

# Mladinski List

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

LETO—VOL. IV

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1925

ŠTEV.—NO. 9.

Izdaja

## SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Izhaja mesečno. — Naročnina:

	Za člane	Za nečlane
Zdr. Države za celo leto....	30c	60c
" " za pol leta....	15c	30c
Druge države: za leto.....		75c

## “JUVENILE”

Published Monthly by the

## SLOVENIAN NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY

Subscription Rates:

	Non-Members	Members
United States per year....	30c	60c
" " half year....	15c	30c
Other Countries per year...		75c

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 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized August 2, 1925.

UREDNIŠTVO IN UPRAVNIS  
(OFFICE:)  
2657 SO. LAWNDALE AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILL.



Jernj Joseph  
14311 Thames Ave.  
(53)

## VSEBINA—CONTENTS

	stran—page.
Gorska pravljica. (Utva).....	259
Jaz bi stopil. (Miroslav Kunčič).....	259
Slovenci. (Nadaljevanje).....	260
Tajnost mojstra Cornilla. (A. Daudet).....	265
Slepčev pes. (Paul Arene).....	268
Puranova noga. (Ernest Legouve).....	270
Desetica. (Ivan Cankar).....	271
Naš kotichek.....	273
* * *	
The Human Race Will Grow Wings. (C. M'Darment) .....	274
The Strange Story of a Wonderful Sea-God.....	277
The Red Buck. (Clarence Hawkes.) Conclusion....	281
The Kite Tournament. (Robert Long.) Conclusion	283
Uncle Sam's Laundry for Old Currency.....	286
Stone Game .....	286
Just for Fun .....	287
Practical Slovenian Grammar. (Conversations)....	288
* * *	
<b>Slike—Pictures:</b>	
Borec iz starih časov.....	263
Mlin ob potoku.....	267
Veseli dogodek na kmetih.....	273
* * *	
Some of Many Art Works in Chicago Art Institute	279
First Reading Lesson .....	285



# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

LETO IV.

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1925.

ŠTEV. 9.

## GORSKA PRAVLJICA.

V GORI biva  
stric bogat,  
v gori biva  
stric košat,  
v gori biva  
stric kosmat.  
Pa se nihče  
zanj ne zmeni  
do jeseni.

A jeseni —  
deca z doma

v goro roma  
strica obiskat.  
Takrat striček  
se odkrije,  
se odkrije  
in obrije  
in razmeče  
svoj zaklad,  
da ga lahko  
da ga lahko  
vsakdo vzame,  
kdor pač strica

ima rad.  
Sreča v gori  
deco, starka;  
napol bara,  
napol kara:  
"Kaj pa iščeš tod, svojat?"

"Veste, stara  
botra Mara,  
mi prišli smo  
kostanj brat!" "

Utva.

## JAZ BI STOPIL...

JAZ bi stopil vrh planin,  
v srcu poln želja,  
poletel kot ptič z višin  
daleč, daleč tja —  
s trumo brzo nebnihih ptic  
na srebrni oblak,  
v letu mehkih perutnic  
silen in lehak.

Tja odjadral bi, kjer žarno  
solnce je doma,  
ki tako nam radodarno  
z žarki je zlata.

In odjadral dan bi drugi  
v svate na zaton,  
kamor pade v sveti tugi  
v svoj škrlatni tron  
solnce — kralj naš — ko priroma  
trudno na večer  
v pokoj bisernega doma  
v svoj svečani mir.

Tam na vekomaj ostal bi,  
žejen pil prostost,  
pri veseljstva kralju kralj bi  
bil in njega gost.

Miroslav Kunčič.



# Slovenci.

(Dalje.)

“Kjerkoli Rimljan zmaga, tamkaj se tudi naseli.” Tako je velelo staro rimsko načelo. Zato so tudi te dežele dobile deloma rimsko prebivalstvo, kakor hitro je rimski orel nad njimi zagospodoval. Jugovzhodne pokrajine, Goriško z Vipavskim, so prišle pod rimsko oblast že l. 128. pred Kristusom. Osvojitev drugih dežel pa je združeno z imeni slovečih rimskih vojskovodij Julija Cezarja in Oktaviana, poznejšega cesarja Avgusta. Julij Cezar je obiskal le mimogrede, kakor pravi, iz tega namena te dežele, “da bi spoznal pokrajine in ljudstva”. Po njem se imenuje triglavsko pogorje “Julijske Alpe”, in prelaz čez Hrušico “postaja na Julijski planini” (statio in alpe Julia). Leta 14. po Kristusu je bila že vsa Ilirija v oblasti Rimljanov in meje njih cesarstva so se raztezale tja do Donave.

Slovenske dežele za dobo rimskega gospodstva niso tvorile upravne celote, temveč so bile razdeljene v več provincij. Koroško in severozahodni del Gorenjskega je pripadal Noriku, vzhodni Štajer in Dolenjsko z Emono (Ljubljano) vred Panoniji, Notranjsko z Goriškim pa Veneciji in Istri. Vendar so se meje pozneje večkrat izpremenile. — Po vseh teh pokrajinah so Rimljani najpreje ustanovili vojaška taborišča, katera so se kmalu razvila v naselbine in mesta. Najznamenitejša so bila na Koroškem: Virunum (na gosposvetskem polju), Tiburnia (blizu Špitala); na Štajerskem: Celeia (Celje) in Poetovium (Ptuj); na Kranjskem: Emona (Ljubljana), Nauportus (Vrhnika), Neviodunum (Krško); v Primorju: Tergeste (Trst).

Rimljan je prinesel marsikaj dobrega v deželo.

V prvi vrsti je treba omeniti ceste. V tem oziru so bili Rimljani pravi mojstri. Njih ceste so bile tako trpežne, da jih tudi poznejša stoletja niso uničila. Služile so trgovini in prometu skozi ves srednji vek. In še dandanes gredo vse glavne ceste v tisti smeri, v kateri so jih izpeljali Rimljani. Na mnogih krajih je bilo treba tir rimske ceste le popraviti, da se more na njej prevažati

ljudi in blago. Za naše kraje važno križišče cest je bilo v Akvileji (Ogleju). Od tod je bila izpeljana cesta na Koroško čez Pontebo, po Kanalski dolini v Beljak in preko Krive Vrbe v Virunum. Druga glavna proga je vodila preko Soče po Vipavski dolini čez Hrušico in Logatec (Longaticum) v Emono (Ljubljano). Odtod čez Savo pri Črnučah na Mengeš, Trojane (Adrante), Celje in Ptuj. V Emoni se je od te proge odcepila druga cesta, ki je vodila čez Šmarje, Trebnje (Praetorium Latobicorum), Novo mesto v Neviodunum, čigar ostanki se nahajajo na Krškem polju, in od tod ob Savi proti Sisku. Tudi Ptuj in Sisek, Celje in Virunum, Akvileja in Trst so bila zvezana s cestami, da ne omenjamo mnogih kolovozov in stranskih potov, ki so preprežali vse te pokrajine. Ceste so služile v prvi vrsti vojaškim namenom, pa tudi dobro urejeni državni pošti, trgovini in naobrazbi. Po njih so dohajali v deželo rimski naselniki.

Tuji gospodovalci so posebno dobro znali izrabljati tudi zaklade zemlje. Rudnike za baker, železo, svinec, ki so jih deloma že pričeli kopati prebivalci ilirske dobe, so Rimljani iznova dvignili, gradili so fužine in pospeševali kovaško obrt. Taki rimski rudniki so bili zlasti pogosti na Koroškem, na Kranjskem so se ohranili njih sledovi v Bohinju, pa tudi drugod. Domači izdelki so se v veliki množini izvažali v Italijo. Zadruga brodarjev, kovačev, tesarjev, suknarjev, ki se omenjajo v napisih, izpričujejo, kako zelo je tedaj cvetela obrt.

Z vlado Rimljanov konča stari vek, konča tudi doba vstaljenih in urejenih političkih in gospodarskih razmer v naših deželah. Kar je prišlo za njo, to je bilo razdejanje in zmeda, ki je trajala več stoletij. Novi narodi so tedaj prišli od vzhoda, si iskali selišč in izpodirivali drug drugega. Te-le dežele pa so bile tista struga, po kateri se je veletok ljudstev valil proti jugu v Italijo in na Balkan. — Prvi so prišli divji Huni. Njih poglavar Atila, imenovan “šiba božja,” je leta 452. pripeljal svoje trume iz ogrskih nižav, razdejal Ptuj, Celje, Emono, oplenil in razrušil bogato

Akvilejo in kot hudournik drl naprej v Italijo. Za Huni so prišli germanski rodovi Rugijcev, Herulov, Gepidov, Gotov in Langobardov. Vsi ti so drli preko teh pokrajin, izpodrinili rimsko prebivalstvo, se za nekaj časa vstavili, pa hiteli zopet naprej. Zadnji v tej vrsti so bili Slovenci.

\* \* \*

Slovensko ljudstvo je precej močne, velike in koščene rasti, rjavih las in oči. Po značaju je mirno, pošteno, skromno, gostoljubno ter zelo pridno in delavno. Zemlja ne rodi v izobilju, a vendar toliko, da vračuje kmetu njegov trud, zato mu je prešla marljivost v meso in kri. Narod ljubi petje in ples. Ohranil je še precej starih običajev, ki jih bo pa moderna civilizacija gotovo pregnala že v prihodnjih rodovih, oblači se pa že kakega pol stoletja ne več v narodno nošo. Izrecno je omeniti tudi gorko ljubezen, ki jo goji ljudstvo do svoje zemlje in do svojega jezika, saj sicer bi se vkljub svoji žilavosti že glede na svojo maloštevilnost ne bilo moglo ohraniti na tej, v preteklosti in sedanosti tako eksponirani točki Evrope in bi se vkljub svoji visoki nadarjenosti ne bilo moglo razviti kulturno in gospodarsko tako izredno visoko, da po pravici zasluži vse spoštovanje in občudovanje. In pokazati na to delo ter njegove uspehe je namen prihodnjih poglavij.

\* \* \*

## SLOVENCİ V PRETEKLIH STOLETJIH.

Slovenci so prišli na svoj današnji teritorij v šestem stoletju po Kristusovem rojstvu. Zasedli so tedaj vse ozemlje med Adrijo in Donavo do današnjega Beneškega in Tirolskega. Prodirali so ob velikih rekah, Muri, Dravi in Savi navzgor v alpske doline, si stavili na mestih starih selišč prejšnjih prebivalcev ali pa sredi iztrebljenih gozdov svoje domove ter stali pri tem v neprestanih bojih s sosedi in prejšnjimi lastniki ozemlja. Ustanovili so si kmalu tudi svojo narodno državo, katere središče je bila današnja Koroška, s knezi lastnega rodu ter stopili dvakrat, prvič za vlade kralja Sama v 7. stoletju s češkimi plemeni, drugič pod Ljudevitom Posavskim početkom 9. stoletja s Hrvati v ožje državne stike. Pritisk bojevitih sosedov zlasti germanskih plemen od severa in Obrov

ter pozneje Madžarov od vzhoda je bil pa tako silen, da svoje samostojnosti niso mogli dolgo vzdržati, zlasti še, ker so bili posebno po alpskih krajih prav redko naseljeni. V samotnih, od vsega sveta ločenih dolinicah živeča plemena je bilo kaj lahko podvreči, zato so prišli že kmalu po svoji naselitvi pod nadoblast Obrov in Bavarcev, in ko so prišli ti v sestav države Karla Velikega, pod nadoblast frankovskih vladarjev ter njih naslednikov, nemških cesarjev in kraljev. Od Bavarcev in oglejske cerkve so prejeli krščansko vero in z njo v cerkvenem oziru pripadništvo pod solnograške nadškofe in oglejske patrijarhe.

Z Nemci pa je prišel v slovenske kraje tudi germanski socialni in pravni red, ki je počasi izpodrival stare domače pravne šege in navade. Ostanke domačega prava lahko zasledujemo skozi ves srednji vek. Najpomembnejši spomenik slovenskega pravnega življenja v srednjem veku je tako zvano umeščanje koroških vojvod na stari kneževski prestol na Gosposvetskem polju na Koroškem, pravo, ki se je ohranilo med slovenskim koroškim ljudstvom izza dobe njegove samostojnosti in ki so ga spoštovali vladarji tuje krvi prav do novega veka.

S krščanstvom je prišla v deželo germanizacija in v njenem spremstvu kolonisti tuje krvi, ponajveč Bavarci. Nemški vladarji so podeljevali slovenske kraje nemškim plemičem, nemškim cerkvam in nemškim samostanom. Po hribovskih in brdskih so začeli zidati gradove za nemško ali ponemčeno plemstvo in prihajali so v vedno večjo odvisnost od nemške gospode. Najznamenitejši gospodarji slovenske zemlje so bili koroški vojvode ter goriški in celjski grofje (ki so imeli tesne rodbinske stike z ostalimi jugoslovanskimi vladarskimi rodbinami), poleg teh so pa imeli svoja posestva na slovenskih tleh tudi solnograški, briksenški in freisinški škofje ter oglejski patrijarhi, ki so vsi močno vplivali na usodo in razvoj slovenskih dežel in slovenskega ljudstva.

V XIII. ter XIV. stoletju so prišle te dežele definitivno v posest Habsburžanov.

Nemški pravni red je prinesel fevdalni sistem in slovenski kmet (domače plemstvo je polagoma izumiralo ali se pa potujčevalo) je

prišel v popolno odvisnost nemške svetne in cerkvene gospode. Dokler je vladalo naravno gospodarstvo, ta jarem po večini še ni bil pretežak, zato so se tudi mnogi svobodni kmetje prostovoljno odpovedovali svoji svobodi in se izročali gospodi, ker so našli pri njej nekako pravno in zasebno zaščito. Tudi so Slovenci še dolgo stoletij ohranili mnogo drugih svoboščin in privilegijev, zlasti v sodstvu, zato je kmet razmeroma prav lahko izhajal in ni čutil potrebe po večji politični svobodi.

Težji je postal njegov položaj, ko se je začelo uvajati denarno gospodarstvo in se je vdajala gospoda vedno bolj razkošnemu življenju na račun podložnega kmeta. Najbolj pa je trpel kmet vsled vednih medsebojnih bojev različnih velikašev, ki so se pulili za slovensko zemljo ter v teh bojih plenili in požigali imetje podložnikov svojega nasprotnika. Poleg raznih kužnih boleznih in uim so se pa začeli v XV. stoletju še neprestani turški napadi, ki so odslej skoro 300 let strašno pustošili in požigali slovensko zemljo in odganjali tisoče v sužnost. V teh navalih je bil navezan kmet zgolj na samoobrambo, kajti cesarji so bili proti Turkom brez moči, gospoda se je navadno skrila v svoje nepristopne gradove, meščani pa za močno obzidje svojih mest.

Ljudstvo je polagoma zelo obubožalo in vse te nesreče, katerih ni hotelo biti konca, so ga gnale v obup. Začel je segati po samopomoči in že v zgodovini XV. stoletja beremo o vedno pogostejših uporih in pobunah proti graščakom, ki so nalagali le vedno nove in nove davke, potrebnega varstva jim pa niso več nudili. Taki lokalni upori so bili seveda z lahkoto zadušeni in upornike je zadela navadno prav neusmiljena kazen. Uporni duh se pa ni dal več zadušiti, kajti kmet je vedno glasneje zahteval svojo "staro pravdo" (t. j. stare pravice, zapisane v urbarjih). Kmetje so začeli organizirati "slovensko kmetско zvezo," ki je uprizorila l. 1515 velik upor kmetškega ljudstva. Baje se je dvignilo tedaj 80.000 slovenskih kmetov, ki so požgali mnogo gradov in samostanov, a cesarska in plemiška vojska je zadušila upor v krvi in kmetom so naložili še nov "puntarski davek."

Misel na upor pa vkljub težkemu porazu še vedno ni zamrla, ampak je tekla v ponižani slovenski duši dalje. Kar so započeli očetje, so nadaljevali sinovi. Začeli so iskati zvez s Hrvati in sanjati o popolnem osvobojenju izpod tujega jarma. Središče in vodstvo vsega gibanja so prenesli na slovensko-hrvaško mejo, kjer je tedaj kruto zatiral svoje podložnike graščak Tah. Na čelo svoje zveze so postavili tri može: Matija Gubca, Ivana Pasanca in Ivana Magaiča, za vrhovnega poveljnika so si pa izvolili Ilijo Gregoriča. Po skoro enoletnih pripravah so se dvignili dne 29. prosinca l. 1573 in strašno pustošili obsovažene gradove po savski dolini. Pa tudi cesarska vojska in plemstvo sta bila pripravljena. Hitro so zbrali močno vojsko in ob Sotli sta se srečali obe armadi. Kakor levi so se borili slovensko-hrvaški kmetje, na tisoče jih je padlo, a končno so podlegli bolj organizirani in oboroženi cesarski vojski. Ujetnike so v trumah obešali na drevesa pred lastnimi domovi, požgali in opustošili uporne vasi, Gubca so pa odpeljali v Zagreb, kjer so ga na trgu sv. Marka posadili na razbeljen železni prestol in mu zabili na glavo razbeljeno železno krono z dolgimi žebli. Tako je poginil v nepopisnih mukah M. Gubec, "kmetški cesar" imenovan.

To je bil zadnji in največji poskus slovenskega naroda, da bi dosegel "staro pravdo" in svobodo. Niso je izbojevali vkljub strašnim žrtvam. V teh turških navalih in kmečkih uporih so padle najboljše moči in onemoglo ter izkrvavelo je obležalo slovensko telo na polju tega najveličastnejšega, a tudi najtragičnejšega socialnega boja.

Nekako istočasno se je vršil še drug pokret, ki je zapustil v slovenskem narodu najlepše kulturne sledove, to je—reformacija. Moralni propad katoliške duhovščine po mnogih pokrajinah je dal bivšemu nemškemu menihu M. Luthru povod za veliko versko gibanje, ki je začelo kmalu odmevati po vsej srednji Evropi. V slovenskih deželah se je postavil na njegovo stran Primož Trubar, ki je začel sredi XVI. stoletja vneto oznanjati nove nauke. Pridružili so se mu kmalu tudi nekateri drugi znameniti možje, zlasti Jurij Dalmatin, Adam Bohorič, Ivan baron Ungnad itd. Po zgledu nemških reformatorjev

so začeli tudi ti kmalu z živahnim knjižnim delovanjem in P. Trubar je že l. 1550 izdal prvi slovenski knjigi, katerima je sledila še kopica drugih. Najznamenitejši med njimi sta Dalmatinov prevod celotne biblije in Bohoričeva prva slovenska slovnica. Tudi to gibanje je našlo v slovenskem ljudstvu prav živahen odmev in v malo letih je stal na stra-

nega ozemlja so se v tej dobi bile vojne med Benečani in Avstrijci, od katerih razlikujemo dve, prvo (1508—1518) in drugo (1615—1617). Benečani v političnem pogledu nikdar niso veliko posegali na slovenska tla. Omeniti bi bilo tudi beneške Slovence, ki so od propada oglejske cerkvene države pa do konca republike sv. Marka tvorili nekako pred-

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Borec iz starih časov.

ni reformatorjev poleg večine plemstva tudi precejšen del naroda.

Ta pokret pa iz političnih razlogov ni bil všeč Habsburžanom. Poklicali so v deželo jezuite in druge redovnike. Ker to ni želo jezuite in druge redovnike. Ker to ni mnogo zaleglo, so započeli Habsburžani zatirati luteranstvo tudi z mečem v roki; reformatorsko gibanje je bilo zatrto za vedno.

Ob zapadnem robu slovenskega jezиков-

stražo beneške vlade proti avstrijskemu severu.

Tako je preživel slovenski narod XVI. in prvo polovico XVII. stoletja. Položaj malega slovenskega naroda je bil v tej dobi v raznih slovenskih pokrajinah različen in povsem odvisen od gospoda, ki mu je vladal in kateremu je bil izročen na milost in nemilost. Šele cesarica Marija Terezija je

uvedla takozvani "terezijanski davčni kaster," ki je služil odslej do l. 1819 za podlago pri odmeri davkov. Ta je bil za kmetiško ljudstvo nedoglednega pomena, ker je bil s tem kmet rešen graščakove samovolje. Cesar Jožef II. je odpravil tudi osebno robstvo kmeta in s tem je bilo postavljeno razmerje med kmetom in graščakom na trdno pravno podlago. Pod njuno vlado je bilo uvedenih še mnogo drugih važnih reform. Za to sta žela globoko hvaležnost vsega naroda, a trdovraten odpor plemstva, ki je pa vedno bolj izgubljalo svojo nekdanjo moč in pomen.

Popolnoma drugačno usodo so imela pa v tej dobi slovenska mesta. Tudi ona so bila ponajveč lastnina tega ali onega velikaša ali pa cesarja, a meščanstvo je imelo povsod zelo obsežne pravice, svoboščine in široko samoupravo, zato so zelo bogatela in igrala v tedanjem življenju prav odlično vlogo. Omeniti je tu zlasti mesta Ljubljano, Trst, Celje, Ptuj, Maribor in Novo mesto. Ona so bila središče višjega gospodarskega in kulturnega življenja, v njih so cveteli obrt, trgovina in znanost precej nemoteno, kajti bila so utrjena in zato niso občutila turških pustošenj in kmetjskih uporov. Preko njih je šla vsa trgovina od severa na jug in od zapada na vzhod, obenem se je pa baš na tem ozemlju križala in spajala latinska in nemška kultura, zato so tudi imela mesta v tej dobi pretežno nemško-italijanski značaj. V XVII. in XVIII. stoletju je prevladoval po slovenskih mestih zlasti romanski kulturni vpliv nad severnim germanskim. Še ohranjeni umotvori (slike, kipi in stavbe) nam pričajo o izbranem umetniškem okusu tedanjega meščanstva, ki je dobivalo tedaj svojo izobrazbo na italijanskih visokih šolah v Bolonji, Padovi in Paviji.

Tako so bili Slovenci precej pripravljeni na velike pretresljaje in izpremembe, ki sta jih prinesle tudi v slovenske kraje francoska revolucija in Napoleonove vojne. Glede na temeljite gospodarske, socialne in kulturne reforme cesarice M. Terezije in njenega sina Jožefa II. in lepi napredek pod Avstrijo v zadnjih desetletjih XVIII. stoletja se je slovensko ljudstvo izprva upiralo francoski okupaciji (1809—1813), ko je pa videlo, da jim

je ona prinesla še dalekosežnejše svoboščine in še večjo pravno sigurnost, je postalo kmalu popolnoma zadovoljno. Napoleon je spoznavši veliko geografsko važnost slovenskega ozemlja, združil tedaj del slovenskih in hrvaških dežel v ilirske pokrajine. Le vzhodna Koroška in Štajerska sta ostali pod Avstrijo, dočim je ozemlje zapadno od Soče pripadlo italijanskemu kraljestvu. Francoska uprava je takoj od početka krepko podpirala slovensko kulturno življenje, odmerila slovensčini veliko veljavo v šoli in uradu, olajšala socialni položaj kmetjskega ljudstva ter pridno gradila ceste. Vse to je uvidela inteligenca, zato je zapel prvi slovenski pesnik Val. Vodnik Francozom navdušeno himno "Ilirija oživljena" in šele pozneje, ko je začelo ljudstvo preveč čutiti težka Napoleonova vojna bremena, se je to zadovoljstvo izpreminjalo v odpor.

Žal, da je Napoleonova zvezda le prekmalu zatonila in da so morali zapustiti Francozi že l. 1813 tudi slovenske kraje, ki so prišli zopet pod avstrijsko oblast. Svežemu življenju, ki je zabrstelo pod Marijo Terezijo, Jožefom II. in Francozi, je sledila zopet reakcija. Zamrla je od Francozov ustanovljena ljubljanska visoka šola, iz šol in uradov je izginil slovenski jezik in tudi graščak je dobil nazaj mnogo prejšnjih pravic. Za mladim jutrom je prišla zopet temna, gluha in nema noč reakcije, nad katero je pazno bdela prusko-avstrijsko-ruska "sveta aliansa." Toda zrevolucionirani evropski narodi se niso dali več potlačiti in so le čakali boljših dni, ki so jim zasvetili v viharnem letu 1848. In tedaj se je dvignil tudi tako preizkušeni slovenski narod ter ni več klonil.

To je v kratkem trnjeva pot, ki jo je prehodil mali slovenski narod v svojih trinajstih stoletjih. Stal je vso to dolgo dobo na skrajnem zapadnem braniku Jugoslovanstva ter mu krepko in žilavo varoval hrbet proti vsem navalom Germanstva in Romanstva, obenem pa, varujoč hrbet krščanskega zapada pred polumesecem, še krvavel od ran, zadanih mu od strašnega turškega meča. Glede na svojo tako eksponirano geografsko lego je res precej izgubil, a že samo dejstvo, da je sploh vzdržal, dovolj glasno dokumentira notranjo silo tega naroda.



A. Daudet :

## Tajnost mojstra Cornilla.

(Iz "Lettres de mon Moulin".)

Francet Mamai, star piskač, ki prihaja včasih zvečer k meni na čašo kuhanega vina, mi je nedavno pripovedoval malo vaško dramo, ki ji je bil pred nekako dvajsetimi leti za pričo moj mlin.

Povest dobričine me je ganila in poskusiti hočem, povedati jo vam tako, kakor sem jo slišal.

Domišljajte si, dragi čitatelji, za trenotek, da sedite pred dišečo skledo kuhanega vina in da vam pripoveduje piskač!

Naša okolica ni bila vedno mrtev in neznan kraj, kakoršen je dandanes. Prej so imeli tukaj mlinarji dober zaslužek, in 10 milj naokoli so pošiljali posestniki k nam svoje žito mlet . . . Okoli in okoli vasi so bili grički, pokriti z mlini na veter. Na desni in na levi se je videlo nad hojami vrteča se krila v vetru, celi sprevodi majhnih, z vrečami otovorjenih oslov so lazili po potih gor in dol, in ves teden je bilo veselje z višine poslušati pokanje bičev, šumenje vreč in tisto "djehi!" mlinarskih hlapcev. Ti mlini, vidite, so bili veselje in bogastvo naše dežele.

K nesreči pa so se Francozi v Parizu izmislili, postaviti ob cesti v Tarascon parni mlin. Vse lepo, vse novo! Ljudje so se navadili pošiljati svoje žito parnim mlinarjem, in ubogi mlini na veter so ostali brez dela. Nekaj časa so se ti poskušali boriti, toda para je bila močnejša, in drug za drugim so bili, žal, prisiljeni delo ustaviti . . . Nič več ni bilo videti prihajati malih oslov . . . Veter je lahko pihal, toda mlinska krila so ostala nepremična . . . Potem je dala občina nekakega lepega dne vse tisto razpadajoče zidovje podreti in na njegovo mesto nasaditi trte in oljke.

Sredi tega poloma pa se je dobro držal en sam mlin ter se je vrtel pogumno dalje na svojem hribcu, parnim mlinarjem ravno pred nosom. To je bil mlin mojstra Cornilla, prav tale, kjer nocoj sediva.

Mojster Cornille je bil star mlinar, ki je živel že šestdeset let v moki in bil strastno vdan svojemu poklicu. Zgradba parnega mlina ga je spravila skoraj ob pamet. Osem dni ga je bilo videti, kako je letal po vasi, hujskal

svet okoli sebe in kričal na vso moč, da hočejo vso Provanso z moko iz parnih mlinov zastrupiti. "Ne hodite tja doli," je govoril; "ti razbojniki delajo kruh s paro, ki je iznajdba hudičeva. Izumel je še celo vrsto lepih besed na hvalo mlinov na veter, toda nihče ga ni poslušal.

Nato se je starec, ves besen, zaprl v svoj mlin in je živel čisto sam kakor divja zver. Niti svoje vnukinje Vivette, otroka petnajstih let, ki ni imel po smrti svojih staršev razen deda nikogar na svetu, ni hotel več obdržati pri sebi. Mala ubožica si je morala svoj živež prislužiti in delati po okolišnih posestvih, bodisi pri žetvi, pri gojitvi sviloprejk, ali po oljčnih vrteh, in vendar je ded tega otroka menda zelo ljubil. Zgodilo se je večkrat, da je šel štiri milje daleč po vročem solncu peš, samo da jo je obiskal na posestvu, kjer je ravno delala; in ko je bil pri njej, jo je cele ure gledal in jokal . . .

V vasi so mislili, da je stari mlinar poslal Vivetto proč iz same skoposti; in ni mu bilo v čast, da je pustil svojo vnukinjo hoditi od posestva do posestva ter se izpostavljal sirovostim hlapcev ter vsem bridkostim uslužbene mladine. Tudi so mu zelo zamerili, da je hodil mož z ugledom mojstra Cornilla, ki je dotlej sam sebe spoštoval, zdaj naenkrat kakor pravi potepuh, bos, s preluknjano čepico in v razcapani suknji. Istina je, da smo se ga mi drugi starci ob nedeljah, ko smo ga videli priti k nam, sramovali, in Cornille je čutil to tako dobro, da se ni upal več blizu, nego je ostajal v ozadju.

V življenju mojstra Cornilla je bilo nekaj temnega. Že dolgo ni prinesel noben človek iz vasi žita k njemu, in vendar so se krila njegovega mlina vrtela vedno dalje kakor prej . . . In zvečer so srečavali starega mlinarja na cestah, ko je gonil pred sabo osla, otovorjenega s težkimi vrečami moke.

— Dober večer, mojster Cornille! so mu klicali kmetje; mlin torej še zmerom dobro dela?

— Še zmerom, otroci, je odgovarjal starec z veselim obličjem. Hvala Bogu, meni se ne manjka dela.

In nato, če so ga vprašali, kje dobi, za vruga, toliko dela, je položil prst na svoje ustnice ter je odgovoril resno: "Tiho! Jaz delam za izvoz . . ." In nikdar ni bilo zvedeti več pri njem.

Pomoliti nos v njegov mlin, na to ni bilo niti misliti. Saj niti mala Vivette ni smela vstopiti.

Če si šel ondi mimo, si videl vrata vedno zaprta, velika krila so se vedno vrtela, star osel se je pasel po travi na planoti in velik, mršav maček, ki se je solnčil na robu okna, je gledal hudobno nate.

Vse to je dišalo po skrivnosti in dajalo svetu mnogo govoriti. Vsak si je razlagal tajnost mojstra Cornilla po svoje, toda občno mnenje je bilo, da je v tem mlinu več vreč s tolarji kot z moko.

Končno pa se je razkrilo vse in sicer takole.

Ker sem igral mladini na svoji piščalki za ples, sem opazil nekega lepega dne, da sta si moj najstarejši fant in mala Vivette vedno in vedno bolj naklonjena. Pravzaprav nisem bil hrd za to, zakaj vzlic vsemu je bilo ime Cornille pri nas v časti in potem bi me tudi veselilo, videti lepega malega vrabca, Vivette, skakati po moji hiši. Ker pa sta imela naša zaljubljenca mnogo priložnosti večkrat shajati se, sem hotel iz strahu, da bi se kaj primerilo, stvar takoj urediti in šel sem v mlin, da izpregovorim z dedom dve tri besede . . . Ah! stari čarodejnik! To je bilo vredno videti, s kakšno manirom me je sprejel! Nemogoče je bilo doseči, da bi vrata odprl. Razložiti sem mu moral svoje želje, kakor je pač bilo možno, skozi luknjico ključavnice; in ves čas, ko sem govoril, je pihala prokleta suha mačka ko hudič nad mojo glavo.

Starec pa mi ni dal niti toliko časa, da bi bil končal, nego mi je zakričal zelo nevljudno, naj se vrnem k svoji piščalki, in če se mi tako mudi, svojega sina oženiti, da naj grem vprašat dekleta v parnem mlinu. Lahko si mislite, da mi je zavrela kri pri teh hudobnih besedah, ampak bil sem toliko pameten, da sem se ukrotil, da sem pustil starega norca pri njegovih mlinskih kamenih ter se vrnil domov povedat otrokoma, kako slabo sem opravil. Uboga backa nista hotela verjeti

ni prosila sta me, naj jima, kakor iz posebne milosti, dovolim iti obenem skupaj v mlin, da govorita z dedom. Nisem se upal odbiti ju, in frrr! je zletel moj zaljubljeni parček.

Ko pa sta prišla, je bil mojster Cornille ravno izginil. Vrata so bila dovoljno zaprta, a stari dobričina je pri odhodu pustil svojo lestvo zunaj, in takoj sta si izmislila otroka zlesti skozi okno in si nekoliko ogledati ta slavni mlin.

Čudovito! Mlin je bil prazen: nobene vreče, niti zrna žita, niti prahu moke na stenah in po pajčevinah . . . Niti duha po dobrem toplem vonju zmlete pšenice, ki sicer veje po mlinih . . . Vreteno je bilo pokrito od prahu in velika mršava mačka je spala na njem.

Spodnja izba je bila prav tako zanemarljena in borna: revna postelja, nekaj cunj, kos suhega kruha na stopnici in potem v kotu tri, štiri vreče, ki so se bile raztrgale in iz katerih se je vsipal omet in vapnen pesek.

To je bila torej tajnost mojstra Cornilla! Ta vapneni pesek je vodil zvečer po cestah na izprehod, da reši mlinu čast in da bi mu ljudje verjeli, da melje moko . . . Ubogi mlin! Ubogi Cornille! Že davno so mu vzeli parni mlinarji poslednjega pomočnika. Toda krila so se vrtela zmerom in mlin je mlel na prazno.

Otroka sta se vrnila jokaje in mi pripovedovala, kaj sta videla. Srce mi je hotelo počiti, ko sem ju poslušal . . . In niti minute nisem izgubil, nego sem tekel k sosedom in jim z dvema besedama razložil, kakšna je stvar; in sklenili smo, da je treba takoj vse žito, kolikor ga je po hišah, odnesti v Cornillov mlin . . . Dogovorjeno, storjeno. Vsa vas se je dvignila na pot, in prišli smo sem gori s celo procesijo oslov, otovorjenih z žitom, s takimle pravim žitom!

Mlin je bil na stečaj odprt . . . Pred vrati mojster Cornille, sedeč na vreči z ometom, jokajoč, glavo zakopano v roke. Ko se je bil vrnil, je zapazil, da je v njegovi odsotnosti nekdo vdrl v mlin in razkril njegovo tajnost.

— Jaz revež! je dejal. Zdaj mi ne preostaja nič kot umreti . . . Mlin je onečasčen.

In ihtel je, da je trgalo srce, govoril mlinu in mu dajal najrazličnejša imena, kakor bi bil živo bitje.

V tem trenutku so dospeli osli na planoto, in mi smo, kakor v lepih časih mlinarjev, začeli vsi kričati:

— Ohe! mlin! . . . Ohe, mojster Cornille!

In tu so se zložile vreče k vratom na kup, in lepo rdečkastorumeno žito se je vsipalo od vseh strani po tleh.

Mojster Cornille je gledal debelo. Vzel je žita na svojo dlan, ga gledal, se smejal in

je, da ni imel ničesar med zobmi!

Vsi smo imeli solze v očeh, ko smo videli ubogega starca hiteti na desno in levo, izpraznjevati vreče, mlin urejati in nadzirati, med tem, ko se je žito mlelo in se je fini pšenični prah dvigal k stropu.

Po pravici moram povedati: od tega dne nismo pustili starega mlinarja nikoli več brez dela. Potem, nekega jutra pa je mojster Cornille umrl, in krila našega poslednjega

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Mlin ob potoku.

jokal ter vzklikal: — To je žito! — Dobro žito! Pustite me, da ga gledam!

Potem se je obrnil k nam:

— Ah, saj sem dobro vedel, da se vrnete k meni . . . Vsi tisti parni mlinarji so tatje.

Hoteli smo ga s triumfom nesti v vas:

— Ne, ne, otroci; najprej moram dati svojemu mlinu jesti! Pomislite! Že dolgo

mlina so se nehala vrteti, to pot za zmerom . . .

Cornille je bil mrtev, in nihče ni hotel biti njegov naslednik. Kaj hočete, gospod! . . . Vse ima svoj konec na tem svetu, in tudi čas mlinom na svetu je menda potekel, kakor tržnim ladjam na Rhoni, starim parlamentom in suknjičem z velikimi gumbi.



Paul Arene:

## Slepčev pes.

(Preložil Damjan.)

“Gospod! Hej, gospod! . . .”

Obrnil sem se, odkod prihaja klic, izražen nekako obotavljajoče, in opazil sem sredi travnika starca, ki je mahal po zraku s palico.

“Oprostite mi, gospod, je govoril dalje starec, saj sem slep in več nego uro že stojim tu; vi ste prvi človek, katerega korak sem zaslišal na tlaku.”

Vprašal me je, če se spoznam v teh krajih, in ko sem mu pritrnil, me je prosil, da ga spremim h klavnici.

Klavnica res ni bila daleč.

Po poti mi je pripovedoval starec svoj dogodek.

Bil je po poklicu berač (izven Pariza slepci ne znajo ničesar drugega); predvčerajšnjem je šel v spremstvu svojega psa, kateri je tudi trpel od vročine, kakor on in iztezal jezik; spomnil se je, da bi se pokrepčal, ko je korakal mimo male krčme, kjer prodajajo lahko in osvežujoče vino, katero ima okus po grozdih in mnogo ne stane.

“Če bi bil človek še revnejši, vendar je lahko žejen, če bega od jutra od hiše do hiše v cestnem prahu.”

K nesreči je zaspal in neki malopridneži so izrabili njegov spanec, da so prerezali vrvičico in odpeljali psa. “Kajti odpeljali so ga, gospod, siloma odpeljali; prostovoljno bi me vrla žival ne bila zapustila in šla z njimi! . . . Tako dober pes, gospod! . . . Imenoval sem ga Oslička, nekako iz prijateljstva, in ker me je hotel časih kam peljati, jaz pa nisem hotel, je bil trdovraten kakor človek . . .”

Skratka! Cestar je videl tri malopridneže, dosti slabo oblečene, po zgledu predmestnih potepuhov, ki so vlekli s seboj kodraste psa v smeri proti mestu in se smejali kakor kadar napravijo nekaj razposajenega. In ker je bil naš mož osamljen, je bil zaradi tega ves obupan, vozniki se odločili, da mu ponudijo prostor na vozu. Čim se je pripeljal, je poizvedoval skoro povsod. Ljudje so mu povedali, da je letal v resnici ostrašen pes po ulicah brez ovratnice, podoben popolnoma slepčevemu psu. In tako je iskal Oslička

že dva dni, in ko Oslička ni našel, mu je svetoval nekdo, naj poizve v klavnici.

“Ničesar nisem vedel o tem, gospod; zdi se mi, da se nahaja kraj, kamor zapirajo pse brez gospodarjev. In ubijajo jih, razumete? Če jih ne zahteva nikdo v štiriindvajsetih urah nazaj! Toda Osliček je zviti, ne pozna nikogar razen mene in ker je gibčen, se ni dal tako hitro vjeti.”

Slepec je korakal, vedno govoreč, hotel je potlačiti svojo bojazen, varati samega sebe; toda videl sem dobro, da je bil v dnu duše radi Osličkove usode zelo vznemirjen.

Čim bolj smo se bližali cilju, tembolj je bil njegov govor vznemirjen, in ko sem se ustavil, rekoč: “Smo tu!” je naglo popolnoma obledel.

Poslopje je bilo pusto in njega zunanost bi bila gotovo dopolnila obup ubožca, če bi je bil mogel videti. Majhen dvorec je stal pred okroglim stolpom, ki je bil nedvomno nekoč del stavbe. Nad durmi napis s črnimi črkami: Klavnica. Psi so gotovo čutili pri vходу smrt, kakor se pravi.

Zazvonili smo; uslužbenec v čepici in opasan je prišel odpret. Poznal me je in bil je takoj prijazen.

“Slepčev pes, ostrižen na način leva, s čopom koncu repa? Ne! Ne spominjam se na slepčevega psa . . . Toda lahko se vseeno prepričamo; saj veste, koliko jih pride sem. Naredbe radi stekline so nekaj časa zelo ostre.”

In z nasmehom nas je peljal v kot dvorca, kjer je čakalo v paličasti ograji nekoliko nereklamiranih psov na svojo usodo.

Niso lajali, ko smo prišli. Vdano in melanholično so gledali na nas z mirnim pogledom. Slepec je poklical Oslička, toda Osliček ni odgovoril.

“To so vsi, včeraj vjeti psi,” je rekel uslužbenec.

“In oni, od predvčerajšnjega dne?”

“Ah! Kar se tiče teh, s temi je že obračunano; od današnjega jutra ne potrebujejo hrane.”

Tedaj pa, ko ni mogel več zadržati svojih mučnih slutenj, je zaprosil slepec z glasom,

da je bila njegova razburjenost še bolj tar-najoča:

“Ali bi mi bilo dovoljeno, da jih vidim? Da bi bil gotov . . . če bi bilo mogoče slu-čajno . . .”

“Nič lažjega, so tukaj; sosedni pomoč-nik se je zakasnil ter jih še ni odnesel.”

V našem, sramotno zaostalem kraju, do-sedaj še niso uvedli za uničenje psov civiliziranih načinov, katerim je pripomogla veda k resnosti. Ne uduše jih z ogljikovo kislino, davijo jih kakor v starih dobrih časih.

Okrog in okrog obokane in okrogle sobe je viselo na kljukah v zidu pritrjenih pol du-cata psov zadržanih okolu vratu z vrvice.

Skozi lino je prihajal slepoten žarek, ka-kor v dimniku razžarela tenka šiba; in ta ža-rek, kropeč z zlatom rdeč slabo umit tlak, je večal strašno grozo prizora.

Zgnusen sem izkušal slepca odvesti.

“Odidimo! Vašega Oslička ni tu.”

Toda slepec se je uprl, ni si zaupal. Vztrajal je pri svojem mnenju in hotel se je prepričati sam.

Počasi je otipaval s svojimi tresočimi rokami mrtveca za mrtvecem. Časih se je tudi obotavljal, boječ se, da spozna Oslička.

Pri tretjem—pudelnu z kodrastno dlako—sem ga videl, kako se je stresel in ganjen je začel zopet z nemim iskanjem. Nova, pazlji-vejša izkušnja ga je pomirila. Rekel je: “Imel sem v resnici strah. Ta mu je podoben, toda ni.”

Potem, ko je prišel k zadnjemu, je vzdih-nil potolažen:

“Dobri ljudje ste, hvala vam. Vidite, ob misli, da bi bil moral biti usmrčen Osli-ček na ta način, bi res ne bil zaspal celo noč . . . Toda sedaj, če pride kodrasti pes in če bode Osliček, ga ne ubijejo, zato ker se že v naprej zanj priglašam!”

Uslužbenec je obljubil in dodal:

“Upravičen ste povpraševati tu vsako jutro, če hočete. Toda počakajte! Svetujem vam, da ostanete tukaj. Solnce se kloni k zahodu, in kara se vrne prav kmalu z današ-njim lovom.”

Imel je prav: voz je prihajal, oznanjan že v naprej z velikanskim zvoncem, ki je zbu-jal po poti koncert divjega lajanja za vsemi mrežami, na hišnih pragih. Dva človeka sta ga spremljala, opremljena z zanjkami in vr-vicami.

Ko so se nahajali pred ograjo, so odprli zaklopo, katera je dajala vozu obliko velikan-ske mišje pasti. Toda ujetniki, v hudi slut-nji, niso hoteli ven.

“Osliček! Ali si tu? . . .” je rekel nežno stavec.

Nekak pes je planil ven cvileč z blazno radostjo. “Ah! Osliček! Ah! Glupeč! Pu-stil si se končno vendarle vjeti.”

Osliček je že natezal vrat po vrvici, lizal je roke, katere so ga privezavale. In med tem, ko sem plačeval skrivaje klavnično pri-stojbino, sem slišal klicati slepca:

“Teci, Osliček, teci pred menoj, kar na-ravnost ven na dežek. Teci, Osliček, daleč iz teh krajev, kjer obešajo ljudje pse.”

### Pajek in muha.

(Pravljica.)

Ko je pajek pletel svojo mrežo, ga je gledala muha, se čudila njegovemu delu in mu rekla:

“Za stanovanje ta tvoja mreža ne bo služila. Ako misliš z njo nadlegovati nas, te-daj pomisli, da imamo me muhe krila, a ti si brez njih in nas ne boš mogel ujeti.”

Pajek je opravljal svoje delo in menil:

“Jaz se ne zanašam v svojo moč in pam-et, nego v vašo neumnost. Zato bom dovr-šil, kar sem začel in potem bomo videli, kaj bo.”

In zares: muhe so se druga za drugo za-letele v mrežo in tako se pajek ni varal v svojem računu.

### Obljuba dela dolg.

Oče (nepokornemu sinčku): “Ali mi nisi obljubil, da boš priden?”

Sinček: “Da, papa!”

Oče: “Ali ti nisem obljubil, da boš kaz-novan, če ne boš priden?”

Sinček: “Da, papa! Toda ker jaz nisem držal svoje obljube, tudi ti nisi prisiljen, držati svoje.”

Ernest Legouvé:

## Puranova noga.

Bil sem star deset let; šolal sem se v zavodu. Vsak ponedeljek sem prinesel od doma petnajst soldov, kar je bilo zame velika svota; s tem je bil plačan zajutrek, kajti v zavodu so nam dajali samo po en kos suhega kruha.

Nek ponedeljek, ko sem prišel od doma, vidim nekega sošolca (spominjam se še, da se je imenoval Couture), držečega v roki veliko puranovo nogo.

Takoj, ko me je zagledal, mi je zaklical: "Pridi gledat, pridi!" Pritekel sem: z obema rokama je držal zgornji del noge in na vsak gibljaj desnice so se štirji prsti puranove noge odpirali in sklepali, kakor prsti človeške roke. Silno sem se začudil in bil sem ves iz sebe. Kako se more ta mrtva noga gibati? Kako jo more on tako premikati? Vsakokrat, ko so se prsti odpirali in sklepali, se mi je zdelo, da vidim prikazen. Mislim sem, da se godi čudež. Ko je moj sošolec videl, da je moje občudovanje doseglo vrhunec — bil je namreč starejši in bolj prebrisan — je vtaknil čudno stvar v žep in odšel. Tudi jaz sem odšel, toda bil sem ves zamišljen in vedno sem videl pred očmi gibajočo se nogo kot kako vizijo . . . Mislim sem si: "Če bi dobil nogo, bi kmalu našel skrivnost, da bi se gibala. Couture vendar ne čara. In . . . kakšno veselje bi to bilo!" . . . Nisem se mogel več premagovati, tekel sem za sošolcem . . . "Daj mi nogo", sem mu rekel s prosečim glasom, "prosim te!" — "Kaj, nogo? . . . Da bi ti dal nogo? . . . Ti bom kmalu pokazal!" Ker se je branil, je rastlo moje poželenje. — "Ti mi je tedaj ne daš? . . ." — "Ne!" — "Pa bodi; . . . prodaj mi jo!" — "Da bi ti jo prodal? Koliko daš zanjo?" — Začel sem šteti teden . . . — "Pet soldov ti dam!" — "Pet soldov? . . . Za tako nogo kot je ta-le? Ali se norčuješ iz mene?" Vzel je iz žepa dragoceno stvar in začel zopet gibati s puranovimi prsti; jaz pa sem bolj in bolj želel imeti to igračo. — "Pa naj bo, plačam ti deset soldov." — "Deset soldov!", je rekel zaničljivo . . . "poglej vendar!" In štirje prsti so se sklepali in razklepali . . . — "In končno sem rekel ves

tresoč se . . . "koliko pa vendar hočeš?" — "Štirideset soldov ali pa nič!" — "Štirideset soldov" sem vzkliknil, "štirideset soldov! Skoraj tri tedne bom moral biti brez zajtrka! To je preveč!" — "Pa nič, meni je tudi prav!"

Puranova noga je izginila v prijateljev žep, in zopet je odšel. Toda jaz sem tekel za njim. — "Petnajst soldov ti dam!" — "Štirideset, pravim!" — "Dvajset!" — "Štirideset!" — "Petindvajset!" — "Štirideset!" . . . Oh, ta presneti Couture! Kakšne uspehe bi lahko imel v življenju, ko je vendar tako dobro poznal človeško naravo! — Mislim sem na nogo, toda kadar sem se spomnil štiridesetih soldov, se je nekaj v meni protivilo temu kupu. Toda v teku dveh minut sem izgubil vso razsodnost. — "Pa naj bo", sem dejal, "štirideset soldov. Daj mi nogo!" — "Daj mi preje denar", je odgovoril Couture.

Dal sem mu petnajst soldov, katere sem imel, za ostanek pa sem moral dati potrdilo . . . Oh, ta razbojnik! Že s trinajstimi leti je vedel, kako je treba kupčevati. Končno je privlekel to drago stvar iz žepa in rekel: "Tako, tu jo imaš!" —

Vrgel sem se nanjo! . . . In res, kakor sem si mislil, v trenutku sem spoznal skrivnost: vlekel sem za kito, tako kakor je to delal Couture. Dobri dve minuti me je ta stvar strašno razveseljevala, čez dve minuti malo manj, čez tri minute me ni skoro nič več veselila; čez štiri minute me ni prav nič več veselila; vlekel pa sem še vedno, ker sem hotel imeti kaj koristi od plačanega denarja. Kmalu sem postal žalosten, nato mi je bilo strašno žal, in spomnil sem se, da bom tri tedne jedel suh kruh; končno sem prišel do prepričanja, da sem grozno neumen. Vse to je rodilo obup, pa tudi jezen sem postajal . . . Po desetih minutah sem pograbil ježno ono puranovo nogo, predmet svoje ljubezni, ter jo vrgel tja doli za zid, da bi bil gotov, da mi ne pride nikdar več pred oči . . .

Spomin na ta dogodek mi je pozneje večkrat prišel na um, in večkrat sem spoznal, da sem včasih še vedno nekak otrok s puranovo nogo.

Ivan Cankar, Moje življenje:

## Desetica.

Časih leže človeku mrko in težko na dušo, tiha, nerazložna groza, ki mu vzame vso moč, vso radost, vse zaupanje. Grenkobe vsakdanjega življenja so nenadoma silne, neznosne; oglasi se vest, udari na srce kakor kladivo in vsi grehi do najmanjšega, že pozabljeni, planejo črni pred oči. Čemu še živeti? Saj je vse, vse, vse izgubljeno... In plaha roka se izteza trepetajoč po roki posestrimi, plaho oko se ozira in išče prijaznega odzdrava.

Ta ura ni sojena samo človeku, ki je bil prehodil dolgo pot in zaslugi smrt in grob. Ob najlepšem jutru dihne mrzlo na dušo, da telebnejo vse misli na tla kakor od kamna. Potrka z železnim prstom ob veselem večeru, v glasni družbi; roka, ki je držala kozarec, omahne, oči se razširijo, smeh oledeni na ustnicah... Tudi otrok časih nenadoma sredi tihega igranja zakriči, vztrepeče in se v neznanem strahu oklene matere.

Dvanajst ali trinajst let mi je bilo; hodil sem v tretji razred realke. Nekega jesenskega jutra je bil somrak. Velika je bila izba, ali vendar se mi je zdela tisto jutro ozka in tesna, vsa natlačena in nametana, kakor ob selitvi. Štiri postelje so stale ob stenah, med njimi police za knjige, veliki leseni kovčegi, skrinjam podobni, omare za obleko, na sredi ogromna miza, s knjigami in zvezki pokrita; vse to je dobilo v somraku čudne, popačene, nekako sovražne oblike in je napravilo vtis nepopisne revščine in žalosti. Na ostalih posteljah so ležali moji tovariši; vsi so še spali trdno jutranje spanje; lica vroča, puhteča, usta napol odprta. Starejši so bili od mene; že drugo leto smo stanovali in spali v eni izbi, pa jim nisem bil pravi tovariš; gledali so me postrani, sam ne vem zakaj. Kmečki sinovi so bili, krepki, glasni, veseli; v meni pa je bilo, nekje čisto na dnu, nekaj grenkega in pustega, kar se je morda ponevedoma razodevalo tudi v besedi in v očeh.

Na okna je potrkaval dež, čisto potihoma, kakor z mehкими prsti; tisti dež, ki napravi človeka otožnega, topega, mu zastre vse vesele podobe in mu pokaže druge, neznanne, v sive halje zavite. V izbi je bil vzduh

težak in zatohel; dišalo je kakor po ostankih slabe večerje, po strupeni sapi bolnikov.

Vse to sem videl in občutil v enem samem trenutku; in vsega me je presunila grenka, neusmiljena boleost. Ta težki, strupeni sopuh v izbi mi je bil nenadoma kakor podoba in znamenje vsega mojega življenja. Vsega življenja, prav od prvih žalostnih spominov pa do konca, daleč v brezupno, prihodnost, ki sem jo videl razložno pred seboj. Tako me je bilo groza, da sem si komaj upal dihati; ležal sem čisto mirno, oči široko uprte v somrak. Bilo je kakor v sanjah, ko človek v enem samem hipu prehitil leta in desetletja — ena sama podoba je, v enem samem okvirju, a lic je tisočero, bele oči strme trdo, kakor iz večnosti. Vse grenke ure se vračajo in devetkrat hujše jih občuti srce v spominu, nego jih je občutilo prvokrat. Daleč gre spomin, vse zastore odgrne. Spominjal sem se dogodkov, ki so se vršili, ko sem bil komaj dobro shodil in so me še oblačili v dolgo neokretno krilce. Povrnili so se večeri, ko sem zaspal z objokanimi očmi; povrnila so se jutra, ko sem se vzdramil in nisem odprl oči, da bi ne videl dneva, da bi ga nikoli več ne videl. Malodušnost se je prelila v obup, v nemo grozo pred življenjem, v spoznanje, da drži pot nevzdržema nizdol, v brezdanjo globočino, in da ni rešitve. Ne jekniti nisem mogel, ne zastokati; tiščalo mi je srce z neusmiljeno silo.

Gospodinja je stopila v izbo.

“Fantje, kvišku!”

Velika je bila in debela, v lica zabuhla; bal sem se je kakor nečesa sovražnega, zlohotnega; in ona je to najbrž vedela, ker me tudi sama ni imela rada. Tisto jutro pa mi je bila še strašnejša, ogromna kakor gora, temna in tuja; vztrepetal sem, ko me je ošvignila z malimi sivimi očmi; in vstal sem hitro.

Zeblo me je, ko sem se oblačil; in lačen sem bil; zajutrka nisem imel, drugi trije so ga imeli; iz kuhinje je prijetno dišalo po kavi. Doma sem pravil, da mi dajejo jutranjo kavo tam nekje na šentpeterski cesti, pa ni bilo res; grenko in čudno se mi je storilo,

ko sem ugledal na mizi velike in polne skodelice, iz katerih se je sladko in toplo kadilo; poleg vsake skodelice je bil kos belega kruha, skorja rumena, lepo zapečena, da bi zahrustala med zobmi.

"Kaj bi zdaj in kam bi?" sem pomislil. Doma nisem mogel ostati in bi tudi ne bil maral; rajši v mrtvašnici o polnoči. Na okno je tiho potrkaval dež; če bi hodil po ulicah le pol ure, bi bil premočen do kože in vsi bi vedeli kako in kaj. Šole pa me je bilo strah; učenje mi ni delalo skrbi, ali vse mi je bilo tam tuje, neprijazno; stal sem pred učiteljem kakor razbojnik pred sodnikom.

S knjigami pod pazduho sem stopil na ulico. Koj mi je stopila vlaga v čevlje in stresel me je mraz. Dež mi je pršil v lice, knjige sem skrtil pod suknjič. Ulice so bile žalostne, sive; vse sivo, hiše, ljudje, misli, ves svet; tlak je bil polzek, po cestah so se nabirale in prelivale velike luže; če je šel voz mimo, je škropilo na obe strani in ljudje so se umikali; neba ni bilo, do mokrih streh je visela siva megla. Ljudje, ki sem jih srečaval, so bili vsi mrki, nepriljudni, kakor da bi skrivali za čelom temne misli, nelepe skrbi; hiteli so mimo, vsi so gledali v tla.

Nisem šel naravnost proti šoli, prezgodaj je še bilo. Hodil sem po ulicah, gledal pa nisem nikamor, ničesar nisem iskal. Časih je zadišalo iz odprte pekarnice po gorkih, svežih žemljah, po tistih zlatorumenih; zahrustaš enkrat, pa je ni. Dežilo je tiho; iz cevi ob oglih je curljalo, luže so rasle, prepregale so ceste od tlaka do tlaka; kakor sem stopil, je zažmečilo in voda mi je brizgala v čevljih že iznad prstov.

Šolsko poslopje je bilo zelo visoko in zelo gospodsko; bil sem pred njim kakor berač pred gradom. Okna so gledala mrko in strogo kakor učitelji. Ko sem stopil v vežo, sem povetil glavo in hudo mi je bilo. Tako bi človek stopil v sovražnikov hram, roke zvezane na hrbtu, ves ubog in ponižan. Noge so mi bile težke, šel sem počasi po stopnjicah, vpognjen, kakor hodijo starci.

V šolski sobi je bilo zelo toplo; ali dišalo je tuje, neprijetno. Bog sam vedi kakor po besedi: "Ruhe!" Ko je človek ugledal te redno in skrbno razvrščene klopi, naenkrat ni bil več človek, temveč učenec in številka v raz-

redni knjigi. Bolest ti kljuje v srcu, ti bije na tilnik, ti pa premišljuj, kedaj da je bil rojen nemški klasik Klopstock.

Nič nisem vedel, kateri učitelj je bil in kaj je govoril; ves čas je bila ena sama misel v meni: "Bodi konec, saj ni nič; nehaj!"— Poleg mene je sedel moj debeli tovariš, sin ljubljanskega krčmarja, in je neprestano jedel. Skrival se je za široki hrbet svojega prednika in je jedel. Okrogel, zalit obraz je imel in hudobne, skope oči; tolste roke so bile zmirom mastne, ker je jedel, jedel. Meni je bilo v prsih suho in prazno, jezik mi je bil trd.

Ob desetih, ob uri počitka, so vstali vsi, da bi si šli kupit klobasic k vratarju ali prebegat se po dvorišču. Jaz nisem vedel kam. Grabilo me je za srce, da sem sam, čisto sam. Najrajši bi bil zaklical, kakor sem bil otrok: "Bog, daj mi umreti!"

Prišel je tovariš in je rekel: "Ti, zate je pismo!"

Res je bilo na deski napisano moje ime. Šel sem, starec, s težkimi, trudnimi koraki k vratarju.

Ko sem pismo dobil, so se mi roke tresle in skrtil sem se k oknu, da bi ne videlo tega svetega pisma nobeno nevredno oko. Črke velike, ljube, neokretne so razodevale materino roko. Odpiral sem počasi, in čisto čudno, veselo in težko mi je bilo pri srcu. Tam so bile spet tiste velike, težke, neokretne črke: "Ljubi sin!" Zakaj mati se je bila šele od nas otrok naučila pisati; zato da bi je ne bilo sram. Ko sem razgrnil pismo, je zaklenketalo na tleh; sklonil sem se in sem pobral; desetica je bila.

Tista tenka, ogoljena srebrna desetica, ki jih že zdavnaj ni več. Ko sem jo vzel v roko, me je obšlo kakor milost božja. Vse je vztrepetal, vzplapolalo v meni, vzdignilo me kvišku, kakor v plamenu ljubezni. Videl sem tisto ljubo, velo, trepetajočo roko, ki je držala med prsti poslednjo desetico ter jo naposled spustila v pismo. Zakaj desetica je bila poslednja, to sem vedel, kakor da je bilo na nji sami napisano.

Skril sem se čisto v kot, da bi me nihče ne videl. Iz srca, iz prsi, iz vsega telesa mi je planil jok, stresal me kakor v vročici. Ali



ko sem se vračal po stopnicah v šolsko izbo, je bilo v meni svetlo, svetlo. Iz daljave je videla mati mojo boleost in se je smehljaje ozrla name, kakor se ozre samo ljubo solnce. In glej, čudo nebeško—res so se bili razmek-

nili oblaki in veselo solnce je zasijalo skozi okno.—

Matere ni več, tistih starih desetih tudi ne, in dnevi so zdaj mračni in pusti vse do noči.

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Veseli dogodek na kmetih.

## NAŠ KOTIČEK.

Cenjani bratci in sestrice! — Kajne, da ste razočarani, da je 'Naš kotichek' potisnjen čisto k dnu in da ga skoro nič ni? Zaman iščete uganke, Vaša imena pri rešitvah ugank ter pisma. Vse to je žalibože moralo izostati ta mesec. In vrhu vsega tega je pa še ta številka precej pozna. — Zakaj vse to? Radi konvencije. Kakor vam je znano, se je septembra meseca vršila osma redna konvencija naše S. N. P. Jednote, pri kateri je

bil tudi Vaš urednik zaposlen, vsled česar je bilo vse delo pri listu zadržano. Mimogrede Vam lahko povem, da se je na konvenciji veliko govorilo tudi o našem 'Mladinskem listu'.

Prihodnja številka izide pravočasno ter bo prinesla bogatejši 'Naš kotichek', tako da v tem oziru ne boste prav nič prikrajšani.

Bratski pozdrav!

Urednik.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENIANS IN AMERICA

Volume IV.

SEPTEMBER 1925.

Number 9.

Corley M'Darment:

## The Human Race Will Grow Wings.

As living creatures swim, crawl, walk or fly down through the ages that compose eternity, the slow grist mill of Nature changes their forms to suit the necessity of environment. No living thing can escape change, which is another name for evolution.

Modern man has hurled himself into the air on wings of cloth and with an engine of iron. He has created a comparatively new environment for himself and this new environment is very likely to become a necessity, and if it does, the human body will respond, and, in time, fit the surroundings with natural attributes of physical growth. The ancestors of men once flew. The desire to fly is perhaps inbred in the race and is but a long forgotten memory of the days when heavy winged pterodactyl ancestors beat the air over Mesozoic lakes. In the modern airplane scientists already see a weapon, or rather a factor, that can easily lead man back to natural wings and still retain his superior mentality. The present type of airplanes will not aid natural growth of wings but they have opened a way. The way this will be accomplished is not extraordinary nor does it take any stretch of imagination to see it; already it is peeping over the horizon of the future. The fact is that man once having succeeded in launching himself into the air will exhaust every energy and resource to keep himself there. He has struggled too long to release his hold upon this ancient dream now come true. The end of resources in the form of fuel for airplane motors is in sight. Thirty years will perhaps see the beginning of the end of gasoline motors. Then man will be required to depend upon his natural energy for flying. The faith that

energy will be taken from molecules when oil runs out is based largely upon hope. But more will be said of this later. The recent development in motorless airplanes is a step very little beyond powered machines, but the little gliders, combined with the priceless secrets learned in aerodynamics, will surely produce a race of highly intelligent creatures with wings on their bodies. It may take a million years for this to take place, but a million years is only a moment in eternity.

The discovery in aerodynamics that made flying possible relates to the use of elevators for acquiring and maintaining longitudinal stability of supporting planes in the air, and to ailerons which keep the lateral stability. With the application of these two elements, men can balance themselves in mid-air by manipulating levers. The rush of air beneath the planes or wings supports a weight, and the faster a plane surface moves through the air, the greater weight can be supported. By experience in flying, it has been learned that this extra "lift" can be given a plane by diving it through the air and the dive can be controlled by means of the elevators. Learning how to control this dive is probably the greatest discovery ever made in the history of science. But this diving in mid-air would be dangerous indeed if the diver should turn over, but the wing "warping" idea conceived by the Wright Brothers a few years ago has been refined until now ailerons rightly handled will absolutely prevent a plane surface from turning over in the air.

Knowledge combined with experience in using these ailerons and elevators makes it now possible for a man to leap from a high

place like a tower or hilltop with very small supporting surfaces and maintain a safe glide, or in a wind, even rise above his starting point, as has been demonstrated in numerous gliding tests. It is the knowledge of flying principles that has made late gliding experiments so successful. But instead of using a glider built upon the conventional airplane lines, a supporting surface can be built around the human body like the wings of a bat and by using the forearm webs as ailerons and the supporting surface between the knees and feet as elevators, a skilled aviator who has also had enough experience in parachute jumping to keep his head, could leap from a high point like a tower or an airplane and "pilot" himself to the earth in a glide. He would, of course, carry a parachute on his back for an emergency and to release before landing, to lessen the descent. The first few attempts with such a bat wing apparatus would not be much more than parachute jumping, in which the supporting surface would be "felt" out in the air for a few seconds before releasing the parachute. Then as experience is gained, the glides before opening the parachute would become longer and longer until release would finally be made relatively near the ground.

It will be remembered that many early attempts were made to use supporting surfaces like bat wings by men in efforts to fly, but in most cases the results were tragic and the would-be flyers "fell and broke their bones," as one ancient record states. But the failure of the pioneers was due, not to the principle of the supporting surfaces but to a lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of flying which every aviator now knows and uses. This main principle is that stated, pertaining to ailerons and elevators. Orville Wright has said that a modern airplane could not have been flown by himself nor his brother in the early days of their experience because present-day aviators have grown to the modern machines by degrees, through actual practice in flying the types leading up to them.

The figures on the bat wing supporting surface mentioned show something remarkable. If the apparatus, made preferably of

light parachute silk, be fastened to the hands and feet of a man of average size, the total supporting surface including the chest and abdomen of the wearer, will be approximately twenty-two square feet when fully extended. If the person wearing the apparatus weighs 150 pounds, the load per square foot would be slightly less than seven pounds. This is about one-half as much weight as regular airplanes carry per square foot of wing surface. The airplanes flying around the world were loaded to about twelve pounds per square foot and most racing planes are loaded to about sixteen pounds. With this low loading ratio a very slow glide could be maintained with the bat wing apparatus. But here again skill by actual use must be obtained. The figures show the feat to be entirely practicable just as they showed the possibility of airplane flight years before any actual flying was done. As skill in the use of the apparatus is gained, it may be possible for an operator to swoop close to the ground with extra speed, then suddenly pull up and make a "pancake" landing at very low speed as is often done with airplanes, and after skill is acquired in this, parachutes may be entirely eliminated. Birds always alight this way. At this point the real evolution of wings on human beings will begin. In the absence of motor fuel, this light apparatus will be worn for safety in jumping from the gliders which will be riding the charted air currents and the apparatus will be used for sport purposes and for light useful flying in good winds. Gradually a sense of the air and a flying "feeling" will develop. The cat is not yet far enough removed from its flying ancestors to lack the "upright feel" in the air, and if this animal be thrown into the air in any position, it usually squirms around and lands on its feet. Skillful stunt flyers of today have developed this strange feel in the air, and are able to orient themselves with little difficulty; and the ease with which this ability is acquired, after a few months' practice, indicates that the human race has not entirely lost its flying "memory."

After long use with the bat wing flying apparatus, the human body will in all proba-

bility begin to undergo slow but certain changes. The abdomen and chest will get flatter; the arm and leg muscles will become flattened due to the pressure of air upon them and the head may become a little more pointed and the ear lobes will disappear as they have done on fowls. The pressure upon the abdomen and chest will cause the skin to flatten on the sides of the body and become extended tissue. The same will happen to the legs and arms.

There will be prenatal influence, too, for as many women will fly as men, and the instinct of balance in the air and the feel of a lifting surface for air buoyancy will be transmitted to unborn infants and after several generations a semblance of tissue extension might be expected upon a few infants. A considerable change in bodily conformation would also occur with children in their teens who would be flying while growing, and upon reaching full growth would have flying characteristics. Children would find gliding in the air great sport, and a flying instinct would develop that can scarcely be comprehended today for human beings.

If a new source of energy should be discovered about the time the present form of fuel is exhausted, the evolution of wings will be delayed until either the new form is also exhausted, if such be possible, or some cataclysm should occur and destroy the race before the development.

The possibility of deriving energy from molecules or atoms may never be realized. Or, if suddenly found and released without control, it is very probable that the concus-

sion would extend to every other particle of matter upon the earth and cause the whole world to explode. We may now be witnesses to such disastrous experiments. The new stars or "novae" which spring into sudden short-lived brilliance may be caused by collisions as is thought, but also they may be due to experiments of highly learned inhabitants who upon discovering the secret of molecular energy suddenly brought about their own destruction and that of their world. The disappearance of some of these new stars appears to lend evidence to the explosion theory, for in a collision of two bodies they would be apt to remain longer as a large glowing mass. In an explosion, the bits of the body would burst into flame and fly off into space, where they would soon cool and become invisible. If the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, or one of the other sun's planets should suddenly burst out as a ball of fire and no other heavenly body were close enough to collide with it, a plausible theory would be that the inhabitants had discovered the secret of releasing molecular energy and, being unable to govern it, had burst their planet asunder.

Indeed meteors which strike the earth bear a strange resemblance to chunks from another world like this one.

Thus if some inexhaustible source of controlled energy is not found, mankind will be forced upon his own natural and elementary resources to keep him in the air, and this will lead not backward to clumsy pterodactyls, but forward to agile-winged creatures with mental abilities far beyond modern conception.

### Indian Answers.

Indians spontaneously produce appropriate answers to difficult questions.

Early in the last century, when missionaries called upon the famous "Red Jacket," up in the Genesee Valley, to make a Christian of him, he listened attentively. Then he said:

"You white men killed your God; that is YOUR lookout. Don't try to make us red men responsible for what YOU did. If he had come here we should have treated him kindly and given him a wigwam."

The other day some very foolish person in the department that takes care of American Indians, and does it badly, announced that the Pueblo Indians must give up their solemn dancing. The Pueblos replied:

"We shall stop our dancing when the white man stops his dancing. You tell us to imitate the white man, farm like the white man, save money like the white man, and settle down like the white man. All right, we'll dance like the white man, and he dances a good deal."

# The Strange Story of a Wonderful Sea-God.

I am going to tell you to-day one of the strangest stories that has ever been told to little children. It is such a wonderful story that even grown people read it again and again.

Three thousand years ago Greek mothers used to tell it to their children as they sat together on the seashore. It is about a famous king, named Menelaus, who after a long and cruel war was over, started in his good ship for his much loved home in Sparta. Thinking only of himself in his impatience to get home, he forgot to give worship to the gods, to thank them for his deliverance and to ask them to guide him safely to his journey's end. We shall soon see what trouble his thoughtlessness brought upon him and not him alone, but all his followers.

In those days there were no great ocean steamers such as we have now, therefore Menelaus and his men had to cross the dark, mysterious sea in small boats which they rowed with oars. Sometimes when the wind was favorable they would hoist a sail and thus be helped along on their journey. As it was impossible for them to go forward when the strong, though invisible, wind was not blowing in a favorable direction, you can easily imagine their dismay when, having stopped one evening in a sheltered bay on the coast of a small island, they awoke next morning to find the wind blowing steadily in the opposite direction from the one in which they wished to sail. They waited all day hoping that the strong breeze would die down, or change its direction. The next day and the next passed and still the wind blew steadily away from their beloved homes. Although it was invisible it had more strength than all of them, and they could make no headway against it. Had they not watched it lift huge waves high in the air and dash them against the sharp rocks? Had they not seen it twist and turn the strong branches of great trees, and sometimes bend, and even break their mighty trunks? And yet they knew at other times how gentle it could be. Had they not listened to its soft, low song as it rustled over the tall grass?

How glad they always were when it rattled and stirred their white sails, filling their hearts with promises of help on the way? They could not always understand what it was saying, but they felt sure that it came from the ever-living gods and always brought some message of love, or command to them.

So, as day after day it blew a fierce, wild gale over their heads, and on beyond, hurrying clouds across the sky, dashing the waves against the shore, whirling the dust into their faces and hurriedly uttering hoarse whispering sounds as it passed them, they knew that it was warning them against daring to continue their homeward journey.

Twenty days had come and gone, and still the wind kept up its fierce, loud tone of command as it rushed from the far away west, shook the waters of the vast ocean, swept over the small, rocky island and sped on toward the east. The courage of the poor sailors was almost exhausted. Their provisions were giving out. They had to catch fish to satisfy each day's hunger. Menelaus, their chief, was wandering unhappy, for he feared much that all this trouble had come upon his comrades because he had not obeyed the law of the gods before he left Egypt. So he was much distressed in mind as he walked along the sandy beach.

The sun was sinking to rest, the evening shadows were settling down between the rocky hills, the darkness of night was approaching, when suddenly there stood before him a beautiful being, of so dazzling an appearance that he knew she could not be a woman, she must be an immortal. Her saffron robes gleamed with light as do the sunset clouds. Her face was as radiant as are the last rays of the departing sun. It was the beautiful goddess, Idothea. Her face suddenly became stern as she looked at King Menelaus and asked him why he tarried idly upon the small, rocky island. He replied that he did not willingly remain, but that he must surely have sinned against the gods, as they had sent strong, fierce wind to hinder his homeward voyage. Then he earnestly begged her to tell him what to do. The stern

look left her face as she heard him confess that he had done wrong. She came nearer to him, and her glittering robes changed from saffron to pink, and blue, and even gray, and the lights played above, around and about her in the most wonderful fashion, changing each moment as she spoke.

She told him that she was the daughter of Proteus, the Ancient of the Deep, who, living for thousands and thousands of years in the bottom of the great ocean, had gone wherever the restless waves of the sea had gone, and had learned the secrets of both land and water. He knew the song of the winds and could interpret every message which they brought from the gods, therefore he, and he alone, could tell Menelaus what it was that the strong, fierce wind had been crying out to him and his companions for the past twenty days.

Now comes the strange part of our story. This sea-god, Proteus, was a most remarkable being. He had the power to change himself into whatever form he chose, as you will soon see. The only way to get any secret from him was to catch him when he was asleep, and then to hold on to him, no matter what shape he might choose to take, until at last he returned to his original form of the old man of the sea.

Idothea told Menelaus that this strange father of hers would rise out of the sea at about noon the next day, and would walk over to a large cavern not far distant, where his sea-calves took their daily sleep, and that when he had counted them to see if they were all there, he would lie down in the midst of them and go to sleep also. This, said she, would be the time for Menelaus and three of his trusted sailors to spring upon him and size him firmly, and she added that they must hold on to him, no matter what happened, until he changed back into his own form, that of an old man; then they could ask him any questions they wished and he would be compelled to answer them.

Having given Menelaus these instructions, the beautiful goddess suddenly plunged into the ocean and green waves closed over her.

With bowed head and mind filled with anxious thought Menelaus returned to his men. They gathered round their boats on the seashore and ate their scanty evening meal. Silently and solemnly the night settled down upon the landscape and made the trees look like dark, shadowy forms, and the outlines of the hills grew dim, and the ocean was covered by the hush of the darkness, and silence reigned over all.

The sailors threw themselves down upon the sand and were soon fast asleep. Menelaus lay beside them, but I fear much that he did not sleep. His mind was troubled. What would the next day bring forth? He was to meet the strange and terrible Ancient of the Deep, and was to struggle fiercely with him. Would he have the courage to hold on to him? What awful and unknown shapes might not the creature take? These and a hundred other questions kept rising in his mind and banished all sleep from his eyes. One by one the stars came out in the deep, black sky above his head. Had not the gods kept them in their places for unnumbered ages? Could not these same gods protect and strengthen him when they knew that in his heart he was striving to learn what was their will? The night slowly wore away, and when the faint purplish light softened the eastern sky, he arose and going apart from his sleeping comrades, he knelt down and prayed earnestly to the ever-living gods. Then returning to his men, he awoke the three whom he could trust the most, and taking them with him he sought the spot where the goddess Idothea had promised to meet him. She, radiant as the dawn, was already there awaiting him.

As they approached she plunged into the sea and was lost to sight. In a few moments, however, she re-appeared bringing with her the newly flayed skins of four sea-calves. Then quickly digging four oblong holes in the wet sand she commanded Menelaus and his three companions to lie down in them. This they did, and she skillfully spread over each of them, one of the skins which she had brought from the bottom of the ocean. After they were so closely covered that even the shrewd Proteus would mistake them for sea-

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



Chicago Art Institute:  
Some of Many Art Works.

calves, the radiant goddess seated herself on a rock not far distant, to await his coming.

The horrible smell which came from the skins of the newly-slain sea-calves was so sickening that Menelaus and his three comrades could not stand it, and were about to give up the attempt to capture the sea-god, when the shining goddess came to the rescue. Bringing from, they knew not whence, some fragrant ambrosia, the food of the immortals, she placed it beneath their nostrils and its sweet perfume made them forget the loathsome coverings with which they were concealed. Its refreshing odor soon restored their strength and thus they were able to remain hidden until the noon hour.

Then the sea-calves floundering much rose from the depths of the ocean and began crawling along the sand. They came in throngs and laid themselves down in rows upon the sandy shore beside the brave but anxious heroes. Soon the sunlit waves parted from right to left and slowly and solemnly Proteus, the Ancient of the Deep, appeared. His hair and beard and garments were covered with white foam. He walked over to where his sea-calves lay basking in the sun and counted them. This was a trying time for Menelaus. His heart beat loud and fast, so great was his fear that he and his companions might be discovered. But the goddess had done her work too well for that. Proteus did not notice any difference between them and the beasts which lay about them. Having finished his task, he stretched his body upon the sand beside his flock, ready for his afternoon nap.

Now was the critical moment! Menelaus and his men throwing off the skins of the dead sea-calves sprang forward with loud shouts, and before the old sea-god knew it, they had fast hold of his arms and legs.

Proteus having the power to change his body into whatever shape he pleased, suddenly transformed himself into a roaring lion, so fierce and strong that it seemed as if he might crush anything that came in his way. Still Menelaus and his stout-hearted men held on. Then, in an instant the lion became a fiery panther whose glaring eyes struck terror in their hearts, but still they held on. In a moment more a large snake

was twisting and writhing in their hands, hissing and darting his forked tongue out as if he would gladly poison all of them, still they held on. Shape after shape the monster assumed, but still they held on. Now it was a clear, harmless stream of water flowing gently through their hands. Against it was a flame of fire darting here and there threatening to scorch their faces and even to burn out their eyes; still they held on. Then it became a beautiful tree, tall and stately, with broad spreading branches and shining green leaves, still they held on.

At last, finding that his enchantments were of no avail he changed back into his real form and turning to Menelaus he said, "What wouldst thou have?" Menelaus begged him to tell why he and his faithful sailors were kept from crossing the dark waters of the sea to their distant homes. Then Proteus, the Ancient of the Deep, who knew all secrets of both gods and men, told him that he must go back to Egypt where he had sinned, and do all that he could to atone for that sin before he might hope to reach his beloved home.

Menelaus now understood what the wind had been trying to tell him. Each hoarse whisper as the gale rushed by, meant "Return to Egypt! Return to Egypt!" In fact, all these twenty days it had been blowing in that direction, as if to assure the mariners that it would fill their sails and help them to return to Egypt if they would only launch their boats and turn the prows eastward.

This they did the very next day, and soon were back on Egypt's shore. Due worship was paid to the gods, and then right merrily the wind whistled and sang about their ears as it filled their white sails and helped them to speed across the blue water, and in a few days, they had reached their beloved home-land.

But never to the end of their lives did they forget the terrible struggle with the Mighty Proteus, Ancient of the Deep, where by holding on they had won the silent battle. And oftentimes they told the story to their children, just as I am telling it to you, to-day.



# The Red Buck.

By Clarence Hawkes.

(Conclusion.)

By Thursday evening the old hero was beginning to tire. True he still ran like the wonderful running machine that he was. None of them, not even Shep, could have caught him in a straightway race but he was beginning to tire. It was not so much the running that tired him as it was this persistent, relentless menace behind him. This thing that would not let him rest. Their yelping and baying tired him as much as did the running. That night the pack adopted a new plan. Shep and one of the hounds ran the quarry while the other three dogs lay in the deep woods sleeping. This night was a repetition of the night before. First the buck led them to the Vermont line and then doubled back across Hoosac Mountain and in the small hours of the morning he was very close to the Connecticut line running in the open country.

The two dogs and the hunted deer reappeared on the slopes of Hoosac Mountain Friday forenoon when the trail was taken up by Bruiser, Towser and the other hound. This was an unfair advantage, but it could not be helped. The warfare in nature for survival is a cruel, stern warfare without mercy or ethics. So all that day the King of Hoosac had the fresh pack on his heels. Several times he turned to fight them. They were now minus Shep and he was the most to be feared of them all, but it was almost a hopeless task to fight them. When he charged they merely slunk away. If he charged one, another was at his heels snapping at his vital spot, the great cord above the gambrel joint. So after chasing them out and in through dense cover for half an hour he decided that this tired and fretted him more even than running so he again took to his fleet limbs.

He swam rivers and climbed mountains, plunged into deep swamps and through bramble patches. He doubled and turned, or ran for miles in a straightway, but all to no avail. No matter how hard or how fast he ran, sooner or later he would again hear the haying of the hound.

Friday evening found him again hugging the skirts of old Hoosac hoping vainly for a respite from his pursuers but there was to be none. Here Shep and the other hound again took up the trail and the great buck again fled through a starless, moonless night running in the open country. By daylight he had crossed into New York where he again doubled towards home. By this time his flanks were covered with sweat and he galloped heavily. He took even the low fences with difficulty.

He did not at once strike for Hoosac Mountain but kept to the south. By the middle of the forenoon the other three dogs picked up the trail on the skirts of old Graylock and the first two dogs retired for the day. Fresh from their night's sleep the new pack pressed the old fighter hard. Now for the better part of the way they were running by sight. The great buck could no longer gallop, though he still trotted at a good clip. But even so he was occasionally obliged to quicken his pace to keep the yelping dogs from his heels. All through Saturday they pursued him. He crossed the great divide and came down its eastern slope, crossing rivers, plunging through deep chasms and climbing steep banks, but he could not shake his pursuers. Finally a wonderful thought came to him. He would flee to a lake to the east, which was two miles in length and if he could put that much water between himself and the pack he felt sure they could not follow. Eagerly he plunged into the cold water which was skimmed with ice along the shores, but even this refuge was to prove treacherous, for the pack quickly skirted the lake and when Red Buck, badly spent from his long swim, staggered up the bank on the other side they nearly got him, and he received another wound in his shank, this time by Towser. Fortunately for him the bulldog did not get a good grip and he simply lost a little hide. Otherwise his fate might have been settled then and there. So he wearily turned his antler-crowned head back to the home land and fled.

But his great strength was waning. His flanks were white with foam. His breath came through his widely distended nostrils with whistling gasps. Every mile or two he was obliged to turn and fight off the pack. By evening he wearily climbed the sides of old Graylock and looked back at his pursuers. To his dismay he saw that Shep and the other hound had joined them. He now for the first time felt wild, desperate, hunted. This thing which he could not fight was closing in on him gradually. They had taken his strength, his courage. His fighting spirit was slowly waning. Out and in among thick cover into deep gulches in thick tangles of swamp land all night he ran heavily, recklessly. He was no longer afraid of breaking a leg. The only thing he now feared was this fearful, yelping, yawning danger which hung like a dead weight upon his foam-streaked flanks.

When the first faint streak of dawn appeared in the east, he came to bay at a wedge-shaped crevice in a sheer cliff. It was an ideal spot for a fight to the finish. One that nature must have provided for him.

When the Renegade Pack closed in they saw him there, his hind quarters wedged in, with the wall on three sides, presenting only his sharp cutting hoofs and his many pronged antlers. His head was lowered, his legs were wide apart because of weakness, but his eyes blazed and as the pack came close he stamped and snorted with the fury of battle.

Towser who had never seen a deer before at such close range whimpered with joy. It was his time. He would get the death grip, so he lunged straight at the desperate fighter without even recognizing the danger. Like a sledge hammer the buck's hoof descended and Towser rolled upon the ground with a broken back. This put him out of the fight and he crawled away into the bushes to die a few hours later. This event made the pack more careful, so they sprang and snapped and worried their quarry for another hour, but at last one of the hounds ventured too close and deer's hoof descended fairly upon his skull.

It cracked it like a ripe nut and the

hound joined Towser behind the firing line among the mortally wounded.

Two hours later the other hound got a fatal antler thrust that passed nearly through his body and put him out of the battle.

The fight now lay between old Bruiser and Shep on the one hand and the King of old Hoosac on the other. How it would have ended is uncertain, although the dogs would have probably worried their quarry to death, had it not been that Tom Remington, one of the game wardens of the Berkshire, heard of the chase that morning and taking his Winchester had gone out to investigate. A traveler on the country road had reported that five dogs were running the King of old Hoosac and that he was nearly all in. "They will get him in another half day if you don't get them," had been the report. So Tom had slipped five cartridges into his Winchester and gone to investigate.

He had taken two snapshots at a bobcat which he had bounced in a thicket so he finally arrived on the scene with three cartridges in his rifle. He was guided to the spot by the deep baying of old Bruiser.

For half an hour he could not locate the fight, due to the echoes which rolled along the mountain side in a deceitful manner but when he finally rounded a cliff and came in full sight of the fray it was a battle royal that met his eyes. The great deer was down on one knee, he was wedged as far as possible into the crevice, while old Bruiser had him by the nose and Shep had a firm grip on his free forelegs. They were holding him like a vise and were in the act of pulling him down. Two careful shots stretched the dogs by their intended victim and left the King free from the Renegade Pack. Slowly he arose snorting and stamping at his new enemy. For he recognized this man with the thunderstick as his most deadly foe. Yet this enemy had seemed to deliver him from the grip of the dogs. He could not stay there, he had learned it was dangerous to stand still in the sight of man. So he trotted slowly toward him.

The warden's first impulse was to give him the remaining bullet in his rifle. He was a prize. He could let him lie until the

morning when the open season would be on. He raised his gun. Then he noticed how spent the King was. He could hardly move one leg by the other. Then another thought came to him. He could not shoot a deer with a rifle even if it had been a day later. Then too, he was the game warden; if any were to keep the law he must set them the example. So he dropped his Winchester to the ground and took off his hat and saluted as the antlered King trotted slowly by him. As the

deer passed he gave the warden one fearful hunted look that he did not forget for many a day. Then he turned and trotted away to the cool fastness of Great Bear Swamp to recuperate his strength and courage in hiding. There he slept and ate and slept again until the open season was passed. So perhaps his long flight which caused him to lay low during the open season saved for another year the finest set of antlers in the Berkshires for their rightful owner.

Robert Long:

## The Kite Tournament.

(Conclusion.)

The boys went up the back stairs to the porch where they had left the kite the night before. The Andrews home was on the side of the hill overlooking a stretch of low, swampy land between it and the river. From a corner of the porch could be seen the playground that had been laid out on a high, level plateau. Harry cast a swift, keen look towards the big trees on the river side.

"Do you suppose the wind could have blown it off the porch and lodged it in some of those trees?" he asked Billy.

"Wind? If there was any wind blowing last night, it's more than I know anything about," grunted Billy. "I've looked everywhere for clues, but I can't find a sign. Yet the kite's certainly gone."

"Well, there's no use spending too much time worrying over that now," said Harry. "The thing to do is to get another one ready by four this afternoon. I'll hurry on and get the things for you." And he started off at a run.

As Harry hurried towards Main Street he was thinking fast. He had noticed Billy's old kite cord lying on the table where he had been working. If there had been the least breeze blowing, how easy it would have been for light kite to have been lifted off the back porch! But yet every one said there had been no breeze blowing at that hour of the night. Back in his own room at home, he took the old waist his mother had given him from a box of old odds and ends, and then

hurried on to the ten-cents store for the cord, still wondering about the kite.

Two blocks to the east of Billy's house he passed the post office. He was about to go on by when suddenly his attention was caught by the little tower on top of the government building that was occupied by the weather bureau. Surely they would know if there was any breeze at all blowing over the town between eight and nine. Red Philpot's father was the "weather man," as all the children of the neighborhood called him, and Harry did not hesitate now to run up the stairs to the weather tower.

At Harry's unusual request Mr. Philpot goodnaturedly looked on his chart of the night before. "Yes, there was a light, fitful wind blowing between eight and nine," he told Harry. "It came in flaws, though, and I guess few people noticed it. It was blowing to the northwest."

"Just what I imagined!" exclaimed Harry eagerly, snatching up his cap and darting towards the door. "Thank you very much, Mr. Philpot."

Harry was fully convinced now that he would find his pal's silk kite in a short time. It seemed an almost settled fact to him that it must have blown into the woods between the Andrews' home and the river, for the breeze that had been blowing would have taken it in that direction. He would just go down in the woods and find the kite before he told Billy what his hopes were. There was no need of doing that.

Before plunging into the shadowy woods, Harry stood a moment and surveyed the slope between his friend's house and where he stood; the kite had certainly lodged nowhere within that space. Suddenly he was filled with a fear that all his task might be hopeless. The wind might have carried the kite entirely beyond the woods and into the river. Even if he found it, it would probably be badly damaged. After all it seemed the most sensible thing to give up the search and go back and help make the new kite. Then he remembered Red Philpot's remark about some of the other contestants in the tournament tampering with the kite. If he could find the kite here, he would at least prove the innocence of those playground friends of his.

He no longer hesitated now, but hurried on to the lower ground that was covered with thick growth of underbrush and vines. It was difficult trying to keep his footing, with his gaze lifted to the thickly growing trees above.

Several times he turned and retraced his steps fearing that he might have passed the kite without seeing it. He was beginning to think probably he was wasting his time when suddenly he saw it—Billy's kite—lodged on the red-leaved limb of a maple. With a cry of joy he raced to it. Apparently it was unharmed, and had caught lightly by one of its ribs as it dropped towards the earth as the wind died down. It was only half way up the tree, and a few seconds later Harry had climbed out on the bough and had it in his hands.

So eager was Harry to get the kite and hurry back to his friend with the good news that he forgot to be careful. He did not take time to estimate the strength of the small bough across which he went to get the kite, and just as he caught the treasure in his hand there came a ripping of the limb from the trunk and Harry went crashing to the ground. Though the limb was not strong enough to hold his weight, it pinned his legs helpless to the ground as it crashed down on him.

When Harry tried to rise he could not. For a long time he lay there benumbed. Then

he shifted the position of his body, trying to shift that dead weight across his legs, and his gaze fell on the kite caught in the tangle of leaves. The silk kite! He must get it to Billy in a hurry. It might be four o'clock now. He looked up at the sunshine, which told him it was long past noon. He had been lying there a very long time. But he couldn't get up with that dead weight across his legs.

What a shame it would be for him not to get Billy's kite to him! Suddenly, as Harry's gaze turned again to the kite, he had a daring idea. He would send up the kite from where he lay, and attract attention so that help would come to him. It was not without considerable effort that he stretched his arm far enough to reach the point of the kite, but at last he had it in his hands.

The strong silk had stood the kite's adventures remarkably well, and there was only a tiny snag in it toward the bottom. Lying flat on his back Harry patched the hole with a scrap of paper and a piece of chewing gum that he had in his pocket. Then he took out the balls of cord he had bought for Billy and tied one of them to the kite, then waited for a breeze that would dip down through the woods and lift the kite up. Fortunately for him the fallen limb had opened a clear space to the sky directly overhead. At last there came a fitful gust and the kite lifted a little. Harry almost held his breath as he watched it slowly rise. Then, just as he thought it was going straight up, the wind carried it against the branches of an oak and Harry jerked the cord down only in time to save it from snagging.

Three times he tried before the kite finally went straight up to the blue above. Now it was well above the topmost boughs and with trembling fingers Harry tied on a second ball of cord. He had never had a kite go up so straight and fast. The silk kite was a prize winner!

At last the third cord was attached, but a shifting wind had carried the kite itself at an angle high above a tree top and Harry could not see it. How slowly the minutes dragged! Would help never come?

Then suddenly Harry turned his ear to the ground and listened. There was certainly someone running down the woods' path.

"Here! Help! This way!" he called eagerly.

Then he distinctly heard running feet and a moment later Red, and Billy and Eddie Dales came into view.

before the half hour was up they were all back at the playground where Mr. Wilton, himself, bandaged Harry's knee and then lifted him to a seat of honor where he could get a splendid view of the kite tournament.

From the moment the children learned of Harry's heroic rescue of the kite, there seemed no doubt among them that the white silk kite would win first place. And when

Copyright by the Art Institute of Chicago.



### First Reading Lesson.

"We saw the kite clear from the playground," panted Red.

"I knew right away it was mine!" exclaimed Billy. "And Mr. Wilton said he would put off the tournament a half hour while we came here to get it. But you're in a fix—how did it happen?" he added quickly, on realizing Harry's predicament.

While his friends lifted the limb away, Harry told them what had happened. And

a short time before dark, the tournament was declared ended, no one was surprised that Billy's was the prize winner.

When Billy had received the five dollar gold piece that was the award, he turned to his faithful friend who was still sitting propped on a bench.

"Half of this is to be yours, Harry, you know, for I never would have won it if it hadn't been for you," he said loyally.



## Uncle Sam's Laundry for Old Currency.

OFFHAND one would hardly consider it practical to wash and iron paper money, yet this is precisely what is done on an elaborate scale in the U. S. Treasury in Washington.

Previous to the year 1910 the government destroyed all the soiled and worn currency that was returned to the Treasury for redemption.

However it was found that this practise was a wasteful and costly one. A special investigation showed that nine-tenths of all the currency turned in for redemption was in good condition except as to cleanliness. In other words, only one bill out of ten was so frayed or worn as to be no longer usable.

As a result of this investigation the Treasury officials devised a unique and ingenious method of laundering this soiled money. Some of the operations are not unlike those used in the ordinary laundry.

The money is first placed in a washer operated by an electric motor. After being thoroughly cleansed in soapy water the bills are put through a bleaching process. They are then rinsed in warm water and dried by

artificial heat. The next step is to put them through a "sizzing" machine, which, by means of a bath of alum and glue, restores the original finish of the paper.

After these operations are completed, the paper money is placed between sheets of cardboard and run through a powerful press. The bills emerge with the crisp appearance and "feel" of newly-manufactured currency.

Statistics compiled by the Treasury Department show the average life of a bill to be one year and two months. In the large cities where new currency is easily obtainable, the period is much shorter than this. Especially is this true of the city of Washington. Cases are on record where currency issued one day has been turned back, soiled and greasy, the following day for redemption.

As a result of the Treasury's laundering process, the average life of paper money has been doubled and in many cases tripled. Washing does not injure the bills in any way; consequently the same piece of money can often be washed and re-issued a number of times before it is worn out.

---

## STONE GAME.

Here is a game which you can play just as soon as you can collect six to twelve of the gang and gather up half a dozen small stones or pieces of wood. Choose up sides and divide two separate camps. Separate the camps by a boundary line drawn between two bushes or trees or something in the yard.

Take two handkerchiefs and place on the ground, one at the farthest point of each camp from the boundary line. On each handkerchief place six stones or small pieces of wood.

The object of the game is for each player in turn on each side to run over the boundary line into the enemy's camp and pick up one stone. If the runner gets the stone in his hand before he is caught, he is allowed to return safely to his own camp; if captured before he gets the stone, however, the run-

ner must remain a prisoner standing behind the handkerchief in the enemy's territory, his hand outstretched calling for one of his own side to rescue him. The next player from the prisoner's camp will try not only to get a stone but also touch the prisoner's outstretched hand, that they may both return to their own camp.

Should the rescuer be caught before getting the stone and reaching the prisoner's hand, he, too, remains a prisoner. Or, should he release the hand of the prisoner which he has just rescued before they are in their own territory, either or both may be captured prisoners if caught by one of the enemy. The side which first captures all the stones wins. And of course the more prisoners captured the fewer the defenders left.

## Just For Fun.

### Important Postscript.

Another story from Sir Henry Lucy's new book, "The Diary of a Journalist, Later Entries," is quoted by a contemporary. It consists of a letter received by a director of a steam pump company from a foreign customer. Its pith, as Sir Henry remarks, is to be found in the postscript:

"Gentlemen: I get the pump which i by from you, but why for gods sake you doan sen me no handle. I loose to me my customer. Shure thing you doan treat me rite. I wate 10 days and my customer he holler for water like hell for pump. You no he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so what the hell i goan to do with it. Doan send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan a order some pump from other companie. Goodby. Yours truly, Antonio Dutra.

"Since i rite i fine the goddam handle in the box, excuse to me."

### These Questions Arise Among Christian Children.

Johnny—"Are there any cows in heaven?"

Father—"Certainly not."

Johnny—"Then if we want milk do we have to go to hell?"

\* \* \*

Jimmy—"Pop, if a lion should eat me would I go right up to heaven?"

Father—"Yes, you'd go at once."

Jimmy—"I'm so glad! I was afraid I'd have to wait till the lion died, too."

### Fur and Long.

A stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in overalls and under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho-nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."—Infantry Journal.

### An Improbable Story.

Unconfirmed reports say an African lion swallowed a flivver a few weeks ago. He forgot to shut off the engine, however, and shook to death in fifteen minutes.

### The Truth of It.

A little girl was spending her first night from home. As the darkness gathered she began to cry. The hostess asked, "Are you homesick?"

"No," she answered, "I'm here-sick."

### Minnehaha's Successors.

A great many tourists ask about Indian nomenclature. The agent on a reservation was trying to explain.

"It used to work this way," he stated. "If a girl saw a timid fawn, she was called Fawn Afraid. If a young buck happened to spy a crazy buffalo, he might be called Crazy Bull. That's the way the Indians got their names."

"But the deer and the buffalo have disappeared. Times have changed."

"That's just it. Half the girls in this tribe are named Tin Lizzie."

### Got the Toll Keeper's Goat.

A Dutchman riding a little cart drawn by a goat was stopped at the bridge by the toll-keeper.

"I got to pay toll?" said Hans.

"Yes, 5 cents to cross the bridge."

After an argument he paid the toll and went on. In the afternoon he came back again, only this time he had the goat sitting in the cart and was drawing it himself. Out came the toll keeper. "Here, you know you've got to pay 5 cents."

The Dutchman shook his head, and, pointing to the goat, said, "Don't talk to me—ask the driver."—Boston Transcript.

Editor's Note.—Puzzles, letters, etc., will be published next month on this page, as usual.

# PRACTICAL SLOVENIAN GRAMMAR

(Continued.)

## CONVERSATIONS.—POGOVORI.

### Naročila.

Francek, brž se obleci, iti moraš k tvojemu stricu ter mu nesti časopis.

Vzel bom čepico in pohitel tja. Bom nazaj tudi kaj prinesel?

Vrnil ti bode včerajšnji časopis.

Ali ne morem ničesar drugega opraviti za te?

Da, sinko, lahko greš v knjigarno in zahtevaš knjigo, katero sem včeraj izbral in djal na stran.

Ali je to vse?

Da, to je dovolj; sedaj pa pojdi takoj in ne ustavljalj se nikjer.

\* \* \*

Dobro jutro, oče, sem se že povrnil. Tu je stričev časopis in knjiga, ki jo vam pošilja knjigar.

Že dobro, sinko moj, toda povej mi, kje si se mudil tako dolgo?

Ali sem se jako zakasnil?

Da, moj otrok, ena cela ura je potekla, odkar si šel ven. Nisi držal svoje obljube. Povej mi, kaj te je zadržalo.

Toda, ti me boš kregal.

Predvsem resnico; ti veš, kako zelo mrzim laž.

Torej, oče, odpusti mi; povedati ti hočem vso resnico. Sestal sem se s svojim bratrancem Janezkom, ki me je naprosil, da naj grem z njim pogledat divje živali, ki jih kažejo v velikem šotoru na trgu.

Si-li imel kaj denarja seboj?

Ne, oče, Janezek mi je posodil 20 centov.

In kedaj mu jih bodeš vrnil?

Prihodnjo nedeljo.

Naj bo, oprostim ti to pot; toda v bodoče moraš biti v izvrševanju naročil bolj točen.

### Errands.

Frankie, dress quickly, you must go to your uncle to take him the newspaper.

I will take my cap and run there. Shall I have to bring back anything?

He will return you yesterday's paper.

Can I not do anything else for you?

Yes, my child, you may go to the bookseller's and ask for the book I chose and put aside yesterday.

Is that all?

Yes, that is quite enough; now, go quickly and don't stay anywhere.

\* \* \*

Good morning, papa, here I am back again. Here is the newspaper from my uncle and the book which the bookseller gave me for you.

Very well, my son, but tell me where have you stayed so long?

Have I stayed out long?

Yes, my child, it is a full hour since you went out. You have not kept your promise. Tell me, what delayed you?

But you will scold me.

Above all things truth, you know how much I detest untruth.

Well, papa, forgive me; I will tell you the whole truth. I met my cousin Johnnie, who wanted me to go with him to see wild animals, which are to be seen in the large booth on the market-square.

Had you any money with you?

No, papa, Johnnie lent me 20 cents.

And when will you return them to him?

Next Sunday.

Well, I will pardon you this time; but in future you must be more punctual in doing your errands.

(To be continued.)