

Mladinski List

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

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 4

Izdaja

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:

	Members	Non-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 2, 1903, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

Jeraj Joseph
14811 James Ave.
(53)

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIŠTVO:

(OFFICE:)

2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

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LETO IV.

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UBOGA PTIČKA.

Dete:

“Ptičica otožna,
ptička moja v kletki,
daj, zapojčkaj pesem
meni, mali Metki!”

Ptičica:

“Daj mi solčnih žarkov,
rožic daj v darilo,
pa zapojem, dete,
pesem rajskomilo.”

Solnca ni imela
v sobici uborni,
pa je izpustila
ptičko v svet prostorni.

Ptičica zapela
je v zeleni seči
pesemco o solncu,
rožicah in sreči.

Marija Grošljeva.



Courtesy Chicago Health Dept.

Simon Jenko:

MRAVLJA IN OREL.

Zida drobna mravlja
varno si mravljiše,
dan na dan ukvarja
se za blagor hiše.

Dolgo pot nastopi,
sto pedi od doma,
z blagom obložena
spet domu priroma.

Gnezdo svoje stavi
orel na višine,
svet s perotjo meri
čez vrhe, globine.

Spoštujejo ga vsi modri možje,
kdor vedno več misli, kakor pove.
A malokomu je v čislih,
kdor več pove, kakor misli.

A. M.

IVAN CANKAR:

Spomladi.

I.

Nobenega oblaka ni na nebu; toda nad mestom leži siva megla, prepletana, vsa napojena s solnčnimi žarki. Ne vidim neba; že dolgo nisem videl njegove tihe sinjine, komaj se še spominjam, kako je sijala nekoč; toda slutim jo z ljubeznijo in hrepenenjem—tam visoko za to sivo meglo, se boči prelestna iz neskončnosti v neskončnost—kakor sluti domovino moje srce, polno domotožja.

Zgodaj je še; vzduh je hladen in miren. Ulica je v senci, visoko gori se blešče strehe; svetloba, rumena, žareča, lije nizdol v širokih plasteh—vzplamenela so okna. Za oknom se prikaže obraz, ves obžarjen; tako siva je lobanja, ki leži ob gomili in strmi v solnce s praznimi, topo začudenimi očmi. Te oči, v sivo meglo strmeče, ne vidijo solca; lica vsa ožarjena, ga ne čutijo. Od daleč zamolklo bučanje strojev iz tvornic, zvonki, nagli udarci kladi ob jeklo, monotoni klic zidarjev—to je življenje in solnce teh oči.

Ulica je razpokana v vsi dolžini; ob rovu je nasuta prst na obeh straneh za seženj visoko; v rovu stoje delavci in polagajo cevi. Le redkokdaj se prikaže iz rova kuštrava, potna, gola glava, samo do vratu; do vratu je zakopan živ človek v zemljo, oči se ozirajo zaspano, zlovoljno, nikoli se ne ozro proti nebu; ne vidijo solca in ga nikoli niso videle.

Pot se spenja in širi; že so daleč za mano globoke, ozke ulice, v prah in mrak potopljene. Zdi se mi, da že vidim v daljavi zelene holme; tako je prepojeno vse obzorje z žarko lučjo, da so oblike nerazločne, da se gibljejo nemirne ter časih nenadoma izginejo kakor za plapolajočim srebrnim pajčolanom. Zapihal mi je v lice toplejši veter, čudno opojen, blagodišeč; visoko se je bil vzdignil pajčolan in v lica mi je dihnil pozdrav od onstran megle.

Na desni, na levi samo še prostrana, prašna dvorišča tvornic, visoki dimniki, skladovnice drv in desak; težki vozovi prihajajo mimo, visoko naloženi; počasi, mirno in krepko stopata rejena konja. In tam—svobodno polje, lepi svet.

Utihnilo je mesto pod mano; pod sivim oblakom leži, vse je zavito vanj, potopljeno kakor na dnu mirne, smrdeče vode.

Bela pot se spenja v holm; polja, travniki, v daljavi temen gozdič; in nad zeleno, duhtečo pokrajino vedro jutranje nebo. V prahu, na polju, pod nebom čudna tišina, da mi je skoro tesno pri srcu. Mlado žito klije, za ped je že visoko; niti bilka se ne gane tam, najrahljši vetrič ne pogladi z dlanjo preko zelene gladine; na obzorju, nad gozdičem visi tenek bel oblak, samotni na vsem nebu; visel je tam ves čas in se ni ganil. Spomnim se nenadoma, da mi je bil v dolini, še globoko spodaj pod sivo meglo, zapihal v lica blagodišeč veter—odkod je bil tisti pozdrav?

In glej, človeka od nikoder. Mrtva je pokrajina, učarana, okamenela sredi življenja. Mrtva je meni, tujcu . . . To nebo ne prepeva zame, ne prepeva to polje zame popotnika, ki je prišel mimo in pojde dalje . . . Od daleč, preko one sinje gore mi je dahnil v lice pozdrav. Kmet je oral na polju, razorana zemlja, opojno duhteča, je zavzdihnila in se je spomnila popotnika, ki je mislil nanjo v ljubezni in hrepenenju. Tudi ona je slišala moj pozdrav; preko gora, preko zelenih ravni, in šumečih gozdov mi je pogledala v oči in je čutila mojo bolešt . . .

Hitel sem v dolino, v mesto, pod sivo meglo, kjer je dom tujcev in popotnikov. Lažja je tam bolešt in mirnejša, tišje je hrepenenje, če gledam v obraz človeku, brezdomnemu domov hrepenječemu, ki ima neutešljivo poželenje po domu, po solncu, po razoranem, duhtečem polju, po jasni sinjini neba. Lažje je človeku v veliki družini, med brati, lažje bolniku med bolniki . . .

Okno moje izbe gleda na visoko, sivo hišo; komaj da vidim nad streho ozko progno neba in le malo je noči, da bi se zasvetila zvezda na tej ozki proggi; če se zasveti, izgine takoj, zakaj neprijazen je ta kraj. V tisti visoki, sivi hiši domujejo siromaki in izgnanci; iz oken, temno strmečih, gleda strah in globoko v srcu skrito, neutešeno in neutešljivo hrepenenje po domu. Tudi Marenka domuje tam.

Veža je tako široka, da pregleda človek, če gre mimo, vse dvorišče. Prazno je in mračno, na vseh straneh se vzdiga visoko zidovje. Skoro vse duri v pritličju so odprte na stežaj; okna so zagrnjena s čudnimi zagrinjali, z rutami, zelenimi predpasniki, z umazanimi in razcefranimi ostanki belih zastorov. Otrok nisem videl nikoli na tem dvorišču; morda so bili tam, navadni, predmestni, slabo oblečeni otroci, ki jih vidi človek kakor s slepim očesom in pozabi nanje; videl sem samo Marenko.

Za tistimi odprtimi durmi, za tistim oknom, s predpasnikom zagrnjenim, v tisti mračni sobi je bil njen dom. Ne vem, kaj je bil njen oče; zdi se mi, da je iskal dela kjerkoli; prišel je bil v mesto z globokim upanjem v srcu; tako pridejo mnogi in poginejo kmalu. "Veliko je mesto, brez števila ljudi živi tam; zakaj ne bi živel še jaz, ponižen človek, ki se stisne ob zid, če je treba, in globoko zadovoljen svojo skorjo kruha?"

Veliko je mesto, ljudje ginejo brez sledu, kakor da bi se pogrezali v zemljo; nihče se ne spominja nanje, nihče ne žaluje za njimi. Pravili so, da je bil storil velik greh tam v svoji vasi, na Moravskem morda, in da je bil v ječi in da je nato pobegnil od sramu in žalosti z ženo in otrokom in z vsem, kar je imel. Bolan je bil, ko sem ga videl; suh je bil njegov obraz in oči so gorele motno v globokih jamah. Na glavi je imel majhen, okrogel klobuk, skoro brez krajev, tesne hlače so tičale v visokih, nerodnih škornjih, grobo zakrpanih. Velikokrat je prišel domov pijan, časih ob belem dnevu, in nihče ni vedel, kje se je bil napil, tudi sam ne. Žene nisem videl nikoli; ležala je bolna; bolna je že bila, ko so prišli v mesto in mož jo je nesel z voza v naročju kakor otroka.

Marenki je bilo takrat šest ali sedem let. Zasmel se je človek, če jo je ugledal na ulici med drugimi otroci, ki so imeli vsi kratke hlačice in kratka krilca in so bili pač otroci. Marenka ni bila otrok. Oblečena je bila kakor tisti veseli, rdeči, nekoliko zaspani slovaški otroci, ki se pripeljejo ob rani zori v mesto z očetom in materjo na nerodnem vozu, visoko obloženim s sadjem in zelenjavo. Pripeljejo se, začudijo se mestu, zaspe na vozu in se vrnejo. Marenka se ni vrnila. Ostala je v sivem predmestju—ostala z dol-

gim, zelenim, dopetnim krilom, s težkimi škornji, ki so bili narejeni za fanta, z dolgo rdečo jopico in z rokavi, ki so segali skoro do prstov, z gladko počesanimi lasmi in z ruto na glavi. Tako je bila podobna pritlikavi starki, ki se je bila izgubila iz daljne vasi v predmestje in blodi plaha po neznanih ulicah. Njen rjavi obraz s širokimi, krepkimi ustnicami se je razlikoval popolnoma od drobnih, bledotnih obrazov drugih otrok; njene svetlorjave, velike oči so gledale nekoliko začudeno, nekoliko plaho, toda mirno in odkrito, kakor gledajo oči, ki so videle prostrano ravan, zelene senožeti in ki je ostal še globoko v njih spomin na brezkončnost zelene ravni, na svetlobo zorečega polja.

Ni si upala daleč od doma; poznala je šele komaj dvoje, troje ulic in jih najbrž ni razločevala, ker so bile vse enako dolge, ozke in prašne. Stala je na pragu široke veže, kakor je pač stala nekoč pred nizko, s slamo krito hišo tam ob plotu pod jablano ter se ozirala po polju, kjer je valovalo žito v vetru: glavo nekoliko upognjeno, roke sklenjene v naročju, pogled miren v daljavo zamišljen. Tu ni bilo jablane, ne polja, v vetru valujočega.

Sredi prostranega kamenitega dvorišča, poleg železne mreže, skozi katero se je odtakala dežnica, je stal lonec s prstjo in v loncu je rastel klavrn, napol ovenel rožmarin. Bog vedi, kdo ga je bil prinesel in čemu ga je bil postavil na sredo dvorišča; stal je tam kakor žalosten, prašen grm sredi neizmerne pustinje. Marenka je sedela na tleh pred rožmarinom, vzdignila je roko ter je pobožala narahlo, kakor po ubogem licu, po nežnem, dišečem, napol ovenelem zelenju, po tenkih steblikah.

"Sirota!"

V veži je zaropotalo; prišel je lajnar z veliko lajno, ki jo je porival pred sabo na dvokolnici. Ustavil je sredi dvorišča, tik pred rožmarinom in Marenko, in komaj je zavrtil, se je oglasila mogočno, kakor da so pljusnili naravnost z neba silni valovi, pesem iz drugega sveta, od onstran gora.

"Louka zelena,
neposekana,
roste na ni kviti . . ."

(“Travnik zeleni,
nepokošeni,
rasto na njem cvetovi . . .”)

Lajnar je vrtil prehitro, veselo-žalostna pesem je udarila iz tišine preglasno, izlila se je prejadorno in je utihnila.

Marenka je vztrepotala, ustnice so se ódprle, hotela se je nasmeheliti, rjavi obraz je prebledel.

“Travnik zeleni, nepokošeni . . .” Tam, tam se širi neizmeren, valovi v solncu, veter gladi po njem s tiho dlanjo . . . Tam polja, narahlo s spenjajo v holm; kakor dahne veter, se zasvetijo zlata, ugasnejo v senco, zasvetijo se . . . Tam bela hiša, v solncu se sveti, zelena okna pozdravljajo . . .

Marenka je vztrepotala, sklonila se je globoko, da se je doteknilo čelo tal; zasopla je težko, zaječala, toda nenadoma je izpustila roka, ki je tiščala za grlo in po dvorišču se je razlegal čuden krik, tenak, ves tuj . . . kakor kriči otrok po materi, brez besed, z glasom polnim groze in nikomur razumljive, neutolažljive bolečine . . .

II.

Ker je bila nedelja in ker je sijalo solnce, si je prevezala Marenka svileno ruto. Zelo stara je bila tista ruta, že zelo preperela in zabledela; Marenki jo je podarila teta in še teta sama jo je bila dobila za birmo od bogate botre, ki je že bila zdavnaj umrla in ki jo je prej tudi že nosila. Ali ruta je bila svilena, živo rdeča in se je še zmerom lepo svetila v solncu. Marenka jo je hranila skrbno pregnjeno in zavito v mehak papir;

odvila jo je časih in razgenila z iztegnjenimi rokami, da bi si jo ogledala, toda prevezala si jo je samo ob velikih praznikih in, če je sijalo solnce. Narahlo si jo je prevezala okoli vrata, tako da je segala skoro do pasu široka, svetla pentlja. Stopila je iz veže in je mislila: “Zdaj sije solnce nanjo in se sveti kakor mak.”

Šla je po dolgi ulici in se ozirala s skrbnim očesom, da bi si zapomnila hiše in pot, zakaj lahko se človek izgubi v mestu, ki je veliko kakor svet. Povedali so, da je tam vrt, da je resnično, živo drevje kakor na vasi, kakor v gozdu, v svobodnem in da je že vse zeleno. Marenka že dolgo ni videla zelenega drevja, komaj da se je spominjala, kako se pripogiba in šumi v vetru. In rožmarin, ubogi, samotni, je ovenel in umrl.

Tam je vrt. Pogledjte, ljudje, tam je vrt! . . . Marenka je stala začudena in žalostna. Velik prostor je bil tam—prostrana, pusta globel med sivimi gorami. Na vseh straneh visoke, sive hiše, dremajoče, vse s prahom pokrite in po solncu ožgane. Med njimi vrt, kakor ga še ni videlo človeško oko. Peščen, prašen kraj, ves iztrebljen, kakor oparjen. “Na ta kraj še ni pogledalo nebeško oko!” je mislila Marenka. V ravnih vrstah je stalo drevje—tam se razprostira prazno peščeno dvorišče, a ob vseh štirih straneh stoje vojaki, kakor da bi jim zarisal črto pred nogami, stoje tam in vsi so trudni in prašni. Tako je stalo drevje in trudno je bilo in prašno. Solnce je sijalo žarko na drevje, na pesek in prah in Marenki se je zdelo, da je še solnce samo prašno in trudno.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Vida Jerajeva:

DOMA.

Navzgor se širi rožmarin,
navzdol se nagelj vije,
na okenca zagrjnena
večer no solnce sije.

Rdeča ruta, bel ošpet,
dekle razposajeno,
širok klobuk, oj fant vesel,
ki si prepeva eno.

Ti nageljni, ta rožmarin,
ti kmetje v luči solnca,
ej, takih nima celi svet,
pa pojdi tja do konca!

FR. MILČINSKI:

Mihec.

Mihcu se je sila rado jokalo. Z jokom se je zbujal, z jokom hodil spat; jokal se je lačen, jokal se je sit, tako je bila ves dan godba pri hiši. Kar je videl, je pač hotel imeti, in če ni dobil, se je drl.

Zagledal je na strehi zastavo, že se je drl: "Hočem zastavo!"

Atek je rekel: "Mihec, moj črni muren, pameten bodi, poslušaj povest!"

Živel je majhen deček, tolikšen, kakor si ti, ime mu pa ni bilo Mihec, o ne, ampak Lukec. In se je zgodilo, da gre zvečer na šetnjo. Pogleda kvišku, kaj vidi: svetlo srebrno luno na nebu. Tako lepo, da mu je srce kar zakoprnelo, in je dejal: "Imeti jo moram, luno svetlo, srebrno, drugače mi ni več živeti."

Ali luna je visela visoko gori na nebu, Lukec pa je stal globoko spodaj na cesti in je bil majhen kakor poliček.

Majhen je bil Lukec, toda le v rasti, velik pa je bil v modrosti, in je vedel, kaj mu je zdaj storiti, in da je jok tista sila, ki doseže vse.

Sedel je torej na cestni tlak, se ozrl kvišku v nebo, v svetlo srebrno luno in pričel. Pričel vekati, vekati in se dreti. In se je drl mogočno, iz globine duše, preudarno, prepričljivo in neusmiljeno. Nihče pod milim nebom se ne zna tako dreti, kakor se je drl Lukec; edino ti, moj črni muren, ga morebiti posekaš. Drl se je Lukec in gledal tja gor.

In glej čudo! Luna svetla, srebrna v neskončni višini je zaslišala njegov jok. Stori se ji je inako. Ganjena se je poslovila in ločila od neba in splavala navzdol, da utolaži Lukčevo hrepenenje, otre njegove solze. In čim bolj se je Lukec drl, tem bliže mu je prihajala.

Pravda o oslovi senci.

Abderit, ki je posodil potniku osla, je zahteval posebno plačilo, ko se je hotel potnik v vročini spočiti v senci izposojenega osla, češ, da mu je posodil le osla, ne pa tudi njegove sence. Nastala je sloveča pravda, vsled katere se je vse mesto razdelilo v dve stranki, ki sta se srdito pripravili in celo pretepal;

Napenjal pa je Lukec vse svoje sile. Skoro se je bilo bati, da počí. Usmiljen piskrovezec mu je zvezal prsi in trebušček, luža solz se mu je zbirala pri nogah. Lukec ni odnehal, hrabro se je drl in drl. Drl se je in s svojo vztrajnostjo dosegel, kar si je želel: luna svetla, srebrna je priplula z neba in Lukecu ravno pod nos in Lukec jo je vzel in jo nesel prodat, in zlatar jo je kupil na težo in je vrgla sedem kron in še pet vinarjev povrhu.

Vidiš, umazani moj Mihec," je končal atek svojo povest, "jok vse dožene. Zato te le pohvalim, da se dereš. Deri se, le še bolj, le še bolj, pa jo gotovo dobiš zastavo, kakor je Lukec dosegel luno! O, jok pomaga!"

"Jok nič ne pomaga," ja zavekal Mihec, ki je spoznal, kam meri očetova povest.

"Če jok ne pomaga, čemu pa jokaš?" je vprašal oče.

Gašpar, Mihčev bratec, se je namuznil. To je še bolj razkačilo Mihca, ihtav je zacepetal, kakor da pričinja potrkan polko. Gašpar mu je šegavo zagodel: "Hopsasa, tralala!" Zdaj je Mihcu prekipela jezica, počil je bratca po roki. Gašpar mu je takoj vrnil, in že se je razpalil boj srdit in silovit. Kakor mlada dva petelinčka sta se zaganjala drug v drugega, dokler ju ni razločil oče.

Ukazal je: "Zapik!" Na mah so se ustavile sovražnosti.

"Rompompom!" se je hudoval oče. "Koj mi skleneta mir! Podajta si roke!"

Pa sta se oba zasmejala, zakaj jok in smeh jima je bil v enem mehu, segla sta si v roke in se poljubila in sklenjen je bil mir, trden mir in večni mir, ki je trajal četrť ure, časih celo pol.

končala se je šele, ko so razjarjeni Abderiti osla raztrgali. Nato pa je dobil osel spomenik v svarilo, da bi bilo po oslovi senci lahko prišlo mesto v veliko nesrečo.

Takih Abderitov se dobi še dandanes dovolj.

(Abderiti so bili prebivalci starogrške kolonije Abdere.)

FR. PENGOV:

Vojaki.

Mnoge vrste živali se ne ravnaajo po pravilu: Vsakemu svoje! Nekateri živijo med seboj v večnem boju, v katerem ni premirja. Korak za korakom se zalezujejo noč in dan in se vedno skušajo uničiti in pogubiti.

Odkod ta grozoviti, krvavi boj v živalstvu? Vzroki so različni. Najprej skrb za potrebni živež, ali kakor pravijo nekateri "boj za obstanek", ki ga morajo biti živali. Mnoge živali so namreč mesojede, hranijo se s svežim mesom drugih živali. V naravi pa miza ni vedno z mesom pogrnjena in mnogokrat si morajo mesojede kosilo šele zaslužiti. Ravno med mesojedci se nahaja največ lahkoživih bratcev, ki žive le za danes in se nikoli ne brigajo za bodočnost. Lačen volk in krvočni tiger na pr. požreta le tisti del umorjene žrtve, ki jima najbolj diši in ki jima zadostuje, da si utolažita glad. Vse drugo, morda večino zaklane živali, pa pustita na tleh kot vzorec brez vrednosti. Kako lahko bi si prihranila slastne pečenke še za prihodnji dan! A nikdar ne storita tega; menda si mislita: "Vsaka reč ima svoj čas." Kaj jima tedaj preostaja drugega, kadar straši zopet bleđa lakota, kakor da začneta boj s sosedi, če nočeta sama cepniti od lakote! Boj v živalstvu je tedaj naraven, da poskrbi hrano mnogim živalim in jih obvaruje grozne smrti od lakote.

Narava pa pripušča večni boj v živalstvu tudi zato, da se ohrani ravnotežje v njem. Mnoge živali se pomnožujejo nezna-no hitro in močno, pred vsem žuželke (pa tudi mnoge ribe, žabe, glodalci (miši), ptice in praživali). Nekateri hrošči imajo po 15 mladičev naenkrat, metulj-pedic 100 do 120, sviloprejka 300 do 500, travnica (hrišč) do 2000, navadna osa okoli 3000, kaparjeva samica na deblu kutinje izleže do 4000 jajec. Kaj bi se pač zgodilo, ako bi te živalce ne imele pri takem pomnoževanju tudi številnih sovražnikov? V kratkem bi zagospodarile po vsem svetu in pokončale vse, svet in sebe. Medsebojni živalski boj pa to škodljivo pomnoževanje močno omejuje. Če je v tvoji okolici na pr. preveč gosenic, se kmalu prikažeta tudi njih pokončevalca, sinica in pogorelček. Taka mala ptičica pokonča dan na dan po 200 muh ali do 2000 metuljevih jaj-

čec. Skozi celo leto se nabere na ta način lepa vsotica, kaj ne? In če je kaka zima prav posebno mila in ugodna za miši, tedaj gleda kmetovalec s skrbjo v prihodnost. A dragi gospodar, ne boj se! Že sta prinesla kazat svoji poselski knjžizici tudi pridna hlapca, sova in kanja. Meniš, da ne bosta opravila veliko proti neizmerni armadi poljskih miši? O čuj le, kakšen čudovit tek ima mišar (kanja)! Kakih 7000 do 8000 miši zdrkne vsako leto doli v globoko brezdno njegovega želodca.

Tako ohranja narava med posameznimi vrstami živali lepo soglasje in ravnotežje in skrbi za ohranitev tudi najmanjših živalic. Najlepši zgled za boje, ki se vrše v velikem in popolnoma po pravilih so nam nekatere vrste mravljincev.

"Za blagor domovine naj puška govori!"

Tudi mravlja ima svojo domovino. Četudi se zdi kočja sive gozdne mravlje Cinereje le surova in ubožna, se boš vendar komaj dovolj načudil, ako si jo ogledaš поблиže od znotraj. Obstoji namreč iz cele vrste hramov različne velikosti. Stropove posameznih sobic nosijo bolj tenke stene, obloki večjih dvoran pa počivajo na stebrih. Vsi prostori so med seboj zvezani s hodniki in razdeljeni v več nadstropij; velik del bivališča je v podzemlju (suterenu), drugi pa je v kupoli nad zemljo. Za malto so vzele mravlje prst iz temeljev ter jo pomešale s treščicami, borovimi iglami, listjem, kamenčki, kosci smrekove smole in podobnim materijalom. Vse to da beton, ki je dovolj trden za naselbino naše Cinereje. Iz središča vodi hodniki na vse strani. Ob vratih tega močno naseljenega kraja opaziš vedno najživahnejše vrvenje; eni prihajajo, drugi odhajajo, toda za tujce so ta vrata zaprta z najhujšim kitajskim zidom, z zvestimi vojaki, ki stražijo tu noč in dan. — Naj zadostuje toliko o mestu Cinereopolis! Oglejmo si še njegove prebivalce.

Kakor pri vas doma, tako so tudi tukaj možje, žene in device ali tete. A slednjih je velika večina in te skrbijo tudi za hrano, stanovanje, brambo domovine, za vzgojo mladičev itd. Da ni izreja otrok, ki naj postanejo kedaj pošteni, pridni ljudje, nikaka

igrača, to starši dobro vedo; tudi mravljo uči ta skušnja, a ona posveča svoje življenje z neutrudljivo vztrajnostjo tej zvišeni nalogi, skrbi za mladi rod.

Vedno je nekaj delavk na straži v sobici, kjer so jajčeca in črviči (ličinke). V tej otroški dvorani sedijo stražarice na zadnjih nogah, z glavo po koncu in so vedno pripravljene, da bi odbile na krvav način vsak morebiten napad. Druge delavke snažijo in božajo malčke, da ostanejo čedni in lepo beli; še druge pitajo mladiče s posebnim, slastnim sokom. Mlada zalega tudi ne mara biti vedno na istem mestu; treba jo je vedno prekladati in previjati — določena toplota je zanj bistveni pogoj življenja.

Če je bilo nekaj dni deževno, mrzlotno vreme in je slednjič toplo solnce vendar le pokazalo svoj obraz našemu mestu, hiti takoj nekaj mravelj od mestnih vrat poročat tu veselo novico v otroške dvorane. To se zgodi s tem, da se dotaknejo s svojimi tipalnicami tipalnic strežnic, ki so ravno v službi. Komaj so dobile dojlje znamenje, že vzame vsaka po eno dete med čeljusti in kmalu so vsi otroci pod najvišjim stropom palače. Tukaj jih ogreva blaga solčna toplota, ki je zanje isto, kar valeča koklja za piščance; ko pa se zdi strežnicam, da so se te dobrote dovolj naužile, nosijo mlado zalego polagoma v nižje prostore, ravnaoč se pri tem po stanju solca na nebu.

Črviči pri mravljah morajo izpremeniti svojo obliko, ker imajo popolno preobrazbo; zato si stko kot bube ovoj iz zelo močne tkanine. Mlada mravlja bi ne mogla sama nikdar predreti te ječe. Toda komaj udari ura svobode, že stoji ob nji stražarica, da jo oprosti prisilnega jopiča. Previdno napravi s svojimi kleščami luknjico v bubo in odstriže nato kakor s škarjami dolg pas iz ovoja; par drugih se ji pridruži, da potegnajo mladiča iz ovojev. Pa še se ga drži prva srajčica; tudi to mu pomagajo sleči babice. Rešenemu mladiču vzravnavajo tipalnice in nožice, mu dajo za botrinjo najslajših darov in ga zapuste šele tedaj, ko lahko teče že sam in stopi v vrsto meščanov z istimi pravicami in dolžnostmi, kakor jih imajo odrastli.

In to prijazno trdnjavo Cinereopolis naj napade nekega dne sovražnik ter odvede prebivalke v sužnost?

Zunaj gozda na bližnjem polju je druga mravljinčja država. In čudno! Nekaj državljanek je oblečenih v rdečo, druge pa v sivo obleko.

Rdeča mravlja (Sangvineja ji pravijo po svetu) ni pridna delavka. Kakor bojeviti beduini v arabski puščavi, tako tudi ona rajši ropa in se vojskuje, kakor pa da bi s poštenim delom skrbela za vsakdanji kruh.

Toda kdo naj potem skrbi za mesto in zidovje, kdo donaša živeža in skrbi za mladino?

Ponižne Cinereje so to, uropani otroci popolnoma tuje družine.

Slišal si morebiti že kedaj, da "redijo" mravlje po svojih mestih in vaseh nekake "kravice", listne ušice in druge žuželke. Toda prijazne so ž njimi in jih negujejo kakor dobre gospodinje svojo molzno živinico. Da bi pa imele mravlje tudi sužnje, tega skoro ne moreš verjeti.

In vendar je tako; in to barbarstvo se ne nahaja morda kje v daljni Aziji ali Afriki, ampak pri nekaterih naših domačih mravljinčih.

Kadar se približa čas, ko prično samice jajca leči in izprevidijo, da bodo potrebovali kmalu strežkinj za svoje mlade, tedaj pošljejo nekaj ogleduhov v okolico. Ti kmalu najdejo trdnjavo sivih mravelj in brzojavijo novico rdeči domači ljudovladi. Urno se napravi močan polk rdečih na pot proti trdnjavi, ki jo oblegajo, morda vzamejo tudi s prvim naskokom, boreč se na življenje in smrt, dokler ne spozna posadka obleganega mesta, da je zanj edina rešitev v begu. Zdaj vzame vsaka rdeča mravlja po eno jajce, ličinko ali bubo sive nasprotnice med čeljusti in se zmagoslavno povrnejo z obilnim plenom domov.

Sive mravlje, ki ugledajo luč sveta v tujini, se ne spominjajo svoje prave domovine in služijo roparicam kot služkinje. One vzgajajo mlade rdečke, zidajo mesta po potrebi svojih rdečih gospodaric, jim skrbijo za živež in, kadar so rdeče vojakinje od doma ter na tujih bojiščih, branijo sivke svojo novo domovino z največjim pogumom. Rdečkarice ne oropajo samo enega tujega gnezda, ampak toliko, kolikor zahteva njihova politika, to je tem več, čim več je mladičev in čim več suženj potrebujejo.

Toda treba je videti te bojne pohode in bitke mravljincev, ljubi čitatelj, in vabim te, da si poiščeš take prilike zunaj v gozdu ali na travniku; strmel boš nad junaško armado, ki je sleherni trenotek pripravljena na boj. Toda čemu bi se obotavljala, ko se nama ravnokar ponuja najlepša prilika za tako opazovanje bojnega torišča; škoda bi bilo zamuditi priložnost.

* * *

Ob robu gozda se naslanja na krasno smreko lepo mravljišče, mesto, ki šteje na tisoče in tisoče meščank, samih Cinerej. Z veliko vnemo opravljajo stanovalke od prve do zadnje svoje vsakdanje posle, ne enega lenuha ni med njimi. Pa glej jo čudno prikazen, ki se plazi počasi proti pridnemu mestu ter pokuka od časa do časa izza kamena. Posebne vrste mravlja je, ki ne obeta ničesar prida. Zakaj krvavordeča je njena glava in čeljusti so za njeno postavo izredno velike in močne. Šestero nožic ji kar trepeče razburjenosti in silovito pregiblje tipalnice, ko se bliža mestu bolj in bolj. Nekaj silno divjega in grozovitega sije z obraza.

Obisk velja sivim gozdnim Cinerejam.

"Pa kaj vendar išče v mirnem, tujem mestu grdogleda špijonka?" vprašuješ.

"Zadel si jo, ogleduhinja je, ki se je prišla prepričati, kaj se godi v gnezdu sivih sošed."

Zares, rdeča Sangvineja je bila izvrstna ogleduhinja; šla je svojo pot, ne da bi jo bila opazila le ena sivih mravelj, ki so bile tako zaverovane v svoje delo, da se niso menile kar nič za ves svet. Zdaj je obstala špijonka in se dvignila kvišku na štirih nogah, kakor da bi hotela dati znamenje tovarišicam.

In res, za nekim kamenčkom se prikaže druga krvavordeča glava in nova roparica prilze ven, da pozdravi tovarišico. Obe potegneta večkrat tipalnice druga z drugo navzkriž, najbrže sta se pogovarjali v svoji ogrščini.

Ni ju mogoče slišati; pa če bi ju tudi, bi ju ne mogel umeti. Pa glej, zdaj sta se obrnili proti domačemu gnezdu.

Obe rdečki sta med tem končali svoj pomenek in stekli proti domu, ki ni daleč ob strani. Gotovo sta imeli s seboj važne novice, zakaj pozdravili sta tudi druge patrolje

svojega rodu, ki so bile skrite v bližini gnezda sivih mravelj. Ko so te ogleduhinje zvedele novice, ki ste jih nosili domov prvi dve, so šle vse skupaj v domače mesto.

Nenadoma so jele vreti tudi sive mravlje domov v gnezdo, kakor bi si imele povedati kaj prav važnega. Ko so bile tudi poslednje snotraj mestnega obzidja in so se združile s tovarišicami, je legla mrtvaška tihoča na sicer tako živahno mesto.

Sivke slutijo nevarnost; zato so se vrnile, da ukrenejo, kar je treba za obrambo.

Zavladalo je tudi v rdeči ljudovladi silno razburjenje. Kako je šlo vse navzkriž, kakšno tekanje in vpitje — boben ropoče, bojna tromba kliče k orožju, nešteto vojačic poskuša in brusi bridke sabljice, ki jih nosijo spredaj ob čeljustih. Pričenja se bojni pohod. — Kako grozno je slišati šklepetanje klešč, ki udarjajo druga ob drugo! Iz vseh kotov gradišča odmevajo drzoviti klici; in burneje pluje kri po žilah pogumnih bojvnikov.

V kratkem stoji cela vojska pred mestnimi vrati na prostem polju v bleščeči bojni opravi; po glavni cesti, ki vodi proti mravljišču, kar mrgoli vojaštva, prednje straže pa so že kakih trideset korakov naprej. Pred mestom sivih se ustavijo in čakajo, da se približa tudi glavna sila. Ko dospe jedro vojske, se ustavi za malo časa vsa truma, kakor bi se posvetoval generalni štab o najboljšem načrtu za napad. Majhen oddelek mora obiti sovražno trdnjavo, glavne trume pa se pomikajo od spredaj pripravljene na juriš. Na trdnjavskih okopih je stala cela vrsta sivih vojačic in gledala v daljo; na cesti so opazile sovražne kolone (trume) ki so se valile kakor krvava reka nasproti. Po mestu je zadonel krik: "Sovražnik! Sovražnik!" Iz stoterih vrat so privrele sive bojne trume v divjem pogumu, obzidje velike trdnjave je natlačeno polno vojaštva. Vsaka izpodbuja tovarišico, naj pogumno brani ogroženo domovino; sive mravlje preskušajo svoje klešče, ogenj navdušenja plamti iz slehernega očesca, vse so pripravljene preletiti kri za domovino!

Rdečke si ne upajo precej napasti — premočna se jim zdi posadka, predobro je obožena in izurjena.

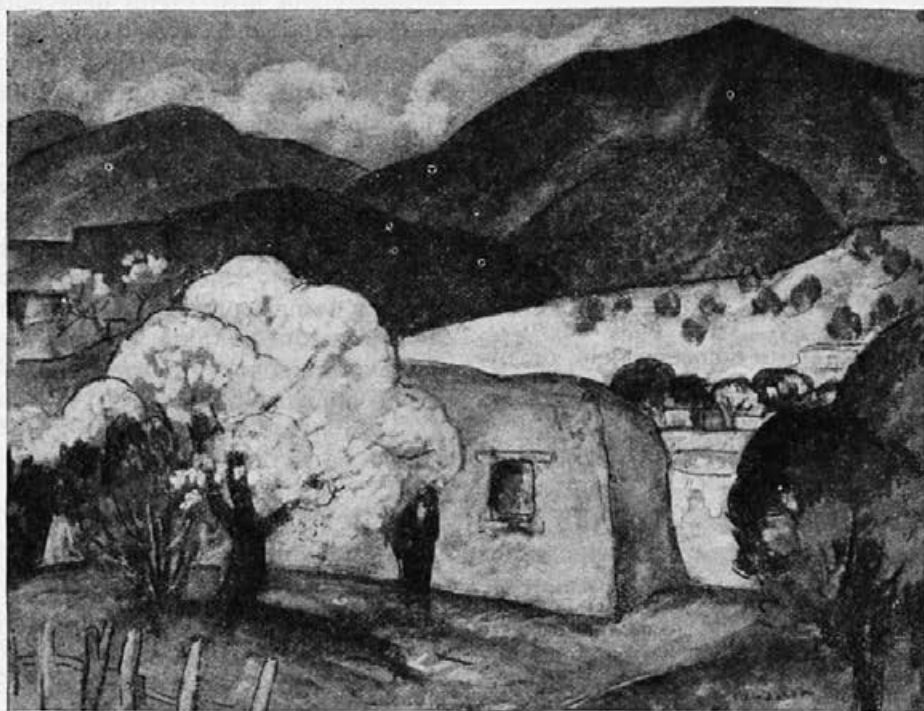
Tu zapusti ena izmed sivih trdnjavico in pride drzno doli na polje; hitro se ji postavi

nasproti rdečka, ki si upa pomeriti se z njo — začne se strašen boj. Sivka brizga svoj strup, se vrže sovražnici na hrbet in ji zada globoko rano v oprsje.

Tedaj pa se prikažeta dve rdeči, da rešita tovarišico in premagata sivko. Ta se pogumno brani in zasadi z vso silo klešče v bedro ene izmed novih sovražnic. Žal, da pride še ena iz rdeče vojske na pomoč, ki skoči sivki na hrbet in preseka njeno telesce v dva kosa. Toda besnost sive junakinje še ni odnehala, njen pogum še ni pri kraju.

se je razvozlala bitka v nebroj obupnih posameznih bojev, v katerih se je imela boriti po ena rdečka s petimi do šestimi sovražnicami. Potoki krvi so tekli po tleh, odsekane noge, tipalnice, glave se takljajo med mrličji in poginjajočimi; med klepetanje čeljusti se pomešava stokanje ranjenih, kakor salve šrapnelov se kadi strupena mravljinja kislina, ki jo brizgajo mravlje pomožne rezerve na mestu, ki so se vrgle nemudoma na sive; te so se morale polagoma umikati proti mestu.

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Muslimanska grobnica.

Edwin Lord Weeks.

Njena glava visi še vedno ob nogi sovražnice ter jo grize na vso moč, dočim si rdečka zastonj prizadeva, da bi se rešila. Med tem se je bil približal ves tabor rdečk in razvrstil bojno črto okoli mesta. Posadka trdnjave je pripravljena za izpad; skokoma jo udere na sovraga — odločilna bitka se prične.

Kakšno klanje! V trenutku sta bili obe vojski zmešani. Če tudi sivke posamič niso bile kos svojim sovražnicam s telesno močjo, so jih pa prekašale s številom; tudi so nastopale v bolj sklenjenih vrstah. Kmalu pa

Uboge domoljubkinje! Čim dalje traja boj, tem očitneje je bojna sreča zoper vas; vkljub vaši neustrašenosti pridobiva ropazelnji sovražnik vedno več tal — mesto je v nevarnosti! Izpraznitev trdnjave se prične takoj. Ženske (matice) bežijo na drugo stran trdnjave ter se skušajo poskriti med bilje v senčnem travnatem gozdu. Toda boj divja naprej, sive junakinje še niso popolnoma izgubile bitke. Vendar pa so njihove izgube velike in ker je pokrivalo že veliko njihovih mrtvecev bojno poljano, ni bilo več

upanja, da bi se mogle še dolgo ustavljati.

In res, že je prodrla sovražna vojska desno krilo in ga razpršila v največjem neredu na vse vetrove. Dočim se je pa en oddelek še vedno trdovratno upiral sovražniku, so dirjale druge v trdnjavo. Urno so šle v spodnje prostore, vzele vsaka po eno ličinko ali jajčece in bežale za materami. A napadalke so že osvojile vhode in jih zastavile okoli in okoli z močnimi stražami. Ravno se je prikazala ob mestnih vratih begunka z bubo v čeljustih. Takoj so jo ustavile rdeče straže in ji iztrgale dragoceni plen. Zastonj se je upirala sivka. Rdečke so ji odvzele bubo in slovesno jo je odnesla ena izmed njih v rojstno mesto. — Število begunk se je naglo množilo; mnoge so nosile zalego, druge so bežale brez bremena, da rešijo golo življenje. Rdeče straže so vsako begunko redno preiskale, vzele vsaki bubo ali jajce in jih poslale v svoje gnezdo, sive begunke pa so izpustile, ne da bi bile kateri le dlako skrivile.

“Zakaj pa jih ne polovijo kot vojne ujetnice?” vprašaš. Odgovorjam: “Ker hočejo imeti samo zalego. Glej, mravlje so že tako navajene na svoje določeno delo, da niso več rabljive za sužnje ali služabnice. Rdeče mravlje potrebujejo bub; iz njih bodo prišle sive mravlje, ki niso nikoli vedele, kaj je

zlata prostost, in jim zato ni prav nič težko delati celo življenje za druge kot dekle in oskrbnice.”

“Kako grozno,” ti pride morda na misel, “če pomislimo, da ropajo rdeče roparice na tak krvav način uboge, male mravljinje otroke ter jih odvajajo v sužnost, kjer nikoli ne zvedo, kaj se pravi biti prost!”

“Potolaži se, dragi moj! Stvar ni tako huda. Nikar ne misli, da vladajo rdeče mravlje nad sivimi podanicami na tak način, kakor beremo o krutih Evropejcih in njihovem ravnanju s sužnji. Nikakor ne! Kjerkoli najdeš v naravi mešano naselbino mravelj, povsod vlada med vsemi delavkami popolna enakost. Iste “državne postave” veljajo za sužnje kakor za gospodarice. Po vonju gnezda, ki je lasten vsakemu mravljišču, se spoznavajo vse mravlje za državljanke enega in istega mesta. Tako zvane “sužnje” žive v roparski naselbini popolnoma prosto, to je po istih prirojenih nagonih, ki so v domovini pravilo njihovega življenja; delajo, skrbijo za živež, vzgajajo zalego, vse tako, kakor če bi živele v domači naselbini. Med mravljinjami sužnjicami ni nikakih dezerterk (ubežnic), ne revolucijonark (upornic), nobenih zarotnic ali anarhistk.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Oton Župančič:

ZLATO V BLATNI VASI.

(Šaljivka.)

Prišli trgovci z novci
za šalo v Blatno vas zares,
na trgu sredi blata
pustili pisker zlata,
potem naprej, haha, zares,
zares trgovci z novci.

Prišli so slepci s cepci
za šalo v Blatno vas zares,
in pikapoka šlo je
brž lonec je na dvoje,
potem naprej, haha zares,
zares da slepci s cepci.

Prišli so norci s korci
za šalo v Blatno vas zares,
planili so po zlatu,
raztresli ga po blatu,
potem naprej, haha, zares,
zares da norci s korci.

Prišla je putka tutka
za šalo v Blatno vas zares,
vse blato potacala,
zlato je pozobala,
potem naprej, haha, zares,
zares da putka tutka.

In Blatničani zbrani
sklenili so v en glas zares:
“Ta puta kokodajca
bo nesla zlata jajca!”
Potem pa pit, haha, zares
vsi Blatničani zbrani.

UTVA:

Ujeti strah.

Vesela povest.

Že naslov te seveda resnične zgodbe je tako zagoneten in skrivnosten, da bi se marsikomu že ob tem lasje naježili, če bi ne bili dandanes ljudje že bolj pogumni in drzni, kakor nekaj v času rogličkov in žemljic (pet za desetico in ena po vrhu) niso bili. Vojna in vojni kruh in ovseni riž in še marsikaj drugega je ljudi tako izpremenilo, da pozna-jo strah le še pred temi poslednjimi imeni.

V času rogličkov in podobnih zakuskov, ki se jih je dobilo v vseh oblikah, pa ni bilo tako. Takrat je bil strah vse bolj lep in tajinstven, in vsak človek si je to stvar, ki je sicer brez duše in telesa, ustvarjal drugače, to je po svoji več ali manj razviti domišljiji. Neke vrste strah je na primer navpičen kol, ki ima na gornjem koncu raztrgan klobuk, razcefran jopič in na rokah pošvedrane in razdejane črevlje. Ta strah je bolj ptičje vrste. Imamo pa tudi zajčje strahove, ki so seveda bolj nedolžni, kakršni pač zadostujejo za zajčke, da se zelnikov preveč ne boje. Strah kmetiških otrok je navadno v hiši na polici in je hitro pri rokah, če je treba koga krotiti. To so bolj navadni strahovi, te lahko primemo. Potem imamo pa še druge strahove, ki so bolj votli na sredi in prazni okrog kraja. Ti strahovi bivajo po starih gradovih, pokopališčih, na križpotih, v brlogih, duplih in stolpih in pa v—človeških možganih.

O posebne vrste strahu pa vam pove pričujoča zgodba.

Bilo je o počitnicah. Gospod Korajžel in njegova gospa sta pobrala svoja šila in kopita, jih naložila v potne kovčege, ta naložila na voz in odpeljala sta se s svojo malo hčerko Buško na počitnice med prelepe gorrenjske hribe in gore. V stari kmetiški hiši, na prijaznem holmu, s prelepo okolico sta imela najeto stanovanje. Na prijaznih mahljnih oknih so vreli in kipeli rdeči naglji, je dehtel roženkravt in rožmarin, so žarele ognjenordeče belagonije. Pred hišo se je razprostiral prijazen vrt z mehko žametno travo, na desno navkreber je držala z drobnim peskom posuta steza k skednju, ki se je nslanjala ob hišo.

Hiša sama, polna zgodovine svojih premnogih lastnikov, stoječa sredi divjelepe okolice, v skrivnostnem gorskem miru, je dražila sama na sebi, kakor je bila, človeško domišljijo. Vonja trohnobe, ki je dihal od stene in podov, ni mogel zadušiti vonj cvetja, niti ga niso mogli pregnati solčni žarki, katerim so bila okna na stežaj odprta. Starinske postelje in skrinje, črviva hrastova miza in klop ob veliki peči—vse to je dihalo svoj posebni vonj in polnilo ozračje s skrivnostno naslodo.

Korajžlovim je to ugajalo. Korajžlovim, ki so stikali po zgodovini starih predmetov, katerim je vsaka stoletna skrinja pripovedovala davne zgodbe svojih lastnikov in lastnic, Korajžlovim, ki so takorekoč videli v vsaki manjši ali večji črvivi luknjici hrastove mize zgodbe davno minulih dni.

Tisti dan so bili prispeli sredi popoldneva na Holm, kakor se je rekalo ondi od pamtiveka. Stara Urša, živa zgodovinarica, ki je upravljala med letom gospodinjstvo in gospodarstvo, edina in poslednja dedinja Holmovine, jih je slovesno sprejela s kurjujuho, z rezanci, dušenim krompirjem in prisiljenim zeljem. Po stari navadi je posedala pri njih in jim pripovedovala to in ono. Nje niso zanimale mestne novice in je rajša pripovedovala nego poslušala. Ko so prihajali Korajžlovi vsako leto na letovanje tja, tedaj se je izgovorila in izklepetala za vse leto. Najprej seveda o trdi ali ugodni zimi, manj ali več deževni pomladi, kakršna je pač bila, ter o tem in onem iz sedanjega časa. Polagoma pa je prešla na svoj najljubši predmet, na zgodovino svoje rojstne hiše, ki je—kakor je ona trdila—bila v davnih časih, ko je še praded njenega pradeda tod gospodaril, pravzaprav majhna graščina v primeri s kmetiški-mi bajtami, ki so se skrivale pod Holmom v dolini med tepkami in orehi.

Praded je bil širokopleči, orjaški Urh. Vsa okolica se ga je bala. Oderuh in skopuh, da malo takih. Že takrat so govorili pošteni ljudje, da pojde Holmovina, rakom zvižgat. Da so prav trdili, se vidi dandanes povsod, kamor človek po hiši pogleda. Podi

so trhli, strešna bruna za nič, toliko da se streha ne sesuje. Vse črvivo in trohobno. Drugače ne more biti, ker je tako usojeno. Izvršiti se mora nad Holmovino to, kar je zaslužil oderuški Urh, ki je tako skoparil, da so mu tri žene po vrsti od vsega hudega umrle na jetiki. Vse tri so mu pustile le enega sina, ki je komaj toliko dočakal, da je dobil sina, potem je pa legel in umrl tudi on. Seveda je stari že tudi umrl. Miru pa še dandanes ni. Še vedno stika njegov duh okrog hiše. Ponoči ga sliši Urša. Zdaj vrta po vratih, sedaj na klopih in zopet po skrinji, časih na raznih krajih hkrati, tako da Urša ne more spati. Posebno hudo je ob kvatrih. Takrat mora luč goreti vso noč. Še do njene postelje si upa. Zdaj poškreblja pri zgla-vju, zdaj pri znožju, zdaj na desni, zdaj na levi strani, da je Urša časih vsa potna od groze. Pa tudi okrog hiše ne da miru. Časih se sliši, kakor da s težavo vlačijo vrečo na skedenj. Hodi po stopnicah, kot bi krastača skakala po njih: lop, cop, lop. Kdaj bi že Urša Holmovino prodala, ko bi jo kdo hotel kupiti! A je nihče noče. Nihče, ker vsak ve, da ji je sojena poguba. Nihče je ne spravi več na noge. Tako je in drugače ne more biti, ker je prokletstvo na njej.

Tako in enako je govorila Urša. Od prvega pradedaja je prišla na drugega in potem na deda, dokler ni srečno dospela do sedanjosti in kazala s turobnim usmevom na vidne znake propasti svoje rodne hiše, kamor so jo pritirali brezbožni pradedje.

Korajžlovi so se vkljub strahotni zgodovini Holmovine ondi udobno utaborili. Spokojni mir in osvežujoč zrak jim je likal od mestnega hrupa in pehanja razdejane živce. Mala Buška se je vse popoldne podila za metuljčki, trgala cvetje ter trgovala sama s seboj z nezrelim sadjem, ki je ležalo na vrtu, kakor je to videla v mestu.

Pokojno je legel mrak na zemljo. Korajžlovi so sedeli pred hišo.—Opazovali so, kako so se prižigale zvezde druga za drugo, kako so se najprej gore, potem griči pogrezali v temo. Urša pa je v kuhinji važno rožljala s krozniki in namiznim orodjem, prijeten vonj masla in pečene piške je prihajal od ondi.

Toda prišla je noč!

Gluha tišina je vladala vseokrog. Urša

in dekla Špela sta že ugasnili luč v pritličju. Zamoklo in čedalje tiše je zamiralo njuno mrmranje, dokler ni vse utihnilo.

Korajžlovi so bili v svoji izbi. Tudi oni so se pripravljali k počitku. Mala Buška je še s svojo malo kositrno škropilnico, ki jo je nalašč prinesla s seboj, zalila rože ter jo nazadnje prazno postavila v kot ob oknu.

Kmalu so bili vsi v postelji. Mala Buška, prevzeta od dnevnih dogodkov, od vožnje in gorskega zraka, je takoj zaspala. Gospod Korajžel je takoj zaspal, kakor se spodobi človeku, ki ima mirno vest in nič nepotrebnih skrbi. Gospa Korajžlova pa se je časek borila s spancem, poslušajoč, če bi se mala kaj ne obračala v spanju. Toda vse je bilo mirno. Oddaleč je šumel potoček v svoji strugi ter končno zazibal v polspanec tudi budno in skrbno Korajžlovko.—

“Dr—dr—dr—rsk—rsk—rsk!” je zašumelo v tišino. Korajžlovka je planila pokonci. Dolg pramen nesečine je ležal po sobi ter se vlekel do peči. Toda vse tiho. Korajžel je enakomerno smrčal. Otrok je enakomerno dihal v zdravem spanju.

“Kaj je to bilo?” pomisli Korajžlovka in leže nazaj ter zamiži.

“Dr—dr—dr—rsk—rsk!” se oglasi zopet. Korajžlovki je zastala sapa. Topo strmeč v poltemo, je prisluškovala. Dolgo ni bilo nič, in že jo je mamil spanec. Tedaj se pa spet ostro oglasi: “Dr—dr—dr—rsk!”

“Korajžel!” plane Korajžlovka pokonci. “Korajžel, poslušaj, kaj je to!”

“Urh!” zagodrnja on v spanju.

“Korajžel! Slišiš,” javka pridušeno Korajžlovka, “poslušaj, kaj je to?”

Počasi se je mož zdramil iz prvega spanja ter poslušnil. Bil je vse tiho. “Nič ni,” pravil Korajžel, “kaj naj bi bilo? Zdelo se ti je. Spi, spi!” in že je zaspal.

Čez hipec pa se oglasi zopet: “Dr—dr—dr—rsk—rsk!”

“Buzarona!” plane Korajžel in zabuli v noč.

“No, vidiš, da je nekaj,” pravi pritajeno Korajžlovka.

“Ču—uk, ču—uk!” se oglasi z vrta.

“Dr, dr, dr—rsk!”—

“Prvo je skovir,” pravi Korajžel, “tega poznam že od lani. A drugo?”

“Urh vreče v skedenj vlači,” pravi ona.

“Ne, zdi se, koč bi vozil voziček,” in spet sta molče poslušala. Nekaj časa vse tiho, potem pa zopet enakomerno kakor doslej.

“Nekdo voziček vozi k skednju, pa mu vselej zdrkne nazaj!”

“Da se ne čuje stopinj!” se čudi Korajžel.

“Če je duh, kako?” dahne Korajžlovka.

Tiho sta vstala in se tipaje splazila do okna ter zabodla oči v temo. Luna se je skrila za oblake in ničesar ni bilo videti. Nekaj časa je bilo vse tiho. Pridržavala sta sapo, oči so jima izstopile in lahen drget jima je stresal telo, odeto v tanke nočne dopetače.

Korajžlu so se zježili lasje! Ona se ga je tesno oklenila, brez besed sta strmela v noč.

“Dr—dr—dr—rrsk!”

“Lepo te prosim, prižgi!” zaprosi Korajžlovka.

Drgetaje sta se dotipala do postelje. Korajžel je poiskal užigalice in prižgal luč. Sedla sta na posteljo in poslušala. S svetlobo jima je izginila tudi bojazen in smeje sta se pogledala.

Dolgo časa je bilo vse tiho, in že sta se pripravljala spat.

“Luč privijem, pa zaspiva! Sedaj da mir, luči se boji,” pravi mož.

Tedaj se pa prav od blizu začuje oster “dr—rrsk!”

Mahoma sta bila Korajžlova na nogah.

“Saj je bilo tukaj v sobi!” Mož in žena sta se gledala vsa bleda in plašna.

“Drrrr—rrrrsk!” — — —

Zmagonosno plane Korajžel v kot k oknu, kjer je stala mala kositrna Buškina škropilnica. Zagrabi jo in prinese k luči.

“Sedaj ga imam!” vzklikne Korajžel veselo.

V škropilnici na dnu je lezel za pšenično zrno velik hrošček in se žurno potuhnil. Korajžel je postavil škropilnico na mizo, in oba sta tiho strmela vanjo. Čez nekaj časa se je hrošček ojunačil in začel lezti počasi navzgor proti robu, da bi ušel iz neprijetne ječe, kamor je slučajno padel. Lezel je in lezel in bil je že skoraj na robu, kjer bi lahko razprostrl krila in odfrčal. Preden pa se je to zgodilo, je zdrsnil in “dr—dr—dr—rrsk!”—je hrošček ležal na dnu škropilnice in zopet počasi pričel lezti navzgor. Tako se je ta igra ponavljala že nekaj ur. Korajžel je vzel škropilnico in stresel iz nje zkozi okno nesrečnega jetnika, kjer mu je v rosni travi sredi gluhe, temne noči zasijala zopet zlata svoboda.

Ko sta Korajžel in Korajžlovka legla in upihnila luč in se ni čulo nič drugega, nego šum potoka in enakomerno dihanje spečega otroka, ki ga ta nočna komedija ni zbudila, je pomislila Korajžlovka:

“Morda pa je bil vendar nesrečni Urh v podobi drobnega hrošča, da se spokori za svoje grehe! . . .”

Josip Stritar:

NETOPIR.

(Basen.)

Na tla je padel netopir po dnevi.

Podlasica ga zgrabi; ta pa reče:

“Oh, prizanesi mi, ubogi rev!”—

“Ne morem, stara pravda teče

med menoj in ptiči.”—“O, to ni nič, jaz miška sem pohlevna, ne pa ptič.”—

“Pa bodi, zdrava mi ostani, miška!”

To reče, pa pusti in gre. Kar zviška postovka nadenj doli prileti.

Prestrašen milo netopir kriči:

“Usmiljenje imej, postovka, z mano!”—

“Zakaj pa? Miši meni so za hrano.”—

“Jaz nisem miška, ptič sem kakor ti,

ptič, ki so oslabele mu moči;

pač res nekoliko podoben miši.”—

“Naj bo, kaj novega vsak dan se sliši.”

Zdaj miš, zdaj ptič, kakor najbolje kaže; tako, se ve, izhaja se najlaže.



Naš kotichek.

Uganki:

7.

Če imam vodo, pijem vino; če nimam vode, pijem vodo. Kdo je to?

8.

KRIŽNA BESEDNA UGANKA.

(Sestavila K. Z.)

To bo nekaj novega za vas! Prva križna besedna uganka v "Mladinskem Listu" in menda sploh prva v slovenskem jeziku. Torej najpoprej nekoliko priprave, ker so najbrže te vrste ugank nekaj novega za mnoge mlade čitatelje in čitateljice.

Bele četverokote treba izpolniti s črkami, tako da vrsta četverkotov v vodoravni ali navpični smeri (torej nepretrgana vrsta od številke do črnega četverkota oziroma do konca) tvori besedo, ki odgovarja spodaj danim navodilom.

Na primer, "vodoravno 1" (to je, prvih osem četverkotov) znači neki slovanski narod; treba je torej najti tako besedo, ki bo označila tak narod in ki bo obenem imela osem črk. "Navpično 1" (torej sedem četverkotov v prvi navpični vrsti od zgoraj navzdol) znači lastnost, ki je nasprotna kreposti; ta beseda mora šteti sedem črk, ker je treba napolniti sedem četverkotov.

Kjer imaš v navodilu črtico (—), tam je treba samo na mesto črtice najti primerno besedo. Večkrat imaš v navodilih besedo, namesto katere je treba postaviti drugo besedo, ki pa ima isti pomen. Seveda pa mora v enem kakor drugem slučaju tista beseda imeti pravo število črk.



NAVODILA.

VODORAVNO

(Od leve na desno)

1. Slovanski narod.
5. Oni, ki se zaveda svojega naroda, je—.
8. Veliko mesto ob Jadrapu, sedaj v italijanskih rokah.
11. Veže besede.
12. Za moški spol rečemo njega, za ženski—.
14. Prekrščena Christianja.
16. Vstaja. 18. Vzdihi.
19. Kratica za meni. 20. Kar ni tukaj, je—.
21. Kar še ni, —. 23. Kratica za sebe.
25. Pastir — z bičem.
26. Prevzet. 27. Množina od tj.
29. Ako rešiš prvo in drugo uganko, rešiš —.
31. Ploskovna mera.
32. Kratica za tebi.
33. Števil. 35. Del voza.
37. Knjiga je — mizi.
38. Mesto v severni Afriki.
39. Priklopi besedi blago še eno črko, pa imaš —.
40. Kozarec ni poln, zato —!

NAVPIČNO

(Od zgoraj navzdol)

1. Nasprotno od kreposti—.
2. Letu vzemi dve črki.
3. Napravit.
4. Veže besede in večkrat tudi stavke.
5. Vsak prst ima enega.
6. Nasprotno od laži.
7. V angleščini pomeni ta beseda ne.
8. Robot.
9. Božjepotnik.
10. Hajduk.
13. S to besedo pritrdimo.
15. Števil.
17. Del voza, ki je v tesnem stiku s kolesom.
22. Vzdihi. 24. Glavna hrana konja.
25. Pevec je —. 28. Veže besede.
29. Važen del človeškega telesa.
30. Drevo, ki spada med iglavce.
32. Besedi sto odreži eno črko.
34. Kdor je vse izgubil, je — vse.
36. Obratni do.
37. Nikalnica.

Rešitve ugank.

5.

Zato ker nima lestvice, da bi doli lezel.

6.

Šivanka z nitjo.

*

Teh dveh ugank ni nobeden rešil.

*

Joe Elersich, Lloydell, Pa., je pravilno rešil uganko št. 4, a Angela Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill., pa uganko št. 1, toda njih rešitve so prišle prepozno za zadnjo številko.

Nagrade i pohvale.

Prvo nagrado (po 2 slovenski knjigi) dobila Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa., in Frank Vrant, Imperial, Pa., ki sta rešila vsak enako število ugank v zadnjem polletju.

Po eno slovensko knjigo dobila v nagrado: Angela Dobrovolc, Waukegan, Ill., in Mike Machek, Carlinville, Ill., ki sta tudi rešila vsak enako število ugank.

Gornji štirje ste naprošeni, da takoj poročate uredništvu, katere slovenske knjige ste že dobili kot nagrado, da se ne bo pripetilo, da bi vam bile sedaj poslana zopet iste knjige. Zdi se mi namreč, da ste že vsi štirje dobili enkrat ali večkrat nagrado.

Nadalje se pohvalno omenja naslednjih deset rešilcev, ki so se odlikovali z lepim številom rešenih ugank, ki pa ne dobijo nobenih nagrad:

Mary Kocevar, Bishop, Pa.
 Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.
 Mary Košenina, Ramsey, O.
 Louis Spendal, Carlinville, Ill.
 Josephine Miklavcic, Morgan, Pa.
 Sophie Kushlon, Lloydell, Pa.
 Mary Yancher, Girard, O.
 Frank Medle, Wauwatosa, Wis.
 Angeline Crowley, La Salle, Ill.
 Frank Mack, Cleveland, O.

Vsi rešilci skupaj so naprošeni, da oprostijo, ker toliko časa niso bila priobčena imena rešilcev. Kakor je bilo že parkrat omenjeno, je precej sprememb pri našem listu, zato se je tudi to toliko časa zavleklo. Od sedaj naprej bo v tem oziru šlo vse prav točno.—Ur.

Dopisi.

Cenjani urednik!—Tudi jaz hočem napisati par vrstic v Naš kotiček, četudi ne znam še pravilno slovensko pisati. Slovenščine me uči mama. Brati že znam, le pisava mi še ne gre, pa bi zelo rada znala. Stara sem sedem let ter hodim v tretji razred tukajšnje šole. Razun mene obiskuje to šolo samo še troje slovenskih otrok. Jaz zelo rada hodim v šolo in je še nobenkrate nisem zamudila.

Par ugank sem že uganila, pa nisem imela korajže, da bi poslala odgovore. Hočem pa tudi sama staviti eno uganko:

Kaj je prav, pa je le narobe?

H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje in čitateljice in Vas, cenjeni urednik, ter želim vsem skupaj obilo prihov!

Primrose, Pa.

Frančiška Maček.

* * *

Dragi brat urednik!—Prosim, priobčite mi ta mali spominek na moje dobre starše.

Stara sem šele enajst let. Malo težko mi gre pisanje v slovenskem jeziku, ker nisem znala skoro nič slovenskega, dokler nisem prišla k svojem stricu Josephu. Toliko pa sem se le priučila, da bom za silo postavila potrebne črke.

Danes—20. marca—je minilo leto, odkar so mi zagreblji moja drago mamico, in z njo vred vse moje veselje. Ostalo nas je devedetero otrok, pet od prvega in štiri od drugega očeta. Našega očeta smo izgubili pred sedmimi leti, tako da nas je ostalo pet otrok brez staršev. Ostali štirje imajo vsaj očeta, ali mi smo morali od hiše po smrti naše drage mamice, čeravno smo bili vsi mladi od 5 do 13 let. Vi ne veste, kaj sta vam atek in mamica, dokler jih vsaki dan vidite in uživajte njihovo ljubezen. Tudi jaz nisem vedela, dokler sem jih imela. Sedaj bi jih rada videla, pa ni mogoče, in vem, da jih ne bom nikdar nikdar več videla. Ne veste, kako strašen je ta nikdar—opisati vam ga ne morem, ker kdo ima očeta in mater, me ne more razumeti.

Pozdrav vsem bratom in sestram!

Export, Pa.

Sylvia Beniger.

Pomni!

Kdor ljubi svobodo, je ne jemlje drugim!



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

APRIL 1925.

Number 4.

S. O. S.—The Signal Call of Distress at Sea.

Joel B. Fort.

Sailing o'er the briny deep, safe from fear and harm, The ship glides on with flying sail, and feels the ocean's calm. Back in the West the storm cloud grows, and angry beats the sea. The orders fly; the Seamen strive the sullen waves to flee.	Above the roar, above the storm, there comes a flashing light, And through the gale, and through the cloud, out in the darksome night, It tells the story quick and fast: "a ship is in distress," And every man and every ship, answers the—"S. O. S."
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Is there no help? Is there no way the fury to evade? Can they not find a harbor safe, by cliff and woodland made? The wild wave's cry, the sea's dull roar, bring terror to the crew, And in their grief, and in their fear, a message comes to you.	I ride upon the ocean wave of life's tempest- uous sea. The breakers roll, my boat is tossed, is there no help for me? Is there no Brother on the main, no ear to hear me cry? As o'er the lashing waves at sea, I let my message fly?
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The last wave sweeps above my ship, by
storm and billows pressed.
The life boat comes, and I am saved, they
heard the—"S. O. S."

RELIGION.

I am no priest of crooks nor creeds, For human wants and human needs Are more to me than prophets' deeds; And human tears and human cares Affect me more than human prayers.	Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint! You fret high Heaven with your plaint. Is this the "Christian's joy" you paint? Is this the Christian's boasted bliss? Avails your faith no more than this?
--	--

Take up your arms, come out with me,
Let Heav'n alone; humanity
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.
With pity for mankind look 'round;
Help them to rise—and Heaven is found.

A. C. P.



"Bring on Your Tornadoes!"

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

"Bring on your tornadoes—I'm game," said the fat boy at Thurston's drug store as he poured a hot chocolate sauce over our sundaes, and it is strange that I remember, for I little guessed the part he was to play when a tornado arrived, though I expected tornadoes, sooner or later, and was in Wallaceburg for the express purpose of studying them.

Tornadoes had always thrilled me—rather, the thought of them had. Looking back to my youngsterhood, I see myself stretched out on the floor—chin in hands, elbows straddling a book—gloating excitedly over tornadoes that drove straws into oak posts; tornadoes that whisked people away through the air and dumped them down unhurt; tornadoes that stripped all the feathers off one side of the chickens and left those on the other side intact; and a perfect jumping beauty of a tornado that snatched up a freight locomotive, tossed it into a garden, stood it on its head there, and, in that self-same garden, left a rosebush unharmed, not a single petal missing from a single rose! Indeed, it was the fascination of tornadoes that first aroused in me the interest that grew until it included everything related to the captivating science of meteorology and led eventually to my taking a job with the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Twenty years now, I have been working for the Bureau. At Washington, I made elaborate studies of lightning. Later on came my kite-flying period; if you ever happened to see the jolly flock of box-kites that used to hover over Great Blue Hill, near Boston, it may interest you to know that I was one of the kite-tamers up there on the Hill. Yet how I did itch to get out into the great, big, breezy Middle West, where "green-bordered twisters" run wild! You should have seen my album bulging with snap-shots sent me by friends there—photographs that showed vividly the racing, whirling, death-dealing pillar of dust and rubbish; black if against the sun; whitish if the other way about.

At last, in September a year ago, they

transferred me to Wallaceburg, right in the heart of the tornado country. It was a convenient time to arrive; Jim and Tad, my boys, could fit into high school quite as if they were back East. But it was also a bad time—too late for tornadoes that season, and I hated to wait. However, waiting had its advantages. It enabled me to get acquainted with Claude, the fat, fat boy at Thurston's.

I met him the very first day. Mr. Charles Prescott Daniels, editor of the local paper, was kindly showing me around Wallaceburg, and seemed a good deal amused over my impatience to interview a tornado. "Cheer up!" said he. "There are bigger things than tornadoes here—the Wallaceburg spirit for one, and the local paper for another, to say nothing of 'Baby'."

I thought he meant his own baby. But no! "If you don't mind," he went on with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "we'll step across to Thurston's and have Baby fix us up a sundae. He's the reigning sensation. Came here from South Mechanicsville week before last. Now everybody in Wallaceburg knows him. If it wasn't too personal I'd write a screaming funny column-and-a-half editorial about Baby—hanged if I wouldn't."

Prepare your mind for what is coming. An old teacher of mine used to say, "Boys, this is a most difficult problem, I advise you not to attempt it at all until you have worked it through carefully five or six times." On the same principle I might say, "Before getting your first glimpse of Claude, observe him fixedly for about a month. Otherwise, you will be unable to believe your own optics."

Fat? Why, bless you, he was without exception absolutely the fattest fat boy I had ever in all my born days beheld—from his sleek yellow pompadour down, just one swelling, bursting, puffing, incredible agglomeration of blubberlike pudge.

"Good morning, Claude!" said Mr. Daniels, somehow managing to keep his face straight. "Mr. Reynolds, this is our young

friend, Mr. Claude Strong. Only sixteen, he tells me, and just look at him!"

Claude winced. I noticed it, and was sorry for the lad. Fat boys detest being fat, and in Claude's case there was an added handicap—the infantile expression of countenance that had got him his nickname. Months afterwards, when I had become well acquainted with Claude, he protested to me in confidence, "I guess I know how to take a joke as well as anybody, if it's good-natured, but this 'Baby' business isn't. It kind o' gets my goat. If it wasn't for Aunt Sara, back home, I'd quit right now and leave town." In course of time I found out about Aunt Sara, and later on I'll tell you; when I told my own boys they turned crimson.

As the editor and I were having our sundaes concocted, the morning I first met Claude, Mr. Daniels remarked to me, "Well, you see we've got at least one boy in Wallaceburg who won't mind tornadoes. It would take a mighty frisky young tornado to waft him away, now wouldn't it?" It was then that Claude said, grinning, "Bring on your tornadoes—I'm game!"

How we laughed—then! How all Wallaceburg enjoyed laughing at Claude! And—somehow—or other—Claude stood it, whole months at a stretch, though inwardly he raged.

Much earlier than I had expected—in April—the second week in April to be precise—our tornadoes began raging. One, out near Hubbardston in the western part of the state, picked up a swamp and plastered it all over a newly painted schoolhouse. Another, which crossed the Interurban tracks, played with them as a cat plays with string. But in neither case did anything at all shockingly sensational develop. When I arrived on the scene, I found that both tornadoes had hit rising ground, and jumped, continuing their course through the upper air and failing to re-establish connections with the earth. Tornadoes often jump. That is one reason why they often do so little damage. Another reason: Towns are wide apart and the open country very sparsely sprinkled with houses. Still another reason: A tornado's path is narrow, seldom a thousand feet wide, sometimes only six hundred.

However, this early arrival of tornadoes had a "nervousing" effect on the inhabitants; more tornado cellars were dug that spring than in any five years preceding.

After the Hubbardston tornadoes, came a period of quiet. All through the rest of April, all through May, and far into June, the state was free from tornadoes. Then, late in the afternoon of June 24th, Claude and I and a whole party of us at once got tornado enough to satisfy anyone.

It was graduation time at the high school. Pretty girls in white organdie dresses had read essays tied with blue ribbons. Boys in fine new suits had spouted gloriously—my own boy, Tad, among them. And now the festivities were to be topped off with a magnificent big lawn party at New Orchard Farm, the Hazens' place, about six miles to the south of Wallaceburg. Friends and relatives of the class were invited. Because of Tad, this included Jim and Mrs. Reynolds and myself. Because of Claude's second cousin, Grace Whitcomb, it included the fat, fat boy from Thurston's.

If you understand tornadoes and will trouble yourself to hunt up the meteorological reports covering June 24, 1923, I think you will agree with me that there was more or less ground for my suspicions of trouble brewing. Vile, intense, muggy heat is recorded; also a half-dozen very brief but very frantic thunderstorms, which, instead of improving matters, seemed only to increase our wretchedness. What a day! Before it was half over, Mrs. Reynolds begged off—said she simply couldn't think of going to a party—but Tad coaxed and wheedled (a way he has) and along about half-past four in the afternoon we all piled aboard the tin Lizzie and went honking off, though I admit that we felt considerably more dead than alive.

But near New Orchard Farm, however, we suddenly came upon a sight that raised our spirits quite a little. It was a heavy motor-truck, laden—or should I say overladen?—with Claude!

Jack Tomlinson, whose father owned the truck, was driving. As we spun past, he grinned triumphantly and pointed back with his left thumb at Claude, and Claude

grinned, and I saw that the joke was amiable enough all around. But when we reached the Hazens' place, and alighted, and the big truck drew near, there went up a joyous concerted shout of "Rah! Rah! Baby! B-A, Bay! B-Y, bee! Baybee!" from a crowd of delighted young folks.

Anybody can see what Claude ought to have done. He ought, of course, to have stood up in the truck, doffed his straw hat, and, with one hand over his heart, made the

doubt if he could have pulled through. As it was, he swallowed hard, blinked a few blinks, and, to get control of himself, looked away.

It was lucky for us that he did. That look took in something—something distant but swiftly moving—something we in the autos, with our backs to it, had failed to observe—something monstrous, deadly. In a flash, he turned upon us, eyes blazing, arms flung high excitedly. "Run!" he shouted.

Courtesy Chicago Health Department.



The Injured Boy.

lowest of obsequious bows. But Claude was mad. At the same time, he was rattled; "this Baby business" had "got his goat." Instead of rising to the occasion magnificently, he wore a foolish, helpless, infantile expression, as of an eighteen-months-old kid about to squall.

He got down from the truck, an extremely flustered fat boy, and if Grace Whitcomb had not run up to him, with both hands outstretched in cordial greeting, I

"Beat it—everybody! Tornado!"

No one "beat it"—at first. We stood there, paralyzed, for as much as a dozen seconds, while away to the southwest a low-hanging, inky-black cloud writhed and dipped and swiftly let down a whirling funnel that roared like a freight train crossing a bridge. Then, dazed as a flock of scared sheep, we bolted headlong. I remember Japanese lanterns roughly jostled, outdoor supper-tables overturned, class flags strewn helter-skelter,

lads and girls and old folks rushing madly to the house, and bruising one another as they pushed in desperately through the nearest entrance. I remember outcries when several of us lost our footing on the cellar stairs. I remember a huddled mass of sweating, cowering, groaning, terrified humanity that jammed the cellar full. I remember the hideous roaring sound, ever louder until it resembled thunder. And I remember being aware—just before everything turned pitchy dark and I fainted—that I had seen Claude dash off, the instant after warning us, directly toward the tornado, and said to myself, "The boy must be crazy!"

We were stunned, all of us, and we never knew how many minutes had passed when we returned to consciousness. Ten, perhaps. Perhaps more.

My first thoughts, of course, were for Mrs. Reynolds and the boys. "Katharine! Jim! Tad!" I cried. Others were calling out in the same way, filling the air with names. Hurrah!—safe, everybody safe down there!—danger gone!—back again into life! We groped for the stairs, found them somehow, and swarmed up, thrilled with the exultancy of wonderful escape.

That mood soon passed. In the supreme crisis of joy you think first of yourself and those nearest you; next moment you think of others, and all your glee departs. As we poured out from the house, I heard a girl shriek hysterically, "Where's Claude! Where's Claude! Where's Claude!" It was Grace.

I turned cold. We all did.

Now, in order to understand what had happened, you ought really to put in an hour or so studying the elaborate topographical map I have made for the Weather Bureau charting that tornado's track. It started a mile and three-quarters to the southwest of New Orchard Farm, tore past it at a distance of seventy-five yards, and continued in a northeasterly direction for eight and a half miles more. At Knobb's corner, it twitched all the water out of a well. At the Walworth place it carried off a barn, a garage, and a chicken house. At Wayland's, it cut a seven-hundred-foot swath through the woods, laying down the trees in a heringbone formation very curious to note. At

Gibson's, a farm tractor was left upside down on top of a haystack. Near Gloversville, half a schoolhouse remained standing. The teacher's desk, considerably ground up but still recognizable, came to light a day or two afterwards a mile away. The dictionary went two miles. Parts of the blackboard went three. A geography, readily identified, as it had a pupil's name in it, went four. But in the whole course of its wild and devilish career, the tornado hit only one dwelling house—the Christophersons', a hundred yards from New Orchard Farm. It was toward this house that we had seen Claude running.

As we straggled out into the open, someone cried, "Look! Look there!"—as if answering Grace Whitcomb's cry—and pointed toward the Christophersons'. Of the fine, big three-story farmhouse, not a trace remained!

I don't know how the facts reached me, there was such a hubbub of excited voices and I was in such a tumult of crazed excitement myself, but nevertheless I got it through my head that the Christophersons had gone motoring—an all day trip to Richmond Center—leaving Baby Peter with Miss Hanson, Mrs. Christopherson's sister, who had come on, recently, from Buffalo. "Both dead!" I heard a shuddering girl moan. And Claude—where was Claude? "Dead, too," moaned the girl.

A solemn hush came over us. I said in low tones to Jim, "Take Mother home—she can't stand this," and I think he was glad to obey. They climbed into the Ford and drove off, as the rest of us, all atremble with horror, ran toward the place, where the house had stood. Only the cellar was there now. We came to it, and peered in, and there, to our astonishment, saw a woman—alive, uninjured—sitting in the southwest corner and rocking to and fro convulsively. "Peter!" she wailed. "Peter! Peter! Peter!"

We got her out, and two of the girls led her across to the house at New Orchard Farm, and all the way she raved, crying, "Peter! Oh Peter! Peter! Peter!"

There is nothing else quite so distressingly grim and ghastly as searching for the dead. In silence, or with only now and then a whispered word, we went over the tornado's

track. It was a leaderless unorganized search. No one had pluck enough left in him to organize it. Some went one way, some another. And it was a very long search, lasting until after nightfall and continued by lantern light. But it was not the lanterns that brought at last the discovery. It was a sound—the shrill, indignant howl of a hungry, seven-months-old infant. Out of the dark it came. Grace Whitcomb heard it first, and shouted, "Peter! He's—alive!" and we all rushed up and crowded around Grace.

"S-s-s-sh!" she said, lifting both hands in protest, for the sound had ceased.

We kept still and waited. Could it be possible? Here we were six hundred feet from where the Christophersons' house had stood. There was a long heap of rubbish at the edge of the devastated strip—hay, branches torn from trees, splintered boards, bedclothes, broken tools—almost everything you can imagine. From somewhere, within that rubbish had come the sound!

And now—again it came!

There was no mystery as to the exact place, this time. Carefully, gingerly, we pulled away the rubbish, bit by bit, and, after lifting a pine branch, saw a pair of blood-stained, fat arms clasping something wrapped up in a pale blue coverlet from an infant's crib! I knew those arms. They were Claude's. "He's given his life for little Peter!" gasped Grace, and swooned.

I sent Jack Tomlinson after the big motor truck in which he had laughingly brought Claude out to New Orchard Farm. Now—in how different a mood!—he could take him back to Wallaceburg.

We pulled away more of the rubbish, and drew open the pale blue coverlet, and, charmed with the flash of bobbing lanterns, Baby Peter laughed and crowed. It gave me the creeps to hear him—all that jolly, gurgling good nature while around him went those bloody arms.

We took him out. By a miracle—one of the numberless miracles that attend tornadoes—he was entirely uninjured. And then the girls drew back, and averted their faces, as we removed more and more of the debris to release Claude's body. We worked quickly

—I don't know why. There is small haste needed in rescuing a dead body.

We had no sooner pulled away the last piece of debris than Jack returned with the truck, and then, just as six of us stooped down and started to lift, we got the surprise that simply took us off our feet. Warmth! Life!

Yes, warmth and life! The fat, fat boy from Thurston's had risked making the supreme sacrifice—and been spared.

He was a long, long time getting well, but in certain respects it is difficult to imagine a more enviable convalescence than Claude's. The class sent him a huge floral monstrosity, with "Hero" worked into it in pink carnations. Grace—sweetly thoughtful girl that she is—begged Baby Peter's pale blue coverlet from the Christophersons and hung it on the wall in Claude's room at the hospital. Ole Christopherson, Peter's dad, wrote Claude a handsome check, which Claude endorsed to Aunt Sara—Aunt Sara, as we learned, is blind. Every day or two, Baby Peter was brought to call. And in the local paper—Charles Prescott Daniels, editor—there appeared a column-and-a-half leader, headed, "Bring On Your Tornadoes—I'm Game!"

Claude took it beautifully. Often though I visited him, I heard no bragging. Even his quick-wittedness in having realized that Miss Hanson and Baby Peter were in deadly peril seemed to him nothing extraordinary. "Hadn't the Christophersons stopped at Thurston's for ice-cream sodas that day, and hadn't I heard them say they'd left Peter with a woman from the East? Of course a woman only lately from the East wouldn't know what to do. Of course not. Somebody had to run over there and order her down cellar. But you see, I was to bring the baby down after her, and, just as I'd got him out of his crib on the porch, everything went."

Not long ago, Claude resumed his labors at Thurston's, and, in honor of the occasion, Mr. Daniels and I stepped in for a sundae.

"Good morning, Hero!" said the editor.

"Don't call me that!" Claude protested. "I won't stand for it!"

"Well, what may we call you?"

Claude smiled. "You can call me Baby," he said.

Postage Stamps.

Americans do not usually think of the postal service in terms of interest or romance. Nevertheless it is true that much of the work of the Postoffice Department makes it one of the most interesting departments of our government.

Take the subject of postage stamps. The manufacture of postage stamps is a much larger task than the average person has ever dreamed of. Every year the Bureau of Engraving and Printing prints over twelve billion postage stamps to supply the American people.

These stamps range in value all the way from one cent to five dollars. The latter denomination is rarely seen by the average man, yet more than 3,000 of them are sold every year.

The largest stamp ever issued by the Government was of the \$100 denomination. This was a newspaper stamp, and was never sent through the mails. When \$100 worth of newspapers were delivered to the post-office, the postmaster would place one of these stamps on his book and cancel it there. This stamp is no longer in use.

The postage stamp is of comparatively recent origin. It was first used in England in the year 1840. Since then its use has spread to every part of the world.

A number of stories are current about the origin of the postage stamps. The most authentic is that which comes from the Postoffice Department at Washington. It appears that in the year 1837 Sir Rowland Hill, who organized the British postal service, was traveling through one of the northern districts of England, and for a time was sojourning at an inn where the postman came with a letter for a young daughter of the innkeeper. The young miss turned the letter over in her hand several times, and after examining the letter minutely, inquired the price of the postage. On learning that it was a shilling she sighed sadly and returned the letter to the postman, saying that

it was from her brother, but that she had no money.

Sir Rowland, who was looking on, was touched with pity and paid the postage. His action, however, seemed to embarrass the girl. When the postman left she stated to Sir Rowland that some signs marked on the envelope had already given her the information she desired, and that there was no writing enclosed. She explained that she and her brother had devised a code of their own as neither of them were able to pay post charges.

This episode set Sir Rowland to thinking, and before another day had passed, he had planned a postal system upon the lines that we know it today.

In manufacturing postage stamps, the Government uses the same extreme care and thoroughness that it does in printing paper money.

The first step toward the production of the stamp is the engraving of the die with which it is printed. Only the finest quality of steel is used for this purpose. Upon this the engraver slowly and laboriously cuts line by line the portrait or the emblem desired. When this is done, the die is hardened and put into a powerfull press. Under enormous pressure the design is then transferred to a steel roller. This operation is repeated until the circumference of the roller is covered with the same design. The roller is then hardened in order that it may give the impressions once more to another steel plate from which the real printing is obtained.

After three satisfactory printing plates have been obtained, they are sent to a huge machine especially designed for the work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. This machine prints, gums, dries, perforates, and either cuts into sheets or winds into coils 12,000 postage stamps in one minute. After leaving this machine, the stamps are ready to be shipped to any part of the country.



Billy Visits Big Sister Bee.

By Elizabeth Gordon.

"There!" said Billy, straightening up to get the kinks out of his back. "Those old weeds are out at last, and my garden looks fine. I'll have heaps of radishes and young onions in another week or so. My asparagus is ready now, and after I have rested a bit I'll cut some of those jolly, big, tender shoots and take them to Mother for lunch."

"Beth wants 'sparagus for lunch," said that young lady, plumping herself down on the grass beside her big brother Billy, and looking just like a big dandelion blossom in her primrose-yellow frock.

"Beth can have 'sparagus," said Billy, "only Mother will put yours through a sieve after it is cooked, and put some milk in it for you. It will be a lovely pale green soup—just the thing for three-year-old sisters. Now hold your apron, Beth dear, and I will cut the asparagus and you may take it to Mother your own self."

After Beth had gone proudly into the little new bungalow at the foot of the lane, with the asparagus for Mother, Billy sat on the grass at the edge of his garden resting, and thinking about nothing at all. He was rather interested in the movements of Big Sister Honey Bee, who was flitting about from one white clover bloom to another, humming a croony, toney song to herself.

It was such a busy happy little tune, that Billy amused himself by making a little song to it, something like this:

If I could be a Honey Bee,
I'd build a little hive,
And gather honey all day long,
To keep my folks alive;
And when I'd gathered quite enough,
For us, of honey sweet,
I'd just keep on a-gathering,
For the orphan bees to eat.

"Why, bless your dear kind heart, Billy boy," said a silvery little voice, "We don't mind being orphans—well, half orphans anyway. We're used to it. We've never so much as seen our father. He went out of the world before we came into it, and we

seldom ever see our queen mother. We're all so busy, you see."

"But who takes care of you when you are little?" said Billy. "All babies have to be taken care of, until they can take care of themselves."

"Oh!" said Big Sister Bee airily. "Don't get it into your head that any of us are neglected. Our big sister bees take care of us while we are babies, and see that we are kept warm and comfy, and get our milk on time."

"Milk!" exclaimed Billy, "I know I've lived in the city almost all my life, but you must not expect me to believe that you feed your baby bees milk!"

"What would you feed a baby?" asked Big Sister Bee, in surprise.

"Of course," said Billy, "I know our babies have to have milk, but I thought the bee babies were different. Where do you get milk, and how do you give it to them?"

"We fill their cradles with it," said Big Sister Bee, "and then we seal them up, and let them grow until they are ready to get up. Then they knock the covers off and crawl out—wings, stings, and all. And then, when they are a few days old, it's their turn to take care of the new babies, while we older sisters keep the hives clean until we are strong enough to go out and find food for all. This is very sweet clover," said she appreciatively. "It will make splendid honey."

"I never can find any honey in clover," said Billy. "All I can find in the ends of the petals is something that tastes like sugary water. How do you gather it?"

"We don't gather honey," said Big Sister Bee. "We just gather the nectar which goes into the honey."

"But where do you get the honey to put the nectar in?" asked Billy, in a puzzled manner.

"We first gather the nectar," said Big Sister Bee, "and take it home and make it into honey, just as you gather the sap from maple trees, and make it into delicious maple sugar."

"What do you put into it?" asked Billy, still more puzzled.

"Oh," buzzed Big Sister Bee, "that is our secret. We wouldn't tell that, because we love children and we want them to have very pure honey. People might try to imitate it, if they knew what we put into it. And that wouldn't be fair. It would be robbing children of one of their most needed foods. Excuse me," she broke off, "I'll be back in a minute. Miss Wild Rose has promised me a basket full of bread this morning, and we need it."

Billy laughed. "First milk and then bread," said he. "Big Sister Bee must be joking with me!"

"My!" said Big Sister Bee, buzzing through the air and balancing herself on the white clover bloom. "What a funny boy you are! Of course we have to have bread for our little brothers and sisters. If we did not feed them good wholesome foods, how could they ever make the wax for the honeycomb, or fly four or five miles for nectar? Tell me that!"

"How do you carry your bread home?" asked Billy.

"In our bread baskets," said Big Sister Bee. "You call it pollen, but we call it bee bread. See, I've got two big baskets full!"

"Oh!" said Billy. "I see now what you mean by baskets. Those funny little lumps on your legs are pollen, aren't they?"

"Certainly," said Big Sister Bee. "And what we don't get in the summer, we don't get at all; so it bee-hooves us to lose no time."

"I'd like honey better," said Billy, "if it did not get grainy. I like it nice and soft and dripping."

"It granulates," said Big Sister Bee, "because you keep it too cool. You should keep it in the attic where the sun beats on the roof, instead of in the cellar or ice box. Use lots of it, Billy. It's good for you. It makes fine cakes and candy, and it's much better for you than sugar."

"What makes you think it is better than sugar?" asked Billy, opening his eyes wide.

"We know it is," said Big Sister Bee. "You see, sugar isn't good for our babies and honey is, and it is probably the same with yours. Nature taught us how to make honey, and man taught himself how to make sugar. And now good-by, Billy," said Big Sister Bee, flying away home with her heavy load.

"Billy, Billy," called Sister Sue. "Come home now! Lunch is ready."

"Goodness," laughed Billy, as he ran into the bungalow to wash his hands. He knew he must have fallen asleep on the grass and dreamed that talk with Big Sister Bee, but it made him think, anyway.

Sue was just putting a nice white comb of honey on the table as he came in. "See the lovely honey Mother got from the bee man," she said.

"That's fine," said Billy. "I'm going to keep bees next year, so we can have all the honey we want."

"I'm a bee," said Baby Beth, buzzing around Billy. "This little bee wants some honey."

"Have some of brother's nice fresh asparagus first, Little Bee," said Mother. "Afterwards, you may have all the bread and milk and honey you want."

Asking and Answering.

Two men were waiting for a train and one said: "I will ask you a question, and if I cannot answer my own question, I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer your own, you buy the tickets."

The other agreed to this.

"Well," the first man said, "you see those rabbit holes? How do they dig those

holes without leaving any dirt around them?"

The other confessed: "I don't know. That's your question, so answer it yourself."

The first man winked and replied: "They begin at the bottom and dig up!"

"But," said the second man, "how do they get at the bottom to begin?"

"That's your question," was the first man's rejoinder. "Answer it yourself."

The other man bought the tickets.

The Penny House.

By Peggy Poe.

Beside a long road was a little house painted red with white windows. In this house lived a nice but very queer family. Now this family was queer because they had such funny names. There were five children. Sis Penny, the eldest, Buddy Penny, the next, Wee Penny, the baby, and two Go-Be-Tween Pennies. Then there was Mammy Half Dollar and Pappy Dollar. These were the roundest people who ever lived in a little red house. In fact they were so round that they didn't have any pointed corners in their house. The corners were all round.

This family got on very well indeed except for one thing:—Pappy Dollar was so proud of his nice round self that he would strut down the Big road; although Mammy Half Dollar warned him that dreadful things happen to folks who get too proud. Sure enough one day a great dragon grabbed him up and carried him off. The dragon lived in the castle with the beautiful fairy called Fortune, who was very beautiful and very rich. Her castle was built of gold. It was here the dragon had carried Pappy Dollar and for all that the Penny children knew he might be going to make soup out of him. The whole Penny family felt very badly.

"Oh, dear!" said Mammy Half Dollar, "if we were just a little bigger maybe we could rescue your Pappy. All we can do is to hope the dragon won't eat him until we do grow big enough to rescue him. There are plenty of berries in the woods. Why can't he eat those?"

So the Penny children went on growing and wishing for their Pappy until one day Sis and Buddy Penny made up their minds to rescue him, but when they came close to Fortune's house, it was so bright it hurt their eyes and they had to run back home. And that very day they saw the dragon going up the Long Road and he was "so fat," but maybe it wasn't because he had soup.

Then Wee Penny decided to go up to Fortune's house and beg for her Pappy.

She went right up to the beautiful house at the end of the Long Road. There she found the dragon on the door-step and he was so very fat that Wee Penny was so frightened she fell into a rose bush and had to run home to rub the tears out of her eyes.

About this time, when the Penny children were trying so hard to grow large enough to rescue their Pappy, Buddy Penny took a notion to live with the Candy Man. It took Mammy Half Dollar and the other Penny children days to talk Buddy Penny out of going! They knew if the Candy Man got Buddy, he would be gone forever. No sooner did they get Buddy out of the motion of running away, than the two Go-Be-Tween Pennies wanted to run away with the Peanut Man, but Mammy Half Dollar finally coaxed them to stay in the little Red House and help with the plan to rescue Pappy Dollar.

Then one day a wonderful carriage passed the gate. The fortune Fairy was taking a ride in her carriage of gold. The Penny children hung over their fence watching it. The carriage was drawn by a thousand white butterflies and they were called Wishes. All of a sudden a wheel broke from the carriage and down it went in the dirt. The white butterflies lifted their wings and flew far away, leaving the Fairy weeping.

"Oh! see the Fairy is weeping! Let us help her," cried the Penny children at once. Mammy Half Dollar made the Penny children stay in the yard while she went out to see what could be done. She found she could hold the broken wheel if there was only some one to pull the carriage.

"Oh! I'll give you a bag of gold if you will get me home," wailed the fairy.

Mammy Half Dollar called the two Go-Be-Tween Pennies and they came like two little horses and tried to pull the carriage, but tug as they would they could not move Fortune's carriage.

"Get another one of your children to help and I'll give you my magic veil if you get me home," begged the fairy.

Sis Penny came and helped but the carriage wouldn't move.

"Get another child to help. If you get me home, I'll give you my magic sword so that you can make the dragon do as you wish. His name is Temptation, but if you have my sword, you can make him do as you wish." So Mammy Half Dollar called Buddy Penny to help, but there was so much gold about the carriage it would not move.

"Oh, get another Penny child to help you and I'll give you—yes—I'll give you

Very soon they came to the end of the Long Road. The fairy gave them the bag of gold and the magic veil and the sword. Wee Penny was the one chosen to go up to Fortune's house and get Pappy Dollar. Wearing the veil so the brightness would not hurt her eyes and holding the sword she went up the stairs. The dragon raised his fiery head but Wee Penny touched him with the sword and he lay down like a puppy.

"Lead me to my Pappy!" commanded Wee Penny and the dragon went wagging

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On the Long Journey.

back your Pappy whom the dragon has in my kitchen waiting to make soup of him."

So Wee Penny came running from the gate and helped pull the carriage, and she was just enough. The carriage pulled right along. How very glad they were now that none of them had gone to live with the Candy Man or the Peanut Man, for without any one of them they could not have moved the Fairy Fortune's carriage.

along to the kitchen where he drew the iron bolts from the door and Pappy Dollar caught up Wee Penny and ran home with her where the rest of the family waited with the huge bag of gold given them by Fortune.

The Penny family built them a very fine house, but for all of that they were great and careful workers and Pappy Dollar having learned a lesson was careful never to walk about, just to show off.



Demeter.

Ceres was the Roman name for the goddess of earth and arable land. Demeter was the Greek name. The name in both countries means "Mother Earth." Demeter was the founder of agriculture. Men prayed to her before sowing their grain; to her they dedicated the gifts of the harvest; and to her were sacred all objects and animals that belonged to agriculture—the seed, the sheaf, the poppy, the fruit-basket, the plough with the ox that drew it, and the turtle-dove that built her nest in the spring; but no less the crane, for it was known that when he made his appearance the rainy season was at an end, and the farmer's work began. The most acceptable sacrifice offered to the goddess was the pig, for the pig was highly esteemed as food by the farmer.

It was Demeter that bade fruits grow and the crops ripen. And if the earth produced nothing then Demeter was sad, ate nothing, stayed away from the other gods, and even lost her beauty. Who does not know the story of Demeter and Persephone? Who fails to see that by the disappearance of Persephone and by the sadness of Demeter, her mother, the withering of the plants is meant?

Nine days did Demeter wander through the country looking for her lost daughter. But no mortal, nor even god, could trace the disappearance of the vanished one. On the tenth day, she met Hekate, the moon-goddess. Both goddesses hastened to the sun-god, Helios, who sees everything that passes between heaven and earth. He told them that in accordance with the will of Zeus, Persephone had gone down into the realms of the dead; that the king of Hades had seized her from her companions while gathering flowers from the field; that they speed along the earth in a chariot drawn by four coal-black horses and down into the great gulf.

The rage of Demeter was more terrible than ever. She turned from the gods, went among mortals and changed her form into that of an old woman, so no one could recognize her. She came at length to Eleusis in Attica, where king Keleos held sway. Demeter seated herself beneath an olive

tree at a spring and waited till the king's daughter came to draw water. The maidens were kind to her when she told them of her grief. They asked her to come to the house of their parents.

Demeter stayed at the house of Keleos for a whole year, but she still mourned for Persephone. She never laughed or smiled. Even the earth mourned for her sorrow for there was no fruit upon the trees, no corn in the fields, and no blossoms in the gardens.

Zeus, seeing that everything must die unless he could soothe the grief and anger of Demeter, sent Iris and all the gods to her as messengers to propitiate her, but to no avail. Demeter would not make the earth fruitful until she had seen her daughter once more.

So Zeus sent Hermes, the messenger of the gods, down to the kingdom of Hades to bid the king to send Persephone to her mother. Persephone gladly sprang to her feet, but before Hades let her go he gave her a pomegranate to eat, because he did not want her to stay away from him always. So she was bound to come back if she but tasted one of his pomegranates.

Hermes then left the dark realms with Persephone and delivered her to mother. Demeter was comforted when she saw her daughter standing before her and the earth felt her sorrow and anger melt away. Once more the trees bore fruit, the flowers bloomed in gardens, and the golden corn waved under the summer breezes.

But this reunion of mother and daughter could not last forever. Six months of the year Persephone was bound to spend with her husband Hades. During this time, when Demeter longs for the return of her daughter, the earth lies torpid and unfruitful. But when she returns again to earth, it is spring and summer.

This old myth of Greek and Roman days is recalled to us at this time when the flowers are opening their sweet blossoms. The earth is glad for Demeter, the goddess of the harvest, rejoices in the return of her daughter to earth.

Instructive Facts.

Among the famous inventions of the Chinese are the following: The compass, printing, lithography, suspension bridges and gunpowder.

The public domain amounts to 182,000,000 acres, the great bulk of which, not yet

National Forest under the supervision of forest officers. In June the Scouts plan to plant an area containing several hundred acres which were burned over several years ago.

Under present conditions the timber supply of this country will be exhausted in

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A Scene from Bagdad.

allocated, lies in the states of California, Utah and Nevada. Some of it has so little value it has not been surveyed.

Boy Scouts of Colorado Springs, Colorado, recently planted 4,000 Douglas fir seedlings and 2,000 pine seedlings in the Pike

between 40 and 50 years, according to the chief forester of the Department of Agriculture. Pine timber is being cut eight and one-half times as fast as it is being replaced while hardwood is being cut three and one-half times as fast.

"Juvenile" Puzzlers, Letter-Box, Etc.

Puzzle No. 4.

An enterprising fruit dealer decided to puzzle his customers, to stimulate an interest in his wares; so he hung out this sign:

SPEAR —
 LUMPS —
 RIP COAST —
 A SPEECH —
 HER CRIES —
 PLANE PIPES —
 RAIN GOES —

The word (or words) in each line tells one item that he has for sale. The letters of each line must, however, be rearranged. For example, the word "SPEAR" can be altered to spell "PEARS." Can you discover the other words on the sign?

Answer to Puzzle No. 3.

Fastener (or tendency).

* * *

Honorable Mention:

Joseph Prince, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Regina Micklautz, Nokomis, Ill.

Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:—I have written many letters for our magazine and always wished it would become larger. I do not have to wish it any longer, because the "Ml. L." has improved a great deal. I noticed the stories are more interesting and also the puzzles. The readers of this magazine should now try their best, also, in helping to keep up the magazine.

I heard the "Ml. L." is going to come the fifteenth of every month. That was the best news for me when the "Ml. L." arrived.

I am in the 8A grade now and expect to graduate in June. One of my school friends, Etta Tinnig, saw me with one of these magazines. She wanted to know everything about this wonderful magazine; I told her about it, and later she wanted to read the stories and letters. I let her have the mag-

azine and soon she was done reading. When she was through, she said, "This is a wonderful magazine!" And I'll just bet she wishes she could get it.

At school we are preparing for an operetta which we will give this month. The one we gave last year was "Windmills of Holland." Everyone enjoyed the play, and this month, when we give one again, it will be still better. The name of it is, "The Maid and The Golden Slipper." The children call it "Cinderella."

My school friend Etta is Cinderella and I am one of the step-sisters.

Our principal, Mr. Mason, is going to leave Oglesby for a few months. He will not be here when I graduate, but Mr. Mason promised he would make an extra trip to Oglesby so he could hand us our diplomas.

A boy who goes to the school I do, gets this magazine every month also. I noticed he liked it so much that he brings it to school every month and shows it to all of his friends. If he really is so interested in it, why does he not write letters, so the boys and girls could read them? His name is Frank Gruber. I ask him through this magazine to have one in for next month.

I have read most of the stories, and hope the ones for April will be just as interesting.

One who has always tried to make the magazine important:

Angeline Crowley.

La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:—I am a member of the S. N. P. J. and so is our whole family. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. I will tell you now, why I like our "Mladinski List."

I like our magazine because it has many jokes and riddles and very interesting stories. Also because there are stories in Slovenian and English, and the last page always has practical Slovenian grammar. Anyone who wishes to write a letter, joke or riddle, can do so.

With best wishes, I remain your friend,
John Gabrenye.

Cleveland, O.

PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

EXERCISES.

17.

Translate the following sentences in two ways.

1. My old friend lent me a new book containing many beautiful tales.
2. The umbrella standing in the corner belongs to my young sister.
3. The lesson given him by his teacher is very hard.
4. This is the beautiful poem which is to be learned by heart.
5. The story told by your friend was indeed very entertaining.
6. Our neighbor's children came riding upon the donkeys, given them by their father.
7. A her children loving mother will gladly give her life for them.

18.

Write in Slovenian:

I saw a bird on a high tree; on a higher tree; on the highest tree.

Solution of exercises in last number.

16.

Katera slovenska organizacija v Ameriki je največja in najboljša?
Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota.

V katerem ameriškem mestu je največ naših rojakov Slovencev?
V Clevelandu, Ohio.

Katero je glavno mesto naše stare domovine Slovenije?
Ljubljana.

Ali se ti je priljubil naš "Mladinski List," katerega dobivaš kot član(ica) naše mo-
gočne Jednote?

Odgovori sam!

Ali bi bil sedaj lahko brez "Mladinskega Lista," ko si se ga že tako privadil?
Tudi na to vprašanje odgovori sam!

Ali imaš kakega mladega ali starega sorodnika ali znanca, ki še ni pristopil k naši
Jednoti? Povej mu (ji), da je naša Jednota: velika, bogata na premoženju in številu
članov, da je zanesljiva in varna, da izdaja glasilo za odrasle in ta "Mladinski List" kot
glasilo za mladino, in da ima sijajno bodočnost; nagovori ga (jo), da takoj pristopi.

(To be continued.)