

# M LADINSKI LIST



OCTOBER 1928

**VSEBINA:** Stritar: Na poti v šolo. Tožba po materi. Jesen. — Elica v deveti deželi. — A. K.: Knjige so svetovne. — P. Flere: Čmrlj in čmrljek. — R. Tagore: Oblaki in valovi. — Albin Čebular: Grički. — Simon Gregorčič: Ohrani Bog te v cvetih! — Jurčič: Pripovedka o beli kaži. — Mravlji. — Mačka in miška. — Basni. — Naš kotiček. — Ivan Cankar: Vrzdenec. Moji materi.

**CONTENTS:** The Leading Slovene Authors; Ivan Cankar, II., (Anton Družina); Cankar the Teacher; The Picture of My Mother. (Translation by Anton Družina.) — Scott: Twist You, Twine You. — Edmondo de Amicis: In an Attic. — He Wished to Live Forever. — A. Kobal: Autumn Day on the Grave Yard. — A Little Garden of Good Things. — Aesop's Fables. — Chatter Corner.

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

Jeraj Joseph  
14311 Thames Ave.  
(63)



# 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 Slovene National Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO VII.—Št. 10.

CHICAGO, ILL., OKTOBER, 1928.

VOL. VII.—No. 10.

## Tri Stritarjeve pesmi

### NA POTI V ŠOLO

Kaj mudiš me, oj zeleni  
in cvetoči travnik ti?  
Lep si, ali v šolo meni,  
ljubi travnik, se mudi.

Urne ribice v potoki,  
rad bi vam tovariš bil.  
Tekal, skakal bi po loki  
in metulje bi lovil.

Ptiček, ti utegneš peti,  
kar ti treba, znaš ti že;  
v šolo moram jaz hiteti,  
kjer se bistrijo glave.

Ali ko pa šola mine,  
kakor ti bom, ptiček, prost,  
hej čez jarke in krtine,  
travnik ves bo moj in gozd!

### TOŽBA PO MATERI

Kako je hiša strašno prazna,  
odkar v njej matere več ni!  
Ta izba, prej tako prijazna,  
odljudna, tuja se mi zdi.

Odkar so nesli vas iz hiše  
in položili v temni hram,  
solze si vaša hčerka briše,  
le k vam želi si, mati, k vam!

Oj kje ste, kje ste, mati zlata,  
tako se toži mi po vas!  
O ko bi se odprla vrata  
in se prikazal vaš obraz!

Vratu bi vam se oklenila  
pa v ljube gledala oči,  
od sebe vas bi ne pustila,  
tam hočem biti, kjer ste vi!

### JESEN

KAKO SI otožno jesensko nebo!  
Pod tabo vse hira,  
vse vene, umira,  
življenje vse jemlje slovo.  
hripavi  
žrjavi  
visoko kriče,  
na južno hite.  
Poglej drevo!  
Zeleno pero  
suši se mu in rumeni.  
Cvetica,  
samica  
na trati medli.

# Elica v deveti deželi

## Četvorka z rakom

Glavinja želva je globoko vzdihnila in zanimala. Zdajci je zopet pogledala in skušala ogovoriti Elico, toda vzdihovanje je zatrlo njen glas. "Kakor da bi se ji kost ustavila v grlu, se mi zdi," je pripomnil zmajač in jo začel trkati po hrbtu. Končno je glavinja želva prišla k sebi in vsa v solzah nadaljevala.

"Mogoče še nisi veliko živela na dnu morja —" ("Nisem ne," je pristavila Elica) "in mogoče še raku nisi bila nikoli predstavljena. (Elica je mislila pripomniti, da je raka že pokusila, pa se je premislila in dejala samo: "Nisem ne!") "Tako torej si niti misliti ne moreš, kako nekaj imenitnega je četvorka z rakom."

"Res ne," de Elica. Kakšen ples pa je to?

"Plesalci se razvrste ob morju," de zmajač.

"V dve vrsti!" zavpije glavinja želva. "Tulenji, želve in druga žival, spravimo s pota vse močelke —"

"Precej časa vzame to delo," prekine zmajač.

"— Nato dva koraka naprej —"

"Vsakdo vzemi raka za plesalca!" zavpije zmajač.

"Dvakrat naprej in dvakrat nazaj k plesnim tovarišem! —" skuša dopovedati glavinja želva.

"Zamenjajmo rake in se vrnimo v red —" nadaljuje zmajač.

"Potem, saj veš," nadaljuje želva, "vržemo —"

"Rake!" vpije zmajač. — "kolikor daleč moremo v morje —" ga prekine želva. "Plavamo za njimi," tuli zmajač. "S<sub>3</sub> prekopicnemo v vodi," se reži želva. "Zopet zamenjamo rake," vriska zmajač. "Nato nazaj na suho in to je prvi del četvorke," konča glavinja želva, s pojemajočim glasom. Obe živali, ki sta med vsem urnim pripovedovanjem kakor znoreli skakali okoli in tako pripovedovali, kako se pleše četvorka z rakom, sta postali žalostni in tihi ter zijali v Elico.

"To mora pa biti imeniten ples," pravi Elica vsa prestrašena od njunega divjanja.

"Ali bi ga rada videla?" vpraša glavinja želva. Ko ji deklica pritrди, želva takoj svetuje zmajaču, da bi poizkusili plesati prvi del rakove četvorke. "Saj tudi brez raka lahko plešemo. Kdo bo pel?" Zmajač je pozabil besede, zato je želva pela, ko so slovesno stopili v krog. Glavinja želva pa je pela tužno in počasi:

### Polž in sluga.

"Stopi, stopi malo brže!" ukazuje polžu sluga,  
 "Tik za nama je prašiček, ki mi repek bo odjedel,  
 kolikor ga rak ni snedel, ki za želvo se potepa.  
 Vsi preže na naju, bratec; urno v beg in zaplesajva.  
 Hočeš, nočeš, pleši zdaj!

Morje ima dva bregova, nič ne toži torej, brat.  
 Nič ne jokaj, da si videl suhi breg poslednjikrat.  
 Oddaljuješ se od brega, drugemu se približuješ.  
 Ne pozabi, da na naju, raki želve, vsi preže.  
 Hočeš, nočeš, pleši zdaj!"

"To je pa res zanimiv ples," se zahvaljuje Elica, vesela, da zdaj onadva prenehata divjati.

Pogovarjali so se še o polžih in o slugah, pri čemer se je Elica zarekla, da ne ve dosti, kajti šele od včeraj, da ima toliko izkušenj. Zmajač je takoj zahteval, da pojasni, zakaj šele od včeraj in Elica je začela pripovedovati o svojih doživljajih, odkar je zagledala zajčka Belčka. Tesno ji je bilo spočetka, kajti glavinja želva in zmajač sta se stisnila čisto blizu k nji; poslušaje sta odprla usta prav na široko, ampak Elica se je vseeno opogumila in nadaljevala. Molče sta poslušala, dokler ni začela ponavljati tiste okrogle:

“Vi ste stari, oče Vilče,” katero se je naučila od gosence. Ta je pa čudna, zelo čudna,” je pripomnila želva.

“Vse skupaj je tako čudno, da bolj biti ne more,” je povedal zmajač.

Oba sta postala nekam oblastna, radi česar se je Elica nemalo čudila, češ, kako le morejo te živati biti tolikanj oblastne. “Pa saj se tudi jaz lahko še česa naučim,” si je dejala. Zmajač je zmajal z glavo, češ, kako more tako mlado dekletce toliko vedeti; saj on vendar ni znal kaj takega, ko je bil v njenih letih.

Od plesa in od vsega je imela Elica tako polno glavo, da si jo je morala nasloniti v obe dlani, pričakovaje, dali se bo moglo pripetiti še kaj naravnega. Rada bi tudi že videla, da bi imela drugačno družčino.

Sedli so in nekaj minut res ni nihče izpregovoril. “Ne vem, kako more kdaj končati, če še začne ne,” je rekla Elica, ali čakala je potrpežljivo.

“Tisti čas, ko je šla pšenica v stročje,” je začela glavinja želva, “je živela resnična želva.” Umolknila je in le hropenje zmajača je bilo čuti po srce trgajočem vzdihovanju želve. Elica je že mislila vstati in se zahvaliti za tako povest.

“Bili smo majhni,” je končno začela glavinja želva in hodili smo v šolo k morju. Učitelj je bil star želvač, kakor smo ga tudi imenovali.”

“Zakaj ste ga tako imenovali?” jo je prekinila Elica. “Zato, ker je nas tako naučil!” se je srdito zadržala nanjo želva. “Oh, kako si zabita!” “Sramovati bi se morala tako priprostega vprašanja,” je dodal h kreganju zmajač. Oba sta molčala in gledala ubogo Elico. Glavinjo želvo je moral zmajač potolažiti, da je nadaljevala.

“Hodili smo torej v šolo k morju, kar bi kdo ne verjel . . .”

“Saj nisem rekla, da ne verjamem,” jo je prekinila Elica.

“Pa si!” je zatulila glavinja želva, zmajač pa je pripomnil, kako ima dolg jezik.

“Imeli smo imenitno šolo: vsak dan smo se učili.” Elica jo je prekinila, da tudi ona hodi v šolo vsaki dan, češ, da se ji s tem ni treba ponašati. Ona da se še francoskega uči v šoli. “Pa pranja tudi?” je vprašala glavinja želva.

“Pranja! Tega pa gotovo ne!” Glavinja želva je dejala, da potem ne more biti šola nič vredna, če se ne učijo prati; za francosko pa želvam ni bilo.

“Zakaj tudi,” je vprašala Elica. “Čemu bi se učili francosko, če pa živite na dnu morja?”

Želva je nadaljevala: “Učili smo se pranja, spiranja, žlobudranja, razruvanja in pogrdenja.” Elica jo je ustavila: “Kaj pa je to pogrdenje?” Zmajač je dvignil glavo in rekel: “Kaj še nisi slišala? Veš, kaj se pravi olupšanje?”

“Seveda,” je dejala Elica, “napraviti kakšno reč lepšo.”

“Dobro torej, če ne veš, kaj se pravi narediti grše, si pa res zabita.”

Elici ni bilo zato, da bi še stavila vprašanja. Obrnila se je torej k glavinji želvi in vprašala: “Kaj drugega ste se učili?” Glavinja želva je pravila in pravila, Elica pa si je belila glavo, da bi razumela. Kose je zmajaču zdelo dovolj, je dejal, naj pove še kaj o igrah.

## Knjige so svetovne

POGOSTO, ko govorimo o knjigah in književnosti tega ali onega naroda, skušamo presoditi, koliko je kateri narod doprinesel svetovni prosveti in izpopolnitvi človeštva. Ko primerjamo razne dosege ter padanje in dviganje narodov, se navadno predvsem vprašamo, koliko dobrega so zapisali njih pisatelji in koliko tega nam je ostalo. Dasiravno so narodi izumrli, so živi, kajti poznamo jih po njih knjigah; ko čitamo njihove spise, v duhu ožive pred nami, slike njihovega življenja imamo pred seboj in skoro pogovarjamo se z njimi.

Čestokrat se čudimo, kako da so knjige davno izumrlih narodov, navadno boljše kot so naše moderne knjige, da imajo več duhovitosti, bujnejšo domišljijo in lepše pesmi. Da stvar razumemo, si moramo predstavljati, da so knjige kakor rastline in živali, ki se borijo za obstoj. Tiste, ki prežive mogoče sto let, so šle skozi najtršo preizkušnjo, za njimi pa stoji silna opora človeških pokolenj, ki dobrih knjig niso zavrgla. Knjige, ki so prestale stoletja, so običajno zanimive in dobre. So široko obzorne in navadno vsebujejo kak poziv na človeštvo ali pa se tičejo prav nas, ljudi, so nam blizu, so dobre prijateljice. Take knjige navadno tolmačijo bogastvo ali revščino človeške družbe. Čitamo jih za našo lastno korist in ko se k njim zatečemo, po prečitaniu ne zapremo knjige, ne da bi se naučili kaj koristnega.

Poglejmo nekoliko, kako se okoristimo s čitanjem dobrih knjig. Kdor pozna književnost, živi v velikem in lepem svetu, kateri nima mej ne v času ne prostoru. V resničnem življenju tak človek mogoče ne pozna svojega najbližjega soseda, toda v svetu knjig so mu odprta sleherna vrata, kakor da bi imel v posesti čudovito čarovniško moč. Če poznamo knjige, v duhu plovemo z vztrajnim Odisejem po dalj-



L. Taft: Velika jezera.

nih morjih, Dante nam je za spremljevalca v globine zemlje in višine nebes. Iz knjig se učimo svojstev narave, človeške zgodovine in umetnosti. S knjigo v roki poslušamo sladke speve Saphe, Milтона ali našega Prešerna. Tudi modroslovja se učimo iz knjig; v knjigah najdemo opise modrijanov in dobrotnikov človeštva, kakor sta bila Grk Sokrat ali Rus Tolstoj. Vsakdanje življenje dobi nov obraz, ko se zatečemo h knjigam, stvari dobijo drug pomen. Še čebljanje otrok, zelenenje trave ali žlobudranje potokov ima drugačen pomen za tistega, ki si je razširil svoje znanje z dobrimi knjigami. Ena sama knjiga včasih obogati človeka, posebno knjiga pisatelja, ki je pisal s čustvi in razumom, kot na primer knjiga "Moje življenje," katero je spisal naš Cankar.

Književnost nas naredi svetovne. Če bi povprečni Amerikanec malo bolje poznal spise drugih narodov, bi bil mogoče bolj prijateljski proti njim in bi njega zakonodajci ne sprejemali postav, s katerimi danes preprečujejo priseljevanje ljudi, katerih ne poznajo. Noben narod nam ni tuj in neprijazen, če se nam razodene s svojo knjigo. Ne znanje, neznanje je tisto, ki ustvarja predsodke v ljudeh. Od srca se smejimo, ko imamo pred seboj španskega Sanchota Panzo ali pa ameriškega Toma Sawyerja. Angleški Macbeth ali pa slovenski kralj na Betajnovi, francoski Jean Valjean ali ruska Ana Katarina, ali katerikoli značaji v slovitih knjigah, vsi so naši, vsi spadajo vsemu svetu in vsem časom. Vsi plemenski predsodki se morajo razbliniti tistemu, ki z razumom in srcem sliši zbegani klic židovskega očeta: "Oj moj sin Absalom, moj sin, moj sin! Če bi Bog hotel, da umrjem zate! Oh Absalom, moj sin, moj sin!" Ako hočemo biti državljani vsega sveta, se moramo zateči h knjigam.

Knjige imamo ne samo za razumevanje, tudi za zabavo. To je sploh eden glavnih smotrov knjige. Kdor se navduši za knjige, je najbolj navdušen človek. Knjige so mu prijateljice in spremljevalke. Pisatelji dobrih knjig so mu spoštovani prijatelji. Pisatelj ali pesnik se razkrijeta čitatelju, zaupata mu svoja čustva. Čitajmo, kako se nam na primer zaupa Gregorčič:

Mojo srčno kri škropite  
po planinskih solčnih tleh,  
kakor seme jo vrzite  
po doleh in po bregih.

Pomlad iz krvi rodila  
cvetke tisočere bo,  
ter prijazno mi gojila  
svoje nežne hčere bo.

Deve zorne, dečki mali  
brali bodo rože te,  
v kite bodo jih spravljali,  
devali jih na srce.

In srce jim bo ogrelo  
cvetje zraslo iz krvi,  
da za rod in dom plamtelo  
bode jim do konca dni.

Tako se čitatelju zaupa naš pesnik in na enak način se nam zaupajo drugi. In ko se družimo s pesniki in pisatelji, se jih čez leta nabere velika množica, poznamo jih in poznamo njihove značaje ter smo njihovi duševni drugi. Blizu nam je Shakespearejev Hamlet, Gorkijevega Petka razumemo, predstavljamo si Cankarjevega učitelja Šviligoja ali francoskega Taraskona.

Tudi navdahrenje je v knjigi. Odpre nam oči, da dalje vidimo in to je eden njenih najboljših darov. Izbrane knjige od svetovnih pisateljev se včasih imenujejo kot mogočne knjige, kajti v njih so zapopadeni veliki smotri in nameni. Dobra knjiga je vesoljna v kakovosti, nje misel seže globoko in razvije bujno domišljijo. Izbrani svetovni pesniki so kakor božanska družčina, kakor pravi davni grški kritik Longin: "Nemogoče je, da bi ljudje, ki žive hudobno in z zlemi nameni, kdaj napisali kaj občudovalnega in nesmrtnosti vrednega."

Čitajmo dobre knjige!

A. K.

P. Flere:

## Čmrlj in čmrljek

### I.

OD LANSKEGA čmrljnaka, v katerem so skupno živeli stara kraljica, vladarica in mati vsega rodu, mlade kraljične, delavci in čmrlji, je pomrlo jeseni vse razen kraljičen. Tem je pred smrtjo mati kraljica še naročila, kako jim je ravnati čez zimo, kaj bo njih opravilo spomladi in drugo leto, potem so izletele z doma ter se razpršile, da žive vsaka po svoje.

Mlade so bile res in lepe tudi. Zadi jim je bil životek lepo rejen in zaokrožen, oblečen v črn žamet in prepasan z dvema širokima, žoltima pasovoma, krepke nožice so imele odete z nogavicami, od katerih so molele na vse strani dlakave čipke. Nosila so jih po štiri krilca. Na glavicah je bilo vsajenih po dvoje nabranih tipalnic in po dvoje obstranskih oči, sestavljenih iz neizmerno mnogih leč in lečič, zgoraj na vrhu še po tri očesca, drobna kakor pičice.

Res so bile lepe, i seveda, saj so bile kraljične, ki jim je bilo odločeno, da bodo kedaj kraljice in si ustanove svoje kraljestvo čmrljev, katerim bodo vladale.

Jeseni pa so ostale same, in kakor jih je bilo malo, še te so se razpršile.

Ko je poslednja obsedela sama na pragu pri čmrljnaku, je žalostna gledala v božji svet. Hudo dolg čas ji je postalo. Zletela je ven na polje, da potoži klaskom svoje gorje. A ni jih bilo več klaskov: golo in pusto strnišče je molelo kvišku svoje bodice in še te je spravil v zemljo kmet, ki je prišel, da podorje strn.

Zletela je na travnike, da potoži cvetkam in travicam. Tudi cvetk ni bilo več in ne več travic: porezano in pokošeno je bilo vse, le tu pa tam je še mulila goved ono malo, kar je z zadnjo svojo silo poganjalo iz izmučene zemlje.

Zletela je na vrt, da potoži rožam. Osule so se tudi te in bilo ni nikogar, ki bi poslušal gorje mlade kraljične, ki je ostala tako sama na vsem svetu.

Inako se ji je storilo in zaželela si je smrti . . . Kaj bi sama na svetu? Res je, da so ji obljubili: "S svojimi sestricami kraljičnami ostaneš na svetu, ko pomrjemo vsi drugi. Ve same da vsaka zase kot svoja kraljica zaplodite in razmnožite naš rod, da ne izumrje. Umakniti se moramo vašim ljudstvom." Ko so ji to pravili, so jo negovali, hranili in čuvali. Dobro ji je bilo med mnogimi.

A zdaj?

O, niti ni utegnila premišljati svoje tuge, zakaj mrzli vetrovi so pihali preko ravni in treba je bilo, da si poišče skrit, zatišen kotiček. Tako ji je naročila pokojna mati in tako ji je velela sedaj njena narava, ki je slutila hude mrazove in ki jo je vodila kakor dobri duh vsega čmrljskega rodu.

Zletela je proti gozdu, preletavala in iskala, dokler ni našla skale, na debelo porasle s temnozelenim mahom. Spomnila se je, da je bil priporočan prav tak kraj, in zlezla je pod mah na toplo. Tako odeta in zavarovana od vseh strani je zaspala, da prespi zimo in njene težave, da prespi svoje gorje in svojo samotnost . . .

### II.

Spomladi šele se je zbudila. Tedaj, ko so se prvi solčni žarki toplo spuščali na prebujajočo se zemljo, tedaj, ko je tkala zanjo narava nežno, zeleno odejo in vezla vanje vonjave cvetke rumene, bele in vijoličaste, tedaj, ko je ginil sneg ter se upiral trdovratno le še tam na osoju, dokler ga ni pregnal topli jug tudi tukaj.

Tedaj je močna toplota začela prešinjati tudi debeli mah na skali ter zbudila kraljično, ki je spala na mehkih blazinicah. Takoj se je dvignila ter se odpravila ven, da vidi, ali je že tukaj njen čas.



Zunaj pa se je bleščelo, da ji je kar vid jemalo. Pomela si je oči in veselo vzkliknila: "Saj je menda že pomlad tukaj!"

Seveda je pomlad, ti zaspanka mala, le poglej okoli sebe!

O pa je bilo tudi kaj gledati! Vse to mlado zelenje, vsi ti pisani cveti . . . Glej jo čebelico!

"Kam pa, kam?" ji zakliče.

"Na delo!" in že ni bilo več marljivke.

Čmrljka pa se je šele zdaj spomnila, da je bila to le navadna delavka, s katero je govorila v svojem veselju, sama pa da je kraljična, ki skoro postane kraljica, vladarica in zapovednica. Poravnala in pogladila si je žametno obleko, z zadovoljstvom pobožala pasova ter se vprašala: "Kam?"

"Jest!" se oglasi v njej želodček.

"Ha, ha, saj res!" se zasmee in zleti naravnost tja k tistim drobnim cvetom, ki so trobili z zlatimi trobentami ter vabile: "K nam, k nam . . .!"

Kraljična se je odzvala temu klicu. In prav je napravila. Najedla in napila se je pri cvetih prav po kraljevsko, v rosi se je umila in si nabrala v njej biserov, ki si jih je dela okrog vratu in si jih našila na čipke po nogavicah, po žametni obleki pa so se ji sami usuli.

Oj, kako lepa, lepa je bila tedaj kraljična! Tudi sama se je ogledovala, a užalostila se je zopet: "Za koga sem mlada? Za koga sem lepa?"

### III.

Pa tedaj ni šla več tožit klaskom na polje, cvetkam in travicam na trati, rožam na vrt. Začutila je v sebi svojo bodočnost: "Kraljica bom novemu ljudstvu!" Začutila je, da se natančno izpolni vse, kakor ji je bilo povedano. Zato se je kar odpravila, da si poišče kraj, kjer položi jajčeca, da se izvali iz njih rod čmrljev, novih kraljičen, samcev in delavcev. Odpravila se je iskat sveta za svoje kraljestvo, tiste obljubljenе dežele, ki bo v njej raslo in živelo njeno ljudstvo. Letala je v grmovje in iskala, pod kamene je pogledala, tam ob poti se ji je majhen kotiček že zdel pripraven, a baš tam je zavozil voznik, zavpil je nad konji in počil z bičem, pa je s tem preplašil mlado kraljično. Zletela je na polje, da bi našla pripraven prostor, a iz razora jo je prepodil kmet, ki je vlačil po polju z brano. Obrnila se je na travnik, poletavala nad njim in tam je zagledala hribček, ki se je dvigal iznad zemlje, sredi njega pa je zijala odprtina.

To bo, to! Prav tak je bil vhod v kraljičin lanski dom. Širok, okrog in okrog pa grude, skoro vse večje nego čmrlji sami; nerodna kolobitasta pota, tako da so vsi rajši že kar pri vhodu izletavali in vletavali.

Tudi naša kraljična ni več dosti ogledovala od zunaj. Kaj bi. Saj ne bo zunaj kraljestvo, znotraj bo. Počasi se je splazila naprej in takoj napeto poslušala. Še par stopinjic, in spet se ustavi in posluša. Spomnila se je zgodbe, ki je kot ustno sporočilo šla med čmrlji od roda do roda:

"Bila je kraljična, ki ji je tudi bilo odločeno, da preživi zimo ter si ustanovi spomladi svoje kraljestvo. Nepremišljena je bila od nekdanj, svojeglavna tudi. Nič ni hotela poslušati opominov in nasvetov svoje dobre matere, stare kraljice. Vse je hotela vedeti bolje. Pa tudi ni hotela biti oprezna, ko je iskala bivališča svojemu rodu, ki bo najlepši in najznamenitejši, kakor je pravila. Pa se je plazila v tako odprtino in po rovu naprej ter je prišla na prav pripraven in prijeten prostor, na katerem se je ustanovila. "Tu bo moj dom," si je rekla ter se začela pripravljati, da izleže jajčka. Tedaj pa je prihacala do nje velika, črna, zavaljena zver, ki se iztegne, mlada kraljična pa je zaškrtała pod njenimi ostrimi zobmi. Kakor je bila

nepremišljena in svojeglavna, je izginila v žrelu zveri, ki ji pravijo modri ljudje krt.”

Taka je bila zgodba, ki se je podedovala od roda do roda. Nanjo je mislila naša kraljična, zato je napeto in pazno poslušala, ko je tiho in počasi stopala naprej. Kajti tudi ta kraj je bil krtina, kjer je gospodaril ali pa celo še gospodari krvoločni črni krt.

Pa kakor je poslušala, ni čula ničesar, in kako na vse plati napenjala vseh svojih petero oči, ni videla ničesar.

Ko je tako dolgo časa čakala, iskala in preiskovala ter se uverila, da je vse v zemlji varno, čisto varno, se je globoko oddahnila, imenovala kraj svojo palačo na lastnem ozemlju ter si izbrala zase svoj prostorček. In tako je postala kraljica.

Treba pa je bilo, da pripravi zdaj še prostor svojemu rodu, da mu napravi dom kolikor mogoče udoben. Ležišče, ki je služilo prej krtu, je dalo slame in mahu dosti. S tem je najprej zamašila vse druge rove, da je ostal prost le tisti, pri katerem je prišla v podzemlje sama; precej je bilo gradiva tudi za to, da si je nastlala gnezdece. A dosti ga ni bilo. Zato je kraljica letala zopet ven na zemljo in spravljala v svoj dom še suhih travic, mahu, borovih in smrekovih suhih iglic, ki jih je prinesel od bližnjega gozda veter ter jih raztrosil po travniku. Popravila je tudi vhod, da ga je bilo videti kolikor mogoče malo.

Ko je bil dom tako urejen, je čakalo kraljico že drugo delo. Treba je bilo doma zgraditi voščeni celic, treba jih je bilo napolniti s cvetnim prahom in z medom, da bodo mladički, ko se v celicah zbude, imeli za prvo silo živeža. To delo pa ni bilo prijetno. Nastopilo je deževno vreme, ki je skrbno kraljico prisililo, da je ostajala doma in čakala. Dan na dan je hodila na prag in gledala ven, ali že ne sije solnce.

Dočakala ga je. Lepi, jasni in topli dnevi so napočili. Cvetje se je razvijalo vsepovsod. Kraljica je bila zadovoljna. Nad vhomom je napravila še voščeno strešico, ker ji je zadnji dež pokazal, da je potrebna, če noče, da ji pride v dom voda, postavila in napolnila je že prve celice ter položila vanje jajčeca. Kaj kmalu so se prikazale iz njih breznoge ličinke, ki jih je skrbna kraljica pitala in krmila, da so hitro, hitro rasle.

Tako se je začelo razvijati kraljestvo naše kraljice.



R. Tagore:

## Oblaki in valovi

MAMICA, bitja ki bivajo tam gori v oblakih mi kličejo:  
 "Mi se igramo, odkar se prebudimo, dokler se nagne dan. Igramo se z zlato zarjo, igramo se s srebrnim mesecem."

Vprašam: "Ali kako naj pridem gori k vam?"

Pa odgovore: "Pridi na kraj zemlje, dvigni roke proti nebu in vzame te na oblake."

"Mamica me čaka doma," pravim. "Kako naj jo zapustim in pridem?"

Nato se zasmеjo in odplavajo.

Ali jaz poznam še lepšo igro, mamica.

Jaz bom oblak in ti boš mesec. Jaz te zakrijem z obema rokama in sleme naše hiše bo modro nebo.

Bitja, ki bivajo v valovih, mi kličejo:

"Mi prepevamo od zore do mraka; potujemo in potujemo in ne vemo kam potujemo."

Vprašam: "Kako bi se vam pridružil?"

Oni pa mi reko: "Pridi na kraj brega in stoj s trdno zaprtimi očmi, pa te odnese na valovih."

Pravim: "Mamica hoče, da sem vsak večer doma—kako naj jo zapustim in grem?"

Na to se zasmеjejo, zaplešejo in odplavajo.

Ali jaz poznam še boljšo igro od te.

Jaz bom val in ti boš tuj breg.

Jaz se bom valil naprej in naprej in naprej in smejoč se ti razbijem ob nedrijih.

In nihče na svetu ne bo vedel, kje sva.

Albin Čebular:

### GRIČKI—

v gričkih so strički,  
 ki rudico kopljejo,  
 v kare jo mečejo,  
 iz jamice vlečejo.

Gori ob jami  
 stoji gospodarček,  
 pridnim vsem stričkom  
 siplje denarček.

Simon Gregorčič:

## OHRANI BOG TE V CVETI!

Stoji v planini vas,  
tam rajska roža rase;  
za druge ne in zase,  
za me cvete nje kras.

A meni v daljnem sveti  
življenje zdaj veni;  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Cvetic prepoln je svet,  
a ni na njem krasnejše,  
ni meni je milejše  
ko ta planinski cvet.

A zdaj mi v daljnem sveti  
oko po njej rosi;  
ohrani bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Prav zame pač nebo  
je rožo to vzgojilo,  
ker z neizmerno silo  
kopnim po njej samo.

Pa, oh, tu v daljnem sveti  
življenje mi veni;  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

In vetrček hladan  
čez gore solnčne piha  
in roži moji diha  
v obraz tako cvetan.

A meni v daljnem sveti  
srce po njej medli;  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Oj drobni tiček moj,  
kam si razpel peroti?  
Če njej hitiš naproti,  
pozdrav jej moj zapoj!

Oh, jaz tu v daljnem sveti  
živim prebridke dni;  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Pač srečen, tiček ti,  
in srečni, vi oblaki  
in vetri lahki v zraki:  
tja k roži smete vi.

A meni v daljnem sveti  
srce po njej medli,  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Tu meni znano ni,  
kako se roži gaja:  
če rosa jo napaja,  
če slana jo mori.

Tu v daljnem, tujem sveti  
domov srce želi;  
ohrani Bog te v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!

Oh, daj nebo mi, daj,  
da rožo vidim krasno,  
ji v lice gledam jasno  
enkrat, enkrat še vsaj!

Če pa mi v daljnem sveti  
zatisne smrt oči; . . .  
Bog tebe hrani v cveti,  
planinska roža ti!



Jurčič:

## Pripovedka o beli kači

Bela kača je mati in kraljica vseh drugih kač. Šele v visoki starosti postane bela. Glava ji je debela in podobna mačji. Vrh glave pa nosi krono in v nji dragocen kamen demant, ki se v temi tako sveti, da šivajo štirje krojači pri njem brez druge svečave. Kdor dobi tedaj demant iz njene krone, je srečen za celo življenje, toliko je vreden. Zato so jo že od nekdanj zelo zalezovali. Ali ta kamen dobiti je zelo težko, ker je bela kača silno huda, in poveljnica vseh kač ne stanuje nikoli sama, ampak v večjih kačjih gnezdih, iz katerih pride malokdaj na dan.

Bil je kačji lovec, ki je gadom mast pobiral. Našel je v velikem skalovju med bukovjem veliko kačje gnezdo in je hotel tudi tukaj gade poloviti, da bi po svojem opraviilu masti dobil. Vzame s seboj tovariša, da bi mu pomagal, ker se mu je dozdevalo, da bo kač več ko drugod. Na skalovje prišedši odbere primeren kraj, odlomi leskovo šibico, ki je zrastle v enem letu, načrta s tako šibico ris, vstopi v sredo, pripravi svoje orodje in vzame piščal v roke, da bi kače sklical. Tovariš se je pa zbal bele kače in si ni upal ostati v risu. Zleze torej na deveto bukev od risa, in ko je začel oni v risu piskati na svojo piščal, je videl, kako so lezle kače od vseh strani: rjave, pisane, grebenaste in druge proti risu. Vsaka je položila glavo na ris. Naenkrat pride bela kača, položi glavo na ris, vdari z repom po tleh in v enem trenutku puhnejo vse kače na lovca v risu in ga opikajo, da je umrl pri tisti priči. Ko bi njegov tovariš ne bil na deveti bukvi, slaba bi se godila tudi njemu.

Kette:

## Mačka in miška

Mlada miška je videla nekoč mačko, kako je slanino. Hitro steče k njej in se ji prijazno pridruži, rekoč: "Boterca, tudi meni diši slanina, saj mi pustiš, da jo tudi jaz nekoliko pokusim?"

"Ti tatica tatinska, ti!" zareži mačka nanjo, "jaz ti pokažem krasti, čakaj me!" In v hipu jo zgrabi in zadavi. Nato pa mirno liže dalje okusno slanino.

Drugi dan pride pa v klet gospodinja, najde slanino snedeno, a miško zadavljeno. Kakor hitro zagleda muco, pokliče jo s sladkimi besedami k sebi in jo začne božati: "Da, da, ti si moja mucka. Prav, prav, da si zadavila to požerušno miš, ki mi je snedla vso slanino."

In mucka je zadovoljno godrnjavšala in predla, prav kakor da je ona najbolj nedolžna žival na svetu. . . .

## Mravlji

Zvečer se ste sešli mravlji, sosedi v mravljišču.

"Joj, kako sem zdelana," reče prva, "ves božji dan sem prevlačevala košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla spraviti do doma; na sredi poti sem ga morala pustiti."

"A tako, ti misliš drobtinice od sladkorja, ki ga je razsula neka deklica tam na cesti? Pa kako je to, saj je bilo polno majhnih koščkov tam. . ."

"Da, ali jaz sem se lotila največjega."

"Brezumnica," reče druga, "vidiš, jaz pa sem nosila le bolj majhne koščke: le pojdi pogledat, kakšen kup jih je! Seveda, ti hočeš vse naenkrat. Nu, pa imaš. Boš vsaj vedela za drugokrat!"



Dragi čitatelji!

Za oktobersko številko je zopet prišlo število zanimivih slovenskih pisem, katere so prispevali čitatelji iz raznih krajev. Upati je, da boste z vzbujenim zanimanjem nadaljevali, posebno sedaj zimske čase, ko ljudje tako radi čitajo. Dobro je, da vaši starši vidijo, koliko se zanimate za list, katerega so ustanovili predvsem za vas. Ne pozabite, Slovenska narodna podporna jednota izdaja ta list za vas in da bo vaš le toliko, kolikor se sami zanimate zanj. Čim več bo prispevkov, več bo tudi drugega gradiva spisanega v prvi vrsti za vas same. Torej pokažite, da se zanimate!

**Urednik.**

\* \* \*

Cenjeni urednik!

Zdaj se je pričela šola in se moramo pridno učiti, da tudi časa nimam veliko pisati odgovore na pisma tako kot sem poprej. Želim si, da bi bila zdrava tako kakor lansko leto in da bi dobila certifikate. Vreme imamo že precej mrzlo, rože je že slana pomorila. (Pisano koncem septembra.) Čas prihaja, da se bomo zabavali s sankami.

Z velikim veseljem pišem v M. L., zato ker poznam našega urednika Mladinskega lista, A. Kobala. Prišel je bil tudi k nam četrtega septembra. Prav lepo je govoril za nas in za naše starše. Z veseljem sem poslušala in želim, da bi nas še obiskal brat Kobal. Istokrat nas je obiskal tudi podpredsednik S.N.P.J., brat A. Vidrich.

Tu imam tudi uspavanko:

Leži v zibelki Ančka  
in skoraj da že spančka.  
Pa tudi ti dekletce  
zatisni si očesce.

**Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18.**

\* \* \*

**Mary Penko piše iz Somerset, Box 164, Colorado:**

Prvikrat pišem v Mladinski list. Stara sem petnajst let in bom v osmem razredu. Po slovensko znam še malo čitati in pisati. Imam sedem sester in dva brata. Štirje smo člani S.N.P.J., pa bomo kmalu vsi. Kadar se bom bolj naučila slovensko pisati, bom pa večkrat pisala v Mladinski list.

\* \* \*

**Catherine Androna** nam pošilja pesmico iz Blaina, Ohio. Pesmica pa je vsaj deloma že znana, ali ker je ravno času primerna, naj bo še priobčena:

Nesrečna zima mrazi me in dolgo proč ne spravi se.

Ledeni krivček se vrti, se vrti; nemilostno brije veter, pada sneg.

Ko bo prišla kukavica, kukavica, kukala bo z drevja glasno: Kuku, kuku!

\* \* \*

**Mary Krainik v Chisholmu, Minn., 231 E. Poplar,** pravi, da ji je težko, ker je preveč zaposlena, da se ne more večkrat oglasiti. Skrbela bo, da ne bo pozabila slovensko pisati, pravi, ter želi, da bi se tudi vsi drugi mladi Slovenci zanimali za naš jezik.

Mary Matos se je oglasila iz Blaina, Ohio, Box 181:

Zveselila sem se, ko sem čitala moj slovenski dopis v septemberski številki Mladinskega lista. Bolj slabo sem pisala in sem mislila, da ne bo priobčeno.

Zima se približuje. Pozimi bomo imeli več časa za učenje, ker bodo dolgi večeri, in takrat se bomo tudi večkrat oglasili v Mladinskem listu.

Rada čitam Mladinski list, posebno pa povest od Elice. Upam, da bo šlo s slovensščino vedno lažje. Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam Mladinskega lista.

\* \* \*

Čenjeni čitatelji!

Jaz sem bila prav žalostna, ko v avgustovi številki ni bilo Našega kotička v Mladinskem listu. Mislim, da je slovensko lažje pisati kakor pa angleško, kajti slovenske besede, kakor so izrečene, tako jih napišemo, v angleškem pa ni tako. Tako veliko število nas je v mladinskem oddelku, pa je tako malo slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem listu in v avgustovi številki pa sploh nobenega ni bilo. To res ne izgleda lepo, da otroci slovenskih staršev ne znajo pisati in čitati slovensko.

Že večkrat sem čitala obljube nekaterih v angleških dopisih, da bodo drugič poizkusili po slovensko, toda če gledam za njihove dopise v Našem kotičku, jih pa ni. Zato pa pravim: Bratci in sestrice, potrudimo se in naučimo se govornice naših staršev. Saj smo tudi Slovenci kulturne narode (bolj kot nekateri drugi). Nikar se ne sramujmo svojih staršev. Od sedaj naprej se potrudimo vedno napolniti Naš kotiček.

Najlepši pozdrav čitateljem Mladinskega lista.  
Jennie J. Fradel,  
1004 Alexandria St., Latrobe, Pa.

\* \* \*

Anna Matos iz Blaina, Ohio, nam pošilja pesmico, katere jo je naučila njena mama:

Jagnje lepo belo gre za materjo veselo, skače s parkeljci in po trati se vrti.

Mati pravi: "Čuj, ne skakaj in po bregu se ne takaj. Lahko se kam zaletiš in si nožico zdrobiš."

Jagnje mame ni slušalo, rajše samo je skušalo. Se prekucne v jamico in si zlomi nožico.

Jagnje nožico zlomilo, bridko klicalo in vpilo: "Oj otroci, vbogajte svoje skrbne matere!"

## Basni

(Prosto po Ezopu.)

### BUTARICA PALIC.

STARI mož je ležal na smrtni postelji in pozval k sebi sinove, da jim poda poslednji nauk. Služabnikom je naročil prinesiti butarico palic, katere je velel zlomiti. Prvo je poskušal najstarejši sin. Napenjal se je in mučil, toda butare ni mogel zlomiti. Tudi drugi sinovi so poskusili, toda nihče ni uspel. "Razvežite butaro!" je velel oče, "in vsak od vas naj vzame palico." Ko so tako storili, je naročil: "Sedaj jih zlomite." Palice so položili z lahkoto. "Ali veste, kaj mislim s tem?" je vprašal.

"V slogi je moč."

### LISICA IN KOZEL.

LISICA je po nesreči padla v globok vodnjak, iz katerega ni mogla priti. Mimo je prišel kozel, ki jo je vprašal, kaj dela v vodnjaku. "Oh, ali še niste slišali?" je dejala lisica; "velika suša bo, zato sem skočila sem doli, da si zagotovim dovolj vode. Zakaj tudi vi ne storite tako?" Kozlu je nasvet dopadel, zato je skočil v vodnjak. Lisica pa takoj na njegov hrbet in po njegovih rogovih si je pomagala iz vodnjaka. "Zdaj pa srečno, prijatelj," mu je dejala, "zapomnite si, da ni dobro poslušati nasvet tistega, ki je v nesreči."

Ivan Cankar:

## Vrzdenc

MOJA MATI je bila doma z Vrzdencu.

Ta vas je, pravijo, tam nekje v Horjulski dolini; jaz ne vem, če je res, ker je nikoli nisem videl in je tudi na nobenem zemljevidu ni zaznamovane. Ali da je na svetu in da je celo prav blizu, je čisto gotovo. Morda sem bil že do nje samo še za uro hoda; morda sem jo bil kdaj na dolgih svojih potih ponevedoma že ugledal, pa je nisem spoznal po imenu in mi je bila tuja in nema kakor vsaka druga vas. Zdi se mi prav zares, da sva nekoč stala z materjo na hribu ter gledala nanjo. Zgodaj zjutraj je bilo, mislim. V dolini so bile še bele megle, iznad megla se je vzdigal holmec, na holmcu je bila cerkev z visokem obzidjem in na to cerkev je sijalo žarko solnce. Na materinem obrazu je odseval ta nebeški svit. Iztegnila je roko in je pokazala na cerkev. "Tam je Vrzdenc!" Njen glas je bil globok, mehak in zamišljen, kakor da bi rekel otrok: "Tam so nebesa!" In kakor da bi jetnik strmел skozi omrežje: "Tam je polje!" . . . Morda pa je vas čisto kje drugje in čisto drugačna in so bile vse to samo sanje.

Nikoli nisem bil na Vrzdencu in vem, da nikoli ne bom. Tudi ne, če bi bil en sam korak do tja. Spomnim se na to vas, kadar sem zelo potrt, ali zelo bolan. Takrat se mi približa, kakor se časih razboleli in preplašeni duši približa smrt. Prešinila me je nekoč misel, iz temne globočine, iz bolesti je bila segla, da bom ob tisti uri, ko se bo treba napraviti na zadnjo pot, ugledal s slamo krito kočo, kjer se je rodila moja mati, ugledal tudi še njeno zibko, z rdečimi srci pomalano; in videl drobnega otroka v predolgem zelenem krilcu, njegove prve, nebogljene korake, slišal njegov tenki smeh, njegove jecljajoče, napol razumljive besede . . . in da bodo vse naokoli, kakor cvetice na polju, cvetele bele misli srca, ki še ni bilo ranjeno od spoznanja. Prešinila me je taka misel in ne dvomim nič, da se bo res tako zgodilo. Ker spomin, ki se človeku oglasi iz onih krajev, ne leže nikoli.

Dan pred smrtjo se je mati selila. Bilo je že pod mrak in truden sem bil. Mati je mirno soplala in zdelo se mi je, da spi; zato sem šel po prstih iz izbe ter se napotil k sosedu, da si odpočijem ob kozarcu vina. Ostal sem tam dokler se ni do dobrega znočilo. Ko sem se vrnil ter prižgal svetilko, me je zgrabila za grlo neznana groza. Materina postelja je bila prazna. Stal sem in trepetal in se nisem mogel ganiti. Nič ne vem kako in nič ne vem kedaj sem se prestopil, hodil s svetilko v roki po izbi, po veži; in vse, kakor da hodi neki drugi, čisto tuj človek, jaz pa da stojim za mizo ter gledam in čakam, kdaj bo opravil. Tako sem prišel skozi vežo in po dveh lesenih stopnicah v malo kamrico, kjer je imela stara ženska svoj kot. Na postelji je ležala moja mati. Ko sem jo ugledal, mi je stisnilo, do kaple izželo srce nekaj tako čudnega, da nikjer ni temu imena; bolest in ljubezen, oboje in še več. Mati je bila mlada, lica so bila zdrava, oči jasne in vesele, na ustnicah smehljaj. Gledala me je z nekako tiho, prtajeno prešernostjo, nespametnega otroka, ki trepeče, da sam ne ve zakaj.

"Kako ste prišli v to posteljo, mati?"

"Sama sem prišla. Nikar ne misli, da sem tako hudo bolna! Če Bog da, bova kmalu na Vrzdencu. Saj se meniva že toliko let! Ko sem vstala, se mi je kar zdelo, da bi se napotila naravnost tja, pa nisem našla obleke. Kam ste jo spravili?"

Ob teh besedah, ob tem pogledu in smehljaju mi je bilo, da bi šel kam v samoto, v temo in tam potožil nebesom. Ker občutil sem, da je v kamrici še nekdo tretji, ki se sklanja nad naju bled in visok ter naju poslušaja.



“Tista postelja tam ni prav postlana: peče me, kakor da ste mi nasuli žrjavice pod rjuho. Tukaj je boljše, le malo daleč je. Saj bi že skoraj bila prišla do Vrzdence, tako sem hodila. Stopim in tudi zid stopi na stran, kakor da bi se otroci lovili . . . Mislim, da bi si naročila voz do Vrzdence, drugače ne prideva nikoli tja. Kako bodo gledali, ko se pripeljeva! Saj bi Mrovec dal voz, kaj ne?”

“Čemu bi ga ne dal?”

“Zares, čemu bi ga ne dal? Rano zjutraj se odpeljeva, nedelja bo in solnce. Jaz vem, da bo vse lepo, kakor da bi bilo v svetem pismu. Zgodilo pa se bo kmalu; nocoj še ne, ker je že noč, ali jutri najbrž . . . stopi no k Mrovcu in povprašaj zaradi voza . . . Čemu jokaš?”

Vroč se mi je bilo izlilo iz oči in me je žgalo na licih. Mati se je ozrla name z globokim, nemirnim, čudno plahim pogledom; obrnila je glavo k zidu, spet je bil bolan, ubog, od trpljenja in bridkosti izsesan njen obraz.

Človek, ki je imel pelin za kosilo in pelin za večerjo, ki je škropil ljubezen, koderkoli je hodil, sam pa ni okusil nobene kaplje, si natihem, prav na skritem dnu svoje duše ustvari svetle sanje, brez katerih bi moral skoprneti od vsega hudega. Najprej se mu zasveti odnekod le prav ponižna lučka, spomin na nekaj milega, želja po nečem lepem, mehkem, kar morda nikoli nikjer ni bilo in nikjer ni. Luč pa je zmerom lepša in svetlejša, kolikor več je bridkosti in kolikor bliže je odrešenje. Dokler se svetloba nazadnje veličastno ne izlije v ono, ki je zadnja in večna; ter je tako izpolnjena obljuba, srcu dana, in doseženo plačilo za verno zaupanje.

Ivan Cankar:

## MOJI MATERI\*

Večkrat neskrbno, kot metulj na trati,  
ko solnca veseli se, lahko leta,  
počiva mirno, sreblje med iz cveta,  
skrbi zaduhle hotel sem odgnati.

Kako lepo sem revež hotel spati,  
kako bila je pesem glasno peta,—  
in vendar žalost ni bila mi vzeta,  
nebo hotelo ni mi sreče dati.

Kaj ni pustilo v dušo mi pokoja,  
kaj vsako je veselje mi grenilo,  
solze ponoči mi v oko vabilo?

Oh, gledal sem Vas, mila mati moja,  
kako Vas kruta žalost v grob podira:—  
srce ječi mi, duh bolan umira . . .

\*Pismo svoji materi za njen god, datirano:  
Ljubljana, 21./1./1893.



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume VII.

OCTOBER, 1928.

Number 10.

## The Leading Slovene Authors

### Ivan Cankar

#### II.

This is the last of the series of ten articles written by BRO. ANTON DRUŽINA, who gave us a thorough review of the lives and works of the most outstanding Slovene writers. In spite of the fact that the interpretation was quite technical, we hope that the articles have been and are of good service to all young Slovenes born in America, who are interested and who try hard enough to understand the culture of the Slovene nation. We are certain, therefore, that Bro. Družina with his cooperation and good work not only gave justice to the leading Slovene authors, but also helped to fill that gap of misunderstanding which still exists between the Slovene immigrants and their sons and daughters who know too little about the culture of the nation from which they came.

IVAN CANKAR produced an enormous volume of literature ranging from the youthful experimentation in poetry to the scientific treatise on the social significance of art. His writing falls into four more or less distinct classes: poetry, essays, drama, and belletristic prose: novels, romances, sketches, and short stories. His poetry remained in the experimental phase of its evolution, wanting in originality, poetic imagination, as well as in melody and smoothness. His essays dealing almost exclusively with the literary problems, are of especial interest, because the author synthesized in them emotions with reason by withdrawing the objective facts into the subjective realm.

Cankar's drama is essentially lyric in character, where conflict centers in the domain of emotion rather than in the overt action of the characters; it is subjective, where the dramatic elements are balanced in feeling rather than in intellect; hence his drama is not only artistically effective, but it also contains a certain positive value. It is direct and practical, stressing the type in the situation as opposed to the type alone.

His prose is so enormous in volume and divers in character that it is impossible to discuss it here, except in terms of its characteristics. In it Cankar's genius finds superb expression. His material is taken directly from the author's experiences and treated in a simple manner, avoiding the monotony of the long drawn descriptions and complications.

Cankar is the best representative of the Slovene nation. His characters are typically Slovene peasants, servants, vagabonds, patriots, clerks, and priests, taken directly from the affairs and interests with all the local airs, customs, traditions, and ideals, without exaggeration or embellishment. In the like manner he discussed the national problems with an incredible precision, for there is not a single phase of the Slovene life that he had left untouched. But the real presentation of the Slovene culture in Cankar's works does not consist of the material which he had drawn from the Slovene life; it rests in his symbolical personality, in his attitudes and ideals, in his own view of life; he caught from the air that ethereal something, which gives

the peculiar tinge to a given people, and sets them apart from the rest of the world, and embodied it most completely in his works. The essence of his "Moje življenje" (My Life) consists essentially of that coloring, and especially in his "Mother." Not even Raphael summed up all the virtues of a woman in one picture of "Madonna" as completely as Cankar did in his "Mother"; for he like Christ, tormented her in this earthly life with his peculiar, vagabond-like career, and then lifted her with him to the dizzy heights of his idealism. This simple, insignificant, peasant woman, living her humble life in the humblest atmosphere, in poverty and destitution, possesses a soul so great that only Cankar could encompass it. She is at once his mother, a symbol of Slovenia, and the soul of humanity.

Cankar's works are highly allegorical. Through his ingenious selection of the situation, keen observation, comparison and contrast, parables and examples, he expresses even the most subtle of the feelings. His sentence is not only a unit thought, it is also a unit feeling, something like a wandering, "pain and pleasure," residing within the human soul. These unitary feelings intensified and reinforced by one another, fuse imperceptibly into a larger unit, the paragraph; and this in turn into independent units or chapters, which constitute an organic whole.

The characteristic of Cankar's writings is feeling. Everything before his eyes acquires significance only in relation to man. The beauty of nature, the inanimate objects, the heavenly mysteries—all is but a metaphoric reflection of the subjective domain of man.



Vrhnika, Slovenia, the home town of Ivan Cankar.

Cankar is a problematic writer. He treats the external world rationally and with moderation; avoiding exaggeration and extremes. He speaks respectfully about himself and his characters; but his respect is of such a nature that truth is the very essence of it; truth and sincerity are at the base of all his artistic creation. He never writes for mere entertainment; for his writings are full of practical wisdom and ideals. Each word, every phrase has a definite cultural function, it is a phase of the living essence of man, it is ethical at the base. But in this ethical note the directing power is imparted to the reader not in the domain of intellect, but in the domain of emotion; for Cankar never moralizes nor imposes himself upon the reader. He narrates frankly in his simple tone his joys and sorrows, his successes and failures, his love romances and tragedies, his dreams and fancies to the reader, and the latter lives in the situation of the author so intensively that the author gradually withdraws from the stirring situation of emotional life and fascination, and leaves the reader alone in the mystification.

His prose is soft and rhythmical, full of symbols and parables, sharp imagery and wit; it is deeply colored with a popular cadence and clear liquid melody. Often the critics stumbled upon the "deficiencies" and "obscurities" in his works, simply because they confused the subjective standards with objective ones, and sought their own objects rather than the author's, which, however, were utterly wanting. He who desires to appreciate Cankar, must leave aside all the preconceived notions, expectations, and "formal standards"; for there are no Greek heroes, no highly intricate plots, no extraordinary issues and events to be found in his writings; and in this simple atmosphere Cankar translates the entire world through his subjectivism directly to the subjective realm of the reader; for Cankar's world consists of the common occurrences of the everyday life.

The new readers often find Cankar unusually different, yet fascinating. His prose seems at once realistic and extremely ethereal, illusive, metaphysical, without any real concrete tangibility to fall upon. The difficulty rests fundamentally in the confusion between the direct mode of expression of the actual art and the secondary one; for he is a subjective idealist who appeals directly to the feelings through emotional situation rather than through the heroes and their adventures.

Cankar, like Prešeren, is extremely economical and selective in expression, choosing each word, each phrase with extreme care and nicety to convey precisely the shade of meaning and feeling he desires. In order to appreciate him fully it is necessary to read him with a greater attention and care than either Nietzsche or Shakespeare; for neither of the two masters is so particular in expressing even the faintest shade of feeling with such a precision, without appealing to the intellect, or other objective devices to express precisely that artistic quality, which he had in mind. His works are richer at the second and third reading than at the first. Indeed, his works appear as a direct communication of the author's feeling to the reader with no other purpose than to share the life together. The relation between the author and the reader is so intimate that the reader lives in the situation of the author; the objective world gradually vanishes from the reader's consciousness and the subjective sphere overtakes him.

Cankar belongs to the Slovene literary school of Prešeren and Gregorčič, the tendency of which is from the intellectual, objective cosmopolitanism to the subjective humanism. Of the three Prešeren leans most towards the objective, intellectual cosmopolitanism, and Cankar the least. Indeed, Cankar's art in character is essentially that of Prešeren and Gregorčič put together and freed from the foreign influence. In Gregorčič Prešeren's romanticism gradually fades into humanism. The characteristic of Prešeren's art is a combination of objective and subjective approaches, now one predominating, now the other; it is at times philosophical creation of his personal fancy. Gregorčič moved decidedly toward subjectivism, toward humanism, embodying more and more the social ideals of his people. He is therefore less fantastic and more composite and symbolical. The more Gregorčič approaches to the pure subjectivism, the more intensive and direct becomes the emotional character of his art; and his personality expands not so much as an individual, but as a symbol of certain attitudes and ideals, which are common to the Slovene people. It is this humanistic, composite, subjective idealism and not Dostoevski's realism, nor Cervantes' skepticism that Cankar takes up and develops in all directions to an astonishing degree.

Cankar's writings are not the creation of his fancy, they are not a social criticism or a utopian dream; they are an expression of life, extracted from the common life and elevated to the sublime idealism, which finds expression purely in the subjective sphere of the author. His greatness rests not so much in his fantastic creation

like Dante's, nor Shakespeare's intellectual objectivism, nor in the Cervantes' searching skepticism and conflicting dualism in man, nor in Dostoiewski's daring exposure of the secrets of the human soul; it rests in his extraordinary power of perception through understanding of human heart, and masterful expression of human feeling; for he plays with human soul and emotion with unusual ease and dexterity.

Cankar was not original in the sense that his works are the creation of his personal fancy. Indeed, he despised all the fancies and dreams, which were cut off from actuality and practical life of man; for he knew that all objectivism must ultimately be brought into the subjective domain, if it is to signify anything. His characters are not extreme types like Iago, Shylock, Catharine, and Miranda, whose objective coldness and ethereal tenderness remain, because of this very quality, in the remote objectivism; they are practical people withdrawn into the subjective domain for evaluation and analysis. In this manner he reduced the entire world to the subjective relation in which the true value of life, the very essence of life, appears in its true life. The truly great heroes assume their proper position in the eyes of the reader, the pretenders are discovered in all their colors, the reader instinctively avoids the ugliness which had been brought into his subjective sphere. This is the mysterious "something" which has paralyzed all Cankar's critics and in which his personality is expanding as an embodiment of the soul of humanity. Cankar expresses the beauty of life most completely in his symbolical "Mother Slovenia," which is characteristically his own; hence he is one of the most original writers, standing alone even among his peers, finding ideals of life in the simple peasants and the greatest ugliness in the false prophets.



Ivan Cankar.

He looked at life from three distinct viewpoints: As an observer of the traveler going through the life's career; as an observer, standing by the roadside of life; and in the withdrawal of the objective life into the subjective domain. In "Moje življenje" the author goes through life from the early dawn of his childhood, through all the lure of his childhood years, through his romantic youth into the reflective maturity, and the reader records his joys and sorrows, his dreams and fancies, his blunders and tragedies. In this master stroke he defines life subjectively in the values received and imparts these subjective values as they are in actuality to the reader. In "Mimo življenja" (By the Way of Life) the author watches from the roadside of life with his critical eye the scenes of life flashing by in all their hues, and reflecting often the relative merits objectively, without the least attempt to change or reform the life. In the third case the objective world is withdrawn into the reader's subjectivity, where the reader looks at the events of the world strictly from the subjective viewpoint with his heart determining the relative values of the world's events. This last view of life is expressed most clearly in his monumental work "Podobe isanj" (The Visions). Thus Cankar expressed the most universal traits of humanity in his symbolic personality.

(THE END.)

## Cankar the Teacher\*)

MY FRIEND was lying ill all alone in a dead seclusion; three days and three nights was he lying there alone. During these bitter hours there was no consolation for him from anywhere; and he himself felt how the world was slipping farther and farther from underneath of his feet. It seemed to him as though he were on a quiet ship drifting silently upon a calm sea; while the shores were sinking into the misty haze of the distance.

Hunger bothered him no longer; only thirst and headache tormented him; and even these were a sort of steady, dull torpor. The hammer struck but once, only the first blow, and then it rested heavily upon his brow. He was cooling off his dry, cracking lips with a wet towel, until his hand became too heavy and refused to rise any more.

His constant longing after rest and sweet dreams about his remote home, the happy days of his youth, and his mother, hindered his sleep. He imagined that as long as he would sleep he would live; for the most intensive longing for life is that of the sick; still more passionate is that of the dying. He prayed in his heart to dream about the world, which he had once experienced, and which was then sinking into a hazy remoteness. But the long and dreary hours gaped sternly at him; he was afraid of them, and this fear kept his weary eyes widely awake.

All of a sudden a bitter realization stole into his heart.

"If I fall asleep now, I shall wake no more!"

He rose painfully from the bed.

"It was foolish of me to go to bed; and even more so to think of closing my eyes, of ceasing to fear and to hope: it was foolish to contemplate about the death. I must get up, and go to the people and beg of them: 'If you are a human being, give me a crust of bread,' and the poorest of the beggars will not deny it to me."

He got up and tried to walk; but his feet were so weak that, when he attempted to stand up, they refused to support him; he staggered and tumbled silently upon the floor without the least pain.

"I'll rest here for a while," he remarked; "I'm not in a hurry to get anywhere; besides, it is cooler here on the floor than in the bed; I should have come down long before."

Gazing at the ceiling he beheld upon it large red roses.

"I must have seen them before, those beautiful roses . . . But where, where could I have seen them? . . . Why are they moving, rising up? Stay and console me in my misery."

The roses rose higher and higher, till, at last, they could hardly be distinguished anymore. He stared intensively after them . . .

The heaven itself consoled his heart.

Unexpectedly he entered the garden of his youth, of his life. It was a spacious paradise. White paths leading to all directions; white, yellow, and red roses luring his eyes with their celestial beauty; indeed, he was at a loss in deciding which path to take first. Some strange flowers perfumed the atmosphere. His heart was overflowed with joy from this heavenly beauty and his eyes so bedazzled that they could distinguish the heaven from the earth no more; his soul was still imprisoned in the mortal clay, but his heart glorified the Lord in His presence.

\* Translated by Anton Družina.

In this pleasant dream he sighed from joy, and the sighing woke him up.

He realized, then, who he was, and his last tears filled his eyes.

"Oh God, why hadn't Thou let me dream on forever? I had never seen as beautiful a paradise as this, I had never been as happy before . . . But if I am destined to die in this illness, if it be written that my last hours must be bitter, grant me, oh Lord, that I may see, before I depart, that paradise which I have experienced in the dream."

Thus he prayed and the Lord heard his prayer . . .

He set out in search for the paradise, and as soon as he moved his feet a mysterious land opened before him. The sun was clear and mild as in September. Wherever he turned his sight fell upon the celestial beauty: the flowers of the entire world were harbored in this spacious paradise, and the silver fountains watered them. At every step, in every turn the flowers swayed stately, bowing before him; white lilies and bushy chrysanthemums winked luringly at him.

When he came to the middle of the garden, he looked around for the gardener.

"Where is the gardener? I'm hungry."

He went farther and looked around for him the second time.

"Where is the gardener? I'm thirsty."

The sweet odor of the flowers was intoxicating; but there was no gardener, and the sun stood motionless on the blue sky.

He cried out: "Bread! Let me have bread; I'm hungry!"

There was no response to his screaming, not even an echoe from anywhere; the paradise was dead.

Terror stricken he hurried on on his way faster and faster, walking upon chrysanthemums and roses, one of which struck him on his face.

"Bread and water?"

At last he came to a spring and lied down hastily to drink; but to his great chagrin, the spring was made of solid silver.

"Keep your paradise, I don't care for it; let me have bread and water."

The sweet odors of the flowers were intoxicating, and the sun stood motionless upon the blue sky.

The terror and anxiety startled every nerve of his and he ran madly from path to path across the flower beds, farther and farther; but the paradise was endless.

He stumbled and dropped exhausted upon the ground and bit a flower that seemed to mock him with her beauty; but the flower was poisonous . . .

## The Picture of My Mother

By Ivan Cankar.—Translated from Slovene by Anton Družina.

MY MOTHER was never photographed. When she was lying dead on the bier, it occurred to me that she would soon be buried deep under the ground and that I would never see her face again.

I alone was watching by her bier. The silence was so deep in the room that I almost heard my own thoughts. The flame of the candle flapped occasionally, rose higher, then fell again, and lighted my mother's face and her white, stiff hands, in which she held a small crucifix.

I took a piece of paper and a pencil to draw a picture of her, as she was, lying there, silent and calm. With much pain and difficulty I started to draw, for my

hand trembled and my eyes burned from the stale atmosphere. Her face gleamed beneath the dark green ferns, like a marble sculpture. At her last breath she smiled lightly and that smile remained on her lips.

I read once how a holy man was dying. His relatives, friends, and admirers crowded the death room; sighs and lamentations echoed to the street. But in the moment that the holy man breathed his last, the frightened friends, relatives, and admirers deserted the room and never returned. His face suddenly changed; it became entirely different from what it used to be. It seems that in the last moment the devil's mask fell from his face and exposed his sinful soul, for death knows neither lies nor hypocrisy.

That incident is true. When the door closes silently behind the life, the consciousness declares the righteous and irrevocable judgment; and that judgment is recorded on the lips of the dead. He who would portray the soul and the thought of man, should draw it when the man is asleep—better when the man is dead. I know people who rose frightened from the sleep, when the sight of the inquisitive eye fell upon their brow. Thus would a sinner be frightened, who would unexpectedly and unprepared appear before the judge.

The smile on my mother's lips expressed the feeling of a sweet repose after the long, long journey, of having received a rich reward for all the tremendous, till the last moment unrecognized and unrewarded toil, of having received a thousandfold return for the inexpressable suffering. All purity and generosity, unmarred by the bitter days and sleepless nights, or by the cares and worries, revealed themselves on her dead lips.

I saw but little at the restless candle light. The paper, too, was too smooth and the pencil too hard. However, it seems, even at present, that the image was not completely lost and that at least a portion of her beauty, generosity, and her childishly credulous trust revealed themselves as I looked at the picture more with the love of my heart than with my sore eyes. Her white smiling face gleamed from the heavy shadows and swooning atmosphere under the thick candle smoke, like hope and faith from bitterness.

When I left for Vienna, I took the picture with me. I put it among the books and other papers and did not see it for many years. It happened once that I was extremely tired of my roaming, of my worries, and of the self torture; for sometimes man finds himself like in front of a mirror and surveys with a single glance his entire life career, from the first day to the last one, which is hidden in the remote future: his cheeks turn pale, his heart retards; "Where have you been, the unfortunate? Why still further into the endless wilderness?"

On that morning I searched among the books and papers for the picture of my mother to take farewell from the only face I still loved. I searched long. The papers were faded and the writing scarcely discernable. There were poems and stories among them, some from my childhood days, which lacked the bitterness of the later ones.

As the dusty paper shook in my hand, I was astonished at discovering that my mother's picture had completely faded. All that could still be discerned was the blurred shading and a gleam of a dim, suppressed light. I reproached myself in my heart:

"Her grave is far from me, deserted by all, lonely and sad, like those of the strange wanderers. She herself is far removed from our memories, lonely and forgotten by us, who have been scattered over the world, like a flock of birds when the



hawk falls upon them—the death. Her image, like her grave and she herself, is estranged and remote from my soul, for during many years she was strange to me.”

I stepped to the window to see whether the power of love and memory were sufficiently strong to recall from the shadow and dust the faded face of my mother. I could not see it with my eyes, and in my imagination I could scarcely perceive the effaced formless lines, the lights, and shades, which glided imperceptibly into one another. I tried to unveil the gray curtain, but my hand was too awkward and unsteady. The image of her face, which I have recalled, lacked the former glow and sympathy; the lips lacked the smile, which revealed the ultimate consolation. There was no magnanimity, purified and strengthened in her suffering. It lacked the love which she would have communed silently and lovingly with me in that bitter moment. . .

I covered my eyes with my hands; then a clear, vivid image of her face appeared before my eyes—it was her picture precisely as I saw it long, long ago. Her lips, however, have never smiled so lovingly during her life—it was her last smile, the smile before her death, generous and calm—it was her ultimate realization of the Goodness.

“What would you do, my foolish child? What would you do to yourself and me?”

In the distant misty darkness, she was making the way for a new light, for a new life: peace came to my heart, and the spiritual depression vanished. I never attempted again to draw on the paper what has been deeply impressed in the inmost and holiest depth of my heart. In every man there is a word that must not and cannot be expressed, but which will be written on the lips, perhaps, only at his dying moment; in every man lives a picture, which must not and cannot be portrayed, even if it were Leonardo himself, but which will be portrayed on his dead face.

### TWIST YOU, TWINE YOU

TWIST you, twine you! Even so,  
Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,  
In the tread of human life.

While the mystic is spinning,  
And the infant's life beginning,  
Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;  
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear  
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,  
Whirling with the whirling spindle.  
Twist you, twine you! even so  
Mingle human bliss and woe.

—Scott.

Edmondo de Amicis:

## In an Attic

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

YESTERDAY afternoon I went with my mother and my sister Sylvia, to carry the linen to the poor woman recommended by the newspaper: I carried the bundle; Sylvia had the paper with the initials of the name and the address. We climbed to the very roof of a tall house, to a long corridor with many doors. My mother knocked at the last; it was opened by a woman who was still young, blond and thin, and it instantly struck me that I had seen her many times before, with that very same blue kerchief that she wore on her head.

"Are you the person of whom the newspaper says so and so?" asked my mother.

"Yes, signora, I am."

"Well, we have brought you a little linen." Then the woman began to thank us and bless us, and could not make enough of it. Meanwhile I espied in one corner of the bare, dark room, a boy kneeling in front of a chair, with his back turned towards us, who appeared to be writing; and he really was writing, with his paper on the chair and his inkstand on the floor. How did he manage to write thus in the dark? While I was saying this to myself, I suddenly recognized the red hair and the coarse jacket of Crossi, the son of the vegetable-peddler, the boy with the useless arm. I told my mother softly, while the woman was putting away the things.

"Hush!" replied my mother; "perhaps he will feel ashamed to see you giving alms to his mother: don't speak to him."

But at that moment Crossi turned round; I was embarrassed; he smiled, and then my mother gave me a push, so that I should run to him and embrace him. I did embrace him: he rose and took me by the hand.

"Here I am," his mother was saying in the meantime to my mother, "alone with this boy, my husband in America these seven years, and I sick in addition, so that I can no longer make my rounds with my vegetables, and earn a few cents. We have not even a table left for my poor Luigino to do his work on. When there was a bench down at the door, he could, at least, write on the bench; but that has been taken away. He has not even a little light so that he can study without ruining his eyes. And it is a mercy that I can send him to school, since the city provides him with books and copy-books. Poor Luigino, who would be so glad to study! Unhappy woman, that I am!"

My mother gave her all that she had in her purse, kissed the boy, and almost wept as we went out. And she had good cause to say to me: "Look at that poor boy; see how he is forced to work, when you have every comfort, and yet study seems hard to you! Ah! Enrico, there is more merit in the work which he does in one day, than in your work for a year. It is to such that the first prizes should be given!"



## He Wished to Live Forever

(Japanese Folk Tale.)

THERE LIVED once in Japan a man named Opulo who was very rich. There was really nothing to make him worry, but one day the thought that he may be taken ill and die, stole into his mind; probably only because he had nothing to do and therefore there was very little to occupy his mind.

"It seems to me," said he to himself, "that a man ought to live a much longer life than he actually does. I am comfortable here, having all I want to eat, to drink, and the money to spend; why then should not I enjoy the life for hundreds of years without sickness or worry?"

He heard of men who had lived that long; he recalled the story of a certain Prince who had reached the age of five hundred years. Then he thought of the powerful Chinese Emperor, Shiko, who had built the great Chinese wall and many wonderful palaces, but who, in spite of his greatness and luxury in which he had lived, was never happy, because he knew that some day he would have to give up all his wealth, fame, and luxury and die.

This same great ruler had heard that in a strange country called Horazai, far off, beyond the seas, there lived hermits, who possessed a mysterious spring of the eternal life, and that whoever should drink of this wonderful fountain would never die. The great emperor then ordered Jofuku, his favorite courtier in whom he confided everything, to go and seek for the land of Horazai, and bring back some of the magic water.

The Emperor prepared his finest ship for the long and perilous search, and loaded it with rich gifts for the hermits. The courtier sailed off, but never returned. Mount Fuji was supposed to be the land of Horazai, and since then Jofuku was worshipped as a god.

This story of Emperor Shiko made such an impression on Opulo that he made up his mind to seek the hermits, who possessed the marvelous water of life and, if possible, to become one of them.

He set out on his quest and travelled on and on, climbing the mountain peaks and traversing strange lands, but all in vain; he could not locate the hermits.

At last he realized that he was wasting time; so he decided to go straight to the temple of Jofuku to pray for assistance. Day after day he spent in great devotion in the temple.

At the end of the month of his prayer in the temple, while kneeling before the Jofuku's shrine, he was suddenly enveloped into a cloud, and when the cloud disappeared, he saw Jofuku himself, standing before him. Opulo bowed his head very low, almost to the ground, whereupon Jofuku said:

"Your quest is selfish and therefore hard to grant. You imagine that you would like to become a hermit, a hermit like those that you seek to find and so partake of the Elixir of Life. A hermit's life is a hard one and not suitable for an idle man, who is accustomed to every imaginable comfort. To be a hermit one must obey strict rules; he must eat only fruit and berries, and abstain from the wordly life, in order that he may lead a pure life free from all base desires.

"But you, Opulo, have always been lazy and too fond of luxurious life. Do you think that you could go barefooted about the daily routine, wearing only a light

dress in the winter's cold? No; the life of hermits is not fit for you, or better you are not fit for the life of hermits!

"But since you have taken all this trouble, I will do something else for you; I will send you to the 'Island of Continual Life,' where both illness and death are unknown."

Jofuku, then, gave to Opulo a small bird made of paper and told him to sit upon it. Opulo was surprised, but he sat upon it and the bird began to grow, until it was large enough for him to ride comfortably.

The bird spread out the wings and flew high up in the air. Faster and faster the bird flew off with its rider, on and on for hundreds of miles without any stop for rest. At last they reached an island, where the bird alighted.

Opulo got off the bird and the bird shrunk to the size that it was when Jofuku gave it to him. He picked it up, folded it, and saved it in his pocket, and began to wander about. In his wandering he came to a town.

In the town he found a lodging; but he was bewildered with the peculiarities of the place; for everything was strange to him, the streets, the buildings, and the costumes—all was different from what he was accustomed to; but the people, all of them, were prosperous.

Opulo informed the landlord that he intended to settle down permanently; and the landlord promised to assist him to find a suitable home for him. Indeed, before long Opulo found a pleasant house for himself, well furnished both with the furniture and servants; so that his residence on the Island of Continual Life was well established and comfortable.

A. Kobal:

#### AUTUMN DAY ON THE GRAVE-YARD

CRIMSON flowers paint the lovely snowballs,  
 Delicately white has turned purple-red;  
 Graceful ash above the highest bed  
 Leans to the graves with loads of berry balls.  
 'Midst the pyramids and stony walls  
 Weeping birch, in memory to the dead,  
 Waves a yellow branch on its silk thread;  
 Falling oak leaves whisper winter calls.

Nature living even on the graveyard  
 Shows the paleness of its dying life;  
 Sighs in the rustling of the falling leaves  
 To the earth goes what of earth is part.  
 After conquest all is lost in strife,  
 Summer's gone, calm are wintry thieves.





## A Little Garden of Good Things

### THE RAINBOW

HOW GLORIOUS is thy girle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
As mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in the yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

—Thomas Cambell.

\* \* \*

### THIS HAPPENED.

During a representation of King Lear at one of our metropolitan theatres an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. Manager! Sir! Alter the play scenes. I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way; give me something funny or I summons you, sir!"

From a very old book.

\* \* \*

### WHY DON'T I WRITE GOOD LETTERS

MY PENS are all split, and my ink-glass  
is dry;  
Neither wit, common sense, nor ideas,  
have I.

—W. Cowper.

### THE MAN AND THE WOOD.

A MAN came into a wood one day with an ax in his hand, and begged all the Trees to give him a small branch which he wanted for a particular purpose. The Trees were good natured and gave him one of their branches. What did the Man do but fix it into the ax head, and soon set to work cutting down tree after tree. Then the Trees saw how foolish they had been in giving their enemy the means of destroying themselves.

\* \* \*

### MAKING GODS

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a flea, yet he will be making gods by dozens.

Montaigne.

\* \* \*

### TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile,  
Lest, having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee.

Herrick.

## THE NIGHTINGALE

SWEET bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon  
Riding near the highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through the fleecy cloud.

—J. Milton.

\* \* \*

## JOLLY SHEPHERD

SLEEPEST or wakest thou, jolly shep-  
herd?  
Thy sheep be in the corn;  
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth  
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

—Shakespeare.

\* \* \*

## PYRAMIDS AND DAISIES

In the end that which lives lives by deli-  
cate sensitiveness. If it were a question  
of brute force not a single human baby  
would survive for a fortnight.

It is the grass of the field, most frail of  
all things, that supports all life all the  
time. But for the green grass no empire  
would rise, no man would eat bread, for  
grain is grass.

Brute force crushes many plants, yet  
the plants rise again. The pyramids will  
not last a moment compared with the  
daisy.

D. H. Lawrence.

\* \* \*

## STELLA'S BIRTHDAY

HOW MANY between east and west  
Disgrace their parent earth,  
Whose deeds constrain us to detest  
The day that gave them birth!  
Not so when Stella's birthday morn  
Revolving months restore;  
We can rejoice that she was born,  
And wish her born once more!

—W. Cowper.

## THE PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

A pebble lies on the beach, and nothing  
could be more inert and commonplace.  
But why does it lie there, on that exact  
spot and no other? This, it will be said,  
was determined by the wave that flung  
it there. But what was behind that wave,  
determining its direction and energy? The  
pressure of the wind; and this had for its  
cause some unknown changes of heat or  
cold, stretching over unknown kingdoms  
of space and determined by forces which  
run up to the crown of the heavens and  
back to the beginning of the worlds. It  
would have required a different history of  
the Universe to have cast that pebble a  
few inches higher!

\* \* \*

## POOR MAN'S HOLIDAY

We thank Thee, Lord, for one day  
To look Heaven in the face!  
The Poor have only Sunday;  
The sweeter is the grace.  
'Tis then they make the music  
That sings their week away:  
O, there's a sweetness infinite  
In the Poor Man's Holiday!

'Tis as a burst of sunshine,  
A tender fall of rain,  
That set the barest life a-bloom;  
Makes old hearts young again.  
The dry and dusty roadside  
With smiling flowers is gay:  
'Tis open Heaven one day in seven,  
The Poor Man's Holiday!

—Gerald Massey.

\* \* \*

## THE KISS

I saw you take his kiss! 'Tis true.  
O, modesty! 'Twas strictly kept:  
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew  
He thought I thought he thought I slept.

—Coventry Patmore.

## Aesop's Fables

### THE SERPENT AND THE FILE.

A SERPENT in the course of its wanderings came into an armorer's shop. As he glided over the floor he felt his skin pricked by a file lying there. In a rage he turned around upon it and tried to dart his fangs into it: but he could do no harm to the heavy iron and had soon to give over his wrath.

**It is useless attacking the insensible.**

\* \* \*

### THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A COUNTRYMAN'S son by accident trod upon a Serpent's tail, which turned and bit him so that he died. The father in a rage got his ax, and pursuing the Serpent, cut off part of its tail. So the Serpent in revenge began stinging several of the farmer's cattle and caused him severe loss. Well, the farmer thought it best to make it up with the Serpent, and brought food and honey to the mouth of its lair, and said to it: "Let's forget and forgive; perhaps you were right to punish my son, and take the vengeance on my cattle, but surely I was right in trying to revenge him; now that we are both satisfied why should not we be friends again?"

"No, no," said the Serpent; "take away your gifts; you can never forget the death of your son, nor I the loss of my tail."

**Injuries may be forgiven, but not forgotten.**

\* \* \*

### THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

NOW you must know that a Town Mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him heartily welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely. The Town Mouse

rather turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said: "I cannot understand, Cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you cannot expect anything better in the country; come with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week, you will wonder how you could ever have stood in a country life." No sooner said than done: the two mice set for the town and arrived at the Town Mouse's residence late at night. "You will want some refreshment after our long journey," said the polite Town Mouse, and took his friend into the grand dining room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating up jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard growling and barking. "What is that?" asked the Country Mouse. "It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other. "Only!" said the Country Mouse. "I do not like that music at my dinner." Just at that moment the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper down and run off. "Good bye, Cousin," said the Country Mouse. "What! going so soon?" said the other. "Yes," he replied.

**"Better beans and bacon in peace than cakes and ale in fear."**

\* \* \*

### THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A FOX once saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree. "That's for me, for I am a Fox," said master Fox, and he walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking today: how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear but one song from you that I may greet you as the Queen of birds."

The Crow lifted up her head and began to caw her best, but the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox. "That will do," said he. "That was all I wanted. In exchange for your cheese I will give you an advice for the future—

**Do not trust flatterers."**

\* \* \*

### THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.

THE frogs were living as happy as could be in a marshy swamp that just suited them; they went splashing about caring for nobody and nobody troubling with them. But some of them thought that this was not right, that they should have a king and a proper constitution; so they determined to send up a petition to Jove to give them what they wanted. "Mighty Jove," they cried, "send unto us a king that will rule over us and keep us in order." Jove laughed at their croaking and threw down into the swamp a huge Log, which came down—kerplash—into the swamp. The Frogs were frightened out of their lives by the commotion made in their midst, and all rushed to the bank to look at the horrible monster; but after a time, seeing that it did not move, one or two of the boldest of them ventured out towards the Log, and even dared to touch it; still it did not move. Then the greatest hero of the Frogs jumped upon the Log and commenced dancing up and down upon it, thereupon all the Frogs came and did the same; and for some time the Frogs went about their business every day without taking the slightest notice of their new King Log lying in their midst. But this did not suit them; so they sent another petition to Jove, and said to him: "We want a real king, one that will really rule over us." Now this made Jove angry, so he sent among them a big Stork that soon set to work gobbling them all up. Then the Frogs repented when too late.

**Better no rule than cruel rule.**

### THE FOX AND THE STORK.

AT one time the Fox and the Stork were on visiting terms and seemed very good friends. So the Fox invited the Stork to dinner, and for a joke put nothing before her but some soup in very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up, but the Stork could only wet the end of her long bill in it, and left the meal as hungry as when she began. "I am sorry," said the Fox "the soup is not to your liking."

"Pray, do not apologize," said the Stork. "I hope you will return this visit and come and dine with me soon."

So a day was appointed when the Fox should visit the Stork; but when they were seated at the table all that was for their dinner was contained in a very long-necked jar with a narrow mouth in which the Fox could not insert his snout; so all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not apologize for the dinner," said the Stork.

**"One bad turn deserves another."**

\* \* \*

### THE JAY AND THE PEACOCK.

A Jay venturing into a yard where Peacocks used to walk, found there a number of feathers which had fallen from the Peacocks when they were moulting. He tied them all to his tail and strutted down towards the Peacocks. When he came near them they soon discovered the cheat, and striding up to him pecked at him and plucked away his borrowed plumes. So the Jay could do no better than go back to the other Jays, who had watched his behavior from a distance; but they were equally annoyed with him, and told him **"It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds."**







Mary Moyl, 4822—17th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. writes: "As soon as I got the M. L., I read the stories and the jokes. The stories "The Hard Road to Fame" and "The Foreign Knowledge" are very interesting." She sent us the following jokes:

Mrs. Jones: "I cook and cook for you and what do I get? Nothing!"

Mr. Jones' "You're lucky! I get indigestion!"

Mrs. Blink: My husband is just like a furnace. All day he smokes and in the evening he goes out!"

\* \* \*

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa. writes: "I am very glad to say that I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Andrew Kobal, the editor of the "Mladinski list," personally. I met him in Pittsburgh on the 26th of August. Later in the afternoon Brother Kobal made an interesting speech first in Slovene, then in English. In the speech he suggested many things regarding the organization of the new SNPJ English lodge. This lodge was organized in the morning, August 26.

The singing societies "Prešeren" and "Triglav" entertained the audience with a number of Slovene songs.

I wish that the English speaking lodge of Pittsburgh would soon become one of largest of SNPJ."

\* \* \*

Stela Sostaric, Neffs, Ohio, Box 395 writes her first letter to the M. L.: "There are six of us in the family and all are members of the SNPJ, except my mother. I hope that she, too, will join. I am writing this letter to make the "Chatter Corner" bigger and wish that some boys and girls would write to me.

Mary Kalina, 1511 Dearborn St., Joliet, Ill. writes: "As I looked through the last number of "M. L.", I did not find a single letter from Joliet; so I decided to write. I like the M. L. very much and wish that there were more English stories; for I cannot read Slovene, because I am a Czech. I am 5 ft. and 3 inches tall, have blonde hair and blue eyes. I am a light complexioned girl of fourteen and attend the Joliet Township High School. I wish some boys and girls would write to me." She sent the following poem:

**When the Swallows Homeward Fly.**

When the swallows homeward fly,  
When the roses scattered lie,  
When from neither hill nor dale  
Chaunts the silv'ry nightingale;  
In these words my bleeding heart  
Would to thee its grief impart,  
When I thus thy image lose,  
Can I, ah, can I e'r know repose,  
Can I, ah, can I e'r know repose?

\*

She sent also the following riddle:  
"Why don't they bury all the Swedish people in the cemetery?"

\* \* \*

Joseph Povhe, 224 Miller St., Gowanda, N. Y., tells us: "I am learning to read and write Slovene. I hope to be able to write in Slovene soon, and wish that some of the boys and girls would write to me." He sent us a poem:

**Mother.**

Thousands of stars on the sky,  
Thousands of birds fly by;  
Hundreds of butterflies in the air,  
Hundreds of buzzing bees there,  
Hundreds of bees on the clover;  
But only one mother!

**Anna Miklege, Canonsburg, Pa., R.D. 3.**

Anna is eleven years old and she would like some brothers and sisters write to her. She wants us to print this poem for her:

A little sun, a little rain,  
A little loss, a little gain,  
A little joy, a little strife,  
And this is life.

A little work, a little play,  
Some kind of deed done each passing day;  
A few good byes, a setting sun,  
And life is done.

\* \* \*

**Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.**

Violet is our staunch contributor. This time we have one of her stories which we gladly print for her:

**THE SQUIRREL IN THE CAGE.**

One afternoon in autumn when the winds were blowing hard and the sky was dark and grey, a little beggar boy was walking through the woods. His shoes were full of holes and his stockings and his clothes were all patched and torn. But his face and hands were clean. In his pocket the beggar boy carried a bag.

"I hope I shall find some nice nuts to take them home for my dear mother," said the boy, blowing on his blue hands to keep them warm. "It is too late for berries or fruit; I'd be the happiest boy if I could find just a handful of nuts to take them to my mother and make her happy."

He walked for a long time, but could find no nuts. They have all been taken away. "The other boys have been here before," said the beggar boy. "I am sure if they knew how badly I wanted a few nuts to take them to my dear sick mother, they would have left some on the trees for me."

Just as he said that the boy spied a little red squirrel with a bushy tail sitting on the ground and looking at him. It sat blinking at him with its shining brown eyes. The beggar boy walked straight up to it and took it in his hands. It nestled down as nice as could be.

"I know what I'll do with you! I'll take you up to the city. Mother told me that many times rich ladies have squirrels to play with. She said that they keep them in pretty, round silver cages and feed them on apples and nuts. I will sell you and then I can buy my poor mother some good things to eat. And I shall buy her a beautiful red kerchief."

The boy went to the city to sell the squirrel. As he drew near the city he met a fine coach. It was drawn by snow-white horses with harnesses of silver and gold. Upright sat a coachman in a red coat and three-cornered hat. Inside was a fine lady with beautiful chains of gold on her neck and on her fingers many sparkling rings. When the beggar boy saw the wonderful coach, he said to himself, "I will ask the fine lady if she would buy my squirrel."

The end of this story, writes Sis. Beniger, will appear in the next issue.

\* \* \*

A short letter was written by Emilia Ravnikar from Bonanza, Ark., R. 1, Box 207. She is only nine years old and in the fifth grade. Her school started in October.

\* \* \*

Other letters came from the following:  
Sisters Mary and Bertha Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

John Hren, 2717 Spruce St. Pueblo, Colo.





## **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.