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LIST



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PROSVETA

d n e v n i k, g l a s i l o S l o v e n s k e n a r o d n e
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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO V

CHICAGO, ILL., AVGUST 1926.

ŠTEV. 8.

ŠEST DOLARJEV NA DAN

(Plača delavcev Fordovih tovaren
v Detroitu.)

Šest dolarjev na dan
dobi velikan
vsaki dan,
da v tovarnah orjaških
s kolesjem jeklenim tekmuje.

Šest dolarjev na dan!
Oddih mu ni znan
dopoldan,
ko on kuje železje
in pili in vrta s stroji.

Šest dolarjev na dan!
Svež grob je skopan;
darovan
je venec suhih cvetlic,
ker padli ni poznal svojih pravic

K.

Šest dolarjev na dan —
in vsak popoldan
kot prodan
se delavec zaganja
še druge priganja k znojenju.

Šest dolarjev na dan
je zate, tlačan,
dan na dan,
za trpljenje ponoči
in medlenje pri peči žgoči.

Goethe—Fr. Rojec:

Deček vidi rožico,
rožico v pustinji,
mladoletje krasi jo,
deček pride, z radostjo
gleda jo v bližini.
Oj ti rdeča rožica,
rožica v pustinji!

PUSTINJSKA ROŽICA

Deček pravi: "Vtrgam te,
rožica v pustinji!"
Rožica nasmeje se:
"Zbodem te, da vedno me
pomniš v bolečini!"
Oj ti rdeča rožica,
rožica v pustinji!

Deček vtrga cvet rosan
rožici v pustinji;
ona brani se in v dlan
zbode ga, a vse zaman:
zvene v bolečini.—
Oj ti rdeča rožica,
rožica v pustinji!

Albin Čebular:

Vpregel bom konjička,
njivo izoral,
potlej pa semena
zlatega vsejal.

UP

To bo poln zrnja
v kašči vsak polič—
in če pride zima,
bal se ne bom nič!

Obljubljena dežela je naša dežela

Povest o razvoju človeka, njegove kulture
in morale.

“Človek je rojen zato, da trpi,” je rekel Job, ko je plamen švigal nad streho njegove hiše.

Toda skozi vsa stoletja, skozi vse dobe je človek upal. Skozi vse čase vidimo, da je človeštvo iskalo sreče ne za takrat, ko je živel, temveč za bodočnost. Ljudje vidijo srečo vedno v bodočnosti. Pesnik pravi v svojem velikem upanju, da človek ni srečen, toda vedno bo srečen. Sreča je nekaj, po čemur vsak hrepeni. Že hrepenenje po sreči je del sreče.

Skozi vso človeško zgodovino in tudi prazgodovino so si ljudje pripovedovali pravljice o deveti ali obljubljeni deželi sreče. Tako še danes starši svojim otrokom pripovedujejo pravljice o deželi blagostanja. Deveta ali obljubljena dežela je bila ljudem v preteklosti del vere, del vsakdanjega hrepenenja. Ta želja je vodila ljudstva skozi puščave, dala je zatiranim moč, da so prestali suženjstvo in trpljenje. Vedno je bila vera v ljudstvu, da bo prišlo v srečno deželo blagostanja, ko bo prodrlo skozi nesrečno puščavo.

Obljubljeno deželo je iskalo vsako človeško pleme v vsakem veku. Divjak iz dupline je že hrepenel po deveti deželi, ki je bila kajpada veliko bolj priprosta kakor je deveta dežela modernega človeka. Njemu je bila obljubljena dežela tam, kjer je dobil zadostno količino jedi in pijače, da mu ni bilo treba trpeti zanj. V stoletjih križarskih vojsk in srednjem veku so kralji gonili svoje tlačane na vojske, da bi jim izvojevali obljubljeno in srečnejšo deželo. Tako še v dvajsetem stoletju državniki iščejo sreče, dežele, v kateri bi ljudje živeli srečno. Ljudstvo samo, delavci, kmetje, vsi hrepene po izboljšanju.

Če bi bili ljudje srečni in zadovoljni, bi nikoli ne iskali obljubljenе dežele. Starši pripovedujejo otrokom pravljice o srečni, obljubljeni deželi, ker si take dežele sami žele in ker niso zadovoljni ter se hočejo povzpeti višje. Morda ne dosežemo srečnejše dežele,

toda del sreče je v tem, da se borimo za izboljšanje; naš up nikoli ne zamre.

V pradavnih dobah, katere niso popisane v zgodovini, se je divjak, prednik današnjega človeka potikal po gozdovih. Njegovo mišljenje je bilo jako omejeno; govoriti je znal malo besed, orožja ni poznal in tudi oblačila ne. Trpel je vsled vremenskih nepravil, vročine in mraza. Prvo se je naučil odetati se z ličjem in pozneje s kožami ubitih živali; dolga stoletja potem pa je najmodrejši človek iznašel dobre ognja, pri katerem se je grel v mrzlem vremenu. Toda človek je bil že v tistih primitivnih časih zavisten, in modrejši, ki je znal ogenj narediti, ni naučil drugega. Zato je napredek zaostajal. Le gospodar plemena je znal pripravljati ogenj, od drugih, ki so se hoteli greti pri njegovem ognju, pa je hotel, da so mu izkazovali čast. Mlajše in slabotne je nagnal od svojega ognjišča.

Predstavimo si mlada divjaka, oba še dečka, ki sta se srečala v pragozdu. Vsak je imel v rokah kamen, kar je bilo takrat še edino orožje, ki se ga je divjak posluževal, da je ubil zajca ali ptico in jo surovo pojedel. Ko sta se mlada divjaška dečka zagledala v gozdu, sta se oba tresla od strahu, ker sta bila vsak drugega plemena in sta se kot taka sovražila ter se bala drug drugega. Težko sta se dogovorila, da si ne mislita storiti nič hudega, vrgla sta vsak svoj kamen proč iz rok in kazala dlani, da nimata kamna ter da hočeta biti prijatelja. Dogovoriti se drugače ni šlo, ker takrat so ljudje poznali še malo besed in so se večinoma sporazumeli samo z dajanjem znakov in par glasov. Znak prijateljstva je torej bil, da sta si pokazala prazne roke. To je bil tudi začetek današnjega običaja, da si dajamo roke, ko se srečamo s prijateljem. Kaj sta si mlada dečka povedala, danes nikakor ne moremo dognati, kajti tistih par glasov, ki sta jih znala dati od sebe, ni nikjer zapisanih, vemo pa lahko, kake so bile njune potrebe in želje. Zato vemo, kaj

sta si mislila dopovedati. Prvi je bil sin divjaka lovca, ki je lovil živali, drugi pa, recimo, je bil sin divjaka, kateri je znal zakuriti ogenj, pa ga je pregnal z doma in je deček iskal druge družbe. Sprijaznila sta se in drug drugega naučila, kar sta znala. Eden je znal boljše rabiti orožje. Znal je tudi pograbiti kol in z njim ubiti zver; drugi je znal napraviti ogenj. Na tak način so se učili divjaki rabiti gorjače in kamenje. Učili so se rabiti kožuhe in napravljeni si jed pri ognju. Potekla so stoletja, toda nič novega ni so iznašli; vse je ostalo pri starem, samo podnebje se je spreminjalo. Postajali so ved-

dobe jelenov in slonov. Skozi stoletja in tisočletja so delali tako, izumrli so in spomin na njih umetnost je izginil.

Drugi so živeli pri jezerih in morjih. Bali so se divjakov iz notranjosti zemlje, kakor so se ti bali njih. Če sta se srečala mlad divjak z obrežja in mlad divjak s celine, sta se zopet spoznavala in učila drug drugega. Duplinski umetnik je učil divjaka z obrežja, kaj pomenijo njegove figure po steni. V njih so bila zapopadena stremljenja na boljše, želja po debelejših živalih, ki imajo več mesa in mleka ter boljše kožo za odejo. Z umetnostjo so se razvijale misli. Porodila



Ljudje iz prazgodovinske dobe.

Ti kipi so na razstavi v Fieldovem muzeju v Chicagu. Prvi predstavlja človeka pred stotisočletji, ki ga znanstveniki imenujejo "pithecanthropus erectus" in so našli njegovo okostje na otoku Javi. Drugi je neandertalec (30,000 let nazaj), tretji je kromagnon (človek pred 12,000 leti).

no hladnejši časi in človek se je učil vedno boljše napravljeni oblačilo. Tudi stanovali-šče si je človek poiskal v toplejših prostorih. Največ ljudi je živelo po duplinah.

Ljudje, ki so živeli po duplinah, so pustili za seboj nekatere znake, ker v njih je bila žila umetniške krvi, primitivne in grobe, pa vendar umetniške za divjake. Izdolbli so kosti v razne oblike in po stenah so zarisali slike živali, konjske in volovske glave in po-

se je prva ideja jahanja na konju. Res, je v vekih zatem prišlo vdomačenje konja, ki ga je divjak porabil za ježo. Izpopolnil je tudi orožje proti nasprotnikom in je kamenje in palice pričel obdelovati in brusiti. Boj za obstanek je zahteval več urnosti. Umetnik, ki je prvi zapopadel idejo o tem napredku, je mislil, da bi se šele potem splačalo živeti, če bi idejo udeležil.

Iz daljnega vzhoda je prišel v Evropo

divjak, ki je prinesel s seboj nabrušeno sekuro in pripeljal tudi črede ovac. Bil je pastir in lovec. To je bil prvi postanek orožja, ki se je v stoletju razvilo v kovinsko orožje. Bil je sposobnejši kakor divjak iz dupline, zato ga je pojedel in njegova bivališča porabil za svoja.

Prišel je obdelovati polja. Takrat so se pojavili tudi prvi čarovniki, to so bili bolj premeteni ljudje v človeškem plemenu, ki so poznali vire nekaterih naravnih pojavov in s svojim znanjem strašili nevedne. To je bil prvi začetek bogočastja. Čarodejnik ali duhovnik je bil gospod med divjaki, ki so se ga bali. Njemu so zidali lepša prebivališča, ki so bila obenem častilnice. To je bil začetek grajenja hiš. Sprva so delali svetišča iz grobega kamenja, potem pa izpopolnjevali opekarstvo in lončarstvo. Poglavar ali duhovnik je s svojo oblastjo nad ostalim plemenom izsiljeval, da je ljudstvo moralo darovati bogovom in iskati potolaženja božje jeze. Duhovniku se je navadno dobro godilo, ker nevedni so mu nanosili vsega samo zato, ker so mislili, da se bodo s tem prikupili pri bogovih. Človek je stremel po boljšem, zato si je na ta način iskal boljšega, ker ga je duhovnik učil, da bo tako dosegel.

Človek je v svojem prizadevanju za bolj-šim iznašel prvo kolo. Spoznal je, da na hlo-deh lahko premakne težko skalo, dočim bi je s prostimi rokami ne mogel. Kolo je pome-nilo velik napredek za človeštvo. Od takrat je tudi civilizacija šla veliko hitreje naprej. Mračna je prazgodovina in nič določnega ne moremo videti iz nje. Toda ko so se po iz-najdbi kolesa ljudje pričeli bolj pogosto pre-seljovati, je zasvetila prva zarja v prazgodo-vino, tako da lahko vidimo v njo. Tu tudi pričinja zgodovina.

Ljudje so bili sanjači in so sanjali o bolj-ših deželah, zato so se selili in iskali boljših pašnikov in rodovitnejših polj. Pastirski ro-dovi so se preselili iz Male Azije čez velike mongolske planote v rodovito Indijo in na Kitajsko. Drugi so si poiskali boljših polj ob rekah, ob Nilu in med Evfratom in Tigri-som v Mezopotamiji. Razvili so se med tem preseljevanjem in iz njih svečnikov so po-stali kralji, kakor so bili tudi njih rodovi na-rasli v cela kraljestva. Tudi o teh začetni-kih ni pisane zgodovine, na katero naletimo šele dolga tisočletja potem, ko so se človeški rodovi stalno nastanili v rodovitnih krajih.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Ivan Albrecht:

INDIJA

Še to, ah to, le to,
še tole pesmico
zapojmo zdajle vsi,
kako se nam godi.

Tako, tako, tako
prijetno in sladko,
od jutra do noči
se mleko, med cedi.

Lete, lete, lete
pod nebom ptičice,
a kjer se ustavijo,
prijetno zapojó:

“Čiri, čiri, čiri,
tam v zemlji Indiji
se mleko, med cedi
od jutra do noči.”

Oj, ptička, ptičica,
pa kje je zemlja ta?
Bi rad v Indijo,
v to zemljo blaženo.

Čiri, čiri, čira,
kje da je zemlja ta?
Kdor ve, kdor ve, kdor tole ve,
gotovo nikdar ne pove.

Če hočete imeti jo,
podajte hitro se za njo;
jo najdete morda, morda,
prav skrito v dnu srca.”

Tako je pela, pela,
je ptica odletela . . .
Zdaj tiho v srca zremo
in nič več ne povemo.



Povesti strica Matica

Gobe smo nabirali. Stric Matic nas je rad vzel s seboj, ker smo mu pomagali nabirati sočne jurčke in nagrbane krempljčke, za katere je imel stric Matic velik koš. Ko smo po nabiranju po gozdu napolnili koš, smo stopili s stricem Maticem pogledat v log, če je še kaj borovnic. V borovničevju smo našli precej temnoplavih in vsled poznega poletja sladkih borovnic. Nabirali smo jih in zobali in nabirali jih tudi za strica Matica, ker se nam je on zdel prepočasen. Toda on jih ni zobal veliko; rekel je, da ga skominja, če jih preveč poje.

Bili smo že vsi pomazani okoli ust, ko je nenadoma kriknila Jelica. Silno se je prestrašila in kar obstala je na skali med borovnicami: pred seboj na tla je strmela in zrla v nekaj kakor zamaknjena, da se ni mogla ganiti. Stric Matic se je hitro obrnil k nji in pogledal, kaj je. V mahu med borovnicami se je zvijal pisan gad in zaganjal naprej glavo s tenkim želom.

Stric Matic se je tudi ustrašil, toda on je bil moder in je potegnil Jelico k sebi, da bi je ne mogel doseči strupeni gad. Vse nas je odpodil stran in sam se je s šibo v roki vrnil na skalo, da bi strupeno golazen ubil. Toda gad je že izginil.

Predno smo se podali domov, nas je stric Matic peljal k studencu z visoko praprotjo, kjer je v senci na debelih kamnih bil položen napol obtesan hlod, da je služil za klop in počivališče.

Napili smo se sveže vode iz lesenega žleba, nato pa posedli na klop in na kamene okoli žuborečega studenca. Stric Matic nam je začel pripovedovati čudno, ampak resnično zgodbo iz tistih časov, ko je še krave pasel in je hodil borovnice brat. Pripovedoval nam je:

ZGODBO O UDOMAČENEM GADU.

Star sem bil enajst let in pasel sem tri krave pri sosedu. Krave so bile stare in pametne, zato sem se ob času borovnic vsaki dan odstranil od njih iz loga in se podal na kraj gozda, kjer sem vse popoldneve zobal borovnice. Nabiral sem tudi jagode v ko-

šarico, da sem jih zvečer ponesel materi, ki jih je sušila in prodajala.

Med borovničevjem in praprotjo pod temnimi smrekami je tekel bister studenec. Bilo je hladno v tem tihem kotičku, iz katerega je bil edini odmev žuborenje studenčnice z lesenega žleba v tolmun, ki ga je voda izkopala ob stezi. Tja sem zahajal najrajši, kajti tam so bile borovnice najdebelejše in sladke. Včasih sem borovnice zmečkal v lončku in prilil sem hladne studenčnice. Ta pijača je bila jako dobra in v njo sem namakal kruha, ki ga mi je sosedova mati vsak popoldne dala za malico. Dala mi je vsakokrat tudi košček sira, na katerega se je zelo prilagala hladna voda.

Ravno sem nekega toplega popoldneva napravil take pijače in namakal v nji kruh, ko sem zaslišal tik za seboj med borovničevjem pritajeno šuštenje. Ozrl sem se, toda ničesar nisem opazil. Šele pozneje, ko je bilo šuštenje nekoliko glasnejše, sem se zopet ozrl in zapazil, da se vije proti meni živo pisana kača.

Hudo sem se prestrašil. Vedel nisem, kaj storiti. Poleg mene je bil leskov grm, iz katerega sem hitro vlomil šibo. Stopil sem za hlod in počenil ter skrbno pazil, kako se bliža gad. Nič ni kazal žela, kakor ga je gad, katerega sem prvega videl; samo polagoma se je vil dalje po stezi, kot bi mene še opazil ne.

Ker gad ni izgledal razkačeno in ni kazal rdečega žela, se nisem več toliko bal. Začel sem misliti, da je morda kak večji slepič ali belouška, ali katera druga nestrupena kača. Vendar sem imel pripravljeno šibo, da ga odvrnem, če bi se s steze hotel približati hlođu, na katerem sem čepel.

Gad se je obrnil proti meni in se ustavil. Bil je miren in me gledal naravnost v obraz. Nisem vedel, ali bi udaril ali ne, bil sem pa neprestano pripravljen in samo malo naj bi bil gad pokazal želo, pa bi bil zavihtel šibo po njegovem mehkem hrbtu. Ker je bil pa miren in tudi žela ni kazal, sem čepel na miru tudi jaz in gledal gada, gad

pa mene. Ni se obrnil ne naprej ne nazaj; ležal je zviti na mestu in me gledal, gledal.....

Strah je nekoliko polegel, da sem vzel lonček k ustom in začel piti borovničevo vodo. Medtem pa sem ves čas gledal gada. Vzel sem kruh v usta in ga prigrizoval s sirom.

Od gada sem se učil potrpežljivosti. On je čakal, kdaj se bom jaz premaknil in dal od sebe sovražni znak, jaz pa sem čakal, kdaj mi bo gad pokazal svoje rdeče želo in strupene zobe. Nič tega se ni zgodilo. Čepel sem že tako dolgo, da so me začela boleti kolena, pa



Ozrl sem se in zapazil, da se vije proti meni živo pisana kača.

Gad me je mirno gledal, njegovo telo se ni premaknilo in tudi glava ne, z očmi ni trenil, samo zrl je. Le rep se mu je parkrat komaj vidno premaknil, kakor bi žival krotila samo sebe. Jaz sem imel v eni roki šibo in v drugi kos kruha in sir.

gad je še vedno zrl v mene in bil čisto pri miru. Ko se le nisem premaknil, se je gad čez dolgo časa mirno obrnil in se oddaljeval po stezi. Ko je bil nekoliko oddaljen, sem se nenadoma spomnil in zagnal pred njega kosček sira, ki mi je preostal. Kot bi ga uda-

ril, je gad obstal, siknil z želom in se v trenutku obrnil ter se z glavo navzgor pripravil na skok. Trdo sem prijel za šibo. Stal je dolgo in me gledal, jaz pa sem stal mirno kakor prej in gledal gada iz oči v oči. Strah me je bilo, ko sem videl, kako sika z želom.

Gad se je potolažil. Obrnil se je dalje na svojo pot, obstal pa pri koščku sira. Proti meni se ni obrnil več, vohal pa je okoli koščka sira in sikal v njega svoje rdeče želo kakor bi ga oblizoval. Prakrat se je preplazil okoli sira, potem pa ga je popadel med svoje zobe in je v trenutku izginil v praprotje.

Vstal sem s hloda in noge so me bolele. Bilo je že pozno popoldne, da sem se zbal za krave in sem zbežal čez drn in strn na pašnik.

Zvečer sem dolgo mislil in ponoči sem sanjal o gadu. Z malimi, temnimi očmi sredi pisane glave me je vso noč gledal naravnost v oči.

O čudnem dogodku nisem povedal nikomur ničesar; bal sem se, da bi me kregali, ker gada nisem ubil ali vsaj pobegnil od njega.

Drugega dne sem med pašo zopet šel k studentu po borovnice. Zrl sem na stezo in pazil, da z bosimi nogami ne stopim na kako strupeno kačo. Bal sem se radi dogodka prejšnjega dne. Zelo sem se prestrašil, ko sem opazil gada na stezi ravno tam, kjer je bil prejšnjega popoldne. Po stezi mimo gada si nisem upal do studenta, pa sem napravil velik ovinek skozi borovničevje in na hlod. Tam sem zopet počenil in gledal gada, gad pa mene, mirno in dolgo, z iskječimi temnimi zenicami.

Metal sem gadu drobtinice kruha, toda to pot ni več sikal. Kruha se ni dotaknil in tudi za sir se dolgo ni zmenil, kakor bi se bal, ker sem imel pripravljeno šibo. Čez dalj časa se je splazil z glavo do sirovih drobtin in vsako zase prav počasi pojedel.

Tako sem hodil k gadu vsaki dan. Vsaki dan sem ga dobil na stezi ob hlodu, kjer je ostal vse popoldne, sam sem pa čepel ob stezi s šibo v desni in s kosom kruha in sira v levi. Jedel sem tam svojo malico in metal gadu drobtinice sira. Žival se je tako navadila, da je takoj pojedla vsako drobtinico.

Kakor se sam nikoli nisem mogel otrestiti strahu pred gadom, tako gad ni bil nikdar popolnoma zaupljiv. Če sem včasih zmaknil nogo ali če sem zavihtel z lončkom, je zasikal in se postavil v napad z glavo naprej. Pa je videl, da mu ne preti nič žalega in se je pomiril. Če sem bil miren jaz, je bil miren gad, če sem se nezaupno gibal, je sikal tudi gad.

Več tednov je trajalo to in gad je bil vsak popoldne redno na mestu. Nekega dne, ko sem takoj za njim prišel k studentu, je prinesel v čeljustih žabico. Bila je še napol živa in jo je pokončal tik pred menoj, potem jo pa izpustil na stezo pred mojimi nogami.

Gledal me je dolgo in ni ganil, ko sem odlomil šibo iz grma, tudi za sirove drobtine se ta dan ni zmenil. Radoveden sem bil vsled nenavadnega početja molčeče pokorne kače. S šibo sem se dotaknil mrtve žabice in jo brez zoperstavljanja gada lahko odmikal proti sebi. Gad je zvesto gledal in če bi bil prijel žabico z rokama ter jo vzel od nje, bi bil morda miren.

Takrat mi je nekaj nenavadnega padlo v glavo, s čemur sem razžalil gada. Napel sem šibo v lok in sprožil od tal, da je konec vrgel žabico daleč v grmovje. Gad se je vzpel, dvignil glavo visoko in se s sikanjem zapodil naprej. Pravočasno sem se mu umaknil. Groza me je popadla pred razkačnim gadom, v pravem trenutku sem mahnil s šibo. Gad se je vzpel pokonci in omahnil na tla. V jezi in strahu sem tolkel po živali, da je obležala mrtva na tleh.

Vidite, otroci moji, kako davno je že od tega, pa se vendar vse dobro spomnim. Veliko zlo povzroči nezaupnost in nesporazumljenje. Z zaupnostjo sem kačo pridobil in samo nesporazumljenje je povzročilo, da bi me bil gad pičil, če bi ga pravočasno ne bil ubil. K studentu sem šel še velikokrat in vsakokrat sem se spomnil gada, po katerem mi je bilo dolgčas. (A. K.)

Kaj je muha?

Učitelj: "Otroci, kdo ve, kaj je muha?"
—Micka (vzdigne roko): "Muha je tisto, kar okoli sklede leta!"

Prihajajo in odhajajo

Kadar je nebo posuto z zvezdami in se otroci razgovarjajo o njih, opazimo, da se posebno zanimajo za repatice. Repatice so zanimive po svoji podobi, kajti na nebu vidimo zvezdo, ki ima dolg svetel rep. Repatica se imenuje tudi komet. Beseda je grška in pomeni dolgolas.

Repatice ne potujejo okoli solnca kot naša zemlja in planeti, ki spadajo v naš solnčni sistem. Repatica pride iz velike daljave in gre okoli solnca, nato se pa zopet izgubi v neizmernem prostoru. Prikaže se, bliža se vedno bolj in bolj, tudi vidimo jo vedno bolj razločno, na to se prične oddaljevati in izgine. Leta in leta minejo, preden se repatica zopet vrne, da jo vidimo.

Precej znana je med ljudstvom Halleyjeva repatica. Prikazala se je leta 1910, in mnogo ljudem je še živo v spominu. Kadar je bila jasna noč, so jo ljudje noč za nočjo videli na nebu. Bila je na potu okoli solnca in ko je dokončala svoj del pota, ki je bil viden ljudem, je zopet izginila. Zvezdoznanci so preračunili, da se vrne leta 1986. In kdor izmed dečkov in deklic bo dočkal to letnico, jo bo videl.

Zvezdoznanec Edmund Halley je prišel do zaključka, da je bila repatica, ki so jo videli leta 1686 ravno tista, ki so jo videli leta 1531 in 1607. Na podlagi tega zaključka je prišel Halley do spoznanja, da se ta repatica periodično vrača in da potrebuje za svojo pot 76 let. Naznanil je, da se bo repatica zopet prikazala leta 1757. Takrat je bilo tako naznanilo zelo predrzno prerokovanje. Ljudje so verjeli, da repatice naznanjajo nesreče: kugo, vojsko, povodnji, potrese itd. Halleyjeva napoved se je izkazala pravilno. Repatica se je prikazala, toda bila je kasna za 618 dni. Njeno zakasnelost je povzročila privlačna sila planetov Jupitra in Saturna.

Ta komet so opazovali že preje, kot je razvideti iz zapiskov zvezdoslovcev in sicer leta 1066. O njegovi velikosti pripovedujejo zapiski, da je bil štirikrat tako velik kot Ve-

nera, njegova svetloba je bila tako močna kot četrti del lunine svetlobe. Zvezdoslovci izza prejšnjih let pripovedujejo o njegovi svetlobi, da je bila še večja. Iz tega sledi, da so zvezdoslovci njegovo svetlobo pretiravali, ali pa da je komet izgubil na svetlobi. Ker je pa čas prekratek, da bi njegova svetloba tako hitro pojemala, bo najbrž pravilno, ako zapiske starih zvezdoslovcev smatramo za pretirane, ako ni bilo izrednega in nam neznanega vzroka za pojevanje svetlobe.

Zvezdoznanci novejših dob so posebno študirali Halleyjev komet. Zvezdoznanca P. H. Cowell in A. C. D. Crommelin, ki sta bila dodeljena zvezdarni Greenwich, pravita, da se je ta komet prikazal že leta 87 pred Kristovim rojstvom.

Nekatere repatice se prikažejo in izginejo, pa se nikdar več ne prikažejo. Med te repatice spada Bielova repatica, ki so jo prvič videli leta 1722 v mesecu februarju. Ta repatica se je vračala redno vsakih šest let in pol. Zadnjikrat so jo videli leta 1846. Takrat so opazili, da je bila repatica razdeljena v dva dela. Leta 1852 so zvezdoznanci obrnili svoje daljnoglede na nebo in videli, da sta se prikazala dvojčka. Bila sta dela Bielovega kometa. Leta 1859 bi se morala dvojčka zopet vrniti pa zvezdoznanci so ju iskali zaman, dvojčkov ni bilo. Od leta 1852 ju ni nihče več videl.

Leta 1811 se je prikazal izredno velik komet. Njegov rep je bil dolg 120,000,000 milj. Z daljnogledi so ga zadnjikrat opazovali leta 1812 dne 17. avgusta. Pot po kateri je hodil takrat komet, je služila zvezdoznanecem, da so pričeli računati, kdaj se komet povrne. Izračunili so, da se zopet prikaže šele po 3,383 letih. Ljudje, ki bodo živeli leta 5309, ga bodo videli.

Repatice so zelo velike, niso težke, to je masa, iz katere obstoje, ni zelo trda. Če bi velika repatica zadela ob našo zemljo, bi bil učinek mogoče tak, da bi povzročil zelo šibek potres, ki bi ne napravil veliko škode.



Odmor

Po vsakem delu je potreben odmor, da dobimo novih moči za novo delo.

Delo brez prestanka je nemogoče iz enostavnega razloga, ker organizem sam odreče pokorščino. Vzemimo na primer vsem poznano šalo, ko vam kdo pripoveduje, da ne morete niti slabotne vžigalice držati v roki. Vi tega ne verujete, on pa je prepričan, da ne boste mogli držati vžigalice v roki; da vam vžigalico, da jo s stegnjeno roko v vodoravni smeri držite v zraku pet minut. In res, vaša roka bo že po tretji minuti pričela kloniti navzdol. Mišice vaše roke so napete k predolgemu delu in vam zato odrečejo.

Kakor je neprestano telesno delo (delo s silo in mišicami) nemogoče, tako je nemogoče tudi neprestano umsko delo (z glavo in možgani). Kakor človek omahne vsled utrujenosti pri prvem delu, tako utrujenost drugega dela povzroči, da ga boli glava, da ne more več misliti in postane nezmožen zapopadati najbolj enostavne stvari.

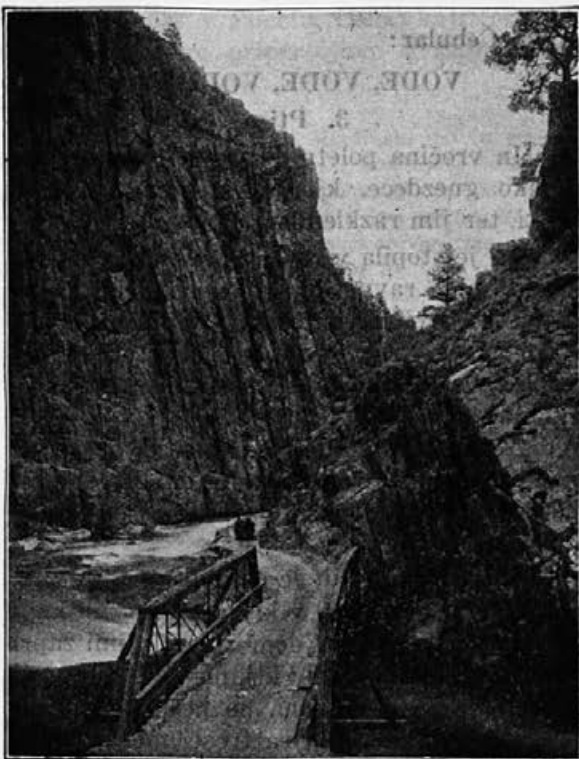
Dela brez prestanka torej ni in postanek med delom mora biti.

Med časom postanka se človek odpočije. Ta odmor je mogoče napraviti na različne načine.

Od odmora moramo torej imeti materialno, zdravstveno ali duševno korist, kajti odmor ne sme pomeniti brezdelja, temveč mora biti samo za to, da pridobimo nazaj moč in sposobnost za delo. Ako mislimo na svojo moč in ohranjanje zdravja, mora odmor pomeniti za nas to, da pridobimo moč za bodoče delo in nič več. V mnogo slučajih je tako, da človek počiva, kadar dela. To je namreč vsled tega, ker so opravila taka, da pri enem človek porabi več telesne sile, pri drugem pa več duševne sile. Če je človek porabil veliko telesne sile, pri čemur pa mu ni bilo treba toliko misliti, da bi utrudil svoje možgane, lahko odpočije svoje telo, pri tem pa vseeno lahko dela kaj miselnega s svojimi možgani. Lahko je tudi obratno. Tak je živ organizem. V njem je živa sila, ki se ne more umiriti, nego zahteva neprestanega delovanja. Drugače bi življenja ne bilo.

Potrebo, ko človek, ki je veliko delal telesno, poišče spremembe z razumskim delom, imenujemo **razvedrilo**. Človek, ki opravlja delo neke vrste, ki ga je utrudilo, išče razvedrila v delu druge vrste, kar ga bo spočilo utrujenosti od prejšnjega dela.

Vsak človek, naj opravlja kakoršnokoli delo, ume, da je potrebno razvedrilo. Razvedrilo je posebno potrebno pri živahni in zdravi mladini, kjer se priroda in živa sila, ki



Leseni most v Koloradu.

se v nji vzbuja, poraja vedno bolj na zunaj. Pri mladini torej, ne samo da se tako razvedrilo ne sme preprečiti — ker to bi bilo za branjevanje živi sili v organizmu mladine — temveč je še treba vneti mladino za pravo razvedrilo, ako vzgojitelji hočejo, da bo mladina zdrava telesno, duševno in moralno.

Razvedrilo je torej svojevoljno menjanje dela, kar pomeni odmor. Vzbog tega ni

treba reči, da je odmor samo takrat, kadar človek sedi, leži, kadar spi, vse drugo pa da je delo in utruditev, pa naj človek dela iz potrebe ali da bi se razvedril. Človek ne dela, kadar spi: delajo pa njegova pljuča, dela mu srce in mnogi organi njegovega organizma; v resnici delajo nekoliko slabejše, toda delajo vendar.

Razume se, da razvedrilo, ki je odmor, koristi telesnemu in duševnemu zdravju in pridobi nove moči za nadaljnjo telesno in duševno delo. Tako razvedrilo pa mora biti pravilno zasnovano, ne brezumno, kar bi bilo

na škodo zdravju posameznika ali bi škodovalo vzgoji mladine. Nikako razvedrilo na primer ni, sedeti v biljardnici ali pivnici v nezdravem dimu od kajenja ali pa pri igranju kart.

Po duhamornih igriščih in kvartopirnicah si mladina škoduje telesno in moralno, škoduje si zdravju, torej ni to nikako razvedrilo. So pa tudi druga telesna razvedrila, o katerih nekateri mislijo, da so pametna in zdravju koristna, toda v resnici so škodljiva in slabo učinkujoča ravnotako kakor kvartanje.

Albin Čebular:

VODE, VODE, VODE!...

3. Ptice.

In vročina poletnega solnca je zalezla v mehko gnezdece, kjer so nemirno dremali liščki, ter jim razklenila kljunčke.....

Pa je stopila v razor in srečala škrjančka, ki se je ravno spustil izpod neba kakor pajek po srebrni pajčevini. Solnce je pristopilo, mu vzelo zlato knjižico, iz katere je prepeval pesmice, in jo skrilo pod brazdo. Škrjanček je žalosten utihnil.

Zvedavo siničico je zaklenila v zeleni grm, kjer so se drenjale žejne ptičice in prosile žuboreči studenček, da jim naj da: vode, vode, vode....

Studenček se jih je usmilit.

Liščku je natočil v kljunček mrzlih kapljic, da jih bo ponesel domov in z njimi zaprl mladičem razklenjene kljunčke; škrjanček je šel, ko se je nasrkal, po pesmice, in jih nesel pod nebo ter jih raztresel med solnčne žarke; siničica je potresljala z repkom in ušla iz kletke, druge ptičice so se pa smejale solncu, in lastovica, ki je tudi čvrčec priveslala, se je spustila nad biser-vodo, se z njo oškropila, ter ji dejala: "Da bi te ne bilo, bi bili berači, a tako, vidiš, se ne bojimo solnca, ki je kralj!"

Živa luč. Na zapadnoindijskih otokih živi hrošč, ki izžareva svetel žarek na truplu, kadar leta po zraku. Luč je tako močna, da se v svitu lahko čita knjiga.

Ivo Trošt:

UČENCI VEČ KOT UČITELJ.

Vojaški četovodja je hotel dokazati svoj trditev, da je mogoče preko manjše vode brez mosta, brvi in čolna. Splezal je na visok jagned ob potoku in hotel potem zamajati z drevesom tudi sebe do jagneda na nasprotnem bregu, kjer bi bil splezal po deblu na tla, če bi se srečno prijel drevesa. Toda vrh se odlomi, in četovodja pade na sredo potoka, odkoder komaj primaha moker na breg.

"Ho, ho!" se smejejo vojaki svojemu učitelju. "Mi bi to naredili z manjšim trudom!"

"Kako pa?" vpraša ježno osramočeni četovodja.

"Mi bi kar od tukaj z brega poskakali v vodo, pa ne z jagneda!" odgovarjajo vojaki s smehom.

Kako spe razni narodi. Mi seveda najraje, ako imamo mehko posteljo. Japonec leži na tleh na preprogi, pod glavo ima štirioglat komad lesa. Rus spi najraje na veliki peči. Laponec zleze z glavo v vrečo iz jelenove kože in tam prav dobro spi. Kitajec spi na nizki, večkrat zelo lepo izrezljani postelji.

Največja povest na svetu je neki japonski roman, ki se nadaljuje v 1060 knjigah po 1000 strani. Knjiga šteje torej skupaj čez 1.000.000 strani. Pridni čitatelj bi jo prečital v 12 letih.

Premog koplje v Jugoslaviji 38,870 delavcev.



Dragi čitatelji!

Zadnjič sem vam pisal, da pišite po slovensko, da bo to za vas šola slovenskega jezika. Par odgovorov sem dobil na poziv, kar še ne morem reči, da je uspeh, ampak znamenje je tu, da se pričnete bolj zanimati za slovenski jezik. Če se zanimate, boste stopnjema napredovali in boste kmalu spoznali, da pisati in čitati slovenski jezik ni tako težko, kot si mislite na prvi pogled.

Kakor vidite v oddelku, ki se imenuje "Chatter Corner", je na vrsti vprašanje, da ustanovimo klub veselih članov S. N. P. J. Delajte vsi in pišite, kaj mislite o tem. Ta klub naj bo tudi v svrhu, da se člani učijo slovenskega jezika, o čemur bomo še več govorili.

Ravno sem dobil lepo pismo iz St. Louisa, Mo., ki ga mi piše mlada članica Frances Hochevar. To je njeno prvo slovensko pismo in reči moram, da ga je lepo zložila. Čitajte!

"Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo. Upam, da ne bo zadnje. Jaz zelo rada čitam povesti in pisma v Mladinskem listu. Rada bi videla, da bi Mladinski list izhajal vsaj enkrat na teden, ne enkrat na mesec.

V naši družini smo trije: mama, ata in jaz. Vsi smo člani S. N. P. J. Jaz sem v Ameriki pet let. Sem bila v Pennsylvaniji skoraj štiri leta. V St. Louisu sem zdaj eno leto. V St. Louisu se mi bolj dopade kakor v Rockwoodu, Pa., ker so tukaj lepi parki in kopališče. Jaz se rada hodim kopat, zato ker se bom kmalu naučila plavati. V parke tudi grem rada.

Hodim tudi v poletno šolo. Imamo uljudno učiteljico. Vsi otroci jo imamo radi. Ostanem članica S. N. P. J."

Prav tako me je razveselilo pismo od Frances Gaber v Pueblu, Colo., kajti ona se strinja z mojim priporočilom v zadnji številke. Piše mi:

"Cenjeni urednik!

Prav z veseljem čitam Mladinski list in popolnoma se strinjam z vami, ko pozivljate mladino, naj več piše v slovenskem jeziku. To je tudi mene vzdramilo, da hočem napisati nekaj vrstic, ker po tem potu se človek najprej nauči slovenščine. Večkrat čitam Prosveto, katera me pa tako ne zanima kakor list, kateri je za mladino. Zelo žal bi mi bilo, ako bi se zgodilo, kot nekateri člani S. N. P. J. hočejo, namreč, da bi sploh ustavili Mladinski list in začeli izdajati angleški tednik.

Vem, da moje pisanje ni pravilno, pa oprostite mi, ker dosedaj sem še prav malo pisala v materinskem jeziku. Upam, da se bodo tudi drugi brati in sestre oglasili in pisali v materinskem jeziku."

Iz Irwina, Pa., piše Angelina Flere:

"Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo se nisem oglasila, ker me ni bilo doma. Bila sem na počitnicah. V naši družini nas je šest. Jaz imam sestro in dva brata. Vsi smo člani jednote. Pišem prvokrat pismo v Mladinski list. Sem trinajst let stara in v devetem razredu. Mama me rada uči slovensko brati in pisati. Vsi bratje in sestre radi beremo Mladinski list.

Rada berem slovenske povesti in želim, da bi naš Mladinski list prihajal vsak teden namesto vsak mesec in da bi bil povečan.

Pozdravljam vse, ki čitate naš magazin.

Od par strani sem tudi dobil rešitve uganke, ki so bile v junijevi številki priobčene v slovenskem oddelku. Ker so prišle rešitve že potem, ko je bila že zunaj julijeva številka lista, dotičnih ne morem več staviti v list, dasi ne dvomim, da so jih rešili samostojno. Drugič bo treba rešitve poslati prej.

Urednik.

Basni

OSEL IN NJEGOV GOSPODAR.

Osel je zavistno gledal, kako je njegov gospodar pomiloval malega psa. Mislil si je sam pri sebi: "Jaz se toliko mučim, neprestano moram vlačiti skupaj stvari za gospodarja, pa za vse to mi da komaj toliko, da od gladu ne poginem; ono ščene, ki ni zanič, pa s svojim prilizovanjem vživa vse dobrote. Kaj če bi še jaz poskušal se prilizovati gospodarju, ali bi ne bilo bolje?"

In ko je osel nekoč zapazil svojega gospodarja, ki je baš zaspal pred hišo v senci, se je prav potihoma približal, naslonil svojo glavo na rame gospodarju in na vse grlo, kolikor se je dalo, dvakrat potegnil svoj glasni: "Ihaa! Ihaa!"

Gospodar se je stresel, hlapci so zavpili in vsi so popadli za motike in gorjače in so bili osla, dokler jim ni pobegnil.

K čemur priroda koga ni storila, naj se s tistim ne pači.

LEVINJA IN LISICA.

Lisica se je posmehovala levinji, ker je ona redko in samo po enega rodila. "Redkokdaj in samo po enega imam," je odgovorila levinja, "toda kadar jaz rodim, rodim leva."

Ni vedno v mnogem dobro. Eden, toda tisti vreden.

RIS IN LISICA.

Ris se je sestal nekoč z lisico in ji je takoj pričel pripovedovati o svoji koži, kako je lepa, gladka in pisana. "Kadarkoli pridem k potoku, da se napijem," je rekel, "si ne morem pomagati, da se v vodi nagledam svoje kože. Veruj mi, če bi imel sto oči, pa bi imel kaj gledati."

Baharija se je lisici že odveč zdela, zato pa mu je rekla: "Pa mi povej, bratec dragi, ali imaš tudi toliko razuma in pameti, da preprečiš, da tvoja lepa koža ne pride na semenj? Kolikor lepša je tvoja koža, toliko slabše je zate!"

KMET IN KAČA.

Bila je ostra zima, sneg in burja. Kmet je sekal drva v gozdu in našel je v dupljini napol zmrzlo kačo. Nekoliko iz sočutja, da pomaga kači v trpljenju, deloma pa tudi radi vraže, da prinese srečo k hiši, če pomaga kači, je stavil otrplo kačo v torbo in jo odnesel domov. Položil je kačo kraj tople peči in jo nasitil, ko se je ogrela. Ali ko se je kača razmrznila in nasitila, se je pričela plaziti po hiši, sikati z želom in kazati strupene zobe. Ogrožala je življenje celo svojega dobrotnika. Ko je kmet videl veliko nevhvaležnost, je vrgel kačo iz hiše, kjer je zmrznila in poginila.

Na svetu so ljudje, ki so enaki tej kači. Ker jim kdo pomaga v nesreči, jih dvigne in jim kaj daruje, se v svoji veliki nevhvaležnosti zoperstavijo in hočejo škodovati dobrotniku.

DVE MRAVLJI.

Potovali sta dve mravlji. Ena je šla po cesti, kjer so neprestano stopali ljudje in vozili avtomobili in konji, druga pa je stopala kraj ceste. Naenkrat se je prva zasmejala drugi:

"Neumnica neumna! Zakaj se trudiš po travi, ko bi lahko veliko hitreje prepotovala svojo pot po cesti?"

"Imaš prav," je odgovorila druga. "Toda na cesti bi lahko kdo stopil name ali bi me povozil in ubil." Komaj je to izpregovorila, je pribrnel avtomobil in povozil mravljo na cesti.

"Bolje je iti počasi in skozi nerodno travo, kjer je varno," je šepetala mravlja na travi sama sebi in bila zadovoljna s svojo modrostjo.

Najmanjša republika na svetu se nahaja na malem otoku Vavolari v Sredozemskem morju. Otok je dolg 2 milj, prebivalstvo državnice šteje 55 oseb.

Od velike naglice pri jedi izvira mnogo želodčnih bolezni.



VAJA V SLOVENSKEM A LESSON IN SLOVENE



TRI RACE.

Nekoč so bile tri race: ena velika, ena srednje velikosti, ena pa mala rasa. Živele so na bregu reke med ločjem. Rasa srednje velikosti je zelo spoštovala veliko raco, precej prezirala pa malo raco. Mala je spoštovala raco srednje velikosti in jako občudovala veliko. Velika rasa sama pa si je mislila, da je umotvor narave in ni občudovala nikogar.

"Jaz sem najfinejša stvar na svetu," je rekla ta rasa. "Zato ne morem ničesar občudovati. To je umevno."

Nekega dne pa je kragulj preletel visoko nad njihovimi glavami. Tri race ga niso videle, kragulj pa jih je dobro videl. S krvoločnimi očmi jih je štel: "Ena velika, ena srednje velikosti, ena mala," je rekel. "Ha! Ha! To bodo zadovoljni moji mladiči!"

In z enim zamahom svojih mogočnih peruti se je kragulj spustil doli na tri race. Izbral si je kajpada največjo, jo popadel v kremplje in jo odnesel.

Raca srednje velikosti in mala rasa sta se gledali osupli.

"Ojoj! najina uboga sestra!" sta rekli v enem glasu.

Medtem ko sta se gledali druga drugo, se je z vso naglico povrnil kragulj, se zakadil nad raco srednje velikosti in jo odnesel v svojih krempljih.

Ko se je kragulj povrnil v tretjič, ni mogel videti male race, ker se je predobro skrila. Ptica roparica se je povrnila s praznimi kremplji in si mislila: "Oh, saj je bila tako mala!"

THREE DUCKS.

Once upon a time there were three ducks: a large duck, a middle sized duck, and a small duck. They lived on the bank of a river, among the rushes. The middle-sized duck had great respect for the large duck and rather despised the small duck. The little one respected the middle-sized duck and greatly admired the big one. As for the large duck, it thought itself the masterpiece of Nature, so it didn't admire anybody.

"I am absolutely the finest thing in the world," said that duck. "Therefore I can't admire anything. That's logic."

But one day a hawk passed high up above their heads. The three ducks did not see him, but the hawk saw them all right. With his ferocious eyes he counted them: "One large, one middle-sized, one small," he said. "Ha! Ha! Won't my children be pleased!"

And with one stroke of his powerful wing the hawk swooped down on the three ducks. Of course he chose the largest, seized it in his claws, and carried it away.

The middle-sized duck and the little duck eyed each other in consternation.

"Alas, our poor brother!" they said with one voice.

While they were eyeing each other the hawk returned at full speed, swooped down upon the middle-sized duck, and carried it off in its claws.

When the hawk returned for the third time he could not see the little duck, for the latter had hidden too well. The bird of prey turned back, empty-clawed, thinking: "Bah! After all, it was a little one!"



Albin Čebular: KADAR NE MORE ZORAN ZASPATI

Pesem v prozi.

Dan se poslavlja,

mir vstaja iz zapada . . .

Zoran leži, mamica sklanja svojo ljubezen nad njim, vmes se prestaka tišina.

— Mamica, kje pa je zajček v strahotnih nočeh, kadar se mrežijo bliski in vali grom? Se nič ne boji?

— I, hitre noge ima! Nikdo ga ne dohiti. Česa bi se hotel potem bati?

— Saj res! — — — — —

Mrak pokuka skozi okno . . .

— Jojme, igračke sem pozabil na sredi sobe! Ako jih ne bo zapazil atek, ko bo vstopil, po njih bo!

— Ne skrbi! Že počivajo na omari. Vse je v redu, le spanč kaj!

Grozdja čebele ne napadajo; pojavijo se samo na jagodah, ki so po osi, toči ali kako drugače načete. Zato čebele ne škodijo grozdju, temveč še koristijo, ker bi sicer ranjene jagode pričele gniti ter bi se gniloba širila od grozda do grozda.

Kako daleč so neki oddaljene zvezde od zemlje, se vprašuješ, ko v jasni noči ogleduješ zvezdnato nebo. Ali veš koliko? Če bi neprenehoma tekli, bi potreboval 120 milijonov let, če bi pa navadno potoval pa 700 milijonov let, da bi jih dosegel. Luč napravi v 1 sekundi 300,000 kilometrov, to je sedemdesetkratna pot okoli zemlje, in vendar so zvezde tako oddaljene, da rabi luč od njih do nas leta in leta, tudi milijone let.

Dobro zgrizena koža sadja pospešuje prebavo. Sadje mora biti seveda umito, sicer njega uživanje lahko postane nevarno.

Senca pada v sobo . . .

— Mamica moja, daj

mi malo vode, žejen sem jako!

— — Saj si ravno preje pil, Zoranček!

— Ne, saj nisem žejen . . .

Kruhka bi!

— — Ali si lačen?

— Ne vem . . . Popihaj mi malo prstek, tako me boli!

— — Daj! . . . Bo dobro?

— Odleglo je. — — — — —

Noč pripira veke . . .

— Gotovo me boš

pustila jutri na vrt?

Mamica molči.

— In ptice bom krmil.

Rad jih gledam, kadar so site: Na vejico skočijo, si osnažijo kljunček — — — — — naperijo kožušček — — — — — vanj — — — — — po — — — tope — — — glavico — — —

Potem se je tiho sklonila mamica in poljubila Zorančka na zaprte oči.

Kako daleč lete čebele? Natančno se to ne more določiti; deteljo obiskujejo najraje v okrožju kake pol ure, cvetje sadnega drevja, lipe, akacije pa le v bližnjem okolišču. Spomladi in v jeseni, kakor v deževnih in oblačnih dneh, obiskujejo le bližnje cvetove.

Ribe imajo čut okusa in sicer razločujejo: kislo, slano, sladko in grenko. Ako krmijo ribice, hlastajo skoraj po vsaki stvari, a jo takoj nato izpuste, ako jim ne prija. Pravijo tudi, da ribe razločujejo glavne barve.

Dobro je pogodil.

Lojzek hodi v prvi razred. Učitelj ga pokliče pred tablo, kjer visi velik zemljevid, in pokaže s prstom na karto.

— "Kaj je to?" vpraša učitelj.

— "Umazan noht," odgovori urno Lojzek, vesel, da je tako dobro pogodil.



JUVENILE



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A Garden of Verses

THE FARMER

By Gostwick Roberts

When I was a farmer I rose at four
And saw the poplars shake at my door,
And the blue-milk river finger my shore,
And gossamer dawn through my willows
pour.

I left my swamp uncleared in the spring
For there the rain winds used to sing,
Playing on alders like hands on string.

All the blue summer my clover was sweet.
There was warm green grass for my cows to
eat,

There was blown blue grass for the tread of
my feet;

And out on the windy hill I sat
With joy while my brindle cows grew fat.

When my eyes and my heart knew too much
green

Autumn sprang round me rich and keen.

My fruit hung russet and red and gold
Until their cores were cut by cold.

My crops on the hill-sides spread all bright
Till sweet bitter frost came down one night
And gave them a magic death in white.

Stung by the cold, one night I woke
And made a flame with strong blue smoke,
And saw the frost ferns hanging white
Between my red fire and the night.

I warmed my hands and spread my store
Of corn and apples on the floor—
Enough for my belly and no more!

Farmer a year—and for my gain
Nothing of gold and little of grain,
But heart made wise with joy and pain.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

Florence S. Page.

Once John and I had a lemonade stand,
We sold lemonade for a nickel a glass,
And yelled in turn, "Lemonade for sale.
Ice cold!" to people who would pass.

And some ladies stopped, and some little girls,
And a funny man, and a car that got stuck.
But the most fun of all!—we sold two cups
To a man who drove a big coal truck!

CONTENT.

A fragment too good and rare to lose, these
lines belong to that great mass of thought given to
the world by men unknown; but we know that they
were written three hundred years ago at least.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can
buy,

No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to happy few is sent,
That much in little, all in nought, Content.

The Singing Jugoslavs

(This article was printed in a Bulletin called, "The Interpreter", in May's issue of this year. Actually, it is written for grown-ups, but it might interest you, also, as it gives you an idea of how the singing societies of your parents are organized.)

Owing to the nature of their occupation, the Jugoslavs in America were in the beginning generally migratory workers. Peasants in their native country all but unexceptionally, they had flocked to the industrial regions of the United States, intending as a rule to earn enough money in as short a time as might be to pay off some long-standing mortgage on their Old World holdings and return home. It turned out, as so often happens, that very large numbers of them stayed here permanently. But what with moving about freely and their thoughts turned backward to their own villages, they had given little attention to organization. It thus came about that these recent newcomers found themselves in the position of settlers living the lives of transitory migrants.

In these circumstances the Jugoslavs, seeking to make exile tolerable, found refuge in the entertainment halls of fellow-immigrants of other nationalities. The Croats sought out their old neighbors the Czechs; the Slovenes, having come from what was then Austria and being at home in the German language, frequented the Turn-Vereins and the Maennerchor halls; while the Serbs felt more kinship with their fellow Slavs of Russia. It was while thus engaged in finding their corner in this distant land that the pioneer Jugoslavs discovered in themselves a talent and a taste for musical entertainment, especially of the choral type.

At the present moment there are in the United States no fewer than sixty-five Jugoslav singing societies. Though they firmly hold to their original objective, they are in fact general associations answering for this group of immigrants the same purpose as varied organizations fill among other groups. They offer opportunities for like-minded peo-

ple of common nationality and tradition to meet together from time to time, to discuss the politics and affairs of both the native and adopted countries, and to entertain each other and their compatriots. They are, in a word, social clubs built around a musical nucleus. The social motive, indeed, has played an important role not only in their growth but in launching them in the first place. Nominally dedicated to the task of furthering the development of the musical culture of their race in this country, the majority of them have, owing to a lack of leadership, never got beyond the stage of local immigrant societies.

Of the sixty-five choruses only one is national in the sense that its members are taken from all three of their ethnic groups composing the Yugoslav Kingdom. All the others follow the lines of distinction between Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Precedence in America, doubtless, accounts in part for the fact that nearly half (thirty-two) of the societies are made up of Slovenes. The next largest group, numbering twenty-four choruses, is among the Croats. The Serbs, being both the last to come to America and the least in numbers are represented by but eight societies. Out of a total membership of close to fifteen hundred, the national chorus has but 16; the Serbs have 138; the Croats, 559; and the Slovenes, 753. One of the Croatian choruses is made up exclusively of female voices. All the others are either male or mixed; the male predominating with forty-one out of sixty-five.

Particularly noteworthy are the differences between the feminine and masculine membership. Of the men singers fifty-five per cent approximately are tradesmen, thirty-five laborers, the remaining ten being equally divided between business and professional people. Very different is the occupational distribution of the women singers: One quarter of the total are employed in factories; fifteen percent are wives and housekeepers; the other sixty percent are evenly

divided among salespeople, students and professional women. Illuminating, likewise, are the respective age scales; among the men the average singer is 32 years old; among the women, 22.

But it is in their relationship to America that these differences between men and women in an immigrant group become most significant. In view of their respective age averages it is not surprising, of course, that half the female singers are native-born Americans, while of the men only about five percent were born here. What is perhaps not so obvious is the explanation behind the fact that even the foreign-born half of the women are vastly more Americanized, on the average, than their compatriots among the men. They speak English almost without exception, and acquire it more rapidly. Their dress, their appearance, their manner are American. The peasant feature is somehow ironed out of a woman's face in less time than out of a man's. The fact that a very much larger proportion of the girls work in stores, go to school, and even in factories are more likely to work side by side and associate more freely with native-born fellow-workers, is doubtless part of the answer. For

the rest, anyone is at liberty to devise a theory. The fact itself is unmistakable.

Problem of the Second Generation

Among the younger folk the girls are on the whole more attached to the society than the boys. Not infrequently the young women are not as familiar with their elders' mother-tongue as they might be. But this does not prevent them from bringing a fine spirit of accommodation to the work. They take kindly to instruction and correction. If the other members can be persuaded they will try to vary the programs with songs in English. Americanization with the young men, on the other hand, assumes a form which discourages co-operation with their foreign-born kin. Their native boy friends are prone to look upon music as an effeminate occupation. Interest in sports and sport news enters as a wedge between the two generations. The political discussions about Old World affairs seem remote and irrelevant to the boy reared in an American industrial town and educated in an American public school. And association with American youth tends to make the American-born Yugoslav ashamed of his origin and his un-Americanized elders:



A Motif from the Wild West.

Hard experience, however, has taught the leaders of the organizations themselves to reduce political and religious discussion to the minimum. More and more the singing societies are confining themselves to musical and social activity. In many a group theological and partisan argument has in the past led to internal dissension. Moreover, the older members have noted with distress the falling away of the younger generation. Hence many of the larger and better-led societies have abandoned all extraneous interests and have concentrated their efforts upon the teaching of singing.

A School of Democracy

All the societies are democratically governed. The direction is in the hands of an executive committee elected by the vote of all the membris. The work is commonly financed by membership dues, which range from a quarter to a dollar a month for men, and considerably less for women. In addition to the regular active members, many of the societies have supporting as well as life members, who pay in proportion to their means. None of the organizations are rich. Only two own the building in which they are housed.

Despite these handicaps, however, the Yugoslav singing societies have played a notable role among their people. More than any other type of association they have served to set up a cultural ideal for an immigrant group drawn largely from the peas-

antry, to make these newcomers feel at home in a foreign land, and to prepare them for the deeper aspects of citizenship.

Unhappily the endeavor which some societies have repeatedly made to come before American audiences has met with small encouragement. Our older stocks have still to be educated to look upon immigrant artists as worth their attention. An attitude of patronage is all too frequently characteristic of Americans in their dealings even with such ancient peoples as the Italians and Germans. When the applicant for a hearing happens to be an Eastern European popularly associated with coal mining and ditch-digging, the reception is—not unnaturally, perhaps—apt to be tinged with condescension. The Yugoslav chorus when on rare occasion it has been permitted to appear before the general public has found itself, as a rule, at the tail-end of a program made up of medley of organizations better advertised than themselves, but not necessarily better trained or more interesting. It has consequently come away with a sense of not having been given a proper chance to show its merit, of having been used for ulterior purposes, and of having been generally treated like a poor relation at a family reunion. Such a result is all the more deplorable because few things are better calculated than just such artistic co-operation to promote mutual understanding between old Americans and new.

Readers may be divided into four classes:

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.

2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.

3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also—Coleridge.

*

The poet is he who discerns a beauty and a meaning in every lifeless, as well as in every living object.

—Abdul Ben Khelev.



Cliff Dwellers of Old America

In the southwestern part of the United States, there once lived tribes of Indians called Cliff Dwellers. The name is a good one, because those tribes did really spend much of their time in hollows on the sides of cliffs.

Most of the Cliff Dwellers lived in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. The remains of their homes have been found in scores of places. The Cliff Dwellers often cut holes in front of their houses. We do not know just what the holes were used for, but fire-pits have often been found at the bottoms. Perhaps people went down in the holes to keep warm while winter winds were blowing.

The Cliff Dwellers were always on the look-out for hollows in cliffs. When they found a good one, they would climb up and build walls.

The largest home of Cliff Dwellers so far found, is in Colorado and is called Cliff Palace. It was built in a hollow more than four-hundred feet long, and eighty feet high at the center.

One hundred and seventeen "first floor" rooms have been located in Cliff Palace. At some parts, the building was five-stories high, but most of the upper rooms have crumbled away. There must have been three or four-hundred rooms, all told, with perhaps a thousand persons living within.

At least ninety-four of the rooms had fireplaces, either in a corner or at the center of the floor. There were no chimneys, and the smoke had to go out by doors or windows. The walls of such rooms were made black by smoke which did not get to the open air.

Some of the darker rooms in the Cliff Palace were used for storing food. Others were used to grind corn, as is proved by the finding of grindstones inside.

Cliff Palace is two-hundred feet above the bottom of a canyon. This helped the people living there to defend themselves

when at war. Other cliff dwellings were as much as one thousand feet above the ground.

The Cliff Dwellers lived high above the level ground.

To dig the ground for their gardens, the cliff people used sticks cut sharp at the end, or tipped with the horn of an animal.

Fire was made by twisting a stone-pointed stick into wood. When the stick was turned very swiftly, the stone made a hole



Indians Making Stone Implements

American Indians are shown in this life-size group at Field Museum of Natural History, making their weapons and tools by hand.

in the wood. Bits of wood, like sawdust, were ground loose in the hole, and became hotter and hotter as the stone point turned. By and by, the wood-dust was so hot that it began to burn. It was then used to start a bonfire.

The Cliff Dwellers used hammers and axes with stone heads. They bound handles to the stones to make them swing well. Sandals woven from a kind of grass and cot-

ton have been found in cliff ruins. Flutes and rattles prove that at least a kind of music was known.

The people who once lived in the ruins described, either died or moved away hun-

reds of years ago. It is interesting to know, however, that there are Indian tribes living to-day in much the same manner as the olden Cliff Dwellers. Most of those tribes are in northern Mexico.

A Journey to Algiers

(A. K.—My First High School Theme.)

A long whistle woke us up. What could it be? Quickly we ran out of our cabins, up on the deck of our steamship "Argentina," to see what had happened. The steps to the top of the deck were crowded with passengers. Everybody ran up, curious to know what the trouble was, because the whistle had been repeated.

"Algiers! Algiers!" the group on the bow was exclaiming and pushing toward the railing of the deck in order to occupy a better place to look over. It would be in vain to try to get a space near the railing; so I climbed onto the cylinder of a ventilator, from where I probably had the best panorama. Slower and slower "Argentina" was sailing; very near to the harbor she approached. The sailors were busy at the anchor which was lowered into the water with a monotonous racket.

We arrived. Sailing in their small boats, various merchants and peddlers besieged our ship. They were selling postal cards, pencils, whisky, and curiosities, everyone praising his own goods as the best. With a rope they pulled their goods in small baskets up to the buyers who first had to put money into the baskets.

The negroes and the poor inhabitants of the North African City arrived with their French foreman to load the ship with coal, water, and wine. They were hungry. We saw it on their faces, even if they did not tell us that. We happened to think that they would eat bread which we had left on the shelves in the cabins, untouched on account of our seasickness. Some of the passengers hurriedly went for the small loaves of white bread and started to throw it down to the workers. A young, dark-faced man grasped the first loaf; he went into a corner, broaked

the loaf, and gave half of it to an aged laborer, perhaps his father.

In an illustrated Bible I have seen a picture of working slaves. The stevedores loading the steamship looked the same; half naked, barefooted, and bareheaded. They had no rest. As soon as the workers stopped, the French foreman started to howl at them. They moved rapidly from the coal piles to the ship, carrying their coal baskets, filling them at the piles and emptying them into the ship. The dust from the coal covered their bodies which were sweating; so that the dirty drops of sweat and coal flowed from their breasts and wet the wooden floor.

The burning African sun shone almost vertically. There was no cooling wind. Nowhere was a little space of refreshing shadow. It was unbearable for us to remain on the deck; so we went into the cabins. The cards some passengers had bought from the peddlers were handy to kill the afternoon, and some of us were busy playing while others watching the players.

The siren of "Argentina" began to whistle again. Up onto the deck we went. All the loading was done; the ladder to the ship was elevated, and the sailors pulled up the immense anchor.

And the beautiful departure! The sun was sending its last rays to the coast of North Africa. We were already away, but still looking at the hills behind magnificent Algiers. The palaces and mansions among the palm groves were still on the horizon, but no part of the city quarters with poor inhabitants was to be seen.

From afar Algiers was beautiful; but when we were there, we saw its defects and misery.

Archibald Douglas Turnbull:

Charles Goodyear

The Inventor of Vulcanized Rubber.

On a rainy morning of the year 1836, a slender man, with a thick shock of hair and with eyes that gleamed beneath the heavy brows of a drawn face, rapidly approached the ferry-house in Staten Island. What he wanted, and had to have, was a trip across that ferry to the city of New York—but he had no money.

That does not mean that he had left home without his pocketbook; it means just what it says. He had not a cent in the world—and he was 35 years old.

He entered the ferry-house and stepped up to the ferry-master.

"Will you take this umbrella as security, and give me a ticket?"

"Humph," grunted the ferry-master. Then, after looking carefully at both the man and the umbrella, he added: "Well—yes."

That penniless man, running for his boat, was absorbed in a long, heartbreaking fight that was finally to revolutionize half the world's industry. His ceaseless experiments with rubber were to make him, at last, the inventor of an amazing process which is today commonplace—vulcanizing. And yet it is quite possible that the kind-hearted ferry-master did not even know that the man he had helped out of a hole that morning was no other than Charles Goodyear.

To Goodyear, being literally "broke" was nothing new; he had been little else for ten years. What is more, like many other inventor who is far ahead of his time, he had often been called a fool for his pains and laughed at by his friends and most of his family. Even though he had had his little successes with gum-elastic, as it was called then, there were few who had the smallest belief in him or in his work.

This gum had begun to come into the United States about 1800, the very year in which Goodyear was born. Of course, it had been known nearly a century before that, and already it had been recommended as a material for erasing pencil marks. But by

the nineteenth century, it was only at the beginning of its real history.

Goodyear's own start had been made in hardware. The firm of A. Goodyear & Son, founded in Philadelphia in 1824, probably was the first domestic hardware business in America. Beginning well, the firm finally came to grief and failed, leaving a mountain of bad debts. In 1830, young Charles refused to go through bankruptcy and thus sacrifice the right to some of the firm's patents. Instead, when his creditors pressed him for one debt after another, he went to jail. There, while working away at a bench with his tools, he began his long series of experiments with rubber.

"I had been interested in gum," he said afterward, "when I was still in school. Some thin scale, peeled off a shoe, gave me a hint that it might be used for a fabric, if something could be done to stop it from being so soft and sticky."

Rubber shoemaking already had been tried. The trouble was that the shoes would not stand changes in weather. Goodyear himself, after he got out of jail, filled the shelves of a little shop with rows of such shoes that attracted much attention in winter. But, when summer arrived, one July day was enough to make them a hopeless, smelly mess of dough. Not only Goodyear, but many another, was ruined by that defect. And, for a new experiment, he would have to wait a whole year to know what different kinds of weather might do.

There had been great excitement over rubber. At first it had seemed a regular bonanza and, in New England, great factories had sprung up over night. But when the manufactured goods began to be thrown back upon the factories as worthless after the first heat, something like a panic was precipitated.

Goodyear found this out almost by accident. While visiting a big plant in Roxbury, he picked up a life-preserver in which

the valve seemed to him a poor one. He carried it away with him and in a few days brought back a better valve, which he offered to sell the factory. The manager liked the new valve, but had to admit that he could not buy it because he was tottering on the verge of failure, for the simple reason that rubber, as it was then manufactured, melted at about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Find out how to get around that," he said, "and you will make your fortune!"

For weeks Goodyear puzzled over the problem. There must be, he felt, some way in which rubber could be cured, or tanned like leather, so it would be unaffected by heat or cold.

"I was blessed with ignorance of the obstacles ahead," he said later, "and I was encouraged by reflecting that what is hidden or unknown will most likely be discovered by the man who applies himself perseveringly."

And so he began, in his own tiny house, borrowing his wife's rolling-pin to spread his various mixtures on the outside of thin cloth, or between two layers, or in every other way that he could devise. At first he thought that the stickiness came from using turpentine as a solvent of the gum, so he tried alcohol. Apparently, his only satisfaction from this came in cutting his one helper, an Irishman named Jerry, out of a solid mass of gum which Jerry had painted all over his trousers just in time to have it dry solid and glue him to his bench!

Still deeply in debt, Goodyear tried all his friends for more money. One would lend him two dollars, another ten—only to have almost all of it go for new experiments. At last the whole household depended upon what his wife could earn by spinning linen, but still he persisted in thinking he was right. Making his way back to New York, he got a friendly druggist, Silas Carle, to lend him some chemicals, with which he went to work in a little attic in Gold street.

One of Goodyear's compounds was gum and magnesia. When this was boiled in lime-water, the surface of the rubber lost its stickiness, and Goodyear thought he had succeeded. He could make fair sheets of thin

rubber, or small ornamental articles. Even that was such an advance that he was given medals, in 1835, by the Mechanics' and the American Institute. But he soon learned that if the new composition once touched vinegar or other acid, it became as sticky as ever the next instant.

"Not enough lime," he thought. So he used more and more lime until he nearly burned his hands off, without coming nearer what he wanted.

One morning he was ornamenting a piece of rubber with bronze. After dipping it in a weak lime-bath, he touched the piece, to take off the extra bronze, with aqua fortis, an impure nitric acid. Instantly, the piece turned black, whereupon he threw it on the floor under his work-table—a bit of worthless scrap.

But the look of it stuck in his memory. Two days later, he was down on his hands and knees hunting for it. And then he had his first real reward.

Where the aqua fortis had touched the rubber, all the stickiness was gone, leaving the surface fairly tanned. At once Goodyear followed up this clue, and in a few days he was producing thin sheets, well cured. Out of these he made aprons and tablecloths, which he printed in elaborate designs and for which he found a good sale. A certain William Ballard, of New York, came forward with a little money; the firm of Goodyear & Ballard was founded, and it looked as if all troubles were over. But, as luck would have it, the business panic of '36 came along, wiping out Ballard, closing the factory, and throwing Goodyear into the street again.

It was then that he had to pawn his umbrella to get from Staten Island, where his plant was, to New York.

The demand for rubber aprons fell off to nothing. Little by little, everything the Goodyear family owned was either sold or pawned to keep them barely alive. Yet their few remaining teacups were filled every night with mixtures of gum, set to stewing over any chance coals that might be left. All night long, Goodyear would stand at the stove, measuring, mixing, stirring, and watching.

"If it is to be done, it must be done and it will be done," he said. "Don't be seeing all the difficulties that may possibly occur."

His "acid-gas" process, as he called the aqua fortis treatment, was still worth something. With it, he began making more overshoes, and under it he sold licenses to other manufacturers. But there was little more than a living in it, just sufficient to keep the Goodyears alive long enough for another stroke of good luck.

Charles drifted to New Haven in 1837. There he met an old friend, Nathaniel Hayward. This Hayward said he had had a dream in which he had been told to mix sulphur with gum and set it out in the sun. When he awoke, he tried the plan and apparently succeeded. Nobody could explain exactly what the sun did, but certainly the curing seemed satisfactory. Out of the little he could scrape together, Goodyear bought Hayward's patent. On rubber sheets made in this way, he printed newspapers and made small articles. As long as the sheets were thin, all went well.

But for thick rubber—well, Goodyear got his next lesson from a set of mailbags, ordered by the United States Post Office. They were beautiful things to look at, and he was proud of them when he hung them up in his shop. Colored with chrome, white lead, and vermilion, they looked almost like leather. But, when he got back from a short vacation, his bags had all melted and fallen to the floor. Everything heavy that he had made and sold—life-preservers, cushions, and so on—came back from his disgusted customers. Once more he went broke.

His old father and mother were dependent upon him, and he had to cut them down to almost nothing. His wife went back to spinning, and his children could not stay in school. All his friends urged him to go back to hardware and make a decent living. But his own faith was as strong as ever. "It must be done, and it will be done," he insisted. He took courage for fresh vision and plunged into other experiments.

And then, one night, standing in the kitchen with a group of his friends, he was boring them with his everlasting talk of rub-

ber, even gesticulating with a piece of it in his hand. He happened to hit the stove, and the stove happened, that night, to be hot. The piece he held was not melted, but charred. He stood, staring down at it. To none of his friends did this mean anything, but to him it was turning the corner in a long, hard road.

If the charring process could be stopped at the right point, that stickiness which had always been the biggest difficulty might disappear from the center, as well as from the outer surface.

"I tried high temperatures," he recalled in later years. "When I plunged india-rubber into melted sulphur, at great heats, it always charred, but never melted. Even before an open fire, I got the same result. And along the edge of the charring there would be a border that was not charred, but perfectly cured."

Again he stayed up night after night, bending over his wife's stove. Some of the rubber he made into a cap for himself, to prove that it was tough and durable. In fact, this making rubber clothes for himself and his family long had been a habit with him. So much so, that it was said of him, to strangers who inquired: "If you see a man in a rubber coat, vest, stock, cap, and shoes, carrying a rubber purse—without one cent in it—that's Goodyear!"

It is a curious fact that Goodyear worked almost entirely alone. He was the only man in America who believed wholly in Goodyear. More than once, of course, his friends did save him and his family, by a few dollars, or a little coal, or a barrel of flour. But this was charity—for they still thought him a fool.

At last he was able to work in a plant where there were ovens that could be brought slowly up to a high heat and held there. And so, in 1841, he succeeded.

Gum, white lead, and sulphur, mixed and fused at heats around 270 degrees, gave him a product that was indifferent to heat or cold, elastic and unbelievably strong. He called the material "metallic gum-elastic," but very soon it became known as "vulcanized rubber," after the mythological Vulcan

toiling over his furnaces. The scientific victory was won, and out of this substance Goodyear's daughter made the first pair of real rubber shoes in history.

Yet, even then, the world doubted. Only Goodyear foresaw the long list of materials in industry that would be affected. No one else appreciated that rubber now could replace, under certain conditions, such things as iron, steel, copper, slate, stone, wood, leather, cotton cloth, wool, silk, paper, crockery, pottery, and a score of other things.

It is that Goodyear should not have thought of tires. As a matter of history, it was Robert Thompson, an Englishman, who invented pneumatic tires in 1845, but it was nearly fifty years before they came into really practical use. But, of course, modern methods of treating rubber for tires all reach back to Goodyear and his discovery.

He had many other ideas—lifeboats, bolsters, pillows, and all sorts of medical instruments. He even planned to make the furniture aboard ship of rubber, so that each piece could be blown up for a life-preserver in emergency.

Much has been learned about rubber and about the vulcanizing process since Goodyear's day. But it is worth remembering what Daniel Webster said, in his argument to win a great case for Goodyear in the United States courts:

"A new material has been introduced into the arts, nothing less than elastic metal. I say that there is not in the world a human being who can stand up and say that it is his invention, except the man sitting there—Charles Goodyear."

ATLANTIC CITY: THE ROLLING CHAIR

By Marie Luhrs

Two ladies after dining take the air
Of free country in a rolling chair.

The seat is built for three, but they are stout
And fill the space. Reclining they spread out.

Their pusher is a little man and black.
His wool is white; he has a crooked back.

Him they commanded to take them to the
Ritz;

He coughs twice before starting and he spits.

He is no slave; each lady tips a dime;
He can chuck his job and starve any time.

Meanwhile he dreams how sometime he will
balk

And tell the fat ladies: "Get out and walk!"





"Let's start a club!" I heard a suggestion made the other day by one of our well known contributors.

"A club? What club do you mean?" I asked the young girl who suggested it and who, I am aware, is a fan of our Magazine.

She explained: "A club by us and for us; a club of the joy-givers of the S. N. P. J. Our parents are so serious about matters, but we want fun; we want lots of it. All contributors will be members of the club to which they will give joy in order to get joy from it."

The suggestion was a surprise to me, and I considered it with great interest. As I would like to hear the opinion of other readers and contributors, I wrote the matter down. What do you think of it? Give your suggestion.

For my part, I assure you, the suggestion is welcome. I like to hear any suggestion of yours which tends to bring more joy and more activities among the young members of the S. N. P. J. And let me whisper into your ear, that your parents like to see you interested in things which they founded.

I suppose you are going to ask me, what will be the purpose of the club. I imagine that you will find joy in it by contributing your own short stories, poems, and funs. If you have opportunity to take pictures of yourselves, or of groups in which are members of the "S. N. P. J. Joy-givers Club,"

mail them to me. I wish to see your pictures and possibly publish them in your Magazine in order that all members of your Club will know you.

Every club gives you certain obligation. So will ours, though the obligation won't be awful hard. But first of all, I want to hear your opinion.

In the "Naš kotiček", which is the department for your contributions in Slovene language, I suggested in the last issue that you should write more letters in the language of your fathers and mothers. I received a couple of letters favoring that suggestion, but, in general, you wrote more in English than in Slovenian. I believe it is hard for you to write in the language which you do not learn in school, yet I imagine it would be pleasure to try and to accomplish this hard task. So, drop me a letter in Slovene language. I shall be well pleased and, I suppose, your father and mother will prefer that. Don't get disappointed if your Slovene is poor. Nobody will blame you. After all, this could be a study for you, a study in Slovene. When you write in Slovene language, copy the letter. After you see it published, compare it with your copy, and you will see where you made mistakes. The harder the task will be for you, the more pleasure and satisfaction you will get in accomplishing it.

I got quite a number of letters for this issue. **Hazel Wagner, from Parkhill, Pa.,** writes that she has been working on the puzzle No. 8, but she couldn't finish it. That was probably the reason, that she sent to the Mladinski List the following joke:

"He (working a cross-word puzzle): What's the name of a car that starts with letter 't'?"

She: Go on, they all start with gasoline."

*

Martha M. Miklauc, from Frontenac, Kansas, contributes her first letter in which, she says, she takes great pleasure. She writes:

"There are many articles in your Magazine which make it interesting. I am always glad when our Magazine arrives. I hope, many other readers will write and try to make the Mladinski list even more interesting by sending in more jokes and riddles."

Miss Martha M. Miklauc is fourteen years old, and when the school starts, she will be in the senior yr. of Junior High. She hopes that young brothers and sisters will write to her and she will take great pleasure to answer letters. Her address is Frontenac, Kansas, Box 227.

*

I want to call your attention, dear readers, to the fact that the letters are from the states all over the Union. This means that **you have brothers and sisters all over the United States.**

A letter from **Columbia, Utah,** was written by **Rosy Lotrich.** This is her first letter to the "Juvenile." She is eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. She says: "I like the wonderful stories and good jokes and riddles. I have two brothers and they are both in the S. N. P. J. Lodge. "She wishes some girl would write to her."

*

Miss Mary Kozole, from Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I am out of school until vacation is over. I go to Kensington High and am thirteen years of age. I enjoy reading the Mladinski list, especially the letters from my brothers and sisters of the S. N. P. J. For enjoyment there are a few jokes:

Helen: "Gracious! It's been five years since I have seen you. You look lots older, too."

Kitty: "Really, my dear I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

— Mac: "Gosh! Freshman, how did you get that ink all over yourself?"

Fadden: "I was writing a theme about automobiles and it was so realistic that my fountain pen backfired."

Miss Frances Gliko, Sand Coulee, Montana. She is 13, and attending the seventh grade. Her teacher will be Miss Susan Mitol. Frances has four brothers and three sisters. In her letter she writes:

"There was no one person that wrote from Sand Coulee; I thought I would. I wish some member of the S. N. P. J. would write to me, and I would answer all letters."

*

Miss Frances Raehner, from Niles, Ohio:

"I am going to be 13 years of age and am in 7 A grade. I should be in 8 B, but I was kept at home half a year because I was on an operation on my foot. Our whole family is in the S. N. P. J.

"I have a joke: An Alarm Clock.—I like to hear an alarm clock in the morning; it makes me happy and full of glee. Some people hate to hear it, but I don't, because I am a night watchman."

*

Mary Lunder, Burgettstown, Pa.:

"This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski list. I always like to read the stories and letters in it. I am twelve years of age and in the 7th grade. I have five brothers and one sister, and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. I hope I will be in the S. N. P. J. Lodge until death"

*

With this nice letter from Burgettstown I received another sheet written by **Frances Laurich.** She is writing her first letter to the Magazine, also. She says:

"I have two brothers and two sisters and we all like the Magazine. I wish the Mladinski list would come once a week or two times a month. I would like to join the S. N. P. J. lodge. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade."

*

Miss Helen Ciganich, living only a few blocks away from the office of the Mladinski list, mailed her first letter in which she writes:

"I wish the Mladinski list would come once a week instead of once a month. Whenever I have nothing to do, I read it over again. It is a very nice magazine for children and for everybody.

I am eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. My teacher is kind and never scolds us. There are not many members of the Mladinski list writing from Chicago; so I thought I better write a letter. I wish the girls that belong to the M. L. would write to me. I hope all the members are having an enjoyable vacation. The girls who want to write to me, have my address: Helen Ciganich, 2321 S. Avers Ave., Chicago."

John Bobich, age 15, Robyville, Ohio, writes that he likes riddles and jokes which is probably the reason that his letter consists mostly of jokes and answers to the puzzles. Here are two of his jokes:

—Jimmy: "Transfer, please."

Conductor: "Where to?"

Jimmy: "Can't tell you. It's a surprise party."

— "How did you get that bump on your head?"

"Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

*

Johnnie Biskar from Mascoutah, Illinois:

"Dear Editor:—My father was hurt in the coal mine and is still in bed. He likes me to read to him out of Mladinski list. Since then I have more pleasure for other work than for work in a coal mine."

I like to read letters and stories in the Mladinski list very much. I wish it would come every week instead of once a month. I can read and write a little in Slovenian, but will learn to read and write as good in Slovenian as I do in English. I am a member of the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 301."

*

A letter is here from **Milka Hochevar, Aurora, Minnesota.** She says, she never read a letter from her state, therefore she begins to write. She is 12 years old and she passed to 7th grade. She writes this joke:

Teacher: "Jim, what have you done this long vacation?"

"Jim: 'I was thinking how hard it will be next year.'"

*

Frances Platner, Barberton, Ohio:

"I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I have four sisters and one brother. I am now trying hard to know how to read and write Slovenian. I wish that more children would write to the Mla-

dinski list and make it larger. I hope that some of the sisters and brothers would write to me. Address: Frances Platner, Barberton, O., 163 Huston street."

*

Vida Shiffrer, Waukegan, Illinois:

"Dear Editor:—I love to read your wonderful Magazine and could hardly wait its publication. Like so many others, I wish the List would come weekly instead of monthly."

I attend Wade Park School, 5th grade. I am in the special class where we take French and type-writing. In Cleveland I am taking my vacation, though I live in Cleveland, Ohio. I have already visited the home of the List, and I think it is interesting there."

The Wade Park Times (our school newspaper) is much smaller than the List, as it has only 3 to 6 pages. It contains city news, world news, jokes, stories, and poems. It comes twice every month."

*

Jean Fidago, from Bruceton, Pa:

"This is the first time I am writing to the Mladinski list. It is an interesting magazine and I am always first at it. I wish it would come twice a month. I am thirteen and in seventh grade."

We are all members of the S. N. P. J. and I wish some of the members would write to me. I have a joke:

Mr. Gregory just came across from Europe. He went to English school and first thing the teacher taught him was "yes." He went down the street and met a man who asked him if he wants to fight.

Mr. Gregory answered what he knew and said, "Yes!" He was hurt very badly when he was fighting. He went back to English school as he wanted to learn something else; so the teacher taught him "no." Then Mr. Gregory went down the street and met the same man. The man said, if he got enough, and Mr. Gregory said, "No."

BUTTERFLY.

The Cross-word Puzzle No. 8.

was solved by:

Louise Podpechan, Franklin, Kansas.

Pauline Klobuchar, Finleyville, Pa.

Josephine E. Matko, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Bubnich, Cleveland, Ohio.

Frank Bolte, Library, Pa.

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Illinois.

*

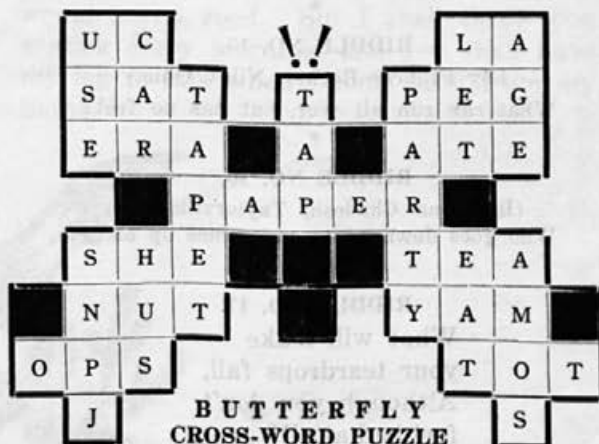
Answer to Puzzle No. 9:

WASHINGTON.

*

Correct:

Theresa Smith, Chicago, Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio, and Hubert Jereb, Oglesby, Ill.



Answer to Puzzle No. 10 (by Clarence Widmar,
Avella, Pa.)

SWEET WILLIAMS called on Marguerite
She blushed a rosy PINK
And when the ASTER, to be his,
Sat down to sigh and think.
But when she asked her POPPY dear
He said it would disgrace him
And less he left at FOUR O'CLOCK
The DOGWOOD surely chase him.

Correct answer by Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio,
and, partly, by Theresa Smith, Chicago.

RIDDLE NO. 11.

Little white men
in a curved line
Don't need a haircut,
but want a frequent shine.

RIDDLE NO. 12.

Little redheaded Bobby
Was struck on the head.
Now his head is black,
Before it was red.

RIDDLES NO. 13.

(By Hubert Jereb, Oglesby, Ill.)

- What was the first scene at the Chicago fire?
- What key is the hardest to turn?

RIDDLES NO. 14.

(By Frances Gliko, Sand Coulee, Mont.)

- What has a foot but can't kick?
- There is a man on the hill: he wears a ragged coat and blows a horn all the time.

RIDDLE NO. 15.

(By Frances Racher, Niles, Ohio.)

What can run all over, but has no feet?

RIDDLE NO. 16.

(By Lena Chadash, Taylorville, Ill.)

Who goes down white and comes up black?

RIDDLE NO. 17.

What will make
your teardrops fall,
Although you don't
feel bad at all?

Bogey of the Beach

They called the black dog that used to haunt the beach Bogey, and he acted up to the name.

Carrying away the golf balls on the greens above, digging in the sand castles below in a very meddlesome way, nipping the legs of paddling children and returning bathers with what he meant to be love bites, nag, nag, nagging from morning till night to be taken a walk, or have a biscuit, or a stick or a stone thrown to him, Bogey was the terror of the sands.

"I wonder if you are as much afraid of him as I am, Edward John?" said Janet thoughtfully, as she sat on the beach one lovely summer day with her favorite doll in her lap. Edward John was her favorite child, the only one of her nine dolls that her mother had allowed her to bring to the sea.

He was big, stout, and made of pink india-rubber, dressed in a Highland costume, which at that moment Janet was changing to a scarlet bathing dress. She was going to give him a swimming lesson. Really he did not need it; Edward John was as unsinkable as a lifebuoy.

Janet tied a string round his waist and looked round for Bogey, whom she was an expert of dodging.

"Wait a moment, Edward," said she, "till Bogey gets busy with the bathers coming back to their tents, and then I shall take you to the sea."

The moment came. Advancing to the water's edge, Janet flung him in as far as she could, to bob serenely on the crest of the waves while his careful mother held the string.

"Janet, Janet!" shrieked her little sister from the foreshore. "Come quick! Daddy is going to take us for a donkey ride!"

Janet turned her head, her attention faltered, the string slid through her fingers.

Away floated Edward on the surge of the outgoing tide, dwindling, growing into a small red speck.

Janet's face turned pale, but her presence of mind did not leave her.

"A boat, a boat!" she cried, running up to where the fishermen's boats lay grounded high up on the beach. "Bring down a boat at once, or my Edward John will be drowned!"

But the old fisherman did not see how serious the situation really was. He said he

proaching, ears flapping, tail flying, the light of intelligence in his eye. Into the sea he plunged, and before long returned in triumph, to lay the dripping Edward John at Janet's feet.

"Good dog! Brave dog!" said Janet to him, while he shook showers of sea water



Peaks of the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

wasn't going to drag his boat down the low water for a doll.

Somebody else was more obliging, though.

Behold the Bogey of the Beach ap-

over her. "How can I reward you? A medal would be no good. But I shall throw you a stick every morning, and you shall have my leg to bite when I come back from my bathe."



HOW IT BEGAN?

THE progressive movement among Slovene workers in America began in 1903, when immigration from our native country was at its height. Together with peasant people that constituted the majority of Slovene immigrants, there came groups of industrial workers who had been organized into unions in their native country. These were the real pioneers of the progressive and freethinking movement of the Slovene people in America.

As the vast majority of immigrants went to industrial centers, they found it necessary to organize. They started organizing separate lodges in order to insure themselves against disability, sickness, and death. In 1904 (the ninth day of April) a convention of these separate lodges was held, and this was the birth of a union of lodges—the SLOVENE NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The cradle of the S. N. P. J. (its first convention) was in Chicago. It gave to the new Slovene organization modern principles of freethought and justice to all. With its high ideals, the S. N. P. J. grew since the date of its birth. Thousands and thousands of members received her benefits, and, with her assistance, thousands of Slovene immigrants freed themselves from the mental slavery in which they were reared.

There is a great Campaign going on now within and outside the ranks of the S. N. P. J. Are you a member of the Juvenile Department of the S. N. P. J.? Are your brother and sister? Is your friend a member? Tell them about the S. N. P. J. There is no better organization for Slovene people in America than their biggest Society—the S. N. P. J.

If you are a member, you know what you have, and if you want to be good to your friend, tell him about the S. N. P. J. Take him to your lodge meeting, so that he may become a member.