

M LADINSKI LIST



FEBRUARY 1928

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Joseph James Ave.
14311
(59)

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 section 1102, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1922.

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. 2.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUAR, 1928.

VOL. VII.—No. 2.

Andrej Kobal:

Abrahamu Lincolnu

Pravičnost, pridnost in poštenja vzor,
ljubezen do gospoda in do sužnja,
ki bil tedaj uboga raja tužna,
so te poslale tja na beli dvor,
da vstavil bi tlačiteljev upor.
Boj izgubila je dežela južna;
ti zmagal si, sovraga jeza kužna
pa je storila nad teboj umor.

Oh, da bi prišel; Lincoln, v naša mesta,
pogledal v tovarne in domove,
oh, da bi šel med kmete in rudarje,
postal bi zopet naš vodnik, ker cesta
dvojna vodi nas v razpore nove
—gorje!—in pod sebične poglavarje.

Albin Čebular:

V RUDEČI LIVARNI

Dimniki puhajo
dime v oblake,
kotli pa kuhajo
čudne vse spake.

Rudne te spakice
se kar držijo,
kot v gnezdu srakice
močno cvrčijo.

Pridite, pridite—
so že utonile . . .
Hej, ali vidite—
se raztopile . . .

Leno prelivajo
v masah se vrelih,
tam-le razlivajo
se po modelih.

Fr. Ločniškar:

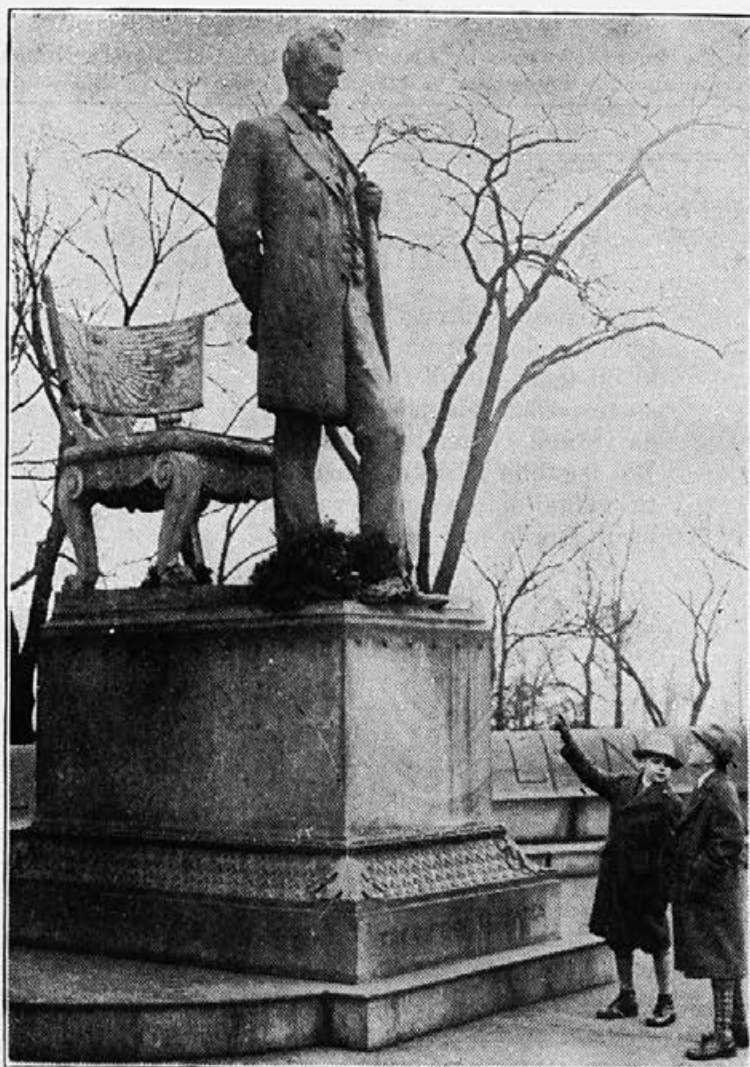
NEUGNANEC

Očke si zaspane
v temi še pomane,
vpraša: "Je že dan?
Nisem več zaspan!"

Hitro skoči v hlače,
pa po sobi skače,
vse iz spanja zdrami
malček neugnani.

Ves dan telovadi
neugnane mlad, hlači
trpijo — težko da vzdržijo.

Ob prihodu mraka
zmaga trud junaka,
takrat kar omahne —
hiša se oddahne . . .



Last Y. M. C. A.

Ne za zmago, za resnico se potegujem. . . . Stati moram na strani pravičnih. . . . Stal bom z njimi, dokler so pravični, in se ločil od njih, ko zaidejo na kriva pota.—A. Lincoln.

Pust in pepelnica pri Slovencih in drugih Slovanih

KAKOR so mnogi prazniki, običaji in vraže imeli svoj postanek že v davnih dneh, ko so bili ljudje še pogani, tako se je tudi obhajanje pusta in pepelnice ohranilo več ali manj še izza poganske dobe, torej do par tisoč let. Res je, da sta oba ta dva dneva do neke meje krščansko verskega značaja, to je, da pust pomeni začetek posta (mesopust) in da je pepelnico uvedel rimski papež Gregor Veliki; ali vendar so pustni običaji tako podobni običajem poganov, da ne more biti nobenega dvoma o njih izvoru. Pa še več se naučimo, ako primerjamo razne običaje Slovanov, namreč, da so skoro pri vseh slovanskih narodih enaki, kar nam jamči, da so vezi med temi narodi še vedno tesne v jeziku in življenju.

Beseda "pust" je skoraj v vseh slovanskih jezikih enaka, namreč "masopust" pri Čehih, Slovaki, Poljaki in južnih Slovanih, ter "maslenica" pri Rusih. Slovenci rečemo kar na kratko "pust." Večinoma povsod znači "pust" prihod spomladi, dasiravno ga praznujejo že v februarju, takorekoč še sredi zime. Pomniti pa je treba, da na Laškem, kjer so v tem času praznovali obletnice na čast svojemu vinskemu bogu Baku, je ob tem času že zopet spomlad v deželi. Slovanski bog veselja je bil Kurent, zato pa tudi pustu ponekod pravijo Kurent.

Nekod po Dolenjskem se že na večer pred pustom zbirajo otroci sredi trgov in uganjajo strašen ropot po mestu. Pravijo, da godejo Kurentu na čast. Lepo je praznovanje pusta opisal Jernej Ravnikar v Letopisu Matice Slovenske, v letniku 1890:

"Leta 1829 so Metličani ovršavali pustni dan z velikanskim pustovim sprevodom. Pred tem so jahali in svirali godci na konjih. Za njimi nosili so štirje ošemljeni možaki na nosilnicah pusta (slamnatoga moža), ki sta ga z obeh strani božala črna dimnikarja vsak s svojo metlo po našemljenem obrazu; a za njim se je pomikala po mestu proti cerkvi dolga vrsta raznoličnih smešno opravljenih šem. Nekatere so imele tudi "živinski" rep; eden dečak pa je bil preoblečen v žensko opravo, rekši: "pustova nevesta," ki pa ni kar nič žalovala, nego zbijala venomer nepristojne šale.

Nepriстойno so se zaletavale tudi repate moške šeme, črno ali pa rdeče in žolto po obrazu pomazane, še pred tem sprevodom v dekle, katere so hodile na mestni zdenec po vodo ali se pa vračale s polno čorbico na glavi domov.

Že se je ta šemasti sprevod bližal župni cerkvi, kar se prikaže izza cerkve tedanji metliški kaplan . . . slavni Baraga, gre s palico v roki šeman naproti, in ko jih sreča, ustavi se baš pred godci, izvleče pri tej priči izpod suknje razpelo, in držeč ga proti pustovemu sprevodu, zakriči v sveti jezi na ves glas: Križajte ga! Križajte ga!

Vse ostrmi, šema debelo gleda šemo, sprevod se ustavi. Živa duša se ne upa oglašiti, samo eden izmed godcev jahačev, pred katerimi se je ustavil Baraga, zašepče drugim tovarišem predrzno: 'Hajd' naprej!' Pa nihče se ni drznil poslušati ga; eden izmed jahačev, ki se je bil prestrašil predrznih besed, je krenil s konjem pri tej priči skozi najbližjo ulico ter odjahal skokoma tja, kjer si je izposodil konja. Zdaj se začne z drugimi godci vred obračati po malem ves sprevod nazaj; pregoreči Baraga pa, misleč, da je pust na nosilnicah živ, si ni mogel kaj, da ga ne bi bil posvaril zaradi tolike pregrehe, ker ga namreč ni sram, da se kot kristjan in človek, ustvarjen po božji podobi, tako ponižuje.

Po takih besedah so se zakrohotali vsi, ki so čuli kaplana. Baraga je spoznal svojo zмотo in krenil v "proštijo" ves zariščen, ker se je bil zanj tako smešno završil ta znameniti prizor.

Slišal sem potem praviti, da so nesli potlej pusta 'na Kolpo' ter ga vrgli v vodo."

Iz gornjega opisa posnamemo, kako so v preteklosti skoro povsod po Dolenjskem praznovali pusta. S tem dnevom pa je navezanih še vse polno drugih običajev in vraž. Ženini in neveste, na primer, kateri so se menili oženiti ali omožiti, pa se niso, "vlečejo ploh" na pustni dan. Ponekod "vlačijo ploh" naslednji dan, to je na pepelnično sredo. Če ni na pustni dan nobene poroke v občini, pravijo ponekod, da je šel skozi volk.

Povsod po Slovenskem se je še ohranil običaj, da ljudje ne delajo ta dan. Korošci pravijo: "Kar se na pustne dni prede, vse miši snedo." Tudi Nemci trdijo isto. Štajerci pa ne verjamejo, da je dobro na pustni dan mleti, ker njih izrek se glasi: "Če se pustni dan melje, rado nad tisto hišo grmi; če pa se prede, kače okrog hiše lazijo." V Slovenskih goricah ne sme nihče na pustni dan šivati, ker sicer, pravijo vraževerci, bi kokoši ne mogle nesti. Tudi Nemci imajo še to vražo. Metličani, ki so radi veseli, pravijo: "Na pust se mora plesati in visoko skakati, zato da bo lan visok in velik." Drugod zopet pravijo, da se morajo na pustni dan uganjati burke, drugače da ne bo debela repa.

Hrvati in Srbi imenujejo pust tudi "poklade." Njih običaji in vraže so do malega podobne slovenskim. Črnogorci se na pustni dan namažejo s sajami in si obesijo nase zvonce, potem pa hodijo od hiše do hiše, ter prosijo sira, masla, jajec itd. Kjer jim ne dajo ničesar, potegnejo z jajcem ob vrata.

V Dalmaciji se zadnjo predpustno nedeljo obleče nekaj dečkov v kožuhasto opravo, tako, da je kosmata stran zunaj. Našemijo se z različnimi repi in zaplatami ali krpami ter obesijo nase zvoncev. Enega oblečejo v žensko in mu dajo v roke povito dete. Dečaki se zovejo dedje, ženska pa je dedova "baba." Ves dan kolovratijo po mestu in poljubljajo njo in dete ter zbijajo vse polno šal. Za njimi pa teko otroci in vpijejo: "Bu, djede! Bu, babo!"

Na otokih v Dalmaciji imajo navado, da na pustni dan pripeljejo v vas živega vola. Neki deček udari vola s sekuro po glavi, tako da se ves omamljen zgrudi. Oni deček je potem "kralj," ki sme po stari narodni pravici na ta dan zapirati in dajati tatove in druge hudodelce v prazno rupo ali cisterno. Najprej pripeljejo vola k "lanskemu kralju." Ako ga ta na prvi mah podere tako, kakor je treba, tedaj ostane on še to leto kralj; ako mu pa izpodleti, tedaj šele sme kdo drug poizkusiti srečo. Ubitega vola pa spečejo ter se goste z njegovim mesom vsi vaščani. Obenem svirajo na meh (mišnice) in plešejo kolo ves dan do večera.

Na Češkem imajo nekoliko drugačno navado. Napravijo si "medveda," ki je oblečen v grahovico. To trgajo gospodinje z njega, ko stopa po trgu. Grahovico potem dajo gosem v gnezda, ker, pravijo, potem gosi dobro vale. Zvečer gredo vsi v krčmo na ples, kjer poskakujejo na vso moč visoko, zato da bodo konoplje visoke ali velike.

Tudi Poljaki se oblačijo v "medvede" na pustni torek. Našemljeni uganjajo različne burke od hiše do hiše sami ali pa jih vodijo vodniki na vrvicah. Svoječasno so Poljaki tudi vodili po mestu petelina ter pobirali darove za občno pojedino.

Rusijo praznujejo pusta kar celi teden. To je njih "maslenica." Maslenico sežigajo ali pokopavajo koncem tedna. Njih pustne živali so: kozel, medved in petelin, in te navadno vodijo na pustni dan po mestu. Ruski kmet pravi: "Kateri masleni (pustni) dan je lep, ta dan sej pšenico."

Pri vseh Slovanih velja to-le vremensko prerokovanje: Če so pustni dnevi deževni, je tisto leto dosti sočivja. Če je moker plot, bo dosti fižola. Če je pust na knalu, bo velika noč na peči.

* * *

Pepelnici ali pepelnični sredi pravijo ponekod tudi čista sreda, kar znači, da so se ljudje na ta dan hodili čistiti svojih grehov, to je, da so šli po odvezo. Ta praznik s potresovanjem pepela je uvedel papež Gregor Veliki, ki je dejal, da s tem dnevom v cerkvi uvedejo štiridesetdanski post. Kot so dognali zgodovinarji, je torej ta praznik, kakor tudi post, imel svoj začetek šele v osmem stoletju. Toliko glede verske strani pepelnice.

Po vsem Slovenskem še pravijo ljudje, da morajo fantje in dekleta, ki se niso omožili ali oženili zadnji pust, vleči ploh. Ker pa bi to ne bilo posebno lepo za dekleta, opravljajo ta posel samo fantje, ki se ponekod preoblečejo v ženske. V Ribnici so še pred nedavnim imeli navado, vlačiti ploh po trgu in ga pustiti naposled najstari devici pred hišo. Ta ploh je ponekod posebno velik, kajti vanj vprežejo celo konja in ga potem vlačijo okoli. Na Cerkljanskem vidiš na pepelnično sredo po vaseh našemljenega fanta, v žensko preoblečenega, kako vleče na vrvi desko po snegu ali ledu za seboj. Pravijo: "Baba ploh vleče."

Na Koroškem imajo stare gospodinje še danes to vražo, da pokopljejo na pepelnico skrivaj, predno jutrnico zvoni, pepela in žerjavice, če je mogoče hišnim durim pod prag. Mislijo namreč, da jim to brani hišo ognju.

Približno take reči kot Slovenci uganjajo na pepelnico tudi Čehi. Oni pa ta dan pokopavajo pusta. Po njihovi vraži je treba tega dne zbirati in spravljati ves pepel, kolikor ga je najti v hiši, zato ker ima posebno moč, da ubrani drevje gosenicam, če se obsiplje z njim vsako drevo pred solncem. Tudi Poljaki imajo to navado in tudi oni šele ta dan pokopavajo pusta, ki je, kakor že opisano, oblečen v grahovicco.

Nemci imajo posebne vraže glede pepelnične srede. Pravijo: Pepelnica je nesrečen dan, zato ne smeš ta dan nikakega živinčeta prvič privezavati, da ne izgubi svoje moči. Tudi izganjati ali prodajati ne smeš živine, ker ne bo sreče pri tem. Hleva ne smeš kidati in sobe ne umivati, drugače ti bo siva.

Vremensko prerokovanje o pepelnici pa se glasi pri Slovencih: Skozi katero špranjo na pepelnico solnce sije, skozi tisto še potem sneg mete. Čehi mislijo malo drugače: Če tega dne piše huda burja (silný severní vítr), bo rodovitno leto, ako ni vetra ta dan, bo pa aprila meseca in na škodi potem trtam in drugim rastlinam.

Mirko Kunčič:

ŽENITOVANJE

Pajek in mucek naš predeta, predeta—
platna bo, jojme, za dvajset pet skrinj!
Kak dirndaj je pri nas zadnje čase,
koliko nujnih in važnih stopinj!

Muha—nevesta je, ženin—komar.
Jojme, prijateljčki, to vam je par!
Slavnosten govor petelin že piše.
"Živelj svatje!" prepeva krog hiše.

Muha plesačica je kot kraljična
V pravljicah čudežnih zala in mična.
Ženin junak je, a reven kot miš —
v hišo ga vrgel jesenski je piš — — —

Davi pa hude sem sanje imel:
v mrežo je pajek nevesto ujel,
ženin junak jo je hotel oteti —
pa je še sam moral jadno umreti. . .

VIJOLICA.

(Iz nemščine.)

NE SKRIVAJ se, modra vijolica!
 Porajaš se v brazdi, cvetlica.
 Pa li te varuje? veruješ še ti?
 Saj listje te krije? Mi duh tvoj diši,
 Oh, revna vijolica, ta te izdaja.

H. Gross.

*
HIŠICO POLŽEK IMA . . .

Hišico polžek ima,
 v hišici nima blaga,
 v hišici luč ne brli,
 ogenjček v njej ne gori;
 v hišici tudi ni slame,
 da se pod streho ne vname.

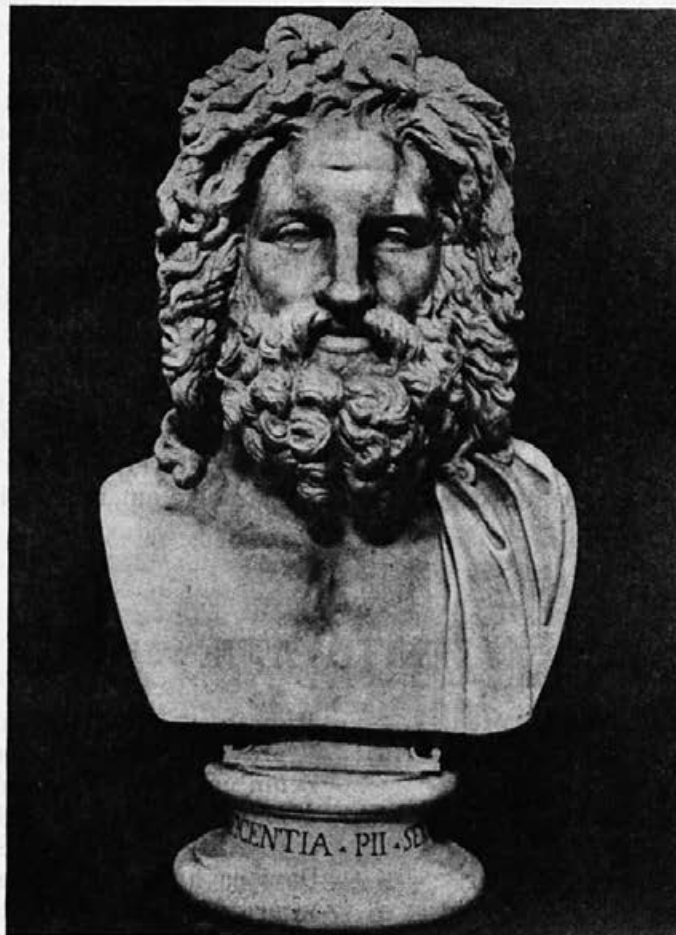
Karel Širok.

NA POTOVANJU.

(Iz nemščine.)

O POLNOČI na daljnem in brezpotnem
 morju,
 ko lučke v ladji vse že davno ugasnile,
 in ko na nebu več nobena zvezda ne blesti,
 tedaj svetilka še brli na ladje krovu,
 stenj zabranjen pred silovitim vetrom
 krmarja razsvetljuje vse krmilna igla,
 koja nevarljivo smer mu kaže.
 Če jo čuvamo nas pelje skozi vsako tmino;
 luč tihotno v prsih nam goreča še brli.

Uhland.



Doprsna soha Zevsa, najvišjega boga Grkov.

Elica v deveti deželi

V globoki jami zajčevi

ELICA je bila zelo, zelo trudna. Naveličala se je bila sedeti pri sestri na bregu: dvakrat ali trikrat je bila pogledala čez rame v knjigo, katero je čitala sestra, ali v knjigi ni bilo slik in razgovorov. "In čemu naj bo knjiga brez slik in razgovorov," si je mislila Elica.

Tako je mislila sama pri sebi (ali mislila ni veliko, kajti bil je vroč in utrudljiv dan, da se ji je kar spalo) in se je namenila splesti venec marjetic, ko je nenadoma skočil ravno poleg nje Zajček Belček z velikimi rožnatimi očmi.

Nič posebnega ni bilo na tem in Elica tega ni niti pomislila, da je nekaj posebnega, ko je slišala Zajčka Belčka vzklikniti: "Ojoj, ojoj, prepozen sem!" (Ko se je pozneje domislila tega vzklika, je vedela, da bi se morala začuditi takemu vzkliku, ki se ji je pa prej zdel naraven.) Ali zgodilo se je več kakor to! Zajček Belček je vzel iz telovnika uro, pogledal je nanjo in odhitel dalje. To je Elica takoj spravilo na noge, kajti nenadoma je pomislila, da še nikoli ni videla zajčka s telovnikom in uro, in vsa radovedna je stekla po polju za njim. Ravno o pravem času je še videla, kako je smuknil v veliko zajčjo luknjo med grmičjem.

Trenutek za tem je zlezla za njim Elica, ne da bi vsaj malo pomislila, kako bo prišla nazaj.

Zajčeva luknja se je vila dalje in dalje kakor predor, ali šlo je tako hitro naprej, da Elica ni imela časa pomisliti, dokler se ni končno zgodilo, da je začela padati, padati navzdol v nekaj, kar se ji je zdelo kakor velik vodnjak.

Ali je bil vodnjak zelo globok ali pa je padala tako počasi, kajti med padanjem je imela dovolj časa ozirati se okoli in se čuditi vsemu, kar se je vrstilo drugo za drugim. Sprva je skušala pomisliti, kam neki zaide, ali bilo je pretemno, da bi videla. Tupatam je videla slike in viseče police na klinih. Z nekega klina je snela lep lonček z napisom: "Pomarančna marmelada," ali žal, bila je prazna. Ni si upala izpustiti lončka, ker se je bala, da bi koga ne pobila tam doli; tako ga je odložila na drugi polici, ko je padala, padala.

"No!" je pomislila Elica. "Po takem padcu kot je ta se pa ne bom bala pasti po stopnicah. Kaj bodo mislili o meni doma? Pa saj bi jim itak ničesar ne povedala, četudi padem z vrha hiše." (To je bržkone res.)

Doli, doli, doli! Ali padanja ne bo konca? "Bogve, koliko milj sem že padla," je rekla na glas. "Gotovo sem že nekje v sredini zemlje. Čakajte no, to je nekako štiri tisoč milj doli. . ." (Veste, Elica se je namreč naučila nekaj takih reči v šoli. In čeprav prostor ni bil posebno primeren, da pokaže svojo modrost, ker bi je nihče ne slišal, vendar je bila to dobra preizkušnja, da ponovi nalogo.) "Da, tolika je razdalja, ali čudim se tudi, na koliki zemeljski širini in dolžini sem." (Elica ni prav nič vedela, kaj je zemeljska širina in kaj dolžina, ali mislila si je, da so te besede zelo lepe, zato jih je izrekla.)

Kmalu je zopet začela. "Radovedna sem, če bom padla skozi in skozi zemljo! Kako čudno bi bilo, če bi prišla med ljudi, ki hodijo z glavo navzdol. Ampak vprašati jih bom morala, kako se pravi njih deželi. "Prosim, gospodična, ali je to Nova Zelandija ali Avstralija?" In celo ko je padala, je Elica skušala oponašati sebe in delala je poklone, češ, bogzna, če bi se znala pravilno obnašati. "In si bodo še mislili, kako nevedna sem. Ne, tega pa rajša ne bom vprašala. Mogoče bo pa kje napisano."

Doli, doli, doli! Ker ni bilo drugega dela, je Elica spet začela govoriti. "Sivček me gotovo pogreša nocoj." (Sivček je bil njen muček.) "Upam, da mu ne bodo po-

zabili dati skledice mleka. Sivček, dragi moj, kako lepo bi bilo, če bi bil sedaj tu pri meni. Nič miši ni v zraku, ampak mogoče bi vjel kakega netopirja in ti so precej podobni mišim. Ampak čudim se, če mački jedo tudi netopirje." Pri teh mislih pa se ji je začelo dremati in zasanjala je, da se sprehaja roko v roki s Sivčkom. V sanjah ga vpraša: "Povej mi, Sivček, ali ješ netopirje?" ko nenadoma začuje: Bum! bum! Padla je na suhljad in suho listje in padanje se je končalo.

Elica se tudi malo ni pobila in za trenutek je skočila na noge. Ozrla se je naokoli, ali vse temačno je bilo; le tam v temi je zagledala belo piko, izhod iz luknje, in skozi to luknjo je še videla hiteti Zajčka Belčka. Niti trenutka ni smela izgubiti, kakor vetrc je odletela in v zadnjem hipu je zaslišala na vogalu: "Oj, moje mustače in moje uhače, kako pozno je že!" Zajček se ji je nato izgubil izpred oči in znašla se je v dolgem, nizkem hodniku, razsvetljenem od lučic izpod stropa.

Na vse strani so bila vrata, ali vsa so bila zaprta in ko je Elica poizkusila odpreti vsaka vrata, se je žalostna obrnila nazaj v sredo dvorane. Razmišljala je, kako bi prišla ven.

Nenadoma je prišla k trinožni mizi iz čistega stekla. Na mizi ni bilo drugega kakor majčken zlat ključek, in Elica si je takoj domislila, da mora to biti ključek od katerih vrat; toda žal, ali je bila ključavnica prevelika ali pa ključek premajhen, da



Gozdna pastirica.

ni mogla nikjer odpreti. Ko je že dvakrat vse preizkusila, je prišla do nizkega zastora, katerega prej ni opazila. Za tem zastorom so bila mala vrata nič več kakor pedenj široka in visoka. Poizkusila je odpreti z malim ključkom in, sreča presrečna, ključek je bil prav.

Elica je odprla vrata in videla, da vodi prehod v mal hodnik, ne veliko večji od podganje luknje. Pokleknila je doli in pokupala v luknjo, tam daleč pa zagledala tako krasen vrt, kakoršnega še nihče na svetu ni videl. Kako si je želela, priti iz temne dvorane, da bi se sprehajala med gredami svetlih cvetlic, poleg hladnih vodnjakov, ali v oni hodnik še glave ni mogla vtakniti. "In tudi če bi glava šla notri, kaj pa ramena, ki so širša," je pomislila Elica. "Oh, kako si želim, da bi se dala stisniti skupaj kakor daljnogled. Saj mislim, da bi šlo, če bi le znala začeti." Ne pozabite namreč kako veliko čudnih reči se je zgodilo zadnje čase, zato ni Elica čisto nič mislila, da bi bilo to kaj nemogočega.

Bilo bi zastonj čakati pri malih vratcih, zato je šla nazaj k mizi, kajti upala je, da bi našla še kak ključ ali vsaj kake bukve, v katerih bi bilo popisano, kako se ljudje spravijo skupaj kot daljnogled. Na mizi je sedaj našla steklenico ("katere prej gotovo ni bilo tu," je pomislila) in na steklenici je bil papirček z napisom: "Pij me!"

To je bilo vse lepo, ampak Elici se ni nikamor mudilo. "Ne! Pogledati moram še prej, če ni kje zapisano 'Strup'." Čitala je namreč precej lepih povestic o otrocih, katere so požrle grde zveri ali pa so zgoreli, ker si niso zapomnili dobrih nasvetov od pametnih ljudi. Tako se je bila spomnila, da je treba tudi na steklenico pogledati, če ni na nji kje zapisano "Strup," kar povzroča hujo bolezen in morda celo smrt.

Ali na tej steklenici ni bilo zapisano "Strup" in zato je Elica poskusila. Tako dobro je bilo, da se je oblizala okoli ustec. Potem pa je pila sladko pijačo, ki se je zdela kakor da bi bil v nji zmešan črešnjev sok z vsemi mogočimi najboljšimi okusi. Kmalu je vse popila.

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"Kako čudne občutke imam," si je dejala Elica. "Tako se mi zdi, kako da bi se stiskala kot daljnogled."

Tako se je tudi zgodilo. Zdaj je bila samo deset palcev visoka. Veselja ji je zazarel obraz, ko je pomislila, da bo lahko smuknila skozi mala vratica na krasen vrt. Spočetka je seveda še malo počakala, da vidi, če se bo še kaj stisnila; malo vznemirjena je bila, "kajti končalo bi se lahko, saj veste," si je rekla Elica, "da bi se izgubila kakor sveča."

Ko je čez trenutek zapazila, da se nič več ne zgodi, se je odločila takoj stopiti na vrt, ali žal, uboga Elica, ko je prišla do vrat, je spoznala, da je pozabila mali zlati ključek, in ko je stopila nazaj k mizi, je bila tako majčkена, da ni mogla ključa doseči. Prav dobro je videla skozi steklo, da je ključek na mizi in na vse načine je poizkusila splezati na mizo, ali miza je bila preopolzka. Ko se je utrudila po napornih poizkusih, je uboga mala stvarica sedla na tla in jokala.

"Pojdi no, kaj pa pomaga jokati," si je Elica dejala sama sebi precej strogo. "Najbolje je, da takoj prenehaš." Po navadi si je ona dajala dobre nasvete (akoprav se je redkokdaj ravnala po njih), in včasih se je sama sebe tako okregala, da so ji prišle solze v oči. "Kaj sedaj pomaga," je mislila uboga Elica, "da bi si domišljevala kakor da sem dvojna, ki naj se zmerjam," ko me je pa komaj dovolj za eno dostojno osebo!"

Kmalu je njeno oko padlo na malo stekleno škatljico pod mizo. Odprla jo je in v nji je našla kolač, na njem pa napisane besede: "Jej me!", ki so bile prav lepo okrašene z grozdjičem. "No, bom pa jedla," si je rekla Elica, pa če mi bo storilo, da zrastem in dosežem ključ, ali pa če mi bo storilo, da se še bolj zmanjšam, da bom tako drobna, da pod vrati lahko splezam na vrt. Samo da pridem na vrt, drugo me ne briga."

Pojedla je malo in si dejala: "Na katero stran?" ter držala roko na vrhu glave, da bo občutila, ako raste. Vsa presenečena je bila, kajti ostala je iste velikosti. To se seveda navadno pripeti vsem ljudem, ki jedo preveč kolačev. Ali Elica je bila že tako navajena nenavadnih stvari, da se ji je zdelo čisto umevno, da se bo nekaj zgodilo.

Lotila se je vsega kolača in kmalu vsega pojedla.

(Pride še.)

Rabindranath Tagore:

Dom

Šel sem sam po stezi čez polje, ko je solnčni zahod skrival kakor skopuh svoje poslednje zlato.

Dnevni svit je tonil globlje in globlje v mrak in ovdovala zemlja, katere žetev je bila pospravljena, je ležala tihotna.

Nenadoma se požene rezek otroški glas do neba. Neviden je presekalo temo in pustil sled svoje pesmi v večerni tišini.

Dečkov dom je stal v vasi kraj planjave, onkraj sladkorjevega trsičja, skrit v sencah banan in vitkih arekovih palm, kokosovih in temno zelenih džakovih dreves.

Obstal sem za hip na svojem samotnem potu pod svetlobo zvezd in videl sem pred seboj razprostrto potemnelo zemljo, objemajočo v svojem naročju neštivilno domov z zibelkami in posteljami, maternimi srci in večernimi svetilkami in z mladimi življenji, radostnimi od radosti, ki ne ve nič, koliko je svetu vredna.





Dragi čitatelji!

Ker se je bil zadnji mesec Mladinski list nekoliko preveč zakasnil in so zato Vaša pisma, odgovori na uganke in podobno, nekoliko prepozna za to izdajo, zato bodo tudi odgovori na uganke v januarski izdaji priobčene šele v prihodnji številki. Istčasno bodo priobčena vsa zaostala pisma z rešitvami, tako, da bo vsakdo lahko vedel, kdo je rešil uganke in kdo ne.

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Za to izdajo je prišlo nenavadno veliko prispevkov za slovenski del lista. Nekateri prispevatelji kar tako dobro pišejo, da jim skoraj ni treba popravljati. To me zelo veseli in želim, da bi vsi nadaljevali. Naj nihče ne obupa, tudi tisti ne, ki se težko izrazi v slovenskem. Počasi bo že šlo, da se bo vsakdo izmed prispevateljev ravnotako lahko izrazil v slovenskem kot v angleškem.

*

Naši prispevatelji iz Pennsylvanije in iz drugih krajev, kjer vlada stavka rudarjev, pišejo, kako hudo se imajo. To je res hudo in Slovenska narodna podporna jednota se dobro zaveda tega, zato pa slovenskim družinam, ki so najbolj prizadete v tej hudi stavki, tudi pomaga, kolikor le more. Tako je na primer na zadnji seji glavni odbor Slovenske narodne podporne jednote odločil, da bo poslal v **podporo našim stavkarjem tri tisoč dolarjev**, kar sicer še ne bo velika pomoč (ker naših stavkarjev je veliko), ali naši rudarji bodo vsaj vedeli, da imajo nekoga za seboj, ki

z njimi čuti in jim želi najboljšega uspeha. Važno je, da je ta, ki tako podpira rudarje, ravno naša močna Slovenska narodna podporna jednota. Tudi vsa napredna društva S. N. P. J. pridno nabirajo obleke in denarja za stavkarje.

Mladi čitatelji v krajih, kjer ni stavke, pomagajte pri svojih društvih nabirat prispevke za stavkajoče rudarje. Vedite, da vsa podpora od naših društev gre samo za slovenske rudarje in za člane Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

*

Če čitate Prosveto, ste lahko zapazili v eni zadnjih uradnih izdaj, da je razpisana zopet velika kampanja za pridobivanje novih članov Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti. Ta kampanja bo v glavnem samo za mlade člane, torej je v veliki meri tudi na vas ležeče, da pridobimo Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti še veliko več naraščaja. Posebno pa se potrudite, mladi člani v okrožjih, kjer je stavka, da s tem dokažete, da Vam je res za jednoto, katera si prizadeva Vam pomagati. Bodimo vsi za **enega in eden za vse**, kakor pravi slovenski pregovor, ki tudi v Ameriki še trdno drži za take ljudi kot so člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

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Nadvsem drugim pa Vam priporočim to, da ne pozabite pogitirati za naš Mladinski list. Če veste kje za kako slovensko družino, ki nima Mladinskega lista, vzemite s seboj še to številko in pokažite

jim list, poleg tega pa povejte, kako malo stane. Nihče se Vam ne bo mogel upirati, da bi se ne naročil. Opozorite vsakogar posebno na članke "The Leading Slovene Authors," ki jih nameravamo priobčati skozi vse leto. Recite, da so taki članki tudi za odrasle Slovence, ki še ne poznajo slovenske literature. Vsi na delo in vsi poročajte, koliko uspeha ste imeli pri agitaciji. Ne pozabite namreč, da bo jednota tudi v letošnjem letu nagradila tiste prispevatelje za Mladinski list, ki so najbolj aktivni, in nagrade pa bodo šle deloma tudi tistim, ki dobijo največ naročnikov za Mladinski list. Pišite torej, koliko ste jih že dobili. UREDNIK.

* * *

Dragi urednik:

Prav gotovo nisem pričakovala tako krasnega darilca, za katero se pristrčno zahvalim. Prošlo leto sem bila zamudila nekaj mesecev, a mislim, da bom letos toliko bolj napredovala.

Ali bo v našem Mladinskem listu kaka izprememba. Veliko je ležeče na nas, mladi člani. Gledati moramo, da bo Naš kotiček vedno poln: da bomo napolnili celo sobo, ne samo kotiček.

Olga Zobek, Roundup, Mont.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Najprvo bom povedala, da sem res prav zadovoljna z darilom. Jaz sem dobila lep avtomatični svinčnik z napisom "S. N. P. J. Chicago, Ill." in dve lepi slovenski knjigi "Drobiž" in "Drobne pesmi." Hvala za darila.

Tudi ata in mama sta mi dala lepa darila in eno izmed daril je knjiga "Walls and Bars," ki jo je spisal Mr. Eugene Debs.

Naše društvo št. 318 je dalo petindvajset dolarjev za stavkarje v Pennsylvaniji. Ker je bila seja zadnja v letu, so člani tudi izvolili uradnike. Mr. Joe Škoda je predsednik, mr. Joe Zabkar tajnik, mr. John Ban pa blagajnik. Decemberska številka Mladinskega lista je bila jako zanimiva. Moje sestre list ravnotako rade čitajo kot jaz. Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Ciril Traven v Clevelandu, Ohio, je napisal:

"Upam, da se bom naučil pravilno pisati slovensko, ker me Mladinski list zelo veseli. Jaz imam rad uganke. V šoli sem v petem razredu in se rad učim. Star sem deset let. Imam brata, dve sestri, torej nas je vseh v družini šest, pa smo vsi člani; jaz sem član že devet let."

* * *

ZNANI IZREK.

Karkoli se komu poljubi, počenjati z nami sme vsak: po hrbtu pretepa nas Turek, a v lice nas bije graščak. Zapisala Anna Rozman.

Dragi urednik!

Lepo se zahvalim društvu "Pioneers" za mali dar, ki me spominja na S. N. P. J.

Na Syganu smo imeli lepo zabavo društva št. 6 S. N. P. J. Igrala je godba. Ko smo se zbrali vsi otroci, je prišel Miklavž. Kar vriskala sem, ko sem ga zagledala, ker prej ga nisem še nikoli videla. Par sestric je govorilo po slovensko, nato pa je mr. Kvartič dejal: Zdaj pa posluš, bratje in sestre! Govorila bo mlada članica našega mladinskega oddelka. Vse je bilo tiho in po tem je začela govoriti neka naša sestra. Govorila je tako lepo, da so nekaterim solze prišle v oči. Govorila je čisto lepo slovensko.

Stopil je pred nas William Domitrovič, star kakih sedem ali osem let in je zagodel na harmoniko. Igral je kot najboljši muzikant. Oj, to je bilo lepo! Mr. Kvartič nas je še peljal v kolo, da smo plesali. Nikoli ne bom pozabila. Ko smo dobili darila, je mr. Kvartič še metal po dvorani "gum," ki smo ga pobirali, starši pa so se nam smejali. Tako smo se veselili do dvanajste ure.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice.

Anna M. Shaffer.

* * *

Tony Lekše piše iz Lawrence, Pa.:

"Moj oče štrajka že deseti mesec. Obleko smo že vso raztrgali, pa še ne vemo, kdaj bomo dobili novo, ker oče še nič ne dela, da bi zaslužil za našo obleko. Star sem štirinajst let in se zmerom učim slovensko. Napisal bom malo povestico:

"Petelin je zagledal lisico, pa je hitro odletel na plot.

'Zleti doli, petelinček, da se kaj pomeniva,' mu reče lisica.

'Počakaj malo, lisica, da vprašam psa, ali naj zletim,' ji odgovori petelin.

Ko lisica začuje, da je pes blizu, hitro pobegne v gozd."

* * *

Frank Shira, West Brownsville, Pa.:

"Hodim v peti razred in sem star deset let. V šolo grem rad in nisem še noben dan zamudil. Vsak Mladinski list, ki ga dobim, shranim in ga čitam. Počasi bom tudi slovensko znal dobro pisati in čitati. Član sem pri društvu št. 398, ki je društvo naše jednote v Brownsvillu. Moja ata in mama sta tudi zraven. Pozdravim vse čitatelje."

* * *

Dorothy Rossa piše iz Clevelanda:

"Kako da se tako malo spomnimo našega ljubelega kotička? Ali nas je sram slovensko pisati? Mene ni nič. V šoli nas učijo: Kolikor več znaš, toliko več veljaš. Jaz govorim slovensko naj bo kjer hoče. Pa ne mislite, da govorim zato, ker sem prišla iz starega kraja. Oj ne, jaz sem v Ameriki rojena."

ČAS PRIHAJA.

Čas prihaja. . .
 Umetnik vsak je solnčni žar.
 Kaj bil je včeraj svet? Puščava,
 a danes vse v življenju plava.
 Povsod, za vse prinaša dar
 naš gospodar.

Čas prihaja. . .
 Pogledjte, bratje, nov gre rod.
 Pričarale so ga višave
 v naročje matere narave.
 In v varstvo jemlje vse, povsod,
 on, nov gospod.

Čas prihaja. . .
 Glej, nad življenjem plava vran.
 Kot prišla k nam bi od otoka,
 ož mrtva, mrzla, silna roka.
 Veselja konec, konec ran
 ož, zadnji dan.

Čas prihaja. . .
 In kdo zastavi mu korak?
 Ne moč zlata in ne daritev,
 ne kletve moč in ne molitev.
 Noben ne vstavi ga junak,
 ne bog, ne vrag.

Čas prihaja. . .
 Življenja našega pastir.
 Prižene nas. Odkod? Oj, kdo ve.
 Prižge nam luč, prešteje dneve.
 Končana igra, ples in dir:
 povsod je mir.

Poslala Frances Kochevar,
 West Frankfort, Ill.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Z veseljem pričakujem M. L. vsaki mesec, ali decem. številke se nisem za zastonj veselila, ker sem videla moje ime med tistimi, kateri smo dobili darila. Zelo me veselijo slovenske knjige, v katerih so lepe povesti in pesmice. Tudi od "Illinois Minerja" sem dobila lepo knjigo za darilo. Toraj lepa hvala za poslane mi knjige. V letu 1928 se bodem zopet kaj oglasila, ako mi bode čas dopuščal. Sedaj sem preveč zaposlena s šolo, ker se moram veliko učiti.

Frances Kochevar, W. Frankfort, Ill.

* * *

Joe Lever piše iz Clevelanda, Ohio:

"V naši naselbini se dela Slovenska delavska dvorana. Za uspeh dvorane je Klub slovenskih žena napravil veselico. Dvorano postavljajo na Prince ave. in E. 109. cesti. Slovenska mladina se zbira na onem kraju, ker ima tam pevske vaje. Vsi želimo dober uspeh."

Dragi urednik!

Za to leto sem naredil resolucijo, da bom napisal eno pismo vsaki mesec za M. L. Če bi vsaki brat in sestra to resolucijo sprejela, bi to povečalo naš list.

Nisem že dolgo pisal, ker nisem imel kaj povedati. V decembru sem igral v igri "Divji lovec," katero je vprizorilo dramsko društvo "Ivan Cankar" v S. N. domu. Ta igra je bila že večkrat predstavljena na slovenski oder. Na tej predstavi je bilo veliko ljudi.

Ker nisem v prejšnjih pismih nič o sebi povedal, bom pa sedaj. Jaz sem štirinajst let star in hodim v "Empire Jr. High." V februarju bom začel moje deveto leto v tej šoli in sem v prvi vrsti. Imam tudi brata in njegovo ime je Stanko ali Stanley, ki tudi hodi v isto šolo kot jaz, ampak on je dvanajst let star in v sedmem razredu in v drugi vrsti.—Pozdrav vsem čitateljem.

Frank Somrak ml.

* * *

Anna Traven piše prvi dopis iz Clevelanda, O.:

"Hodim v šestega in hodim rada, ker imam dobro učiteljico. Tu imam uganko, če jo more kdo rešiti: 'Z R sem potrebna pri delu, z M sem potrebna pri jelu.' Pozdravim vse čitatelje."

* * *

SMEŠNICA.

Nekoč je bila štorcklja, ki je ves dan hodila ob bregu reke. Zagleda žabo in z dolgim kljunom zamahne po njej, toda kljun se ji globoko zapiči v blato.

Počakajte, da izvleče kljun iz blata, potem se povest nadaljuje.

*

UGANKE

1.

Ošaben, ohol, postopam okol'
 med svojim ljudstvom s prijetnim čuvstvom.

A meniš, da imam kraljevski prestol?

2.

Neznatna sem stvarca,
 koristna ljudem.
 mladiča in starca
 preplašiti vem.

A kogar okoljem,
 je od mene na boljem.

3.

Od vrha do tal me je trebuh okrogel.
 Vodico in vino sem pil, kar sem mogel,
 a nikdar prek mere! Take sem vere,
 da vsekdar povrnem do zadnjega kanca.
 Kje meni podobnega vidiš pijanca.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume VII.

FEBRUARY, 1928.

Number 2.

The Leading Slovene Authors

Fran Erjavec

(1834—1887)

THE FAMOUS SLOVENE naturalist and educator, Fran Erjavec, was born in Ljubljana in 1834, and after an eventful and extremely fruitful life, died in Gorica in 1887, in the presence of his beloved wife, and Rev. Gregorčič. His life is at once tragic and happy one, depending upon the particular experiences that one considers. In his early age he lost both his parents; whereupon his kind-hearted grandmother took care of him.

Erjavec acquired his elementary education in Ljubljana public school and gymnasium, which, of course, were conducted in German rather than in Slovene language. As a student, Erjavec was very active in the Slovene affairs. In fact, we are told that he was one of the most influential participants in the discussions, which the students carried on in their more or less informal group, "Vaje." That he was a gifted man is evident from the fact that his story, written at the age of twenty-two, was not only received with a general enthusiasm on the part of the Slovene reading public, but it was also translated into Serbian and German languages. In this story Erjavec's genius in observation and his masterful art of narration are already apparent.

The school expense being too heavy for his grandmother to meet, Erjavec was forced to earn a part of his expense during his spare hours by assisting a naturalist, who was then working at Šiška, a suburb of Ljubljana, in collecting and classifying various animals, birds, and insects. In this manner, he learned a great deal about them; and at the same time, he met some of the leading naturalists of the time. As a consequence of his association both with the animals themselves and with the naturalists, with whom he used to go out to the country in search of bugs and other species, his native interest and love for animals was developed to the degree that he determined to specialize in the natural sciences.

After he graduated from the Ljubljana Gymnasium, he went to the Vienna University to specialize in the natural sciences: biology—the study of animal and plant life, and their characteristic phenomena; chemistry: the study of composition and changes of substances; physics: the study of laws and properties of matter, and of the forces acting upon it (gravitation, heat, magnetism, electricity)—in short, the study of natural philosophy; and geology: the study of the earth-formation, its mineral composition, and its transformation. But Erjavec did not limit himself to the academic activities only; on the contrary, he was very active in the Vienna "Jugoslav Club," where he once served as its president.

When he passed his general examination at the university, he spent another year in Vienna, teaching there in a gymnasium, in order to meet all the requirements for the eligibility to teach in gymnasiums and universities. And in 1860 he began to teach in Zagreb Gymnasium, where he spent the following eleven years. From Zagreb, Croatia, he was transferred to Gorica, where he remained for the rest of his days, teaching in Gorica Gymnasium, and in the normal schools for men and for women. The fact that he was allowed to teach in Gorica made him very happy, because most of the students there were Slovenes, and because he could associate with one of his best friends, who happened to be also one of the greatest Slovene poets—Simon Gregorčič.

Although Erjavec was an accomplished teacher, loved and respected by his colleagues as well as by his students, his greatest contributions both to our nation and to humanity at large were made in three other fields, each of which must be treated apart from his professional activities—the teaching. Internationally, Erjavec attained a world-wide fame in his original research work; as it is well expressed by the fact that his name shall be recorded as long as the biological science itself shall last (It is customary among the modern zoologists to honor a discoverer of a new species by attaching his name to one of the scientific names of the species discovered), and by the fact that he was made a member of the "Société malacologique de la Belgique," and also a member of the "Jugoslav Academy of Science and Art." These honors are rare even among the scholars of the great nations, who are at leisure and have at their disposal the works of the entire world—a thing that small nations, even if they are free in all respects, cannot afford.

Only with these facts in mind it is possible to appreciate the genius and the enormous accomplishment of this man.

The second field in which Erjavec accomplished another monumental work is literary. Prior to his writing there was no such a thing as naturalistic (describing nature, animals, and their relations to men) literature in the Slovene language. It was he who opened the wonders of the beauty of nature to the ordinary folks of Slovenia by his creation of some of our immortal literature, which is characterized by fluency, vividness and sincerity that has not been surpassed till the present. To read his "Žaba" (The Frog), "Rak" (The Crab), "Domače in tuje živali" (The Native and Foreign Animals) is to experience the same joy and thrill that the author experienced, when he was observing them. He treats the scientific material in the simplest, yet in the most interesting fashion; for it is literary rather than strictly scientific production. During his extensive travel, especially through our country, Erjavec learned not only the beauties and secrets of our hills and valleys, but also the hearts of our peasant people, whom he describes in his "Na kraški zemlji," "Augu-



Fran Erjavec.

štin Ocepek," and "Potopisi" so skillfully that nature and human nature are brought into an organic harmony, that only a literary genius and a master of the subject can portray. His style, unlike that of Stritar, is vivid, moving swiftly from point to point with an ever increasing interest. He does not follow strictly the rules of the language; but uses the expression of the ordinary folks, which he learned from them during his hunting for snails. It is impossible to give justice to a man like him in so short a space; but the reader may go into the source itself, which, we feel, will more than bear us out in the analysis.

Erjavec's highest service rendered to our nation, however, is neither literary nor scientific. It is in laying the foundation for the schools to be taught in the Slovene language—a thing that some of the greatest Slovenes of all vocations spent their entire lives in striving to attain. In those days natural sciences were not developed to the degree that they are to-day; and this was felt especially by the small nations. Even the greatest nations, like English, French, and German, had but little material that could be regarded as strictly scientific, for biology and even chemistry, though to a lesser degree, were still in the making. Austria tried to prevent teaching in Slovene, under the pretext that there are no scientific textbooks in Slovene. To counteract these pretensions Erjavec took upon himself the task of writing a series of textbooks in Slovene, and before long he published a text on biology, one on botany, one on somatology, and he was preparing to publish one on physics, which, however, he gave up, because others were already writing it. Next, he turned his attention to the cooperation with other Slovene scholars in the creation of a Slovene scientific terminology. Moreover, he translated various scientific works into Slovene; and, at the same time, collected materials for further research. But even this was not all; for many Slovene scholars were seeking his advice in both national and literary matters and, above all, he was one of the founders of the Slovene Dramatic Association, and other educational institutions.

Fran Erjavec was not only a famous scientist, an excellent author, a great educator, a loyal Slovene, and an extensive traveler; he was, above all, a man, a good friend, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a firm Christian through his entire life—he was a man of an unrepachable character. Whether in the classroom, or on the field, hunting for snails, or in a heated debate on some national or scientific problem, he was always balanced. There is no need for divorcing his conduct from his educational, literary, or scientific accomplishments; for he was one and the same person wherever he was. The best picture of his character is presented in his own words, which he wrote to his friend, Ivan Tavčar:

"Niste prav poslušali, ako ste povzeli, da se po mojem mnenju sme naš narod opisovati samo s solnčne strani. Kaj takega trditi ni mi prišlo nikoli na misel, in naravnost nespametno in celo škodljivo bi bilo, ako bi pisatelj prikrival ali celo tajil slabosti, katerih ima, žal, tudi naš narod v obilju. Ali vsaka stvar ima svojo mejo in meja tukaj mora biti resnica. Te meje pisatelj ne sme prekoračiti, in čim jo je prestopil, postane spis neresničen, pretiran, prisiljen."



Fran Erjavec:

Na kraški zemlji¹⁾

Letošnje spomladi se me je polastila želja za potovanje. Mlado leto se je res še borilo z zimo, ali to me ni moglo zadrževati. Šel sem, kakor se poje v narodni pesmi, šel sem

čez tri gore zelene,
čez tri vode studene

ter sem prišel na trda kraška tla. Nekega dne sem že več ur v težkih škornjih tolkel po skalnatih tleh. Kraj je bil nekam pust, rekel bi, prazen, dan čemerren in dremoten. Megla je bila padla na morje, nebo je bilo pa prek in prek zastrto liki s sivo plahto in jelo se je mračiti, dasi je ura kazala šele štiri čez poldne. Nehote sem začel hitreje stopati med neskončnimi, iz sivega apnenca zloženimi ogradami.²⁾ Pred menoj se je vzdigoval širok hrbet golih reber, pod njim je bilo po pohojenem kamenju poznati slabo stezo, ko pa se po njej popnem na razbreg ugledam pod seboj prijetno dolino, premeženo z vinskimi trtami, a oka v tej mreži so bila zadelana z brstno, kakor smaragd zeleno ozimino.³⁾ konec polja pa je stala velika, skoro trgu podobna vas. Radostno je plavalo oko po krasnem zelenilu, ki je ugajalo tembolj, ker je bilo oko utrujeno od sive enoličnosti.

Mrak se je že lovil okoli ostrešij,⁴⁾ ko sem dospel v vas. Lavorjev venec,⁵⁾ viseč ob zidu najlepše hiše, mi je bil kažipot, kajti medli želodec je postajal čemerren kakor vreme in treba ga je bilo zopet nekoliko odobrovoljiti. Kmalu sem sedel

na klopici pri dobrodejnem ognju. Možje, ki so imeli zasedene najlepše prostore, so se radovoljno zmeknili in gospodinja je hitela ugajati mojim potrebam.

Primorci⁶⁾ stavijo svoja bivališča drugače nego mi, dalje za njimi v deželi stanujoči. Kar je pri nas "izba" s častitljivo velikansko pečjo, to je njim "hiša" z velikim, kake tri pedi od tal vzdignjenim ognjiščem, na katerem gori ogenj skoro veninven. Na samem ognjišču stoje nizke klopi ob treh obzidanih straneh, samo prednja stran je prosta. Ondi se suče gospodinja, in da more laže do kozic in loncev in do kotla nad ognjem, je ognjišče izrezano spredaj v polkolobarju, kar posebno ustreza debelušnim gospodinjam. Na ognjišču stoji še železno zglavje, kamor naslanjajo polena, da lepše gore. Velikanske ročice na zglavju so zgoraj tako izdelane, da vanje lahko postaviš bučo vina. To ognjišče je središče, okoli katerega se vse zbira. Okoli njega se vrti Primorcu velik kos življenja. Tu se najraje gnete mladina, pa tudi živali, psi in mačke, zlasti pozimi, ko nikjer drugod ni blagodejne topline. Zato bo tudi vsakemu doumno, zakaj prihaja po teh krajih toliko otrok v nesrečo pri ognju. Tu si gospodar počije po truda polnem delu, tu nekoliko popestuje najmlajšega, tu si pripovedujejo novice in pravljice v dolgih zimskih večerih, izkratka: Primorcu je domače ognjišče v resnici to, kar je nam drugim samo v prenešenem smislu, v podobi. V "hiši" ni druge oprave nego mize, stoli in kaka omara, po stenah pa je razobešenega vse polno medenega in kositernega posodovja, ki se mora vedno svetiti kakor solnce. S to posodo se ponaša pridna gospodinja. Po drugi strani so dolge police. Po njih je razstavljen vsakovrstna porcelanasta posoda, sklede in skledice, pladnji in še drugo, čemur še

1) Na kraški zemlji: Kras: A portion of Slovenia, now under Italy, characterized by being heavily covered by lime stone and sparse cultivation.

2) — iz sivega apnenca zloženimi ograjami: with the gray limestone wall enclosures.

3) Ozimina: winter crop.

4) Mrak se je že lovil okoli ostrešij: Mračilo se je že.

5) Lavorjev venec: laurel wreath, used for indicating the town's inn.

6) Primorci: Slovenes inhabiting Northeastern Adriatic coast.

imena ne vem, vse razvrščeno lepo po velikosti in obliki. Vse skupaj pa stori, da se ta primorska "hiša" človeku hitro prikupe in se čuti v njej domačega.

Tudi jaz sem se hitro sprijaznil z njo. K temu je gotovo tudi mnogo pripomoglo čuda dobro kraško vino, črno, mastno vino, ljubko v ustih, zdravo v želodcu. Pravi teran!⁷⁾ Prav čutil sem, kako mi gre v žile in kako se ugodno razlezava po životu. Možem, sedečim kraj mene, se je zdelo kaj dobro, ko sem po pravici pohvalil to njih božjo kapljo. "Vince kakor mleko," se oglasi eden, "Bog mi tega ne šteje v greh, ali še na smrtni postelji bi ga pil." Može so bili zadovoljni, da sem se podal v govor, kajti hudo jih je imelo, da bi zvedeli, kdo sem, kaj sem in odkod. Niso mogli umeti, čemu hodim po teh krajih, ako ničesar ne skupujem, niti zemlje ne merim niti orgelje ne popravljam, ker sem rekel, da jih ne.

Že izprva, ko sem vstopil, sem opazil po hiši neko nenavadno živahnost, ki je z nočjo postajala tem večja. Tudi priprave na ognjišču in okoli ognjišča so se mi zdele za navaden večer prevelike. Ravno sem hotel vprašati, čemu vse to, kar se začuje od nekod ubrano petje. Na moje vprašanje, kaj je s tem petjem, doznam, da imajo domači pevci poskušnjo za nočjšnjo "besedo." Ne vem, s kakšno novico bi me bil mogel tisti večer kdo bolj razveseliti, nego me je oveselila vest o "besedi" na kraških tleh. Že zdavnaj sem si bil želel prisostvovati "besedi," ki ni osnovana po splošnem kopitu⁸⁾ takih veselje v naših mestih in trgih, ki so si vse podobne kakor jajce jajcu.

Vretje v hiši je bilo vse večje in večje. Prišel je tudi gospod župnik, sivolas, suhoten mož, črnkastega obraza, živih oči in šegave govorice, ki je za vsakega imel prijazno ali šaljivo besedo. Na moj poziv prisede k meni in začne se pogovor, kakor je navaden pri neznanih ljudeh, ki se pr-

vikrat vidijo. Govorica pa kmalu oživi, ko zasukneva na narodno polje, na njih čitalnico in nočjšnjo "besedo." Iz njegovih besedi sem povzel, da je on čitalnici dušni oče in umni voditelj. Zvedel sem tudi, da je današnje "besede" dohodek namenjen v korist dvema sirotama, katerima je posulo očeta kamenje v "velikem lomu"⁹⁾ pri morju. Prišel je tudi učitelj, ki je naznanil župniku, da je vse v redu. Nato vstane župnik in na njegov poziv vsi drugi, sama gospodinja z deklo je ostala pri ognjišču.

Po nekih vegastih stopnicah pridemo do vrat, pred katerimi je sedel pri majhni mizici star, častitljiv mož. Položivši predenj svoj obol¹⁰⁾ vstopimo v velik, za silo razsvetljen prostor, katerega je bilo pa občinstvo do malega že napolnilo, stari in mladi, moški in ženske, vse vprek. "Dvorani" se je pač videlo, da je stavbenik ni namenil za hram modricam, toda vse, kar bi bilo moglo koga motiti, je bilo umetno prikrito z raznimi preprogami, grbi, zastavami in napismi; a vse to kakor tudi pročelje gledališkega odra je bleščalo v belomodrordečih barvah. Vse narodno! Po sredi so bile postavljene dolge klopi, spredaj pa tudi stoli raznih barv in raznega dela. Klopi so bile vse zasedene, nekaj stolov spredaj pa je bilo pripravljenih za župnika in za nas, ki smo prišli v njegovi družbi. Jaz sem sedel nekoliko na stran, tako da sem lahko videl na oder, obenem pa imel tudi prost pogled po občinstvu. Kmalu potem, ko posedemo, se začne zagrinjalo na odru, sicer malo nerodno in počasi, motati navzgor. Pred nami stoji kakih dvanajst pevcev, večinoma kmečki mladeniči in mladi možje, pa tudi kaplan je bil med njimi in še dva ali trije v gosposkih suknjah. V občinstvu, ki pa že tudi prej ni bilo preglasno, je nastala zdaj tišina kakor v cerkvi pred pridigo. Izmed pevcev stopi eden—bil je učitelj—za korak naprej, pogleda po pevcih, zamahne z roko in iz krepkih grl zagrmí naš "Naprej," katerega, dasi ni več

7) — teran: one of the most delicious wines, which is produced in a small section of Kras.

8) — po splošnem kopitu: in a general manner.

9) — v velikem lomu: in the large quarry.

10) — obol: a small Greek coin.

nov, človek še zmerom rad sliši, ako ga pojo tako občuteno in navdušeno, kakor so ga ta večer peli Kraševci. Pevci izpojo. Ploskanja in klicanja ni konca ni kraja. Morali so ga ponoviti, a zdaj niso peli sami pevci, pelo je tudi občinstvo po dvorani. V tem pa ni bilo nič narejenega, prišlo je kar samo po sebi. Nekdo izmed poslušalcev je začel bolj potihoma, drugi za njim in tako naprej, kmalu je vršelo in donelo po vsej dvorani.

Po petju je nastal daljši presledek, kajti sedaj je bila na vrsti igra, za katero je bilo na odru treba večjih priprav. Igrali so burko "Dva prijatelja." Igralci so storili pošteno svojo dolžnost, nekateri celo nepričakovano dobro. Toda bolj nego igra in predstavljalci me je zanimalo občinstvo. Tako hvaležnih poslušalcev bi želel vsem glumcem.¹¹⁾ Ne samo vsak dovtip, vsak smešen položaj, temveč vsaka beseda, ki je cikala le količkaj na šaljivo, je bila sprejeta s trzajočim veseljem. Ne daleč od mene je sedel majhen, dobro rejen mož drobnih oči in na kratko ostrizanih las. Ta mož se je neprenehoma tako glasno in od srca smejal, da sem ga v resnici zavidal. V roki je držal velik rdeč robec, ki je bil nazadnje že ves premočen, ker si je z njim brisal oči, ki so bile veninven zalite s solzami.

S petjem, ki je sledilo še po igri, se mi je "beseda" na Krasu prikupila, ker je vse, kar se je predstavljalo, govorilo in pelo, bilo primerno poslušajočemu občinstvu. Zadnji glasovi poslednje pesmi so nam še zveneli po duši, ko stopi pred nas ljubeznjiva prikazen, ki si je osvojila vsa srca na prvi mah, še preden je odprla usta. Bila je to vitka deklica cvetočega obraza, z globelicama na licih. Dve težki kiti kostanjevih las je imela liki krono oviti okrog glave, a iz lepih, mirno gledajočih oči ji je sijala nedolžnost. Deklamovala je Boris Miranovo "Turki na Slevici." Izprva se ji je glas malo tresel, stavke je izgovarjala preveč presekanjo, ali že pri drugi kitici se je ojunčila, jasno in čisto so ji vrele dobro naglašene vrstice iz zgo-

vornih ust in besede pesnikove, prihajajoče iz občutnega srca, so zadele tudi prave strune v srcih poslušalcev. Od kitice do kitice je raslo zanimanje v občinstvu, in ko je deklica končala, je strmelo še nekaj časa in čakalo. Kaj takega bi bilo menda poslušalo ves večer. Ko pa deklica, lahko priklonivši se, odstopi, zagrmi dvorana od glušečega ploskanja, ki ni hotelo ponehati, preden se ni deklica zopet pokazala.

Po sporedu je v dvorani nastalo vretje kakor v panju, ki se pripravlja na roj. Občinstvo se namreč ni razhajalo, temveč je ostalo pri skupni večerji. Nekateri so razmikali klopi, drugi so iz nekega stranskega hrama prinašali velikanske mize, in, še preden si se prav zavedel, kaj se tu pripravlja, se je izpremenila gledališčna dvorana v gostilnico. Razvrščeni ob dolgih mizah smo zdaj sedeli in na opomin gospoda župnika, da nismo ptiči, ki žive ob petju, smo segali po pečeni teletini in telečjih stegnih, po prašičjih kračah in plečih in po drugih dobrotah, ki nam jih je pošiljala gospodinja, mati županja. In zopet se oglasi župnik, meneč, da je na Krasu vse dobro razen vode, da torej moramo zalivati s črno božjo kapljico, kar smo tudi vestno izvrševali.

Po večerji pa zopet petje. Pesem se je vrstila za pesmijo: "Po jezeru," "Luna sije," "Pridi Gorenjc," "Otok bleški" in tako dalje brez konca in kraja. Zdaj je pelo vse—moški in ženske—kar je le znalo usta odpirati. Petje—nekaj pa tudi vino—nas je vse čudno ugrelo; zdelo se mi je, da se je vsaka pesem pela bolje od prejšnje. Vse je bilo zadovoljno, vse veselo.

Na občno prošnjo je deklamovalka zopet stopila na oder. Deklamovala je Jenkov "Zadnji večer." Malo čudno! Kaj ne! To bi bila pesem za petje, pa ne za deklamacijo; kratka je in tako preprosta, poreče morebiti ta ali oni. Tudi jaz sem tako nekako mislil, ali morem vam zagotoviti, da je naredila ta preprosta pesem na to občinstvo globok vtisk. Uspeh je bil popoln. Pri isti mizi, skoro nasproti meni je sedela deklica čudnega obličja. Njo je de-

11) — glumcem: glumci: actors.

klamacija posebno zanimala. Vsa v čudu je nepremično strmela v deklamovalko.

Ta listek tako prav',
da cesar ga bo vzel.

Zdajci ji čelo potemni, pobesi glavo, težek vzdih se ji ukrade iz prsi, okoli ust ji nekaj zaigra in roka kradoma otre težko solzo.

Sam Bog nebeški ve,
kdaj osem let bo preč.

Kaj jo je moglo tako užaliti? Morebiti je vse to, kar se pripoveduje tu v pesmi, že izkusilo njeno srce. Genilo jo je morda, ko je videla samo sebe opisano v pesmi, in vsemu svetu je zdaj znano to, česar ni nikomur razodela, zaklenivši vso to težko bridkost v svoje srce.

Neverjetno hitro je bežal čas, kladivo je že bilo "trudne pozne ure."¹²⁾ Tedaj se oglasi zopet župnik: "Zdaj pa še zapojmo našo staro pesem!" Radovedno sem čakal, kaj bo. Župnik poprime svojo palico, pogleda po omizjih, zamahne in kakor iz enega grla zagrmí: "Hej Slovani, naša reč slovanska živo klije." Zastonj bi iskal besed, da popišem občutke, ki so mi ta trenutek polnili dušo. Redkokdaj se je ta pesem pela bolj ognjeno, bolj navdušeno nego tisti večer na Krasu. Tako po priliki je nekdanj utegnulo biti, ko smo se pred mnogimi leti prijatelji, ki so nas vezala enaka leta in enako domoljubje, daleč od doma v tujem svetu zbirali v veselo družbo. Ali kje je zdaj tisti mladeniški ogenj, kje je tista svet podirajoča sila, kje so prijatelji? Najboljši med njimi,

¹²⁾ — kladivo je že bilo "trudne pozne ure": the clock struck its lonely late hours.

ki so ostali zvesti sami sebi in sveti stvarí, odhajajo drug za drugim v deželo, odkoder ni izhoda. Človek je res kaplja na veji, dim nad streho.¹³⁾ A drugi? Srce me boli, ko jih vidim. Nezvesti vzorom svoje mladosti, zadušivši v sebi vse blage čute, ki človeka vežejo na dom in rod, služijo samo svojemu trebuhu, uklanjajo se sirovemu uspehu in poljubljajo šibo, ki jih tepe. Še več! Tujcu se prodajo za biriča. Sin tepe svojo mater. O kako to boli, kako to skeli.

S to pesmijo je priklopela veselica do vrhunca. Matori¹⁴⁾ gostje, med njimi je bil tudi gospod župnik, so se jeli razhajati, in tudi jaz, ki sem bil nekoliko truden od dolgega pota, sem moral misliti na počitek. Spalnica mi je bila že pripravljena in sicer prav blizu dvorane, odkoder se je še dolgo razlegala glasna huka in buka. Na pol že v spanju sem čul škripajočo godbo in zraven neko čudno drsanje. Mladi svet se je spustil v plesove. Kar je meni znano, se ne pleše nikjer na Slovenskem toliko kakor na Primorskem. Veselica brez plesa je v teh krajih menda nemogoča. Pleše pa se s tako vztrajnostjo in požrtvovalnostjo, ki bi jo videl jaz rajši kje drugje.

Drugo jutro sem pa zopet vzel palico v roke in pot pod noge ter sem se obrnil v stran, odkoder prihaja burja.¹⁵⁾

¹³⁾ Človek je kaplja na veji, dim na streho: A man is like a drop on the twig, he vanishes like smoke.

¹⁴⁾ Matori: bolni: sick.

¹⁵⁾ — burja: a strong northeastern wind in Kras, which prevents sometimes the traffic on the roads and even takes the soil from the fields.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE OLD MAN of the mountain,
Sits on his perch so high,
He sits there gray and dismal,
And watches the birds fly by.
Soon he will crack,
He's so old and gray,
He never smiles or ever is gay,
But he sits on his perch so high,
And watches the birds go flying by.

WHEN WINTER COMES

A ROBIN said: The Spring will never come,
And I shall never care to build again.
A Rose Bush said: These frosts are wearisome,
My sap will never stir for sun or rain.
The Half Moon said: These nights are fogged and slow,
I neither care to wax nor care to wane.
The Ocean said: I thirst from long ago,
Because Earth's rivers cannot fill the main.

When Springtime came red Robin built a nest
And trilled a lover's song in sheer delight.
Grey hoar frost vanished, and the Rose with might
Clothed her in leaves and buds of crimson core.
The dim Moon brightened. Ocean sunned his crest,
Dimpled his blue, yet thirsted evermore.

Christina Rossetti.



A Japanese Painting: Springtime.

Peter

PETER made an abrupt entry into my life. One morning there was a telephone call from a friend. She wanted to hear if I knew of anyone who would give a good home to a cream pure-bred English sheepdog, very tempestuous, only seven months old. I said, of course, that I would. Soon Peter was dragged into the cottage, and we were left to make friends with each other.

I sat down at my desk. So far my new dog had not vouchsafed me one look. He had seen too many strange faces lately for one more to count, had passed through some weeks of misery which had almost driven him mad. The two ladies who had brought him had found him chained in a field without food or water.

I began writing, and Peter began a restless sniff-sniff and march round. He spent an hour thus, panting like a steam-engine, taking not the slightest notice of me. Round and round the little room, under the tunnel of my big flag table, he went, like one demented. At the end of the hour I spoke to him, tried again to make friends. He flouted me, and set off once more on his march round. Two hours later he sat down for five minutes, and the steam shut off. But only for five minutes.

I gave him his supper in my fingers. Then I sat down again, and Peter began sniffing again. After some coaxing he followed me up the strange stairs, and began a new voyage of discovery which lasted till dawn. I got about two hours' sleep that night. The next was a little less disturbed. By the time the third came Peter had accepted me and had become delightfully fond.

He was the first dog I had owned. Others I had stored. He could never know what it was to me when he began to accept me as a friend. I think he divided the world into two halves—himself and me and our house, and that which was not himself and me and our house. There were days when he would follow me to and fro untiringly, hour after hour. He was like a thousand live wires. The rooms seemed full of a delightful vitality, as if a separate Peter dwelled in each. It was impossible to get angry with him. If he stopped me to chew my shoelace, and I told him to lie down, he obeyed; but his idea of lying down was to sit down and offer me his paw with his head casually on one side, an adorable trick he never lost.

Peter's lead was a strong leading-rein which had been used for the pony. No ordinary dog lead was any good. Our walks were not unmixed pleasure for him as he had to be trained to keep to heel, and the best way of teaching him was to give him a touch with a riding-crop. He was extraordinarily intelligent and rarely needed telling anything twice, except to keep to heel.

He was happy if given a little basket or a stick to carry. There was one day when I loosened the leading-rein and set him free. He came back time after time to beg to carry the crop. At last I gave it him. We were going down a rough, steep slope where heavy grass hid the unevenness of the land. Peter bounded off in a fever of delight, and, the joy of stick-carrying going to his head, he put on speed till he looked like a large frenzied wool ball. Every hair seemed to be bounding with him, as if it had feet. He set his pads in an unseen furrow, went down on his nose, and turned a double somersault before he could find his feet again. But he held the crop all the time. I have it still, and it is nearly bitten through.

He had a passion for playing tug-of-war. After he had chewed up all the old shoes in the house I gave him a broken stirrup leather for his own. He would come

to my desk, look at me, and sit up. I would harden my heart. After five minutes or so he would paw my knee and sit up a little higher, begging. When those little tricks became irresistible and I glanced his way he would cock his head slightly on one side for a full look, then dart for his strap and bring it to me to play tug-of-war.

Upstairs he learned to be quiet. But some mornings, generally when the southwest wind came in through the open window, bringing scents of field and wood, he would get restless. I would be aware of something touching the bed, and would open my eyes to see Peter sitting motionless, his eyes on my face. His joy at seeing me again was always new and tumultuous. There was one such morning when he had wakened me at dawn. I was drowsily sitting on my bed, dangling my feet, wondering if I would get up or not. Peter had exhausted his first Good-morning transport, flopped down, and waited. To while away the time he began gently licking the toe of the foot nearest him. After that I could not do anything but get up. We had a wild scamper in the moist woods, with the Sun coming up behind the trees.

I had had Peter a few weeks. One morning he was stupid and disobedient, and received some attention from the bitten crop. I was hurt and dismayed at his behavior. In my ignorance I did not know that dawning distemper was numbing his faculties. He went off and lay down in the hall. I called for him, and there was no reply. I went out. He got up slowly and came to me, his back curiously arched, and then sat down and held out his paw, his face averted. It was as much as to say, "This is all I can do." It was the last time I could go down on the rug and put my arms round his head.

The next day I got in a man who is famous in these parts for treatment of dogs. He said Peter was sickening for acute distemper, and being young and big and pure bred it would go hardly with him. He gave him the usual medicine. All night Peter was sick. I did not go to bed. For three nights I did not go to bed. We fought the terrible disease with everything in human power. I fed him with a spoon, pouring drops of beaten egg and the like into the little pouch of lip at the side of the mouth. His gentleness and patience were part of my misery.

The fourth night I gave him up. I knew he could not live, but I spent the last watch with him downstairs. Daylight came. I prepared for a journey I was obliged to make. I went into the room for the last time. He turned and looked at me, his breath coming in gasps. I think he knew he was dying, and was begging me not to go. It was a woebegone little head. I left him there, and the picture of that last look glued itself on my sight and got in the way of fields and trees.

It was late when I arrived home. Kind hands had carried what was left of Peter into a garden shed. I went upstairs through the lonely house, and as I looked out of my window I seemed to look for him. Where is that little wisp of spirit gone, that radiant bit of life, that something so happy and so humble and so lovable? A dear child who came in to comfort me said that Peter had gone to the Dog Star. She knew several dogs on the Dog Star, and there was a little white goat which had gone to the Milky Way.

If there should be any means of reaching the Dog Star I should like to send a message to Peter. I should like to tell him I have not forgotten. He has left a sore place in memory that only time can heal. At first I could have wished I had not known him, but now I can remember the joy he gave me, and all other dogs are a little dearer because sometimes, faintly, like the echo of a song, they remind me of Peter.

How the Hoopoe Got Its Golden Collar

English naturalists do not understand the mysteries of bird migration, nor do they know why the hoopoe wears a ring of golden feathers round his neck, but any child in Arabia could tell them.

As the brown-skinned children watch these birds setting off on their autumn journey, they say: "Look, they are off on their pilgrimage. They are going to Mecca, to pray at the shrine of Mohammed. O, the birds are very pious! Every year they make the journey, and that is why we never see them again till the spring."

About the hoopoe they tell this story. King Solomon loved these birds, and as a mark of his favor he decreed that every hoopoe should wear a golden crown round its neck. For a time the hoopoes were very proud of their splendid collars, but soon they flew to the great king's palace and begged him to take the crowns back.

"Greedy men hunt and kill us for the sake of stealing the golden crowns," they told the king. "Half of our kinsmen are slain already, and soon we shall all be destroyed unless you take away your golden gift, O King!"

Solomon was wroth with the covetousness of mankind; and he determined to give the birds a gift no one could steal, so he turned the crowns into circlets of golden feathers, and the hoopoes wear them to this day.



A Statuette from the
Ancient Egypt.

Josip Stritar:

The Wranglers

Martin Slivar.
Gertrude, his wife.
Georgie, their son.
Luke Ozimek.

*

SCENE ONE.

*

Gertrude. Why should I bother with asking you about the case; for if you should tell me that it was good, your face would express the opposite.

Martin. Well, the case hasn't been decided yet.

Gertrude. It would be nice, though, if it were, regardless in whose favor. Martin, I admit, you are the master here; your word is decisive. But you may be advised and entreated. This unfortunate patch of land will, I fear, eventually prove disastrous to us. How much money has already gone to the court and the lawyer! Twice as much and more than the land is actually worth. Let it go, let him have it, in order to have peace!

Martin. You are talking like a woman. What does a woman know what's justice! I am contending after justice alone, and it is my duty to do so. Justice must prevail at any cost, and it will prevail even here. Where are we? Among savages? Among beasts? Even if I have to go to the Emperor himself, the land was mine, is mine, and will be mine; no matter what Luke does. And to let this go—

Gertrude. My God! My God! What will come out of all this?

Martin. The ultimate decision will be this, that the land belongs to me, and that the expense will fall upon him, who lost the case. This will happen and no more. Justice must come to light. Were I not absolutely certain as to who is in the right, do you suppose that I would venture to move even the smallest finger? You don't know me well enough!—But listen, a child can understand!

Gertrude. Please, Martin! How often have I heard this story from the beginning to the end. Suppose that you are actually in the right; does that mean that the case will be decided in your favor, that the land will be adjudged to you? The judge is only a man, a human being. He may err, although he may wish to be honest.

Martin. Let him err! Will that close the case? Didn't I tell you that, if necessary, I will appeal to the Emperor himself? Don't we know the way to Vienna? And if we don't know it, we can ask!

Gertrude. Yes. All that we need now is to take this case to Vienna, and nothing else. And do you think that the Emperor has nothing else to do than to judge the case between Martin Slivar and Luke Ozimek from the "Foxy-Ridge?" Oh, Martin! If you would heed your wife's advice, who, perhaps, may not know what justice is, but who, nevertheless, advises you rightly—you would hasten to the neighbor—without even stopping to take the hat—and say to him: You know what, Luke? One of us two, either you or I, must have some common sense. If you have none, then I'll have some. The land, for which we have been disputing so long already, was mine till now, henceforth it is yours, in order to have peace, before both of us become beggars on account of it. Why should we feed these already too fat attor-

neys, while we ourselves are suffering the loss? Thus would I speak to him. Understand!

Martin. Thus, perhaps, would speak I, too, if I were you. But as it is, it must be different. There is no other way out of it.

Gertrude. May God help us! Who is coming?

*

SCENE TWO.

The former, Luke.

Luke. You stare at me. It looks as if the morning sun were rising from behind the gable, where it usually sets. Am I in the Slivar's house? Were it prophesied but an hour ago that I would come to the Slivar's house, I would have scoffed at such a prophecy. But a man, who wishes to be sensible, must never say: I'll never do this or that.

Gertrude. Yes. 'Tis strange, indeed!

Martin. These protracted evasions! What is it?

Gertrude. I hope nothing unusual has happened!

Luke. Even misfortune is not wanting. Where is Georgie?

Gertrude. Good Lord! But an hour ago he went down to the stream to catch crabs. In Jesus' name, tell me what has happened?

Luke. There is nothing serious; rather something very fortunate. Don't worry! He is well and happy. You may see him whenever you wish; but wait a moment. I want to talk to you. Martin, you say that the land, for which we have been disputing so long already, is yours.

Martin. Certainly; as truly mine as are these trousers. It was mine, it is mine, and it will be mine, if there is any justice on this world!

Luke. Martin, you know this—whether it was and it is yours, let that be as it may, we won't quarrel. But even if it was not yours till now, it will be yours hereafter. The land is yours. Do whatever you please with it!

Martin. I can't understand this. Do you wish to be kind to me? I am not gone so far as to receive kindness from you. What I am concerned with is justice and not the land. The land must go to him, whose it actually is. There is no place here either for mercy or for kindness!

Luke. Not so hastily! If no one asks me to take a seat, I'll take it myself. Perhaps, I may eventually persuade you, Martin; only listen! There is neither mercy nor kindness here. If I say that I am your debtor, and beg you to take this patch of land for the debt, the debt will not be completely covered, and I will still remain your debtor.

Martin. To pay my debts I may give only that which is mine; to pay the debt with someone else's property is forever impossible.

Gertrude. Martin, don't be like that!

Martin. And what sort of debt is that? I don't remember that I have ever lent you anything.

Luke. Well, the debt may arise from something else, too. Look here, Martin. You know, I have a son, the only child; and I do not intend to marry again.

Gertrude. You could do so easily, though!

Luke. I could never find a woman like Mary again—may she rest in peace—and I don't want a different kind. My sister takes care of my housework, and she does it well. You see, man toils, labors as the beast of burden. And he does it glad-

ly, if he only knows for whom. What he has, however, he doesn't like to see it pass, after his departure from this world, into some strange hands. That's human nature.

Martin. That's true. But even after so many words I still don't know what you are driving at.

Luke. You are right; but it happens so that sometimes one is unusually talkative, especially when he does not know exactly what to say, in order to be in the right.

Gertrude. Then, nothing really happened to Georgie?—Where is he?

Luke. He is at our house. He wanted to come along; but I persuaded him to stay there for a short time. My only son, I say, the only child I have. And now, were it not for Georgie, I would have lost even this one, and I would have been without a child. He went catching crabs; and he caught a strange one—he caught my Johnny.

Martin and Gertrude. Aah!

Luke. Yes; he saved our Johnny from drowning. Without him, Johnny would certainly have drowned. God himself brought him there just at the right moment.

Gertrude. You mean to say that our Georgie saved your Johnny from drowning? How did it happen?

Luke. How that happened can easily be told. It is the best, however, that he himself tells you all about it. He is just coming. (Georgie enters.)

*

SCENE THREE

The former, Georgie.

Gertrude. I am so glad that you came, Georgie. I was getting ready to go after you. And are you sure that nothing happened to you?

Georgie. What could have happened to me? I can swim; although only in the dog-fashion, still it is good.

Gertrude. How on earth are you dressed?

Luke. It is like this: They came home as wet as drowned mice. And Liza, like all other women, would not have them wet. They had to take off the wet clothes and go to bed, till the clothes should dry-up. Georgie wanted to go home, but she wouldn't let him to for fear that he might catch cold.

Gertrude. That's very nice of her; it's dangerous.

Georgie. It was too long to wait till the clothes should dry-up on the sun; so they gave me Johnny's suit to put on. Of course, it is a bit too short and too tight for me; but it will do for once.

Martin. Well, then, tell us, my son, how did it happen?

Georgie. I was catching crabs a little below the mill. And just as I reached into a hole and got hold of a big one, I heard a wild scream: help, help! I knew at once what was happening. I let the crab go, jumped up, and ran toward the place from where the cry was heard. You know, this was down there at the big, old willow, where the water is so deep, that it reaches almost over my head, and where are also those large, white-fish. I came there just in time. He was all under the water. Only his hands were still reaching out as if asking: save me, whoever can! In the next moment I had him. Surely, it was a little hard. He clutched me around the neck so hard that I could scarcely breathe; however, we swam safely to the river bank. He stood at the edge of the river, fishing with the hook, where the ground under his feet broke in, and he fell into the water.

Martin. Well done, my son!

Georgie. That's nothing, if one knows how to swim!

Gertrude. And if he should have puled you in? You are not so very strong!

Georgie. If one should always consider all the dangers that may befall him, when his assistance is needed, where would that lead to? Besides, we must trust in God sometimes, too; not so?

Gertrude. That's very true. But are you sure that you are absolutely well? (She feels his forehead.) Is it either too warm, or too cold?

Georgie. 'Tis neither. I am as healthy as a bird in the air.

Luke. Now then, Martin, you have heard it all. You also know now why I am your debtor.

Martin. Debtor? You my debtor? I do not see how and why. What has our lawsuit to do with all this anyhow?

Luke. Martin, I think that hereafter there shall be no more disputes between us two! I, for one, do not wish to dispute any longer with the man whose son saved the life of my only child. To carry on an argument or lawsuit, however, it takes, at least, two persons. How will you manage it all by yourself? Martin, be sensible and take this patch of land, which gave us so much trouble; indeed, more than it is actually worth! I beg you, Martin, to be so kind. Remember, it would be very hard for me, if I have to go home and leave you like this. May it bring lots of luck to you and your brave son!

Gertrude. Martin, be sensible! Why should you split the hair?

Martin. All right, then. Let it be as you please, if you insist. It isn't exactly as I would have it, and as justice requires it, but let it be as you wish, in order to have peace!

Gertrude. At last, God has taken pity on us. Thank Lord!

(Martin and Luke shake hands.)

(Curtain.)

The North Wind Doth Blow

Anthony Roly.

I am sitting up in a tree
With a big rhyme-book on my knee,
I read this one very slowly:
"Heigh-ho, said Anthony Roly!"

Me and my rhyme-book on a bough:
Jane says, "What are you reading now?"
I call down to her—wouldn't you?—
"Heigh-ho!" for I'm Anthony too!

I Wonder.

Somebody said that each star is a world,
So now when I watch them shine
I wonder if anyone lives in a star
With a scooter as fine as mine.

The Dresses of the Day.

Fog's a grey dress that day puts on:
Sunshine's the frock when fog has gone.
Moonlight's a dress of silver-white
To wear for parties late at night.

The Tiny House.

Oh, I would like a tiny house
Close up against the sky,
Where silver fir trees wave their arms
And little roads go by.

And in the grate a crackly fire,
And shelves and shelves of books;
A little kitchen, blue and white,
Which has a stove that cooks.

And I would sweep, and dust, and make
Some scrunchy buns for tea;
And all the people that I love
Would come to visit me.

Winter Is Here.

Cold and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow
And the winter's now come fairly.



To the Readers:

Our cooperators have mentioned several times the hardships that so many of the S. N. P. J. members are having, since they are on the strike. We wish to express our sympathy with them; at the same time we wish to state that the S. N. P. J. is doing all she can for the relief of the suffering brothers and sisters. She has collected clothing and other goods and sent it to them; she has helped them financially, both by discharging their assessments and giving them direct financial support. At the last annual meeting of the Supreme Board, it was decided that \$3,000 will be sent to the suffering Slovene strikers. Besides this, the individual lodges have contributed a good deal towards the relief of the suffering brothers and sisters. These facts are concrete proofs of the service that our S. N. P. J. is rendering to our people. As long as we are members of this organization, we have always something to fall back upon, in case of the extreme need. Let it be remembered that the S. N. P. J. will stand behind us to the last, and we hope that the members will fully appreciate the value of such an organization.

*

There is another campaign to increase the membership of the S. N. P. J. This concerns the juvenile members of the or-

ganization as much as the older ones. It is hoped that you shall do your best in trying to secure as many new members as possible. At the same time we wish to know how many new members each of you succeeds to secure, in order to enable us to record the fact, which shall be considered at the annual prize contest among the cooperators of the M. L. Cooperation, as you all know, is the secret of success. The old saying, "One for all, and all for one," still expresses the spirit of the S. N. P. J. If we all unite our forces for the common cause, we can do wonders; it, therefore, rests upon our will—Shall we be as true to our organization as she is to us? The results of this campaign will tell.

*

Time and again our readers reminded us of the fact that they like the M. L., and we are very glad that they do like it so well. Now, there is a chance for the young readers to secure as many new subscribers for the M. L. as they can. The paper, as you know, is not exclusively for the juveniles; for there are some articles, which we intend to continue through the entire year, which will be interesting even to those that are no longer juveniles, but who wish to know something about our national creation. We also desire that each cooperator would inform us as to

how many new subscribers he will have secured, in order that we may consider the fact in connection with the annual awards for the best contribution for the year 1928. Obviously the most industrious ones are most likely to win the race. Work spells success; so the industrious one will also be the lucky one.

THE EDITOR.

* * *

OUR HEROES.

In the evening I sit near my pocker and tongs
And I dream in the firelight glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.

Then out of the cinders cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry—
Little we care for the outside world:
My friend, the cricket and I.

For my cricket has learnt, (I am sure of it
quite)

That this earth is a silly strange place,
And perhaps He's been beaten and hurt in the
fight,

And perhaps he's been passed in the race;
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend, the cricket, and I.

Elizabeth Kalina, Joliet, Ill.

* * *

TICKETY-TICKETY-TOK.

Tickety-tickety-tock,
Nearly two by the old church clock.
"O!" said the mouse,
"What a funny old house!"
Tickety-tickety-tock.

Tickety-tickety-tock,
The mouse ran into the clock,
The cat saw her go
And waited below,
Tickety-tickety-tock.

Tickety-tickety-tock,
The mouse came out of the clock,
The cat and the mouse
Ran away from the house,
Tickety-tickety-tock.

Sent by Rudolph Sernel, age 12.

* * *

A MOCK TURTLE.

I'm riding high with feelings spry,
Aglow with true ambition.
I'm headed straight at lively gait
For Campbell's rich nutrition.

Ralph Beniger, Export, Pa.

IN MEMORIAM.

One year long has passed away, Daddy,
Since that sad and mournful day,
When He alone who knows the best,
Called you to that home of rest.

Friends may think the wound has healed,
But they little know the sorrow
That lies within my heart concealed.

I have lost my sole companion,
A life linked with my own,
And day by day I miss you more
As I walk through the life alone.

You are not forgotten, Daddy dear,
Nor ever shall you be
As long as life and memory last
I will remember thee.

Augusta Alich, West Frankfort, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am twelve years old, and am in high seventh in the Mancel Talcott School. I like to play football and baseball. We have many excitements here in Chicago.

I received several letters from a few of the members, but I would like more to write to me. The jokes and riddles are amusing, don't you think so? I have a joke:

A Greek sold oranges from a street stand. He wanted to go to a barber shop and get a shave; so he asked a friend just over from Greece to take care of the stand.

The friend said, that he did not speak English, but the other replied:

"That's all right. If anyone asks how much oranges are, say, 'Two for five.' If he asks whether they are rotten, say, 'Some of 'em are and some of 'em ain't.' If he says that he guesses he won't buy, tell him, 'If you don't, someone else will.' Now, I'm going away—remember those words."

A few minutes later an Irishman came along. "Say, mister, what time is it?" he asked.

"Two for five," said the Greek.

"Don't try to get funny," cried the Irishman, "I asked you what time it was."

"Some of 'em are some of 'em ain't," replied the Greek.

"Say!" said the Irishman doubling his fist, "the first thing you know I'll give you a punch on the nose."

"If you don't, someone else will."

A member, Rudolph Sernel.

* * *

A RIDDLE.

Old Mother Twitchet had but one eye and a long tail that she let fly, and every time she went through the gap, a bit of her tail she left in a trap.

Helen Gorsha, Universal, Ind.

THE CHICKADEE.

Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note.
 Sound out of heart and merry throat,
 As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
 Fine afternoon, old passenger!
 Happy to meet you in these places,
 Where January brings few faces."

Dorothy Mathelich, Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Veronica L. Knaus, Traunik, Mich., Box 36, writes about her family. Her father is sick since last October; he broke his leg. Veronica wishes some member would write to her.

* * *

Jennie Petrich from Oakdale, Pa., is very pleased with the present and she promises that she will try hard to win another prize this year. She says: "We had a small magazine a few years ago, but in 1927 it became larger and, I hope, it will get larger still. I guess, if the boys don't work hard, the girls will have to tell them that they are getting a little lazy again. Do you still remember when a girl wrote a letter and said that the boys were getting lazy? Well, after that, I am sure, the editor had received many letters from the boys."

* * *

Agnes Jurecic, Chicago, Ill.:

"I want to thank you for the wonderful present or prize received from the M. L., which was a great surprise to me. Thanks are also due to the Pioneer Lodge, No. 559, for their nice gift, showing that they pay attention to the juveniles.

A Christmas celebration was given by the seven Chicago S. N. P. J. lodges in honor of the Juvenile Department. Gifts that couldn't be surpassed were presented and a luncheon was served. The program, consisting of recitals, selections on the violin and piano, vocal solos, and the Orchestra of S. N. P. J., were interesting. The rest of the program was given to a play "Razgaljeni Miklavž," thereby giving the idea that there really is no Santa Claus, but that the Jednota or Society is the real one who gave the presents, as mentioned."

* * *

A POEM.

Summer fading, Winter comes,
 Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs.
 Window robins, winter rooks
 And the picture, story book.

Jennie Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

A JOKE.

First student: "Did you get all those questions in the test?"

Second student: "Yes, it's the answers I missed."
Sophie Klemen, Euclid, Ohio.

Frank Hafner Jr., Louisville, Colo.:

"In Colorado we have a big strike. It is almost the same as in Pennsylvania; the difference is that we have the lignite coal. They are on strike on account of the shortage in pay. All coal miners are striving to get the wage scale as recognized in the Jacksonville agreement. When the agreement was recognized by the operators, the conditions were very good for us, but now they are bad. The miners hold the meetings here very often and I go to all mass or special meetings, but not to the local meetings, because they would not let me. I am 'not of age'; I still go to school. I would like very much to receive a letter from some of the S. N. P. J. members. I will gladly write back to the member that writes to me."

* * *

Bessie Paulich, Sugarite, New Mexico:

"Since none of the young members of the S. N. P. J. writes from New Mexico, I do begin in order that other Slovene boys and girls from New Mexico would continue to write. Let us all write, boys and girls. My brothers and sisters are all in the lodge and we belong to lodge 154."



Morning Exercise.

Anna Rozman from Lawrence, Pa., says:

"I am adopted by Mrs. Rozman because I have no father or mother. They both died. I live on a little farm. We have a cow, a big pig, some chickens, and a shepherd dog. I like to play with them and I have great fun."

* * *

William Lekse from Lawrence, Pa., mentions the miners' strike also:

"We have a hard time to get our money. All the Pittsburgh Coal mines and mines of other companies are on strike, and I do not think we will win unless the Pittsburgh Company will recognize the union again."

* * *

Mary Skerl, Crafton Branch, Pa.:

"I have no mother and no father; they are both dead. My oldest brother is dead too. I have two more brothers and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. lodge. I am twelve years old. I am staying with my uncle and aunt, ever since my mother and father died."

* * *

Mary Skerbetz, Broughton, Pa., mentions the strike:

"We continue on the strike. The year just passed we had a very poor Christmas."

Her sister Ella says in the same letter that she wishes the strike were over. She also adds a joke:

"A man whose matches would not light, sent a boy to the store to get some. When he came back, the man asked: 'Are they good?' The boy replied: 'Yes, they are all good; I tried them all'."

* * *

Louisa F. Chernagoy, Eveleth, Minn.:

"Many thanks for the useful and lovely gift. Since I did not expect any present, I was very surprised. Now I advise every member to write every month."

Other short letters were written by the following readers and members of the S. N. P. J. Juvenile Department.

Mary Komatz, Vermillion, Illinois.

Mildred Hochevar, Aurora, Minnesota.

Olga Laurich, Eveleth, Minnesota.

Mamie Jurecic, Chicago, Illinois.

Mildred Lekse, Canonsburg, Pa.

Rebina Vider, Russelton, Pa.

Amelia Gasboda, Delmont, Pa.

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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.