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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO II.

CHICAGO, ILL., JULIJ 1923

ŠTEV. 7.

## Kralj Matjaž.

Sredi noči, opolnoči  
iz sanj se kralj Matjaž zbudi.

Zbudi Alenka kraljica se,  
kot zarja bleščijo ji lica se.

In dvigne se glav bradatih sto,  
molče vprašujejo: "Kaj je to?"

Pred kraljem pa mlad junak stoji,  
kakor hrast stoji, stoji, govori:

"Hej, kralj zaspanec, pokaži svoj meč!  
Prišel sem ga iz nožnic vleči!"

"Na steno poglej!" — In vzame ga,  
z levico krepko objame ga.

Z desnico ga prime za ročaj —  
že šinil je, glej, ostrine sijaj.

Čuj prhanje konj, čuj orožja žvenket,  
med trumami gre pridružen šepet.

Glej ostrine pol! — Kak narašča hrup!  
Matjažu v očeh vzplamteva up!

Že šum je in hrup med trumami vstal —  
kdo zrl je vihar že z gorskih skal?

Vse v stremenih stoji, vse v sedlu sedi —  
a junak se prestraši in zbeži.

Mrmraje razjahajo čete se,  
spet padejo v sen zaklete vse.

Matjaž ob mizo udari srdit:  
"Čemu si prišel me ti še buditi!"

Alenčica vzdihne in skloni glavó,  
a spet je pod Krimom kot prej mrtvó.

O. Župancič.

## Prijatelja.

Prijatelja bila sta Peter in Blaž,  
kot psiček in muc nevtolažna.  
"Za sladke te primem, če ti me zlasaš,"  
sta v jezi grozila sovražna.

Če srečala kje sta na samem se kdaj,  
v lasé sta si hitro skočila,  
poguma junaškega brž nasmehljaj  
obema bolest je skalila.

V ušesih ščemelo je ob bolečin,  
lasje so zlasano štrleli,  
in takim objemom še dolgo v spomin  
oba so vsi udje boleli.

Vrstnikov je dražil ju grenki posmeh,  
ko v lica sta solzna rdela  
in jeze škripaje iskala po tleh,  
kar sta pod petámi imela.

Vse lepše pa bilo je šele doma,  
ko mati je merila hlače:  
Ni Peter ni Blaž—to vsakdo pač zna—  
vesel ni bil take igrače!

E. Gangl.

# Na divjega petelina.

Spisal Andrej Rapé.

Kako si veličasten, gozd, ko te gledam v svečani tvoji molčečnosti, ko te poslušam v hropečem bučanju tvojemu, ko se divim rahlemu tvojemu šepetu! Rad zahajam tvoje okrilje, v tvojo bujno goščavo, pod baldahin tvojih listov, v tvoj hram, kamor brani morje listov zvedavim solničnim žarkom. V tvoj hram rad zahajam, kjer odmeva vsak glas kot v prostranem svetišču. Srce mi je lahko tam, svečanopobožno je, ko me objame brezkončno šepetanje tvojega življenja, ko me objame molčečnost tvojega snovanja. Diven si, gozd, ko pade na te noč in se zazibljejo v tebi krila nočnih ptic, tihih in mračnih, kot je tiha in črna noč sama.

Kralj si, veličastni gozd!

In pogovarjam se s tabo, in tvoja drevesa mi šepetajo: Imamo sovražnikov; majhni, a grozni so. In pogledam po drevju. Vrhovi nekaterih tvojih sinov, gozd, so orumeneli! Otožno povešajo glave: znamenovani so za smrt. Milijoni lubadarjevih ličink so se naselili po najkrepkejših tvojih sinovih. Napadli so jih z neodoljivo silo. Ta drevesa gledam, in srce me boli. Z vsemi silami se branijo smrti. Življenski svoj sok izpuščajo, da bi se rešili. Moč jim uhaja s sokom, a boré se, boré. Cele reke smole joka drevo ter jo razliva po lubadarju, ličinkah in jajcih, ki se nahajajo za njihovim lubom. Zaman! . . . Življenska sila jim gine počasi, a gotovo . . .

Duh mi zapade otožnosti, ko premišljam ta tihi obupni boj, to žalostno slovo tvojih sinov, gozd, od krilatih pevcev, tihega šepetanja vetra po vrheh, slovo od drugih še zdravih bratov in sestrá, ki so se z njih vrhovi nekdanj bratili, se poigravali in si pošepetavali. Sedaj padajo v smrt. Gori med vrhovi dreves zija plašna praznosta.

Srce me zaboli, kadar ugledam spomladi ordečelo listje bukev kakor bi bilo v pozni jeseni. Ta bolna rdečica me spominja rdečice mladih, jetičnih ljudi — in žalosten sem.

Veselje in žalost, navdušenje in hrepene nje pijem v tebi, ljubi moj gozd! . . .

In jutri, prijatelj moj, te obiščem zgodaj, zgodaj, ko boš še spal in sanjal. — —

\* \* \*

Noč spi nad stvarstvom. Tiho in mirno je selo. Iz vasi votlo done udarci ure. Poltreh zjutraj. Nikjer ni luči. Povsod še vse v spanju. V hiši na griču se sveti luč, a pred hišo stoji in čaka mož z lovsko torbo in puško na rami. Lovec je. Lov bo danes na petelina. Lovci si je v svesti dobre sreče, saj je že tri jutra zapored pazil na petelina in dobro ve, kje je njegov stan.

Vrata se odpro. Tiho koraka lovec po vasi proti gozdu.

Kolikokrat sem si že želel opazovati ta lov. Danes sem se pridružil lovcu, in tiho sva korakala navzgor.

Kako tih in miren je gozd! Le tuintam zašumi kaj v vrhovih dreves kakor bi se jim zasanjalo, a potem zopet tihota in tema. Više in više greva.

"Pazite na veje," mi večkrat reče lovec, "da vas ne oplazi katera po očeh."

"Ali bomo kmalu na mestu?"

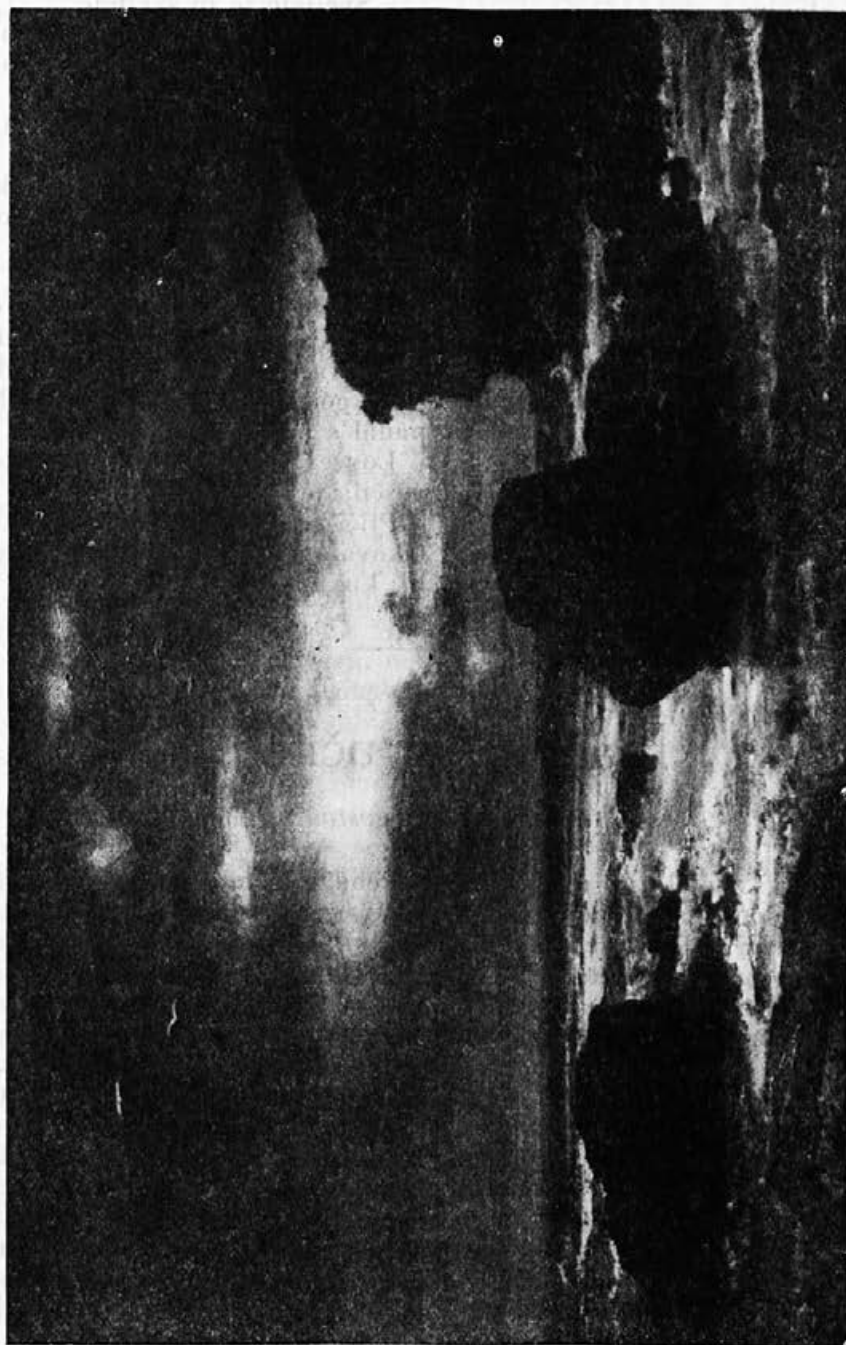
"Kmalu! Še en ovinek. Tam sem ču včeraj petelina," in pokazal je v ono smer z roko.

Obstala sva. Tiho sva se razgovarjala in čakala. Vrhovi smrek so šumeli v jutranjem vetru. Ta veličastna godba, šumeča nam v uho, nama je ustavila razgovor. Veter je izpreminjal šumenje svojega dihanja. Zamajal je veje smrek, in zašumelo je kakor peneča se voda. Po vejah brez se je čul nekaj zvoneč trepet: zvenelo je listje v tisočeri, uho božajočih melodijah. Sem od bližnje reke se je čulo pridušeno mrmranje valov, doli pod nami pa je zvenelo ločje v močvirnem jarku, poljubljač se v polsnu. Tam na vrhodu se je polahno jela vleči sivobleda svetloba. Gozdnega življenja ni še nič čuti.

A čuj! Prav zaspano, prav tiho se je ozglasil ptiček. Ej, sedaj čujemo probujenje gozda. Tam na vrhu smreke se odzove drug glas. Ah, tako je zaspan, tako nežen! Potem pa je nekaj časa zopet vse ti-



Chicago Art Institute.



George Inness.

Etretat v Franciji.

ho. Kmalu udari na sluh krepkeji glas: Čiv-čiv! Fiču-fiču-ček!

"Dobro jutro nam voščijo ptiči," izpregovorim jaz. "Da bi le nam bila tudi na lovu sreča mila," dostavim.

"Ta je pa lepa! škoda, da ste šli z menoj," je zagodrnjal lovec.

Jaz pa bi se bil najrajši ugriznil v jezik, zakaj spomnil sem se, da ne smeš voščiti lovca sreče na lovu, sicer je po starem lovskem pregovoru sama nesreča isti dan.

Nad nama zašumi perutnica. Nad gozd se razlegne hripavo krakanje vrane, ki sede na vrh smreke, in zopet je vse tiho.

Vedno bolj se izgublja tema ter izginja v neznan nama dom. Razločujeva že posamezna debela in veje. Živahneje se oglašajo ptički.

"Tiho!" šepetne lovec.

Tamkaj od desne začujemo z visoke smreke šum.

"Na oni-le je!" de zopet tiho lovec. "Ni sem se motil. Od včeraj si ni nič prebral."

"Oprezno! Čujete li?"

Čudni glasi so mi udarili na uho: Tk-tk-tk — ckeck — ckeck . . .

Vedno razločneje: Tk-tk-tk- . . . ckeck . . . Svetleje je in svetleje.

Na smreki ugledam petelina. Semintja se premika. Pripognil je glavo, in iznova čujem: Tk-tk-tk — ckeck . . . Ob teh glasovih se pomikamo naprej. (Petelin namreč ne sliši, kadar poje).

Malo sem premaknil nogo, ker sem nerodno stal. Malenkostno je počila vejica pod nogo in že je jel oprezno gledati, kje sumljivo šumi.

Pomiril se je. Bila sva tiha, da si še dihati nisva upala. Zopet je pel. Na streljaju sva. Tk-tk-tk — ckeck . . . Bum!

Po gozdu je zagrmel strel. Po vejah je padal s mreke divji petelin.

Lovčev strah zaradi moje želje in mojega voščila je bil prazen.

Ptiči pojo, gozd zbuja šumi. Žolne potrkavajo po deblih; iz goščave se glasi otožni: kuku! . . .

## Francek in učitelj.

(Pogovor o zdravstvu.)

Sosedov Jožek je zbolel za davico in Francek je radoveden vprašal učitelja, ko ga je srečal, odkod pridejo bolezni.

Učitelj: "Večina bolezni se nalezje in te nalezljive bolezni so najbolj nevarne. Med nalezljivimi boleznimi so n. pr. griža, davica, koze, ošpice, španska influenza in druge."

Francek: "Kako se pa bolezen prime?"

Učitelj: "Ako se človek nahaja v bližini na kužni bolezni obolelega človeka in ako se ga celo dotika, je nevarnost, da se te primejo bolezenske kali in da oboliš. Včasih se človek nalezje, da sam ne ve kako."

Francek: "Kako se pa potem bolezni ubranimo?"

Učitelj: "Najlažje se skušamo ubraniti bolezni, ako ne pridemo v dotiko niti blizu takega človeka, ki je okužen. Potrebno je, da se v času, ko je kaka kužna bolezen raz-

širjena, čim manj dotikamo predmetov, ki jih prijemlje vsakdo. Ako smo pa že prisiljeni, da moramo prijemati za take stvari, kakor n. pr. kljuke v šoli, si moramo potem skrbno umiti roke z milom in jih zelo izplakniti. Sploh je dobro, da si vedno, preden primeš kos kruha, umiješ temeljito roke. Snago je vobče treba vedno čislati."

Francek: "In če človek zboli, kaj moramo napraviti?"

Učitelj: "Takrat pa je treba nemudoma po zdravnika, ker le ta more dati navodila, kako se je treba zdraviti. Nesreča je gotova, ako ljudje v takih slučajih poiščejo kakega mazača ali celo kakega "coprnika", ki bolezni zagovarja. Taki mazači in coprniki ne vedo ničesar, ker se niso ničesar učili, dočim mora zdravnik, preden zdravi ljudi, študirati dolga leta."

Franc Erjavec:

# Črtice iz življenja in delovanja učenjaka Schnakschnepperleina.

## I.

*Kdo je bil Schnakschnepperlein in s čim se je pečal.*

Večkrat sem se jezil, da stanujem prav na kraju mesta v dolgočasni okolici in da mi je časih po zimi ob južnem vremenu bresti blato do kolen. No, zadnji čas me je minila vsa nevolja. Rad sem gazil blato, odkar sem se v sosedstvu seznanil s slavnim možem, z gospodom Schnakschnepperleinom. To je učenjak, kateremu ne bi lahko našel para. Domovina in stoletje se moreta ponašati s tem velikanom učenosti. Tudi ga je sama nesebičnost. Koristi svoje ne išče nikjer, "blaginja vesoljnega človeštva" je tista zvezda, ki mu je vodnica pri vseh njegovih delih in nedelih. Vse svoje življenje ni razmišljal drugega, nego kako bi pomogel nevednim, zaslepljenim, dobička svojega ne poznavajočim zemljanom. Noč in dan ni miroval, vedno si je belil glavo. Opazoval je in modroval, argumentiral<sup>1)</sup> in eksperimentiral<sup>2)</sup> ter zasledoval prikazni in vekovečne resnice v prirodi, ki bi bile potem trpečemu človeštvu živi viri prave in vztrajne sreče.

Po dve, tri ure je časih sedel pri mikroskopu<sup>3)</sup> kakor muha v medu. Ni pil, ni jedel, ves zamišljen si je podpiral glavo ter zdaj in zdaj zamrmral nekaj nerazumnega. Potem je iznova pogledal po ozki nastavljeni cevi, potresel z glavo, zopet pogledal in časih po četrt ure ni odmaknil očesa od predmeta. Kdor bi ga tako v misli utopljenega, v tihi sobici sedečega opazoval, bi morebiti menil, da išče dobri mož "quadratum circuli<sup>4)</sup> ali "perpetuum mobile"<sup>5)</sup>

A kaj je vendar našega Schnakschnepperleina tako vznemirilo? Morebiti žaluje

po prezgodaj umrlih dragih? — Ne! Ali mu je toča pobila bogato setev? — Niti to ne!

Vzrok moževe skrbi je ves drug, čisto idealen. Čujte!

Učeni svet še dandanes ne ve prav trdno, kakšen je zadnji, to je enajsti člen na tipalnicah majhnega, bolhi podobnega hroščka. Pri razpravi tega imenitnega vprašanja sta se grdo sporekla dva učenjaka svetovne slave. Učenjak Kikelj je namreč trdil, da je pri tej živalci enajsti tipalni člen izprva rjav ter da počrni stoprav kasneje. To mnenje je pa strastno pobijal učenjak Kokelj, trdeč, da je omenjeni člen vedno črn. Izza te prepirke je nastal v učenem svetu velik razdor. Kakor je že navadno pri takih učenih prepirih, razdvojile so se učene glave. Nekateri so pritrjevali Kiklju, drugi Koklju, a ker nobena stranka ni hotela odjenjati, temveč je trdoglavo branila svoje mnenje, se je vnel hud boj s peresi, curkoma je teklo črnilo in popisale so se v tem boju cele skladanice papirja, da je zavijala moja kuma dve leti vanj sol in poper.

Ta svaja "sacerdotum naturae<sup>6)</sup>" je v srce bolela složnega in miroljubnega Schnakschnepperleina. Da bi tej učeni pravdi storil konec ter da bi se ljubi mir zopet povrnil med srdite prirodoslovce, je naložil Schnakschnepperlein cele rodove tega hrošča, manjše in večje, stare in mlade, zajetne in mršave, moške in ženske; lovil jih je po travnikih in njivah, po logovih in gozdovih. — In zdaj jih pregleduje

"od prihoda zlate zore,  
dokler solnca luč ne ugasne."

Ali svojega dela vendar ne more biti prav vesel. Resnica, čista resnica se mu noče odkriti, kajti enajsti člen je pri nekatereh črn, pri drugih rjav in pri nekih celo rumenkast. Zatorej mu mrak objema čelo, oko mu mre in srce ga boli, kadar po-

1) Argumentirati = dokazovati.

2) Eksperimentirati = napravljati poizkuse.

3) Mikroskop = drobnogled.

4) Quadratum circuli = krogov kvadrat; ker pa krogovega kvadrata ni, pomeni ta izraz: nekaj nemogočega.

5) 'Perpetuum mobile' bi bila stvar, ki se sama od sebe vedno premika.

6) 'Sacerdotum naturae' je latinsko in pomeni: svečenikov narave.



misli, da še ne bo konca nesrečni pravdi in grdemu razporu.

Gospodova žalost je genila celo slugo Boštjana, ki je bil ves dan na lovu in je gospodu prinašal vedno nove hekatombe<sup>7)</sup> nesrečnih mučenikov na žrtvenik nenasitne znanosti. Rad bi bil tešil svojega gospoda, a ni vedel kako. Nekega dne se vendar ojunaci in reče:

"Gospod, ne žalujte toliko!"

"Tega ti ne umeješ, ljubi moj Boštjan!"

"Ali smem govoriti, kakor mislim?"

"Govori!"

"Dobro! No samo tedaj, če zaradi tega ne bo nobene zamere."

"Saj sem ti že velel, govori!"

"Vidite, jaz v svoji neumni pameti bi rekel: dajmo mir živalcam in njih tipalnicam. Saj to nam mora pač biti vseeno, ali je enajsti člen na tipalnici tega hroščka bel kakor sneg ali črn kakor oglje. Saj je ta živalca tako majhna, da je jaz niti ne vidim prav, ako ne nataknem vaših naočnikov."

"Vseeno?! Tebi morebiti, ali nam ne! O Boštjan, ti si še vedno stari Boštjan! Prav nič ti ni poznati, da si že toliko let v moji službi. Tebi ni drugega v čislh nego žreti in piti..."

"In spati!"

"Da, da, spati tudi! Ali v čem si boljši od živine?"

Boštjan je imel odgovor na to vprašanje že na jeziku, ali premislil se je in ga pogoltnil.

"Pa naposled ti tudi ne zamerim. Ti si ves utopljen v golo slastno uživanje. Tvoje motno duševno oko ne pregleda kvara, ki ga trpi po našem neznanju znanost in po tem blaginja vsega človeštva. Ti mene ne umeješ in me nikoli ne boš umel. Ti ne vidiš čistega ognja, ki gori v meni v prid človeštvu."

Boštjan pogleda gospoda nekam žalostno od strani in odide iz sobe.

## II.

*Nov govnobrbec in neprilike pri njegovem krstu.*

Schnakschnepperlein me je pri vsaki

7) Hekatombe = krvava žrtev stotine živali, kakor so jih bogovom žrtvovali malikovalski narodi.

priliki vabil, da bi prišel k njemu na dom ogledat si znamenitosti in redkosti. Nekega deževnega dne sem se naposled res napotil k njemu v pohode. Boštjan mi pokaže gospodovo sobo, katero pa je on sam imenoval kabinet, in vseč mu je bilo, ako so jo tudi drugi tako imenovali. Potrkam na vrata. Nobenega glasu. Potrkam drugič, tretjič, in ker se mi nihče ne odzove, pritisnem kljuko in stopim v svetišče.

Schnakschnepperlein se je bil tako zadolbel v misli, da me ni opazil. Na mizi pri oknu je imel nastavljen mikroskop, on sam je pa ves razblazen korakal po sobi od stene do stene ter si radostno mel roke. Jaz pohrknem pri vratih, pa ker me le ne vidi, stopim naprej.

"Dober dan, gospod Schnakschnepperlein!"

"O vi ste prišli? Posebno drago mi je, baš ste mi dobro došli. Vidite, quandoque bonus dormitat Linneus<sup>8)</sup>! Prosim vas, pogledajte si tega govnobrbečka in potem pa tega tukaj zraven! Linné<sup>9)</sup> teh dveh ni razločil. Njemu sta oba Aphodius fimetarius<sup>10)</sup>. Pa kaj Linné! Njemu tega ni toliko štet v greh. Ali celo prijatelj moj Berghaaggenbullenreuther ju ne loči v svojem imenitnem delu "O govnobrbcih," katero leži v treh zvezkih tu pred nama. — Slava! slava! Preden se mesec zopet pomladi, naznanim vsemu svetu, da živi na zemlji en govnobrbec več. O kaka sreča! V znanosti ostane moje ime pribito na vse veke, pa četudi od jeze popokajo vsi moji zavidniki."

"A v čem se razločujeta?"

Učenjaka mine radost in stroga resnost se mu razlije po obrazu. Prime me za roko, me odvede k mikroskopu ter mi veli ponosno kakor človek, ki se čuti:

"Privzdignite temu hroščku zadnjo nožico in povejte mi, kaj vidite?"

Storim, kakor mi je bilo rečeno. Gledam in gledam, ali ugledati ne morem ničesar, kar bi bilo vredno besede.

8) Quandoque bonus dormitat Linneus (latinsko) = Od kdaj že mirno spi dobri Linné.

9) Linné je bil angleški prirodopisec, ki je znanstveno razvrstil rastline in živali.

10) 'Aphodius fimetarius' je učeno ime za nekega govnobrbečka. Govnabrbee je hrošč, ki brba po govnu (živalskem blatu).



“No, govorite! Kaj vidite?” priganja Schnakschnepperlein.

“Zdi se mi, da ne vidim ničesar.”

“Ni-i-i-č?! O to ni mogoče! Kako da ne bi videli! Le dobro pogledajte, nekaj morate videti. Prav v kotiček pogledajte, prav natančno! Ali ne vidite dveh kocinic?”

“Hm! Če dolgo gledam, se mi skoro dozdeva, da vidim rumeno dlačico. Hoj, tu je še ena, in — če me ne vara oko, ondi še ena.”

Nekaj časa sem si ogledoval ta dva govno-brbca od zadnje strani, potem sem se vzpel do modre presodbe:

“Ako vestno primerjam zadka teh dveh govnačev, bi rekel, da je zadek tega vašega malce bolj napet in da se proti koncu nekamo hitreje zožuje.”

“Izvrstno! Ne morem vam dopovedati, kako me veseli, da tudi vi to vidite. Zdaj sem uverjen, da je res tako. Hvala vam! . . .”



Trg v Nižjem Novgorodu (Rusija).

“Kajneda?! Kakor sem rekel. No, to me veseli! A zdaj še nekaj. Oglejte si dobro tudi zadek in potem ga vzporedite z zadkom onega tam!”

Bil sem zopet v škripcih.

“Ne zamerite, gospod! V takih stvareh meni ne gre sodba.”

“Ne razdirajte praznih besed! Uveril sem se malo prej, da imate nenavadno dobro oko. Ali se vam ne vidi, da ima ta nekaj debelejši zadek?”

“Kako se bo imenoval novi govno-brbček?”

“Imena še nima, treba ga je stoprav krstiti. O tem še nisem razmišljal. Vsekakor mora biti ime tako, da bo z njim izraženo glavno svojstvo, po katerem se razlikuje od bližnjih sorodnikov.”

Schnakschnepperlein prinese latinski slovar in išče nekaj po njem.

“Pod zadnjo nogo kosmat . . . sub pede

barbatus, pa kaj se pravi zadnji? Pomozite mi!"

Ne vem, kako je to bilo, ali izvestno je, da mi v tem trenutku ni prišlo nič pametnega na misel, v slovarju sveta iskati mi pa ni dala čast. V tem hipcu se mi zablisne, da sem v Caesarju<sup>11)</sup> 'agmen novissimum' vedno prevajal v 'zadnji oddelek'.

Schnakschnepperlein se je na mojo latinsčino toliko zanesel, da je skoval brez vsega pomisleka ime: subpedenovissimobarbatus.

"Aphodius subpedenovissimo barbatus<sup>12)</sup> torej."

"Ali ni: 'barbatus' preveč rečeno?"

"Zopet ste pravo pogodili! Res je preveč. Ali kako bi se reklo bolje?"

"Morebiti; pilosus<sup>13)</sup>."

"Aphodius subpedenovissimopilosus. Bene!"

Mož umeri zopet korake po sobi in hodi nekaj časa od stene do stene. Razmišljal je o nečem, kar mu ni bilo po volji, ker obraz je namrgodil in obrvi so mu sršele. Polagoma prišeta zopet do mene.

"Novi Aphodius je dobil ime. Dobro ime, lepo ime. Ali vendar ni, da bi se z njim ponašal. Samo latinsko je in to je — prenavadno, prevsakdanje. O grško, grško, to je dandanes imenitno, to vse drugače zveni po ušesih. Vso drugo veljavo bi dobil moj Aphodiusček in z njim tudi jaz, ako bi ga poslal v svet s polnoglasnim grškim imenom . . . Gospod, vi ste me danes prvič počastili s svojim obiskom. V zahvalo prepuščam vam to čast, krstite ga vi!"

Ta čast mi je presedala. Ako že z latinščino ni šlo vse gladko, kako pojde z grščino? Sedem h grškemu slovarju in poiščem potrebnih besed in naposled zvarim jezikoslovni nestvor: "hypeshatopodoligokometes". Napišem ga na listek ter ga pokažem Schnakschnepperleinu. Ta ga ni še prav dobro prečital, ko že od veselja poskakuje, zagotavljač mi, da je ime izvrstno, da ga neznansko prijetno po ušesih šegače in da misli, da mora vsak, četudi ne

ume grškega jezika, takoj pogoditi, kaj znači to ime.

"Ta govnohrbček je torej vaše kumče. Zapomnite si dobro ta dan!"

"Kako bi ga mogel pozabiti?"

"Ako vam ni znerok, obiščite me skoro zopet, morebiti že danes popoldne, ako vam je ljubo. Mnogo zanimivega bi vam še rad pokazal."

"Rad pridem, ako vas ne nadlegujem."

"Ne govorite o tem, prosim vas! Vedno ste dobro došli. Še enkrat: lepa hvala!"

### III.

*Pripoveduje se o majhni prevari, ki pa nobenemu ni škodila.*

Ob dveh sem bil že zopet pri Schnakschnepperleinu. Vstopivšemu mi pride učenjak prijazno naproti, me pozdravi in posadi poleg sebe na naslanjač.

"Ker ste mi pri krstu mojega Aphodiusa kumovali, sem vam nakanil v zahvalo podariti enega. Sicer jih nimam več nego pet, no jutri pojdem zopet na lov, pa se nadajam, da mi jih pride nekoliko v roke. Pa menda vam še nisem povedal, kje živi ta živalca. Dve leti sem hodil za njo in se mnogo trudil, preden sem ji prišel na sled. Zdaj sem, kar se tiče nje, povsem na jasnem. Vidite, Aphodiusček moj živi samo v kozjih bobkih, a ker nimajo tukaj ljudje nikjer kozlov, mi je hoditi ves dan do Jarčjege brda, tako se namreč kliče majhno selce ob deželni meji. Čudno je pa to, da mu ne prija vsak bobek, in stalo me je mnogo dela in truda, preden sem ugotovil, kako se ima ta stvar. Moj govnohrbček biva samo v bobkih, ki padajo od mladih, blizu leta starih kozličev, v bobkih starih kozlov in koz sem jih iskal zastonj. Tej resnici sem prišel stoprav pred enim tednom na sled. Zuckaj pa mu bobki starejših kozlov niso po volji, mi ni še jasno."

"To vam ne more motiti veselja. Količno nam zastavlja priroda ugank, ki jih ne moremo rešiti!"

"Prav govorite! Morebiti se sčasoma pojasni tudi to. A tukaj, vidite, sem mu spisal že točno diagnozo<sup>14)</sup> in potem obširen o-

11) Caesar je bil rimski vojskovodja in cesar, ki je opisal svoje vojne; njegove spise čitajo še danes po latinskih šolah.

12) 'Subpedenovissimobarbatus' pomeni: pod zadnjo nogo kosmat.

13) Pilosus (latinsko) = dlakav.

14) Diagnoza = spoznanje o kaki reči.

pis, tudi sem ga narisal štiriindvajsetkrat večjega, in zdaj pošljem to vse akademiji<sup>15)</sup> na Dunaj, da bo kar najhitreje natisnjeno ter da pojde po širokem svetu oznanjati slavo mojo. O radost, kakršne si bogatin z zlatom ne more kupiti! No, da ne pozabim daru, katerega sem vam obljubil. Evo ga!”

Rekši stopi k mizi, vzame majhno steklenico v roko, oslini droben čopič in izvleče enega izmed imenitne petorice.

“Prosim vas, zaprite okno, da ga ne odnese sapa! Ako bi ga več ne našel — grozna misel!”

Ko zaprem okno, poišče buciko, prebode z njo majhen trikoten papirček, ga namaže na enem voglu z lepilom, potem se dotakne govnačka na rahlo s čopičem, ga prenese na papirček, ga namesti, kakor treba, mu zaviše brke ter mu nategne nožice.

“Tako! Zdaj je spravljen. Ali pazite, da ga ne izgubite ali da mu ne odlomite kake tipalnice ali noge.”

“Ne bojte se! Pazil bom nanj, kakor na zenico v očesu.”

“To bi bilo torej pri kraju. No, mnogo in mnogo znamenitega bi vam imel še pokazati. Poglejte, prav tu pred seboj imam mešico, katero sem potegnil lanske pomladi iz sosedove gnojnice. Na prvi pogled mi je bilo jasno, da je nekaj osobitega, da je nova species<sup>16)</sup>. — No, ker se jaz nisem pečal z mešicami na drobno, sem jo poslal v Keeskemet prijatelju Körösnemethfögtu, ki je vse svoje življenje posvetil mešicam. Njega bistro oko je na prvi hip spoznalo, da se loči moja mešica od navadne po barvi, kajti navadna je črna, a moja rjava. Meni na čast jo je potem imenoval ‘Ceratopogon Schnakschnepperleini’.

“Pa kakor vsak človek imam tudi jaz nekaj neprijateljev. Glavni neprijatelj mi je Štrucelius. Že dolgo sem mu trn v peti. Pri vsaki priliki se zaganja vame. Ne vem pa zakaj. Saj nobenemu človeku ne storim ničesar žalega, nimam drugega na umu nego blaginjo človeškega rodu. A pri vsem

tem mi nasprotuje ta Štrucelius povsod, kjer more in ne more; povsod me ponižuje in mi pobija zasluge. In zdaj ga tudi ta Ceratopogon Schnakschnepperleini strahovito kolje v oči. Učeni svet bi rad preveril, da je meni na čast imenovani Ceratopogon prav navaden, rjav da je samo zato, ker je ležal v gnojnici. To ničeveo trditev podslanja s tem, da se pozneje ni našla nobena več. Naposled pa še čeljusta brez konca in kraja in pogreva staro neslanost, da je nedostojno imenovati živali po možeh.

“Uverjen sem, da razumete sami, kako prazna, kako puhla je vsa njegova čečkarija. Jaz nisem kriv, da je živalca tako redka in da sem bil dosedaj samo jaz tako srečen. Kar pa govori o krstitvah po zasluznih možeh, to izvira zgolj iz zavisti. Znamo se! Možičku se kadi pod nos, ker ni bil še toliko srečen, da bi bil našel kaj novega in da v vseh katalogih ne najdete nobenega . . . Štrucelii.

“No, v kratkem dobi šilo za ognjilo. Že se mu kuha kaša. Körösnemethfögt ga bo neusmiljeno razčesal v prvi številki . . . O za boga! Kaj delate? Na tla ste zbili novega Aphodiusa, ki sem vam ga podaril.”

“Da, gospod, pogodili ste. Novopečeni govnohrbec je šel rakom žvižgat, z robcem sem ga zbil na tla.”

“Ne govorite tako lahkomišelnost, drugače bi moral misliti, da ne poznate prave cene te živalce.”

Schnakschnepperleini je bil užaljen. Da bi se mu do konca ne zameril, sem se spustil kakor očiten grešnik na kolena in začel iskati dragocenega govnača. On pa tudi tako. Najmanj pol ure sva drsala po kolenih in vzdihovala, ali o Aphodiusu ni bilo ne duha ne sluha. Našla sva sicer buciko, ali papirček na njej je bil prazen.

“Ali bi ne bilo dobro, da bi šel k Boštjanu po metlo?”

“Kaj? Metla! Z metlo bi vi šli na tako nežno stvarco? Ta beseda vam je pač kar tako utekla z jezika, ne da bi jo bili prej premislili.”

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

15) Akademija je visoka šola.

16) Species = vrsta.



## Stric zajec na ledu.

**Tomaž:** "Stric zajec se je neki dan izprehajal s svojim košatim repom in . . ."

**Franek:** "Ampak, Tomaž, zajci imajo kratek rep."

**Tomaž:** "Ali pripovedujem zgodbo jaz ali ti, kaj?"

**Franek:** "Prosim te, naprej, Tomaž. Ta zajec je imel imeniten rep."

**Tomaž:** "Seveda — imeniten, košat rep; in ko se je majal po poti, je zagledal botro lisico."

**Franek:** "Pa jo je hitro popihal, kajne?"

**Tomaž:** "Nak, je ni, ker sta si bila prijatelja. Botra lisica je nesla težko vrečo rib. In stric zajec jo nagovori:

"Kako se pa kaj imaš, botra? Koliko rib! Kje pa si jih nalovila?"

"Veseli me, da te vidim, stric zajec! Imenitne ribe to! Ujela sem jih v ribnjaku poleg gozda."

"Gotovo si jih lovila cele ure, a?"

"Ojemnasta, ne; prav lahko jih je loviti."

"Kako pa si naredila," je vprašal stric zajec, ki je ribe imel jako rad.

"Veš, tam je drevo, ki je padlo v vodo. Na to drevo sem sedla in pomočila rep v vodo. Ribnjak je poln rib. Prihajale so druga za drugo, se prijemale za dlake mojega repa, jaz pa sem jih metala iz vode. Vidiš, tako sem jih nalovila." In botra lisica se je poslovila.

Stric zajec pa se je še tisti večer napotil k ribnjaku. Zagledal je drevo v vodi, sedel nanj, kosmati rep pa vtaknil v vodo. Rib seveda ni bilo, in tako je kmalu zaspal. Noč je bila mrzla. Zmrzovalo je, da je vse pokalo, in kmalu je zamrznil tudi ribnik. Sredi noči se je stric zajec prebudil.

Dejal je: "Aha! Nekaj se že drži mojega repa!" — ter potegnil. "Primaruha, ta riba je pa strašno velika!" je dejal in potegnil iznova.

"Kako velika riba je to!" In potegnil je še enkrat, na vso moč je ruknil. Rrresk! Ubogi stric zajec!

**Franek:** "Ali je izvlekel rep iz leda?"

**Tomaž:** "To je ravno, da ga ni. In radi tega imajo zajci še dandanes tako kratek rep."

## S kruhom ali brez kruha.

Oče gre s sinom v mesto prodajat jajca. Nista jih nesla mnogo, a nadejala sta se dobre kupčije; zakaj kokoši niso tedaj nesle posebno. Oče razlaga sinku zaradi dobre kupčije tudi dobro srečo za vso bodočnost.

"Jajca prodava drago. Za izkupiček, kar ga bo več kakor navadno, stavim v loterijo. Gotovo zadenem. Potem kupim prasiča. Zakoljemo ga in naredimo klobase. To se bomo gostili, ko jih bomo jedli s kruhom!"

"Oče, brez kruha, kar same klobase, saj jih bo dosti," popravlja sinko.

"Ne! S kruhom se morajo jesti klobase. Kaj ti veš!"

"Brez kruha, oče, same klobase bomo jedli."

"Molči! Jaz pravim, s kruhom jih bomo jedli."

"Brez kruha!"

"S kruhom!"

"Brez —"

Sedaj pa deček že ni mogel več končati trditve. Zadel je očetova palica njega in koš z jajci. Palice pa se boji še pes. Sinko začne teči, oče za njim. Palica je padala, kadar je kaj dosegla, in je dosegla, a ne dolgo. Najprej je zavpil sinko, da mu je oče razbil jajca. Ko se oče ogleda, vidi, da je on svoja raztresel in pobil, ko je v sveti jezi in skrbi za srečno bodočnost tekkel za sinom.

Vrnila sta se domov brez stave v loterijo, brez klobas, brez kruha in brez jajec.

I. Trošt.



## Svatba.

Pika Polonca  
s kikeljco rdečo,  
danes moži se.  
Voščite srečo!

Kdo pa je godec?  
Marzulinraje!  
Ej, na harmoniko  
grilček jo daje!

Chicago Art Institute.



Slavčkova pesem.

Breton.

Dvoje kobilic  
urno vprezite,  
drugu, družici  
šopke pripnite!

Kaj pa nevesta?  
Solze si briše.  
Težko je iti  
zdoma, od hiše!

Vida Jerajeva.

Albin Čebular:

## Zastavice.

1.  
Striček-razuzdanček  
prišel je na klanček,  
smuknil je med cvetje,  
ga raznesel v svet je.

(Vetar.)

2.  
Svilni pajčolan  
valovi:  
čez polje, ravan.

(Megla.)

3.  
Jamice polne  
bele so volne.

(Gnezdiča.)

4.  
Med viharjem besnim,  
skozi noč,  
starci grbasti racájo  
tipajoč.

(Hrasli.)

5.  
O kresu  
lučice so v plesu.

(Kresnice.)

6.  
Porednica drvi, drvi . . .  
pa ko se zavrti,  
se listje v zrak spusti.

(Burja.)

7.  
Brez-rok,  
brez-nog,  
brez-trupa,  
brez-perja,  
brez-dlake  
ti lazim okrog.

(Strah.)

8.  
Starka sključena vrh gore  
skriva se za gabre, bore.

(Kočar.)

9.  
Po njivi potujem, potujem, potujem . . .  
in s klasjem pšeničnim  
se hrabro bojujem.

(Stp.)

10.  
Iz blatnega korita  
polzi srebrna kita.

(Voda.)

11.  
V kolaček se udara  
srebrno rezilce,  
kolaček hreščaje  
rezilce požira . . .

(Nož.)

12.  
Metuljček pijan  
pricinja v pristan.

(Jadrnica.)

13.  
Grbasti starki prirežejo prste —  
reva molči,  
solzne pa vendar so njene oči.

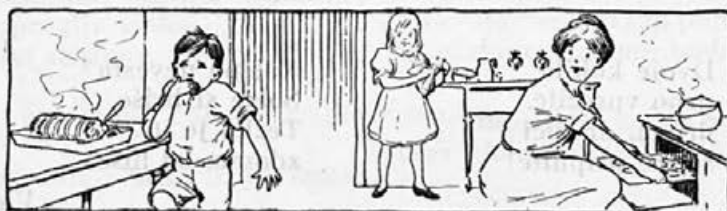
(Trta.)

14.  
Hop, dóh, hop, dóh!  
!dóh, dóh!  
javih dlačic  
iz gabra na beko,  
iz bora na smreko.

(Veverica.)

15.  
V temne dvore  
nosijo črnici  
bele tovóre.

(Mravlje.)



# Naš kotichek.

Zopet je minilo pol leta. Marsikaj smo se pomenili v tem kotichek in z marsikatero uganko smo si belili glave. Tekma za prvega pol leta je končana. Začenja se nova tekma, ki bo trajala zopet šest mesecev.

Vsak, ki se misli udeležiti te nove tekme, naj takoj začne, da ne bo zaostal. Današnji uganki sta prvi dve izmed dvanajstih, ki bodo priobčene tekom tega pol leta. Ti isti trije, ki bodo rešili največ ugank, bodo dobili lepe nagrade. V slučaju, da bi prišli za nagrade v pošte več kot tri rešilci z ozirom na enako število rešenih ugank, bodo dobili vsi enako nagrado.

Kdor želi dobiti kuverte z natisnjenim naslovom uredništva, naj pošlje uredništvu znamko za 2 centa.

Sedaj pa takoj na delo, kdor hoče dobiti kako nagrado!

Pozdrav!

Urednik.

## Uganke.

13.

V kakem sorodstvu je otrok svojemu očetu, ako ni njegov sin?

14.

|    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  |
| 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  |
| 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |

Prestavi števila 1 do 16 v gornji razpredelnici tako, da bo vsota v vodoravnih, pokončnih in dveh diagonalnih vrstah enaka 34.

## Rešitve ugank.

11.

Ki-ki-ri-ki.

12.

B B B B Z Z Z Z B B Z B B B Z B Z Z  
B B Z Z Z B Z Z B B Z

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# Drobiž.

## *Snaga pri Japoncih.*

Japonci imajo lepo navado, da skrbno pazijo na telesno snago. Japonski delavec se koplje vsaj enkrat na dan v topli vodi. Kdor bi ne storil tega, ga ljudje ne marajo med seboj. Imovitejši ljudje se kopljejo v toplih letnih časih vsaj trikrat na dan. Mrzle vode Japonci ne mara. Voda mora biti skoraj vreča. V glavnem mestu Tokiju, ki ima 1.250.000 prebivalcev, je nad 1000 javnih kopališč. Za kopel z milom vred je plačati 2—3 cente. Vrhutega ima skoraj vsaka hiša svoje kopališče. Na kmetih zakurijo pod milim nebom pod kad ter se kopljejo takorekoč nad ognjem. — Žal, da se pri nas nekateri ljudje — zlasti otroci — tako silno boje vode, ko je vendar snaga glavna pospeševalka dragocenega zdravja!

## *Živali in godba.*

Neki prirodoslovec je opazoval leta in leta, kako vpliva godba na razne živali. O svojem opazovanju poroča: Konj je prijatelj, pes pa sovražnik godbe. Konju najbolj ugaja godba na pihala, pes pa najbolj sovraži godbo na lok in orglice. Mačko prepodi glasna godba, ugajajo pa ji nežni glasovi. Ako zaigraš opicam na gosli ali na piščalko vesel napev, nehajo plesati in skakati ter mirno poslušajo. Slon in nosorožec sta za godbo popolnoma neobčutna. Če začuje godbo morski konj, pomoli glavo iz vode, pa se zopet kmalu potopi. Tigrom prija nežna in mirna godba, hrupna in vesela pesem pa jim ni všeč. Krokodil poslušša z veseljem godbo ter pri tem odpira svoje široko žrelo. Medved se ozre tja, odkoder prihaja glas piščalke, povoha zrak in zemljo, gre proti godbi ter zadovoljno caplja semintja.

## *Obleka iz papirja.*

V velikih mestih na Japonskem stane obleka, narejena iz papirja, komaj 80 centov. Tako obleko nosijo večinoma kuli (delavci), ki delajo pod milim nebom. Čeravno so ti ljudje vedno izpostavljeni vsakemu vremenu, ne odlože nikdar svoje pa-

pirnate, z oljem namočene obleke. Vkljub temu pa lahko nosijo tako obleko leto dni ali pa še dlje časa.

## *Novo leto na Kitajskem.*

Novo leto so letos začeli Kitajci dne 4. prosinca, leta 1922. pa 13. svečana. Kitajci namreč dele mesece po naraščanju lune do ščipa, kar traja le 29 ali kvečjemu 30 dni. Vsako tretje leto pridenejo po en takozvani prestopni mesec v popolnitev koledarja. Novo leto praznujejo na Kitajskem po ves mesec, tedaj le počivajo in se vesele, ne delajo pa ničesar.

## *Prava barva zlata.*

Le malo ljudi pozna pravo barvo zlata, ker ga vidimo največ mešanega z drugimi kovinami, nikdar pa ne čistega. Tako je tudi zlat denar pomešan z drugimi kovinami. Najčistejši zlat denar, kar so ga kovali doslej, so bili cekini po 50 dolarjev. Take cekine so kovali pred leti v Californiji. Pa tudi čisto zlato nima povsod enake barve. Avstralsko zlato je bolj rdečkasto kakor ono v Californiji, zlato na Uralu (v mejnem gorovju med Evropo in Azijo) je pa še bolj rdeče barve.

## *Dolgo krajevno ime.*

V Walesu na Angleškem so pri sodnijski obravnavi imenovali precej dolgo ime nekega kraja. Odvetniki so mu rekli "Lanfair". Ko je vprašal sodnik po pravem imenu dotičnega kraja, so mu rekli, da se glasi to ime "Llonfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlltysiliogogoch". — Kdo ve, kolikokrat se jim je zapletel jezik, ko so izgovarjali to lepo ime.

## *127 raznih jezikov.*

Dežela, kjer govore 127 raznih jezikov, je Indija v Aziji. Indija je angleška last, in angleški kralj je indijski cesar. Skupno število vseh prebivalcev Indije šteje 294 milijonov duš. V Indiji imajo Angleži samo 40.000 vojakov.



*Sedem svetovnih čudes.*

Tako so imenovali v starem veku sedem veličastnih gradbenih in umetnostnih del, ki so se odlikovala po svoji velikosti in krasi. Nekatera teh del so ohranjena še danes v razvalinah in vzbujajo naše občudovanje. Toda tudi naša doba proizvaja dela človeških rok in njegovega uma, ki jih lahko imenujemo svetovna čudesa. Nedavno je nek zelo razširjen evropski list vprašal svoje čitalce, katerih sedem del sedanjosti bi imenovali svetovna čuda. Prišlo je nad 150.000 odgovorov na to vprašanje, na podlagi katerih je sestavljena spodnja lista modernih svetovnih čudesov. Najprej pa so še naštet sedmerna čudesa starega veka, kakor nam jih našteva zgodovina in ustno izročilo.

*Sedem svetovnih čudes starega veka:*

1. Piramide.
2. Semiramidini viseči vrtovi.
3. Artemizin tempel v Efezu.
4. Zevsov kip v Efezu.
5. Mavzolej v Halikarnasu.
6. Kolos (kip človeka) na Rodu.
7. Svetilnik na otoku Pharos.

*Čudesa našega veka:*

1. Brežžični telegraf in telefon.
2. Panamski kanal.
3. Aeroplan in zrakoplov, ki se da voditi.
4. Radium.
5. Kinematograf.
6. Podmorski čoln.
7. Roentgenovi žarki.

\* \* \*

*Japonski obed.*

Japonci jedo najrajši zelenjavo, sadje, morsko travo itd. Mleka, sira in masla ne poznajo, ker se ne pečajo z živinorejo. Če hočejo jesti kokošino ali svinjino, zadavijo ali utopijo take živali, ker ne marajo prelivati krvi s klanjem. Najnavadnejša jed so pa Japoncem ribe. Po obedu pijejo čaj, neko opojno pijačo in pokade pipico tobaka. Vilic, noža in žlice ne poznajo, jedo z dvema lesenima klinčkoma, ki ju vržejo po obedu stran. Tekočine pa le posrebljajo z jezikom.

*Japonska mačka.*

Dasi so na Japonskem nekatere živali iste vrste kot v Evropi, se vendar jako razlikujejo od naših. Japonska mačka ima n. pr. prav kratek rep ali ga pa sploh nima. Nekeč so dali perzijski mački za družico japonsko mačko, a ta je bežala pred prvo. Ko so pa perzijski mački odsekali rep, sta si bili z japonsko mačko takoj najboljši prijatelji. Tudi japonski psi se razlikujejo od naših psov najbolj v tem, da nimajo skoro nič nosu, temveč le neznatne nosnice.

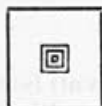
*Žalostna beseda.*

Učitelj: "Učili ste se že o glagolu. — Pojej mi torej, kakšna beseda je umreti?"

Učence: "Žalostna!"



**Junak Milko.**



# JUVENILE



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## The First Priest.

The chief of the Cave Folks,  
Was tall Strong Arm,  
The first on the trail,  
Or to give an alarm;  
The longest, the strongest,  
He taught them to know  
The paths which were safe,  
And the ways they should go.

But now he was crushed  
By a pain-maddened bear,  
Protecting her cubs  
Hid away in her lair.  
They buried him deep,  
And they covered his bed,  
With earth and with stones  
And they placed at his head,  
Pink tubers, and fishes,  
And baskets of meat,  
That he might not lack food  
When his spirit would eat.

They knew that his spirit  
Was hovering near,  
And they made a lament  
To his mythical ear;  
"Oh Spirit," they cried,  
"Pray you tell us the way  
To find a new chief,  
Lest we wander astray."

And as the nights passed,  
And the people awoke,  
The Lazy One fooled  
All these credulous folk.  
"The spirit of Strong Arm  
Remembers our plight,  
And brings me commands,  
As I sleep in the night;  
He bids you choose Oof  
As your chief and your guide,  
And commands me give counsel,  
For Him, at his side."

And the Cave Folk believed  
In this primitive priest,  
And gave him the tenderest meat,  
At the feast.

—Early Jungle Folk.



# The History of Dick Whittington and His Cat.

## *Old Chapbook*

In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a dirty little fellow running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was in a sorry plight. He got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for

leaning against the signpost of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market town; and whenever the barber's shop door was open Dick listened to all the news he told his customers.

In this manner Dick heard of the great city called London; how the people who lived there were all fine gentlemen and ladies; that there were singing and music in

Chicago Art Institute.



**Twilight in Italy.**

George Inness.

his breakfast, for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could spare him little more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust.

For all this, Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what every one talked about.

On Sundays he never failed to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard; and once a week you might be sure to see little Dick

it all day long; and that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day a wagoner, with a large wagon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was lounging near his favorite signpost. The thought immediately struck him that it must be going to the fine town of London; and taking courage he asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. The man, hearing from poor Dick that he had no parents, and see-

ing by his ragged condition that he could not be worse off, told him he might go if he would; so they set off together.

Dick got safe to London; and so eager was he to see the fine streets paved all over with gold that he ran as fast as his legs would carry him through several streets, expecting every moment to come to those that were all paved with gold, for Dick had three times seen a guinea in his own village, and observed what a great deal of money it brought in change; so he imagined he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement to have as much money as he desired.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself asleep.

Little Dick remained all night in the streets; and next morning, finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him anything, so that the poor boy was soon in the most miserable condition. Being almost starved to death, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great, rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so, seeing poor Dick, she called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dishwater I have here that is hot enough to make you caper."

Just at this time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home from the city to dinner, and, seeing a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door, said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work. I fear you must be somewhat idle." "No, indeed, sir," says Whittington, "that is not true, for I would work with all my heart, but I know nobody, and I believe I am very sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren.

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten anything for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street; so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into his house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this worthy family had it not been for the crabbed cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning till night, and was withal so fond of roasting and basting that, when the spit was out of her hands, she would be at basting poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way, till at last her ill usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if she was not ashamed to use a little friendless boy so cruelly; and added she would certainly be turned away if she did not treat him with more kindness.

But though the cook was so ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was quite the contrary. He had lived in the family many years, was rather elderly, and had once a little boy of his own, who died when about the age of Whittington, so that he could not but feel compassion for the poor boy.

As the footman was very fond of reading, he used generally in the evening to entertain his fellow servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure our little hero took in hearing him made him very much desire to learn to read, too; so the next time the good-natured footman gave him a halfpenny, he bought a hornbook with it; and, with a little of his help, Dick soon learned his letters, and afterwards to read.

(To be continued).

Mother: "Johnny, don't run so fast around the house. You'll fall and hurt yourself."

Johnny: "If I don't run fast it'll hurt anyway. Dad's chasing me."



# Nature's Reason Why.

## Atmosphere and Its Utility.

### (Conclusion.)

If the water surface is large and the temperature high, there is a large amount of evaporation and the water rapidly rises into the air. In the tropics the evaporation from the water surface amounts to perhaps eight feet a year. This means that the energy of the sun evaporates about five hundred pounds from every square foot of the surface every year. In the polar latitudes the amount of evaporation is perhaps a tenth of that in the tropics. From every water surface on the globe, however, a large amount of water is evaporated each year.

When we wish to dry clothes, we place them in a warm room or in the sunshine. Soon we find that the water has left the clothes. It must have gone into the air. It would thus appear that when the temperature of the air is raised, it has the capacity of taking up more moisture than when it is cold. When air is sufficiently cooled, it begins to deposit moisture. The temperature at which the deposition begins is the dew point for that time and place. This property that air has of taking up a large amount of moisture when heated and of giving it out when cooled is the cause of our clouds and rain.

The condition of the air as regards the moisture it holds is called its *humidity*. The amount of vapor present in the air is spoken of as its *absolute* humidity. The amount of vapor in the air as compared with the amount the air would contain if it had all it could hold is known as its *relative* humidity. By determining the dew point and comparing this with tables which have been prepared by metrologists from many observations, relative humidity can always be approximately determined. An

instrument for determining the relative humidity of the air is called a *hygrometer*.

To be considered moist, air must contain at least more than half the amount of moisture it is capable of carrying. If air contains much more than half moisture it can carry, its humidity is said to be high. When air which has a high humidity is cooled, it soon reaches a point of temperature where it is saturated (the dew point). If the temperature falls below this point, the air must deposit some of its moisture. It is important not to think of the dew point as a fixed point of temperature, like that of freezing or boiling. The dew point depends not only upon the temperature of the air but also upon the amount of vapor in the air.

Moisture of the air may condense into little droplets high above the earth's surface, making clouds. If these droplets form near the surface on the earth, the cloud of moisture is called *fog*. If it collects on objects on or near the ground, it is called *dew*. When droplets in the clouds become so large that they are too heavy to remain suspended in the air, they fall as *rain*. Rain and dew can form only when the dew point is higher than the freezing point. When the dew point falls below the freezing point, moisture of the atmosphere condenses as *snow*, *sleet*, or *frost*. Thus a fall of snow on a mountain is sometimes accompanied by rain in the valley.

Nature provides for keeping the human body and the bodies of some other animals at the right temperature by this process of evaporation. The warmer the healthy body gets, the more it perspires, and the evaporation of the perspiration keeps down the temperature.

## Ebno'l Amed.

"Hold me fast, mamma, when we enter the Khan. I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, Ebno'l Amed?" Umdhabai exclaimed, turning sharply upon her son.

The little fellow was only ten years old, but he did not look like one who would be much afraid of anything, as he stood, barefooted on the sand, facing his mother. Those were his words, however, and he was her only child — her fatherless boy, in a land where men and boys were valued simply according to their courage.

"Allah forbid it!" Umdhabai added angrily. "Ebno'l Amed is not a coward."

Slowly and thoughtfully the boy asked:

"Is he always a coward who is afraid?"

Umdhabai nodded her head, and he added, "Then, mamma, I must be a coward, for I am afraid."

Umdhabai almost dropped the basket of fruit she was carrying, and, dumb with anger and mortification, stood looking down upon the little figure.

Behind them was the little village where they lived upon the edge of the great desert. They were on their way to a large Khan with a well where caravans encamped for a day when coming or going over that trackless sea.

At daybreak that morning, they had seen the long black line, twisting and writhing as it crept like a serpent over the glistening sand, indicating that a trailing train of camels, with drooping heads and lagging feet, came out of the desert, and all the villagers gathered baskets of fruit and hurried toward the Khan, sure of a good market day.

Umdhabai forgot her errand, however, as she stood in silence, looking scornfully down, while Ebno'l Amed asked, "Will papa ever come back to us?"

"Never!" she replied solemnly. "He has taken the long journey. But he was a brave man. He has gone where the Prophet promised to the brave eternal happiness. No coward will ever follow him."

Not heeding the taunt, Ebno'l Amed asked:

"If the famine comes again, mamma, what can you do without papa?"

"I must sell my jewels," she replied, glancing at the necklace which she wore, in the common custom of her people who carry all of their wealth about them, as ornaments, for want of some safer place to put it. Umdhabai was still very angry, however, and added: "They came from a brave man. Shall they go to keep a coward from starving?"

Ebno'l Amed's lip quivered, and his eyes were bright with tears; but he went on with his thought: "If the famine lasted longer than the jewels, mamma, couldn't I help some?"

"A coward is like the south wind; bringing sand instead of rain," said Umdhabai fiercely.

"If I am near you I can help you," Ebno'l Amed insisted. "Only for that I wouldn't be afraid to go to the Khan alone, to sell the fruit; but I heard men say that the caravan this morning was led by the terrible Abu'l Hasham."

"Abu'l Hasham!" Umdhabai exclaimed, with a startled shudder. "Come, let us go back."

"No, no, mamma," the boy pleaded. "Only keep your hand on me. Then he cannot steal me, and I shall not be afraid. I am too small to fight him, and if he carried me far away and sold me for a slave, I could not help you, mamma. Come!" and he tugged upon her sarai.

After what she had been saying about bravery, Umdhabai did not dare to let Ebno'l Amed see how thoroughly she herself was frightened by that name of Abu'l Hasham—the terror of every tribe and village of North Africa; so laying a trembling hand upon his shoulder, she reluctantly started toward the Khan to sell her fruit in the caravan of the brigand slave-collector.

It was a miserable desert town they entered; but it boasted a mud wall, with two gates, bearing their names in great

letters on the arch: "Gate of the Desert" and "Gate of the Sea."

Ebno'l Amed was chatting fearlessly enough, now, but his mother's face grew very anxious as the bedlam of voices greeted them from the Khan, where men, women and children, in the inevitable fashion of an Oriental caravan, were shouting and wrangling in different languages, and camels and dromedaries were grunting and groaning as they went through the laborious task of lying down.

It was not the confusion which disturbed Umdhabai, however, for ordinarily she would have hurried to the noisiest quarter, sure that there the people would be the most wide awake, and in a moment she would have been shouting and wrangling with the rest, selling her fruit faster than any of her neighbors. To-day she would have given it all away rather than go near the place.

Upon the very outskirts of the Khan she sat down, with the basket in front of her, and one arm about her boy.

"Why don't you shout, mamma?" he asked; but receiving no reply he, too, lapsed into silence, and sat watching the camels and playing with the silver bands upon his mother's ankle.

There had only been a few customers when Ebno'l Amed felt the arm tighten about him and tremble, and, looking up, he saw a tall Moor, with a white beard and a scar on one side of his face. The man paused, and asked the price of all the fruit left in the basket.

"Take it without money. It has no price," Umdhabai replied, pushing the basket toward him with her foot. It was the same form which the old Isaiah used, and which one hears every day in the East, where there are venders of anything. The usual meaning is that the purchaser is expected to be particularly liberal; but for once in her life Umdhabai would have been glad to be taken at her word.

The Moor placed the basket on his shoulder, simply asking, "Where shall I send the money?"

"To the house nearest to the Gate of Desert," Umdhabai replied in a faint voice

as she rose to her feet, and taking Ebno'l Amed by the hand whispered, "Come, we must hurry."

Faster and faster she walked, till the boy was obliged to run. They passed the house by the gate, then the gate, and still hurried on over the sand toward the village.

At first Ebno'l Amed wondered why his mother had sacrificed the price of her fruit rather than tell the Moor truly where she lived, but as they hurried on he looked up and asked:

"Mamma, was that Abu'l Hasham?"

Umdhabai did not answer, for, in truth, no one had told her that it was he; but Ebno'l Amed knew well enough that he



An Oriental Bandit.

was right, and shuddered as he thought that he had looked, for a moment, into the face of Abu'l Hasham, the slave-dealer.

All day long the mother's eyes were kept upon her boy. Ebno'l Amed realized it, and was glad of it; for he had heard many a story of the mysterious ways by which Abu'l Hasham stole whom he would, carried them off, and sold them as slaves.

He tried to make himself think that he was not a coward, and was not afraid, but he knew very well that he was afraid.

Ebno'l Amed slept upon a mat, close to his mother, upon the earth floor of the one little room in their hut; but above that



room, and close under the roof, his father had constructed a low, dark loft, where they often stored their fruit when it was ripening too fast, and, though it was not a comfortable place to sleep, Ebno'l Amed obeyed without a word, when his mother directed him to take his mat up there for the night.

It seemed as though he could never go to sleep. The moment he shut his eyes, he found himself looking straight into Abdu'l Hashman's face again. When he did sleep, however, he slept very soundly, and it was so dark in the loft that he slept very late.

Through a crack in the palm-leaf roof he could see that it was broad daylight when he opened his eyes, and, wondering that his mother had not called him to say his prayers at sunrise, he crept to the opening into the room below.

Looking down, he started back in terror, and his heart stood still. All was confusion there. The mat upon which his mother slept was torn, and Umdhabai was nowhere to be seen.

Gathering courage, at last, he dropped to the floor, and hurried to the open door. No. She was not anywhere. Looking toward the nearest huts, he saw at once that something very serious had happened.

A few old men and women were sitting on the ground, before the doors, wailing and moaning as they did at funerals. It could not be that his mother was dead, or they would be at his door, instead. Yet she could not be alive, or she would surely be there, wailing and moaning with the rest.

While he stood, wondering, in the door, he caught one name which the mourners pronounced louder and more frequently than all the rest. It was "Abu'l Hasham."

Then he knew it all; and dropping upon the ground, with his back against the mud wall, all alone Ebno'l Amed began to wail and moan like the rest.

In a sort of spontaneous poetry, to which the Arabic is particularly adapted, he put his thoughts into words and sang them, in a low, sad chant.

"Abu'l Hasham, the terrible, came to my home, last night," he moaned. "My mother

feared him coming, and she thought only of me. She hid me away from him. But he came. Oh! he came. While I slept in safety, he came in the night. Yes, he came and he took my mother — the light of my eyes — the breath of my body — the blood of my heart. He has carried her away. He will sell her for a slave, far, far away from her people. O, Umdhabai, Mamma Umdhabai! why did I sleep? Why did I?" —

He suddenly stopped the chant, and sat looking at his little hands, as he slowly clasped and unclasped them.

"Is Ebno'l Amed a coward?" he asked himself. "Is he like the south wind, which brings the sand and no rain? If I can help my mother, it will be by being where she is."

He sprang to his feet, and entered the hut. A moment later he came out, wrapped up in a long white sarai, a badge of mourning, and leaving the village walked directly toward the town.

Another caravan was in the Khan. Abu'l Hasham, with his captives, had left during the night, by the Gate of the Sea. As the sun was setting, the second caravan roused itself and started in the same direction. Among the motley collection of followers who often form a large, unmounted company behind a great caravan, they noticed a little atom of humanity so completely covered with a mourning sarai, that it was hard to say if it were a boy or girl. It was no one's concern where it came from or whither it went. The grand Mussulman law of hospitality provided the little stranger with food and shelter, but beyond that the national lack of curiosity allowed him to follow his own course, unmolested.

As the caravan entered the gate of the great city on the sea, there was excitement and consternation everywhere. Some British soldiers were posting a notice upon the arch, stating that the English government had discovered a plot to injure her subjects between the desert and the sea, and to rise an insurrection. The man who was at the head of it was known to be in that region, and a large reward was offered for him, dead or alive. He was Abu'l Hasham.



Ebno'l Amed left the caravan, and turned into the first narrow alley which they passed. He, alone, knew that Abu'l Hasham must have entered that same gate, only a few hours before; but he had no one to whom he could go for advice. Instinct told him that as soon as Abu'l Hasham saw those notices he would make his escape, and that if he was to do anything to rescue his mother he must do it quickly.

He wanted to be alone, to see if he could not think out what should be done. He turned into one narrow alley after another, pulling the soiled sarai closer about him, and slowly walking along the damp and slimy pavement — so different from his own desert sand — without so much as noticing it, though it was the first time in his life that he had ever been in a city.

While he was wandering on, a water-carrier passed him. He noticed the skin water-bag and, being very thirsty, he turned round and called to the man, asking him for drink. He called twice, but the man seemed little inclined to heed him; but, turning, Ebno'l Amed ran after him, caught him by the arm, and shouted: "Water! In Allah's name, give me water!"

Then the man paused and filled his cup, and Ebno'l Amed, while he waited, looked up at him, to find himself face to face again with Abu'l Hasham.

He was too thoroughly frightened to utter a sound. He even took the water and drank it, without knowing what he did; but the whole situation was unfolding itself in the boy's mind. He realized that, disguised as a water-carrier, Abu'l Hasham was stealing down those deserted alleys intent upon escaping from the city. He knew that if he let him go he would escape, and all hope of saving his mother would be lost. As the water-carrier hurried on, Ebno'l Amed tried to throw off the fright, and as it was all he could do, he fixed two bright, black eyes upon the retreating figure, determined not to lose sight of him.

On and on they went, twisting about in the narrow lanes, till the water carrier suddenly turned to the right. While Ebno'l Amed was wondering why, and hurrying to catch up with him again, he almost ran

into the very officers whom he saw at the gate, putting up the notice.

Even in the excitement of the moment he wondered why he had not thought of them before, and, though he could not speak a word except Arabic, he caught the nearest one by the coat, and pointing down the alley, angrily repeated that one name, "Abu'l Hasham!"

Fortunately, that was all that was wanted, and Ebno'l Amed ran after them as they chased the water-carrier and took him prisoner.

There was great excitement at the British headquarters when it was known that the Government had secured its prize in less than an hour after publishing its offer. Ebno'l Amed was a very small boy to possess so much money, but the reward was fairly won, and they prepared to fulfill the promise.

When they told him of the wealth that would be his, however, he simply shook his head, and replied:

"I don't want it. What could I do with it? I want my mamma. Abdu'l Hasham stole her away from me, and brought her to sell her as a slave, and I followed him to get her back. I want my mamma."

This was still greater news to the officers who were working hard to suppress slave-stealing. The captives were found, and were all set free, while the servants of Abu'l Hasham were arrested.

That was a grand day for Ebno'l Amed. Umdhabaj clasped him in her arms — the proudest mother of the bravest boy among all the Arabs; and when the rest of the captives saw who had set them free, they made a royal palanquin out of their arms and shoulders, and in a grand, triumphal procession they bore him, day after day, all the way from the sea to his desert home.

*Abd el Ardavan.*

### *The Willing Cow.*

Dealer (bargaining for the cow) — "How much milk does she give?"

Farmer (warily) — "I don't rightly know, sir. But she be a darned good-natured cow, and she'll give all she can."

# Radio.

*A. Hyatt Verrill.*

Radio is probably the most important, the most wonderful and the most interesting of all modern inventions and unlike many other modern wonders it is within the reach of all. That this has been appreciated is proved by the fact that there are already over 1,000,000 receiving stations or sets in use in the United States, that over 25,000 sending or transmission stations have been given licenses by the United States Government, and that, within the past three months, over 250,000 receiving sets have been installed. Between the time these words are written and the date this is published as many more will have been added to the tremendous total, for radio has come to us by leaps and it has come to stay. It is no passing fad or fancy and nothing has ever been received with the universal enthusiasm and worldwide interest as this almost magical invention which is destined to play a tremendous part in the future of the world. Why, many ask, has radio so suddenly become popular? Wireless telegraphy has been known for years and yet, aside from a few amateurs and boys, it was little used except by professionals. Why, then, has radio become well-nigh universal overnight, so to speak? The answer is: radio telephony, broadcasting stations and the war.

Indeed, possibly the war should be placed first, for the perfection of wireless telephony, the establishment of broadcasting stations and the manufacture of radio equipment at prices which bring it within the reach of all are direct result of the war. War necessitated the perfection of the science until it reached a practical stage and brought about the invention of instruments which made this possible, and manufacturers, who had been making instruments and equipment for the war, turned their marvelous resources and knowledge to producing instruments for use of the public, while, in order to popularize the instruments and create a demand

for them, huge stations were established to send broadcast music, songs, weather reports and news which any one with a receiving set is welcome to hear. To-day, the air is literally full of music, of voices, of songs and of countless other sounds. We are surrounded, penetrated, enveloped by invisible, inaudible vibrations which may be caught and heard by means of the cheap and simple receiving sets. Pick up the phones or receivers of such a set and what do you hear? As the instrument is tuned you catch the chatter of some amateur operating on a short, weak wave length,—for the government limits amateur sending stations to wave lengths of 200 meters. Tune to a longer wave and at the 360 meter length you hear the band concerts, the grand opera songs, a theatrical performance, a phonograph record or a weather forecast from the broadcasting station. If the set has a wider range of tuning and you can pick up the long wave lengths of the high powered stations you will hear the crash and roar of dot and dash messages flashed instantaneously from the great stations at Berlin, from the British stations in Wales, from the station at Arlington, from that at Cristobal, or at Rocky Point, L. I., or perchance some station in South America, in California or even in Manila or the Orient. No wonder then that those who possess wireless sets and can listen to the voices, the signals, and the music from far distant points grow enthusiastic and that radio telephony has such a hold upon the public. And there is ever the chance of adventure, of thrill or of romance about it as well. From time to time, freak messages are borne for countless thousands of miles beyond their normal distance. A boy in Keyport, N. Y., talking to a nearby friend's station was heard in Aberdeen, Scotland, by a ship 2000 miles at sea and by a station in Honduras. He was using a cheap small set supposed to be incapable of sending a message over 100 miles and yet, by some magic, by some wizardry of

the ether, his voice was carried for thousands of miles. There is ever the chance for such happenings; there is ever the likelihood of hearing some distress signals from a ship, of picking up some news item of world-wide importance hours before it appears in the daily papers; it is like starting into an unknown country or embarking on an uncharted sea and never knowing what may or may not occur. And there is the romance also that appeals. You glance from your window and see the clear blue sky, bright with sunlight if it is day, illuminated by the silvery moon and twinkling stars if at night, and you know that there, unseen, indistinguishable,—travel-

nected by bits of wire upon your table,—an apparatus any intelligent school boy can construct and yet possessing powers beyond the wildest dreams of the ancient alchemists.

And if you have gone further and have become a confirmed radio "bug" and have a transmitting station or sending set, you can have the added pleasure and thrill of talking to some distant fellow enthusiast. You can add your own invisible, inaudible words to the countless myriads that fill the air and will know that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other listeners are hearing what you say. But have a care that the ever watchfully listening radio inspector's at-



**On the country road.**

(Drawn by a young scholar.)

ing with the speed of light—are strains of music from far off orchestras and bands, the voices of famed opera stars, the news of deaths of kings or the fate of nations; the frenzied calls for help from some sinking ship; messages from the antipodes; signals from over trackless oceans and, like a wizard or a fairy of childhood's tales, you possess the magic wand which will grasp these in their mad flight, will bring them to earth and that will enable you to hear these ether-borne messages and sounds. The magic wand is the receiving set; perhaps contained in a little case scarcely larger than a cigar box; perhaps consisting of a few simple instruments con-

tention is not attracted unpleasantly to the message you are sending. Be sure you are not exceeding the "speed limit" so to speak, that in your enthusiasm you are not sending your words or messages on waves longer than your license permits. He is ever "on the job," the traffic officer of the air, and if he finds you beyond your limit look for trouble,—a revocation of your license and the end of your sending.

But don't expect too much from radio. People have gone mad over it in a way. They imagine that with a set costing a few dollars they can hear messages and music from far and near; that by investing fifteen or twenty dollars all the sounds carried on



wireless waves will be brought to their ears and that friends and family, seated in the room with the instruments, can enjoy the concerts, the operas and the stories sent from the great broadcasting stations. Like everything else radio has its limits and the instruments have theirs. A cheap set will not give the results of an expensive set and the distance at which you can listen-in depends upon the set you own. If you wish to be sure of hearing a station farther than twenty-five miles distant you must have a set capable of doing so; if you are over fifty miles away you must have a still better set and if you wish to catch the sounds and make them audible throughout the room you must have a set designed to do this. And don't forget that if you send or transmit there is no privacy in the air. Whatever you say, any one within range can hear; you are not talking over wires to some friend and to that friend alone, but are talking to the world at large. Radio is not a medium suited to telling secrets or to gossiping and for that and other reasons wireless telephony will perhaps never take the place of the ordinary phone with its wires and switchboards.

To many people radio only appeals as it is brought to them ready-made as one might say. They have no interest in the whys and wherefores, they have no desire to learn how it operates, how the instruments are made or the functions of the various appliances. As long as it works they are content, but they miss half the fun of radio communication. Just as the fellow who knows the mechanics and the principles of a motor car gets far more enjoyment out of his machine by looking after it himself, by tinkering with it, by adding new devices and improvements and by learning its every whim, its every part and how to keep it in the pink of condition, than does the chap who is helpless if his car stalls and who never looks under the hood but calls the garage if anything goes wrong, so the radio enthusiast who knows the principles and the operation and the construction of his set gets the greatest pleasure from it.

And fortunately the bulk of amateur

radio fans are of this type. One can scarcely become interested in the subject without becoming an enthusiast and it is almost impossible to refrain from experimenting. This is a mighty fortunate thing, for there are many matters about radio which are little understood, many objections and faults to be overcome, innumerable improvements to be made, many things to be discovered. Many of the most notable inventions and discoveries of the past have been made by accident. Beyond doubt many will be made by accident in the future, and the boy who experiments with radio, who is anxious to learn all about it and who is of a constructive or inventive turn of mind is liable to stumble upon some device or arrangement which will revolutionize radio. It is for the benefit of radio enthusiasts who wish to learn "why the wheels go round," who want to master the principles and fundamentals of wireless and who are anxious to make or install their own instruments that this has been written. The writer, who has been in close touch with the subject since the earliest days of wireless, believes that few boys care about technicalities and one of the great advantages of radio is that technicalities are not necessary in order to master the subject. Therefore, all technical terms, mathematical tables, academic discussions, involved descriptions and scientific theories have been omitted as far as possible and where it has been impossible to avoid using some technical phrase or term an explanation of it has been given.

Radio is one of the simplest things in the world, once it is understood, and while a large or expensive receiving or sending set may appear very complicated and a mere hodge-podge of wires, knobs, connections and instruments to the uninitiated, yet in reality it is only necessary to understand nine instruments to understand every radio sending and receiving set ever made or designed. Indeed, perfectly satisfactory receiving sets can be made with only three instruments and a little wire and no profound knowledge of electricity is required in order to make or use radio apparatus.

(To be continued.)



## How Mum Mum Made a Fire.

Mum Mum squatted on a rock,  
To make a knife of flint;  
He hacked away with clumsy care,  
The chips and flakes flew everywhere,  
Of dark and leaden tint.

He brought the feathers of a bird,  
And juicy knots of pine,  
And scattered them to left and right,  
So they would by a spark ignite;  
It was a wise design.

He hammered on with all his might,  
Till sparks began to fly.  
He thought: "Perhaps I've found a  
way,  
To make a fire every day;  
At any rate I'll try."

He pounded on a pice of flint,  
Till sparks flew all around;  
And saw the fire's magic ways;  
When feather flung a tiny blaze,  
He danced upon the ground!

He fed the fire boughs and logs,  
And fled to tell the horde,  
Which hurried forward in the shade,  
To see the thing his hands had made.  
And Mum Mum's fire roared!

—Early Jungle Folk.

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## The Original Sandwich.

Doubtless you are all familiar with the man who is employed by business firms to walk about the streets sandwiched between advertising boards, but you may not know that the original sandwich was also a man, an English earl of the last century.

This Earl of Sandwich was a notorious gambler, so fond of the sport that he would not leave the gaming halls even for his meals, but satisfied his appetite with slices of bread and meat which he brought with him in a japanned box. So well known became this practice of his, that thereafter lunches prepared in that way were called "Sandwiches."

About the same time there flourished another English earl whose eccentricity in

dress originated a new style of coat, called after him the "Spencer." Finding the tails of his outer coat an incumbrance, his lordship cut them off, and thus instituted the fashion for wearing short coats or jackets. These two inventions have been commemorated in verse by some unknown rhymster of their time:

"Two noble earls, who if I quote  
Some friends might call me sinner;  
The one invented half a coat,  
The other half a dinner.  
The plan was good, as some will say,  
And fitted to console one,  
Because in this poor starving day  
Few can afford a whole one."



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

## Puzzle No. 7.

Louis had it first, Paul had it last; boys never have it; girls have it but once; Miss Sullivan had it twice in the same place, but when she married Frank Mrvar she never had it again?

## Answer to Puzzle No. 6.

There is a lady in the land  
With twenty nails; on each hand  
Five, and twenty on hands and feet,  
This is true without deceit.

## Honorable Mention to Puzzle No. 6.

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.  
Hermina Lunder, Cleveland, O.  
Mary Matos, Blaine, O.

## Answer to Puzzle of Angie Koss: Watermelon.

## Correct solutions sent in by:

Mary Rapret, Ely, Minn.  
Joseph Sikole, Maynard, O.

## Letters from Our Young Readers.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter I am writing. I enjoy reading Ml. L. very much and wish that it would come once a week. I am 11 years old and passed to the fifth grade. I am learning the Slovenian grammar. Angie Koss gave you a puzzle to guess. I am sending you the answer too. The answer is: Watermelon. I am sending you a puzzle to solve, if you know what it is. Why is a black hen more clever than a white hen?

Your friend,

Mary Rapret, Ely, Minn.

Dear Editor:

There are lots of nice things in the world but I think Mladinski List is the nicest of them. School was out a few weeks ago. I did not have anything to do the other

day so I got all numbers of Ml. L. together and tried to read some of the Slovenian stories. I have not much to do these vacation days so it's a hard thing to wait for the Ml. L. to come. When I read the letters I notice nearly all the children say they wish our magazine would come once a week. I think so too. I usually go to the mail box when the list comes. I try hard to read the stories before I get home so that my sisters get a chance to read it.

I also have a puzzle for you and it is:  
'A farmer when planting his corn,  
Dropped a flat white seed in the ground.  
A vine came from it,  
And on it I grew so big and yellow and round.'

I tried hard to solve puzzle No. 6, but it was a hard nut for me to crack.

Elsie Kralj, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor: —

I am very fond of Ml. L. I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade. My sister Ella is in the tenth; she enjoys reading Mladinski List as much as I do. In our town are only two Slovenian families.

I am sending you a puzzle for the boys and girls to solve: What is that no girl does like to find?

Augusta Alich, Wilburton, Okla.

Dear Editor: —

I think Mladinski List is most interesting magazine I have seen. There are always such nice stories in it. I enjoyed reading 'Willie and Treedeedle'.

I am fourteen years old and in the eighth grade. My parents are Polish. I can read and write Polish and I wish I could do the same in Slovenian. I am a member of S. N. P. J.

Your friend,

Mary Malek, Fairpoint, O.

Dear Editor: —

I am interested in stories and puzzles as all Slovenian boys and girls are. I can read Slovenian, but not very good. My parents

teach me at home. At first I could not read at all, but now I am learning little by little. I am sorry I cannot write in Slovenian. Next time I will try to do so.

Your friend,

Mary Prince, Large, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing you. We have now vacation. I stay home and help my mother. My age is 12 years.

Mammie Stutar, North Chicago, Ill.

### *Cheap Lemonade.*

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman was their first patron.

Willie's sign read:

"Four cents a glass."

Johnny's modest announcement was:

"Two cents a glass."

Being a man with an eye to the fact that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lem-



Haven't we fun?

Dear Editor:—

I am very glad the school is out. Our roses are blooming so nice. We play ball at home. I am learning Slovenian grammar. My mamma and papa like to see me read Mladinski List and write Slovenian.

Mary Milavec, Maynard, O.

Prof.—"What is an oyster?"

Stude.—"An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

"Your little sister was sent from heaven."

"Well, if heaven couldn't get along with her, how do they expect us to?" "

onade, paid the two cents due, and casually inquired:

"Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?"

"Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into."

### *For Example.*

Teacher: "Define trickle."

Boy: "To run slowly."

Teacher: "Define anecdote."

Boy: "A short, funny tale."

Teacher: "Use both words in a sentence."

Boy: "The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR.

(Continued.)

## VI.

### THE VERB.

A **Verb** is a word used to declare or assert something about a person or thing: **pišem** (I write); **ti se smeješ** (you laugh); **deklica poje** (the girl sings).

Verbs may be divided into (a) transitive, (b) intransitive, (c) reflexive, (d) auxiliary, (e) impersonal.

a) A **Transitive Verb** is a verb that in the active voice commonly requires an object\* to complete its meaning: **mačka prime miš** (the cat catches a mouse); **deček udari žogo** (the boy strikes the ball).

b) An **Intransitive Verb** is a verb that does not commonly admit an object: **ptiči lete** (birds fly); **hodim** (I walk).

c) A **Reflexive Verb** can be used only with the reflexive pronoun **se**: **veselimo se** (we rejoice); **prepirajo se** (they quarrel with one another).

d) An **Auxiliary Verb** is a verb that is used in the conjugation of other verbs. In Slovenian we have only one auxiliary verb: **sem, biti** (I am, to be). **Jaz sem ljubljén** (I am loved).

e) An **Impersonal Verb** is one that is used only in the third person singular, having no personal subject: **sneži** (it snows).

**NOTE.**—In Slovenian there are not so many impersonal verbs and impersonal uses of other verbs than in English.

### CONJUGATION.

The inflection of a verb is called **conjugation**. Verbs are conjugated to show voice, mood, and tense, and the number and person of the subject.

The Slovenian verb has many changes of form.

#### VOICE.

A verb is in **Active Voice** when it represents the subject as acting (or being): **Jakec je udaril Ivančka** (Jackie struck Johnny); in the **Passive Voice** when it represents the subject as acted upon: **Ivanček je bil udarjen od Jakca** (Johnny was struck by Jackie).

Intransitive verbs are used only in the active voice.

#### MOOD.

A verb is in the **Indicative Mood** when it states a fact or is used in a question: **rože cveto** (roses bloom); **zakaj se smeješ?** (why do you smile?).

A verb is in the **Subjunctive Mood** when it asserts something doubtfully or conditionally. It is used in subordinate clauses,

and is usually introduced by **če** (if), **četrudi** (though), and the like: **če bi bila ona tu, bi bil vesel** (if she were here, I should be glad).

**NOTE.**—The subjunctive mood as a separate form is very little used in modern English, its place being taken by the indicative. In Slovenian, on the other hand, the subjunctive has a variety of uses.

A verb is in the **Imperative Mood** when it expresses a command or an entreaty: **Potegnite meče!** (draw your swords!)

The subject of the imperative (**ti** or **vi**—thou or you) is seldom expressed.

In Slovenian we have also the Potential Mood, which is not in use in English: **naj ljubim** (I may love).

\*) The **Object** of a verb is a word or expression that completes the meaning of the verb, and signifies that which receives the action: **zaprem knjigo** (I close the book).

The **Direct Object** represents that which is immediately affected by the action of the verb; the **Indirect Object** that to or for which the action is performed. Thus in **on mi je dal knjigo** (he gave me the book), **knjigo** is the direct object, and **mi** the indirect.

(To be continued.)