

M MLADINSKI LIST



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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Albin Čebular:

V ŠOLO

V šolo zvonček
že zvoni:
"Hitro, hitro,
se mudi!"

Pa je Tonček
knjige vzel,
v črno torbico
jih del.

In nalogo
spisano,
tablico
porisano.

Črno torbo
Štupo-ramo,
še pozdravil
atka, mamo,

oj potem pa
z Anko v tek
vse čez polje,
dol in breg.

Tonček v šoli
že sedi,
pridno, pridno
se uči.

Vsi ga hvalijo
povsod:
"Tonček učen
bo še gospod!"

John Masefield:

NAZAJ NA MORJE

NA MORJE, na morje moram nazaj, k valovom pod nebom samotnim;
le ladje želim si, le zvezde, mile vodnice nje jadrom visokim,
krmila obrat in veterne pesmi in belega jadra šuštenje
in sivih megla nad morjem pokojnim in sivega dne prebujenje.

Na morje, na morje moram nazaj! Saj klici drvečega toka
me vabijo glasno, me vabijo jasno; ni čuti milejšega zvoka.
Nič drugega nočem kot burnega dne, kot belih oblakov hitenje,
udarca valov kot penečih jezov, galeba nad morjem ihtenje.

Na morje, na morje moram nazaj: v preprosto, brezskrbno življenje,
kjer burja reže kot oster nož, na pot, kjer je galeb, kjer som je.
Veselega smeha le hotel bi še, ko razklada povesti mornar,
in mirnega spanca in sladkega sna, ko nadlog preneha udar.

(Prevel A. K.)

A. K.:

Ameriška stolica

“CIVIS romanus sum!” je vzklikal s ponosom rimski državljani, zavedajoč se številnih prednosti, katere je užival nad drugim prebivalstvom. Rimljan je bil človek, drugi narodi so bili divjaki, barbari, sužnji. Rim je bil glava svetu in svet obenem, ves ostali svet je bil v najboljšem slučaju le pokrajina, za večno obsojena na pokorščino Rimu. Vse bogastvo sveta se je kopičilo v Rimu; nenadno obogateli kmeti z rimske kampanje je postal aristokrat in trosil denar za grške in azijske umetnine, katerih ni razumel. Pijan slave in bogastva se je prej priprosti Rimljan zdaj šopiril z umetninami drugih narodov, napravil jih je za svoj luksus in jih kopičil po svojih forumih, kapiteljnih, kopališčih in vilah. Naročil je umetnike vseh dežel, da so mu postavljali palače; grške sloge je postavil poleg azijskih, med egipčanske kolonade uvrstil kipe starih etrurskih bogov. Denarja je bilo veliko, preveč.

“I am an American citizen!” vzklika Amerikanec, ki je še posebno ponosen, če je doma iz Washingtona, stolnega mesta ameriškega. Tudi tu je nakopičeno bogastvo; še več slogov je tu kot v Rimu; grškim in latinskim so se pridružili še arabski in srednjeveški ter moderni evropski. Bogatstvo se blišči vsepovsod, umetnost postaja luksus, kajti zbira in ceni jo uspešni trgovec.

Poglejmo stolno mesto ameriško in videli bomo nakopičeno bogastvo. Glavno pozornost obrne na nas stolica, kapitol, palača, v kateri zboruje kongres in v kateri ustoličijo predsednike.

Zapovedujoče lice daje stolici grič, na katerem stoji ta ogromna palača, pa tudi velikanska kupola v sredi nje ji daje vtis nenavadnega dostojanstva. Kapitolinski grič je 97 čevljev nad reko in z njega se nudi razgled čez reko Potomac. Na zemlji je torej, ki je najprimernejša za tako stavbo in katera še pripomore učinkovitosti palače.

Obrnjeno je poslopje proti vzhodu, kajti stavbeniki so menda mislili, da se bo mesto širilo v oni smeri; toda mesto se je začelo širiti zapadno in tako se obiskovalci iz mesta običajno približajo stolici od zadaj. Tla se dvigajo polagoma, vrstijo se odseki stopnic. S stopnic se že nudi razgled čez mesto in obdajajoče griče. Glavne stopnice pa vodijo naravnost v rotundo. Dvokrilna bronasta vrata se odpro.

Vrstijo se kolone za kolonami, razne vrste korintskih stebrov, posnetih po pristnih starogrških. Za ogromnimi stebri so spet veže in stopnice, marmorne stene na desno in levo ter obširni hodniki na vse strani.

Že zunaj in tako tudi znotraj opazimo, da poslopje ni enotno, kar je posledica večkratnega dograjenja in dozidavanja. Centralno poslopje, katero je stalo prvo, je iz viržinskega pobeljenega peščenca, dodatki pa so deloma iz masačusetskega marmorja. V sredi je štiriindvajset stebrov marilandskega marmorja, katerih je vsak iz enega kamena; so po trideset čevljev visoki. Tudi drugih sto manjših stebrov je iz istega kamena. Vsa dolžina stolice je 751 čevljev, širina 350, in poslopje stoji na treh in pol akrih zemlje.

Graditi so pričeli to poslopje že v prvih letih republike, kajti vogelni kamen je položil predsednik Washington dne 18. septembra, 1793. Tedaj je bilo postavljeno malo poslopje, katerega pa so vedno dodelavali. Krila osrednjega poslopja so bila dodelana leta 1811, a dokončano je bilo poslopje šele leta 1817. Poslednje dodatke poslopju so postavili od leta 1851 do 1859.

Glavni del stolice je kajpada kupola, katera sicer izgleda malo premasivna za lahko stavbo desnega in levega krila in vendar prenizka za dolžino poslopja, toda že

sama velikost jo napravlja veličastno. Dviga se nad korintskimi stebri ravno sredi poslopja in na vrhu kupole (307½ čevlja visoko) je kip boginje Svobode.

Važen vtis na posetnika napravi na prvi pogled ogromna zbirka kipov in slik, ki krasijo poslopje. Izgleda, kakor da je vse skupaj umetniška galerija. Tu je skupina Indijancev, tam lovci in stezosledci, kiparji ali tiskarji, boginja miru, mornarji, vse v alegoriji, vse predstavljajoče ameriško republiko.

V rotundi je nakopičenih slik in okrasov. Predsednik Adams je dal naslikati genija Amerike. V sredini stoji alegorična Amerika z orlom pri nogah. Njen ščit ima črke Združenih držav z zgodovinsko letnico 4. julija. Amerika prisluškuje navdahanju Nade in kaže, da se zanese na Pravico, katera pa kaže na Ustavo. Nudita se nam dve ogromni marmornati skupini: prva predstavlja odkritje Amerike, druga naseljevanje Amerike. Tudi marmornate skupine boga Marsa in boginje Miru in Slave se nam nudijo. Ena teh polaga lovorjev venec na glavo Washingtona.

Najboljše je, da pogledamo stolico z vodnikom, ki se nam je že pri vходу vsiljeval in ki je ravnokar v sredi rotunde na ves glas naznanil, da nas stane samo petindvajset centov, da z njim pogledamo vse poslopje. Nekateri navdušeni državljani so se sicer zgražali, češ, da bi na tem za ameriško zgodovino svetem mestu ne smeli biti tako trgovski, toda radovedni so se pridružili vsi.

Rotunda je torej v sredi poslopja, v katero prvo vstopimo. Od tu se nudi najprimernejši dohod v vsa krila poslopja. Severna vrata vodijo v vrhovno sodišče Združenih držav in v senatno zbornico, južna vrata pa vodijo v dvorano s kipi odličnih mož Unije ter dalje v nižjo zbornico.

Rotunda je ogromna okrogla dvorana v premeru 97 čevljev, ki se dviga s tal pa do vrha, torej 180 čevljev visoko. Luč prihaja skozi šestintrideset oken pod kupolo in razsvetlja kipe, slike in freske po steni. Strop se blišči v barvah, predstavljajočih osem znamenitih slik iz zgodovine Združenih držav. Nekatere slike so ogromne, ustva-



Capitol Building v Washingtonu.

rili so jih največ Amerikanci in so tudi stale ogromno denarja. Med slikarji je najpogostejše zastopan Trumbull, katerega znamenitost je bila, da je obraze v slikah napravil po portretih, torej resnične slike ljudi.

Nad stenskimi slikami so sohe Kolumba, Cabota, La Salla in drugih, še naprej pa razni prizori, kot na primer Pocahontas rešuje Smitha, Pennova konferenca z Indijanci itd. V višini 65 čevljev nad tlakom obkroža steno v obsegu 300 čevljev slika dveh Italijanov, katera zopet slika zgodovino Združenih držav. Amerika je predstavljena z žensko, kateri je orel pri nogah, od nje dalje se začenjajo predstave raznih dogodkov: Vkrcaje Kolumba, Cortez in Montezuma v templju solnca, Pogreb de Sota, Rešitev kapitana Smitha, Plymouth Rock, Pennova pogodba z Indijanci, Bitka pri Lexingtonu itd., itd.

Nebo v kupoli je tudi poslikano. To je ogromna stenska slika, predstavljajoča nekako glorio Amerike. Površina vse slike je 4,640 kvadratnih čevljev. Tudi to je naslikal neki Italijan. Tu pa Washington sedi na božanskem prestolu in razna nadnaravna bitja se mu klanjajo. Na desni mu sedi Pravica, na levi Viktorija (zmaga). Okoli njega so božanske slike, predstavljajoče trinaest držav, in na praporu je napis: E pluribus unum. Cela alegorija revolucije je pod Washingtonom. Predstavljen je padeč tiranstva, duhovščine, sovraštva, jeze in maščevanja. Vse slikajo alegorije, božanska bitja, predstavljajoča Mehaniko, Trgovino, Poljedelstvo, Umetnost. Božanska Minerva je poleg trebušatega Franklina, Neptun s trizobimi vilami poleg Hamiltona.

Umetnost razstavljen v stolici in prisposodbljajoča Ameriko je prispevek iz nešteti krajev. Model za slovita Rogersova vrata je bil izdelan v Rimu, vlit pa v Monakovem.

Dvorana soh narodnih voditeljev je impozantna. Ta je v polkrogu. Stavbenik je očitno hotel posnemati obliko grškega gledališča. Na severni strani se vrsti stebrovje iz marmorja in tako je tudi na južni strani marmornati obok. Obokani strop, podoben rimskemu panteonu, se dviga sedeminpetdeset čevljev nad kupolo. Na vrhu oboka je soha predstavljajoča Čas z uro. Nad obokom pri južnih vratih pa je tej simetrična soha, ki predstavlja Svobodo. Obe so napravili italijanski kiparji. Vsenaokoli po dvorani so bronaste in marmornate sohe narodnih voditeljev. Nad petdeset je vseh, toda kipa predsednika Lincolna ni vmes.

Ta dvorana je bila nekdanj nižja zbornica v kapitulu. Tu so se vršile znane debate pred in med ameriško državljansko vojno.

Kongresna ali nižja zbornica slovi po dobri akustiki, to je, da se glas v njej lepo razlega. Amerikanci sploh trdijo, da je ta najpopolnejša zakonodajna zbornica na svetu. Dvorana še ni toliko velika in tudi razkošja ni v nji kolikor v drugih prostorih, ali ima vendar marsikaj prijaznega. Luč prihaja skozi steklen strop.

Govorniški oder iz belega marmorja je precej dvignjen nad podom. Okoli so razvrščene mize za uradne poročevalce, sedeži poslancev so razvrščeni v polkrogu in nad njimi galerija. Tudi v zbornici je precej slik, posebno pa Washingtonova, katera je menda povsod. Za zbornico je slavna veža, ki igra precejšnjo vlogo v politiki. Veža je okrašena s tenesiškim marmorjem ter nosi veliko število slik. Dalje so sobe za razne odbore in zasliševanja.

Vrnimo se na drugo stran poslopja in stopimo zopet skozi rotundo. Takoj na drugi strani je dvorana vrhovnega sodišča Unije. To je precej stari del poslopja. Okrase je izdelal umetnik Latrobe, vse po grških modelih. Sobo krasi jonsko stebrovje marmorja iz Potomaca, drugi beli stebri pa so kopija stebrov v templju boginje Minerve. Kolone tvorijo nekako ložo, nad katero se dviga galerija, a spredaj so sedeži vrhovnih sodnikov. Vrhovni sodnik sam sedi v sredi, osem tovarišev mu je ob straneh. Poleg mesta, kateri je odrejen svetu, je še nekoliko prostora za obisko-

valce. Tudi v tej dvorani je precejšnja skupina doprskih kipov, in sicer največ bivših vrhovnih sodnikov.

Senatna zbornica je prostorna dvorana s sedeži, ki so vsi obrnjeni proti sredini. Na sredi je predsednikov stol. Vsa soba je obdana od galerij, s katerih je mogoče slediti razpravam. Zlate arabeske, razkošen okras in simbolične slike vojne, miru, napredka, sloge, umetnosti itd., krasijo zbornico. V tem delu stolice je okras še najbogatejši in luksus presega vse druge dele. Od tu so okrašeni hodniki v predsednikovo sobo, v podpredsednikovo, senatorsko sprejemnico, javno sprejemnico in v sobo odbora za distrikt Kolumbije.

Senatorska sprejemna soba je znana pod imenom "marmorna soba," ker je iz samega marmorja. Krasijo jo razkošni korintski stebri iz laškega marmorja in obdelani z vložkami tenesiškega marmorja, strop pa je iz vermontskega marmorja. Tu notri je doprsna soha Lincolna.

Vodnik nas za denar popelje tudi v predsednikovo sobo, v katero vstopi predsednik Združenih držav samo nekajkrat med vso dobo predsedovanja, to je, ko poseti stolico ter podpiše nove uzakonitve. Sobo je okrasil Italijan Brumidi. Prenatrpana je s pozlačenimi okrasi in številnimi portreti.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

R. Tagore:

Hudobni sel

ZAKAJ sediš tu na tleh, tako tiha in molčeča, povej mi, ljuba mamica?

Dež prši skozi odprto okno, te moči vso in ti tega še ne opaziš.

Slišiš, gong bije že štiri? Čas je, da se bratec vrne domov iz šole.

Kaj se ti je pripetilo, da tako čudno gledaš?

Nisi dobila danes pisma od ate?

Videl sem, da je poštni sel nosil pisma v svoji torbi skoro za slednjega v mestu.

Samo atova pisma pridrži, da jih čita sam. Za gotovo vem, da je poštni sel hudoben človek.

Ali zavaljo tega ne bodi nesrečna, ljuba mamica.

Jutri je semanji dan v bližnjem selu. Porečeš dekli, naj ti kupi peres in papirja.

Jaz sam bom pisal vsa atova pisma; ne najdeš niti enega pogreška.

Pisal bom od A naravnost do K.

Ali mamica, zakaj se pa smeješ? Ne verjameš, da znam prav tako pisati, kakor ata.

Skrbno si načrtam papir in napišem vse črke lepo velike.

Ko napišem svoje pismo, misliš da bom tako trapast kakor ata in ga vržem v tisto grozno poštarjevo torbo?

Sam ti ga prinesem brez odlašanja in od pisma do pisma ti bom pomagala čitati svojo pisavo.

Vem, da ti poštni sel ne daje rad prav lepih pisem.

Elica v deveti deželi

Kdo je snedel potico?

SRČNI kralj in srčna kraljica sta sedela na prestolu. Dvorjani, ptiči in četveronožci vseh vrst so se zbrali, a tik pred njimi je stal srčni fant, vklenjen in z vojaško stražo na vsaki strani. Poleg kralja se je dolgočasil zajček Belček s trobento v levi in z velikim protokolom v desni. Sredi dvora je stala miza s precejšnjo skledo kolačev v sredi. Elici so ti kolači tolikanj ugajali, da jih kar gledati ni smela. "Da bi že le bila sodba pri kraju," si je zaželela, "bi vsaj dobila sladki prigrizek." Ker pa ni izgledalo niti da bi se tožba začela, se je iz dolgočasje ozirala po dvorani. Še nikoli ni bila v sodni dvorani, samo toliko ji je bilo znano, kolikor je čitala v knjigah. Ker si je že nekako predstavljala, kako mora biti, je hitro uganila, kateri je sodnik. "Tisti bo, ki ima tolikšno lasuljo," si je mislila.

Sodnik je bil namreč kralj sam. Nič kaj prijazno ni izgledal, kajti obličje mu je pačila krona, katera se mu ni prav nič podajala. "To-le bo pa porota," si je dejala Elica. "Dvanajst jih je" (reči ni mogla ravno česa, kajti med dvanajstimi so bili ptiči in četveronožci). "Gotovo so vsi porotniki," si je parkrat naglas ponovila. Kar ošabna je postajala, ko je pomislila, kako malo je deklic njenih let, ki bi imele priliko prisostvovati poroti.

Vseh dvanajst porotnikov je urno pisalo. "Kaj pa delajo?" je Elica povprašala zmajača. "Saj nimajo ničesar zapisati, dokler se sodba ne prične!"

"Svoja imena zapisujejo," ji je šepetaje odvrnil zmajač. "Bojijo se, da bi jih pozabili, predno se neha sodba." Elici se je zdelo preneumno in se je začela naglas izražati o tem. Ali kmalu jo je prekinil glas zajčka Belčka: "Mir na sodnem dvoru!" Kralj si je pa nataknil očala, se skrbno ozrl po dvorani, da vidi, kdo govori.

Kakor da bi jim gledala čez ramena, je Elica prav dobro videla, da porotniki ne zapisujejo nič pametnega. Opazila je, da eden izmed njih niti "neumnosti" ni znal pravilno zapisati in da je moral svojega soseda vprašati, kako se to stori. "To bo še zmešnjava, predno se zaključi obravnava," si je rekla Elica.

Enemu porotnikov je pero škripalo. Tega Elica ni mogla prenašati, zato je stopila čez sodni dvor in porotniku za hrbet.

"Glasnik, prečitajte obtožbo!" je zdajci velel glas kralja.

Zajček Belček je trikrat zatrobental, razvil pergamentni protokol in čital sledeče:

Medena potica, ki jo srčna kraljica
spekla je solnčnega dne,
je srčnemu fantu v pisanem gvantu
dišala, pojedel jo je.

"Razmotrivajte obtožnico!" zapove kralj poroti.

"Še ne! Še ne!" ga prekine zajec. "Še veliko drugega pride pred tem."

"Pokličite prvo pričo!" naroči kralj. Zajček Belček zatrobenta trikrat in kot prvo pričo pripeljejo klobučarja. Vstopil je s čajno skodelico v eni in s kosom kruha in masla v drugi roki. "Oprostite, Veličanstvo!" poprosi zdajci klobučar. "Nisem še čisto skončal čajanke, ko ste poslali pome."

"Moral bi končati! Kdaj ste pa začeli?"

Klobučar se ozre po marčnem zajcu, ki mu je sledil na sodni dvor z miško Vratario pod pazduho. "Mislim, da je bilo štirinajstega marca," pravi.

“Petnajstega,” ga opomni marčni zajec. “Šestnajstega,” ugotovi Vratarica. Kralj pa naroči poroti, naj zapiše in porotniki zapišejo vse tri datume in jih seštejejo.

“Snamite svoj klobuk z glave,” ukaže kralj klobučarju.

“Ni moj!” reče klobučar.

“Ukraden!” krikne kralj in se obrne proti poroti, da brž vse zapiše.

“Ne! Jaz prodajam klobuke,” pravi klobučar. Nobenega nimam za svojega, ker vse prodam.”

Kraljica si je medtem nasadila očala, zaškilila je z očmi na klobučarja, da je prebledel in se začel tresti.

“Dokažite!” ukazuje kralj. “Če ne, vas dam kar na mestu usmrtiti.” To pa priče ni čisto nič navdušilo. Prestopica z desne na levo, zbegano gleda kraljico in po pomoti odgrizne precejšen kos skodelice namesto kruha.

Elica je v tem trenutku začutila nekaj nenavadnega. Naenkrat je spoznala, da zopet raste. Sprva je mislila, da bi zapustila dvor, a se je kmalu premislila, da ostane toliko časa, dokler bo kaj prostora zanjo.

Miška Vratarica je prva opazila in pokarala Elico, da nima pravice rasti pri sodni obravnavi. “Ne govori budalosti,” jo Elica smelo zavrne. “Saj ti tudi rasteš.”

“Da, ampak jaz rastem zmerno, ne na tak smešen način kot ti.” Miški je postalo tudi že pretesno, da je vstala in smuknila na drugo stran dvorane.

Kraljica je še ves čas zijala v klobučarja, a miška je menda zmotila njeno pozornost, da je dejala enemu dvorjanikov: “Prinesite mi seznam pevcev zadnjega koncerta!” Klobučar se je tako stresel, da sta mu odpadli obe copati.

“Dokažite!” veli kralj znova. “Drugačē vas dam usmrtiti, pa če se tresete ali pa ne.”

“Siromak sem,” začne prositi klobučar s tresočim glasom. “Jaz nisem kriv. Marčni zajec je dejal. . .”

“Jaz nisem ničesar dejal!” se hitro opravičuje marčni zajec, ki zvrne vso krivdo na miško Vratarico. Ta pa je zaspala in se ji ni treba opravičevati. “Kaj je rekla miška?” zastavi vprašanje porotnik.

“Ne spominjam se,” se opraviči klobučar.

“Morate se spominjati!” zavpije kralj. Klobučar se tako prestraši, da mu pade iz rok skodelica in z maslom namazan kruh. “Siromak sem!” stoče klobučar.

S cvilečim glasom pretrga tišino morski prašiček, katerega pa takoj primejo stražniki, da mora utihniti. Pripravili so veliko vrečo, v katero stlačijo morskega prašička in ga zavežejo v meh.

Za Elico je to nekaj imenitnega. Poleg tega zdaj razume, zakaj včasih ko časopisi poročajo, da je na sodnji nastalo ploskanje, uradniki takoj napravijo mir.

Kmalu zacvili še drugi morski prašiček. “Zdaj so pa opravili morski prašički,” si reče Elica. “Pa tudi urnejše se bo nadaljevala sodba.”

Klobučarja kralj odpusti. Ta pa jo tako hitro pobriše, da niti copat nima časa nataktniti.

“Glavo mu pa odsekajte zunaj!” veli kraljica uradnikom; toda klobučar je tako urno odnesel pete, da ga ne dohitijo več.

“Druga priča!” veli kralj.

Pred sodnim stolom stoji kuharica kneginje vojvodinje. V rokah ima škatljo za poper. Elica je uganila, kdo je, še predno je kuharica vstopila, kajti vse pri vratih je začelo kihati.

“Z dokazi na dan!” veli kralj. “Iz česa se peče potica?”

“Iz popra,” pojasni kuharica.

“Mmmmčih . . .!” kihne v spanju miška Vrtarica.

“Ob glavo jo dajte!” veli srdito kraljica. “Tako pod nož. Ubijte jo! Odsekajte ji smrček!”

Več minut zmešnjave. Vse se je spravilo nad miško, a v tej zmešnjavi je kuharice zmanjkalo.

“Nič zato,” de kralj in se oddahne. “Prihodnja priča!” Kraljici pa zašepeta: “Naslednjo pričo pa ti izprašuj, mene začenja že čelo boleti.”

Elica je gledala zajčka Belčka, kako je švigal z očmi po protokolu. Čudila se je, kdo bo neki prihodnja priča. Mislite si njeno presenečenje, ko je zajček Belček prečital s svojim tankim in visokim glasom ime: “Elica!”

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Indijska drama

Pričujoči sliki sta posnetka prizorov v indijski komediji “Voziček iz ilovice” (The Little Clay Cart), katero je letos imelo za otvoritveno predstavo umetniško dramsko gledališče “Goodman” v Chicagu. Že sliki pokazeta, da v tem slučaju gre za čisto drugačno dramo kot smo jih vajeni v Ameriki. Dasi je le priprosta komedija, je imenovana igra polna izraženih čustev. Lepote jezika, v katerem je bila igra pisana, si sicer ne moremo predstavljati iz angleškega prevoda, toda ohranjena je čistost misli, ki je značilna za indijsko (in mogoče orientalsko) literaturo.



Komedija “Voziček iz ilovice” se bavi z nesrečnim trgovcem, ki je izgubil vse, vendar ostal pošten. Veliko mora prestati radi preganjanja, toda njegov značaj je krepak od zadnjega, dokler mu zopet ne zasijejo srečnejši dnevi. Boji v življenju ga pa utrdijo tako, da koncem igre, ko vse dobro poteče, zakliče: “Življenje, kako si varljivo, danes daš nebesa, jutri pekel.”



Igra pa je tudi smešna kakor mogoče nobena igra zapadnih narodov. Ob duhovitih dovtipih ni prisiljenosti in človek se iz srca smeji zlasti lopovom v igri, ki s svojimi zločini (kot na primer tat na gornji sliki) dokažejo, da je poštenje še najboljše v življenju.

Vojna

(Iz Jack Londonove povesti "The Night Born," A. K.)

I

MLAD je bil, še ne štiriindvajset let star, in podalo bi se mu na konju, da ni izgledal tako mačji in prežeč. Njegove črne oči so nemirno švigale, opazujoč vejevje, po katerem so čivkale male ptice. Oziral se je neprestano po drevju in grmovju, po parobkih in grmičevju na obeh straneh. In kakor je opazoval, je tudi poslušal, čeprav med jezdenjem ni slišal drugega kakor zamolke grome topov z daljnega zapada. Ti so se razlegali enakomerno že cele ure in le ako bi prenehali bobneti, bi postal pozoren. Imel je namreč drugega opravka dovolj. Ob boku sedla mu je visela karabinka.

Tako pazno je čul, da je v trenutku, ko se je izpred konja splašila jata srak, z zamahom segel po karabinki in jo do polovice prinesel k ramenu. S smehom se je pokaral kot strahopetca, se predramil in jezdil dalje. Čul je dalje, zamaknjen v svoje opravilo tako, da mu je neobrisani pot silil v oči, se mu pretakal po licu in kapljal na rob sedla. Trak konjeniškega klobuka mu je nanovo premočil pot z glave. Rjavi konj pod njim se je istotako ves zmočil. Sredi poldneva je bilo in dan vroč, da je jemalo sapo. Še ptice in veverice se niso upale na solnce; šle so pod streho v senčno vejevje dreves.

Na jezdecu in konju je bilo videti sledove listja in cvetnega prahu, kajti na plano sta se pokazala le kadar je bilo potrebno. Držala sta se v grmičevju, med drevjem, in zdaj pa zdaj je jezdec postal ter se skrbno ozrl, predno je prejezdil goličavo ali kos pašne planote. Držal se je smeri proti severu, akoprav pot ni peljala naravnost, in na sever je očitno tudi najbolj oprezno zrl. Ni bil strahopetec, vendar pogum njegov ni bil nič večji kot pogum povprečnega človeka: pazil se je za svoje življenje, ne zato da bi umrl.

Kolovoz ob obronku ga je zapeljal v tako gosto grmičevje, da je moral iz sedla in voditi konja za uzdo. Toda čim se je obrnila pot proti zapadu, je krenil z nje in se podal severno, ob slemenu hrastovega griča.

Sleme se je končavalo v strm breg, tako strm, da je moral ob njem vkreber, tja in nazaj, pri čemur mu je drselo po suhem listju in srobotju; ves čas se je moral ozirati nazaj na konja, kajti nevarno je bilo, da konju zdrsne in da pade nanj.

Ob vznožju je bila ravnica, poraščena tako gosto, da ni vedel, kam bi krenil in tudi konca gozda ni bilo videti. Vendar je lahko zopet zahajal. Namesto zveženih hrastov, kot rastejo po griču, so stali tu močni orjaki, debela in ravna pokončna debela so lepo uspevala na vlažni in rodovitni grudi. Samo tu in tam je rastlo grmičevje, kateremu pa se je bilo lahko izogniti. Naletel je tudi na zavita pota, koder se je pasla živina, predno jo je odtod pregnala vojska.

Zdaj je lahko nadaljeval pot hitreje, v pol ure je po dolini prišel do starodavne ograje, speljane okoli večje goličave. Nič kaj prijetna mu ni bila planota, vendar ga je pot vodila preko nje, proti drevesju ob vodni strugi. Le kakšen četrt milje planega je imel prejezditi, ali vse se je upiralo v njem in ni si upal poizkusiti. Ena risanica, dvajset, tisoč se jih lahko sproži iz drevesja ob potoku.

Dvakrat je poizkusil in dvakrat je postal. Prestrašil se je svoje osamelosti. Utrip vojne, ki je udarjal z zapada sem, mu je dal čutiti, da so tam vojni tovariši, da jih je na tisoče, toda v tej smrtni tišini je sam in mogoče preži nanj iz hoste na mirijade smrtonosnih krogelj. Vendar je bila njegova naloga pronajti, kar se je bal najti. Moral je naprej in naprej; dokler nekje ne naleti drugega človeka, druge ljudi

z nasprotni strani, iskajoče, kar išče sam v svrhu poročila, da je naletel na sovražnika.

Premislil se je in se obrnil v gostejšo šumo, ali kmalu je zopet pogledal iz nje. Zdajci je v sredini goličave opazil malo kmečko poslopje. Znaka življenja ni bilo na njem. Dim se ni valil iz dimnika, na dvorišču se ni oglašala perutnina. Dolgo je zrl proti široko odprtim kuhinjskim durim, da bi mogel z očmi prodreti črno odprtino, iz katere se mu je zdelo, da mora pogledati kmetica.

Oblizal si je prah s suhih ust, se v mislih in telesno napel in dirjaje odjezdil na vroče solnce. Nič se ni zganilo. Odhajal je mimo hiše dalje ter se približal drevju in grmičevju ob vodni strugi. Ena sama misel je divje vztrajala v njem. Kakor da ga je zadel strel mu je bilo in skrčil se je še bolj na sedlu, kajti počutil se je čisto brez obrambe.

Ob robu drevesja je privezal konja in stopil navzdol proti vodni strugi kakih sto korakov. Struga je bila komaj dvajset čevljev široka, voda skoro stalna, toda hladna in vabljava, on sam pa je bil zelo žejen. Toda čakal je za listnim vejevjem, z očmi obrnjenimi na vejevje na drugi strani struge. Da lažje počaka, je sedel in stavil karabinko na kolena. Deset minut je preteklo, njegova napetost je odlegla; ali ravno ko je hotel razgrniti vejevje pred seboj in se pripogniti nad vodo, se je nekaj zganilo v grmovju na nasprotnem bregu.

Mogoče je bila ptica. Vendar je čakal. Zopet se je nekaj gibalo med drevjem, nato pa, tako nenadno, da bi se vsled zbežanosti spustil v jok, so se veje na oni strani razgrnile in skozi je pokukalo obličje. Bil je obraz poraščen z več tednov staro, rjavkasto brado. Oči so bile plave in na široko odprte, z nekako radostnimi gubami v kotih, dasi se je na njih poznalo izmučenje in je bil ves obraz izraz napetega pričakovanja.

Vse podrobno je videl, kajti razdalje ni bilo več kakor dvajset čevljev. Videl je vse v hipu, ko je pomaknil bližje puško. Ozrl se je še enkrat in vedel, da zre na nasprotnika, kateremu v trenutku lahko upihne življenje.

Lahko bi pomeril, toda ni. Počasi je spustil puško nižje in prežal. Na drugi strani se je pokazala iz grmičja roka z vodno steklenko, rjava brada se je pomaknila nizdol in se zopet umaknila za vejevjem. Dolgo je čakal, končno pa je z nepogašeno žejo splazil nazaj k svojemu konju, urno prejezdil preko solčne goličave in iskal zavetišča v gosti šumi na oni strani.

II

Potekel je drugi vroči dan. Kmetija s številnimi gospodarskimi poslopji in sadovnjakom sredi goličave. Iz gozda je na rjavem konju, s karabinko ob strani prijezdil mladi mož črnih sokoljih oči. Oddahnil se je, ko je došel do hiše. Vse je kazalo, da se je pred časom morala tod vršiti bitka. Na tleh so ležali odmetki izstreljenih patron in papir nabojnih škatelj; travi se je še poznalo, da so jo mokro gazila in sekala konjska kopita. Tik ob kuhinjskem vrtu so se z napisi in številkami vrstile gomile vojnega pokopališča. S hrasta ob kuhinjskih vratih pa sta v raztrganih in od neurja izdelanih oblačilih viseli telesi dveh mož. Obraza sta se nagubančila in izgubila vsako obliko ter človeško podobnost. Rjavi konj je zahrzal pod njima, nakar ga je jezdec pobožal in tolažil ter ga privezal precej proč od tam.

Vstopivši v hišo je našel vse razmetano in razdrto. Iztikajoč po sobi je stopal na prazne patrone. Spoznal je, da so tod spali in šotorili vojaki in na tleh je našel madeže, kamor so bili nedvomno položeni ranjenci.

Stopil je zopet ven, h konju, ga odpeljal okoli hleva in proti sadovnjaku. Kakšen ducat dreves je bilo obloženih z zreliimi jabolki. Nabasal si je žepe, jedel med-

tem, ko jih je nabiral. Nenadoma se je nečesa spomnil, se ozrl proti solncu in očitno računal čas, kdaj se ima vrniti v šotorišče. Slekkel je srajco, zavezal rokave in napravil iz nje vrečo. Nabasal jo je z jabolki.

Ravno ko je mislil stopiti na konja, je žival nenadno dvignila ušesi. Tudi vojak je prisluhnil in komaj slišno čul udarce kopit na mehki zemlji. Komaj sto korakov stran je zdajci opazil kakih ducat konjenikov, jezdečih od one strani goličave proti hiši. Nekateri so razjahali, drugi so ostali na konjih, očitno z namenom, da ne ostanejo za dolgo. Posvetovali so se in razločno je slišal razburjene glasove govoriče nezaželenih tujih nasprotnikov. Dalj časa je poteklo, pa se menda niso mogli odločiti. Odložil je karabinko k sedlu, zajahal in nestrpno čakal ter pritrtil srajco jabolka k sedlu.

Čul je bližajoče se korake, divje je zasadil ostroge v rjavca, da je zbežan zahropel in skočil naprej. Na vogalu hleva je videl prihajajoča, dečka komaj devetnajstih let, ki je odskočil, da ga ne pogazi konj. V tistem hipu je konj zavil in jezdec je v bliskoviti kretnji opazil iz pričkanja prebujene može ob hiši. Nekateri so poskakali s konjev in že je videl, kako nesejo risanice k ramenom. Zavil je mimo kuhinjskih vrat, da sta mu izsušeni trupli obešencev služili kot zastor in so možje morali za pregnanim teči okoli hiše. Puška je počila, za njo druga, ali on je drvel urno dalje, sloneč v sedlu, kolikor se je dalo nizko, in tiščoč k sebi srajco jabolka z eno roko, z drugo pa vodeč konja.

Gornje bruno ograje je bilo štiri čevlje visoko, toda poznal je svojega konja ter z njim preskočil ob zmešanem pokanju pušk. Osem sto korakov naravnost pred njim je bila šuma; rjavec je v dolgih skokih dirjal naravnost k nji. Vsi so streljali za jezdecem. Basali so puške tako urno, da ni mogel že nič več slišati posameznih strellov. Kroglja mu je preluknjala klobuk, česar ni opazil, ali opazil je, ko mu je druga preluknjala srajco jabolka ob strani. Sključil se je še nižje, ko je tretja krogla prenizko zadela v kamen med konjskimi nogami in so druge žvižgale v zraku kakor najzopernejši mrčes.

Streli so utihnil, ko so bili izpraznjeni naboji in nenadoma ni bilo slišati strela več. Mlademu jezdecu je bilo lažje. Ali je mogoče, da je iz vsega onega streljanja ušel nedotaknjen? Ozrl se je nazaj. Da, izpraznili so naboje. Več njih je basalo iznova, drugi pa so tekli h konjem k hiši. Ko je ozrl nanje, sta dva že osedlala in urno dirjala okoli vogala. V istem hipu je opazil moža z rjavo brado, tistega, ki ga je videl ob potoku, kako je hladno približal obraz k puški in meril na dolgo razdaljo.

Mladi mož je zopet vzpodbodel konja z ostrogi ter zavil, da bi zmotil strelca. In vendar strela še ni bilo. Gozd pa je bil z vsakim korakom bližji. Še kakih dvesto korakov in strela še ni bilo.

Nato pa ga je slišal, zadnje, kar je slišal, kajti bil je mrtev, predno je padel s sedla na tla. Oni pri hiši so ga videli, kako je padel, videli so, kako se je njegovo truplo zvilo v zraku in kako je telebnilo ob zemljo, videli so, kako je izpustil vrečo rdečih jabolka, ki so se vsula iz srajce in padala na tla in nanj. Na glas so se zasmeli, ko so videli, kako so se vsula jabolka, začeli so ploskati rjavobrademu strelcu, ki je tako dobro zadel.





Sedem slapov v dolini South Cheyenne, Colorado.



Dragi čitatelji!

Še ena številka in naše leto bo zopet zaključeno, da začnemo osmi letnik Mladinskega lista. Tudi letos čakajo o božiču nagrade marsikaterega bratca in sestrico, ki sta se malo bolj potrudila s prispevki za naš magazin. Kdor zasluži torej dobi, in sicer letos še nekaj posebno zanimivega. Ni več veliko prilike, ali vendar vsi tisti, ki mislite, da svojemu sodelovanju tekom tega leta lahko še kaj dodaste, storite to takoj. Ne, prej kot je mogoče ni treba pisati, ali vendar storite tako, da bo še v decemberski številki. Ne bo vam žal. Ne zabite, da ima Slovenska narodna podporna jednota za vas lepe stvari. Saj vam je znan pregovor ameriških Slovencev, ki se glasi:

**Kdor jednoto pozabi,
pozabi samega sebe.**

Ne pozabimo torej S.N.P.J., da ona nas ne pozabi, in ne pozabite Mladinskega lista, da se vas Mladinski list spomni o božiču.

Urednik.

Piše nam **Anna Traven** iz Clevelanda. Ona je stara 12 let in že zna dobro popisati prireditve v naselbini. Škoda, da je naznanila poslala prepozno za zadnje izdajo, kajti zdaj je prepozno. Naznanila je namreč igro "Lovski tat", za 4. novembra in pa koncert društva "Cvet" dne 25. novembra. Tega dne bo po koncertu tudi društvo "Balkan" predstavilo igro "Pogodba."

*

Louise Ilovar iz Blaina, Ohio, nam pošilja poznano slovensko pesmico o divjem možu, katero o priliki še priobčimo.

*

Mildred Ilovar nam pošilja iz Blaina, Ohio, to-le basen:

Bila je žena, ki je imela lepega prašiča in ga nekoč prodala mesarju. Koje šla po denar, je našla zmrznjenega zajca. Misli si: Ta bo dober za večerjo! Zaveže ga torej v tisto ruto, v kateri je imela zavit denar. Kar naenkrat pa zajec ubeži, skoči iz naročja in odnese denar s seboj. Žena ni potem imela ne denarja ne zajca.

*

Istotako nam **Anna Matos** iz Blaina, Ohio, pošilja že znano pesmico, v kateri mati poje svojemu detetu: "Dete revno, dete malo, kdaj mi bodeš poplačalo . . .," katera pa je mladim čitateljem že znana in je zato ne priobčimo.

*

Cenjeni urednik!

Lepi dnevi so zopet izginili za nekaj časa in sedaj moramo gledati, da se česa naučimo. Jaz



zopet hodim v slovensko šolo ob sobotah; podučuje nas ga. Simčič.

Ob zaključku šolskega leta 1928 nas je obiskal g. dr. Kern, ki nam je povedal veliko koristnega in lepega. Tudi g. Zorman je bil navzoč. Dal nam je Slovensko-angleško berilo, katero nam bo veliko pomagalo pri učenju. Dr. Kernu se lepo

zahvaljujem za dar. Potrudili se bomo in se pridno učili, da bodo ljudje mislili, da smo bili rojeni na Slovenskem in ne v Ameriki.

Pozdravim vse člane S.N.P.J.

Olga Vehar,

5335 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Beležke

25-letnica društva Slavija. V dvorani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote se je v nedeljo dne 28. oktobra vršila slavnost 25-letnice prvega društva S. N. P. J. Prireditelj ni bila samo društvena, temveč takorekoč jednotina, kajti posejlo jo je članstvo vseh jednotin društev v Chicagu. Zaveda se pač, da je Slavija prva in da je ona med prvimi pri organiziranju S. N. P. J. Pri proslavi sta sodelovala pevsko zbor "Lira" in "Sava", slavnostni govor pa je podal podpredsednik S. N. P. J., br. Andrew Vidrich.

Dva koncerta. — Novembra meseca sta v Chicagu kar dva slovenska koncerta, oba v dvorani S. N. P. J. Na koncertu zbor "Lira" dne 11.

t. m. je več gostujočih pevskih zborov, a zanimivejši del programa tvorijo odlomki iz operete "Martha". Zbor "Sava" ima svoj koncert 25. novembra.

Odkritje Meštrovčevih kipov.—Mestni lepševalni odbor za South Park v Chicagu že dalj časa pripravlja formalno odkritje Meštrovčevih kipov dveh indijanskih jezdecev na konjih. Kipa sta postavljena pri vhodu v Grantov park z Mišiganškega bulevarda, in sicer eden na vsaki strani dvojnega mosta na Kongresni cesti. Razna jugoslovanska društva imajo pripravljen daljši slavnostni program za to priliko. Nastopili bodo v paradi sokoli, skupine v narodnih nošah, pevci itd.



Avalokitesvara: Gospodična iz Indije.



JUVENILE



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UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

(From "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare.)

Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat, Come hither! come hither! come hither! Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather.	Who doth ambition shun And loves to live i' the sun, Seeking the food he eats And pleased with what he gets, Come hither! come hither! come hither! Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather.
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William Shakespeare:

SONG

(From *THE TEMPEST*)

WHERE the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

LONGING FOR HOME

By Walther von der Vogelweide (1165-1230);

Translated from German.

FAIN, could it be, would I a home obtain,
And warm me by a hearth-side of my own.
Then, then, I'd sing about the sweet bird's strain,
And fields and flowers, as I have whilome done;

And paint in song the lily and the rose
That dwell upon her cheek who smiles on me.
But lone I stray—no home its comfort shows:
Ah, luckless man! still doomed a guest to be.

Where Love Is There God Is Also*

By Count Leo Tolstoi.

IN A CERTAIN TOWN there lived a shoemaker named Martin Avdejič. He lived in a basement room which possessed but one window. This window looked onto the street, and through it a glimpse could be caught of the passers-by. It is true that only their legs could be seen, but that did not matter, since Martin could recognize people by their boots alone. He had lived here for a long time, and so had many acquaintances. There were very few pairs of boots in the neighborhood which had not passed through his hands at least once, if not twice. Some he had resoled, others he had fitted with sidepieces, others, again, he had resewn where they were split, or provided with new toe-caps. Yes, he often saw his handiwork through that window. He was given plenty of custom, for his work lasted well, his materials were good, his prices moderate, and his word to be depended on. If he could do a job by a given time, it should be done; but if not, he would warn you beforehand rather than disappoint you. Everyone knew Avdejič, and no one ever transferred his custom from him. He had always been an upright man, but with the approach of old age he had begun more than ever to think of his soul, and to draw nearer to God.

His wife had died while he was still an apprentice, leaving him a little boy of three. This was their only child, indeed, for the two elder ones had died previously. At first Martin thought of placing the little fellow with a sister of this in the country, but changed his mind, thinking: "My Kapitoška would not like to grow up in a strange family: I will keep him myself." Then Avdejič finished his apprenticeship and went to live in lodgings with his little boy. But God had not seen fit to give Avdejič happiness in his children. The little boy was just growing up and beginning to help his father and to be a pleasure to him, when he fell ill, was put to bed, and died after a week's fever.

Martin buried the little fellow and was inconsolable. His life seemed so empty that more than once he prayed for death and reproached the Almighty for taking away his only beloved son instead of himself, the old man. At last he ceased altogether to go to church.

Then one day there came to see him an ancient peasant pilgrim—one who was now in the eighth year of his pilgrimage. To him Avdejič talked and then went to complain of his great sorrow.

"I no longer wish to be a God-fearing man," he said. "I only wish to die. That is all I ask of God. I am a lonely, hopeless man."

"You should not speak like that, Martin," replied the old pilgrim. "It is not for us to judge the acts of God. We must rely, not upon our own understanding, but upon the divine wisdom. God saw fit that your son should die and that you should live. Therefore it must be better so. If you despair, it is because you have wished to live too much for your own pleasure."

"For what, then, should I live?" asked Martin.

"For God alone," replied the old man. "It is He who gave you life, and therefore it is He for whom you should live. When you come to live for Him you will cease to grieve, and your worries will become easy to bear."

*This short story is taken from a collection of "Tales and Parables" by Count Leo Tolstoi, who is among the Americans, as well as among English people in general, the most celebrated Russian author.

Martin was silent. Then he spoke again.

"But how am I to live for God?" he asked.

"Christ has shown us the way," answered the old man. "Can you read? If so, buy a Testament and study it. You will learn there how to live for God. Yes, there it tells you all."

These words went into Avdejič's soul. He went out the same day, bought a large-print copy of the New Testament, and set himself to read it.

At the beginning Avdejič had meant to read only on festival days, but when he once began his reading he found it so comforting to the soul that he never let a day pass without doing so. On the second occasion he became so engrossed that all the kerosene was burnt away in the lamp before he could tear himself away from the book.

Thus he came to read it every evening, and the more he read, the more clearly did he understand what God required of him, and in what way he could live for God; so that his heart grew ever lighter and lighter. Once upon a time whenever he had lain down to sleep, he had used to moan and sigh as he thought of his little Kapi-toška; but now he only said: "Glory to Thee, o Lord! Glory to Thee! Thy will be done!"

From that time on Avdejič's life became completely changed. Once he had been used to go out on festival days and drink tea in a tavern, and had not denied himself even an occasional drink of "vodka." This he had done in the company of a boon companion, and, although no drunkard, would frequently leave the tavern in an excited state and talk much nonsense as he shouted and disputed with this friend of his. But now he had turned his back on all this, and his life had become quiet and joyous. Early in the morning he would sit down to his work, and labor through his appointed hours. Then he would take the lamp down from a shelf, light it, and sit down to read. And the more he read, the more he understood, and the clearer and happier he grew at heart.

It happened once that Martin had been reading late. He had been reading those verses in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke which run:

"And on him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Then further on, he read the verses where the Lord says:

"And why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to Me and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: He is like a man who built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man who without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdejič read these words and felt greatly cheered in his soul. He took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, leaned his elbows upon the table, and gave himself up to meditation. He set himself to measure his own life by those words, and thought to himself:

"Is my house founded upon a rock or upon sand? It is well if it be upon a rock. Yet it seems so easy to me when I sit here alone. I may easily come to think that I have done all that Lord has commanded me, and grow careless and sin again. Yet I will keep on striving, for it is goodly so to do. Help me, o Lord!"

Thus he kept on meditating, though conscious that it was time for bed; yet he was loathe to tear himself away from the book. He began to read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, and read on about a centurion, the widow's son, and the answer given to St. John's disciples; until in time he came to the passage where the rich Pharisee invited Jesus to his house, and the woman washed the Lord's feet with her tears and He justified her. So Avdejič came to the forty-fourth verse and read:

"And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, and thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment."

He read these verses and thought:

"'Thou gavest Me no water for My feet' . . . 'Thou gavest Me no kiss' . . . 'My head with oil thou didst not anoint' . . ." — and once again he took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, and became lost in meditation.

"I am even as that Pharisee," he thought to himself. I drink tea and think only of my needs. Yes, I think only of having plenty to eat and drink, of being warm and clean, but never of entertaining a guest. And Simon, too, was mindful only of himself, although the guest who had come to visit him was—who? Why, even the Lord Himself! If, then, He should come to visit me, should I receive Him any better?"—and, leaning forward upon his elbows, he was asleep almost before he was aware of it.

"Martin!" someone seemed to breathe in his ear.

He started from his sleep.

"Who is here?" he said. He turned and looked towards the door, but could see no one. Again he bent forward over the table. Then suddenly he heard the words: "Martin, Martin! Look into the street tomorrow, for I am coming to visit thee."

Martin roused himself, got up from the chair, and rubbed his eyes. He did not know whether it was dreaming or awake that he had heard these words, but he turned out the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning Avdejič rose before daylight and said his prayers. Then he made up the stove, got ready some cabbage soup and porridge, lighted the "samovar," slung his leather apron about him, and sat down to his work in the window. He sat and worked hard, yet all the time his thoughts were centered upon last night. At moments he would think that it must have been his fancy, while the next moment he would find himself convinced that he had really heard the voice. "Yes, it must have been so," he concluded.

As Martin sat thus by the window he kept looking out of it as much as working. Whenever a pair of boots passed with which he was acquainted he would bend down to glance upwards through the window and see their owner's face as well. The doorkeeper passed in new felt boots, and then a water-carrier. Next, an old soldier, in old, patched boots, and carrying a shovel in his hands, halted close by the window. Avdejič knew him by his boots. His name was Stepanič, and he was kept by a neighboring tradesman out of charity, his duties being to help the doorkeeper. He began to clear away the snow from in front of Avdejič's window, while the shoemaker looked at him and then resumed his work.

"I think I must be getting into my dotage," thought Avdejič with a smile. "Just because Stepanič begins clearing away the snow I at once jump to the conclusion that Christ is about to visit me. Yes, I am growing foolish now, old greybeard that I am."

Yet he had hardly made a dozen stitches before he was craning his neck again to look out of the window. He could see that Stepanič had placed his shovel against the wall and was resting and trying to warm himself a little.

"He is evidently an old and broken man now," thought Avdejič to himself. "He is not strong enough to clear away the snow. Would he like some tea, I wonder? That reminds me that the "samovar" must be ready now."

He made fast the awl in his work and got up. Placing the samovar on the table, he brewed the tea, and then tapped with his finger on the window-pane. Stepanič turned round and approached. Avdejič beckoned to him, and then went to open the door.

"Come in and warm yourself," he said. "You must be frozen."

"Christ reward you!" answered Stepanič. "Yes, my bones are almost cracking."

He came in, shook the snow off himself, and, though tottering on his feet, took pains to wipe them carefully, that he might not dirty the floor.

"Nay, do not trouble about that," said Avdejič. "I will wipe your boots myself. It is part of my business in this trade. Come here and sit down, and we will empty this tea-pot together."

He poured out two tumblerfuls, and offered one to his guest; after that he emptied his own into the saucer, and blew upon it to cool it. Stepanič drank his tumblerful, turned the glass upside down, placed his crust upon it, and thanked his host kindly. But it was plain that he wanted another one.



Velasquez: The Topers.

"You must drink some more," said Avdejič and filled again his guest's tumbler and his own. Yet, in spite of himself, he had no sooner drunk his tea than he found himself looking into the street again.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked his guest.

"Am—am I expecting anyone? Well, to tell the truth, yes. That is to say, I am, and I am not. The fact is that some words have got fixed in my memory. Whether it was a vision or not I cannot tell, but at all events, my old friend, I was reading in the Gospels last night about Our Father Christ, and how he walked this earth and suffered. You have heard of him, have you not?"

"Yes, yes, I have heard of Him," answered Stepanič; "but we are ignorant folk and do not know our letters."

"Well, I was reading of how he walked this earth, and how he went to visit a Pharisee, and yet received no welcome from him at the door. All this I read last night, my friend, and then fell to thinking about it—to thinking how some day I, too, might fail to pay Our Father Christ due honor. 'Suppose,' I thought to myself, 'He came to me or to anyone like me? Should we, like the great lord Simon, not know how to receive Him and not go out to meet Him?' Thus I thought, and fell asleep where I sat. Then as I sat sleeping there I heard someone call my name; and as I raised myself the voice went on (as though it were the voice of someone whispering in my ear): 'Watch thou for me tomorrow, for I am coming to visit thee.' It said that twice. And so those words have got into my head, and, foolish though I know it to be, I keep expecting Him—the Father—every moment."

Stepanič nodded and said nothing, but emptied his glass and laid it aside. Nevertheless Avdejič took and refilled it.

"Drink it up; it will do you good," he said. "Do you know," he went on, "I often call to mind how when Our Father walked this earth, there was never a man, however humble, whom He despised, and how it was chiefly among the common people that He dwelt. It was always with them that He walked; it was from among them—from among such men as you and I—from among sinners and working folk—that He chose his disciples. 'Whosoever,' He said, 'shall exalt himself, the same shall be abased; and whosoever shall abase himself, the same shall be exalted.' 'You,' He said again, 'call Me Lord; yet will I wash your feet.' 'Whosoever,' He said, 'would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all. Because,' He said, 'blessed are the lowly, the peacemakers, the merciful, and the charitable.'"

Stepanič had forgotten all about his tea. He was an old man, and his tears came easily. He sat and listened, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Oh, but you must drink your tea," said Avdejič; yet Stepanič only crossed himself and said the thanksgiving, after which he pushed away his glass and rose.

"I thank you, Martin Avdejič," he said. "You have taken me in, and fed both soul and body."

"Nay, but I beg of you to come again," replied Avdejič. "I am only too glad of a guest."

So Stepanič departed, while Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it. Then he cleaned the crockery, and sat down again to his work by the window—to the stitching of a back-piece. He stitched on, yet kept looking through the window—looking for Christ, as it were—and ever thinking of Christ and His works. Indeed, Christ's many sayings were never absent from Avdejič's mind.

(To be concluded.)

The Newspaper of the Future

WHEN men ceased to be solitary beings to whom the daily food, the nightly shelter, were almost all that they sought, and found companionship in primitive tribes and clans, a new want was added to them. It was the world of news.

There came to them news of the tribe on the other side of the lake or the mountains; news of distant herds of game; news of the floods, the storm, the rising river, the approaching snows; news that the wise men would tell them of signs and wonders; news, not only for protection or assurance, but news for news' sake, news—the meat and drink of men's minds for all time.

It has been so from the beginning. Life is a tale that is told. News is the tale of life as it is.

No matter how far back we glance into the lives of the most primitive of men, those who have kept no records of themselves except in their weapons and tools and the drawings they made on the rocks, or those who, secluded in some corner of the Earth, preserved the habits and customs of their forefathers of the Stone Age, we always find that they had ways of conveying news. The native Tasmanians, of all peoples nearest to those last Stone Age ancestors, but swept out of existence in the last century as ruthlessly as the great auk, sent news across their mountains and rivers by talking sticks on which messages were cut. The old men of the Australian Blacks have a similar method and custom. A handful of eagle's feathers, or a few grains of corn, conveyed a message among the North American Indians. In Ashanti and the Gold Coast the traveller still sees the talking drums which convey warnings of danger, signals of alarm, calls to arms, or news of death.

Perhaps the earliest news-letter was the fire kindled on the hill. Last year Canada sent the news of her Diamond Dominion Day across the continent in the old fashion, and lit a chain of ten thousand beacon fires from Cape Breton to Vancouver.

The drums and the fires sent news by ear and sight; the wireless and the heliograph do the same today; the apparatus of television will do it tomorrow. Man grasps at anything that will send him news at the earliest possible moment, in the speediest possible way.

But man never lost the wish to see it written down. He wanted a warrant of it, and a record. Perhaps, warned by the uncertainty which attends the spoken word, he felt a greater trust in writing. As the Romans said, **The written word remains.** Anybody who has ever played the children's game of whispering a story to a child at one end of a chain, to be passed on to the next, knows how oddly the tale will come out when told by the last to hear it. The message-stick was more truthful than the messenger. The more intelligent men wanted not only more news but true news. That is a want which has persisted through very many centuries. Even now simple people will say they cannot believe all they read in the newspapers, and that is very sad, because these disappointed ones are generally those who never read anything else. What everybody seems to have been seeking for thousands of years is the news that is new and true. The newspaper of the future will give it to them. It will be a newspaper that will clear the world of doubters.

Before we go on to say how this will come about let us stop for a minute or two to consider the steps by which the twentieth century has arrived at the newspaper which it now finds on its breakfast table. Though it has many fault-finders it has

millions to whom its news is their daily bread, even as the news of the Stone Age was to the Cave Man who could speak only fifty words and had to be told the best news in pictures.

Its ears all distance overcome,
Its eyes the dark make clear.

From the ends of the world messages are whispered to it and are brought to it with the speed of light. Nothing escapes it, a flood in China, an earthquake in Peru, the arrival of a plane in Australia or in Labrador, the movements of ships, the prospects of the weather, the programmes of the wireless—all these are spread out in it, displayed. They have been taken down, written down and written up, stamped in metal, printed on a hundred plates in roaring machines, piled in hundreds of thousands of copies, distributed by fleets of cars and carts, steamers, trains, and aeroplanes.

A whole tribe of workers by night and day, the proud republic of the newspaper men, as many in numbers as a small nation, is vowed to the service of telling the world the news. There is more than one thing which we might imagine as the most serviceable and valuable thing which civilization and civilization's needs have created for themselves. The ocean-going steamship or the railway might be chosen. But some of us will think that this mighty engine, the great newspaper, is the finest. It has so changed and altered and improved to suit the needs of the world as the world has grown that we cannot help but think it has the germs of immortality in it. It will never stop. It will never be superseded, because it will always adapt itself to the morrow as it has always adapted itself to yesterday. What will it become? What has it been?

It began by telling a tale. It was a tale that all could read, for it was a picture. No confusion of tongues can hide the meaning of a picture, because it speaks aloud the universal language. The tale it told, the news it brought, was news only at its beginning, when it was scraped or scrawled in red ochre on the walls of a cave. It told of reindeer that were hunted and fierce aurochs and fearsome mammoths which, in spite of their strength and ferocity, were vanquished by the cunning and swiftness of man. The tale was told on the cave wall, and men who saw it told it to one another. It did not become stale news, because it was not seen very often, perhaps only as a privilege on solemn occasions. For this first news chronicle was sacred, the first editors of the cave newspapers were priests, the magic men of the tribe who guarded these wonderful pictures. Perhaps in spring when the seeds were sown, perhaps in autumn when the harvest was gathered, when the hunters bore in their stock of winter meat, the skins veiling the paintings were drawn aside, and the people learned the tale again.

Centuries afterwards sculptors and masons carved on the portals and capitals of cathedrals and abbeys the truths and mysteries, the legends and fables, of their religion. These became the picture-stories of the common people, as did the scenes of beast and hunter in the sacred caves. There was another step to follow. The monkish craftsmen of the caves carved their stories on mammoth ivory or reindeer horn. These were their breviaries, perhaps, passed from hand to hand like ivory tablets of news. We still must call all these things news. Hidden and unseen for 30,000 or perhaps 50,000 years, they are news today.

Then the craft passed out of the hands of the magic men to commoner people, though not often or far. The editors long remained a priestly caste. To this day a printer is elected by his fellows the Father of the Chapel! But the rock paintings and inscriptions became more widely scattered. The Eskimo, going farther and far-

ther north to hunt the reindeer, put picture-stories on bones. The races drifting to Africa in the south made paintings on stone of men and beasts that are not unlike some of those in the caves of France and Spain. Such drawings are everywhere from China to South America, from Southern Rhodesia to China. We dwell on them for a special reason. These drawings, first in full color and then in outline, become simplified and conventionalized through the ages, till from being pictures they act as signs. For example, the men drawn by the South African bushmen, resembling in their later stages the line figures of a man which we might make out of matches, at last begin to symbolize a **man**, or, with a slight alteration, a **woman**. Or a **man on horse** can be symbolized. By an unexplained coincidence the symbols for man and woman in Africa are the same as those in China. These picture-signs were the beginnings of the written word and the alphabet. They marked the next stage in the development of the newspaper.

After that the recording and spread of news progressed through the centuries at railway speed compared to what had been before. The magic symbolism of France and Egypt, Mexico and Brazil, became converted into writing. In Babylonia, and perhaps long before the Kings of Sumer and Akkad and those who knew Ur of the Chaldees, among a civilization so far back that discovery has not yet unearthed its evidences, there was writing on the tablets of the high places, the temples and the palaces. The scribes wrote in cuneiform characters the deeds of kings for all to see and learn and remember. From tablets the writing went to bricks, and to round cylinders from which it could be printed again.

From the brick tablets the writings reached the wooden tablets of old Egypt, and with another jump spread over the first paper of the Egyptian papyrus. Still the news was that generally spread by the priests, and though on the tombs of kings, as on the Rosetta Stone, their power, majesty, and dominion might be set forth, we may remember that Pharaoh himself was a priest in emblem and his comings and goings, his gettings-up and lyings-down, were prescribed for him by the priesthood from his cradle to his grave.

With the Greeks (but whence did these strange people inherit it?) news took on a new liberty. A hundred years before the Christian Era, when some of their earlier colonists were still writing the Etruscan script on clay in Italy, Greek scribes were reporting the speeches of orators on papyrus. At about the same time in China the earliest periodical chronicle was being circulated. This was truly official news, for it was thus that the Imperial Edicts were published. We need only allude in passing to the ancient Hindu chronicles on the pillars of temples or the Maya writings on their temples in Yucatan, for as Rome took the place of Greece a new form of publicity came into the world. Democratic news asserted itself because many of the learned were so far from being priests or aristocrats that the scribes were often slaves. Their freedom was the Freedom of the Press.

So now we find, among the *Acta Diurna* published in Rome, the first news-letters to report the doings of the armies and events of public interest. Julius Caesar caused to be published the proceedings of the Senate, the Roman House of Lords, and the speech of Cato on the Catiline Conspiracy was taken down by the reporters. Mixed with these high matters were commoner things; for example we read that

It thundered, and an oak was struck by lightning in that part of Mount Palatine called Summa Velia early in the afternoon.

We read also that

Tertinius the Aedile fined the butchers for selling meat which had not been inspected by the Commissioner of Markets. The fine is to be employed in building a chapel.

The editor who published these all-important little things was a modern.

A few more references to the news distributors of the past, and we may pass over the present to peer into the future. What gave the great impetus to the spread of news was the discovery and use of the printing press. But between the old records, like the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle or those of Froissart, which were laboriously written by hand, and the printed books of Gutenberg and Caxton it was a longer stretch to the first circulated newspaper of the modern kind, the "Frankfurter Journal" of 1615. Once lighted, the newspaper flaming torch, to be passed from hand to hand across the world, was never to be put out. London had its "Weekly News" seven years later, and Paris its "Gazette de France" in about as many years again. Perhaps these early papers were passed too much from hand to hand. They had, like some other nurslings, a struggle to live, for it is one thing to write a newspaper (though that is hard enough) and quite another to find people to buy it, which has often proved harder. It was not till 1695 that London could afford a daily newspaper, "The Postboy." Some eighty years after that the only paper that has survived the changing tastes of newspaper readers from then till now, the "Morning Post," was published.

We might linger to consider how and why a great change came over newspapers, and a greater change in the kind and number of people who buy and read them in our own day. Where there were thousands in the nineteenth century there are tens of thousands now. The newspaper, with its careful and industrious attention to all the "little news," the humble, homely, intimate things which will appeal to every sort of reader, perhaps helps to explain why it has made, and why it keeps, this ever widening multitude of readers. We need only add to what we have already said about the ability of the modern newspaper to make itself a whispering gallery for all that happens in the world every day and every hour that there is no new invention that can help it unsought by the newspaper. It gathers news by cable, by telegraph, by telephone, by wireless; it distributes news by every vehicle that can carry paper. It has gathered to itself every invention that can improve news and every piece of mechanism in printing which can speed up the preparation of news: the camera, the linotype, the monotype. If it has an ear for the world's news it has an eye for anything which can bring it faster, make it better and clearer. What will it take next?

It has already taken it. Thirty years ago, before newspapers expanded so as to distribute themselves by the million, inventors were trying to send pictures as they could send telegrams. At last the invention is out of its swaddling clothes. It has put on the photo-electric cell, which will soon be as well known to every boy as his crystal set. By the help of the photo-electric cell a man's features as he talked in New York were seen wavering on a lighted screen in London. That is a beginning as full of possibilities as when twelve years ago a sentence spoken in America and wirelessly across the Atlantic was caught on a receiver of the Eiffel Tower and picked up in a hut in Honolulu.

It will be some time before wireless wafts across the Atlantic moving pictures of what happens on either side of it; but the infant is stretching out its arms. Photographs of what happens in London or New York can be sent across the wires. Anyone who picks up a daily paper can see how clear these photographs are. At present they are a great curiosity, but the newspapers have them. What will they do with them?

They have it in their power to make these pictures the newspaper pages of the future. If a picture can be sent over the wires so can the image of a printed page.

No effort of the imagination is needed to see that a newspaper could prepare all its pages, advertisements, and everything included in one town in England and telegraph pictures of them in a few minutes after their completion to any other town. If that, helped by further developments of photographic printing, proved a profitable or economical and speedy way of distributing a newspaper, it would and certainly will be adopted in the future.

The broadcasting stations may themselves become newspapers, though it will be a sphere they will occupy with difficulty and not without opposition. On the lighted screen they may flash a page of an official newspaper. It would contain all the guaranteed news of the day, everything that could bear the authentic stamp of Official. The broadcasting stations have lately been permitted to circulate a certain amount of controversial utterance about politics or public questions. On the official pages of the first screen newspapers these would make a guarded appearance. As the screen need not limit itself to one page or two a number of newspaper pages might appear on it at regularly announced intervals.

If perfection could be reached in an imperfect world we might look forward hopefully to finding on the screen the newspaper that we all have hoped for but only expected to see in our dreams—a journal always correct in its facts, sound in its opinions, reasonable in its views, written with taste and discretion and imagination, telling us all we wanted to know in the way we should like it told, setting out nothing at all that we would have it omit.

Such a newspaper, unhappily, is not for us. In the words of the old Romans—So many men, so many minds. The newspaper which would fit them all would never exist. The newspapers which tried would perish. There is an old fable of a Bagdad farmer who was given leave to choose the days on which it should rain, the days on which the Sun should shine to bring up his crops—but at harvest time his crops were poorer than those of his neighbors, who had taken what Providence had seen fit to send them. The harvest of a newspaper which tried to give everything that everybody wanted would be a failure.

Another plan will have to be adopted. An official paper will throw itself on the screen, but it will have to compete with other newspapers. To every newspaper the readers who like it. Probably in days to come every newspaper will have its own screen in the home, for which it will make a regular charge. At first it may share the official screen, being allotted a special wave-length to reach it and a special hour at which to display in turn its pages.

We can see houses of the future with libraries or picture galleries in which, hung on the walls instead of pictures, will be screens where the pages of the newspapers of the world will unfold themselves as they are printed. That might be too much for the private citizen, even if he were a man of leisure and unlimited income, but it would suit the Public Library. It may be that, as a further refinement, the page as it appears will read itself aloud—but no, that would be too much. The world would be stifled by the buzz of too many newspaper voices.

Let us end our vision of the future with the imagined row of screens on which the newspapers display to us just as much as we want to read, and no more. The newspaper will always be man's companion, but if it is to remain his guide, philosopher, and friend it must know when to be silent.

A. Mee.



UNDER THE BIGGEST SHADY TREE

In the Garden

UNDER the biggest shady tree
 Mummie is doing embroidery;
 Quietly every day she sits
 Sewing and sewing with silky bits.
 Green and orange and white and blue,
 Pink and purple and crimson too.
 I see her sitting there while I play.
 And if I don't go too far away.
 I can see her lovely colored threads
 Bright like flowers in their beds.
 I'm always happy when I see
 Mummie doing embroidery.

* * *

Shopping

WHEN Mother has her shopping day
 She says if I am good I may
 Choose anything I like to eat,
 When shopping's finished, for a treat.
 No bread or scones or toast for me,
 No cups of milk or watery tea.
 Oh no! I choose a pinky ice
 With fruit and cream—and oh, it's nice!
 For all the time I eat my tea
 The band plays pretty tunes for me . . .
 It must be very hard to play
 Upon a bandstand every day.

* * *

Mushrooms

ALL in the rosy dawning
 It was so very still,
 I thought I heard an elfin horn
 Blow faintly from the hill
 To call the fairies to their beds,
 Before the morn grew bright,
 And when I spied that magic ring
 I knew that I was right.

* * *

The Balloon-Woman

THE Balloon-woman
 And I made friends—
 She's always sitting
 Where the Broad Walk ends.
 She has a balloon
 Of every size,
 And the jolliest smile
 For the child who buys.



Chinese Art: Wang Liang Chen: Wind
 Blown Grapevine in Moonlight.

He Wished to Live Forever

(A Japanese Folk Tale.)

(Conclusion.)

This was a strange country, indeed; for no one ever died, nor was ever taken ill. The doctors were unknown. Still the people were neither happy nor contented; they had heard of a place called The Paradise, attainable only through death; but which to them was no more than a legend; for they knew that they could never reach it, since theirs was the land where death was unknown.

Ordinary people are afraid of death; but these were very different; for they looked upon it as something very much to be desired. They longed for it and prayed for it, in order that they could have a chance to come to the Paradise; but in vain, the death never visited their country.

To Opulo everything seemed to be upside down. He had come to the island hoping to live forever, but he found the inhabitants wishing the death more than anything else. They had tried all they could to induce the death to come, but without success. Whatever they did, no one could ever succeed even to make himself ill; no, not even to raise a corn on his toe.

But Opulo was happy, for he found what he sought for. He was sure that he would never tire of living and he was the only contented man on the island. He changed his former mode of living. Instead of idling, he set up a business of his own, and in this engagement the time went on swiftly and agreeably.

Strange as it may seem after having lived there for two hundred years his life began to be dull and monotonous. He wanted a change, for his life was always the same, from day to day, from year to year always the same. He began to think that perhaps the other people, after all, were not foolish in wishing to die.

He realized that things would always be the same in the island and the life there would become every day more monotonous and wearisome, and he longed to see his mother country again.

He began to long after death, but he realized that death on the island was impossible, and therefore was useless to long for it.

One day he recalled that it was his prayers to Jofuku that brought him to this strange island; so he determined to appeal to him again to take him back to his home, and he regretted that he did not think of this monotony before he had started on his search.

Opulo began to entreat Jofuku to take him back, and to his great surprise, the paper bird came to his hand, and began to expand. Opulo sat on it and the bird flew up in the air and on and on, stopping neither for food nor rest, until they came to the Japanese sea. While they were flying in the air, Opulo began to think of all the wealth he had left behind and regretted that he did not turn it into money, which he could have taken along.

As soon as these thoughts came into his mind, a storm came on. A heavy rain-fall caught them in the air and wet the paper bird. The wet paper crumbled to bits and Opulo fell into the sea.

When he found himself in danger, he got scared and was afraid of being drowned. But a short time before, he would have welcomed death, and actually prayed for it; now he was appealing to Jofuku to spare his life. But there was no relief from anywhere.

He swam and swam, struggling the best he could to maintain himself above the

water. Suddenly he found himself right in front of a huge fish with its mouth wide open, ready to devour him.

Terror stricken he screamed so loud for Jofuku to save him that the scream awoke him; for, behold, he had fallen asleep during his long prayer in front of the Jofuku's shrine in the temple, and all these events had appeared to him in the dream.

Then he heard a voice and saw a messenger standing in front of him, who said:

"Jofuku has permitted you to see in your dream the land of the Continual Life. And even in a dream you were not contented with the eternal life, but wished to return to your native country, in order that you might die. And your desire for death was not a bit more real; for when the fish was about to swallow you, you appealed to Jofuku to spare you. Only one thing remains for you to do: return to your home and live a useful life, be helpful to yourself and others, and thus will you be happy and live to a good old age. Remember that whatever selfish desire you may have, even if it be granted, it will never bring you happiness."

Aesop's Fables

The Dove and the Crow.

A DOVE shut up in a cage was boasting of the large number of the young ones which she had hatched. A crow, hearing her, said: "My good friend, cease from this unreasonable boasting. The larger the number of your family, the greater your cause of sorrow, seeing them shut up in this prison house."

* * *

The Trees under the Protection of Gods.

THE GODS, according to an ancient legend, made choice of certain trees to be under their special protection. Jupiter chose the oak, Venus the myrtle, Apollo the laurel, Cybele the pine, and Hercules the poplar. Minerva, wondering why they had preferred trees not yielding fruit, inquired the reason of their choice. Jupiter replied, "It is lest we should seem to covet the honor of the fruit." But said Minerva, "Let any one say what he will, the olive is more dear to me on account of its fruit." Then said Jupiter, "My daughter, you are rightly called wise; for unless what we do is useful, the glory of it is vain."

The Fox and the Leopard.

THE FOX and the Leopard disputed which was the more beautiful of the two. The Leopard exhibited one by one the various spots which decorated his skin. The Fox, interrupting him, said, "And how much more beautiful than you am I, who am decorated, not in body, but in mind."

* * *

The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts.

A GREAT conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were called together, the Bat hesitated which to join. The Beasts that passed his perch said: "Come with us;" but he said: "I am a Bird." Later on some Birds who were passing by said: "Come with us." But he said: "I am a Beast." Luckily at the last moment peace was made and no battle took place, so the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicing, but they all turned against him and he had to go away. He then went to the Beasts, but had soon to beat a retreat, or else they would have thorn him to pieces. "Ah," said the Bat, "I see now":

He that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends.

The Spirit of the Classics

A Little Collection of 2500 Year Old Songs.

YOUTHFUL AGE

YOUNG men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs.

Anacreon.

* * *

THE SEA COCKLE

CHILD of the aged rocks,
Child of the hoary sea,
Thou fillest with joy
The heart of the boy,
A cockle from the sea.

Alcaeus.

* * *

THE DAUGHTER

I HAVE a child, a lovely one,
In beauty like the golden sun,
Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
And Clais is her name, for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign.

Sappho.

* * *

THE LONG SLEEP

LONG, long and dreary is the night
That waits us in the silent grave;
Few, and of rapid flight,
The years from death we save.
Short—ah, how short—that fleeting space;
And when man's little race
Is run, and Death's grim portals over him
close,
How lasting his repose!

Simonides.

INDEPENDENCE

WHAT'S Gyges or his gold to me!
His royal state or rich array?
From envy's taint my breast is free,
I covet no proud tyrant's sway.
I envy not the gods in heaven!
The gods to me my lots have given.
That lot, for good or ill, I'll bear,
And for no other man's I care.

Archilochus.

* * *

EVENING

HESPERUS brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.

Sappho.

* * *

THE SWALLOW

CHATTERING swallow! what shall we,
Shall we do punish thee?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Thereus like thy shrill tongue out?
Who Rhodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

Anacreon.

* * *

WINTER

JOVE descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze and blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful, high with nectar smiling.
Then beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

Alcaeus.

Victor Hugo Thinks of Something

There is a good story of Victor Hugo related by one of his old neighbors in Paris. This is it.

I SOMETIMES met Victor Hugo at a barber's where we were both customers. One day I said to the barber, old Brassier, "Well, and how goes the business?"

"Finely, sir, finely! It's almost too good, for I hardly know how my boys and I can get through the work today. So many balls and parties there are that we have thirty ladies wanting their hair dressed today."

A few days later I was again at Brassier's.

"How did you get on with your thirty lady customers?" I asked.

"Oh, don't speak of them, sir! At the most it was not more than half of them I could attend to, and, as a matter of fact, I have lost the custom of twelve or fourteen good clients on account of Monsieur Hugo."

"How is it Hugo's fault? What has he to do with your customers?"

"It is as I said, sir, and you will easily understand. A few minutes after you left Monsieur Hugo came in and sat down in this armchair. I put the towel round his neck and took hold of the shaving-brush, and was just going to begin when he seized my arm and said 'Wait a moment!' He pulled a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket and searched impatiently in his coat without finding what he was looking for.

"At last he caught sight of a sheet of paper, and seized hold of it and began writing. I waited for him to finish, though I was so busy; but he, taking no more notice of me than if I did not exist, went on scratching.

"'Yes, go on scribbling,' I said to myself. 'If you can ever read it you will be lucky.' It was a horrible scrawl, sir, and you call that a good writer! 'Just as you please,' I said to him aloud.

"'One more second, and I have finished,' he answered, but the second never finished. Monsieur Hugo went on scrawling, stopping, and raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Excuse me, sir," I ventured, "but I am extremely busy today."

"Oh, are you?" he replied. "So am I!" And he opened the door and went out.

"Your hat, sir!" I called after him.

"I didn't think of it," he answered; and away he went, without his shave.

Then, anxious to make up for lost time, I called to my boys.

"Gentlemen, we have not a minute to lose. You must go at once to these addresses. Look at this list. But where on Earth is the list? Where have you put it, you fellows?"

"It was on the edge of the chest-of-drawers a minute ago," they said.

"Well, now, sir," went on poor old Brassier, "it was that very list on which Monsieur Hugo had been writing. It was my list that he had walked off with, covered with his scrawlings. You will now understand how I lost my customers."

"Be calm, Brassier," said I. "If that piece of paper had not been there to receive the poet's inspiration French poetry would have lost some very fine verses, no doubt. Why, you were Victor Hugo's collaborator, and it is a very high honor!"

I left old Brassier thinking.





To the Readers:

Do not forget that the next issue of the Mladinski is the last issue of this year and that this will be the last chance for you to contribute in order to be awarded this coming Christmas. There are some valuable presents awaiting those who cooperate with us most often. Do not fail, therefore, to be represented in our December issue, either in Slovene or English.

If you want that the S.N.P.J. will have a gift for you, write again.

The Editor.

Robert Furlan (370 W. Maine St., Rockwood, Pa.), says in his letter that he was glad when the school started. He was the winner in a spelling contest. There are five in his family, all members of the S. N. P. J.

A similar letter was written by **Joe Merimac**, from El Moro, Colo. He is now in the seventh grade of a small country school, which is equipped with a library.

Rose Marincic, La Salle, Ill. R. 3, Box 143, says that she talks and reads a little in Slovene, but she cannot write.

Anna Marnik, Frederick, Colo., attends the eighth grade of the school. She sends us a puzzle, but gives no answer to it; so that we cannot publish it.

Mamie Semich, 10, from Eveleth, Minn., writes: "On the Sept. 21, 22, 23 there was a farmer's fair. There were many nice cows and calves. There was a beautiful calf that was owned by a little boy who got a silver cup and three medals.

Here is a joke.

Not long ago a woman entered a five and ten-cent store and addressed the clerk as follows:

Give me one of these five cent mouse traps, please, and hurry up, I want to catch a train."

Josephine Stonich, Frederick, Colo. — Josephine was at Penon, Colo., before; but now moved up to Frederick. She has a baby sister of whom she says this: "My little baby sister can walk on four. She can stand up without holding on. Her name is Virginia Washington Stonich."

Dear Editor:

I go to the tenth grade, being a sophomore in the high school of our small city. Our school isn't very large compared to the schools of the larger cities.

Winter is due in Roslyn any time lately. In winter my girl friend and I go skiing most of the time. I think it is the most fun, and a good pastime for us two. In summer we get a bunch of girls and go out for hikes to different places of the woods near by.

In school we have a club called the "Arrow Club." The girls of this club have decided to wear dark skirts and sweat shirts. There is to be no writing on the shirts. On the front of the shirts we have an Arrow made out of felt and the colors are black and gold. We have hikes and parties. The club is very interesting.

Julia Andler, Roslyn, Wash.

The following poem was sent in by Sis. **Mary Kozole** from Philadelphia, Pa. We received it when the October Issue was already in print. Well, we publish it in November:

OCTOBER.

O—Of all the twelve months of the year
October seems the best.
The brick cool breeze; the cool crisp air
Give vigor joy, and zest.

C—Columbus then this land did find.
What would our nation do
Without that wonderful event
Of fourteen ninety-two?

T—Trees, now, put on their gayest robes,
To outdoor life they call.
Such lovely, flutt'ring, crimson leaves—
Why should they ever fall?

O—October tints the fields with gold;
And luscious pumpkins too
The ripened grain holds bow its head
All wet with glistening dew.

B—Bunches of grapes hang on the vines,
They'll be picked and sold,
To patient cooks, who daily strive
To please the young and old.

E—Elves, witches, cats and scrucky owls
Appear upon the scene.
What fun of youth could e'er surpass
The joys of Hallowe'en?

R.—Radiant in beauty are the hills
In autumn tints aglow.
This view is surely not surpassed
By summer flow'rs or snow.

*

Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

The young Slovenes in our district are organizing another branch for the S. N. P. J. Dramatic društvo "Balkan" gave a play called "Lovski tat," after the play dancing with the orchestra of Anton Verovsek. It was on the 4th of Nov., 1928 in the Slovenian Labor Auditorium. Nov. 25, 1928 dr. "Cvet" is giving a concert in the afternoon, in the evening a play called "Pogodba," after the play dancing. I like the vaudevilles and to hear Anton Verovsek's orchestra play.

Anna Traven, Age 12.

*

Dear Editor:

One year has passed since I had received my first copy of Mladinski List and I find that it has made great progress in twelve months, and I hope it continues the good work and that in another year it becomes a weekly.

In order to boost the proposed airport in Canton, on Oct. 7 a great air circus was held here. About 40 planes were on the field including 2 Ford passenger monoplanes. Great crowds thronged and streets were crowded with automobiles.

I am looking towards a successful school year and am studying hard.

Remaining a member,

Jennie Vitavec.

*

A FORD.

A little spark, a little coil
A little gas, a little oil
A piece of tin, a two-inch board
Put them together, and you'll have a Ford.

Marie Phillips, member of Lodge Number 611,
15 years old, Seattle, Wash.

*

Other letters were written by the following members:

Mary Nickolich, Zeigler, Ill.
Rose Briski, Chisholm, Minn.
Frank Sadler, Library, Pa.

PUZZLES

1. Changed Word

Change the word RISE into FALL, altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only four intervening links.

*

2. Riddle-Me-Ree

My first is in daring and also in daunt,
My next's in excursion and also in jaunt,
My third is in turmoil and also in shout,
My fourth is in dubious and also in doubt,
My fifth is in mental and also in mind,
My sixth is in hunting and also in find,
My whole is a time of beauty and pleasure,
Now think out the problem and solve me
at leisure.

*

3. Arithmetical Problem

"There are forty bushels of wheat left in those two sacks," said the corn merchant, "and in the smaller there are five bushels less than half the quantity in the larger." How many bushels were in each sack?

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