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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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FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

A whole mass of letters that were received by the editor of THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE show that the readers are very interested in the new publication of the Ukrainian National Association. The numerous letters of congratulation, some of them in Ukrainian, others in English, testify that the youth of the Ukrainian National Association have not simply read the Magazine and forgotten it.

The editor begs leave to present to the readers the letter of Miss Mary Goldak, St. Francois, Mo., which, in his opinion, portrays strikingly the feelings of the growing generation at the publication of the magazine.

Miss Goldak sent to the editor the correct solution of the Ukrainian crossword puzzle published in No. 1., and at this occasion she wrote,

„Хвальний Заряде Українського Народного Союзу. Дуже мене то тішить, що наші батьки заклали тут славу нашу організацію. Для нас ця земля не чужа, і ми сей край почитаємо своїм краєм. За те наші батьки приїхали сюди як до чужого, незнамого їм краю. Постаємо в положення наших батьків та подумаймо, як вони почувалися, коли не могли порозумітися з людьми по англійськи. З них у деяких місцях висміювалися, всякими іменами визивали. Навіть нас, молодих, називають деколи „гунки”. І подивімся, що мимо цих великих перепон вони горюли всі разом, ставали під один прапор, прапор Українського Народного Союзу. Союз дбає за сироти й вдови членів, як мати дбає за свої діти. Не одній сироті він допоміг, не одній вдові втер сльози. Ми, молоді Американці, повинні вписуватися до Союзу. Ось який гарний дарунок прислав нам Союз на „Кризис”. Чим більше число приєднаємо для нашого „Магазину”, тим краще він розвинеться, тим більше цікавого в ньому знайдемо, тим більше навчимося, тим кращий поступ зробимо. Особливо там, де нема української школи, діти повинні пренумерувати „Магазин”, щоб пізнати край і культуру народу своїх батьків. Сердечно дякую за „Магазин” і прошу прислати мені його далі...”



Учітеся, брати мої,
Думайте, читайте,
І чужому навчайтесь, —
Свого не цурайтесь.

Тарас Шевченко.

Try learning all, my brethren dear,
Keep thinking and reading,
Give thought to others' knowledge, too,
But to your own be true.

Translation by **Waldimir Semenyina.**

TALKS ON OLD UKRAINIAN TIMES.

1.

PRE-CHRISTIAN TIMES.

Concerning the lives of our people far back in the olden times, not much can be said. The first knowledge to reach us is that of 1300 years ago. Even what little we know of the Ukrainian people of those times, is derived from Greek or Arabian sources. But even from those meagre sources it can be seen that our people were already then organized, ruled themselves and built villages and small towns. Even in those times our famous Kiev was a well known and influential town. Even then our ancestors tilled the ground and traded with other countries, going down the Dnieper to the Black Sea and even to the Mediterranean. Even then the art of warfare was highly developed, as they had to defend their ground now and then from attacks of wild nomadic tribes that wandered from Asia and marched on our lands. Princes with their followers defended Ukrainian lands with swords and spears. Our ancestors sowed wheat, rye, millet, barley, poppy seeds and flax, and kept bees.

In towns, especially in Kiev, trade flourished. There they spun cotton and made all sorts of ornaments from bronze and silver. Even now they dig up graves and find in them souvenirs of our olden times, and they cannot help but wonder that in those times, when there was no sign of America as yet and Europe slumbered in utter ignorance, there was culture in our lands. In those times our people wore nice clothes and lived in large wooden houses. The rich Ukrainian soil furnished bread and vegetables in abundance and without great effort on the part of the inhabitants. Rivers were full of fish and forests full of game. In addition, the Ukrainians had poultry and all that comprised their food.

Nature blessed our nation, as we see, with fertile soil and that soil and prosperity were the causes of Ukrainian cheerful nature. Just as other peoples, so did the Ukrainians worship different idols; and lived with them exactly as they did with good or bad neighbors.

Ukrainian merchants traveled in those days in different lands

and brought back with them not only wine, tropical fruits and silks, but also wide-spread news of foreign lands and nations. In those times, there were already some writings in Ukraine, but they were lost in later times. Still, as an example, a trader's pact between Ukraine and Greece was found, from which we can infer that our nation even before 1000 A. D., was to a great extent literate. But that literature was very closely connected with their pagan beliefs, and because of that, when our people were converted to Christianity, all that literature was destroyed. In that way those who spread the new belief wanted to destroy paganism in Ukraine, but with that they also destroyed our old works of literature.

Oleh Wischy.

The mention of those writings, nevertheless, remained in our oldest chronicle, which monk Nestor wrote before 800 A. D., and in other memoirs, and especially in carols which exist even to-day. Those songs dealt with spring, love and knights' victories. Especially were our people fond of prince Oleh of Kiev, who subjugated and placed under his sway different Ukrainian tribes and in the year 900 set out to attack Bizantium. It can easily be seen that Ukraine was very strong in the reign of Oleh, in order to dare attack Bizantium, which then was the center of the whole world. There in Bizantium were fairy-like riches, there flourished culture high for those days. It was a city towards which were turned the eyes of the whole world.

Here we have a picture of Oleh with his followers as they sail down the Dnieper, enter the Black Sea in boats equipped with silk sails, and when they cross the sea, they haul in the boats and affix wheels to them, and thus they enter Bizantium. And the Ukrainian soldiers engage in a battle. They all wear steel armor, helmets on their heads, long spears in their hands and swords at their sides. The king is at the head of the expedition. Like a lion he is the first to hurl himself at the enemy. He strikes and stabs and his faithful knights follow. They battle one day, they battle another. And lo! victory is on the side of the brave prince. The enemy is scattered on all sides, leaving the field of battle sprayed with blood and covered with dead bodies. Victorious Oleh enters Bizantium and puts a gold shield on her walls, takes rich spoils from the Bizantian king and amidst glory returns to Ukraine. On his way back a soothsayer foretold him that he was not to live long, and that death awaited him from the very same horse which had so faithfully served the prince, which had carried him on his back in all battles. The prince laughed at that forecast. Sometime later when the prince was informed that his faithful horse died and that only his skull remained, the prince, smilingly came close to the skull and touched it with his foot, mocking at the words of the soothsayer. But he did not notice that a snake crept out of the skull and bit his foot, injecting deadly venom into his blood. So died that prince-knight, about whose attack

on Bizantium so much was talked and written of in all the lands, and about whom our people say that he could turn into a bird in order to overhear the secret conversations of the enemies of the Ukrainian nation, who turned into an ermine and chewed the strings of the bows of the enemy, making them useless.

Wolodymyr the Great.

The same national poetry preserved for us the memory of another great prince, and that is of Wolodymyr the Great, who

brought together all the Ukrainian lands of those times and converted the Ukrainians to Christianity. The national belief has vivid imagination, seeing him in his palace together with his courtiers sitting at a richly laden table, drinking from golden tumblers and eating with silver spoons. They imagine him not only eating himself but also being a host to thousands of poor people, seeing that there are no tears, no cares, and that prosperity and happiness should reign in all Ukrainian lands.

JACK FROST.



Jack Frost
Is an artist bold
Who paints the scenery
With beauty untold.

He paints the trees
And he paints the hills.
Over dark fields
His silver spills.



He paints the flowers
In all their beauty
As no artist can.
'Tis his joyful duty.

He paints castles
On a window pane
In which do kings
And their queens reign.



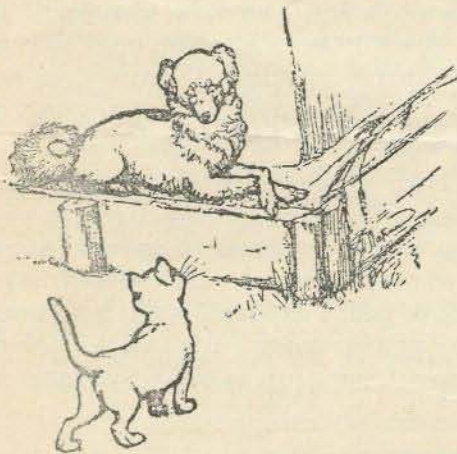
O, how beautiful
Are works like these!
The works of God
Our hearts to please.
Jack.

ІВАН ФРАНКО.

МУРКО Й БУРКО.

Був собі в одного господаря Кіт Мурко, а у другого Пес Бурко. Хоч то Пес і Кіт звичайно не люблять один другого, та Мурко з Бурком із самого малку були великі приятелі.

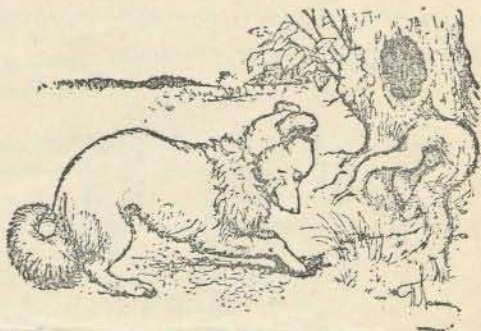
От одного разу, саме в жнива, коли всі з дому позабиралися в поле, бідний Мурко ходив голодний по подвір'ю і муркотів дуже жалібно. Рано господиня, вибираючися в поле, забула дати йому їсти, — значить, прийдеться бідному терпіти аж до вечора... До ліса було йти далеко, в стрісі Воробчиків не чути ніяких: що тут бідному Муркові в світі Божім робити?



— Ей, — подумав собі, — он там у сусіда на шпихлірі Голуби водяться. Я колись лиш одним оком заглянув: у двох гніздах є молоді Голубята, такі ситі та гладкі, як подушечки. От би мені таке одно Голубятко в пригоді стало! Та ба, Бурко по подвір'ю ходить і шпихліра стереже. Хоч то ми з ним і приятелі, та я добре знаю, що на шпихлір він мене не пустить. Нема

що й говорити з ним про се. Зовсім собача вірність у нього!

Але голод не тітка. Муркові чим раз гірше докучав порожній живіт, от він і почав міркувати, як би то здурити Бурка та спровадити його геть із подвір'я. При голоднім животі швидко думки йдуть до голови. От за малу хвилю мій Мурко біжить до Бурка, мов не знати з якою доброю новиною.



— Слухай, Бурцю! — кричить здалека. — Приношу тобі добру вістку. Ось власне тепер я сидів за селом на високій липі, — знаєш, там на роздоріжжю коло хреста. Сиджу я собі та чагую на Воробчиків, коли бачу, а з сусіднього села біжить межею якийсь Пес і несе в зубах ковбасу та таку довжезну, що оба кінці геть поза ним землею волочаться. Приніс під липу, оглянувся довкола, чи не підглядає хто, живенько випорпав під коренем добру яму, заборпав ковбасу, ще й каменем привалив на знак та й побіг. От така-то благодать! Я ледве всидів на липі, так мені запах до носа вдарив. Та що з того, не міг я поживитися нею, бо камінь тяжкий та й глини бестія напорпав багато. То можеб ти, братіку...

Ще Мурко й не скінчив свого оповідання, коли Бурко зірвався на рівні чоги і мов вихор полетів за село під липу шукати ковбаси. Він бідний та кож не дуже до переситу наїдався, мяса рідко й нюхав, а ковбаса хіба в сні часом йому приснилася. А тут на тобі, така ласка Божа під липою закопана. ще й каменем привалена. Драпнув Бурко так, що аж закурилося за ним. А Муркові тільки того й треба було. Не тратячи ані хвили часу, він горі углом видрапався на шпіхлір, вибрав собі котре найтовстіше Голубятко, вхопив його в зуби, та й гайда з ним до своєї хати. Там він виліз на загату, положив Голубятко перед себе та почав хрупати, радісно муркотячи.



Тимчасом Бурко прибіг до липи, шукає, нюхає, порпає — нема ані каменя, ані глини, а ковбаси й духу не чути. Вертає бідний мов із лихого

торгу додому, тай біжить просто на Муркове обійстя, щоби пожалуватися приятелеві, пощо його здурив, та ставши за углом, він почув, як Мурко оближуючись, балакає сам до себе:

— Ото дурень той Бурко! Він десь тепер певно вганяє по-під липу язик висолопивши, та шукає ковбаси, а не знає, що я його Голубятком так славно пообідав!

Драпнула Бурка по серці така фальшивість приятеля і завзявся відплатити йому. Усміхаючись він підійшов до загати та й мовить:

— Ей, Мурку, Мурку! Ти гадаєш, що ти мене здурив, що я повірив твоїй байці про ту ковбасу? Я сидів за плотом і бачив, як ти з нашого шпіхліра Голубятко взяв. Та по що тобі від мене критися? Чому було не сказати просто? Хіба я приставлений до Голубят пильнувати? Се не моя худоба. Я й сам був би не від того, щоб часом одно-друге схрупати. От хоч і зараз. А ну ходи та подай ще й мені одно, а собі можеш іще одно взяти.

Дуже втішився Мурко, чуючи таку мову, бо звісно злому завжди радісно, коли пізнає, що й другий, кого він мав за чесного, такий самий злодій, як і він. І скочив Мурко з загати, щоби привитатися з Бурком, та сей в тій хвилі хап його за карк і роздер.

РОЗВ'ЯЗКА ЛОМИГОЛОВКИ З Ч. 1.

СЛОВА ПРЯМОВІСНІ:

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| 2. Ом. | 36. Оба. |
| 3. Вузол. | 38. Мак. |
| 4. Аза. | 47. Гак. |
| 5. Жак. | 49. Брати. |
| 6. Омана. | 53. Идоли. |
| 7. На. | 55. Вік. |
| 12. Ото. | 64. Рот. |
| 13. Тло. | 67. Мох. |
| 17. Час. | 69. Піт. |
| 21. Україна. | 71. Ляк. |
| 25. Оса. | |

СЛОВА ПОЗЕМІ:

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. Мова. | 47. Губа. |
| 5. Жона. | 52. Київ. |
| 9. Муза. | 58. Дно. |
| 13. Тама. | 63. Крам. |
| 18. Затулка. | 69. Полк. |
| 28. Око. | 73. Отой. |
| 33. Сало. | 77. Ріля. |
| 38. Мама. | 81. Стих. |
| 42. Брама. | 85. Тика. |

Розв'язки сеї ломиголовки надіслали: Євген Парницький, Джерзи Ситі, Нью Джерзі;

І. Орлан, Ричмонд Гил, Нью Йорк; Марія Голдак, Ст. Франсіс, Мезуре.

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Czechoslovakia, so to say, displays the ethnic composition of its population frankly. On February 15, 1921, the population of the Republic was 13,613,172. Of these, Czechoslovaks constituted 8,760,937; Germans 3,123,568; Magyars 745,431; Ruthenians (that is perhaps not a very happy translation of the name "Rusnaki", by which this branch of the Ukrainian race call themselves locally) 461,849; Jews 180,855; Poles 72,853; others 25,871.

With no less frankness the Czechoslovakian officials divulged the struggle of Carpathian Russia for self-government.

Russia (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) follows a similar policy. Among the leading states of the Soviet Union it gives the second place to Ukraine. The Almanac gives the size of Ukraine as being larger than California; then mentions shortly the boundaries; emphasizes the importance of the Ukraine for the production of wheat, coal and iron. Finally, it states that out of the rural population of the Ukraine 88 per cent. are Ukrainians, out of the urban population 34 per cent.

The area of the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic is given as 164,865 square miles, the total population as 28,887,007 persons.

This treatment of Ukraine as a political unit is not borne out in the treatment of the economic development of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Ukraine as a separate entity disappears, and the reader must remain with the impression that, as far as economic activities are concerned, the relations of Ukraine to Russia have changed little, in spite of the profound changes in Russia herself.

This treatment of the Ukrainians by the Republic of Czechoslovakia and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republic stands in pronounced contrast with the treatment of the Ukrainians by Poland and Roumania.

The statistical data about the population of Poland, furnished for the Almanac, does not reveal, but conceals the ethnic composition of the population. The reader is denied the information as to what races compose that so-called republic of Poland, which covers 149,140 square miles and numbers 29,160,163 persons. An uninitiated reader is led by a subterfuge to a belief that all those 29 millions are Poles, which may be the extent of the Polish imperialistic dreams, but which never will become a fact.

Roumania follows the same policy. It gives its population as 17,939,149; though it hints the racial diversity of the kingdom in the statement that the Roumanians of the country number about 13 millions.

We have in these official figures the manifestation of the same old policies that prevailed in old pre-war Europe. Spiritual realities are still denied and violated, and the reader who depends upon officially gathered data is liable to be greatly surprised in case of another European outbreak.

Thus the official data, so assiduously collected by the Almanac, is very valuable, but it does not complete the picture of the countries. There is outside of that official picture another one and the Almanac would perform a really valuable service to its subscribers if it could furnish that other "unofficial" picture in the annuals to follow.

THE BRASS KETTLE.

Brass kettle! Brass kettle,
Shiny and bright,
Always boiling,
Morning and night!

It's just an old brass kettle,
But of the best make,
My mother gave it to me
For a keepsake.

It's from the early seventies,
The days of pioneers.
I inherited the kettle
As one of the souvenirs.

Now this kettle is more
Than a century old,
But to look at it to-day,
You'd think it fresh from the mold.

MARTHA.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR READERS

U K R A I N I A.

Oh! Ukraina our land,
So dearly loved, with fear
Of being captured by an evil hand,
Ukrainia, our land so dear!

To arms, all ye men so brave
And bold, desiring to be free!
And your beloved country save
From the hands of our enemy!

Those who fight for their freedom,
And fight to their fullest and best,
Will some day conquer a kingdom,
In which they will peacefully rest.

Odaria T. Lohyn,
Jersey City, N. J.

THE UKRAINIAN SONGS AND COSTUMES WIN THE HEARTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

December 13 and 14, 1927, will remain long in the memory of all people of the city of New Brunswick, in the state of New Jersey, no matter of what origin they may be. On those two days The Young Women's Christian Association gave a Christmas Festival, in which every race could produce its Christmas program.

Ten races participated. We were the first on the program. Ukrainian boys and girls, dressed in their national costumes, appeared on the stage walking slowly, and singing the Ukrainian carol in English translation ("Yuletide Wakes, Yuletide Breaks" it is called in translation.) They walked towards the middle of the stage, towards the window of a peasant cottage that stood amid pine trees,—just as Christmas carolers walk from house to house in the old country. Stopping before the window, the "koladniki" rang their bells and began singing the Ukrainian Christmas songs „Boh Predwichny" and „Nova Radist Stala". The audience was surprised at the staging, the songs, and the costumes. Many rose to see us better. At the end of each song there was great applause. At the end of the songs, the hostess of the house, dressed in an Ukrainian peasant costume, came out of the house, distributing gifts of apples, oranges, nuts, candies, and coins among the singers. The carolers wished her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We turned around and sang another carol, then we walked off the stage, still singing, as if we were on our way to another household. After the Ukrainian number was over, the audience applauded so long that at the end of the program of all nationalities the Festival Committee asked us to come out again and sing "Yuletide Wakes, Yuletide Breaks". And we did. Both the violinists, and the harmonium, and the

piano, and the entire audience joined us to sing the Ukrainian song. When the people started to leave, many of them went over to the Ukrainian group to take a last look at our costumes. They asked us, "How are such costumes made?", "Do all the people wear them in the old country?", and, "Is this only the costume of actors on the stage?", and, "Why don't you wear them in public here as you used to in the old country?"

The next day, teachers and principals of our schools spoke of the Ukrainian boys and girls, praised our program, and asked, "Why haven't the Ukrainians built schools for their children so they could teach them to read, write, and sing in their native Ukrainian?"

Nearly all of them advised us to hurry up and give another play or concert of the same kind. They said they would never get tired of going to Ukrainian concerts.

Mary Haleluk,

Roosevelt Junior High School, New Brunswick, N. J.

WISDOM OF THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE.

(Some popular folk-proverbs.)

Self-Dependence. It is easy to catch snakes with other people's hands.

Knowledge. The fool thinks, the wise man knows.

Deep Thought. From a deep well comes cold water.

Talkativeness. Deep waters run quiet.

Obstacles. Don't let yourself be bent by every wind.

Equality. You and I are made of the same clay.

Evil. Of what use are sacred pictures in the house of the evil.

Example. If someone jumped into water, would you follow him?

Flattery. Whoever is good to all, is bad to himself.

Companionship. Who wades in to water, will come out with wet flaps.

Comradeship. If you lose with a good man, he will console you. If you find with a bad one, he won't share the find with you.

Leadership. The caravan is as strong as its leader.

Laziness. To a poor reaper every scythe is wrong.

Laziness. The lazy man walks twice, the stingy man pays twice.

Laziness. The lazy man may freeze, sitting on top of an oven.

Theft. Who steals in a joke, is drubbed in dead seriousness.

Knowledge. They pull the ears of the man whose brains are short.

Skill. Even a big oak falls from a small axe.

STORIES TOLD IN OLD UKRAINIAN HOMES.

THE WOODEN EASTER LOAF.

There were two brothers—the one rich, the other poor. When Easter came, the rich brother baked many loaves of Easter bread (Paska) and the poor one had not a single one. So he went into the woods and cut down a linden tree, chopped off a piece of the trunk and carved it into the semblance of an Easter loaf. His wife coated it with egg yolk and put it in the oven to give it a little color.

The poor man took his linden loaf to the church to have it blessed by the priest.

The rich brother admired and envied the poor one's loaf, especially as his own had split somewhat while baking in the oven.

"Let us exchange,"—he said to his brother. "I'll give you two of mine for that smooth one of yours. It will be all the same to you, but at my place the guests would see the split loaves and it wouldn't look well."

They exchanged. The rich man invited his guests. All wondered how the loaf had come out looking so beautiful, and then they wanted to taste of it. But in vain they tried: no knife would go into it. The rich man had to chop it with an axe and then all was made for them plain to see. It was humiliating for the rich brother to admit that he had made such a mistake, so he said:

"Now you see, good people, what wonders happen in the

world? In a moment an Easter loaf has turned into wood. Someone must have cast an evil spell upon it."

THE FAST WORKER.

A crawfish was once sent to fetch water. It took him seven years to bring it home. Stepping across the threshold, he spilled the water and said, "Such trouble comes, if one is in a hurry".

HOW MUCH HE HEARD.

The wife asked her husband, "Where did you tarry so long?"

"I was at the fair," said the husband. "The people were telling news, and I listened."

"Well, what interesting news have you heard?" asked the wife.

Says the man, "There were so many people that I could not come nearer to the tellers. And standing far away, one does not hear a word."

A HUNGRY ONE.

"Mother, I want some bread."

"Here, eat. Why should you ask? There is an ovenful of bread."

"Uh, I don't care now, I thought there was none."

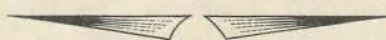
A SEAMSTRESS.

"Are you sewing, girlie?"

"I am."

"And how soon are you going to rip?"

"As soon as I finish this thread."



RIDDLES OF THE UKRAINIAN MOUNTAINEER TRIBE OF HUTSULS.

1. What has the greatest number of crosses?

2. A barrel has no hoops, and is filled with wine.

3. What is higher than a horse, but lower than a dog?

4. You may sweep it out, but you won't sweep it out. You may try to carry out, but you will fail in this, too. The time will come, and it will go of its own will.

5. An old lady, dressed in a red cape, sits in the corner; should you touch her, she will make you cry.

6. A house, no windows, no doors. A crowd inside.

7. Without legs, without arms, it will climb to the roof.

8. She had no mother, was never a baby, was never a single girl, but married.

9. You have to step upon the iron to climb the mountain of flesh that you may reach a wooden summit.

10. A white field, a steel plow, black is the seed, but only a literate man can sow it.

(Answers on page 16).

THE STAMPS OF THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL REPUBLIC.

The stamps were designed by Ihor Narbut, the famous Ukrainian artist, of whom we wrote in the first issue of THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The denomination of the stamps:

20 shahs.

30 shahs.

40 shahs.

50 shahs.



Courtesy, K. Lyssiuk Philately Co.

STAMP GOSSIP.

I know that many of the readers of this Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine, both boys and girls, are interested in stamps. They belong to various Stamp Clubs throughout the country, both in schools and outside of schools. I know also that every young stamp collector has some difficulty during his career of stamp collecting. By difficulty I mean some such thing as follows:

How to classify stamps, what kind of albums to use, what to do with duplicates, how to trade stamps, how to put stamps in albums, what is the valuation of stamps, what kind of stamps to collect? Or it may be that you have some question about stamps that you have been wanting to ask someone but you did not know who. Address all of your letters on this topic to,

THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE,
Stamp Gossip,

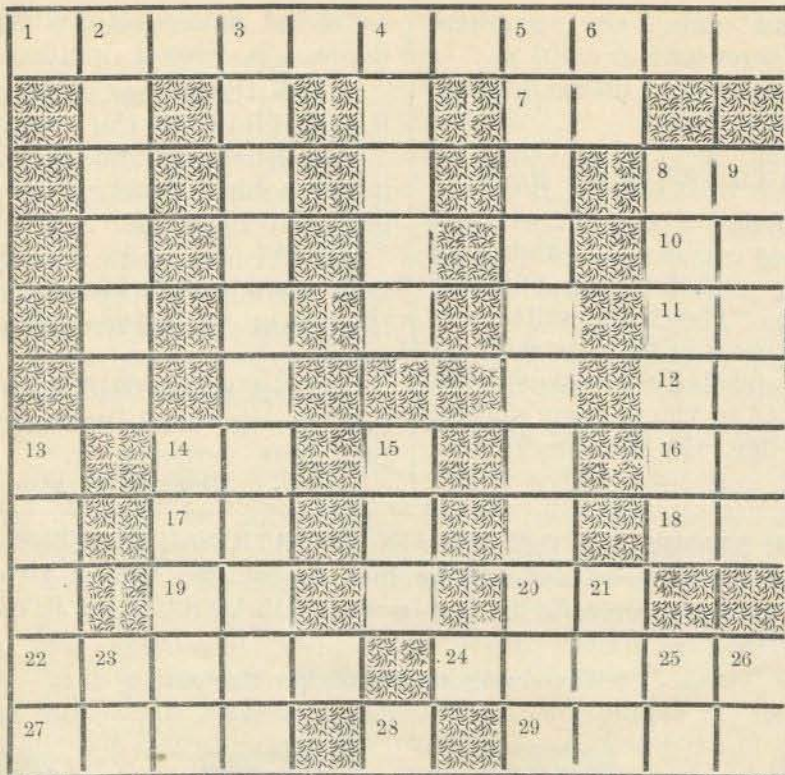
83 GRAND STREET,

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

After you have done this be sure to look for your answers in the following number of this magazine.

ПЕРЕХРЕСТНА ЛОМИГОЛОВКА „У. Н. С.”

(Уложив Володимир Цісик, Ричмонд Гил, Лонг Айленд, Н. Й.)



КЛЮЧ ДО РОЗВ'ЯЗКИ:

СЛОВА ПОЗЕМІ:

1. Гетьман України.
7. Англія (в скороченню).
8. Пекло.
10. У напрямі.
11. Викрик жалю.
12. „Повним Титулом” (перші букви).
14. Вираз полекші.
16. Отсе.
17. Незнаний (скорочення).
18. Міра поля.
19. Вираз посмішки.
20. То.
22. Батько.
24. Столиця Галичини.
27. Галапас, що живе в вовні.
29. Домашні звірята.

СЛОВА ПРЯМОВІСНІ:

2. Часть світа.
3. Горожанини Злучених Держав.
4. Гріш.
5. Місто на Україні.
6. Диви: поезде 17.
8. Справний ученик (з латинської мови; другий відмінок).
9. Лікар.
13. Американські Українці вже називають його „ферою”.
14. Один з святих духів.
15. Що кождий повинен дати на Сиротинець.
21. Перша жінка (пятий відмінок).
23. Сі.
25. У напрямку від.
26. Ти у числі множині.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES (See Page 15.)

1. A ball of thread. 2. An egg. 3. A saddle. 4. The sunlight. 5. An onion.
6. A pumpkin. 7. The smoke. 8. Eve. 9. Stirrups, Horse, Saddle. 10. Paper, pen, ink, writer.

CHILDREN OF UKRAINIAN IMMIGRANTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

has initiated the first publication of its kind in America: the first English periodical for children of Ukrainian immigrants.

THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE met with general enthusiasm from the members of the Ukrainian National Association. In hundreds of letters, the members, old and young, greet the new publication with keen interest and warm hope for its future success.

This welcome guarantees to the initiators of the publication that it has found a place in the life of Ukrainian immigrants and that its reception has proven its absolute need.

Since it is primarily a magazine for the children, to make the publication a complete success, the co-operation of the young readers is invited.

What can they do to make their magazine a full success?

First, let every child who is a member of the Juvenile Department, deliver to the secretary of the Local Branch of his or her parents, his or her address. If the child prefers to send the address directly to the home-office, he or she should include the number and the name of the Local Branch.

Secondly, let every child spread THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE among his or her friends and acquaintances. Let them carry this great news to all of them: that they have an opportunity to obtain the Magazine free of charge provided their parents insure them in the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

Thirdly, let every child write to the editor of the Magazine, letters of criticism, suggestions, poems, stories, puzzles, etc. Let the children report their doings and make the Magazine a means of exchanging ideas and co-ordinating their activities.

Fourthly, let them spread the Magazine among their American friends.

Let every child remember that this magazine is published for his personal interest, entertainment and advancement. That, in its fullest and broadest sense, this magazine is your magazine.

These efforts will bring THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE to every home and will make it indispensable to the life of the Ukrainian immigrants.