

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

ZDRAVO!

(A. J. T.)

V naši naselbini poznam mlado deklico, ki jo hočem imenovati Mary, dasi se njeno pravo ime glasi drugače. Ziva in neugnana je kot solnčni žarek in lica ji rde kot razcvitajoči se popek vrtnice, imenovane American Beauty. Korajžna in uslužna je, prijazna in vladna z vsakim, res pravi tip slovenske deklice, toda do zadnjega časa ni hotela govoriti slovensko. Na slovenska vprašanja ali naročila starišev in drugih je odgovarjala prijazno, toda vedno v angleščini.

Pa smo nedavno otvorili v naselbini nov Slovenski dom. Pri tej priliki je med raznimi govorniki nastopil tudi profesor Hatton, ki zavzema važno javno pozicijo v našem mestu, in je ob enem znan kot odlični šolnik. Je tudi izborni govornik in govori krasno angleščino. V njegovem dobro zamišljenem govoru je bil nedvomno najlepši tisti del, ki ga je naslovil na slovensko mladino, katera je bila v velikem številu zbrana prav pred govorniškim odrom. In povedal je mladini v smislu sledeč:

"Otroci, ne sramujte se svojih starišev in njih jezika. Mi vsi smo otroci, vnuki ali pravnuki naselbinkov. Vsak narod je prinesel nekaj svojih lastnih dobrih lastnosti preko oceana in jih izročil svoji novi domovini. O slovenskih naseljenceh v tem mestu mi je znano, da so pridni, podjetni, varčni in poštebni. Da se zanimajo tudi za kulturo, kaže ta Dom in drugi domovi, katere so si zgradili. Čujem tudi, da imate mladinsko šolo, v kateri se turojni otroci po par ur na teden poučujejo v slovensčini, kakor tudi da imate telovadna in razna kulturna in podporna društva. Otroci, učite se jezika svojih starišev, saj angleščino itak znate in vam ne odide. Potom slovenskega jezika se boste seznanili z dobrimi lastnostmi naroda, iz katerega izhajate, in potem vas bomo mi, starejši Američani, spoznali sodržavljane slovenskega pokolenja. Čim bolj se bomo poznali, tem bolj se bomo medsebojno spoštovali in tem lažje bomo skupno delovali za našo rodno ali adoptirano domovino: Ameriko!"

Krasen govor profesorja Hattona je vzbudil silno navdušenje med vsemi navzočimi, posebno pa med mladino. Tudi Mary je poslušala govornika v družbi svojih tovaršic, in od takrat se trudi slovensko govoriti pri vsaki priliki. Ako ji kdaj zmanjka izrazov, si seveda pomaga z angleščino. Priznati pa je treba, da dobro napreduje v slovensčini. V jeseni bo svoje vpisati v slovensko mladinsko šolo. V naraščajoči Slovenskih Sokolic pa že zdaj vneto telovadi; in tam se pri vadbi govori samo slovensko. Pri zadnjem javnem nastopu Slovenskega Sokola se je izkazala izborna in navdušena telovadkinja svojega oddelka.

Mary je zdaj pristna slovensko-ameriška deklica, in po njem je nanjo vsak, ki jo pozna. Če jo srečam na cesti in jo slovensko pozdravim, ji zaiskre oči, zali obrazek se ji zameje kot žarna vrtnica, in ponosno mi odzdravi s sokolskim: "Zdravo!"

WHEN THE LIBERTY BELLS RING OUT

ONLY A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO ALL OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE WAS UNDER THE RULE OF EUROPEAN MONARCHS—HOW FREEDOM HAS COME TO THE TWENTY-ODD REPUBLICS OF SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA

By Rene Bache

The Average American citizen today entertains the mistaken notion that the Declaration of Independence precipitated the war of the Revolution. As a matter of fact, the war had been going on for more than a year when the Declaration was made and promulgated.

The war, however, had been conducted in a guise curiously mistaken. The American colonists, at intervals suspending hostilities, sent petitions and memorials to the King. They declared it a mistake to accuse them rebels, they were "petitioners in arms," and they were anxious for the righting of certain manifest wrongs.

By the time the King acknowledged the grievances to the King, the Continental Congress went ahead with the war. Recruiting was conducted, troops were moved, cannon were cast, saltpeter was mined, and the American cause were impeded or deprived of arms, and the Congress was voted for purchase of military supplies and forage, military hospitals were established, and the war with England was forbidden.

Not until Congress met in the spring of 1776 had it come to the realization that further negotiations were hopeless, that England was determined to put down the colonies in America, and that a break with the mother country was inevitable.

Many were anxious for the

those at his lodgings, were: 6 A. M., 68 degrees; 9 A. M., 72½; 1 P. M., 76; 9 P. M., 73½.

Jefferson, by the way, owned one of the only two barometers in this country at that time. When the British captured Washington in 1814, they incidentally raided Monticello, the home of the author of the Declaration in Virginia, and smashed his barometer. He is said to have been as much distressed over the loss of the instrument as by the news of the burning of the Capitol.

Under the Monroe Doctrine, we are in effect guarantors of the freedom of all the Latin-American republics, so far as interference or control by European powers is concerned. Those countries, however, won it without any help from us (if Cuba be excepted), and their struggles for liberty were far more prolonged than ours. At Latin-American Countries Have An Independence Day.

Each one of the twenty-six Latin-American republics now has its Independence Day, celebrated with all kinds of rejoicings as the great festival of the year. Brazil celebrates hers September 7th; Mexico, September 16th; Uruguay, May 25th; Chile, September 18th; Colombia, July 20th; Peru, July 28th. Cuba's falls on February 24th, and anniversary of the beginning of the final struggle for freedom, which, thanks to intervention by the United States, was successful.

Possession of Cuba was Spain's last grip on the western hemisphere. Her loss of it represented the termination of a struggle that began over a century ago. It was a steadily losing struggle for Spain, marked by cruelties and barbarities which are not surpassed by anything in history. Slaughtering without regard for sex or age were common occurrences. The Spaniards adopted the policy of murdering all prisoners in cold blood, and, in reprisal, Bolivar at one time actually found himself compelled to do the same thing. The wars for liberty in South America were among the most savage and ferocious ever known.

Beginning of Rebellion.

When Napoleon Bonaparte put such a decided kink in the doctrine of the divine right of kings, a repercussion, so to call it, was felt all over the world. It particularly affected the colonial dependencies of Spain in America, and may be said to have given a first strong impulse to rebellion on the part of their populations.

Such historical cataclysms inevitably create, or at least bring to the front, extraordinary men. It was so in South and Central America. Foremost among the heroes of that epoch was Simon Bolivar, a counterpart in exalted patriotism and some other respects of our own George Washington. For eighteen years he fought the fight for liberty, sometimes leading armies, at other times a hunted fugitive, but never despairing of eventual victory. His most famous military achievement was the leading of an army across the mountain wall of the Andes, a feat compared with which the crossing of the Alps by Napoleon was of small account.

Only second to Bolivar was Lord Cochrane, an Englishman, who played a most important part in the liberation of Peru. The son of a penniless Scotch peer, he served with great distinction in the British Navy. Thereafter, entering Parliament, he exposed existing

abuses in the navy (chiefly due to favoritism) so mercilessly as to make many powerful enemies. The latter brought false charges against him, backed by perjured testimony and, narrowly escaping imprisonment, he left the country in disgust and sought service in South America.

There he covered himself with glory, taking the side of the revolutionists against Spain. Having created and organized a navy for Chile, he sailed from Valparaiso, seized the port of Callao, overthrew the Spanish viceroy in Peru, and proclaimed the independence of the latter country. That was in 1821, on the twenty-eighth day of July—the day which Peru celebrates annually as its Independence Day.

Vindication of The Hero.

Cochrane also helped Brazil and Argentina to gain their freedom, and by all of the four countries mentioned he is regarded as the father of their respective navies. When the wars were over, he went back to England, and King William IV. restored him to the British Navy, making him a vice-admiral. Later on, Queen Victoria gave him command of all the British naval forces in American water. He died in 1860.

Bolivar, in the end, gave liberty to five South American countries. To a great extent, indeed, he may be said to have bestowed freedom upon the entire continent south of the Isthmus. No wonder that he is called the Liberator, that "bolivars" are coins in common circulation in several Latin-American republics, and that in that part of the world he is revered as we revere Washington.

There is a story (possibly mythical) about a game of battle-royal and shuttlecock which Bolivar played with Ferdinand of Spain when both of them were little boys. It was in a courtyard of the royal palace, and by chance the shuttlecock, batted by Bolivar, knocked off the cap of the heir to the throne. Ferdinand's old nurse, who had a reputation as a soothsayer, thereupon predicted that Bolivar would one day knock the crown from Ferdinand's head.

As a matter of fact, Bolivar did not knock off King Ferdinand's crown. It was Napoleon who did that, with ease and expedition, thereby doing much to encourage the spirit of rebellion in the Spanish colonies. But it was Bolivar who gave body to this spirit, who organized rebellion after rebellion against Spanish dominion through a long series of years, and who lived to see South America freed.

Days Of Liberty The World Over.

Every free country in the world has its Independence Day. That which China celebrates is February 12th—the anniversary of the date on which the Manchu dynasty relinquished the throne after a rule of three centuries. China today is nominally a republic. Unhappily, it is so split up by warring factions, with no centralized government, as to be decided worse off than under the imperial system.

France celebrates the fall of the Bastille—a huge fortress which, originally part of the defense of Paris, later became a prison wherein were immured, commonly without trial, numberless persons guilty of no worse crimes than that of writing something offensive to the governing authorities, or of being obnoxious to some power-

ful individual. A simple "lettre de cachet" signed by the king was all that was required to consign a man to a cell, or perhaps an underground dungeon, for an indefinite period. Often he was forgotten.

Thus the Bastille became a sort of emblem of tyrannical power. A revolutionary mob attacked it with guns July 14, 1789, and, having forced its surrender, literally tore it to pieces with their hands, leaving not one stone upon another. Its destruction marked the beginning of the abrogation of aristocratic privilege and despotic royal authority. News of the event made all Europe gasp.

The hero of Swiss freedom, as everybody knows, is William Tell. As the story goes, Duke Albert of Austria was trying to put over some very tyrannous business on the forest cantons, much to the anger and dismay of the inhabitants thereof, who saw their liberties threatened. An agent of the Duke set the cap of Austria on top of a tall pole in the market place at Altdorf, and demanded that every citizen should salute it. Tell refused, was arrested, and was condemned to death.

True Story Or Myth?

The Duke's agent, or bailiff, told Tell that a pardon would be granted him if he would shoot an apple with his crossbow off of his son's head. Tell, who had much reputation as a marksman, complied, but thereupon had the imprudence to inform the bailiff, whose name was Gessler, that he would have shot him if the bolt had hit the boy.

He was again arrested, and put aboard a boat in fetters. But a storm arose, and Tell was liberated to help work the boat. On reaching land, Tell grabbed his crossbow and, leaping ashore, shot Gessler dead.

Some authorities say that the story is a myth. But the Swiss declare it to be true, and in the market place at Altdorf there stands today a statue of Tell and his son, to prove it.

Within the last very few years we have seen many monarchies fall to pieces. The king business is in a bad way. Liberty rules. Barring Canada, which is really as free a country as ours, the western hemisphere is wholly occupied by republics.

JULY

Four little letters, they spell a big word, For this is the month of which everyone's heard; July, when our freedom was known to the world And the flag of our liberty first was unfurled. Four little letters, they spell much indeed, For this is the month when Great Britain took heed Of her far away colonies over the sea. Who were clamoring then to proclaim themselves free. July is the month when our nation found life, Though its birth was attained with much bloodshed and strife. Let us in the future from all warfare cease That our country may prosper and progress in Peace.

THE VIOLIN'S SONG

It is not the song of the summer breeze, Nor the sigh of the star lit sky, That I hear at night, when all is still, And the moon glides softly by.

It is not the weeping of a dying rose, Nor the moan of the summer breeze, That comes from the purple, twilight sky, Like a leaf from wind swept trees.

'Tis the song of a violin I hear tonight, But who wields the fiddler's bow? Softly it comes, through the shadows and dew, Eut its message I do not know.

CHRISTINE TROYA, Richmond, Cal.

NAGRADE

Za dopise, priobčene meseca junija, so prejeli nagrade sledeči člani mladinskega oddelka: Anna Erzen, dr. št. 33\$3 Rose Muhrich, dr. št. 129\$2 Jeanette Segal, dr. št. 70\$1 Marion Skradski, dr. št.\$1 Lucile Zivetz, dr. št. 66\$1 Angela Vidmar, dr. št.\$1 Henry Pluth, dr. št. 1\$1

NEKAJ NAVODIL MLADIM DOPISNIKOM.

Pišite s tinto in samo na eno stran papirja.

Predolgi dopisi niso zaželjeni; okoli dvesto besed je najbolj primerno.

Pazite, da bo vaša slovnica pravilna, posebno če pišete v angleščini.

Prepisane pesmi ali članki se ne sprejemajo.

Navedite svojo starost in številko svojega društva.

Vaši spisi naj bodo snažni in pisava razločna; to mnogo šteje.

A FEW DIRECTIONS FOR JUNIOR CONTRIBUTORS

Write with black or blue ink only on one side of the paper.

Contributions that are too long aren't preferable; a composition of about two hundred words is most satisfactory.

Be careful of your grammar, especially when you write in English.

Copied poems or compositions will not be accepted.

State your age and your Lodge number.

Above all, be neat in your writing. Neatness counts a great deal.

MOJA TROBOJNICA

Tudi jaz sem narodnjak in trobojnico imam, danes tukaj, jutri tam me bodri trobojni znak.

Sladek vonj je v bojah treh, valoveč čez dol in breg, poln razkošja je pozdrav njen — zelen in bel in plav.

Plavo nad menoj nebo, vzdusje svetlo nad zemljo, nad zeleno ljubljeno, od srca zasnujeno...

(Griša)

VAŠA PRIJATELJICA

Tukaj, mladi bratci in sestrice, si oglejte vašo prijateljico, ki je napisala za vas v mladinskem oddelku Nove Dobe že toliko ljubkih pesmic in zanimivih črtic. Skoro vse doslej izšle številke Nove Dobe z mladinsko prilogo so imele kaj izpod peresa Christine Troya, ali kot se je včasih tudi podpisala "Cara Fleure". Ta vrla dopisovalka ni pisala zaradi nagrad, kajti ni bila članica mladinskega oddelka in ni mogla računati nanje. Pisala pa je kljub temu mnogo, in napisala marsikaj lepega, samo zato, ker jo je veselilo. Kot v priznanje njenega dobrega dela za mladinski oddelok Nove Dobe, prinašamo danes njeno sliko. Naše mlade bratce in sestrice v mladinskem oddelku bo gotovo veselilo tudi po sliki poznati njihovo dobro prijateljico, katero poznajo po njenih spisih že dolgo.



Miss Christine Troya, Richmond, Calif.

Sosestra Christina Troya je z izpolnjenim šestnajstim letom postala članica društva št. 14 JSKJ v mestu Crockett, Cal. Njen dom je v Richmondu, idiličnem mestecu ob San Francisco zalivu. Naša mlada sosestra, ki utegne še kdaj postati odlična ameriška pisateljica, piše svoje pesmi in črtice pod vplivom lepe Californije. Iz njenih spisov se včasih zrcali melanholija sušitega morskega zaliva, sanjavost višnjevih gričev, katere je poljubilo večerno sonce, predno je šlo spat v zeleni Pacifik, drugič pa zopet šegavost californijskih solnčnih žarkov in trisk večne californijske pomladi.

Tako, mladi bratci in sestrice, zdaj ste se malo pobližje seznanili z vašo mlado prijateljico, ki je toliko lepega napisala za vas, zato boste v bodoče gotovo še z večjim zanimanjem čitali njene spise. Urednik upa z vami vred, da se bo naša Christina Troya ali Cara Fleure še v nadalje pridno oglašala v Novi Dobi.

CVETE SINJI KLAS

Cvetke sinji klas, blešči se njiva, v zlati sapi klasje se praliva — in plavica gleda iz rži kakor lepe deklice oči.

Naj se duša potopi v to morje, z žarki svojimi vsjo plan razorje,

baiko naših polj popije naj, z njimi zaživi naj vekomaj! (Cvetko Golar).



