

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO VI.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUAR 1927.

ŠTEV. 2.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



DNE 12. FEBRUARJA je preteklo stoosemnajst let, odkar se je rodilo v borni koči sredi kentuških šum dete, iz katerega je zrastel najslavnejši predsednik Združenih držav ter največji človekoljub vsega sveta. Bil je to Abraham Lincoln, sin siromašnih staršev, kateri ni imel prilike do šolanja in razvijanja svojega duha že v zgodnjih letih svojega življenja. Vse šolske vzgoje, kolikor je je neredno dobil v svojih mladih letih, ko se je selil s svojimi starši, je bil deležen samo dvaindvajset mesecev. Toda deček se je sam zanimal za svojo izobrazbo. Navadil se je dobro pisati in čitati in je prečital vsako knjigo, ki mu je prišla v roke. Hodil je na delo in čital ter se razvijal umsko in telesno. Že v svojem sedemnajstem letu je telesno dorastel.

V svojem dvajsetem letu je Abraham Lincoln dobil delo kot brodar na reki Mississippi. Z drugimi brodarji je prevažal les in razno blago v južna mesta. Tako se je nekoč zgodilo, da je prišel tudi daleč na jug v mesto New Orleans, kjer je videl, kako prodajajo in kupujejo male otroke. Male, še slabo razvite in slabotne otroke so prodajali po par dolarjev. Za tako vsoto so bili otroci prodani za vse njih življenje, da so morali trdo delati dan na dan, poleti in pozimi, vse svoje žive dni. Tako suženjstvo je vladalo zato, ker so ga hoteli vladarji tedanjega sveta in ker

ga je odobral celó papež v Rimu, ki je bil takrat krščanski kralj, imenovan kralj vseh kraljev.

Silen vpliv je imel ta dogodek na nežnočutnega Lincolna, katerega srce je bilo pravično in dobro. Takoj je rekel svojim tovarišem brodarjem: "Če bi mogel udariti po suženjstvu, pa bi mu takoj zadal smrtno rano." Od tedaj je Lincoln vedno zagovarjal odpravo suženjstva. Ko se je z učenjem in pridnim delom povzpelnjal višje in višje, ni nikoli pozabil, da je njegova glayna naloga boriti se proti največjemu zlu domovine ter se je dosledno in povsod boril za odpravo suženjstva. Pošteno njegovo delo je bilo tudi nagrajeno s krono uspeha, kajti dosegel je, kar je želel od svojih mladostnih dni.

Pa ne samo za odpravo suženjstva, predsednik Lincoln je bil prvoboritelj proti vsaki krivici, proti izkoriščanju delavcev in proti temu, da bi otroci že v svoji rani mladosti morali delati za premožne tovarnarje in veleposestnike. Radi svoje poštenosti je Abraham Lincoln že prišel v pregovor, tako da so njegovi someščani, če so hoteli reči, kako pošten je kdo, izjavili: "Pošten je kakor Abe."

Poštenost in pravičnost Lincolnova naj nam bo za vzgled. Potrudimo se, da spoznamo in preučimo vse njegovo življenje, ne samo tega, kar pišejo v lepih šolskih knjigah, temveč kaj pišejo o njem nepristranski življenjepisci. Veliko najboljšega iz Lincolnovega življenja ne najdemo v šolskih knjigah. Poiščimo tudi to in čitajmo, s čemur bomo najbolj proslavili spomin na tega ameriškega učitelja in mučenika. Ko bomo spoznali Lincolnovo življenje in čutili z njim, bomo tudi mi rekli: Proč s suženjstvom! Še je suženjstvo v Ameriki in najsramotnejše suženjstvo je to, da se morajo mali, v šolo spadajoči otroci, ubijati po tovarnah, če hočejo ostati pri življenju. S sklepom, da vsi delamo za odpravo tega najgršega madeža Amerike, bomo najbolje počastili spomin na prvoboritelja za svobodo — Abrahama Lincolna.

MOJ DEDEK.

Dedek moj ima sivo brado,
tudi sive dolge brke —
ej! pred njim ležijo knjige,
v knjigah se vrstijo črke.

Dedek vzel si je očali,
čita, neumorno čita,
uganko za uganko reši,
ki leži v prirodi skrita.

Ker v mladosti bil je priden,
novcev je prihranil-vrečo,
zdaj počiva ob pečici
in z nasmehom vživa srečo . . .

Albin Čebular.

PIČICA NA "i"

Ker Radivoj-lenušček
pri nalogi hiti,
površna je pisava —
brez pičice na "i".

Zaman ga opominja
učitelj ter uči,
da vedno naj postavi
vsaj pičico na "i".

A končno mu je dosti,
in Radivoj-sedi . . . !
Oj, ti nesrečna pika,
ti pičica na "i"!

L. Černež.



Tajnosti Rimske ceste

V jasnih in temnih nočeh se oziramo na nebo, preko katerega je razprostrt ogromni, srebrnoprašni pajčolan Rimske ceste (the Milky Way). Kjerkoli stojimo, v Evropi ali Ameriki, na jažnem tečaju ali v Indiji, povsod vidimo nad seboj ta zvezdnati zastor. Če bi stali na luni, bi tudi videli to čarobno cesto.

Človek je poznal Rimsko cesto že v pradednih dneh in se je oziral nanjo kot na nekaj nadnaravnega, božanstvenega. Arabski beduini (pastirji) so jo od nekdaj obožavali. Rdeči Indijanci so jo imeli za stezo, po kateri stopajo duše. Grki so mislili, da je Rimska cesta struga, po kateri je sledil Odisej na svojem potovanju v Had.

Če se ljudje na zemlji tako zelo zanimajo za ona veličastna telesa, je to raditega, ker je zemlja sama njih del. Iz tega vesoljstva se je namreč rodila zemlja sama, ki zdaj potuje v njem.

Skala med valovi Pacifičnega oceana ni bolj osamljena kakor je naša zemlja s solncem vred v ogromnem prostoru vesoljstva. Zapuščeni popotnik na taki skali bi si predstavljal ljudi v Evropi in Ameriki ter na drugih celinah kot krog človeških bitij, s katerimi nima nobene zveze. Vendar pa bi bil sam del zemeljskega prebivalstva.

Solnce samo je zvezdnati prebivalec Rimske ceste, v kateri so njemu slične zvezde, kakor tudi od njega tako različni svetovi, da jih primerjati ne moremo.

Koliko pa vemo mi o Rimski cesti? Ko zvezdoznanci obrnejo nanjo svoje velikanske daljnogledke, ne vidijo one gladke, prozorne ceste, kot jo vidimo s prostimi očmi. Skozi daljnogledke jo vidijo bolj podobno reki. Ta reka je silno nepravilna: tu je široka, tam ozka, tu se cepi, tam združuje. Rimska cesta je vendar po večini usmerjena proti enemu cilju, toda na mestu, kjer vidimo na nebu osamljenega Centavra (svetla zvezda v isti smeri kot solnce) se zdi, kakor da je tam velika zapreka tej nebesni strugi, da se razcepi na dvoje. V sredi se napravi otok, ne čisto prazen, nekoliko "prašen" in svetel.

Na severnem nebu se staka Rimska cesta za zvezdo Perzejem. Če sledimo z očmi

od one točke po Rimski cesti dalje, vidimo, da je spremljana še od veliko drugih večjih zvezd, daleč na jug do Južnega križa, kjer se cesta razprostire čez skoro šestino neba, od obzorja do obzorja.

Toda tako se vidi Rimska cesta le s prostim očesom. S teleskopom vidimo, kako je doli na jugu vsa razcefrana v ozke steze. Pri Južnem križu se cesta oblikuje kakor hruška, sredi katere je črno nebo. To črno praznino so mornarji že od nekdaj imenovali "premogova vreča." Pa celo ta temna praznina v Rimski cesti je posuta z zvezdami, da si jih prosto oko ne vidi. Zvezdoznanci imenujejo te zvezde "črne nebule" in pravijo, da so tako velikanske po obsegu, da jih človeška misel ne more zapopasti. Veliko čudes ima Rimska cesta, toda največje čudo je ta črna praznina v nji: če bi v to praznino posvetilo na milijone solnc, pa bi radi svoje ogromnosti ne bila nič bolj svetla.

Ko je sir John Herschel prvi usmeril svoj skromni teleskop na Rimsko cesto in podal nekoliko osnovnih misli o tem vesoljstvu, je še menil, da je Rimska cesta ogromna kopica zvezd, med katerimi se kažejo temine iz ozadja. Toda po daljših študijah ni bil več tako gotov o svoji razlagi. Ponekod sploh ni videl zvezd, temveč samo oblačne pege. To odkritje ga je privedlo do zaključka, da mora biti za Rimsko cesto še nekaj, ne samo prazna tema. Začel je zaključevati, da morajo one oblačne pege biti nekaki plini. Toda to vprašanje še ni rešeno.

Ko so beneški trgovci potovali v daljno Azijo na dvor Kublekana, so se vračali s čudnimi pripovedkami, katere so tedanji priprosti ljudje deloma verjeli in deloma pozabili. Neko tako pripovedko je pravil Pietro Albano, namreč, da je videl na svojem potovanju veliko zvezdo v podobi hruške. Marco Polo je k temu dodal, da je ona "zvezda" kakor krpa oblaka z dolgim repom. Da bo bolj razložil stvar, je narisal oni nebesni oblaček. Takrat je bila tudi prvič narisana skupina iz Rimske ceste, ki jo zvezdoznanci imenujejo Magellan. Ko je dve stoletji po smrti Marco Pola neki portugalski pomorščak plul

s svojo ladjo okoli sveta, je srebrni oblaček dobil po njemu ime. Magellan je umrl na Filipinih. Toda njegovo moštvo se je povrnilo in pripovedovalo o onem sijajnem nebesnem oblaku na jugu, ki se najboljše vidi z razburkanega oceana okoli najjužnejše Amerike.

Od tedaj se je veliko zvezdoznancev bavilo s temi najsjajnejšimi točkami Rimske ceste, toda do danes človek še zelo malo ve o njih. Podane so sicer razne razlage, ali vse so premalo utemeljene. Vendar poskušajmo v duhu poleteti na dolgo pot, ne na tisto kot je šel Magellan na zemeljskem oceanu, temveč med žareče zvezde, ki se po njem imenujejo. Če s tem ne bomo nič bolj na jasnem, bomo mogoče vsaj bolje pojmovali razdalje. Nikamor bi ne prišli, če bi poleteli z rakoplovom. Tudi če si zamislimo veliko kroglo, da bi nas v nji s topom izstrelili na Rimsko cesto, bi bilo veliko prepočasi, ker bi vsi pomrli vsled starosti prej kot bi prišli samo iz našega osolnčja. Edino če bi upregli zemljo samo, bi si nekoliko pomagali, čeprav je tudi zemlja zelo počasna za našo dolgo pot. Zemlja potuje skozi osolnčje nekaj nad dvanajst milj za sekundo, torej predno bi dosegli Magellanov oblaček, bi gotovo izumrlo že vse človeštvo. Do najbližje zvezde zunaj osolnčja bi potovali 60,000 let. Predno bi dosegli zvezdo severnico, bi preteklo 700,000 let, čeprav bi potovali dvajsetkrat bolj hitro kot topova krogla.

Hitrejše kot vse to je človeška misel, ki lahko poleti hitreje kot luč od solнца—dasi je seveda silno omejena v pojmovanju teh stvari. Predstavljajmo si, da z našim počasnim vlakom — zemljo — potujemo po Rimski cesti. Ker smo počasni, imamo pa več prilike za opazovanje. Na poti bomo videli vse polno solnc, ki potujejo veliko hitrejše kot mi. V silni naglici nas prehiteva brzovlak ozvezdja Botes, ki drvi po 257 milj na sekundo. Naše staro, počasno solnce bi ga nikoli ne dohitelo.

Nenadoma ugledamo celo čredo zvezd, ki se razprše, ko potujemo mimo, pa se v dalji zopet združujejo in zgostijo. Na poti naletimo na konstelacijo (ozvezdje) 39 zvezd, ki mu pravimo "Taurus." To ozvezdje je dokaj urno, šlo je mimo našega osolnčja pred 8000 leti.

Skupine teh zvezd so nekaj najznamenitejšega, pa tudi zagonetnega, da še toliko manj pojmujejo Rimsko cesto; zdi se nam namreč, da stoje na mestu, pa vendar potujejo z neizmerno naglico. Ker smo počasni, se nam takoj vidi, da smo z zemljo kot nekaj stoječ omnibus v sredi največjega prometa. Kar pošastno se nam zdi, ko pomislimo, da je na milijone in sto milijone svetov, ki beže mimo nas.

O oblakih v Rimski cesti smatrajo zvezdoznanci, da potujejo v dveh različnih smerih in da ena skupina oblakov potuje hitrejša. Hitrejša skupina vsebuje starejše zvezde, kajti kolikor starejša je zvezda, toliko hitrejša je. Ker je naše solnce srednje starosti, bi se s sedanjo hitrostjo čisto postarel, predno bi preletelo skozi Rimsko cesto. Če torej premislimo, da imamo veliko raziskovati, moramo na vso moč pospešiti hitrost. Recimo, da potujemo po 186,000 milj na sekundo, kolikor potuje luč. Zdaj je nekoliko boljše, ampak še zdaj imamo od sosed do sosed dolgo dobo. Pri Algolu bomo s tako naglico v 180 letih, pri ozvezdju Taurusa pa v 120 letih.

Pri toliki hitrosti nas pa začne zapuščati spomin, da že ne vemo, kdaj bomo lahko dosegli svetli oblaček Magellana. Kdaj bomo sploh dospeli v sredino Rimske ceste. Pravijo, da bi nas vzelo šeststo let, če bi potovali s hitrostjo svetlobe.

Kolikor so preračunali do danes, je najbolj oddaljeno ozvezdje v Rim. cesti 300,000 svetlobnih let proč od nas in nekatere zvezde, ki spadajo v Rimsko cesto, so od središča oddaljene po 200,000 svetlobnih let. Luč od najbolj oddaljene zvezde pa do naših astronomov potuje milijone let.



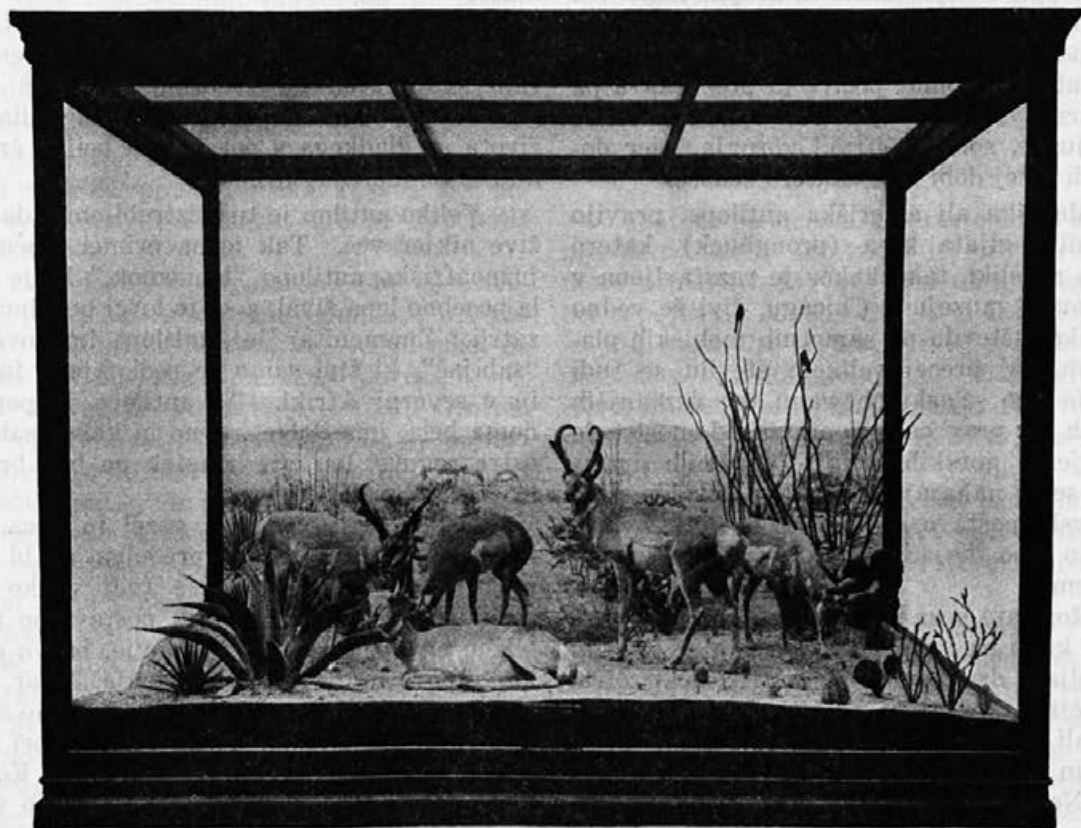
Antilope

Dasi je na svetu kakih stopetdeset vrst antilop, imajo mnogi ljudje zelo slabe pojme o teh živalih. Včasih smatrajo za antilope živali, katere niso skoro nič v sorodstvu s to družino rogarjev, ali mogoče celo prežvekovalci niso, kar je široka živalska skupina, v katero spadajo: govedo, ovce, koze, antilope, jeleni, srne, žirafe, kamele in druge ži-

severne Amerike. Te slednje so bile nekoč posebno številne po zapad. teritoriju Združenih držav, pa so jih prestrastni in vse pokončujoči lovci pregnali in domalega iztrebili.

Najlepša izmed vseh antilop je šibkonga in živahna gazela. Njena zlato rumenkasta barva se lepo sveti na afriškem ali

(Chicago Field Museum.)



Mehiške antilope. (Prongbuck.)

vali. Tako na primer prištevajo ljudje belo kozo (chamois) v Skalnatem gorovju v vrsto antilop, česar pa naravoslovci nikakor ne priznajo.

Največ antilop živi po afriških planjavah in puščavah, kakor tudi po ruskih stepah v severnovzhodni Evropi in v Aziji. Nekočliko manjše je število antilop, katere še živijo po Mehiki in po nekaterih drugih delih

arabskem solncu, vendar jo precej varno zakriva, ker se malo razloči od rumenkatega peska, kjer se ta lepa žival nahaja. Njeni rogovi so ukrivljeni kakor rogovi lire. Arabci polove veliko gazel ter jih imajo za domače živali.

Veliko trdnjša, toda ne tako številna kakor antilopa je divja koza ali gams. Dasi je po vsej zunanosti in kakovostih podobna

azijskim antilopam, je nekateri naravoslovci ne prištevajo med nje. Ta živi zlasti v Alpah in v gorovju po Slovenskem je dokaj navadna. Najraje se drži visoko v planinah, kjer raste le pritlikavo drevje, a se dobe med grobljem sočna planinska zelišča. Po strmih čerih pleza in skače hitro in varno. Ob vrto- glavih prepadih drevi po ozki polici. Človek bi mislil, da ni tam prostora za žival, ki je vendar večja kakor domača koza. Na begu šine čez širok jarek, spleza na navpično steno, ali skoči v globok prepad. Žival je kakor ustvarjena za take kraje. Dokaj kratko, utrjeno truplo nosijo visoke in krepke noge. Na nogah ima razmerno široke, lahke in jako trde parkeljce z ostrimi robovi. Pasoč se prihaja nizko v doline, počiva in prežveka pa na varnih, višjih krajih. V najhujši zimi se drži južne, solnčne strani gorovja, kjer dobi tudi v tej dobi marsikatero zelišče.

Mehiška ali ameriška antilopa, pravijo ji tudi rogljata koza (prongbuck), katero vidite na sliki, tako kakor je razstavljena v Fieldovem muzeju v Chicagu, živi še vedno v velikem številu na samotnih mehiških planjavah. V precej velikem številu se tudi nahaja po Saskatchewanu ter v manjših čredah po prav osamljenih in od mest zelo oddaljenih gorskih krajih Združenih držav. Kjer se še nahajajo, so države določile stroge lovske postave, s katerimi bi radi obvarovali to lepo divjačino pred popolnim iztrebljenjem.

Rogljata koza si vsako leto premenja rogo-ve, ki so na vrhu zakrivljeni in se od njih odcepljajo drugi mali, špičasti rožički. Žival je večja kakor njene najbližje sorodnice gazele ali druge antilope. Po trebuhu je sivobela in gladka, po hrbtu pa rujavkaste barve. Nekaj čudnega je tudi na tej živali, da se navadno rjavkaste pege po njenem hrbtu na solncu začnejo svetiti v rožnih in vijoličastih barvah. Ob takih prilikah jih je mogoče videti zelo daleč. Rogljata koza je ena najurnejših štirinožnih živali. Ko potuje na

kratke razdalje, se zapodi z vrtoglavo brzino, ali ko mora na daljšo pot, pa si umeri hitrost v enakomeren dir. Skupina rogljatih antilop, ki je na sliki, je bila ujeta v Mehiki. Te se čisto nič ne razlikujejo od antilop istega imena v severni Ameriki.

Posebne vrste antilop živijo v Indiji. Te so manjše po velikosti, a so drugače čisto enake opisanim, z edino razliko, da samice nimajo rogov. Pri nekaterih samicah so po hrbtu tudi pisane črte, nekoliko podobno cebra. Po več krajih uporabljajo gozdne koze kot vprežno živino, ko jih ujamejo in udomače.

Antilope, ki žive po Siriji in deloma tudi v Afriki, so posebno velike in so znamenite radi svojih velikih, svedrom podobnih rogov. Okoli vratu so porasčene z dolgo dlako, života so gladkega s pol ducata belimi črtami čez temnorjav hrbet.

Veliko antilop je tudi iztrebljenih, da ne žive nikjer več. Tak je na primer slučaj z južnoafriško antilopo "blauwbok," ki je bila posebno lepa žival, a so jo lovci popolnoma zatrli. Znamenita je antilopa imenovana "sabljač", ki živi samo še redkokje v južni in v severni Afriki. Ta antilopa je popolnoma bela, ima dolge, ravne in kakor sablja ostre rogo-ve, lep črn izrastek na beli bradi in črn, dolgožimnat rep.

Ostala vrsta antilop, gazel in koza, ki spadajo v to skupino, je predolga, da bi jih mogli vse opisati. Saj se tudi veliko ne razlikujejo med seboj: njih postave so približno enake, različno je rogovje, barva dlake, repovi in pa način življenja. Kar jih živi po stepah in po prerijah, so običajno skupaj v velikih čredah, dočim tega ni pri teh živalih v gorskih in skalnatih krajih. Ko so antilope na paši, vedno pazijo na svojo varnost. Najhujši njih sovražnik je kajpada človek sam, ki ima velike dobičke s kožami te divjačine in tako tudi z dobrim in okusnim mesom. Tudi planinski orel je njih hud sovražnik.



Povesti strica Matica

Stric Matic je vzel s police dolgo pipo iz višnjevega lesa, jo obrnil narobe in s čopičem iztrebil ves črni pepel in nezgoreli tobak. Poizkusil je, če vleče, dvakrat močno potegnil, potem pa jo zopet vzel iz ust in natlačil vanjo tobaka do pokrovčka. Cenček je imel že pripravljen žareč ogorek od treske, ga pomolil stricu Maticu, ki je vlekel in puh, da so se plavi kolobarčki valili pod strop in odtod k dimniku nad kaminom.

Med tem važnim opravilom ni nihče spregovoril besedice, ostali smo mirni in gledali skozi modre oblačke dima, kdaj bo zadovoljni stric Matic sprožil in pričel praviti svoje običajno pripovedovanje.

Stric Matic je nazadnje vendar prekinil molk in vprašal Cenčka, ki je še stal poleg ob njegovih kolenih: "Ali se kaj bojiš volkov?"

Cenček je postal pozoren. Malo prestrašeni, pa vendar silno radovedni, smo vsi napeto zrl v strica Matica, ker vedeli smo, da s tem pričenja svojo današnjo povest.

"Jaz se jih bojim!" je pritrdil Cenček.

Vsi smo za njim pritrdili, da se bojimo volkov, ker to morajo biti strašne zveri, ki ponoči prežijo na človeka na samotnih poteh, posebno pa so nevarni otrokom.

"Vem, vem, da se jih bojite," je nadaljeval stric Matic. "Ampak volkov, dasi so res hude zveri, se ni treba bati, ker volkov ni več po naših gozdovih, kakor so bili v starih časih."

Stric Matic je postal, nekočkrat prav močno potegnil iz pipe, da bi mu med pripovedovanjem prehitro ne ugasnila, potem pa pričel pripovedovati dogodek iz davnih dni, ko je bil on še mal deček, kako se je nekoč priklatil v vas volk in kako je žalostno poginil.

Bila je zelo huda zima. Snega je bilo v dolini do kolen, visoko v gorah pa tudi tako na debelo, kot je visok najvišji človek. Debeli sneg je ležal že skoraj cel mesec, tako da je hudo pritislilo na živali po gorovju ter so te iskale hrane in zavetja pred mrazom v dolini.

Vzlic kruti zimi pa so ljudje v dolini rajali in se veselili, kajti bil je ravno pustni torek, katerega so včasih obhajali še z večjim veseljem kakor ga obhajajo dandanes. Po preoranih cestah smo otroci skakali za Pustom, ki je bil ves obšit v smrečju in je imel dolg rdeč nos in prave kozlove roge na glavi; na rami pa je nosil precej veliko smreko, s katero je zamahnil po vsakem, kdor mu je nagajal. Posebno rad se je Pust s smreko zapodil v skupine kjer so se zbirali ljudje, ki so mu v skupini peli:

Pust,
nerodni hrust!
dobra pečenka
naših ust!

Pust se je neznansko raztogotil, ko so mu tako zapeli; saj vedel je, da si res ne more pomagati, ker ga bodo ubili in za večerjo pojedli. Ampak nič se ni bal ljudi, ki so mu nagajali; trepetal je le pred starim dedcem s širokim klobukom, irhastimi hlačami, volneno jopo in z rdečim telovnikom pa z velikim lesenim batom. Stari dedec je Pustu neprestano sledil, ker vedel je, da bo le kmalu štiri ura, ko bo treba pusta lopniti z batom po glavi, da bo vsaka gospodinja dobila kos in bodo imeli za večerjo pustno meso.

Na vaškem trgu se je nabrala velika gruča ljudi, ki je rajala po snegu in bila v veselje sebi in deci. Pust je bil že ves izmučen od preganjanja in mahanja s smreko, stari dedec pa vedno bolj nestrpen, kdaj bo z batom zdrobil Pustove roge. Ampak pripetilo se je nekaj nenavadnega, tako da tisti dan niso ubili Pusta v naši vasi, čeprav smo zvečer vsi imeli obilo pustnega mesa.

Izza vogala hiše ob cerkvi se je razlegel nepričakovan krik: Volk! Volk! Vpitje se je v istem trenutku ponovilo iz več grl, tako da je strah zavladal med rajajočimi, starimi in mladimi in so se s trga razkropili na vse strani v hiše in za vogale. Izza gruče je ravnotako prestrašen kakor so bili zbegani ljudje, smuknil na sredo že praznega trga rumenkasto siv kosmatinec, ves mršast in

kosmat, s stisnjenim, dolgim košatim repom in s špičasto glavo, od katere sta nazaj moleli pokončni ušesi. Zver je zbegana obstala na sredi trga, kajti na vseh straneh ob vogalih, na cestah, ki so vodile na trg, so stali ničmanj zbegani ljudje. Otroci, ženske in tudi nekateri moški so skočili v hiše in skozi okna gledali na trg, drugi so skočili po polena za hišne zidove in bili v trenutku pripravljeni pokončati roparskega volka, ki se je na nepojasnen način priklatil v vas in se zbegal vsled vpitja izgubil na trgu.

Z urnim, toda ne drvečim korakom je žival begala po trgu. Zaganjala se je zdaj naprej, zdaj nazaj, vedno bolj zmešana vsled klicov. Če se je približala množici ob vogalu ali na cesti, so ljudje zagnali krik in volk je zopet odskočil na sredo trga, ter se oziral, kje bi našel izhod iz pasti.

Padlo je prvo poleno in se takoj zatem vsula na sredo od iste strani cela skladanica drv. Oprezno se je volk odmaknil že pri prvem polenu, vendar ga je kmalu doletelo drugo, da je zadet zatulil in odskočil proti množici v nasprotno smer. Od tu ga je zopet odgnal vrišč, da se je volk umaknil na sredo trga, kamor so še padala polena. Spret-

no se je žival umikala, ampak stoteri množici ni bila kos, ker polena so pričela padati tudi od nasprotne strani. Eno ga je zadelo v glavo. Volk je tedaj kakor brez glave skočil v zrak in se je zakadil naravnost v množico, sredi katere je stal Pust s smreko. Morda se je zbeganemu volku zdelo, da je smrečevje grmiček, kamor bi se skril. Vsled sunka volka se je Pust zvrnil po tleh in s smreko padel na volka, kateri je že spretno popadel Pusta za rame. Pa tudi ta obupen poizkus je bil zaman. V istem trenutku je stari dedec, ki je stal za Pustom, lopnil volka z batom po glavi, da se je zakotalil po tleh in v par minutah poginil.

Množica vaščanov se je zopet približevala v sredo trga ter obkrožila kosmatinca, ki je še krvavel iz razbite lobanje. Dasi je bil že mrtev, se je marsikdo približal s pritaženim strahom v srcu, da si ogleda ubito zver.

Vaščani našega kraja so tistega leta celo pozabili ubiti Pusta, ker se je bil slekel in je pustil smreko na sredi trga, sam pa izginil z drugimi v krčmo uživat zadnje ure pustnega veselja.

PUST

Pojdimo, vlovimo Pusta,
da nam dece ne pohrusta!
Jopič rdeč, zelene hlače,
v rokah raglje ropotače,
a na glavi dva roga,
hu, pa kakšen nos ima,
brke take kot ščetine!
Bojmo se ga, kadar zine,
bojmo se ga, kadar stopi
in nas z dolgo šibo lopi!
Če se kdo mu zakrohoče
ali če se kdo zajoče,
brž ga čez koleno zvije,
živo uro mu navije,
nič ne vpraša, nič ne reče,
kdor ne uide, kdor ne uteče,
tega ujame in pohrusta.
Le pustimo v miru Pusta!

France Bevk.

Pojdimo se drsat!

"Fantje, pojdimo se drsat!" Tako je rekel Ozimov Šime trem tovarišem, ki so šli z njim iz šole domov. "Pojdimo, pojdimo!" sta zaklicala dva skoraj soglasno. Tretji, županov France, pa je dejal: "Ali ne veste, kako strogo so v šoli prepovedali hoditi na led, posebno na tej vodi?"

"Ej, kaj to!" odvrne Šime. "Tukaj nas nihče ne vidi in tožljivca menda ni med nami!" Pa se obrne proti rečici, ki je bila čez in čez pokrita z ledom. Tovariša sta hitro stopila za njim.

France jih je poizkušal pregovoriti, da ne bi šli, a ko nič ni pomagalo, je rekel odločno: "Da nisem tožljivec, to veste, a če greste na led, vas naznanim vse!" — "Izdajalec, le poizkusi!" se je jezil Šime. "Ti že pokažemo, v vodo te vržemo!"

France ni odgovoril nič, ampak je šel mirno po svoji poti. Na ovinku pa, kjer se cesta loči od struge k županovim, je nekoliko postal in se ozrl po tovariših. V tem trenutku zasliši grozen krik in kmalu nato vidi, kako bežita dva izmed tovarišev od rečice. Zdelo se mu je takoj, da se je pripetila nesreča. Hitel je, kar je mogel, nazaj po cesti. Že od daleč je vprašal bežeča tovariša, kaj je.

Jedva je dobil odgovor: "V vodi je, Šime je v vodi!" "Pomagajmo mu, pomagajmo mu!" je klical France in s silo ustavil prestrašena sošolca.

Hiteli so nazaj in našli Šimeta v groznem položaju. Telo mu je bilo do pazduhe v vodi in z razprtimi lakti je visel na ledu kraj predora, v katerega je bil padel. Zdaj in zdaj se pogrezne v vodo pod ledeno skorjo. Kaj storiti? Dasi ni bilo daleč od brega, vendar ni bilo mogoče priti do ponesrečenca; zakaj razpokani led bi se bil gotovo udril. "Dajta hitro svoja jermena!" je velel France tovarišema ter odpel močni oprti pri svoji torbi. Vse to je dobro zvezal ter vrigel konec proti Šimetu, ki je že omagoval. Nesrečnež je dosegel konec in tovariši so ga potegnili na breg.

Trepetajoč od mraza in strahu, se je Šime oklenil Franceta ter vzkliknil: "Ti si me rešil!" France pa je slekel vrhnjo suknjo in jo dal Šimetu, da jo je oblekel namesto mokre. Naročil mu je, naj gre hitro domov in se preobleče in pogreje.

Čez nekoliko dni je Šime zopet šel v šolo. Hudo se je bal še ene kazni za svojo neposlušnost. Brez vzroka, saj ga France ni zažogal.

L. Černež.

ZAJEC POZIMI

O joj, oj joj, kaj bo, kaj bo?
V debelem snegu gozd in loka!
Sneg dol zapal je in goro
in mraz je, mraz, da kamen poka.

Pa nič zelenega nikjer.
Kar raste, beli sneg pokriva.
Oh! zajec je uboga zver,
največ bridkosti on uživa.

Polh na primer je brez skrbi,
smuk v duplo, ko začuti zimo,
se zvije v klobčič pa zaspil
in spi — mi mraz in glad trpimo.

Potem pa ta nesrečni lov,
ko je v trepetu vsa dobrava!
Ta pok - pok - pok, ta hov - hov - hov
nam strah, človeku je zabava.

Na zajca reveža preži,
kar leta, lazi in kar teka.
Živali vsake se boji,
najbolj pa ga je strah človeka.

O kdaj, o kdaj nam vendar spet
pomladi pride čas zelene,
da nam raztali sneg in led
in zimo zoprnno odžene!

Josip Stritar.

Menih zaklet v vola

Narodna pravljica.—Napisal Nace Žlemberger.

Živel je jako pobožen kmet, ki je kupčeval z voli. Tržil je tako, da je vedno imel dva vola, katera je gonil na semnje, jih prodajal in kupoval druge, ali pa jih zamenjaval. Imel je lepo senožet, na kateri je v poletnem času pasel volova. Ko je pasel, je čestokrat pokleknil za kak grm ali kamen in goreče molil.

Dva meniha sta ga večkrat opazovala in kovala sta načrt, kako bi prevarila pobožnega kmeta. Ko je tako kmet klečal nekega jesenskega popoldneva za kamnom in je zamaknjeno molil tako dolgo, da se je že mračilo, sta se meniha skrivaj priplazila do volov. Eden njiju je odpasal vrv z vola in ga je odpeljal, drugi menih pa je ostal pri drugem volu.

Ko se je kmet zdramil iz pobožne molitve in se pripravil, da bo odgnal volova domov, se je neizrečeno začudil, ko je videl samo enega vola in namesto drugega pa meniha. Pobožno, ampak ves v strahu je pozdravil: "Hvaljen bodi Jezus Kristus!" Menih je odgovoril: "Amen na veke!"

Kmet je vprašal, kje je drugi vol, menih pa mu je odgovoril takole: "Jaz sem tisti, ki

sem bil zaklet v vola, ampak tvoja goreča molitev, katero je slišal sam Bog, je pomagala, da se je Vsemogočni usmilil in me spremenil zopet v meniha, kakor sem bil poprej. Za tvojo veliko pobožnost te čaka po smrti v nebeškem kraljestvu stotero plačilo."

Kmet je bil ves iz sebe in je hvalil Boga, da je bil tako milosten; voščil je menihu zbogom in verujoč v njegove besede odšel domov s samo enim volom.

Precej časa je kmet žaloval za volom, ampak tolažil se je s plačilom v nebeškem kraljestvu. Mislil si je, da je že božja volja, da mora biti tako. Sklenil je, da bo takoj na prihodnjem semnju kupil drugega vola. Res je tako storil. Ko je hodil po semnju ter je ogledoval vole, pa se je silno začudil, kajti ugledal je ravno takega vola, kakoršnega je imel sam, pa se je bil po milosti božji spremenil v meniha. Kar nekam strah ga je bilo in ko je vola ogledoval od daleč, ga je en čas gledal in pomiloval, potem pa rekel: "Tebe, menih pa že ne kupim več. Zakaj pa toliko grešiš, da si že spet zaklet v vola? Jaz te ne maram rešiti."

Albin Čebular:

VIDIŠ . . . !

Slovenska narodna podpora [~]jednota

je naša največja dobrota!

Poslušaj, Matijček,

poslušaj, Andrejček

in tudi Jernejček:

Če nje ne bi bilo,

bi slabo godilo

se nam v tej deželi,

ker ne bi imeli

nič prave besede,

bi bili kot ptiči,

ptiči-slabiči;

veš, tega že ne,

zato pa k jednoti od danaj vse gre!



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



The Hare and the Telescope

(Translate this story into Slovene language.)

Said an old hare to his son: "Take care, my son, take care! If the hunter sees you, he will kill you."

"But, Daddy," replied the child, "I run so fast, he will never catch me."

"The hunter carries a gun, my son; and the shot from that gun runs faster than you."

The two animals returned to their burrow. But on the way the youngster, who followed his father at a distance, caught sight of an extraordinary-looking object. It was a telescope.

Greatly puzzled, the young hare circled round it, then put his eye to the telescope, and, to his great surprise, he saw his father two paces away. He raised his head; his father was a hundred yards away!

"What a remarkable instrument!" thought the young creature. "By its aid I can see the hunter coming, and there will be no need to be always on the alert."

The next day he returned to the telescope, occasionally looking through it to see if the hunter was coming.

The hunter came. Our young hare saw him approach, far, far away. "I have plenty of time," thought he.

At the same instant a shot was heard, and our poor little hare rolled dead on the turf. The poor little chap had looked through wrong end!

JUGOSLAV PROVERBS

Every cow licks her own calf.

*

Debt is a bad companion.

*

Avoid the fool and the saint!

*

In union there is strength.

Trije golobi

(Prevedi to kratko povest na angleško.)

Lepo so sedeli trije beli golobi v domačem gnezdu. Globoko pod njimi se je razprostiral svet: daleč na okrog velika, pisana zemlja — sama neskončna daljava. Tam na obzorju so stale visoke gore, kakor bi hotele zrasti do samega neba.

"Dolgočasno je doma," pravi prvi golob. "Poletim odtod, da bom videl, kako je po svetu."

Reče in zleti.

Zagleda ga bistro oko ujedne ptice, ki se spusti kakor strela nanj, ga ujame in ugonobi.

"Tudi jaz grem za bratom," pravi drugi golob. "Kdo bi vedno čepel doma!"

Reče in zleti.

Ptičji tat pa je pripravil nastavo, ki je zgrabila goloba in ga ujela. Nič več ga ni bilo domov.

Tretji golob pa je ostal doma. Gledal je, kdaj se vrnete brata a gledal je zaman. Grulil je svojo pesem, pol žalostno, pol veselo — žalostno po ugrabljenih bratih, veselo v čast varnemu rodnemu gnezdu.

JUGOSLOVANSKI PREGOVORI

Vsaka krava liže svoje tele.

*

Dolg je slab tovariš.

*

Ogibaj se norca in svetnika!

*

V slogi je moč.

Izreki modrih mož

Posel, katerega radi opravljamo, leči bol.
Shakespeare.

*

Če si dober sin, si že s tem dober držav-
ljan.
Wagner.

*

Zakon je močan, sila pa močnejša.
Goethe.

*

Naprej moraš, ker nazaj ne moreš več.
Schiller.

*

Če smo na poti k velikim stvarim, se ne
smemo ustavljati pri malih.
Hebbel.

Kateri despot je še ljubil znanost?—Ali
ne ljubi tat teme ponoči?
Weber.

*

Iti moraš mimo tisoč učenjakov, predno
prideš do enega modrijana.
Klinger.

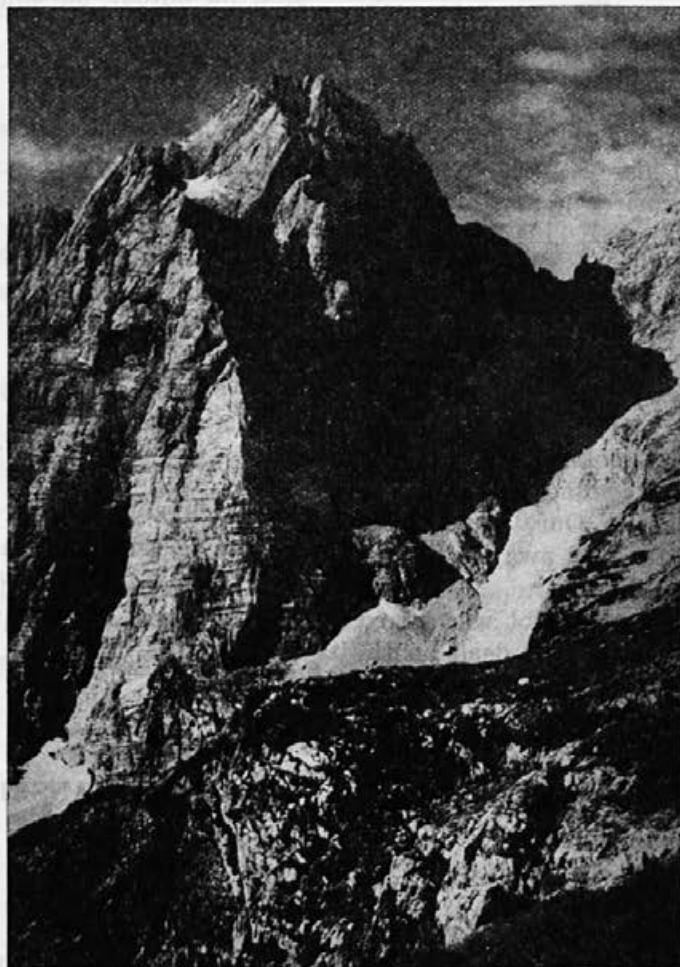
*

Kdor ne vlada človeškim srcem, ne mo-
re vladati ljudem.
Lacordaire.

*

Če hočeš, da bo delo dogotovljeno, ga
izvrši sam. Ako hočeš, da ostane neizvrše-
no, izroči ga drugim.
Franklin.

(“The Yugoslav Review.”)



Gora Stenar v Slovenskih Alpah.



Albin Č.:

V CHICAGU

— Tonček, kam pa ti mudi se? —

— Kam? Na pošto moram!

Vidiš li, da že mrači se . . . —

— Komu pa pošiljaš pismo? —

— I, jednotinemu oddelku,
kjer že vpisani prav vsi smo!

“Mladinski list,” to naše je glasilce;

tam našel bodeš poročilce! —

le čitaj “Naš kotiček,”

tam našel bodeš poročilce! —

Dragi čitatelji!

Za februarско številko je bilo nenavadno veliko pisem, katere sem moral precej skrajšati, drugače bi ne bil mogel vseh priobčiti. Posebno velja to za angleška pisma. Upam, da boste vseeno vsi prispevatelji zadovoljni. Kakor vidite, sem izpustil tiste stavke, v katerih pišete, kolikokrat ste že pisali Mladinskemu listu, kaka je vaša želja, da bi izhajal Mladinski list po enkrat na teden itd. Ta želja je napisana skoraj v vsakem pismu, zato bi vzelo preveč prostora, če bi vse natisnili. V vsakem pismu je treba povedati kako novo misel, ako hočemo, da je pismo za čitatelje zanimivo.

*

Kakor vidite v vaji za slovenski jezik, je priobčeno v tem mesecu nekoliko drugače kakor zadnje mesece. Tisti, ki pišete, da se učite slovensko — in teh ni malo — imate priliko, da poizkusite predstaviti priprosto

povest na slovenski ali pa na angleški jezik. Prevedeno napišite na papir in shranite, ko boste prejeli prihodnjo izdajo M. L., pa primerjajte, če ste dobro prevedli. Ko boste pozneje pisali pisemce v Mladinski list, pa lahko omenite, kakšen je bil uspeh vašega prvega prevoda.

*

V tekmi za prispevke o S. N. P. J. sem prejel prilično število prispevkov, izmed katerih so zlasti nekateri boljši kot sem pričakoval. Prispevki so pa vsi v angleščini. Ali vam slovenski jezik dela težavo? No, topot tekmujete in prizadevati si morate, da kolikor mogoče jasno izrazite svoje misli; zato se kar poslužite angleškega, če bi se v slovenskem ne mogli tako dobro izraziti. Zato pa druge prispevke pišite v slovenskem. Vseeno pa pričakujem, da bo v izdaji meseca marca tudi nekaj prispevkov glede kontesta v slovenskem jeziku.

Da se krog naših čitateljev po vsej pravici imenuje "Klub veselih članov S. N. P. J." nam ni treba še enkrat naglašati. Vsi vemo to. Starejši člani naj kar pogledajo v prispevke pa bodo videli, koliko veselja, lepih pesmic, šaljk in zvitihi zastavic je v njih. Le tako naprej, mladi bratci in sestrice! Pokažite Mladinski list še tistim Vašim prijateljem in součencem, kateri še niso pri S. N. P. J. Vprašajte jih, kdaj pa oni postanejo naši bratci in sestrice.

Urednik.

Cenjeni!

Prestala sem izkušnjo v šoli ter sem bila predstavljena v 10-B razred v šoli Kensington High. Kot nagrado sem že dobila sledeče knjige: "Naš jezik," "Zakon biogeneze," "Spisi," "Tolovaj Mataj" in "Pesmarica". — Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sedaj hodim v šolo na Hickory v osmi razred. Ko bom zdelal ta razred v maju, 1927, bi rad šel v višjo šolo, da ne bi iskal kruha pod zemljo, kakor ga iščejo drugi. Ker rad čitam slovensko in angleško, bom še večkrat pisal v Mladinski list. Moj ata me uči brati in pisati, kakor more in kadar ima čas.

Prav lepo pozdravim čitatelje Mladinskega lista. — Frank Perenič, Southview, Pa.

Cenjeni urednik!

Težko že pričakujem Mladinskega lista. Ker smo trije člani mladinskega oddelka — moj brat Frank in sestra Mary — se kar stepemo, kateri ga bo prvi dobil v roke. Seveda ostala dva ne znata čitati slovensko, zato ju pa bolj zanimajo slike. Zanimali jima je bila v pravo zabavo "Miss Africa."

Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice S. N. P. J. — Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Box 18, Ill. Društvo št. 601.

Dragi urednik!

Prejela sem za dar knjige, ki so zelo krasne. "Mladi klatež" je bil res klatež. Tudi vem, da je imel velikokrat slabe čase. Male verze in nagajivke rada čitam, nad vse mi pa dopadajo note. Upam, da jih bom kmalu razumela. To je res krasno darilo za malo delo. — Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana.

(Rešitve ugank so bile prepozne za januarsko številko; zdaj pa so že objavljene.)

Oglasil se je tudi Mike Krulc jr. iz Willarda, Wis., ki pravi, da je 15 let star in hodi na high school. Pravi tudi, da bi bil lahko rešil več ugank, ampak ni bil zmeraj doma.

Edith Gorjup je pisala iz Clevelanda, Ohio, in njen naslov je: 1035 E. 185 Street. Pisala je kratko v angleškem in poleg tega dodala pesmico, katero mladi čitatelji mogoče že znate. Glasi se:

Psiček.

Psiček laja hov, hov, hov,
jutri pojdem spet na lov,
na gorice po srnice,
po volkove in volčice.
Po volčice, dudel du,
jutri pridem spet domu.

Maček.

Mačka mjavka mr mr mjav,
miška vredna sedem krav.
Miška teče tek, tek, tek,
jaz jo gonim pek, pek, pek.
Miška zlomi si nogo,
jaz jo primem, v usta žnjo.
Dve za zajtrk, dve v kosilo.
tri k večerji, ni obilo.
Mačka teče tek, tek, tek,
jaz jo gonim pek, pek, pek.

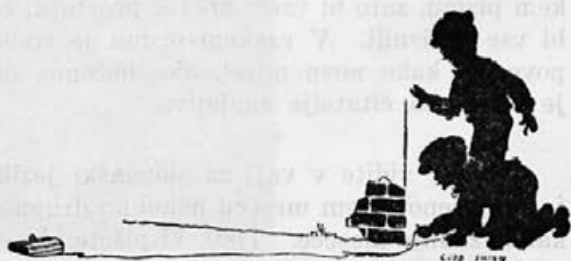
Iz Stauntona, Ill., piše Fred Predikaka, ki se zahvaljuje za darilce, katero mu zelo dopade. Posebno je vesel slovenskih pesmic. Pisal bi bil prej, ampak je bil malo bolan. Upa pa, da bo sedaj zopet lahko igral nove slovenski kitice. To želimo tudi mi vsi.

Fred pošilja tudi pesmico, od katere se ena kitica glasi:

Po mrzlem snegu šolar skače,
od mraza lice mu rdeči,
po stari modi ima strgane hlače;
čižme tudi, podplatov pa ni.

ZAMENJANA BESEDA.

MOJA
MEJA
META
PETA
PETI



Igre

Pošta.

Vsak izmed igralcev si naj nadene ime kakega mesta. Potovalec pa vpraša enega izmed njih, kam naj potuje. Dobi n. pr. odgovor iz Chicaga v Pittsburgh. V tem trenotku morata oba, ki slišita na ti imeni, hitro zamenjati stole, na katerih sedita. Potovalec se tudi lahko vsede na enega izmed teh stolov, če se mu — posreči. Oni, ki ne dobi prostora, ostane potovalec.

Odvetnik.

Vsi se vsedejo v krog, na sredi pa stoji oni, ki vodi igro. Ta mora nekaj pripovedovati in končno postaviti vprašanje na enega izmed navzočih. Vendar mu ne sme odgovoriti noben naslovljenec. To mora odgovoriti njegov "odvetnik", t. j. sosed na levi. Vsak, ki odgovori sam, plača globo, takisto tudi odvetnik za nepravilen odgovor. Če pa ni izpregledal kake zmote sam izpraševalec, mora tudi on plačati globo.

Volk.

Volk se skrije v sobi pod mizo, za omaro ali zunaj za plotom. Ovce se pasejo na enem koncu travnika, pastir se postavi na drugi konec. Pastir vabi ovce: Domov, domov, ker se bliža noč! "Bojimo se volka!" — odgovarjajo ovce. Pastir se ozira naokoli in če ne vidi volka, kriči: volka ni! Zdaj tečejo ovce k pastirju, volk pa plane iz skrivališča in začne loviti ovce. Igra se nadaljuje, dokler niso vjete vse ovce.

Skrivanje brez skrivanja.

Eden izmed igrajočih si naj izmisli kraj, kjer bi se lahko skril. Drugi hočejo skrivališče uganiti in mu stavijo vprašanja. Oni ki ugane, se začne skrivati in igra se zopet prične. Prostori za skrivanje so poljubni: New York, Ljubljana, Triglav, Trst itd. Vsak vprašujoč dobi v odgovor samo "Da!" ali "Ne!" in se mora vsled tega precej potruditi. Treba je seveda spretno postaviti vprašanja: ali pa je to daleč? Koliko je visoko? itd.

Lov na prstan.

Otroci se postavijo v krog, na sredi pa čaka oni, ki bo iskal prstan. Navadno navežejo prstan na tenak motovz in zavozljava konce. Eden izroči ta prstan drugemu, ne da bi to zapazil v sredini stoječi lovec. Prstan mora venomer potovati iz roke v roko. Vsakdo si mora izbrati trenotek, ko gleda lovec v nasprotno stran, in hitro izročiti prstan sosedu. Če se posreči lovcu najti prstan, postane dotični, ki je bil s prstanom zasačen, sam lovec.

Mačka v kotu.

Mačka stoji sredi sobe, miške pa so po kotih. Mačka se jih ne sme dotakniti, dokler so doma, če pa zbeže na prostor in zamenjajo koticke, sme prijeti mačka vsako miško. Vsled tega se mora vsak par domeniti glede zamenjave v naprej za hrbotom mačke, da jih ta ne ujame prelahko. Ujeta miška pa postane sama mačka in lovi naprej.

ZIMSKI DAN.

Solnce se od daleč skriva,
vrana leta okrog hiše,
tanek veter zunaj piše,
tla pa debel sneg pokriva.

Tam na klancu je vse živo,
vkup so iz vasi otroci,
vsak sani v premrli roci
vozi, in drži se krivo.

Starec gre iz gorke hiše
in spomin se mu posili,
dni premišlja, ki so bili,
si na tihem solze briše.

Simon Jenko.



JUVENILE



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Oton Župančič:

(Oton Župančič is the most prominent Slovene poet of to-day. His fine verses urge the younger generation to seek for noble ideals. Together with a warmth and freshness which often recall the style of Slavic folk-songs, they combine the technical finesse of that ripest modern artistic poetry. Oton Župančič was born in 1879.)

ASCENSION DAY

Today an Ascension Day I divine
My heart how it surges and simmers,
My spirit silkily shimmers,
As though it had drunk of magical wine.

Mark ye not?—Yonder from forests of gloom
hurricanes rage,
Fierce thunderings boom,
And from out of the haze, comes a fitful blaze
Of a blood-red light, like a sword to the sight,—
'Tis the dawn of a coming age.

O brothers apace, towards life's trace!
At the blood-red sword do not waver.
This sword was not shaped for the braver,
And for him who is hale.
Only tombs this sword overturns, and
But fallen dwellings it burns, and
He who is strong shall prevail.

O, brothers, brothers, the time is at hand!
O, brothers, brothers, how do ye stand?
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?
Fair stars are in the ascendant,
Seed falls that is golden-resplendent,—
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?

Shake ye stifling dreams away!
At lightning speed comes Ascension Day,—
In vain shall he cry who now goes astray,—
He only shall see is who bears the array!



Winter Sports in Yugoslavia

(By the Correspondent of "The Yugoslav Review.")

Last year Yugoslavia has enjoyed a very fair winter season, with records in extremes thrown in. The record floods of autumn were succeeded by heavy snowfalls all over the country. Then followed record low temperatures—we came to look upon—24 C. as a mere common-place—accompanied by the brilliant sunshine which makes them a tonic and a joy to the winter sportsman. The weather was normal and there was snow enough to allow ski races to come off successfully. They all took place in Upper Carniola, the best and favorite region for that sport in Yugoslavia. On January 24th, 1926,



Busy Headquarters of the Tourist Club "Skala" during a ski race.

the Sports Club "Ilirija" (Ljubljana) celebrated the fifteenth year of its existence with a skating competition and ski races. The skating competition was held, as usual, at Ljubljana under the direction of Dr. Gilbert Fuchs, a veteran world's champion, whose exhibition skating showed him graceful and adept as ever. Last year's winner, civil engineer Bloudek, again carried off the first prize for a greatly improved performance. The ski-races, 20 miles for men and 3½ for women—were at Kranjska Gora in the Julian Alps. Kranjska Gora lies some three thousand feet above sea-level, and there is good skiing terrain close at hand. Here the military ski corps had been in training for two months under instructors drawn from our civilian mountaineer ski-runners, and here the Ljubljana skiers put in as many weekends as they can during the winter season.

The most ambitious, and also the best organized event was the 40 mile race at Bled on January 31st, 1926, arranged by the Tourist Club "Skala", to mark its fifth year of life. The "Skala" is a post-war institution, the one real mountaineers' club in the state. Among these outposts of the Alps, summer climbing is practically all rock, and those who would have snow and ice work and cannot go further afield for it, must go in for winter mountaineering, which has a charm all its own. There is a kind of Call of the Arctic about the mountains in winter, perfectly irresistible to one who has once succumbed to its lure. Logically enough, the "Skala" encourages ski-running as a help and adjunct to winter mountaineering, and some of the soundest ski-runners in Yugoslavia are to be found among its members.

Months of preparation were spent on the race at Bled, the like of which had never yet been attempted in that country. The track was planned and measured with scrupulous exactness, a great irregular figure of eight with the Kurhaus at Bled at the start, centre, and finish. To raise a sufficiently large staff of helpers, the "Skala" mobilized every man (the word "man" of course includes "woman" in this case) of its members who could manage a pair of skis,—except the few who were chosen to compete, and the result was worthy of an international meeting. On the day of the race the old-fashioned hotel Jekler near the Kurhaus hummed like a hive and looked like an army headquarters, so bedizened was it with flags, notices and placards. Here the General Staff of the Club Ski Section held sway, connected by field telephone with every important point on the track. There were refreshment stations at intervals of about six miles, with a medical man in attendance at each of them, in case of accidents, and a telephone station near by. And the whole track was patrolled by controllers, and first aid men, each responsible for his own section. In fact, the event organized and brought off

with all the equipment and in a manner worthy of an international contest. I had the opportunity of watching the progress of the race from a tea station near the highest point of the track, 1010 meters above sea level, in the heart of a great forest upland. The section staff, consisting of the ladies responsible for providing refreshments, the doctor, telephone clerk, and sundry assistants and controllers, had to come up the way before and spend the night in a hayloft on the hill. Not as bad as it sounds. Hay is warm, and a moon-lit winter night in the forest one of the fairest sights the eye can rest

suing an express train. He wouldn't hurry, but he would catch the train. These men have taken most kindly to ski-running and are adepts at threading their way over the most heart (and ski) breaking ground through the forests they know so well. The Ljubljana contingent, university students and business men, showed that keenness and all-round athletic training can go far in compensating for special practice. At the end of a strenuous day honors were fairly divided. Josko Jansa (of the Club Ilirija, but a native of the Alpine village of Mojstrana, and winner at all this year's ski races) was

("The Yugoslav Review.")



Practising Jumps at Kranjska Gora.

on. Unfortunately the weather was none too favorable, only just cold enough to carry on. Up there, a ghostly haze clung about the trees. Past the station, the track followed the ordinary summer path through the forest. It was interesting to watch the style of the competitors. The soldiers of the ski corps punted along doggedly. I was told afterward that the men were stale, had been overtrained, in fact. The officers were obviously keen, each one, to show what a man from his part of the world could do.

The hunters from the mountain villages reminded me of Mark Twain's elephant pur-

first. The time taken by Jansa over the long track under somewhat untoward condition was not too long either, viz. 3 hrs., 31 min. 45 sec. The town of Bled, with a fine sense of the honor done to it and a sound Carniolian flair for the possibilities of winter season, rose nobly to the occasion with a fete at the Kurhaus. Apart from the dimensions of this race, its importance lies in the disciplined and impersonal effort shown by all concerned in the arrangement of it. Sport, thus cultivate, is fast becoming a most valuable factor in the training of the younger generation.

Polly's Birthday Party

There was to be a birthday party for Polly. A surprise birthday party.

Anne, Polly's sister, was the one who thought about it. First she went to mother who said she would be glad to help.

"I'll make a cake with thirteen candles," she said, "and you can invite Polly's friends for Thursday afternoon."

Mother told her when she left, to warn the twins, Kate and Bessie, whom she was on her way to see, to keep it a secret and to be sure to warn also all the other boys and girls who were to be invited.

Bessie and Kate were Polly's chums. They were delighted with the idea.

"I thought of Vi, Evelyn, and Helen," Anne answered. "Now who else?"

"How about Alice and Winifred?" Kate suggested.

"Aren't they new?" Bessie questioned. "They've only lived here three weeks?"

"But," Kate replied warmly, "it's just the place to get to know them better."

"And besides," Anne added, "it's a good chance to be nice to them and show them we want to be friends."

"All right, then," Bessie consented. "Now who else?"

Anne suggested Betty, and Kate thought of Jane.

"If we invite Jane we must ask Jerry," Anne replied.

"Oh-h-h." Bessie was quite surprised. "Are you going to invite boys?"

"Of course," Anne replied. "Why not?"

Since Bessie could see no real reason why boys should not be invited it was decided to ask them. Before the girls got through they had twenty of their friends on their list.

Imagine how important they all felt sending out the nice party invitations.

Alice and Winifred Invited.

Now all the girls and boys who were asked to come to Polly's birthday were told that it was a surprise, so no one said anything to Polly about it. Of course, they were all glad to be asked, but I think Alice and

Winifred Baldwin were the happiest of the lot. The Baldwins were new neighbors, and while Alice and Winifred enjoyed playing with each other, they were anxious to make friends with the boys and girls who lived near them.

When the invitation came, the two girls had been having a party all their own. Daddy had built them a platform up in a tree, and the girls made believe they were giving a tea. Alice pretended she had called on Winifred, and she had her daughter present, too. But if you can imagine that their daughters were just dolls.

Oh, yes, their two kittens, Floss and Babe were there, too. They were funny, for the girls had dressed them like dolls. The kittens seemed to enjoy the little party, but that was because Alice had given them milk instead of make-believe tea.

In the midst of their party, Mother came out with a letter inviting them to the party. Alice could hardly wait to open it.

Winifred clapped her hands in great glee. "Isn't it wonderful to be asked to Polly's party?"

Mother was just as pleased as the girls, for she wanted them to make friends.

The Children are on Their Way.

On the day of the party, Bessie and Kate gathered a great big basket of flowers and brought them to the Caxton home. Mrs. Caxton, Polly's mother, thanked them a lot and said they would be very useful for decorations.

Now Polly and Anne had been invited to Aunt Mary's, and they were to come home after two o'clock, the time of the party. Anne would have liked to stay at home and help, but if she had, Polly might have suspected something, so she went along. So now, Bessie and Kate stayed to help Polly's mother.

It was fun to see all the children making plans to get to the party on time. At the Smith's home, the hired man saddled the pony for Jane and Jerry and off they started at quite a canter. They thought they were

going quite fast, but Dick, their cousin, easily passed them on his colt, Ben, with Tige at the horse's heels.

But Jane and Jerry were quite content with their pony and cart and kept on their even way.

"I wonder if Betty is asked?" said Jane, just before they came to the Parson highway. "I should like to see her cart and her pony."

"Yes," Jerry agreed, "and it will be nice for Widdie to have the other pony for company."

As they came to the crossroads, they saw Betty coming down the road in her own little cart. Though she was quite far away, they stopped and waved to her.

When Betty came up to them, she stopped.

"Are we late?" she asked. "I was afraid I was, for I stopped at Mrs. Sanders. What do you think? Bobbie Sanders has a pony, too. His daddy brought it home yesterday. All the children were watching Bobbie ride him."

"What a lot of ponies there are!" said Jane.

Jerry gathered up his reins for Widdie to go on. When they arrived at the party, Kate and Bessie of course were already there. Although they did not see their cousin, Dick, they saw Ben drinking from a water pail, and so they knew Dick had already arrived. But none of the other children had come as yet.

Polly is Surprised.

Polly and Anne had spent the morning with Aunt Mary, but you can be sure that Anne watched the clock to see if it were time to go home. Of course, Aunt Mary knew all about it but she never even hinted that something was going to happen.

The girls played in the barn with the kittens some of the time. Then Aunt Mary took them to town, and what do you think she bought Polly for her birthday? A silver fountain pen. It was just the thing that Polly wanted. I wonder how Aunt Mary guessed so well.

Then Aunt Mary took the two girls for lunch at the hotel, but she did not order very much for them. Anne knew why, but Polly

wondered. She was too polite to ask for more, however. After lunch, Aunt Mary drove the children to their home. Of course, she did not want to arrive too early. When the car drove up to the house Polly and Anne rushed inside. I really think Polly wanted to run to the pantry to see if she could not find a cookie or some bread and jam.

As they entered, there was a great shout of "Surprise! Surprise!" Polly was surely surprised for she had never suspected for one moment what was going to happen.

Soon everything was ready; mother brought out the birthday cake, and the children gathered around the table. There were good things to eat, but I am not going to tell you what they were, for you would surely grow hungry. When the time came, all the boys and girls took turns at blowing at the candles until they were all out. How glad Polly was that she had not eaten more at the hotel!

Uncle Jim Arrives.

And then just when every one began to wonder whether the party was over and feeling sorry to think it might be, what do you think happened?

Why, Uncle Jim walked through the front gate. Uncle Jim was every one's uncle. He loved all the children, and they all loved him.

What shout there was! "Hello, Uncle Jim," every one shouted. Such a din.

"Just a minute, just one minute," Uncle Jim begged. "I've something to say."

It was quite a little while before all of them became quiet enough.

"I came to Polly's birthday party because I didn't want to be left out. And if any one should ask me to, I'll tell a story. How about it?"

"A story, a story!" was the answer.

So part of the time was spent in listening to Uncle Jim's delightful stories, after which they played games.

Polly thanked them all for coming to her surprise, and also thanked them all for the nice presents and good wishes they brought. And that was the end of Polly's Surprise Birthday.

The Earlier History of Southern Slavs

(Continued.)



OME fifteen centuries ago the old European civilization represented by the Roman Empire was passing through a terrible crisis. The Mongolian

tribes, Huns and Avars, bursting forth from Central Asia like a devastating whirlwind, overran Europe and drove before them other races and tribes. After the Huns had overrun the Slav territories and uprooted the Slav tribes from their native soil, the Southern Slav tribes, avoiding the Mongolian hurricane, abandoned the Galician plains and wooded Carpathian ranges and appeared on the borders of the Eastern Roman Empire.

At their first appearance on the scene of the world history, destiny assigned to the Southern Slavs a part which they had played faithfully until now. Their part was a noble one. The frontiers of Byzantine empire were no longer respected and provinces were devastated. The panic-stricken inhabitants, fearing death and extermination, flocked to the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Balkan peninsula was overrun by Goths and Avars; the Roman settlements were nearly annihilated, and the Byzantine emperors were anxiously looking for help and assistance from any quarter. Encouraged by previous experiences with the Slavic tribes, and convinced of their loyal and non-aggressive character, they arrived at an agreement with the Southern Slav tribes and invited them to settle down peacefully in the devastated northern and central provinces of the Balkan peninsula, on condition that they would protect the northern frontier of Byzantium from further devastation and repeated attacks of the other less civilized tribes. This happened in the seventh century under the emperor Herakleios.

The emperors of Byzantium (present Constantinople), however, were no friends of the Southern Slavs. Their invitation was not a sincere one. Since they were always in danger that the barbaric tribes from north might invade their country, they were forced to extend this invitation. In the historical novel "Under the Sun of Freedom," written by Franc Finžgar, one reads of struggles that the Slavs had with their neighbors, Byzantines. These were selfish and oppressive, always trying to force injustice upon their less military neighbors.

The Slavic tribes, all speaking one language, all having one and the same standard of life, one religion and the same customs, repopled the western and northern provinces of the Balkan peninsula from Venetian plains to the Aegean. Living so close to the Roman empire and in contact with Greek civilization the Northern Slavs after centuries of hard struggles adopted the christian religion. By the degrees they formed their national states, which as was the case in the whole of Europe at that time, were founded on the feudal system. That feudal system, together with the civilization of medieval ages, was in itself a source of weakness. To a certain extent this also caused the separation of the languages of the Southern Slavs. The conditions became worse with the introduction of the Christian religion; and the separation of Southern Slav nations from each other was increased when, in eleventh century, the Christian Church split in two. The western tribes fell under the influence of Rome and became Roman Catholics; the eastern tribes remained under the influence of Constantinople and accepted the Greek Orthodox Church. Each of these groups will be considered later.

In the first quarter of the ninth century the Southern Slav tribes for the first time passed from the loose tribal federation to the higher organization of a state. In the beginning of the ninth century the Frankish state, penetrating into the basin of the Mid-

dle Danube, had subjugated the Southern Slav tribes also. At the hands of the German lords, who in the name of Charlemagne ruled the eastern parts of the Frankish empire, the Southern Slavs suffered every kind of oppression and action. The chroniclers say that the Slavs were permitted to eat only that which remained after the dogs of the Frankish lords had fed. They revolted under the leadership of Ludevit Posavski, who formed a mighty Southern Slav state which, extending from the upper reaches of the Save to the Lower Danube and as far as

mal lines. With every advance to the north and east, their rulers incorporated more people of their own race into their national states, liberating them from Byzantine, Frankish, and Magyar yoke, and, far from being aggressors or conquerors of alien people, they were only the upholders of the right of each nation to govern itself, and the liberators of their own kinsmen from an alien domination.

The peaceful sentiments and lofty ideals of the Southern Slavs have been finely expressed in their many beautiful songs. But

((*"The Yugoslav Review."*))



The Bay of Kotor, Southern Dalmatia.

Ljubljana, united in itself for a short time all the Southern Slav tribes, which later on were differentiated under the names Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs. Thus their first state was the only forerunner of that state which they have formed out, after eleven centuries of struggle.

But the first Southern Slav state (818-823) soon succumbed to foreign foes. The new beginning of their independent state life was on the shores of the Adriatic, and since the ninth century the growth of the Southern Slav states has proceeded on nor-

besides these songs and ballads we have the witness of foreigners who have described the character of the Yugoslavs. Theophylactes Simocates, the historian of Byzantium, during the reign of the emperor Maurice (582-62) says, that during a raid against the Slavs already established on the banks of the Lower Danube, the patrols of the emperor returned bringing in some Slav prisoners. They were tall, broadshouldered men, armed only with pipes, and in appearance quite harmless and good-natured. Being asked who they were, they answered: "We

are Slavs coming from the far-off sea. We do not know steel or arms, we graze our herds, make music with our pipes and do not harm any one."

Another historical writer of the eighth century the well known Paulus Diaconus, relates how his grandfather was made prisoner by the Avars in Pannonia, but managed to escape and fled through Slavonia to Italy. On his journey through the forest he found no food and fell exhausted to the ground. Fortunately a Slav woman from a neighboring village found him, and although he, being a Longobard, was considered an enemy, she pitying his state, took him to her home and kept him many days. And when he had recovered his strength she led him through the forest and showed him his way. It is not without interest to note that this Slav village woman had some sound knowledge of medicine, as during the first days, when he lay utterly exhausted, she gave him no solid food but only milk and soups. This

was more than was known to a contemporary Byzantine general, who on arriving in Italy gave his starving troops solid food, which caused wholesale death in their ranks.

Many other races, Longobards, Visigoths, and Ostrogoths—who about the same period penetrated into the Roman empire, were half-nomadic military organized tribes, who moved from place to place with their women and children, never showing any willingness to settle peacefully upon the territory that they had conquered. Unlike them, the Southern Slavic tribes had already an agricultural, communal organization of their own. Being used to the cultivation of the soil and the raising of cattle, they quickly took deep root in the newly conquered territories. They did not only occupy towns and villages like the Longobards in northern and central Italy, but they took possession as well of the plains, woody hills, and high mountains.

(To be continued.)

A Fossil Saves the Situation

There is a fossil, one of the tiniest known to the museums, which saves the motorist something on every mile he runs by motor-car.

That is a great work for a little fossil, but it would never have been done but for one of those patient people in museums who make it their business to know all about fossils great and small.

This fossil belongs to one of those families of tiny shellfish which are found in the sands of oil-bearing regions, and have perhaps been there ever since the oil was formed. Some think that the petroleum is itself the residue of the bodies of marine animals of millions of years ago, but that need not be discussed here. The animal we are looking at is called the Astracoda.

When the prospectors of a great oil-bearing district of the United States drilled for oil scoopsful of the tiny shells came up with the sand. Wherever oil was struck Foraminifera and Astracoda were in the bailer. They were also found when the drill never touched oil, however deep it was.

Fortunes have been sunk in drilling where no oil is, and the oilmen began to ask if there could be any difference between the tiny shells where oil was and those where oil was not. They sent to the United States National Museum to settle the question.

Then men who study fossils are not always searching for the Dinosaur's egg; some of them stay at home, patiently sorting out, year after year, the specimens that come to the museum, and keep the knowledge till it is wanted. One of them had been studying Foraminifera from all over the world for years. Another knew all there was to know about the Astracoda. Thanks to the knowledge of these two men it was found possible to say exactly what kind of these fossils would be found in oil-bearing sands. To any other kind it would be useless to apply the drill.

Consequently the money sunk in barren sands is saved, the costs of the oil district are lowered, and the motorist pays less for oil.

DON'T MONKEY WITH THE BUZZ SAW WHEN THE SAW IS ON THE BUZZ

A kitten to a saw mill strolled
In search of vagrant rats,
Although she should have known, alas!
It was no place for cats.
But had she known, there had been naught
The poet to enthuse,
There would have been no cat tale then
To wake the wayward muse.

Brave pussy purred about the mill
Where fancy beckoned her,
Nor ever thought that so much purr
Would cost her so much per.
For so much purr brought only grief;
She soon beheld, with awe,
A thing that could outpurr the world—
It was the saw she saw.

She listened to its singing loud,
And as its carol rose
Was filled with feline impulse just
To feel it with her nose.
The elevator carried out
A little bunch of fuzz—
She monkeyed with the buzz saw when
The saw was on the buzz.

That little bunch of gory fur
That made a cat turn pale
May point a moral now, as it
Might once adorn a tale.
And that poor cat that did not know
The circular went 'round,
May prove a truth eternal as
A resting place she found.

Moral: Now as you tread
Toward the promised land,
Buzz saws that sing their siren song
You'll find on every hand.
One's labeled "politics" and has
A jagged lot of teeth,
As well as many lesser saws
To slash you underneath.

There are the saws of "Get-rich-quick"
And saws of "Easy-Snap"
That sing entrancing songs of gold
To lure you to their trap.
To guard against such saws as these
This bit of logic does—
Don't monkey with the buzz saw when
The saw is on the buzz.

Three Hundred Useful People

High up on the precipitous ledges of the Jungfrau, in Switzerland, is an observatory 2000 feet below the crest and more than two miles above the sea. But its work is not in the skies alone. In the daytime during the summer it has a special telescope for sweeping the mountainside in search of belated travellers.

But stars and tourists are not the only things with which the observatory deals. Under the Swiss government astronomer, Dr. Kollicker, it makes many meteorological observations of clouds and atmosphere, and undertakes special work in examining materials, such as rubber, which gather moisture at their surfaces. This is highly-skilled work, and enables the observatory to pay its way.

There is another class of astronomers

spread all over the world who work for nothing. There is one association of them which was founded fourteen years ago in America but now numbers three hundred members spread all over the world, in Europe, South Africa, Australia, India, and Japan, which does nothing but examine the variable stars.

They work with all sorts of instruments, telescopes from three-inch to twenty-inch apertures, and are of all sorts of people, and they have accumulated nearly a quarter of a million observations. It is rather a remarkable fact that, apart from the variable stars, all the bright new stars which have appeared in the present century were first seen by amateur astronomers. They are also famous as discoverers of comets, and the very latest comet to be seen was found by one of them.

Why Prickles Grow on Thistles

By Christine Chaundler

The fairies who lived in the flower-cups in Sunshine Meadow were dreadfully worried. And it was all because of the rabbits in the rabbit warren on the other side of the hedge. There hadn't been a rabbit warren there very long. Last year there had only been one rabbit with his wife and family. But rabbits grow to be great-great-great-grandfathers very quickly, you know, and this year there were simply hundreds—far too many for me to tell you or you to count.

And they all came through the hedge into Sunshine Meadow and nibbled up the flowers in which the fairies had their homes.

"Oh, you mustn't! They're our houses! Go away, it's very naughty of you!" cried the fairies when the rabbits first began to nibble the clover plants, which were the plants in which most of the fairies were living just then. (They liked the smell of the clover, and it was so very convenient to live in a house that grew honey for you as the clover did.) But the rabbits didn't take any notice of what the fairies said to them. They liked the taste of the clover, and they didn't mind a bit if the flowers were the fairies' houses. And they just went on nibbling.

"Oh, dear! This won't do. We shall have to move," said the fairies. So they moved into some dandelions which were just in flower. But one day the rabbits found out that dandelions were nice to eat, too; and they began nibbling them, and though the fairies scolded and scolded they didn't take any notice. They just went on nibbling.

So the fairies had to move again. This time they made their homes up in the tops of the tall meadow grasses, thinking that up here they surely would be safe. But no! the rabbits found out that grasses were good to eat, too. And in spite of all the fairies could say, they just went on nibbling.

And it was just the same wherever the fairies went to. Sooner or later some rabbit would find out that the plants they were in were nice to eat and begin to nibble, and in a very short time all the other rabbits would

be nibbling too. Even if they didn't like the taste of a plant very much, it didn't help the fairies. For they nibbled it down first to make sure that they didn't like it, and then moved on to something that they did. And no matter what anybody said to them, they didn't take any notice. They just went on nibbling.

At last the poor fairies were in despair. "We'll go and ask the wizard who lives in the Wood if he can help us," they said. And they all flew off at once to find the wizard, and when they had found him they poured out all their trouble to him.

"Well, but the rabbits must eat something, you know," said the wizard, when he had heard the fairies' story.

"We know that; but these rabbits eat everything," said the fairies.

"What do you want me to do then? Banish them? I might turn them into something else, perhaps. Bats or toads or frogs or something," said the wizard.

"Oh, no, no! That wouldn't do at all!" cried the fairies, dreadfully shocked. "We don't want you to do anything to hurt the darlings. We only want you to stop them from nibbling down our houses."

The wizard rumbled his long white beard.

"Much the easiest way would be to turn them into something that doesn't nibble," he said. "Still, if you don't like the idea of that, we must think of some other plan. What sort of houses grow the tallest in your meadow?"

"The thistle houses, I think," said one of the fairies.

"Humph!" said the wizard. "Humph, humph, humph! Thistles, missiles, whistles—"

"What does he mean? What is he talking about? Do you think he's just a little bit—mad?" whispered the fairies.

"Be quiet!" said the wizard. "I'm making a spell; and to do that I've got to find a rhyme. You can't make a spell without

finding a rhyme, and you can't find a rhyme while people are whispering. And, anyway, it's very bad manners to whisper in company. Thistles, missiles, whistles, bristles—hurrah! I've got it! Bristles!"

Then he beamed at the fairies.

"I'll enchant all the thistles so that they'll all grow bristles; and then the rabbits won't be able to eat them up or even to nibble them down. And you'll be able to make your homes up in the thistle-flower houses."

"Oh, that's a splendid idea!" cried the fairies. So the wizard did. And now the

fairies don't mind a bit about the rabbits. Whenever rabbits get troublesome anywhere, they just make their homes up in the thistle flowers, and then they are quite safe. And that is why thistles are prickly to this very day.

If any of you ever come across the wizard of the Wood, I do wish you'd ask him to come along and see me? For the rabbits nibble down everything I've got in my garden, and I should be so very much obliged if the wizard would enchant my plants and make them safe for me, as he did the fairies' thistles.

OH, THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

By Frances Browne.

OH, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;

Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold;

Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold.

Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!

With sword and lance and armour strong they scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize, those gallant knights of old!

Oh, those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,

Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.

Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;

And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old!

Oh, the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie

Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be;

For years they served their lady-love ere they their passion told.

Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh, those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;

I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told,

But, Heaven be thanked I live not in those blessed times of old!





Dear Readers:

I was rather surprised when the mailman brought so many letters for the Chatter Corner of this issue, but I am even more surprised with the improved contents of your contributions. There are not merely letters of dry words, but meaningful and well written contributions, which will be read by other readers, young and old, all over the United States. I am sure everybody will appreciate them as well as I did. The contributions for our contest show how very interested you are, not only in the "Joy-Givers' Club of the S. N. P. J.", but also in the organization itself. I congratulate all of you who contributed the letters for the Contest. Go on, all of you, and show the older folks that, nevertheless you are young, you have some fine ideas about the organization.

*

Those of you who wrote about your practice in Slovene language, have a fine opportunity in translating the two little stories which are printed under a "A Lesson in Slovene." Translate the Slovenian story into English, and the English story into Slovenian, and compare your translation with the translation which will be printed in March issue. It may be a hard task, but try to do it anyway. Let me know in a letter, after the March issue, how much you have accomplished with your translation.

IF I WERE THE PRESIDENT.

If I were the president of an S. N. P. J. lodge, I would have several entertainments given. To make the members interested in the meetings I would plan some entertainments for the members such as grab-bag, bunco, and checkers and others. This would bring more members and gradually the members would get into the habit of coming to the meetings. I would have prizes given to the members who would bring the most new members to the lodge. I would have picnics and parties for the Juvenile members.

Best wishes to Juvenile members. — Mamie Jurecic, Chicago, Illinois.

*

BEING THE PRESIDENT OF A LODGE.



Mary Kozole.

We have many kinds of societies, clubs, and organizations. They need a group of men to be at the head of the club, and their main officer is the president. The president has the highest position of the society, I will tell you how I would manage the meetings if I were the president.

The meeting would first be called to order. Then the secretary would read the minutes of the previous meeting. Following this I

would tell the secretary to read the communications from other lodges and the official announcements from the main office. In case there were any new applicants to be admitted into the society, I would let the member be initiated and voted for, by the members.

After this I would tell the secretary to read the names of suspended or expelled members. Then the notices of sickness, accidents, or death. There would also be reports of the sick committee and decisions concerning the sick benefits.

Following this the unfinished business would be completed. The election of new officers would be next.

Things in the interest of the lodge would be voted upon, if they wanted a dance or any other entertainment.

The last thing of all would be the adjournment of the meeting. — Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

*

HOW I WOULD MANAGE THE S. N. P. J. LODGE IF I WERE TO BECOME ITS PRESIDENT.

In order to make the lodge a success, it must have a very good president, one of good character and cooperative spirit. The president acts like the mother, and the members are the children, although both are alike, none having special privileges.

Now this is what would happen if I were to become the president of one of the S. N. P. J. lodges.

In the first place I would try to get as many members as I could, to join the S. N. P. J. The meetings then, would be a pleasure to attend.

As everyone knows, the meetings are usually held every month. Suppose that I am on a meeting now, and am the president. The first thing I would do would be, to call the meeting to order, because without order nothing can possibly be done. As soon as everyone would be settled, I would have the assistant secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting. The minutes are already read, and then comes the initiating of new members.

After that I would announce that the secretary will read all the letters received from the main office. The different officers as the secretary or treasurer report whatever they have.

Both the officers and members discuss on the different topics concerning amusements or anything considered worthy. Anything that has not been discussed so far is to be done now.

When I'd see that everything was settled, the meeting would be adjourned.

If preferred by the members, they may appoint committees and have refreshments served, and games played, after meetings.

While I was writing all this I felt as if I were a real president conducting the meeting. Oh boy! Did it feel grand!

Agnes Jurecic, member of društvo Nada št. 102 in Chicago, Ill.

A RESOLUTION AND SOLUTION.

In the last issue of the M. L. I read Dorothy Rosa's letter in which she wants to know whether the boys of the S. N. P. J. are lazy. Wait a minute, girls! Maybe sometimes the boys will have to ask you the very same question. Now boys, just to show them that we are not lazy we will all begin to write to our magazine M. L.

I would also like to join the "Joy-Givers' Club" which has a contest having a question "How would you manage the S. N. P. J. lodge, if you were to become its president." Here is my solution.

I would give entertainments like games, dancing and refreshments that would bring members to the meeting and also would bring in new members. When the summer would come, we would give a picnic. The profit would go into the treasury and the people would join the S. N. P. J.

*

John Jurecic.

WAKENING UP.

I live in Cleveland, Ohio, on Prince Ave. Lately we got twins, a boy and a girl, whom I always like to carry and rock him or her, whoever it may be. I hold the Mladinski List in my hands when all at once I awake. I look at the letters from the brothers and sisters and at the stories and jokes. I think, here I had been lazy while these young members were busy at work. I determined to start right off to work which I did and began. Now when I am at work, I like to know whether it is possible for others to get up as I am beginning to. I should think it absolutely right if all members are a 100% in writing at least one letter a month. — Joseph Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

THE DUTY OF A PRESIDENT.

The president of a club should be very interested in the improving of the organization. He must be a thrifty, honest, forgiving person if he wants, as a superior to get along well.

Now, boys of the S. N. P. J., are you willing to let the girls get ahead of us? poke fun? and get away with it? Come on, boys, show some spirit; you know that it is up to the younger generation to increase the Mladinski list. And you want to have the boys' names on top.

Here is a joke:

He Knew the Rules.

Hey there, don't you dare to park that car of yours near my horse."

"Don't worry. I knew the city rules are not to park near a plug."

Victor Friskovec, Nokomis, Ill.

*

LODGE NO. 335, AUBURN, ILL.

This S. N. P. J. Lodge is a very good lodge, because it helps many people with its sick and death benefit. The lodge also does good by trying to amuse the members. It gives dances and other entertainments.

The Mladinski list, edited especially for the young folks of the S. N. P. J. is a very good magazine which is enjoyed by both young and old.—Josephine Tomazin.

Letters of appreciation have been sent by the following devoted readers of the "Mladinski list":

Tony Droblich, 11 years old, in the 6th grade, from Gilbert, Minn.

Rose Yellen, Henrietta, Oklahoma. She is 13 years old and in the 8th grade. She says it is her duty to write, because nobody else writes from Henryetta.

Joe Zelia, Elbert, W. Va. — He is 9 years old and gets along pretty well in his fourth grade. He has one brother and one sister who belongs to the S. N. P. J.

Mayme Krasovetz, Aurora, Minn. — 11 years old, 7th grade. She says that it is very cold in Minnesota, and the snow is rather deep.

Mary Mayl, Kenosha, Wisconsin. — She writes: I am sorry I did not write before. My oldest sister is in the 7th B grade and her name is Anna; she is 13 years old. My other sister is seven months old and her name is Julia. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 38, except my mother and my little sister. My address: M. M., 4822 17th ave., Kenosha, Wis.

Willie Cioblar, Arma, Kansas. — He has two brothers and two sisters and they all belong to the S. N. P. J.

Frank Furar, La Salle, Illinois. — He is 12 years old and a freshman at the La Salle-Peru High School, more popularly known as "L-P." His two brothers and two sisters are all younger than he, and they all belong to the S. N. P. J. He belongs to the lodge No. 98.

Jennie Widmar, Box 481, Livingston, Illinois. — She wishes the M. L. would come once a week instead of once a month. She was 12 years old this Feb. 8. Her wish is that some girls would answer her letter.

Elizabeth Golle, Franklin, Kansas. — Her age is twelve years and she is in the 8th grade. She likes the stories in the M. L. very much and she promises to write more next time.

John Nagode, Strabane, Pa.; 11 year old and in the fifth grade. He has four sisters, and they all belong to the S. N. P. J. and they all like to read the M. L.

Helen Grabner, Kenosha, Wisconsin, 13 years of age and now passing in the 9th grade. Her father and mother belong to the S. N. P. J.

Margareth Champa, Cleveland, Ohio. — 11 year old. She wishes that the M. L. would come two times a week.

Sophie Snoznick, Renton, Pa. She is 12 years old and in the 7th grade of the Republic School. She has five brothers and three sisters. The whole family (ten all together) belong to the S. N. P. J.

Anna Morouse, Broughton, Pa. — 12 years old, has two brothers and two sisters. She is the youngest of the family which belongs to the S. N. P. J.

Frances Gazboda, Broughton, Pa. — She is in the eighth grade, 13 years old. Her father is dead, but her mother and she (the only one in the family) belong to the S. N. P. J.

Frank Mervar, Cleveland, Ohio. — He is 12 years old and in the 7-A grade. His brother and sister and the whole family belong to the S. N. P. J. His father has belonged to it for twenty years. He wishes that other boys would write to him. His address: F. M. Cleveland, O., 707 E. 157th St.

Carl Deslich, Chisholm, Minn. — 9 year old and in the 4th grade. His 3 sisters and 2 brothers all belong to the S. N. P. J., and like to read the Mladinski list. He promises to write in Slovenian next time.

Karolina Miklavich, Somerset, Pa. — 8 years old in the 3rd grade. She is now studying hard: writing, spelling, reading, arithmetic, English and health. Her three sisters and she belong to the S. N. P. J.

John Bergoch, Masontown, Pa. — He, his sisters and brothers and his father and mother, belong to the Lodge No. 101. He is 10 years old and in the fifth grade. They all like to read the M. L., and occasionally they even fight for it. His father teaches him to write in Slovene.

Anna Dolence, Pittsburgh, Pa. — She goes to Willett School, eighth grade. Her six sisters and one brother belong to the S. N. P. J. all except one sister. She wants some boys or girls of Willock S. N. P. J. Lodge to write for the M. L. She says: "Wake up, brothers and sisters! See what we can do to help the lodges. Try to get more members. The more the better. There are never too many."

Margaret Pozego, Willard, Wis., writes: "I am a sister of the S. N. P. J., 14 years old and in the eighth grade at school. I wish some of my sisters would write to me."

John Pozego, from the same Slovenian town, says, that he has all kinds of books in school, but he likes the M. L. best. One day he went to the Eau Claire River with his father in order to get some gravel. He likes to get a ride once in a while.

*

Pauline Kodolja, Conneaut, Pa. — She promises to write more letters this year than she did last year. And, of course, she would like to get some letters from other readers. Her address is 403 Depot st., Conneaut, Pa.

*

Joe Debelak, Trenary, Mich. — Since Joe is 16 years old, he is now out of the Juvenile Department. But he prefers the "Juvenile" instead of "Prosveta", because he likes the former very much.

*

John Osterman, Ironwood, Mich. 10 years old and in the 4th grade. He has one sister and three brothers. They all belong to the S. N. P. J. He can't talk in Slovenian very good, but he is going to learn it.

*

Joe Leber, Franklin, Kansas. — He belongs to the lodge No. 187, and he enjoys reading the M. L., but the letter by Dorothy Rosa saying that the Slovenian boys are lazy, interests him most. He wants to prove that this is not true. His age is 12 years and goes to the 8th grade. He writes quite a lot about his school and teachers, and concludes with these words: "I wish more boys would write, so that we show the girls whether we could beat them. My address is: Joe Leber, Franklin, Kansas, Box 300."

*

Matilda Klemen, 13 years old and in the 7th grade of the Roosevelt School in Euclid, Ohio, contributes this joke:

The Dog Could not Read.

Mike: "I lost my dog. Pat what I am going to do?"

Pat: "Why don't you advertise for him?"

Mike: "Sure, my dog can't read advertisements."

*

Genevieve Janekovich writes from Lawrence, Pa.:

"We live in a sad place now. Here are not many sisters and brothers of the S. N. P. J. We have no fun at the school ground. We don't like to play with those strange children, because we heard at our homes that their fathers came to break the strike and to eat our bread away. That is the reason why my father has to go far to work in order to get our piece of bread. If all the people move out at the first of April, then we might be more happy. Our family is all in the S. N. P. J."

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Dear Editor:—

We are all members of the S. N. P. J. and there are five of us. I have one brother and three sisters. My oldest brother is twenty six and my

youngest sister nine years. I am fourteen years of age and in the eighth grade. The school is located in the middle of the city. I have five teachers who are all very kind to me. We also have a school orchestra.

I love the Mladinski List very much. I wish it would come every week instead of once a month. I like to read the stories and the jokes, which are very interesting. I wish some of the other boys and girls of the S. N. P. J. would write to me. This is my address:—Hellen Kocine, West Frankfort, Ill., Box 163.

*

Dear Editor:—

I am very much interested in The Mladinski List, and wish it would come more often than once a month. I am a twin and have two sisters and two brothers. I am twelve years old and in the 7-A grade. My twin sister is in the same room as I. We all belong to the S. N. P. J.

I think Kate Klarich is right about the Detroit boys and girls not being interested in the Mladinski List, although that doesn't mean everyone.

I think the answer to what has four legs in the morning, two at noon and three in the evening is man. Baby has four legs when it crawls on the floor, two at noon, when he is grown up, and walks on two feet; three in the evening, when he has grown to be an old person and has to have cane when he walks. — Valeria Koss, Detroit, Mich.

*

Dear Editor:—

I love to read the letters and jokes which are written by the young members. There are seven of us in our family including my parents. I am next to the oldest of the children in our family. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade. I go to High School. We are all members of the S. N. P. J. It seems as if the children of Lawrence do not take any interest in this magazine for I haven't seen any letters from Lawrence yet.

I love to read the poems which are written by Theresa Smith. I have a poem and a riddle for the members to guess:

A chicken and a pig on a railroad track;

Some one tied their legs.

Around the curve there came a train,

Choo, choo, pork and eggs.

What is it that grows in winter, dies in summer and grows with its roots turned up?

Mary Yankovich, Box 74, Lawrence, Pa.

*

Mary Mezek, Columbia, Utah, Box 15.—12 years old and in the 6th grade. Her brother's name is Frank and her sister's Frances. They all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge. Their juvenile department has 13 members and they are trying to get another one so that the small members will be up with the grown ups (14). She wishes that some of the young readers would write to her.

Martha J. Gregorina, Bellingham, Wash. 3132 Peabody St. — She wishes that some of the readers would write to her, and especially Augusta Alich from West Frankfort, Ill. She will be 13 years old in March.

Dear Editor:—

There are four of us writing this letter. We have just looked through the January Mladinski List, which pleased us very much. We are great pals and are usually together at work as well as at play. Perhaps you would like to know our names. We are Pauline, Mildred and Alma Berger, and Eleanor Vogrich. We are all members of the S. N. P. J.; two of us are Pioneers. Surely, you all know who the Pioneers are. We would like to tell you all about them, but we are sure that the Editor would not let us use so much space. We think you will like this joke as much as we did:

The Difference.

Teacher: "Johnny, answer the following questions: What is a daily? and What is a weekly?"

Johnny: "My baby brother's bath is daily and mine is a weekly."

Dear Editor:—

I want to tell you just how our family likes the M. L. Mother and father think it is good. My mother said, that I should write another letter. I peddle papers and I have 74 customers and I earn \$4 a week. The name of the paper is "Daily Post Tribune." We have a Western Clock Factory which has many hundred employees. We have many other factories in La Salle, which are large. We have the Plow Work, M. and H. and Zinc Co. and an Acid factory.

I have a joke to tell you:

It was a very warm day, a penny and a dime went down to the ocean. The penny fell in and got drowned. Why didn't the dime jump in, — why?

Because it had more sense (cents).

Your loving friend—William Gergovich.

Olga Poff, Maynard, Ohio, has received a letter from Mayme Krasovetz, Aurora, Minn., and was surprised to get it. She thinks the M. L. should come oftener. This is her joke:

Jimmy: "What is a collision?"

John: "A collision is when two things hit together."

Jimmy: "Oh! we had a collision at our home last night."

John: "What was it?"

Jimmy: "Two doctors, two nurses, and twins."

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the S. N. P. J. and so do my brothers and sisters. I like to read the Mladinski List; its poems, jokes, and stories are very interesting. It rained nearly all last month, and the roads are all full of mud. If any one wishes to write to me, my address is:—Frances Blazic, Box 256, Meadow Lands, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am interested in reading the M. L. I go to school every day and I am in the 5th grade, and I'll be twelve years old next month. The name of the school that I go to is Base Line School Dist. 61. I have a nice teacher.

How do you like this joke?

Mother: Jimmy, you didn't come home from town as soon as I told you.

Jimmy: Well, mother, I and my friend Billy came together and we started to play marbles.

Best regards to all brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J.

My address is:—Rose Kastelic, R. R. 2, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Dear Editor:—

I must express my thanks to you for the story books that you have sent me. They have been a help to me. They have interested some of my friends and sisters, too, for they are trying to learn how to read in the Slovenian language. There was not a paragraph, that was not interesting. I have written this letter in the American language, so that every reader can read it, but I think I will write in Slovenian the next time.

I would gladly join the "Joy Givers' Club." And I wish some other young members of our Lodge No. 280 would write a few lines to the M. L. I haven't seen any for a long time. If you get down and try, you can; but the trouble is you can't get down and start. I have learned how to read the Slovenian by trying to read letters in "Naš kotiček" and writing letters in our own tongue.

Remaining a friend to all readers and Editor,

Justina Paulich, Delmont, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am in the senior lodge now, but am still getting the "Mladinski List." I appreciate it very much and, in fact, like it better than ever before. I think I am getting it in place of the Wednesday edition of the "Prosveta" which I should have been getting since the month of October, the month in which I entered. We are getting two Wednesday editions, anyway, and wouldn't have any use for another.

I am a Junior in high school and am intending to spend my vacation in Chicago. I may have the chance to see you at your office while I am there. My father wants me to go out into the world and get a three month test of self support so that, when I graduate, I won't be homesick where I may go.

I am learning to play the cornet and violin here in my home town where we have a band and an orchestra. I play cornet in the band and violin in the orchestra. I am not very good on them but am intending to learn. I will take lessons in Chicago when I get there.

Your friend,

Henry Kavcic.

Dear Editor:—

As it is a long time since I wrote, I guess it is about time to write. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. I go to the Mancel Talcott School. I like to read the Mladinski List, but I wish it would come more often.

I have a few jokes:

Mr. Greene (just arrived in town, stepping into a bank)—"I am looking for Mr. Gown. He's an old friend of mine. I supposed he was still cashier of the bank?"

Manager of bank (looking dejectedly at empty safe)—"Yes, sir. He has left the bank. That's about all he did leave."

Mother had been relating the events of the day to daddy, when little Elizabeth, who had been waiting patiently to tell something, cried out:

"Won't you please sign off, Mother, and let me have the air 'til I tell some news, too?"

Pappa asked: "Johnnie, do you know who has been using my new fountain pen?"

"I'll give you this much of a hint," said Johnnie after much hesitation, "it was one of your nearest relatives."

I would like to have some of the members write to me. My name is Rudolph Sernel, and my address is: 535 No. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I haven't read any letters from Bull, Minnesota, so I will write one. I hope all the brothers and sisters enjoy the Mladinski List. I am in the fifth grade and am getting along fine. It is kind of cold in Bull, Minnesota, but we have a lot of fun, anyway. Sometimes I try to do the puzzles, but can't get them. I enjoy them very much. I belong to the S. N. P. J. — Angela Martz, Box 166, Bull, Minnesota.

Dear Readers of the Mladinski:

I rejoice to know that our "Chatter Corner" is becoming larger and larger. It will improve even more if all brothers and sisters write. I am quite proud of our little magazine and so is a little boy who is in the same class at school as I am. The little fellow I happen to be talking about is Jim Prelisnek. He gets the magazine also, and I know he likes it. Jim, you get out your pencil and paper and drop a few lines to the Magazine, which you love so well.

A joke for the readers:

"Little boy," said the visitor at the school house. "What do you intend to be when you grow up?"

"A fish peddler, Mister."

"And why a fish peddler?"

"Because then I'd only have to work on Friday."

Rose Crowley, La Salle, Ill., R. R. 3, Box 48.

WINTER BIRDS.

The winter birds are flying about
While other birds are flying south.
They are looking for something to eat
And to warm their poor little feet.
Feed poor birds with crumbs each day;
They will get used and then will stay.
Give them the food that will keep them warm all day
And some sweet smelling dry cloves that is turned
into hay.

They will build their warm nests high up in a tree
And with their sweet singing they will sing, "We
are free!"

Jennie Krizmancic.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains big and high
Seem like giants in the sky;
Everywhere the boulders lie
While birds go singing by.
Here and there they towering stand
With creeks running down their sides,
Breaking the level line of land.
And bears taking lazy strides.
The highest peaks are whitecapped
Looking husky and brown,
In long brown cloaks are rapped
Like beggars in tattered and patched gowns.

Joseph Lever.

RIDDLES.

1. Which travels faster, heat or cold
2. What word will, if you take away the first letter, make you sick.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Montana.

Round as a moon,
Black as a coon,
And has a hole in the middle.
What is it

Margaret Pozego, Willard, Wis.

1. Why are sugar plums like race horses?
2. Why is a leaky barrel like a coward?

Louis Cirar, Jr., Nokomis, Ill.

What is the country seat?

Joe Debelak, Trenary, Michigan.

An oak tree has 12 branches, each branch has 4 nests, each nest has 7 eggs, and these 7 eggs are 7 birds. What is it?

Anna Morouse, Broughton, Pa.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JANUARY ISSUE.

1. Riddle—Me—Ree: ICELAND.

2. Changed word: RISE

RASE

RALE

RALL

FALL

Mary Ostanek's riddle: CHERRY.

John Fradel: MAN: Baby, Man, Old Man.