

11
48089

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO VIII.—Št. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUAR, 1929.

VOL. VIII.—No. 1.

Andrej Kobal:

ZJUTRAJ

Zjutraj zarja dan oznanja,
noč odganja,
belo meglo v roso staja,
svet napaja,
ptico pevko v zlet priganja,
da iz spanja
zadnjega budi in graja.

Zjutraj solnce žarko sije,
roso pije
cvetom v gredi, listom trave
iz dobrane;
vzbuja, kjer življenje klije,
žila bije,
vliva v srca nade zdrave.

Zjutraj sosed me pozdravlja,
mi odzdravlja,
sreče vošči, da bi delo
mi uspelo;
prijatelj tujce moj ostavlja,
se že spravlja,
mi sporoča pismo belo.

PO ŽIVLJENJU

NA SVETU red je takšen, glej:
Življenje enemu izteče,
ki živel tu je polhen sreče,
in varno in mirno vselej.
Rejen je in z mastjo zalit
o ledjih bil obeh,
krepak je bil in mozgovit
po vseh kosteh.
A drugega pokrije ruša,
ki sreče nič tu ne okuša,
ki le bridkost mu vživa duša.
Oba tam skupen krije prah,
in skupen jih zarašča mah,
oba črvem sta vžitek drag. . . .

(Iz Joba: Gregorčič.)

Michelangelo

ŽIVLJENJE tega najbolj slavljenega umetnika vseh časov je nenavadno zanimivo ter bi že samo na sebi bilo vredno popisa. Zgodovina Michelangela je prav tesno v zvezi s politično zgodovino njegove dobe. Živel je takrat, ko je prenehala srednjeveška doba in se je porajalo moderno življenje, in dasi se ni zanimal za drugo kakor za svojo umetnost, nam že samo njegova dela pokažejo sledove prehoda iz stare v novo dobo. Tedaj se je vpeljala tiskarska obrt, katera je ponudila nove prilike ljudski izobrazbi. Človeštvo je zadihalo novo življenje.

Kot deček je Michelangelo videl razmah preporoda, kakor so imenovali nove nazore napram življenju. Ko je bil mladenič, se je raznesla vest o odkritju Amerike, slišal je o rastočem španskem cesarstvu, velikem tako, da ni nikdar na njem zašlo solnce. Kot mož srednje starosti je videl, kako se rušijo politične enote v Evropi, in ko je bil star mož, je gledal izpremenjeni svet: razprtje v veri in največji družabni prevrat. Prenehala je doba samodržcev in prihajale so nove vlade. Bila je doba strasti, zločinov in kreposti, kakor nikdar prej v zgodovini. Cerkev sama je prestala najhujše preizkušnje ter je le s težavo obstala.

V takem vrvežu je torej živel rahločutni Michelangelo in to življenje mu je vcepilo misli, katere je izražal v slikah, kipih, pesmih in stavbah. Rodil se je v prosvetnem, književnem in verskem središču Florenci na Laškem. To je bilo njegove dni mesto učenjakov in umetnikov, nekdam uživajoče pravico in svobodo, ravno tedaj pa pod oblastjo brezobzirne vlade. Videli bomo, kako je že v nežni mladosti preizkusil grenke vplive samodržcev.

Michelangelov oče Leonardo Buonaroti Simoni je zapisal v svojo osebno knjižico: "Danes, 6. marca, 1474, se mi je rodil fantek. Dal sem mu ime Michelangelo. Na svet je prišel štiri ure pred dnevom. Rodil se mi je, ko sem župan trga Caprese." Buonarotijeva družina je bila dokaj odlična ter ponosna na svojo plemenitaško preteklost še iz trinajstega stoletja. To se je tudi izplačalo v Florenci. V sorodstvu je bila celo s cesarsko družino, kar pa so bolj odlični sorodniki priznali šele, ko se je Michelangelo že proslavil kot umetnik. Iz Michelangelovega življenja je znano, da je to visoko sorodstvo vplivalo na njegov značaj, in temu je tudi mogoče nekoliko pripisati dejstvo, da se ni družil z drugimi umetniki.

Ko je oče nehal županovati, se je vrnil v Florenco in izročil sina v oskrbo neki dojilji v Settignano, kjer so imeli svoj poletni dom. Michelangelo je kmalu dobil mačeho, ki je bila kamnosekova hči. Tako je prišel še kot otrok v stik s to obrtjo in se tudi že zanimal za izdelavo kipcev. Solal se je v Florenci, pa se ni naučil drugega kot pisanja in čitanja. Seznanil pa se je z otroci nekaterih umetnikov in tako se je vzbudila v njem želja po njihovem življenju. V družini so mu kajpada branili in ga celo topli radi njegovega nagnjenja do umetnikov. Končno so se vendar podali in ga dali učiti k slikarju Ghirlandaju, ko mu je bilo štirinajst let. Michelangela pa je bolj zanimalo kiparstvo, do katerega je dobil dostop, ko je vladar Lorenzo de Medici, imenovan Veličastni, ustanovil šolo za kiparje in ga je Ghirlandajo izročil tej šoli slavnega Donatella. Tako je prišel v stik z najimenitnejšo družino Medici v Florenci, kar je zelo vplivalo nanj v poznejšem življenju.

Oče se je jezil, da mora njegov sin postati kamnosek in kipar, vendar se je moral podati sloviti vladarski družini Medicev. Tako je Michelangelo živel tri leta pod streho ene najmenitnejših družin, kar jih je še kdaj poznal kulturni svet. V družini je bil kot gost. Imel je svojo sobo in sprejeli so ga kot za svojega. S sinovi v družini vladarja je tudi ostal prijatelj vse svoje življenje. Dva teh sinov sta postala papeža (Leon X. in Klement VII.), kajti Medici so bili v Italiji najmočnejši in kot takim je bilo najlažje dobiti papeško čast. Največji možje tedanje dobe so se shajali v Medicevih palačah in Michelangelo je prišel z njimi v stik. Običajno so ga vsi navduševali k umetnosti. Najbolj pa ga je navduševal Veličastni sam, ki je za vsako ceno hotel, da deček postane slaven umetnik.



Michelangelo: Grobnica Medicev.
Soha v sredi predstavlja "Misleca," stranski pa
"Zoro" in "Mrak."

Lepa mladostna leta učenja in oduševljanja so bila tudi edina mirna leta v Michelangelovem dolgem življenju. Družil se je z izbrano mladino in učenjaki, s katerimi se je zanimal za nesmrtno grško umetnost. Pa tudi od družbe se je često ločil, če mu družba ni ugajala, ali pa se je stepel. Tako se je na primer z nekim Torrigianom, ki mu je v pretepu prebil nos, kar se je poznalo na vseh umetnikovih portretih poznejših let.

Michelangelo je živo občutil pristranost življenja. Dve verski stranki sta se razvili, ko je goreči dominikanec Savonarola bruhal proti veseleči se družbi Medicev. Slednji so bili bolj poganski, ljubili so življenje in zaničevali redovniško življenje in poste; oni s Savonarolom pa so se navduševali za zelotsko pobožnost in pripravljane za posmrtno življenje. Vplivom bojev, ki so iz tega nastali, tudi Michelangelo ni utekel. Verski reformatorji in pridigarji so z bojem proti umetnosti bili tudi proti njemu. Poleg tega so Medici postali oblastni in Michelangelo, kot star republikanec, se je vzlic vsej svoji hvaležnosti napram pokroviteljem obrnil proti njim v svojem poznejšem življenju. Čutil je prav dobro napake, ki so se razvile z nasledniki vladarske hiše, a ta čustva je izrazil le v umetnosti.

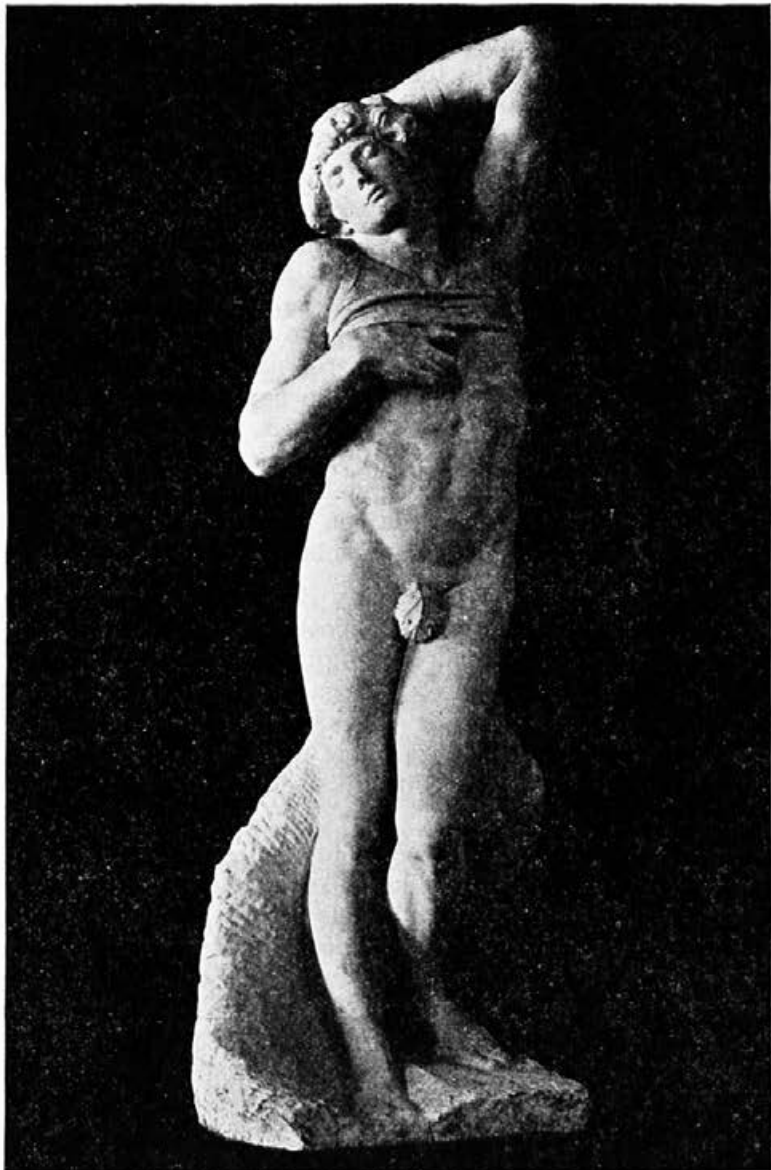
Ko je umrl Veličastni, je bilo Michelangelu dvajset let. Mladenič se je podal na dom svojega očeta in se začel izpopolnjevati v študijah o telesnem sestavu, v čemur je postal najpopolnejši umetnik. Piero, ki je zavladal za očetom v Florenci, ga je zopet povabil v svojo palačo in Michelangelo je šel proti svoji volji. Ali ko je bil Piero pregan, je zato moral iz Florence tudi on, ki je pobegnil z več umetniki. Pobegnili so v Bolonjo, kjer je umetnik ostal eno leto pri svojem pokrovitelju Aldovrandiju. Razmere pa so se spremenile in vrnil se je v Firence. Odtod ga je neki kardinal povabil v Rim, kjer je Michelangelo izdelal več kipov.

Michelangelo je bil šele triindvajset let star, zato v njegovih delih tedanjega časa ni tiste veličine, kot jo je podal pozneje. Že prihodnjega leta pa je izdelal enega najimpozantnejših kipov, kar jih pozna svet. Ta se imenuje "Pieta" ter predstavlja devico z mrtvim sinom v naročju. Delo je trajalo eno leto ter je tudi najlepši izdelani kos marmorja, kar jih ima Rim. V njem je še vsa tista lepota, ki je presenetila Rimljane koncem petnajstega stoletja. Skupina je vzeta iz narave in posebnost je krasno izdelano Kristovo telo. Iz oči matere pa sije miloba napram telesu mrtvega sina, ki ji je še vedno otrok.

To je bil začetek velikim delom Michelangela. Ljudstvo še ni bilo posebno dovtetno za kiparstvo, zato je dovršil samo še eno manjše delo, predno ga je oče pozval k sebi v Firence leta 1501. Bil še ni polnoleten, zato se je moral podati očetovemu ukazu. Doma so ga potrebovali, kajti začel je podpirati družino, kar je bilo lažje doma kot iz tujine. Imel pa je težave, ker njegovi ljudje niso razumeli, kako da kot umetnik ne more zaslužiti več denarja kot ga je. Družinski pritisk je vplival nanj, da se je navzel slabih navad glede razpolaganja z denarjem.

Ko se je povrnil v Firence, je prvo dovršil orjaškega Davida, ki je iz enega kosa marmorja. Dve leti je delal. Sklicanih je bilo veliko število državljanih, da po svoji demokratični florentinski navadi določijo, kje bo soha stala, a končno je odločil Michelangelo sam, naj stoji na desni strani vhoda v vladarsko palačo. Ideja za kip Davida je bila simbolična za Firence, kot prvobornika male, proste občine proti večjim, tiranskim oblastem. To izvanredno lepo telo svedoči vso izurjenost umetnika. Kip je v umetniškem svetu podrobno po-

(Chicago Art Institute.)



MICHELANGELO: JETNIK.

znan in sodijo, da predstavlja mladost umetnika. Ostal je še cel do današnjega dne, vendar je nekoliko opraskan od nekih cestnih pobojev.

Vzlic velikemu uspehu Michelangela, je bilo tudi precej slabe volje, ki se običajno poraja proti velikim umetnikom. Zavistneži so skušali popačiti Davidov obraz večer pred postavitvijo, kakor so tudi Michelangelu uničili naslednje delo, o katerem je šel glas, da je bilo najlepše, kar jih je umetnik dovršil. Tedaj je bil devetindvajset let star in že precej izmučen od dela, posebno, ko so mu nasprotniki na vseh straneh nagajali in mu par najboljših načrtov uničili. Živel je samotarsko življenje ter čital laško poezijo, obenem pa se pripravljajal za velika dela, ki so ga čakala. Iz tega pripravljanja ga je zbudil papež Julij II. s pozivom v Rim, kjer je umetnik poveličal slavo Rima in obogatil svet z umetninami.

Papež Julij II. je bil mož priproste narave in mogoče najbolj radikalen, kar je še kdaj živelo papežev. Prizadeval si je doseči zedinjeno Italijo in je bil zelo naklonjen umetnikom. Povabil je torej Michelangela, kakor tudi druge umetnike, da mu služijo v Rimu. S papežem se je Michelangelo večkrat sprl, vendar sta bila prijatelja. Michelangelo je po nekem sporu zapustil Rim, da se reši svojeglavnega papeža, toda ko je došel na florentinsko ozemlje, je prijezdil za njim papeški kurir, kateremu je bilo naročeno, da ga spravi nazaj za vsako ceno. Papežu je odpisal, da se ne vrne, češ, da po zvestem delu zanj ne zasluži svojeglavnega postopanja od strani papeža. Papež mu je zapretel še v Florenco, da se mora povrniti, a Michelangelo je odgovoril, da rajši gre služiti Turkom v Carigrad kakor papežu. Tedaj pa je pritisnilo nanj njegovo rojstno mesto samo, ker na mesto se je bil papež obrnil.

Michelangelo se je pobotal s papežem v Bolonji, kamor je papež ravno vdril s svojo vojsko. Naročil je umetniku, da postavi v Bolonji njegov kip. To se je zgodilo in papežev kip je izgledal, da dvignjena desnica bolj preti mestu kot pa ga blagoslavlja, levica pa drži meč. Ko ga je umetnik vprašal, ali mu naj stavi v roko bukve, je papež odvrnil: "Kakšne bukve! Kaj pa jaz vem o bukvah, jaz hočem meča." Kipa ni več, izginil je v revoluciji leta 1511. Vendar pa mora biti nekje skrita glava kipa. Ohranili so jo bili ter je tehtala šest sto funtov.

Popolnoma neodvisen od svojega očeta je Michelangelo postal šele leta 1508. Papež se je tedaj odločil za zgradbo sikstinske kapele, ki je dobila ime po papežu Sikstu. Umetniki, katerim je bilo delo kapele poverjeno, so pridobili Michelangela s prevarami. Radi bi ga očrnili, češ, da ni sposoben, in umetnik sam je bil prepričan, da ni za slikanje. Ko je videl, da se iz mrež ne more izviti, je protestiral, da slikanje ni njegov poklic, končno pa se je obupan vendar lotil, in sicer ravno tiste stene, katera je od vseh njegovih slik najboljša. Nagajali so mu na vseh koncih in krajih in slikati je moral, ko še strehe ni bilo na kapeli. Pritoževal se je, da bodo slike uničene in res je v tem vzrok, da je na slikah danes toliko razpoklin. Vendar je dovršil slike v površini deset tisoč kvadratnih čevljev, ki so delo največjega mojstra.

Na sikstinski kapeli je Michelangelo delal tri leta. Papež ga je ves čas nadzoroval ter poskrbel, da je bila kapela pokrita, predno so bile slike dovršene. Odkritje slik je bilo Rimu pravo veličastje ter zmaga za umetnost. Umetniki so priznali, da je uveden nov način slikanja in da so se možnosti slikanja razvile bolj kot bi mogli pričakovati v sanjah. Tedaj je Michelangelo zaslovel do tiste stopnje, na kateri stoji še danes v umetniškem svetu. In vendar sam ni bil zadovoljen z uspehi. Pisal je očetu, da on ni kriv, če stvar ni uspešna, temveč

da je pripisati časom in ljudem, ki so tako malo naklonjeni umetnosti. Čuditi se ni, saj Michelangelu je nagajal celo umetnik Rafael sam, ki se je pozneje od njega učil ter se izkazal Michelangelu hvaležnega.

Vsa zbirka velikanskih slik v sikstinski kapeli je prevelika, da bi jo mogli opisati, končno pa je svetu tudi že precej znana in posnetki stenskih slik iz te kapele so dokaj navadni. Največ snovi je vzete iz svetega pisma, zlasti o ustvarjenju človeka, Sibili, prerokih. Vse skupaj je nekaka dekoracija, vendar je na nji največ poganskega, naravo ljubečega duha in skoraj nič, da bi spadalo v katoliško kapelo. Tako bogatega okrasa nima nobeno poslopje na svetu in tolike enotnosti in skladja v slikah tudi ni najti nikjer. V njih je izražena ljubezen do lepote, umetnikovo čudenje človeškim oblikam, katere je stavil na steno največ razgaljene.

Kmalu po dovršitvi kapele je papež Julij umrl in na njegovo mesto je prišel kandidat iz družine Medicev Leon X. Pričakovali so, da bo sedaj več miru kot pod bojevitim papežem Julijem. Tudi Michelangelo se je lahko nadejal lepšega življenja, saj Leona je poznal že izza mize njegovega očeta. Toda znano je, da je bil Leon kmalu užaljen radi samostojnosti Michelangela in ker je bil ta iz nižjega razreda, ga ni mogel strpeti. Novi papež je rajši najel manjše ljudi, velikega mojstra pa odslovil, da se ga posluži ob drugi priliki.

Michelangelo ni mogel razumeti svojih nasprotnikov, oni pa njega ne, kajti bil je umetnik z visokimi ideali. Zanje ni bil zrak, katerega je on dihal, on pa njihovega ni mogel strpeti. Dvori pa so bili to, kar so običajno dvori. Izbruhnili so nemirni časi.

Z dediči Julija II. se je Michelangelo pogodil za postavitev papeževega spomenika, kar mu je prineslo same neprilike od strani novega papeža. Novi papež je v svojem zoperstavljanju družini, iz katere je bil prejšnji papež, prisilil Michelangela, da je moral štiri leta v gore, kjer se je pripravljajl marmor za okrase, katere je sam naročil v Florenci. Šele ko je Leon nenadno umrl, je Michelangelo lahko nadaljeval delo za dediče Julija. A tudi sedaj je bil prost le malo časa. Drugi Medici je prišel na papeško stolico leta 1523. Ta si je nadel ime Klement, ki naj bi pomenilo, da odpušča in da želi miru med cerkvijo in državo. Klement je hotel, da Michelangela vposli zase, največ zato, da prepreči postavitev spomenika papežu Juliju; ali Michelangelo, ki je imel pogodbo, je na skrivaj vendar delal spomenik, namreč grobnico, kot mu je bilo naročeno. Dvem gospodarjem pa se ne da služiti in tako je bil neprestano šikaniran. Obupan vsled neznosnih razmer je pobegnil iz Rima, kar je tudi pravočasno storil, kajti Rim je bil kmalu nato oblegan in precej porušen.

Ko se je Michelangelo povrnil v Florenco, je izbruhnila revolucija, da je družina Medici morala bežati. Republičansko mesto se je utrjevalo proti napadu in Michelangela so vposlili kot generalnega komisarja. Pri tem delu ga je pa privedla v neprilike njegova poštenost. Naznanil je nekega človeka, ki je kanil izdati mesto sovražnikom. Namesto zahvale je Michelangelo prejel obrekovanje in zatožili so ga strahopetstva. V nevarnosti za življenje se je umaknil s parom svojih mož v Benetke, a odtod se je zopet povrnil v rodno mesto. Tedaj se je zgodilo, kar je napovedoval: mesto je izdal sovražnikom ravno tisti, katerega je bil naznanil. Del mesta je bil porušen in veliko ljudi pobitih, Michelangelo sam je s težavo pobegnil. Papež Klement je pisal novi vladi, naj skrbi za umetnika, da bo lahko nadaljeval s svojim delom za novo papeško kapelo, kjer so že stala nedovršena dela "Misleca," "Zarje," "Dneva," "Večera" in "Noči." Vse to so kipi, več ali manj nedovršeni, toda vsi mojstrska dela, kakršnih ima malo

svet. Vsa dela so pomenljiva. Posebno kip device z mrtvim sinom, ki je drugo nedovršeno delo, je pomenljiv za to dobo. Umetnik je nameraval doseči z njim proseč poziv k ljubezni in miru.

Zopet in zopet je bil Michelangelo v nevarnosti za življenje. Preganjal ga je novi florentinski vojvoda, katerega je papež prisilil, da je moral Michelangelu plačati dolžno vsoto denarja. Poleg tega si je umetnik nakopal jezo vojvode, ker mu ni hotel pomoči pri utrjevanju Florence proti sovražnikom, kar bi le pomenilo, da pojači samodržstvo svojega lastnega nasprotnika. Ta bi se bil umetnika tudi iznebil, da ga ni varoval papež.

Za časa smrti svojega pokrovitelja Klementa je Michelangelo k sreči bil iz rodnega kraja, kjer bi mu vojvoda gotovo stregel po življenju. Zdaj se je zopet zgodilo, da je moral ustvariti eno največjih del proti svoji volji. Prišel je v Rim, da dokonča delo po že davno sklenjeni pogodbi za grobnico papeža Julija. Za papeža je tedaj postal Pavel III., ki je hotel umetnika v svojo službo. Michelangelo se je branil, a ta je dejal: "Želel sem si tega že trideset let in sedaj, ko sem papež, da bi mi kdo ubranil!" Michelangelo je mislil pobegniti iz Rima, a se je končno podal, da bo dosmrten stavbenik, kipar in slikar za papeža.

Pod Pavlom III. je Michelangelo prvo dogotovil velikansko sliko "Poslednja sodba" na stropu sikstinske kapele. Skrivaj je medtem delal za grobnico papeža Julija, kar je bila dolgo neizpolnjena želja njegovega srca. Pet let je Michelangelo delal na veliki sliki. Vse, kar je kot starček znal o človeškem sestavu, je vtelesil v razne figure te slike. Nad dvajset let ni slikal, vendar je to dovršil še z večjo spretnostjo kot prvo delo. Ni pa bilo veliko ljudi, ki bi razumeli to

najpopolnejše delo, višek učenja v umetnosti tedanje dobe. Papež sam je z naslodo sledil umetnikovemu delu. V poznejših letih so zelo napadali Michelangela, da si je privoščil preveč prostosti zlasti s to sliko in da bi v papeški kapeli ne smelo biti takih nagot. Mučeniki in svetniki so razgaljeni pred sodnikom. Pobožnjaki so se zelo zgražali. To še bolj jasno pokaže, da Michelangelo ni delal po duhu svoje dobe, temveč na svoj način protestiral proti obstoječim običajem. Nadvsem pa so vsi kritiki in poznavalci mnenja, da je v "Poslednji sodbi" izražen precejšen del Michelangelovega življenja.

Po dokončanem delu v kapeli se je Michelangelo zopet lotil grobnice papeža Julija, kar je bila zanj že nekaka tragedija. Mislil je, da je prost in da lahko začne. Tudi obrekovali so ga radi tega. Že je obupoval, da se mu dolgotrajna želja ne bo nikdar izpolnila, in uprl se je ter odrekal nadaljne delo papežu, pri tem pa podal dolg zagovor. Za grobnico je dovršil veličastno soho Mojzesa, katera pa ni nikoli stala na določenem mestu. Tudi



Michelangelo: Mojzes.

“Ujetniki,” druga velika dela, ki so mogoče imela biti s prvim spojena, so danes po raznih krajih, največ na Francoskem.

Opisano so glavna Michelangelova dela. Njegovo duševno življenje je izraženo v njih, veliki ideali in naklonjenost, katero je čutil do oboževane svoje Vittorije Collonna, o kateri je rad govoril in kateri je zlagal lepe pesmi. Njej je tudi posvetil velik del svojega poznejšega življenja.

Na stara leta bi še rad delal, toda rahlega zdravja je bil in hitro se je utrudil. Ali še pri petinsedemdesetih letih dovršena dela pričajo njegovo izurjenost. Proti koncu svojega življenja je postal tudi premožen in tedaj je zelo veliko razdal med siromake.

Leta 1546 ga je kralj Franc povabil, da izvrši nekaj del na Francoskem, pa mu je Michelangelo odgovoril, da je še vedno zaposlen pri papežu Pavlu. Rad bi pa vendar ustregel, zato se pošali s kraljem: “Če mi bo smrt preprečila, da ne bom mogel česa naslikati za Vas, Vam bom pa po smrti kaj namalal.”

Čakalo ga je pa v Rimu še veliko dela. Proslavil se je že kot slikarja in kiparja, zdaj se je moral še kot stavbenika in je v resnici dovršil precejšen del gradnje pri katedrali sv. Petra v Rimu. Nazadnje je izdelal še grobnico zase, toda ne popolnoma.

Zadnja leta je Michelangelo le malo delal. V marsičem je bil razočaran, večino zasnovanega dela ni nikoli dovršil in le redko je naletel na človeka, ki bi lahko živel z njim. Mogoče je razumel svojo važnost, ali bil je skromen bolj kot kdo drugi. V njem ni bilo prav nikakega stremjenja po dosegah. Eno veliko zadoščenje pa je moral imeti: garal je za svojo družino vse svoje življenje in dediščina, katero ji je zapustil, mu je jamčila njen nadaljni obstoj. To je pač bil le skromen konec za vsa čudovita dela, katera je podaril svetu. Njegova smrt leta 1564 pomeni v Italiji konec velike dobe. Vršil se je boj med Florenco in Rimom, katero mesto shrani telo umetnika. Shranila ga je Florenca, ki mu je dala kraljevski pogreb. Največ ljudi takrat Michelangelove veličine še ni poznalo in vzelo je stoletja, predno so ljudstva začela razumno ceniti dela in njega upoštevati kot največjega umetnika vseh časov.

Lenau:

VEČER

(Iz nemščine.)

RAZŠLI oblaki so se že,
žarelo solnce je v zahodu,
zlatila mavrica gore
je, ko sem stal v šotoru.
A zgrabil sem za potno palco,
krčmarju sem zahvalo pel
za prenočišče in za malco,
in v tihem mraku sem odšel.



Sakuntala

Indijska igra v sedmih dejanjih.

Spisal KALISADA*. Po raznih prevodih iz
izvirnika priredil A. KOBAL.

OSEBE:

DUŠJANTA, kralj.
BARATA, imenovan Krotilec, njegov sin.
MADAVJA, dvorni norec.
KRALJEVI VOZNIK.
RAJVATAKA, vrtar.
KARABAKA, sluga.
PARVATAJANA, dvorjanik.
SOMARATA, dvorni kaplan.
KANVA, puščavniški oče.
SARNGARAVA }
SARADVATA } njegovi učenci.
HARITA }
DURVASA, vedež.
POLICIJSKI NAČELNIK.
SUHAKA } policaja.
JANUKA }
RIBIČ
SAKUNTALA, Kanvova pastorka.
PRIJAMVADA } prijateljici.
ANUSUJA }
GAUTAMI, puščavniška mati.
KASJAPA, oče bogov.
ADITI, mati bogov.
MATALI, voznik nebeškega kralja.
GALAVA, učenec v nebesih.
MISRAKESI, nebeška vila.

Ravnatelj odra in igralka v prologu, dalje
puščavniki, puščavnice, dvorna pesnika, po-
močniki in nevidne vile.

Štiri dejanja se vršijo v gozdnem logu pri
Kanvovem samostanu, peto in šesto dejanje
v kraljevi palači, sedmo dejanje pa v gorah.
Igra se vrši v dobi sedmih let.

PROLOG

BLAGOSLOV OBČINSTVU

Osem je oblik v Živi, bogu, gospodarju:
zahotelo se je vodo vstvariti vladarju,
ognja, ki v nebo pošilja žgalni dar,
solnce, luno, vedeža, ki svet mu je oltar,
in ozračje v obseg vesoljstvu,
mater zemljo, ki semenju da življenje,
zrak, življenja dih: Združimo se, v spoznanju
dobimo blagoslov, tolažbo vsem v sobranju.

RAVNATELJ ODRA: Dovolj je bla-
goslavljanja! (Se obrne proti oni
strani odra, kjer je oblačilnica.) Go-
spodična! Če ste se oblekli, kar vsto-
pite.

*Živel pred približno 1500 leti.

IGRALKA (vstopi): Tukaj sem. Kaj
želite?

RAVNATELJ: Naše občinstvo je zelo
razumno, zato mu vprizorimo igro,
ki se imenuje "Sakuntala" ali "Pr-
stan spoznanja" ter jo je spisal Ka-
lidasa. Vsi igralci naše družbe bodo
morali na oder.

IGRALKA: Imenitno ste pripravili
oder. Vse se bo izteklo v redu.

RAVNATELJ (smeje): Po pravici po-
vem, gospodična:

Dokler ne bomo modrim zadostili,
ne moremo o redu se bahati;
še veleumu je pomoč potrebna,
ne more kritiku sam kljubovati.

IGRALKA: Tako je, res! Kaj torej
storimo?

RAVNATELJ: Predvsem morate kaj
lepega zapeti našemu občinstvu, da
ga spravite v dobro voljo.

IGRALKA: O katerem letnem času naj
pojem?

RAVNATELJ: Zapojte o poletju, ki se
ravno pričinja. Kajti v tem letnem
času:

Sredi dne nam solnce najbolj greje,
razkošni vonj cvetlic iz gozda sapa
veje.

V senčnem hladu spanec nas omami,
ko solnce gre, je mesec za gorami.

IGRALKA:

Lilij nežnih cvetje
s praškom zlatim
vpleteno v kodre
deklic mladih.

Čebela s cvetov srka med,
s poljubom prašek zlat je vzet.

RAVNATELJ: Dobro ste zapeli. Vse
gledališče ste očarali s pesmijo in
zdaj sedi občinstvo kot bi ga nasli-
kali. Katero igro mu torej vprizori-
mo, da ga obdržimo v dobri volji?

IGRALKA: No, ravnokar ste mi dejali, da predstavimo "Sakuntalo."

RAVNATELJ: Hvala, da ste me spomnili. Za trenutek sem bil pozabil:

Vaše pesmi glas me je zapeljal,
kakor je srnjak junaka naše igre
v sveti log pripeljal. (Oba odideta.)

PRVO DEJANJE

LOV

(Sledeča srnjaku vstopita kralj Dušjanta in voznik.)

VOZNIK (gleda za srnjakom in na kralja): Veličanstvo!

Srnjaka neizprosno ste gonili
z namenom, da ga pokončate,
kot da bi Živa šel na jago s krili
loveč divjačin gorske jate.

DUŠJANTA: Daleč nas je privedel lov
za srnjakom. In celo sedaj:

Prelepi vrat nazaj obrača,
neznana mu je lovčeva zvijača,
lok smrtonosni,
neizprosni.
Žival, nevesča puščične ostrine,
se plaha za pobeg dovolj ne brine.

Žival ne upa pasti se
v zeleni travi sred' dobrave.
Njen dih nemiren, hiter je
od gonje previhrave.
Še bega in visoko poskakuje,
beži ne: ko na krilih se vzdiguje.

(Presenečen.) Naj srnjaku še toliko
sledim, ne morem ga dobiti na cilj.

VOZNIK: Veličanstvo! Konje sem moral
čvrsto držati na vajetih, zakaj pot
je bila pregroba za vožnjo. Zato ste
zaostali. Odtod pa je zopet ravnica
in ne bo vam težko dobiti srnjaka.

DUŠJANTA: Izpusti torej vajeti!

VOZNIK: Da, Veličanstvo! (Se dela
kakor da je vožnja urnejša.) Glejte,
Veličanstvo!

Vajeta so izpuščena, vranici nebrzdani
se zaženejo naprej.

Urnava veter perje: konji podkovani
pa beže kot strela, glej!

Se za nami prah visoko dviže,
z vetrom plavamo zverjadi bliže.

DUŠJANTA (veselo): Glej! Konja do-
hitevata srnjaka.

Ko dalje in dalje koleselj dirja,
vse malo pred nami narašča v veliko,
kar zdi se zdvojeno, narašča v eno,
kar krivo v naravi, to zdi se zravnano;
stvari poleg mene se zdijo v daljavi,
one iz dalje se zdijo pred mano.

GLAS (izza pozorišča): Kralj! O kralj!
Srnjak je last samostana! Ne smeš,
ne smeš ga ubiti!

VOZNIK (gleda in posluša): Veličanstvo!
Dva redovnika sta. Prihitela
sta, da rešita srnjaka ravno v tren-
nutku, ko hočete sprožiti puščico nanj.

DUŠJANTA (urno): Ustavi!

VOZNIK: Da, Veličanstvo! (Ustavi.
Puščavnik vstopi z učencem.)

PUŠČAVNIK (dvigne roko): O kralj,
srnjak je last samostana.

Zakaj življenje bi jemal
živali krasnoliki?
Zakaj lepoto bi končal
s puščico smrtno diki?

Puščico urno s tula vzemi!
Udani ti orožje dajo,
da za mir skrbiš med nami,
ne da meril bi na rajo.

DUŠJANTA (skloni glavo in odneha te-
tivo): Naj bo! (Da puščico z lokom
vozniku.)

PUŠČAVNIK (veselo): Čin, ki je vre-
den tebe, naslednik slavnega rodu
kraljevskega Puru in svetli vzor kra-
ljev. Bog ti daj sina vladarja nebesom
in zemlji.

DUŠJANTA (se globoko prikloni):
Hvala vam za blagoslov brahmina.

PUŠČAVNIK: V gozd greva naprav-
ljat drva. Tam na bregu reke Malini
boš videl samostan očeta Kanve, ka-
teremu zapoveduje Sakuntala, njego-
va božanska varovanka. Če je bo-
govom ljubo, bi te prosil, da prideš
k nam kot dobrodošel gost. Videl
boš pobožne obrede menihov, katerim

nisi škodoval in katerim ostani dobri pokrovitelj.

DUŠJANTA: Ali je puščavniški oče doma?

PUŠČAVNIK: Ne! Pustil pa je doma hčerko, da sprejme in pogosti goste. Ravno je odšel k Somatirti, da prežene zle duhove, ki jo motijo.

DUŠJANTA: Posetil bom torej njo. Izkazati hočem svojo naklonjenost, o kateri bo lahko povedala modremu puščavniku.

PUŠČAVNIK: Midva torej greva svojo pot. (Puščavnik z učencem odide.)

DUŠJANTA: Poženi dalje. Poset samostana pobožnih puščavnikov naju bo očistil.

VOZNIK: Da, Veličanstvo! (Se dela kakor da zopet požene.)

DUŠJANTA (se ozira okoli): Ne da bi mi bil puščavnik povedal, bi vedel, da je to log pobožnih redovnikov.

VOZNIK: Kako to?

DUŠJANTA: Kaj ne vidiš?

Steze gladke, poškopljene,
od meniških halj glajene.
'Z zemlje zelenjav vzkaleva,
nežno s cvetjem se odeva.
K nebu dviga se kadilo sveto.

Po livadah pa tekajo favni mirni in neplašni. Ne smeva jih motiti.

VOZNIK: Res je.

DUŠJANTA (po premoru): Ne smeva motiti samostana. Tu postoj, da izstopim.

VOZNIK: Držim za vajeti, izstopite, Veličanstvo.

DUŠJANTA (izstopi in gleda): Priprostejše oblačilo bi moral nositi, ko vstopim v samostan. Vzemi te biserre in lok. (Jih izroči vozniku.) Predno se povrnem iz samostana, pa okopljim konje.

VOZNIK: Da, Veličanstvo. (Odide.)

DUŠJANTA (stopa in se ozira naokoli): Samostan! Vstopil bom! (Ko name-rava vstopiti, začuti trepljanje po rami.)

Tu prostor je miru. Zakaj bi motil?

Ljubezen sem ne vstopa.

Stvarem ne'zbežnim vendar
je vhod odprt vsekdar.

GLAS (za pozoriščem): Sem, sem deklice!

DUŠJANTA (poslušaj): Zdi se mi, da slišim nekoga z desne strani loga. Kdo je? (Stopa in se ozira). Oh, samostanske deklice so in škropilnice drže v rokah. Mlada drevesa prihajajo zalivat. Kako so krasne!

Mestna dekleta z lišpom kupljenim
niso ni nežna, niso ni lepa,
kakor so cveti gozdnega loga,
kakor ti krasni cveti—dekleta.

Moram se umakniti v ozadje ter jih počakati. (Stoji in jih gleda. Vstopi Sakuntala—kakor opisana—s prijateljicama.)

ANUSUJA: Zdi se mi, draga, da oče Kanva skrbi bolj za samostanska drevesa, kakor pa zate. Nežna si kot cvet jasmína in vendar ti zapove okopavati drevesca.

SAKUNTALA: Ni res! Saj mi oče tolikanj ne zapoveduje. Zdi se mi, da sem sama kakor sestra malim drevesom. (Jih zaliva.)

PRIJAMVADA: Sakuntala, zalile smo drevesca, ki cveto poleti. Zdaj pa zalijmo tista, ki so odcvetela. To bo še lepši čin, kajti storile ga ne bomo za plačilo.

SAKUNTALA: Lepa misel! (Zaliva.)

DUŠJANTA (zase): Ta je torej Kanvova hči, Sakuntala. (Presenečen.) Dobri oče ji dela krivico, da mora nositi obleko iz ličja. Vendar jo tudi ta krasi, kajti:

Lepota, ki zavaja,
v ponižnost se odeva.
Med vodnimi rastlinami
prekrasna ličja vzpeva.

V temno noč si luna
najsvetlejšo posije;
v grobem ličju deva
najlepše se razvije.

SAKUNTALA: (se ozre): Čujta! Mangovo drevo mi hoče nečesa povedati z vejami, ki se gibljejo v vetru kakor nežni prsti. K njemu moram. (Stopi k drevesu.)

PRIJAMVADA: Sakuntala, postoj tam za minuto.

SAKUNTALA: Zakaj?

PRIJAMVADA: Ko te tako vidim, se mi zdi, da si cvetoča trta, ki se ovija ob mangovem drevesu.

SAKUNTALA: Zdaj vem, zakaj te imenujejo prilizovalko.

DUŠJANTA: Toda resnico je govorila.

Roki sta ji nežni veji,
cveti rdeči, gorki ustni.

ANUSUJA: Sakuntala! Tu raste jasmínova trta, ki si jo imenovala "luč gozdnega loga." Izvolila si je za druga mangovo drevo.

SAKUNTALA se približa in vesela opazuje rastlini): Kako krasen par! Jasmin kaže svojo mladost v svežem cvetju, mangovo drevo krepost v zorečem sadu.

PRIJAMVADA: (se smeje): Anusuja, ali veš zakaj Sakuntala tako hudo gleda na "luč gozdnega loga"?

ANUSUJA: Ne. Zakaj?

PRIJAMVADA: Misli si, kako je "luč gozdnega loga" našla dobro drevo, in upa, da bo tudi sama dobila svojega dragega.

SAKUNTALA: Tega si hočeš in iščeš sama. (Nemirno trka s prsti po škropilnici.)

ANUSUJA: Glej, Sakuntala! Tu je pomladanska ovijalka, ki jo je oče Kanva tolikanj negoval—kakor je negoval tebe. Pozabila si nanjo.

SAKUNTALA: Prej bi pozabila nase. (Stopi k ovijalki in jo veselo ogleduje): Čudovito! Čudovito! Prijamvada, nekaj lepega ti povem.

PRIJAMVADA: Kaj, draga?

SAKUNTALA: Potekel je njen letni čas in vendar se je pomladanska ovijalka osula s cvetnimi popki prav do tal.

PRIJATELJICI: Res?

SAKUNTALA: Seveda! Kaj ne vidita?

PRIJAMVADA: (veselo gleda in govori): Jaz pa tebi nekaj lepega povem. Kmalu se boš možila.

SAKUNTALA: (popadljivo): Saj sama veš, da hočeš to le zase.

PRIJAMVADA: Zdaj ti ne nagajam. Veruj, da sem slišala na svoje uho očeta Kanva praviti, da je ta cvetoča ovijalka znak tvoje prihajajoče sreče.

ANUSUJA: Prijamvada, veš, zato pa Sakuntala tako rada zaliva pomladansko ovijalko.

SAKUNTALA: Moja sestra je. Zakaj bi ji ne dala vode. (Prevrne škropilnico.)

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



Japonska umetnost: Deklice v gozdnem logu.

R. Tagore:

Moja pesem

TA moja pesem te ovije z godbo, dete moje, kakor nežni objem ljubezni.
 Ta moja pesem se dotakne tvojega čela, kakor blagoslavljaajoči poljub.
 Ko boš osamelo, bo sedela ob tvoji strani in ti bo šepetala na uho, ko boš v gneči, te bo oklepala s svojo oddaljenostjo.
 Moja pesem bo kakor dvoje peroti za tvoje sanje, prenesla bo tvoje srce na meje neznanega.
 Kakor verna zvezda bo nad glavo, ko bo temna noč nad tvojo cesto.
 Moja pesem bo sedela v zenicah tvojih oči in pokaže tvojemu pogledu pot v srce stvari.
 In ko moj glas umolkne v smrti, bo govorila moja pesem v tvojem živečem srcu.

Kette:

NA TRGU

Noč trudna
 molči,
 nezamudna
 beži
 čez mestni trg luna sanjava.

Pa blizi
 ni cest,
 ah v Elizij,
 do zvezd
 ne morete kaplje šumeče.

Vse v mraku
 mirno,
 na vodnjaku
 samo
 tih vetrec z vodo poigrava.

In smele
 želje
 do Angele
 moje
 hitite zamanj hrepeneče . . .

Vodice
 šume
 in rosice
 prše
 brez konca v broneno kotanjo;

Noč trudna
 molči,
 nezamudna
 beži
 čez mestni trg luna sanjava,

brezdanj je
 ta vir,
 šepetanje,
 nemir
 brezkončna, kot misli so nanjo.

in ruši
 pokoj
 moji duši
 nocoj;
 brezskrbno pa ljubica spava.



ČITATELJEM:

Meseca decembra smo razposlali darila tistim, katerih imena so bila tiskana v decemberski številki Mladinskega lista. Ker je nekaj knjig preostajalo, smo jih poslali po eno še nekaterim drugim prispevateljem, ki so med letom 1928 pokazali kaj več zanimanja. Darovi so bili vsi izbrani, in sicer najboljše mladinske knjige, ki jih je mogoče dobiti na književnem trgu. Posebno nekaj knjig je prvovrstnih, zato upamo, da je vsak zadovoljen in da čita z zanimanjem. Poslali smo:

Prvo darilo: Jenny Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.: "Little Woman," "The Count of Monte Christo" in "The Little Sister." Jenny bo imela sedaj dovolj čtiva. Radi bi izvedeli, kako ji kaj ugaja "Monte Christo."

Franku Somraku ml. v Clevelandu smo poslali: "Quo Vadis," "20,000 League under the Sea" in "Les Misérables." Od teh je "Les Misérables" najlepša in upamo, da se bo Frank veliko naučil iz nje ter mu bo knjiga tudi v zabavo.

Drugo darilo: Tony Lekshe, Lawrence, Pa.: "Gulliver's Travels," lepo ilustrirana knjiga za velike in majhne, ter "Tom Swift's Circling"; Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.: "The Three Musketeers" in "Little Woman." "Trije mušketirji" so lepa povest za odraščajoče deklice, torej ravno prav za Mary.—Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill., je dobila darilo z enakima knjigama; Anna Matos iz Blaina, Ohio, pa lepo ilu-

strirane povesti iz "Tisoč in ene noči" (Arabian Nights) ter "Little Woman."

Tretje darilo je pa dobilo trinajst dečkov in deklic in sicer tudi tu po zaslugi. Violet Beniger v Exportu bo imela veliko čtiva v "Quo Vadis," Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, lepo klasično povest "Pinocchio"; Rudolph Sernel v Chicago je prejel Stevensonov "The Treasure Island" (Otok zakladov); Joe Marinac, El More, Colo., je dobil "The Arabian Nights," Mary Krainik v Chisholmu "Heidi," povest za mlade deklice; Henry Indof, Smithton, Pa.: "Hans Brinker." Dalje so dobili knjigo "Tom Swift Circling the Globe": Robert Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa., Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio, Matilda Widmar, Chicago, in Evelin Hochevar, Pueblo, Colo. Jenny Vitavec je dobila "An Old Fashioned Girl" in Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich., "The Little Men." Upamo, da ste vsi dobili knjige v redu in nepoškodovane ter da ste jih že v veliki meri prečitali. Pošilja Vam jih, kakor veste, S.N.P.J. kot priznanje za zanimanje za list.

Vsem čitateljem priporočamo, da pokažejo enako zanimanje in delujejo za Mladinski list, pišejo vanj, da tako skupno povzdignemo delovanje za S.N.P.J. Lepo je tudi od vsakega mladega člana, da gre na delo in pridobi kakšnega novega naročnika. Cena za Mladinski list je tako majhna, da vsakdo utegne dobiti naročnika, če se le zanima. Torej na delo vsi! Ob koncu leta pa boste zato dobili priznanje, katerega boste lahko veseli.

UREDNIK.

Cenjeni urednik!

Oglašam se spet v Mladinskem listu zato, ker je tako priljubljen. Učenka sem v slovenski mladinski šoli. Letos je šola imela božično predstavo kakor lansko leto in igra na odru je bila "Dobrota je sirota," ter še neka druga igra.

V angleški šoli sem v osmem razredu. Zima je tu in jaz se je veselim. Tudi moj brat se veseli zime, ker se lahko drsa. Jaz moram pisati in čitati, da se česa naučim in se ne bom smela drsati in igrati, ker sem že prevelika, pravi mama.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in srečno leto 1929.

Olga Vehar,

5335 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

*

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnjih par mesecev nisem nič prispevala Mladinskemu listu, ker sem bila prezaposlena v šoli. Imela sem preveč učiti se, in sicer dva kontesta v slovarju in pravopisu (spelling contest). Mogoče bo sedaj več časa kakor poprej.

Naš okraj (Franklin County) je precej velik in na skušnjo je prišlo petdeset deklic in dečkov. Prvi so izpustili od tristo besed po eno, drugi pa celo od petsto po eno.

V tukajšnjem mestu je precej razširjena škratica in tudi davica. Po vseh šolah se morajo učenci dati cepiti, drugače nima nikdo vstopa v šolo.

Čitala sem v Prosveti, kako imajo člani mladinskega oddelka veliko zabav in priredb, veselje in iger. Tudi jaz bi bila rada v kakšnem večjem mestu, kjer bi bilo več zabave in veselja za mladino.

Pozdravim vse člane mladinskega oddelka, posebno pa člane v Red Lodgu, kajti tam je moj rojstni kraj.

Prisrčen pozdrav! **Frances Kochevar,**
West Frankfort, 273, Ill.

*

Lepo in že malce poznano pesmico o novem letu pošilja **Mary Ilovar** iz Blaina, Ohio:

Tim, tam!
V stolpu se je zamajalo:
novo leto prismejalo
se je k nam.

Bodi nam od srca zdravo!
Bodi dobro, bodi pravo!
Vsem prinesi srečo nam!

Tim, tam!
Kakor boste vi hoteli,
kakor boste vi živeli,
bodem mlado leto vam.
Tim, tam!

Josephine Stonich v Fredericku, Colo., gotovo ve, da je pesem o komarju in muhi znana vsem Slovencem. Vendar jo napiše z željo, da bi jo priobčili, in sicer malce po njeno zaokroženo. Zaokrožena pa je pesemca malo preveč, da bi jo tiskali v Mladinskem listu.

*

Kakor večina prispevateljev, je tudi **Jennie Vitavec** iz Cantona, Ohio, malo zakasnela z božičnim voščilom, vendar pa omenjamo njeno pisemce v tej izdaji. "Srečno leto 1929," pravi Jennie.

*

Louise Ilovar nam pošilja iz Blaina, Ohio, to-le pesmico:

GOLOBČEK

O golobček, kru, kru, kru,
prišla zopet sem domu.
Zdaj ti bodem natrosila,
zrnja, kruha nadrobila.
Sedi mi na prstek zdaj.
kaj je novega povej.

Golobček se na prstek vsede,
deklici takole pravi:
Omarica, kru, kru, kru,
vrhu starega gradu.
Danes sem samoten skakal,
tebe iz učilne čakal.

Kar zaslišim fi, fi, fi,
strah mi ude spreleti.
Jastreb je namenil name,
da siroto me ujame.
Hitro sem pobegnul stran,
silno sem tedaj se vstrašil.

Oj, golobček, ti, ti, ti,
glej, kaj lahko se zgodi.
Rekla sem, doma ostani,
pa nikamor se ne gani.
Če te jastreb bo ujel,
belo perje ti bo vzel.

Vzel ti bo življenje lepo,
ker v nevarnost hodiš slepo.
Pa nikoli ne boš videl
več me ta, ta, ta.
To bo pa že hudo za te,
tim, tim, tim.

*

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dolgo nameravam pisati v Mladinski list in sedaj je res prilika, da mi je mogoče to storiti. V prvi vrsti voščim srečno leto 1929 vsem bratom in sestricam v mladinskem oddelku S.N.P.J. in tudi bratu uredniku. Pretečeno poletje nas je obiskal brat Andrew Kobal, urednik M. L. Mogoče se še spominja,

kako sem ga pozdravila, ko sem ga našla v hiši, za kar upam, da mi oprostí, zakaj bil mi je nepoznan in jaz sem bila sama doma.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem.

Mary Rudolph, So. Omaha, Neb.

(Da, Mary, predobro se spominjam. Ker je precej zanimivo, pa povejva čitateljem, kako je bilo: Dež je lil kakor iz škafa. Menda ga še nikoli ni bilo toliko v Omahi kot tisti dan. Ko pridem na dom Marinega očeta, br. Rudolpha, ki je tajnik društva S.N.P.J. v So. Omahi, ni bilo nikogar doma, hiša pa odprta, Vstopil sem, klical, a ker ni bilo odmeva, se vrnem iz hiše. Toda joj! zunaj je lilo kakor za stavo. Treba se je bilo vrniti v hišo in notri vedriti. Izgledalo tudi ni, da bi se kdo vrnil. Sedem za mizo, vzamem jednotinega papirja, pa napišem br. Rudolphu pismo, da sem ga posetil in da mi je žal, ker ga nisem našel doma. Med pisanjem pogleda skozi vrata mala postava deklice z lepimi, toda hudo švigajočimi očmi. Vstal sem, da se oprostím, toda ni bilo časa, mala deklica se je čvrsto postavila pred mene in pogumno zahtevala, da takoj povem, kdo sem in najbrž tudi to, kaj imam opraviti v njihovi hiši. S časom sem vendar dopovedal, kdo sem in po kaj pridem, in Marica je izgledala malce v zadregi, a ne preveč. Kdo bi tudi bil v zadregi! Saj je pravilno postopala! Tako je treba nastopiti proti tujcem, ki pridejo nepoklicani v hišo. Da zna Mary biti uljudna, je tudi pokazala, zato ji moramo samo častitati na njenem nastopu. Še kaj se oglasi, Mary!—Urednik.)

ZASTAVICE

1. Katera žival ne vidi nobene barve?
2. Zakaj pes kost gloda?
3. Kje se nosi največ klobukov?
4. Po glavi pride v New York kdo?
5. Kdo skozi zid vročino čuti?
6. Vse v hiši zgori, samo hiša ostane. Katera?

Mildred Ilover, Blaine, Ohio.

1. Rastlina je, nekateri ljudje jo imajo zelo radi, pa jo vendar ravno tisti žgo. Kaj?
2. V goro gre, domov gleda; domov gre, v goro gleda. Kdo?

Johanna Kozel, Box 197, Blaine, Ohio.

Dopolnilna uganka.

Na videz sem kot čista ,
 a če me piješ, si
 Za mano bela žena
 Prijatelj, veš, da to je ?!
 Oropa žep nam ,
 oropa dušo nam ,
 v bolnišnico nas vodi, v ,
 je grobokop družinske

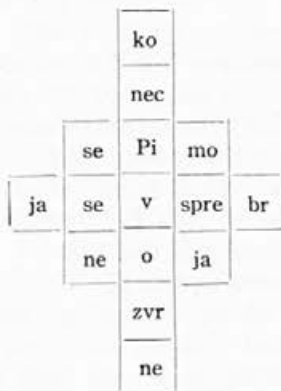
Ali je prav povedal?

Učitelj: "Zakaj se imenuje ono drevo tamle vrba žalujka?"

Učenec: "Zato, ker vi dobivate od nje palice, s katerimi nas tepete."

REBUS.

Iz zlogov sestavi znani slovenski pregovor.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume VIII.

JANUARY, 1929

Number 1.

THERE WAS A BOY

By William Wordsworth.

THERE was a boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And loud halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of Mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven receive
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his myths and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Preeminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: The churchyard hangs,
Upon the slope above the village school;
And, through that churchyard wren my way has led
On summer evening, I believe, that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute— looking at the grave in which he lies!

Napoleon

“THE SERIES of Napoleon’s successes is absolutely the most marvellous in history . . . When we bring up for comparison an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Ceasar, a Charles, we find in the single point of marvellousness Napoleon surpassing them all . . .

“Every one of those heroes was born to a position of exceptional advantage . . . But Napoleon, who rose as high as any of them, began life as an obscure provincial, almost without a country. It is this marvellousness which paralyzes our judgment. We see at once a genius beyond all estimate, a unique character and a fortune utterly unaccountable.”

Thus says J. Robert Seeley, professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, who considers Napoleon the greatest enemy England has ever known.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. The Bonaparte family were originally from the mainland of Italy. After several months spent in learning French in the school at Autun, he entered at ten years of age the military school at Brienne. His schoolmates regarded him as taciturn and morose; but as he was Corsican speaking very little French, and keenly felt his poverty. His school report appears that he “distinguished himself in mathematics, was tolerably versed in history and geography, weak in Latin, general literature, and other accomplishments; of regular habits, well behaved and studious, and enjoying excellent health.” After Brienne he was transferred to a greater school at Paris. A year later he received his commission as a second lieutenant in the artillery. In his leisure time he devoted himself faithfully to intense study of books of a solid character.

During the French Revolution we find him swept in that great tempest and in the political tumult of his Corsica. For the first time Napoleon showed his genius in the siege of Toulon as an officer of the Revolutionary forces. He was promoted to the rank of general of brigade.

A mob violence threatened the Convention that was drawing up a constitution for the new republic. The defense of the convention was intrusted to Barras, who took Napoleon as his second in command. Barras had known Napoleon in Toulon, and in this tempestous time he found Napoleon in Paris unemployed, half fed, and shabbily clothed. Napoleon successfully swept the insurrection from the streets of Paris. His activity was astonishing; everybody was struck by his vigor, and he inspired confidence in the people that culminated in enthusiasm. Napoleon showed in this occasion his traits which always had been his main resources: his energy, invincible determination, and skillful preparation. Later he succeeded Barras as commander of the Army of the Interior with the command of Paris. The days of poverty were now over, and he was a welcome guest in notable families.

In Barras’ salon Napoleon met the young Creole widow, Josephine, and married her on March 9, 1794.

It would be incomplete to tell of Napoleon’s life without including the so-called Napoleonic campaigns for, Napoleon first of all was a soldier, and as that he was the greatest that ever lived. As a consul of France he did a tremendous constructive work to his country. Beethoven in his admiration for the

great republic under the great consul composed a symphony in his name and honor, but changed its title to "Eroica" when Napoleon crowned himself Emperor of the French. The greatest service Napoleon rendered to France was the Code Napoléon. He assembled all the great lawyers to draw up the civil code under his direction.

Then came the famous Italian Campaign against the Austrian Empire,—his first campaign. It was a colossal audacity by leading a poor and terribly inferior army against the great odds. By ingenuity of plan, swift movement, precision of combinations he triumphed over all, and in the Battle of Marengo his star began to shine brightly and brightest at Austerlitz, only to fade in Russia in the winter of 1812 and darkest at Waterloo on June 18, 1815. He was exiled by the Great Powers to St. Helena and died there on May 5, 1821.

Pages would be necessary to tell of Napoleon's wars and statesmanship. As a statesman he was great and the world has agreed that he was the most powerful ruler that ever ruled and as a soldier he was the greatest and most brilliant. He was indomitable and calm in battle.

An interesting thing to the Slovenes was that in one of these periods Napoleon created the Illyrian Provinces as a distinct political unit which was the germ of the present Yugoslavia. Slovenia was one of the provinces and it was due to Napoleon's influence that the University of Ljubljana was established and persisted until the return of the Austrians in 1812.

Napoleon was villified and praised, perhaps more than any man in history. To his admirers he appeared as the champion of the people, a mounted Robespierre bearing the gospel of Republicanism to the world, a martyr to the cause of liberalism. To others he was an adventurer, who exploited the French Revolution for his own glory.

His significance in history is not the almost unbelievable magnitude of his military exploits, but the ideas that his military successes embodied in his own mind and in the French people. He carried to the world by force the eighteenth century ideas of France. Medievalism, that age of darkness and absurdities crumbled under him; thus supplying the ground for the foundations of the modern state, a mixture of the elements of political democracy and economic considerations. Serfdom, privileges, the landed aristocracy, despotism, the Medieval Church, the feudal political systems and its disorganizations were lost in the great conflagration kindled by the French Revolution and Napoleon.

Napoleon was always fond of history and biographies, eager to learn what qualities produced greatness or success. Perhaps some will find his energy and determination interesting and inspiring.



Yaga Baba

(A folk tale that is common to all Slavs.)

SOMEWHERE, I cannot tell you exactly where, but certainly in vast Russia, there lived a peasant with his wife and they had twins—a son and daughter. One day the wife died and the husband mourned over her very sincerely for a long time. One year passed, and two years, and even longer. But there is no order in a house without a woman, and a day came when the man thought, "If I marry again it would possibly turn out all right." And so he did, and had children by his second wife.

The stepmother was envious of the stepson and daughter and began to use them hardly. She scolded them without any reason, sent them away from home as often as she wished, and gave them scarcely enough to eat. Finally she wanted to get rid of them altogether. Do you know what it means to allow a wicked thought to enter one's heart? The wicked thought grows all the time like a poisonous plant and slowly kills the good thoughts. A wicked feeling was growing in the stepmother's heart, and she determined to send the children to the witch, thinking sure enough that they would never return.

"Dear children," she said to the orphans, "go to my grandmother who lives in the forest in a hut on hen's feet. You will do everything she wants you to, and she will give you sweet things to eat and you will be happy."

The orphans started out. But instead of going to the witch, the sister, a bright little girl, took her brother by the hand and ran to their own old, old grandmother and told her all about their going to the forest.

"Oh, my poor darlings!" said the good old grandmother, pitying the children, "my heart aches for you, but it is not in my power to help you. You have to go not to a loving grandmother, but to a wicked witch. Now listen to me, my darlings," she continued; "I will give you a hint: Be kind and good to every one; do not speak ill words to any one; do not despise helping the weakest, and always hope that for you, too, there will be the help."

The good old grandmother gave the children some delicious fresh milk to drink and to each a big slice of ham. She also gave them some cookies—there are cookies everywhere—and when the children departed she stood looking after them a long, long time.

The obedient children arrived at the forest and, oh, wonder; there stood a hut, and what a curious one! It stood on tiny hen's feet, and at the top was a rooster's head. With their shrill, childish voices they called out loud:

"Little hut! turn thy back to the forest and thy front to us!"

The hut did as they commanded. The two orphans looked inside and saw the witch resting there, her head near the threshold, one foot in one corner, the other in another corner, and her knees quite close to the ridge pole.

"Fou, Fou, Fou!" exclaimed the witch; "I feel the Russian spirit."

The children were afraid, and stood close, very close together, but in spite of their fear they said very politely:

"Ho, grandmother, our stepmother sent us to you to serve you."

"All right; I am not opposed to keeping you, children. If you satisfy all my wishes I shall reward you; if not, I shall eat you up."

Without any delay the witch ordered the girl to spin the thread, and the boy, her brother, to carry water in a sieve to fill a big tub. The poor orphan girl wept at her spinning-wheel and wiped away her bitter tears. At once all around her appeared small mice squeaking and saying:

"Sweet girl, do not cry. Give us cookies and we will help you."

The little girl willingly did so.

"Now," gratefully squeaked the mice, "go and find the black cat. He is very hungry; give him a slice of ham and he will help you."

The girl speedily went in search of the cat and saw her bother in great distress about the tub, so many times he had filled the sieve, yet the tub was still dry. The little birds passed, flying near by, and chirped to the children:

"Kind-hearted little children, give us some crumbs and we will advise you."

The orphans gave the birds some crumbs and the grateful birds chirped again:

"Some clay and water, children dear!"

Then away they flew through the air.

The children understood the hint, spat in the sieve, plastered it up with clay and filled the tub in a very short time. Then they both returned to the hut and on the threshold met the black cat. They generously gave him some of the good ham which their good grandmother had given them, petted him and asked:

"Dear Kitty-cat, black and pretty, tell us what to do in order to get away from thy mistress, the witch?"

"Well," very seriously answered the cat, "I will give you a towel and a comb and then you must run away. When you hear the witch running after you, drop the towel behind your back and a large river will appear in place of the towel. If you hear her once more, throw down the comb and in place of the comb there will appear a dark wood. This wood will protect you from the wicked witch, my mistress."

Yaga Baba came home just then.

"Is it not wonderful?" she thought; "everything is exactly right."

"Well," she said to the children, "today you were brave and smart; let us see to-morrow. Your work will be more difficult and I hope I shall eat you up."

The poor orphans went to bed, not to a warm bed prepared by loving hands, but on the straw in a cold corner. Nearly scared to death from fear, they lay there, afraid to talk, afraid even to breathe. The next morning the witch ordered all the linen to be woven and a large supply of firewood to be brought from the forest.

The children took the towel and comb and ran away as fast as their feet could possibly carry them. The dogs were after them, but they threw them the cookies that were left; the gates did not open themselves, but the children smoothed them with oil; the birch tree near the path almost scratched their eyes out, but the gentle girl fastened a pretty ribbon to it. So they went farther and farther and ran out of the dark forest into the wide, sunny fields.

The cat sat down by the loom and tore the thread to pieces, doing it with delight. Yaga Baba returned.

"Where are the children?" she shouted, and began to beat the cat. "Why have you left them go, you treacherous cat? Why haven't you scratched their faces?"

The cat answered: "Well, it was because I have served you so many years and you have never given me a bite, while the dear children gave me some good ham."

The witch scolded the dogs, the gates, and the birch tree near the path.

"Well," barked the dogs, "you certainly are our mistress, but you have never done us a favor, and the orphans were kind to us."

The gates replied:

"We were always ready to obey you, but you did neglect us, and the dear children smoothed us with oil."

The birch tree lisped with its leaves, "You have never put a simple thread over my branches and the little darlings adorned them with a pretty ribbon."

Yaga baba understood that there was no help and started to follow the children herself. In her great hurry she forgot to look for the towel and the comb, but jumped astride a broom and was off. The children heard her coming and threw the towel behind them. At once a river, wide and blue, appeared and watered the field. Yaga Baba hopped along the shore until she finally found a shallow place and crossed it.

Again the children heard her hurry after them and so they threw down the comb. This time a forest appeared, a dark and dusky forest in which the roots were interwoven, the branches matted together, and the tree-tops touching each other. The witch tried very hard to pass through, but in vain, and so, very, very angry, she returned home.

The orphans rushed to their father, told him all about their great distress, and thus concluded their pitiful story:

"Ah, father dear, why do you love us less than our brothers and sisters?"

The father was touched and became angry. He sent the wicked stepmother away and lived a new life with his good children. From that time he watched over their happiness and never neglected them any more.

How do I know this story is true? Why, one was there who told me about it.

VIRTUE

SWEET DAY, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eyes,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.

The Miser's Real Gold

MANY years ago in England there could be seen a man with a pack on his back trudging along the lanes of Raveloe. He was a linen weaver by trade, and his name was Silas Marner. His bundle held threads of flax with which he wove long strips of linen for the well-to-do housewives of the village. He lived in a stone cottage near the edge of a stone pit. The people of Raveloe thought him very queer because he never came to see them, nor did he stop at the Rainbow Inn to smoke a pipe with his neighbors as they talked over the happenings of their small world. From morning until night, he toiled at his loom. Often small boys would stop their play to peek in at his door until he would spy them and frighten them away by the look of his staring eyes.

And yet Silas Marner was a lonely man. You never could believe that anyone could be so lonely. He had nobody belonging to him, neither chick nor child. It had not always been so, for once he had been a happy young man in his home at Lantern Yard, some distance away. But his dearest friend had accused him of taking a sum of money that belonged to the Lantern Yard church. Of course, he had not done this; but he was unable to prove his innocence. So he had gone sadly away from Lantern Yard and had come to Raveloe. All the world had changed for him. He could neither trust nor like anyone after that. His weaving kept him busy. His wants were simple and most of the money he received for his work, he was able to save. As time went on, it grew to be quite a sum. When his work for the day was over, and his supper finished, the weaver would take out his money bags, and pour out the gold pieces on the table. He liked to scoop up a handful of the shining coins and let them fall through his fingers. He would sort out the money and arrange it in neat piles. Gradually this man, who had no friends, and neither chick nor child belonging to him, came to love his gold better than anything else in the world.

Now, in this village, there lived two young men who were brothers, the sons of Squire Cass, the richest man in Raveloe. Dunsey, the younger brother, had borrowed some money of Godfrey, the older one. The money Godfrey had loaned him really belonged to their father. Dunsey had spent it all, and Godfrey told him that he must have the money back to repay his father the next day. It was decided that Dunsey should take his brother's horse, Wildfire, to the races, sell him to the highest bidder, and give the money to Godfrey.

Things went wrong with Dunsey at the races. He got into bad company and by his reckless driving, he threw his horse in taking a high fence and killed him. He didn't know how he could face his brother after that, but he started home in a heavy fog. When he came to the stone pit, and saw Silas Marner's cottage, it occurred to him that perhaps he could persuade the miser to loan his brother some money. He knocked, but there was no answer. The door was unlocked, and he entered. There was no one within. Dunsey looked about him, wondering where the weaver kept his money. He spied two loose bricks in the floor. He took them up, and there lay two money bags, heavy with coins. He decided that he would take the money, for no one would ever know about it. He picked up the bags, replaced the bricks, and went forth into the dark night.

When Silas Marner returned to his cottage, everything appeared to be the same as when he left it. He bent over to get his gold and saw only an empty

hole. The world became black for him again. It was a long time before he could believe that his money was gone. He reported his loss to the men at the Rainbow. The villagers felt sorry for him, especially his neighbor, Mrs. Winthrop. She came to call on him, bringing her small son with her and presenting him with some cakes. It was the first real kindness that had been shown him since he had come to live in Raveloe.

Weeks went by, and the money was not found. The weaver worked hard at his loom, but he had no pleasure in his labor. He had an idea that if he left his door open at night, his money would come back to him in just as strange a fashion as it had disappeared. One snowy evening he left his work and stood at the open door, thinking of his lost gold.

That same night a young woman carrying her small, sleeping child, started out for Raveloe from a town a few miles away. The night was dark and the way was long. As she plodded on, she became very weary and numb with cold. She could go no further. She crept under the shelter of a bush close at hand and lay down in the snow, clasping her child closely to her. The little one, however, awoke, sat up, and stared about her. Her eyes caught the gleam of a light as it danced on the snow ahead of her. She slipped out of her mother's arms and toddled toward it. It was the fire on the hearth in Silas Marner's cottage. She reached the open door, stepped across the threshold, and over to the fireplace where she curled up on a coat which the weaver had spread on the floor to dry, and went to sleep.

Silas was thinking so deeply about his lost treasure that he did not see the child enter his house. He shut his door a few moments later and sat down by the fire to warm himself. As he looked down at the floor, his eyes caught the gleam of a shining mass. It was gold, his gold, that had come back to him as mysteriously as it had gone away. He reached out to touch it, but his hand fell on a tumbled cloud of golden curls. He peered closer, and saw it was a little child. He wondered how she could have come in without his knowing it. The baby awakened, and putting her arms around his neck, clung to him. He warmed some of his porridge and fed her. After she had eaten her supper, she slipped down from his lap and toddled around the room. Silas followed her, noticing that her shoes were wet with snow. He thought there must be footprints outside. He opened the door and as he did so, the child cried, "Mammy." He picked her up in his arms and followed the small tracks until he came to the bush under which the child's mother lay. She was dead. Silas decided then and there that he would keep this child who had been sent to him.

And now happy days began for the weaver. He forgot all about his money; for he had a little child to love and that was better than heaps of gold. He tied Eppie, as he called her, to the leg of his loom with a piece of linen as he worked. It was long enough to permit her to walk about freely. But she was a mischievous little thing and got into all kinds of trouble, as small children are bound to. Silas did not like to punish her and spoke to Mrs. Winthrop about it.

"Why don't you put her into the coal-hole for a few minutes when she is naughty? I have done that with my little boy and that always settles him for a while."

One morning Eppie watched the weaver as he cut the cloth in two. How interesting those shears were. He put them down for a moment quite near her. Eppie seized them as he turned away. Snip! snip! she cut a jagged line in the band that held her and was out of the door in a moment. It was some time before Silas missed her. He looked for her everywhere, with great fear in his

heart as he imagined all the things that might have happened to her. After some searching he found her seated by the edge of the pond in the meadow, filling her shoe with water. He was so overcome with joy and relief he could not bear the thought of punishing her. But she might run away again.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie to cut with scissors and run away. Eppie was a bad girl, and she must go in the coal-hole," he said as they entered the house.

For just a moment the door closed upon Eppie in the dark closet. "Opy, opy," she cried. He took her out and had to wash her hands and face, and change her dress.

"Now she will be good and I won't have to tie her for the rest of the morning," Silas thought as he went back to his work. The room was quiet for a while and he thought, "What a good child she is this morning." At that moment he heard a little voice.

"Eppie in de toal-hole, Eppie in de toal-hole."

He opened the closet door and out came Eppie, laughing, with black hands and face, and a smudgy black dress. After that he never tried punishing her again.



Meissonier: The Vidette. Napoleon's Horseman.

Little Eppie made many friends for the weaver as she went with him to deliver his linen. No one was afraid of him any more when he had his little child with him. Mr. Godfrey Cass, the brother whose horse was killed, was very good to them and gave them comfortable furniture for the house. Eppie and Silas were very happy together. They gathered flowers in the fields in summer and listened to the call notes of the birds, which Silas imitated, much to Eppie's delight.

Thus Eppie spent a happy childhood and grew to be a fine young girl. One evening she and Silas sat outside of their door, planning a flower garden.

"We can put a small wall of stone around it to keep out the donkey," said Eppie. She ran over to the stone pit for one of the large rocks.

"Oh, Father, there's hardly any water in the stone pit. It's almost dry," she exclaimed in surprise.

"That's because Mr. Cass has been draining the ground lately," he replied.

That evening there came a knock on the door. Eppie opened it to admit Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass. They had brought something that belonged to Silas Marner. It was his lost money bags, full of gold coins. Where do you suppose his treasure had been all these years? Down at the bottom of the stone pit, into which Dunsey Cass had fallen that dark night he had taken the money away, and there they had found his remains.

And that wasn't the greatest surprise of the evening. Mr. Cass told Eppie that he was her real father. He asked her to come to live with him that he might give her all the advantages that money could offer, for he was very rich. Poor Silas Marner was heart-broken when he heard it, but still he was willing to do whatever was best for Eppie. He asked her to decide for herself. It wasn't hard for Eppie to do this. She had known but one father all her life. There was just one who had loved her and cared for her, and watched over her as only the dearest of fathers could do, and that was Silas Marner. What was a wealthy home compared to that? And so Eppie thanked Mr. Cass for his kindness but chose to remain with her foster-father and to lead the simple, but happy life of a weaver's daughter.

Some day you will enjoy reading, for yourself, George Eliot's "Silas Marner," upon which this story is based.

A WISH

JUST a path that is sure,
Thorny or not,
And heart honest and pure,
Keeping the path that is sure,
That be my lot.

Just plain duty to know,
Irksome or not,
And truer and better to grow
In doing the duty I know,
That I have sought.

Just to keep battling on,
Weary or not,
Sure of the Right alone,
As I keep battling on,
True to my thought.

—Walter C. Smith.

All the Same

STANDARDIZATION is an ugly word and it is having an ugly effect on human life. It means, broadly speaking, that everything is being reduced to a pattern: houses, cars, faces, hats, thoughts, schools, ideals. Even if the pattern were an excellent one the world would tire of it.

The disease of standardization is felt more near the big towns, and almost generally in America. Its results can be seen in rows of houses just alike, windows alike, gardens the same shape. Down the roads pass women who look alike, built on the same lines of dress, the same shape of hats, the same color of stockings.

Everybody's ideal seems to be that he should be just like anybody else. It is much more than the tyranny of fashion. The factories that supply shops and houses are making millions of things to a standardized shape and style so that one could not please oneself if one tried.

The big public schools have long become touched with this disease. Their ideal is to turn out a good type: boys who not only behave and speak like any other boy in the school but want to shape their lives in the same way, who look on eccentricity as a crime.

There is an odd sense of imprisonment, of being closed down, in this modern trend of thought. It shuts the door on any ultimate perfection. It keeps us where we are. And who is to say that perfection has been reached? When one is content to do and look and speak and hope like millions of other people, surely one has given up one's "soul."

The human race, its power, depth, tradition, were not built up so. Anyone going through an old country would be struck by the infinite variety of its established beauty: no two large buildings alike in all thousands of large buildings; very few cottages alike. No mass production can be seen in the old parts of Europe.

And if one looked into the past, into the expression of the older people of the human race, he would see the pictures of women each shown as a separate and distinct personality, and men who looked out on life, on work, on hobbies, as an immense field to be covered by each one as he himself shall choose.

THERE IS ALWAYS A SONG SOMEWHERE

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings away:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the caves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

James Whitcomb Riley.



Frances Palian from Canton, Ill., R. 3, B. 16, was too late in contributing a Christmas poem. Her age is 11, and she wishes to receive some letters from other readers of the M. L.

* * *

Josephine Plevel from Ambridge, Pa., has written a short essay on the "Christmas on a Virginia Plantation." It came late for the December issue.

* * *

Mary Plesko, Eveleth, Minn., says: "There are five children in our family: Frank, Tony, John, Catherine, Mary. All of them are members of the S.N.P.J."

* * *

Mike Andler tells of his country life in Roslyn, Wash.: "This is a little town. In Spring I chase cows and clean the lawn. I have one brother and three sisters, all members of the S.N.P.J."

* * *

Pauline Klinar, Seanor, Pa.: Will you let us know who wrote the poem. We will gladly print it. (Editor.)

* * *

Ruth Sotler reports from Willock, Pa., that the miners there do not have any work in the mines and they have to travel in order to get some work.

* * *

Mary Mikulich, Trenary, Mich.: Please let us know the author of the poem, "An Apple Orchard in the Spring." (Editor.)

* * *

Stanley Lajevic, Venetia, Pa.: The riddles you are sending sound all right, but what are your answers to them? (Editor.)

Jennie Teran, Ely, Minn.: We must know the answer to your riddles before we print them. (Editor.)

* * *

Eddie Remitz, Cumberland, Wyo., says:

"My father is the secretary of lodge number 26. We all belong to the S.N.P.J. There are six of us in it. My brother and I like the M. L. so well, that we fight over it."

* * *

Mary Machek, from Samsula, Fla., reports:

"I am still keeping care of my dad's store and like it better every day, especially in the winter when the northern people come in.—The young folks from Samsula have organized a Dramatic club and we enacted a three act comedy, "Beads on a String." It surely was grand. We had it at the new school auditorium and charged 15—25c for admission and made \$32.90. We all thought it was fine for a little country community.

I can read Slovene, but cannot write. I am trying to learn it."

* * *

Mary Oblak, from Glasgow, Pa., promises the following:

"In the year of 1929, I am going to write to the M. L. every month, one month in Slovene and the other in American. I wish that all the members of the S.N.P.J. would be more active and write to the M. L. oftener than they did in the year of 1928."

* * *

Genevieve Palian reports from Canton, Ill.:

"I am in the eighth grade and next year I will be a freshie. Our school has only one club, 'The Girls Reserve.' We have parties and hikes all the year 'round and enjoy ourselves. We have blue ties for the club. We have plays, also. The club is very interesting."

RIDDLES

1. Why is it dangerous to have a clock at the head of the stairs?

2. Why are a mountain and an old man alike? Josephine Cebull, Klein, Mont.

*

Anna and Clara Sakely write from Willock, Pa.:

"We have twelve in the whole family and we all belong to the S.N.P.J. We all like the Mladinski list."

*

Insert commas so as to make some sense of the following:

That that is is that that is not that that is not is that is. Mary Pecnik,

R.R. 2, Box 29, Wadsworth, Ohio.

*

Caroline Bubnich writes from Trinidad, Colo.:

"I am a freshman in the T.H.S. High School. There I have a lot to study. Our monthly tests are hard, yet there is plenty of fun in school. T.H.S. played eleven football games and lost only one. We have the first place for the victory cup."

*

Other letters were written by the following members:

Elizabeth Racon, Republic, Pa.

Julia Bogatay, Power Point, Ohio.

Raymond Krecic, Cleveland, Ohio.

Anna Bayda, Maynard, Ohio.

Elizabeth Klinar, Seanor, Pa.

John Nemanich, Forest City, Pa.

* * *

JOKES

Waiter: "Yes, sir, we are up-to-date. Everything here is cooked by electricity."

Guest: "I wonder if you would give this steak a couple more shocks."

Rose Marincic, La Salle, Ill.

* * *

Pa: "If daddy gives you one apple and mama gives you one apple, how many apples would you have?"

Baby: "Three."

Pa: "How do you figure that?"

Baby: "Because I have one."

Albert Gergovich, La Salle, Ill.

* * *

Johnny: "I saw something last night that I won't go over for a long time."

Mary: "What was it?"

Johnny: "The moon."

Evangeline Ferkovich, Roslyn, Wash.

Harvey: "Which leather makes the best shoes?"

Andy: "I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers."

Judge: "How can you prove your innocence?"

Ducky: "Give me time."

Judge: "Sixty days."

Mary Staudohar, Girard, Ohio.

* * *

Pat (looking at an airplane): "Gee, I'd hate to be up there with that thing."

Mike: "Well, I'd hate to be up there without it."

Henry Lamuth, Library, Pa.

* * *

If you ever get married by the lake, Please, send me a piece of your wedding cake.

Anna Cukjati, Franklin, Kans.

* * *

Father (getting the strap ready): "This is going to hurt me more than it will you."

Johnny: "Well, dad, as you've done nothing wrong, why not leave yourself off?"

Olga Janzik, Lorain, Ohio.

* * *

READ THIS

SHE SELLS seashells on the seashore. The shells she sells are sea shells, I'm sure;

For if she sells sea shells on the seashore,

Then I am sure she sells seashore shells.

* * *

DON'T BE CRUEL!

A MULE going up hill,

A donkey on the street,

Or a horse coming down hill

You never ought to beat.

* * *

FROGGIE.

FROGGIE, old froggie,

Come over to me;

You'll never go back,

To your home in the sea.

* * *

CHINESE VISITORS

THE wolf has come,

The tiger has come,

The old priest follows,

Beating a drum.

THE FABLES OF AESOP

THE FROG AND THE OX.

"OH FATHER," said a little Frog to the big one sitting by the side of a pool, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two."

"Tush, child, tush," said the old Frog, "that was only Farmer White's Ox. It isn't so big either; he may be a little bit taller than I, but I could easily make myself quite as broad; just you see." So he blew himself out, and blew himself out, and blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" asked he.

"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young Frog.

Again the old one blew himself out, and asked the young one if the Ox was as big as that.

"Bigger, father, bigger," was the reply.

So the Frog took a deep breath, and blew and blew and blew, and swelled and swelled and swelled. And then he said, "I am sure the Ox is not as big as —"

But at this moment he burst.

Self-conceit may lead to self-destruction.

* * *

THE PEACOCK AND JUNO.

A PEACOCK once placed a petition before Juno desiring to have the voice of a nightingale in addition to his other attractions; but Juno refused his request. When he persisted, and pointed out that he was her favorite bird, she said:

"Be content with your lot; one cannot be
be first in everything."

* * *

The Hare and the Hound.

A HOUND having started a hare from his form, after a long run, gave up the chase. A Goad-herd seeing him stop, mocked him, saying, "The little one is the better runner of the two." The Hound replied, "You don't see the difference between us: I was running for a dinner only, but he, for his life."

THE LITTLE SENSES

THE LITTLE eyes see pretty things,
The little nose smells what is sweet,
The little ears hear pleasant sounds,
The little mouth likes delicious things.

* * *

THE KING WILL WANT YOU

WHEN THE leaves are green,
And full of life,
The king will want you
For his wife.

When the leaves are yellow
From time and tide,
The king will want you
For his bride.

* * *

CAKE BAKING

WE TURN the cake,
The cake we bake,
We put in oil, or pork, or steak
And when 'tis done,
We'll have some fun,
And give a piece to every one.

* * *

PLEASURE

O RIGHTEOUS doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.

—R. C. Trench.

* * *

THE SETTING OF A GREAT HOPE

THE SETTING of a great hope is like the setting of the Sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection, itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

—Longfellow.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
 Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles;
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
 Honor the darling but of one short day,
 Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damasked skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains
 Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood,
 and birth
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
 I would be rich, but see men too unkind
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
 Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;

I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
 Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned if poor;
 Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.
 I have wished all, but now I wish for neither
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
 Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring.

And if Contentment be a stranger then
 I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

—Sir Henry Wotton.



MLADINSKI LIST

**mesečnik za slovensko mladino
v Ameriki.**

Izdaja Slovenska narodna podporna jednota.
Uredništvo in upravništvo: 2657 S. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Illinois. — Naročnina: Za celo leto \$1.20, za pol leta 60c. Izven Združenih držav za celo leto \$1.50. Posamezna številka 10c.

JUVENILE

**Monthly Magazine for Young Slovenes
in America.**

Published by Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rates: Per year \$1.20, half year 60c. Foreign countries per year \$1.50. Single copy 10c.