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THE
UKRAINIAN
JUVENILE
MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION,

at 83 Grand Street,

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Twenty five cents a copy. One dollar a year.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOREWORD TO OUR READERS.

More than 33 years ago the emigrants from Ukraine started in America „Svoboda”, the first Ukrainian newspaper in the New World. The paper is still in existence. It has grown from a fortnightly into a weekly, from weekly into a tri-weekly, and finally into a daily.

This growth is due to the growing interest of the Ukrainian immigrants. They want to know more and more, about this country, about their native country, and about the wide world: as a Ukrainian proverb says those who live, think.

The interest of the readers grew, and the paper grew, as everything grows that is alive. Just as many a Peter and many a Katrusia grew, causing us to call out, „What has happened to Pete!” or, „How much bigger she looks!”

In fact, many immigrants have such growing children, and again, as the children grew, their interest grew. They become interested in things they were not interested in before. The newspaper was getting letters from those growing readers. A letter read, „I wrote this poem in English. Could you publish it in our paper?” Another, „I asked my father if there were among our race any traditions of democracy as there were among the Anglo-Saxon race, and he told me I should better write to you.” Another, „Italian boys tell our teacher that not all the greatest men of humanity were born in England and America, that some of them, and a great many at that, were born in Italy. Would you write us something about the great men who came from our country and are known in the world so that we do not feel cheap also.” Or, „Please tell me whether there was anything truthful written in English about Mazeppa. So far I have read only things which seem to care for the interest of the tsar dead two hundred years.”

Some children offered photos to the paper taken by them. Others wanted to publish riddles. Others offered cross-word puzzles, stories, and drawings. Various sport clubs wanted to let others know about their activities.

The entire youth seems to be seized with the American spirit of doing things.

To meet these new interests of the growing generation, the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association decided to make an experiment with a youth publication for the youthful readers, writers and doers. Let them find in this periodical all this information they wish to have. Let them tell others what they feel, and what they know. Let them tell others of their own activities.

The Ukrainian National Association intends to publish this paper at first quarterly. As the readers will feel more and more interested in it, the paper will grow. The Association and its editors, on the one hand, and the readers, on the other, by their common labors can make this paper exist and grow, just as their fathers made possible the growth of the Ukrainian paper.

THE EDITOR.

A. CHOMIAK.

DRIFTING SNOW.

I am only the drifting snow:
Where the wind blows there I go.
Blow, blow, North wind, blow,
Take me to my home of long ago.

Take me to my home of long ago,
Where love is white as snow.
There I want to live and die
Where snow covers mountains high.

Blow, blow, South wind, blow,
Blow away the cold white snow,
Take me to my home of long ago,
Where love like flowers grows.

I am only the drifting snow:
Where the wind blows there I go.
Blow me east, blow me west,
Blow me to the home I love best.

THE UKRAINIAN NIGHT.

Do you know a Ukrainian night? Oh, you do not know the Ukrainian night! Gaze your full of it: In the midst of the sky the moon stares. The sky's immense vault spreads still more immense. It shimmers and heaves. The earth is bathed in the silver light. The air is soothing, and coolingly sultry, and full of softness, and it stirs a very ocean of sweet scents. A divine night! Enchanting night!

Without a stir, inspired stand the forests, wrapped in darkness, and casting enormous shadows. Calm and placid sleep the ponds; the chill and darkness of their waters morosely shut in the dark green shadows of the orchards.

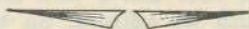
The virginal thickets of wild berries and cherry-trees spread timidly their roots into the coolness of the spring waters, only now and then flapping their leaves as if angry and fretful that in the twinkling of the eye the light breeze steals to them, for a kiss.

The whole landscape sleeps. But above, everything is breathing. Everything is uncanny, everything is festive. And one's soul cannot embrace the mood, and it feels weird, and crowds of silvery apparitions rise in rows from its depths. Divine night! Magical night!

Presently everything becomes alive: the forests, and the ponds, and the steppe. The powerful thunder of the Ukrainian nightingale rolls on, and the very moon in the sky seems to be absorbed in listening to it. . .

As though enchanted, on the hill, slumbers the village. Still whiter shine the clusters of the huts in the moon; s'till more blinding the low walls break through the darkness. The songs grow s'lent. All is still. The pious people are already asleep. Only here and there the narrow windows glimmer into the night. Only here and there, before the door of the hut, a belated family complete their late supper.

NICHOLAS GOGOL, in A MAY NIGHT.



SIEUR DE BEAUPLAN.

HOW COSSACKS RAIDED THE INVADERS OF UKRAINE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE FRENCHMAN WHO WROTE ABOUT THE EXPLOITS OF THE UKRAINIAN COSSACKS.

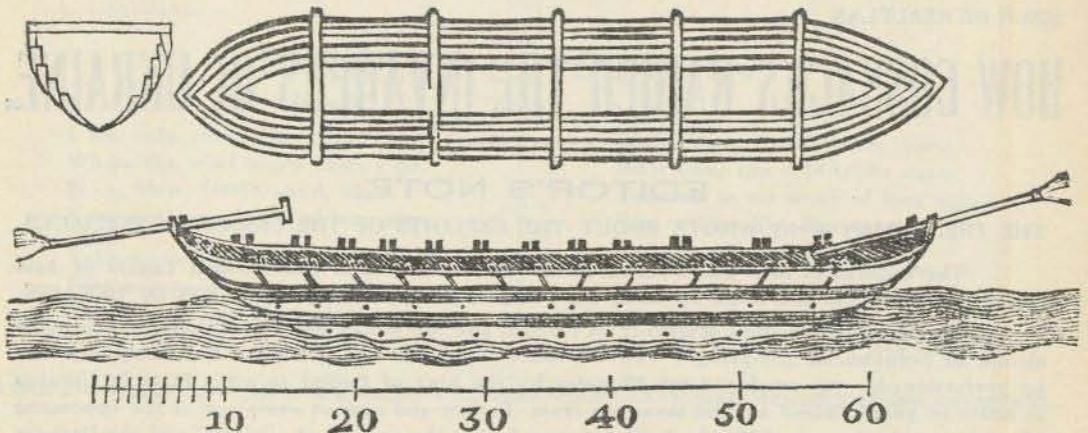
The account of how Ukrainian Cossacks made raids upon the Turkish Coasts of Asia Minor is taken from the book by Sieur De Beauplan, entitled **A DESCRIPTION OF UKRAINE.**

The book was written originally in French, and the writer was a Frenchman. His name should be pronounced „Bo-plang”, with the accent upon the last syllable. A military engineer by profession, he was employed for 17 years by the king of Poland to erect forts in Ukraine in order to guard Poland against invasions from Turkey and against uprisings of the oppressed Ukrainians. In the year 1635, he built a strong fort at the first rapid (“porih”) of the Dnieper river. From that rapid the fort was called the Fort of Kodak. A year later the Ukrainian Cossacks surprised the garrison of the Fort, cut them to pieces and looted the Fort. The Poles, discouraged by the quick fall of the Fort, never rebuilt it. Thus disappeared from the face of the earth Sieur De Beauplan's engineering work, done by him for the king of Poland with the purpose of subjugating the Ukrainian people.

But another work of his remained to perpetuate his memory. During his 17 years of stay in Ukraine he traversed the country in various directions to find places suitable for forts. He had plenty of opportunity to observe the life of the Ukrainian people, and the life of the Poles and Turks, who wanted to rule the country. His observations he collected into a booklet, which he called **A DESCRIPTION OF UKRAINE.** In it, he speaks of the Ukrainians, their struggles with the Poles, Tartars, and Turks; of the Dnieper river; of the customs and habits of the most interesting fighters of those times, the Zaporogian Cossacks (so called because they had their strongholds on the islands in the Dnieper river below the Rapids). He gives the number of the Cossacks as 120,000 disciplined men. The most interesting part of this description is that of the methods of raiding the Turkish coasts of the Black Sea.

In the preface to his book, Beauplan asked the reader to excuse him for the lack of a map of Ukraine. It was not his fault, he says, as all his papers and drafts, among which there was a map of Ukraine, and which he left to be engraved in Poland, had been seized by the king of Poland. Those drawings and maps were later lost, but the booklet was published. From the original French, it was later translated into several languages. It appeared in an English translation in the year 1744, and was incorporated into a great **COLLECTION OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS**, that was published by the London printers Churchill and Churchill.

When the Cossacks intend to go to sea it is without the Polish king's leave. But they take it of their general, and than they hold a RADA, that is, a council, and choose a general to command them during this expedition, observing the same ceremonies as those used in the election of a Hetman, but this now chosen is but for a time. Then they march to their meeting place, and there built boats about sixty feet long, ten or twelve feet wide, and twelve feet deep; those boats have no keel, but are built upon bottoms made of the wood of the willow about fourty five feet in length, and raised with planks ten or twelve feet long, and about a foot broad, which they pin or nail one over another, like the common boats upon rivers, till they come to twelve feet in height and sixty feet in length, stretching out in length and breadth the higher they go.



This will be better understood by the rough draught I have inserted here. You may observe they have great bundles of large reeds put together as thick as a barrel end to end, and reaching the whole length of the vessel, well bound with bands made of lime or cherry-tree; they build them as our carpenters do with ribs and cross-pieces, and then pitch them, and have two rudders, one at each end, as appears on the draught, because the boats being so very long, they should lose much time in going about when they are forced to fly back.

They have commonly ten or fifteen oars on each side, and row faster than Turkish gallies: they have also one mast, which carries an ill-shaped sail made use of only in very fair weather, for they had rather row when it blows hard. These vessels have no deck, and when they are full of water, the reeds above-mentioned tied quite round the boat, keep it from sinking. They keep their biscuit in a tun ten feet long, and four feet diameter, fast bound; and they take out the biscuit at the bung.

They have also a puncheon or half-pun of boiled millet, and another of dough dissolved in water, which they eat mixed with the millet, and make great account of it; this serves for meat and drink, and tastes sourish. They call it SALAMAKHA, that is, dainty food. For my part, I found no delicacy in it, and when I made use of it upon my voyages, it was for want of better food.

These people are very sober, and if there be a drunkard found among them, the general causes him to be turned out; therefore they are not permitted to carry any brandy, being very observant of sobriety in their expeditions and enterprises.

When they resolve to make war upon the Tartars in revenge for the mischiefs received from them, they take their opportunity in autumn. To this purpose they send all necessaries for their voyage and enterprise, and for the building of ships and other uses, to the Zaporozhe: then five or six thousand Cossacks, all good able men well armed, take the field, and repair to Zaporozhe to build

their boats: sixty of them go about a boat, and finish it in a fortnight; for, as has been said, they are of all trades. Thus in three weeks time they make ready eighty or a hundred boats, such I described above; between fifty and seventy men go aboard each vessel, with each of them two firelocks and a simitar, carry four or five falconets upon the sides of the vessel, and provisions proper for them. They wear a shirt and drawers, have a shift, a pitiful gown, a cap, six pounds of cannon powder, and ball enough for their small arms and falconets, and every one carries a quadrant. This is the flying army of the Cossacks on the Black Sea, able to terrify the best towns in Anatolia.

Thus provided, they run down the Dnieper; the admiral carries his distinction upon the mast, and generally has the van, their boats keep so close that the oars almost clash. The Turk has commonly notice of their coming, and keeps several gallies ready at the mouth of the Dnieper to hinder their coming out; but the Cossacks, who are more cunning, slip out in a dark night about the new moon, lying hidden among the reeds that are three or four leagues up the Dnieper, where the gallies dare not go, having fared ill there formerly, and think it enough to wait their coming out, in which they are always surprised: yet the Cossacks cannot slip by so swiftly but they are discovered, then all the country takes the alarm, and it runs as far as Constantinople. The grand seignor sends expresses all along the coast of Anatolia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, that all

people may be upon their guard, giving them notice that the Cossacks are at sea.

But all this is to no purpose, for they make such use of their time that in thirty six or forty hours time they are in Anatolia, where they land, every man with his firelock, leaving but two men and two boys to keep each boat. There they surprise towns, take, pillage and burn them, and sometimes go a league up the country, but return immediately, and go aboard with their booty, hasting away to try their fortune in another place. If by chance they meet with any, they fall on; if not, they return home with their booty.

If they find any Turkish gallies or other ships, they pursue, attack, and make themselves masters of them, which they do in this manner: their boats are not above two feet and a half above water, and they discover a ship or galley before they themselves can be perceived by them. Then they strike their masts, observe how the enemy winds, and endeavor to have the sun upon their backs at sunset; then an hour before sunset they row with all their might towards the ship or galley till they come within a league of it, for fear of losing sight of it, and so continue. Then about midnight, the signal being given, they pull up again towards the vessel, half the crew ready to fight, only expecting when they come together to board. Those in the ship or galley are astonished to be attacked by eighty or a hundred vessels, which fill them full of men, and in a moment bear all down: this done, they pillage what they

find in silver, or goods of no great bulk, that cannot be spoiled by water, as also the brass guns, and what they think can serve them, then sink the vessel and men in it. This is the practice of the Cossacks: had they skill to manage a ship or galley, they might carry it away, but they have not that knack.

When they are to return home, the guards are doubled upon the mouth of the Dnieper; but though weak they laugh at that, for when they have been forced to fight, they have often lost many men, and the sea has swallowed some of their vessels, for they cannot be all so good, but some must fail. Therefore they land in a creek, three or four leagues east of Ochakiv, where there is a valley very low, about a quarter of a league in length, the spring tides sometimes overflowing it half a foot deep, and is about three leagues over to the Dnieper: there two or three hundred Cossacks draw their boats across one after another, and in two or three days they are in the Dnieper with their booty. Thus they avoid fighting the galleys that keep the mouth of the river of Ochakiv. Finally, they return to their Karbenicha, where they share the spoils.

Besides this, they have another refuge. They return by the mouth of the Don river, through a strait that lies between Taman and Kerch, and run up the mouth to the river Miuss, and as far as this

river is navigable, from whence to the Tachawoda is but a league, and the Tachawoda falls into the Samara, which runs into the Dnieper, a league above Kodak, as may be seen on the map. But they rarely go this way out to sea, when there is a great force at the mouth of the Dnieper to obstruct their coming out, or that they have but twenty or twenty five boats.

When the galleys meet them at sea in the day time, they set them hard with their guns, scattering them like so many rocks, sink several, and put them in such a consternation, that those who escape make hast to put in wherever they can. But when they fight with the galleys, they do not ply their oars, which are lashed to the side by withs; and when they have fired a musket, their comrades give them another ready loaded to fire again and thus they ply it without ceasing, and effectually. The galleys are not able to board one of them, but their cannon does them much harm. Upon these occasions they commonly lose two thirds of their men, and seldom come off with half, but they bring rich booty, as Spanish pieces of eight, Arabian sequines, carpets, cloth of gold, cotton, silks, and other commodities of great value.

Thus the Cossacks live, and these are their revenues; for as for trades, they use none, but drinking and debauching among their friends when they return home.



TRUTH AND UNTRUTH.

(Ukrainian folk-tale.)

Truth once met Untruth. "Hallo,"—greeted Truth Untruth.

—"How are you, sister?"—answered Untruth. "We are going in the same direction. Let us then walk together, if you please."

"Let's go."

—"But, sister, before we set off, may I tell you something? During our journey, we should eat your lunch first, and then mine."

"All right,"—agreed Truth. They walked and walked. They had emptied already the bag carried by Truth. Truth was getting hungry, and there was nothing left in her bag.

"Now, sister,"—she said to Untruth. "We have eaten all that was mine; let us now eat yours."

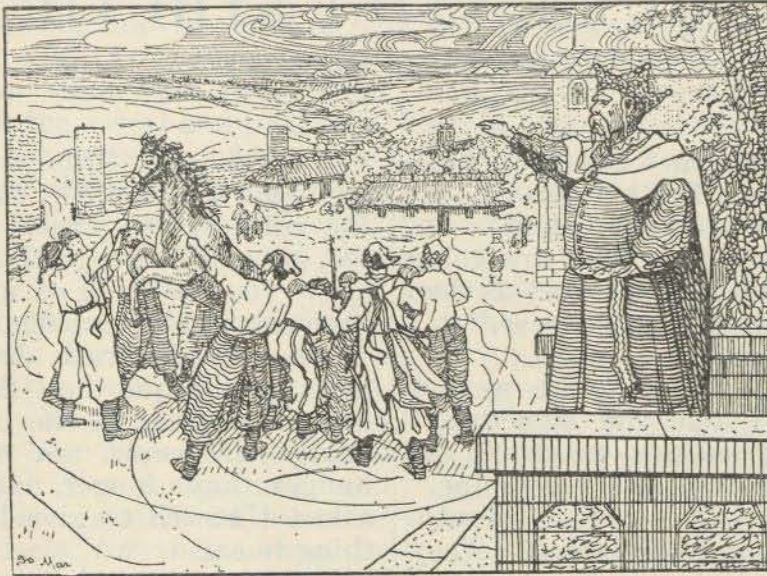
—"Oh, no. This will never happen. I do not like to act after the rules of the Truth, and you, too, are silly to act justly. I won't allow you anything of mine, even if you should have to die."

It pained Truth badly, but what could she do. She stood hunger as long as she could, but finally she could not stand the hunger any longer, and again asked Untruth to give her something to eat.

—"If you want me to give some food, let me put out one of your eyes."

Truth cried bitterly. But she thought to herself: it is better to lose an eye than to die of hunger. And she allowed Untruth to take





out one of her eyes.

Again many hours passed, and again Truth was very hungry. "Give me something to eat,"—she asked Untruth.

—"Let me take out the other eye of yours."

Truth allowed her to take out the second eye. As soon as Untruth tore out the eye, she left Truth alone. "Good-bye, sister,"—she said, "I have nothing to walk with you for."

Truth, left to herself, began to cry bitterly. She shuffled, and shuffled, until she heard the rustle of a forest. What was she to do? She thought to herself: I'll climb a tree and sleep there lest some wild beast attacks me.

She climbed a tree and rested there. Now, she heard, boys and girls came to the forest, singing, joking. They came to the tree on which Truth was sitting.

"Where are we going to have a dance?"—asked some of them.

—"Anywhere. Even under this tree,"—answered others.

„Why, this tree,"—said some of them, 'has such a dew on its leaves that if one wet the blind man's eyes with it, he would see gain."

Truth heard those words, and waited impatiently till the morning to try the dew. The boys and girls started to dance. They danced, and drank, and ate, and then went away, leaving behind everything that they had not eaten up.

As soon as they were gone, Truth slid down the tree, and began to eat and to drink what they had left behind. Having waited till the morning, she touched her eyes with the dew of the tree, and she began to see again. She prayed to God, and set off.

Before the twilight she came again to a forest. As on the night before, she climbed a tree, and again heard boys and girls come to the forest to play. "Let us dance under this tree,"—they said. "It

has such a dew on its leaves that it could restore the sight to a blind man. And if a man would take pain to gather some of this dew, and if he would go to the kingdom So-And-So, the king of which has a blind daughter, the king would stint no riches to such a man."

Truth heard all this, and she thought: God has granted that I can see again. Let me go and help the king's daughter who is blind.

The boys and the girls danced, ate, and drank, and, leaving, left behind some food and drink. Truth again came down from the tree, as she had done the night before, and helped herself to some food left by them. After that, having emptied one bottle, she gathered into it some of the healing dew, and set off for the kingdom whose king's daughter was blind.

It took her a long time till she came to that city, where lived the king with his blind daughter. It was at once reported to the king that a girl had come to his city who would like to undertake to cure his daughter. The king ordered her to be brought to him. She came to

the king's palace, and lo, whom did she find there but Untruth.

"You, too, here, sister?"—asked Truth of Untruth.

—"Yes. And you may know that I have walked all around the world,"—replied Untruth. "And what are you here for?"

Truth told her with what purpose she came to the palace. She touched the princess' eyes with the healing dew, and the princess began to see as if she had never been blind.

The king, seeing that Truth was speaking to Untruth, as if they had been friends for a long time, asked Truth, "Where have you seen her? When and how?"

Truth then told the king everything: how the two had set off into the wide world, how Untruth had taken out Truth's eyes, and how she had cured herself. The king, hearing this, ordered his servants to tie Untruth to a horse's tail and to set the horse free in the field so that he might tear Untruth up.

That is why the people say, "With Untruth you may go the end of the world, but you cannot come back."

IVAN FRANKO.

WHILE LOOKING SKYWARD...



While looking skyward I'm pensively thinking
Why am I no eaglet to fly without blinking.
Why to me, my Father, wings you did not grant,
The sky would embrace me, I'd leave mother-land.

The clouds I would look on, from earth far I'd linger
To look for my fortune, for refuge from hunger,
And ask from sun's glory, from the stars some aid
So that in this bright world my name shall be made.

(Transl. by WALDIMIR SEMENYNA).



HOW A UKRAINIAN ARTIST WON FAME BY SIMPLE BLACK DRAWINGS.

In the far-off city of Hlookhiv, situated in the Ukrainian province of Chernihiv, there was born, 42 years ago, a boy who later became famous all over Ukraine and beyond her frontiers. And another strange thing about this boy was that he made his name famous by means of simple black drawings. And finally still another strange thing was that he made himself famous also among millions of young children who read fairy tales and animal stories.

The boy's name was Ihor Narbut. In his earliest childhood he betrayed a great liking for drawing. That, indeed, is nothing marvelous as who among us did not feel a desire to draw? Why, before we start to scribble the letter „a”, our fingers itch to draw a picture of a strong horse, fast fire-engine, or a sail-boat flying to strange lands. So when the little Ihor began to draw, he was in this like most young children.

WHAT IS A SILHOUETTE?

In his very childhood he chanced upon one special kind of drawings, namely so-called SILHOUETTE. Now the grandfathers and grandmothers of our American friends had been used to order such silhouette portraits, which had been as popular then as photographic portraits are popular now. An artist used to cut out such a silhouette portrait in black paper, with a pair of scissors, and then paste it upon white paper. One can readily see that such a portrait can show the portrait of the person only in outline, as if a black shadow of the head seen from the side. There are no ears, nor eyes, nor wrinkles on the face. And it takes a sure and experienced hand to give a good likeness of the „sitter”, which is the person whose portrait is drawn.



IHOR NARBUT.
THE ARTIST DRAWING HIS FAMILY.

But in those days before the camera was invented such portraits were very popular. In America, in the streets of big cities men might have been seen who for a small reward would cut you such a silhouette portrait. They were very popular in France and elsewhere on the European continent, and even their name they derive from Etienne de Silhouette, the French minister of finance about 170 years ago, who was collecting such portraits as assiduously as some children collect postage stamps.

The invention of the photographic camera made everybody take portraits of dear or interesting people by means of photography. „Black-and-white” artists gradually disappeared from the streets of American cities. And some enterprising person now and then would draw a silhouette portrait of his friend, by placing him before a paper sheet nailed to the wall, between the wall and a strong lamp, and then tracing on the paper the outline of the shadow.

But there were some who continued to draw portraits and to make them as perfect as to deserve the name of artistic. One of those was Ihor Narbut. When others discarded this silhouette drawing because the mere outline could not express the beautiful things they saw in their sitters, the little Ihor tried to draw the outline so that the mere outline should give a beautiful impression of life. Some ignorant persons laughed at his drawings; as there are no colored people in Ukraine, these drawings suggested the people the devils themselves. But Ihor persisted in his work, and artists recognized the great art of those drawings when Ihor was only 17 years of age, by admitting them to exhibitions of drawings and paintings.

THE ARTIST WHO LOVED FAIRY TALES

Having graduated from the college, he began to study art under great artists in Petrograd. There he met the great Russian painter I. Bilibin, famous for his illustrations of Russian fairy tales. Under his influence Ihor Narbut began to draw illustrations for children's books. But he did not follow into the footsteps of his master, like a slave, but as every great artist does, drew in his own way.



A DRAWING BY IHOR NARBUT.
AREN'T CHILDREN THE SAME
EVERYWHERE?

An invalid sits in a wheel-chair, while a boy, dressed in a plumed helmet, is shouldering his switch as if it were a musket.

His drawings were liked tremendously. Children preferred books of stories in which the drawings were by Narbut. The publishers of such books went to Narbut with orders for more and more such drawings. Now already everybody recognized Narbut's genius, and the artist was requested to draw illustrations for the books for grown-ups. He went to Galicia and draw a whole series of drawings depicting the horrors of war in that country, from which came so many fathers of our readers. Such powerful draftsman was Narbut that even the devastations of war could he reproduce by simple black drawings.

THE ARTIST WHO LOVED HIS COUNTRY.

So far, however, he was working mostly for the Russian race, as the Russian government prohibited Ukrainian books. But Narbut yearned to work for his own people. And when during the Russian revolution of 1917, the Ukrainian people broke away from the Russian empire and set up a nation of their own, he at once announced his readiness to work exclusively for his own people. He rushed from Russia to Ukraine, in Kiev, the seat of the Ukrainian government, he drew Ukrainian postage-stamps, paper money, and illustrated Ukrainian fairy tales, animal stories and primers.



IHOR NARBUT: HARVESTERS' HOME-COMING.

His work was interrupted by another invasion of Ukraine by Russia. He loved his country and his work for her so much that her misfortune was his tragedy. During the Russian invasion he became sick and died in 1920. He was only 35 years of age, and his people expected from him yet many a beautiful thing.

The report of his death was received as sad news not only in his native country, but wherever his art was known. H. Lukomsky, a great artist himself, expressed the sentiments of Russians in these words, „In the person of Narbut a great man was lost not only to Ukraine but to Russia as well, as to Russia also Narbut has devoted a great part of his efforts. His death is a loss to the entire world of art.” Five great Russian artists published, three years after Narbut's death, a book about him, praising him as sympathetic person and a great artist. They do not hide that he was a Ukrainian as he did not hide his origin, but tried to give to the world what was the finest in himself and his race. In this way he won recognition for himself and his motherland in the field of art.

WISDOM OF THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE.

(Some popular folk-proverbs.)

There is no fairy-tale but has some truth.

Concord of straw is better than a lawsuit of gold.

Fish and guests begin to smell, on the third day.

A new generation—a new world.

The youth should remember that the old people also were not so foolish.

It requires no art to slander; it is much harder to make the job better.

UKRAINE IN RECENT BOOKS.

I.

THE UKRAINIAN PEASANT ART.

The Russian publishing association „Пламя” (which is in Ukrainian „Полумя”, in English „The Flame”) published in Prague, the capital city of the Republic of Czechoslovakia, a beautiful volume, entitled,

Народное Искусство Подкарпатской Руси. Пояснительный текст
С. К. Маковского. 1925.

There was soon published, in 300 copies, an English translation of this work, under the title,

PEASANT ART OF SUBCARPATHIAN RUSSIA. Explanatory text by
Sergeyi Makovski. Preface by Jan Gordon. Translated by Lawrence
Hyde.

Thus „Русь” was translated into „Russia”, though the two words do not mean the same thing. Even Jan Gordon in his preface is more correct when he calls the country Ruthenia. The translator was evidently bent on making those people beyond the Carpathians by force into full-fledged Russians. With this purpose in view, he has changed the typically Ukrainian name of Shkribliak into a typically Russian name of Shkryebliakow, which name is so completely foreign to us that even the Shkribliaks would not recognize themselves in this name.

When we disregard this political tendency of the book, which should be absent from works of this kind, and turn to the subject matter of the book itself, we find here a serious contribution to the study of folk-art, that is art created by peasants, and handed down from fathers to their children, and then by them to their children. The author of the book was employed by the school section of Uzhorod Municipal Council to collect monuments of the peasant art of the Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia for an exhibition that was arranged at Prague, in the spring of 1924. He journeyed through the country for six months, collecting various objects of peasant art, such as: pottery, costumes, personal decorations, weaving, embroideries, and the like. His observations about the arts among the peasants of Sub-Carpathia he incorporated into the Explanatory Text.

There are in this Text some remarks of great interest. He observed, for instance, the revival of the art of wood-carving in the Sub-Carpathia, and ascribed this to the activities of the famous Ukrainian wood-carvers from the Galician side of the Carpathian mountains, the Shkribliaks.

Still more interesting is the author's observation in which he compares the designs of the peasant-art in Sub-Carpathia to those of other Slavic peoples. In the design of embroideries, for instance, he thinks that the basic design is a lozenge, which is a quadrangle with equal sides, more or less prolonged (which may appear to be a composite of two equal triangles, joined at the base). All the variations in the basic design of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia follow from this. The Russian designs differ from this considerably. Says Mr. Makovsky that the embroideries of woven fabrics of Northern and Central Russia have for a long time been influenced by the Finnish ornamentation, which uses plants and animals in its designs, and that Ukrainian ornaments show influences of Persian stylization, but these Persian influences have not penetrated beyond the Carpathians. As they also have not penetrated into White Russia, the embroideries of the White Russian peasant around the city of Smolensk resemble those of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia.

Mr. Jan Gordon writes in his Preface to this work: „We must beware of a facile admiration for a thing merely because, though ancient, it is novel.” But he adds, „Yet it is safe to assume that anything which embodies the life effort of an undisturbed and simple folk is beautiful, some necessarily in a higher degree than others,—and we accept these Ruthenian examples from a little known and hitherto unstudied portion of Europe with wonder and delight”.

STORIES TOLD IN OLD UKRAINIAN HOMES.

THE SQUIRREL AND HER CHILDREN.

There lived once a squirrel with her five children. She used to roam about the forest, gathering fruit and bringing them home for her young ones.

Once before the autumn there were no more fruit to be had in the forest. The children asked their mother what were they to eat now. Mother answered them there was no fruit in this season more tasty than a nut. The young ones went to the forest to gather nuts. They found nuts enough, but they were all covered with husks. They nimbled at the husks, but found them bitter. They said, "Our mother must be crazy to say that there is no fruit, in this season sweeter than nuts."

In the evening they came hungry to the hole in the tree and told mother that they had found nuts but that the nuts were bitter. Said mother, "To-morrow morning you take me to those nuts."

They took her in the morning. She took the nut out of the husk, bit the cover, and gave them to taste the kernel, "How is it? Is it sweet or bitter?"

They said it was sweet, but the one they had eaten the day before was bitter.

The old squirrel said, "No. The one you had yesterday was like the one you have tasted today. Only yesterday you tasted only the husk, and had not gone so far as to taste the kernel."

Now the pupil's learning is like that taste of nuts: it's bitter on the surface, but quite sweet when one takes pain to go to the core of the matter.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Sonny, would you bring me some groats for porrage?"

"Oh, mother, how my back aches."

"Sonny, come to eat porrage."

"Where is my big spoon?"

GOOD GUESSERS.

Gypsy boasted of his sons, "I have three sons, and all of them are good guessers. When one has said, it would rain, and the second that it would be cloudy, and the third that it would be fair weather, one of them will surely guess right."

A CRITIC.

Said the donkey to the nightingale, "You sing pretty well, but haven't yet graduated. Take a few lessons from our rooster, and then you'll sing really good and well."

ANSWERS TO UKRAINIAN FOLK-RIDDLES.

(See page 15)

1. An egg. 2. A goose. 3. A schythe. 4. A mitten. 5. Bread. 6. A pot. 7. A road. 8. Wax. 9. Smoke and Fire. 10. A poppy. 11. The moon. 12. The sky, stars and moon. 13. A candle. 14. An axe. 15. Because it is hard.

ПЕРЕХРЕСТНА ЛОМИГОЛОВКА.

Уложив Василь Бобрів.

1	2	3	4				5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12		13	14	15	16	
17		18	19	20	21	22	23	24		25
26		27		28	29	30		31		32
33	34	35	36		37		38	39	40	41
			42	43	44	45	46			
47	48	49	50		51		52	53	54	55
56		57		58	59	60		61		62
63	64	65	67		68		69	70	71	72
	73	74	75	76		77	78	79	80	
81	82	83	84				85	86	87	88

КЛЮЧ ДО РОЗВ'ЯЗКИ.

СЛОВА ПОЗЕМИ:

1. Язик.
5. Дружина.
9. У старинних Греків, одна з богинь, опікуючихся поезією, sztukою та наукою (пятий відмінок).
13. Запора в ріці.
18. Служить до засування печи.
28. Орган зору.
33. Товщ з нутра свині.
38. Та, що нас родила.
42. Вхід на подвіря.
47. Уста.
52. Столиця України.
58. Земля під водою ріки.
63. Чим торгують у крамниці.
69. Відділ війська.
73. Той, на кого ми показуємо.
77. Управна земля.
81. Вірш.
85. По ній пнеться фасоля.

СЛОВА ПРЯМОВІСНІ:

2. Мірило електрики.
3. Гудз.
4. Імя Циганки в одній оперетці.
5. Прилад до ловлення риби.
6. Мара.
7. Замість: Ось маєш.
12. Ось.
13. Ся частина образа, що на заднім пляні.
17. Що ділиться на роки й місяці?
21. Рідний край Українців.
25. Люта комаха, подібна до пчол.
36. Один і другий.
38. Ростина, з якої роблять опіюм.
47. Закривлене залізо.
49. Сини одного батька.
53. Боввани божків.
55. Століття.
64. Уста.
67. Росте на корі дерев з півночі.
69. Тече з чола тяжко працюючої людини.
71. Страх.

Розв'язка буде подана в слідуючому числі, при чому будуть подані імена тих наших молодих читачів, що надішлють добру розв'язку.

CHILDREN OF UKRAINIAN IMMIGRANTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our fathers organized themselves for the purpose of insuring the future of their children. They have build up an organization of nearly four hundred local branches, covering the entire area of the United States. They have cemented into one big society of friends nearly thirty thousand people. They have accumulated, for our protection, nearly two million dollars.

THIS IS THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Many of those founders of this great Organization have passed away. Many more may follow them, in the not distant future. But the loved ones, whom they leave behind, will reap the benefits of their labors and outlays.

To carry the great beneficent work, initiated by our fathers, is our duty. The children must consider it their duty, as well as their privilege, to build further and to strengthen the Organization of their Fathers.

Let those of us who are minors join the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

Let those of us, who are Members of the Juvenile Department and are about to reach the age of 18 years, join the Adult Branch of the Association.

Let us spread the great principles of mutual protection among our friends and acquaintances.

Let us urge them to join the organization of Our Fathers,

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.