

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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*Albin Čebular:*

## AH, TA SPANČEK! . . .

ODPLUL je škrlat zarje in priveslalo je zlato solnce.

— Milče, kje si?

Kakor vidim, ti res nagaja spanček.

— Atek, veš, če bi mogel, bi ga kar vjel in skrili v sneg moje pernice . . . Ta porednež se venomer klata okoli mene, plahuta s perotničko in šelesti tako lepe uspavanke, kakor sen globoke noči.

In mrazek je tudi nekaj kriv! Še palca mi ne pusti pomoliti izpod pernice, kaj šele nogo. Ah, kaj nogo—odstreti pernico, pretoplo pernico!

— Poglej solnce; ne misli, da lažem: Ono me je napotilo k tebi, zakaj pokazalo mi je vrt, kjer te čaka v utici zlata pogača in kristalni med.

— Ej, atek, ali res?

— Tako je reklo solnce!

— Ali zato, da bi vstal . . . ?

— O, ni potreba! Tinček Petelinček in Špelica Čebelica naj še malo pokramljata v utici. Gostija jima prija, zlasti še, ker si smeje se namežikujeta, da tisti, ki je blizu, je daleč . . .

— Potem pa brž, brž!

Zašumele so šume, vzvalovila rožna polja in srebrno je zapel studenček: "Dobro jutro, Milče! Saj vemo—tak junak ne more biti lenušček!"

*Ivan Albreht:*

## SEDMA GORA—ZLATA PTIČKA

MATI, mati, mamica,  
kje je zlata ptičica?

V sedmi gori žvrgoli,  
tam kjer zlata sad zori.

Mati, mati, mamica,  
kod pa tjekaj pot pelja?

Sedma gora—človek vsak,  
ki živi kot poštenjak.

Mati, mati, mamica,  
kaj pa zlata ptičica?

Zlata ptička je srce,  
ki samo za dobro ve.



REMBRANDT:  
Starček, bakrorez

## Rembrandt

**Z**A OPISOM Michelangela, italijanskega velikana v slikarstvu in kiparstvu, ter Velasqueza, španskega svetovnega slikarja, nedvomno sledi Rembrandt, ki spada v isto dobo človeškega preporoda. Rembrandt je bil iz Leidena na Nizozemskem in je živel od leta 1606 do 1669. Njegovo polno ime je Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn.

Prav malo je bilo znanega o življenju Rembrandta do polovice zadnjega stoletja. Krožilo je sicer veliko pravljič o njem, a v teh so ga njegovi rojaki znali pokazati samo kot grobega, skopega in neukega človeka. Dobilo se je vendar par ljudi, ki so začeli raziskovati zgodovino, da doženejo, če je bil veliki slikarski mojster res tako neprijazen značaj, kot so slišali o njem v pravljičah. Če lahko verjamemo kasnim raziskovalcem, je bilo tudi njegovo življenje precej prijazno; toda to samo nas ne zanima toliko kot njegova dela. Z opazovanjem slik in opisi skušajmo dognati, kaj je v njegovih delih tako veliko, da ga severni narodi smatrajo za največjega slikarja vseh časov, ter drugi, Rembrandtu manj sorodni umetniki, pa, da je bil umetnik, kakoršnih je le malo živel.

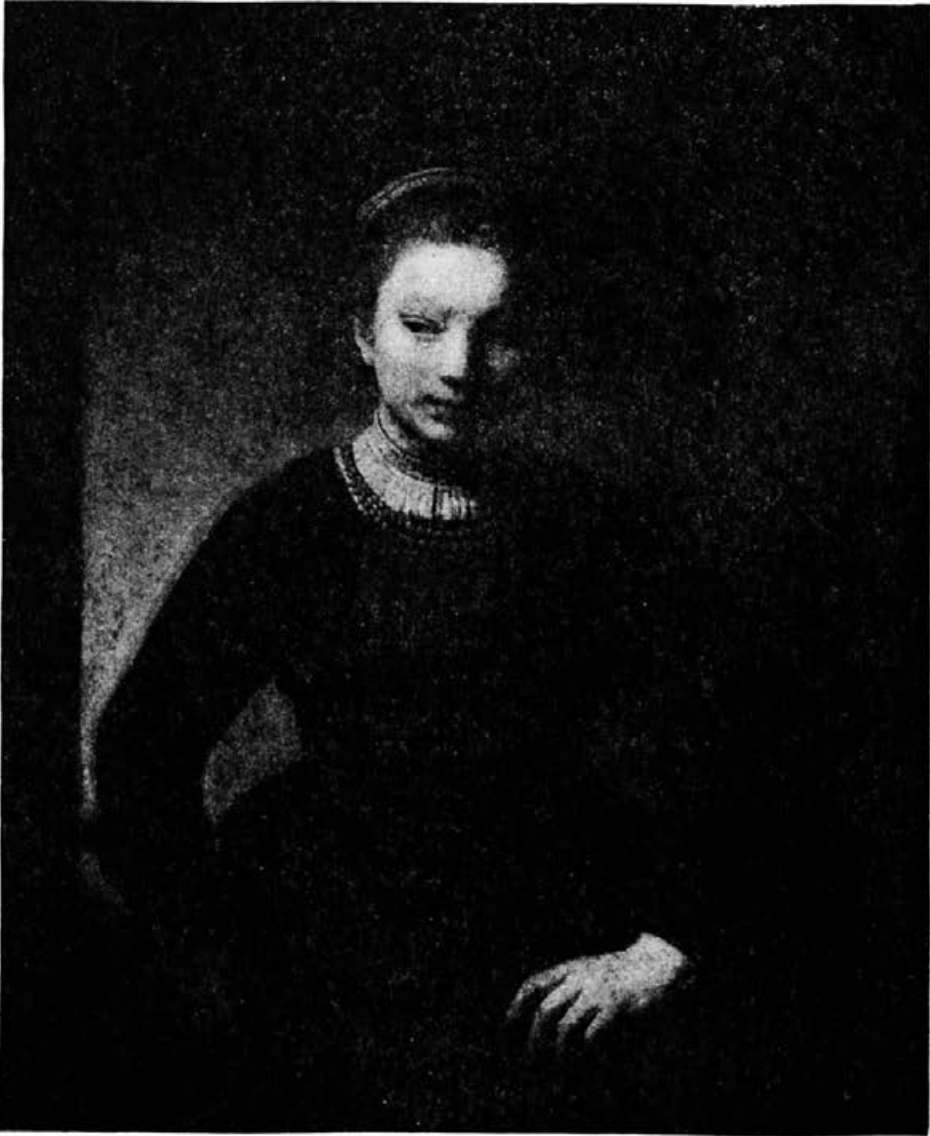
Največ slave vživa Rembrandt v evropski umetnosti zaradi svoje originalnosti. V njegovih delih je opaziti bujno domišljijo in pregloboko čustvovanje s predmeti, katere slika. Z vso silo zna spajati luč in sence, v stavljenju barv na platno je dosleden in iskren ter pokaže popolno ljubezen do človeštva. Umetniki ga primerjajo pesniku z visokimi, resničnimi ideali. Pravijo mu, da je Shakespeare nizozemske dežele.

Da dobro razumemo delovanje Rembrandta, se moramo za trenutek ustaviti pri zgodovini njegove domovine. Ravno tedaj se je Nizozemska začela razvijati kot neodvisna država. Čas je napočil, ko so se porajale nove ideje in mala država je z vso žilavostjo razvila cvetočo narodno kulturo. Cerkev ni imela več vpliva na umetnost in slikarji so lahko po svoji volji izbirali predmete. Slikali so torej živo zgodovino, prizore iz vsakdanjega življenja, ki so jih zanimali in katerih so se ljudje veselili. Za cerkvene legende se mali narod ni več brigal in celo iz svetega pisma umetniki niso zajemali veliko.

Rembrandtov dom v Leidnu je stal na bregu Rene, ob kateri je njegov oče lastoval mlin. Oče je bil precej premožen. Poslal je starejše sinove učiti obrti, Rembrandta pa v šolo. Vendar malemu dečku ni bilo za šolo, le za slikanje se je zanimal. Zato so ga dali učiti k slikarju Swanenbruchu, ki je slovel tedanje čase in se učil v Italiji. Pri tem je Rembrandt študiral tri leta, pozneje pa pri slikarjih v Amsterdamu.

Zdi se, da se Rembrandt v zgodnjih letih svojega življenja ni zanimal za drugo kot za vežbanje v slikanju in rezbarstvu. Vse je hotel upodobiti: berače, pohabljenca, otroke, najčešče pa je slikal mater, katere slike kažejo, da mu je bila zelo podobna. Tudi ena njegovih sester mu je služila pogosto za model. Kolikor je znano, se je podala z njim v Amsterdam ter mu gospodinjala, dokler se ni oženil. Zelo pogosto je slikal tudi sebe: menda je preostalo nad petdeset njegovih lastnih slik.

Svoje prve slike je Rembrandt dovršil v Leidnu, ko mu je bilo šestindvajset let. Te slike, predstavljajoče največ svetopisemske prizore, je izdelal največ z



*REMBRANDT: Portret dekleta.*

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zelenkasto sivo barvo. Vtis je nekam težak in mrzel, a zlasti podrobnosti glav so čudovito natančne.

Že po prvih poizkusih je Rembrandt naletel občudovalce v Amsterdamu, kamor se je s šestindvajsetim letom podal, da živi in umrje v tem slavnem mestu tedanje dobe. Lotil se je portretov in takoj imel dela, da ga še izdelovati ni mogel. Prva leta je dovršil nad štirideset portretov. Na teh delih se še izraža vpliv drugih mojstrov, vendar je z njimi vplival tako, da so se odkraja vsi manjši slikarji zatekali k njemu in tako se je ustanovila Rembrandtova šola.

Prvo veliko delo Rembrandtovo je "Simon v templju," katero hrani muzej v Haagu. Najznamenitejša je luč, ki pada na postavo v ospredju, a tudi ozadje je polno zagonetnih oblik. Vse podrobnosti so izgotovljene do najfinejše popolnosti. Drugo veliko delo je "Poduk v anatomiji." Zdravnik Tulp, Rembrandtov prijatelj, podučuje svoje slušatelje, ki se gnetejo okoli razgaljenega moškega telesa. Slika je naravne velikosti. Poizkusili so jo izdelati že pred Rembrandtom mnogi slikarji, toda brez uspeha. Barve te slike so skromne in luč skoro premočna. Toda ko gledamo na devet obrazov slike, se ne moremo načuditi natančnosti, s katero je Rembrandt načrtno poteze. Pozabiti tudi ne smemo, da je Rembrandt izvršil to drugo veliko delo, ko je bil še mladenič.

Osemindvajset let star se je Rembrandt oženil s Saskijo, ki mu je umrla čez osem let. Vsa ta leta mu je bila žena središče življenja in umetnosti. Njeno sliko je podal na nešteti delih. To so bila zanj leta blagostanja, kajti Saskija mu je za doto prinesla štirideset tisoč goldinarjev, kar je bila velikanska vsota za tiste čase.

Po smrti svoje žene je Rembrandt še bolj zaslovel. Tudi njegova dela, katerih izpopolnjenost je videti posebno v portretih njegove družine štirih otrok, so dosegla najvišjo izpopolnitev. Na slikah je več moške sile, mrzle barve je prenehal rabiti in se začel posluževati svetlejših. Portretov po naročilu ni več izdeloval razen še nekaterim prijateljem. Med lastnimi portreti, katerih je še veliko izvršil, je najboljši tisti iz leta 1640. Rembrandt na njem izgleda kot močan, malce grob mož z mogočno glavo in živim pogledom. To je podoba moža, ki zapu vasa in se ne obotavlja pri izvršitvi svojih misli, pa če ugajajo drugim ali ne.

Rembrandt je zaslovel doma in na tujem. Okoli njega se je zbralo veliko umetnikov, ki so mu sledili. Obogatel je in si kupil veliko hišo v Breedstraatu. V tem poslopju si je zbral veliko slik najrazličnejših umetnikov. Tudi kupčeval je z dragocenimi slikami.

Največ dosegel in največ izgubil je Rembrandt v letu 1642. Izdelal je nekaj najlepših del, a tega leta mu je tudi umrla žena. Kakih dvanajst let zatem je delal neprestano. Toda hude življenske preizkušnje so ga še čakale. V vojnih letih je domovina obubožala in denarja ni bilo. Rembrandtov denar je bil večinoma založen v slikah in tako je moral podajati se v dolgove in končno v pomanjkanje. Mogoče je to vzrok, da je bil ta leta najpridnejši. Razmere so se slabšale čedalje bolj in petdeset let staremu so mu na dražbi razprodali ves imetek. Moral je iz hiše, v kateri je prebil lep del svojega življenja in za katero je vsa leta zbiral in delal. Ko je bil v največji stiski, so ga tudi prijatelji zapustili.

Ravno Rembrandtovo mračno leto pa je povzročilo, da je dal svetu nepozabne slike, ki so danes po muzejih največjih mest v Evropi in Ameriki.

Eno leto pred Rembrandtovo smrtjo je umrl njegov sin Tit, ki mu je zapustil edinega otroka, a stari slikar sam je pešal, več ali manj pozabljen od sveta. Ob svoji smrti namreč ni bil priljubljen, kajti ljudje so slavili mlajše umetnike, ki so danes pozabljeni, dočim Rembrandt dobiva vedno več priznanja.

## ŽIVLJENJE NI PRAZNIK

CVETOČEGA lica, cvetočih še let  
zdaj prve korake namerjaš med svet,—  
nastlali na stezo so pisan ti cvet.  
Po poljskih cveticah te žive cvetice  
spremljajo, kot ženina mlade družice.  
In svatov prijateljskih radosten trop  
praznuje tvoj prvi v življenje ustop.  
In tebe—pač moti te cvetje na poti—  
to občno veselje se tudi poloti!  
Ne čutiš—naj srca ne vara te čut!—  
Da vhod le v življenje je s cvetjem posut?  
Ne slutiš, da cvetje, na stezo nastlano,  
le trnje zakriva, da zvene ti rano?  
Prijatelj, ne bodeš za zlo pač mi vzel  
resnobne besede na praznik vesel:  
Ni praznik, predragi mi, naše življenje,  
življenje naj bode ti delaven dan!  
Od zore do mraka rosan in potan  
ti lajšaj in slajšaj človeško trpljenje!  
Ne plaši se znoja, ne straši se boja,  
saj moško dejanje krepčuje moža,  
a pokoj mu zdrave moči pokonča,  
dejanje ti ljubi, a boj se pokoja!  
*Dolžan ni samo, kar velevala mu stan,*  
*kar more, to mož je storiti dolžan!*  
Na delo tedaj, ker resnobni so dnovi,  
a delo in trud ti nebo blagoslovi.

*Simon Gregorčič.*

*Ivan Albrecht:*

## Besede prijatelju

Ali jo poznaš, tisto blago roko, ki iščeš vedno zavetja pri njej? Naj bo zavita v rokavice, mehka in gladka, naj bo hrapava in žuljava, nežna je, najnežnejša na svetu . . .

Ko si bil dete nebojčeno, je bila ta roka edina na svetu, ki te je gladila in božala. Tvoj prvi korak je vodila ta blaga roka, tvojim kretnjam je naznačevala smer. Kazala ti je cvetke po polju, ptičke pod nebom in zvezde na nebu. Kjerkoli je lepota doma, povsod te je vodila ta roka . . .

Ali jo poznaš, to blago roko? . . .

V veselju si želiš njenega božanja, da bi bilo veselje popolnejše, v žalosti in nesreči iščeš njeno dlan, da bi našel uteho . . .

Kadar te muči bolezen in te priklene na bolniško posteljo, ali si moreš misliti roko, ki bi mogla postreči tako kakor samo edina na svetu — roka materina?! . . .

In glej! Za vse to ne zahteva od tebe nič, prav nič. Samo eno ji daj, ne po njeni zahtevi, ampak po ukazu narave in po volji božji: zvestobo.

Ako bo mati videla tvojo zvestobo, ne bo njena roka nikoli pretrudna. Še iz groba te bo blagoslavljal in vabila blagor na tvojega življenja pot.

Dobro vem, da jo poznaš. Glej, taka je — materina roka! . . .



# Sakuntala

Indijska igra v sedmih dejanjih.

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

## II. DEJANJE.

### SKRIVNOST.

DVORNI NOREC (vstopi vzdihovaje): Preteto! Presneto! Presneto! Preteto! Sit sem kralja in njegovih zabav. "Tam je srnjak!" vzklika. "Glej vepra!" Pa ti v najhujši vročini zbezlja za divjačino iz gozda na planjavo, kjer solnce žge in pipeka. Piti moram gorko in po gnilem listju dišečo vodo iz izsušenih gorskih hudournikov. Celo meso dobimo včasih že napol razpadlo in nevžitno. Konji in sloni delajo tak trušč ponoči, da ni moči spati. Lovci in preganjanci ptic—da bi jih pocitral!—me zbude na vse zgodaj, predno se zaznava dan. Ko začno z gonjo po gošči, se razlega tak hrup, da bi mi razneslo uho. Pa to še ni vse gorje! Na turu mojih nadlog raste dodaten mozolj. Zapustil je našo družčino in se oddaljil za srnjakom. Potem pa je namesto srnjaka našel—čujte in strmite, kaj se je zgodilo—našel je puščavniško deklico z imenom Sakuntala. Od tedaj ga kar nič več ne zanima mesto, niti misliti noče na povratek, kar si jaz tako zelo želim. Vso noč bedim in premišlujem svoje gorje. Kaj mi je storiti? No, bom videl iz razgovora, ko se preobleče in okraši. (Stopa in se ozira okoli.) Hej! Tamle je z lokom v roki in dekletom v srcu. Na glavi pa ima venec divjih cvetic. Delal se bom, da sem ves polomljen, mogoče bo kaj pomagalo. (Se postavi, sloneč na palico. Dušjanta vstopi kakor opisan.)

DUŠJANTA (zase):

Čeprav ni deve lahko pridobiti, me menda ljubi. Nada mora biti. Ljubezni trnje bode pred naslado, al' želja le je sreče nakovalo.

(Smeje.) Tako se zaljubljenec vara. Svoja čustva sodi po lastnih željah.

Pogled ljubeč je bil—a ne zame, korak počasen—čednostno dekle. Le malo je družicam govorila. ljubavi ta krepost bo še služila.

NOREC (še stoji kakor prej): Odpusti, kralj, roka mi je čisto otrpla, samo z glasom te lahko pozdravim.

DUŠJANTA (ga gleda in se smeji): Radi česa si hrom?

NOREC: Radi dobrot! Ošvigni človeka s pogledom, potem ga pa vprašaj, zakaj je solzan.

DUŠJANTA: Ne razumem te. Kaj govoriš?

NOREC: Kadar se biček začne upogibati kakor pukljavec, kaj misliš, je-li kriv biček ali vodni tok?

DUŠJANTA: Vodni tok vendar.

NOREC: Ti pa si kriv mojih nadlog.

DUŠJANTA: Kako to?

NOREC: Lepo je od tebe, da tako zanemarjaš kraljevske dolžnosti ter živiš v teh šumah! Kaj pomaga govoriti? Tu-le sem, brahmin, in moje kosti so pretresene in moji udi iz sklepov, pa še hočeš, naj zbezljam za divjo živino, ko sem že čisto polomljen. Dovolj, kralj, da si odpočijemo vsaj en dan.

DUŠJANTA (zase): Tako torej! Saj bi jaz sam najrajši prenehal z lovom, odkar sem se zagledal v Kanvovo hčer, kajti:

Tetivo je napeto, puščica preti, Ne more pa zleteti.

ne more v smrt podreti divjad, ki v nje oči navajena je zreti.

NOREC (gleda Dušjanta): Saj misli več kot govori. Prav toliko mi bo pomagalo, če se jočem.

DUŠJANTA (smeje): Kaj naj mislim? Premišljeval sem, kako bi upošteval prijateljski nasvet.

NOREC: Živio, kralj! (Se ne dela nič več šepavega, temveč živahno poska-kuje.)

DUŠJANTA: Čakaj in poslušaj!

NOREC: Gospod?

DUŠJANTA: Ko si odpočiješ, mi boš za spremljevalca v neki drugi, bolj lahki nalogi.

NOREC: Bomo zobali bonbončke?

DUŠJANTA: Čakaj, da ti povem.

NOREC: Kar ukaži, da mi ni treba nič delati.

DUŠJANTA: Kdo je tam? (Vstopi vratar.)

VRATAR: Zapoveduje, Veličanstvo?

DUŠJANTA: Ravjataka, pokličiči generala.

VRATAR: Da, Veličanstvo. (Gre ven in se vrne z generalom.) Za menoj, gospod. Tu je Veličanstvo.

GENERAL (gleda Dušjanta in govori zase): Rečeno je, da je greh loviti divjačino, vendar to prinese samo naslodo kralju. Poglejte ga!

Srčno podaja se na jago,  
zaprekam vsem se zoperstavlja,  
v zgočem solncu s potno srago  
v sencih se ne obotavlja.

Je krepke, žilave postave,  
kot bil vklesan, oblike prave.  
Zastaven silni slon  
krepkosti nima kakor on.

(Se približa.) Zmage želim Veličanstvu! Gozd je poln sledi za srnjaki in divjačine v okolišču je v izobilju. Nismo je še imeli take prilike.

DUŠJANTA: Badrasena, nič več se ne navdušujem za lov. Madavja mi pridiga proti lovenju.

GENERAL (po strani norcu): Prav imaš, prijatelj Madavja. Jaz bom pa za trenutek zabaval kralja. (Glasno.) Veličanstvo, Madavja je vendar osel, ki ne ve, kaj riga. Sami lahko sodite, da lov ni nikako zlo. Premislite:

Se lovec utrdi, postane lahek, močen; uči se od zverjadi, od ujed, kak' strah mori duha. Uči se, ko je lok izbočen in meri v živo. To je življenja vžitek blag.

NOREC (jezno): Ven! Prenehaj s svojimi krepostmi, general. Saj vidiš, da je kralj prišel k pameti. Ali ti, ti, sin sužnje, ti pa se kar pojdi potepat in lovit po gozdu, dokler ne padeš v žrelo kakšnega prijaznega medveda, ki preži na srnjaka ali šakala.

DUŠJANTA: Badrasena, nikakor ne morem sprejeti tvojega nasveta, ker sem preblizu samostana. Za danes torej:

Rogati naj bivol  
jezera vodo moti,  
srnjak naj mirno sence išče  
naj veper še v močvari grebe si ležišče.  
Naj lovski tul počiva,  
ko praznik ga zaloti!

GENERAL: Da, Veličanstvo!

DUŠJANTA: Vse puščičarje, ki so prodrli naprej, pošlji nazaj! Vojakom prepovej nadlegovati samostan! Niti približati se mu ne smejo!

GENERAL: Da, Veličanstvo!

NOREC: Poberi se torej s tvojimi krepostmi, general! (General odide.)

DUŠJANTA (pobočnikom): Odložite lovska oblačila. Rajvataka, ti pa se povrni na svoje službeno mesto.

VRATAR: Da, Veličanstvo! (Odide.)

NOREC: Modro si odločil, kralj. Zdaj se pa vsedi na to gladko skalo v senci. Jaz se ne smem vsesti, dokler ne sedeš ti.

DUŠJANTA: Kar sedi!

NOREC: Torej za menoj. (Stopita v senco in sedeta.)

DUŠJANTA: Prijatelj Madavja, ti ne veš, kaj pomeni vizija. Ti še nisi videl najlepšega na svetu.

NOREC: Saj vendar gledam tebe, ki sediš tik pred menoj.

DUŠJANTA: Da, vsakdo misli, da je lep. Ampak jaz sem govoril o Sakuntali, prelepem okrasu samostana.

NOREC (zase): Ognju ne smem prilivati olja. (Glasno.) Ampak tvoja ne more biti, ker je puščavniško dekle. Kaj ti pomaga, čeprav je lepa?

DUŠJANTA: Tepec!

Ali so sebične želje,  
ki nas dvigajo v višavo,  
ko se mesec mladi pelje  
in mu vid sledi v daljavo?

Poleg tega pa, Dušnjantove misli se ne ukvarjajo z nikakim prepovedanim sadom.

NOREC: No, no! Pa mi povej kaj o nji.

DUŠJANTA:

Je nebeške vile hčerka  
mlada in vesela,  
blagoslovljena pasterka  
vitka, lepa, smela.

Varje jo puščavnik strogi,  
njen rednik v sili;

sestrica je cvetki ubogi,  
med plevelom zrastle.

NOREC (smeje): Zdiš se mi kakor človek, ki se je preobjedel sladkih dateljev in si želi kislih lesnik. Vsi biseri kraljevske palače so tvoji, pa si želiš te punčare.

DUŠJANTA: Prijatelj, nisi je videl, drugače bi tako ne govoril.

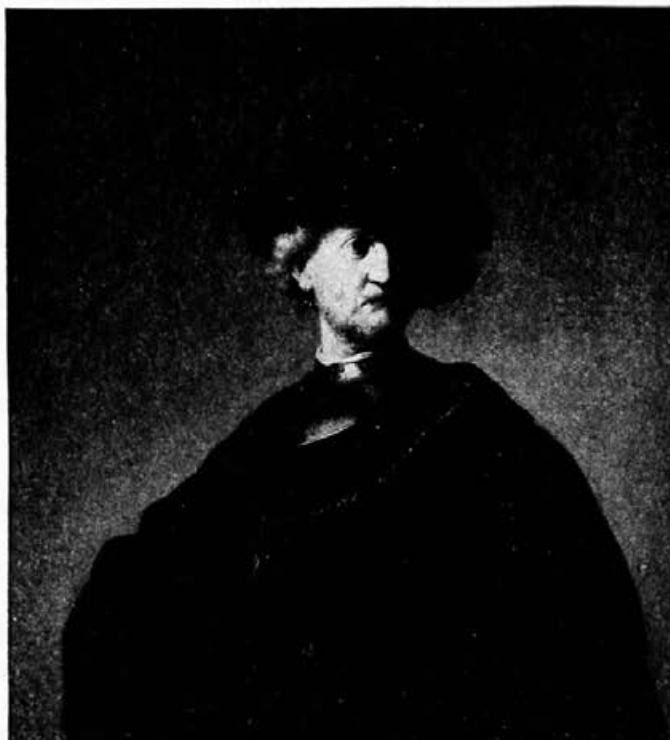
NOREC: Gotovo mora biti dražestna, da te je tako očarala.

DUŠJANTA: Prijatelj, povem ti na kratko:

Lepa je kot čiste misli  
stvarnika pri delu,  
ki si v sanjah jo zamisli  
kot dragulj človeštvu.  
Misli moje se igrajo  
z nje lepoto, njega veličino.

NOREC: To jo morajo sovražiti ženske!

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



REMBRANDT: Portret sina.



## Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti\*

“Kam si se zopet spraval? — Pa čemu bi še vpraševala, ker dobro vem, kam si se napolil. Ali ti res ni mogoče nobenega dne prebiti brez pijače?”

Tako je kmetica srednje dobe, sedeča pomladnega dne pred hišo in vijoča prejo, ogovorila moža, ko je stopil čez prag.

“Na Log<sup>2</sup> grem pogledat. Pravijo, da mi je zadnja voda na senožet proda nasula. Nobenega silnega<sup>3</sup> dela nimam.”

“Vem, da greš na Log, ali ne toliko zaradi senožeti kakor Dragarjevemu vinu<sup>4</sup> na ljubo. In dela nimaš? O sveta pomagalka! Poglej okrog sebe, ali prav ne kriči vse po gospodarju? Poglej ga soseda, od ranega jutra ti že dela in bo delal še v mrak.”

“Kaj meni mari drugi ljudje, najmanj pa ta sosed. Čemu imam hlapca? In če pijem, pijem za svoje, živa duša se nima v to vtikati!”

“Motiš se! Če nobeden drugi ne, imam to pravico jaz, tvoja žena. Zase mi ni, jaz z božjo pomočjo že kako prebijem in pretolčem še ta leta, ki mi jih je Bog namenil, ali za otroka mi je, ta dva se mi smilita.”

“Nič hudega<sup>5</sup> jima ni. Lačna menda vendar nista?”

“Lačna dozdam res še nista in upam, da tudi ne bosta, dokler mi ljubi Bog ohrani zdravje. A poglej ju, kako sta oblečena! Tonček vso zimo ni mogel ne v šolo. Prazniki so pred durmi, a Anica nima poštenega praznjega krila. O sebi molčim. Tako nizko je padla Čerinova hiša.<sup>6</sup> In poglej tudi sebe! Ali je kdaj kakšen Čerin ob nedeljah hodil v taki ogoljeni obleki in v takih zrabočenih čevljih? Sram te bodi!”

“Pridigati res znaš. Večna škoda, da ne smeš na leco. Za čevlje je pa že preskrbljeno. Drugi teden pride Strgulčev Ivanec v hišo in pošije vsem, kar bo treba. Anica dobi tudi krilo. Ne boj se, dokler sem jaz še tu, moji otroci ne bodo hodili raztrgani.”

“Kaj ne hodijo že zdaj? In kam še pridemo, ako pojde tako naprej? Pomisli, kaj si imel pred petnajstimi leti in koliko tega je danes še tvójega! In kaj ostane po tebi sinu, ako boš delal, kakor si začel?”

“Molči! Tega ti ne umeješ. Oddal sem samo nekatere kose<sup>7</sup>, ki so mi bili z nerok. Ne staraj se ti zastran mojega gospodarstva, jaz že vem, kaj delam.”

“Ne veš ne! Tako hudoben vendar nisi, da bi z vedenjem in premislekom zapravljaj. Srce ti je otrpelo za nas, ti zdaj poslušaj le svoje vinske bratce. Mi doma se potimo in ubijamo, ti pa popivaš in ponoči in podnevi mešaš tiste pek-lenske podobice<sup>8</sup>. Tvoja žena in tvoja otroka doma oškodujejo, ti pa druge z vinom zalivaš.”

“Koga neki jaz zalivam?”

“Zalivaš, zalivaš! Jaz sicer ne hodim za teboj, tudi ne povprašujem, kaj počenjaš, a ljudje mi vse prinašajo v hišo, četudi jih odganjam.”

“No, ali boš s svojimi litanijami<sup>9</sup> skoro pri kraju? Le še povej, ako imaš kaj na srcu. Danes sem pri volji poslušati te, drugikrat ne vem, kako bi bilo.”

“Kdo drugi ti bo, ako ne jaz? Moram ti povedati, četudi nič ne pomaga. Vsaj si olajšam srce. Tudi srama nimaš več<sup>10</sup>, vse si utopil v vinu. V nedeljo ponoči so te pri Dragarju vinski bratje, ki si jim želodce do vrha nalil, naposled

\*Glej pojasnila na strani 92.

izpehali iz hiše in te pijanega vrgli pod kap. A včeraj si vendar spet lezel<sup>11</sup> tja in tudi zdaj si se napravil doli. Res, sram te je prav toliko kolikor volka strah.”

Zdaj mu je bilo preveč. Ugovarjal sicer ni, bodisi, ker je dobro vedel, da je vse res, kar mu žena očita, bodisi, da ga ni bilo volja prepirati se s suhim grlom<sup>12</sup>. Samo nekaj je mrmral o strupenih babjih jezikih, potem pa je ubral med njivami stezo navzdol proti Logu.

Ne govorili bi resnice, ako bi trdili, da ga ženine besede niso prav nič zbolele. Saj časih, zlasti ponoči, kadar ni mogel spati, se je vzbujala tudi njemu vest in mu govorila skoro tako kakor žena. Prišli so mu časih celo trenutki, ko je sam sebi priznal, da ne dela prav in da bo treba kreniti na drug pot. Volja, poštena volja, da se poboljša, je bila večkrat tu, ali meso je bilo slabo<sup>13</sup> in nikoli ni moglo odbiti izkušnjave. A kadar je zopet sedel pri vinu, udušil je v njem vse dobre nakane<sup>14</sup>.

Blaž Čerin je bil pred leti najtrdnější kmet pod visokim Kolkom<sup>15</sup> in še tedaj, ko govori naša pripoved o njem, so ga prištevali glede imetka še vedno boljšim. Po očetu je dobil kmetijo z lepimi gozdi. Daleč na okrog nobeden ni imel takih senožeti, nobeden toliko lepe živine. Dokler je stari še živel, je bilo vsem prav, a po očetovi smrti se je hitro vse predrugačilo. Pogostoma je zahajal v bližnji trg, izprva res po opravkih, ki jih je imel pri oblastvih, pozneje pa tudi večkrat brez potrebe. Tu se je okoli imovitega in radodarnega Čerina jela zbirati žejna in lačna gospoda najnižje vrste. Jedlo, pilo in igralo se je po cele noči, plačeval je navadno vse Čerin ali “baron Čerin,” tako so namreč te pijavke imenovale kmeta, kateremu je res ugajalo, da se okoli njega suče toliko za čudo ponižne gospode. Čerin je imel toliko zemljišča, da je smel po svojem sam loviti, ali kakor njegov oče tako tudi on ni nikoli mislil na lov, zdaj pa so ga ti gospodje pregovorili, da je še od svoje razhodne občine vzel lov v zakup. In zdaj se je pričelo tržanom pravo veselje. Ob nedeljah in praznikih je pokalo po dolini kakor v vojni. Ustrelili ti lovci res niso mnogo, toliko več so pojedli, največ pa popili. Plačnik za vse je bil “baron Čerin.” Njega in njegovo lovsko družbo so poznale vse krčme po dolini. Resnica je, da se je “baronu” večkrat primerilo, da ni imel “ce-sarskega denarja”<sup>16</sup> pri sebi, a kaj zato? Saj krčmarji so znali pisati in so tudi radi pisali, zlasti ker jim “baron” ni gledal na prste, v glavi pa vsega tudi ni mogel držati, dasi je imel dosti dober spomin. Ti krčmarji so bili dobri ljudje in niso pritiskali Čerina zastran plačila. Čakali so, da se je več nabralo, in še tedaj dolžniku ni bilo treba gotovega denarja šteti. Ti dobrosrčni možje so jemali namesto denarja tudi les. To je bilo Čerinu prav po volji, ker pri tem ni imel nič dela, vse so sami posekali in spravili iz gozda. Pri posekavanju se je pa tak poštenjak navadno uštel<sup>17</sup>, ali nikoli ne sebi v škodo. In tako je prišel čas, ko so vse žage po dolini rezale Čerinove krlje.

Nekega dne pride po naključju v svoj gozd “Pod slemenom,” v katerem je dajal krčmarjem sekati. Ni ga več poznal, tako grozno so ti gozdni žužki gospodarili v njem. Mož je sedel na podrto hojo in se prijel za glavo. V srcu mu je vrelo, nobene prave misli ni mogel ubrati. Škodo, veliko škodo so mu napravili. Ali koliko kdo, tega ni vedel. In koga hoče tožiti, ker se pri nobenem ni spominjal, koliko hoj je smel posekati. Oglašala se mu je tudi vest in mu glasno očitala: sam si kriv, sam si kriv. Grozil in rotil se je sicer, da bo vse krčmarje tožil, ali ostalo je le pri grožnji. Nekaj dobrega je vendar Čerinu prinesel ta dan. Lovskega razgrajanja je bilo konec. Ko se je za drugo nedeljo napovedala znana lovska družba, jo je pričakoval kakor navadno, toda ne s puško ob rami, temveč z gorjačo v roki ter je lačne gospodke razgnal z grdimi psokami.

Tega nobeden ni bil bolj vesel nego Čerinova žena. Mislila je, da to pomeni popoln preobrat v življenju njenega moža, in nekaj časa je bilo res videti, da bo tako. Ali prehitro je spoznala, da se je varala. Čerin brez vina in brez družbe ni mogel biti. Oboje je našel pri Dragarju na Logu, najprej vino, a družba je prišla sama ob sebi. Dragar je bil edini krčmar v dolini, katerega se je Čerin prej nekako ogibal, in zato se je Dragar pri njem najmanj okoristil. Tem tesneje se ga je oklenil zdaj. Za njim sta hitro prilezla dva kmeta, ki sta malone že dogospodarila<sup>18</sup>, potem neki žagar, na katerega so imeli orožniki posebno pazko, ker so ga imeli na sumu, da je v zvezi s ponarejalki denarja, in naposled neki bivši pisar, ki pa je izgubil službo in je zdaj ljudem proti plačilu in vinu delal vsakovrstna pisma. Klicali so ga "dohtar."

To so bili Dragarjevi stanovitni gostje, pridružila se jim je včasih še kaka druga vinska mešica<sup>19</sup>, zlasti kadar je bil Čerin široke volje. Takrat je poleg njega lahko pil vsak, kdor mu je dal dobro besedo. Največ se je pa pri tem okoristil Dragar. Čerin denarja navadno ni imel, in če ga je tudi imel, za vino mu ni šlo iz rok. Tudi hoj ni dajal več sekati, ali prav lahko sta ga pregovorila Dragar in dohtar, da ima preveč sveta, da bi mu bilo samo v prid, ako bi oddal nekoliko manjših kosov, ker bi potem ostalo lahko bolje obdeloval. In tako je Dragar, ki si je pred nekaj leti kupil na Logu toliko sveta, da si je nanj postavil hišo, dobil od Čerina zdaj ogradico, zdaj njivico, ob letu zopet eno in tako naprej.

Ko je zdaj Čerin po senožetih stopal proti Logu, ni mu bila na misli s prodom zasuta senožet, temveč premišljal je, kje bi dobil denarja, da bi obul in oblekel sebe in družino. Tisto, kar je ženi govoril o Strgulčevem Ivancu, ni bilo nič res. Denarja ni imel, da bi kupil usnja. A kje ga dobiti? Pri mesarju ali pri Dragarju? Mesar mu je lani in letos odvedel že toliko živine, da Čerinu samemu ni dalo srce, da bi zopet klical tega moža. Torej ostane edini Dragar.

Zdajci ugleda pred seboj starega sključenega moža, ki se je počasi ob palici pomikal v reber. To je bil sosed Volk, mož stare korenine<sup>19</sup> in starega poštenja. Bil je pokojnemu očetu najboljši prijatelj in njega je držal pri krstu. Ta mož je bil Čerinu huda vest. Sicer ni mnogo govoril, vrgel mu je le kako besedo in ga z malimi sivimi očmi nekamo čudno pogledal. Čerinu se je pa zdelo, da mu stavec vidi na dno duše, in vsaka njegova beseda ga je zapekla kakor živ ogenj. Zatorej se ga je tudi na lepem potu ogibal. Ko je zdaj moža zagledal pred seboj, ni se nič pomišljal, temveč krenil je v stran in skočil v jarek, kjer je curljala plitva vodica. Tu je čakal, da bi stavec prešel. A živo, dasi staro oko ga je še ujelo, in ko je korakal mimo njega, je kričal glasno: "Hov, hov! Volk gre, zajci beže, volk gre, zajci beže!" Čerina je bilo malo sram, a vendar mu je bilo prav, da je šel stavec svojim potom in da se ni dalje vanj zadiral.

Pri Dragarju ni bilo še nobenega gosta. To je bilo Čerinu po volji, tem lažje se bo dalo govoriti. Pa bahavemu Čerinu danes za čudo beseda ni hotela prav iz grla. Naposled vendar blekne za osemdeset goldinarjev. Ali Dragar danes na tisto uho ni hotel nič prav slišati, češ, da vina mu že da, gotovine mu pa ne more, ker mu je plačati vino.<sup>20</sup> Čerin ni bil vajen od krčmarjev slušati takih besed, zatorej je Dragarja nekako neverno pogledoval in stresal z glavo, ali ta je bil danes tudi kratko nasajen in ni dal k sebi. Čerinu se je obesil nos,<sup>21</sup> čemerno se je držal in nevoljno presukaval izpraznjeni kozarec med rokami. Celo vino mu danes ni šlo v slast. V dober čas vstopi "dohtar," pogleda Čerina, pogleda Dragarja in takoj je vedel, kaj je med njima. Hitro je posegel vmes, in preden je minilo pol ure, je omečil Dragarja, da je obljubil najprej petdeset goldinarjev in

jih potem dodal še deset. A dal jih je samo proti temu, da se z mesta naredi pismo, katero mu za ta dolg in za popito in neplačano vino daje v zalog Čerinovo senošet na Logu, ki pa zapade Dragarju v last, ako je v dveh letih ne reši. V tem pa bo Dragar za obrest senošet kosil.<sup>22</sup>

Čerinu so se izprva pogoji zdeli silno trdi, a ko je Dragar predenj položil šest cesarskih podob, jih je pobral in spravil, ne da bi bil še kaj ugovarjal. Poslal je po Strgulčevega Ivanca, katerega v krčmo ni bilo treba dvakrat klicati. Prišel je, ali kakor bi se bilo danes vse zarotilo proti Čerinu, se je stavil tudi šivar po robu, češ, da zdaj tako hitro ne utegne, ker ima dela za štiri roke. A ko je Čerin pred žejnega smolarja dal postaviti polič rumenega vina, je moža minila vsa hudomušnost. Zadal je možko besedo, da bodo do oljčne nedelje<sup>23</sup> Čerin in njegova družina obuti.

Žagarja tisti večer ni bilo, zatorej ni bilo nič igre. Ostala malodobrna družba je bila tiha in poparjena, ker je videla, da Čerin ni več pri volji. In res je vstal v mraku od Dragarjevega vina in se napotil proti domu. Kaj takega se mu že zdavnaj ni pripetilo.

Temna noč je padla že na zemljo, ko je prišel Čerin domov. Hlapec in dekla sta bila pri živini v hlevu. V izbi je bila tema, a v postranski izbici je gorela luč. Čerin vstopi. V izbici ga niso opazili, ker so bile duri priprte in ker je mati z obema otrokoma glasno molila. Čerin postoji za hip in posluša. Že je mislil tiho oditi, a prilete mu na uho ženine besede: "Molimo očenaš še za očeta, da bi mu Bog dal ljubo zdravje in ga privedel na pravi pot." In otroka sta s tresočim glasom molila za svojega očeta. To je možu padlo na srce. Mehki glas nedolžnih otrok ga je pretresel bolj, nego bi ga bila mogla karajoča beseda grmečega govornika, segel mu je v dno duše. Že je hotel stopiti v izbico, prižeti ženo in otroka k srcu in jim naznaniti, da je Bog uslišal njih molitev in da je že na pravem potu. Ali neka plahost in čut sramote sta mu ustavljala nogo, potihno gre iz izbe in poišče svoje ležišče. Ali zaspati ni mogel. Premišljal je svoje dosedanje življenje, tako neumno in prazno in tako pogubno dobrima otrokoma in zlata vredni ženi. In kesanje, pekoče kesanje mu je polnilo dušo. Ako mu to sedanje mišljenje zopet ne izhlapi kakor jutranja rosa na solncu, potem stoji Čerin na odločnem razpotju.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

*Ivan Albrecht:*

## ZIMA

VEVERICA vrh drevesa  
rep si v žalosti otresa,  
lešnike je zakopala,  
kam-da zdaj bi tole znala.

Vse okrog se sneg beli,  
njej pa težko se godi,  
kar na jesen je storila,  
je na zimo pozabila.

Zima huda, mraz in smeh,  
mi smo vedri na saneh;  
da smo kdaj jih v šaro skrili,  
s čem bi zdajle se vozili?





### ČITATELJEM IN DOPISNIKOM.

S tekočo številko smo začeli priobčati "Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti," zanimivo povest mladinskega pisatelja Fran Erjavca, ki želimo, da bi služila za učenje slovenskega jezika mladim članom S.N.P.J. ter drugim čitateljem, ki se zanimajo za jezik svojih slovenskih staršev. Povest je zelo priprosta in lepa, ker živo pokaže slovensko kmečko življenje iz domovine. Da bo mladini bolj olajšano, smo v angleškem delu lista podali še pojasnila v angleškem, vprašanja in mal slovar manj navadnih besed, kar naj pomaga k lažjemu razumevanju povesti in mogoče tudi olajša delo staršev, ki po svojih zmožnostih učijo mladino svojega jezika. Navodila niso težka za onega, ki se zanima. Da se mladi čitatelj kolikor mogoče priuči, je najboljši tak načrt:

1. Prečitaj povest pazno in se ne oziraj na besede, katerih ne razumeš.
2. Čitaj zopet in skušaj s pomočjo pojasnil ter navodil staršev ali katerega drugega Slovenca razumeti vsak stavek. Besed v slovarju se nauči na pamet in tako tudi drugih besed, ki se pogosto ponavljajo v spisu.
3. Odgovori na vprašanja v slovenskem jeziku.

Povest se bo nadaljevala in bo lahko veliko pomagala čitateljem do pravilne slovenske govorice, če imate le resno voljo ter si vzamete čas, naučiti se slovenskega jezika. Znanje jezika vam more le koristiti: bolj boste ljubili svoje starše, če se boste lahko razgovarjali v njihovem jeziku in člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote boste toliko lažje razumevali poslovanje svoje organizacije, katera stopnjema prehaja v vaše roke.

\*

Da organizacija S.N.P.J. z vsem svojim premoženjem in dobrimi ustanovami postaja vaša last, mladi čitatelji, to niso samo prazne besede, temveč živa resnica. Na stotine in tisoče članov prestopa iz mladinskega v odrasli oddelek in ti imajo popolne članske pravice. Kakorhitro dosežete šestnajsto leto, ste odrasli člani S.N.P.J., za kar je vsekakor potrebno, da se pripravite. S.N.P.J. hoče zavednih članov, ki razumejo poslovanje, zato se pripravite, zanimajte se za društva in naučite se slovenskega vsaj toliko, da boste vedeli, o čem vaši starši razpravljajo pri društvih.

Predvsem pa se učite slovenskega jezika zato, da razumete svoje starše. Nečastno je za človeka, ki ima priliko, pa se ne potrudi niti toliko, da bi razumel jezik svojega očeta ali matere.



Prihodnji mesec bo Slovenska narodna podporna jednota slavila petindvajsetletnico svojega obstanka. Glavni urad bo izdal zelo povečano Prosveto in tako želimo tudi Mladinski list posvetiti v glavnem le naši jednoti, katere lastnika je. Pišite torej za Mladinski list v aprilu!

UREDNIK.

Dragi urednik!

V zadnjem dopisu sem obljubila, da bom sedaj pisala v slovenskem jeziku. Malo bolj težko mi gre, pa se bom že privadila.

Zima je tukaj prav mila. Nič ni snega, tako da vsaki dan lahko obiščem šolo. Moj oče pravi, da bom šla kam v mesto, ker tukaj se ne da nič kaj naučiti. Drugič bom pisala več. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista. **Mary Oblak**, Glasgow, Pa., Box 2.

\*

Mary Ilovar iz Blaina, Ohio, nam pošilja pesmico o svečanu (februarju):

Tiho gre čez hladne njive dih gorak iz drugih krajev, pesem spe cvetočih gajev skozi jablan veje krive.

Nad zelenih solčnih sanj zlate lestve pno z neba se, v tihem čakanju smehlja se mati zemlja v lepi dan.

\*

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil pisati par besed. To je moje prvo pismo tega leta, a sklenil sem, da se bom večkrat oglasil in napisal kaj novega. Sedaj še ni nič novega, samo zimo in sneg imamo, pa mama je bolna. Upam vendar da bo kmalu ozdravila.

Vsak dan grem v šolo v šesti razred, po šoli pa zajce komandiram. Imam jih do štirideset.

Toliko pisanja naj zadostuje, samo še slovensko zastavico bi rad napisal, če jo more kdo uganiti:

Zelena kot travca, rdeča kot kri, s štirimi peresi najlepše diši.

Pozdravljeni čitatelji!

**Frank Koshak**, Sheboygan, Wis.

\*

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvi pot, da pišem v Mladinski list po slovensko, kajti za čitatelje imam pripravljeno uganko:

Oče v grobu leži, mati zraven stoji, otroci pa po svetu ljudi zabavljajo. Kaj je to?

**Stanley Lajevic**, Venetia, Pa.

\*

Še par ugank imamo od **Mary Matos** v Blainu, Ohio:

1. Na zemlji leži, pa na štiri plati reži in jezik ven moli.

2. Sol liže, koza ni, rep ima, miš ni. Kaj je to?

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da priobčite prvi dopis v slovenščini iz naše naselbine. Od tukaj sem do sedaj čitala še samo eden dopis in še ta je bil v angleškem. To je bilo že pred letom dni.

Terre Haute šteje jako malo Slovencev: sedem družin in nekaj samcev. Več pa je drugih Slovanov. Pred več leti smo se preselili sem, moji starši in jaz, iz Indianapolisa.

Tudi jaz se strinjam z dopisom Frances Hovevar iz West Frankforta, Ill. Rada bi bila v večjem mestu, kjer so večje slovenske naselbine ter bi se lahko pogovarjala s slovenskimi deklicami v materinem jeziku. Ker mi to ni mogoče tukaj, bi priporočala, da se moji bratje in sestre bolj zanimajo z dopisovanjem v slovenskem. To gotovo ne bo nikomur škodovalo, pač pa koristilo.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice širom Združenih držav.

**Mildred Skrt**,

Terre Haute, Ind.

\*

Ker nas učiteljica, ga. Simčič v šoli vedno opozarja, naj spišemo kaj dopis za časopise, sem se odločila napisati kaj za Mladinski list. Od sedaj naprej bom skušala vsaki mesec kaj poslati.

**Nekaj o kuhi.**

Ko sem bila v enajstem letu sem se šla učiti kuhat. V šoli je šest deklic. Učiteljica je dobra in nas je nekoč povabila na malo zabavo v njeni hiši. Tam smo se precej veselile. O božiču je morala vsaka deklica skuhati kaj takega, kar smo se že učile in morala je prinesiti v šolo. Tam pa razdelimo in se zabavamo. Druge gledajo male igre, ki jih jaz zložim. Ena deklica igra na glavir, druge plešemo. Kadar kuhamo, mora vsaka pomagati. Ko je narejeno, pa vsaka dobi malo pokusiti. Včasih ve katera za kakšno dobro jed in nauči svoje součenke. Učiteljica pa nadzoruje. Tu je nekaj, česar smo se naučile.

*Grahova juha:*

4 skodelice mleka,

2 veliki žlici mleka,

1 škatljo graha.

Postavi mleko na peč, da se pogreje. Grah steri in precedi skozi cedilo. K moki pa deni malo vode in mešaj, da bo precej redko. Oboje deni v mleko in mešaj, dokler ni gosto.

**Mary Dejak**,

1272 E. 59 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Krainik nam ponovno piše iz Chisholma in se zopet zahvaljuje za knjigo "Heidi," s katero je jako zadovoljna. Pravi, da je v njih naselbini veliko naročnikov Mladinskega lista, vendar obljublja, da bo skušala dobiti še katerega. Želimo vsi, da nam kmalu poroča o uspehu.

Johanna Kozel iz Blaina, Ohio, nam pošilja zaključene kitice slovenske pesmi o ogljarju, ki tudi nam ugaja:

Srečen bil sem tudi jaz,  
zadovoljen v borni koči,  
daleč je že tisti čas,  
pozabiti ga ni moči.

Ali v svoji hišici  
nisem morda samotaril,  
gospodinjala je v nji  
ženka, jaz sem gospodaril.

Dom dobil je starji brat,  
bog mu sreče daj obilo;  
delal malo, pil je rad,  
dobro ni se mu godilo.

Dragi urednik!

Rada bi bila dopisovalka Mladinskega lista in upam, da mi bo urednik priobčal dopise. Videla sem ga, ko je obiskal Cleveland in našo slovensko šolo lansko leto.

Jaz sem učenka Slovenske mladinske šole v Clevelandu. Začela sem hoditi v to šolo leta 1925. Vsako leto priredimo dve igri, v aprilu in o božiču. Naša učiteljica nam da vsako leto lepo vlogo. Igre smo imeli sledeče: "Kralj Matjaž," "Mogočni prstan," "Dobrota je sirota" ter mnogo drugih.

Opisala bom nekoliko angleške šole. Dne 30. januarja 1929 sem dokončala šesti razred v East Madison šoli, sedaj pa pohajam v Wilson Junior High šolo v sedmi razred. Rada hodim posebno v Slovensko mladinsko šolo, a tako tudi v angleško.

Bertha Erste, 6209 Schade Ave.

Dragi urednik!

Ko sem prejel januarja meseca Mladinski list, sem najprvo pogledal v "Naš kotiček," ker sem bil radoveden če je priobčen moj dopis, pa sem bil presenečen, ker dopisa ni bilo. Upam, da bom kmalu videl ta dopis v Mladinskem listu.

Ta mesec bom štirinajst let star in hodim v osmi razred. Odkar hodim v te šole, nisem bil še nikoli pozen ali izostal iz šole. Mislim, da zato dobim boljše ređe. Jaz hodim v Junior High School. Zda se učim za igro v šoli.

Upam, da ste čil in zdravi, in da bom še večkrat pisal.

Stanley Somrak,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik!

Že zopet sem tukaj, ako mi dovolite prostora. Jaz hodim v trgovsko šolo Jane Adams. V to šolo sprejemajo samo takšne deklice, katere ne morejo pohajati v višje šole in o katerih vedo, da imajo veselje do učenja. Jaz bi rada šla v višje šole, pa me ne morejo vzdrževati, ker preveč stane in nas je preveč v družini. V tej šoli se pripravljamo, da bi pozneje dobile kakšno lažjo službo.

Naslednjo zgodnico mi je pravil moj ata. Mislim, da bi bila dobra za Mladinski list:

Frjačev Jaka je leno sedel na obcestnem kamnu, kar se prikaže precej rejeni župnik. Jaka se namuzne in vpraša župnika: "Ti, fajmošter, kaj bi pa ti dejal, če bi jaz vrgel pest blata." Župnik se je zgrozil in mu zapretel, a v tem hipu je slaboumni Jaka že storil nelepi čin. Ako bi bil rekel, da ga bodo vzeli orožniki, bi se bil Jaka zbal in bi ne bil storil tega, kar je, kajti orožnikov se je bal bolj kot parkeljna. Jaka ni bil pri čisti pameti.

Olga Vehar,

5335 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zima je bila pri nas, snega dosti in drsat sem se hodila. Bolj kot to pa je zanimiva zgodnica o Patu in Miku. Imela sta potico in šla z njo v cerkev. Pat je del svojo potfco v žep. Župnik je medtem pripovedoval, da je bog vsepovsod, ampak Pat je rekel: Mogoče je res, ampak v mojem žepu je potica.

Anna Vugrin,

239 Bush st., Scranton, Pa.

## REŠITEV ZASTAVIC JANUARSKE ŠTEVILKE.

### Dopolnilna uganka.

Na videz sem kot čista voda,  
a če me piješ, si prismođa.  
Za mano bela žena hodi.  
Priatelj, veš, da to je v modi?  
V bolnišnico nas vodi, v ječe,  
je grobokop družinske sreče.

### ŽGANJE.

### Rebus.

Pijanec se spreobrne, ko se v jamo zvrne.

Rešili:

Stanley Lajevic, Venetia, Pa.

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

Robert Horvat, Morgan, Pa.

Uganki Johanne Kozel:

1. TOBAK.

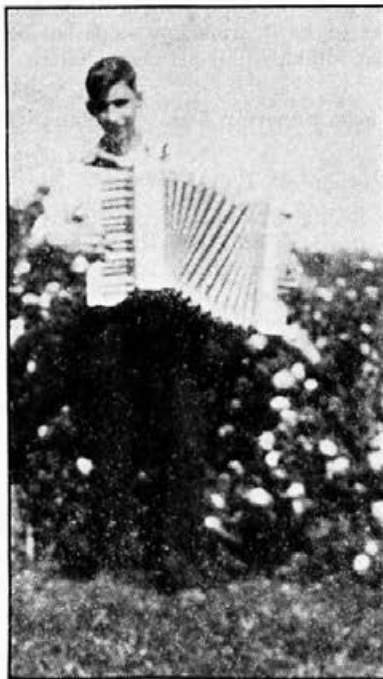
Rešila: Mary Ilovar, Blaine, Ohio.  
Robert Horvat, Morgan, Pa.

2. KOZJI ROG.

Uganke Mildred Ilovar:

1. Slepa žival.
2. Pes gloda kost, ker mesa nima.
3. Največ klobukov se nosi na glavi.
4. Žebelj v čevlju.
5. Jajce.
6. Pipa.

Rešili: Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.  
Johanna Kozel, Blaine, Ohio.



Frank Somrak ml.

Cenjeni urednik!

V decemberski številki preteklega leta ste vprašali, "Kaj znaš pa ti mladi čitatelj?" in na to vprašanje odgovorim sedaj, čeprav bolj pozno, sledeče:

Jaz sem petnajst let star in sem "sophomore" v East Tech šoli. Pošljem vam sliko, katero, upam, da priobčite. Učim se šele dve leti in znam en par polk, valčkov in tudi par angleških komadov. Tudi znam zadosti dobro, da bi lahko zaigral na ženitovanju urednika, ako bi se slučajno oženil. V javnosti še nisem dosti igral in upam, da bom v bodoče več.

Naj omenim, da bodo clevelandska društva S.N.P.J. kupila zemljišče, na katerem se bomo lahko razvedrili, kolikor se bomo hoteli. Za danes naj zadostuje.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem,

Frank Somrak ml.

\* \* \*

Other letters were written by the following members:

Mary Nickolich, Zeigler, Ill.  
Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.  
Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.  
Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio.  
Pauline Kaucich, Avella, Pa.  
Pauline Stefanic, De Pue, Ill.  
Frank Sadler, Library, Pa.  
Albin Lach, Beaver, Wis.

\* \* \*

NOTE.

Margaret Prasnikar, Clinton, Ind.—What is the answer to your riddle?

\* \* \*

Ivan Albrecht:

V INDIJO

VIJA, vaja,  
ena, dve,  
kdor ostaja,  
naj pove!  
Vija, vaja,  
dober glas,  
kar ne raja,  
ni za nas.

Konja bomo osedlali,  
v Indijo se odpeljali,  
voz lesen in usnjat bič,  
vse ostalo ni za nič.

Tri gore in tri vode,  
konj po ravni cesti gre,  
ravna cesta sredi hiše,  
skozi okna veter piše.

Konj, konjiček, ihaha,  
vija, vaja, dva in dva!  
Tu je stena, kraj sveta,  
pod klopjo pa Indija!

Vija, vaja,  
pisan raj,  
kdor nagaja,  
gre nazaj.



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Number 3.

## IN MARCH

THE cock is crowing,  
 The stream is flowing,  
 The small birds twitter,  
 The lake doth glitter,  
 The green field sleeps in the sun:  
 The oldest and youngest  
 Are at work with the strongest:  
 The cattle are grazing,  
 Their heads never raising,  
 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,  
 The snow has retreated,  
 And now doth fare ill  
 On the top of the bare hill;  
 The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:  
 There's joy in the mountains;  
 There's life in the fountains,  
 Small clouds are sailing,  
 Blue sky prevailing,  
 The rain is over and gone!

*William Wordsworth.*

## EARLY SPRING

NOW, dearest, lend a heedful ear  
 And listen while I sing  
 Delights to every maiden dear,  
 The charms of early spring:  
 When earth is dotted with the heaps  
 Of corn, when heron-scream  
 Is rare but sweet, when passion leaps  
 And paints a livelier dream,

When all must cheerfully applaud  
 A blazing open fire;  
 Or if they needs must go abroad,  
 The sun is their desire;  
 When everybody hopes to find  
 The frosty chill allayed  
 By garments warm, a window-blind  
 Shut, and a sweet young maid.

Then may the days of early spring  
 For you be rich and full  
 With love's proud, soft philandering  
 And many a candy-pull,  
 With sweetest rice and sugar-cane:  
 And may you float above  
 The absent grieving and the pain  
 Of separated love.

*By Kalidasa.*

# An Achievement of Don Quixote

(Continued.)

## His Terrific and Desperate Adventure.

WHEN the author of this great history comes to relate what is set down in this chapter he says he would have preferred to pass it over in silence, fearing it would not be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness reaches the confines of the greatest that can be conceived, and even goes a couple of bowshots beyond the greatest. But, after all, though still under the same fear and apprehension he has recorded it without adding to the story or leaving out a particle of the truth, and entirely disregarding the charges of falsehood that might be brought against him. He was right, for the truth may run fine but will not break, and always rises above falsehood as oil above water.

When Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, Sancho was buying some curds the shepherds agreed to sell him, and flurried by the great haste his master was in, did not know what to do with them; so, not to lose them, for he had already paid for them, he thought it best to throw them into his master's helmet, and acting on this bright idea he went to see what his master wanted with him. He, as he approached, exclaimed to him:

"Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call upon me to arm myself."

The man of the green gaban on hearing this looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming toward them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the King's, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however, would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures. He replied to the gentleman:

"He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack me."

Turning to Sancho he called for his helmet; and Sancho, as he had no time to take out the curds, had to give it just as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without perceiving what was in it thrust it down in hot haste upon his head; but as the curds were pressed and squeezed, they began to run all over his face and beard, whereas he was so startled that he cried out to Sancho: Sancho, what is this? I think my head is softening, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating from head to foot! If I am sweating it is not indeed from fear. I am convinced beyond a doubt that the adventure which is about to befall me is a terrible one. Give me something to wipe myself with, for this profuse sweat is blinding me."

Sancho held his tongue, and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God at the same time that his master had not found out what was the matter. Don Quixote then wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that made his head feel so cool, and seeing all that white mash inside his helmet he put it up to his nose, and as soon as he had smelt it he exclaimed: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but it is curds you have put here, you treacherous, impudent, ill mannered squire!"



To which with great composure and pretended innocence, Sancho replied: "If they are curds let me have them, your worship, and I'll eat them; but let the devil eat them, for it must have been he who put them there. I dare to dirty your worship's helmet! You have guessed the offender finely! Faith, sir, by the light God gives me, it seems I must have enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship. They must have put that nastiness there in order to provoke your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do. Well, this time, indeed, they have missed their aim, for I trust to my master's good sense to see that I have got no curds or milk, or anything of the sort; and that if I had it is in my stomach I would put it and not in the helmet."

"May be so," said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman was observing, and with astonishment, more especially when, after having wiped himself clean, his head, face, beard, and helmet, Don Quixote put it on and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, he cried: "Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person!"

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote planted himself before it and said: "Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?"

To this the carter replied: "The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty. The flags are our lord the King's, to show that what is here is his property."

"And are the lions large?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, "that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain. I am the keeper and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are male and female; the male is in that first cage and the female is in the one behind. They are hungry now for they have eaten nothing today, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them."

Hereupon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed: "Lion whelps to me! to me whelps of lions; and at such a time! Then, by God! these gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened by lions. Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper, open the cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plan I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who send them to me."

"So, so," said the gentleman to himself at this. "Our worthy knight has shown of what sort he is; the curds, no doubt, have softened his skull and brought his brains to a head."

At this instant Sancho came up to him, saying: "Señor, for God's sake, do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions; for if he does they'll tear us all to pieces here."

"Is your master then so mad," asked the gentleman, "that you believe and are afraid he will engage such fierce animals?"

"He is not mad," said Sancho, "but he is venturesome."

"I will prevent it," said the gentleman; and going over to Don Quixote, who was insisting upon the keeper's opening the cages, he said to him: "Sir

knight, knights errant should attempt adventures which encourage the hope of a successful issue, not those which entirely withhold it; for valor that trenches upon temerity savors rather of madness than of courage. Moreover, these lions do not come to oppose you, nor do they dream of such a thing; they are going as presents to his Majesty, and it will not be right to stop them or delay their journey."

"Gentle sir," replied Don Quixote, "you go and mind your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave everyone to manage his own business; this is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen the lions come to me or not." Turning to the keeper he exclaimed: "By all that's good, sir scoundrel, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance."

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armor, said to him: "Please, your worship, for charity's sake, señor, let me unyoke the mules and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for all I possess is this cart and mules."

"O man of little faith," replied Don Quixote, "Get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice: "I call here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn



REMBRANDT: *Portrait of a Merchant.*

this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well. You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm."

Once more the gentleman strove to persuade Don Quixote not to do such a mad thing, as it was tempting God to engage in such a piece of folly. To this Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was about. The gentleman in return entreated him to reflect, for he knew he was under a delusion.

"Well, señor," answered Don Quixote, "if you do not like to be a spectator of this tragedy, as in your opinion it will be, spur your flea-bitten mare, and place yourself in safety."

Hearing this Sancho with tears in his eyes entreated him to give up an enterprise, compared with which the one with the windmills, and the awful one of the fulling mills, and, in fact, all the feats he had attempted in whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. "Look ye, señor," said Sancho, "there is no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cages I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could belong must be bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at any rate," replied Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to you than half the world. Retire, Sancho. And if I die here you know our old compact; you will repair to Dulcinea, I see no more." To this he added some further words that banished all hope of his giving up this insane project. He of the green gaban would have offered resistance, but he found himself ill matched as to arms, and did not think it prudent to come to blows with a madman, for such Don Quixote now showed himself to be in every respect; and the latter renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats gave warning to the gentlemen to spur his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mule, all striving to get away from the cart as far as they could before the lion broke loose. Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions. He cursed his fate and called it an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him again; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to trash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but he replied that he heard him and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings and entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bid him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot, instead on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rozinante might take fright at the sight of the lions. He therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvelous intrepidity and resolute courage. He planted himself in front of the cart commending with all his heart first to God, and then to his lady Dulcinea.

It is to be observed, that on coming to this passage, the author of this voracious history breaks out into exclamations. "O doughty Don Quixote! High mettled past extolling! Mirror, wherein all the heroes of the world may see themselves! Second and modern Don Manuel de Leon, once the glory and honor of the Spanish knighthood! In what words shall I describe this dread exploit, by what language shall I make it creditable to the ages to come, what eulogies

are there unmet for thee, though they be hyperboles piled on hyperboles! On foot, alone, undaunted, high souled, but with a simple sword, and that no trenchant blade of the Perillo brand, a shield, but no bright polished steel one, there stoodst thou, bading and awaiting the two fiercest lions that Africa for-ests ever bred! Thy own deeds be thy praise, o brilliant Manchegan, and here I leave them as they stand, wanting the words wherewith to glorify them!"

Here the author's outburst came to an end, and he proceeded to take up the thread of his story, saying that the keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery and the daring knight, flung open the door of the first cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of an enormous size, and grim, and tedious mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with near two palms' length of tongue that he had thrust forth he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face. Having done this the lion put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanor to strike into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters to him, when he hoped to hue him to pieces.

(To be concluded.)

## Waves and Solids

**I**T always seems that the most remarkable thing about wireless messages is the way the waves conveying them disregard and pass through most solid objects. If we have a portable set and place it in a room the fact it is surrounded by thick walls makes no difference.

This is indeed a great marvel, but a somewhat similar thing is happening every day, and passes unrecognized. If we shut ourselves in a room with the door and windows securely fastened we are surrounded by solids, yet if a sound occurs in the garden or some other part of the house we hear it quite distinctly. This must mean that the sound waves set in motion, like the wireless variety, are not stopped by the solid objects surrounding us, but pass through or round them, and are recorded by the wonderful apparatus contained in our ears.

This is very remarkable; perhaps even more remarkable than the achievements of wireless. It is possible that if we placed ourselves in a room with walls of felt and asbestos we should be unable to hear anything of the outside world unless a very loud noise occurred near at hand, and it would be interesting to state the kind of wall through which a wireless wave could not penetrate. Scientific men have become aware of very powerful rays which come to the Earth from somewhere in space and are so strong that they can penetrate 16 feet of lead; this seems to be their limit of penetration, but the wireless waves have far less penetrability and can be held up by barriers of conducting metal.

These questions cause us seriously to think, because substances we have regarded as solid and impenetrable are under certain circumstances nothing of the kind, and can be penetrated by mysterious waves and rays as easily as we push a needle through a piece of linen. These impulses are, of course, passing through our own bodies all the time, but we know nothing of them and, so far as we know, they have no effect on us.



## Reflections on Conversation

THE REASON why so few persons are agreeable in conversation is that each thinks more of what he desires to say than of what the others say, and that we make bad listeners when we want to speak.

YET it is necessary to listen to those who talk, we should give them the time they want, and let them say even senseless things; never contradict or interrupt them; on the contrary, we should enter into their mind and taste, illustrate their meaning, praise anything they say that deserves praise, and let them see we praise more from our choice than from agreement with them.

TO PLEASE others we should talk on subjects they like and that interest them, avoid disputes upon indifferent matters, seldom ask questions, and never let them see that we pretend to be better informed than they are.

WE SHOULD talk in a more or less serious manner, and upon more or less abstruse subjects, according to the temper and understanding of the persons we talk with, and readily give them the advantage of deciding without obliging them to answer when they are not anxious to talk.

AFTER having in this way fulfilled the duties of politeness, we can speak our opinions to our listeners when we find an opportunity without a sign of presumption of opinionatedness. Above all things we should avoid often talking of ourselves and giving ourselves as an example; nothing is more tiresome than a man who quotes himself for everything.

WE CANNOT give too great study to find out the manner and the capacity of those with whom we talk, so as to join in the conversation of those who have more than ourselves without hurting by this preference the wishes or interests of others.

THEN we should modestly use all the modes above mentioned to show our thought to them, and make them, if possible, believe that we take our ideas from them.

WE SHOULD never say anything with an air of authority, nor show any superiority of mind. We should avoid far fetched expressions, expressions hard or forced, and never let the words be grander than the matter.

IT is not wrong to retain our opinions if they are reasonable, but we should yield to reason; wherever she appears and from whatever side she comes, she alone should govern our opinions; we should follow her without opposing the opinions of others, and without seeming to ignore what they say.

IT IS dangerous to seek to be always the leader of the conversation, and to push a good argument too hard, when we have found one. Civility often hides half its understanding, and when it meets with an opinionated man who defends the bad side, spares him the disgrace of giving way.

WE ARE sure to displease when we speak too long and too often on one subject, and when we try to turn the conversation upon subjects that we think more instructive than others; we should enter indifferently upon every subject that is agreeable to others, stopping where they wish, and avoiding all they do not agree with.



EVERY kind of conversation, however witty it may be, is not equally fitted to all clever persons; we should select what is to their taste and suitable to their condition, their talents, and also choose the time to say it.

WE SHOULD observe the place, the occasion, the temper in which we find the person who listens to us, for if there is much art in speaking to the purpose, there is no less in knowing when to be silent. There is an eloquent silence which serves to approve or to condemn, there is a silence of discretion and of respect. In a word, there is a tone, an air, a manner, which renders everything in conversation agreeable or disagreeable, refined or vulgar.

BUT it is given to few persons to keep this secret well. Those who lay down rules too often break them, and the safest we are able to give is to listen much, to speak little, and to say nothing that will ever give ground for regret.

*Roche foucauld.*

## Do not Laugh too Much

AT the beginning of Time (says the fable) there was a wild cat who lived in the jungle and preyed upon small things like mice and beetles. One day he saw some fowls pecking at the seeds of a creeper, and he thought they looked good to eat, but he was frightened by the fierce appearance of the cock with his proud crest.

His teeth may be as terrible as the crocodile's or the tiger's, thought the cat, and he made a plot to find out whether the cock really was as dangerous as he seemed.

First the cat sent an invitation to the fowls to see him dance. They came, of course, for they had seen black men dance in war paint, bells, and plumes, and they expected a fine entertainment. But the cat did not dress up, and when the fowls saw him prancing about without any grand dance clothes they laughed aloud in derision.

As they laughed the cat saw that they had no teeth, and he pounced on the cock and ate him.

Perhaps there is a lesson wrapped up in the little tale. Nothing betrays a man so quickly as laughter, and we may safely take a man's measure by the things he laughs at. If he never laughs at all he is a dull fellow, but if he laughs too readily and loudly we are reminded of the Latin saying, "You may know a fool by his much laughing," and of Goldsmith's phrase about "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

In the East, where wit seldom wins more than a grave smile, the people say "Laughter is for white men and monkeys."



## When China Began to Sit up Late

ABOUT twenty years ago the Chinese did not sit up much in the evening. They did not have much light. They had only their ancient lanterns and their feeble vegetable oil illuminations.

A Chinese university once calculated that there were six hundred million chickens in China. The four hundred million Chinese used to go to bed at the same time as the six hundred million chicks!

Then something happened to change it all. A business firm from the West began to give away little tin lamps with glass chimneys about six inches high which would hold a few tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Each had a good wick, each was a strong, well-made little lamp. The firm promised a lamp to anybody for nothing in return for buying a quantity of what was a new, strange oil to the Chinese to burn in it.

The most dashing families responded first. In the evenings their more cautious friends (can you imagine the yellow, impassive faces?) would call in to stare solemnly at the new possession, which, of course, lighted up the Chinese home in quite a wonderful way. After that China began to sit up at night. That little lamp created just as much of a revolution in the East as the wireless or the motor-car did in the West; it added millions, or billions, of hours to the lives of many people. Reading and writing were quite easily achieved at last.

Today China has tens of millions of these little lamps up and down her vast lands, and a great armada of oil-tankers plough over the seas from America to bring the necessary kerosene for them. What a romance it is! But does it mean, we wonder, that the Chinese rise much later than they did, and miss their wonderful sunrises? If that is so it will not be all gain; they will lose something very precious, and can we be sure that what they will read will compensate them for their loss?

### WHERE ARE THEY ALL?

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said:

Where are the kings, and where the rest  
Of those who once the world possessed?

They're gone with all their pomp and show,  
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

O thou who chooseth for thy share  
The world, and what the world calls fair,

Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end!

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head:  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

*Longfellow.*

## Herculaneum Long Ago

We have been in the Sybil's cave and many other strange holes under ground, but the strangest hole I ever was in has been today at a place called Portici, where his Sicilian Majesty has a country seat. About a year ago, as they were digging, they discovered some parts of ancient buildings above 30 feet deep in the ground. Curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the passage they have made, with all its turnings and windings, is now more than a mile long. As you walk you see parts of an amphitheatre, many houses adorned with marble columns

and incusted with the same; the front of a temple, several arched vaults of rooms painted in fresco. Some pieces of painting have been taken out from hence finer than anything of the kind before discovered; also a number of statues, medals, and gems; and more are dug out every day. The wood and beams remain so perfect that you may see the grain, but burned to a coal and dropping into dust upon the least touch!

—Horace Walpole on seeing Herculaneum dug up in 1737.



REMBRANDT: *Portrait of an Old Man.*

*La Fontaine:*

## THE DOVES

TWO DOVES once cherished for each  
other

The love that brother hath for brother.  
But one, of scenes domestic tiring,  
To see the foreign world aspiring,

Was fool enough to undertake  
A journey long, o'er land and lake.  
"What plan is this?" the other cried;  
"Wouldst quit so soon thy brother's  
side?

This absence is the worst of ills;  
Thy heart may bear, but me it kills.  
Pray, let the dangers, toil, and care,

Of which all travelers tell,  
Your courage somewhat quell.

Still if the season later were—  
O wait the zephyrs!—hasten not—"  
Just now the raven, on his oak,

In hoarser tones than usual spoke:  
"My heart forebodes the saddest  
lot,—

The falcons, nets—Alas, it rains!  
My brother, are thy wants sup-  
plied?—

Provisions, shelter, pocket-guide,  
And all that unto health pertains?"  
These words occasioned some demur  
In our imprudent traveler.

But restless curiosity  
Prevailed at last; and so said he,—  
"The matter is not worth a sigh;  
Three days, at most, will satisfy,  
And then returning, I shall tell  
You all the wonders that befell,—  
With scenes enchanting and sublime  
Shall sweeten all our coming time.  
Who seeth nought, hath nought to  
say.

My travel's course, from day to day,  
Will be the source of great delight.

A store of tales I shall relate,—  
Say there I lodged at such a date,  
And saw there such and such a sight.  
You'll think it all occurred to you."  
On this, both, weeping, bade adieu.  
Away the lonely wanderer flew.

A thunder-cloud began to lower;  
He sought, as shelter from the shower,  
The only tree that graced the plain,  
Whose leaves ill turned the pelting  
rain.

The sky once more serene above,  
On flew our drenched and dripping  
dove,

And dried his plumage as he could.  
Next, on the borders of a wood,  
He spied some scattered grain of  
wheat,

Which one, he thought, might safely  
eat;

For there another dove he saw.  
He felt the snare around him draw!  
This wheat was but a treacherous  
bait

To lure poor pigeons to their fate.  
The snare had been so long in use,  
With beak and wings he struggled  
loose:

Some feathers perished while it  
stuck;

But what was worst in point of luck,  
A hawk, the cruellest of foes,  
Perceived him clearly as he rose,  
Off dragging, like a runaway,  
A piece of string. The bird of prey  
Had bound him, in a moment more,  
Much faster than he was before,  
But from the clouds an eagle came,  
And made the hawk himself his game.  
By war of robbers profiting  
The dove for safety plied the wing.

And, lighting on a ruined wall,  
Believed his dangers ended all.  
A roguish boy had there a sling,  
(Age pitiless!

We must confess.)

And, by a most unlucky fling,  
Half killed our hapless dove;  
Who now, no more in love

With foreign traveling,  
And lame in leg and wing,  
Straight homeward urged his crip-  
pled flight.

Fatigued, but glad, arrived at night,  
 In truly sad and piteous plight.  
 The doves rejoined, I leave you all to  
 say  
 What pleasures might their pains  
 repay,

Ah, happy lovers, would you roam:  
 Pray, let it not be far from home.  
 To each the other ought to be  
 A world of beauty ever new;  
 In each the other ought to see  
 The whole of what is good and true.

## Notes, Questions and a Dictionary

<sup>1</sup> "Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti." The story is a classic in Slovene literature, and one of the best short-stories of Fran Erjavec. The proverb itself, which will prove an extremely suitable title for the story, is one of the most common proverbs in the Slovene language. There are several similar proverbs in English.

<sup>2</sup> *Log*. A tract of land in Čerin's possession.

<sup>3</sup> *Nobnega silnega dela nimam*. *Nobnega najnega dela nimam*.

<sup>4</sup> *Dragarjevemu vinu na ljubo*. *Dragar* was an inn-keeper.

<sup>5</sup> *Nič hudega jima ni*. Note the use of adjective "hud."

<sup>6</sup> *Tako nizko je padla Čerinova hiša*. In this case *hiša* means the entire household.

<sup>7</sup> *Oddal sem samo nekatere kose*. Čerin gave away, or sold, tracts of land.

<sup>8</sup> *Peklenske podobice*. Playing cards. Among the Slovene peasants gambling with cards is considered one of the worst vices, connected even with superstition.

<sup>9</sup> *Ali boš z litanijami skoro pri kraju*. *Ali boš kmalu nehala govoriti*. The figurative word *litanije* is derived from a long series of prayers.

<sup>10</sup> *Tudi srama nimaš več*. Unusual expression in Slovene. More common: *Tudi sram te ni več*, or, *Tudi sramuješ se ne več*.

<sup>11</sup> *A včeraj si vendar spet lezel tja*. *Si šel tja*. *Lezel* (*lezti*) means originally "to creep."

<sup>12</sup> *Suho grlo*. Čerin was thirsty again.

<sup>13</sup> *Meso je bilo slabo*. A biblical expression. Čerin's intention was good, but he was inclined to do bad.

<sup>14</sup> *Pod visokim Kolkom*. *Kolek* is obviously a mountain.

<sup>15</sup> *Cesarskega denarja ni imel*. Means money in general.

<sup>16</sup> *Se je uštel*. *Se je zmotil*.

<sup>17</sup> *Dogospodarila sta*. *Sta prišla na beraško palico* is another common expression.

<sup>18</sup> *Vinska mešica*. *Mešica* means a small fly of mosquito size. *Vinska mešica* (*mušica*) is the same insect in vine cellars. Mrs. Čerin applied the word quite liberally.

<sup>19</sup> *Mož stare korenine*. An old fashioned, but wise and sturdy.

<sup>20</sup> *Mu je plačati vino*. Notice the peculiar use of the pronoun *mu*.

<sup>21</sup> *Čerinu se je obesil nos*. He felt the insult.

<sup>22</sup> The practice of reaching the harvest on another man's land is common in paying the debts or interests on loans.

<sup>23</sup> *Oljčna nedelja*. The Sunday before Easter. The Slovene peasants use no numerical dates.

\* \* \*

1. Try to reproduce in your own words the character of Čerin, of his wife, and of Dragar.

2. Why did Mrs. Čerin scold her husband? Did he obey her?

3. Who exploited Čerin, and why?

4. Did Čerin's discovery of the destruction that the inn-keepers brought upon his forest have any important effect upon his life?

5. What did Čerin do to get the money to meet the needs of his family?

6. What made on Čerin a strong impression which indicates that he is going to begin a different life?

Answer the questions in Slovene, or English.

\* \* \*

### A DICTIONARY OF LESS COMMON SLOVENE WORDS

*Izkušnjava*, temptation;

*imetek*, property;

*tržan*, townsman;

*krčma*, tavern, inn;

*žaga*, saw mill, saw;

*žužek*, insect;

*preobrat*, change, reaction;

*orožnik*, policeman, gendarme;

*goldinar*, a silver coin of about half dollar;

*obresti*, interest;

*izba*, room; *izbica*, small room;

*kesanje*, repentance;

*zapravljati*, to spend;

*kreniti*, to turn in a different direction;

*ušteti se*, to make mistakes;

*pražnji*, for holiday wear;

*ogoljen*, soiled;

*plitek*, shallow;

*bodisi*, either;

*pogostoma*, often.





## TO THE READERS:—

Most of the contributors express their desire of learning the Slovene language in order to be able to contribute letters in our language and to be able to understand the Slovene half of the Mladinski list. We are aware of the difficulty, for there are but very few Slovene settlements in the United States that maintain Slovene schools. For the sake of those that have an earnest desire and the will to learn the language we are beginning, in this issue, to publish a simple and yet very interesting story written by a Slovene juvenile writer, Frank Erjavec. (See page 73.) To help you out there are several explanations, notes, and a dictionary of the less common Slovene words on page 92. First, read the story through, and then read it again more carefully, using the notes and consulting your parents or some other Slovene who is able to assist you. Moreover, try to answer the questions orally and write down the answers. Then let us know about your success. If we can help you in any respect, write to us what is your chief difficulty.

\*

Learning the Slovene language means more to you than simply improving your cultural outlook. The welfare of your future life depends only partly on your schooling; it is the understanding of your parents, of their ways and customs, that your happiness rests on. Your friendship and your character begin to develop at home, and if there are no ties to keep you close to your folks, you can hardly have any real friends in future life. To be sure, the language of your folks is one of the ties, or means, that enable you to become a real friend and a good character. After all, there is nothing in the world so pleasing as an intimate chatter with one's parents, and there is nothing so disgraceful as one's inability to understand his own father and mother.

\*

We have mentioned in the last issue that preparations are going on for a proper celebration of the **Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the S.N.P.J.** Let us give more of the S.N.P.J. color to the Mladinski list for this occasion. As you know the "Jednota" will be twenty-five on April 9, 1929. Contribute your writing soon, for we want to publish it in the April issue. Write something about

the S.N.P.J., its anniversary, about your lodge, about the celebration of your lodge, or anything that deals with the S.N.P.J. This occasion, as you know, may be inspiring to the S.N.P.J. poets. Can you write verses? How about a verse or two about the S.N.P.J.? Try hard to write it.

YOUR EDITOR.

Dear Editor:

I am very proud of the S.N.P.J. lodge. I like it more and more and I'm going to write to the M. L. as many times as I can. Last Christmas our lodge No. 344 invited all the children of the S.N.P.J. to the hall where they always have meetings, and gave each one a present which they were all satisfied with. Because the lodge is so good all the girls and boys in the S.N.P.J. of Sheboygan ought to write to the Mladinski List. We came from Scofield, Utah, February 22, 1923, and we are glad that we're in Sheboygan. My sister, my brother, and I, went to four public schools and we like them because they're the best.

Anna Lonchar,  
607 N. Water St., Sheboygan, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

In December edition I saw the picture of Robert Zakovšek, the young accordion player, so I thought I would write about my sister Helen.

Helen is twelve years of age and in the ninth grade. She is good in acrobatic work. She has played at a show, cripple institution, Masonic Temple, and Convention Hall.

In one program for a lodge she received fifteen dollars.

Yours truly,  
John Krainz, Detroit, Mich.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

My father was the first one to organize our lodge No. 485. I enjoy it for I, too, am a member over four years. We have a bad winter this year, cold and snow, but still I go to school every day. My father teaches me slovensko writing and reading. I hope to write slovensko and tell you the news from this city.

Frank Pungartnik,  
Fort Washington, Wis.

\* \* \*

A girl had started to sign her name "Jessica." Her brother wrote back:

"Dear Jessica:—Mamica and dadica went to visit aunt Lizica. Uncle Samica is buying a machinica and can't decide whether to buy a Fordica or a Chevica. The ol' cowica has a calfica and I was goin' to call it Nellica, but changed it to Jimica, 'cause it was a bullica.

Your brother,  
Tomica."

Hermena Zora, Panama, Ill., Box 606.

Dear Editor:

I have somewhat neglected writing to the M. L. since my mother died. I resolved to write a good while ago, but putting it away day by day I finally got down to business.

In December I received a book to which I think I had no right. It was very interesting and once I got started reading it I found it hard to leave it.

It was the 25th of September when Mr. Kobal came to lecture at the Slovene Labor Auditorium. I met him there and had a talk with him. He gave me some good advise which I hope to follow. I bid Mr. Kobal and all the members good luck.

Joe Lever,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \* \*

#### BE READY TO WRITE

Take your pen or pencil,  
And paper in hand,  
Then start some cute wise-crackin',  
To beat the very band,  
Write some clever liners,  
Maybe a ditty or two,  
On any passing news event,  
Anything witty will do,  
For the Mladinski List.

Mary Stroy,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

#### "HEARTS"

By L. Mitchell Thornton.

Brave hearts are loving hearts and true,  
Bold hearts are tender hearts as well;  
Staunch hearts are hearts that sometime knew  
Such tasks as fall to me, to you,  
And eager met them as they fell,

Glad hearts are stainless hearts and free,  
A merry heart can know not guile,  
Gay hearts must ever comrades be  
Of souls that pray no folly-fee  
And godly hearts are hearts that smile.

Sent by Mary Nickolich, Zeigler, Ill.

Editor:

There is nine of us. We all belong to the S.N.P.J. Our lodge number is 51. I surely like the Mladinski List.—I am in the fifth grade and twelve years old. The next time I will write more if it doesn't go into the waste basket.

**Katherine Zelnick,**  
Aspen, Colorado.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

The miners here do not have any work in the mines and have to travel very far in order to get work.

I wish other readers of the M. L. would write to me for I would gladly answer them.

**Evelyn Miklaucic,** Willock, Pa., Box 3.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

Our school has a basketball team which hasn't been successful in winning games. Our Eighth Grade class has a club called Literary, which, I think, is a benefit to the class.

**Edwin Wolfe,** Ulrichsville, O., Box 895.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

There are eight in our family and they all belong to the SNPJ No. 319. We go in a new school building at Morgan, Pa. We all walk to school every day. Our school team is a basketball team. Boys and girls have a large team, then every home room team has one girls team and a boys team.

**Frank Koss,** Cuddy, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I see that there are no letters from any of the members of the S. N. P. J. from Scranton, so I will write a few lines.

I am thirteen years old and will soon be a Freshman A. I like school and hope that others of the M. L. do to.

Well, I don't want to write too much, for I hope this letter will not be eaten by Mr. Waste Basket.—It is the first letter from Scranton.

I would like others from the M. L. to correspond with.—**Magdalen Logan** (age 13),

3105 N. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

One day Mother was giving me spelling words. She gave me the word "barren" and I spelled it "baron."

The day before I had seen the comical section of the "Sunday Star." Maggie and Jiggs were having dinner and Baron Waist was there.

When I spelled "baron" Mother said, "Not that kind of baron—barren waste."

B-a-r-o-n W-a-i-s-t, I spelled.

"Now, you know better than that," she said and we both laughed.

**Mary Stroy,**  
924 Arnold Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

#### JOKES.

##### Naughty Boy.

Naughty boy that stole the pie,  
Broke the plate and told a lie!

**Angela Zupan,** Hazel Park, Mich.

\*

New bride: Do you really think I'm a good cook?

New hubby: Best in the world, honey.

New bride: And which of my dishes do you like best?

New hubby: Canned peaches.

**Anna Yancic,** Tire Hill, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

My mother died on June the 18, 1928. I have a brother and a sister taken care of by the Humane Society. They are twins. I also have a brother in the Pormorale Orphanage. Joe, John and I keep house. Joe cooks and washes clothes. My other brother and I keep the floors and everything else clean. I hope the members will write some letters. My address is: 10010 Prince Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

**Mary Lever.**

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have five brothers and two sisters. We all belong to the S.N.P.J. We all like the Mladinski List. Seven of us go to school. I and Joseph are in seventh grade, Edward in the sixth, Violet in the fourth, Matilda in the third, Oscar in second, Raymond in first and Elmer stays home.

**Albert Klements,** Bridgeville, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### PUZZLES

##### 1. Palindrome.

Rearrange these letters so that they will form a palindrome, or a sentence that reads the same backward of forward:

F PPPP RRRR SSSS TT EEEE  
II OOOO.

\*

##### 2. Changed Word.

Change the word LOSE into FIND, altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only three intervening links.

# A Little Garden of Good Things

## FILL YOUR BASKET

THERE are growing in my garden  
Hoards of wealth untold;  
Come and gather, come and gather  
Copper, silver, gold.

Sunny marigolds are basking,  
Silverweed is spread;  
Pennywort and pennyroyal  
Crowd my garden bed.

Fill your basket, please your fancy,  
Never need you stint.  
Always can I give you money  
Having my own mint.

\* \* \*

## THE MOUSE'S WEDDING

IN a corner of the garden,  
Just behind the chicken house,  
I have found a little mouse hole  
And inside it lives a mouse.

I have often seen him playing,  
Very grey and very small,  
And when I go close up to him  
He doesn't mind at all.

The one morning he got married.  
Oh, the wedding was so grand!  
Such a crowd of friends had come that  
There was scarcely room to stand.

But the pair drove off quite safely  
And I threw such lots of rice—  
Which I found was eaten later  
By the other little mice.

\* \* \*

## Impossible

THERE are days in May when it is  
literally impossible for any person with  
health and leisure enough to walk in  
the country to believe in the futility of  
all existence.

*Aldous Huxley.*

## It Would Never Answer

I WOULD have all men kings! I  
would be a king myself. We have all  
naturally an equal right to the throne:  
we are all originally equal.

This is my opinion, and was once the  
opinion of a set of honest men who were  
called Levellers. They tried to erect  
themselves into a community where all  
should be equally free. But, alas! it  
would never answer, for there were  
some among them stronger, and some  
more cunning, than others, and these  
became masters of the rest; for, as  
sure as your groom rides your horses  
because he is a cunninger animal than  
they, so surely will the animal that is  
cunninger and stronger than he sit upon  
his shoulders in turn.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

\* \* \*

## The Prayer of the Dog

IF the prayers of the dog were an-  
swered it would rain bones.

*A Turkish saying.*

\* \* \*

## To the Stars

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am and what I ought to be,  
At the vessel's prow I stand which  
bears me

Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:  
Ye who from my childhood up have  
calmed me,

Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

*Matthew Arnold.*

\* \* \*

## The Death Roll of Ideas

THE number of the soldiers killed in  
the Great War is known. The number  
of the ideas and beliefs destroyed by it  
remains still unknown.

*Gustave Le Bon.*