

MILADINSKI LIST



AUGUST 1928

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Joseph
14311
Thames Ave.
(53)

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J U V E N I L E

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Andrej Kobal:

Motivi z Mišiganskega jezera

GALEB

NAD bregove nepokojne
se galeb srebrni dviga.
Spušča se v daljave sinje,
kamor dim fabrik ne sega,
kamor hrup se ne razlega,
z mesta, kojemu svetinje,
čast, bogastvo glavna briga,
nad valove nepokojne.

SVETILNIK

DALEČ gori, proti dnevu
beli stražnik se postavlja;
ima suktno snežno belo,
glavo rdečo turško kapo.
Prisluškuje vala spevu,
ladje v dalji on pozdravlja;
ko vihar divja, on smelo
svari mornarja zoper sapo.

POMOLI IN RIBIČI

TJA daleč v srebrno valovje,
v modro-zeleno vodovje
se spuščajo črni pomoli.

Negibni kot sajasta bruna,
nad lovko napeto kot struna
so ribiči—sključeni koli.



CILJI

KAM se podijo sence oblakov
preko ravni nedogledne,
preko valov razoranih?

Cilj ladje z jezera gotov je:
domov prihaja s tujine,
prinaša izletnikov znanih.

Elica v deveti deželi

Čudežno igrišče

PRI VHODU na vrt je rastlo veliko rožno drevo. Vrtnice na njem so bile snežno bele, toda prišli so trije vrtnarji in jih začeli barvati. Dokaj čudno se je zdelo to Elici, pa je pristopila, da opazuje. Zdajci je začula kreganje: "Pazi se, Pet! Ne zlivaj barve meni na glavo!"

"Ne morem pomagati, če me je pa Sedem butnil ob laket," je bil odgovor.

Sedem se je ozrl pokonci: "Kakopak, le vedno zvrčaj na druge!"

"Kar molči!" je rekel Pet. "Še včeraj je dejala kraljica, da te bo treba obglaviti!"

"Zakaj?" je vprašal tisti, ki je prvi spregovoril.

"Kaj te briga, Dva!" je rekel Sedem.

"Seveda ga briga!" je dejal Pet. "Zakaj si pa prinesel tutlipanove čebule namesto kuhinjskih."

Sedem je zamahnil z omelom, a se takoj ustavil, ko je opazil Elico. Ta je vprašala: "Ali bi mi povedali, zakaj barvate rože?"

Pet in Sedem nista rekla ničesar, Dve pa ji je zašepetal: "Veste, gospodična, to bi morala biti rdeča vrtnica, pa smo vsadili po pomoti belo. Če bi kraljica izvedela, bi nam dala vsem odsekati glave. Popraviti torej skušamo napako, preden pride Veličanstvo." Tedaj je Pet, ki se je skrbno oziral po vrtu, zaklical: "Kraljica gre!" Vrtnarji so nemudoma popadali na obraze. Čuli so se koraki prihajajočega spreveda.

Prišli so vojaki s palicami, vsi postave vrtnarjev, podolgovati, ploski, z rokami in nogami ob vogalih. Sledilo je deset dvorjanov. Vsi z biseri okrašeni so stopali po dva in dva. Za njimi so skakljali kraljevski otroci, deset jih je bilo, vsi s srčki okrašeni so se držali na pare. Še gostje so prišli, največ kralji in kraljice, med njimi tudi Zajček Belček, zelo raztresen dvorjan, ki Elice še opazil ni. Sledil je srčni fant, nato pa vsa v rdečem žametu srčni kralj in srčna kraljica.

Elica ni vedela, če bi tudi ona padla na obraz ali ne. Mislila je, kaj le pomaga imeti take procesije, če mora pa vsakdo zariti obraz v tla, da ne more gledati. Vsa procesija se je ustavila pred njo, kraljica pa je vprašala: "Kdo je to?" Rekla je srčnemu fantu, ki pa se je samo poklonil v odgovor. "Tepec?" je dejala. "Kako ti je ime, dete?" se je obrnila k Elici.

"Ime mi je Elica, Veličanstvo!" je dejala uljudno. Zase si je mislila, kaj bi se jih le bala, ko pa niso drugega kot kvarte.

"In kdo so ti tu?" je vprašala zopet kraljica, kazaje s prstom na barvarje, ležeče na obrazih. Ker so ležali na obrazih in so bili na hrbtih vsi enaki, ni mogla vedeti, ali so dvorjani, vojaki, ali njeni otroci, ali vrtnarji.

"Kako naj jaz vem," je dejala Elica, ne malo presenečena nad svojim lastnim pogumom. "Mene ne briga." Kraljici je silila kri v obraz. Kakor furija jo je gledala in kriknila: "Takoj ji odsekajte glavo!"

"Neumnost!" je odvrnila Elica glasno, da je kraljica umolknila. Kralj ji je položil roko na rame in ji prigovarjal: "Pomisli, saj to je vendar le otrok." Sprevod se je na njen ukaz obrnil. Kraljica je dejala fantu, naj obrne na tleh ležeče, kar je tudi skrbno storil z eno nogo. "Vstanite!" jim je velela kraljica rezko in glasno. Takoj so poskakali na noge, se klanjali kralju, kraljici, otrokom in sploh vsem. "Dosti je tega!" jim je dejala. "Kaj imate tu?" Ko iz jecljajočih ni mogla spraviti ničesar, je sama pristopila k vrtnici in spoznala, kaj so počeli. "Odsekajte jim glave!"



W. M. Chase: Elica.

je velela. Sprevod se je začel pomikati dalje, le trije vojaki so ostali, da umore nesrečne vrtnarje, ki pa so se zatekli k Elici v varstvo.

"Nič zalega se vam ne zgodi!" je dejala, in jih stavila v velik cvetlični lonček. Vojaki so jih iskali le par minut, potem pa odšli za sprevedom. Tudi Elica se je pridružila sprevedu. "Ali znaš igrati kroke?" jo je vprašala kraljica. Vse se je molče ozrlo nanjo. Elica je pritrčila in šli so da-lje.

"Vsak na svoje mesto!" je velela kraljica. Vse je začelo tekati in drveti, da so se prekucavali drug preko drugega; ali že v minuti je bilo vse urejeno. Elica še ni videla takega igrišča. Bili so sami grebeni in brazde; za kroglice so služili živi ježi, za tolkače živi ptiči flamingi, vojaki pa so šli na pare, se postavili na roke in z nogami skupaj v zraku tvorili loke.

Najtežje za Elico je bilo, uporabljati čudno ptico namesto tolkača. Posrečilo se ji je spraviti telo flaminga pod levo pazduho, da bi z vratom v desni lahko zamahnila po zvitem ježu; toda vselej, ko je zamahnila, se je vrat zvil in glava ptice se je dvignila čisto proti obrazu Elice ter jo začudeno gledala, da je Elici vsikdar ušlo na smeh. Če pa bi lahko zamahnila tedaj se je jež odmotal in po vseh štirih odkoracal. Takoj je spoznala, da je to zelo težavna igra. Igralci tudi niso čakali na vrste, temveč igrali vse vprek zmešano ter se prepirali. Kraljica se je kmalu razburila in divjaje klicala: "Odsekajte glavo temu!" in "Odsekajte glavo tej!"

Elica je že hotela pobegniti, ko je nenadoma ugledala v zraku režečega kitajskega mačka. Razveselila se je, kajti zdaj bo imela vsaj koga, da se z njim lahko razgovarja. "Kako se ti godi?" jo je vprašal maček, katerega pa je komaj napol videla, ker se ni vsega pokazal.

Potožila mu je: "To ni igra, kar tu uganjajo. Tudi prepirajo se neprestano in kričijo, da človek samega sebe ne sliši. Nikakih pravil v igri ne zastopijo ali vsaj nihče se po njih ravna ne. Sploh si ne morete misliti, kako težavno je, ko so vse reči žive." "Kako ti pa kraljica kaj ugaja?" je šepetaje povprašal maček.

"Prav nič ne," je dejala Elica. "Izgleda kakor . . ." tu je Elica zapazila, da kraljica stoji za njo in prisluškuje . . . "da ima ona dobiti vso igro."

Kraljica se je nasmehnila in šla mimo. Pristopil je k Elici kralj in jo vprašal s kom se pogovarja.

"Moj prijatelj je," je odvrnila Elica. "To je kitajski muc. Dovolite, da ga vam predstavim."

"Ne maram zanj," je rekel kralj. "Lahko pa mi pride poljubit roko." Maček se je v odgovor le zarežal. "Ne bodi nesramen!" se je zadržal kralj ter stopil za Elico.

"Kaj maček ne sme gledati kralja?" je vprašala Elica.

"Ne! Takoj se mora izgubiti odtod," je dejal kralj in poklical kraljico ter ji naročil, naj ga da odstraniti. Ali kraljica je poznala samo eno pot, za vse enako, namreč: "Odsekajte mu glavo!" Kralj je stopil po rablja.

Medtem je Elica šla zopet igrat, kajti malo se je vendar bala kraljice, ker je dala obglaviti že tri, ki niso uspešno igrali. Iskala je svojega ježa, ki ga je ugledala, da se je ravno spopadel z nekim drugim ježom; torej je bila prilika, da jo odbije. Ali sedaj pa tolkača—flaminga—ni bilo pri rokah. Ugledala ga je pri drevesu, na katerega je skušal zleteti. Bilo pa je prepozno, ko ga je ujela, kajti oba ježa sta že izginila. "Kaj zato," si je rekla Elica, flaminga je stavila še bolj čvrsto pod pazduho in se šla zopet pogovarjat s starim znancem. Presenečena je ugledala, da se je tam zbrala velika množica. Kralj, kraljica, rabelj, vsi hkratu so govorili, v zraku nad njimi pa se je režala glava kitajskega muca.

P. Flere:

Četveronožci gozdov v Sloveniji

I.

SOLNCE se še komaj obuja, ko poletnega jutra nastopimo pot v gozd. Polagoma se trga v njem trda tema, ki prepreza vrhove dreves, ter leži še gostejša okrog nas. Napotili pa smo se v gozd tako zgodaj, da vidimo, kako se bude njegovi četveronožni prebivalci, kako vstajajo, kako odhajajo na svoja opravila, in da pogledamo, kakšno je njih delo.

Še vse tiho. V vrhovih se počasi svetlika, vedno globlje prodira luč. A že v prvem svitu se oglasi nad nami: "Pojdi gor! Pojdi gor!" Gledamo, kdo bi nas klical, a ne uzremo kričača. Vidi pa nas menda on, saj se norčuje prav pošteno: "Stric motovilo, si videl svojo kobilo?" — Hej, kobilar, ti si zgodnji budilec v gozdu? Le zbudi nam ga, da vidimo njega in njegovo življenje! Prikliči nam luč, pripravi nam jo! Glej, ni baš prijetno, da se plazimo v tem somraku!

Pst! Kaj je to? Debela, neokretna žival se je prevalila pred nami čez pot. Neokretna, a vendar dovolj nagla, da nam je izginila hitro izpred oči, in le slišimo jo še, kako lomasti naprej po gozdu. A ne sme nam uiti. Obrnemo se hitro za njo. Svetloba že raste in vidimo že tudi več okolice skozi drevje. Tam, že precej daleč pred nami se prikažeta hrbet in belkasta glava z dvema črnima progama, ki segata od gobca na vsako stran preko oči in ušes. Samo toliko ga vidimo in že se nam zopet skrrije. A spoznali smo ga vendarle — j a z b e c a, ki se vrača s ponočnega pohoda. Natančneje si ga ne moremo ogledati, ker nam je že izginil.

A glej ga drugega samotarca jazbeca, ki nam prihaja ravno nasproti! Postojmo! Prav mimo nas mora, da si ga lahko natančno ogledamo. Ni nas zapazil, tudi zavohal nas ni in počasi koraca dalje.

Kratke, čvrste noge postavlja premišljeno naprej. Še ustavil se je. Zdaj ga vidimo: podolgovata, ušpiljena glava, majhne oči in tudi majhna ušesa. Na tleh je nekaj preril. Našel je žužka, ki se ni nadejal sovražnika, da mu navsezgodaj napolni že itak siti trebuh. Izginil je v gobcu in že so ga zmleli ostri jazbečevi zobje. Požeruh pa, ki se je vso noč mastil s hrošči in črvi, ki si je zgrabil kje drobno miško ali prijel mladega zajčka, ki ni odnehal pri ptičjem gnezdu in ga izpraznil, če je le mogel, ter se nazobal na njivi sladke koruze, se pomika naprej. Dobro ga še vidimo, a hipoma—kakor da se je pogreznil.

Tam na prisojnem obronku je izginil v zemljo. Tam ima svojo jazbino, ki si jo je izkopal s čvrstimi zavitimi kremplji. Na štirih do osmih krajih pride lahko iz nje, vsak hodnik je dolg do deset metrov, vsi pa se stekajo proti kotlu, kjer si je dva metra globoko pod zemljo priredil prav udoben in prijeten dom ter si ga na mehko nastlal z mahom.

Tukaj prespi dremuh ves dan. Po vseh hodnikih pa ne hodi vedno, ker jih ima večino, da se umakne vanje, kadar mu preti nevarnost. Še ljubše mu je, če si je mogel izbrati za svojo palačo prostor med skalovjem. Tam je bolj varen in še bolj na miru, mir pa je za zavaljenega sivca prva in najpoglavitejša reč. Kakor je jazbec videti zapuščen, skrbi v svojem stanovanju za največji red in za snago. V jazbini tudi prezimi. Jeseni se spravi k počitku, žre do hude zime še prihranke, ki si jih je nanosil na kmetov račun s polja, potem pa zaspi. Če zima ni prehuda, se zbudi večkrat. Sled njegovih širokih podplatov po snegu dostikrat pokaže, da je prišel pogledat na svet. Takrat si utrga tudi kakšno koreninico, a vendar pride spomladi na izpregled medel in suh, jeseni tako rejeni trebušček mu je upadel docela.

Pustimo zdaj samotarca, naj se prespi! Če bi čakali, da se prikaže, bi čakali predolgo. Pred večerom ne bi ga videli. Tedaj pa bi pri vходу v luknjo čuli podzemljaka, kako ropoče v njej in se zopet odpravlja na lov. Počasi pokuka ven z glavo in oprezuje, je li vse mirno in varno; potisne se še nazaj in skrit napeto posluša. Potem šele pride na plano, preišče z ušesi in z nosom vso okolico, je li dosti varna, nato pa koraca počasi od svojega bivališča, kamor se vrne šele zjutraj.

Huš! Kaj je gozd že oživel?

Seveda! Solnce je že razlilo nanj svoje zlato in vsepovsod se glase ptiči, odvsed rod nam bije na uho skrivnostno šumenje in šuštenje.

Pa kaj je skočilo pred nami in se prav tako hitro skrilo? Kje? Mlad hrastič—še skoraj šibica—se je zazibal ravno tam. Slaba šibica, je li bolan sirotek?. Primemo ga, pa nam ostane kar v roki. Seveda, korenin nima. O, tu je bila na delu gozdna krtica! Ta se nam je skrila pod zemljo, kjer opravlja svoje škodljivo delo. Majhna, rjava, debelega trupla, kratkih ušes in kratkega, gosto poraslega repa sodi med miši, ločijo pa jih od nje velika ušesa in dolg, gol rep. Pod zemljo je ne moremo zasledovati, a zapomnili si bomo njeno škodljivo življenje.

Ni sama od mišjega plemena v gozdu. Še druge so, ki glodajo po drevju lub in veje. Med temi škodljivci je tudi sivorjavnkasta gozdna miš, ki je sicer v vsem podobna hišni miši, le da je večja in daljšega repa. Ta ne gloda debel in živi največ ob gozdnih sadežih, žužkih in drobnih, vlaknastih koreninicah, a ne zametava tudi mladih sočnatih bukvic. Kakor doma in na polju tudi v gozdu miši niso nič prida.

Komaj smo izrekli to obsodbo, nam obstoji oko na živalci, ki zadavljena leži ravno pred našimi nogami. Čisto je podobna miši, samo manjša je in tanjša ter ima dlakav rep in dolg, koničast gobček, ki ji je odprt. En sam pogled na zobovje nas prepriča, da spada med miši, ki imajo vse spredaj po dva dolga, dletasta zoba, s katerimi glojejo. Naša živalca pa ima ostre, koničaste zobke, prav ustvarjene za plenjenje. Rovka je ali, kakor ji tudi pravijo, špičmoh.

Kdo bi vedel povedati, koliko žužkov in črvov je še to noč pohrustala živalca, ali pa, kako je bežala, da uide sovražniku v svojo podzemeljsko luknjo? Kdo bi uganil, kateri močnejši in ostrejši zobje so storili konec njenemu požrešnemu življenju? Ali je bila lisica ali mačka ali sova? Vse te zadavljajo rovko, ne požre pa je razen kač nobena žival, ker ima rovka prav močen duh po pižmu, ki ne ugaja našim gozdnim ujedam.

Pustimo mrtvo rovko! Dolgo ne obleži tukaj. Žužki, črvi in mravlje so se že spravile nanjo ter uničujejo njo, ki je uničila v svojem življenju toliko njih sorodnikov.

II.

Oho! Glejte, glejte! Ravno smo jo imeli v mislih rjavo kožuško—lisico, pa se nam prikaže! O, le skrivaj se s svojo rjavino ob rjavi zemlji in za rjavkastim grmovjem! Vedno še vidimo, kako ti iz široke, ušpiljene glave s pokončnimi ušesi zvedavo gledajo črne oči proti nam. Belina tvojih prsi nam blešči izpod kožuha. Stiskaj se, kolikor hočeš, mešer dolgo truplo je le predolgo, da bi ga skrila kar tako! Dolgi, košati rep si iztegnila in stojiš nepremično, a eno prvih šapic imaš že privzdignjeno, da jo pcediš, prekanjenka, kakor hitro zapaziš, da ti grozi od naše strani nevarnost. Le čakaj! Tudi mi utegnemo čakati, ti pa nam pokažeš svojo pot. Saj vemo! Zdale, ko ugiblješ naše misli, si gotovo tudi preudarila: "Aha, moje lisičino bi radi spoznali! Pa ne bo nič!" se nam smeješ v pest.

Da bi bili mi lovci in bi prežali na tvoj kožuh, ali bi nam ga pustila?

Za našim hrbtom nekaj zašumi, za hipec se ozremo—in lisice ni več. Kje daleč pred nami se že premiče pred njo grmovje, skozi katero beži. O ti prekanjenka!

Ti potuhnjenka! Seveda nam ne pomaga nič vsa jeza. Da bi bil z nami pes, bi jo gonil in prignal prav do katerega vhoda v njeno lisičino. Potem naj pa le laja zunaj, lahko tudi koplje v zemljo—lisice ne najde več v jami. Na drugi strani luknje jo je že popihala; mimogrede je še zadavila ptico, ki je sedela prenizko, in ji morda že prav ta čas skube perje.

Taka je ta prekanjenka! Ukani te desetkrat v hipu, ko si se najmanj nadejal. Vemo, da so nastavljene zanjo v gozdu pasti, a tudi ona ve ter se jim izogiblje tako vestno, in če le količkaj more, izvleče iz njih vado. Kaj se briga lisica za pasti! Saj je ni niti strah, da pri belem dnevu ocigani skrbno gospodinjo ter ji pred nosom odnese najtolstejšo gos z dvorišča, če je na samem in ni psa blizu. Potem pa se rjavka ob mastni pečenki lepo na tihem smeje ter leže nažrta spat pred svojo luknjo.

Pred svojo! I, seveda je tvoja, ali si jo kopala sama, pa je drugo vprašanje! Gotovo si zasmradila snagoljubnemu jazbecu njegovo bivališče ter ga tako pregnala, sama si se pa na široko okoristila z njegovim trudom. Vemo, vemo, rjavka, da napraviš to, če ti je jazbina le po volji, če je le na takem kraju, kakor godi tebi, če je le dovolj globoka in skrita v skalovju in med koreninami. A z jazbecem je izginila iz luknje in njene okolice tudi snaga. Kosti, ki leže razmetane pred lisičino, izdajajo gospodarja, ki se je hitro udomačil v bivši jazbini in prebije v njej tudi vsako slabo vreme. V taki luknji skoti samica svoje številne mladičke—včasih jih je kar do dvanajst—semkaj prinaša malim rjavčutom mrtvih in živih živali ter jih začne učiti rokomalharstva.

Zvita si res, lisica, a človek te ne more sovražiti, prečedna žival si. Pretkana si tudi in namazana, a moramo se ti smejati, če preudarjamo tvoje ciganstvo. Mi pa smo ti danes še hvaležni, ker si nas zvodila na sled mladih zajčkov. Ne daleč od tam, kjer smo zasačili lisico, je z listjem nastlana jamica in v njej so trije mladički. To je rjavka izvohala, mi pa smo jo prepodili ter tako mladim zajčkom za enkrat rešili življenje.

Za enkrat! Kdo ve, če kdaj dorastejo! Saj so mladi zajci velike sirote: njih mati jih zapusti že po prvih petih dneh, potem so navezani sami nase v življenje. Seveda pridejo na svet že pravi zajci s široko odprtimi očmi in popolnoma sposobni za nadaljnje samostojno življenje, ali sovražnikov imajo! Lisice, jazbeci, kune, velike sove—vsi, vsi jim strižejo po življenju in med njimi ni zadnji tudi človek, ki si prav rad privoščiči zajčjo pečenko. Edina obramba tem živalim, ki jih preganjajo vsi, človek pa posebno zaradi škode, ki jo delajo na polju in na vrtu, v vinski gorici in v gozdu, je to, da se tako hitro plode. Zajka vrže štirikrat na leto mlade: prvič po enega ali dva, drugič tri do pet, tretjič in četrtič zopet po enega ali dva. Tako si pomaga zajčji rod, da ne izgine.

Ogledati si pa teh mladih dolgoušcev kar nič nismo mogli. Komaj smo se jim približali, že so bili na nogah, pokazali so nam kratke repke ter se spustili v skok, da se skrijejo na ugodnejšem mestu. No, poznamo jih vzlic temu; saj zajec od vseh gozdnih živali najpogosteje prihaja na polje, da se na veliko kmetičevo nevoljo okoristi z njegovim trudom, priliko pa tudi imamo na kuhinjski mizi, da si ga prav dobro ogledamo.

III.

Želja, da bi videli kaj novega in zanimivega, naravnava naše korake naprej. Dasi bi radi zavriskali od radosti v veličastnem, tajnostnem prirodnem domu, ki se zelen in košat razpenja nad nami, moramo vendar krotiti svojo radost. Zato pa hodimo previdno in tiho dalje po gozdu, da ne splašimo živali, ki se večinoma vse poskrijejo, če ugledajo kaj neznanega ali če se jim bliža človek. Zremo predse in po tleh, kar nam prileti z viška na klobuk—oglodan smrekov češarek! Odkod pa to? A

... veverica
s smreke tam
se norca dela:
"Kumek, kam?
Če moreš, pa
ujemi me
in v torbi s sabo
vzemi me!"

Ej, kdo bi te? Sicer pa se tudi sama več ne zmeni niti za nas niti za to, da je vrgla ogrizek ravno na naš klobuk. Sedi lepo na zadnjih nogah, košati rep ima zasukan navzgor, v prednjih šapicah pa že drži zopet nekaj ter nosi h gobčku, da gloda in gloda.

Le stojmo prav mirno!

Saj jo komaj vidimo ob rjavem borovem deblu, vso rjavo od čopkov na ušesih pa do konca košatega repa, belino po vratu in trebuhu pa je skrila ob deblo.

Že zopet je odvrгла, kar je držala s prednjima nogama. Oprijela se je z dolgimi krempljci in kakor misel je šinila v vrh. Ako so nas zapazila njena živa, črna očesca? Ha, že beži po deblu navzdol. Zasukala se je, vrgla se na vejo — hop, hop! — s te na drugo, tretjo. Izginila nam je izpred oči . . . O ne! Glej jo, je že zopet tu! Zopet se je skrila in sedaj — Aha! gnezdo ima tam zgoraj v drevesnih rogovilah. Prav umetno si ga je spletla iz vejic in mahu, na spodnji strani si je napravila vhod, da je notranjščina zavarovana proti dežju. Ko bi bilo slabo vreme, bi veverice sploh ne videli. Ne prikaže se tedaj iz gnezda. Danes pa je solnce, in vendar se je skrila vanje? Kaj pa, če ima notri mladičke? V takem toplem, mehkem gnezdecu pride do sedem mladih veveričk na svet. Prve dni so slepe, ali komaj izpregledajo in malo odrastejo, že silijo ven, kjer se po ves božji dan igrajo, skrivajo in skačejo. Ob nevarnosti pa jih nosi starka vse v gnezdo na drugem drevesu; saj ima gnezd mnogo in ves gozd je njen dom.

Glej jo, je že zopet zunaj! Oho! Kaj pa je to? Čuden glas nam je prišel hipoma do ušes: veverica pišči! Strah jo je. Koga? Ni se utegnila ozreti po gnezdu, kar na drugo drevo je preskočila in zopet na drugo . . . in že je ni več . . .

Po njenih stopinjah pa jo pobira njena največja sovražnica—k u n a z l a t i c a. Tudi ta nam v trefutku izgine izpred oči, a ko bi mogli zreti za begunko in preganjalko, bi videli zanimiv prizor.

Veverica ve prav dobro, da ji gre za kožo, ve pa tudi, da proti svojemu sovražniku nima drugega orožja kakor svojo urnost. Zato se napne, kolikor se more, ter se kaže v vsej svoji gibčnosti. Zleti v vrh, se spusti z vrha na tla, zbeži na drugo drevo, spusti se na tla iznova, beži po deblu, se suče okrog njega ter se lahko skriva preganjalki. Zlatica pa je vedno za njo in v vrhu jo že skoro zaseže. Še enkrat se spusti veverica z viška na tla, zlatica pa pleza naglo po deblu za njo in jo preganja toliko časa, da vsa opehana obnemore in se vda.

Gotovo je upehala zlatica tudi našo veverico in sedaj kje sreblje in liže njeno toplo kri. Žal nam je je, čeprav nam je delala v gozdu z glodanjem le škodo.

A tudi zlatico še doleti zaslužena kazen od človeka. Če bi je ne lovil že zaradi drugega, bi jo zaradi njene kože, iz katere si ustroji mehko, gosto krzno. Vsa je rjava, na grlu ima lepo rumeno liso, pod ušesi pa se vleče tanka, temnorjava črta. Treba pa je, da preganja človek zlatico tudi zaradi njenega krvoločnega rokovernjstva.

Zlatica je precej domača po naših velikih gozdih, in čim gostejši so in temnejši, tem ljubši so ji. Po drevju je urna kakor nobena žival pri nas. Dan navadno prespi

v kakem duplu ali pa v zapuščenem gnezdu divjega goloba ali veverice. Vendar pa ne zametuje plena tudi podne, čeprav se pričinja njeno pravo življenje s solnčnim zahodom. Tedaj se spusti na vsako žival, ki jo more obvladati, čeprav je večja nego zlatica sama. Ne mlade srne ne zajci ne miši ne ptiči — nič ni varno pred drzno tatico. Kaj napravi z veverico, ki bi ji človek prisodil, da pri svoji gibčnosti uide ujedi, smo videli pravkar. In da ni varen pred njo veveričin sorodnik, sivi, debeli in zaspani polh, si lahko mislimo.

Hej, saj res, polhec! Tebe smo se spomnili. Kje pa si? Glej, radi bi si te ogledali, ko smo že toliko čuli o tebi. V pregovor je prišla tvoja toplota, saj pravimo "topel kakor polh," v pregovor tudi tvoje spanje, saj govorimo "spi kakor polh." Tako dobro že vemo zate in vendar te tako malo poznamo.

Kje si, da te vidimo?

Ej, saj vemo, kje: v kakem duplu ali v kaki luknji tičite in se tiščite skupaj po ves dan. Tam spite sivi po hrbtu, po trebuhu srebrnobeli, od gobčka pod ušesa pa temni. Majhni ste kakor veverice, samo da nimate tako košatih repov. V svojem ždelu čakate noči, tedaj pa se razkropite po gozdu. Vso noč bo čuti šušljanje in lomljenje vejic po drevju, vi pa se boste gostili ob mastnem želodu in žiru, ob voglati bukvi. Tako noč na noč, vse poletje! Siti si znašate obilnih zalog v svoje skrivališče, in ko bo še grelo jesensko solnce, že se spravite k dolgemu zimskemu spanju. Le včasih se zbudite pozimi, tedaj pa kar zato, da praznite svoje zaloge. Oj, požrešni ste polhi! Pa le bodite, le mastite se še in redite, da bodo zadovoljni z vami polharji, da bo srečna polšja lov.



John E. Castigan: Poletni dan.

To in ono

NASVETI.

Mirno, čisto vest imej!
Slab si, kadar se bojiš.
S komurkoli govoriš,
v lice mu odkrito glej!

*

Ako si oblečen čedno,
to je dobro in lepo,
a še lepše je, če vedno
tvoje srce je čisto.

*

Kar je res — govori,
kar je dobro — stori!

JEŽ IN LISICA.

Bila je huda zima, da je drevje pokalo.
Vsaka zver se stiska v svoj kotec. Medved počiva v brlogu, zajec čepi pod grmom, lisica obira v votlini kosti, ki si jih je nanosila oddaleč. Le ubogi jež s svojo luknjo ne more dobiti strehe. Vsakdo se ga boji.

Ves zmrzel prileze k lisici na prag in prosi prelepo, naj ga vzame pod streho, da ga ne bo konec od prevelikega mraza.

"Hodi le dalje!" veli lisica. "Bila bi nama luknja pretesna. Poišči si lepšega prostora!"

"Usmilite se, dobra mamka!" prosi jež. "Ne bom vam delal nobene nadloge. Lepo čedno se stisnem v kotec in tiho bom dihal, da bom le na toplem. Saj vidite, da sem potreben strehe. Rad bom slušal, karkoli mi porečete."

Lisica, dasi zvita, se da preprostiti in vzame ježa pod streho. Prve dni sta se lepo imela. Bil jima je kratek čas. Ko se pa jež privadi svojemu stanu, se začne iztezati in pikati ubogo lisico s svojo trnjevo kožo.

Lisica mu očita: "Ali ne veš, kaj si mi obetal?"

Jež pa se le izteza in zbada lisico, rekoč: "Starka, če ti ni všeč, pa pojdi drugam!"

Lisica se umika, dokler more, naposled pobegne. Jež pa si osvoji vso luknjo.

Anton Martin Slomšek.

TRMOGLAVEC.

MILANČEK je bil trmoglav deček. Nekoč se je prehladil in je zbolel. Poslali so po zdravnika, ki mu je zapisal zdravilo.

Milanček ga je malce pokusil, pa mu je bilo pregrenko. Zaman mu je prigovarjala mati, naj uživa zdravilo, da ozdravi.

Drugi dan je bilo še huje, a zdravila ni maral.

Tretji dan mu je bilo tako hudo, da je sam prosil zdravnika. Bilo pa je že prepozno. Zdravilo ni več učinkovalo in trmoglavi deček je moral umreti.

STRUPENE JAGODE.

JANEZEK je našel v gozdu grmič z lepimi črnimi jagodami. Mislil je, da so črešnje. Utrgal je jagodo in jo pozobal. Ker se mu je zdela sladka in dobra, jih je pozobal še več. Pa je že čutil, da mu ni dobro. V glavi se mu je zavrtelo, pred očmi mu je nekako zatemnelo, bil je ves omamljen.

To namreč niso bile črešnje, ampak strupene jagode. Iztežka je prilezel deček domov. Doma je povedal odkritosrčno, kje je bil in kaj je storil. Urno so mu dali toliko mlačnega mleka in sirotke piti, da je hudo bljuval, glavo pa so mu izmivali z mrzlo vodo. Komaj je ušel smrti. Le počasi je ozdravel.

Anton Martin Slomšek.

PES IN ZAJCA.

LOVSKI pes je našel mladega zajčka ter je tekel za njim. Bil mu je že prav blizu. Tedaj pa je skočil iz bližnjega grmičja drug večji zajec. "Ej, ta bo boljši!" si je mislil pes ter jo ulil za večjim zajcem. Ta pa je bil izpočit in mu je srečno unesel pete.

Nevoljen se je vrnil pes, da bi poiskal prvega zajčka. Pa kje je že bil ta! Pes se je vračal brez plena.

R. Tagore:

Poklic

KADAR zvoní gong deseto uro zjutraj in grem po naši ulici v šolo, Srečam slednji dan krošnjarja vpijočega: "Narokvice, kristalne narokvice!"

Nič ni, kar bi ga moglo poganjati, ni ceste, po kateri bi moral iti, ne kraja, kamor bi moral priti, ne časa, ko bi se moral vrniti domov.

Hotel bi biti krošnjar in prebiti ves dan na ulici vpijoč: "Narokvice, kristalne narokvice!"

Kadar se ob štirih popoldan vračam iz šole,
Vidim skozi duri one hiše vrtnarja, ki koplje.

Dela s svojo lopato kar hoče, praši si obleko in nihče ga ne kara, če se ožge na solncu ali če se zmoči.

Hotel bi, da bi bil vrtnar, kopajoč venomer na vrtu, in da mi ne bi nihče branil kopati.

Prav kadar se stemni zvečer in me mamica pošlje spat,
Vidim skozi odprto okno stražnika, stopajočega gor in dol.

Ulica je temna in samotna in svetilka na ulici stoji kakor orjak z enim samim rdečim očesom v glavi.

Stražnik vihti svetilnico in stopa s svojo senco ob strani in ne gre niti enkrat v svojem življenju spat.

Hotel bi biti stražnik, stopajoč po ulicah vse noči, preganjajoč sence s svojo svetilnico.

R. Tagore:

Kadar in zakaj

KADAR ti prinašam pisanih igračk, dete moje, umem, zakaj igra toliko barev v oblakih in na vodi in zakaj so rože tako pestre—kadar ti prinašam igračk, dete moje.

Kadar ti popevam za ples, vem, zakaj je godba v listju in zakaj pošiljajo valovi zbor svojih glasov k srcu prisluškujoče zemlje—kadar ti popevam za ples.

Kadar prinašam sladčice tvojim poželjivim rokam, vem, zakaj je med po cvetnih čašah in zakaj je ovočje tajno napolnjeno s sladkim sokom—kadar prinašam sladčice tvojim poželjivim rokam.

Kadar ti poljubljam lica, da bi se nasmejalo, zlato moje, umem zares, kakšna slast lije z neba v jutranji zarji in kakšno razkošje prinaša poletni veterc mojemu telesu—kadar te poljubljam, da bi se nasmejalo.

Simon Gregorčič:

ČAS

Kraljestvo je moje prostrano,
kje konec njegovih je mej?
Počiti nikjer mi ni dano,
od vekov drvim se naprej!

Jaz videl sem zemlje vstvarjanje,
in rojstvo nebeških svetov,
zrl prvo njih divno migljanje
in gledal razpad bom njihov.

Zemljana jaz slednjega štel sem,
kar vek jih na vek je rodil,
pri prvi zibelki sedel sem
in zadnjo bom krsto kropil.

Jaz gledal sem narodov roje,
njih boj in njih bol in radost;
zdaj boje in trude zrem tvoje,
in tvojo sladkost in bridkost.

Ko duh na peroti mogočni
nevidno nad tabo hitim,
zdaj venec ti vijem poročni,
a venec mrtvaški za njim.

S skrbmi razoravam ti čelo,
in sejem bridkosti v srce;
spet zjasnim oko neveselo,
obrišem pekoče solze.



Lorado Taft: Čas.

Sezidal sem mesta, gradove,
gradove in mesta podrli,
neštete rodil sem rodove,
rodove neštete sem strli.

Zdaj cvetje, zdaj trnje bodeče
iz mojih ti vzraste poljan,
popolne, neskajljene sreče
pod solncem ne včaka zemljan.

O, tudi moj novi oddelek
pač raznih prinese darov,
in mnogo izteše zibelik,
in mnogo izkoplje grobov.

Basni

(Prosto po Ezopu.)

OREL IN PUŠČICA.

OREL je plaval visoko v zraku, ko je nenadoma začul frčanje puščice. Začutil je, da je smrtno zadet. Počasi je frfotal proti zemlji in življenja kri je lila iz njega. Ko se je ozrl po puščici, katera ga je prebodla, je videl, da je v nji vdetano eno njegovih peres. "Žal," je dejal, "često-krat izročimo našim sovražnikom orožje, s katerim nas potem uničijo."

* * *

UJETI TROBENTAČ.

TROBENTAČA so ujeli sovražniki v bitki. Ko so ga ravno mislili ubiti, jih je prosil za življenje, češ: "Jaz se ne vojskujem in tudi orožja ne nosim s seboj. Škodovati vam ne morem, zakaj bi me torej ubili?"

"Mogoče se sam ne vojskuješ," so rekli drugi, "navdušuješ pa druge ljudi, da se vojskujejo."

Besede so lahko dejanje.

* * *

STARKA IN VINSKA VRČ.

ZNANO je, da stare ženice včasih rade zvrnejo kak kozarec vinca. Nekoč je take vrste ženica zagledala na cesti vinski vrč in ker je mislila, da je mogoče kaj v njem, je takoj stopila ponj. Bil je prazen, vendar ga je stavila k nosu in povonjala iz njega, rekoč: "Oh, kako lep je že samo spomin na vinski vrč."

* * *

KONJ IN OSEL.

KONJ in osel sta skupaj potovala. Konj je bil lahko osedlan, osel pa težko otovorjen. "Kako rad bi bil v tvoji koži," je tožil osel. "Nič ne delaš in vendar te dobro krmijo."

Naslednjega dne pa se je bila ljuta bitka in konj je obležal smrtno zadet na bojnem polju. Prijatelj osel je stopal mimo in videč, da oni pogine, je dejal: "Motil ses se, kajti bolja je priprosta varnost kot pozlačena nevarnost."

STARI MOŽ IN SMRT.

STAR delavec, ves sključen od starosti in dela, je nabiral hosto v gozdu. Zmučil se je tako, da je vrgel od sebe butarico hoste in zaklical: "Ni več ne morem prenesti tega življenja! Da bi le prišla smrt in me pobrala!"

Ko je tako govoril, se je prikazala koščena smrt in mu dejala: "Česa si želiš, smrtnik? Klical si me."

"Prosim te," je odvrnil starček, "pomagaj mi dvigniti to butarico na ramo."

Velikokrat bi nam bilo žal, če bi se naše želje izpolnile.

* * *

Stritar:

NAJLEPŠE

Kaj izmed božjih teh stvari najbolj na svetu veseli? . . .
Na nebu blagi solnce svit,
na zemlji človek plemenit.

* * *

Drobtinice

Boj se hudega jezika!
Huje nego gad te pika.

*

Ptič se s ptičem druži,
žaba z žabo v luži.

*

Nazadnje bomo vendar rekli:
najboljši kruh so mati pekli.

*

Bolezni sto imamo,
a zdravje eno samo.

*

Solnce ne sije tako lepo
kakor materino oko.

*

Ne samo do praga,
ven čez prag nesnaga!

*

Bodi človek, budi lonec,
vsakega je enkrat konec!



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The Leading Slovene Authors

France Prešeren

1800-1849.

France Prešeren, the greatest Slovene poet with the only possible exception of Gregorčič, was born in a small town, Vrba, Gorenjsko, in 1800, to a poor peasant of the sturdy mountaineer stock. The young poet passed his early youth in care of his simple parents in the most beautiful spot of Slovenia, near Triglav and Lake Bled, until he left home in order to attend school.

Throughout his entire school career Prešeren was a brilliant student, and several times he was among those that were awarded premiums for the scholastic excellency. Although he specialized in the jurisprudence, he studied with special interest philosophy, history, and classic and modern literatures.

The results of his studies are apparent in the peculiar character of his artistic creation, which embodies the classic sense of beauty, the modern philosophical skepticism and romantic tendencies, and the modern individualistic universalism in art. Fundamentally, however, Prešeren is a Slav with a thorough mastery of the classic and western cultures.

Prešeren's poetry allows no further classification than in accordance with the poetic form. Although much has been written on his romanticism (an extremely delicate subject; for he is now an idealist, now a romanticist, now a naturalist, and now a realist), he defies all boundaries and limitations. He is primarily a lyric poet, but his masterpiece is an excellent epic. Equally fascinating are his ballads and romances, and his satires and epigrams are in superb quality.

The range of the Prešeren's themes is relatively narrow, and the volume of his poetry very limited; but in his aesthetic variation he is so rich that only Shakespeare can compare with him. Both range their aesthetic effects from the stern realism of the "graveyard" to the ethereal nymphs of the mountains, from the divine tenderness of "Miranda" to the scandalous villainy of "Iago," from the endless indecision and procrastination of "Hamlet" to the frantic prayer of "Isabella." But Prešeren has gone even further; he has transferred the satiric elements from the realm of intellect into the realm of feeling, the height of his artistic effect fusing with the religious mysticism.

Prešeren drew his themes from three general sources: love, patriotism and intellectual skepticism. Of these the love predominates to a degree that an uncritical reader, who fails to see the variation in the love itself, feels that he is repeating himself unduly. Similarly, he blends the romantic love with the patriotism so ingenuously that competent scholars have been puzzled in the attempt to disentangle them. The fact is that Prešeren presents a series of the different qualities of human love. Indeed,

each poem produces an entirely different effect from all others. It appears, therefore, that the poet aimed conscientiously at a definite artistic effect in every poem that he had composed; for there is ample evidence that he weighed each word carefully and chose it with extreme nicety. In a careful analysis of the qualities of the Prešeren's poetry, the critic feels that his entire poetry consists of a masterly experimentation in the originality; and the result is that the poet has presented to the world an ingenuous cross-section of the quality of the most subtle, the most illusive, and the most mysterious of the human feeling. No wonder that Prešeren's love has been a bone of contention among the literary critics for over half a century.



France Prešeren.

This mood of dissatisfaction within the satisfaction has been elaborated more in detail and perhaps even with a greater nicety and effectiveness in his masterpiece, "Krst pri Savici" (The Baptism at Savitza). The conflict in the epic is threefold: the struggle of German Christians versus the Slovene Heathens, the disparity between the Christian theory and practice; and finally, the psychic struggle in the hero of the epic. The last, as the title of the epic indicates, is the most significant of the three. The iron character that struggled till the last of his men fell, the hero whose knee could not bend before any power falls prostrate before a fruitless love. The poet concludes it so masterly that instead of losing the unity, or poise, or the heroism of the character, the effect is even more intensified. The hero lost the battle, was baptized, and, to top the rest, he lost his bride and became a monk. There is no trace of either weakness or dispare in the character nor a scintilla of illfeeling against the hero; but the situation in which the reader concludes the epic moves him to sigh in a pleasing dissatisfaction.

In characterizing Prešeren's poetry the most obvious quality is the antithesis to that of Shakespeare: the close proximity between the reader and the poet. Most of

The critics regard Prešeren as a national poet, because he drew his themes almost exclusively from the Slovene ideals, traditions, and history. They are correct in so far as they go; but they fail to see that his greatest works are directly dedicated to his nation. More than that; in effect they are two of the profoundest pleas that one can encounter in the literature of the world. It was these prayers that Gregorčič, Cankar, and Levstik have learned from Prešeren; and strange as it may seem, the critics have failed to appreciate that fact. In the "Sonetni venec" (The Garland of Sonnets) the poet presents with an astonishing vigor and precision the history of the Slovene nation with all its ups and downs, and concludes it in a prophetic tone. With his ironical dedication of the "Garland of Sonnets" to his fictitious love, who despised him, his poetry, and his nation he succeeded in creating an atmosphere of conflicting admiration, the effect being that, while the reader admires all the divine qualities and fascination of the lady love, he feels that her attitude should be different.

the Prešeren's poetry has been naively identified with the poet's life. Often the reader sympathizes with the poet on account of the poet's tragic love affair. In some cases, however, he is just as far removed from his theme as Shakespeare himself. In all his poetic works there is a severe economy of words and profusion in suggestion. He never labors upon the general mood; on the contrary, he presents various phases of it successfully, which fuse imperceptibly into a harmonious unity. Instead of describing a situation or state of mind, he presents it directly; thus approaching the artistic characteristic of Gregorčič and Cankar.

The social and literary significance of Prešeren in the Slovene national life is so profound and comprehensive that there is not a single phase of the national life, which has escaped his influence. Three of the most influential Slovene scholars, Levstik, Gregorčič, and Cankar, have sprung directly from his school; the national consciousness and pride date from his appearance; with his small volume of poetry, he not only created the Slovene literary language; he placed the Slovene literature on the par with that of the western nations. With the appearance of Prešeren the epoch of the national stagnation and intellectual torpidity terminates and a new one, full of agility and energy sets in; for Prešeren discovered all that was beautiful, noble, and serene in the Slovene culture. In this respect he is an imposing intellectual giant that has no parallel in the literary history.

Prešeren is not only the first modern Slovene; he is a thoroughly modern character in all respects. In his poetry there is not the least trace of superstition or antiquated poetic device. When a modern man reads Shakespeare, he is constantly annoyed by the clowns, the witches, the ghosts and the soliloquies; when he reads the great epic of Milton, he is amused by the queer mode of reasoning and the peculiar type of philosophical concepts. Prešeren expresses all those qualities without ever referring to the supernatural powers; he stands there, like Apollo, modest, serene, human. His poetry is childishly simple, yet pungent and overpowering. There is neither notes nor commentaries written on it, nor is there any necessity for it; for young and old, simple and learned alike never tire of reading him. Only Gregorčič had surpassed him in the universality of appeal and simplicity of expression. The greatest authority on Prešeren, Stritar, concluded his critical works on his poetry thus: "If classic poets are those whose poetry expresses the fine, universal, human thoughts in a beautiful, technically complete form, which has permanent value, and which is worthy of serving as an example to the future poets, we may justly call Prešeren a classic poet. Prešeren's poetry is not the expensive spices imported from abroad; it had sprung and blossomed in the native garden, and produced a noble crop. Let us enjoy it.

We may say with pride that our Prešeren, too, is one of those chosen organs through which the heavenly beauty and the song of Paradise reveal themselves. If the nations were assembled before the Judgment Seat to testify how they have utilized the talents that were given to them, how has each of them, in his particular way, participated in the universality of human culture, the little Slovene nation could, without the least fear or hesitation, appear among other nations with the little book of Prešeren's poetry."

Outside the narrow circle of his personal friends and the cooperators in the first Slovene truly literary publication, "Čbelica" (The Bee), Prešeren was practically unknown, less read, and least of all understood; for this reason very little is definitely known about his life; although all sorts of rumors about his private life are now floating in the air. It is certain, however, that he was a gay person, very sociable, and that he often frequented the places, where the ordinary Slovene folks assembled

for amusement. Often he left his office and went with his friends among the peasants, collecting the Slovene folk song. Apparently, he mastered the Slovene language in his association with the peasants and in his preparation of the folk songs for the publication; for in his days the Slovene nobility was ashamed both of the national culture and its language, and the professionals, as well as the artisans of the city, spoke German exclusively. Although Prešeren was a conscientious Slav, approving of the Panslavistic movement, he was thoroughly convinced that the only way to accomplish anything was to appeal to the masses in their own languages respectively; and for that reason he opposed all the attempts in creating a common, artificial means of expression. Throughout his entire life he struggled between a bare subsistence and starvation; for this reason his life was rather disorganized. Socially he was regarded as an eccentric creature of but little significance, and when in 1849 the dohtar of Jurisprudence was interred, the pomp of the funeral procession was utterly ignorant of the genius that it had laid to the eternal rest. Prešeren's contemporaries simply passed him by without the least realization of his greatness.

Prešeren's Poems

GAZELA

Al bo kal¹⁾ pognalo seme, kdo ga seje, sam
ne ve,
kdor sadi drevo, al bode zredilo veje, sam
ne ve;
se pod stropom neba trudi let in dan
nomad,²⁾
al pa konec leta bode kaj prireje³⁾, sam
ne ve;
in kupec po svetu hodi, al pa kaj dobička
bo,
za blago kadar gotove denarje šteje, sam
ne ve;
in vojščak⁴⁾, ki ga trobenta vabi med
kanonov grom,
kaj plačilo bo vročine⁵⁾, ran in žeje, sam
ne ve.—
Lej tak pevec⁶⁾ teh gazelic, al jih bereš ti
al ne,
al pri njih srce ledeno se ogreje, sam
ne ve;
in al veš, da ti ga vnemaš⁷⁾, ti mu pevski
ogelj daš,
al se smelo bo razodeti vsaj pozneje, sam
ne ve.

SONNET

O Vrba!⁸⁾ srečna, draga vas domača,
kjer hiša mojega stoji očeta;
da b' uka žeja me iz tvoj'ga sveta
speljala⁹⁾ ne bila, golj'fiva kača!¹⁰⁾

Ne vedel bi, kako se v strup preobrača¹¹⁾
vse, kar srce si sladkega obeta;
mi ne bila bi vera v sebe vzeta,
ne bil viharjev notrnjih b' igrača.

Zvesto srce in delavno ročico
za doto, ki je nima milijonarka,
bi bil dobil z izvoljeno devico.

In mirno plavala bi moja barka¹²⁾;
pred ognjem dom, pred točo mi pšenico¹³⁾
bi bližnji sosed varoval—svet' Marka¹⁴⁾

1. kal: the seedling.

2. nomad: a nomad, a homeless person that wanders all his life, like Gypsies

3. prireja: any increase in the herd.

4. vojščak: a warrior.

5. plačilo vročine, ran in žeje: the reward for the toil, wounds, and thirst (suffering).

6. pevec: in this sense it means the poet and not the singer.

7. vnemaš: inspires.

8. Vrba: is the native town of the poet, and the entire sonnet is dedicated to it. In this town the poet spent his early boyhood.

9. speljala: seduced.

10. goljufiva kača: this refers to the serpent that persuaded Adam and Eve to sin in the Garden of Eden.

Spomin Valentina Vodnika.

V Arab'je puščavi
se ptiček rodi,
v odljudni puščavi
le sam zase živi.

So zvezde sestrice,
mu mesec¹⁵⁾ je brat;
ni dano mu ptice
si ljubico zbat'.

Zanj družba ne mara,
in on ne za njo;
v samoti se stara,
mu leta teko.

Naslajši dišave,
ki zanje sam ve,
naj zlahtnejši trave,
kadila drage.

In mirno nabira
netruden vse dni,
se vbada, se vpira,
za smrt le skrbi.

Grmado¹⁶⁾ 'z njih dela
prileten samče,¹⁷⁾
ko pride smrt bela,
na nji se sežge.

Ven plane s plamena
s svetlobo obdan,
sloveč'ga imena
ptič Fenis¹⁸⁾ na dan.

Tak pevec se trudi,
samoten¹⁹⁾ živi,
se v slavi, ko zgrudi²⁰⁾
ga smrt, prerodi²¹⁾ . . .

-
11. **preobračati**: to transform from one thing into another.
 12. **moja barka**: my ship of life (my life would go on pleasantly).
 13. **toča, pšenica**: the hail, the wheat.

Kam?

Ko brez miru okrog divjam,
prijatelji prašajo me, kam.

Prašajte raj' oblak neba,
prašajte raji val morja,

kadar mogočni gospodar
drvi jih sem ter tja vihar.

Oblak ne ve, in val ne, kam,
kam nese me obup, ne znam.

samo to znam, samo to vem,
da pred obličje nje ne smem,

in da ni mesta vrh zemlje,
kjer bi pozabil to gorje. . .

Glosa.

Slep je, kdor se s petjem vkvarja,
Kranjec²²⁾ moj mu osle kaže;
pevcu vedno sreča laže,
on živi, vmrje brez dnarja.

Pričujoče poezije.

Sme nekaj, nas, ker smo Prešernove, biti
preširnih;
pesem kaže dovolj, kak je naš oče krotak.

-
14. **sveti Marka**: is the patron saint of the town. It is an old Slovene tradition that the ringing of the bells and burning of some consecrated article would turn off the hail storm.
 15. **mesec**: an old Slovene name for the moon.
 16. **grmada**: the material gathered together on which burning sacrifices are made.
 17. **samče (samec)**: bachelor.
 18. **Fenis**: Phoenix. This bird is an emblem of immortality.
 19. **samoten**: all alone.
 20. **ko zgrudi ga smrt**: "when the mortal coil is thrown off."
 21. **prerodi**: reincarnates.
 22. **Kranjec**: a person from Carniola. Here it refers to any Slovene.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Shakespeare:

AND half believe it true
 Full leisurely we glide:
 For both our oars, with little skill,
 By little arms are plied,
 While little hands make vain pretense
 Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
 Beneath such dreamy weather,
 To beg a tale of breath too weak
 To stir the tiniest feather!
 Yet what can one poor voice avail
 against three tongues together.

Imperions Prima flashes forth
 Her edict "to begin with"—
 In gentler tones Secunda hopes
 "There will be nonsense in it!"—
 While Tertia interrupts the tale
 Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
 In fancy they pursue
 The dream-child moving through a land
 Of wonders wild and new,
 In friendly chat with bird and beast—
 Aud half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
 The wells of fancy dry,
 And faintly strove that weary one
 To put the subject by,
 "The rest next time—" "It is next time!"
 The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
 Thus slowly, one by one,
 Its quaint events were hammered out—
 And now the tale is done,
 And home we steer, a merry crew,
 Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! a childish story take,
 And with a gentle hand
 Lay it where Childhood's dreams are
 twinned
 In Memory's mystic band,
 Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
 Pluck'd in a far-off land.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
 'T was not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 't is not she.
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

IMMORTALITY IN SONG

How many paltry, foolish, painted things
 That now in coaches trouble every street
 Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
 Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-
 sheet?

Where I to thee eternity shall give
 When nothing else remaineth of these
 days,

And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
 Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
 Virgins and matrons reading these my
 rhymes

Shall be so much delighted with thy story
 That they shall grieve they lived not in
 these times

To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
 So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
 Still to survive in my immortal song.

Michael Drayton.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

All the gold on the Earth and under
 the Earth is less precious than virtue.

Plato.

Edmondo de Amicis:

Pride

(From the Diary of an Italian School-boy.)

THE IDEA of Carlo Nobis rubbing off his sleeve affectedly, when Derossi touches him in passing! That fellow is pride incarnate because his father is a rich man. But Derossi's father is rich, too. He would like to have a bench to himself; he is afraid that the rest will soil it; he looks down on everybody and always has a scornful smile on his lips: woe to him who stumbles over his foot, when we go out in files two by two! For a mere trifle he flings an insulting word in your face, or a threat to get his father to come to the school. It is true that his father did give him a good lesson when he called the little son of the charcoal-man a ragamuffin. I have never seen so disagreeable a schoolboy! No one speaks to him, no one says good by to him when he goes out; there is not even a dog who would give him a suggestion when he does not know his lesson. And he cannot endure any one, and he pretends to despise Derossi more than all, because he is the head boy; and Garrone, because he is loved by all. But Derossi pays no attention to him when he is by; and when the boys tell Garrone that Nobis has been speaking ill of him, he says:—

"His pride is so senseless that it does not deserve even my passing notice."

But Coretti said to him one day, when he was smiling disdainfully at his catskin cap:—

"Go to Derossi for a while, and learn how to play the gentleman!"

Yesterday he complained to the master, because the Calabrian touched his leg with his foot. The master asked the Calabrian:—

"Did you do it intentionally?"—"No, sir," he replied, frankly.—"You are too petulant, Nobis."

And Nobis retorted, in his airy way, "I shall tell my father about it." Then the teacher got angry.

"Your father will tell you that you are in the wrong, as he has on other occasions. And besides that, it is the teacher alone who has the right to judge and punish in school." Then he added pleasantly:—

"Come, Nobis, change your ways; be kind and courteous to your comrades. You see, we have here sons of workmen and of gentlemen, of the rich and the poor, and all love each other and treat each other like brothers, as they are. Why do not you do like the rest? It would not cost you much to make every one like you, and you would be so much happier yourself, too!—Well, have you no reply to make me?"

Nobis, who had listened to him with his customary scornful smile, answered coldly:—

"No, sir."

"Sit down," said the master to him. "I am sorry for you. You are a heartless boy."

This seemed to be the end of it all; but the little mason, who sits on the front bench, turned his round face towards Nobis, who sits on the back bench, and made such a fine and ridiculous hare's face at him, that the whole class burst into a shout of laughter. The master reproved him; but he was obliged to put his hand over his own mouth to conceal a smile. And even Nobis laughed, but not in a pleasant way.

The Hard Road that Led to Fame

WHILE we have the power to wonder there is always something to live for, and if anybody were in danger of losing the power of wonder he might win it back again by rubbing the mind's eye with a bit of radium.

If ever it were worth while to transmute commoner metals into gold, radium would show the way. But there are far nobler uses for it. A speck of it will cure disease. Another speck will go on producing light and heat for thousands of years. It gives out power without asking that any should be put into it. It continues to work like an engine without any visible means of support. No human being can ever live long enough to see it stop.

Nothing can stop it. Heat or cold, the most powerful chemicals or explosives, cannot affect radium. Yet in it is the power to alter other substances. The tiniest morsel of it hurls out particles of electricity in unthinkable quantities.

There is something sublime about the way in which it holds itself aloof from the world about it. It seems to claim kinship with the stars, to be fed with the same inexhaustible fires, and to be urged by the same uncontrollable mechanism which keeps the suns alight.

We believe that the elements, like the stars, are not for ever fixed, but must slowly change. The marvel of radium is, not that it is dowered with any exceptional possibilities, or any abnormal store of energy, but that it is changing rapidly in thousands of years where other elements take millions. So it reveals to us a new secret of the world of matter, showing as on a quick-moving film the slow and hidden processes of the Universe.

Let us look for a little while at the wonderful story of the woman who revealed this precious thing to an astonished world. She was Madame Curie, one of the brightest daughters of the Polish race.

Madame Curie's Wonderful Story

THE greatness of Madame Curie lies not only in her marvellous scientific achievements. Her whole life-story is as thrilling as the discovery of radium itself.

Born in Poland in 1867, she was the youngest in a family of five. Her father, Mr. Sklodowski, was a wellknown professor in one of the colleges at Warsaw; her mother was head mistress in a high school for girls. Both parents gave much of their time to the education of their children, and the family life at home was a very happy one. Little Marie went to school at six. She was a shy and timid child, and her greatest wish was to keep in the background.

Her teachers, however, did not encourage her retiring attitude, and whenever there were visitors to the school Marie was chosen to recite or to read. This was a great trial to the poor girl, and she often tried to run away before the terrible moment arrived. Her greatest joy was to sit at her mother's feet and listen to the tales her mother told. She loved them because they were real. They were stories about the wonders of Nature, about life and light, about stars and clouds, rainbows and rocks. This happiness for Marie was brought to a sad end while she was still very young; at nine she lost her mother. Her death was a terrible blow for all the children, but most of all for Marie herself.

Soon another hard trial came when she had to leave the preparatory school, where the headmistress was so kind to her, and go to a Russian school.

The only bright moments in her school life were the evenings she spent with her father and the other children at home. Mr. Sklodowski was very interested in literature. He wrote poetry himself, and translated many poems into Polish. His poems on family events were a great delight to his children. Marie developed a strong taste for poetry, and soon she became acquainted with foreign literatures, especially French, German, and English. But her favorite studies were mathematics and physics, and the dream of her life was to have a real laboratory, where she could experiment on all she was now learning in theory only. She had to wait a long time before that dream came true, but meanwhile her school studies were coming to an end.

She was fifteen when she left school. Her father's health was not good; he needed rest, but as their fortune was so small Marie had to work to earn her living. She accepted a position as nurse to some children in the country. It was a hard moment when she left her old home, and her heart was heavy when she climbed into the railway car which took her out among strangers. Her eldest pupil was about her own age, and was more a companion than a pupil; the other two were younger, and her relations with all of them were always friendly. They used to go for long walks in the country, and in winter they had many delightful games with snow, building Eskimo huts and enjoying sleigh drives in the keen air.

Her evenings were given to study. When the whole house was asleep she took out her books of science and studied them with great ardour. Her education in science was far from complete; the books she picked up at random were often without any value, yet this method of learning, though not very productive, created in her the habit of independent work.

After four years of this life Marie left the country and went back to Warsaw. There with the help of her father she obtained access to a small physical laboratory where she could work every Sunday, the only day she was free. About that time a secret organization was started among Polish students in Warsaw; its aim was to develop the intellectual and moral strength of the nation. Marie became one of its most enthusiastic members. She attended secret evening courses of learning and teaching, striving to deepen her own interests in order to be able to give more when the time should come. She believes that the ideas which inspired her then are the only stepping-stones to social progress. "You cannot hope to build a better world," she says, "without improving the individual."

At last the great longing for scientific work was fulfilled, and Marie went to Paris with the money she had saved from her small salary. She took a little garret on a sixth floor and went on giving lessons and working in her spare time for examinations that would admit her to the university.

Her small room was a very inhospitable place. In winter the water froze in her basin, and very often she had to pile up all her clothes on the bed to keep warm enough to sleep. There was a small iron stove, but all the coal had to be carried up six flights of stairs, and sometimes there was no money to buy any. She prepared all her meals on a small spirit lamp, and they were often reduced to a cup of cocoa, dry bread, an egg, and some fruit.

Yet, in spite of her poverty, the enthusiastic young student felt quite happy. Her mind was centered on her studies. A new world seemed to open before her. After two years of hard work Marie Sklodowska graduated in physics, and not long after in mathematics.

She was now admitted to the laboratories of physics at the Sorbonne, and there she met Pierre Curie. It was love of science that brought them together, and soon they became so fond of each other that they decided to marry. The wedding took

place in Paris. Pierre Curie was professor in the Paris School of Physics and Chemistry, but his salary was so small that both had to work hard to make their living. Of course all the housework and cooking had to be done by Madame Curie herself, but she managed not only to do it, but to help her husband in the laboratory and to prepare herself for the professor's certificate. She gained this with distinction about a year after her marriage. Holidays and Sundays they used to spend in the country on bicycles. Sometimes they toured in France or went for summer holidays to Poland and to the Carpathian Mountains, and Pierre Curie soon managed to learn enough Polish to make himself easily understood.

In 1897 their first child, Irene, was born. This meant new work for the mother, who could not afford to keep a nurse. Happily Pierre Curie's father now shared the young couple's rooms, and he used to take care of the baby while the mother was at work in the laboratory.

About that time Henri Becquerel made some new experiments on the salts of a rare metal, uranium. Placing uranium salt on a photographic plate covered with black paper, he found that the plate was affected as if light had fallen on it. The Curies were very excited by this phenomenon and resolved to make a special study of it. Madame Curie soon found out that substances containing thorium behaved in a similar way. She was about to undertake a study of uranium and thorium rays when she made a new discovery. While examining a number of minerals she noticed that a few of them showed activity, though they contained neither uranium nor thorium. She found a new substance, much more active than uranium, and gave it the name of polonium, in memory of her native country. Yet this research was not finished. While they were both engaged in this work on polonium they discovered that there was still another new element, which they called radium.

It was not enough to define the existence of such a substance; it had to be separated as a pure element. To undertake such a task without any money, without any necessary equipment, was a difficult thing to do. Yet the vision of great possibilities that might come from such a discovery urged them to continue their task. Large quantities of ore had to be treated by special chemical processes. They obtained an old shed which stood in the grounds of the School of Physics. Its glass roof leaked in wet weather, the heat was terrible in summer, and the cold was intense in winter. Yet it was in this miserable shed that their greatest work was done. They were both so absorbed in their research that sometimes they stayed for days in their shed, preparing all their meals on Madame Curie's old spirit lamp. Pierre Curie studied the physical properties of the radium rays, while Madame Curie worked at the purification of the substance itself.

It was hard work, requiring great physical strength as well as precision. She had sometimes to spend a whole day mixing a boiling mass with a heavy iron rod nearly as tall as herself. It had taken them four years to produce evidence that radium was a true element, though with a proper laboratory they could have done it in a year. One of their joys was to visit their shed at night. There on the shelves they saw the feebly luminous silhouettes of the bottles and capsules which contained radium. It was a lovely sight. The glowing tubes looked like fairy lights and the old shed seemed to change to a fairyland of wonder. It was the first glimpse of this new light that was dawning for the world of knowledge.

But all this happy, quiet work was soon disturbed by the fame which followed their discovery. Though their financial position was greatly improved by the Nobel prize, which they received jointly with Professor Becquerel, yet the long years of struggle and privation had weakened their health to such a degree that for nearly four years both were unable to work. Meanwhile the publicity was increasing. Visi-

tors and demands for lectures and articles robbed them of every quiet moment. Pierre Curie took a new chair of Physics at the Sorbonne, and Madame Curie was made Chief of Work in the Sorbonne Laboratory. About that time their second daughter was born. Their work in the old shed was coming to an end. A new laboratory with all necessary equipment was being prepared for them, but Pierre Curie was destined not to use it. He was killed by a lorry in the streets of Paris in the year 1906.

Heartbroken as she was by this terrible blow, Madame Curie never ceased to work. All her time was divided between the laboratory and her children. With the outbreak of the war she organized the first use of radium for military hospitals. She established several centers, and when these were insufficient she fitted up, with the help of the Red Cross, a car which put radium at the command of any of the hospitals round Paris.

It was an ordinary touring car arranged for the transport of a complete radium apparatus, with a dynamo worked by the engine of the car and furnishing the electric current necessary for the production of the rays. Madame Curie for a long time drove the car herself. It was soon discovered that radium itself was not necessary in the work of the hospitals, but that its emanations would suffice. The demand for these emanations was enormous, and Madame Curie prepared them for the use of all the war hospitals on the French front.

Pierre and Madame Curie are a beautiful example of true idealists. Not for a moment did either try to draw from their great discovery any material profits. They published the process of the preparation of radium freely to the world. They took out no patent and reserved no advantage in any industrial exploitation. All the radium prepared by Madame Curie in her laboratory was given to the laboratory for further investigations into the problem of increasing the supply of the precious substance.

The cost of radium is still almost prohibitive, though the amount required by hospitals where it is employed is almost infinitesimal. This being so it is clear that by freely offering their hard-won secret for the benefit of sufferers all the world over these two devoted workers sacrificed a considerable fortune. "Humanity," says Madame Curie, "surely needs practical men who make the best of their work for the sake of their own interests; but it also needs dreamers, for whom the unselfish following of a purpose is so imperative that it becomes impossible for them to devote much attention to their material benefit." Believing that, she has lived out her belief. She has been true to her faith and her high ideals. She has lived to see her country freed from oppression, and she deserves her happiness, for she has given a great and precious gift to all mankind.

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know I had a sister? Course you did.

Well, she ran away from Nurse one day and hid;

And the strangest thing about it is (I know it sounds absurd)

When we found her by the Round Pond she was whistling like a bird.

She whistled all the morning, all the day and half the week,

And when her singing died away and she began to speak

(I can't believe it yet) she said the reason why she ran

Was a little birdie beckoned her to play with Peter Pan.



Constantin Meunier: The Hammerman.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

THE LAZY WOMAN.

THE lazy woman
She sweeps the floor,
And leaves the dirt
Inside the door.

She cooks her rice
In a dirty pot,
And sleeps at night
On an old straw cot.

* * *

THE TIDY WOMAN.

THE tidy woman
Is always clean,
No dirt in her home
Is ever seen.

Her food is fit
For a king to eat,
And her hair and clothes
Are always neat.

* * *

E—NI—ME—NI—MI—NI—MO.

ONE, two, three, and an old cow's eye,
When a cow's eye's blind she'll surely die;
A piece of skin and a melon, too,
If you have money
I'll sell to you;
But if you're without,
I'll put you out.

* * *

THE FLOWER SELLER.

FLOWERS for sale
Flowers for sale,
Come, buy my flowers
Before they get stale.

* * *

WATERING FLOWERS.

I WATER the flowers, I water the flowers,
I water them morning and evening hours,
I never wait till the flowers are dry,
I water them e'er the sun is high;
A basin of water, a basin of tea,
I water the flowers, they're opening you
see;
A basin of water, another beside,
I water my flowers, they're opening wide.

DON'T STEAL!

If you steal a needle,
Or steal a thread,
A pimple will grow
Upon your head;
If you steal a dog
Or steal a cat,
A pimple will grow
Beneath your hat.

* * *

WASH!

WASH your face, you little tease,
And you'll be free from all disease;
Wash your head, your face, and throat,
And you shall have a red silk coat.

* * *

THE FIVE FINGERS.

THIS one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat,
This wants some hay
And this one's on the street.

* * *

THE big dog's gone to the city,
The little dog's run away,
The egg has fallen and broken,
And the oil leaked out, they say.

But you be a roller,
And pull with power,
And I'll be the millstone
And grind the flour.

* * *

POUNDING RICE.

POUND, pound,
Pound the rice.
The pestle goes up
And down so nice.

Open the pot,
The fire is hot,
And if you don't eat
I'll

feed
you
rice.



A Little Garden of Good Things

THIS PAPER IS MOVING.

As these words lie before you on the table they are at rest—the pages will not move unless something moves them; but if you could see the molecules of the pages you would find them to be all in motion.

Consider any mass of matter you please, such as a billiard ball, and it may be at rest as a whole or in motion as a whole. These are molar rest and molar motion. But in all the matter that we know there is no such thing as molecular rest; there is nothing but incessant molecular motion. The molecules that go to make up the ivory of the billiard ball are in incessant motion among themselves, no matter whether the ball as a whole is moving or at rest. A Scientist.

* * *

CROWING.

In the famous victory of the twelfth of April a little bantam cock perched himself upon the poop of Rodney's ship, and at every broadside that was poured into the Ville de Paris clapped wings and crew. Rodney gave special orders that this cock should be taken care of as long as he lived.

Hobhouse.

THOSE WHO WILL NEVER MEET AGAIN.

Not in the sunshine, not in the rain
Shall we ever all meet again,
Or be as we were in the days of old;
But as ships pass and we cheerily go,
Having spoken each other upon the sea,
So am I better by them, I know,
And they, I trust, are no worse by me.

Walter C. Smith.

* * *

ABRAHAM AT HIS DOOR.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age.

He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven.

The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night.

When the old man was gone God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonored Me; and wouldst thou not endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?"

Jeremy Taylor.

* * *

THE OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with
sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

Longfellow.

* * *

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why;
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

Unknown.

* * *

HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD

I make it a rule never to buy a work of art hastily, and never one that I do not love, no matter what the market value or what profit it could yield. I never buy at first sight. If the thing is great it will be better the second time I see it; if not, it will dwindle.

Sir Joseph Duveen.

* * *

MY NEPHEW.

MY nephew is a naughty boy,
He comes here every day,
He eats until he's very full,
And then he runs away.

HOW THE TEACHER GOT THE CHALK

The child sees his teacher with a bit of chalk in his hand. What is that chalk to the child, or to the teacher himself? Merely a substance for making white lines on a blackboard.

But that bit of chalk is an ancient cemetery, in which lie buried creatures that lived and played their part in the system of things millenniums ago! In the yet warm seas of the slowly cooling planet floated myriads of infusoria, with power to secrete from the sea a sheltering film of lime. As these tiny myriads died the facing of lime they wore sank to the bottom. In process of ages this grew to a white slime; some convulsion lifted up the sea bed, and the white slime became a chalk cliff.

And the bit of chalk in the teacher's fingers represents the whole process. What ages, what revolutions, that little bit of white earth hides in its atoms! It is a perished eternity which the teacher holds in his fingers.

* * *

MOTHER

Young people, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the deep, sweet security I felt when, resting on her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the cold church-yard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me.

Macauley.

Ivan Cankar:

The Foreign Knowledge

Translated from Slovene by Anton Družina.

MY MOTHER was a peasant child, who reached her maturity as pure and innocent as a flower on the field. When she got married she could neither read nor write; she learned both reading and writing from us, her children. She sat up late nights, in order that no one should see her studying. She wrote with an awkward hand and her letters were large; but I still remember that her language was beautiful and that she often corrected our expression.

When we learned the reading and writing, we began with the German grammar and the more advanced mathematics. My mother studied everything with us. The too pointed and cornered German letters bothered her a great deal; gradually, however, she got accustomed to them, too. When I heard the first German word from her lips, it impressed me very strangely; but I reflected at once:

"My mother knows everything; why shouldn't she know German?"

As long as we all were at home, we always studied together in that manner; but all of a sudden something, like a great tornado, broke into our midst and scattered us to all winds.

I returned home in the summer and brought a pile of German books. I think I was thirteen then. I was very tired on that evening, retired early and soon fell asleep. At midnight, however, a beam of light fell upon my eyes and woke me up. Half asleep and startled I looked around the room and noticed that my mother was reading one of my books at the desk.

"Mother, they aren't . . ." I broke out, but my words stopped in my throat.

"What aren't they?" asked my mother and her young face flushed.

"They are foreign things, uninteresting . . . what would you do with them?" said I in a quieter tone. I felt that she had perceived my hypocrisy and that I had offended her.

The book she was reading was, I think, Goethe's "Werther."

"I have studied German . . . I understand it, if someone speaks to me on the street . . . But I don't understand these words . . . not one of them!"

"'Tis unnecessary, mother; 'tis unnecessary for you to understand them," I muttered confusedly. "Don't bother with them."

Now I know what I had then but faintly suspected: that my mother was a child, white and pure, when we, her children, were already marred.

She closed the book slowly, laid it on the pile, then stepped to my bedside and asked:

"What's in that book?"

"Foreign knowledge," I answered; nay, my tongue answered of its own accord and my heart was very heavy. The strong yearning which has now become conscious and bitter, was then already in my heart:

"Were I like you, oh mother, the flower on the field, without ever having tasted the bitterness of the fruits of knowledge!"

"Tell me what does this foreign knowledge say?"

"I don't know myself," I answered sullenly. "To each reader it says something different, according to his ear and taste. To me it tells something beautiful; to someone else it blabbers all sorts of absurdities and nonsense."

My mother was astonished.

"Where did you learn those words? This foreign knowledge taught you them."

She sat close to my bedside near my head and said:

"Do you recall what you had forgotten last night?"

"What, mother?"

"I had been watching you, until you fell asleep. You didn't pray at all; you didn't make the cross even."

I was silent; but something smiled lovingly within me:

"Mother, dear, you little, innocent, child!"

She failed to realize that thirteen years old boys are always atheists.

"You didn't make the cross even. You were tired, but not so tired that your hand couldn't reach the forehead . . . You see . . . Now I know . . . When I touched that book, I felt . . . Now I know whence those wise words and that premature smile. The foreign knowledge has captured your heart and made you indolent and indifferent."

Although I was quite sleepy, I understood every word she had said; but there was such meanness and hypocrisy in me that I closed my eyes and breathed heavily, pretending to be in a tired drowsiness.

My mother rose quietly, bent low over me and made three crosses: one on my forehead, another on my mouth, and the third on my breast. Through the slightly opened eyelids I saw her face and observed that her eyes were filled with tears and that her lips quivered.

"Don't forget God! Don't forget God! Never!"

I neither stirred, nor opened my eyes; but I could not sleep for a long time. My thoughts were beautiful but sad:

"Oh mother, your soul is as spotless as the sun on the spring morning; oh mother, the child of your children; may you never taste of the cold foreign knowledge! Oh mother, there is no love in wisdom, and you are but pure love; your smile is sweet and warm; it is brighter than the paradise. You have remained in the arms of the warm native home; whereas we have stepped too early into the cold, foreign lands, into the chill climates!"

Half asleep I saw her white face and childishly bashful eyes; I do not know whether she was kneeling at my bedside, or at the stove before the crucifix, or whether it was all but a dream . . .





TO THE READER:

You will have observed that there is no "NAŠ KOTIČEK" in the present number, because there are too few Slovene letters. Those that are here will have to wait till the next number; for we hope that by then there will be more contributions than during the last month. It is up to you, dear reader, to play your role. The "Mladinski list" is yours, and if you contribute as much as you can, the magazine will grow. We hope, therefore, that there will be more correspondence in Slovene in the future; so that it will not be necessary to omit the "NAŠ KOTIČEK" any more.

There are three ways through which you can assist your paper and the SNPJ: by reading carefully the "Mladinski list", by contributing as much as you can, and finally by securing new subscribers for the M. L. If every one were doing his best, the SNPJ and the Mladinski list would soon become the best of their kind in the entire United States. Good members are those who do their part and do it promptly, without either hesitation or delay. Such members are most desirable and most admired.

THE EDITOR.

Mary Oblak, Glasgow, Box 2, Pa., writes: "I got several letters from the SNPJ. sisters, and am now learning how to write Slovene. I can read Slovene and meant to write in Slovene, too, but I have changed my mind for once. I'll do so in the future."

have light hair and brown eyes. We all are members of the SNPJ. I read the M. L. over many times, when I have time. I will write to make the Chatter Corner bigger. I wish boys and girls would write to me."

Mary Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio, sent us the riddle:

Two sisters on the same day born,
Soft and rosy as the summer morn,
True as a sailor to his lass,
Though words between them often pass;
Parting at the break of day,
Till the lure of night betray.
Wonder is but rare discover,
Content they with a single lover.

Mary Mikulich, Traunik, Mich., writes: "I like to read the M. L., because it contains many good articles. I can read and write Slovene, too. I am thirteen and in seventh grade. Greetings to the boys and girls of the SNPJ."

Antonia Skubitz, R. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans., writes her first letter to M. L.: "I'm thirteen,

Julia Kochevar, R. R. No. 1, Grand Junction, Colorado, informs us: "I do not expect to be an "outsider" very long; for we are going to organize a lodge here, in Grand Junction.

"I happened to come across your magazine accidentally. Julia Blazich, then, lent me all of her copies.

"Perhaps, I should tell you about myself. Well, I'm sixteen, and attend a high school for the third year. During the summer I am a newspaper reporter. The reporting pleases me very much, because it is giving me some practical experience in the subject that I am taking up in the school; and I hope to become a great journalist some day.

"Before long you'll have my family history, if nothing goes wrong.

"I wish that all boys and girls would write to me; for it is lonesome on the farm."

Other letters were written by the following members:

J. M. Stonich, M. R. A. Box 54, Pueblo, Colo.

Zora Furlan, R. F. D. No. 57, Box 390, Sharon, Pa.

Mildred J. Jerala, R. F. D. No. 10, Box 191, Crafton Branch, Pa.

Mary Brcic, 533 Barnard Ave., Cudahy, Wis.

Sisters Dorothy and Jennie Vitavec, 1614 Sherrick Road, Canton, Ohio.

Karolina Micklavich, R. F. D. No. 5, Somerset, Pa.

Mary Schuster, Dawson, New Mexico.

John L. Mola Jr., R. 9, Box 337, Helena, Mont.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in simple but not in crass,
My second's in camel but not in ass,
My third is in sailor but not in ship,
My fourth is in flying but not in trip,
My fifth is in grovel but not in crawl,
My sixth is in funeral but not in pall,
My seventh's in clover but not in grass,
My eighth is in thunder but not in brass,
My ninth is in runner but not in haste,
My tenth is in spendthrift but not in waste,

My whole is where children laugh and play;

If you visit the place you will wish to stay.

2. WHERE IS IT?

Loss of love between us

Never can be nice;

Yet we live where Venus

Changes us to ice.



Fishing.

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