

# Mladinski List

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

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 3.

Iz d a j a

## SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

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

## “JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

## SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

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

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIS

(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Jeraj Joseph  
14311 Thames Ave.  
(53)

# VSEBINA—CONTENTS

	stran—page.
Sveteče drevo. (F. Zupančič).....	67
Večna pomlad. (Ivo Trošt).....	68
Rogač in hrošč. (Cvetinomiški).....	70
Svoboda in sužnost. (Vilko Mazi).....	71
Zakaj ima slon rilec.....	72
Slovan. (Ivan Albreht).....	73
Naša pomlad. (Franjo Roš).....	74
Ptički . . . . .	74
Jazbečeva zvižča . . . . .	75
Kukavica. (F. Pengov).....	76
Ej ta sušec! (Mokriški).....	79
Noč je zvezdice prižgala. (Utva).....	79
Posekani vrt. (Entoutcas).....	80
Naš kotichek . . . . .	81

\* \* \*

Fingers and Thumbs.....	82
His Boy. (J. J. Montague).....	82
Man and Animals.....	83
Robinson Crusoe's Princess. (Patten Beard).....	85
Electrical Animals . . . . .	87
Geographic Changes. (Mary E. Marcy).....	88
The Music of American Indians. (A. F. Oberndorfer) . . . . .	89
Mistakes of Authors.....	92
Adventurous Fishes . . . . .	93
The Honest Sailor.....	94
"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.....	95
Practical Slovenian Grammar.....	96

\* \* \*

## Slike—Pictures:

Sveteče drevo . . . . .	67
Pomladansko veselje . . . . .	74
Petero čutov . . . . .	81

\* \* \*

Landscape . . . . .	84
Golden Wedding. (Van Ostade).....	90
Costumes of long ago.....	93



# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 1925.

ŠTEV. 3.

F. ŽUPANČIČ:

## Sveteče drevo.

**K**AKO lepo je zrastle smreka na visokem hribu, kamor je zašel redkokdaj kak človek. "O," si je mislila neštetokrat, "to je najvišji hrib na svetu, in jaz sem najlepša in najmočnejša smreka. Čutim kako sem sočna, in kako se mi pretaka po ljubvih razpokah smola. Kakor hitro pride do mene človek, mu porečem: "Vžgi moj vršič, da bo gorel v svetlem plamenu in razsvetljeval temno zemljo! To mi je določeno, in videti hočem svoj namen izpolnjen ter dati svetu luč."—

Toda preden je prišel človek, je nastal vihar. Divjal je in razsajal neusmiljeno. Smreko je izpreletela groza. Razprostrla je proseče svoje veje k nebu. A vihar ji ni prizanesel. Še preden se je smreka zavedela, je bila že izrvana. Obležala je na pobočju. Kriknila je v smrtnem strahu, in potem je bila okrog nje tema. Ko je prišla po dolgem času zopet k zavesti, je mislila trpko: "Zlomljena sem—drevo brez življenja! Kaj je sedaj pač z mojimi načrti? Nisem li hotela razsvetljevati zemlje? In sedaj sahnem tu osamljena in nepoznana! Sok, moja srčna kri se mi odceja, in zlatosvetla smola se nabira na deblu kakor solze. O, da bi prišel kak človek, me vzel s seboj in zakuril! Za nič več nisem!"

A prišel ni nihče. Leto in dan je morala čakati smreka in se vaditi v potrpljenju. Tako je ležala več let in se usušila. Le slabotno je bilo v njej še življenje. Končno si je mislila: "Ni bila moja naloga, da razsvetljujem zemljo, ampak da sem zadovoljna. Kolikor več izgubim življenja toliko mirnejša postajam. Pride pač kmalu popoln mir nadme in me objame, kakor razprostira nebo svoj modri plašč čez zemljo!"

Prišel je res mir. In z mirom je prišla čudna izpremema. Nekega večera sta zašla trudna potnika v temini na hrib, kjer je ležala smreka. Vzradoščen zakliče mlajši: "Glejte, oče, les sveti! Tu je izrvana smreka. Sedaj vem, kje sva in najdem lahko pravo pot domov. Idiva!"—In šla sta naprej, pa našla pravo pot.

Tako je svetila smreka vendarle in pomagala zašlim pravo pot, a šele tedaj, ko je sama sebi odmrila.



IVO TROŠT:

# Večna pomlad.

Dogodba.

1.

Pomlad se je poslavljalja z naših poljan. Prav nič nismo slutili, da odhaja. Velike množine cvetja so se kopicile po naših vrtovih, lilije so se košatile v svoji krasoti, kresnice so zrle v modro nebo, klinčki so dehteli ob parobju gredic, a na drevju so se med zelenjem vablivo smehljale črešnje, ki so jih škodoželjno obletavali neugnani vrabci. Solnce je pripekalo, drevesne veje so odložile cvetni nakit in sramežljivo kazale bogate zaloge bodočega zaroda—veselje mladim zobkom. Ob prisolnčju so pa rdele jagode, ob seči sta zorela grozdjice in kosmulja.

V gozdu je odmeval ljubki spev krilatih pevcev, v presledkih ga je motila kukavica. Na njivi je rumenel ječmen, prvo žito novega pridelka; cvetela je rž in se majala pšenica v mogočnem valovju.

Tedaj je odhajala pomlad od nas, a nihče je ni opazil. Saj je skoro nevidna prememba v prirodi nudila mladim očem in srcem vsega, česar so si poželega in še več. Kdo naj vse vidi in poizkuša?

Studenček veselo žubori ob gozdu, ribice se igrajo pod jezom ob mlinu. Visoko v zraku krožita kragulj in golobar, jastreb in orel—strah manjšim tovarišem. Na paši se oglašajo piščal ob veseli pesmi, vrisk in zadovoljno hihetanje med pastirji. Iz šole se vračujoča mladina se razkropi po tratih za cveticami. Nihče se več ne spominja snega in mraza in ledu ob poti v zimskem času. Vse vabi veselje, zove zabava v svobodno prirodo.

Nekega jutra opazi Miljakova Dana, da so na vrtu že prav lepo pognale na obronkih debeloliste georgine. Zamišljena je postala ob njih. Šele desetletni deklici je stisnila srce neprijetna slutnja: "Joj! To so cvetice, ki se bratijo že z zimo, saj cveto prav do snega."

Ob toliki bujnosti cvetja, zelenja, zabave in veselja pa misel na konec, na mrko zimo, nadušljivo starko s polnim, zvrhanim košem snega in mraza—ali ni to huje, nego če plane na mirno se pasočo perutnino iznenađa sovražni jastreb, da si izbere najlepšega petelinčka za svoj požrešni želodec? Tudi Dana je čutila v srcu strah in mraz. Zdelo

se ji je, da je danes njeno veselje skaljeno. Zamišljena gre k mami v kuhinjo in ji potoži svojo notranjo neskladnost, ki je vznemirja.

Mama se ji nasmehne in jo potolaži: "Res so tudi kraji na naši zemlji, kjer kraljuje malone večna pomlad, kakor si jo želiš ti, Danica. A ti kraji niso za nas, ki nam ugaja—ne večna pomlad, marveč večna prememba. Tam ob ravniku, ki opasuje našo zemljo, je tudi drugačno podnebje, drugi ljudje in živali so tam. Življenje je enakomerno vroče in celo dan je vedno enako dolg. Sedaj pa pomisli, če bi bilo to zate?"

"Cvetice bi trgala ves božji dan," pravi deklica.

"Na solncu, ki žge in požge vse," dostavi mati.

"Pa v senci, mama," odvrne Dana.

"Senco imajo samo v hiši, kjer ni oken, mavreč so samo vrata. Drevesa so redka. Šele ponoči si upajo ljudje iz hiše na hlad, često kar na streho," razlaga mati.

"Kdaj pa obdelujejo zemljo?" vpraša hči.

"Moj stric je bil pomorščak, ki je večkrat objadral našo zemljo, pa je trdil, da pridelujejo v tistih krajih jako malo živeža. Vročina je prevelika. Ljudje jedo sadje in kruh."

Dana se domisli mlečne kave, ki bi dala zanjo pol leta življenja. Mama ji pritrdi, da bi dobila tudi v pokrajinah večne pomladi mlečne kavice, toda edino z mandljevimi ali datljevimi mlekom. Deklica nevšečno skremži lice, ker ji tako mleko ne ugaja zlasti zato, ker nima smetane.

Mama jo še opomni: "Sploh pa pomisli, Danica, da je tam doli božič poleti, velika noč jeseni. Le pomisli, kdaj pride tam Novo leto ali drugi prazniki?"

Deklica se namrdne nerodno in vpraša: "Ali so tam tudi črešnje zrele o božiču?"

"Prav gotovo; če le raste kaka črešnja v vedni vročini," odgovori mati.

"Kje se pa drsajo pozimi?"

"Nikjer, ker nimajo zime, marveč imajo skupaj jesen, pomlad in poletje brez večjega razločka. Sneg in led sta tam neznana."



Dani ni ugajala ta vest.

“Ali raste na drevesih poleg sadu že nov cvet?” Odgovor na to je bil hčerki že znan, saj ji je mama večkrat pripovedovala o stricu Muhiču, ki je večkrat objadral našo zemeljsko oblo. Mama ji odgovori na to: “Najbrž da tega ni na vseh drevesih, vem pa, da so na mnogih stoletnih in tisočletnih drevesih v vročih deželah velike strupene kače in razne krvoločne zveri: tiger, panter, puma, jaguar itd., ki človeku lahko v trenutku pretrgajo nit življenja.”

Danico je zopet jelo zebsti v srcu: tropiški kraji z večno pomladjo so ji omrzeli. Komaj jo je še poslušala, ko ji je omenila mama boleznj mrzlice, ki preganja vsakega človeka iz naših pokrajin tam doli. “Še vsak belokožec, ki ga je prinesla usoda v one kraje,” končuje mama, “si je želel v staro domovino in si tudi hitro pomagal, kakor je le mogel, iz dežele večne pomladi.”

## 2.

Popoldne je zopet opazovala Dana poganjajoče georgine na vrtu. Vse neljube slutnje o bodočih neprijetnostih, ki jih obeta pozni cvet, je pregnal iz misli dopoldne pogovor z mamo. Kakor po veliki zmagi je zadovoljno občudovala velike skupine vrtnic, jih gladila z drobnimi prstki, da so odpadajoči cvetni listki frfotali na tla, vonjala napol razvite cvetove in primerjala, kako bi se najlepší podali njej za kitico na prsiah. Cvetočče lilije z ogromnimi čašami je primerjala Dana — sama cvet med cveticami — kako malo so njim podobni papirnati izdelki te vrste. Niti od daleč ne dosežajo te krasote. In ko bi jo tudi presezali, kaj je krasota brez življenja, ki ga dihajo ti-le živi cvetovi! — Kresnice in klinčki, stari znanci, ji od daleč že kimajo vesele pozdrave, zibajoč se v mladostni prešernosti, kakor da je prav zaradi njih samih vzcvetela vsa božja priroda. Danica ni mogla drugače, nego da je rdečim črešnjam na vejah v sladkem nasmehu naravnost pokazala zobke. Požrešne vrabce je zapodila z glasnim v-š-š-š ter jim zapretila z roko, da ne smejo obirati sladkega sadu, ki ga ima ona tako rada. Seveda so ji odgovarjali vrabci s svojim živ-živ, da imajo črešnje radi tudi oni; pa jih Dana ni umela. Zato jih je ozmerjala brez vseh ozirov, da so najbolj požrešne živali.

Ob parobju gredic jo je vabila z opojnim duhom dišeča reseda. Utrgala je vršiček, ga povonjala, potem pa zateknila v nedrije. Zapazila je, da prvi poganki resede že odcvitajo. Namesto cvetov je zrasla razširjena plodnica kakor votel grah, kjer je zeleno in tudi rjavo, kot mak drobno seme. Joj, že seme! Seme za novo resedico — prihodnje pomladi naše bodoče veselje! Ta misel ji je bila nov hladilni balzam na dopoldanske zle slutnje, ki so deklici naslikale najbližjo bodočnost, polno samih neprijetnosti, da ni mogla videti kakor skozi gozdno goščavo cvetočih livad — preko zime zopet nove vrskajoče pomladi. Da, niti zimskih prijetnosti ni videla in zimskega veselja se ni spominjala več. Pozabila je popolnoma, da ima vsaka stvar in tudi zima svojo senčico, pa tudi solne strani, ki jo vidi in občuduje lahko vsako dobro srce.

Dalje gredoča Dana je opazila, da ima včeraj še pisano cvetoč grah danes že stročje in v stročju zrnje, ki dozori v seme za bodočo pomlad. To jo je domislilo tudi, da je slišala v šoli, zakaj ima črešnja sredi sladkega mesa trdo koščico. Zdi se ji celo, da se spominja, zakaj ima ta koščica okolo sebe tako sladko mesce, ki ga radi uživajo otroci in vrabci ter s tem skrbe, da razmečejo koščice daleč okolo po zemlji. S tem najde koščica, ki je črešnjevo seme, dovolj prostora, da lahko vzkali in zraste v novo, košato drevo — nado prihodnjih let in prihodnjih črešenj. Sedaj ji je bilo jasno, da ni vsak cvet spomladi le znanilec sadu jeseni, marveč je tudi z dozorelim semenom porok nove rastline, novega cveta in novega sadu.

Človeka vabi pomladni cvet s svojo lepoto in mičnostjo, poletje s svojimi darovi in jesen z bogatimi pridelki, da preživljajo gospodarja zemlje in pestri njegov rod pozimi in spomladi, poleti in jeseni do nove žetve. To kolo se vrti z vsemi premembami neprenehoma.

Solnce je pripekalo umirjeno deklico na obilne lase, vse naokrog se je bliščalo v njegovih krasoti, Dani se je zdelo, da se kar koplje v morju solčnih žarkov, ki provzročajo, da zore sadeži na vrtu in polju. Njih toplota je porok, da se kolo premika in da se za poletjem bliža jesen, ko vse doganja in zori.

Za njo je došel natihem po drobnem pesku njen oče. Dana ga v globokih mislih o razvoju v prirodi ni niti čula. Nameravala

je zaviti naravnost k seči, kjer zore grozdjiče in kosmulje, pa ji ponudi oče pest pravkar ubranih črešenj. Skoro prestrašila se je. Toda črešnje so se smehljale tako vabljivo!— Očetu je bil znan jutranji pogovor, ki ga je imela Dana z mamico, pa jo je podražil, če sedaj zopet išče oznanjevalcev zime po vrtu, ki kar vriska v svoji krasoti. Hčerka pa odvrne, da ni našla na vrtu danes ne le znanilcev zime, marveč tudi bodoče pomladi, da celo zanesljive poroke novih črešnjevih drevov. Obenem pa pokaže očetu črešnjevo belo koščico. Oče se ji nasmehne in vpraša, če ji ni vseč večna prememba v naši domovini in si želi večne—torej enolične—same pomladi. Deklica je priznala, da je sedaj drugačnih misli, nego je bila danes zjutraj ob pogledu na cvetoče georgine. Očetu je bilo vseč to priznanje. Zato ji je pojasnil še drugi način, kako se lahko udeleži vsako leto večne po-

mladi v lastni domovini. Rekel je: "Najbolje je le doma! Vsakdo naj pazi, da si ohrani pomlad v srcu, in večna prememba v prirodi ga bo veselila tudi še na stara leta, ki ga bodo opominjala, da je blizu jesen in zima njegovega življenja."

"Pomlad v srcu!" se čudi Dana.

"Da, mladostno vedrost duha, ki se ne plaši tudi največjih težav, bridkosti in nadlog, ker ve, da za njimi sije zopet solnce pomladi, pravice in veselja. Vsaka stvar ima neko solnčno stran. To pa najde najhitreje srce, ki si je ohranilo mladostno čilost, zupanje v lastno moč in zavest, da pride za nočjo vselej zopet dan, za dežjem solnce in za nesrečo zopet sreča," govori oče.

Hvaležno se je hčerka nasmehnila očetu. Samo napol tiho je obljubila, da si hoče prizadevati, da ohrani v vedno poštenem, vedno veselem in čistem srcu—večno pomlad!

## CVETINOMIRSKI:

### Rogač in hrošč.

Basen.

Nabodene na ostrih trnih trnovega grma, so se parile v vročem opoldanskem solncu srakoperjeve žrtve. Med nataknenimi žuželkami, kobilicami in murni je bil tudi svetel rogač: vznak ležečemu z razprostrtimi krilci mu je šel smrtonosni trn naravnost po sredi skozi životek. Prileti pa skozi gozd brneč hrošč, utrujen od dolgega letanja se spusti na grm in spozna v nabodenem rogaču svojega nekdanjega tovariša.

"Ej, rogaček, glej ga no, glej! Ali sva vendar enkrat prišla skupaj!" se veselo ponorčuje hrošč in brne bedno žrtev po glavi. "Tako je prav, bratec, da se tukaj pokoriš za svoje grehe!..... Kako si se časih ponašal s svojima rožičkama, kako si hotel biti povsod prvi, kako si nas druge preziral in nam izku-

šal dokazati, da znaš najlepše letati le ti!..... Zdaj pa le imej svoja rožička, le bodi povsod prvi, le letaj visoko—ha—ha! Prav privoščim ti tvojo žalostno smrt! Le naj te solnce še nekoliko opeče, da boš potem bolj teknil gospodu srakoperju!..... Morda te že danes pohrusta za večerjo."

"Njega za večerjo, a tebe že za kosilo!" se oglasi tisti hip srakoper, ki je tičal spodaj v grmu v svojem skritem gnezdu in je slišal vse hroščevo besedovanje. "Rogača je zadel kazen za njegovo domišljavost, tebe bo pa za tvojo ostudno škodoželjnost, ki je še stokrat grša od prevzetnosti."

To rekši, plane srakoper nad hrošča in ga nabode na trn kraj rogača.

### Lačni deček.

Mati Jurčku: Malo prej je bil tukaj na stolu kos kolača. Kdo ga je odnesel?

Jurček: Jaz sem ga dal nekemu lačnemu dečku.

Mati: Tako je prav! To je lepo! A kdo je bil ta deček?

Jurček nekoliko razmišlja in potem reče: Mamica, ta deček sem bil jaz sam.

VILKO MAZI:

## Svoboda in sužnost.

Ptiča sem videl, ki je smuknil iz kletke. Veselo je zaprhutal s krili in odletel—v svobodo. Krmili so ga bili s tečnim zrnjem in mu nalivali sveže vode. Vsega je bilo v izobilju. Nobenega pomanjkanja, nobene skrbi. Nobene? O, pač! Bila je skrb, ena sama skrb, ki je prevpila vse dobrote. Skrb vseh skrbi, zapisana v kri in mozeg—skrb za svobodo. Noč in dan je kljuvala in ni odnehala nikoli. Pa da je bila kletka še tako lepa in polna, bi ne zasenčila te skrbi.

Nikoli?—

Videl sem tudi ptiča, ki se je pri odprtih oknih lovil po sobi. Peruti mu niso več poznale zamaha v svobodo. Odnesele so ga nazaj v kletko—v sužnost, ki je v njej naposled klavrno poginil.

\*

Seme je padlo v zemljo. Pognalo pa je iz sebe kali k solncu—v svobodo. Vsako seme?—Samo zdravo! Slabotno in bolno pa ni vredno solnca, zato segnije v temi, v sužnosti.

\*

Izpod skalovja je prižuborel studenec. Prehitevali so se mu curki, zakaj tesno jim je bilo v gori, na sužni poti. Zdaj ni več tesnobe, ko so se prebili na solnce in veselo se razlivajo—v svobodo.

Pa sem videl studenec, ki se je bil komaj razlil pod solnce in je že hitel k zevajoči rupi, da ga je pogoltnila. Iz sužnosti rojen, se je vrnil v sužnost, ker mu ni bilo do svobode.

\*

Kogar pa je premagala sužnost, ni bil nikoli vreden svobode. Zakaj svoboda je luč življenja. In komur ni do te luči, ga po pravi ugonobi tema sužnosti.

Svoboda je kakor morje—na vse strani drže ravna pota.

Svoboda je kakor zvezda—na vse strani lijejo jasni prameni.

\*

Kako bi bilo šele človeku, ko bi ne imel svobode? Kako bi bilo njemu, ki je več nego studenec, več nego seme, več nego ptič, ki je krona stvarstva, ker ne čuti samo, ampak tudi misli?—Kako bi bilo narodu brez svobode?

Ne vprašaj, kako bi bilo, zakaj bilo je že! Tisoč let je trpel slovenski narod v strašnem robstvu. Tisoč let je nosil težke verige suženstva. Tisoč let se je boril s temo zatiranja in ponižanja. Trpel je in je pretrpel. Nosil je in je prenesel. Boril se je in je zmagal. Zmagal pa je, ker je bil zdrav in močan. Prenesel je pezo sužnosti, ker ga je navdajalo trdno upanje v svobodno bodočnost. Pretrpel je bolesi, ker je veroval v svojo staro pravdo.

Dolgih in strašnih tisoč let je nosil naš narod jarem tujega gospodarstva. Ali ves narod?—Bilo je tudi mnogo izdajic. Prodajali so svoje brate za umazano plačilo. Poljubljali so trinogom roke, ki so zato tem pogumneje udrihale po trpečih bratih. V večni sramoti naj ostanejo njih imena na vekomaj!—

\*

Svobodni smo, bratje! Kakor da je bilo teh tisoč let težka bolezen. Ali preboleli smo jo—iz lastne moči. Že sama misel, da bi hoteli to svojo lastno, tako težko preizkušeno moč še kdaj položiti na tehtnico, bi bila blazna. Nikoli več! Prisegli smo iz spoznanja, da je svoboda kakor zdravje. Čuvajmo in spoštujmo jo nad vse! Krepimo v svobodi svojo moč, in čudeži bodo rasli iz naroda!—





# Zakaj ima slon rilec.

## I.

Sloni v starih časih niso imeli rilca, kakor ga imajo danes. Imeli so samo črnkast nos, ki ni bil daljši od enega črevlja.

A živel je v Afriki mlad slon, slon otrok, ki je bil prav posebno radoveden. Vpraševal je vsakogar o najrazličnejših stvareh. Vprašal je na primer svojega strica noja, zakaj mu njegovo repno perje tako čudno raste. V odgovor ga je stric noj ošvrknil prav pošteno s svojimi kremplji. Vprašal je žirafu, zakaj imajo melone tako čuden okus. In žirafa ga je udarila s svojim trdim kopitom. Toda slon je ostal še nadalje radoveden.

Nekega dne se je zbudilo novo vprašanje v njegovi veliki glavi: "Kaj obeduje krokodil?" Njegova mati, njegov oče in vsi sloni v njegovi bližini so mu odgovorili "š—š—š—š—š—š—t!" s strašnim glasom in ga pošteno nabili. Toda slonček je hotel na vsak način zadovoljiti svojo radovednost.

Odšel je iz družbe slonov v svet. Dospel je do ptiča "kolo-kola", sedečega na grmu, in ga ljubeznivo vprašal za krokodilov obed. In ptič "kolo-kolo" mu je odgovoril z žalostnim glasom: "Pojdi na breg reke Limpopo, ki je ves obrasten z drevjem in kjer je doma mrzlica; tam dobiš krokodila, ki odgovori na tvoje vprašanje."

Mali slon je odpotoval širom Afrike, hraneč se z melonami in bananami, ki jih je nosil s seboj. Končno je dospel na breg reke Limpopo, kjer je zagledal veliko kačo, zvito na skali. Vprašal jo je na dostojen način, ako ve, kaj obeduje krokodil. Kača se je hitro razvila in krepko udarila radovedneža s svojim močnim repom. Naš slonček se ji je priklonil in ji pomagal zviti se iznova. — Šel je dalje vzdolž reke. — Hipoma je naletel na neko stvar, ki jo je imel za dolg hlod. Ko pa je videl, da je ta stvar žival in ne hlod, se ji je približal in jo nagovoril: "Oprostite mi! Ali niste slučajno videli v tej pokrajini živali, ki se zove krokodil?"

"O, da, jaz sem to," je odvrnil krokodil in je začel pretakati solze v dokaz, da je res on krokodil.

"Vi ste torej oni, ki ga iščem že toliko časa. Ali bi mi hoteli povedati, kaj obedujete?" —

"Približaj se, moj mali," odgovori krokodil, "povedal ti bom to popolnoma na tih." "O ne!" odvrne slonček; "moj oče, moja mati, vsi moji sorodniki so me topli, kadar sem jih vprašal po tem. Sedaj si ne želim nič več tepeža."

"Nič se ne boj, le približaj se, in povedal ti bom v uho, česar si želiš," ga je vabil krokodil. —

Mladi slon se je dal pogovoriti in z zupanjem se je primaknil h krokodilu. — V tem trenutku ga je krokodil zgrabil za nos, ki ni bil do tedaj daljši od enega črevlja.

"Spustite me, me boli," je govoril slon z žalostnim glasom krokodilu.

"Eh, dobro! Danes začnem obedovati mladega slona," mu je odgovoril krokodil. Tedaj je začel slon vleči z vsemi svojimi močmi na svojo stran, a krokodil na nasprotno. Pri vsakem sunku se je podaljšal slonov nos, ki je bil kmalu nekoliko črevljev dolg.

Kača se je spustila s skale navzdol in je rekla mlademu slonu: "Sedaj morava vleči na vso pretego, zakaj drugače vas odveče krokodil s seboj v reko."

In res, ovila se je zadnje slonove noge in oba sta začela vleči. Tudi krokodil je vlek z vsemi močmi. Toda kača in slon sta bila močnejša, in končno se je zvrnil krokodil v reko sam in s takim hruščem, da ga je bilo slišati od izvira do izliva reke.

## II.

Naš ubogi slonček je ves upehan od prevelike utrujenosti padel na tla, toda vkljub temu ni pozabil zahvaliti se kači za njeno izdatno pomoč. Nato je začel lečiti svoj jako podaljšani nos. Zavil ga je popolnoma v bananino listje in ga potopil v sivo reko, da bi ga na ta način ohladil.

"Zakaj delaš to?" ga je vprašala kača.

Slonček ji odgovori: "Zaradi svojega nosu, ki je tako jako izobličen. Želim ga v vodi skrajšati."

"No, čakal boš dolgo! Ej, v resnici je mnogo ljudi na svetu, ki ne vedo, kaj je dobro zanje," odvrne kača.

Slonček je čakal tri dni ob reki, da bi dobil njegov nos svojo prvotno obliko. Toda čakal je brezuspešno. Ne samo, da se mu ni skrajšal nos, temveč tudi njegove oči so dobile zaradi dolgega čakanja in neenakomer-



nega gledanja enosmerski pogled navzdol proti koncu dolgega nosu. Saj ste lahko že razumeli, da se je izpremenil slonu njegov mali nos v pravcati rilec, kakršnega imajo še danes vsi sloni.

H koncu tretjega dne je slona vpičila muha v pleča, in slon je nehote potegnil rilec iz vode in ubil muho.

"Korist številka 1!" je rekla kača. "Tega ne bi napravil s svojim prejšnjim nosom. Poizkusi sedaj malo jesti!"

Preden je imel časa misliti, kaj dela, odvijaje slonček svoj rilec, odtrga z njim velik šop trave, jo otolče ob svoji sprednji nogi in ponese v usta.

"Korist številka 2!" reče kača. "Tega ne bi napravil s prejšnjim nosom. In sedaj, jeli bi še hotel biti tepen?"

"O, nikdar več!" odvrne slonček.

"In jeli bi hotel tepsti druge?" ga vpraša kača.

"O, da in še kako!"

"Dobro torej," reče kača, "ta novi nos ti bo za tepež jako koristen."

"Hvala lepa," je reče slonček. "Spominjal se bom vedno na to; vrnem se k staršem in sorodnikom in poizkusim....."

Slonček se vrača k svojcem širom Afrike. Ko je bil gladen, je odtrgal z lahkoto sad z drevesa in ni mu bilo treba čakati, da sad sam pade z drevesa — kakor nekdanj. Kadar je hotel jesti travo, si jo je odtrgal igradarje, namesto da bi se vrgel na kolena — kakor nekdanj. Ako se je dolgočasil na potovanju po širni Afriki, je zatulil v svoj rilec poskočnico in je napravil s tem mnogo več hrupa, kakor pa bi ga napravilo nekoliko godb skupaj.

Krenil je s poti malo v stran, da bi se srečal z ogromnim "hipopotamom" (ki pa ni njegov sorodnik). Pretepel ga je prav pošteno in se s tem prepričal, da je povedala kača resnico o njegovem rilcu. — Spotoma

je tudi čistil pot, na katero je metal med potovanjem k reki Limpopo melonine olupke, zakaj slon jako pazi na red in čistočo.

Lepega večera je pripotoval končno zopet k svojcem. Zvil je svoj rilec in jih pozdravil ponosno: "Kako kaj gre?"

Vsi domači so ga bili jako veseli, toda takoj so mu rekli:

"Pridi sem, tepen boš za svojo nenasitljivo radovednost!"

"Ps—s—st! Menim, da se grozovito motite, ako mislite, da znate tepsti! Ali jaz — jaz znam in še kako! Pokažem vam takoj!" Tedaj odvijaje svoj rilec in omlati z njim dva svojih bratov.

"Oh!" rečejo vsi presenečeni, "kje si se tega naučil in kaj si napravil s svojim nosom?"

"Na bregu Limpopo mi je dal krokodil nov nos. Vprašal sem ga, kaj obeduje, a on mi je dal v odgovor to, kar vidite."

"Jako je grd tvoj rilec," je pripomnila teta opica.

"Da," je odgovoril slonček, toda koristen je!" In zgrabil je teto opico za njene kosmate noge in jo vrgel v sršenje gnezdo.

Slonček je pretepel nato po vrsti vso svojo drago rodovino in vse sorodnike in vsi so bili presenečeni nad njegovo močjo. — Iztrgal je stricu noju repno perje; zgrabil je žirafa za nogo in jo vlekel v trnovo grmovje; zapihal je stricu "hipopotamu" v uho, ko je ta ravno dremal po obedu v reki. Toda nikomur ni dovolil storiti nič žalega ptiču "kolokolu." —

Na koncu koncev se je zgodilo, da so se požurili vsi sorodniki sloni k reki Limpopo, kjer jim je krokodil preobrazil nosove. Ko so se vrnili, ni bilo nič več pretepanja.

In od tedaj dalje imajo vsi sloni, ki jih vidite, pa tudi oni, ki jih ne vidite — rilce, kakršnega je dobil naš radovedni slonček.

## SLOVAN.

Kamor stopiš—pisan cvet,  
kamor hočeš—širni svet,  
smeh zveni, cvete radost,  
taka naša je mladost.

Si li sam?—Glej, src nebroj  
zvesto družji se s teboj,  
pojdi mednje, velikan,  
zvest med zvestimi: Slovan!

Ivan Albrecht.

## NAŠA POMLAD.

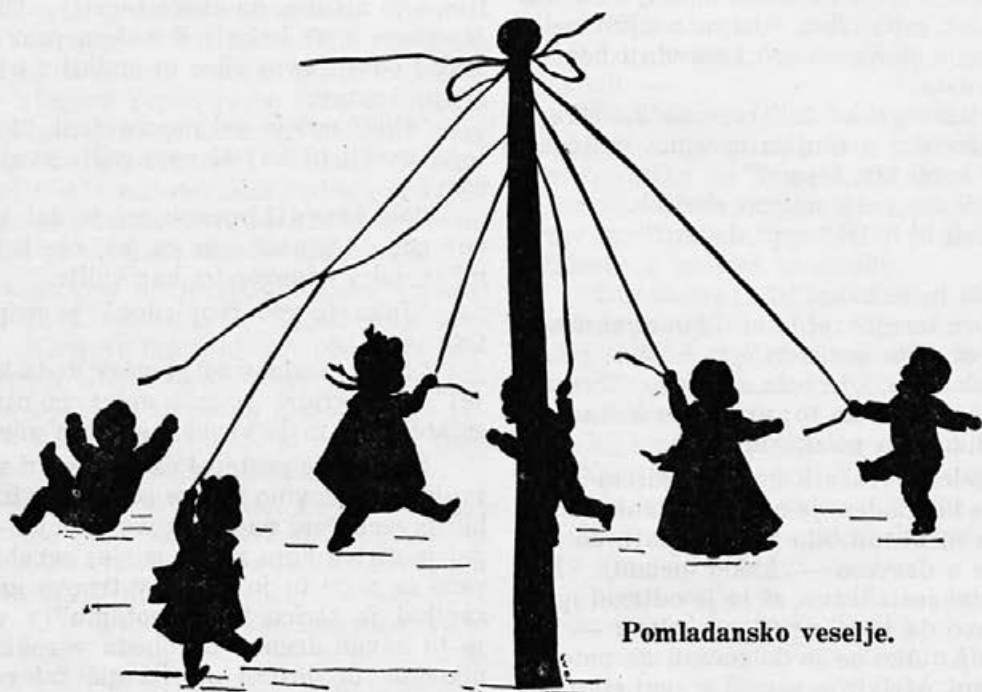
Čez naše lepe bele kraje  
in mlade njive, tihe gaje  
šla je pomlad.

Nasula rož, nasula cvetja  
in nova, svetla razodetja  
v srce—pomlad.

Kdor v zimi je bolan polegal  
in čmeren sam s seboj se kregal,  
poglej v pomlad!

Naj gre in s solncem se pobrati  
in svat naj bo med nami svati  
in z nami mlad!

Franjo Roš.



Pomladansko veselje.

## PTIČKI ...

Prišla je vigred  
na polje in gaj,  
ptički so tudi  
že z juga nazaj.

Ej, bili so daleč  
preko morja,  
tam, kjer je zlato  
solnce doma . . .

“Ptički veseli,  
kakšno je tam?  
Ali prinesli  
sreče ste nam? . . .”

“Sreče, prijatelji,  
tamkaj ni,  
v vaših očeh se le  
sreča blesti . . .”

“Pa cvetke vse lepše  
na jugu so  
in sladke oranže,  
ej, tam je lepo! . . .”

“Lepo je zares tam  
preko morja,  
a mi smo veseli,  
da smo doma.”

CVETINOMIRSKI:

# Jazbečeva zvijača.

Basen.

Uuuuuu—kako me boli noga! S poleni pa znajo dobro meriti ljudje, to pa to! Komaj sem jim odnesel pete!" javka jazbec svojemu mlajšemu bratu, ko prisopiha proti jutru šepaje—ranjen na zadnji nogi—domov v jazbino. "Bratec, ti si bil zmerom zvit in prebrisan—ali veš za kakšno zvijačo, da bi mogel preslepariti ljudi? Tako mi diši tista koruza tam v dolini— —ali polena, polena te noči me še zdaj strašijo. Kaj ti dam, bratec, da si izmisliš eno pošteno zvijačo, da si bom upal še zanaprej hoditi tja, kamor me želodec najbolj vleče?"

Oho—glejte si no—taka usmiljenost in velikodušnost!

"Zastonj ti bom povedal zvijačo, neugnani ponočnjak, samo če hočeš za nekaj minut postati moj učenec!"

"Že sem tvoj učenec!"

"In jaz tvoj učitelj!"

"Moj učitelj si, bratec—zvijačnik; učenec že poslušaj svojega učitelja."

"Torej poslušaj — — a ne samo poslušaj!"

"Že poslušam....."

"Torej! — — No, saj vem, kako je s teboj: kakor slon prilomastiš v koruzo, hlastaš na vse strani in hrustaš požrešno, nič pa ne prisluškuješ, nič se ne oziraš okrog sebe—"

"Pa zato te nisem vprašal, to sam najbolje vem, kaj počenjam v koruzi; zvijačo mi povej, da bom varen pred poleni!"

"In ko imaš želodec že poln, misliš, da bi se ga dalo še nekoliko raztegniti in še bolj nabasati, še lomastiš po koruzi in izbiraš, kakor da bi bil doma, ne pa na tujem! Ljudje pa imajo dobra ušesa in še boljše oči—"

"Ne, ne, ne—to naj te nič ne briga, če se po večerji še malo posladkam z izbiro, če se

bolj razkoračim, ko sem že itak pripravljen na odhod! Za zvijačo bi rad zvedel—to sem te vprašal!"

"In ko se sit in napet kakor boben ziblješ iz koruze—še te ni volja, da bi šel domov, še se obiraš kraj njive in hrskaš in prskaš od veselja, da si si tako lepo in poceni nagačil želodec— —"

"Nisem te postavil za svojega pridigarja—za učitelja zvijače sem te potrdil; nikar pa me ne uči, kako naj se vračam po večerji domov, temveč nauk že enkrat zreci, ki bom z njegovo pomočjo ljudi lahko ukanil, za nos jih zvodil!"

"In šele potem, ko ti že enkrat poleno prifrči na nogo, na hrbet, na glavo—šele tedaj se vzdramiš iz svojega kobacanja in prskanja, strezne te bolečina, a beg iz paradiza te napolni s sovraštvom do ljudi — — in tak prišepaš domov ter skrušeno prosiš svojega bratca za zvijačo — —"

"Da, za to te prosim; samo to bi rad zvedel, drugega nič!"

"In praviš, da si moj učenec?"

"Tvoj učenec sem!"

"Ha—ha, lep učenec!..... Sedi! Trojka!"

"Še legel bom, ne samo sedel..... Okrutnež..... nočeš mi razložiti zvijače....."

In jazbec potegne vzdihujoč svojo ranjeno nogo za seboj v kot, kjer se neutolažen zlekne k počitku, dočim se mu bratec—zvijačnik dobrohotno smehlja iz nasprotnega kota:

"Pa kaj hočeš še od mene? Saj sem ti vendar ves čas razlagal zvijačo...., ponočnjak zmedeni!" — — —

Ali zdaj veste, dragi moji, kako se godi tistemu, kdor meče bob v steno?! — — —





F. PENGOV:

## Kukavica.

Kukavica je že toliko čedna ptica, da se lahko pokaže v družbi in zato se ji bi ne bilo potreba izogibati človeškemu očesu.

To pa tem manje, ker ljubi v njej človek svojo prijateljico in najboljšo zaveznico proti nenasitnim škodljivcem iz družine žuželk. Kukavica ima tolik tek, da ga ji menda na celem svetu ne najdeš para. Le poslušajte!

Neki prijatelj narave je ujel mlado kukavico, ki se je bila ravno izgodila. Bila je močno shujšana, pa si je kmalu opomogla in je požrla prvi dan: 38 velikih zelenih koblic, 13 živih mladih martinčkov, dolgih za mezinec, 55 močnatih črvov, 22 ščurkov, 9 pajkov-križavcev, 13 bub kapusovega belina in lepo porcijo mravljinčjih jajec. Kajne, bogat jedilni list za en dan! Naslednje dni je porabila ptica še več in to brez najmanjše težave. To je tek, da človeka zona obhaja, in to je bila še mlada kukavica. Stare kukavice nimajo prav nič slabšega želodca in niti za spoznanje manjše lakote. Najraje žro gosenice, in sicer kosmate, za katere druge ptice ne marajo. Kukavica jih pohrusta do deset v eni minuti. Požira lahko, ker se ji kljun odpira prav na široko — notri do oči. Krhke goseničje kocine z ostrimi kaveljci se zapičijo v kukavičji želodec tako, da je ta v gotovih časih videti kot kožuhovinnasta rokavica od znotraj. Od časa do časa pa se odliči otekla, nagubana kožica s kocinami od želodčne stene in gre iz telesa s kocinami vred. Poleg gosenic pa smo videli, da uživa kukavica tudi rjave hrošče, in to v veliki množini, v poznem poletju pa se zadovolji celo z jagodami brinjevega grma in krljike.

Korist od kukavičjega nedosegljivega teka ima le človek. Leta 1848. je nastopila v velikem borovem gozdu gosenica sprevodnega prelca v strahotni množini. Cel gozd je kar gomzel gosenic in ljudje si niso znali pomagati. Kar se prikaže kakih sto kukavic. Te so žrle. V dobrih štirinajstih dneh je bil gozd očiščen. Recimo, da je použila vsaka kukavica le tri gosenice na minuto in da se je gostila na dan po dvanajst ur, potem si lahko izračuniš sam število gosenic, ki jih je ugonobila ona stotina kukavic in si

moreš predstavljati velikansko korist teh gozdnih policajev.

Skrb za želodec da naši ptici toliko opravka, da ji ne preostaja časa niti za najvažnejši posel v ptičjem življenju: za ustanovitev nove družine. Zato pa kukavica izročuje svoje male otročiče tujim rokam v rejo.

Ali si, dragi čitatelj, mar že našel ali videl kdaj kukavičje gnezdo? — Če ga nisi, ti povem, da ga tudi ne boš, ker ga kukavica sploh ne dela ne. Kadar stopa ljuba pomlad na naše griče in trosi cvetlice in pogrinja majniško pisane tepihe po zarjavelih travnikih, tedaj ne dobiš ptice, naj je še tako majčkena, ki ne bi imela gnezdeca polnega jajčec in ne bi sedela na njem in valila z največjo pridnostjo; zraven nje pa sedi samec in pripoveduje družici o sreči in blaženosti rajske spomladi in kako bo lepo, kadar odrastejo mali paglavčki v gnezdu v poskočne fantiče in zale deklice. A dočim vse poje in se veseli, sedi le ena na drevesu sredi svojih gosenic in rjavih hroščev in ne pozna važnejšega opravila, kakor da je in kriči in kriči in je. To ti je kukavica.

Da pa vendar ne izumrje kukavičji rod — to skrb prepusti samec popolnoma samici. — V tihem majevem jutru poletava kukavica kolikor mogoče nalahno in neopazeno globoko doli pri tleh in preiskuje grmiče in žive meje, da si izbere za svoje jajce in za prihodnjo mlado kukavico rednika. Mlada rejenka žre samo žuželke in bi morala žalostno poginiti, če bi se njena sicer prava, a vendar pisana mati kdaj zmotila in jo poslala v penzionat k družini, ki se živi ob zrnju. To se pa sploh ne zgodi, ali le silno redko; samica odlaga svoja jaca le v gnezda žužkojedih ptic in najde tudi najbolj skrita z občudovanja vredno gotovostjo. Nad 50 vrst ptičjih pevcev je s kukavico v botrinstvu in izreja njene otroke: vrtna penica in pastirica, taščica in rdečerepka, velika penica in stržek, ščinkovec — pa le redko — in drozeg, ter še mnogo drugih. Nobena mestna tetka nima niti od daleč toliko prijateljic kot naša kukavica. Kukavica izvoha trenotek, ko starih ni v gnezdu; tedaj se usede sama v gnezdo in znese jajce vanj. Če pa



sedaj v gnezdu lagodno. Zdaj je v svojem kraljestvu sama!

V tem času obišeče mati kukavica rednike, da pogleda za svojim otrokom. Vsa njena zahvala obstaja v tem, da v slučaju, če je novorojenec še premajhen, da bi se rešil soprebivalcev, pograbi sama male žrtve in jih z morebitnimi jajci vred pomeče iz gnezda.

A vkljub temu krmijo uboge pevčice zločinskega pritepenca, ki jim je uničil družinsko srečo, z ginljivo potrpežljivostjo. Človek ne more skoro zatreti v sebi čustva naraščajočega gneva, ko vidi sedeti male rednike pred velikim požeruhom, ki je desetkrat večji od njih, kako mu bašejo pičo v široko odprt kljun. — Če prideš mladi kukavici preblizu, se besno dvigne, tolče s kreljutmi kot kaka roparica in seka puhajoč okoli sebe.

Kukavica je slepa do šestega dne. Tedaj ima že puh, ki štrli iz obokanega hrbtišča kot ježeve bodice. Čez kake tri tedne pa zapusti gnezdo za vselej. Starši letajo še nekaj časa za svojim velikim "otrokom", kamor se mu poljubi — mesto da bi bilo ravno narobe! — in ga oskrbujejo z živžem še toliko časa, dokler se mu ne zazdi, da se bo mogel odslej preskrbovati sam. Brez vljudnega poklona, ne da bi le črhnila hvaležno besedico: "Hvala za vse, kar ste mi storili dobrega!" se loči nehvaležna pastorka neko uro od ljubeznivih rednikov in se napoti sama na lov za srečo, s trebihom za kruhom.

V času, ko valita mala stržka podloženo kukavičje jajce in pitata izleglega mladiča, pa stara kukavica ne miruje, ampak "deluje" pridno naprej. V malih odmorih — po par dni narazen — izleže kakih dvajset jajec, in to v najraznovrstnejša gnezda.

Mlade kukavice pa uspevajo povsodi. In vendar je stržkovo gnezdo trdno iz mahu sestavljena obla krogla, v kateri gotovo vlada včasih vročina kot v ognjeni peči, gnezdo vrtne penice pa je na lahko in redko sestavljena travnata vrečica, skozi katero lahko sije solnce na vseh koncih in krajih; in kakšna je šele zibel naše pastirice, ki je zdaj tu, zdaj tam, najraje pa ob kaki vodi prav za silo skupaj zbita barakica, v kateri je časih mrzlo, da kar zobje, čem reči kljuni škleptajo!

Vse te ptice, ki smo jih ravnokar omenili, pa nikakor niso navdušene za častno službo, biti kukavičje pestunje in rednice. Kajti kjerkoli ugledajo kukavico, takoj jih gre cela truma nad njo, jo obletavajo in obsipavajo z glasnim zmerjanjem, dokler se jim ne izgubi izpred oči; na podoben način ravnajo ptice s sovami, pa tudi z dnevnimi ujedami. "Videl sem celo," mi je pravil dober prijatelj, "kako sta se zaganjali dve rdečerepki besno proti kukavici, ki je sedela na drevesu, ji skubili perje in jo kljuvali v tilnik. Kukavica pa je sedela tiho, se je potuhnila in ni rekla ne bev ne mev. Ta gotovo ni imela čiste vesti!"

In ptice imajo tudi brez dvojbe dovolj vzroka, da sovražijo kukavico, kajti kjer jim ta potuhnjenka podleže jajce, tam je proč z družinsko srečo!

Ali naj pa zato tudi mi sovražimo kukavico? Menim, da ne! — Res, da vsaka mlada kukavica uniči eno gnezdo, toda edina kukavica koristi v svojem življenju našim gozdom veliko več, nego bi mogli koristiti vsi mladiči dotičnega gnezda skupaj.

"Toda," ugovarja mlad modrijan, "ako že gledamo na korist, mar bi korist ne bila še veliko večja, ako bi si kukavica stavila svoje lastno gnezdo; tako bi ne bilo treba poginjati radi nje celim zarodom drugih ptic?" — Potrpi za trenotek, moj mladi prijatelj!

Na tvoje vprašanje bi ti lahko odgovoril z nekaterimi prirodoslovci, da kukavica ne more sama valiti zavoljo svojega notranjega telesnega stroja in pa zavoljo tega, ker leže posamezna jajca v predolgih presledkih. "Toda," bi me utegnil dalje vprašati, "čemu pa je ta uredba in zakaj je ravno kukavica edina slovenska ptica, ki ne zna valiti?"

Mesto odgovora mi dovoli eno vprašanje: "Kaj se ti zdi? Ima-li ta čudovita izjema v življenju kukavice sploh kak namen? In če ga ima, katerega neki?"

Na prvo vprašanje odgovarjaš z odločnim: "Da, gotovo ima svoj namen! Narava ne dela ničesar brez smotra."

Dobro tedaj! — Kakšen namen ima neki to dejstvo, ki mu ga ni para? Dovolj odgovor meni, kajti ta je obenem tudi odgovor na tvoj gorenji ugovor. Kukavica žre



edina med vsemi pticami kosmate gosence v večji množini. Med temi kosmatinkami se nahajajo najhujši opustoševalci gozdov in ravno te vrste gosenc nastopajo rade v neznanstvih množinah naenkrat. Če zadene kak kraj taka goseničja nadloga, potem je ena sama ali neko malo število kukavic brez vsake moči, da ukroti vojsko, ki šteje na milijone. Za take slučaje mora imeti kukavica nagon, da se zbere iz širšega okoliša skupaj na ogroženo mesto. In to se tudi v resnici godi.

Goseničja meseca junij in julij sta pa ravno isti čas, ko bi morala kukavica, ako bi imela kakor druge ptice mladiče in družino, valiti in skrbeti za mladino. Potem pa bi se ne mogla preseliti, kamor bi se hotela in kamor bi se morala. Ako naj torej kukavica izpolni svojo nalogo, ako naj bo najvestnejši gozdni graničar in policaj, potem mora biti enkrat za vselej rešena vseh skrbi za otroke in domačijo, biti mora prosta, da gre kamor jo žene nevarnost in ostati mora tamkaj toliko časa, dokler ni rešena naloga.

---

## EJ TA SUŠEC!

“Mati, včeraj ste dejali,  
da pomlad spet skoraj pride  
in pogrne cvetje zemljo,  
v gozdu ptičev zbor se snide.

Danes, glejte, spet na oknih  
rožice cveto ledene;  
cvetja polje ni pognalo,  
v gozdič ptice ni nobene.”

Pratika nam pomlad kaže,  
pa še mrzla burja brije;  
ej, ta sušec spomladanji,  
ta nas vselej najbolj vije.

Mokriški.

---

## NOČ JE ZVEZDICE PRIŽGALA...

Noč je zvezdice prižgala,  
majka zibko prerahljala.  
V zibelko je sinka dela,  
uspavanko mu zapela:

“Zaspi mi, sinko moj, zaspi!  
Očeta sen pričara ti.  
Ne zabi svoje on sirote,  
v oklepu zlatem pride pote.  
Na glavi šlem mu bo žarel,  
ob boku bridki meč gorel.  
Na iskrem vrancu privihral

in k sebi te na sedlo dal.  
Zasnivaj, sinko, otrok moj,  
težko te čaka očka tvoj!”

A detece ne spi,  
samo meži,  
in skoz trepalnice priprte  
na mamico preži.  
In čudi se in preišljuje,  
zakaj ob mili pesemci  
o očku  
mamica ihti . . .

Utva.

## Posekani vrt.

Kadarkoli sem stopil na balkon, sem se ga razveselil. Bujen vrt je bil. Spredej vrsta mladih kostanjev, nato nekaj lip, četrto vitkih smrek, potem par jablan, par hrušk, ob zidu na desno cel špalir črešenj, pa tu in tam španski in domači bezeg, akacija in v sredi visoka platana. Beli poti so se vili med drevjem, obrobjeni po raznovrstnem grmovju.

Mirno je zelenel, cvetel in rasel ta vrt. Dolga leta. Zagrajen od vseh strani in dovolj oddaljen od cestnega prahu ter od pocestnih vandalov, je bil kakor oaza sredi puščave mestnega zidovja. Razkošje očem in pljučam, radost duši. Na tem vrtu sem užival razvoj narave leto za letom, od meseca do meseca . . .

Spomladi sem se razveselil, kadar sem zagledal prvo popje, ki se je svetlikalo, pokalo, razvijalo prvo, še rumenkastozeleno periče. Koliko različnih nijans zelenja sem občudoval! Vsak grm, vsako drevo je bilo drugačno. Noben slikar ne more na svoji paleti namešati tolike raznoterosti v eni sami barvi, kakor jih spomladi nameša narava. Kakor zelenkast oblak, ki sedi nepremično na vejah, še ves prozoren in prosoben spočetka, se je zelenje krepilo in gostilo od dne do dne.

In že se je začelo cvetje.

Diven je bil takrat vrt, kakor pravljica mičen! In solnce je sijalo nanj ter je stoterne boje še stoterilo z žarki in sencami. Opojno je dišalo, po smoli, po medu, bezgu in akaciji, da se je razlivalo po vzduhu od vonjev, kakor bi stal sredi rož.

Na vse zgodaj zjutraj in vsak večer je sedel na najvišjem vrhuncu platane kos ter prepeval svoje dolge melodije neutrudno. Zarana mu je sledil ščinkovec, nato se je pripodila jata vrabcev, se ženila, se pretepala. Kos in ščinkovec sta si odpevala v duetih. In drevje se je košatilo bolj in bolj, zelenje je temnelo, črnelo, zarjavelo, zarumenelo in končno odletelo.

Izginil je kos, utihnil je ščinkovec, ostali so le vrabci, čmerni in prepirljivi, in kavk je postajalo vsak dan več. Zima! Balkon, na katerem smo uživali krasoto po-

mladnega, poletnega in jesenskega vrta, je ostajal prazen. Toda veselili smo se: ah, saj pride zopet vigred, zopet zazeleni in vzcvete vrt!

Toda zdaj pa nikdar, nikdar več!

Novega gospodarja je dobila hiša z vrtom. Treznega, modrega moža, modernega računarja. "Čemu ta gošča," je dejal. "Oh, drva so tako draga; tu pa jih je narastlo za nekaj sežnjev!" — In dal je posekati vso drevje: hruške, črešnje, jablane, akacije, kostanje, bezge . . . samo tri tenke smreke je pustil. Menda, da se še porede, potem da posekati še te.

Kakor bi umiral naš brat, je bilo v moji obitelji. Hčere so ogorčene vzklikale, dvigale pesti . . . ženi se je opetovano skalilo oko . . .

"Oh, še vedno sekajo! Pomisli, tisto krasno črešnjo! Kako je cvetela! Kako dišala! Uh, tak barbar!" se je ogorčala.

"Papa, celo platano sekajo! Tisto koso! Moj Bog . . .!" je javkala hči.

Vsako drevo posebej so spremljale v grob . . .

Bilo je strašno. In trajalo je dober teden! Potem so žagali debela . . . mrtvaške pesmi ni hotelo biti konca. Novi gospodar pa se je smejal.

Danes stoji sredi nekdanjega lepega vrta velika grmada lepo zloženih razžaganih krceljev. Pokriti z deskami, se suše; potem jih pač razsekajo na drobno. Na mestu nekdanje poetične narave, cvetja, zelenja, vonja, ptičjega petja in žgolenja — puščava in kup drv . . .

Kakor simbola današnje dobe se mi zdi ta. Poezija umira, racionalnost, špekulacija, utilitarstvo triumfirajo. Najvzvišenejši ideal je smešen spričo bankovca za 100 dol.

A poezija končno le še zmaga. Trdno verujem, da je idealizem nesmrten. Tudi na današnji puščavi vzraste nov, morda še lepši vrt. Jaz ga ne doživim več. Toda vzraste gotovo! Veselil se ga bo vsaj moj vnuk, ki bo idealist kakor njegov ded . . ., takrat že davno mrtev in pozabljen . . .

Zbogom moj vrt!

Entoutcas.

## Naš kotichek.

## UGANKI:

5.

Zakaj sneg pada?

6.

Tenko in drobno, z repom potuje; čim dlje potuje, tem krajši rep ima.

## Rešitve ugank.

3.

Kamor osel leže, tam dlako pusti.

4.

Vretence sukanca, lahko pa tudi papirnati zmaj.

\* \* \*

Teh dveh ugank ni nobeden prav rešil.

## Dopis.

Cenjani urednik!—Tukaj pošiljam rešitev zadnjih ugank: št. 1 je tekoča voda, št. 2 pa hčer. Prav težko pričakujem, da bi videl priobčena imena onih, kateri dobe nagrade, ker mislim, da bodem tudi jaz med njimi. Zelo si želim, da bi dobil zopet kako lepo knjigo, kakor je bila zadnja od Martin Krpana. Oh, ko bi bil jaz tako močan, pa bi prišel k vam v Chicago, pa bi vse premetal po Chicagu. Pa nikar ne zamerite, saj Vam bi nič ne naredil, samo roko bi Vam stisnil, pa ne tako trdo, kakor jo je Krpan Berdavsu.—Z bratskim pozdravom!

Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.

Dragi, le potrpi malo, v prihodnji številki boš našel, kar želiš, in zdi se mi, da boš med onimi, ki dobe nagrade, tudi Ti. Tvoj dopis je bil stavljen že za zadnjo številko, a je moral počakati do danes.—Tudi drugi dopisovalci naj še malo potrpijo. Prihodnji mesec bo, mislim, že vse šlo po redu.

Pozdrav!—Ur.

## Kaj potem?

Oče: "Umij si vrat in ušesa! Jutri pride stric!" —

Sinček: "In če strica ne bo — kaj naj potem začnem z umitim vratom?"

Petero čutov.



(Vid, vonj, okus, sluh, tip.)





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

MARCH 1925.

Number 3.

## FINGERS AND THUMBS.

Thumbs! Thumbs!  
 O what would we do without thumbs?  
 We couldn't do baking,  
 Nor building, nor raking,  
 We couldn't play fiddles or drums!

Dear! Dear!  
 We would be very awkward, I fear!  
 We couldn't do sowing,  
 Nor digging, nor rowing;  
 O wouldn't the people seem queer!

My! My!  
 And how could we eat apple pie?  
 Or wipe off our noses,  
 Or button our clotheses?  
 We would be like dogs—you and I!

For—For—  
 We could not even open a door,  
 Nor play ball for pleasure,  
 Nor weigh things, nor measure—  
 Why—we wouldn't be FOLKS any more!

Drums! Drums!  
 The key to a mystery comes!  
 The Cave Folks could beat them,  
 The foes that would eat them—  
 Because they had fingers and thumbs!  
 —Early Jungle Folks.

---

## HIS BOY.

It wasn't so very long ago—  
 Last year, seems like, to me—  
 When he was feelin' sick or low  
 I'd take him on my knee,  
 An' tell him stories for a while  
 About some Injun fight,  
 An' pretty soon he'd sort o' smile  
 An' say he felt all right.

I mind the time he broke his nose  
 In tumbling off a stack,  
 Last week it seems, but goodness knows,  
 'Twas mebbe twelve years back!  
 How skeered I was 'twould spile his face,  
 Until the doctor came,  
 An' set the blame thing back in place,  
 An' golly he was game!

An' here he's in a cap and gown  
 A-gettin' a degree,  
 His forehead furrered in a frown  
 While lookin' down at me.  
 A reg'lar full-grown man he looks  
 Beside that dry old dean,  
 An' he has read more study books  
 Than I have ever seen!

He's able now to make his way  
 With all that college lore;  
 He told me only yesterday  
 He won't be helped no more.  
 I'm proud o' him, but now an' then,  
 In spite of all he's did,  
 I wish I had him back again,  
 A little helpless kid!

—J. J. Montague.

## Man and Animals.

One of the risks to which the Balance of Nature is exposed is the multiplication of insects. There are so many of them and they are so prolific. Their over-population is often disastrous for a time in a limited area, as is familiar in an invasion of locusts; but this is obviated as a world-wide catastrophe by the changeable weather and by insectivorous animals.

Among these the place of first importance must be given to insect-eating birds. It is not possible to make precise calculations, but some experts have said that six to ten years without birds would suffice to bring our whole system of Animate Nature to an inglorious end—a vast hecatomb of insects—devouring and smothering one another. This is the biological reason for opposing the destruction of insect-eating birds except under careful scrutiny. That they are irreplaceable masterpieces of beauty is another reason of a different order but not less cogent.

One cannot pretend that the question of elimination is easy; one can only plead that wholesale massacres should not be permitted without the most careful consideration. Poisonous snakes are proscribed, but it is clearly understood that their destruction implies a multitude of mice and other "vermin" on which many snakes feed. Antisquirrel clubs have been started because of the damage done to young trees. A price is put on the beautiful rodent's head, and the heads come tumbling in. Sometimes, however, the squirrel club has had to be dissolved, because of the over-multiplication of wood-pigeons, which eat enormous quantities of grain, and may mean a serious loss to the farmer. The usually vegetarian squirrel levies toll on the young squabs of the wood-pigeon.

Just as man encourages rats without meaning to, so he discourages wild things without meaning to. Agriculture spreads; marshes are drained; forests are cleared; the stretch of wildness becomes a trim golf-course. Therefore the wild cat becomes a rarity, and the pine-marten disappears; the bittern becomes scarce, and the ruff has almost ceased to nest in its native wilds.

Sir Ray Lankester has summarized the numerous practical relations between man

and animals, and it is instructive to consider their manifoldness: (a) We capture animals for the sake of their flesh, e. g., hares and rabbits, herring and whitebait. We kill others for parts that are not edible, the whale for its oil and whalebone, the pearl-oyster for its pearls and mother-of-pearl. (b) Other animals are bred for utilitarian reasons, e. g., pigs for their flesh; cattle for flesh and milk; horses for transport; dogs for their watchfulness; turkeys, geese and poultry for the table; and so on. Sometimes the utility is esthetic, as in the case of canaries and goldfish. The keeping of pets, from cats to white mice, from parrots to poodles, may be included here.

Then (c) there are those animals that help man's endeavors. The earthworms have largely made the fertile soil, and the bumble-bees pollinate the clover. The fisheries are after all dependent on the multitudes of minute crustaceans in the sea-soup, and these are the microscopic Infusorians and Algae.

But (d) there are other animals that hinder man's operations and balk his experiments. The poisonous snake bites his heel, and the mosquito infects him with yellow fever. In some places the midges are so rampant that life becomes a burden, and the heaviest cloud of depression and despair that has ever rested on the human race is due to a contemptible threadworm—the Hookworm—whose larvae enter man's skin from the fouled soil. A knowledge of the life-history of the intruding parasite is now making it possible, however, to check its deplorable ravages. Long ago in man's history the enemies that counted for most were large creatures, such as lions and tigers, wolves and bears; but nowadays most of man's serious enemies are minute, we may even say microscopic.

Besides those animals (e) that directly hinder man there are the multitudinous enemies of his flocks and herds, his farms and gardens. The fieldvoles are sometimes "plagues"; the wood-pigeons devour good seed; the Phylloxera spoils the vineyards; the Colorado beetle ravages the potato crop;

the number of injurious insects is legion. Man's domesticated animals are attacked by numerous parasites: the horse has its "bots," the cattle their "warbles," the sheep their "sturdie," and the pig has an internal menagerie.

Others, again, (f) attack man's permanent products and his stores. In warm countries the white ants or termites make sawdust of everything wooden, and imply a considerable check on many of man's operations. Also very serious are the grain-weevils that do much harm in granaries, and rats are worst of all. Bookworms and clothes moths can be readily checked, but it is a more difficult problem to cope with cockroaches.

Finally, (g) there are those very useful animals which help to keep down those mentioned in the last three sections (d, e and f), the hedgehogs that devour the slugs, the lapwings that prey upon the wireworms, the lady-birds that check the prolific greenfly, and the ichneumon flies that lay their eggs in caterpillars.

Wonderful changes have been wrought in a few thousand years by man's domesticating and destroying, introducing and eliminating, preserving and cultivating. The outstanding lesson is surely that no creature lives or dies to itself, that the consequences of every move are not only direct but far-reaching till the game is done.

—From "The Truthseeker."

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Landscape.

#### Doubling up.

The three children came and stood in a row in front of their mother. "Mamma," they asked, "what would you like for your birthday?"

"My dears, mamma wants nothing for her birthday but three good children. She would like that."

"But then, mamma," cried the eldest, "we'd be six."

#### No Other Chance.

Mother: "I wouldn't whip him this time, Robert. Wait till he does it again."

Father: "But suppose he doesn't do it again?"

Teacher: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me."





# Robinson Crusoe's Princess.

By Patten Beard

## CHARACTERS

**ROBINSON CRUSOE**, in usual Crusoe dress with umbrella.

**FRIDAY**, blackened and barefoot, with a long dress of red cotton print draped around him like a tunic.

**THE PRINCESS** in a glittering dress with spangles, necklaces, and over her head a long scarf.

### THE PIRATES:

**RED JOE**, with red bandanna kerchief and wide-brimmed hat.

**BLUE JIM**, with blue bandanna kerchief and wide-brimmed hat.

**BLACK JOHN**, with black kerchief and wide-brimmed hat.

**A SEA CAPTAIN** and **SAILORS** in sailor dress.

This little dialogue may be acted upon a stage indoors where green plants represent Robinson Crusoe's Island. Or, if you wish, it may be given outdoors in suitable surroundings.

The curtain rises showing Robinson Crusoe stepping through the tangled shrubbery, followed by Man Friday.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE**: How good it is to be here again, Man Friday! It has seemed as if I must get back here to see my Island again. It is the very Island, isn't it? And the ship will not call for us till nightfall. We have a whole day to explore again. I wish it were longer!

**MAN FRIDAY**: We need not go back. We might stay on here forever, Master! I know what I shall do. I shall catch me a parrot and tame it.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE**: Would that it were possible! (Sighs.) Alas! I must continue my trip to buy merchandise in the Indies. For that did I charter the Sea Captain's vessel! It cannot be changed—but it was a good thing to stop off and see our beloved Island again while the vessel made its trip to a neighboring isle for a cargo of coconuts. They will be back here for us by nightfall. (He looks to right and left.) Which way should it be to our cabin, Man Friday?

**MAN FRIDAY** (going to the shrubbery and looking about): I think, Master, it should

be about here that our path lies; only, now, it is overgrown—hark! I hear something! (He turns his ear in listening attitude, and holds his hand to it to catch the sound.) Do you not hear something, Master?

**ROBINSON CRUSOE**: It is no more than a parcel of monkeys chattering! (Laughs.) No, Man Friday! No human beings ever have come here to live! You do mistake the monkeys' chatter!

**MAN FRIDAY**: Hide, Master! Into the shrubbery! I hear footfalls! Quick! (He hides and **ROBINSON CRUSOE**, after lingering a moment to listen, hides also.)

**ROBINSON CRUSOE** (in whisper): Pirates, Man Friday! Have you your good blade within your belt?

**MAN FRIDAY** (feeling in his belt and hiding so that the audience can see him though the other half of the stage cannot): Aye! My good blade is here. Aye!

(Enter **PIRATES** leading a captive **PRINCESS** who is bound with long strips of cotton cloth and held between two **PIRATES**, **RED JOE** and **BLUE JIM**.)

**PRINCESS** (wailing): Oh, do let me go! Do let me go! I will give you a fortune if only you will let me go back to my father who is King of Parrot Kingdom! Oh, let me go!

**BLACK JIM**: Enough of that! Keep quiet! We don't want any more fortune! Here in this sack I have all—all—all the money of your father's princely hoard—we've got it here already!

**PRINCESS**: Alas! Did you take that, too? Oh, woe! Alas! Alas!

**BLUE JIM**: Now, Princess, you keep quiet or I shall have to tie up your mouth. It will go hard with you if you don't stop! You stay here! (**RED JOE** and **BLUE JIM** tie the **PRINCESS** to a tree where she sits helpless, hands tied in front of her.)

(During this time **FRIDAY** has been motioning to **ROBINSON CRUSOE** to lie low, though it is evident that **CRUSOE** can barely restrain himself and keep hidden. It is evident that he wishes to spring at the **PIRATES** even though **MAN FRIDAY** advises waiting.)

BLACK JOHN: Now then, are you ready? Are you ready?

BLUE JIM: Wait a minute!

RED JOE: The Princess must be blindfolded before we begin! Tie something about her eyes! (Aside.) Don't let her see where we are hiding the treasure—it wouldn't be safe!

(They tie a bandage around the PRINCESS' head so that her eyes are covered and then they appear to hunt about to right of the stage until they find a certain stone.)

BLACK JOHN (under his breath): There! (Indicates stone.) Dig!

BLUE JIM: Where's the spade? Where's the spade?

BLACK JOHN: Back there in the forest. I left it.

BLUE JIM: Then you must go after it and bring it here!

BLACK JOHN: After you gave me all the hard work of carrying that sack of treasure! No! You or Red Joe must get it—not I! No! Not I!

RED JOE: You left it, Black John! You go for it!

BLUE JIM: Why quarrel? There is time enough to quarrel when we distribute and share the treasure—not now! We can all go back after the spade and the other things left behind. There is more than one alone can carry!

BLACK JOHN: Then I stay here and guard the treasure till you two return! I can watch and see that the Princess does not run away! The Princess cannot escape while I am here! (Yawns.) Oh, I'm tired!

BLUE JIM and RED JOE (together): No, you don't! Do you think we'll trust you? You come along! (Laughing). You guard the treasure alone—why, off you'd go with it! That's what you'd do!

BLACK JOHN: It would be a wise thing for a Pirate to do. Well, I come along too! Are you sure the Princess is safe if we leave her? Are you sure she cannot escape?

BLUE JIM and RED JOE: She is bound tight! Leave the treasure bag! Cover it so! (They cover it with shrubbery.)

(They leave the stage, stepping back through the bushes the same way as they came, stopping to look back once or twice to see that the PRINCESS is safe!)

ROBINSON CRUSOE (to Friday): Hist! Here is our chance! Quick! (He steps from hiding and runs to the PRINCESS.) Poor lady! The Pirates have gone but for an instant, maybe! Make no sound! I will set you free! (He quickly unbinds the PRINCESS, while FRIDAY runs for the bag of treasure and lifts it from among the leaves.)

MAN FRIDAY: Master! Master! Follow me! I know a cave where we can hide! Quick! This way!

PRINCESS: The Pirates have a cave! It may be the same one! Is there no other place?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Hark! I hear voices! It is the Pirates! Which way are they coming?

MAN FRIDAY: We are caught! Master, we are caught!

PRINCESS: Alas! Oh, alas! We are caught!

(Enter on stage a SEA CAPTAIN followed by SAILORS.)

SEA CAPTAIN: Why, Crusoe! Here you are! We came thinking to see your island with you. Our boat is tied by the big rock over there! (Smiling, he points. Then he turns to the Princess.) And who is this lady?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Quick! Show us the way! We must make the ship with all speed! We have found a captive Princess whom Pirates have stolen.

MAN FRIDAY: And here is her father's stolen treasure which they took also!

PRINCESS: There is no time to lose!

SEA CAPTAIN: No! There's no time to lose!

ROBINSON CRUSOE: How fortunate that you came, Captain!

PRINCESS: You will take me back to my father and restore his treasure! Oh, how happy I am!

ROBINSON CRUSOE: And I, too, most beautiful Princess!

MAN FRIDAY: Hurry, Master! I hear the bushes crackling! The Pirates are coming! The Pirates!

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Do not fear! We outnumber them, Friday! (They all walk to the side of the stage from which the SEA CAPTAIN came through the bushes.) The beautiful Princess shall go first! (He holds the bushes aside to let her pass.)

SEA CAPTAIN (stepping after her): I will undo the boat! They cannot reach us! They cannot catch us! We will be out at sea when they return!

ROBINSON CRUSOE: And set sail at once for the Kingdom of the Princess' Parrot Islands!

FRIDAY: What an adventure! (Laughs.) Now let Black John and Blue Jim come back! (He waves a hand in the direction of the Pirates.) Good-bye, Magic Island!

Maybe we will come back again another time!

(The others disappear. FRIDAY lingers.)

What an adventure!

Voices of CRUSOE and SEA CAPTAIN calling: Friday! Man Friday! Hasten!

FRIDAY: I come. I was going to catch a parrot here and take it home to tame. (He turns and starts to go.) Well, I'll get one when we land at the Parrot Islands!

(CURTAIN.)

## Electrical Animals.

Electrical changes are known to occur in connection with the activity of various parts of animals, e. g., muscles, nerves, the retina of the eye, and glands. Similarly, when the carnivorous (flesh-eating) plant known as Venus Fly-trap shuts its leaf on an insect, there is an electrical change comparable to that which occurs when we contract a muscle—a fine substance of the unity of vital processes.

Electrical changes have also been observed in connection with the movements of the Sensitive Plant, the rotation of the living matter inside in the cells of the stoneworm *Nitella*, and even in the ordinary upbuilding of carbon compounds that occurs in the green leaf of any plant. It looks as if electrical changes were associated with active vital processes in general, and this should be kept in mind when we pass to special cases where this transformation of energy becomes, so to speak, dominant and of high value in itself, as when the Electric Eel gives a shock.

The Electric Ray (*Torpedo marmorata*) of the Mediterranean is a smooth-skinned relative of the skate, and may be a yard long by two feet broad. It has two large electric organs between the front of the head and the gills, extending through the thickness of the body, and somewhat like flat kidneys in shape. Each consists of thousands (it may be half a million) of transparent perpendicular prisms, or "electric plates," separated by partitions. Each prism is due to the transformation of a muscle-fibre and its nerve-endings.

When the fish is excited the dorsal end of each plate is electrically positive to the ventral end, and a succession of shocks passes from the under to the upper surface of the head. If the fish is grasped, a very distinct and, indeed, painful current passes up the arm, and this is enough to benumb or even kill animals that come into close quarters with the Torpedo. Repeated discharges weaken the strength of the shocks. It is interesting to find that ordinary skate have two small electric organs about half-way up the tail. They are probably organs in process of evolution.

In shallow parts of the Orinoco, Amazon, and associated rivers, and in the marshes near by, there lives the well-known Electric Eel (*Gymnotus electricus*), which is able to stun a beast of burden. The fish may attain a length of 8 feet and a weight of 50 pounds. About four-fifths of the length is tail, and on each side of this there lies a huge electric organ, consisting of transformed muscular tissue supplied by numerous nerves from the spinal cord. The anterior and posterior ends of the longitudinally disposed muscle columns become oppositely electrified, and the current passes from the tail to the head.

When the Electric Eel bends its body so that the head and the tail touch different parts of the same fish, a very strong shock is given. Repeated discharges, which may be reflex or voluntary, weaken the strength of the shocks, but the strongest are sufficient to kill the prey. Other electric organs have been found in the big-brained Mormyrs (*Mormy-*



ridae) of the Nile. The organ is situated on each side of the tail region, and is derived as usual from transformed muscular tissue. The shock is feeble.

Quite different from all the other electric fishes is the Electric Cat-fish (*Malopterus electricus*), found in rivers of Tropical Africa and in the Lower Nile. It is a sluggish, light-avoiding creature, sometimes a yard long, able to give shocks powerful enough to kill other fishes. The electrical apparatus is unique in being formed of modified skin-glands, which form a greasy mantle and round the fish between the skin and the muscles. It is controlled by a single nerve-fibre arising from one huge ganglion-cell on each side at the front end of the spinal cord. The (electromotive) force of the shock in this fish amounts to 450 volts, which is very high. The shock given by a *Malopterus* or a *Gymnotus* to man who steps on it with his naked foot is enough to knock him down.

There are said to be about fifty different kinds of fishes that give electric shocks, but only a few of these have been carefully studied. In the cases that have been investigated, with the exception of the Electric Cat-fish, the electric organ consists of transformed muscle and the associated nerve-endings. It is important to emphasize the fact that an ordinary muscular contraction is associated with an electric change, and that the same is observed in glandular activity.

What is ordinarily a trivial accompaniment of an important change becomes in the electric organ the main issue. The electric organ discharges electricity, not as a current, but in a number of short shocks (lasting in *Torpedo* a small fraction of a second), and it is interesting to notice that strychnine, which throws the muscles of an animal into convulsions by acting on the nervous system, causes the Electric Ray to give off shock after shock in rapid succession until the creature is exhausted.

## GEOGRAPHIC CHANGES.

Put an orange on the shelf,  
And see the juices dry;  
The skin grows loose, and puckers up,  
In wrinkles by and by.

Sometimes the mountains grow like this,  
And wrinkle up so far,  
If folks had never climbed to see,  
We'd think they reached a star.

And in the ancient Mi-o-cene,  
Came many mountain ranges,  
Volcanies; earthquakes cracked the land,  
Made geographic changes.

At last the mastodon appeared,  
His nose was three feet long;  
He raised it upward like a horn,  
And trumpeted in song;

No bigger than a pony came  
Ancestors of the horse,  
And flying deer, and every year,  
More monkey folks, of course.

Perhaps—some wild and hairy thing,  
That chattered with his clan,  
And ambled queerly, used his hands,  
Well—something like a man!

Mary E. Marcy.



# The Music of American Indians.

By A. F. Oberndorfer

Possibly you always thought, as many great grown-up people have, that all Indian music is simply a tum-tum-tum-tum-tumpti-tumpti-tum-tum; but it really is quite different. Of course, when the Indians do their war dances, they beat upon their drums, or tom-toms, and it doesn't sound like real music to us, because it has no melody, or harmony. It is only a rhythmic beating that sounds rather tiresome after one has heard it awhile.

It is a very strange thing that after one has listened and danced for a very long time to this accented rhythm, one is ready to do most anything. That is why this rhythmic drum beating excites and stimulates the Indians to go out on the war path.

In days gone by, when the pioneer settlers heard the sound of the Indian drums, they were always worried. They knew that this kind of music really made the Indians so wild that they became like drunken men, and could not be controlled.

Besides the drums, or tom-toms, the Indians are very fond of the flute. The Indian flute is more like the simple old Greek flute of the shepherds, and has a beautiful quality of tone. All love songs are accompanied by the flute, which is considered the most priceless possession of the young Indian brave.

All Indian songs have legendary stories, and every important act or ceremony, of the tribe is depicted in music. I think you will remember that there used to be over fifty different tribes of Indians in America. And, when you realize that some of these tribes possess thousands of different songs, (it is said the Navajo tribe has fifteen thousand different songs) you can easily realize that Indian music is very important.

All Indian tribes have their own language, just as they have their own customs and dress, and all have their own characteristic music which is different in each tribe. Of course, the savage tribes, who were constantly on the war path, had very few melodies; all their music being war dances of the rhythmic type.

It is interesting to see how much the music of the white man has influenced the

Indian. For example, a small group of Penobscots, now living on an island off the coast of Maine, are almost the only Indians left who were associated with the Colonists. The songs of these Penobscot Indians are very similar to the old psalm songs of the Puritans.

Up in Canada among the Huron Indians, a chant-like hymn is very often used, which beyond doubt, was taught to the Indians by the French church missionaries.

Down in the Southwest part of America, where the Zuni, the Navajo, the Hopi, and the Pueblo tribes live, are many rhythmic and melodic effects, just like those of Spain. These tribes learned many of their customs from the Spanish settlers, who lived in this part of the country. That is why their music is so like that found in Spain today.

If you will look through your "Hiawatha," which all of you love to read, you will find that old Nokomis lulled little Hiawatha to sleep with songs. The Indian papoose is usually hung up in the trees. There the Indian baby swings as the breezes blow the leaves and the flowers with rhythmic motion, and the birds and bees sing about him. It is not strange that the Indian baby has ears which are attuned to all the sounds of nature. When his mother sings her lullabies to him, they are always of the birds, the bees, the trees, and the grasses.

One of the loveliest Indian lullabies is called "Wi-um, sleep, my wee flower, in thy beaded bower." The melody of this song is played by the flute, and the air is the same that the warrior father is supposed to have sung to the mother, when he wooed her.

When Hiawatha was a round-eyed boy, he listened in wonder to the tales of old Nokomis, and Longfellow tells us how she sang for him this song:

"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,  
Little flitting white faced insect,  
Little dancing white fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

This song of the firefly is very beautiful, and has been given to us in real Indian

music by our American composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman.

The love songs of the Indians are always accompanied by the flute, and this is a custom in every race. There is a beautiful flute solo in "Aooah," a Pueblo Indian song, which was put into modern music by Thurlow Lieurance.

There is a story in the Omaha tribe of an old Chief, who used to go every morning

"The Sacrifice," he throws his flute into the flames as he sings.

One of the most beautiful Indian songs is called, "By the Waters of the Minnetonka." You remember that the beautiful lake, Minnetonka, is just outside of the city of Minneapolis. The story tells that the tribes of the Sun and the Moon were not allowed to marry. When the son and daughter of the two tribes fell in love, they fled together,

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Golden Wedding.

Van Ostade

at dawn to the hilltop near his lodge, and play a love song upon his flute. "The Old Man's Song," is this story told in music by Arthur Farwell.

In another of his Indian songs, Mr. Lieurance tells the story of a young warrior of Vancouver. In order to become the Chief of his tribe he was obliged to throw into the fire as a sacrifice whatever he loved the most. This young Indian loved his flute the best of anything in the world. In this song,

and sank united in the waters of this beautiful lake.

Another beautiful song is called, "By Weeping Waters," and tells this story: Many years ago, the Chippewa Indians met the Oneidas on the banks of a river, just above a waterfall, and the Oneidas refused to allow them to cross. The Chippewas were all slain in the battle, and the water ran red with their blood. From that day to this, the waterfall sings with a mourning sound.



For many years the Chippewa squaws used to go one day every year to this spot, and mourn and cry for their lost Chieftains.

A beautiful custom is told in the song called "Her Blanket." The Navajo squaw always makes one blanket, in which she weaves the story of her life, and tells many of the deeds of her family in the figures on the rug.

There are only a few tribes of Indians left who still indulge in war songs. The Blackfeet tribe, up in Glacier Park, still use the old tom-tom, and one of their favorite dances tells an interesting story. It is called "The White Dog Song." Once the Sioux and the Piegan Indians were at war. In a fierce battle White Dog, the Sioux Chief, was slain. Ever since that day, this dance song has been used by the rival tribe to celebrate the victory.

The Hopi Indians have a snake dance, which is danced once a year.

The young Indian braves sometimes entertain the tribe by dancing the Grass Dance, and each tries to outdo the other in the variety of his steps. This is a custom in many tribes. Another interesting dance is the Eagle Dance.

"The Medicine Man's Song," "The Ghost Dance Song," and the "Harvest

Dance," are all found in many tribes. Almost every tribe also has its sacred songs of peace; its funeral songs, and its songs to the Great Spirit.

Many of the great composers of America are realizing the importance and beauty of the Indian melodies. The government has sent several musicians to Indian reservations with phonographs, and thousands of these songs have been recorded. They are filed away in the government library. Among the great American composers who have used Indian themes are: Arthur Farwell, Alice Fletcher, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Thurlow Lieurance and Carlos Troyer. Victor Herbert wrote an Indian opera called, "Natoma." The "Dagger Dance" from this opera, gives an excellent example of the use of an Indian theme for a barbaric dance.

The greatest American composer was Edward MacDowell, and he was very fond of the music of the Indians. He wrote a beautiful "Indian Suite" for orchestra, but his best known Indian composition is "From An Indian Lodge."

I am sure you will agree with me that the American Indians have some very beautiful music, and that we have every reason in America to be proud of this source of our native folk music.

#### Guessing at Definitions.

Among recent schoolboy examination "howlers" we choose the following:

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else."

"A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."

"Oceanica is that continent which contains no land."

"In India a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."

"Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

"Palsy is a kind of new writer's dance."

"Letters in sloping print are hysterics."

#### Dividing the Word.

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket. "Read," he blazed, "see what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

#### Good Ears.

Two students on a train were telling about their abilities to see and hear. The one says: "Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of that barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."

## Mistakes of Authors.

An English ornithologist has pointed out how many writers have blundered in referring to the nightingale. It seems that both Shakespeare and Milton made the mistake of causing the female bird to sing. "Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree," and "The Nightingale, if she shall sing by day—" while Milton speaks of the wakeful nightingale, "who all night long her amorous descant sung."

An article in the Springfield Republican gives a long list of the mistakes of authors, some of which are here quoted:

In "Paradise Lost" Milton wrote: "Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." "As a matter of fact," says Palmer, "the trees of Vallombrosa, being pines, do not strew the brooks in autumn with their leaves."

A queer slip was Browning's use of the word "slughorn," which the author of "Pippa Passes" evidently supposed was a musical instrument. "Dauntless the slughorn to my lips I set." The word "slughorn," however, is merely a corruption of the Scottish "slogan," a battle cry. But Browning errs in good poetical company, for Byron, in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," made a bad slip when he wrote:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that as we read the couplet the implication is that there were two palaces and two prisons, but Byron meant, of course, that there was a palace on one hand and a prison on the other.

It has been a delusion, especially on the part of poets, that the sunflower faces the sun—follows it, as it were, in its course through the heavens. The lines of Thomas Moore are well known and often sung:

As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets  
The same look that she turned when he rose.

This is a blunder. The sunflower, like most other flowers, faces oftener in a southern direction than any other, but it does not swing on the stem, and once in bloom remains throughout its existence facing the same spot in the heavens or on the earth.

The haste with which Sir Walter Scott produced the greater number of his novels doubtless accounts for the numerous blunders, such as those first pointed out by his literary kinsman, Robert Louis Stevenson.

In "Rob Roy" two horsemen, riding on urgent business, are made to take six days to cover a distance of one hundred miles, where, on another occasion, the same horses covered fifty miles in a single day.

Sir Walter's mistake is glaring in "The Antiquary," where the sun is actually caused to set in the eastern heavens. But, careful worker that he was, Stevenson himself, to use his own words, "came to grief over the moon," in "Prince Otto."

Indeed, lunar troubles particularly seem to have beset authors. More than one has described the moon as riding high in mid-heaven while in the crescent stage—a condition of things impossible on any night of the year.

In "King Solomon's Mines" Rider Haggard accomplished an unsurpassed feat in eclipsing a moon when it was new instead of full. Sir Walter Besant also juggled with the moon when, in "The Children of Gibeon" he had his new moon rise in the east at two o'clock in the morning.

Baroness Orczy in "Petticoat Government," draws a beautiful picture of a crescent moon, rising over the tree tops in the far eastern sky at 11 o'clock on a June evening. The picture is such a pretty one that it is a pity to destroy it, but the invention is preposterous.



## Adventurous Fishes.

Is there a species of fish that can climb trees? Lieutenant Daldorf of the Danish East India Company, when he reported to his superiors that he had personally seen several fish leap out of a pond and climb trees, was scoffed at. Nevertheless, Lieuten-

as well as Ceylon, India and Burma, the climbing perch abounds in fresh water, and is often in the habit of leaving the water whenever the fancy seizes it, traveling cross-country and climbing up the trunk of any tree it may choose. Some of its marches are

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Costumes of long ago.

ant Daldorf was quite correct, says Nature Magazine.

The world is full of wonders, and indeed there are many others which would readily match Lieutenant Daldorf's discovery. Throughout nearly all the Malay countries,

of great length, and it is in no way deterred by high hills or broad dusty prairies, so long as it eventually reaches a river or a lake to its liking.

There seems to be some difference of opinion as to what parts the fish uses in



order to get over the ground in this manner, but it is commonly supposed to employ certain stiff spines on the cover of its gills. Within its head it also possesses a series of chambers where water is stored for use in breathing on land.

An adult climbing perch may grow to at least six or seven inches. No fish in our country are quite so versatile, but it is now a well-established fact that certain eels and minnows can travel from one pond to another near at hand, providing that the inter-

vening territory is more or less level and overgrown with moist grasses.

In the upper Andes of South America are found climbing catfish, while another authentic report, it is stated, covers fish which crawl out of the water to skip and play on the shore like lively kittens. If you happen to see a lot of goggle-eyed fish walking and hopping about on land and climbing trees in search of insects, do not be surprised, urges the writer, for these are not weird nightmares, but carefully established facts.

---

## THE HONEST SAILOR.

A Turkish merchant had lost his purse which contained two hundred pieces of gold. He ordered the public crier to announce that he would give half the sum to him who had found it. It had fallen into the hands of an honest sailor who informed the crier of it, and he offered to restore it on receiving half of what it contained. The merchant appeared immediately. But wishing to free himself from his promise, he had recourse to a lie. He pretended that, with the two hundred pieces of gold there was in the purse a very fine emerald. The sailor took Heaven and the Prophet to witness that there was no emerald in the purse which he had found.

However, he was brought before the Cadi (judge) upon an accusation of robbery. After having heard the merchant, the Cadi asked the crier what he had been told to publish. The latter having declared that

they had spoken to him of only two hundred pieces of gold, the merchant hastened to say that, if he had spoken of the emerald, he was in the fear that, on account of its great value, he who had found it, might be tempted to keep it.

The Cadi passed this judgement: "Since the merchant has lost an emerald with two hundred pieces of gold, and that, on his part, the sailor swears that, in the purse which he found, there was no emerald, it is obvious that the said purse is not the one which the merchant has lost. Let the latter then continue to have his purse cried by the town crier. As for the sailor, he will keep during forty days the gold he found; and if he who has lost it does not present himself during that time, the sailor will have the lawful possession of it as of a property which is his."

---

### You Can't Tell.

"It's no wonder you're such a sissy," declared the bad boy. "Your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

"Well," retorted independent Mary, "from the noise I hear coming from your house, your pa and ma must have been married by the secretary of war."

---

### The Clock.

"What time is it, sonny?" asked a traveler of a small boy.

"Almost 12 o'clock, sir," replied the boy. "I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," returned the lad in surprise. "It just begins at 1 again."



# "Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

## Puzzle No. 3.

What word of eight letters is there from which you can subtract five and leave ten?

### Answer to Puzzle No. 2.

L	E	G	E	N	D	S
L	I	B	E	R	T	Y
H	O	N	E	S	T	Y
B	A	L	C	O	N	Y
D	I	S	C	O	R	D
O	R	D	E	A	L	S
F	O	R	E	I	G	N

Nobody sent the correct solution.

### Misleading Conversation.

It was warm—very, very warm. Noises and passionate voices came from the room. "Please!"

"No," (decidedly).

"Just one."

"No, Jimmy," (muffled and rather less decidedly). "You know what I told you."

"Oh, I know, but one won't matter. And I'll not ask you again."

(Almost persuaded). "But think of the consequences, Jimmy, boy. Tomorrow you will only be sorry."

"No, I won't, and I'll not ask for anything more."

(Taking head out of oven.) "Well, for goodness sake, take one then and get out of here. How do you ever expect mamma to bake all these cookies!"

### Ready for the Dye.

"I'm worried about my complexion, doctor; look at my face."

"My dear young lady, you'll have to diet."

"Oh, I never thought of that! What color do you think would suit me best?"

## How Absurd!

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."

### A Bottle.

In a cabin locker for many a year

A bottle lay;

And whether the weather was fair and clear

Or whether the Ocean was rough and gray,

The bottle had nothing to care or fear;

Yet the ship was an iron oaken mass

And the other was nothing but brittle glass—

A bottle.

Where the billows rose highest the storming flew

Over the sea;

And the waters foamed and the wild winds blew,

While the mad waves tossed in a whirling glee,

And all that was left of a ship and crew  
Came, bringing its message with silent lips

Of the perils of those who go down in ships—

A bottle.

—E. M.

### A Hundred Aches.

Teacher (jocularly)—"Do you know anything worse than a giraffe with a stiff neck?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"What?"

Pupil—"A centipede with corns."

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

## EXERCISES.

16.

Complete abbreviated forms below and answer the questions in Slovenian.

Kater— slovensk— organizacija v Amerik— je največj— in najboljš—?

V kater— ameriš— mest— je največ naš— rojak— Slovencev?

Kater— je glav— mesto naš— star— domovin— Slovenije?

Ali se ti je priljub— naš "Mladinski list", kater— dobiva— kot član (članica) naš— mogočn— Jednot—? Ali bi bil sedaj lahko brez "Mladinsk— list—", ko si se ga že tako privad—?

Ali ima— kak— mlad— ali star— sorodnik— ali znanc—, ki še ni pristop— k naš— Jednot—? Povej mu (ji), da je naš— Jednota: velik—, bogat— na premoženj— in števil— član—, da je zanesljiv— in varn—, da izdaj— glasil— za odrasle in ta "Mladinski list" kot glasil— za mladin— in da ima sijajn— bodočnost; nagovor— ga (jo), da takoj pristop—.

Solution of exercises in last number.

13.

### Jurij Washington.

Jurij Washington je bil prvi predsednik Združenih držav. Vsi ljudje so volili Washingtona in vsi predsedniški izborniki so glasovali zanj. On je edini predsednik, ki je bil enoglasno izvoljen. New York je bila prva prestolnica Združenih držav. Ko je bil Washington obveščen, da je bil izvoljen za predsednika, je takoj odpotoval iz Mount Vernona v New York v svoji lastni kočiji, ki jo je vleklo šest konj. Ob celi poti so se zbirali ljudje, da bi ga videli in ga pozdravili. Moški, ženske in otroci so stali po cele ure ob cesti, da bi ga videli iti mimo ter da bi klicali: "Živio Jurij Washington!" Na mnogih krajih so sipali cvetlice na cesto pred njega. Jurij Washington je bil "prvi v srcih svojih rojakov".

14.

Izvoli, izvolite; stoj, stojte; siplji, sipljite.

15.

Like on are declined: vsi, kateri (ki), svoj. These words are pronouns.

(To be continued.)