogledali. "Umi-ra."

Jaz sem pa povzel:

"Da, sami sebe ste bičali. Zakaj, vse kar boli mene, boli tudi vas."

Povesili so glave. Čutili so, da je nekje v teh besedah resničnost. Jaz pa sem govoril:

"Bil sem lačen . . . in tudi vi ste bili lačni. Še sedaj ste lačni, dasi vam je dal jesti. In vedno boste lačni, dokler vam bo dajal jesti človek-gospodar kot miloščino. Zakaj

bi mu ne povedal tega. Mi delamo, on po-
čiva. Nam se suši kri vsled vročine, on sedi
v hladni senci. In vsega ima v izobilju, mi
pa ničesar. In vendar on ni nič drugega ne-
go to, kar sem jaz in kar ste vi. Prah, ki ga
je zbrala večna volja "Jaz" kakor je zbrala
vašega in mojega in ga oživila z enakimi pro-
cesi in pojavi."

Sužnja, ki mi je obmivala rane, je po-
gledala po sužnjih:

"Strašno ste bili."

Povesili so glave od sramu.

Ona pa je govorila:

"Toliko vas je, pa ste bičali samo enega.

Eh, vi . . . Samo eden vam je ukazal in vsi
ste hiteli, da izpolnite njegov ukaz. Vas, ki
vas je na stotine, ustrahuje samo eden s po-
gledom in besedo . . . Vaše roke so dale mr-
tvemu ukazu življenje. Ej vi . . ."

Sužnji so molčali, moj jezik pa je spre-
govoril poslednje besede:

"Ti, Majabi, si spoznala resničnost. Ko
jo spoznajo vsi, ne bo več gospodarja, ne bo
več sužnjev. Takrat bo povsod — Človek."

Tako se je končalo moje človeško življe-
nje. — Pomnim še, ko sem gledal na svoje
razpadajoče telo, je prišel mimo gospodar.

Ustrašil se je žene, ki je sedela na mo-
jem pepelu. Njen skelet pa je zarožljajal:

Pokazala je na moj pepel in rekla:

"To le si!"

Tri dni ga je preganjalo to vprašanje,
nato pa ga je vtopil v jedi in pijači.

"Natančno tako je bilo," je pritrdil po-
tok. "Slasti življenja, tega mimoletkega
fantoma, so me držale, da nisem maral v
sužnju spoznati človeka. Zakaj, ako bi ga
poznal in priznal, zginile bi slasti in moje ro-
ke bi morale okusiti delo. Moral bi stopiti
od mize bogov in postati Človek."

Modrijan Kantičandra se je nato vzdra-
mil.

"Veliko razodetje si dal senci svoji, res-
ničen "Jaz", Duh, ki živiš v meni in v vsem
in ki si vesoljstvo," je rekel in šel, da pove
to resnico vsem svojim učencem.

"Indijska pravljica."

V POLETJU.

Vse zaspane,
vse zaspane
v sanjah kimate, poljane,
v noč zavite,
v črni halji skrite.

Vroči dnevi,
hudi dnevi:
smrtna kosa, smrtni spevi
prav nad vami,
ko se zora dramí.

Ej, bahate,
ve bahate,
sočne in bogate trate,
kje so danes vaši
pisani pajdaši?

Ej, ve cvetke,
trudne cvetke,
kje so vaše polne skledke,
kje medica
za čebele in slaščica?

Prebahavo,
previhravo
k solnčecu ste z bujno travo
ve hitele,
pa ste v smrt drevele!

Vroči dnevi,
hudi dnevi,
smrtna kosa, smrtni spevi
prav nad vami,
ko se svita za gorami.

A.



Bruno-Fr. Jordan:

Jurij Stephenson.

(Konec.)

III.

Stephenson pač ni mislil na to, da bi začetek svoje blaginje izkoristil za počitek, ampak mislil je zopet na to, da bi nadaljeval svoje učenje še z večjo vnemo. Kupil si je novih knjig, ki jih je čital ob večerih po svojem delu. Istodobno je poslal svojega malega Roberta v bližnje mesto v šolo. Ker se ni hotel od njega popolnoma ločiti in ker je bila pot v mesto predolga, mu je kupil osla. Robert, sedeč na svojem oslu, je odšel vsako jutro zgodaj s košarico za živila in s torbico polno knjig. Ko se je vrnil zvečer, sta oče in deček izdelovala naloge skupno. Robert je ponavljal svojemu očetu dragocene lekcije svojih profesorjev. Ta čudovit zgled ljubezni do učenja je sinu kazal, da je veda dragocena. Robert se je navduševal za delo in obožaval je očeta, ki mu je bil tako dober vodnik v življenju.

Četudi stari slepi oče ni mogel videti svojih obeh dragih otrok, vendar je preživel v njih sredi svojo starost v miru in sreči. Blaginja se je povrnila k delavni družini.

Stephenson se je vedno trudil, da bi odkril kako izpopolnitev strojev. V svoji hiši je imel majhno delavnico polno vsakovrstnih vzorcev (modelov) in po cele ure se je mudil pri njih, da jih je proučeval. Začel je izdelovati stroje in mnogo teh so uporabljali sosednji rudniki; delovali so čudovito.

Sedaj se loti Jurij svojega načrta, ki ga je imel že od svoje mladosti. Izrabil je vočeno paro za prevažanje tovorov. Posrečilo se mu je izdelati hlapni stroj — lokomotivo, ki mu je nadomeščala konjsko vprego in premerila daljavo z veliko večjo hitrostjo. Lokomotive so bile v tedanji dobi sicer že v rabi, toda ti stroji so bili jako pomanjkljivi in mogli so v eni uri premeriti le dve milj. Razen tega je tak stroj porabil preveč premoga in povzročal je grozen ropot, da se je živina plašila. Če se je prikazala čreda ali voz, so morali ustaviti grozni hlapec, da so se izognili nesreči.

Vse to je povzročalo mnogo nepravil in je tako oviralo hitrost prevažanja, da so stroji te vrste prišli ob vso veljavo. Stephen-

son je odpravil ta neznosni ropot in je povečal hitrost strojev. Toda ni se mu posrečilo, da bi kar hipoma uresničil svoj načrt, ki si ga je zasnoval že v svojih mladih letih.

IV.

Ko se je Stephenson pečal z izboljšavanjem lokomotive, ni zanemarjal dela v rudokopih. Sin rudarja in on sam rudar je pač vedel, da ni bolj mukepolnega in velikim nesrečam bolj izpostavljenega življenja, kakor je življenje rudarjevo. V rovih se nabirajo gorljivi plini, ki se ob goreči luči vnamejo in s strašnim pokom lahko pokopljejo delavce v rovih. V rovih je pa nemogoče delati brez luči. Ubogi rudarji so bili torej nekdanj izpostavljeni gotovi smrti, kadar je nastala "treskavica" na mestu, kjer so delali. Stephenson je že izdavnica mislil na to, kako bi odstranil to nevarnost.

Nekoč pride premogar ves prestrašen v Stephensonovo hišo in zakriči: "Ogenj je v zračni cevi!" Jurij skoči takoj na kraj nesreče. Žene in otroci se gneto prestrašeni ob vhodu v rov. Bila je smrtna nevarnost za onega, ki bi stopil v ogroženi rov. Stephenson se ne pomišlja: da se takoj spustiti v rov. Ko stopi pred prestrašene rudarje, zbrane na dnu rova, zavpije: "Če je med vami le šest pogumnih mož, da mi slede in pomagajo, obljubim vam, da zadušimo ogenj!" Miren in odločen glas Stephensonov oživi krepko voljo rudarjev.

Šli so brž na delo. Stephenson na čelu, držoč v roki zidarsko lopatico, da napravi zid pred gorečo cevjo. Ker zrak ni mogel več do plamena, je ogenj ugasnil. Vendar se je zadušilo nekaj ljudi in ko so spravili njih trupla iz rova, so obkolili Stephensona; imeli so brezmejno zaupanje v njegovo razumnost in preudarnost. "Oj," so mu rekli, "ali nimate sredstva, ki bi nas obvarovalo take nesreče?" — "Iščem ga," odvrne Stephenson. — "Tedaj hitite! Glejte!" pravijo rudarji, kazoč na trupla svojih tovarišev, "premog se da odkupiti le s krvjo rudarjev!"

Odslej išče Stephenson še z večjo vztrajnostjo sredstvo, da bi dovršil varnostno svetilko, čije plamen bi bil zavarovan proti tre-

skavici. Ni preostajalo nič drugega, kakor narediti nevaren poizkus. Stephenson se da spustiti na dno rova z izvežbanim delavcem in rudniškim mojstrom. Ta poslednji pelje Stephensona v rov, ki so ga delavci morali zapustiti zaradi morilnega plina, ki je vahal z ostrim žvižgom skozi razpoke. Rudniški mojster stopi v rov brez luči in vrnivši se trdi, da bi nastala strašna eksplozija, če bi se približal s kakršnokoli lučjo to bi bila smrt. Stephenson se nasmeje in reče: "Stopite na varen kraj, vstopim sam!" Mojster in delavec se postavita na varno mesto, tresoč se za Stephensonovo življenje. Ta pa kmalu izgine s svetilko v roki v globokih ovinkih rovov. Kakor hitro je stopil v tok dušljivega zraka, se je hipoma vzdignila luč svetilke; bilo je videti, da se bo priprava vnela. Nato se je plamen skočil in ugasnil. Stephenson se vrne k tovarišema in jima pove, kaj se je zgodilo.

Pet dni po Stephensonovem poizkusu je pokazal velik angleški učenjak Davy kraljevemu društvu v Londonu drugo varnostno svetilko. Ker je bil Davy sloveč učenjak, Stephenson pa le ubog delavec, je postala Davyjeva svetilka takoj sloveča.

V.

Stephenson se vrne k svojemu nekdanjemu opravilu: da izpopolni lokomotivo in izume železnico. Kolikor večji je bil Robert, toliko bolj se je udeleževal raziskavanj svojega očeta. Ne bomo si ogledali vseh poizkusov, ki sta jih morala narediti oba Stephenson, preden sta prišla do svojega namena. Povem le, da je preteklo od izuma varnostno svetilke pa do tistega časa, ko je Stephenson mogel pokazati uspeh svojega dela, celih 14 let trdega dela. Ker je delal raznovrstne poizkuse, so ga nekateri, ki niso razumeli njegovega dela, smatrali za blaznega.

Leta 1829 je angleška vlada razpisala nagrado za izumitelja lokomotive, ki bi vlekla veliko težo s hitrostjo treh milj na uro. Stephenson, ki je slednjič izvršil svojo velikansko nalogo, je oddal za tekmo lokomotivo, ki jo je imenoval "vreteno". Tekme se je udeležilo le pet oseb. Znamenje je bilo dano. Vreteno je teklo in videlo se je, da zasluži svoje ime, zakaj vleklo je dogovorjeno težo z brzino 6 milj na uro. Ko so mu odvzeli težo, je teklo z brzino deset milj. Štiri druge lokomotive so tekmovali z "vretenom", a niso izpolnile pogojev in izločili so jih.

Od tega dne je bila slava Stephensonova popolna. Danes so ga proslavljali tisti, ki so ga včeraj zbadali. Postal je predmet ljudskega ponosa. Slava nekdanjega rudarja ni imela tekmeča. Iz preprostega rudarja in rudniškega inženirja je postal železniški podjetnik. Prvo železnico je zgradil v svoji domovini. Nato je šel v Francijo, kjer je zgradil železnico Paris—Rouen in Marseille—Avignon. Pozneje je odšel v Belgijo, Italijo, Španijo in še celo v Egipt. Povsod so mu hvalo dolžni za zgradbo prvih železnic.

Jurij Stephenson je postal lastnik velikanskega imetja, ki si ga je pridobil s svojim delom. Ko se je čutil že preveč izmučenega, je pustil nadaljevanje svojemu sinu Robertu. Prenesel je svoje delovanje na dobrodelnostne ustanove. Za svoje delavce je ustanavljal šole, knjižnice, podporne blagajnice in hranilnice.

"Vztrajnost," tako jim je govoril, "me je spremljala pri vsakem mojem delu; brez te ne bi dosegel ničesar. Vkljub siromašnosti in vsem težavam, ki mi jih je povzročalo uboštvo, sem vztrajal pri učenju. Vztrajnost! Da, vztrajnost je premagala vse uboštvo. Če si jo hočete prilastiti, prijatelji moji, storila bo vam to, kar je storila meni: osrečila vas bo!"



M. B.:

Prstan.

(Po Pavlu Arndtu.)

Na kamenu, ki je bil gosto z mahom porasten, je sedela deklica, ki je pletla počasi in premišljeno debelo nogavico. Pot, ob kateri je bil kamen, je držala na velik odprt travnik in od tod dalje na visok hrib. Okrog in okrog so rasle lepo dišeče cvetice, sredi teh se je paslo jagnje z malim zvoncem na vratu. Vsak čas je priskakljalo dobrikuje se k deklici.

Po poti s hriba pride tujec, ki je imel čez ramo na zelenem traku privezano botanično skrinjico in v roki velik šop cvetic in gorskih listov.

Ko ugleda deklico, obstane in reče: "Poslušaj, mala, izgubil sem tu nekje svoj zlati prstan, ko sem trgal cvetke. Dolgo sem ga iskal, a najti ga nisem mogel. Ker mi je veliko lažje na tem, da zopet dobim prstan, ti darujem zlatnik, če mi prstan najdeš in prineseš. Svoj naslov pustim pri županu v vasi, kjer ga zveš, če najdeš prstan. Ali mi ga poiščeš?"

Deklica je sicer prenehala plesti, toda v tujca se ni ozrla, rekla pa je: "Ne, gospod, jaz ne morem iskati izgubljenega prstana, čakati moram tu, da pride pome moja stara mati. Toda," je dostavila, "toda hodijo vaši otroci nabirat jagod in ti vam gotovo radi poiščejo vaš prstan."

Nato je vzela zopet pletivo v roke ter nadaljevala prekinjeno delo. Tujec pa jo je gledal ter se ni mogel načuditi, da se tako ubožna deklica sramuje zaslužiti zlatnik. Zakimal je še z glavo ter odšel naprej. Ko je prehodil kakih sto korakov, je zapazil pred seboj gručo otrok, ki jih je slišala deklica že od daleč.

"Čujte, otroci," jih tujec nagovori, "hoče li kdo od vas zaslužiti zlatnik?"

"Da, da, da!" so kričali vsi vprek.

"No," je nadaljeval, "iščite moj zlati prstan, ki sem ga izgubil tu nekje na trati, ko sem trgal cvetice. Kdor ga najde, dobi cel zlatnik. Moje ime in moj naslov dobite pri županu v vasi."

Družina se je razpršila na vse strani kakor jata vrabcev. Vsak bi bil rad srečen,

zato je vsak pazno iskal za vsakim lističem, za vsakim šopom trave.

Deklica je še vedno sama sedela na kamenu ter pletla. Od časa do časa je poklicala jagnje, boječ se, da bi se ne oddaljilo preveč. Zapazila ni, da se je solnce že skrilo za hribe, niti zvezd ni videla, ki so se polagoma užigale druga za drugo, ampak mirno je sedela ter pletla dalje. Šele ko je slišala težko dihanje in udar palice ob cestno kamenje, je zvila polagoma nogavico ter čakala, da se ji je približala stara žena, ki je prilezla počasi po strmi poti, opirajoč se ob palico. Deklica je vstala ter zaklicala: "Dober večer, stara mamica!"

"Dober večer, Anica!" je odgovorila stara žena, prijazno prišla deklico za roko, in obe sta odšli počasi proti domu.

"Bila sem pridna," je rekla spotoma deklica, med tem ko je zvončkljal za njima janček. "Veste, danes je bil tu neki tujec," je nadaljevala deklica, "ki mi je ponujal zlatnik, če mu najdem zlati prstan, ki ga je izgubil na travniku."

"Cel zlatnik!" se je začudila starka.

"Da, cel zlatnik," je zagotavljala deklica in vprašala: "Ali ste že kdaj videli zlatnik, stara mama?"

Starka je malo pomislila in rekla nato: "Pred davnim, davnim časom. Mi ubožci nimamo toliko denarja skupaj."

"Oh, če bi imela zlatnik!" je vzkliknila Anica, "kaj bi si vsega lahko kupili, ali ne? Toda, žal, jaz ne morem iskati prstana."

"Ubogi otrok!" je vzdihnila starka.

"Zdaj se vračajo oni otroci, ki so ga iskali," je rekla Anica ter postala.

Nato je prišla mimo otroška družba s polnimi lonci jagod.

"Ste li našli prstan?" je vprašala Anica. Toda odzval se ji ni noben veseli "da". Vse iskanje je bilo brezuspešno.

Drugega dne je odvedla stara mati Anico zopet na travnik, kjer je dobivalo jagnje vedno dovolj hrane, toda na drugo stran, ki ni še bila popasena. Anica je sedla v senčnat kotiček ter pričela plesti. Od časa do

časa je poklicala jagnje k sebi, ki je vselej veselo priskakljalo ter ji devalo svojo kuštravo glavico na kolena. Deklica se mu je posebno polaskala, da mu je natrgala dišečih zelišč in dajala jesti iz roke. Hipoma začuje, da so se dotaknili jančkovi zobje nečesa trdega. Potipala je in začutila nekaj majhnega, okroglega. Kaj more to biti? Trgajoč zelišča krog svojega sedeža, je ujela tudi mali okrogli predmet. Ali ni to prstan?

"Prstan!" je pomislila Anica, trepetajoč samega veselja; "vsi so ga iskali, pa niso ga našli, jaz ubožica naj bi ga pa dobila! Če je res tako, se imam zahvaliti le svojemu jagnjetu, svojem južančku. O, da bi bila vsaj stara mati tu!"

Spravila je prstan v žep ter veselo poljubljala svoje jagnje.

Pletoč je premišljevala, česa si bo vsega lahko kupila stara mati za zlatnik, ki si ga zasluži z najdenim prstanom. Ali je pa tudi res prstan? Oni zlati, toliko iskani prstan? Da bi vsaj stara mati že prišla, da bi že bil večer! Pozabila je celo pojesti svoj stari, suhi kruhek, ki ga je imela v žepu.

Končno je solnce vendar zašlo in nežen, dehteč hlad je vel okolo deklice. Mrak je že padel na zemljo, a Anica je pletla dalje, dokler ni slišala stare matere in udarcev njene palice, ob katero se je opirala.

"Stara mati, stara mamica!" je kričala deklica, tresoč se razburjenosti. "Prstan, našla sem prstan! Poglejte, če je zlat!" in pomolila je stari materi, kar je našla.

Začudena je vzela starka mali obroček v roko. "Rumen je in lahko da je zlat. Vprašali bova župana," je dejala stara mati. "Ali kako si ga mogel najti, ti moj ubogi otrok?"

Ko sta šli proti vasi roko v roki, za njima pa jagnje, je pripovedovala Anica, kako ji je prišel po čudovitem naključju prstan v roko, ko je trgala zelišča za jagnje.

Ko si je župan ogledal prstan, je rekel, da je pravi, da je res to oni zaklad tujega moža in da se srčno veseli, ker je baš uboga, mala Anica bila tako srečna, da ga je našla. Povedal je starki ime in stanovanje tujčeve, in drugega dne sta šli stara mati in Anica v svojih prazniških oblekah v bližnje veliko mesto. Dolga pot je bila za starko sicer težavna, vendar misel na izdatno plačilo ji je

dajala novih moči. — V mestu sta kmalu našli tujčeve stanovanje, saj je župan napisal natančni naslov. — Ko sta povedali, po kaj sta prišli, so jima rekli, naj počakata.

Čez nekoliko časa se odpro vrata in prikaže se tujec, ki je nosil onega dne botanično skrinjico. Anica je takoj spoznala njegov glas.

"Gospod," je rekla starka, "moja vnučinja je našla prstan, ki ste ga izgubili v naših hribih." In deklica je držala prstan med svojimi prsti.

"Res, moj prstan!" je vzkliknil tujec, vzjel prstan in si ga nataknil na prst. "Toda," je dejal, ko si je Anice ogledal natančneje, "to je ona mala deklica, ki ni imela tedaj časa, da bi iskala prstan. Našla si ga pa vendarle." To rekši, vzame denarnico in pomoli Anici zlatnik.

"Ne vidi," je rekla stara mati; "moja vnukinja je slepa."

"Slepa?" je vzkliknil tujec, "od kdaj pa?" In stisnil je Anici zlatnik v roko.

"Oh, odkar živi," je dejala žalostno starka. "Zaradi tega in ker se je smrtno ponesrečil njen oče, je umrla njena mati za srčno boleznijo. Vzela sem otroka k sebi in ga odgojila. Četudi je slepa, sem jo vendar naučila plesti, in otrok plete prav pridno, medtem ko se jagnje pase poleg nje. Tako je tudi našla prstan, ko je trgala zelišča za jančka."

"Ali niste nikdar vprašali nobenega zdravnika zaradi njenih oči?" je vprašal tujec.

"Zdravnika!" je vzkliknila starka, "to ni za nas uboge ljudi in tu ne more pomagati noben doktor."

"No," pravi tujec, "jaz sem zdravnik za oči in sem ozdravil že mnogo slepih. Morebiti je dobro, da je prav ona našla prstan in se tako srečala z menoj."

"Toda . . ." zajecelja žena boječe.

"Toda," ji je segel tujec v besedo, "zaradi stroškov si ne delajte skrbi. Jaz zdravim uboge ljudi zastonj. Sicer vam pa lahko povem takoj, ali je otroku mogoče pomagati ali ne. Pridi z menoj!" Prijel je dekličino majhno, od solnca ožgano roko ter jo odvedel iz sobe.

Ko je prešlo četrť ure in je bila starka že vsa nemirna in razburjena, sta se oba vrnila v sobo.

"Stara mati, stara mamica!" je vzklikala deklica veselo, "izpregledala bom!"

"Kaj res, videla boš?" je vprašala starka.

"Prav gotovo!" je potrdil zdravnik; "če mi pustite otroka tu, vam obetam, da izpregleda."

Stara mati je sklenila roki in solze so se ji vllile iz starih oči: "Kakšna sreča, kakšna sreča! Da bi bila to doživela njena mati!"

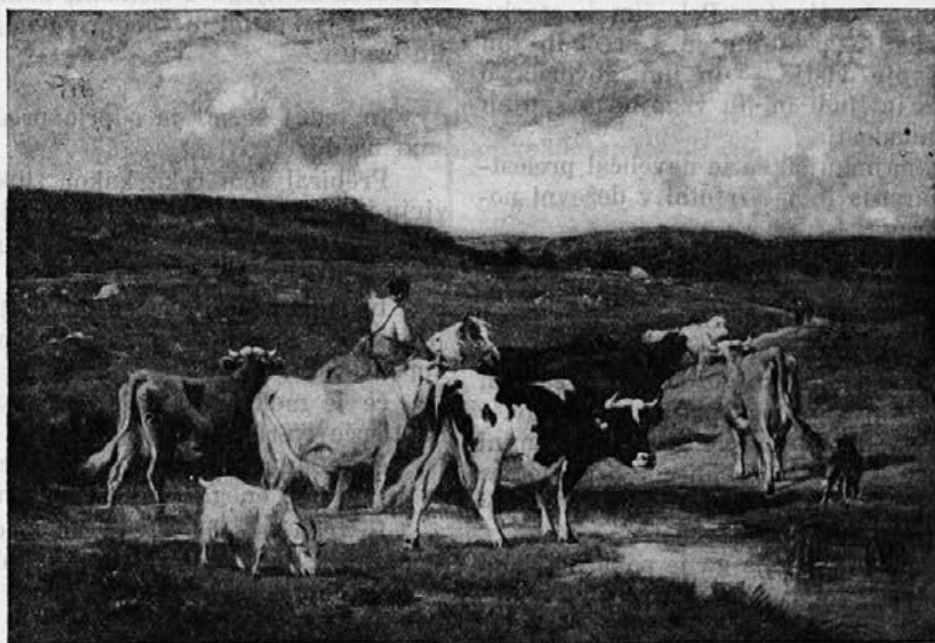
Anica ni šla s svojo staro mamico v vas domov, ampak je ostala pri človekoljubnem zdravniku.

Ko je prišla starka zopet v mesto, je bila operacija že izvršena in je srečno uspela. Anica je prvič v življenju zrla v obraz svoje ljube stare matere.

Treba je pa bilo še dolgega negovanja, previdnega in vestnega zdravljenja, kar pa je Anica našla v hiši svoje dobrotnika v obilni meri. Slednjič je zapustila zdravnikovo hišo s presrečno hvaležnostjo. Dolga noč, v kateri je živela od rojstva, je sedaj minila.

Anica je gledala sedaj lepi božji svet, katerega lepoto je prej samo slutila. Plemeniti in človekoljubni zdravnik, ki je imel mali, zlati prstan vedno rad, ga je imel odslej še rajši, ker mu je bil povod, da je dal videti ubogemu, slepemu otroku!

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Na paši.

TOŽEČE DREVCE.

Kmet privezal h kolu
mlado je drevo,
drevcu pa po volji
nič ni bilo to.

"Oh, kako me grozno
stiskajo vezi;
meni res živeti
v teh okovih ni!"

Toževanje milo
kmet je slišal to,
pa odvezal zopet
mlado je drevo.

A vihar prihruje,
drevce k tlom podre;
zdaj gorje, drevesce,
tebi je šele! Janko Leban.

Žarko Arnšek:

Zgodba o godičih in upornikih.

(Tistim, ki ste šolo dovršili.)

Pogledal sem skozi vejevje v gnezdo sokolov:

Dva sta odpirala kljunčke in sta objestno prhutala s perutnicami, starka je čebljala opomine in stari je godel na porobku svojo svarilno popevko.

In tedaj sem slišal kraj sebe glas vibrirajoče vijoline in sem razložil višino in padec tonov in besede sem vjel:

Trije so bili, ki jih je stara rodila, trije so bili, ki jih je vzljubila; trije so bili, ki jih je pitala in jih je vse tri v sanje vzibavala. Dva sta bila nebogljenata junaka in tretji je bil junaško nebogljenče. Pela jim je starka rajsko melodijo, pela jim je o sreči in jim žebljala svoje vizije — in jim govorila o zlobi sveta in ljudi in jih vzgojila v sanjah prešerne mladosti.

Eden, najmanjši, se je naveličal prelestnega sanjarenja in je sfrfotal v deževni noči preko praga.

Strah je objel majko sokolico in z vriščem je zbudila brata sokola in sta vzplavala preko dreves iskat ubežnika.

Zakrivala jima ga je neprodinra šuma in sta letela daleč preko gozdov gora, zavitih v somrak, in preko močvirnatih travnikov.

Žalostno so jima brlele oči v nočni tmini ob vračanju in dolga je bila noč brez deteta upornika, ki je sfrčal iznad materinih čarobnih pravljič v burno resničnost.

In drugo jutro jima ga je pokazalo solnce:

Prebrisanec.

Bilo je med vojno. Oče je bral časopis, mati je pletla za vojake nogavice, sestra je šivala za ranjence, bratec Marko pa bi se moral učiti zemljepis. Toda Marko je predstavljajal svinčene vojake po zemljevidu iz enega dela sveta v drugi del. — "Zakaj se ne učiš?" ga vpraša mati in dostavi resno: "Samo igral bi se." — "I kaj bi se učil zaman," odvrne deček; "oče pravi, pa tudi drugi govorijo, da se bo po vojni zemljevid izpremenil. Torej je najbolje, da počakam z učenjem, dokler ne sklenejo miru."

Kako je s kljunčkom hrepenel v toplo gnezdece in je ležal brez perutnic v ostudnem blatu, plen močeradov in vodnih ptic.

Stara ga je vzdignila med kremplji, ga objela z mehkim perjem in ga nesla v topel dom, da bi mu vrnila življenje.

Bratca sta ga sprejela s prešernim vreščanjem in sta mu zapela ob pogrebu zeleno pesem škodoželja.

Očka sokol se je stisnil v grmovje in je sam zase ščebetel: Mati te ni naučila spoznavati svet, zato si šel sam vanj, premlad in nepoučen za njegove zlokobne zanke in si se vjel. Boljši si bil in vendar revnejši od svojih bratov.

*

In tedaj se mi je odprlo pred očmi pismo usode:

Prebiral sem črke kakor tipke na klavirju in sem se znašel med sokoliči na parobku materinega gnezda in sem jih gledal, kako odletavajo.

Ljubezen jih je vzgojila v ljubezni, ni jih naučila sovraštva in so kakor poleno med kopico sekir;

če je mokro, se upira in ga razkoljejo na tisoče iveri;

če je suho, ga vzpalijo in zgori, da ogreje mrzle ude enega samega bohotneža.

In tedaj se mi je zarosilo oko in voščil sem jim iz srca, tem mladim sokoličem:

Srečno pot! —

Naravoslovje.

Francek je prišel iz šole ter je pravil očetu o živalih, ki v marsičem prekašajo človeka. To pa očetu ni hotelo v glavo. Tedaj je sedla pred njiju muha na mizo.

"Ali jo vidite," mu je sinček pokazal na živalco, "kako si mane sprednji nožici? Prav tako si mane človek roki po dobro uspelem delu! Zdaj se gladi po zadnjih nogah — kakor človek, kadar ga nekaj vgrizne. No, sedaj je dvignila nogi ter ju je prekrižala na hrbtu — tega pa noben človek ne more storiti . . ."

Naš kotichek.

Uganke.

15.

Besedna uganka.

Besede pomenijo:

soglasnik;

kačo;

žuželko;

del voza;

samoglasnik;

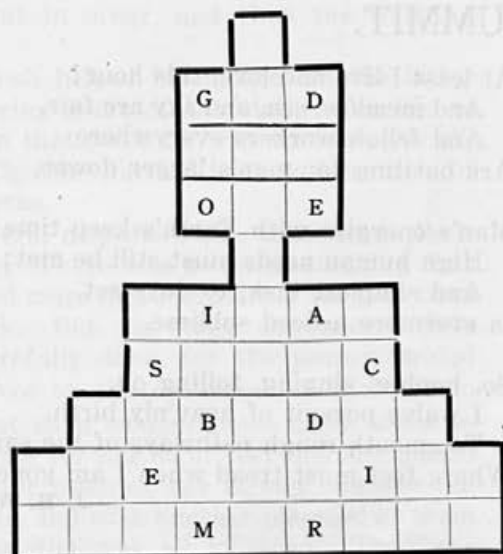
rokodelca;

ribo;

hrošča (ki uničuje smrekove gozdove);

prirodno silo;

bojno ladjo, ki plava pod morjem.



Po sredi od vrha dol čitaj znan pregovor!

16.

Vzemi štirištevlično število, pri katerem so ednice manjše kot tisočice. Prištej isto število v obratnem številčnem redu (n. pr. 5342, obratno 2435), odštej od te svote diferenco obeh števil. Deli rezultat z 2. Kaj dobiš?

* * *

Rešitve ugank.

13.

Po nogah.

14.

Letelo je 36 gosi.

* * *

Rešilci.

Obe so rešili:

Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill.
 Louis Droblich, Lloydell, Pa.
 Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.
 Josephina Rodica, Greensboro, Pa.
 Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.
 Fannie Langerholz, West Newton, Pa.

Po eno so rešili:

Julia Kern, Export, Pa.
 Dorothy Britz, Export, Pa.

Frank Petkovšek, Waukegan, Ill.
 Karolina Melich, Export, Pa.
 Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

*

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa., je pravilno rešila uganko št. 12, a je prišla njena rešitev prepozno za zadnjo številko.

Dopis.

Cenjeni urednik!

Gotovo že mislijo bratci in sestrice, da nisem več med živimi, ker se v Mladinskem Listu oglašam tako poredko. Še sem med živimi, zato bom poskusila rešiti teh par ugank. Tiste koze, ki jih je farmar kupil, so prišle, če se ne motim, po parkljih. Druga je malo težja, pa mislim, da bode moja rešitev pravilna, če rečem, da je letelo 36 gosi.

Pozdrav!

Josephine Rodica, Greensboro, Pa.

Draga! Uganki si obe pravilno rešila. Zanimiva je tudi uganka, ki si jo Ti poslala. Če bo mogoče, jo v kratkem priobčim. Pozdravljena, pa kmalu se zopet oglasi.—Ur.



JUVENILE



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AT THE SUMMIT.

ALL wearied in the search for truth,
Nor ever nearer to the goal,
I turn the magnet from the Pole
And laugh once more as loud as youth.

O human heart! insatiate
To solve the secret of thy birth
And know thou shalt survive the earth!—
Though centuries still baffled wait!

Enfranchised from the vain pursuit
I greet with joy each breaking day,
And when the sunset fades in gray
Make melody with voice and lute.

At least I live and love, this hour!
And meadow, sea, and sky are fair,
And fellow-workers everywhere
Are battling for man's larger dower.

Man's energies with Earth's keep time;
High human needs must still be met;
And simplest task, to duty set,
Is evermore a deed sublime.

So, hoping, singing, toiling on,
I waive pursuit of heav'nly birth,
To smooth rough pathways of the earth
Where feet must tread when I am gone.

—J. H. West.

MY APPLE TREE.

I HAD a lovely apple
With great big golden seeds,—
I dropped them carelessly about
Among the sun-dried weeds.

'Twas such a luscious apple,
I ate right to the core,
Then just before I threw it down
I found one big seed more.

I saved that seed and planted it
In mother's garden plot;
I watched it grow, and watered it
When summer days were hot.

And now it is Next Summer,
And, true as true can be,
That tiny seed has grown until
It is a baby tree.

And Mother says that some day
I'll find that tree has grown
As big as those a farmer has,
With apples of its own.

I'm glad I had that apple,—
It's wonderful to know
That planting even one small seed
Will make a big tree grow!

—Louise Martin.



Clara Vostrovsky Winlow:

In Dalmatia.

The favorite sister of Milosh's mother Militza, whose home was in the neighboring sister state of Dalmatia, was to be married, and all of Milosh's family planned to go to the wedding. First, however, the home had to be put in order, and then the washing done.

Milosh helped his mother in the latter by carrying some of the clothes for her to a stream that made its way through the village. Then he hurried back to take care of little Zorka.

Several neighbors also came to do their washing. There was so much chatting that it seemed more like a gathering for play than for work. But the latter was nevertheless very carefully done, for the women prided themselves on the snowiness of their linen.

First each woman chose a big stone in the stream for her own. On this she placed piece after piece of her strong home-woven garments, and with another pounded at them until the dirt was all loosened. Then she rinsed the clothes several times in the running water, and, finally, spread them in the green grass to bleach and dry.

In the meantime Milosh was trying his best to make Zorka properly appreciate the great treat in store for them. "We're going, oh, so very far!" he said again and again.

"We going," repeated Zorka, clapping her little hands and gazing wonderingly up at her big brother.

It was a beautiful day early in June when they started. Many relatives and neighbors had come over to wish them luck. Some of them had never themselves been more than a dozen miles from home.

"Sbogom" (good-bye), and "Do vidjenja" (until we meet again), they shouted after them.

The way was through forests and valleys rich in snowdrops, violets, and other flowers, until they crossed the boundary into Dalmatia, the narrow state bordering the Adriatic Sea.

Here for a long way the country was a mass of hills, many of them a gray lava,

which at times glistened in the sunlight like silver.

"Why, mother," said Milosh, disappointed; "there's nothing here but sagebrush and rocks, and rocks and sagebrush."

"Wait!" said his mother, smiling. "You'll soon see something different."

And sure enough, before many hours they were in the midst of more green vegetation and more bright flowers than the boy had even seen before. Instead of gray lava, the hillsides were now covered with vines and trees and shrubs. There were locusts, flowering aloes, giant plane trees, oleanders with pink and white blossoms, magnolias.

It was already the second morning of their journey when they reached this section, and they still had a long way to go to the home of Uncle Josip Glubitich, for he lived in the ancient city of Ragusa, or rather Dubrovnik, as the Slavic-speaking people call it.

But at sunset, the city, under the bare limestone mass of Mt. Sergio, lay before them. Its towers and mediaeval walls, jutting out into the Adriatic Sea, were bathed in the rosy brightness of a magnificent sky.

Milosh uttered an exclamation of delight. This view exceeded even his expectations of the beauty of the place fostered by his mother, who missing its charm in her newer Croatian home, often talked to him of it as a city of romance and enchanting history.

How happy the mother, or "majka", as the children called her, looked! She was so full of smiles and gay remarks that Milosh could not help taking hold of her hand and patting it, while Zorka cuddled up close to her.

"Dubrovnik never was conquered," she told the children. "But that is not the finest thing in its history. The finest thing is the fact that at one time it offered a sanctuary to refugees of all nations, even to those who had been its worst enemies." And oh, how proudly she looked when she said this!

"Our teacher once called it the 'Slavonic Athens.' Why was that?" Milosh questioned.

The mother thought a moment. "I think it must be," she said, "because there was a great and early development here of Jugoslav art and literature."

They were entering one of the gates of the city, with frowning bastions and a mediaeval watch tower. Many people were going through on foot at the time. Some of the men had on red caps, others wore fezzes; some had vests embroidered in gold, short red jackets and full blue trousers. A young woman, carrying a basket, had a short, full, finely pleated skirt edged with intricate embroidery, a bright kerchief tied behind on her head, thick white stocking, and low shoes, evidently home-made.

It would be impossible to describe all the varied costumes they saw, for people came to Dubrovnik not only from all the neighboring villages, but also from other Slavic-speaking States. There were very tall and stalwart Herzegovinians on the street, noble looking men from Montenegro, a more delicate type from Slavonia, and Mohammedan Slavs from Bosnia. It came to be one of Milosh's pastimes during his stay in the beautiful city, to try to distinguish these different peoples, all of whom spoke his own language.

They passed along the wide handsome main street, where the shops are very fine, with their filigree gold and silver ornaments, their oriental ware, gay carpets and embroideries, and other things.

Parallel to the main street is the Prijeki, a long and very narrow street with tall houses on each side. It was in one of these, one with an overhanging balcony, that "majka's" brother lived.

"Welcome, welcome, dear ones!" called out Josip Glubitich, as soon as they arrived. "We've been looking for you." And he spread out his arms to embrace as many as possible.

Soon every one felt at home, while "majka" went right into the kitchen to help in the preparation of supper.

What a fine supper it was! There was "kisela chorba," a chicken soup with lemon juice; "guivetch," which is stewed lamb with potatoes, rice, tomatoes, and onions; a delicious bread shortened with pure olive oil;

home-made plum jam; and coffee with whipped cream.

The wedding was a splendid affair; and when it was over, Milosh's uncle would not let them depart without seeing some of the most noted sights of the old picturesque city.

The Rector's palace, "a poem in stone" some one has called it, was visited, and then a lovely fountain where Milosh and Zorka enjoyed feeding the pigeons, and watching Ragusan women fill their drinking vessels.

The next day they went on an excursion to the old domain of Count Gozze, at Cannosa, for Uncle Josip wanted them to see some giant plane trees whose age no one seemed to know.

"They make me feel as if I were only two feet tall!" exclaimed Milosh, as they were having refreshments under the largest tree, whose trunk, where it comes up from the ground, measures twenty-five paces around, and whose big branches spread out in all directions.

There were other beautiful trees on the estate, of which the orange and magnolia were in bloom, and there were hedges of flowering cactus, about which bees and butterflies hovered, while below the height on which the villa stands, could be heard the ceaseless murmuring of the sea.

Watching a fishing craft in the distance, Milosh remarked: "My, I wish I was out in a boat like that, seeing what I could catch!"

He did not know how promptly his wish was to be granted.

THE ADRIATIC.

Among the frequent guests at the home of Josip Glubitich, was Andrija Yankovich, the wealthy retired owner of a number of fishing vessels. He wanted to help entertain his friend's relatives, and, guessing Milosh's desire, invited the boy to take a trip on the Adriatic Sea with him.

"The Italians think they own this sea," he remarked, "but we've got some rights there too."

"It's a great honor," his mother told Milosh, as she gave her consent. "You must try to learn all you can, so that the Captain will be pleased with you."

Early next morning they started, going first to the south, where the deepest water is found. The clear blue-green sea was very calm. It moved only enough for its waves to dash lightly against the shore.

As they sailed around, Captain Yankovich related stories of the terrible northeast wind, called the "bora," and of sudden squalls

was saved, but many of his soldiers and crew were drowned."

As the Captain enlarged thus on the dangers of the "bora," they turned and made their way among the many long, narrow islands, to the Bocche di Cattaro (Kotor), where high mountains descend directly into the water. The waves beat so furiously at

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On the Dalmatian Coast.

that occur in winter and make navigation very dangerous.

"It was here," he said in his deep full voice, that made Milosh think of the ocean, "that an English king, called Richard of the Lion Heart, was once shipwrecked. He had come victorious from the Asia, but although he had conquered the Moslems he could not conquer the wind and storm. He

the entrance to this winding, magnificent inlet, that Milosh could not help remarking: "They don't want us to enter, do they?"

But they did enter, passing through five gulfs joined by narrower channels, with interesting towns on the shores. At one of these, a group of peasants who had come down from the mountains with their loaded donkeys waved at them. They looked very

odd; for some of the men were twice as big as the animals on which they were seated, and their feet almost dragged on the ground. It was no wonder that one donkey after another opened his mouth to complain.

They soon left this scene far behind, and finally their boat came into one of the finest natural harbors in all Europe.

"Now here I'm going to let you do something you'll love," said the Captain. "I'm going to let you go on a real fishing trip."

Milosh jumped into the air and gave a shout. "Oh, how good you are!" he exclaimed. "But what'll mother say if we don't get back tonight?"

"That'll be all right," returned his kindly guide. "I whispered the possibility into your father's ear as we left, and he'll explain."

So they wandered among the wharves until late afternoon, when a boat owned by the Captain, with excited Milosh aboard, set out,—for the fishing had to be done at night.

The fishermen proved pleasant companions. They told Milosh much regarding the sardine. It would soon be time for them

to spawn, they said, when they would migrate toward the land, but stop some distance from shore. The men sang and joked, too, until they came to their fishing station, where they anchored, and all became quiet. A lamp was now fixed to the side of the boat.

"The light will bring sardines to the surface," one of the fishermen told the boy, "and then we can get them."

And oh, how many they had to show when they returned!

"You brought us good luck," grinned one of the men, as Milosh pointed out the glistening fish to the Captain, who seemed to have known just when they would return, and was waiting for them. "Come with us again."

"I know lots about the sardine," Milosh confided to Captain Yankovich, anxious that he should see that he had profited by the treat. "They haven't any teeth, and they're about seven and half inches long when they are full grown, at least that's the size of those near here, and their eggs are buoyant, and there are, oh, so many other kinds of fish in the Adriatic Sea!"

The Red Buck.

By Clarence Hawkes.

In Red Buck, the Renegade Pack found a foe of mettle they had never known.

Now in his fifth year, five days before the open season, Red Buck was the largest, proudest buck in the Berkshires. A king among the Virginia deer of New England with his large, shapely antlers, dark, fiery eyes and clean-cut face.

Much is said and written about four hundred pound bucks but they are rarely seen. Red Buck was a prize that any hunter might well have been proud of. He probably weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, which is a very large buck. His coat was a glossy, reddish brown, with the red predominating, so that in some lights he really looked red. He was deep chested and powerful. His hind quarters were heavy,

and the muscles on his rump were wonderful to look upon.

When he ran, his muscles slipped so easily under the hide that it looked as though all of his splendid mechanism were oiled and greased. Altogether he was a wonderful running machine, one of the best ever designed by nature. So it was a rather remarkable undertaking that the Renegade Pack assayed when it undertook to run Red Buck down. But they were hungry and his three hundred pounds of deer meat looked good to them.

The Renegade Pack were five outlaw dogs. They had gotten in badly with the Berkshire farmers by their depredations as sheep killers. In fact, that was what had made them outlaws. They were led by a

large collie whose name, when he had been a respectable dog, was Shep. The collie is only a generation or two removed from the wolf, so he will slip back into the wolf state more readily than any other dog. Put a collie pup in a den of wolves and in the autumn this full-blooded dog will be hunting with the wolf pack just like one of them.

The Renegade Pack had formed the wolf habit of hunting in a pack. They hunted rabbits and foxes and always caught their quarry if it did not hole. They had also hunted sheep and calves and made many raids on chicken coops, although this was not really in their line.

The largest of the pack was a half-blooded Newfoundland and Siberian blood hound named Bruiser, weighing perhaps seventy pounds. The rest of the pack were two hounds of doubtful breeding and a bulldog named Towser. He it was who always came in at the kill and got a death grip and did not let go until the fun was over.

The Renegade Pack started Red Buck on Wednesday morning, five days before the open season. He had often seen them either alone or in the pack and he despised them, one and all. They were a lot of mongrels. They could not catch him and if they did he could fight them all to a standstill, so Red Buck did not worry much when the pack started him. He just trotted along in front of them keeping well out of their way, but not paying much attention to them. They would soon discover that he was not their sort of game and let him alone.

If Red Buck did not hurry for the pack, neither did the pack seem inclined to hurry him, but they kept him on the move. They spread out in a fan shape, with the hounds on either wing and Bruiser in the middle. Shep, Bruiser and Towser all ran by sight, and the hounds on the wings would pick up the scent if they lost sight of their big game. For the first two or three hours Red Buck thought it more of a joke than a real dead earnest race for life, something that was annoying but not serious. If he stopped to browse they were sure to catch up with him when Shep would begin barking. This so annoyed him that he would at once leave his browse and trot away to another birch. But

all birches were alike to the pack and the great deer would not sooner begin nibbling at the tender twigs than he was admonished by Shep's sharp barking to move on. After about three hours Red Buck decided that he would lie down for a spell in a thick clump of spruce. He was no sooner ensconced in a comfortable bed of dead leaves than the pack appeared. Three heads were thrust out from as many hiding places in the thicket and three pairs of sinister eyes glared through the semi-gloom at him. As though this was not enough, Shep set up his highkeyed barking and old Bruiser a deep baying. Then a fit of rage came over Red Buck. He sprang to his feet and with an angry snort charged at them.

But he could not charge in three directions at once, so he selected old Bruiser upon whom to vent his rage. But the dog ran into some thick cover and soon eluded him. Just as Red Buck lost sight of the big dog he felt a sharp twinge in his leg just below the gambrel joint. This was getting serious. He wheeled sharply just in time to see Shep slip between two trees and out of his reach. The dog with his wolf cunning had struck for the deer's large ligament seeking to hamstring him. Six inches higher and he would have accomplished his design.

Red Buck was quick to recognize this great danger so he broke from cover to the open fields and he did not allow himself to be caught in this way again.

Still snorting and boiling with rage, and with the slight wound on his shank reminding him that he had no mean adversaries to face, Red Buck adopted a new policy. He would show these mongrels a bit of speed.

It would be an easy matter to put a few miles between himself and them and they would probably tire of the chase once they saw how fleet he was. So he galloped away like the wind and the last he saw of the pack that afternoon they were forty rods behind, following persistently. He ran steadily for three hours. He skirted the entire Hoosac Mountain, swam the Housatonic River three times and did what he could in other ways to muddle up his trail for the Renegade Pack. When he at last felt free he put in half an hour browsing and then lay down to

rest, this time in an opening in the woods where he could watch from all sides. To his great disgust at the end of the fourth hour he heard the hounds baying in the distance and in another half hour the entire pack were up with him. They did not approach too close, but circled about baying and yelping. With an angry snort Red Buck sprang up and charged them. First at this dog and then at that one, but the wary canines always kept close to cover and dodged behind trees and turned sharp corners.

After several futile charges he gave up this mode of attack and made for the Great Bear Swamp. That thick cover had always been his stronghold and he thought it would save him now. He did not think the pack would follow him there. Man never had.

The Great Bear Swamp was the most hopeless morass in western Massachusetts. It was rather densely timbered for a swamp, with larches, balsams, soft maples and osier, with a great growth of laurel. But the ground was rather treacherous, for it was interlaced with dark patches of water covered with green moss. Red Buck knew all these bogs and he carefully avoided them. He had learned them through many a sad flounder in their depths. It was a swamp that few hunters cared to penetrate so it was with much confidence that the great buck fled to its very heart. He lay down on a mossy hillock under a large larch to await developments. He felt sure as long as he kept quiet he was safe from his pursuers, but he was mistaken. In an hour's time he heard the hounds crying at the edge of the swamp on his trail, but their baying did not stop there. Instead it came steadily on to the very heart of the swamp and in a half hour the pack were besieging him.

True they did not come very close, but it was just menace enough to anger him. So he got warily up and ran for the further side of the swamp.

He would try again what speed could

do for him. He had not really shown the pack his best pace in the run of the afternoon. There was still time to put fifteen miles between him and his tormentors.

So Red Buck again fled precipitately, this time going to the north. He selected the most rugged country he could find and made the trail as difficult as crossing rivers and roadways and running in thick cover could make it. By nine o'clock he was rather tired himself. By this time he was near the Vermont line, so he decided to rest for a couple of hours and then to take his late supper.

For a full hour he was unmolested, then to his great surprise the disgusting cry of the hounds again floated to his keen ears. He got up hurriedly, browsed for a few minutes until his tormentors came up, and then doubled back southward, going over nearly the same trail that he had made to the north. The Hoosacs were his home and he felt safer there, even though it was also the home of the Renegade Pack.

Red Buck reached Hoosac Mountain by eleven o'clock and had an hour's respite from his pursuers, but by midnight he again heard the yelling of the hounds and in another half hour they were up with him. So he sprang up from his comfortable bed and fled on through the dark night.

As the haunts of men were forsaken he took to the open country where the running was easier and gave them a stiff chase to the south.

Residents of Stockbridge heard the full cry of the pack in the small hours of the morning. As daylight was breaking the great deer again doubled back along the mountains toward his home haunts. All day Thursday he fled and the pack pursued. He was not much afraid of the mongrels, but flight seemed his only course and he did really dread having them corner him in close quarters, for the wound on his shark still stung.

(To be concluded.)



Power of Wings.

By S. F. Aaron.

From the viewpoint of constructive fulfillment and the extreme of application to a most difficult acquirement, the power of flight is perhaps the most highly specialized development in Nature. Leg support and motion were naturally and simply developed to counteract gravitation and friction over a supporting surface. Swimming within a heavy medium probably preceded dry land locomotion. But so completely, easily and skillfully to overcome the determined influences against a heavier-than-air mechanism seems quite another matter, though it has been widely and quite variously developed.

Whatever the limitations of nature there has been an abundant and wonderfully varied evolution, progression and amplification adequate for the survival of thousands of species, wing power being the most essential protective attainment. No creature without wings can be as sure of escaping all enemies and of obtaining its food as the birds, bats and the winged insects.

The simple method of flight is precisely the same in all winged creatures and its explanation is far from difficult. It may be aided best, of course, by figures.

The overcoming of gravity requires effort against a medium offering so little comparative support and this is of first importance. It will be observed therefore that by necessity the stroke of the wing is directly at right angles to the line of flight, or, in other words, when the flying creature's body is horizontal the wing stroke is always vertical. Propulsion is secondary and depends entirely upon the wedge principle as compelled by the shape, the variable resistance and the attachment of the wings.

To put it in another way yet perhaps a little less succinctly because of detail: the directly downward stroke of the wings lifts the flying creature's body and maintains it; the direct attachment and relative greater resistance of the anterior part of the wing and the more flexible posterior portion at-

tached only to the anterior part compels the air to be driven backward as by the blades of an airplane propeller and therefore, against this resistance, drives the body of bird, bat or insect forward.

This is the sole means of propulsion and never, under any circumstances, is the stroke of the wing backward, as many have stated directly or implied, the idea of being taken quite for granted. The most casual observation of the flight of any larger bird, particularly that of a pigeon, crow, heron, gull or pelican, will at once fix this in mind; also the method of flight may be ascertained by closely watching a swallow, grackle, kingbird or other species that move their wings not too rapidly, or by noting the blur or glistening haze of the wings of the hummingbird, the sphinx moth, the hovering and-hill hornet, the Carolina grasshopper, the male carpenter bee or the syrphus fly.

As a matter of fact, the wing motion is in relation to the speed of the flying creature and its trajectory is therefore to be expressed by the figure of a series of waves, the height being the extent of the upward reach and the length governed by the difference of strokes per second from the distance traveled in the same time. For instance, if a bird made six strokes of its wings per second and traveled six feet in that time each stroke would represent an upward and downward motion one foot long, the crests of the waves being just that apart, there being no difference between the angles of progression of the wave strokes both up and down.

When a flying creature wishes to increase its speed it merely strikes the air harder or more swiftly. When hovering the wing is flattened, or better, the posterior portion is held rigid with the anterior portion and with such nice adjustment that the air is only driven directly downward, the body lifted evenly. The best way to ascertain this is to get a side view of a sparrow hawk hovering as it watches for field mice. The vertical motion of the wing may be easily seen and when the bird starts on again there is an in-

stant change in the position of the long primary and secondary feathers.

The general mechanism of all wings is remarkably similar; Nature has adopted one scheme, as has been said. The bones of the wings of the bat and bird, the veins in the wings of insects show a construction singularly adapted for rigidity forward and pliability backward and this is essential not only in the propelling downward stroke where the upward "give" is not too great, but also in a non-resistant upward lift where the downward bending is governed by the resistance. The attachment of the wing to the body also indicates clearly the necessity for rigidity in the downward stroke and pliability for the lifted wing, the muscles tying the socket joint of the bones so as to prevent twisting the posterior portion of the wing up and over the anterior portion, but not preventing the decided and necessary twist in an opposite direction, which permits the upward stroke. With the insects this attachment is remarkably effective for the purpose; it may best be observed in the larger moths and the dragon flies. With these a forcible twisting of the wing in the direction of its essential rigidity will dislocate it.

All flying creatures except the birds possess membranous wings and the downward twist of the posterior part is necessarily extreme so as to carry the wing upward edgewise to the air resistance. The birds have feathers and while the same pliability in the uplift of the wings is necessary, it is less so because of the long primary and secondary feathers that extend backward and are the chief factors in both support and propulsion.

Each of these feathers in the wing of a bird acts just as the wing does in its entirety; the quill, for this purpose rounded, permits the twisting or pivoting of each feather in its fleshy socket. The shape of the feather is such that in the downward stroke the wide web is braced against the narrow, more rigid part of its fellow and in the upward stroke it pivots down so as to permit the air to pass through.

Yet with this obviously double advantage of the feathers and wing attachment the birds are no better fliers than those

creatures with membranous wings. The humming bird cannot equal, in speed, tirelessness nor control, the largest sphinx moths, sometimes called humming bird hawk moths because of their manner of hovering before flowers (though the name hawk has never been explained). The little kinglets, the active wood warblers, the flycatchers and even the swallows can all take lessons in aerial agility from the bats, though for grace and poetry of motion the swallows far excel, which is not so much a matter of skill as a habit of flight. There is evidence also that the birds are more untiring than the bats which either indicates more muscle in the birds or less needed effort.

It is not fair to compare the largest soaring birds with those insects that possess similar tendencies at time; because of the ease of overcoming gravity on motionless pinions we marvel at the vultures, albatrosses and ospreys. The larger-winged butterflies and the emperor moths (the latter seen only at dusk), drift along between wing flaps with more comprehensible ease, their wings not held horizontally but at an upward angle of about forty-five degrees.

There is especially among the larger flying creatures a very decided limit to wing power as a result of gravity and air resistance. Nature has not attempted anything like the airplane or the dirigible, never having developed a motive power apart from the weight-supporting wings and it is very evident that for both speed and carrying weight man's invention is greatly superior, though as yet never quite so sure. A vulture never has its engine go dead in the air, unless from such an outside source as a shotgun. The California condor and the great albatross are the extreme examples in nature of sustaining weight on motionless pinions, but surpassing these are the heavier migratory wild swans that attain high speeds over hundreds of miles. Compared to these the wild turkey and the giant Asiatic bustard are quite ordinary. The limits of speed are shown by the fact that few birds can attain over sixty miles an hour, though considering what momentum should do as an aid to continued rapid effort and how little resistance to the air can affect a smoothly feathered,

stream-line body it is really surprising that much greater speed is not attained.

Some years ago we read of the observations of an ornithologist whose chief desire was evidently to announce wonderful discoveries rather than to state cold facts. He claimed to have timed the flight of many birds between measured points and he found that a rate of more than one hundred and twenty miles an hour was attained. The writer has carefully experimented in exactly the same manner, every condition for accuracy most carefully observed, a stop-watch playing the principal part and on days when there was no wind. A fellow observer stood at one point and signaled to me at another four hundred yards away when a bird passed a fixed point on a near sea river. Much patience was required.

A herring gull flying without soaring at an average rate of speed made a little more than twenty miles an hour for the distance. A black duck just starting did only a little better; another having gained good headway improved on thirty miles. A teal considerably exceeded forty miles. A great blue heron fell below a mile in four minutes. Shifting our ground to a like distance between inland hills we found that homing crows on a still winter day about equaled the above gull. With a strong wind they attained a mile in two minutes, but against a stiff breeze their speed fell to a mile in about three and a half minutes; against a hard wind, in which the birds were taking every advantages of hill-side and woodland windbreak, they hardly flew at the rate of a mile in five minutes. The speed of the crow, with its long, deliberate sweep of wing, is surprising. A kingbird, martin or even a swamp blackbird can make a dash and easily overtake the black maulader, but on a long flight only the kingfisher, the flycatchers, the swift and the swallows, the smaller hawks, the plovers and snipe and certain sea birds, as the ducks, terns, cormorants, petrels and skimmers will exceed the crow in speed.

Most birds are surprisingly slow of flight; they by no means meet the common impression of exceeding powerdriven wheels. Traveling in a train at about thirty miles an hour permits ready observation of compara-

tive speeds of many birds that rise and fly with the train for even a short distance. Sparrows, grackles, meadow larks, shore larks, pipits, robins, all fall quickly behind. Most birds are loath to continue parallel with the train for any telling distance. Swallows and the chimney swift easily keep abreast even when their line of flight is many-curved and when they want to put on speed they instantly forge ahead, as does also the killdeer.

At one time we raced a frantic chipping sparrow that persisted in keeping between the car and a high, close embankment and for a time kept up with us at a speed of about twenty miles an hour; it then began to fall back and finally dashed into some overhanging vines.

Once in an auto along a smooth, level stretch we raced with a sparrow hawk that was after English sparrows dusting in the road. The little falcon missed his strike, then dashed off, keeping one direction and gradually pulling away from us, though we were making about a thirty-mile speed. A friend whose word may be relied upon tells me that while traveling from Philadelphia to Atlantic City in one of the fastest trains they sighted a wild duck, species not known, that kept abreast of the train for several miles, then very gradually forged ahead until it went out of sight or veered off and it is possible that the train was making fifty miles an hour, or better. This was a case of continued momentum increasing the speed and it is certain that this enables migrating birds to reach a considerable velocity. Then, of course, varying speeds, as with the killdeer, which can loaf along or beat the swiftest hawk, the kingbird and the purple martin, which are very indolent fliers at times, make estimates somewhat uncertain. It is, however, safe to say that few if any birds—falcons, plover, kingfisher, man-of-war bird, swallow, swift or skimmer—ever attain a speed greatly exceeding sixty miles an hour and they never equal one hundred miles, as has been carelessly asserted. The swift is undoubtedly the fastest of our land birds if not of all species.

Making allowances for the lessened influences of gravity and momentum, or bet-

ter, for proportionate weight as compared to air resistance and muscle, we turn to the insects as examples of extreme wing control. Observe the bee flies and their close of kin the syrphus, tachina and blowflies, all of that two-winged, stout-bodied host that move their wings at the tremendous rate of several hundred beats a second and that dash through the air almost like shafts of light. Hardly second to them are the small, solitary, digging bees, the Andrenidae, the song of their wings, indicated by the tuning fork, making as swift a measure.

Watch dragon flies do stunts over a swamp or pond: rushing forward, stopping instantly to hover, drifting actually backward at times, pivoting about at right angles

or entirely turning, diving downward or straight upward and all with the utmost ease and a hardly perceptible wing motion. These are Nature's biplanes, with the lower wings set behind and a little below the others, not directly underneath.

Keep your eye, if you can, upon the sand-hill hornet dashing after a big-bodied cicada that is hardly less swift in flight. You may have as much of a task following a skipper butterfly, a larger-winged vanessa, a noctuid moth or the male of the carpenter bee playing a sort of tag with his fellows around the house. Here is speed, with its limitations, of course, but it is difficult to determine what they are.

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Landscape.

A Child's Lesson to Its Mother.

A lady had made several pots of jam, and preparing to go out, she forbade her daughter to touch them. But she was no sooner gone out than the child took one of the pots, ate a little of the jam which it con-

tained, then put it back in its place. Her mother, on her return, perceived it, and said to her in a severe tone: "What would you do, naughty child, if you were in my place?" "This is what I would do," replied she; "I would say: 'Finish the pot, since you have begun it, but don't do that again.'"

HERMANN HAGEDORN:

The Lie.

(Conclusion.)

The wind whistled through the Archway. The boys stuck their hands in their pockets and danced, shivering, but not one deserted the bulletin board. They stared at the dismal figures and a dozen versions of How It Must Have Happened were launched by imaginative spectators, attacked ruthlessly and torpedoed as improbable. The trouble with the whole matter of explaining Chancellor's Hill's two touchdowns was that the very fact of the touchdowns would, an hour ago, have seemed the last word in improbabilities. They talked and shivered and bantered and sang and cheered (just to keep warm) for a solid hour. Mr. Tuttle reappeared at last.

The boys surged out of the Archway in the Quadrangle to meet him.

"Score! What's the score?"

"Get back, you wild Indians!" cried the studious secretary to some importunate First Formers who were tugging at his arms. "There is no news, and I can't get Chancellor's Hill on the telephone."

There were murmurs of bewilderment. The Senior Master, tall, genial, and conspicuous for his good sense, came out of the Main Building, and suggested a run for health's sake. He tagged Runt Woods lightly and was off. With a shout the crowd followed him at a jog-trot past the Music House, past the Cottage out on to the cinder track. They jogged a quarter-mile.

As they reached the Cottage on the return trip, they saw Mr. Tuttle dancing toward them, wildly waving his arms.

The Senior Master halted his band.

"Fifteen to eleven!" shouted Mr. Tuttle ecstatically. "We win!"

The roar that followed was memorable. Eppie, the confectionery man, picking his teeth in his empty shop at the foot of the hill, threw away his toothpick and went to the kitchen to tell his wife that The Towers had won, and business for the rest of the afternoon would be brisk.

Two minutes later the jubilant invasion began. Dick Harrington was not one of the

crowd that rushed, cheering down the hill. He was on probation, and Eppie's was out of bounds.

He stood in the Archway, lonely and miserable.

Why hadn't he lied?

The team was due back at Hainesburg, the railroad station for The Towers, at eight-thirty. One or two Sixth Formers, flushed and almost incoherent with excitement, had asked the Senior Master for permission to organize a torchlight parade.

"Sure enough! Good idea!" exclaimed the Senior Master. "Go to it! Don't burn yourselves up, don't get lost, don't get in the way of a train and don't all have apoplectic fits as my friend Andrew here is promising to do shortly if some one doesn't put an ice compress on his enthusiasm. But go on. Give 'em a good time."

"Thank you ever so much, sir!" cried Andrew, "and I'll promise to cool off."

"Go 'way!" cried the Senior Master cheerfully. "You don't know how. You're a perpetual human Roman candle."

"I'll hold him down, sir," said the other boy.

"Pshaw!" cried the Senior Master. "You're a Whiz-bang yourself—go 'long! Shoo!"

The boys went.

At eight, Dick Harrington made his way to the Study to ask the Senior Master whether boys "on probe" could join the triumphal procession. The Senior Master was kindly, but firm.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "Probe rules hold."

That was all. But Dick Harrington without a word went to his room on the third floor of the East Wing, stumbling on the stairs, because of the tears.

Why, he asked himself bitterly again and again—why hadn't he lied?

He crept out of his room an hour later, hearing the cheers of the returning revelers. His hallway was utterly deserted, the school was deserted. If he needed any further evidence that virtue did not pay, here it was.

"Be good and you'll be lonesome." There was one aphorism proved, at least.

Suddenly, standing in the Quadrangle, he heard singing. Then through the bare branches he saw the glow of many torches. It was all magical and mysterious, for the wild cheering which had brought him down from his room had given way to a solemn exaltation of triumph. If he had had a hat on his head, he would have pulled it off, hearing the school song sung that way. He felt a tug at his heart and again the dimness covered his eyes because he should be fated to have no active part in that thrilling chorus of victory.

He stood quite still, swallowing hard. At the end of the first stanza, there was a "regular yell" for The Towers, as the procession turned sharply, with torches flaring, up the steep drive. He could see now that they were dragging a hay-wagon with ropes. The team was on the hay-wagon. The second stanza of the school song floated up to him, it seemed a chant drifting over from fairy-land.

The procession came nearer now. The hill and the hay-wagon together proved too much for the singers and the song died off in breathless laughter and another cheer. Then somebody started to call off the score: "One—two—three—four—" to a climactic burst—"Fifteen!" The procession disappeared behind the Main Building only to reappear a minute or two later around the corner of the Office, on the other side of the Archway. Dick Harrington wished that he had enough manly pride to scorn it all and go back to his room. But he didn't, so he rushed to where the crowd was gathered and listened in rapture to the cheers and the speeches and the songs and all the wonderful stories of a wonderful game.

"Colonel" Burton was there, smiling embarrassed appreciation. He had won the game for The Towers, when it seemed hopelessly lost. Every one agreed to that. He made a speech, thanking everybody for everything.

Why, oh, why, Dick cried to himself, as he climbed three flights after "creams" a half-hour later—Why hadn't he had the sense to lie?

Dick Harrington crept into bed, and his roommate crept into bed. The roommate slept and Dick Harrington tried to sleep, but sleep eluded him—it seemed for hours. Perhaps it was only for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then he too slept, dreaming of torch-lit chariots.

He woke and gave a low cry. Some one was sitting on his bed. He started to jump up, scared through; but a strong hand touched his shoulder and a friendly voice whispered—"It's all right, Harrie; don't be scared."

Dick was still half asleep and dazed. "Who are you?" he cried in an unnatural voice.

"It's Bill Burton."

"Who?" he asked, amazed.

"Bill Burton."

"You're somebody trying to fool me," Dick whispered after a pause.

"No, I'm not, Harrie," said the other's deep, rich voice. "I wanted to talk to you. I couldn't wait until to-morrow, so I got permission from Prof. and here I am."

"What makes you want to see me?" asked Dick softly. "I guess I don't understand at all. I didn't think you knew me."

"You remember yesterday in the Algebra class?"

"You bet I remember," whispered Dick emphatically.

There was a moment's utter quiet. From away over in the direction of Chicken Hill came the sound of a rumpus in the Black Belt of Hainesburg. Then again quiet.

Burton spoke at last, slowly and rather more softly than before. "Beaver asked you and me the same question, you remember?"

"Yes," murmured Dick, breathlessly.

"You told him the truth."

"I just blurted out a lot of—"

"Well, I lied."

Somehow the shock of those words was to Dick Harrington like the impact of a terrible fist. He literally saw stars. The idea that "The Colonel" should tell a lie was inconceivable. Sneaks and cowards lied. His reeling standards straightened suddenly. His bitter regret that he hadn't had the sense to lie evaporated in the glow of an overwhelming gratitude. He could not speak.

"Harrie," Burton went on with a quiet depth of feeling which was not lost on Dick (for Dick had deep capabilities of sympathy himself if any one bothered to find it out). "You told the truth and I know what it cost you. I lied. And it took all the stuffin's out of me, Harrie. As soon as the lie was out, I felt I'd have given my head to have it back. You see, Harrie, quite apart from the right or wrong of it, it wouldn't have mattered if I had told the truth."

"It wouldn't?"

"No, I've had a fairly good record in class lately. But—"

"Why did you do it?"

"That's just it, old man. It was habit, I guess. It was just the line of least resistance. It was the quickest way out of a box—I didn't think, and bang!—first thing I knew I'd gone and done it! I'm a good deal older than you, Harrie, I'm twenty-one. I was a pretty bad kid until Prof. and Mrs. Brewster got hold of me. I've managed to get most of the worst devils under. And I thought I had the lie-devil under. I haven't told a lie for two years. But I didn't have him under, Harrie. When I least expected him, there he was. I guess I haven't been as unhappy for a good many years as I was yesterday and to-day."

Dick Harrington floundered helplessly for words—"I never thought—"

"I was getting pretty cocky about my own goodness, I guess," Burton went on quietly. "That's why I got it in the neck this way. But it took the sand right out of me. It seemed that all the years of tussle were in vain and I wasn't worth a little yaller dog's respect, and here the school was looking to me to do big things. It took it right out of me, Harrie. Do you know what was the trouble with the first two periods of the game to-day?"

"The team lost their heads, and then you bucked 'em up and won the game. The fellows told me."

"That sounds good, old man. But the trouble was that I couldn't get my mind down on the game. I was all the time thinking of that algebra class and that lie. I thought

of it out on the field and mixed up the plays. That was the reason for those two first periods."

Dick Harrington sat bolt upright. "Really? Really?" he exclaimed.

"Instead of trying to win the game, I was all the time trying to puzzle out what I could do to wipe out that Lie. It wasn't square to the team, it wasn't square to the school, but there it was. There was that Lie. I tried to laugh at myself, but that didn't do any good. There was that Lie. I tried to curse myself out, but that didn't do any good. There was that Lie, sitting in my heart."

Dick stared at him through the darkness with burning eyes. "Then what happened?" he cried in a low voice.

"I dunno exactly, Harrie," Burton answered, speaking very slowly. "Suddenly I just found that I was thinking of you."

"Of me?" There was awe in the exclamation.

"And then it was all clear. I had to square myself with you. Suddenly I knew that that was what would wipe out that Lie and give a fresh start. It was like a sort of revelation. You see, Harrie, I knew that you thought I was pretty fine, and you just had to be set straight."

"I—I haven't changed my mind at all about you," said Dick Harrington timidly. "And you won the game after all."

Bill Burton leaned over the younger boy. His hand groped for Dick's shoulder and clutched it.

"I didn't win the game," he whispered tensely. "The game wasn't really played at Chancellor's Hill at all. It was played in the algebra class. It was lost when I lied, and it was won a minute later when you told the truth. And I guess I'm pretty glad you told the truth."

"So am I," murmured Dick very softly.

They both breathed deeply. It had been a notable victory.

Next morning, between breakfast and Sunday service, Dick Harrington surreptitiously borrowed his roommate's safety razor, and shaved with shining eyes.

Robert Long:

The Kite Tournament.

"Say Harry, have you heard the news?" called Red Philpot, running down the street after Harry Miller. Red's freckled face was flushed and his breath was coming fast.

"What news?" grunted Harry. "Is it something about the tournament?"

"Very much about it. Billy Andrews' fine silk kite disappeared off his back porch last night."

"Disappeared!" exploded Harry. "Why, how could that be? I was round there about eight, helping him patch a little split in the silk."

"Well, it's gone now—and a prettier, lighter kite than his was I never saw. She was dead sure to fly away with the first prize."

"But I can't see how he lost it," put in Harry. "Surely no one took it!"

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Red suspiciously. "The kite wasn't out on the back porch a half hour before it was gone. Somebody knew he put it there and hid it just for mischief, maybe, but just the same it was a mean trick to pull off the night before the tournament."

"Maybe it flew away," suddenly suggested Harry.

"If there was any breeze blowing last night it's more than I remember," grunted Red. "It's my opinion that one of the ten boys who are going to fly kites in the tournament this afternoon can tell something of the whereabouts of Billy's silk one. They've all been grumpy anyhow because he had some old Chinese silk handkerchiefs to make his out of."

"Well, I don't believe any of them did it," said Harry firmly. "I've played baseball with them and fellows that'll play square at baseball will play square at everything else. I just know they didn't do it."

"You'll see!" grunted Red sceptically. "I'm going up to the playground and tell Mr. Wilton what's happened, and maybe he can find out what happened to that kite."

Harry had started to the playground himself. He always did up his home tasks in a hurry on Saturday morning so that he could have most of the day free for play on the spacious and well-equipped playground. But now he suddenly decided he would go to Billy's instead of the park. Billy was in trouble and he needed the backing of all his friends. For weeks the boys at the playground had been preparing for the kite tournament. From the preliminary contestants had been selected the ten best kite fliers who were to be in the final tournament. Naturally every boy who frequented the playground had allied himself with some one of those ten boys. Even though Harry lost out in the first contests, he was delighted that his best friend, Billy Andrews, was to be in the finals, and he made himself Billy's staunch champion.

"I just heard about your losing your kite!" said Harry a few minutes later as he hurried into the sitting room at the Andrews' home where Billy was tying together some ribs of whalebone.

"Did you ever hear the beat of that!" exclaimed Billy. "Clear gone—and not a trace left behind it. But whoever is pulling off this trick needn't think he'll get the best of me. I'm starting on another one right now, but I'm afraid this scrap of silk is not quite big enough."

"Say," offered Harry eagerly. "Mother has an old China silk waist she said I could have. I'll run home and get it for you."

"Will you!" exclaimed Billy gratefully. "And say, as long as you're going out, will you stop by the ten-cents store and get me three balls of kite cord—that old cord might snap."

"It's funny about the other kite disappearing," mused Harry. "Did you find any tracks or anything to make you believe it's some of the fellows playing you a trick?"

"Not a sign that I could find—but you come on up and take a look for yourself."

(To be continued.)

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 8.

Can you name them?

When a DOG is little it is a PUP; a CAT is a KITTEN.

Now what is a BUTTERFLY, a FROG, a HORSE, a SHEEP, a SUNFISH, a COW, a GOAT, a BEAR, a DUCK, and a HOG?

*

Answer to Puzzle No. 7.

An ice-cream cone.

*

Honorable Mention.

Jennie Vodopivec, Kitzmiller, Md.

Frank Petkovšek, Waukegan, Ill.

Louis Droblich, Lloydell, Pa.

Caroline Melich, Export, Pa.

Frank Hodnick, Irwin, Pa.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth Dolinar, Library, Pa.

Agnes Shiffler, Broughton, Pa.

Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

Fannie Langerholz, West Newton, Pa.

*

Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa., sent in the correct solution of Puzzle No. 6, but her letter came too late for last issue.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I have ever written to the "Mladinski List". I am 13 years of age and am in second year high school.

There are eight of us in our family and we are all members of the wonderful lodge S. N. P. J.

We receive the "Ml. L." every month and when it comes we always fight to see who gets to read it first. I like to read the stories and try to solve the puzzle, but I must admit that they are hard nuts for me to crack. I thought the story of "The Child Improver" was very good.

I will send some puzzles for the readers to solve.

1. What always walks on its head?

2. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred of eyes and never a nose.

Trying to become a friend, I remain,

Jennie Vodopivec, Kitzmiller, Md.

Dear Friends:—I am writing a letter to let you know that this is my first writing to the Ml. L.—We are all members of S. N. P. J. I am going to be in the 6th grade, and am 13 years old. My sister Jennie is going to be in 5th grade; she is 10 years old. Brother Joe is 14 years old and in 7th grade. We all like to go to school, but we all like to see vacation come and school start again. I wish that Ml. L. would come every week instead of every month. Do you like our Mladinski List? I like it.

This is all for this time. I will write more next time. And I have a riddle for you:

There is something that goes around the house and touches every corner. O, what can that be! Yours truly,

Mary Verhovsek, Coverdale, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old. I was in the fourth grade and passed to the fifth grade. This time I am writing in American because I do not know how to write in Slovenian. I am going to try and learn how to write in Slovenian, so that I will write my next letter in Slovenian.

Soon the berries will be ripe and we children will have a great deal of work picking them. We will bring them home to our mothers and they will make jelly out of them. I like to eat bread and jelly.

Sadie Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing a letter to "Mladinski List." I wish the List would come every week. I love to read the letters and stories. I go to post office most of the time and when the "Mladinski List" comes I look it over on my way home. I am twelve years of age and in the seventh grade.

We had a man teacher this year. There were thirty-seven pupils in the school-room this year.

Our school was finished May the sixth. We all passed in our room except two.

Yours truly,

Julia Kern, Export, Pa.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

Pred šolo.

Janko, ali še ni čas iti v šolo?
 Ne, Jakec; saj je šele poldevetih.
 Znaš svojo nalogo?
 Seveda, danes jo znam prav dobro. Kako vesel sem!
 Če že ne bom danes prvi v svojem razredu, vsaj daleč proč ne bom.
 Si prevedel svojo latinsko vajo?
 Kajpak sem jo, in zelo sem se trudil, da bi jo dobro naredil.
 Upam, da nimam dosti pomot.
 Pokaži mi jo. Prav dobro je narejena; vidim samo dve napaki.
 Kateri?
 Tukaj sta, popravi ju.
 Sedaj je čas, da gremo, ali bomo pa zadnji.
 Koliko je sedaj ura?
 Tričetrt na devet je.
 Poslovimo se od našega očeta in matere.
 Zbogom, deca, bodite pridni in obnašajte se, da bo vaš učitelj zadovoljen.
 Storili bomo po svoji najboljši moči.
 Ne ustavljajte se med potjo; saj veste, da vaši učitelji nimajo radi, če pridete prepozno.

Before Going to School.

Johnnie, is it not yet time to go to school?
 No, Jackie, it is only half past eight.
 Do you know your lesson?
 To be sure; to-day I know my lesson perfectly. How glad I am!
 If I don't get the first place in my class today, at least I shall not be far away from it.
 Have you done your Latin translation?
 Certainly I have; and I have taken great pains to do it well.
 I hope, I have not made many mistakes.
 Show it to me. It is very well done; I see only two mistakes in it.
 Which are they?
 Here they are; correct them.
 Now it is time to go, or we shall be the last.
 What time is it now?
 It is a quarter to nine.
 Let us say good-bye to our father and mother.
 Good-bye, children; be good and behave so as to please your master.
 We will do our best.
 Do not stop on the way; you know, that your teachers do not like you to come in too late.

(To be continued.)