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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAJ 1923

ŠTEV. 5.

## Erna si želi solnčka.

*Iz neba višave  
solnček k zemlji sije,  
v srcu Erni prošnja  
hipoma zaklije:*

*"Daj mi svojih žarkov,  
solnček zlatojasni,  
jaz iz njih bi zlila  
venec neugasni.*

*Mamici krog čela  
venec ta bi dela,  
očki krog vratu bi  
časih ga pripela.*

*Stričku bi skrivaj ga  
v posteljico skrila,  
ko bi jo odgrnil,  
vsa bi se svetila.*

*Noči bi ga črni  
brž pod nos užgala:  
noč bi se jezila,  
jaz bi se smejala!*

*Vedno in povsodi  
luč bi mi svetila,  
pa bi, solnček, tebe  
od srca hvalila."*

*E. Gangl.*

---

## Na njivi.

*Iz zimskega trdnega spanja  
zbudila je njivo pomlad;  
pripravil oralo je kmetič —  
in hajdi zemljico orat!*

*Vse pusto in prazno na njivi.  
O, koliko boš še trpel,  
ubogi ti kmetič, da žitni  
ti klas bo na njivi zorel!*

*Znoj potni stoji mu na čelu,  
z rokami plug lahno drži;  
po glavi pa misli otožnih  
nebroj siromaku drvi.*

*V višavi oblaki vršijo,  
temni se zrcalo neba;  
ah, morda poleti nevihta  
nad polje tako privihra . . .*

*Nad njivo škrjanček prepeva,  
brez setve živi veseljak;  
v višavo zre kmetič, in s čela  
beži mu otožnosti mrak . . .*

## Kjer se osel povalja . . .

"Ti, Tone, ali uganeš, kaj smo brali v šoli?"

"Kaj pa?"

"Brali smo iz 'Berila'. Pa je bilo zapisano: Kjer se osel povalja, tam dlako pušti."

"Beži, beži, Nace, ali misliš, da je vse res, kar tam pišejo. Tega jaz že ne verjamem."

"Jaz pa tudi ne."

Pa jo pobrišeta naprej, dva ljudskošolska modrijana. Čez nekaj časa se prebudi spet Nace iz svojega premišljevanja, pa nastavi ta-le nasvet: "Ti, Tone, enkrat bova šla gledat, če je res. Pri Sladetu nimajo osla. Ali boš šel?" — "Bom."

V nedeljo popoldne pa res odrineta in po ovinkih seveda končno enkrat prideta k Sladetu. Osel se je pasel na vrtu. Ali kakor bi hotel nagajati mladima učenjakoma! Le pasel se je in pasel. Še mari mu ni bilo, da bi se bil ulegel.

"Tone, kar pojdiva nazaj."

Saj je bilo res že malo prenerodno, celi dve uri čakati na oslovo dlako. Tonetu pa le ni bilo všeč, da ga Nace spravlja domov.

"O ne, le počakajva. Morava vedeti, če je res, veš."

"No, pa še malo počakajva, naj bo."

Zopet preteče pol ure in še malo čez. Koliko potrpežljivosti je treba, da človek pričaka, kdaj se osel povalja . . .

"Tone, Nace! Brž domov!"

"Kaj pa bo?"

"Bož že videl. Le brž! Pa Nace tudi!"

"Saj se ne mudi."

"Le brž! Ata so tako . . ."

Tedaj pa ni bilo treba več dalje . . . Kjer so pa ata zraven, tam se pa ne da nič ugovarjati, če ne, bo doma huda ura. To bo grmelo in pokalo in treskalo . . . Le domov, da ne bo kaj nevihte in ihte!

"Nace, pa pojdiva. Bova pa v nedeljo prišla gledat."

"Pa pojdiva."

-----  
Druga nedelja.

Voz se ustavi pred hišo. Stric in teta sta prišla. Pa da ravno v nedeljo prideta, pa da

ravno to nedeljo! Ali nista mogla priti drugo ali pa katerokoli prejšnjo nedeljo. Zopet torej ne bo nič z oslom in z njegovo dlako. Zakaj če danes uideta od doma, kdo ve, če bo potem stric še tako radodaren. Oh, to so težave! S tem oslom namreč.

V sredo po tisti nedelji sta šla pa učenjaka iz šole. Takrat jima je bila pa sreča mila.

"Tone, ali ga vidiš?"

"Pa res! Nace, počakajva!"

"Počakajva! Bova le videla, če je res."

Pred Tilново gostilno je ležal dolgouhi sivec, pa ne Sladetov, ampak potujočega Čiča. Na travi, v hladni senci divjega kostanja je počival utrujen od dolgega pota. Oh, samo da bi kaj kmalu vstal! Seveda, če bi osel zabiti vedel, česa iščeta Tone in Nace, saj bi jima pač rad postregel. No, ravno prav — sedaj prihaja Čič, osel pa vstane, mož ga napreže in požene.

"Sedaj pa le!"

"Vidiš, tukaj je ležal."

Pa začneta modrijana iskati in preiskavati tako verno in zvesto, kakor bi bil tam zaklad cvetel. Ljudje so hodili mimo, vpraševali, pa nič zvedeli. Kdo bo tudi izdajal tako važne skrivnosti!

"Fanta, kaj pa sta izgubila?"

"Kaj? Nič!"

"Kaj pa potem iščeta?"

"Že nekaj!"

Fanta iščeta in iščeta neutrudno in neugnano. Čez dolgo časa — o sreča goreča! — Nace res najde oslovsko dlako in kmalu za njim tudi Tone eno. Torej je pregovor vendarle resničen! Vsa srečna nad najdenim zakladom jo ubereta proti domu.

Za srečo pa hodi nesreča. Tudi Toneta in Naceta je obiskala.

"Kje pa sta hodila? Sta bila zaprta, kaj, kaj?"

"Nisva bila ne."

"O, kajpadane! Zdaj bosta pa še lagala."

"Res ne, oče, res, da ne."

"Le kje sta potem hodila. Ali vama nisem rekel, da iz šole domov!"

Pa je zažvižgala šiba v očetovi roki svojo neusmiljeno pesem. Nace in Tone sta se

pa tudi vsak po svoje oglasila, in tako je bilo za enkrat petja dovolj. Kaj bi šele bilo, če bi bila povedala, kaj sta iskala! Ali skrivnost je ostala skrivnost tudi pred očetom. Saj sta vedela, da bi jima bila potem cela

hiša, še več, cela vas bi jima bila nagajala, kako sta iskala oslovske dlake.

Če pa danes kdo zine o kakem oslu, pa Tone in Nace oba hkrati sramežljivo pogledata v tla.

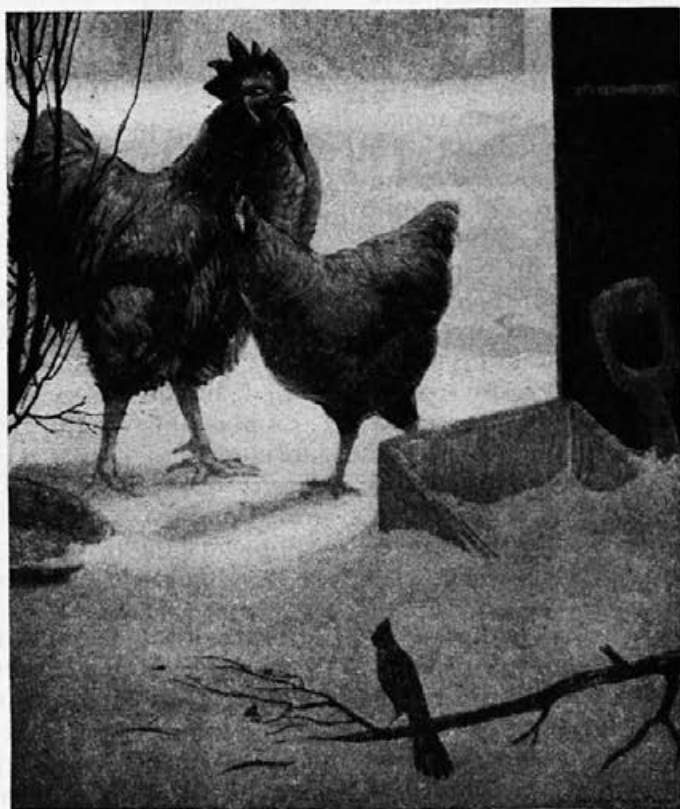
J. E. B.

## Jelen in volk.

Gre vročega dne jelen k potoku, da si ugasi žejo. Kar se prikaže onkraj potoka izza grma volk in reče: "Dragi jelen, nikar

pa nama ni treba bežati odtod. Vidim namreč, da prihajajo na oni strani proti tebi lovski psi."

From Chicago Artists Exhibition.



Zgodnji gost.

Gordon Saint Clair.

se me ne boj! Pridi rajši semkaj k meni, da se tudi midva prijateljski objameva, zakaj vedi, danes se je sklenil vesoljni mir med živalmi."

Premeteni jelen pa, sluteč da zver ne govori resnice, vzdigne glavo ter pravi: "Ravno prav, da si mi to povedal! Tedaj

Komaj pa jelen to izusti, že se okrene volk, a še reče: "Morda pa psi še ne vedo, kar so sklenile živali na zboru." Nato pa se spusti v goščavo. Jelen pa mirno pije dalje potočnico, vesel, da se je tako lahko rešil požrešnega volka.

Pavel Strmšek.

M. Stepančičeva:

## O slovanskih naselbinah širom Evrope.

Vojna, ta nesrečna krivična vojna, ki je donesla neštetim deželam le bridkost, le gorje, dočim je oblagodarila neke države z neopravičenim blagostanjem in zemljiščno imovino, ta nenadejana, ta strahovito nenasična, pohlepna vojna, je ravno Slovane določila, da ji doprinesemo ob vzožje največ žrtev, bodisi na ljudskem, bodisi premoženjsko-posestnem imetju! — Če smuknemo z duhom v dobo naših pradedov in raztelesujemo vse njene mogočno-vplivne dogodljaje, tedaj se nam ne dozdeva nič nedoslednega, nič novopojavljivega, ako nas prevzame trenutno nagajiva domišljija, da utegne i v bodočnosti pognati morda kak nov narodič — kar bi sicer bilo vsled dandanašnjega prosvetnega napredka nekaj neverjetnega — nov narodič iz onih skupin raztresenih Slovanov, živečih in plodečih se po svetu med drugoplemenskim ljudstvom, daleč od svoje očetnjave. Naj mimogrede le opozorim na preteklost nekaterih, n. pr. Bolgarov, Rumunov in Albancev! Ali ne namiguje zgodovina na nedvomljivo dejstvo, da so to le brstiči, ki so se razpopili iz mešanice slovanske in romanske krvi? Da! To so stari rodovi, pamtivečnostari, ko stari vek, ko so Rimljani mečevali in podjarmljevali ne samo bližnjo razkošnobogato Evropo, marveč celo oddaljene Jutrove dežele. No, in po dokončanem bojevanju so množice telesnourujenih in duševnozdelenih vojščakov ter neodvisnih vojnih ubežnikov ostale tam doli na tuji zemlji ter se razplodile s slovanskimi vdovami in slovanskimi dekleti. In tam, kjer je njihovo naselbino prevladovala večina žensk, tam je zagospodaril in ostal slovanski jezik, n. pr. na Bolgarskem, dočim se je drugod ob ženski manjšini udomačil govor tujih vojščakov, tako n. pr. v Rumuniji in v Albaniji.

To mi prihaja v spomin ob pomisleku na množico Slovanov, ki so jo vojne razmere pomešale med Germani, Francozi in Italijani, in ki se bo brez pomišljanja in izpraševanja vesti prilagodila jeziku in šegam

dotične pokrajine, na škodo Slovanstvu. Omenila sem to le mimogrede v pojašnjevanje, kakšne orjaške izpremembe povzročajo vojne razmere. Zamislimo se n. pr. v prastaro dobo! Takrat je bila takorekoč vsa Evropa razen tankega pasu na zapadu poplavljen s Slovani, z našimi pradedi! A dandanes? Kam so izginili? Izumrli? Da, izumrli, toda le napol izumrli in preminuli, kajti še dandanes se mi, njihovi daljni potomci lahko ponašamo s slovanskimi primki in z raznovrstnimi drugimi znaki, ki spominjajo, kako so tam gori in tu doli, v desno in levo, bili naseljeni le Slovani!

Preminuli in izginili so Slovani v požrešnem žrelu tujinstva in tujine, dasi so bili v gosti množini raztreseni po Galiji, Daciji, Iliriji, Germaniji, Traciji, Moesiji in sedanji severni Italiji.

V sedanji Germaniji so prebivali ob dolnjih pokrajinah reke Men, ob katerem sta se razprostirala Melibok (mala bukev) in Boken. Imenovali so se Svavi ali Slavi, torej z glasnikovo zameno, kakor jo mi uporabljamo v izrazu svoboda in sloboda. Drugi so se naselili onstran Labe ter se zvali Polabski Svavi. Slovansko pleme, ki je bilo naseljeno na sedanjem Moravskem, pa si je nadevalo ime Kerski, a svojo zemljo so nazivali Svavijo, kajti ta je obsegala vso prostranstvo sedanje severovzhodne Germanije. Mnogoštevilne naselbine so bile na sedanjem Meklenburškem in Brandenburškem, za kar pričča mesto Branibor. Najgostejše so bili naseljeni po horkynski pokrajini. (Horkynia znači gorat svet; horkak ni drugega ko hribovec). V horkynski hosti, je bila naselbina Bujemum, ki so jo Rimljani prekrstili v Boihoemum. Nekdanja naselitev Slovanov je segala vse do sedanje Belgije. Svavi so bili zelo gosto naseljeni zlasti med rekama Glano in Vislo. Toda praslovanske dežele so bile tudi okoli reke Odre. Vsem rodovom v Svaviji je kraljeval Arijevič, vladar njihovega rodu. Po-

zneji svavski rodovi so se nazivali tudi Sveve, Svive in Svabe in tako so tudi Svavsko morje po zvezi z Alemami začeli nazivljati Svabsko more. Ime so si izpreminjali iz navade, ker so slišali, da jih tujci tako imenujejo. One Svave, ki so bili naseljeni med Svevskim morjem in severnim delom Horkynskega lesa doli do sedanjega Češkega, so Rimljani imenovali Vanda-

Rakosi so prebivali po sedanjem Avstrijskem. Nedaleč od teh so prebivali Kvadi, ki so si sami pravili tudi Geti ali Goti in to iz udanosti do svojega vladarja Get.

Turunško kraljestvo je trajalo do l. 528. po Kr., dokler so ga razgnali, oziroma osvojili Saksonci.

Rugi ali Ruzi so bili oni Slovani ali Svavi, ki so bili naseljeni ob Baltiškem morju.

Chicago Art Institute.



Prizor iz Španije.

Sorolla.

le. Vobče pa so se slovanska plemena vse Svavije ali Slavije ločila s sledečimi naslovi: Moravani, Kvadi, Hermunduri, Bulani, Taurisci, Norici, Durinci, Rugi. Turugi (v sedanjem Thuringen) in Rakosi.

Moravane so bili prekrstili Rimljani v Markomane. Moravani so bili naseljeni ob reki Moravi. (Mor — trata.) Njihov vladar je bil Rastislav in pozneje Svetopolk. Rimljani so mu pravili markomanski kralj.

In sedanji otok Rugen so oni krstili z imenom Rujanja.

Rugi so se zvali tudi Rutene, a njihov kralj Odoaker je bil pravzaprav Otokar, kar je izšlo iz besed otec, otčik, otče, očak.

Del moravsko-slovanske države, ki se je razprostirala med Baltiškim in Sredozemskim morjem, se je zval Tracija, v kateri so se ženske združile z romanskimi vojsčaki v nov narod: Rumune.

(Nadaljevanje prihodnjič.)

## Človek in volk.

Živela sta nekoč tam nekje daleč sredi neizmerne gozda človek in volk v skupnem gospodarstvu. Združil ju je slučaj enake usode. Enkrat sta bila namreč obadva zašla: Človek, ki je bil na lovu, in volk, ki je šel na rop. Dolgo sta tavalala utrujena in obupana križem nepregledne, nepoznane goščave.

Kar naenkrat se srečata. Iznenadena se pogledata iz oči v oči. Nezaupno premerita drug drugega od nog do glave.

"Kaj vruga pa je tebe tu sem zaneslo?" izpregovori volk prvi.

"Izgubil sem se. In sedaj ne vem, ne kod, ne kam," odvrne človek, oprezno motreč sosedove kretnje. "Kaj pa je s teboj?"

"Eh, godi se mi kakor tebi," reče volk zamolklo, ne da bi odmaknil pogled od puške ki je visela na človekovih ramenih.

"Hm! Grda naju je torej zalotila!" pripomni človek s prisiljenim smehljajem.

"Grda, grda!" pritrdi volk trpko.

Obadva sta spočetka besede tehtala. Polagoma pa se jima je jezik odvezal in z zgovornostjo ponesrečenih sta položila vsak svojo nezgodo.

In spoznala sta, da sta v tem težkem položaju drug drugemu potrebna in v tem spoznanju sta se spoprijateljila.

Toda to prijateljstvo ni bilo v iskrenosti porojeno, kajti obadva sta v srcu mislila le na to, kako bi iz njega iztisnila čim največ koristi sebi v prid.

Ker pa misli niso očite, je zavladalo med njima dobro soglasje. Uredila sta si domačijo, kolikor se je dalo udobno, in razdelila sta si območje za bodoče delovanje. Človek naj bi lovil po gozdu divjačino, volk pa naj bi napadal po pašnikih in planinah črede ter ugrabljajl domačo drobnjad.

In jima je šlo dobro. In dokler jima je dobro šlo in sta imela vsega v izobilju, ni bilo med njima spora, ne žal besede.

Nastopila pa je huda zima. Sneg je padel, da se je vejevje pod njegovo težo šibilo in lomilo. In mraz je pritisnil, da je ves gozd ječal in škripal. Nihče se ni upal, ne mogel iz hiše.

Človek in volk sta imela doma precejšnjo zalogo živil. No, tudi največja zaloga se

zmanjša in počasi izgine, ako se vedno le jemlje in nič ne doda. In kaj bo, če se bo de zima na dolgo povlekla? Zaloga pojema, prišlo bo pomanjkanje in potem lakota. Tako sta razmišljala obadva na tihem. V tem razmišljanju pa sta se začela skrivoma pisano in drug drugemu na prste gledati. Vsak grižljaj, ki je šel tovarišu preko grla, je vzbudil v drugem nevošljivost in nevo-ljo.

Iz zavistnih opazovanj so se rodile zbadljivke in konečno sta začela drug drugemu predbacivati zapravljenost.

Nekega dne pa je prišlo do resnega izbruha.

"Ne! Tako pa ne more in ne sme iti dalje. Ti si grozen požeruh!" zarjove volk nad človekom, ki je pravkar začel zajčjo pečenko cvreti.

"Kaj! Samega sebe poglej, nenasitna zver! Več ko požreš, več bi žrl. Ti boš meni kaj očital! Kdo pa se je leto in dan trudil in vso to zalogo skupaj znosil! Mar ti, ki vse sproti pogoltniš, kar ugrabiš?" odvrne človek razburjen.

"Kaj se boš ti tukaj repenčilo! Če si kaj prineslo, je bila to tvoja dolžnost. Saj pa te tudi ni nihče oviral. Mene pa so tvoji bratje, te največje zverine pod žarkim solncem, zasledovale. Z lopatami, vilami, sekirami, puškami so me napadali. Krvavo je bilo pridobljeno kar sem jaz domov zvelkel. Zato pa ti kratkomalo povem, da ne trpim, da boš ti tu svojo požrešnost še naprej pasel. Posti se! Jaz ne maram lakote umreti," reče volk s strašno tulečim glasom.

"Ti se posti, lopov nesramni! Meni tega ni treba. To je moje. Še tri ovce so tvoje; čez nje lahko razpolagaš," kriči človek ter se postavi pred skladišče za živila.

Besede so postajale čedalje bolj rezke, misli vedno bolj besne, dokler se nista navsezadnje spopadla. In udrihala sta drug po drugem tako dolgo, da je volk, ki je bil šibkejši, omagal in padel na tla.

Tedaj pa ga je človek pograbil in vrgel ven v zimo in mraz.

Tako je končalo prijateljstvo med človekom in volkom.



# Rija, raja . . .

Rija, rija, raja,  
zapustimo hram!  
Zunaj ljubo solnce  
gorko sije nam.

Mi pa šopek rožic  
vtaknemo za trak,  
hej, potem pa v ravno  
vrsto in korak.



Pomladansko delo.

Na poljani mladi  
cvetke cvetejo,  
deklince si venčke  
iz njih pletejo.

O, kako lepo je  
biti čvrst in mlad,  
ko nam v srcu sije  
radost in pomlad!

## Dve žabi.

(Japonska pravljica.)



IVELI sta nekdanj dve žabi. Ena je prebivala v nekem jarku, prav blizu obmorskega mesta Osaka, druga pa je živela v hladnem čistem potoku, prav blizu glavnega mesta Kioto. Obema je življenje postajalo dolgočasno in obe sta sklenili, da se podasta na potovanje.

“Kaj, če bi si ogledala enkrat obmorsko mesto Osaka, to bi bila lepa izpremema,” si je mislila kiotska žaba.

“Že dolgo je moja srčna želja, da bi videla cesarsko mesto Kioto, to bi bilo enkrat nekaj novega!” si je mislila osaška žaba.

Isti dan in isto uro sta se obe žabi odpravili na pot. Nikoli prej se nista videli in nista vedeli druga za drugo, tudi njihju rodbine so jima bile nepoznane in tuje. Potovanje je bilo silno težavno in le počasi sta merili dolgo cesto. Prav na sredi med obema mestoma je bila visoka gora, ki sta jo obe potniki morali prekoračiti, če sta hoteli doseči kraj njihju hrepenenja. Ali pot na goro je bila za obe grozno naporna. Zasopljani in izmučeni sta prilezli na vrh.

Pri zadnjem koraku sta si stali nasproti. Začuden sta obstali in boljčali ena v drugo z velikimi, izbuljenimi očmi.

Nekaj časa sta se samo gledali, potem sta pričeli govoriti.

“Odkod prihajaš in kam hočeš?” je vprašala osaška.

“Prihajam iz cesarskega mesta Kioto,” je odgovorila kiotska, “in nameravam v Osaka. Odkod pa ti?”

“Iz Osake in hočem v Kioto,” je odgovorila osaška.

Tedaj sta se obe iz vsega srca zasmejali in od samega smeha sta pljusnili obe v travo. Tako sta ležali nekaj časa, potem sta zopet sedli in se začeli pomenkovati.

“Če bi ne bili tako majhni,” je rekla ena, “bi videli od tu mesta, kamor sva namenjeni in bi precej vedeli, ali se izplača ta dolga, težavna pot.”

“Nekaj mi je prišlo na misel,” je rekla druga. “Kaj, če bi se postavili na zadnje noge in naslonili ena na drugo. Morda bi kaj videli.”

“Dobro, poizkusiva,” je rekla prva.

In postavili sta se na zadnje noge in se objeli s prednjima nogama, da ne bi padli.

Tako sta stali pokonci in ena in druga je radovedno bulila v mesto pred se. Od velikega navora so jima noge in glava otrpneli. Ali, če stoje žabe na zadnjih nogah, gledajo njih izbuljene oči nazaj, kaj ne?—Trapasti žabi pa nista mislili na to.

Tako je osaška videla namesto tujega mesta svoje rodno mesto in kiotska žaba zopet svoje.

“Kaj vidim,” je zaklicala osaška, “cesarsko mesto je prav takšno kakor moje rojstno mesto. Tudi potok tu spodaj je popolnoma enak mojemu. Če ne morem več videti, se ne izplača iti na tako dolgo pot. Rajši kar doma ostanem.”

Kiotska je bila istega mnenja. “Če mesto ne izgleda drugače, je popolnoma nepotrebno iti v tujino,” je rekla.

Izpustili sta se in pljusnili zopet v travo. Potem sta se še nekoliko časa razgovarjali in se slednjič poslovili. Otresli sta sprednji nogi in jo urezali z velikimi skoki nizdol po hribu. Kako sta si želeli biti zopet doma!

Ali še vnukom svojih vnukov sta pripovedovali o svojem dolgem potovanju, kako bi bili skoro za vselej odšli v tujino in kako sta si Osaka in Kioto podobni ko jaje jajcu.



# Kuharica.

"Oh, Anica, kaj sem jaz dobila za god!" Tako je nagovorila Kramarjeva Betka svojo prijateljico. "Pridi k nam, v nedeljo pridi, pa boš videla."

"Če bodo le mama pustili."

"O, saj bodo."

Betka je dobila za god celo kuhinjo: majhno ognjišče, skledice, piskrce in sploh vse, kar se rabi v kuhinji. Zares lep dar! Kako ga je bila pa tudi Betka vesela! Vsakemu ga je razkazovala, vsakemu pripovedovala, kaj bo skuhala mami, pa atu, pa putkam, pa pinčetu in vsem drugim. Ko bo prišla Anica, to bo gledala svojo prijateljico, kako se šuče okrog ognjišča, pa kako prestavlja piskrce, kako zna mešati in to in ono. Anici mora skuhati pa res nekaj posebno dobrega. Drugim kuha nalašč brez ognja, a ko pride Anica, takrat bo pa kuhala zares, Anica bo pa pomagala. Da bi že vendar enkrat prišla nedelja!

In prišla je. In tudi Anica je prišla v nedeljo popoldne.

"Anica, poglej!"

Z zanimanjem je ogledovala Anica lepo igračo. Kaj takega pa še ni videla. Betka ji hiti razkazovati svojo kuhinjo in ji z vso otroško učenostjo razlaga, čemu se rabi ta reč in ona.

"Anica, pojdi! Greva vun; ne, gor greva, pod streho, boš videla, kako bo prijetno."

"Tako! Sedaj pa le glej, Anica, kaj ti bom skuhala. Vidiš, jajce. Moja Betka ga je znesla. Pa malo vode imam tukaj, pa malo moke, vidiš, pa bo močnik."

"Betka, kaj pa misliš? Saj ne boš mogla kuhati!"

"O, bom, bom, le počakaj."

"Betka, nikar! Kar tako se igrajva!"

A Betka pa ne poslušala. Na vsak način hoče pokazati, kaj zna. Kuri in kuri, pa ne gre, nikakor noče zagoreti.

"O, ti pes ti, kako mi nagaja!" se zahuduje Betka. "Le čakaj, že vem, kaj bom naredila."

Pa urno steče v kuhinjo, kjer imajo mama pripravljeno olje, da polijejo drva, kadar se nočejo vžgati — in na tihem izmakne posodo za olje.

"Tako, sedaj pa mora zagoreti."

Z močnim plamenom res zagori olje. Kdo je bil tega bolj vesel kot Betka! Pridno se je sukala okrog svojega ognjišča — ali joj! — nesreče! Premalo previdna je bila, pa se ji je vnelo krilce. Anica je zakričala, Betka zavpila, da se je razlegalo po celi hiši.

"Mama, ojej! Mama!"

Betka je stekla, Anica pa za njo. Iz hiše so pritekli mama in se neustrašeno in z vso silo vrgli na bežečo Betko. S težavo so pogasili ogenj, ali Betka je morala v posteljo.

"Ti nesrečni otrok ti," so tožili mama, "kaj si pa vendar počela! Jože, hitro pod streho!" zakličejo hlapcu.

"An- Anici sem mis- mislila sku- skuhati moč-nika, pas- pa sem se ope- opekla," je pripovedovala Betka med jokom in ihtenjem.

"Kaj pa vendar misliš! Poglej, kaj bi se bilo zgodilo! Ti bi se bila kmalu ponesrečila, hiša bi bila pogorela, če bi ne bili pravočasno zvedeli. Otroci, otroci, kakšne križe nam delate!"

S solznimi očmi se je Anica ločila od trepeče Betke. A še bolj žalostna je bila naslednji dan, ko je zvedela, da mora njena prijateljica v bolnišnico.

Šest dolgih tednov je bila tam.

"Anica, jutri grem pa po Betko. Sedaj je pa že zdrava."

"Kako dolgo je že ni domov. O, da bo le res prišla. Meni je že tako dolgčas!"

Drugi dan popoldne je že objela Anica svojo prijateljico, in zopet je bila vsa hiša polna igrač.

"Ali, da mi ne pozabita: Ogenj ni igrača!" so opomnili mama. Pa skoro ni bilo treba praviti; nesreča že sama izuči človeka.

J. E. B.

## Parabola o psu in o železnici.

Peljal sem se z brzovlakom, katerega so imenovali "limited". In vozili smo se po pokrajini, kjer je bilo veliko farm. In vlak je bučal naprej kakor ognjena kača.

In nahajala se je tamkaj farma, ki je stala nedaleč od železniške proge, kakih dvesto metrov oddaljena. In v farmi je bival farmer. In ta farmer je imel psa. In kadar se je bližal vlak, je tekel pes iz farme proti vlaku. In tekel je zelo hitro in lajal zelo srdito. In jaz sem se čudil, kako more pes tako hitro teči in pri tem tako srdito lajati. Toda z vsem lajanjem ni mogel preglasiti ropota vlaka, niti ni mogel pri vsem svojem teku prehiteti vlaka.

In pot, ki jo je ubral pes, je vodila v veliki parabolični krivulji. Kajti pes je tekel iz farme, še preden je bil dospel mimo nje vlak, in je tekel tako proti vzhodu k vlaku, ki je vozil proti zapadu. In ker vlak ni obstal, je tekel pes proti jugu in ko je vlak drdral brez oklevanja naprej, je napravil pes kurvo proti jugozapadu in zapadu. In zapadno od farme je padel vsakikrat v neki

jarek, se parkrat prekotalil, potem se postavil zopet na vse štiri, se stresel, stal trenutek, preklel vlak in jo mahnil domov.

In vlak je drdral dalje.

In mesec dni kasneje sem se peljal po isti železnici. In glej, pes je napravil natančno vse tako, kakor je bil storil prvič.

In tri mesece kasneje sem se zopet vozil z istim vlakom in isti pes je delal še vedno iste izkušnje na isti način, toda pri tem se ni naučil ničesar.

In jaz sem spoznal, da je on kakor ljudje, ki bi jih mogel s tolkačem razteptati in raztrgati v možnarju, ne da bi ti izgubili svojo norost.

Kajti kakor je ta pes dan za dnem prežal na vlak in se dvigal in prisluškoval in se spuščal iz farme in se proti zapadu prekopicaval v jarek, tako so tudi ljudje, ki stalno hitijo za svojimi norostmi in se iz vseh prekopicovanj ne naučijo ničesar.

In kaj bi bil storil pes z vlakom, če bi ga bil dosegel? — *Safed Modri.*

## Naš dedek.

Skozi okno radovedno  
kukal je pomladni dan,  
a na postelji je ležal  
ljubi dedek naš bolan.

Okrog deda pa smo vnuki  
v veli gledali obraz,  
dasi vsem je bilo gorko,  
hud je stresal deda mraz.

"Na strmini in v dolini  
že je skopnel sneg in led,  
solnce sije skozi okno,  
kmalu boste zdravi, ded.

Pravili nam pripovedke  
kakor prejšnje boste dni,  
poslušali bomo pridno,  
vsi veseli, brez skrbi."

Težko ded je odgovoril:  
"Krasna je prišla pomlad —  
vendar pojdem s tega sveta,  
dasi star — a le nerad.

Pred pomladjo so zbežali  
mrzla zima, sneg in led,  
jaz za zimo pojdem starec,  
gledat pojdem drugi svet."

Ded izmučen je umolknil  
in si s čela pot otrl;  
nekaj dni pa je pozneje  
glavo nagnil in umrl . . .

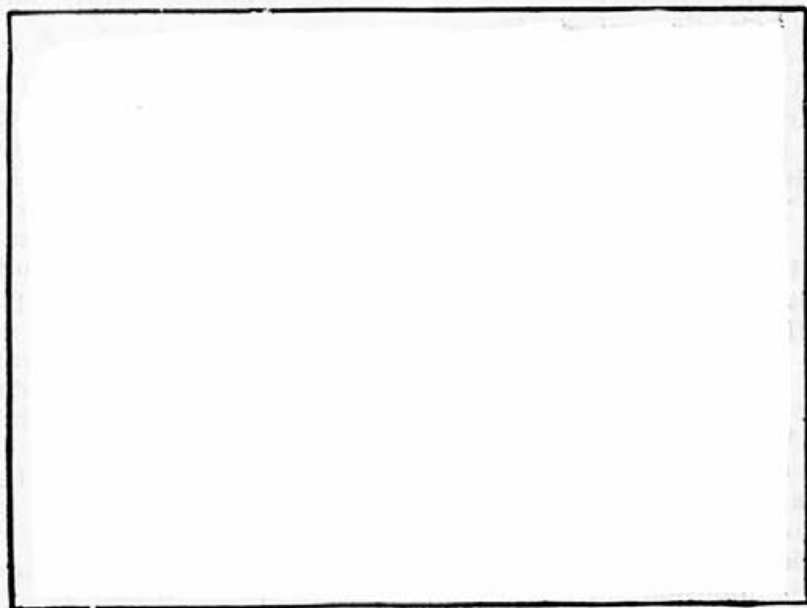
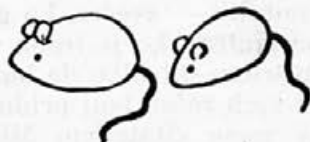
Žalostno pogrebcev vrsta  
spela je čez tiho plan,  
a po polju zmagoslavno  
hodil je pomladni dan . . .

*Branko Brankovič.*

# Naš kotichek.

## Uganke.

9) Gospodinje, ki imajo kokoši, se mnogokrat pritožujejo, da jim miši in podgane odnesejo kokošja jajca. Kako more mala živalica odnesti okroglo jajce, ki ga nikakor ne more prijeti niti z zobmi, niti z nogami?



Kje je Jakec?

10) Marica in Jakec sta se sankala, in Jakec, ki je vodil sani, ni opazil štor, ki je molel iz debelega snega. Pa se je zgodila nesreča: sani so priletele v štor. Na sliki vidite, kako sta Marica in Jakec odletela visoko v zrak. Le poglej Marico, kako frči po zraku — ravno nad štorom. Ampak z Jakcem je bilo še hujše. On je bil namreč vedno malo preveč živ in razposajen, tako, da so mu bili vsi udi razmajani. In ravno zato se je Jakec ves razletél, ko so zadele sani v štor. Le poglej njegove ude, kako so raztreseni po zraku. Ravno

nad malo Marico je ena njegova roka, drugi deli njegovega telesa in kapa so pa drugod. Toda ne mislite si, da se je Jakcu zgodilo kaj hudega. O ne! Prišel je namreč Maricin starejši brat Mate, pobral raztresene ude, jih lepo skupaj zložil — in sedaj skače Jakec ravno tako kot prej! Samo sanko se ne več, ker je nastopila lepa zelena spomlad.

Ako hočeš videti Jakca celega, vzemi škarje, izreži vse črne dele na sliki in jih na to lepo zloži skupaj, tako, da bo Jakec cel. Ko si tako zložil Jakca, ga prilepi na košček papirja ali pa v pismo in pošlji

obenem z drugimi rešitvami na Uredništvo Mladinskega lista.

## Rešitve ugank.

7) Petrolejska svetilka.

8)

E	l	i	c	a
L	e	n	k	a
I	v	a	n	a
C	i	l	k	a
A	n	i	c	a

## Rešilci.

*Obe uganki so rešili:*

Rozalija Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.  
 Louis Likar, Claridge, Pa.  
 Frances Dolanc, La Salle, Ill.  
 James Kuzhnik, Chicago, Ill.  
 Anna Potisek, Girard, Kans.  
 Isabella Junko, Pittsburg, Kans.  
 Mary Slapnick, Frank, Pa.  
 Irma Korosec, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Anna Kramarsic, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mary Knaus, Limestone, Mich.  
 Louise Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.  
 Darinka Kuhel, Eveleth, Minn.  
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 Jacob Trobec, East Palestine, O.  
 Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.  
 Josephine I. Che...  
 Tony Sedey, Ga...  
 Frank Zevnik, C...  
 Frank Kochevar...  
 Jennie Bohinc, I...  
 Frank Virant, I...  
 Viktor Kranjc, I...  
 Frances Pozun,  
 Rudie Rasket, I...  
 Frank Yuzna, B...  
 John Steban, H...

*Po eno*

Anna Raunikar,  
 Anica Dolenc, A...  
 Leopoldena Zora...  
 Dorothy Ladiha...  
 John Kopach, Jo...  
 Barbara Benedic...  
 Frank Francisco, ...  
 Alma Sleber, Herminie, Pa.  
 John Stanisha, Clinton, Ind.  
 Angela Bucher, East Moline, Ill.  
 Jennie Zerjav, Moon Run, Pa.  
 Mary Jelovcan, Irwin, Pa.  
 Sylvia Homez, Auburn, Ill.  
 Christina Mahoney, Moon Run, Pa.  
 Frank Krefel, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Frances Pozun, Buena Vista, Pa.  
 Mary Slapnick, Frank, Pa.  
 Christina Mahoney, Moon Run, Pa.  
 Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.  
 Frank Kochevar, Aspen, Colo.

## Dopisi.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj Vam pošiljam rešitev zadnjih dveh ugank—ako sem jih prav rešila. Ko sem prejela Mladinski list št. 4, sem najprej pogledala, če je moje ime med rešilci, ker ga v št. 3. ni bilo. No, v zadnji številki sem videla, zakaj ga ni bilo v prejšnji številki. Bila sem namreč prekasna. Moja mama mi je rekla, da sem itak vedno pri ta zadnjih — zvečer, ko grem spat, posebno pa zjutraj, ko je treba vstati. Sedaj pa sem trdno sklenila, da bom kolikor mogoče pri vseh rečeh bolj pridna.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Florence Jeraj, Collinwood, O.

v sestrice opisudi jaz namenil Gallup. To me a se hitro raz e bilo še kakor insko leto zopet iditi toliki sprepet tisoč prebina nova poslopja. rne šole. — Mo da ne bi zmanj-jubljenem listu.

Gallup, N. M.

ev uganke št. 7. nisem gotova, ali sem jo pogodila ali ne, vendar si mislim, da bo to najbrže petrolejska svetiljka. Ne zamerite, če ni vse prav zapisano, ker se šele učim. Drugič, upam, bom že kaj več ugank rešila. — Pozdrav vsem malim prijateljem!

Mary Jelovcan, Irwin, Pa.

Ugledni urednik!

Komaj sem pričakala naš presrčkani list. Malo Vam pišem, pa vzemite to za dobro. Tudi tu pri nas na severu se je začela vendar enkrat zelena spomlad. Drevje že zeleni. Pridno nabiram regrat namesto salate, ker je prav dober za jesti. Tu pri nas je zelo veliko regrata. Kasneje

bomo pa cvet nabirali in bomo naredili iz njega vino — pa ne za nas ta male, ampak samo za odrasle. Tam v Chicagi imam eno sestrico in brata. Gotovo ste jih že videli, ker so nam pisali, da Vas poznajo. Glavni predsednik, brat V. Cainkar, poznajo moj rojstni kraj in moje stariše ter sestro, ki je tam v Chicagi. — Drugič se še oglasim.

Pozdrav vsem!

Darinka Kuhel, Eveleth, Minn.

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Lepo se zahvalim za preljubljeni Mladinski list. Ko je prišla zadnja številka, ni bilo več takega dirindaja kot po navadi. Po dve in dve smo skočile na obe številki in smo lepo naenkrat prebrale brez vsakega prerivanja. Nasvetovala bi tudi drugim, kjer jih je več v hiši, da si naroče še eno številko, kakor sem si jaz. — Pogledala sem brž v Naš kotiček, če sem prav rešila uganko. Pa sem jo tudi, čeravno je naredil tiskarski skrat malo pomoto, da me je del v North Chicago, Ill. namesto v Arono, Pa. Seveda sem vseeno takoj pogruntala, da sem prav rešila. Sedaj Vam pošljem rešitev na uganko št. 8. Mislim, da sem tudi to prav rešila.

Pozdrav!

Anica Dolenc, Arona, Pa.

Prav, da si me opozorila na pomoto. Pozdravljena!—*Urednik.*

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Zdaj Vam zopet pošiljam rešitve na zadnji dve uganki. Mislim, da sta obe prav.

K sreči sem že vsa imena, ki pridejo v uganki št. 8, slišala, kar mi pride sedaj zelo prav. — Zdaj bom še par vrstic napisala, samo bojim se, da ne bi zmanjkalo prostora za druge bratce in sestrice. Stara sem 14 let in hodim v peti razred. Prej sem bila v starem kraju, kjer sem že tudi hodila v šolo. Prišla sem do četrtega razreda. Z menoj sta prišla v Ameriko tudi en moj brat in ena sestrica.

Sedaj bom pa končala to svoje pisanje in takoj odposlala, ker želim, da bi kmalu prišla prihodnja številka. Malo se pa tudi bojim, da ne bi mojega dopisa zagnali v tisti Vaš veliki uredniški koš. Ampak to Vam pa hočem vseeno povedati, da bi zelo rada dobila kako nagrado.

Iskren pozdrav!

Mary Knaus, Limestone, Mich.

\* \* \*

*Odgovori bratcem in sestricam.*

Frank Kochevar, Aspen, Colo. Znamke sem prejel in kuverte takoj odposlal. Dobiti bi jih moral približno istočasno kot zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista.

Nekateri pošiljajo kratke povestice, ki jih spišejo po spominu iz kake knjige, ki so jo čitali v šoli, ali pa kar kako šolsko povestico prepisejo. Parkrat je bilo že povedano, da takih reči ne priobčuje Mladinski list. Pošlji samo take stvari, ki si jih sam spisal. Saj ni treba, da bi bilo par strani dolgo. Vse se da na kratko povedati. Popiši kak dogodek iz svojega življenja, iz šole, itd.

Pozdrav vsem!

*Urednik.*

## Zapihaj, južec! . . .

Vesna blaga je kraljica,  
solnce pa je zlati kralj,  
k njemu Vesna zlatolaska  
vrača se iz sinjih dalj . . .

Oj, zapihaj z gorkim pišem,  
južec, čez ravno polje,  
pot pripravi cvetni Vesni,  
vsako hoče jo srce!

S cvetjem tiho plač okraši  
in z zelenjem temni log —  
Vesna pa bo od radosti  
stlala srečico okrog!

*Sokolov.*



# JUVENILE



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## A Little Boy's Love.

With shouts of laughter  
That followed after,  
This forfeit made its stern behest:  
"Kneel to the prettiest,  
Bow to the wittiest.  
And kiss the one you love the best."

"Come, choose her boldly,"  
They cry, but coldly  
He turns from all the maidens there,  
To bow — and lingers  
To kiss her fingers,  
While kneeling at his mother's chair.  
*Ruth Hall.*

## The Burial of the Deermouse.

When the little Deermouse  
Of the wood was dead,  
Fairies smoothed his silver breast  
And his coat so red.  
They twined a tiny mossy bier  
With roots of golden thread,  
When the little Deermouse  
Of the wood was dead.

Beneath an arching nave of ferns  
That seemed to bend and mourn,  
Solemnly and daintily  
His pretty corse was borne;  
While fairies blew the tender flute,  
The long and sighing horn,  
Beneath an arching nave of ferns  
That seemed to bend and mourn.

All the forest creatures  
Went softly down behind,  
And the pale blue butterfly  
Came flickering in the wind  
And lit beside the hollow  
All so leafy-lined,  
And all the forest creatures  
Came winding down behind.

The soft-eyed thrush, the Hermit,  
Sang a silver hymn;  
The fairies laid the Deermouse  
Within that mossy rim,  
And covered him with last year's leaves—  
A blanket gray and dim—  
Ant the soft-eyed thrush, the Hermit,  
Sang a silver hymn.

The white snail brought his pearly shell  
And set it as a stone.  
There the partridge-berry vine  
Is delicately grown;  
There the wee white violet leans  
In shadow sweet and lone,  
Where the white snail left his pearly shell  
Like a little marble stone.

*Irene Putnam.*



# What Charles Darwin Saw

*on his voyage around the world in the ship Beagle.*

## THE GAUCHO.

At Las Minas we stopped overnight at a *pulperia*, or drinking-shop. During the evening a great number of Gauchos came in to drink spirits and smoke cigars. Their appearance is very striking: they are generally tall and handsome, but with a proud and dissolute expression of countenance. They often wear their mustaches, and long black hair curling down their backs. With their bright-colored garments, great spurs clanking about their heels, and knives stuck as daggers (and often so used) at their waists, they look a different race of men from what might be expected from their name of *Gauchos*, or simple countrymen. Their politeness is excessive; they never drink their spirits without expecting you to taste it; but, while making their exceedingly graceful bow, they seem quite as ready, if occasion offered, to cut your throat.

The Gauchos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head. Their test of a good rider is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Gaucho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times in succession reared so high as to fall backward with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off—not an instant before or after the right time—and as soon as the horse got up the man jumped on his back, and at last they started at a gallop. The Gaucho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, "Surely, if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must

fall." At this moment a male ostrich sprung from its nest right beneath the horse's nose. The young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was that he started and took fright with his horse. I was surprised to hear the Gauchos, who have from infancy almost lived on horseback, say that they always suffered from stiffness when, not having ridden for some time, they first began again. One of them told me that, having been confined for three months by illness, he went out hunting wild cattle, and in consequence, for the next ten days his thighs were so stiff that he was obliged to lie in bed. This shows that the Gauchos must really exert much muscular effort in riding.

In Chile and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, evidently because of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chile a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed, on any particular spot—for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground: or, again, he will charge a wall, and rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a forefinger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, then made to wheel round the post of a veranda with great speed, but at so equal a distance that the rider, with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post; then making a demivolt in the air, with the man's other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round, with astonishing force, in an opposite direction. Such a horse is well broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying to perfection a daily necessity. When a bullock is checked and caught by the *lazo*, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle; and the horse, being alarmed at the great

strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence, many men have been killed; for if the lazo once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain. A man on horseback, having thrown his lazo round the horns of a beast, can drag it anywhere he chooses. The animal, ploughing up the ground with outstretched legs, in vain efforts to resist the force, generally dashes at full speed to one side; but the horse immediately turning to receive the shock, stands so firmly that the bullock is almost thrown down, and it is surprising that their necks are not broken. The struggle is not however, one of fair strength, since the horse's girth is matched against the bullock's extended neck. In a similar manner a man can hold the wildest horse, if caught with the lazo just behind the ears.

The lazo is a very strong, but thin, well-plaited rope, made of raw hide. One end is attached to the broad surcingle which fastens together the complicated gear of the *recado*, or saddle used in the Pampas; at the other end is a small ring of iron or brass, by which a noose can be formed. The Gaucho, when he is going to use the lazo, keeps a small coil in his bridle-hand, and in the other holds the running noose, which is made very large, generally having a diameter of about eight feet. This he whirls round his head, and by the dexterous movement of his wrist keeps the noose open; then, throwing it, he causes it to fall on any particular spot he chooses. The lazo, when not used, is tied up in a small coil to the after part of the *recado*.

The bolas, or balls, are of two kinds. The simplest, which are chiefly used for catching ostriches, consist of two round stones, covered with leather, and united by a thin plaited thong about eight feet long. The other kind differs only in having three balls united by the thong to a common centre. The Gaucho holds the smallest of the three in his hand, and whirls the other two round and round his head; then, taking aim, sends them like chain-shot whirling through the air. The balls no sooner

strike any object than, winding round it, they cross each other, and become firmly hitched. The size and weight of the balls vary, according to the purpose for which they are made: when of stone, although not larger than an English apple, they are sent with such force as sometimes to break the legs even of a horse. I have seen the balls made of wood, and as large as a turnip, for the sake of catching these animals without injuring them. The balls are sometimes made of iron, and these can be hurled to the greatest distance.

The main difficulty in using either lazo or bolas is to ride so well as to be able at full speed, and while suddenly turning about, to whirl them so steadily round the head as to take aim: on foot, any person would soon learn the art. One day, as I was amusing myself by galloping and whirling the balls round my head, by accident the free one struck a bush, and its revolving motion being thus destroyed, it immediately fell to the ground, and like magic caught one hind leg of my horse; the other ball was then jerked out of my hand, and the horse fairly secured. Luckily he was an old practised animal, and knew what it meant, otherwise he would probably have kicked till he had thrown himself down. The Gauchos roared with laughter; they cried out that they had seen every sort of animal caught, but had never before seen a man caught by himself.

About two leagues beyond the curious tree of Wallechu we halted for the night. At this instant an unfortunate cow was spied by the lynx-eyed Gauchos, who set off in full chase, and in a few minutes dragged her in with their lazos and slaughtered her. We here had the four necessities of life in the open plain (*en el campo*)—pasture for the horses, water (only a muddy puddle), meat, and firewood. The Gauchos were in high spirits at finding all these luxuries, and we soon set to work at the poor cow. This was the first night which I passed under the open sky, with the saddle-gear for my bed. There is high enjoyment in the independence of the Gaucho life—to be able at any moment to pull up your horse and say, "Here we will

pass the night." The death-like stillness of the plain, the dogs keeping watch, the gypsy group of Gauchos making their beds round the fire, have left in my mind a strongly-marked picture of this first night, which will never be forgotten.

At Tapulquen we were able to buy some biscuit. I had now been several days without tasting anything beside meat. I did not at all dislike this new diet, but I felt

meat diet that the Gauchos, like other flesh-eating animals, can long go without food. I was told of some troops who, of their own accord, pursued a party of Indians for three days, without eating or drinking.

One night in the Falkland Islands we slept on the neck of land at the head of Choiseul Sound, which forms the southwest peninsula. The valley was pretty well

Chicago Art Institute.



The River Aven.

L. O. Griffith.

as if it would only have agreed with me with hard exercise. I have heard that patients in England, to whom an exclusively animal diet has been prescribed, have hardly been able to endure it, even to save their lives; yet the Gauchos in the Pampas, for months together, touch nothing but beef. But they eat, I observe, a very large proportion of fat, and they particularly dislike dry meat, such as that of the agouti. It is, perhaps, on account of their

sheltered from the cold wind; but there was very little brushwood for fuel. The Gauchos, however, soon found what, to my great surprise, made nearly as hot a fire as coals; this was the skeleton of a bullock lately killed, from which the flesh had been picked by the carrion-hawks. They told me that in winter they often killed a beast, cleaned the flesh from the bones with their knives, and then with these same bones roasted the meat for their supper.

## A Paris Beggar.

Blue with cold, clutching at the bottom of his pockets the few pence he had earned that morning by opening and shutting the doors of cabs, his head bent towards his shoulder in an attempt to get some shelter from the biting wind, the beggar moved among the hurrying crowd, too weary to accost, too benumbed to risk holding out a bare hand.

Blown sideways in powdery flakes, the snow caught in his beard or melted on his neck. He did not notice it, for he was lost in a dream.

"If I were rich, just for an hour, I'd have a carriage."

He stopped, thought for a moment, shook his head, and asked himself:

"And what else?"

Visions of various kinds of luxury passed through his mind. But every time he formed a wish he shrugged his shoulders.

"No, that's not it. It is then so difficult to get one minute of real happiness!"

As he trudged along in his way he saw another beggar who was shivering under the protecting doorway of a house, his features drawn, his hand outstretched, his voice so weak it was lost in the noises of the street as he droned:

"Help if you please. Please help me."

Close by him sat a dog, a poor bedraggled cur that trembled as it barked, feebly trying to wag its tail. He stopped. At the sight of this other brother in affliction, the dog yelped a little louder, rubbing its nose against him.

He looked with attention at the beggar, at his rags, his gaping shoes, at the set, livid face with closed eyes, at the gray placard on his breast which bore the one word: "Blind."

Feeling that a man had stopped before him, the blind man took up his plaintive cry:

"Help, Monsieur. Pity the poor blind."

The beggar stood motionless. The passersby quickened their steps, turning their heads away. A woman loaded with furs and followed by a servant in livery who held an umbrella over her, came out of the

door of the house and, walking quickly on the tips of her toes as she protected her mouth with her muff, was swallowed up in her carriage.

The blind man kept on murmuring his monotonous appeal:

"Help! Please spare me a copper."

But no one paid any attention to him. After a time the beggar took some coppers from his pocket and held them out. Seeing the action, the dog barked with pleasure. The blind man closed his trembling fingers on the half-pence and said:

"Thank you, Monsieur; may good fortune always be yours."

Hearing himself addressed as "Monsieur" the beggar was on the point of replying:

"I'm not 'Monsieur,' mate. I'm just another poor devil as miserable as yourself."

But he restrained himself; and knowing only too well how the poor are spoken to, answered:

"It is very little, poor fellow."

"You are very kind, Monsieur; it is so cold, and you must have taken your hands out of your pockets for me. If people only knew!"

A great pity welled up in the heart of the beggar as he muttered:

"I know; I know."

Then, forgetting his own poverty in the face of this greater affliction, he asked:

"Were you born blind?"

"No; it came as I grew old. At the hospital they told me that it was caused by age: cataract, they called it, I think. But I know better. I know that it wasn't only age that brought it. I have had too many misfortunes; have shed too many tears."

"Have you had a great deal of trouble?"

"Oh, Monsieur! In one year I lost my wife, my daughter, my two sons—all that I loved, all I had to love me. I almost died myself, but gradually I began to get better. But I wasn't able to work any more. Then it was poverty, destitution. Some days I don't have anything to eat at all. I've had nothing since yesterday but a crust of bread, and I gave half to my dog. With

the money you gave I shall get some more for tonight and tomorrow."

As he listened the beggar turned over the coppers in his pocket. He was trying to count them, distinguishing by touch the difference between the pence and halfpence. He had elevenpence-halfpenny. He said:

"Come with me. It's too cold here. I will see that you have something to eat."

The blind man reddened with pleasure, stammering:

"O, Monsieur, you are too kind!"

"Come!"

Careful that the other should not feel how wet his clothes were, how thin, he took him by the arm and they started off. The dog, its head up, its ears cocked, led the way through the people, pulling strongly at its chain when they crossed a street where there was traffic. They walked on like that for a long time, finally stopping before a little restaurant in a back street.

The beggar opened the door and said to the blind man: "Come in!"

Choosing a table near the stove, he made him sit down, and he himself took a chair near him.

Some workmen, all of them silent, were hungrily emptying the small thick plates before them. The blind man took the chain off his dog and held his hands out to the fire, sighing:

"It's very comfortable here."

The beggar called the girl who was waiting on the tables and ordered some soup and boiled beef. She asked:

"And what will you have?"

"Nothing."

When the soup, which smelled very appetizing, and the meat were before him, the blind man began to eat slowly and in silence. The beggar watched him, cutting little bits of bread that he held under the table for the dog to eat. The soup and meat finished, he said:

"Have something to drink. It will put some strength into your legs."

Later he called the servant:

"How much?"

"Tenpence-halfpenny."

He paid, leaving the remaining penny for the girl, and helped his companion to rise.

When they were back in the street he asked:

"Do you live far from here?"

"Where are we?"

"Near St. Lazare Station."

"Far enough. I sleep in a shed on the other side of the river."

"I'll go part of the way with you."

The blind man kept on thanking him. He replied:

"No, no, it's not worth mentioning."

Without knowing why, he felt happy, supremely happy, happier than he ever remembered feeling. As he walked along, lost in dreamy thoughts, he forgot that he himself had been without food since yesterday, that he had no place to sleep in that night; he forgot his miseries, his rags, forgot that he was a beggar.

From time to time he said gently to the blind man:

"Am I going too quickly? Are you very tired?"

The blind man, humble and grateful, answered:

"No; O no, Monsieur."

He smiled, happy to hear himself addressed in that way, soothed alike by the illusion he was giving the other and his own odd sensation of being a rich, charitable person.

On the quay, feeling the dampness of the air from the river, the blind man said:

"Now I can find my way alone. I have my dog."

"Yes, I will say good-bye," replied the beggar in a solemn voice.

For a strange thought had taken possession of him: the illusion that he had so often and so ardently desired, had it not become a reality? Had he not at last enjoyed the sensation of perfect happiness? Had not this last hour given him more joy than any of his wildest dreams of wealth and rich food and love? This blind man had no suspicion that he had been leaning on the arm of a beggar as poor as himself. Had he not been able to believe himself rich, and could he hope ever again to feel the deep, unmixed joy of tonight?

But the elation did not last long. Suddenly realities came back. He said a second time:

"Yes, I will leave you now."

They had reached the middle of the bridge. He stopped, felt once more in his pockets to see if by any chance a halfpenny remained there. Not one.

He grasped the blind man's hand, pressed it warmly, while the other said:

"Thank you once again, Monsieur. Will you tell me your name so that I can cherish its memory?"

"It is not worth while. Hurry out of the cold. It is I who am very happy. Good-bye."

He went a little way back, stopped, looked fixedly and the dark expanse of water below him, and once again, in a louder voice, said:

"Good-bye."

Then suddenly he leaped up on the parapet of the bridge.

There was a great splash, then cries of "Help!" "Run to the bank of the river!"

Pushed roughly about by the people who rushed up, the blind man cried:

"What is it? What has happened?"

A street urchin who had almost knocked him over, shouted without stopping:

"A beggar has made a hole in the water."

With a weary gesture he shrugged his shoulders, murmuring:

"He at least had the courage, he had!"

Then, touching his dog with the toe of his boot, he trudged on, tapping the ground with his stick, his face turned up to the sky, his back bent—*without knowing*.

## Chopin,

### THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

(Conclusion.)

#### *A Concert at Vienna.*

It was now time for Frederic to be making himself known as a musician wider afield, so his father urged him to go to Vienna and give a concert there. He was then twenty.

Most of the people who heard him were delighted, but a few of the Viennese thought that he played too quietly. They were fond of loud noise. It is a good thing that Chopin did not listen to them, for his natural style, both as player and composer, was a graceful, quiet style. Sometimes his music has to be played loudly and brightly, but much of it is meant for gentle, expressive playing, and none of it is rowdy.

From Vienna Chopin went on to other capitals, such as Prague and Dresden, so now he was really seeing the world, and the world was hearing him. But for some time Vienna was the centre, to which he returned after his journeys, and where he spent many months. You know perhaps that this was the city where Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and many other composers spent a large part of their lives. It has always been one of the most music-loving cities of the world.

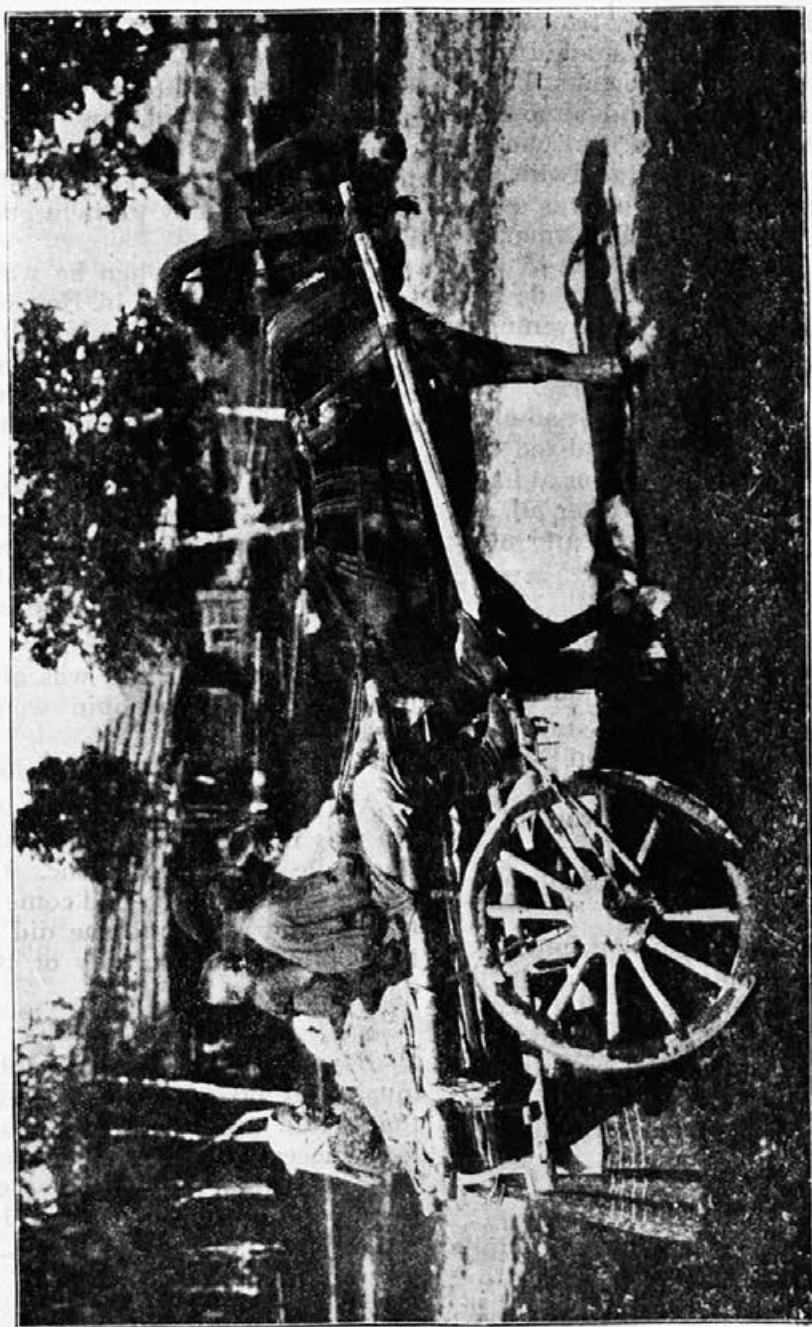
#### *How Chopin's Compositions became famous.*

Some of the people at Vienna thought Chopin was a very fine pianist but not much of a composer, but gradually it became recognized that he was great in both ways.

When he composed some variations for the piano, which were published, Schumann, who edited a musical paper, was so delighted with them that he wrote an article in which were these words: *Hats off, gentlemen — a Genius!*

And one day when Chopin was in the Imperial Library at Vienna, he was astonished to see a book of music there with the name 'Chopin' on it. He said to himself, 'I have never heard of any other musician named Chopin, so perhaps there is a mistake somewhere'.

However, he took up the volume, and looked inside, and lo and behold! it was all in his own handwriting. The publisher of his variations had realized that the composer would one day become famous, and, after printing the variations, had sent the manuscript to be carefully kept for ever in the Emperor's library.



A Russian Family.

So Chopin had a great surprise, and he wrote home to tell his mother and father about it, and the letter can still be read.

#### *Life in Paris.*

When Chopin was twenty-two he decided to go to Paris. There he made friends with many of the chief musicians, but he found life very expensive, and almost decided to emigrate to America. But one day in the street he met Prince Radziwill, who had been good to him when he was a boy, so he told the Prince about the American project.

The Prince said nothing to dissuade him, but persuaded him to come that evening to a party at the house of the great rich baron Rothschild. There he was, of course, asked to play, and all the people present admired his playing so much that he realized that the tide has turned and success was at hand. So he never went to America after all, but stayed in Paris and grew more and more famous.

#### *Chopin and the Poles.*

Whenever a poor Pole was in Paris, Chopin, who now began to make lots of money, was ready to help him. Once he had arranged to go with his friend the musician, Hiller, to the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, which Mendelssohn was to conduct. But when the time came he had given all his money to some of the poor Poles who had fled to Paris for refuge, and he had to tell Hiller to go alone.

But Hiller would not consent, and then a thought struck Chopin. He took up the manuscript of his beautiful E flat Waltz, ran off with it to a publisher's, and came back with 500 francs. So the two friends were able to go together after all. At the Festival Chopin became great friends with Mendelssohn.

#### *Chopin as a Teacher.*

Chopin had a great many pupils amongst the Parisians. The chief thing that he taught them was to play with a beautiful light touch.

As you know, there are some pianists who have done lots of scales and exercises and made their fingers very strong, but who cannot play lightly. It is good for these

people to practise Chopin's compositions, because these need to be played with a light touch, or they are spoilt.

#### *Chopin in Britain.*

All the latter part of his life poor Chopin had bad health. He was consumptive. Once he went to London especially to consult some famous doctor. He did not want people to know he was there, so he called himself Mr. Fritz. But some ladies who persuaded him to play to them guessed who it must be.

Then, in 1848, when he was thirty-nine years old, he went again. He used to be very fond of Broadwood's pianos and used to go to their shop in London to practise. But he was now so weak that, to save him exertion, some one in the shop would lift him up like a child and carry him up to the piano room.

After playing the piano a good deal at parties at some of the big houses in London, he went to Manchester, and then to Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Scottish people, who are very hospitable, almost killed him with kindness.

This visit to Britain was altogether too tiring, and poor Chopin went home exhausted.

#### *The Death of Chopin.*

At last, at the age of only 40, poor Chopin was found to be dying. One of the last things he asked was music. He begged a Polish Countess, who had come to visit him, to sing and play, and she did so, much to his comfort. Then, a day or two later, he passed away.

#### *Chopin's Music.*

If you are old enough to play Chopin's music you have perhaps already found out that he did not write many Sonatas or other long pieces with several 'movements'. He preferred to write shorter pieces such as Nocturnes, Preludes, Studies, Impromptus, Ballades, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Polonaises.

All Chopin's best music was for piano. You see this was the instrument he loved and played so beautifully, and he understood perhaps better than any one who has ever lived how to write music that should sound well on it.



## Uncle Thomas.

The Visitor was awakened from her last nap by a loud noise outside her window. She rubbed her eyes wider open. Yes, it was certainly a cat that was making a most terrific squalling. The Visitor jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The room was a second story back, and in the yard there grew a maple-tree whose branches touched the window-panes. The Visitor discovered the cat perched upon the branches, looking at her with an expression both indignant and appealing—and howling.

The Visitor's first thought was that it was a practical joke on the part of the Little Girl and Big Boy of the family, who had driven puss there, and would try to persuade her that city cats roosted in trees, or had gone up to serenade her.

"Shoo! Scat!" said the Visitor, clapping her hands toward the cat who, however, did not "scat" at all, but clung closer to the branch and miaoued. The Visitor heard the voice of the Little Girl at the door saying:

"We're sorry, Miss Mabel, but you must get right up and get dressed, because Uncle Thomas wants to come in, and so we must let him."

"Uncle Thomas!" repeated the Visitor, wondering.

"Yes'm."

"What does he want to come in here for?" asked the Visitor, who was making a hurried toilet.

"Why he don't want to stay on the tree all day, and he never will go down after he's climbed up," explained the Little Girl, as she was let into the room. "We always have to do this."

She went to the closet and brought out a board, and she and the Big Boy, who

had followed her, ran it out the window so that one end rested on the silk and the other on a branch, near where the cat was clinging.

He stopped squalling when he saw these preparations and stepped gingerly along the branch until he reached the board, and then trotted to the window-sill. Most of the neighbors had come to their windows and were watching.

"Oh! that's Uncle Thomas, then?" said the Visitor.

"Yes, of course. Poor Pussy!" said the Little Girl, fondling him when he reached the window-sill. But Uncle Thomas ungratefully struggled away, jumped to the floor, stretched himself and trotted out of the room.

"Do you always have to do that?" inquired the Visitor a little later, as she sipped the coffee, while Uncle Thomas, who was always attended to first, was lapping his saucer of milk.

"O, yes!" said the Little Girl. "He never will go down from the fence or the tree or anything — 'cept stairs. He climbs the tree most every day, but we did hope he wouldn't do it before you were up this morning."

"I'm sure we're a laughing-stock to the neighbors," said the Little Girl's Mother, "but the children are so fond of that cat that we have to keep him."

"Uncle Thomas," said the Little Girl's Father, "does not believe '*facilis est descensus Averni*'. He would rather go up than down, and we keep him on account of the moral example he sets."

"Miaow!" said Somebody.

M. Helen Fraser Lowett.

## April's Answer to a Child.

"April, pretty April,  
With a crocus in your gown,  
Since smiles are so becoming,  
I wonder that you frown."

From her face coquettish April  
A gauzy cloud-veil drew.  
"I have often thought," she answered,  
"The self-same thing of you."  
Mary F. Butts.

## The Earth's Surface.

The surface of the earth is constantly changing. In fact change is the fundamental law of life. There are forces constantly building up and other forces just as steadily tearing down. Sometimes the same forces are doing both. It is impossible to tell which set of forces is of the greatest service to man; because without either, life could not continue.

It is believed that the whole surface of the earth originally hardened from a molten condition, just as lava from a volcano hardens when it cools. The waters of the sea and the waters that run over the land are wearing away the rocks, grinding them together, pulverizing them, and carrying the wreckage to other places. This eroding must have begun as soon as the earth's crust became cool enough for the waters of the atmosphere to condense.

It is necessary, however, to take into account not only the power of water "to wear away the stones," but also its ability to hold many substances in solution and to carry them away to places where the water is evaporated and the dissolved substances deposited. The tremendous power of freezing water, the weathering power of the atmosphere, the wearing and transporting power of the wind, the scouring and pulverizing power of moving ice, and the never-ending processes of growth and decay, have also greatly affected the earth's surface.

Water getting into the cracks of rocks and expanding when it freezes splits them apart and aids much in their destruction. Plant roots penetrate into the crevices of rocks and by their growth split off pieces of the rocks. Water, especially when it has passed through decaying vegetable matter, has the power of dissolving some rock minerals. Certain minerals of which rocks are composed change when exposed to the air somewhat as iron does when it rusts.

Oxygen, carbon dioxide, and moisture are the chief weathering agents of the atmosphere. Rocks which are exposed to the atmosphere, especially in moist climates, undergo decomposition. If the climate is

warm and dry, rocks may stand for hundreds of years without apparent change, whereas the same rock in another locality, where the weather conditions are different, will crumble rapidly. A striking example of this is found in the stone obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle, which was brought from Egypt to Central Park, New York, some years ago. Although it had stood for 3,000 years in Egypt without losing the distinctness of the carving upon it, yet, in the moist and changeable climate of New York it was found necessary within a year to cover its surface with a preservative substance.

Not only do different climates affect differently the wearing away of rocks, but different kinds of rocks themselves vary much in the rate at which they crumble. It has been found that while marble inscriptions, in a large town where there is much coal smoke and considerable rain, will become illegible in fifty years, that after a hundred years inscriptions cut in slate are sharp and distinct. Where the temperature varies greatly during the day, the expansion and contraction due to the heating and cooling, sometimes cause a chipping off of the rock surface.

The artificial sand blast is in common use. In it a stream of sand is driven with great velocity upon an object which it is desired to etch. In Nature the same kind of etching is done by the wind-blown sand. The glasses in the windows of light-houses along sandy coasts are sometimes so etched as to lose their transparency. Rocks exposed to the winds are carved and polished; the softer parts are worn away more rapidly than the harder parts, just as in all other forms of erosion. In certain regions where the prevailing winds are in one direction, one side of exposed rocks is found to be polished, while the other side remains rough.

In exposed sandy regions where there are strong winds, objects which obstruct the movement of the air cause deposition of the transported sand just as obstructions

in flowing water cause sediment to be deposited. And just as sand bars may be deposited by a river and then carried away again, owing to a change in the condition

of the river's load, so forests and houses in sandy regions are sometimes buried, to be uncovered again perhaps by a change in the load carried by the wind.

## The Little Turk.

The level sun, shining straight in at the door of Oliver Morgan's house, revealed the tidy poverty of its plenishing. Never fine, the carpet, the curtains, the cushions

that occupied the center of the room — the colored cloth that replaced the white one between meals. Once thick and red, many washings had changed it to a faint sea-



In the Garden.

of the old lounge and rocking-chair were now treadbare. It was evident that darning and patching could do little more for them. But the windows shone, the wood of the old bookcase was polished, and the brass candlesticks upon the mantel glowed like gold fresh from the mint.

Perhaps the most faded and well-darned object in the room was the tablecloth that covered the long pine table with six legs

shell pink and reduced it to dangerous thinnes. It was large and hung nearly to the carpet all around.

In its center stood, upon a worsted mat of intricate pattern, a kerosene lamp with a paper shade. The clock on the mantel, between the candlesticks, was the old Yankee eight-day, and the fireplace in this summer weather was filled with feathery asparagus tops in a great stone jar, and a

bunch of homely flowers stood in a pitcher on the window-sill.

The room was empty, any one would have said; and any one would have been mistaken, for Li Morgan was there, lying under the table. A youth whose dark, handsome face showed his sixteen years, and whose slim figure might have been that of a boy of twelve. Beside him lay a crutch, and he was smiling to himself in a dreamy fashion, still holding between his fingers a book he had been reading. It was "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Li was an omnivorous reader. Excused in virtue of his crooked limb and his crutch and a generally delicate constitution from responsibility of any sort, he had ample time for reading.

As a baby he was fond of creeping under the table and lying in the pink world within the shadow of the cloth. And, still a child to the old people, he kept up the habit, and read there and dreamed day-dreams there, the pillow from his baby cradle under his head, idly happy despite his lameness. Outside of that pink cloth that dropped between him and the outer world, he could fancy any sort of scene he chose.

The organ man playing his way up from the village with an ancient *répertoire* which would have been scorned by the town children, gave him dreams of Venice and the gondoliers, and gay gallants serenading fair ladies under the wave-washed walls; or if he had been reading history, he might be a great general awaiting in his tent the dawning of the day of battle, and the fish-man's horn without would seem to him the blare of trumpets.

Just now, with those Oriental stories in his mind, his tent was pitched on an oasis in the desert. Without were camels and camel drivers, a caravan at rest, ladies in veils and ballon-like robes. The white sands of the desert spread away under a sky of ultramarine, palms waving overhead.

Li gave a little sigh, the book dropped from his hand. He slept as those sleep who have no cares to wake to.

A shuffling of boots upon the floor

aroused him. The feet that wore them were very near to his head thrust under the cloth of the long table. Farmer Morgan had brought some guest into the room. The sunset had faded and the scraping of a match told that the lamp was being lighted. The thud of the cider jug sounded in Li's ears.

"Help yourself, Brill," said Morgan; "and take a bit of wife's cake. She don't never make heavy cake," Li heard the old man say. "She don't often take an outing, but it's an extra."

"Yes; I'd have liked to see her," said Brill. "We haven't met since Chrystal Palace time, have we?"

"No," said Morgan. "That lamp-shade was bought there; there's views of the fair on it. Brill, you remeber Minnie, my daughter, that was with me?"

"Of course I do," said the man. "A pretty little girl; looked good, too."

"She sewed that mat," said Morgan, with a sigh. "I can see her threading the beads. She's dead."

"Dead?" said Brill, sympathetically. "Well, well."

"Yes," said Morgan. "Ben and Tom, little shavers so high, we had along too. Ben's boat went down out there on the Sound one night, and Tom, he went to the war. He came home to die. There's three stones out under the willows there. That's all we've got of our children, ma and me."

"You've seen trouble, Morgan," said Brill. "But you've got your wife, that's one blessing. A good wife is a treasure."

"Yes," said Morgan; "I've got my wife and Li. I set heaps on Li, and ma, she worships him."

"A younger son?" asked Brill.

"No kin," said Morgan. "Coming home from Tom's funeral we were stopped at the railroad crossing. They'd run over a peddler, a foreign fellow in a red cap — a Turk, I reckon. He was dead, and a child he had with him was hurt — hurt bad, Brill."

"Give him to me," said wife, holding out her arms. "I had kind of thought she wouldn't ever speak again, she looked so. Give me the baby — for Tom's sake."

"So we took him home, and ma nursed him and got him round as good as he was to come. It just saved her life doing it. And he was pretty, and being a cripple and a fondling, loving little thing, why, it gave wife a baby. He's her baby yet. Well, he's mine too. We've had comfort out of Li. Ali is his real name, but we don't call it."

The boy under the table had listened to every word. He had never heard his own history before, though he knew that he had been adopted by the Morgans. Now he understood that curious, far-away memory of a lean, brown hand that led him toward a golden-red glare that seemed beautiful until, with a wild roar it changed into a horror and an agony which ended everything. That was the hand of his father, the peddler from Orient; that glare, the flaming headlight of the engine.

"I'm glad to hear that boy is a comfort," Brill went on; "and you've got your homestead and a nice farm."

"I've got a mortgage," said Morgan. "That's about the amount of my possessions. Things have been going from bad to worse with farmers for a good while. You storekeepers don't know nothin' about it. When I saw you last I was putting money in the bank; now I've done drawing out. If you should come around here a year from now, you'll find this property sold and me working as laborer on some other man's, if I'm alive. If I ain't, why, my wife may have come to be town-poor. She's old, and Li can't do nothin' for himself — ain't never been expected to. I haven't told wife how bad it is yet. I dunno how she'll leave the house where all her babies were born, and I feel most as bad for Li, poor little Turk."

"That's your pet name for your boy, is it?" said Brill.

"Yes," said Morgan. "That was his baby-name with me. 'Your little Turk,' I used to call him, speaking to wife. Oh! I'm done for, Brill, done for."

"It's rough, Morgan; it is rough," said Brill. "But look here; don't give up. Folks have made fortunes, let alone lifted mortgages, in a year's time. And that boy of

yours — why, who knows, what he may do yet? Being a cripple is no reason he shouldn't get to the top of the tree. Why, they get there first. I've often said a crook in the back or a lame leg seems to be an advantage. One of the richest men I know is all askew, as if he'd been disjointed; wouldn't think he could get about. He worked his way up with half a dollar's worth of papers to begin with. Cripples! Why, I wish I had the grit and the money of lots I've met. Your boy may be a great man yet, for all you know."

Morgan laughed a little bitterly.

"Ah, Brill! you don't know Li," he said. "We've got to baby him as long as we live. We don't want better than to have the chance, either; poor little Turk!"

Then, after more talk about old friends and old days, the boots were taken from beneath the cloth, and the men left the room.

Li emerged from his concealment, pale and with eyes that glittered like great stars. That hour's experience had torn away the rosy curtain through which he had looked at life, taking all the simple comforts of his days as he took the air, the sunlight, and the water from the spring, without asking whence they came, feeling no responsibility on his own part.

The simple talk between the depressed farmer and the hopeful tradesman, types of their kind, had caused him to view himself from a new standpoint. He had fallen asleep beneath the table a romantic child; he crept from under the old pink cloth a man.

For a moment he stood looking about him as at a new world. Then he went away to his own room; he wanted to be alone. The moon had risen, and was shining in at his window. He sat down beside it and looked out across the landscape. All was still and sweet. A sense of shame crept over him as he thought what a drone he had been while the old people toiled; never guessing at their anxiety, never thinking how he could help them, but being always "babied", as his adopted father had said.

(To be continued).

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

## Puzzle No. 5.

### A Counting Game.

In how many ways can the word AMERICAN be read in the following arrangement, letters to be taken in order to the right or downward?

A M E R I C A N  
M E R I C A N  
E R I C A N  
R I C A N  
I C A N  
C A N  
A N  
N

## Answer to Puzzle No. 4.

Ninety cents.

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 4.

Pauline S. Berger, Chicago, Ill.  
Frank Krefel, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Anna Zora, Panama, Ill.  
Dorothy Ladiha, Clinton, Ind.  
Bartone Benedict, Columbus, Kans.  
Anna Kramarsic, Chicago, Ill.  
Mary Sernel, Chicago, Ill.  
Anna Raunika, Hartshorne, Okla.  
Rozalija Vogrich, Chicago, Ill.  
Jos. T. Mihelich, East Helena, Mont.  
John Stanisha, Clinton, Ind.  
Fannie Pozun, Buena Vista, Pa.  
Mary Slapnick, Frank, Pa.  
Mary Dobrovole, Waukegan, Ill.  
Tony Sedey, Gallup, N. M.  
Frank Kochevar, Aspen, Colo.  
Jennie Bohinc, Export, Pa.  
Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.  
Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.  
Rudie Rasket, Delmont, Pa.

### Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 3.

(Too late for the last number.)

Josephine Vidic, Roundup, Mont.

## Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

In our school the teacher requires everyone to read a good book and memorize a poem for each month's reading grade. And whoever doesn't meet up with the requirements gets a low and very low grade in reading. This month I read the "Arabian Nights". — I cannot write in Slovenian, but I can read it fairly well. I enjoy to read the *ML. L.* because its contents are very interesting. In our settlement are only two Slovenian families.

Christina Ziegler, Masontown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:

I am very glad *S. N. P. J.* is publishing the *Mladinski List*. I like its stories and poems. I am learning to read in Slovenian very fast. I am saving every number of the magazine, so when I learn to read Slovenian I will read the stories and poems.

Rudie Rasket, Delmont, Pa.

• • •

Dear Editor:

I am fourteen years old and I graduated through public school last year. I am working now at home for my mother. I enjoy the *ML. L.* very much. I like the stories and poems. Your friend,

Anna Pocivalnik, Buena Vista, Pa.

• • •

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I am writing. I am writing in English because I have not quite learned to write in Slovenian. I am twelve years of age and am in the sixth grade in a public school. I like to read the stories and solve the puzzles in the *ML. L.* I like especially to read the story 'Remember Rover'. I have also a puzzle for you and it is: 'How much dirt is there in a hole 2½ feet square and 1½ feet deep?' — I wish the *ML. L.* would come oftener than now.

Jos. T. Mihelich, East Helena, Mont.

Dear Editor:

I appreciate our Ml. L. very much. I can hardly wait till it comes. I am in the eighth grade and am fourteen years old. I am interested in any kind of good stories or poems. I can read and write in English and talk in Slovenian, but am trying my best to read and write in Slovenian too. I find in Ml. L. names of friends that I know, friends that I have been going to school with years ago in Kansas. — Your friend,

Anna Zora, Panama, Ill.

me because I attend American schools. I hope I soon know enough to write to you in Slovenian.

Elsie Kralj, LaSalle, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am very much pleased with the Ml. L. and find it very interesting. I am fifteen years old and in the third year at the Mc Kinley High School. Well, I have answered all your puzzles so far. The puzzles are easy for me to solve because I have heard some similar to them. This is the



Spring is coming . . .

Dear Editor:

I am sending in answers to two puzzles but don't know if they are right or not. This is the first time I am sending any answers in. I am sorry I didn't start at first. I like to read the interesting stories in the Ml. L.

Josephine I. Chesnic, Canonsburg, Pa.

answer to puzzle number four — ninety cents difference — I am Yours truly,

Mary Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Dear Editor:

I like to read the Ml. L. very much. My sisters like it as well as I do. I am going to the Columbus School. It is very bad for us that we have not a chance to learn Slovenian in reading and writing. But we can talk Slovenian. I am trying hard to learn the Slovenian grammar. It looks hard to

I am going to school every day. I am 12 years old and in the fifth grade. School will soon be out and I will have more time to solve the puzzles. I am very much pleased with the Ml. L. I would write to you in Slovenian but I can't write very good yet. I think the puzzles in the Ml. L. are hard. But I figure on them till I get some answer. I am sending in two answers again. Your friend,

Anna Potisek, Girard, Kans.

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

## V.

### ADJECTIVES.

(Continued.)

#### Comparison.

The adjective forms its comparative regularly by the addition of 1) *ši, ša, še* or 2) *ji, ja, je* or 3) *ejši, ejša, ejše*, and the superlative by the prefix *naj*.

#### 1.

(Adjectives ending in *b, p, d*.)

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
<i>ljub, a, o</i> (dear)	<i>ljubši, a, e</i>	<i>najljubši, a, e</i>
<i>lep, a, o</i> (beautiful)	<i>lepši, a, e</i>	<i>najlepši, a, e</i>
<i>mlad, a, o</i> (young)	<i>mlajši, a, e</i>	<i>najmlajši, a, e</i>

#### 2.

(Adjectives ending in *k, g, h*, and adjectives with the stem-ending *z, s*. Consonants *k, g, h*, and *z, s* were modified *č, ž, š, and ž, š*.)

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
<i>težek, a, o</i> (heavy)	<i>težji, ja, je</i>	<i>najtežji, ja, je</i>
<i>drag</i> (dear)	<i>dražji</i>	<i>najdražji</i>
<i>gluh</i> (deaf)	<i>glušji</i>	<i>najglušji</i>
<i>visok</i> (high)	<i>višji</i>	<i>najvišji.</i>

#### 3.

(Adjectives ending in *er, en, an, ak, al, iv, it*.)

<i>bister</i> (clear)	<i>bistrejši</i>	<i>najbistrejši</i>
<i>priden</i> (diligent)	<i>pridnejši</i>	<i>najpridnejši</i>
<i>droban</i> (small)	<i>drobnejši</i>	<i>najdrobnejši</i>
<i>plemenit</i> (gentle)	<i>plemenitejši</i>	<i>najplemenitejši</i>

#### IRREGULAR COMPARISON.

*Dober* (good) is compared by the use of a different stem-form:

<i>dober</i>	<i>boljši</i>	<i>najboljši</i>
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#### COMPARISON WITH *bolj* AND *najbolj*.

Sometimes the forms *bolj* for comparative and *najbolj* for superlative are used, especially by adjectives

- designating some color: *črn* (black), *bel* (white);
- ending in *č*: *rdeč* (red), *vroč* (hot);
- ending in *ski* and *ji*: *slovenski* (Slovenian), *divji* (wild), and
- by participles ending in *en, na, no* and *el, la, lo*: *učen* (learned), *vrel* (boiled), *znan* (known). (The participle used as an attributive when compared, is compared like other adjectives.)

#### INFLECTION.

The comparatives and superlatives of adjectives are declined like the positive forms.

(To be continued.)