

M MLADINSKI LIST



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Albin Čebular:

V POZDRAVČEK

Ko zarjica mlada
sredi livade
je rožica bela
na vrtu zacvela.

Smo rožico vzeli,
na prsa pripeli
jo novemu članu:
veselemu Ivanu.

Andrej Kobal:

POZDRAV DOMOVINI

ZLETELE misli naše iz tujine
so v daljni, nepozabni rodni kraj
zaupat bratom in sestram zakaj
ljubezni vez iz naših src ne gine,
zakaj spomin na nje nikdar ne mine
in naša srca silijo nazaj.
Na tujem tujci družimo se zdaj,
da obdržimo dar iz domovine.

Glasi pozdrav se dragi domovini:
Zavesti duh vez naša je v tujini;
lepoto imajo dežele pestre,
bogastvo, slavo, modrega učenja,
a duše nimajo, ki brate, sestre
v domovini vas nad nje povzpenja.



Elica v deveti deželi

Gosenica svetuje

ELICA IN GOSENICA sta se dolgo gledali, pa nič rekli. Nazadnje je Gosenica vzela vivček iz ust in jo zaspano ogovorila:

“Kdo si ti?”

To ji je dalo poguma, da je odgovorila sramežljivo: “Saj, saj še sama ne vem, gospa. No, danes zjutraj, ko sem vstala, sem še vedela, kdo sem, pa od takrat sem se že večkrat izpremenila.”

“Kako to? Ne razumem te!”

“Težko bi vam vse dopovedala, gospa,” je dejala Elica. “Vidite, jaz nisem več to, kar sem.”

“Jaz ničesar ne vidim,” jo je zavrnila Gosenica.

“Ne morem vam povedati bolj jasno,” se je Elica opravičila kolikor mogoče uljudno. “Sama ne vem, kako naj vam vse razložim. Veste, to ni kar tako, ko kdo hitro zraste in se zopet zmanjša kar večkrat na dan.”

“Kakopak!” je pritrdila Gosenica.

“Ko se boste v bodoče zabubila in nekega dne poletela s krili kot vsi metulji, tedaj se vam bo mogoče zdelo tako čudno kot se meni moje spreminjanje.”

“To pa že ne bo nič čudno.”

“No, potemtakem morate vi imeti drugačne občutke kakor jaz,” je rekla Elica. “Meni bi se že zdelo precej čudno, če bi se spremenila v metulja.”

“Tebi? Kdo pa si ti,” je rekla Gosenica posmehljivo.

Zopet sta bili pri začetku razgovora. Elica je bila nemalo razburjena, ko je čula Goseničine opazke, izravnala se je in odločno dejala: “Mogoče bi mi pa morali vi povedati prvi, kdo ste.”

“Zakaj?” To je bilo zopet vprašanje in ker si ga Elica ni znala razjasniti in ker se tudi Gosenici ni posebno ljubilo, se je obrnila proč. “Vrni se,” je ukazala Gosenica. “Nekaj važnega ti povem.”

Izgledalo je malo boljše in Elica se je obrnila.

“Obladaj se!” jo je opozorila Gosenica. “In kaj še?” je dejala Elica oblastno. “Mislila je, da bo mogoče vendar slišala kaj važnega, zato je potrpežljiva, da je Gosenica še nekaj časa vlekla in puhala dim. “Ti si torej spremenjena?”

“Kolikor vem, sem. Tudi za deset minut skupaj ne ohranim enake velikosti.”

“Pa te spomin ne zapusti? Ali veš kako pesem na pamet?”

“Mislim, da še, bom poizkusila,” je rekla Elica in začela:

Vi ste stari, oče Vilče, reče mladi mož;
brada vam cveti kot greda snežno-belih rož.
Nagajivo se postavljate na glavo,
to početje ni za vašo starost pravo.

“Joj, joj! Nehaj!” je hitro ukazala Gosenica. “Saj ne znaš.”

“Res se mi zdi, da ne znam,” je pritrdila Elica boječe. “Nekaj besed se je spremenilo.” Nastala je tišina par minut. Gosenica je spregovorila ponovno: “Količe velikosti hočeš biti?”

“Ni posebno važno, kake velikosti sem,” je rekla Elica. “Samo to mi ni ljubo, ker se neprestano menjam.”

“Ali hočeš ostati sedanje velikosti?” je vprašala Gosenica.

“Rada bi bila malo večja, gospa, prosim vas,” je rekla Elica. “Tri palce je veliko premalo zame.”

“Kaj? To je vendar imenitna velikost!” je vzkliknila Gosenica jezno ter se postavljala na zadnjih šest nog. (Bilo je je ravno tri palce.)

“Ali jaz sem vajena biti večja,” je prosila Elica prijazno, pri sebi si pa želela, da bi te male živalice ne bile tako tenkočutne.

“Se boš že privadila,” jo je zavrnila Gosenica, vzela ponovno vivček v usta in kadila tobak. Še nekaj časa je postala na gobi, nato pa stopila doli in se šla sprehajati v travo. Ko je šla mimo, je rekla: “Ena stran ti bo storila rasti, druga pa, da se še bolj stisneš.”

“Ena stran rasti, druga . . . kaj?”

“Goba,” je rekla Gosenica in se oddaljila.

Elica se je ozirala po gobi. Katera stran ji bo storila rasti in katera manjšati se. Kako bi mogla vedeti! Goba je bila enakomerno okrogla, zato Elica ni mogla vedeti. Vendar je objela gobo, kolikor je mogla obseči z rokama in odkrhnila drobce gobe od vsake strani.

“Kateri košček naj zdaj pojem?” Pokusila je malce onega v desni, da bi spoznala učinek. V hipu je začutila sunek pod brado, ki je zadela ob čevljev. Prestrašila se je te nenadne spremembe, ali videla je, da ne sme izgubljeni časa, ker vse prehitro je šla v nič. Pokusila je torej drugi košček. Njena bradica je bila že tako skupaj s čevljem, da je Elica komaj odprla usta in nato pokusila košček gobe. Povzila je torej tudi košček iz leve roke.

* * * * *

“No, vendar imam prsto glavo,” je vzkliknila Elica veselo. Ali takoj se je prestrašila, ko je ugledala, kaj se godi. Visoko v zrak se je vzpenjala nje glava, ramen pa ni bilo nikjer, samo neznansko dolg vrat je molel pokonci, kakor steblo morske lilije, globoko doli pa je videla zeleno listje.

“Kaj neki je ono zelenje?” je pomislila. “Kje so moja ramena. Oh, moje uboge roke, kako da jih ne vidim?” Mahala je z rokama, medtem ko je govorila, ali videla jih ni, samo globoko doli v zelenju je mahalo. Ker ni mogla spraviti rok do glave, je skušala z glavo seči navzdol. Veselilo jo je vendar, ko je opazila, kako vitek ji je vrat, na vse strani in načine je lahko zvijala z njim. Med opazovanjem ji je nenadoma nekaj zaprhalo v obraz. Okoli nje je urno prhotal veliki Golob.

“Kača!” se je stresel Golob.

“Jaz nisem kača,” je izpregovorila Elica. “Pusti me!”

“Kača si, kača!” je ponovil Golob. “Uh, kača, kako te črtim, ker mi piješ jajca in žreš mladiče.” Golob se je ponovno zakadil Elici v obraz.

“Jaz nisem kača, ti rečem,” je rekla Elica. “Jaz sem . . . jaz sem . . .”

“Kaj si? Saj vidim, da si izmišljaš.”

“Jaz sem mala deklica,” je rekla Elica precej dvomljivo, ko se je spomnila sprememb, katere je že prestala v enem dnevu.

“To je pa res verjetno,” je zasmehljivo zagrulil Golob. Svoje dni sem videl že precej deklic, ali še nobene s takim vratom kot je tvoj. Ne, ne! Kača si, kača! Le nikar se ne skušaj lagati. Mislim, da boš sedaj začela še to lagati, da še nikoli nisi izpila nobenega jajca.”

"Izpila ga nisem, ne, ampak pojedla sem jih že precej," je dejala Elica resnicoljubno.

Ko se je Elica dodobra zavedla svojega položaja, je bila še bolj vznemirjena, da je molčala, Golob pa jo je med tem grajal: "Bodi kača ali deklica, to pa dobro vem, da gledaš po jajcih."

"Ne gledam po jajcih ne," ga je zavrnila malce jezno. "In če bi si jajec tudi pozelela, bi se spomnila zadnje na tvoje. Sploh pa jaz ne pijem jajec."

"No, pa pojdi," je rekel Golob. Elica se je stisnila med drevje, kolikor se je dalo, ker vrat se ji je še vedno vil med vejami drevja in vsakega toliko časa si je morala odmotati vrat z veja. Čez trenutek se je spomnila, da ima še vedno dva koščka gobe v rokah. Previdno se je spravila na delo. Prvo je pokusila košček iz desne roke, potem iz leve, ali tako pomalem in stopnjevaje, da se ji je posrečilo priti v naravno velikost.

Že dolgo je tega, ko je bila Elica naravne velikosti, zato pa se ji je spočetka zdelo dokaj čudno. Zdajci pa se je privadila in začela klepetati sama s seboj: "Kako čudne so te spremembe. Niti minuto naprej ne vem, v kaj se preobrnem. Vendar pa sem dobila nazaj svojo velikost. Vprašanje je sedaj, kako pridem v lepi vrt." Med pogovarjanjem je prišla na odprt prostor z malo, štiri čevlje visoko hišico. "Kdo neki živi tu notri?" je pomislila. "Nikoli bi ne izvedela, če ostanem svoje mere." Pcvžila je zopet košček gobe, da se je skrčila na devet palcev, nato pa se je približala hišici.

Albin Čebular:

NAŠA ELICA.

Sama počese
se Elica že,
veste, to niso
več mačje solzé!

Glavniček zatakne
si potlej v lase,
prelepa je Elica,
heja, juhe!



Cossatt: Elica.

Fr. Ločniškar:

SOVE IN LUNA.

Po nebu lunica plove,
široko se zemlji reži,
iz dupel pokukajo sove,
svetloba jih strašno ježi.

Najrajše bi v luno skočile,
kljuvale jo v tolsti obraz.
Vse jezne v en glas so sklenile:
"Zmerjajmo ves nočni jo čas!"

In vse neutrudno kričale
vso noč so svoj grdi "uhú"
in zjutraj si domišljale:
"Za gore je šla iz strahú!"

P. Flere:

V džungli

VROČE popoldansko solnce ekvatorskih pokrajin visi nad gozdnimi planjavami, ki se po obrežjih indijskih rek razprostirajo na velikanske, nepregledne daljave, tu močvirne, tam suhe, tla porasla z gosto, visoko travo in z bičjem. Nepristopne džungle so to, nad katerimi visi solnce ter jih žge. Človek ne stopa vanje, prepušča jih živalim. A v vročem dnevu ni videti niti teh, džungle leže tihe in mrtve. Drevo pripletajo k drevesu goste zavijalke, neprodirno grmovje varuje zemljo stopinj. Solnce gleda nanje, v rastju kakor morje zelene, prižaste, le s suhim bičevjem in z rumenim bambusovim trstjem.

Kar pretrga mrtvo tišino glasno vpitje . . . Vik in krik, klepetanje in lomastenje po drevju, in z njega se usujejo ocepki in okleščki doli na mirna džungelska tla. Zopet krik in vik in zdajci preskoči z drevesa na drevo krdelo opic. Druge plezajo po vejah in deblu, se vržejo spodaj do drugega drevesa, da se vsa tolpa zopet zbere na tem. Na prvem so menda obrale vse plodove, morebiti so se sprle zaradi poslednjega sadu; in njih dolge prednje roke so delile klofute, nizkočelne glave so jih prejemale. Ko pa so dospele na drugo drevo, so že pozabile, da so se pravkar pričkale in prerekale, se teple in klofutale, in zopet je ležal mir nad džunglo. Tu pa tam so se oglašale ptice in drevesu, kamor so dospele opice, je ptica zakriknila, se dvignila v zrak in nad drevesom krožeč tožila za gnezdom in za jajčeci v njem; saj je vedela, da je konec gnezdu, da ne bo izvalila izleženih jajec. Opice so jih že našle in se vnovič sprle, sedaj zaradi jajec. Vsaka bi jih rada, a močnejše jih poberejo slabšim. Zopet so se steple pa splezale v vrh drevesa, kjer se izpakujejo tožeči ptici. Žalostna je odletela, ko je videla, da je zaman njena tožba. Opice, ki niso dobile jajec, so jezne razdrle gnezdo in ga pometale z drevesa. Katera pa je dobila šibico, vpleteno v gnezdo, je z njo udarila tovarišico, pa so se zopet sprle in steple.

Take so opice. Vse drevo preletavajo pa z drevesa na drevo. S svojimi štirimi rokami, s prsti kakor na človeški roki se oprimljejo, gugajo v zraku, plezajo, skačejo in se prekucujejo. Po drevju iščejo sadu in listja, a če se jim zazdi, da na tleh najdejo slatno koreninico ali sladko seme, splezajo z drevesa. Skoki po šest metrov so jim igrača; z vrha drevesa se vržejo na konec najnižje veje, ki se usloči pod njih težo; komaj pa se veja zravna, preskoči opica drugam. Ako je veja prešibka, da se zravna z živaljo na sebi, opica počaka, da se umiri, potem pa spleza nazaj proti deblu. Skozi najhujše trnje beži kakor po gladkih tleh, zavijalka ji je pripravna lestvica, deblo uglajena pot. Česar ne doseže s prednjo, prime z zadnjo roko.

S tem plezanjem in prekucavanjem, s pričkanjem in pretepanjem prinašajo opice v džunglo življenje čez dan. Visoko v drevesnih vrhovih se izmed vej razlega njih hripavo cviljenje in hlastanje. Kadar se spuste v beg, se zdi, da se je v zraku utrgala vihra in drvi skozi gozdne vrhove. Vse drugod vladata mir in tišina.

Drugačno življenje nastopi, ko izgine z neba solnce in se pripravlja noč, da ogrne džunglo v gosto temo, ki jo srebri luna. Ko ta razlije nad džunglo svojo luč, se zdi, kakor da je majska pravljica legla nad njo. Ne brez prepira so se spravile opice po drevju spat. Okrog debla, ki se je vsled starosti samo zrušilo z brega, tiho šumi reka.

Polagoma pa se zopet budi življenje v temnih zatišjih mrtve džungle. Zaspan ptič se je zbudil in zakričal v noč, a nihče se ne zmeni zanj. Voda v reki se je razgrnila, prikaže se kuščarska glava krokodila, ki počasi pleza iz vode na breg. Mesečina mu svetlika po roženih ščitih na njegovem hrbtu, zvesto posluša na okrog in čaka plena. A njegova ura ni še prišla; ni še živali, ki bi si gasila žejo. Počasi se splazi

nazaj, usloči rep, kakor da je iz jekla, in izgine v globočino. Jeleni so že prišli na pašo, divji merjasci rijejo po tleh in iščejo, s čimer bi si napolnili želodec. Od daleč oprezuje temni, kolobarčasto pisani panter, oči mu gore kakor dve zelenkasti luči v goščavi. Vsepovsod se giblje življenje, vse si išče hrane, a vse je močno mirno. Iz daljave le se čuje lajež divjih psov, ki so se spustili na lov, na drugi strani džungle pa zatuli in zavija krdelo šakalov. Tudi ti pasji sorodniki so se dvignili, da preiščejo, kje je poginila čez dan žival ali pa kje lahko napadejo katero, ki ima premalo orožja, da se ubrani njih krvoločnosti.

Zdajci pretrese ozračje glas, ki razprostre grozo nad vso džunglo. Psi ne lajajo več, šakali ne tulijo, panter je obstal sredi pota, jeleni se spuste s paše v beg, divji merjasec se skriva v goščavo. Zakaj hripavi grmeči glas, ki se je razlegel po džungli, predobro poznajo vse živali. Tiger je to, džungelski kralj, ki se je zbudil in ga žeja po krvi.

Čez dan je ležala ta do osem čevljev dolga mačka v globoki, samotni goščavi in spala. A tigrov spanec ni bil tako trden, da bi živali ne zbudil najmanjši šum, če je počila veja ali bičevje. Kakor je tu ležal, ne bi ga opazilo najboljšo oko. Rjast je kakor zemlja, po truplu pa se mu vlečejo od hrbta proti trebuhu temne proge, da je videti, kakor bi raslo samo nedolžno trstje, kjer leži tiger.

Noč ga je zbudila. Ko se je dvignil na ogromno šape, je kakor mačka skrčil in ukrivil iztegnjeno in zateglo truplo, okroglo, z brado obraslo glavo je obrnil v džunglo, zazdehal je z odprtim žrelom, zasadil prednje šape v zemljo, dolgi, ravni rep se je iztegnil. S tankim sluhom spozna komaj slišne glasove, da takoj ve, na katero stran naj si gre iskat večerje. Saj ne potrebuje baš dosti: petdeset funtov mesa mu uteši glad, takih zalogajev pa ima džungla dovolj.

Počasi se odpravi tiger na pot, ki ga vodi skozi bičevje in visoko travo. Kakor stopa oprezno, se zdi, da ga je požrla gluha noč. Preplašene živali v džungli so se zopet pomirile; zazdelo se jim je, da so za nocoj varne. Jeleni so se povrnili na zelenico, zdajpazdaj povohajo v zrak, a veter, ki prihaja od desne sem, od morja, jim ne naznanja nobene nevarnosti. Tiger pa je začutil ta veter že prej, zato se je obrnil, v velikem loku obšel pasočo jelene tako, da se jim bliža sedaj od leve. Kakor kača se plazi po tleh, oči mu žare v temi visoke trave, ki se neslišno pripogiba pod njegovimi šapami. Dospel je na rob zelenice. Oprezujočega za jeleni ga skriva visoka trava. Če se pokaže, mu brzonogi jeleni pobegnejo; zato čaka, da se obrne čreda na to stran in se mu tako približa.

Ni mu treba dolgo čakati. Brezskrbno se loči od črede ena teh lepih, slokih živali, okrašenih z ogromnim rogovjem. Le nekaj korakov proč od tigra se pripogne, da odmuli travo—v dveh, treh skokih je tiger pri njej in na njej. S toliko silo ji je zasadil kremplje v vrat, da so se mu še prsti vdrli v meso. Hipoma pregrizne glavno žilo in že loka toplo kri. Prestrašeni jeleni si niso upali, da bi se potegnili za nesrečnega tovariša, prepustili so ga njegovim usodi, obrnili so se in pobegnili v največjem diru.

Na drevesu je spal divji pav. Zbudil se je in razgledal, pa je z glasnim krikom oznanil v džunglo novico o džungelskem kralju ter opozarjal nanj druge prebivalce. Tiger se ni zmenil ne zanj ne za njegov klic. Ko se je prepričal, da je jelen mrtev, ga zavleče v goščavo in se ga loti. Z ostrimi zobmi trga s trupla velike kose mesa, jih četrti s čvrstimi kremplji in jih za prvo silo nekaj pogoltne. Nato se odpravi k reki, da se napije, a kmalu se vrne in nadaljuje krvavo večerjo. Ko se nažre, se napoti še enkrat k reki, da si opere gobec, ostanke pa pusti za prihodnjo noč, ako mu jih ne pospravijo do tedaj šakali in psi ali jastrebi, ki krožijo nad džunglo in preže na mrhovino. No, če mu ne puste jelena, za tigra ne bo nikaka škoda. Tudi to ga ne bo motilo, ako se zaletе jeleni drugam. Džungla ima še dovolj zalogajev, tiger pa ve

tudi, da se je ob robu džungle naselil človek, ki ima v svoji staji črede ovac, goved in konj; ako tiger ne najde večerje v džungli, jo najde v človekovi staji. Zato se brez skrbi vrne na svoje ležišče, da prebavi večerjo in večinoma prespi novi dan.

Dasi je bil za ta večer tiger odpravljen, se živali v džungli niso oddahnile. Saj je lovil po džungli tudi panter, lovili so psi in šakali, plenili so volkovi, rohnel je medved. Marsikateri boj je bil še izvojevan tisto noč, končano je bilo marsikatero življenje, da se je nasitil roparski želodec.

Taka je džungla. Niti opice, ki so se čez dan naskakale in natelovadile ter so trudne posedle k počitku, niso bile varne. Zgoraj v vrhovih dreves jih res ne more zalezovati vsaka žival, a džungla ima tudi take, ki pridejo do živega opicam pri njih počitku. Najopasnejši jim je črni piton, 20 do 24 čevljev dolga kača.

Piton se priplazi pod drevo, na katerem prenočujejo opice, in ležec v svitku oprezuje. Ko jih opazi in si izbere svoj plen, z gibčnim truplom tiho spleza po deblu, gosta drevesna senca ga brani, da ga ne izda mesečina. Z repom se oprime veje, vzpne se in njegovo truplo moli kvišku, kakor da je v tem trenutku zrasla iz drevesa nova veja. In ta živa veja se skrči in na lahno zviije, glava pa se nagne naprej. Piton se obrne k najnižje sedeči opici, zasuče se v velikanskem kolobarju, glava se mu zaziblje na desno in levo in kača zasika svojo pesem. V hipu pa se z zaprtimi usti in molče zažene z glavo v opico. Neznanski sunek se je izvršil tako naglo, da se opica ni utegnila z roko tesneje oprijeti veje, in vsa omamljena se skotali na tla. Njen padec je pač zbudil druge opice, ki strepetajo, ko zagledajo svojega sovražnika. V strahu zakriknejo in zbeže v najvišji vrh, kjer se preplašene stisnejo. Piton se zagleda vanje, odpre usta in na dolgo zasika. Opice ob tem glasu oneme in tiha tišina nastane v krdelu. Prva se zove vodnica, najstarejša in najmočnejša opica. Ta zavrešči ter skoči na bližnje drevo in vreščec se spusti za njim vse krdelo. Piton pa spleza na tla in požre ubito opico kar celo, da si tako za več dni potolaži svoj glad.

Podnevi se piton ne približa rad opicam; ker ni strupen, se brani le s svojo telesno močjo, a omaga pred velikim opičjim krdelom, ki se postavi proti njemu.

V džungli pomalem utihnejo ponočni glasovi. Jutranja zora na nebu že oznanja, da se bliža nov dan. Veličastno vzide solnce, z njim pa se dvigne v zrak jastreb, da preleti vso prostrano džunglo in pregleda iz previsokih višav, kje so mu pustili za zajtrk kaj ostankov tiger ali panter, šakali in psi, da si poišče, kje džungelski volkovi niso mogli požreti vsega, kar so nalovili.

*
* *

Džungle je prepustil človek živalim, ki imajo v njih svoje kraljestvo, a iz njih ven še uhajajo na človeška selišča. Jeleni in merjasci mu rijejo po njivah ter mu popasejo sêtve, opice prihajajo krast sadje in vsi džungelski krvoloki si hodijo iskat domačih živali. Zato je napovedal človek boj vsem džungelskim prebivalcem, a izvabil si je eno žival ter jo ukrotil: slona. Ta naj mu doma dela ter mu nosi tovore! Jelene in merjasce zalezuje, kjer jih dobi, opic se otepa, kakor in kolikor se more, vse džungelske zveri pa preganja, a od vseh najbolj njih kralja—tigra samega.

Domačini Indijanci se tigra boje, časte pa ga tudi po božje. Vzlic vsemu temu pa so se že od nekdanj spuščali z njim v boj. Postavljali so se proti njemu s samo sulico in z močnim nožem ali pa so mu nastavljali pasti. Posebno uspešen tak boj ni bil, težaven pa dosti. Zato so veliko trpeli od zveri, ki se človeka ne ogiblje, in še danes je vsako leto veliko število žrtev, ki jih zahteva tiger. Ob belem dnevu se priklati zver iz goščave, posebno če je lačna. Jezdeca strga s konja ali celo z visokega slona. Redek, redki je človek, ki bi se rešil, če ga je že udaril s šapo. Zato imajo v nekaterih krajih domačini pred tigrom tak strah, da si ne upajo izgovarjati niti njegove-

ga imena, da bi ga ne priklicali. Žive v veri, da tiger dotičnika, ki ga je ubil, gotovo še raztrga.

No, pa ta vera je prazna. Saj je znan angleški general Gerard, ki je sam pobil 216 tigrov, a njega samega še nobeden.

Ta hrabri general je odšel kar sam samcat z dvocevko z zanesljivo roko v džungle, kjer mu je bil lov na tigre največja zabava. Če je zvedel za kak kraj, da nadleguje v njem tiger ljudi, je šel kar tja, da obračuna z razbojnikom. Navadno je poiskal tigra na njegovem ležišču in dostikrat se je plazil skozi grmovje do njega po vseh štirih. Če se je tiger zgrbil ter se pripravil na skok, mu je pomeril general z največjo ravnodušnostjo na srce ter ni nikdar izgrešil. Tako pripovedujejo o generalu Gerardu, a tudi samo o njem, ker ni na svetu dosti ljudi, ki bi si iskali tigrov s toliko hladnokrvnostjo.

Precej poguma treba tudi za lov na zvijačo. Iz močnega bambusa si naredi lovec kletko ter jo postavi na tigrovo pot. Vanjo se zapre sam, da je sam vada za tigra. Z nočjo pride zver ter zapazi človeka, ki ga še vabi s klicanjem in stokanjem. Tiger se približa, da stvar preišče, ter vidi, da tiči njegova namišljena žrtev za bambusovimi palicami. Žival se spne na zadnji nogi, da zlomi s sprednjima nogama palice, tako pa obrne proti človeku svoje prsi. Lovec porabi to priliko ter potisne zveri z vso močjo sulico v srce. Ker je sulica navadno še otrovana, zadostuje en sam sunek, da tiger konča.

Od življenja v džungli malo vidi človek, a vendar bi rad napasel svoje oči. Zato ujamejo v nekaterih krajih domačini džungelskega divjega bivola in tigra ter ju zaproskupaj v veliko kletko, da bi se tamkaj rvala pred gledalci. Včasih se živali nočeta spoprijeti. Tedaj ju gledalci dražijo toliko časa, da ena začne. Navadno je tiger prvi, ki skoči na bivola. A ta se ga otrese in ga pritisne na tla, nasadi na roge ter vrže

kvišku. Tiger se mu zopet zagriže v uho. Največkrat pa se nazadnje naveličata boja ter oba odnehata, kakor da sta se zmenila, da se ne dasta več hujskati surovim ljudem.

Tudi s sloni se mora boriti tiger pred ljudmi, a tudi tukaj se mu ne godi bolje. Tiger bi rad zgrabil slona za rilec, a slon ve dobro, kakšno orožje ima v trobcu. Z njim tigra tepe, a po vsakem udarcu dvigne rilec hitro in prisloni svojemu nasprotniku za nameček še eno s svojimi dolgimi, strahovitimi okli.

Da bi človek džungelskega kralja ukrotil, se mu ni še posrečilo, čeprav ga je imel že ujetega ter ga kazal svetu.



Na kraju džungle.

Mirko Kunčič:

ZARJA IN PETELINČEK

Zarjica zlata
kuka skoz vrata
v hlevček, kjer dremljejo putke:

“Kje petelinček se danes mudi?
Kdaj bo zapiskal svoj kikiriki?”

“Jojme, pa res, kje je mili naš družek?
močno prestrašita muc se in kužek.

“Kam je šel, kam je šel, hov, hov, mijav?

Morda ga vzel je sam črni baybav?”

“Ali pa muc požrl!” miši zacvilijo.

“Nič se mu revice putke ne smilijo!”

Muc se razkači: “Fej, lažete, miši!”

“Kdo pa straši, rogovili po hiši?”

dekla se Ančka zbudi, razjezi.

“Čakaj me, čakaj me, mucika ti!”

Zarja zaman petelinčka iskala—
v noči lisica ga nam je ukrala.

Janko Kersnik:

Bojanov Matejka

SREDI pašnika so sedeli trije otroci pastirčki. Mihec, najstarejši izmed njih, je rezal vrbovo piščalko in štiriletna sestra je pazno gledala nož in les, težko pričakujoč, da bo delo gotovo. Zraven njiju pa je čepel petleten dečko, za Matejka so ga klicali.

Ko bi imel pipec, bi tudi urezal piščalko, a ubožec ga nima.

“Ej, zopet se mi je strla!” vzklikne Mihec in vrže vrbov klin stran.

“Daj meni nož, jaz jo bom naredil,” prosi Matejka.

“Daj mu, daj!” prigovarja Anička, ki bi piščalko rada imela.

“Kaj boš ti! Kupi si ga!” odvrne jezno Mihec in gre iskat druge šibe.

Matejka je pobesil glavo in jel s svojim bičem mlatiti po tleh.

Mihec ni mogel narediti piščalke, ker vrbova koža ni še bila dovolj mužna. Med tem se je zmračilo in vsi trije so gnali živino domov.

Bili so to Bojanovi otroci. Mihec in Anička sta bila domača, Matejka pa je bil tržaški najdenec, ki ga je bil vzel Bojan, da bi dobival zanj denar in da bi ga imel pozneje za pastirja. Takrat je bil še prav majhen.

Pravo ime njegovo je bilo zapisano v bukvicah, s katerimi je šel gospodar vsako leto enkrat na sodišče po denar. Na vasi pa so mu rekli vedno samo Bojanov Matejka.

Kadar se je napolil Bojan z Matejkom h gosposki po denar, so ga napravili v praznično obleko, ki pa ni bila njegova. Obuli so mu čevlje in dobil je velik kos pogače v žep, češ, naj vidijo gospodje, kako dobro se godi rejencu. Ko pa so prišli domov, je Matejka oblekel svoje raztrgane hlače in tudi pogače ni bilo več.

To je bil za rejnčka vedno najlepši dan v letu.

R. Tagore:

Trgovec

MISLI si, mamica, da bi morala ostati doma in jaz da bi moral na pot v tujo deželo.

Misli si, da bi bil moj čoln pripravljen v pristanišču, do vrha natovorjen.

Zdaj pa dobro premisli, mamica, predno porečeš, kaj ti naj prinesem, ko se povrnem s potovanja.

Mamica, hočeš kupe in kupe zlata? Tam ob obrežjih zlatih rek so polja polna zlate žetve.

In v senci gozdne steze kapljajo zlati čampini cveti na tla.

Nabrati jih hočem vse zate v mnogo sto košev.

Mamica, ali bi hotela bisero, velikih kakor deževne kaplje v jeseni?

Popeljem se k obrežju bisernega otoka.

Tam trepetajo biseri v ranem jutranjem svitu na tratnih cvetlicah, biseri kapljajo v travo in bisere prše na pesek v penah divji morski valovi.

Moj brat dobi par krilatih konj, da bo letal z oblaki.

Očetu prinesem čarobno pero, ki bo brez njegove vednosti samo pisalo.

Zate, mamica, pa moram imeti skrinjico in dragotine, ki jih je plačalo sedem kraljev s svojimi kraljestvi.

Albin Čebular:

BREZ ŠALE . . .

Polončice rudeče
prinesle polne vreče
so, veste, same sreče!

Razvezale so vreče,
jo dečici poslale,
zares, zares, brez šale!

Katera pa jo je dobila?
I, tista, ki v JEDNOTI je,
to prav gotovo vsak že ve!

Kratkočasni dogodbeci

(Valentin Vodnik.—Velika pratika za leto 1797.)

Neki skopi človek zboli, pokliče nekega tudi skopega zdravnika, kateri ga je srečno ozdravil.—Skopuhu se je škoda zdelo denarja, zato misli zdravnika drugače plačati.

— Nalije dvanajst steklenic z vodo, jih zakaplja s smolo in pravi, da so napolnjene z dragim žlahtnim vinom iz dežele Šampanje. Zdravnik vzame z veseljem steklenice in jih stavi na varno v klet; iz skopuštva se jih ne upa dotakniti.

— Umrje. — Dediči se smeji po njegovi smrti, odmašijo, pijejo, kar jim udari v nos smrdjiva voda. — — Tako znajo skopuhi drug drugega med seboj in cel svet za nos voditi.

Neki tat je imel biti obešen. Pod visilcami ugleda med ljudmi svojo objokano mater.

— Prosi, da bi še enkrat smel z njo govoriti. Pripeljejo mu torej mater; tat se nagne proti nji, kakor da bi ji hotel kaj potihlo povedati, pa jo tako vgrizne v uho, da se je kri pocedila.

— Vsi gledalci godrnjajo, rekoč: Ali sedaj nazadnje tako spoštuješ svojo mater?

— Tat odgovori: Od mladega sem začel krasti, mati me ni nič kregala; da, še na prodaj je nosila, kar sem ukradel. Ona je kriva smrti. Zaradi tega sem njej in vsem materam hotel začrkati v ušesa dober nauk.



Gosi.



Dragi čitatelji!

Včasih sem že napisal kako pravilo, kako se morate ravnati, ko pišete pismo, ali zopet je treba napisati navodila, ki se čitajo po vrsti tako:

1. Pišite!
2. Pišite s črnilom!
3. Pišite lepo in razločno!
4. Posebno naslove in številke napišite razločno.
5. Ko pišete uganke, priložite zraven tudi rešitve, ker drugače jih ne bo nikoli v Mladinskem listu.
6. Naslov napišite še najbolj razločno, ker drugače se pismo lahko izgubi. Pravi naslov se glasi: **Mladinski list, 2657 So. Lawndale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.**

Tudi to upoštevajte! Napišite vedno sami! Če vam napišejo starši, ne morete reči, da je pismo vaše in tudi ne morete pričakovati, da bi bilo priobčeno. Še eno priporočilo upoštevajte vsi čitatelji, to je:

7. Pišite!

Urednik.

Dragi urednik!

Malo znam pisati po slovensko, zato sem hotela pisati za prvikrat po slovensko. Jaz sem 13 let stara in v osmem razredu. Imam dva brata in eno sestro, in cela družina je v S. N. P. J. Mi vsi radi čitamo Mladinski list. Rada vidim, da se mladina tako zanima za ta list. Rada bi pisala vsak mesec, pa sem dosti zaposlena s šolskim učenjem.

Pozdravim vse čitatelje.

Jennie Vitovec, Canton, Ohio.

Pomladna rožica.

Eno rožico ljubim, v mojem sreču spi; koder grem, me spremlja, meni se smeji.

Doma pri otrocih je srca veselje. Zadovoljnost roži je ime. V križih in težavah roko ji podam. Doma in v tujini jo za varuha imam.

Bogatin požrešen vlačí vkup blago; meni je zadovoljnost ljubša kot vse zlato. Moja bogatija je le mir vesti. Rožica v sreču me tako uči.

Vsako drevce v cvetju me razveseli; zadovoljnost slajša pitje mi, jedi.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

Dragi urednik!

Prav vesela sem, da znam malo slovensko pisati, ali vendar ne vem, če mi boste priobčili to pismo. Mama me zmerom uči. Stara sem deset let. Vesela sem, kadar dobim Mladinski list. Dosti članic piše, zato pa je list tako priljubljen. Moj brat Leo, sestra Albi, oče, mama in jaz smo vsi člani S. N. P. J. Ko bodo zopet imeli konvencijo, bi bilo dobro, če bi kaj naredili za mladinski oddelek in za naš list, tako da bomo še lažje napredovali. Pri nas je mnogo članov v mladinskem oddelku. Tu sta dve veliki društvi S. N. P. J.

Antoinette Ozanich,

309 Douglas Ave., Eveleth, Minn.

Cenjeni urednik!

Pisati hočem zahvalo v Mladinski list. Najprvo se lepo zahvalim Johnu Terčelju iz Strabana, Pa., ki je za naše društvo št. 231 pripeljal 12 parov čevljev in nam pošlje denar vsak mesec za društvo, da pomaga članstvu plačati asesment v teh slabih časih. Tudi se lepo zahvalim v imenu mladinskega oddelka vsem, ki so darovali za to društvo obleko in čevlje. Prav lepa hvala Vam vsem, ki ste nam pomagali. Zdaj se pa posebej zahvalim prijateljicama Sylviji Homez, Fannie Homez, očetu in materi iz Auburna, Illinois, ki so samo meni in moji sestrici poslali obleke.

Frances Maček, 10 let, Primrose, Pa., Box 70.

Cenjeni urednik!

Skoraj da bi pozabil, da Mladinski list izhaja, ter ne morem čakati, da ga dobim v roke, zato ker je mesec tako dolg. Poizkusil sem rešiti uganke in sem jih par rešil.

Tukaj imam par smešnic:

Kdo je pametnejši?

Trgovca Matevž in Šime se prepirata med seboj, kdo izmed njiju je bolj zvit in spreten.

"Kaj boš ti," pravi Matevž, "jaz te stokrat prej prodam kot pa ti mene enkrat."

"To je pa že mogoče, ker bi zate nihče ne hotel dati počenega groša," se odreže Šime.

Prepir.

Gospodinja dekli: "Samo to mi povejte: ste vi gospodinja ali jaz?"

Dekla: "Saj ne trdim tega."

Gospodinja: "Potem pa ne govorite kakor da bi bila neumna!"

Tukaj tudi imam eno uganko: "Na steni visi, vatla nima, na dve strani kima. Kaj je to?"

Pozdrav vsem članom in članicam Mladinskega oddelka.

Frank Somrak ml., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Pri nas je zima že davno minila, solnce nas toplo greje in ptički lepo prepevajo. Najbolj se veselim, ker bom tudi jaz sadila moje cvetke.

Pred kratkim nam je umrla stara mama v starem kraju; nismo je poznali otroci, pa vseeeno smo jo ljubili, ker nam je naša mama veliko lepega povedala o nji. Pozdravljam vse brate in sestre

Rose Beniger, 12 let, Export, Pa., R. F. D. 1.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Spet se bom malo oglašil v Mladinskem listu, kako smo kaj imeli velikonočne praznike. Letos so bili še dobri, ker je nam poslal naš stric Louis Lekše iz Keisterja, Pa., vsakemu novo obleko in tudi velik zavoj domačega mesa in drugih stvari. Njemu se lepo zahvalim in tudi teti za vse skupaj. Tega ne bom nikdar pozabil in kadar bom odrasel, bom tudi jaz gledal, da bom povrnil.

Sedaj pa pozdravljam vse moje brate in sestre po širni Ameriki.

Anton Lekše, Lawrence, Pa., Box 1.

* * *

TISKARSKI ŠKRAT

Vojak je bil odlikovan, ker je vso noč v najhujši nevarnosti na straži spal.

REŠITEV

uganke Anne Sparenblek, Indianapolis, Ind.:

7 puranov po \$5.00 je.....	\$ 35.00
13 gosi po \$1.00 je	13.00
80 kokoši po 65c je.....	52.00

100 kosov perutnine.....\$100.00

* * *

Pravilno so rešili:

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
John Tomazec, Forest City, Pa.
Josephine Kuder, Ringo, Kansas.
Pauline Fetz, Bryant, Ill.
John Kerns, Traunik, Michigan.
Pauline Cebular, Vandling, Pa.
Frank Hochkraut Jr., Manifold, Pa.
Sallie Middler, Bon Air, Pa.

* * *

UGANKE.

1. HČI.

Rešili:

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.
Frank Somrak, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.
Clarence Widmar, Presto, Pa.
Josephine Stonich, Pinon, Colo.

2. Zato, da si jih pokrijejo.

Rešili:

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
Clarence Widmar, Presto, Pa.

3. Kadar je lov odprt.

Rešili:

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

4. Kokoši.

Rešili:

Josephine Stonich, Pinon, Colo.
Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.
Clarence Widmar, Presto, Pa.

* * *

Anton Aškerc:

ANKA.

Gre po stezi čez polje zeleno
Anka mlada, dete zapuščeno.
Kovčeg lahek nese mi v levici,
solze z desno briše si po lici,
joče milo mi sirota Anka,
stoče milo, toži brez prestanka:
"Oj cvetice, srečne ve sestrice!
Jasno, vedro vam je lepo lice,
jad nobeden srca ne pretresa,
solza vam ne kane iz očesa.
A gorje mu, kdor od doma mora,
kdor na domu nima več prostora,
komur starše v hladni grob dejali
in po svetu služiti ga poslali!"

Kratkočasnica

Neki gospod s Poljskega se je peljal v Turčijo kupčevat; tovariša ni imel drugega kakor svojega kočijaža. Ko se peljeta po Turškem, misli kočijaž sam pri sebi: zakaj bi jaz ne bil tudi enkrat za gospoda in moj gospod meni za kočijaža?—Na neki samoti ustavi kočijo, stopi pred gospoda, mu ukaže, da imata menjati z oblačilom; žuga, če ne bo gospod za kočijaža, da ga bo umoril. — Kočijaž je bil močnejši, kaj hoče gospod? Ga mora ubogati. — Pripeljeta se v mesto. Gospod v kočijaževem oblačilu gre tožit pred turškega kadi. Kadi pokliče v gospoda preobleče-

nega kočijaža; ta se odgovarja, da je on pravi gospod in da je oni hlapec. Sodnik pravi obema: Jaz vaju ne poznam, ta reč je čudna, bosta stopila malo ven, da pomislim. — Kadar gresta ven, zavpije kadi: Oj! Slišite vi, kočijaž, stopite na eno besedo nazaj! — Pravi gospod ni bil vajejen biti imenovan za kočijaža, gre svojo pot naprej. Kočijaž pa se je hitro ozrl nazaj in vprašal: Kaj je? — Oho, pravi kadi, tako! — si ti pravi kočijaž; zdaj bom vedel, katerega ptiča imam v kejhjo djati.

Valentin Vodnik.

Beležke

MLADI SLOVENSKE PEVEC, ANTON ŠUBELJ, član državne opere v Ljubljani, je meseca aprila, t. l., nastopil v slovenskih naselbinah New Yorka, Clevelanda in Chicaga. Mladega baritonista je navdušeno pohvalilo slovensko časopisje, ki je tudi poročalo o veliki udeležbi pri vseh nastopih. Šubelj ima za seboj visoko glasbeno izobrazbo, že pet let nastopov pri opernem gledališču v Ljubljani in istotako veliko nastopov po raznih mestih. Težke skladbe obvlada skoro brez hib, ali najbolj pa prijajo našim ljudem njegove priproste, domače in narodne pesmi.

SLAVNOST ZA SPOMENIK MIROSLAVA VILHARJA so priredili v Waukeganu, Illinois, dne 29. aprila tamkajšnji Slovenci. Bila je velika priredba s koncertnim programom, v katerega je odbor vključil največ Vilharjevih priprostih in ljudstvu zelo priljubljenih pesmi. Kakor oglašajo prireditelji, bo ves skupiček slavnosti šel za nov Vilharjev spomenik, katerega nameravajo rodoljubi postaviti v nadomestek za prejšnjega v Postojni, ki so ga porušili Italijani.

LEP USPEH MLADINSKEGA ODDELKA S. N. P. J. "The Fraternal Monitor," mesečni organ bratskih organizacij, je v aprilski številki priobčil daljši članek o Mladinskem oddelku Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Pisatelj Bryant, znani zavarovalni ekspert, pohvali jednoto ter ji častita k nenavadno lepemu uspehu z Mladinskim oddelkom, ki je bil ustanovljen leta 1913. Pisatelj pravi, da je naša jednota med prvimi bratskimi organizacijami v Ameriki, ki so začele zavarovati otroke. V svojem članku zatrjuje, da je S. N. P. J. storila pionirsko delo in tudi po svojem članstvu narastla zelo uspešno. Njenega članstva v Mladinskem oddelku je 18,600. Naj-

bolj pa mogoče zanima čitatelje, kaj pisatelj Bryant pove o našem Mladinskem listu. On piše: "Mladinski list je eden najzanimivejših magazinov, kar jih izdajajo podporne organizacije. Prav res se izplača naročiti na ta list, ki prinaša dobro čtivo, in je že samo kot literarni mesečnik vreden naročila." Tudi to gotovo zanima čitatelje, posebno one v Clevelandu, da je "The Fraternal Monitor" priobčil sliko mladinske šole v Clevelandu, ki je bila pred časom priobčena v Mladinskem listu.

DVAJSETLETNICO so 1. maja obhajala društva S. N. P. J. v Kansasu, združena v Zvezi kansaskih društev S. N. P. J. Društva S. N. P. J. v Kansasu so od svojega postanka znana kot zelo aktivna za jednoto. Pri slavnosti so pomagali tudi člani Mladinskega oddelka, igral pa je orkester društva "Sunflower" S. N. P. J.

SLOVENSKA DELAVSKA DVORANA V NEWBURGHU, OHIO.—Kakor nam je že svoječasno napovedal mladi čitatelj iz Clevelanda, je dvorana slovenskih delavcev v Newburghu dokončana in v nedeljo 15. aprila se je vršila slavnostna otvoritev. Zbralo se je veliko ljudstva, posebno pa so se napredna društva udeležila korporativno. Slovensko narodno podporno jednoto je zastopal pri otvoritvi dr. F. J. Kern, ki je bil med glavnimi govorniki.

LISTNICA UPRAVNIŠTVA. — Upravništvo prosi naročnike Mladinskega lista, ako ima kdo na razpologo izdaji za januar in april, 1927, ter jih lahko utrpi, da jih pošlje na upravništvo Mladinskega lista, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



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A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

O, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see:
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.

William Blake.

SPRING

Beautiful Spring is coming,
I hear soft winds blowing;
Blowing over the green clad hills,
Bringing the people warmth and thrills.

I hear the brook bubbling,
The shiverie tadpole swimming;
Up and down at a very fast pace
Together they swim and together they race.

On the hillside the cattle are grazing,
In the air the birds are racing;
In the field the boys are playing ball,
In the town the people are dancing, dancing in
the hall.

Sent by John Mezan.

MAY

Gone is April's dreary weather,
Gone are its spring showers,
May has come to us again,
With sunshine and spring flowers.

In the glory of springtime,
In the blossoms of May,
Don't be lonesome and blue,
But lighthearted and gay.

Soon will come the Summer,
And away the Spring will go;
I wish it would stay forever
With its lovely flowers and rainbow.

Jennie Vitavec.





Head of a Greek Girl.

The Ancient Greeks

SOMEONE once asked a famous Frenchman what good those old Greeks were and what they had done for the world. "Oh, they only invented beauty," he said.

From time to time people have asked the same question. Greece has been forgotten, remembered, and forgotten, but always remembered again. During the periods when the world has been conscious of Greece it has seemed that no country could do better than imitate her.

It is difficult to say whether the imitators were right or not. Rome knew quite well that she must send her young men to school in Greece. When she had done all her hard work, her fighting, her road-laying, and her empire-building, she thought she must try to acquire a little culture.

Left to themselves the Romans made magnificent buildings, like the Pont du Gard, which the Greeks would have admired; but what the Greeks would have thought of their triumphal arches and their Colosseum we do not know. The sight of pillars sliced in two and set on the outside of a wall in an upper storey would have given them something to think about. They would have reasoned it out, of course. One of the most delightful things about the Greeks was their reasonableness.

Long after the Romans had gone to their graves, when a new Europe was forming and a superb architecture called Gothic had been evolved, Italy suddenly woke up and remembered Greece. The result was a new art, a new school of thought, a new architecture—the Renaissance.

Whenever Greece has been remembered again the remembrance has affected the outlook and work of the country so remembering her. Greece can never die. No amount of centuries piled up can suffocate her. This is the verdict of Time: Greece triumphant. In literature, in art, in the spirit of the race, she remains triumphant.

WHAT THE GREEKS GAVE THE WORLD

PLUTARCH, writing in the first century of the Christian Era, tried to say how the sight of Athens, especially the buildings of the Acropolis, had moved him.

They were wonderful, he said, because they were perfectly made in so short a time and had continued so long. They looked very ancient in their beauty, yet so fresh and graceful that "it looketh at this day as if but newly done and finished." There was such a kind of flourishing freshness in it that the injury of time could not impair the sight thereof, as if every one of these works had some living spirit in it and a soul that liveth ever.

This could be said today about Greek literature, architecture, art. **A soul that liveth ever.** About no other race could it be said. It is all the more extraordinary when we remember what Greece was and how many peoples are numbered with the dead while she still lives. Egypt has been a long time dust, so has Assyria, and they were great and powerful nations. China is covered with many millions of people, who reach back to an ancient civilization; but we do not encourage boys to learn Chinese.



A Greek Philosopher.

Attica, the home and the heart of the Greek people, was a very little state, perhaps not a bit larger than the average county of Illinois. In that little state, during some two hundred years of her life, Greece touched a certain kind of perfection and achieved her immortality. We cannot get away from her. She torments us with her unquenchable spirit, her ideal which we cannot question or make better, her art which we can only imitate—in all, her beauty.

There was a Greek proverb which shows what Greeks called essential. "First comes health, second personal beauty, then wealth honestly acquired, finally to be young with one's friends." This was not a light proverb; it was a proverb, which reflected the inner thought of the Greek people.

The Greeks were a sturdy people. They were in a way as little selfconscious of beauty as a young man is of his strength.

They were a shrewd, moneyloving, fighting, aggressive race. They did very little strolling about and sighing to the Moon. But they had a sense of beauty, of fitness, a passion for perfection. They produced a race of beautiful men and women, because they kept themselves happy and healthy, and because they looked on badly-developed body as a disgrace. It is these men and women who are portrayed in their art.

The Greeks loved the world's model of architecture, because they had, as a race, that supreme and rare gift of genius which is a sense of proportion and a great driving power of ambition behind them to make them build. They evolved the world's model of literature, because they had a magnificent language, a genius for choosing the right word, and a horror of slovenliness and bad work. Their speech was full of sonorous, musical words and beautiful rhythms, so that a Greek writer making a simple description wrote poetry. He could not help it.

The Greeks were both artists and craftsmen; they had both the dreamer's vision and the workman's hands. They were sensitive to beauty of form, of thought, and of expression. In fact, the manysidedness of the Greeks is one of the most bewildering things in the world's history. They were the darlings of the gods.

There was another beauty to the Greeks besides that discerned with the eye and ear,—the moral beauty. What a Christian would call good the Greeks called beautiful. What a Christian would call wicked the Greeks called ugly. So that their sense of beauty was everywhere. Their thought was beautiful and the form it took was beautiful. Taking them in their best centuries, from 600 to 300 B. C., they evolved an expression of spiritual and physical beauty which was as natural to them as the air they breathed. That is why it is alive today. If they had been consciously reaching out to great heights their achievements would have become by now in the world's judgment a pose. They were so stupendous because they were just being themselves.

We are speaking here of the expression of the Greek genius. We do not mean that the Greeks as men were marvels of perfection—far from it. There were many

ΑΘΜΝΟΔΙΠΡΟΣ ΑΓΗΣΑΝΔΡΟΥ
ΡΟΔΙΟΣ ΕΓΟΙΗΣΕ

Old Greek Writing.



A Greek Vase.

WONDERS are many, and none is more wonderful than man; the power that crosses the white sea, driven by the stormy south-wind, making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him; and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, doth he wear, turning the soil with the offspring of horses, as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year.

(From the Greek tragedy *Antigone*.)

dishonest men in Greece, too; their history would no more bear looking into than that of any other country which had grown by fighting and colonizing. They had vices which are unpleasant to read about. But all that has nothing to do with the Greek genius and its expression during those magic centuries. A country is eventually best remembered by the permanent things created by its racial genius, not by its wars or its crimes.

The perfection of the Greeks, if one may say it, was partly in the ideal and partly in the craftsmanship by which their ideals were worked out. They hated indecision, clumsiness; their art had to have the definiteness of statuary. They never allowed their imagination to grow lopsided, so to speak, as the Egyptians did in their passion for hugeness at all costs, in their love of dwelling on life after the grave to the belittling of present life. The Greeks were conscious all the time of perfection of form, of the whole as well as the part, and of what we call proportion.

Moreover, they left a great deal for the beholder, the receiver of their art, to put in himself. That is the secret of their cold, clear beauty. They were an intelligent race. Writers and sculptors did not think it necessary to explain what they meant. They left that to the intelligence of the public. They said something once, simply, and stopped.

The accepted ideal of literature is a style which is economical of words. We owe that to the Greeks. They would have abhorred what is called an adjectival manner of writing, which piles on adjective after adjective in the false hope of strengthening a noun or a phrase. There is generally one word that will do instead of three. The Greeks found it—without looking for it. Their public would not have tolerated anything else.

The Greek ideal of beauty is so lofty that it is a little frightening. There is something remote in its perfection. Judged by it we should have to sweep a vast amount of our so-called literature and art away. The Greeks have left us a merciless standard. There can be no flinching. They are not only the artists but the schoolmasters of the world. If, as artists say, we want to get our eye in again to the beauty of form, our ear to the beauty of literature, our mind to the beauty of philosophical thought and the logical development of human ideas on justice, truth, nobility, we must go to the Ancient Greeks.

It might be said that the chief note of Greek beauty was its sanity. There was nothing sentimental, nothing exaggerated, nothing warped. If tears are shed they are not about pathetic failures, about those who sat in the twilight and sighed; there is no romantic poetry about lost causes: Tears were shed about simple and grand things, the fundamentals of life—sacrifice, love, children, a man's native land.

That is why the Greek beauty is imperishable. It struck at the roots of human life. It was sane.

William Blake:

THE SICK ROSE

O Rose, thou art sick!	Has found out thy bed
The invisible worm,	Of crimson joy;
That flies in the night,	And his dark secret love
In the howling storm,	Does thy life destroy.

The Leading Slovene Authors

Anton Aškerc

1856-1912

ANTON AŠKERC was a son of a poor Slovene peasant. He was born at Globoko, Steiermark, in 1856, studied at Celje, where, at completion of his studies, he was ordained a priest. At twenty-four Aškerc began to write lyrics. Soon, however, he discovered that his genius was most suitable for narrative and dramatic poetry, a fact that found its expression in his masterpieces, "Ballads and Romances."



Anton Aškerc.

The works of Aškerc are characterized by their liberalism and heroism. Aškerc is known as the exponent in the struggle for the intellectual freedom. This, of course, caused him a great deal of trouble from the clerical critics and from the Austrian authorities. Moreover, he soon discovered that priesthood was not the profession for him, for he expressed clearly in his parables his religious doubts. Consequently, he gave up the priesthood and became the archivist of the Ljubljana's magistracy, where he remained till his death in 1912. During this period Aškerc was also the editor of the "Ljubljanski Zvon" for several years.

Judging from his works and other secondary sources, Aškerc was a strong, unyielding, industrious character. Although he was quite sensitive to criticism, no critic could do more to him than to provoke him to a more decisive struggle. Unlike many Slovene poets, he could neither be conquered, nor silenced. In this respect his poetic works are an excellent reflection of his character.

Aškerc drew his material primarily from the past of Slovene life, and especially from the peasant wars, the "Stara pravda"; the religious struggle, "Primož Trubar"; the invasion into the Slovene territories, "Atila v Emoni," and from "Valhun," "Stari grad," "Kralj Matjaž," "Ljudevit Posavski," to mention only a few of his poetic works.

Anton Aškerc is known in the Slovene literary circles as the greatest epic poet. He attained his highest excellency in ballads and "metrical romances." What Jurčič did in prose, Aškerc expressed in verse. He began with lyrics, but soon took up narrative and dramatic poetry. Aškerc's genius is expressed especially in the clear, dramatic dialogues, masterful delineation of characters and the heroic rhythm. His heavy, rugged verses set the whole atmosphere into action. His sturdy, vigorous, rhythmic verse, full of life, energy, and heroism, is free from lyric sentimentalism and despairing pessimism. Cankar characterized Aškerc's poetry thus:

Anton Aškerc's poetry attracted the general attention. After the sweet sentimental and mellow verse of Stritar, Gregorčič, Jenko and their followers appeared the reaction in the verse of Aškerc. Aškerc is an expressive epic poet. His sturdy measured verse is by no means expressed in the musical vein of lyricism. It is exactly that measured verse, the harmony, and the excellent plasticity of the rhythm that makes him the greatest Slovene poet of ballads and "metrical romances." His historical ballads are unique masterpieces in the Slovene literature, which are characterized by long delineation of characters, rhythmic plasticity, and masterly handling of the material.

Poems by Aškerc

TEMNI NAUKI POJASNJENI

"MLADINA preljuba, ti zlati up naš,
Pripravljaj se resno za zrele dni¹ svoje!
S krepostmi srce si, značaj okrašuj,
Z modrostjo si, z znanjem glavo napolnjuh!
In srečno življenje bo tvoje."
Prekrasno, prekrasno! A kaj, da, možje,
odkrito bojite se vi govoriti?
Denar je najbolj spoštovana krepost
In znanost najboljša, najvišja modrost:
Umeti bogastvo množiti.

POKAJ?

Pokaj pa prišel si na svet,
Ti siromakov otrok jadni²
Na svet brezčutni, trdi ta,
Na svet sebični ta in hladni.

Zlorabil³ svet bo tvojo dlan,
moči zlorabil bode tvoje;
in glavo tvojo in mladost
zlorabil svet bo v svrhe svoje.

Ne veš še, črvič nežni moj,
da, kdor z bogastvom ne prvači,⁴
verige robstva⁵ žive dni
on skoz življenje svoje vlačí.

DELAVČEVA HČI

Lepa sem, pravijo, lepa "ko roža!"
Pesem to sladko mi moški pojo;
Dan na dan slišim jo, kjer se prikažem.
Naj jim verjamem,⁶ da res je tako?

—————
Lepa? . . . Nemara⁷ bo nekaj resnice!
O, ko moj oče — bi bil bogatin,
Ženini snubili bi me bogati,
Bila lastnica bi krasnih graščin!

Delavec oče moj, delavka mati!
z delom kruh služim svoj sama si jaz . . .
O Rojenice!⁸ Zakaaj pač mi v zibel
Dote nasule ve niste svoj čas?

Dote?! Oh, saj jo tu nosim na licih!
Preveč, še preveč za revno dekle . . .
Revi lepota opasna je dota;
sama bojim se, da bo mi gorje . . .

VELIKA NOČ MED BENEŠKIMI SLOVENCIM⁹

Vsi travniki in vsi vrtovi
že zelenijo in cveto . . .
Velikonoč pojo zvonovi,
pomladno se smehlja nebo.

1) Za zrele dni—for the old age.

2) Jadni—miserable.

3) Zlorabiti—to abuse.

4) Prvačiti—excell.

5) Robstvo—slavery.

6) Naj jim verjamem—Should I believe.

7) Nemara—apparently.

8) Rojenice—fairies.

9) Beneški Slovenci—A district in North Italy inhabited by Slovenes.

Ljudje prijazni in veseli
pozdravljajo med tod gredoč. —
Obleko praznjo¹⁰ so odeli,
saj danes je velikanoč!

In mehki solnčni soj trepeče,
poljubljač dolinski kraj . . .
Čar poezije, tihe sreče,
razliva se čez ves ta kraj . . .

Velikanoč . . . Vstajenja¹¹ slavi
zares pojo zvonovi ti?
Ah, nekaj v duše dnu mi pravi,
da na pogreb tako zvoni . . .

Počasi, tiho do gomile¹²
mrliča nekega neso . . .
Da grob bi vsaj mu okrasile,
cvetlice tod povsod cveto.

BALADA O SV. MARTINU

Ah, kaka zima! Sto volkov!
Nocoj ne pridem živ pod krov.¹³

Kako ti ščip¹⁴ z nebes se smeješ!
Le škoda, da kar nič ne greješ.

A kod, Boštjan, si zašel, kod?
Nemara to ni prava pot . . .

Sneg mete . . . ostra sapa piše . . .
In krog in krog nobene hiše!

Pač! nekaj tukaj le stoji . . .
Kapelica¹⁵ je — se mi zdi.

Kapela svetega Martina,¹⁶
patrona ljubega mi vina!

Da nisem ga tako rad pil,
nocoj bi tukaj ne nočil . . .

A ti, svetnik, mi ne zameri,
če tožim ti . . . pri moji veri!

Veš, imel kočo svoje dni¹⁷
še lepšo jaz sem, nego ti.

Zdaj ni več moja tam na Griči —
prodali so mi jo biriči¹⁸

in zdaj razcapan je berač
in bos ko gos Boštjan, kovač.

Vsak pes oblaja me na cesti . . .
Glej, od mrazu se moram tresti.

A ti se zime ne bojiš,
Vsak dan obleko tu deliš.¹⁹

Še mene s plaščem zdaj ogrni,
če treba, Bog ti ga povrni!

Ne sekaj z mečem ga čez pol!
Daj celega, saj ves sem gol!

Tako . . . tako! Kako se sveti!
Oh, škoda ž njim se je odeti . . .

Od pet do vrata ves je zlat . . .
Da ne bi vzel ga kak mi tat!

Ljudje od pragov me podijo —
svetniki že za nas skrbijo.

Kožuhe moli²⁰ skopcem²¹ žro,
a naše truplo je nago . . .

Kako me greje! Naj počijem,
V tvoj plašč ovit tu v kot se skrijem . . .

In ko zasvital se je dan —
bil zmrznil je berač Boštjan.

10) Praznja obleka—the Sunday suit.

11) Vstajenje—resurrection.

12) Gomila—grave.

13) Pod krov—under the roof.

14) Ščip—the crescent.

15) Kapelica—a chapel, usually built by the road.

16) Kapela svetega Martina.—The chapel was dedicated to saint Martin.

17) Svoje dni—days ago.

18) Biriči—bailiffs.

19) It is a Catholic belief that St. Martin used to distribute his clothes, therefore his image in the chapel showed him giving away his overcoat.

20) Moli—moths.

21) Skopec—a miser.

Tattered Vishna Gora, Patched Zuzenberg

By Josip Jurčič.—Translated by Anton Druzina.

MY GRANDPA was seventy-seven years old. He sat all the winter long in the house, smoked his "nine eagled" pipe, which he always supported with his hand, for he had no teeth that might have held it in his mouth, and was always telling what he heard during "his days" about the happenings in this or that place, about his personal experiences, and what had happened in the olden times. From of old and in every part of the world grandfathers are accustomed to tell how it was in "their days," what they have experienced and what had happened in the olden times—how wonderful it was in the world in the times when they were young. My grandfather used to say: "And what do you, young folks, think, 'in my days' all was well in the world. True, the ancient customs of paying tribute and taille were abolished; but, I tell you, you suffer from hunger and fatigue more today than we ever did 'in our days,' when a bushel of wheat could be gotten for fourteen nickels and one of oats for three only." Most of all he loved to tell stories and fairy tales, and in this field he excelled everyone in the neighborhood. But he had, as most of the old people do, the fine habit of telling one and the same story many times. Even if someone reminded him that he had told it already, it did not help; whether you will or not, you must hear the story to the end again; and sometimes he would heed no dissuasion, for he was quite 'deaf' from the bare old age.

Once there was a fair at Vishna-Gora. I think it was on Monday after Saint Tilus; but I cannot say it with complete confidence. On that day said my grandpa to me: "Joe, you'll go with me to the fair, today; you'll see tattered Vishna-Gora, where they keep 'a snail chained'." Without further talk, he took his cane from the corner, covered his white head with a large hat, and I, his grandson, then but eight, put the little boots on, reached the straw hat from the hook, and we started for the old city, Vishna-Gora. Slowly we strolled along: I, because my steps were short; he, because his legs were already weak and heavy. Of the two I was the more lively, although he used three and I only two legs.

"Come on, grandpa," pleaded I constantly, for I was very anxious to see "the snail chained."

"If, if you'll insist too much, you won't go with me again," retorted my grandfather. This cooled me off considerably; so that we paced slowly and silently up the hill. At last the old castle appeared above Vishna-Gora, and my grandpa pointed with his cane: "Look! do you see that wall on the mountain yonder, the wall which grew up all around the mountain?"

"Yes, grandpa, I see it."

"There stood once a great castle, which was inhabited by powerful lords. These great lords were connected underground with the far off country, where the terrible Turks have their homes."

"What kind are those Turks, grandpa?"

"The Turks? Well, the Turks were once a terrible people; more dreadful than the 'Pesoglavci'."

"What kind are the 'Pesoglavci'?"

"The 'Pesoglavci' came to our country in the olden times from a strange country. They had human bodies and dogs' heads. They attacked people, bit them, and

killed them, like dogs. The Turks came after the 'Pesoglavci.' They, too, were very dangerous, not a bit less, nay, more dangerous than the 'Pesoglavci.' They stabbed the old folks, carried off the young ones, and enslaved them in the far off Turkish land."

Thus my grandpa told me, and I have pictured to myself in my young fantasy those dreadful monsters, the Turks and 'Pesoglavci.' I still remember faintly what kind I have pictured them to be. But the reader will, perhaps, recall the title of the story and think that he must have misread it.

In the meantime Vishna-Gora appeared from behind the mountain, and my grandpa pointed at it: "See, Joe! That's the tattered old city, Vishna-Gora."

"But, why do you say 'the tattered old city,' grandpa? Who tore it?"

My grandpa had for every ninth trifle a ready explanation on his tongue; hence he began with the following story:

The Zuzenbergers have always been exceptionally industrious, thrifty, and very intelligent people, as they still are, nowadays. May Lord bless them. Even at present a Zuzenberger readily mends, patches, smoothens, and cleans the antiques and sells them for new at the county fair. Throughout the entire Carniola, Steiermark, and Carinthia, there is not one half as many antiques sold as at Zuzenberg. Such were they of old, and such are they today. They could never suffer the tiniest hole either in their roofs, or in their walls, or in their fields; all had to be mended neatly and straightened out carefully; and whoever failed to live according to this standard was regarded as lazy and worthless.

The Vishna-Gorans, on the other hand, were of an entirely different nature, as are their grandsons, the present citizens, different from their neighbors, the Zuzenbergers. They never bothered with their holes either in their roofs, or in their walls, or anywhere else; they never cared about mending or sewing; but rather went about their business: trading, farming, and handicrafts. Of late they have become careless even with their snail; for slow as it was, it escaped from under the mayor's house. By the time that this was happening what I am about to relate, the snail was already safe, well chained at the mayor's; and people from the neighboring towns delighted in asking the Vishna-Gorans: 'Where is your snail?' The Zuzenbergers, however, went a step further, saying: 'You ought to block up your holes and patch Vishna-Gora; otherwise the snail will escape from you.' The Vishna-Gorans pretended that they do not care what the farmers said—'those dumb farmers and lumbermen.' But as for the Zuzenbergers, 'the patchers of the antiques, they would tame them!'

On a certain Sunday afternoon the city council met at the Snail's, and Master Jack Tardy, who, although a citizen of Vishna-Gora, peddled salt on his back 'over hill and dale,' the sack fastened on his back with the old suspenders, spoke first:

"Gentlemen, (says he) we won't stand for all these slanders from those patchers and cobblers of antiques. Under no condition will we allow them to profane and sneer at our snail, the poor harmless creature; 'tis none of their business, anyway. Our fathers had the snail, we have it, and our children will have it. Eternally they scoff at us, saying that we are such and such, that we don't patch our city, that the snail will escape from us. Lord knows what else they blow. When I was selling salt, they pricked me with 'Snailer from tattered Vishna-Gora.' I couldn't stand for that, and face to face, I told them that one of us, Vishna-Gorans, is worth more than ninety-nine Zuzenbergers and another one on the top of them all. But lo, I was almost beaten up; yes, it was nothing short than that. But I wasn't afraid, and they couldn't get close to me. Whoever doubts my word, let him ask my wife."

"It's true, it's true," responded Mrs. Tardy from the crowd. "Last night he brought home his back terribly stripped. Such stripes across his back! Oh merciful Lord! I wonder when he'll go out with salt again!"

Thus concluded Mr. and Mrs. Tardy, and the citizens, enraged with the report, shouted: "Scoundrels, we won't stand for that; no, never, never, we swear." The younger members, and, therefore, less patient and more excited, threatened: "This evening, to night, we'll go to Zuzenberg, trash them to the bones, break their ribs, smash with flails their skulls, and tumble their patched huts into the river, Krka. We'll teach them what it means insulting us, the Vishna-Gorans."

It would have gone hard with the Zuzenbergers were it not for the Ribnitchans. Fortunately one of these honorable citizens, a certain Kozmek, settled at Vishna-Gora. He was, like all other Ribnitchans, a very wise man and a proficient potter, making pots, vases, cups, whistles of various sizes, styles, and shapes, as luck would have it, loaded them gently on the ribs of his team horse, peddled them, and collected coins from the housewives throughout the God's world, wherever people could understand what he told them in his Ribnitza fashion. Suddenly it occurred to him:

"Darn it, if Vishna-Gorans tumble the Zuzenbergers into the river, my trade will suffer. In Zuzenberg no housewife cooks in patched pots; she always buys new ones. Not everybody knows that; but I know it. Darn it, if the Zuzenbergers are tumbled into the river and swim into Novo Mesto, I won't be able to sell anything, no, not a single cover, when they swim to Novo Mesto.

Thus reflected the Ribnitchan and said to the members of the council:

"Do you know what, friends? Darn it, don't hang yourselves! If God and Saint Tilus will it, they won't get away like that. When I find the cat at the pot of cereal, I first lift it up by the tail, to scare it, then I fix it. So, too, I advise you to send them a broken pot and ask them: "Since you can patch and mend everything so well, gentlemen, mend this pot, too; otherwise, we, Vishna-Gorans, will come there and smash your heads." I tell you, friends, all Zuzenbergers can't mend an old pot. Darn it, I myself can't mend it, neither the yellow nor the black one, and the entire Ribnitza can't mend an old pot, still less the Zuzenbergers. In this wise, gentlemen, we'll trap them precisely in their mending. This will be nice, very nice."

This proposal pleased the audience exceedingly.

The next day Ribnitchan packed an old, broken pot, which was used for hogs, and which had such a hole on its swelling that both hands could pass in together very easily, struck his lean horse across the ribs lengthwise and off he went toward Zuzenberg.

Having arrived into the city, he assembled the Zuzenbergers and explained the desires of their neighbors, the Vishna-Gorans.

At first the citizens were very irritated, especially the younger ones, and threatened to throw the Ribnitchan into the river. But he was not ready to leave his pots, vases and cups and go to the other world. "Darn it," thought he by himself, "I thrown in the water, into the water!" and began with his pleading and excuses:

"Wwwait, wait; I haven't told you everything. Perhaps you already know that I'm from honest Ribnitza, from where all potters come, and that I was not born in Vishna-Gora. I'm peaceful, and kindhearted, and was always your friend, especially because you always buy pots from me. I know you can't mend this broken pot, as your neighbors, the Vishna-Gorans desire; but I can tell you one, which will save you all the trouble."

"Out with it before 'tis too late, for by merciful God," yelled the provoked citizens, "you'll soon find yourself in the river."

"Wait, wwait! Don't throw me into the river, I assure you I never offended anybody; I never wished harm to anyone, least of all to you. In the water, too, I don't know the way of rolling, which they call swimming; what, then, will I do in the water? But if you promise to buy pots from me only, I'll tell you what to do."

"We promise!" exclaimed the excited Zuzenbergers, who, however, were a little afraid of the Vishna-Gorans.

"I want some writing: they say that writing makes it more sure, if there is writing. Sign it!"

The mayor wrote the deed, the citizens signed it with the crossmarks, and handed it to the Ribnitchan.

"You remember," began the Ribnitchan with his instructions, "that when one wants to mend a shirt, he first turns it inside out and then mends it. No one would sew the patch on the face, but on the inside, as you all know. Shoemaker, too, turns the boot inside out before he mends it. Therefore, you, too, return the pot to Vishna-Gora with the request: 'Our dear citizens of Vishna-Gora; we will be pleased to mend your pot, but we ask you to turn it inside out first, and then send it to us,' I am sure they won't do it."

The Zuzenbergers heartily approved the proposal, and returned the pot to Vishna-Gora with that request. The Vishna-Gorans did not know how to turn the pot inside out. Year in year out they were trying to solve the puzzle of the pot, but in vain. The pot would break easily, but under no condition would it turn inside out. Soon they learned that Ribnitchan was the author of all their worries; so they chased him out of the town, and he moved back to Ribnitz, his native town, among his friends and relatives, where his grandchildren are building learnedly the pots even to this day.

What has become of the broken pot my grandfather never told me and elsewhere it has not been ascertained. Some say that the Vishna-Gorans are still keeping it and wasting their energy and wisdom in trying to turn it inside out; others maintain that an adventurer once boasted he could do it for them, and that, in an awkward move, he crushed it accidentally, and that these broken pieces are saved under the barn of Lame Ignatius. Which of these accounts is correct I dare not say and leave it to the future historian of the small cities in Slovenia. Often as I walked through the old city, Vishna-Gora, I wanted to ask, but was always afraid, lest they should misunderstand me.

LINES FOR A NOAH'S ARK.

Be kind to the Noah's Ark,
A gallant bark!
Her captain, Noah, this is,
And his Mrs.,
With Japheth, Ham, and Shem;
Of all of them,
So resolute and prayful,
Do be careful.
Break not those slender pegs,
The zebra's legs;
Chip not the pink enamel
From the camel;
Observe their habits, penetrate their myst'ry,
And you shall learn a lot of natural Hist'ry.

Elizabeth Kalina.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From his light-house evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the Lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.
Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

Leo J. Stonich, Pinion, Colo.



A Little Garden of Good Things

THE BLIND MAN LOOKING FORWARD

I AM glad you are confident of my tranquility under the loss of my sight, and of my attention and regard to strangers. Why should I not cheerfully ensure that privation since, considering it not as lost but as drawn within, I may hope that it will whet the edge of my mind?

So I am not out of humor with study, nor do I intermit its pursuit; notwithstanding it has punished me severely. The example of Telpheus, the Mysian king, who did not refuse to be healed by the same weapon as that which wounded him, has warned me against peevishness.

John Milton.

THE CHILD WHO SANG.

The big red-eyed lantern was lighted and hung up last thing of all. But before that the girls came out, all clean and with shining plaited hair, dressed in warm gowns, to take their places in the long row of beds in the open. Then the golden light faded into dusky blue and the sky would be full of stars. Hardly one girl had ever seen a moonrise or a sunrise!

One child, a hawker's, was so fond of flowers that she made vases even for her broken boots. "Don't you say prayers?" someone asked her. "Oh, no; out here I sing," she said.

Margaret Macmillan.

WOLFE DIES SMILING.

SEVENTEEN hundred men entered the boats, and at 2 a. m., when the tide had turned, they dropped down the river to the point chosen. By daybreak 4500 men with two guns were on the heights above Quebec. Wolfe went forward to some high ground on the right, where he had an advanced post much exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters. He had already been hit twice, and here a third bullet struck him. He walked about a hundred yards to the rear, and then had to lie down. "Don't grieve for me," he said to one, "I shall be happy in a few minutes. Take care of yourself." He asked eagerly how the battle went, and some officers told him the French were being pursued to the walls of the town. He raised himself up on this news and smiled in my face. "Now (he said) I die contented," and from that instant the smile never left his face.

Colonel E. M. Lloyd.



Dear Editor:

This is a mining camp of four mines, but only one has been working during the past three years. As it seems the miners are going to be on strike still, but we all hope the strike won't last long.

The S. N. P. J. of Auburn gave a picnic on March 17 and the profit was sent to the strikers of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am 14 years old, am in the 9th grade at Col- linwood High School. This school covers 8 acres and has over 3,000 pupils and 200 teachers.

In the 9th grade I took German. At first it was very easy, but going further into cases "Es ist sehr schwierig" (it is very difficult). We go to clubs on Tuesday from 9:40 to 10:15. My club is Dramatic. I also belong to the Glee Club and sing in the choir of St. Mary's church. Here we learn Slovene songs and Latin.

In the evening at 6:00 I go to work for Dr. Mullally, a dentist. One of our members, Edward Miklavcic, has the first gold crown I ever made.

Please, have some members write to me. My address is: 441 E. 158th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Anna Anzick.

* * *

Dear Editor:

My last letter to the M. L. must have made a deep impression upon the minds of some of the readers of the M. L. I stated that my address was not only for Rose Crowley, but for others also; and in six days after I received the Mlad. List and had received about six letters, it surprised me more than I could have expected.

My initiation into the S. N. P. J. was not such a hard task as some would think it would be.

Of course, I had a hard time to repeat the same words that the president read.

I think that initiation that takes place when a brother or sister becomes adult should be taken in English, unless the person understands the Slovene fluently. Anyone can repeat words, but what good do they do, if they do not understand what they are saying. I repeated words and took the oath without even knowing what I was saying.

The time I walked up to the desk the president asked me if it was all right to take the oath in Slovene and I said, "I don't understand Slovene."

That doesn't mean that I couldn't talk my mother tongue, but it means that I did not understand what I was saying.

I wish that some of the readers and contributors of the M. L. would give their opinion of this.

Yours truly,

Victor Friskovec, Nokomis, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I will probably play baseball on the school team this year. We had one week of Spring vacation from March 23rd to April 2nd. During this vacation I cut down all the hedges, and cleaned up the yard. My uncle's boy helped to trim off the rose bushes. The rest of the week I did nothing for there was nothing else to do.

I have been learning to play the Accordion over at my Uncle's house. I hope to learn soon.

I have read in the M. L. that the members would like every one to have their name and address written so they could write letters to them. So I decided to put mine in. Yours truly,

Charles Starman, 16709 Waterloo Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

We are not having a very good spring out here. It snowed even in April.

I like the joke, Lost or Stolen by Mary Setina, and a joky story by Frances Korenchan.

I hope some of the boys and girls from Herminie would write, too; I believe they have gone to sleep.

I found Montanus Floryancic's name in the M. L. I don't remember him, I guess he doesn't remember me. My mother said that I used to play with him. I wish he would write to me.

Come, Herminie, see how many letters we can write.—A faithful member,

Lillian Flajs, Herminie, Pa, Box 437.

* * *

Dear Editor:

We are six in the family. I have three brothers. I am the only girl. It is a bad time this year. My father is on strike one year. I wish some one would write to me.

Mary Murgel, Box 232, Cecil, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am 12 years of age and am in the 5th grade of Central School.

I have two brothers and two sisters besides myself. Our whole family belongs to the S. N. P. J. lodge.

I wish that some members of the S. N. P. J. would write to me.

William Anzur,

112 West Chestnut St., Leadville, Colo.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am finishing common school this year. I have a brother, he is 13 years old in the sixth grade. I and my brother belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge in Montana. My father is in Montana. He trains the wild animals. Soon as our school will be out, we will take our vacation in Montana. I would like for Christine Sernel write to me. She and I used to go to school together. She is in Chicago. Yours sincerely,

Margaret Prasnika,

R. R. 3, Box 17, Clinton, Ind.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the SNPJ for ten years, but I haven't paid the dues myself; my daddy takes care of that. I am in the fifth grade, and I like to do my school work and to play with my little sister Frieda, who cannot be a member of the SNPJ on account of her condition, for she has no arms or legs. She is a darling little sister. She is five years old. I am sorry she cannot be a member of the SNPJ as all the rest of us are.

Erma Grace Pushnik,

46 Main St., Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I think the Mladinski List is the best magazine. I read it over many times when I have time. I like the riddles, and stories and the Chatter Corner, of course. Our Chatter Corner wasn't very big last month. So I will write and make it bigger. I am twelve years of age and in 5th grade, and weigh hundred pounds.

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

Yours truly,

Mary Mikulich, Trenary, Michigan.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I must thank all those members who wrote to me. And would like to have some more boys and girls write to me. I will answer them with a pleasure.

I am now fifteen years of age, and go to school every day. My father has left for Europe at the beginning of April, where he will spend about two months.

Christine Knaus, Traunik, Mich., Box 38.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I just love to read the stories, letters, and jokes in the Mladinski List and wish it came every week instead of every month, and if we all try hard, maybe the wish would come true. I have kept all the Mladinski List issues I received and read them when I feel lonely.

I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. I love to go to school very much.

Best regards to all.

Jenny Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I guess I'll write again. The strike is getting along pretty well. The "Non-Union" miners said, they would come out, but not under "John Lewis Machinery" so the slogan of our miners in all western Pennsylvania is "Lewis Must Go," and I myself think he ought after what he did in 1922. In Pittsburgh on March 18 we held a Youths Conference and there we discussed the different strikers' problems. I was one of the delegates from Bentleyville. We have an organization called The Young Pioneers of America, it is a club to help out the striking miners. The only thing I want is for the striking miners to win.

Robert Skerbetz, Bentleyville, Pa., Box 678.

* * *

Dear Editor and Members:

I have been a constant reader of Mladinski List, but never have written before. I will be 16 years old in July and am in the 8th grade. I close with best wishes to all members.

Sister Christina R. Knaus,

Traunik, Mich., Box 36.

Dear Editor:

I am in 7th grade and 12 years old. I have light brown, a bit wavy hair and I am 59 inches tall. Everyone in our family belongs to the S. N. P. J. lodge. My brother who is 19 years of age is the treasurer of lodge No. 295. I joined this wonderful lodge while living in Struthers, Ohio, and I have hopes of staying in it until death. I feel very sorry for the striking miners. We helped one family that are strikers and I think they appreciated the old clothes we gave them very much. I am just the second one that wrote for the "Chatter Corner" from Bridgeville, and I hope that many more will write from Bridgeville. I wish that some boys and girls that write for the "Chatter Corner" would write to me often.

Alma Milavec, Box 329, Bridgeville, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I live on a forty acre farm. My parents, sisters, and brother, all belong to S. N. P. J. I received three letters from the members of the M. L. and I hope more will write as I will be ready to answer. Now I will close with a joke:

John: What does it mean when your nose itches?

Mike: It means you're going to have company.

John: What does it mean when your head itches?

Mike: Well, it means they've arrived already.

Your member,

Veronica Knaus, Traunik, Mich., Box 36.

THERE IS A REASON.

"Oh, what a strange looking cow!" exclaimed a sweet young thing from Detroit. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"Well you see," said the farmer. "Some cows are born without horns, and never have any; and others shed theirs, and some we behold, and some breeds aren't supposed to have horns at all. There's lots of reasons why some cows ain't got horns, but the big reason why this cow ain't got horns, is because she ain't a cow. She's a horse."

Yours truly,

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa., R. D. No. 1.

Dear Editor:

There are seven members in our family that belong to the S. N. P. J. I am 11 years of age in the sixth grade. The name of the school I go to is Memorial School. It has a very pretty garden in memory of the children that were burned in the school fire. The school garden has various kinds of flowers and a pond with gold fishes in it and a pond lilies.

I would like all members to write to me. My address is: Florence Anzick, 441 E. 158th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I can not read or write Slovene, but I am learning how.

My father is secretary of lodge No. 301, of which I am a member. I have five sisters.

I wish Ralph Dolence of West Frankfort to write, and Anna Dolenc of Pittsburgh, Pa. I wish other members would write also.

This is my address: Mollie Dolenc, Mascoutah, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

First of all I must congratulate the Mladinski List for its fine technique, and for its warm fellowship. I recommended the M. L. to every one.

I am fourteen years of age and in the ninth grade. My parents, brother, and I, all belong to the S. N. P. J. My brother is also a member of the Slovene Band.

I wish some of the girls and boys would write to me. My address is: 16201 Holmes Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.

Yours truly,

Louise Marzlikar.

A POEM.

The M. L. is my little friend,
Which I read every month,
And all the other friends of mine
Like the M. L. as I do.

I tell my friends,
Let's get to work,
And write a letter to the readers,
And tell them all nice poems,
So our little magazine will be filled.

Josephine Pavlovich, Bridgeport, Ohio., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 67.

A JOKE.

Billy was just three when he made his first trip to the barber's.

"How do you want your hair cut, Billy?"

"Like daddy's—with a hole on top."

Julia Abram, 2845 N. Campbell Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I have two brothers; one is living in the Michigan School for the deaf. I have one sister. I have some cousins living in Forest City, Pa. Would some of the members let me know their address, please? Their names are Jerry, Fanny, Angela, and Mary, the rest of them I have forgotten.

I also have a joke:

Owner of the house: "How do you like the house?"

Renter: "All is well, just if the wall paper would not be so close to the wall."

John Kerny, Traunik, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I wish my cousin would write to me from Pennsylvania. I told my teacher about Mladinski List and he said that it is fine to have an organization like that. I would be very glad for some members to write to me.

Here are few jokes:

Nurse: "Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple."

Bobby: "I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard of apples."

Jack: "What will you give me for this horse?"

"A load of hay," replied the farmer.

Jack: "What would I do with hay and no horse to eat it?"

Farmer: "Well I'd be willing to lend you the horse till the hay was all gone."

Yours truly,

Frank Zalaznik, R. R. 3, Box 758, Girard, Kansas.

Dear Editor:

There are some non-union children in school who call me "red neck" and I call them all "dirty necks." If the "super" sees a strike-breaker talking to the pickets he fires him. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade.

Frank Hochkraut, Jr., Manifold, Pa., Box 28.

Frances Penko, from Somerset, Colo., Box 154, writes:—"My mother and father were born in Europe, but my sisters, my brother, and I lived here in Somerset all our life. I surely like to read the letters of the M. L. There are not many letters from the members of Somerset. You, boys and girls of Somerset, please write in this magazine."

Dear Editor:

Last month more boys and girls wrote from distant states than the near ones. It was so good to see one from New Mexico and I wish Bessie Paulich would write to me.

The boys and girls in Pennsylvania seem to be the most active for a great number of letters came from there.

Again I can't but give the Mlad. List words of praise. I always lend the Mlad. List to my best girl friend Clara Dounes and she enjoys reading it as much as I do. She is not a member, but she thinks the magazine is the best she's ever laid her eyes on.

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

Dear Editor:

I'm very happy when the "Mladinski list" comes. My sister is usually the first one to get it, but I don't care; just so I see it after she's through.

Christine Sernel certainly does write a great deal. I would like very much to hear from her. Joe Lever also has the ambition to write poems. I appreciate them.

I'm glad to see Dorothy Rossa and Mary Kozole writing so much for the "M. L."

Rose Crowley has started to contribute letters and I hope she keeps it up.

I've saved up all the copies of the "M. L." Now as I look back, I find there are many in there which I could make use of in the school.

Yours truly,

Sophie Klemen, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I am the second member that writes from Sugarite, N. M.; but soon there will be more. I have one sister and three brothers; one sister died when she was eight years old. My other sister has measles and we have to stay at home two weeks or more. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge 154.

Mary Tibljas.

THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

Once I heard a bird singing in a tree. It was singing a sweet song and I started to sing with it, but I could not sing at all.

Once I heard a Robin singing. I came to the window and said: "Good morning, Robin!" Robin began to sing again and I went out to catch the Robin; but the Robin flew away.

Katie L. Stonich, 9 years old, Pueblo, Colo.

The Same Idea.

"Past peradventure," folks would say,
When Shakespeare was a baby;
But though we're just as sure to-day,
We're more sedate—or is it gay?—
And put it in a different way,
Like this—"I don't mean maybe!"

*

"Did the boss call you up?"

"Yes, to call me down."

Elizabeth Kalina, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Editor,

I like the M. L. very much; it has many interesting articles in it. My smallest brother was in the hospital about 3 months ago. He was operated on his arm.

I wish that the miners would win the strike. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Yours truly,

Louis Podbesek, Herminie, Pa., Box 251.

Mildred Lekse, from Lawrence, Pa., writes: "Hurry, boys and girls, write to the Chatter Corner! My aunt, Fannie Lekse, sent me a pretty dress for easter."

A RIDDLE.

What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?

Agnes Gorsic, Library, Pa.

Dear Editor:

My oldest brother is secretary of our lodge and we are all members of this lodge since we are old enough.

You all know there is strike in this Youghio-gheny River Valley since Pittsburgh Coal Co. broke the agreement with the United Mine Workers of America. My father and brother go to picket line at Euclid Mine of Pittsburgh Coal Co., where there are about 200 negro strike-breakers and a bunch of white ones. They travel with cars some fifteen miles away from here. They take bread from our mouths and they aren't making money with these low wages. Some of them are so poor that they go to work without dinner. They do not know that they are breaking their own necks. There are many striking miners' children starving, and the strikebreakers are starving also. The strikers said that it is better to starve not working than working.

We are across the river from Fitz Henry, at Port Royal, on top of the hill, on a farm, where we can watch these strikebreakers. I go to farmers' school with my sister. We are two Slovenes. I am sorry Mr. Kolence's children have to go to school with the strikebreakers' children, for they live across the river. There used to go many Slovene children to that school, and now since Pittsburgh Coal Co. threw them out of the homes, they are all scattered. I'd like to see the strike settled up, so that all the school boys would come back and we would play soccer in winter and baseball in summer, like we used to. My brothers and I want to have a S. N. P. J. Baseball Team. If the old boys come back like Frankie Yuvan, Johnnie Bregar, Ernest Anzer, Joe Rugar, Frankie Zella, and all of them, then we can have lots of fun.

From—Henry Indof, Smithton, Pa., Box 378.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES OF MARCH ISSUE.

1. S I N G
S I N K
S A N K
T A N K
T A L K

Solved by:

Josephine Tomazin, Auburn, Ill.
Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio.
Mary Kozole, Philadelphia, Pa.

2. CORAL, CAROL, ORAL.

Other letters were written by the following readers:

Mildred Ozbolt, Cle Ellum, Wash.
Josephine Kocjančič, Coketon, W. Va., Box 46.
Josephine Sevec, Aliquippa, Pa., Box 214.
Mary Rogel, Barnesboro, Pa., Box 771.
Cecelia Cividini, Herminie, Pa., Box 94.
Frances Korenchan, Willard, Wis., Box 45.
Ralph Beniger, Export, Pa.
Emma Gorsha, Universal, Indiana, Box 14.
Catherine Lebar, Euclid, O., 20202 St. Clair Ave.
Olga Able, Orient, Ill., Box 14.
Anna Machic, Primrose, Pa., Box 70.
William Lekse, Lawrence, Pa.

PUZZLES.

1. Beheading.

My whole may be a mother, not a dad,
So former may, or latter;
But twist my tail, and I become as mad
As any hatter!

Behead me, and behold I am a man
Who never was called mister;
Cut off my tail, and instantly I can
Become a sister.

2. Changed Word.

Change the word HEAT into COLD altering only one letter at a time, making a familiar dictionary word at each change, and having only three intervening links.

3. Riddles.

- a Why is a gun like a jury?
b Why is a hat like a king?
c What two animals follow you everywhere?
d When is a pie like a famous poet?
e How many peas are there in a pint?

THE BAT

BAT, bat, with flowered shoes,
Come to us here in the room,
The little girl will be the bride
And I will be the groom.



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