

# M MLADINSKI LIST



JULY 1928

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# MLADINSKI LIST

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J U V E N I L E

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Andrej Kobal:

## DAN NEODVISNOSTI

TOPIČI pokajo,  
 puškice streljajo,  
 zvezdne zastave  
 iz oken vise;  
 kupci prodajajo,  
 še oni rajajo,  
 mali, veliki  
 otroci nore.



Dan neodvisnosti,  
 julij četrti,  
 praznik največji  
 proslavljamo zdaj;  
 dan, ko izjava  
 je šla v svet odprti:  
 Bodi oblastništva  
 tujega kraj!

Topiči pokajo,  
 puškice streljajo,  
 kresi, rakete  
 razsvetljajo noč;  
 množice begajo,  
 se prizadevajo;  
 "Slava!" razlega  
 se spev vpijoč.

Dan neodvisnosti,  
 julij četrti,  
 praznik veselja,  
 strasti in gorja!  
 O, da bi dan bil  
 še zlobi strti!  
 O, da bi praznik bil  
 vsega sveta!

# Elica v deveti deželi

## Zmešana čajanka

POD VELIKIM predhišnim drevesom je stala miza in za njo sta sedela Zajec in Klobučar ter pila čaj. Miška Vratarica je dremala med njima in jim služila kot blazina, da sta na nji slonela vsak od svoje strani in se čez njeno glavo zaupno pogovarjala. "Precej neprijetno mora biti miški," je rekla Elica; "toda k sreči spi in se ne zmeni."

Miza je bila dolga, ali omenjeni trije so se vsi tiščali na enem koncu. "Nič več ni prostora!" so vzkliknili Elici, kadar je prišla. "Saj ga je dovolj," jim je odvrnila ter sedla v velik naslanjač ob koncu mize.

"Želite vinca?" je uljudno vprašal Zajec. Elica se je ozrla po mizi, a je videla samo čaj. "Jaz ga nikjer ne vidim," je pripomnila.

"Saj ga ni," je dejal Zajec.—"Potemtakem pa ni bilo uljudno od vas, da ste ga ponudili," je rekla Elica jezno.

"Tudi od tebe ni bilo uljudno, da si prisledla brez povabila," jo je vščipnil nazaj Zajec.

"Nisem vedela, da je miza vaša," se je oprostila Elica. "Sicer pa je pogrnjeno za veliko več kakor za tri."

"Lase ti bo treba postriči," je zdajci spregovoril Klobučar, ki jo je ves čas rado vedno ogledoval. Elica ga je takoj pokarala, da ne sme staviti takih opazk, ker ni lepo.

Klobučar se za karanje ni zmenil. "Kateri dan meseca je danes?" je vprašal, obrnivši se k Elici. Vzel je iz žepa uro, gledal nanjo in jo zdajpazdaj stavil k ušesu.

Elica je pomislila in rekla: "Četrtega!"

"Potem pa teče dva dni prepočasi," je vzdihnil Klobučar. "Saj sem rekel, da maslo ne spada zraven," je dejal Zajcu.

"Najboljše maslo je," je rekel Zajec spodobno.

"Da, ali neobhodno potrebno ni," ga je zavrnil Klobučar. Tudi Zajec je pogledal na uro in jo pomočil v skodelico čaja. "Povem vam, da je bilo najboljše maslo," je še pristavil.

Elica ni razumela ničesar. Čudila se je radi ure. "To je pa čudna ura," je dejala, "če pove dneve in mesece, ne pa, koliko je ura."

"Zakaj to," je zamrmral Klobučar. "Tvoja ura tudi ne pove, koliko je leto."

"Seveda ne," je urno dejala Elica, "leto je dolgo in ni treba zanj ure." Vse skupaj ji je bilo zagonetno. Razumela je besede onih dveh, kaj z njimi mislita, pa ni mogla iztuhtati. "Ne zastopim vaju," je dejala.

"Miška Vratarica že spet spi," je dejal Klobučar in jih izlil na nasek par curkov vrelega čaja. Miška se je stresla in ne da bi odprla oči, pritrdila: "Seveda, seveda, tudi jaz menim tako."

Klobučar je tedaj stavil uganko: "Zakaj je vrana podobna pisalni mizi?" Elica se je razveselila, toda uganiti ni mogla. "Tudi jaz ne vem, zakaj ji je podobna," je rekel Klobučar. "In jaz tudi ne," je dejal Zajec.

Elici se je zazdehalo. "Mislim, da bi se lahko lotili kaj več vrednega," je rekla, "kakor pa zapravljanje časa z ugankami brez odgovorov."

"Če bi ti toliko vedela o času, kot vem jaz," je pripomnil Klobučar, "bi ne govorila o zapravljanju časa. To je on."

"Kaj mislite?" vpraša Elica, "jaz vas ne razumem."

"Seveda me ne," pristavi zaničljivo Klobučar. "Gotovo še nikoli nisi z njim govorila."

“Mogoče,” odgovori Elica previdno. “Vem pa, da moram tolči čas, kadar se učim glasbe.”

“Oh, tako!” de Klobučar. “Tega pa čas ne prenese. “Ej, če bi bila z njim prijateljica, bi storil zate z uro, kar bi se zljubilo. Če bi bilo na primer ob devetih dopoldne, čas za vaje, bi enostavno pošepetala času in urno bi zatiktakala ura in bilo bi pol ene, čas kosila.”

“To bi si pa še jaz zaželel,” je namignil Zajec.

“Imenitno bi bilo,” je rekla Elica preudarno. “Ampak jaz bi ne bila lačna ob pol ene.”

“Morda ne spočetka,” je podučeval Klobučar. “Veš, bi pa uro držala ob pol ene, dokler bi se ti zljubilo.”

“Ali vi tako delate,” vpraša Elica.

Klobučar žalostno zmaje z glavo. “Ne jaz!” pravi. “Sprla sva se meseca marca, malo prej kot se je njemu zmešalo —” (pokazal je s prstom na Zajca) “— bilo je na slavnosti, ko sem zapel srčni kraljici tisto:

Didel didel dačka,  
volk povohal mačka,

saj jo mogoče sama znaš.”

“Slišala sem jo že,” je rekla Elica. Klobučar pa je odpel pesem do konca.

Tedaj se je stresla miška Vratarica in je popravila pesem:

Didel didel dačka,  
volk je snedel mačka,

pri čemur je posebno naglasila “snedel.”

Klobučar je nadaljeval: “Komaj sem odpel prvo kitico, je kraljica skočila pokonci in kriknila: “Ta človek zapravlja čas. Takoj mu odsekajte glavo!”

“Taka divjakinja!” se je zgrozila Elica. “In od tedaj,” je nadaljeval Klobučar, “ne stori zame ničesar več, pa če ga še tako lepo prosim. Zdaj je ura vedno šest.”

Elici se je zasvetilo v glavi: “O zato se mogoče čajanke vršijo tu.”

“Da, zato,” je z vzdihom priznal Klobučar. “Toda govorimo o čem drugem. Jaz sem sit vsega tega. Kaj če bi mlada deklica povedala pravljico?”

“Bojim se, da ne znam nobene,” je izjavila Elica.

“Bo pa miška Vratarica kaj povedala,” sta oba dejala nato. “Ej miška, zbudi se!” Vsak po eni strani sta jo oba hkrati vščipnila.

Miška Vratarica je počasi izpregledala. “Saj nisem spala,” je dejala hripavo in slabotno. “Vse vaše razgovarjanje sem čula.”

“Povej nam pravljico!” je dejal Zajec. Prosila je tudi Elica in vzpodbudil jo je Klobučar.

“Tisti čas, ko je šel bob v klas, so živele tri sestre,” je hitela pripovedovati miška Vratarica. “Ime jim je bilo: Luci, Muci in Tuci. Stanovale so na dnu vodnjaka . . .”

“Kaj so jedle,” jo je prekinila Elica, ki se je vsikdar najbolj zanimala z vprašanji o jedi in pijači.

Miška Vratarica je pomislila minuto ali dve in odgovorila: “Živele so ob samem medu.”

“Ni mogoče,” se je zopet oglasila Elica, “saj bi vse zbolele.”

“Saj tudi so,” je pritrdila miška.

Elica je poizkusila zamisliti si tako življenje in je še vprašala: “Zakaj so pa živele na dnu vodnjaka?”

“Vzemi malo več čaja!” ji je priporočil Zajec. — “Saj ga še nisem vzela,” mu je Elica odgovorila. “Zato ga ne morem vzeti več.”

“Pa ga vzemi manj. Lahko je vzeti več kakor nič.”

“Kdo vas sploh kaj vpraša,” je dejala osorno.

“In kdo se tu zaletuje z besedami?” je vprašal Klobučar protivno.

Vse to je zmedlo Elico. Morala si je vzeti čaja pa kruha z maslom. Obrnila se je zopet k miški Vrtarici ter ponovila vprašanje: “Zakaj so živele na dnu vodnjaka?” Miško je zopet vzelo minuto ali dve, da se je domislila: “Bil je medeni vodnjak.”

“Kaj takega ni na svetu,” je jezno rekla Elica, ali Klobučar in Zajec sta ji prigo-varjala: “Pst! Pst! Če ne znaš biti uljudna, si sama zase misli konec zgodbe.”

“Pa nadaljuj! Ne bom te več motila,” je obljubila Elica. — Miška je nadaljevala: “Te tri male sestre so se učile risati.”

“Kaj so risale?” je že zopet vprašala Elica.

“Risale so,” — miški se je zdehalo — “risale so vse, kar se imenuje z začetno črko m.”

“Zakaj m?” vpraša Elica.

“Zakaj ne?” vpraša Zajec.

Miška je za trenotek zaprla oči in je mislila zadremati, ko jo je dregnil Klobučar. Kriknila je in nadaljevala: “Vse kar začne s črko m, kot na primer: miš, mišnica, mačka, metla, mrmranje — ali veste, kako se nariše mrmranje?”

Elica je odmajala z glavo. “Če ne veš, zakaj se pa ves čas vtikaš zraven?” jo je okregal Klobučar.

Elica ni mogla več prestajati. Užaljena je vstala in odšla. Miška je takoj zas-pala in ostala dva se nista zmenila za nič več, tudi zanjo ne, akotudi se je enkrat ali dvakrat ozrla nazaj. Ko se je zadnjič ozrla, je videla, kako poizkusita staviti miško Vrtarico v čajni lonček.

“Nikdar več ne pridem sem,” si je odločno rekla Elica, stopajoča skozi gozd. “Bila je najbolj bedasta čajanka, kar sem jih še doživela.”

Tako govoreča je opazila, da ima neko drevo vratca. “To je pa imenitno,” je pomislila. “Ampak vse je tako čudno danes. Zakaj bi ne vstopila?” Šla je v drevo.

Zopet se je znašla v dolgi dvorani in blizu male steklene mize. “Zdaj bom znala biti previdnejša,” si je dejala. Pobrala je z mize zlati ključek in šla odpirat vratca na vrt. Pokusila je košček gobe (ki ga je še nosila v žepu) in se zmanjšala do enega čevlja. Hitela je doli po ozkem hodniku in se znašla, končno vendar, v krasnem vrtu, med gredami lepih cvetic in hladnih vodometov.



P. Flere:

## Živalstvo v Avstraliji

(Konec.)

Zvečer pa se spravlja kljunati ježek na pot in na lov. V močvirnatih krajih, kjer prebivajo, jim je miza bogato pogrnjena. Tamkaj je polno črvov in žužkov, ki jih spodi ježek z ušpiljenim, rilčasto podaljšanim cevastim gobcem iz njih skrivališč med kamenjem in mahasto skorjo. Najbolj pa se masti z mravljami, ki jih dobiva na isti način kakor ameriški mravljinčar, da potiska dolgi jezik v mravljišče, kjer se v hipu zgrnejo nanj razdražene živalce; čim več jih je na jeziku, tem rajši ga ježek hitro potegne nazaj v gobec. Da bi ga razkačene mravlje pri tem poslu opikale po životu, se mu ni treba bati, ker ima dovolj trdo kožo. Hrano si najbolj išče z razvitim vohom, na nevarnosti ga opozarja dobro uho, ki ga venomer odpira in zapira, najmanj pa se more zanašati na malo, topo oko. Če se oglašja kdaj s kakšnim glasom, ni znano.

Povedali smo že, da leže ježkova samica jajca, in sicer vedno le po eno, ki pa ni v trdi apnenasti lupini kakor ptičje, marveč je podobno s svojo pergamenasto kožo jajcem golazni. Izleženo jajce si potisne samica v kožnato vrečico, ki jo ima pod trebuhom, in tukaj se izvali mesnorožnati in goli mladiček ter ostane v vrečici toliko časa, da ne dobi prvih bodic in ne zraste do treh palcev. Potem pa živi zunaj v majhnih podzemeljskih votlinah, ki jih preskrbe mladim starke, katere tudi obiskujejo še nadalje svoje mladičke in jih krmijo, dokler si neboglenci ne morejo sami iskati hrane. Koliko časa traja valitev in koliko časa preteče do tedaj, ko zapusti mladič materino vrečico, ni znano, sodimo pa, da traja vse skupaj kakih deset tednov.

### III.

Pri tem, ko je znanih kljunatih ježkov le nekaj, sicer le malo različnih po barvi in velikosti, živi kljunaš sam na vsem svetu, in še ta ne niti po vsej Avstraliji. Najti ga je le ob rekah, kjer je tudi vodna žival kakor vidra, ki ji je po postavi tudi malo podoben: ista okroglasta glava, isto zavaljeno in zleknjeno truplo, dolgo do dveh čevljev, isti krepki, veslasti rep, ki obsega šestino vse dolžine. Pa kdor bi mislil, da je izginila pod vodo vidra, od katere je videl le zadnji konec rjavega trupla kljunaša, ki se je potopil, bi, kakor hitro pokaže žival iz vode glavo, spoznal, kako se je zmotil, zakaj glava se končuje v kljun, pravi, rožen račji kljun, ki nam pove, da ima žival po vsej pravici svoje ime.

Vsa ta žival in njeno življenje je tako čudno, da je potoval neki angleški učenjak posebe zato v Avstralijo, da je spoznal kljunaša. Ta mož ga je opisal prvi, in pozneje smo le še malokaj zvedeli o tej živali.

Kljunaš se najrajši ustanovi tam, kjer teče voda počasi ter pušča blato, da rasto v njem razne rastline, po njih pa žive črvi, polži, školjke, žuželke in drug drobiž. Tu si išče in ima kljunaš svoj živež, tu si nabira teh živali ter jih spravlja v ustne mošnjice, pozneje pa jih v miru hrusta, tukaj se lahko potaplja ter tako umiče svojim zasledovalcem izpred oči, tukaj ostaja zanj voda v mlakah, kadar posuši in zoži poletna suša strugo. Sicer pa navadno ne počaka, da bi se mu voda posušila; z reko gre naprej ter se nastani zopet v počasi tekočem zalivu, kjer se mu ni treba bati suše. Breg ob reki pa mora biti zanj ustvarjen, drugače ne ostane. Pod vodo si mora iz reke lahko napraviti vhod v luknjo, tako da mu je voda ne zalije, in zopet mora biti na drugi strani pripraven prostor za izhod na suho. Če izhod v reko ni več pod vodo, se preseli ter si napravi nov dom.

Kljunaš je sicer bolj mračnjak. O mraku se spravi v vodo, kjer preživi solnčni zahod, zjutraj pa ga najde že prva jutranja zora v reki, odkoder se umakne šele, ko je solnce že na nebu. Po vodi pljuska in plava, se potaplja in se zopet prikaže. To mu ni nič kaj težko, ker ima med prsti razpeto plavno kožico kakor naša raca in ima tako prav dobra vesla. Da si pa te kožice ne obrabi pri kopanju rovov, ima močne kremplje nad njo proste.

Tudi na suhem je kljunaš rad; valja in razteza se po travi ter si snaži in čoha kožuh. Ujeta je ta žival jako priljudna, premaga strah tudi pred človekom ter mu pusti, da jo čehlja po hrbtu.

## IV.

Preden zapustimo Avstralijo in njeno živalstvo, naj omenimo še na kratko dva ptiča, ki živita samo na dveh avstralskih otokih. To sta rajčica z Nove Gvineje in kivi z Nove Zelandije.

Rajčica je daljna sorodnica našega vrana in velika kakor sraka, odlikujejo pa jo dolga svilasta peresa, ki ji vihrajo ob bokih izpod perutnic ter se blešče v najkrasnejših kovinastih barvah. Tudi drugače ima ptič perje raznih živih boj, pa le samec, zakaj samica je opravljena v ponižno delavniško obleko.

Rajčica živi v košatih gozdih, kjer ne morejo lahko do nje ujedne ptice, ki krožijo po zraku, in kjer tudi ni onih ptičjih zalezovalcev, kakor so v našem gozdu mačke, kune in podlasice. Rajčic je več vrst.

Kivi pa živi svoje ponočno življenje po močvirnatih pragozdih. Velik je kakor naš petelin, hodi pokonci ter išče z dolgim, na koncu mehkim in občutljivim kljunom v temi žužke, črve in semenje. Drobne oči bi mu pri tem poslu ne mogle koristiti, pomaga pa kljunu voh. Kratke noge so krepke. S kremplji si izkoplje tudi luknjo pod koreninami kakega drevesa. V tej luknji živi čez dan, če se plah ne skriva po goščavi.

## O. Župančič:

## M A K

Mak, mak, mak  
sredi polja kima,  
mak, mak, mak  
rdečo kapo ima.

Pravi mu  
solncece žareče:  
Daj, odkrij  
se mi!" On se neče.

"Ali jaz  
sem te izvabilo  
iz zemlje,  
z lučjo te pojilo.

"Da me ti  
odgojilo nisi,  
jaz že sam  
bil pomagal bi si!"



Vetrček  
čez polje zaveje  
gizdalin  
mak se mu zasmeje:

"Ha, ha, ha!  
Malo si me stresel,  
kape pa  
nisi mi odnesel.

A jesen  
je prišla in zima;  
gologlav  
mak po polju kima,

"Joj, joj, joj!"  
drgeta in vzdise—  
solnce ni,  
rezka burja piše . . .



R. Tagore:

### SOČUTJE

CE bi bil samo majhen kužek, ne tvoje dete, ljuba mamica, ali bi mi rekla "Ne," če bi hotel jesti s tvoje mize?

Ali bi me zapodila proč, rekoč: "Poberi se, ti malovredni kužek?"

Potem pa pojdi, mamica, pojdi! Nikoli ne pridem k tebi, kedar me boš klicala in nikoli več ne pokusim ničesar od tebe.

Če bi bil samo majhen, zelen papagajček, in ne tvoje dete, ljuba mamica, ali bi me priklenila, da ne bi odletel?

Ali bi mi pretila s prstom in dejala "Kakšen nehvaležen, malopriden ptič! Gloda svoj lanec dan in noč?"

Potem pa pojdi, mamica, pojdi! V gozdove pobegnem; in nikoli več se ti ne dam vzeti v naročje.



Atena, grška boginja modrosti, miru, vojne in umetnosti.

# Basni

(Prosto po Ezopu.)

## BOLNI LEV.

LEVU so potekli dnevi življenja. Na smrt bolan je ležal kralj živali v svojem brlogu in izdihoval zadnje dihljaje. Tedaj so se podložne živali zbrale okoli njega in, videč, da se mu je približala zadnja ura, so si rekly med seboj: "Zdaj je čas, da ga naplačamo za stare krivice." Veper se je zakadil v njega in mu zapičil očnjaka globoko v hrbet, bivol ga je pobodel z rogovi in nazadnje se je približal še osel. Ko je kopitarski dolgoušec videl, da je čisto varen pred levom, se je obrnil z repom proti na smrt bolnemu in brcnil leva z zadnjima nogama v obraz. "To je dvojna smrt," je zastokal lev, kajti:

"Samo strahopetci napadajo umirajočega plemenitnika."

\* \* \*

## LEV IN MIŠ.

SPEČEMU levu je nekoč prikoracala na hrbet miš, ki je začela tekati gor in dol po njem. Lev se je kmalu prebudil, stavlil je svojo težko šapo na miš in odprl svojo ogromno žrelo, da nebogljenko požre. "Oprosti kralj!" je zaprosila miš. "Oprosti mi topot, saj ne bom nikoli več. Kdo ve, mogoče ti bom kakega dne še prišla prav." Levu se je storilo na smeh, ko je pomislil, da bi mu pomagala miš, ali pogumnost mu je vendar ugajala, zato jo je izpustil. Pa se je nekoč pripetilo, da so ljudje ujeli leva v past in ker so ga hoteli obdržati živega, so ga privezali k drevesu ter šli iskat voz, da ga odpeljejo domov. Ravno takrat se je tudi pripetilo, da je stopicala mimo miš. Ko je ta opazila, v kako žalostnem položaju se nahaja lev, se je takoj podala na delo. Grizla je vrvi toliko časa, da je bil kralj živali prost. "Ali nisem imela prav?" je takrat vprašala mala miš.

Mali prijatelji se lahko izkažejo velike prijatelje.

## LASTOVKA IN DRUGE PTICE.

KMET je sejal konopljo po polju, kjer je preletavala preko grude lastovka z drugimi pticami, ki so iskale živeža. "Bojte se tega človeka!" je opominjala lastovka. "Zakaj? Kaj pa dela?" so vprašale druge ptice. "Konopljo seje. Skrbno pazite, da pobere vsako zrno, če ne, vam bo še žal." Ptice pa se niso zmenile. Čez čas je seme pognalo in zrastle je konoplja, iz katere so naredili vrvi in zanke iz vrvi, s katerimi so ljudje polovili veliko ptic, ki se prej niso zmenile za lastovkin opomin. "Ali vam nisem pravila!" je vzklikala lastovka.

"Zlo je zatreti v kalu."

\* \* \*

## GORA SE JE TRESLA.

KMETJE so nekega dne zapazili, da se gora trese. Kadilo se je iz njenih vrhov in v oblakih, ki so se iz nje valili pod nebo, je treskalo in grmelo. Drevje je trepetalo, skale so bobnele. Vsi so bili trdno uverjeni, da se bliža sodnji dan. Zbrali so se pod goro in s skrbjo gledali, kaj bo. Pa so čakali in čakali in ničesar ni bilo. Nazadnje pa se je strašno stresla zemlja, gora se je razpolovila na dvoje. Popadali so na kolena in se tresli. Nazadnje, no, nazadnje, pa je pokukala glavica iz brezdnega vrhu gore. Rodila se je miška in pritekla k njim v dolino. Od tistega časa pravijo:

"Veliko grmenja, malo dežja."

\* \* \*

## VOLK IN JAGNJE.

JAGNJE je čepelo na vrhu strehe in gledalo na dvorišče, kamor se je baš priklatil volk. Takoj je začelo volka zmerjati in ga napadati. "Morilec, tat!" je dejalo, "takoj se mi poberi izpred hiše poštenih ljudi. Kako si drzneš približati se s svojimi črnimi nameni!"

"Stopi doli, se tu pomeniva," je dejal volk.

Lahko je pogumen, kdor je na varnem.

## ŽABE IN ZAJCI.

ZAJCE so preganjale divje zveri, da si romaki že niso vedeli, kam bi se zatekli. Če so le ugledali bližajoče se živali, so začeli takoj teči. Nekega dne so ugledali tropo divjih konj, ki so v krdeu drveli proti njim. Zajci so se spustili proti jezeru, zatrdno odločeni, da rajši poskakajo v vodo, kakor pa da bi živeli v večnem strahu. Toda baš v trenutku, ko so dosegli breg, se je zagnal pred njimi v vodo velikanski žabji zbor. "No," so si namignili zajci med seboj, "saj ni tako hudo, kajti:

"Vedno se najde kdo še na slabšem kot si ti."

\* \* \*

## DRVAR IN KAČA.

ZIMSKEGA dne se je neki drvar vračal domov z dela. Kar je ugledal v snegu pred seboj nekaj črnega, kači podobnega. Pobral je napol mrtvo, od mraza trdo kačo,

jo dal v nedrija in jo urno odnesel domov. Doma je kačo položil pred ognjišče. Otroci so opazovali plazilko, kako je polagoma prihajala k življenju. Eden se je še prikonil, da kačo poboža, ko se je ta nenadoma dvignila in zasikala z želom, hoteč takoj do smrti pičiti otroka. Drvar je segel po sekiri in z enim zamahom presekal kačo na dvoje. "Oj," je dejal:

"Hudobnež ne pozna hvaležnosti."

\* \* \*

## PLEŠEC IN MUHA.

ŽIVEL je plešec, ki je po delu vročega popoldneva sedel k počitku. Pribrenčala je muha, kolobarila okoli njegove plešaste glave in ga tu pa tam poljubno pičila. Mož jo je mislil ubiti. Zamahnil je po mali sovražnici, pa — joj — z dlanjo je tlesknil po plešasti glavi. Muha ga je mučila dalje, ali sedaj je bi mož modrejši in je rekel:

"Samo sebi škoduješ, če vzameš v poštev male sovražnike."

## Oglar in gospod

ZORKO GORJAN je ošaben, ker je njegov oče bogat. Včeraj se je na poti iz šole sporekel s Kmetičem, sinom nekega oglarja. Ko mu ni mogel ničesar odgovoriti, je zaklical na glas: "Tvoj oče je potepuh!"—Kmetič zardi do las, pa ne reče niti besedice. Solze mu zalijo oči.—Ko ga vpraša doma oče, zakaj je jokal, mu pove, kaj je rekel Gorjan.

Popoldne pride v šolo oglar, majhen, ves črn mož, da se pritoži učitelju. Ko mož še govori, pride tudi Gorjanov oče, visok gospod s črno brado in resnega vedenja. Spremil je sinčka v šolo. Ko sliši svoje ime, pristopi in vpraša, kaj se je zgodilo.

"Ta mož," odvrne učitelj, "se je prišel pritožiti, ker je rekel vaš sin njegovemu sinčku: "Tvoj oče je potepuh!"

Gorjanov oče nagubanči čelo in lahno zardi. Obrne se k sinčku in vpraša: "Je li resnica, da si rekel tako?"

Sinček stoji s povešeno glavo in ne reče ničesar.

Oče ga prime za roko, ga potisne prav blizu tovariša Kmetiča in pravi: "Prosi ga oproščenja!"

Oglar hoče to zabraniti, rekoč: "Ne! Ne!"

Gospod ga ne posluša, temveč ponovi: "Prosi ga, da ti oprost! Ponovi moje besede: Oprosti mi nepremišljeno, neplemenito in žalečo besedo, ki sem jo rekel o tvojem očetu! Moj oče si šteje v čast, da mu stisne roko."

Oglar se obrne, kakor bi hotel reči "Nočem!" a gospod se ne zmeni za to. Sinček pa govori počasi, tiho, s povešenimi očmi: "Oprosti mi nepremišljeno, neplemenito in žalečo besedo, ki sem jo rekel o tvojem očetu. Moj oče si šteje v čast, da mu stisne roko."

Nato poda gospod oglarju roko. Ta mu jo krepko stisne in hitro porine svojega sinka, naj poljubi malega Gorjana.

Edmondo de Amicis.

# To in ono

## OČETOVSKA LJUBEZEN.

ČREVLJARJU je umrla žena. Zupustila mu je sedmero otrok. Ko je izvedela to bogata posestnica na bližnjem gradu, je prišla k črevljarju in mu rekla, da bi vzela enega otroka za svojega.

Črevljar se je razveselil in začela sta izbirati.

Pri najstarejšem sinčku je dejal oče: "Ivančka ne dam, ker je prvenček." Pri drugem je menil: "Božidarčka je imela mati najrajša."—"Anica se v šoli najboljše uči."—"Milica je rajnici najbolj podobna."—

Tako je našel črevljar pri vsakem otroku pomislek in izgovor. Pri najmlajšem, ki je še ležal v zibelki, je malo pomislil, potem pa je dejal: "Ta le mi dela največ preglavice, a če preživim druge, preživim še tega uboščka!" Nagnil se je k detetu in ga srčno poljubil.

Grajščakinja je videla, kako težko je bilo očetu. Solze so ji zaigrale v očeh. Ker je bila dobrega srca, je podpirala ubogega črevljarja, pa tudi drugi ljudje so jo posnemali, kolikor so mogli.

—Čitanka.

\* \* \*

## MODRA MIŠKA.

MIŠKA prileze iz luknjice in ugleda nastavljeno past. "Oho!" je dejala. "Vidiš jo past? Zviti ljudje nastavijo dve deščici, na zgornjo nalože kamenja, v sredo med deščici nataknejo košček slanine, da bi miška okusila slanino, sprožila past in se ujela. Hi, hi! Pa miši smo modrejše od ljudi. Dobro poznamo take zvijače. Ne ujamate me ne!"

"Pa povohati," je dejala miška, "povohati to dobro slanino vendar smem. Nosesek ne more še sprožiti pasti. Slanino pa kaj rada voham."

Miška smukne v past in prav na lahko povoha slanino. Past je bila prav rahlo nastavljena. Ko se miška slanine dotakne, lop!—past zagrmí in miška—mrtva leži.

Anton Martin Slomšek.

## PIJANI VOL.

GOSPODAR je bil pripeljal iz vinograda sod vina. Nosili so ga v keblih v klet. Ko pa je poklicala gospodinja ljudi k obedu, so pustili poln kebel pri vozu.

Tedaj je prišel na dvorišče vol, ki ga je bil hlapec preslabo priklenil. Ker je bil vajen piti iz kebla, se je takoj lotil vina. Ali je bi toliko žejen ali mu je vino ugalajalo, izpil je vse.

Kmalu nato je začel z vzdignjenim repom tekati po dvorišču. Prihiteli so domači, da bi ga spravili v hlev. Vse zaman! Niti beseda niti palica nista nič zalegli. Sicer krotki vol je pohodil hlapca, a gospodarja je skoraj nabodel. Nihče si ni upal več blizu. Čimdalje bolj je divjal. Končno je telebnil na zemljo. Strašno je bolil ter brcal z nogami. Gospodar ga je že hotel zabosti. Kar je začutil, da mu diši iz penečega se gobca vino. Tedaj mu je bilo vse jasno.

Polivali so vola z mrzlo vodo. Proti večeru si je štirinožni pijanec toliko opomogel, da so ga spravili v hlev. Drugi dan ni mogel nič jesti, a tretji dan je bil zopet zdrav. Iz kebla pa ni hotel piti nikdar več. Ako ga je kje videl, se mu je na daleč izognil.

Pa še pravijo, da je vol neumen.

\* \* \*

## ZVESTI PES.

DOLGO vrsto let je služil pes zvesto svojemu gospodarju. Ko pa se je postal, ga je hotel nehvaležnež potopiti.

Vzame ga s seboj v čoln in odrine od brega. Ko privesla sredi reke, zagrabí psa in ga vrže v vodo. Ubogi pes izgine pod valovi, a kmalu se prikaže zopet na površju in se obupno trudi, da bi priplaval do čolna. Vsakikrat, ko se približa, ga neusmiljeni gospodar sune z veslom. Slednjič ga hoče udariti z njim po glavi, a omahne, ker se je preveč nagnil, in pade v vodo. Utonil bi bil, toda zvesta žival ga zgrabi za suknjo in ga srečno privleče do brega.

—Čitanka.

## Zakaj so v Zubahu zgradili cerkev

(Po pripovedki nekega Korošca v Chicagu.)

KMET MLEČNIK je oral na polju, ne daleč od rečice Savinje. Naenkrat se mu je oralo zarilo tako globoko v zemljo, da so se voli takoj ustavili. Mlečnik je zagodrnjal, skušal oprostiti oralo in pognati vola. Ta sta potegnila na vso moč, a glej čudo, prečudno: iz brazde se je obrnil kip matere božje!

Mlečnik se je začudil in vzkliknil: "Kaj to pomeni!" Tudi vola sta se ozrla nazaj, pa se po volovsko nista veliko zmenila in sta iz nepojasnjene razloga začela bežljati. Mlečnik, kateremu sta bila vola nadvse draga, je pustil kip in stekel za parom. Na potu pa, dasiravno se mu je mudilo, se je pri vsakomur vstavil in mu povedal, kaj se je zgodilo ter zakaj sta vola ušla.

Kmalu se je zbrala na njivi vsa vas. Tudi župnik je prišel in začel tolmačiti tako: "Brez dvoma mora biti čudež, ker drugače bi kip ne bil prišel iz brazde. Mogoče je božja porodnica želela, da bi ji na tej njivi postavili cerkev njej na čast."

Samo namignil je, pa že je obvladalo vse velikansko navdušenje. Takoj so si pre-skrbeli od gosposke dovoljenje in so začeli graditi cerkev božji porodnici iz brazde. Ali glej! Še večji čudež se je zgodil. Kolikor zidu postavijo zidarji čez dan v dolini, toliko se ga drugi dan nahaja na bližnjem hribčku. Ponavljalo se je tako dan za dnevom.

Zopet je prišel častiti župnik, kateri je bil poklican za to, da tolmači čudež. Umevno je bilo, da se je morala mati božja kako premisliti ter da hoče imeti cerkev na hribčku. Postavili so lepo cerkev in izorani kip matere božje so stavili v veliki oltar. Vse so že pripravili, da se vrši peta sveta maša z blagoslovljenjem cerkve.

Vse je potekalo lepo v čast in slavo božjo. Zdajci pa, ravno ko je župnik zapel pred oltarjem: "H'tite meso jest!" in so mu pevci odgovorili: "Pri nas ga je bolj malo!" — se je odprla skala in voda se je razlila po vsej dolini, v kateri bi bila imela stati cerkev. Nastalo je obsežno jezero, tak ogloboko, da so valovi žlobudrali tik do praga nove hiše matere božje na hribčku. Ali kakor je hitro nastalo, tako je tudi kmalu odteklo jezero, na pragu cerkve pa so valovi pustili zibelko in v nji kip samega Jezuščka.

Da se je vse tako zgodilo, je še danes dokaz kip matere božje ter zibelka v velikem oltarju. Samo Jezušček ne leži več v zibelki, temveč so ga dali bogorodici v naročje.

### MLADI LJUDJE.

KDO more kaj mladim ljudem,  
ko lica jim zdrava žare,  
ko glasne so njihove pesmi  
in jasno je mlado srce!

Saj njih vsak na polju je cvet,  
njim solnce veselo gori,  
njim ptički prepevajo glasno,  
vsa sreča le zanje živi.

Če pride nezgoda, bolest,  
kdo kremžil bi lice mlado!  
Na svetu ljudi je nešteto,  
ki stokrat je bolj jim hudo.

E. Gangl.



Albin Čebular:

### PA PRAV ZARES!

So zajčki se smejali,  
na tratici plesali,  
ko Metko so zagledali,  
so hitro si povedali:

“Poglejte jo, pogledajte,  
in svetu vsemu povejte:  
v JEDNOTI Metkice ime  
napisano je dolgo že!”

Olga Vehar, 13 let stara, iz Clevelanda, Ohio (1264 E. 60th St.), piše daljše pismo ter pravi:

“V naši družini nas je devet in smo vsi člani S. N. P. J. Moja starejša sestra bo čez par mesecev prestopila v odrasli oddelek. Moj brat Johnny je star 14 let in vsi trije starejši smo bili rojeni v Superioru, Wyo., drugi štirje pa v vzhodnem delu Ohija. Moja sestra Cecilija, brat Johnny in jaz hodimo v slovensko mladinsko šolo v S. N. D. Mene in brata uči ga. Simčič, ki nas nauči veliko koristnega, kot na primer zgodovino Jugoslavije in zlasti Slovenije. Seznanja nas s slovenskimi pisatelji, o čemur prej nismo imeli pojma. Tako nam lepo opisuje domovino naših staršev, da bi najrajša kar sama šla pogledat, kako je tam. Storila bi tako, če bi šli tudi starši, ampak oče pravi, da bo šel tedaj, ko bodo zgradili most čez ocean. Poleg tega nas ga. Simčič uči lepih slovenskih pesmi in iger. O božiču smo imeli žaloigro in 29. aprila pa igro “Kralj Matjaž.” Če bi vi, g. urednik, videli, kako lepo je bilo! Ugajale so meni posebno vile in pa kralj Matjaž, katerega obleka se je svetila, kot bi bila iz samega zlata. Najtežjo vlogo je imel Ivan, a “lomil” ga je najbolj škrt; dvorana se je kar tresla smeha.

Šola bo končana prej kot bo ta dopis priobčen v Mladinskem listu. Iz srca se vsi trije zahva-

lujemo ge. Simčič in g. Primožiču za njun trud. Oprostita naj, če smo bili preveč poredni; če bi ne bilo slovenske šole, bi ne znali tako dobro slovensko kot sedaj. Jaz tudi sedaj še ne znam veliko, ker starši nimajo časa učiti me in tudi zmožni niso tega.

Dne 29. julija imamo piknik slovenske mladinske šole na Močilnikarjevi farmi. Jaz bi rada videla, da bi vsi Slovenci prišli na piknik in da bi se nekoliko pokrili stroški šole, katere ima z nami. Hvaležni smo tudi vodstvu Slovenskega narodnega doma za požrtvovalnost.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista.”

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Josephine Pavlovich pošilja iz Bridgeporta, Ohio, to le pesmico:

### PTIČJA PROŠNJA

Oj deček hudobni,  
zakaj me loviš  
in v kletko me temno  
zapreti želiš.

Če perje in petje  
ti moje je všeč,  
na prostem me pusti,  
ne lovi me več.

Na prostem mi perje  
lepo je svetlo  
in petje mileje,  
kot v kletki bi bilo.

Ti tudi na prostem  
najbolj si vesel,  
zaprt bi pa v ječi  
gotovo ne pel.

\* \* \*

Dobili smo zopet tri kratke spise, vaje učenecv slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu, Ohio. Pošilja nam jih učiteljica, ga. Antoinetta Simčič. Vaje se tičejo igre "Kralj Matjaž," katero je šola vprizorila dne 29. aprila t. l. Anica Dejak, stara 12 let, piše o tej igri:

"Vsako leto ima Slovenska mladinska šola v Narodnem domu igro o božiču in blizu konca šole. Vsi otroci so komaj čakali, da bi dan 29. aprila prišel, ko bomo imeli igro "Kralj Matjaž." V tej igri je bilo mnogo vlog. Jaz sem bila beračica. Otroci so morali hoditi učiti se za igro ob nedeljah in sobotah. Nazadnje je pa prišel težko željeni 29. april.

Vsi otroci, kateri so igrali, so morali priti ob sedmih zvečer v dom. Vile, vojaki in tudi drugi igralci so se oblekli in maskirali. Nastopilo je nad sto otrok.

Igra "Kralj Matjaž" opisuje dečka, kateremu je ded pravil povest o kralju Matjažu, ki spi že tisoče let med dvema gorama v Krimu na Slovenskem. Tisto noč je sklenil, da ga gre iskat in ga mora najti. V gozdu je srečal škrate in puščavnika, ki sta mu povedala, kod naj hodi, da pride tja. Pred goro, kjer je skala zapirala vhod vanjo, je Ivan zaspal. Prišle so vile in plesale in pele okrog. Ena mu je prinesla zlato kanglico s srebrnočisto vodo. Ko so vile izginile, je Ivan pil tisto vodo in postal močan, da je skalo z lahkoto odvalil. Pred njim se je pokazala cela vojska z lepo kraljico Alenčico in kraljem Matjažem. Vsi so spali. Ko je Ivan potegnil meč iz nožnice, so se hipoma vsi zbudili. Ivan je prosil kralja Matjaža, naj pride in reši slovenski narod iz sužnosti. Ko se je vrnil domov, je res našel svoje ljudi v svobodni Jugoslaviji.

Ta igra je bila jako lepa in je vsem ljudem ugajala."

Elsie Groznik, tudi stara 12 let, pove tako-le:

"Učenci Slovenske mladinske šole smo imeli igro "Kralj Matjaž" v S. N. D. na 29. aprila zvečer ob 7.30.

Jaz sem bila vojak kralj Matjaževe vojske. Bili smo lepi vojaki, jaz sem se sama sebi dopadla. Streljati pa nismo znali nič. Da bi tistikrat kdo ustrelil, to bi mi vojaki bežali.

Ko je Ivan odvalil skalo, ki je zapirala vhod pod goro in potegnil sabljo iz nožnice, smo se

vsi naenkrat zbudili in zapeli pesem "Hej Slovenci," da je vse grmelo.

Igrali smo zelo dobro, če pa kdo misli, da zna boljše kot mi, naj pa pokaže."

Kako navdušen je bil za igro John Vehar, star 14 let, nam pove njegov opis:

"Jaz obiskujem Slovensko mladinsko šolo ob sobotah popoldan. Kot po navadi smo imeli pomladansko prireditev na 29. aprila. Za igro "Kralj Matjaž" smo se morali hoditi učiti ob sobotah in nedeljah. Težko sem pričakoval dneva, ko bomo igrali.

Ob 7.30 se je pričel program. Prvo je nastopil "sokolski naraščaj" dečkov in deklic. Pokazali so lepe vaje. Potem je bila naša igra. Moja sestra in jaz sva bila vojaka kralj Matjaževe vojske. Bila sva oblečena v lep kostum, ki se je ves lesketal. Meni so se dopadale vile. Plesale in pele so tako, da je bilo lepo gledati. Lepo je igral škrate kakor tudi drugi igralci, ki so imeli večje vloge. Lepa je bila kraljica Alenčica in kralj Matjaž z dolgo brado.

Ko je bila igra končana, smo šli domov veseli, ker smo dobro igrali."

\* \* \*

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn., je stara šele enajst let in se navdušuje za velikega slovenskega pesnika, Simona Gregorčiča, dasi naša mlada čitateljica mogoče sama ne ve. Pošilja nam namreč znano Gregorčičevo pesem "Siromak," ki jo vsi čitatelji lahko berejo v sedanji izdaji, kjer priobčamo tudi daljši spis o našem Simonu Gregorčiču v angleščini. Mary Krainik smo hvaležni, da nas je spomnila na to pesem.

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Čitatelje gotovo zanima, da smo dobili drugo pisemce iz mesta Firenze (angleško Florence) na Italijanskem. Piše nam zopet Adolf Prelovšek, katerega naslov je Via S. Jacopino 11, Firenze, Italia. Do njega vzame Mladinski list precej dolgo časa, kajti včasih, kot nam Adolf pove, ga dobi po mesec ali dva prekasno. On je rojen v Italiji, ali starše ima Slovence in doma govori samo slovensko. Hodi pa v laške šole, kjer se uči italijansko in francosko. Adolf pravi tudi, da ima več stricev v Ameriki in obljublja da se bo še oglasil.

\* \* \*

Annie Grum, Bannock, Ohio, Box 366, piše svoje prvo pismo v slovenskem za Mladinski list, k čemur pa se je težko pripravila, ker še ne zna dobro. Uči jo mama in Annie se rada uči slovensko pisati in čitati. Stara je trinajst let, v sedmem razredu, a članica S. N. P. J. pa je že dvanajst let. Drugi mesec, obljublja Annie, se bo spet oglasila.

## Beleške

**PREDAVANJA.**—Slovenska narodna podporna jednota je za letošnje poletje podvzela znamenito izobraževalno delo med Slovenci v Ameriki. Skozi vse poletje se bodo vršila predavanja po naselbinah v Illinoisu, Ohiju, Michiganu, New Yorku, Pennsylvaniji, Indiani, Kansasu, Koloradu in drugod. Predavatelj je br. Andrej Kobal, ki je nastopil predavateljsko turo zadnji teden meseca junija in se julija mudi v Wisconsinu in Minnesoti, začetkom avgusta pa odide skozi Nebraska v Kolorado, Kansas in nato proti vzhodu. Društva so se po večini z velikim zanimanjem zavzela za ta predavanja in pozivajo tudi druge slovenske organizacije po naselbinah, da se pridružijo nepristranskemu in dobrodelnemu gibanju, ki ga je podvzel upravni odbor S. N. P. J. Že samo po predmetih, ki jih obdeluje predavatelj, je razvidno, kako zelo koristno in za vse potrebno je to delo. Predmeti v slovenščini so: "Razlike med slovensko in ameriško kulturo," "Priselnik v Ameriki," "Slovenska družina," "Slovenske organizacije," "Ali je izobrazba delavstvu potrebna in koristna," "O napredku," "Zgodovina delavskih bojov" ter slični. Predavanja, katera govornik nudi mladini, pa so Slovence v Ameriki še bolj potrebna. On tolmači slovensko življenje tu rojeni mladini in predmeti se glase: "Life and customs of the Slovenes in Europe," "Slovene culture as compared with the American life," "Slovene history," "Slovene Literature," "Slovene family life," "Slovene organizations in America" in podobno. Glavni odbor S. N. P. J. iskreno vabi vse Slovence v Ameriki, ne glede na politično ali versko prepričanje, da se vsi poslužijo prilike in pridejo poslušat govornika. Seznan predavanj, datumi in vsa druga potrebna poročila se tiskajo v Prosveti.

**SLOVENSKI LISTI V AMERIKI.**—Slovensko časnikarstvo v Ameriki se stopnjema izpreminja, pada in umira ali pa postaja angleško. "Glas Svobode," izdajan v Chicagu, ki je bil dolga leta precej vpliven list med Slovenci v Ameriki, je po padanju zadnjih let in manjšanju gospodarjev, popolnoma prenehal meseca maja t. l. Par manj znamenitih in mlajših listov hitro pada večinoma radi gospodarske krize med naročniki. Obenem pa se je ustanovil v Clevelandu novi tednik "The Cleveland Journal," katerega izdajajo Slovenci za tu rojeno mladino. Na zadnjem zboru Jugoslovanske socialistične zveze so zastopniki istotako razpravljali o ustanovitvi angleškega lista ali angleške priloge "Proletarca." Sklenili so, dodati tedniku "Proletarcu" mesečno angleško prilogo,

čim se nabere izdaten sklad za pokrivanje stroškov.

**DVE SLOVENSKI KONVENCIJI.**—Začetkom junija se je v Indianapolisu vršila konvencija Slovenske svobodomiselnne podporne zveze, katera je po številu članstva in denarno četrta slovenska organizacija v Ameriki. Dosedanji predsednik je bil Frank Somrak, znan po svoji delavnosti za združitev slovenskih organizacij v Ameriki. Delegacija je bila proti združitvi in je izvolila v odbore kandidate po svojem mišljenju. Bodoči predsednik bo Vatro Grill, urednik "Enakopravnosti" v Clevelandu, katera je glasilo S. S. P. Z. Ta mesec pa se vrši konvencija Jugoslovanske katoliške jednote v Elyju, Minnesota.

**SLIKARSKA RAZSTAVA V MINNESOTI.**—V Elyju, Minn., se zadnje dni meseca julija vrši velika razstava slik slovenskega umetnika H. G. Perushecka. Razstava se otvori dne 28. julija v dvorani Community Center. Kot nam pove katalog razstave, bo na ogled kakih 65 oljnih slik, po večini novejših del našega umetnika. Čitateljem na ljubo smo v tekoči številki natisnili sliko na strani 207, katero nam je posodil umetnik.

**IZLET V STARO DOMOVINO.**—Slovenska narodna podporna jednota je letos ustanovila izletni urad, kateri naj v bodoče vodi skupne izlete rojakov v domovino. Prvi izlet je prirejen letos, namreč s parnikom "Berengaria," ki je odplul iz New Yorka dne 27. junija. Vodstvo izleta je bilo poverjeno br. Johnu Olipu.

**KONCERTI ANTONA ŠUBLJA.**—Vršijo se po vseh večjih slovenskih naselbinah Amerike, pa tudi pred Američani večkrat nastopi ta popularni slovenski baritonist. Slišali smo ga na koncertu v Chicagu dne 27. maja. Kako zelo priljubljen je, je pokazala publika, ki je napolnila precej prostorno dvorano. Šubelj razume dušo naroda, kajti vzlic oglašanju težjih opernih del, poje večinoma le lahke, narodne, včasih malo grobe, toda ljudstvu razumljive, tako da vlada veselo razpoloženje. Tudi oseba pevca veliko vpliva pri tem, kajti Šubelj ima nastop in v resnici poje. Vsekakor bi bilo želeli, da bi oglaševalci stavili na program samo to, kar Šubelj v resnici poje, ker tako bo, prvič, ako so koncerti za maso, oglašanje bolj privlačno, in drugič, ne bo redki posameznik, ki sicer živa narodno petje, toda se naveliča ponavljanja istih melodij, vedel, kaj ima slišati. Naše mnenje je tudi, da bi se oglaševalci takih prireditev kot je bila imenovana, namesto besede "koncert" poslužili besede "variete" ali pa angleške "vaudeville."







H. G. Prusheck: Zimska pokrajina.



# JUVENILE



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## The Leading Slovene Authors Simon Gregorčič

1844-1906

**S**IMON GREGORČIČ, the celebrated Slovene national poet, was born at Vrsno, Goriško, now a part of Italy, in 1844, in a humble peasant home in the natural seclusion of Alps. Here, where the ancient Slovene traditions, customs, ideals, and aspirations have been preserved almost in their ancient purity and naturalness, the young poet began to experience the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments of his people, from whom he acquired the peculiar sense of sympathy, modesty, sincerity, and the love for beauty.



Simon Gregorčič.

These early experiences among the simple folks as a shepherd-peasant boy of the mountains were soon rationalized and broadened by the study of history, classic literature, Serbian folk song, and Prešeren's poetry. Moreover, the peculiar location of his schooling, where the Western and Eastern cultures clash, the modern materialistic tendencies, and the lack of social sense and moral consciousness among the more cultured people intensified the love and admiration for the simple life of the mountaineers.

After the completion of Gorica Gymnasium Gregorčič intended to pursue his studies in the classical philology; but owing to his financial difficulties, he was forced to abandon the idea and to take up theology. Gregorčič applied himself to the studies of theology with all intensity and at the same time he utilized every occasion to study classic and Serbian literatures and to keep in touch with all the Slovene movements. Throughout the entire academic career he was an excellent student; and his vacations were spent on his father's farm.

The fruits of his studies are apparent in the orientation of his life philosophy, which, unfortunately, is still misunderstood. Gregorčič is essentially a Slovene char-

acter; but he is more than that; his philosophy consists of a synthesis of the ancient Greek idealism, Christian ethics, and Slav culture, with the exception of the Greek and Hebrew metaphysical tendencies.

Gregorčič began to write as an unknown poet even before he had completed his academic career, and his poetry captivated the entire Slovene reading public. His first volume of poetry, entitled by the greatest Slovene literary critic "The Golden Book," met with an unheard of success in the history of Slovene literature, and since then Gregorčič has been regarded as the Slovene National Poet.

Gregorčič is one of those rare artists, whose creation has become a part of the national life; for his poetry is regarded as Slovene folk song—a phenomenon unknown in the entire English literature. Like Homer's *Illiad* and *Odyssey* the first two volumes have become a sort of sacred possession of the nation, a code of ethics, in spite of the drastic opposition of the clergy and the theological professors, for they express the national ideals and aspirations.

The character of Gregorčič's poetry is intellectually-artistic, always connected with the tangible world, the central figure of which is man. The intellect and the feeling are balanced against each other, now one predominating, now the other, but the two elements are always present. In this respect his art approaches to that of the ancient Greeks, which is always composite, symbolic, social, serene, but simple, modest, natural, human. Gregorčič is a poet of nature; but his nature is subservient to human interest, to human concern; it serves to express the soul of man more perfectly, to characterize him, to symbolize him. Nature in his poetry is a means, a decoration. It is interesting to note that Gregorčič's poetry fits precisely to the definition of art in "What's Art" by Tolstoy.

Gregorčič is a unique character in the Slovene poetry and a strange phenomenon in modern times. There is no English poet that could be compared with Gregorčič. Milton, Keats, Browning are great artists, richer, perhaps, in their poetic art than he; their works are charming in the sense that are Prešeren's. But, like Prešeren's, they lack the connection with the objective world that Gregorčič's possess in common with the ancient Greek art. Modern art has lost that social symbolization, that compositeness of the ancients; it has become the expression of the individual universality; whereas the Gregorčič's art consists essentially of the composite universality—he is the expression of the nation in the sense that the ancient Greeks were—he is not the reflection or representation of the life of his people; he is the life.

The nearest spiritual relative of Gregorčič is Ivan Cankar. Both are romantic symbolists, both reflective subjectivists, both draw their material from the simplest sources, both tend to the intellectually-artistic idealism; both utilize the law of contrast, both appeal to a sort of artistic plea, or intellectually wandering contemplation. But Cankar tends more to the psychological individualism and metaphysics; whereas Gregorčič is more socially tangible, or practical.

Another secret of Gregorčič is his mastery of poetic simplicity. No other Slovene poet, not even Prešeren, has attained his excellency in simplicity, and popular expression with such musical powers. The softness of his lyrics in points excels those of Prešeren. The development of the poetic figures, the harmony between thought and form and melody is equal to that of Prešeren.

It is regrettable that Gregorčič's complete works have not yet been published, and that the third and the fourth volumes of his poetry are practically unknown. To reexamine the conduct of the clergy and of the theological professors in relation to the great poet, might prove a bit too revolutionary; for the third volume of his poetry is essentially a philosophical contemplation, or rationalization of the unreasonable abuses, unwarranted criticism, and persecution, simply because of his

great native genius. Such conduct on the part of literary critics is unknown in the entire English literary history! The case of Gregorčič is an excellent characterization of the role that clergy and theological professors have played in the Slovene national life.

The fourth volume contains, among other things, his "V obrambo," and the translation of one of the greatest literary masterpieces of all times, "The Book of Job." The two works are of special importance, because they characterize the poet and his works. His "V obrambo" is still the best characterization of his poetry. In it the poet defines his principle and ideals in the poetic creation, and for this reason it is one of the most important of his works; at the same time it is one of the rarest specimens of literary criticism. On the other hand, the "Book of Job" is a splendid characterization of the poet's religious life, and one of the most profound philosophical systems. Gregorčič's translation is more poetic, more effective, more artistic and smoother than any of the numerous English ones. In it the poet found the best expression of his philosophical skepticism and the ultimate reconciliation through spirit of religion.

Gregorčič is often admired primarily as the poet-patriot, which, however, is not altogether correct, for he is, first of all, an artist and then a patriot. This by no means implies that Gregorčič was not the greatest Slovene patriot; it simply characterizes his artistic genius. His patriotism is akin to that of the ancient Greeks; it absolutely lacks every destructive element, nor can it be limited either to the Slovenes or to the Slavs—it goes beyond them. But, like all great artists, he drew his material from the basic elements of human life, such as love, patriotism, religion, nature, the suffering of humanity, and intellect. It is for this reason that his greatest poems are not patriotic, as "Jeftejeva prisega," "Na bregu," "Dekletova molitev," "Nazaj v planinski raj," "O nevihti," "Pogled v nedolžno oko." Nor is he a pessimist, as some superficial scholars contended. The alleged pessimism consists in the finest artistic feeling, like in the Beethoven's "Minuet," or Haydn's "Imperial Quartette," which at the base are not pessimistic, they express that artistic feeling of wandering loneliness, or soft yearning of the soul. Only those who confuse artistic feeling and pessimism can regard Gregorčič as a pessimist.

Prešeren is a greater master of poetic technique; but Gregorčič portrays his feelings with greater ease and nicety. This will be clear if "Strunam" and "Pogled v nedolžno oko" are compared, or "Pod oknom" and "Nazaj v planinski raj," or the sonnet "Življenje ječa, čas v nji rabelj hudi" with the "V mraku." In melody Gregorčič is greater master than Prešeren, and this is obvious especially in the comparison of "Kam" and "O nevihti" or with "Na bregu." In the like manner "Uvod" to "Krst pri Savici" is artistically more complete, the expression more powerful and more complex than any Gregorčič's poems; but in depth of feeling, in the universality and appeal, as well as in the general artistic effect, "Jeftejeva prisega" is superior. In the poetic form and technique, then, Prešeren is a greater genius, but from the types of artistic creation, and the artistic elements expressed by the two artists respectively, Gregorčič, with his prophetic, and intellectually-artistic composite universalism is not only the greatest Slovene poet; he is one of the greatest artists of all times, belonging, according to the character of his art, more to the ancient Greek school than to the modern.

From the early boyhood to the last of his days Gregorčič remained, in spirit, a peasant. He was rather weak and sickly, suffering from heart trouble. But he loved to associate with the simple peasants, was very active in the Slovene affairs, having organized several libraries, singing societies, dramatic clubs, was a member of "Slovenska Matica," and one of the most active members in the erection of the

"Slovene Students' Home" at Gorica. He was a brilliant orator and a spotless character. His clerical critics searched for every possible spot on his character, but in vain; consequently, they spread all sorts of false rumors, such as irreligiousness, immorality, about him in the hope to discredit him. But he won the day, although the fight cost him his health, as may be deducted from the third volume of his poetry. He was very sociable and extremely generous. His ill-health and the constant slandering and annoyance from the ill-balanced critics forced him to retire. For this purpose he bought a farm and led a secluded life, writing poetry, until the illness forced him to sell out. He died in Gorica, in 1906, as the most popular Slovene poet of the time. Although the effects of the destructive criticism are still felt among his people, his fame is increasing from year to year.

## Poems by Simon Gregorčič

### V MRAKU.

Le vtoni, vtoni za goro,  
le vgasi, solnce, luč svetlo,  
oj padi, padi gosti mrak,  
prinesi srečo mir sladak.

Čemu sijalo bi lepo,  
čemu, oj solnčece zlato?  
Povsod sirotam sevaš le,  
nesrečen rod ogrevaš le!

Kdo gledal bi ta hrib in dol,  
zaklet le v revo, jok in bol,  
hinavstva, zmot, trpljenja poln,  
sirot in sirotinja poln?

Dokler mi siješ, solnce ti,  
hladu, miru mi v srci ni,  
mori pogled, teži spomin  
me svojih, ljudskih bolečin.

Le skrij se, solnce jasno, skrij,  
izgini svet iz pred oči,  
da zabi žalostno srce  
človeške zmote in gorje!

\* \* \*

### POGLED V NEDOLŽNO OKO.

Nikar, nikar se me ne boj,  
nedolžni, nežni angelj moj,  
le semkaj k meni sedi,  
oko v oko mi gledi!

Pogled ti čist, oko mirno,  
v njem seva celo ti nebo,  
in meni v njem leskeče  
odsev že davne sreče.

Budi spomin mi krasnih dni,  
ko bil sem še kot si zdaj ti,  
spominja me mladosti  
brez toge, brez bridkosti.

Spominja me čarobnih let,  
ko bil je v cvetji ves mi svet  
enako vrtu v maji,  
ko živel sem ko v raji.

Zgubljen je, oh, zgubljen moj raj,  
ne smem, ne morem vanj nazaj.  
Zaklenjena so vrata  
proč, proč je doba zlata.

Pa če zaprt je sreče raj,  
da gledam vanj, se zdi mi, vsaj,  
ko v tvoja zrem očesa,  
odprta v njih nebesa.

Srce se v prsih mi topi  
zamaknjeno v nekdanje dni,  
v presrečno dobo cveta—  
o zlata, zlata leta!

\* \* \*

### UJETEGA PTIČA TOŽBA.

Oj, zemlja širna, zemlja lepa,  
ti vsa si bila moja last;  
zdaj ozka kletka me zaklepa,  
ko vjel sem se v nesrečno past.

Ostrigli, oh, so mi peroti,  
da ni mi moči v sinji zrak,  
čez hrib in dol—gorje siroti—  
ne nosi več me vzlet krepak.

Ne nosi več me v log košati,  
kjer mnog prebiva zvest mi drug,  
ni moči mi v jeseni z brati  
s teh velih trat na cvetni jug.

Z ognjenim jeklom umorili  
so mi nebeško luč oči,  
da božjih čud v prirode krili  
uživati mi moči ni.

Oko siroti oslepljeni,  
oko edino je—spomin,  
a on ni vir tolažbe meni,  
spomin mi vir je bolečin.

Za mano ure solčne sreče,  
pred mano groza temnih dni,  
krog mene stene večne ječe,—  
pa naj spomin me veseli?!

Zdaj senčni gaj se v cvet odeva,  
oj senčni gaj, moj rojstni raj,  
glasno tam bratov zbor prepeva,  
tu moj izgublja se vzdihljaj.

Z družico drug tam prosto leta,  
izbral si gosto je drevo,  
in drobno gnezdo skrbno spleta,  
da spal bi nežni rod mehko.

A meni svet je ves ocvetel,  
zaprt in slep sem samotar,  
nikdar ne bodem gnezda pletel,  
gojil mladičev nikedar.

Mrje mi v ječi srce blago,  
brezcvetna gine mi mladost . . .  
pač mnogo vzeli ste mi, mnogo,  
ko zlato vzeli ste prostost.

A enega mi vzeli niste,  
pa mi ne vzamete nikdar:  
to pesmi so srebrno čiste,  
to je glasov nebeški dar.

Samotno v kletki bom popeval,  
dokler ne počí to srce;  
vam dušo mrzlo bom ogreval,  
in sebi bom hladil gorje!

\* \* \*

**SIROMAK.**

Kar Bog mi je življenje dal,  
odkar sem se zavedel,  
pod svojo streho nisem spal,  
pri svojih nisem jedel.

Svatuje dan za dnevom grad,  
po njem veselje vriska;  
a siromaka mrz in glad  
pod milim nebom stiska.

Kedo z menoj spregovori  
besedico prijazno?  
kedo, kedo razveseli  
srce veselja prazno?

Po svetu hodim čisto sam  
od praga pa do praga,  
nikdo me praša: kod in kam?  
z nevoljo vsak pomaga!

To pa nadloga vseh nadlog,  
to hudo je najhuje,  
da, ker sem reven, ker ubog,  
me ljudstvo zaničuje.

Kdor kruha vbranega ne je,  
ni skusil sirotjenja,  
kaj je trpljenje, on ne ve,  
on ne pozna življenja.

Za vse je svet dovolj bogat,  
in srečni vsi bi bili,  
ko kruh delil bi z bratom brat  
s prav srčnimi čutili!

\* \* \*

**NA BREGU.**

Na bregu stojim in v morje strmim:  
Pod mano srdito valovje  
rohni ob kamnito bregovje;  
do neba praši se megleni dim,

v obraz mi brizgajo pene  
od skalne stene;  
a stena skalna  
ostane stalna,

in jaz se na robu ne ganem,  
viharju kljubujem, ostanem!  
Ko v steno valovje usode vihar  
ob me se zaganja;  
a duh se ponosni ne vklanja:  
Ti streti me moreš, potreti nikdar,  
usode sovražne besneči vihar!



Edmondo de Amicis:

## The Little Scribe

(From Italian.)

GIULIO was in the fourth elementary class. He was a graceful Florentine lad of twelve, with black hair and a white face, the eldest son of an employee on the railway, who, having a large family and but a small pay, lived in strained circumstances. His father loved him and was tolerably kind and indulgent to him—indulgent in everything except in that which referred to school: on this point he required a great deal, and showed himself severe, because his son was obliged to attain such a rank as would enable him soon to obtain a place and help his family; and in order to accomplish anything quickly, it was necessary that he should work a great deal in a very short time. And although the lad studied, his father was always exhorting him to study more.

His father was advanced in years, and too much toil had aged him before his time. Nevertheless, in order to provide for the necessities of his family, in addition to the toil which his occupation imposed upon him, he obtained special work here and there as a copyist, and passed a good part of the night at his writing-table. Lately, he had undertaken, in behalf of a house which published journals and books in parts, to write upon the parcels the names and addresses of their subscribers, and he earned three lire for every five hundred of these paper wrappers, written in large and regular characters. But this work wearied him, and he often complained of it to his family at dinner.

"My eyes are giving out," he said; "this night work is killing me." One day his son said to him, "Let me work instead of you, papa; you know that I can write like you, and fairly well." But the father answered:—

"No, my son, you must study; your school is a much more important thing than my wrappers; I feel remorse at robbing you of a single hour; I thank you, but I will not have it; do not mention it to me again."

The son knew that it was useless to insist on such a matter with his father, and he did not persist; but this is what he did. He knew that exactly at midnight his father stopped writing, and quitted his workroom to go to his bedroom; he had heard him several times: as soon as the twelve strokes of the clock had sounded, he had heard the sound of a chair drawn back, and the slow step of his father. One night he waited until the latter was in bed, then dressed himself very, very softly, and felt his way to the little workroom, lighted the petroleum lamp again, seated himself at the writing-table, where lay a pile of white wrappers and the list of addresses, and began to write, imitating exactly his father's handwriting. And he wrote with a will, gladly, a little in fear, and the wrappers piled up, and from time to time he dropped the pen to rub his hands, and then began again with increased alacrity, listening and smiling. He wrote a hundred and sixty—one lira! Then he stopped, placed the pen where he had found it, extinguished the light, and went back to bed on tiptoe.

At noon that day his father sat down to the table in a good humor. He had perceived nothing. He performed the work mechanically, measuring it by the hour, and thinking of something else, and only counted the wrappers he had written on the following day. He seated himself at the table in a fine humor, and slapping his son on one shoulder, he said to him:—

"Eh, Giulio! Your father is even a better workman than you thought. In two hours I did a good third more work than usual last night. My hand is still nimble,

and my eyes still do their duty." And Giulio, silent but content, said to himself, "Poor daddy, besides the money, I am giving him some satisfaction in the thought that he has grown young again. Well, courage!"

Encouraged by these good results, when night came and twelve o'clock struck, he rose once more, and set to work. And this he did for several nights. And his father noticed nothing; only once, at supper, he uttered this exclamation, "It is strange how much oil has been used in this house lately!" This was a shock to Giulio; but the conversation ceased there, and the nocturnal labor proceeded.

However, by dint of thus breaking his sleep every night, Giulio did not get sufficient rest: he rose in the morning fatigued, and when he was doing his school work in the evening, he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open. One evening, for the first time in his life, he fell asleep over his copy-book.

"Courage! courage!" cried his father, clapping his hands; "to work!"

He shook himself and set to work again. But the next evening, and on the days following, the same thing occurred, and worse: he dozed over his books, he rose later than usual, he studied his lessons in a languid way, he seemed disgusted with study. His father began to observe him, then to reflect seriously, and at last to reprove him. He should never have done it!

"Giulio," he said to him one morning, "you put me quite beside myself; you are no longer as you used to be. I don't like it. Take care; all the hopes of your family rest on you. I am dissatisfied; do you understand?"

At this reproof, the first severe one, in truth, which he had ever received, the boy grew troubled.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it is true; t cannot go on so; this deceit must come to an end."

But at dinner, on the evening of that very same day, his father said with much cheerfulness, "Do you know that this month I have earned thirty-two lire more at addressing those wrappers than last month!" and so saying, he drew from under the table a paper package of sweets which he had bought, that he might celebrate with his children this extraordinary profit, and they all hailed it with clapping hands. Then Giulio took heart again, courage again, and said in his heart, "No, poor papa, I will not cease to deceive you; I will make greater efforts to work during the day, but I shall continue to work at night for you and for the rest." And his father added, "Thirty-two lire more! I am satisfied. But that boy there," pointing at Giulio, "is the one who displeases me." And Giulio received the reprimand in silence, forcing back two tears which tried to flow; but at the same time he felt a great pleasure in his heart.

And he continued to work by main force; but fatigue added to fatigue rendered it ever more difficult for him to resist. Thus things went on for two months. The father continued to reproach his son, and to gaze at him with eyes which grew constantly more wrathful. One day he went to make inquiries of the teacher, and the teacher said to him: "Yes, he gets along, he gets along, because he is intelligent; but he no longer has the good will which he had at first. He is drowsy, he yawns, his mind is distracted. He writes short compositions, scribbled down in all haste, in bad chirography. Oh, he could do a great deal, a great deal more."

That evening the father took the son aside, and spoke to him words which were graver than any the latter had ever heard. "Giulio, you see how I toil, how I am wearing out my life, for the family. You do not second my efforts. You have no heart for me, nor for your brothers, nor for your mother!"

"Ah no! don't say that, father!" cried the son, bursting into tears, and opening his mouth to confess all. But his father interrupted him, saying:—



"You are aware of the condition of the family; you know that good will and sacrifices on the part of all are necessary. I myself, as you see, have had to double my work. I counted on a gift of a hundred lire from the railway company this month, and this morning I have learned that I shall receive nothing!"

At this information, Giulio repressed the confession which was on the point of escaping from his soul, and repeated resolutely to himself: "No, papa, I shall tell you nothing; I shall guard my secret for the sake of being able to work for you; I will recompense you in another way for the sorrow which I occasion you; I will study enough at school to win promotion; the important point is to help you to earn our living, and to relieve you of the fatigue which is killing you."

And so he went on, and two months more passed, of labor by night and weakness by day, of desperate efforts on the part of the son, and of bitter reproaches on the part of the father. But the worst of it was, that the father grew gradually colder towards the boy, only addressed him rarely, as though he had been a recreant son, of whom there was nothing any longer to be expected, and almost avoided meeting his glance. And Giulio perceived this and suffered from it, and when his father's back was turned, he threw him a furtive kiss, stretching forth his face with a sentiment of sad and dutiful tenderness; and between sorrow and fatigue, he grew thin and pale, and he was constrained to neglect his studies still further. And he understood well that there must be an end to it some day, and every evening he said to himself, "I will not get up to-night"; but when the clock struck twelve, at the moment when he should have vigorously reaffirmed his resolution, he felt remorse; it seemed to him, that by remaining in bed he should be failing in a duty, and robbing his father and the family of a lira. And he rose, thinking that some night his father would wake up and discover him, or that he would discover the deception by accident, by counting the wrappers twice; and then all would come to a natural end, without any act of his will, which he did not feel the courage to exert. And thus he went on.

But one evening at dinner his father spoke a word which was decisive so far as he was concerned. His mother looked at him, and as it seemed to her that he was more ill and weak than usual, she said to him, "Giulio, you are ill." And then, turning to his father, with anxiety: "Giulio is ill. See how pale he is! Giulio, my dear, how do you feel?"

His father gave a hasty glance, and said: "It is his bad conscience that produces his bad health. He was not thus when he was a studious scholar and a loving son."

"But he is ill!" exclaimed the mother.

"I don't care anything about him any longer!" replied the father.

This remark was like a stab in the heart to the poor boy. Ah! he cared nothing any more. His father, who once trembled at the mere sound of a cough from him! He no longer loved him; there was no longer any doubt; he was dead in his father's heart. "Ah, no! my father," said the boy to himself, his heart oppressed with anguish, "now all is over indeed; I cannot live without your affection; I must have it all back. I will tell you all; I will deceive you no longer. I will study as of old, come what will, if you will only love me once more, my poor father! Oh, this time I am quite sure of my resolution!"

Nevertheless he rose that night again, by force of habit more than anything else; and when he was once up, he wanted to go and salute and see once more, for the last time, in the quiet of the night, that little chamber where he toiled so much in secret with his heart full of satisfaction and tenderness. And when he beheld again that little table with the lamp lighted and those white wrappers on which he

was never more to write those names of towns and persons, which he had come to know by heart, he was seized with a great sadness, and with an impetuous movement he grasped the pen to recommence his accustomed toil. But in reaching out his hand he struck a book, and the book fell. The blood rushed to his heart. What if his father had waked! Certainly he would not have discovered him in the commission of a bad deed: he had himself decided to tell him all, and yet—the sound of that step approaching in the darkness,—the discovery at that hour, in that silence,—his mother, who would be awakened and alarmed,—and the thought, which had occurred to him for the first time, that his father might feel humiliated in his presence on thus discovering all;—all this terrified him almost. He bent his ear, with suspended breath. He heard no sound. He laid his ear to the lock of the door behind him—nothing. The whole house was asleep. His father had not heard. He recovered his composure, and he set himself again to his writing, and wrapper was piled on wrapper. He heard the regular tread of the policeman below in the deserted street; then the rumble of a carriage which gradually died away; then, after an interval, the rattle of a file of carts, which passed slowly by; then a profound silence, broken from time to time by the distant barking of a dog. And he wrote on and on: and meanwhile his father was behind him. He had risen on hearing the fall of the book, and had remained waiting for a long time: the rattle of the carts had drowned the noise of his footsteps and the creaking of the door-casing; and he was there, with his white head bent over Giulio's little black head, and he had seen the pen flying over the wrappers, and in an instant he had divined all, remembered all, understood all, and a despairing penitence, but at the same time an immense tenderness, had taken possession of his mind and had held him nailed to the spot suffocating behind his child. Suddenly Giulio uttered a piercing shriek: two arms had pressed his head convulsively.

"Oh, papa, papa! forgive me, forgive me!" he cried, recognizing his parent by his weeping.

"Do you forgive me!" replied his father, sobbing, and covering his brow with kisses. "I have understood all, I know all; it is I, it is I who ask your pardon, my blessed little creature; come, come with me!" and he pushed or rather carried him to the bedside of his mother, who was awake, and throwing him into her arms, he said:—

"Kiss this little angel, who has not slept for three months, but has been toiling for me, while I was saddening his heart, and he was earning our bread!" The mother pressed him to her breast and held him there, without the power to speak; at last she said: "Go to sleep at once, my baby, go to sleep and rest.—Carry him to bed."

The father took him from her arms, carried him to his room, and laid him in his bed, still breathing hard and caressing him, and arranged his pillows and coverlets for him.

"Thanks, papa," the child kept repeating; "thanks; but go to bed yourself now; I am content; go to bed, papa."

But his father wanted to see him fall asleep; so he sat down beside the bed, took his hand, and said to him, "Sleep, sleep, my little son!" and Giulio, being weak, fell asleep at last, and slumbered many hours, enjoying, for the first time in many months, a tranquil sleep, enlivened by pleasant dreams; and as he opened his eyes, when the sun had already been shining for a tolerably long time, he first felt, and then saw, close to his breast, and resting upon the edge of the little bed, the white head of his father, who had passed the night thus, and who was still asleep, with his brow against his son's heart.

## BY THE FIRESIDE

HOW well I know what I mean to do  
When the long dark autumn evenings  
come,

And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?  
With the music of all thy voices, dumb  
In life's November too!

I shall be found by the fire, suppose  
O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,  
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind  
blows,

And I turn the page, and I turn the page,  
Not verse now, only prose!

Till the young ones whisper, finger on lip,  
"There he is at it, deep in Greek:  
Now, then, or never, out we slip  
To cut from the hazels by the creek  
A mainmast for our ship!"

I shall be at it indeed, my friends!  
Greek puts already on either side  
Such a branch-work forth as soon extends  
To a vista opening far and wide,  
And I pass out where it ends.

Robert Browning.



Greek Archer. Art Institute, Chicago.

Ivan Cankar:

## Children and Grandparents

Free translation by Anton Družina.

THE CHILDREN were accustomed to sit together in the evening and discuss whatever came to their minds. But what came to their minds was beautiful, full of warmth and sunshine, full of love and hope. Their entire life seemed but a holiday, behind whose rosy curtain all the stirring life flowed from joy to happiness. The children spoke lowly, almost whispering, and their stories and fairy tales were formless and illogical; for they had neither the beginning nor the end. Now and then all four talked simultaneously without disturbing one another in the least, because they all dwelled in that marvelous dreamland, where all their words found true meanings, and where every fable had its happy ending.

The children were so alike that it was hard to tell in the dusk, which was the four year old Tony and which the ten year old Lois, the oldest among them. They had thin, frail bodies, long faces and widely opened eyes.

On that evening something unusual, something strange reached with its cruel hand into their midst and quenched the heavenly light. It blotted out the holidays, the stories, and the fables. The news came that their father "fell" on the battlefield. "He fell." Something new, strange, unintelligible confronted the youngsters, and stood before them, tall and broad, but had neither shape, nor form, nor face, nor eyes, nor mouth. It belonged nowhere: neither to the loud life of the streets, nor to the happy circle of the youngsters, nor to their dreamland. There was nothing happy nor particularly sad in it; for it was undefinable, inexpressible, dead. It dammed their thoughts, like a gigantic, insurmountable wall.

"When is dad coming home?", asked the youngest child, Tony.

"How could he, if he fell," returned irritated Lois.

A dead silence ensued. The youngsters could go no further; their thoughts could not surmount the black wall.

"I'll go to war, too," broke out seven year old Matthew, as though he caught the appropriate idea and all that could be said with it.

"You're too small," returned the youngest child.

"What kind is war, Matthew, tell me; . . . Tell me a story," asked softly Amelia, the tiniest of the children, who was wrapped into a mother's mantilla, so that she appeared more like a bundle of rags than a girl.

"War's like this," explained Matthew, "people kill one another with swords and shoot one another with guns; that's war."

"Why do they kill one another like that?", continued the sickly Amelia.

"For the Emperor," concluded Matthew, and everything was silent again. The youngsters scarcely dared to move, or even to breathe; for something solemn, marvelous, like during the benediction at a high mass, filled the room.

"I'll go to war, too, . . . against the enemy," broke out Matthew again, perhaps only to break the silence.

"What's the enemy like," responded Amelia; "does he have horns?"

"Sure, he has . . . Otherwise he couldn't be the enemy," answered Tony.

"I think the enemy hasn't got horns," added Matthew hesitatingly, for he was not certain.

How could the enemy have horns? . . . He's a human being, like ourselves," said irritated Lois and after a pause added: "Only he hasn't got a soul."

"How does a man fall in the war?" asked Tony after a long pause, "on the back, like this?"

"They kill him . . . to death," returned Matthew calmly.

"Dad promised to bring me a gun."

"How could he, if he fell?" answered Lois coldly.

"Is he killed to death?"

"To death."

Eight young, widely opened eyes stared at something new, unfamiliar, something strange, which they could not understand.

The grandparents were sitting close together on the bench in front of the house, gazing silently through the dark leaves of the trees in the garden at the last rays of the setting sun. Only now and then the profound gloom was broken by the suppressed sighs and sobbing of the young mother, who was feeding the cattle.

William Blake:

### NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,  
 And whisp's rings are in the dale,  
 The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,  
 My face turns green and pale.  
 Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
 And the dews of night arise;  
 Your spring and your day are wasted in play,  
 And your winter and night in disguise.

### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river  
 And the rivers with the Ocean,  
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion;  
 Nothing in the world is single;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one spirit meet and mingle.  
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister-flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
 What is all this sweet work worth  
 If thou kiss not me? Shelley.

William Shakespeare:

### SONG

(From *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*)

TELL ME where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished??

Reply, reply,

It is engendered in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll bring it, Ding, dong, bell.  
 Ding, dong, bell.



Jenny Fradel, from Latrobe, Pa., thinks that during the vacation time the readers ought to have more time. The last May 31 was her graduation day from grammar school. The examinations were difficult, she wrote. Concerning the S. N. P. J. she says: "I think that the S. N. P. J. is growing. Every time I look at the English page of Prosveta, I discover a new lodge. The young members are snappy about securing new members."

Her sister, Mary E. Fradel, mentions the beginning of the next school year which will be in September. Her little poem about June says:

Just to bloom beside your way,  
That is why the flowers are sweet.  
You want fresh ones,  
That is why the flowers are fleet.

Violet Beniger is 13 year old and in the 7th grade. She says: Here in White Valley, and Slickville, Pa., is strike, and in Export there are many strikebreakers. Most of these people are Americans. I go to picket line with my mama. I wish many children would go to the picket line. I am sending best regards to brothers and sisters of Diamondville, Wyoming.

Frank Bogataj wrote another letter from Export, Pa. He mentions the strike, also, and says that the state troopers on

horses watch the roads. Some strikers go out picketing and sometimes it happens that the troopers attack them. His whole family belongs to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 232.

Bertha Krainik writes from Chisholm, Minn., about her school and her teacher Miss Rapp, whom she likes very much. She enjoys reading the M. L. and she received many letters from the readers. Her sister and brother belong to the S. N. P. J., too.

The teacher of Mary Krainik from Chisholm, Minn., is Miss Finstad. Mary goes to the Roosevelt School, which is a tall and lovely building. She wishes that the M. L. would become a weekly.

Amelia Gasboda, 12 years of age, writes from Delmont, Pa.: I am very interested in the Mladinski list and I wish all the young members would write to this magazine. Next month I expect to write in Slovene. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Genevieve Palian, Canton, Ill., expects that all enjoy reading the M. L. as she does. She is the only one that writes from Canton and she, as well as all of us, would like more of the readers in Canton to contribute.

**Joe Marinac** lives in **El Moro, Colorado**. He writes how he appreciates this magazine and expresses his wishes that the monthly M. L. would become weekly. His box number is 37.

\* \* \*

**Alma Milavec, Bridgeville, Pa.**—She hopes that the Chatter Corner would grow as large as the whole Mladinski list. She will spend her summer vacation in Struthers, Ohio, she says.

\* \* \*

**Pauline Macek** writes from **East Palestine, Ohio** (R. D. 1). She promises to write every month from now on, and she would like to get some letters from other boys and girls. Her age is 14.

\* \* \*

**Jennie Vitavec** from **Canton, Ohio** (1614 Sherrick Rd.) says this: "When vacation time is here, even though many of us are bound for the old swimming holes, let us not forget the dear Mladinski list." Furthermore, she wants to encourage the members in Canton to contribute more often to the Juvenile. She has graduated to the high school, and her age is only 13.

\* \* \*

**Anna Ruth Yugovich, West Winfield, Pa.** She writes a short letter in English, and she says that she knows how to read Slovene. Her family all belong to the S. N. P. J.

\* \* \*

**Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colorado, Box 37**, was promoted to the seventh grade. He wishes other boys would write to him. He gets letters only from girls, and "a lot of them, too," he says.

\* \* \*

**Mary Dernovsek**, our constant reader and occasional contributor in **Wick Haven, Pa.**, writes a nice letter, saying:

"I think I would rather be in this lodge (meaning the S. N. P. J. lodge) than any other lodge. We are engaged in a great fight since 1925, and will remain fighting for our rights till we win the strike. We live on a little hill in our own house; on each side of us we have strikbreakers for neighbors. I wish the strike would get settled up in favor of the U. M. W. of A. Then our fathers can again go to work as they did before. I wish some of the members would write to me, and I wish the Mladinski list would become a weekly."

\* \* \*

**Jennie J. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.**, graduated as an "honor student" from the elementary school. She will go to the Latrobe High this fall. She says: "Wanda Zbiec, my socialist friend and schoolmate had the highest average in our grade and therefore she received a medal from the American Legion (Ladies' Auxiliary). I am glad that she got the medal. On Memorial Day the largest airship that our government owns passed over

Latrobe. It came from New Jersey and its name is Los Angeles. Its length is 656 feet and it is propelled by five separate motors, suspended from the frame work. It was built in Germany by the Zeppelin Works and under international agreement. It can never be used as a war craft, but must be devoted to commerce and for experimental purposes."

\* \* \*

Another nice letter was written by **Mary E. Fradel**, Jennie's sister. She tells us that her mother was in Chicago and that she has seen all of us here. We think that Mary and Jennie and their brothers have a real good mother.

\* \* \*

Two letters came in one envelope from **Blaine, Ohio**. They were written by **Mary and Anna Matos**. Mary solved the riddle written by **Agnes Gorsic, Library, Pa.** The difference between an oak tree and a thight shoe is that the oak tree makes ac-corns and the shoe just corns.

\* \* \*

**Mary Zakrajsek**, 16 years old, **Indianapolis, Ind.** (728 N. Haugh St.) She would like to receive some letters from other members.

\* \* \*

**Mary Rose Filchak (South Bend, Ind., 910 Franklin St.)** wishes that **Louis Podbesek, Frank Hochkraut Jr., and Robert Skerbetz** would write to her letters explaining the hardships that the miners must undergo. She says that her friends would not believe that the miners have to suffer. Her age is 13, and she is in the 8A.

\* \* \*

**Bessie Paulich** calls from **Sugarite, New Mexico**, saying: Boys and girls of New Mexico, wake up and write to the M. L. She tells us a joke:

Teacher: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me!"

\* \* \*

**Frank Bogataj, Pittsburg, Kansas**, says: I love to read the poems in the M. L. and I wish some of the members of the S. N. P. J. would write to me. My age is 12 years.

\* \* \*

There is another letter from the Sunflower State. **Frances G. Naprudnik, from Ringo, Kans.**, sends best regards to all brothers and sisters.

\* \* \*

**Antonia Spek, Universal, Indiana:**

My mother is dead for five years, all the rest of the family belong to the S. N. P. J.

\* \* \*

We have received a "dandy" little souvenir from **Henry Kavasic**, with his name printed under the Class roll of **Virden Community High School**. They were having the commencement exercises. Thanks, Henry!

**Robert Skerbetz, Bentleyville, Pa.:**

"The conditions here are getting worse, even the relief money to the strikers is cut off, and in its place the people get groceries. Myself and other boys and girls went on a picket line singing all our songs, but the state troopers chased us with their horses and knocked one boy in the ditch. Yet this did not break down our courage, so we went out every morning and after school. One day we had to stop because of the gas bombs that they threw on us. Some men are going back to work, because they get no relief. Nobody could stay on strike very long without relief."

\* \* \*

**Annie Arch, Homer City, Pa.,** writes about her brothers and sisters. She is interested in chicken business and she tells us that they have a new kind of chicks. They have hair instead of feathers. They call them Kiwi and they got them from Texas.

\* \* \*

**Mary Zupanic** writes from **Library, Pa.,** Box 111: I live on an 8 acre farm and I enjoy roaming around all day. I am 14 year in July. I wish some members would write to me.

\* \* \*

**Annie Grum, Bannock, Ohio.** She sends several riddles. You solve this one: "If a fat man weighs 300 pounds, what does a woman in a candy store?"

\* \* \*

Other letters were written by the following members:

**Anna Zore, Frontenac, Kansas, Box 121.**

**Mary Bozick, R. R. 3, Box 138, Emery Tucson, Arizona.** (She says: Don't forget to write to me.)

**Mary Gorse, Cheswick, Pa., Box 185.**

**Mary Ethel, Stimez, Piper, Ala., Box 114.** (She writes a letter which ends with: "Hurrah for our Lindy!")

\* \* \*

#### THE STREAM.

Murmuring little stream,  
 You are like gold glimmering,  
 When shines on you the sunbeam,  
 Among the rocks playing.  
 The sights you see every day,  
 I wish I could see them, too,  
 I stop at my play, my play,  
 And wonder who, wonder who,  
 Would be so unkind as to despise you.  
 Through the valley flowing,  
 Peacefully on, steadily on you go,  
 Always that mournful song singing  
 You mysterious little stream.  
 Under the shades of trees you flow,  
 You little beautiful stream.

**Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.**

#### THE DELIGHT OF SUMMER.

Apples in the orchard  
 Mellowing one by one;  
 Strawberries upturning  
 Soft cheeks to the sun;  
 Roses faint with sweetness,  
 Lilies fair of face,  
 Drowsy scents and murmurs  
 Haunting every place;  
 Lengths of golden sunshine,  
 Moonlight bright as day—  
 Don't you think that summer's  
 Pleasanter than May?

**Emma Gorsha, Universal, Ind.**

\* \* \*

#### THE WAY TO START UP.

Boys and girls from far away,  
 When the mailman brings their Mladinski List,  
 They lay down their work,  
 And could read all day.

When they read it all,  
 They don't get their ball,  
 They get their paper, pen, and ink.  
 "Now, what shall we write?" they think.

Soon they make a thought,  
 Which to the Mladinski List will help a lot.  
 Then their letter they will blot.

Then a two-cent stamp they get,  
 And put it in the mailbox  
 Which the mailman met.

Then the next day came,  
 A tree stood in the backyard hollow  
 It was ready to be chopped.  
 Then off went the letter to Chicago.

**Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.**

\* \* \*

#### ANSWER TO PUZZLES OF MAY ISSUE.

1. MADAM, MA, DAM, MAD, ADAM, ADA.

\*

2. H E A T  
 H E A D  
 H E L D  
 H O L D  
 C O L D

\*

3. a) It goes off when discharged. b) It has a crown.) c) Your calves. d) When it is browning. e) One p.

\*

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

**Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.**  
**Mary Zakrajsek, Indianapolis, Ind.**  
**Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.**  
**Amelia Gasboda, Delmont, Pa.**



# Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

## CHICKEN SKIN.

I WENT ten steps outside the gate,  
Which brought me to the ditches.  
And there I found some chicken skin,  
To mend my leather breeches;  
If there had been no chicken skin  
I could not mend my trousers thin.

\* \* \*

## GRINDING FLOUR.

WE push the mill,  
The flour we make,  
And then for Grandma  
A c a k e we'll bake.

\* \* \*

## PULLING THE SAW.

WE pull the big saw,  
We push the big saw,  
To saw up the wood,  
To build a house,  
In order that baby  
May have a good spouse.

\* \* \*

## LITTLE BOUND FEET.

THERE was a little girl  
Who would run upon the street,  
She took rice and changed it  
For good things to eat.

Her mother lost control of her  
Until she bound her feet,  
But now she's just as good a girl  
As you will ever meet.

\* \* \*

## THE FAT MERCHANT.

THE big fat merchant,  
He opened up a stall,  
But had to sell his trousers  
To get the capital.

\* \* \*

## WHAT IS IT?

IT HAS both nose and eyes,  
But it has not breathed since birth,  
It cannot go to heaven,  
And it will not stay on earth.

## GET UP!

THE day has come,  
I hear the cock;  
Get up and dress,  
'Tis six o'clock.

\* \* \*

## THE SPIDER.

OH, my dear brother spider,  
With your stomach big and red,  
From the eaves you're hanging  
On a single little thread.

\* \* \*

## MAGICIAN.

A BIG, dead snake is lying there,  
It has no ears, it has no hair;

I breathe on it some magic air,  
And it lives and is running everywhere.

\* \* \*

## RIDE A COCK HORSE.

UP you go,  
Down you see  
Granny's come  
To pour the tea;  
The tea is sweet,  
The wine is too;  
There are eighteen camels  
With clothes for you,  
The clothes are heavy,  
And the dragon fly  
Has spurted water  
On your ankle tie.  
Sister, sister,  
Stop your fuss,  
Tomorrow the cart  
Will come for us.  
What cart, you ask,  
The cart, of course,  
With large, red wheels,  
and big white horse.

And in it a beautiful girl, I note,  
With a squirrel cloak and an otter coat,  
Her betel nut bag is a needle worked  
charm,  
And the stem of her pipe is as long as  
your arm.

**WATCH THE OLD BUILDINGS.**

Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon the roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a watercourse, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at any cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. John Ruskin.

**PROUD MAISIE.**

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?  
When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.

Who makes the bridal bed?  
Birdie, say truly.  
The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing  
"Welcome, proud lady."

**Puzzles****1. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My first is like my second, but of a smaller size;  
In youthful days my second doth my first both love and prize.  
a I'm pleasant on the green or in the lighted hall.  
b An ancient king who once in Palestine did reign.  
c To lives of faith all Europe he did call.  
d For me men struggle and will e'en be slain.

**2. RIDDLES.**

a What fruit is found most commonly all through history?

b Why is a completely worn-out shoe like ancient Athens?  
c Why are wheat and potatoes like idols?  
d When is a lamp in a bad temper?  
e When is a man like a motor-car wheel?

**3. BEHEADING.**

My whole describes the action of a gale,  
Decapitation makes an organ play.  
Behead again, it sounds o'er hill and dale;  
Again, it tells of what we do not pay.  
Take nothing off, it is an eagle's sail.  
Again behead, and half a string denote;  
Again, and lo! a horse's head and tail  
And last of all on music's notes I float.





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