

Mladinski List



SEPTEMBER 1928

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MLADINSKI LIST

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J U V E N I L E

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Ivan Cankar:

ZADRUGI

Glavo ponosno dvigni vsak,
odločno stopaj naš korak,
saj gremo v teški dušni boj
za narod svoj!

Za nami kratka vrsta let,
pred nami širni, hrupni svet,
žari pred nami dan krasan,
svobode dan.

Kot bratje vsi združimo se,
v nevstrašni krog vstopimo se,
le sloge bratske ogenj vroč
nam daje moč.

Kdor straši se, ta ni za nas,
zvesto srce, vesel obraz,
s ponosom v težki dušni boj
za narod svoj!

Elica v deveti deželi

Želvina juha

KO SE JE Elica približala, so se vsi obrnili k nji, da bi rešila vprašanje, ali ker so vsi hkratu govorili, jih ni mogla dobro razumeti, kaj hočejo. Rabelj se je jezil, da ni mogoče odsekati glave, če ni trupla poleg glave, ter da še ni nikoli imel takega opravka ter da ga tudi na svoja stara leta noče imeti.

Kralj mu je odgovarjal, predvsem, da je rabelj bedak, kajti vsakomur, ki ima glavo, se da glava odsekati.

Kraljica pa je vsa togotna zahtevala, če ničesar ne ukrenejo "prej kot je mogoče," bo dala vsem odsekati glave. (Ta zadnja opazka je razburila vso družbo.)

Elica ni znala drugega kakor povedati, da muc spada kneginji in da bo treba njo vprašati. "Kneginja je v ječi," je kraljica povedala rablju. "Tako j ponjo!" In rabelj je odletel kakor puščica.

V trenutku, ko je rabelj odšel, je začela izginjati tudi mucova glava in ko so privedli kneginjo, ni bilo več sledu po njem. Kralj in rabelj sta divjala gori in doli vsa zbegana, ostala družba pa je šla zopet igrat.

"Ne moreš si misliti, kako sem te vesela, draga starca!" je vzkliknila kneginja Elici. Prijela jo je pod pazduho in jo uljudno odpeljala.

Elici se je dobro zdelo, da je kneginja nekam razposajeno vesela in brž si je mislila, da je moral prej samo poper vplivati nanjo, da je bila tako huda. "Ko bom jaz kneginja," si je dejala Elica (upala tega itak ni), "ne bo v moji kuhinji nikoli popra. Mogoče so prav zaradi popra ljudje tako hudi. Zato mi pa pravi Pepe, da mi bo dal popra, kadar je hud name. Jesih tudi gotovo ni za kaj drugega kakor da napravi ljudi kisle. Med pa je zato, da se otroci sladko drže. Oh, če bi ljudje vedeli to, pa bi gotovo tako ne varčevali z medom."

Pozabila je že, da je z njo kneginja, ki jo je prekinila: "Na kaj pa misliš, dragica, da si še govoriti pozabila? Lep nauk bi ti lahko povedala iz tega, pa rajša molčim."

"Mogoče pa v molčanju ni nauka," ugiba Elica. Kneginja jo pokara: "V vsaki stvari je dober nauk, če ga kdo zna poiskati. Pritisnila se je bližje k Elici. Toda ker je bila kneginja od sile grda, se Elici to ni prav zdelo. Tudi tega ni marala, ker je bila kneginja ravno prav velika, da je naslonila svojo špičasto brado na Eliščino ramo. Biti pa je hotela uljudna, da je prenesla, kakor se je že dalo. "Zdaj pa imenitno igrajo," je Elica pripomnila, da nadaljuje pogovor.

"Tako," je odgovorila kneginja. "Tudi v tem je dober nauk, namreč, da ljubezen napravi, da se svet vrti."

"Nekdo je pa dejal," je pošepetala Elica, "da se vrti zato, ker se vsakdo briga za svoje."

"Dobro, saj to pomeni ravno tisto," je dejala kneginja in zapičila svojo brado še ostreje v Eliščino ramo. Nadaljevala je z nauki, kar je Elici takoj dalo misliti, da babnica ne zna drugega kot iskati lepe nauke.

"Gotovo se čudiš, kako da te ne objamem," je zopet rekla kneginja. "Bojim se, da bi se razsrdil tvoj flamingo. Vendar bom poizkusila. Elica pa tega ni marala in jo je opozorila, češ, da jo flamingo lahko ukolje. "Res, res," je rekla kneginja, "flamingo pa gorčica oba koljeta. Iz tega se učimo, da ptiči enega perja letijo skupaj."

"Ampak gorčica ni ptič," je pripomnila Elica. Ugibali sta, kaj bi bila gorčica. Mogoče je ruda in se koplje v jami; mogoče je rastlina, ki raste v vrtu, pa vendar ne izgleda kot rastlina. Kneginja je že zopet imela cele kupe naukov. Elica se je spet zamislila, čemur je ugovarjala kneginja.

“Misliti vendar smem,” je dejala Elica ostro. Vsa vznemirjena je že bila v nadležni družbi. “Toliko imaš pravice misliti, kot imajo pujski pravico letati po zraku, in na . . .” Tu je zamrl glas kneginje, da celo priljubljene besede “nauk” ni mogla več izgovoriti. Tresla se je, kajti pred njo je kakor burja privihrala kraljica.

“Lep dan je danes,” je rekla kneginja komaj slišno.

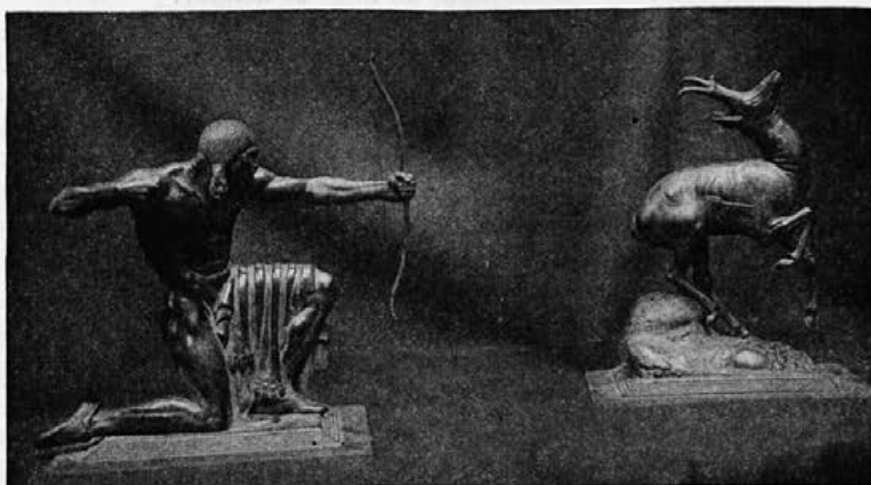
“Posvarim vas poslednjikrat,” je divjala kraljica. “Ali odidete vi ali pa bo vaša glava odsekana. Odločite se prej kot je mogoče.” Kneginja je odšla v istem hipu. Kraljica pa je zopet povabila Elico na igre. Drugi gostje so se bili med odsotnostjo kraljice porazgubili v senco, ali v trenutku, ko so jo ugledali, so skočili vsak na svoje mesto. Če bi se zamudili le za trenutek, pa bi izgubili glave. Kraljica je bila največja prepirljivka. Prepirala se je in vpila, medtem pa ukazovala, komu naj odsekajo glavo. Ko je manjkalo že polovico igralcev, je kraljica vprašala Elico: “Ali si videla glavinjo želvo?”

“Ne, saj še vem ne, kaj je glavinja želva,” je rekla Elica. Kraljica pa je pojasnjevala, da je to tista želva, iz katere se skuha goveja juha. Vzela je Elico s seboj, da ji bo pripovedovala o glavinji želvi. Ko sta odhajali, je Elica čula komaj slišen glas kralja, ki je pomiloščeval vse na smrt obsojene. Rada se je torej pridružila kraljici, kajti smilili so se ji obsojenci.

Kmalu sta prišli do zmajača, čudne pošasti z levjim koncem in z orlovskim ospredjem. “Vstani, lenuh,” je ukazala kraljica, “in pelji to mlado gospodično k glavinji želvi. Vrniti se moram k partiji, da bodo obsojencem odsekali glave. Elici ni bilo nič kaj za spremstvo zmajača, ali mislila si je, da z njim je mogoče prav tako varno kakor s kraljico. Zmajač je vstal, si pomel oči, in ko je kraljica izginila, dejal napol sebi napol Elici: “Smešno!”

“Kaj je smešno?” je vprašala Elica. Rekel je, da je smešna kraljica, ker nikoli ne verjame, da posekajo glave tistim, ki jih ona obsodi. “Pojdi z menoj!” Nista šla dolgo, ko sta v dalji zapazila glavinjo želvo, vso žalostno na samem, vzdihujočo, da je njen jok šel prav do srca. “Zakaj je tako žalostna,” vpraša Elica zmajača. Ta je pojasnil, da želva joče samo iz navade. Glavinja želja se je ozrla po njiju z velikanskimi solznimi očmi, dejala pa ničesar. “Ta mlada gospodična,” je dejal zmajač, “bi rada slišala tvojo povest.”

“Vse ji bom povedala,” je rekla glavinja želva z otožnim glasom. “Sedita in poslušajta, pa ne izpregovorita niti besedice, dokler ne dokončam.”



Paul Manship: Indijanec in antilopa.

A. Kobal:

PALAČA ČRNEGA KRALJA

Iz smrečja temnega se stena dviga,
postav dvanajst jo k modrem nebu spremlja.
To stebri so, nad njimi kakor zemlja
jekleni krov v oboku prožnem šviga.
Na kupolo ognjeno solnce vžiga,
kovinskih ploč s toploto se prijemlja,
zidovje pa mrzlejšje je kot zemlja,
iz koje raste, se nad njo povzdiga.

Palača kralja črnega, lepota
tvojih stebrov, sten ostane hladna,
čeprav te solnce greje, gaj obdaja.
Zgradila zide ljudska je slepota,
vložila kamen h kamnu para gladna;
mraz tvoj, zločinov te nad njo izdaja.

— — —

Dvokrilna vrata se odpro v dvorano,
bogastva blesk očesa vid temni,
zlato iz kotov vseh, še z gladkih tal blesti.
Po zlatu sluge stopajo udano,
se klanjajo pred biserno sobano:
v njej na prestolu črni kralj sedi,
mu premog žezlo je, obraz, oči.
Premog postavljen v biserno sobano;

Palače žarko solnce ni ogrelo:
grozote mraz ogljeno žezlo trosi,
iz saj sešit odurni plašč je kraljev.
Stebrovje zlato kot okostje belo,
po njem pa vlage kaplje kakor v rosi
polzijo potne srage premogarjev.



P. Flere:

Četveronožci gozdov v Sloveniji

IV.

Polšja lov! Sedimo malo in počijmo tule na hrastovem parobku, pa naj nam pripoveduje o njej Josip Jurčič:

“Ko se naredi mrak, se snide za vasjo majhna družba polharjev. Na čelu ji je star polhar, ki so mu bile že od mladih nog polšja lov in samostreline veliko veselje. Na rami nosi ozek, iz vrbovih šibic spleten koš, poln pasti. Sicer prestavlja mož nekam počasi noge in malo besedi prihaja iz njegovih ust, toda kadar sedi ponoči v gozdu in ima okrog razstavljene pasti, takrat je zgovoren in ne poide mu tako kmalu govora. Že se začne delati tema, ko privede vodnik svojo družbo v globoko dolino, po eni strani zaraslo s prastarimi hrasti in gabri, po eni pa opustošeno do same praproti. Na starem pogorišču se družba ustanovi. Tukaj strese vodnik svoje samostreline iz koša na tla, razklene vsaki posebe železne klešče ter jih namaže odznotraj z gnilimi hruškami, ki si jih je nabral spotoma. Tako store tudi drugi.

Tedaj jih pouči starina: “Ti pojdi tja k razklanemu gabru! Tam je gabrica polna, že oni teden sem jo ogledoval. Ti pa nastavi na vrhu, kjer je želod poln!” Zopet drugemu: “Zate in za polhe, ki bodo polzeli po tvojem goltu, je obrodila žir v bukovju nad skalo. Ako pride še kateri, naj se nastavi bolj zgoraj v vrhu, jaz že ne hodim lahko daleč pobirat iz pasti, zato nastavim tod okoli.” —

Tako daje povelja, v svesti si svoje moči in oblasti, kakor vojvoda pred bojem.

Vsi se razidejo. Vodnik nagrabi naročaj pasti in gre tudi nastavljat. Prvo nastavi v rogovilo votlega gabra tik luknje, kamor je bila nanesa polšica velik kupček želoda, žiri in gabrice. Tukaj je gotovo eden moj! si prikima polhar gredoč do drugega gabra. Drdraje beže polhi v dupla, kamor jih obseva polharjeva nažgana treska ali kadar trči ob deblo, poizkuša, se bo li kaj zgenilo. Ko razpostavi pasti, se vrne na mesto ter zaneti iz kresilne gobe ogenj. Kmalu se zbere vsa družba. Vsak prinese gredoč suhe brsti in jo vrže na ogenj, da veselo plapola.

In okrog ognja se prične ono veselo ponočno življenje, ki napravlja polšjo lov še posebno mikavno. Pravljičica se vrsti za pravljico . . . Kako je prišel k polharju v gozd volk, mu raztrgal malho z nalovljenimi polhi ter pridno trgal, kar si je nalovil mož. Kako lovi pravi polhar le do Sv. Simona in Juda in da ne mara po tem dnevu več ne v pasti ne v skledi ne živega ne ubitega. To pa zato, ker mora imeti vsaka stvar kdaj svoj mir in pokoj, polh pa po sv. Simonu in Judu. Tisti večer pred njunim godom spravlja hudoba polhe skupaj ter jih žene v žir.

Med pripovedovanjem pa vstaja od ognja zdaj eden, zdaj drugi, da pogleda k svojim pastim ter pomaga ujetim živalcam, ki se uvijajo, stopicajo in brcajo, da bi se ubranile, a jim nič ne pomaga. Mrtve romajo v malho polharju, ki nastavlja iznova.

Tako gre lov naprej do novega dne, ki prinese polharju plačilo za njegov nočni trud: polno skledo tolstih polhov, kuhanih v krompirju.”

Tako pripoveduje Jurčič, mi pa smo se zamislili v jesenski noči in v polšje lovi ter smo skoraj pozabili, da je okrog nas vsepovsod življenje. Dvignemo se, suha veja nam pokne pod nogami. Glej! Tam pod šrevesom iz dupline nas gleda iznad majhnega rilčka dvoje očes. O je ž, je ž ek! Kaj vidimo tudi tebe pri belem dnevu, ki si vendar pred vsem ponočnjak? Le razvij zopet klobko, v katero si se zvil, in spravi se v svojo luknjo k počitku! Nas se ti ni treba bati, ne storimo ti ničesar. Tudi psa

nimamo s seboj, da bi te divje in sovražno oblajal, morebiti celo izkopal ter si odnesel od tvojih bodic krvav gobec. Mi te poznamo poštenjaka!

Odpravimo se naprej, v mislih pa nam ostane jež. Siromak! Pač malokatera žival v našem gozdu se prebije vse svoje življenje na tako pošten način kakor jež, in vendar se ni priljubil človeku. Res, da ga imajo včasih celo po hišah, da zatira ščurke in miši, a ko je prenehala ta nadloga, mora iz hiše tudi jež. Ponoči — pravijo — da ne da miru, ker venomer copota s svojimi širokimi podplati okoli, in pa da smrdi. Ne bomo zagovarjali ježa, če kdaj izpije pticam jajca ali pohrusta mladiče, preudariti pa je treba, da je spravil s sveta ob vsakem jajcu po več miši in pri vsakem mladiču množino škodljivih žuželk in črvov, ogrcev, polžev, žab, kuščarjev in kač. Da tudi kač! Sprime se celo s strupenim gadom in ga ustrahuje.

Ko smo tako sami pri sebi dokazovali ježevo koristnost, smo dospeli navkreber polagoma do prostorne jase na zeleni planici. Pred nami se pasejo srne. Če hočemo, da jih lahko opazujemo, jih glejmo od daleč pa skrijmo se za deblo, da nas ne zapazi, in ostanimo tukaj prav tiho, da nas ne slišijo.

Lepe in ljubeznive živali so srne. Imajo vitke vratove pa manj vitko truplo, kratko, prisekano glavo in so skoro brez repa. Jasen in mil je pogled njih rjavih oči. Premičejo se na visokih, vitkih nogah ter stopicajo na majhne, ozke in ušpiljene parkeljce. Gosta, rjava dlaka se gladko pritiska trupla. Srnjaka spoznamo med četreroglavo odraslo živino že od daleč, ker ga krasi lepo, kratko, rogovilasto rogovje. S starimi vred se pasejo tudi tri mlade srnice, ki jim je dlaka še pegasta. Mirno mulijo travo, odgrizujejo tu pa tam tudi brst ali mladiko. Mehki mah izgineva v njih gobčku.

Stojte! bi jim radi zaklicali, a ne pomagalo bi nič, le še bolj bi jih splašili. Ko smo jih gledali, je mahoma dvignil srnjak rogato glavico, povohal proti nam v zrak in z enim skokom izginil preko grmovja v goščo. Za njim so jo prav tako ročno in brez vsakega truda v mogočnih skokih ubrale srne in srnice, pred nami pa je ostala prazna jasa . . .

Kaj jih je prepodilo? Ali nam je izpodrsnila noga in nas je izdal srnam njih preostri sluh? Ali je potegnil od naše strani prav lahek veter ter so nas zavohale? Ali pa so zapazile kje v zraku kako nevarnost? Zaman ugiblujemo in zaman bi jih čakali, ker so gotovo na paši že kje drugje, kjer se jim zdi varnejše. Mi pa se obrnimo proti domu, ker nam pravi solnce, da smo že dosti dolgo v gozdu.

V.

Srečen slučaj nam priskrbi na poti domov prijetno družbo starega lovca Luke, ki je pohajal po gozdu s puško, če ne bi morda lahko upihnil kateri živali luči življenja. V ustih mu tiči pipa, izpod osivelih, košatih obrvi pa nas dobrodušno gledajo njegove sive oči. Vesel je, če naleti v gozdu na človeka, o katerem ve, da z njim vred ljubi gozd in njegove prebivalce.

“No, ali ste videli kaj dlake?” nas ogovori. Dlaka so mu večji četronožci.

“Smo, smo!” mu odvrčamo. “Jazbec nam je preletel pot, lisica nas je srečala, veverico smo videli, kako je bežala pred zlatico, zdaj nazadnje smo pa prepodili še srne.”

“Imeli ste večjo srečo nego jaz,” prikima Luka. “Menda ste hodili pred menoj ter ste mi sproti vse odganjali. No, nič ne škodi. Saj nisem šel v gozd toliko zato, da bi streljal, pogledat sem šel takole malo naokrog, ne dela li zverjad preveč škode.”

“In ste kaj našli?”

“Baš srne bo treba pregnati od te planice, ker je preblizu novim smrekovim nasadom. Kakor da bi ne imele jesti prav nič drugega, tako so se spravile nad te mladike.”

“Škoda jih bo teh ljubkih živali, če jih prepodite odtod, kjer so vendar še tako blizu, da jih človek lahko vsaj včasih vidi.”

“Mislite, da je meni lovcu to ljubo? Jaz sem tudi gozdar in zaradi ene lepote ne smem opustiti druge koristi. Kako mi je bilo pred leti žal, da smo morali zatreti j e l e n e v gornjem velikem gozdu na planini, ki ga gotovo poznate. Pa smo jih morali, drugače bi nam bili uničili pol gozda.”

“Kaj je jelen tako škodljiv?”

“Tako, da si ga privoščijo in ga rede v svojih gozdih lahko le bogataši, ki jim je manj za gozd nego za zabavo na jelenjem lovu. Vzlic temu, da ima jelen v gozdu dovolj hrane, se spravi nad drevje, zasadi v skorjo in les sprednje zobe, ki jih ima le v spodnji čeljusti, ter odčesne tako od drevesa cele kose. Kjer je jelen ranil drevo, začne les gniti, to pa je velika škoda v gozdu,” razlaga lovec.

“Luka, ali ste vi kdaj hodili nad jelene?” vprašamo lovca, ker bi tudi o tem radi kaj zvedeli.

“O, če sem hodil? V mlajših letih dostikrat in reči moram, da ni lepšega lova, nego je ta,” odgovori mož.

Ker poznamo starega Luko, da ni skop s povestmi, kadar se snide s človekom, ki mu privošči dobro besedo, ga poprosimo, naj nam pove, kako je bilo na takih lovih. Luka je bil res tudi kar pri volji. Zložimo se v gozdni senci na mehki mah. Luka iztrka pipo, jo natlači iznova ter vžge tobak, potem pa pripoveduje:

“Mislite si takole lep jesenski dan, hladen in brez vetra. Naprtli ste si hrbtnik, ki ste vanj naložili hrane za nekaj dni, ter greste v obsežen gozd. Spodaj pod gozdom ste se še srečali s srečnim vinogradnikom pred njegovo zidanico in pokusiti ste morali novino, ki jo je spravil in ki je taka, da bi se kar sama pila, kakor vam zatrjuje. Lovcu pa ni danes ne do zidanice ne do novega mošta; še boji se, da bi se mu pridružil veseli gospodar. Saj gre nad jelene in tu je treba opreznosti, ne pa šuma in glasnega razgovora, kakor bi ga razvezala sladka novina.

Žene ga gori k lovski hišici, kjer odloži nahrbtnik ter si napravi ogenj, da se pozneje ob njem pogreje. Tu med štirimi stenami poizkusi na veliko školjko, zna li še oponašati jelenovo rukanje.

Vse gre dobro. Lovec vzame s seboj le puško in školjko ter se odpravi na prostor, kjer ve, da se je pridružil star jelen tudi lani kakim desetim košutam, jelenjim samicam. Navadno žive košute in le mladi jeleni skupaj v čredi, ki jo vodi najkrepkejša košuta. Odrasli jeleni žive sami zase v posebnih čredah. Šele pozneje se pridružijo čredam, v katerih so košute, in še takrat le za toliko časa, da se niso obrežile.

Lovec se bliža tako, da ima veter proti sebi in ga žival ne more zavohati. Že se bliža čredi. Jelen je dvignil glavo, da mu je leglo rogovje nazaj, in njegov močni, votli “bo, bo” se razlega v tiho noč. Tu ali tam se odzove odgovor, na več krajih se oglašajo jeleni, mlajši z višjim, starejši z nižjim glasom. Včasih se prikrade k čredi, ki že ima svojega jelena, še drugi, in tedaj se spustita oba v boj na življenje in smrt. Rogovi udarijo na rogove in prigodi se, da obleži slabejši ali pa celo oba. Kadar pa premaganec pobegne, ostane premagalec neomejen gospodar svoje črede in gromovito rukanje naznanja v gozd zmago in moč, ki se ji mora vsakdo ukloniti.

Če so jeleni zase v čredah, jim ni lahko priti blizu, preoprezni so. Kadar pa se vrše ti boji, in ko pazi jelen le na to, da ga ne izpodrine kateri močnejši tekmeč z njegovega gospodarstva, je slep in gluha za vsako nevarnost. In tedaj se mu bliža lovec. Na svoj školjki oponaša jelenov “bo,bo,” jelen se da premotiti in prihaja bliže in bliže. Med tem se je stemnilo. Strel na žival bi bil negotov. A lovec je vendar zadovoljen s svojim uspehom; saj ve, da bo čakal jelen svojega namišljenega tekmeča zjutraj še prav tam, kjer ga pusti nocoj. Zato prav oprezno odide nazaj v hišo, naloži še na ogenj, si privošči mrzlo večerjo ter leže k počitku.

S spancem seveda ni nič; blejanje in rukanje jelenov se razlega vso noč po gozdu. Treba pa je tudi paziti, da ne zaspi jutra. Saj pokriva zemljo še gosta tema, ko vstane ter se počasi in previdno odpravi na sinočnji prostor, kamor mora dospeti še v temi. Tam ga že prav blizu pozdravi rukanje premotenega jelena. Lovec komaj čaka prvega svita. Vesel se oddahne, ko se prikaže nad gozdom jutranja zarja. Sedaj! Mirno in tiho! Prvi solčni žarki se vžgo na nebu, pred seboj vidi čredo košut z mogočnim jelenom. Nastavi puško, pok zagrmi v gozd in jeka ti ga vrača od vseh strani . . .

Jelen se obrne in zbeži, za njim vsa čreda.

Naj le beži! Videli smo ga, da je imel pri begu glavo obrnjeno k tlom. To priča, da je smrtno zadet, kapljice krvi na njegovi poti pa nam kažejo, kam naj se obrnemo, da pridemo do njegovega ležišča. Za zdaj ga pustimo, ker ranjenemu jelenu ni varno hoditi blizu, in rajši pokadimo pipico tobaka . . .

Visoko se je že dvignilo solnce, ko je našlo lovca pri tem, da je jemal iz jelena drob. Prav dobre volje je, če je zadel korenjaka z dvanajstimi ali štirinajstimi parožki na rogovju. — O, tudi jaz sem bil včasih tako dobre volje," je še pristavil Luka svojemu opisu, se nasmejtal ter nas veselo pogledal.

Mi pa se še obrnemo do njega: "Kajne, Luka, če je imel jelen dvanajst parožkov, je bil dvanajstleten, s štirinajstimi pa štirinajstletem?"

"Ne vselej," zategne Luka. "Mnenje, da se ujema število parožkov na rogovju s številom jelenovih let, ni docela pravilno. Če vam je všeč, vam povem, kako sem opazoval sam, na kak način se razvija rogovje pri jelenu."

O, če nam je po volji! Še prosili smo Luko, naj nam to razloži.

"Konec maja," je pričel, "ali v začetku junija vrže košuta mladička, pa šele pozimi se dvigneta na jelenčetovi glavici dve koščeni bunčici, iz katerih mu v osmem ali devetem mesecu začneta poganjati rogljiča, šibi, ki sta brez parožkov. Ko sta prihodnje leto šibi odpadli, so se šele napravile na glavi stalne rožnice, iz katerih zraste rogovje, in pri tem prvem se pokažeta šele prva parožka. Meseca sušca izgubi vsak jelen vsako leto svoje rogovje in pri novem, ki je gotovo konec julija ali v začetku avgusta meseca, mu navadno res zraste na vsaki strani po en parožek več. To pa le do nekega števila. Laže spozna več lovec jelenovo starost po debelini rogovja nego po številu parožkov. Tisto je pač res, da se razvijajo parožki po čisto določenem načrtu; tako je obrnjen prvi parožek nad rožo vedno naprej, druga dva vedno na ven; pod tretjim rogljem je tudi rog sam vedno upognjen navzgor. Toliko vem iz lastnega opazovanja. — Sedaj pa moram naprej, vi pa tudi hitite, da še pridete k obedu," se nasmeje Luka, vstane, vrže puško čez ramo in odide naprej po gozdu.

Mi pa se obrnemo zadovoljni proti domu. Dosti smo videli in slišali za enkrat.

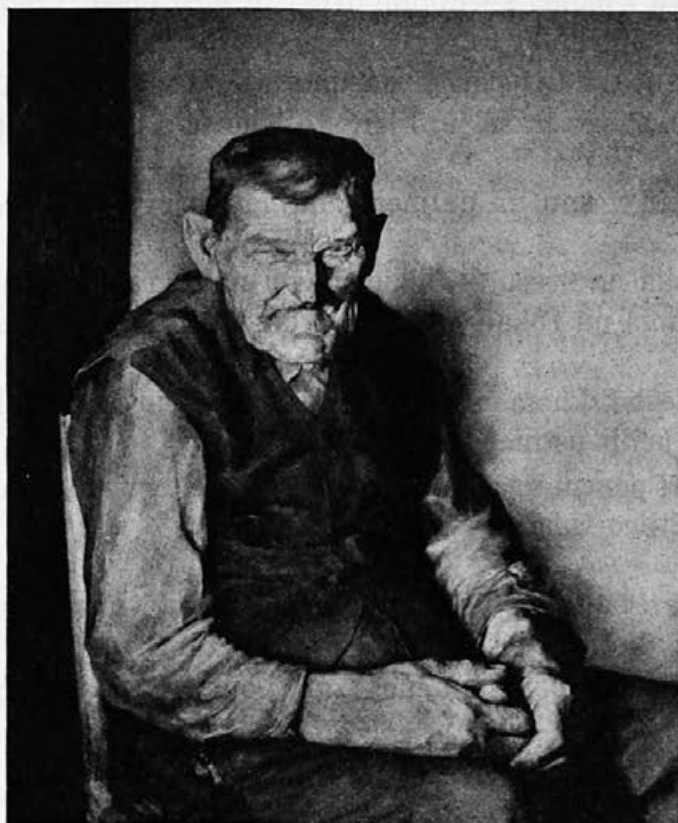
Dr. Ivan Pregelj:

ISTRSKI MOTIV.

Kakor bolna resnost,
kakor nad gomilo,
nad obrazom njenim
se je razgrnilo.

Majka stara dremlje;
lice razorano
snivaš pesem tožno,
tebi le poznano?

Solze, solze moje
so na kamen pale,
kamen se razsul je,
solze so ostale.



James Chapin: Hlapec Jernej.

R. Tagore:

Deveta dežela

ČE bi ljudje izvedeli, kje je mojega kralja palača, bi se razblinila v nič.
Zidovi so iz belega srebra in streha je iz bleščečega zlata.

Kraljica biva v palači s sedmimi dvori in nosi biser, vreden sedem kraljestev.

Ali daj mamica, da ti povem na uho, kje je mojega kralja palača.
Tam v kotu naše terase je, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kraljična leži v snu na daljnem, daljnem bregu sedmero neprehodnih morij.

Ni ga človeka na svetu, ki bi jo mogel najti, razen mene.

Zapestnice ima na rokah in biserne jagode v ušesih; lasje ji valujejo do tal.

Prebudila se bo, ko se je dotaknem s svojo čarobno paličico, in biseri bodo padali z njenih ustnic, ko se bo smejala.

Ali daj, da ti povem na uho, mamica: ona je tu v kotu naše terase, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kedar bo čas, da se pojdeš kopat v reko, stopi na teraso na strehi.
Jaz sedim v kotu, kjer se križajo sence zidov.

Samo mucika sme priti z menoj, zakaj ona ve, kje biva brivec iz pravljice.

R. Tagore:

Izvor

SPANEC, ki prileti detetu na oči—ve-li kdo, odkod prihaja?

Da, pravijo, da biva v bajnem selu, tam med gozdnimi sencami, ki jih motno osvetljujejo kresnice in kjer visita dva plašna čarovita popka. Odondot prihaja poljubljat detetu oči.

Usmev, ki trepeče detetu na ustnicah, kadar spi—ve-li kdo, kje se je rodil? Da, pravijo, da se je mlad bled žarek rastočega meseca doteknil roba gubečega se jesenskega oblaka, in tedaj se je prvič rodil usmev v snu rosnega jutra—usmev, ki trepeče detetu na ustnicah, kadar spi.

Sladka, nežna svežost, cvetoča detetu na udih—ve-li kdo, kje je bila skrita tako dolgo? Da, ko je mamica bila še mlada devojka, je prepajala njeno srce z nežno in tiho tajnostjo ljubezni—sladka, nežna svežost, ki se je razcvela detetu na udih.

Alojz Gradnik:

MATERI.

I.

Ti trudnožna, tiha in trpeča
vse dni življenja in noči prečute,
Bogu udana, nemo govoreča
pri delu z njim vse ure in minute.

V naročje tvoje rož ni sula sreča:
pot trnja, muk in stisk in bede krute
hodila si kloneča in veneča,
ko darujoč se cvet rože osute.

Tvoj dedič sem, o mati, in ni srečno
življenje moje; senca sem telesa
in trhel plod le tvojega drevesa.

Senca živi samo, ko solnce sije,
in plod odpade in samotni zgnije;
le, kar življenje novo da, je večno.

II.

Iz srca tajnotemne globočine
si me pozvala in si rekla: Bodi!
In kaplja ena v večnosti posodi
spuhtel sem in se vzpel v luči višine.
In videl sem, kje so življenja prodi
in da je kratka pot in da vse mine
in kratka slast in dolge bolečine
in da nikdo ne ubeži usodi.

In vprašal sem: "Čemu si me rodila?"
In sem skesan spoznaval, da od veka
vseh mater samo eden je obraz.

da si le dekla in da vršiš ukaz,
ki ga je dala svetu slast in sila,
ko je spočela prvega človeka.

* * *

Albin Čebular:

PO DELU

Oj, kot grmički,
so sključeni strički,
ob njih so krampički
in polni vozički.

Od vsakega moža
je potna vsa koža,
jo veterček boža,
mazili jo roža—

Simon Gregorčič:

LASTOVKAM.

Lastovke, oj Bog vas sprimi,
ko po dolgi, ostri zimi
priletele ste nazaj
v mirni naš planinski raj!
Ve pomladi ste znanilke,
dobre sreče ste nosilke.
Kjer si dom postavite,
srečo tja pripravite!
Gostoljuben strop je moj.
Gnezda svoja nanj pripnite,
tu valite, tu gojite
srečonosni zarod svoj!
Skrbno jaz vam branil bom
nežni rod in mali dom.
Nihče vas se ne dotakne
in mladičev vam nikdo
z roko kruto ne izmakne,
čuval jaz jih bom zvesto.

* * *

A. Kobal:

DECA NA PRODU

Glas dece se spaja
s šumenjem valov,
srebrni glaski
z zamolklim šepetom.
Kdo bi pač vračal se
zgodaj domov,
tu sreča doma je,
radost mladim letom!

Valovi nemirni
igrajo se s peskom,
se oprijemajo
belih nožic;
deca v gorkem
pesku se koplje,
izroča valovom se
mladi možic.

* * *

Albin Čebular:

OČKA PRIŠLI SO DOMOV,

zapustili črni rov.
Danes je nedelja v hiški,
včeraj bila je pri miški.

Pa odšli so zopet očka,
k nam je prišla teta nočka . . .
Očka pridejo žespet—
vse pri njih ima svoj red!



Dragi čitatelji!

Ta mesec je prišlo precejšnje število slovenskih pisem, katera priobčamo po vrsti. Videti je iz njih, da se mladi čitatelji ne zanimajo samo za starost drugih dopisovalcev in da znajo poleg tega, kam hodijo v šolo, koliko bratov imajo itd., tudi kaj drugega poročati. To se lepo vidi v angleškem oddelku. Razveseljivo je to in želeli je, da bi tako zanimanje rastlo še naprej, predvsem pa zanimanje za slovenski oddelek. Torej le vsi na delo, tudi sedaj, ko se začenjajo šole in bo vsak zopet zaposlen s šolskimi knjigami. Pa poročajte o uspehih v šoli skozi preteklo leto.

O uspehih slovenske mladine po ameriških šolah lahko povemo veliko zanimivega. O naši mladini po železnem okrožju v Minnesoti lahko rečemo, da se postavi v šolah veliko boljše kakor pa druga mladina. Najboljše za to pokažejo uspehi v učenju. Tudi učitelji se izrazijo, da so z našimi otroci zadovoljni in da se običajno bolj radi učijo ter da so bolj poslušni kakor pa drugi. Znanih je več slučajev, kjer so ravno čitatelji Mladinskega lista dosegli prvo priznanje v raznih šolskih contestih. Le pridno in z zanimanjem naprej, mladi čitatelji, pokažite česa ste zmožni in česa bi bili radi zmožni.

Svojo zmožnost je na primer pokazal naš mladi čitatelj, sin Johna Šularja v Kansasu. Od vseh šol v okraju Crawford, Kansas, je bil izbran kot prvak v angle-

škem pravopisju. Kot takega ga je okrajno šolstvo poslalo na skupno tekmo za državo Kansas, na kateri je poslan od vsakega okraja samo eden. Našemu mladem članu želimo še veliko uspeha.

Mlada sestra Evelyn Hočevar v Pueblu, Colo., pokaže svoje resno zanimanje za slovensko petje. Pretečeni mesec je nastopila s slovenskim petjem na odru. Vsakdo se je pohvalno izrazil o njenem glasu, kajti pela je z lepim zvonkim glasom, kakor bi mogli pričakovati le od malo deklic njenih let. Nekaj imenitnega je tudi, kako ona zna dvigniti glas v pesmi. Človek bi mislil, da je to njen rani poklic. Častitajmo ji!

Mladi čitatelji Mladinskega lista pokažejo zanimanje za naše življenje vsepovsod. Tako se pravi biti dober in napreden človek. Pridno in neustrašno delati je treba pri društvih in povsod drugod. Potem so starši veseli, potem so veseli prijatelji in naši bratci in sestrice. Mladinski list pa tako delavnost rad podpre in bomo v bodoče tudi vse opisali in dali priznanje tistemu dečku ali deklici, ki pridno in vztrajno dela. Čitatelji pa poročajte o svojih uspehih v šoli, pri društvih in doma.

Napol v povesti, napol v pesmi nam Anna Svetick iz Henrietta, Okla., opisuje znano ameriško ptico "the mocking bird." Ta ptica je šegava nočna oponašalka drugih ptic in včasih skoro otroškega glasu ter človeškega žvižganja. Kdor jo je že slišal, jo rad primerja s starokrajskim slavčkom in je ne pozabi tako hitro. Naša čitateljica piše:

"Dragi 'Makenbert'!

Makenbert, oh ko bi nam vedno tako lepo prepeval in nam zmerom tako kratke čase delal.

Pa pride zima in mraz in ti vedno greš od nas.

Makenbert, Makenbert, komaj čakam in stremim, da te zopet enkrat doživim in se tvojih pesmi peti učim."

* * *

Elouse Ilovar, Blaine, Ohio, Box 275, nam pošilja pesmico, ki se glasi:

JUTRO

Dobro jutro, Anica,
jasno jutro mlado,
pridi, pojdeva na vrt,
na polje, livado.

Trgala boš rožice,
v šopek jih zložila;
z drevja pesem moja bo
tebi se glasila.

Anica je slušala,
nič ni razumela;
srečna vendar iz srca
glasno je zapela.

* * *

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18, je rešila nekaj ugank iz izdaj pretečenih mesecev ter pošilja pesmico:

DETE

ob grobu svoje matere.

Oh ata, moj ata,
kje je mama zlata?
Tam na pokopališči
poleg vrat jo išči.

Ko je dete to slišalo,
je do groba pribežalo
in z motičico kopalo,
k mami se je tiščalo.

Joj, moja mama,
kako sem zaničevana!
Mačeha mi kruha reže,
vselej trikrat ga ogleda.

"Dete moje, pojdi proč,
s tabo bodi moja moč.
V kratkem pridem k tebi,
da te vzamem k sebi."

OTROK SVOJEMU LESEnemu KONJIČKU.

Konjiček konjiček, beži! Zakaj ne bežiš? Morda se očeta, mame moje bojiš?

Saj te je oče kupil in rad te ima. Mamica moja pa je draga, moja in tvoja vsa.

Konjiček, konjiček, skači! Zakaj tako mirno stojiš? Morda pa premalo ovsa, sena dobiš?

Kaj če dobil bi z bičem, kot sosedov pram! Glej, jaz te ne maram tepsti, bilo bi me sram.

Zato pa skači in dirjaj, moj dragi konjič! Poleti z menoj dol po cesti, ne boj se nič.

Če se morda kje prevrneš, te bom pa pobral. Če sam ne boš znal, te bom jaz domov gnal.

Mary Ilovar, Blaine, Ohio.

* * *

Mary Ostanek nam piše iz Traunika, Michigan:

O počitnicah po malem delamo, ali tudi igramo se. Prijetno nam je, samo vreme je malo pregrdo. Skoraj vsaki dan imamo dežja, da je vse mokro.

Meni dopade povest o Elici v deveti deželi, ampak to mi je hudo, da vsega še ne zastopim po slovensko. Včasih moram starše vprašati. Počasi se bom že naučila. Pozdrav vsem, katerih poročila so v Mladinskem listu.

* * *

Prvi dopis po slovensko nam piše Mary Matos iz Blaina, Ohio, Box 181. Njeno pisemce je majhno, ampak za prvokrat že radi oprostimo, posebno ker nam Mary obljubila, da bo drugič več. Tudi uganko Annie Grum v Bannocka, Ohio, je pravilno rešila.

* * *

Mary Krainik iz Chisholma, Minn., nam piše povestico o zajcu in kmetičevem zelju. Naučila jo je povestice njena mama. Mary je članica društva "Lilija v vrtu" št. 322 SNPJ. Ker želi, da njej drago povestico priobčimo, jo lahko čitajo vsi čitatelji:

ZAJEC IN KMET

Nekoč je hodil zajec na zelje. Praznika ni poznal niti nedelje. Kmetič ga nekda v zelju zagleda, ravno ko mlado glavo objeda, in ga pokara več ne hoditi.

Zajec ne sluša tega svarila, škoda čimdalje večja je bila. Drugič grozi mu kmetič ostreje, puško pokaže mu izza meje. Poči zdaj puška, zajec pa pade, ker ni opustil grešne navade. Brat mu pa reče izza grmiča: Mar bi bil pustil zelje kmetiča.

* * *

September je mladini kakor januar v koledarju, prvi šolski dnevi pa novoletni dnevi. Začenja se novo šolsko leto, zato si pa želimo mnogo sreče v šoli. Pa ne samo željo, tudi voljo imamo, da bomo uspeli v tem novem šolskem letu.

UREDNIK.

Cankar v šoli

ENAJSTA šola, Bog s teboj! Milo se mi stori, kadar se spomnim nate, zibel življenja in spoznanja. Ko človek shodi, se mu odpirajo korak za korakom prostrani svetovi, se mu razkrivajo, ga obsipljejo svetla bogastva. Ozre se na siromašno zibel v kotu in oko mu je motno, senca gre preko srca.—

Dali so me v šolo, v ono pusto, srepogledo, od vseh strani zadelano, kjer ni ne solnčnega, belega proda, ne razbitih loncev, ne luknjastih ponev, ne pipcev brez ročnika in kapeljnov še celo ne. Samo trde človeške nerazumljive besede so tam in velike črke, na črno tablo zapisane.

Oblekli so me v novo obleko, ki mi je bila veliko preohlapna; oče je bil zame obrnil in za silo prekrojil obnošeno nedeljsko obleko starejšega brata. Grenka je pot do učenosti. S težkim srcem sem se napotil proti šoli, s težkim srcem in plaho slutnjo, kakor se napoti grešnik do hudih sodnikov; in brat, ki me je vodil, se mi je zdel kakor črn birič. Sveže jutro je bilo, čisto nedeljsko, svet je bil umit in počesan. Široka in bela je bila cesta, že osušena; zelene loke na obeh straneh so bile še rosne od ponočnega dežja. Ena sama rumena luža je bila še na cesti, sredi mosta, ki drži čez prijazni, globoko šumeči potok Klis. Ne vem, ali sem se bil zamaknil v svetlo nebo, ali v temni potok; nenadoma sem ležal z obrazom, z rokami in nogami v tisti rumeni luži.

“Nesnaga nesrečna!”

Blatnega in kričečega me je vlekel brat domov. Tam so takoj razsodili, da nikoli ne bom učenjak. Objokan sem se vrnil v šolo v svoji stari, zakrpani obleki. In vsi so rekli, da je to slabo znamenje.

Koj drugi šolski dan sem okusil sovražnost in ogabnost tuje učenosti. Imeli smo mlado učiteljico; spominjam se, da je imela črne lase in črne oči ter bolno, rumeno polt. Poklicala me je po imenu in me je vprašala:

“Koliko je ena in ena?”—in dalje: čemu izprašuje o rečeh, ki jih ve že vsak otrok pod mostom? Zato sem molčal.

Vprašanje se mi je zdelo smešno in razžaljivo hkrati; kajti reči bi bilo treba: “Kolk’ je ena in ena?”

Učiteljica je poiskala prijetno prisposodbo ter je vprašala:

“Koliko je ena pomaranča in še ena pomaranča?”

To drugo vprašanje se mi je zdelo še veliko bolj nespametno. Predno sem bil shodil, sem znal o Veliki noči prav dobro šteti piruhe in pomaranče, posebno tiste, ki so jih dobili bratje. In zoperno mi je bilo, da so se ji vlekale besede tako čudno opolzko iz ust, kakor se vleče med iz satovja. Zato sem molčal.

Vsa nestrpna je vskliknila:

“Kaj nisi nikdar jedelj pomaranč?”

Tisti “jedelj” me je udaril kakor s kladivom; nisem vedel ne kako in ne kedaj—samovoljno mi je planilo z jezika:

“Jedna jedelj—pomaranča in jedna jedelj—pomaranča sta dve jedelj—pomaranči!”

In učiteljica me je postavila v kot.—

Tisto jesen se mi je prvokrat razodela nasilnost krivice. V poznejšem svojem življenju sem nekoč poslušal ubijalca, ko je stal pred sodniki. Izpovedal se je čisto mirno in brez strahu. Ni tajil niti z besedo, da je ubil človeka. Nenadoma ga je vprašal sodnikov eden, kam da so izginile tiste tri krone, ki jih je imel mrtvi siro-

mak v telovniku, kakor je vedel krčmar. Takrat je ubijalec zardel v obraz in je vzkripel! "Kakšne krone? Jaz ne vem nič o teh kronah!" Sodnik ni odnehal: "Ko je bil že ubit, jih ni mogel več zapiti; na oni svet pa jih tudi ni vzel seboj!" Tedaj se je zgodilo nekaj zelo čudnega: ubijalec, ki je bil povedal z mirno vestjo, da je ubil krščenega človeka, je ob tistih ubogih treh kronah popolnoma podivjal, zgrabil je stol ter ga zalučal z vso silo med sodnike, da so se blede poskrili pod mizo, treščil je obadva paznika ob tla ter kričal, rogovilil in lomastil tako neznansko, da so ga morali na vsezadnje mukoma ukleniti in povezati. Delal je očitno krivico in se je očitno izpovedal; krivice delati si ni dal.—

Ob začetku šolske ure, ko smo odmolili, mi je ukazala učiteljica z osornim glasom:

"Pojdi h gospodu nadučitelju!"

Šel sem proti durim in sem čutil na hrbtu, da gledajo vsi drugi za menoj. S težkimi nogami sem stopal po stopnicah in trepetaje sem čakal, predno sem potrkal. Bali smo se nadučitelja. Visok in rejen je bil, zelo gosposki oblečen, čisto belih, testenih lic, na mehkem nosu zlate naočnike; najbolj strašen pa je bil glas njegov: sladek je bil, spolzek in mil, človeku pa so se šibila kolena pod vsako besedo.

Ko sem stal pred njim, me je premiril mirno in mrzlo iz pod naočnikov ter je izpregovoril z tistim glasom:

"Oj, sinko moj, zakaj si porezal mlada drevesca, nedolžna mlada drevesca ob poti? Kaj ne veš, sinko moj, da je smrten greh, porezati mlada drevesca ob poti, velik smrten greh zoper sedmo zapoved božjo?"

"Saj ne lažem, saj jih res nisem!"

"Oj, sinko moj, zdaj pa še tajiš, da si bil porezal mlada drevesca ob poti! Kaj ne veš, sinko moj, da je laž smrten greh zoper osmo zapoved božjo?"

"Saj ne lažem, saj jih reš nisem!"

"Če jih ti nisi, kdo pa jih je, kdo je porezal mlada drevesca ob poti?"

"Jaz jih nisem, ne vem, kdo da jih je!"

"Glej, kako si zakrknjen! Če jih sam nisi, veš prav gotovo, kdo da jih je! Kdor utaji resnico, je lažnivec! Le pojdi, sinko moj!"

Iztegnil je belo roko in šel sem ihteč. Zaklenili so me samega čez poldne. Lačen nisem bil, toda hudo žalosten. Vedel sem, da so bili porezali drevesca ob poti kraj Lenarčičeviga vrta; pravili so, da je bil Gašperinov, ali videl ga nisem; in da sem ga videl, bi ne bil povedal, za nalašč ne.

Ko je zvonilo poldan, zamolklo, počasi in dolgo, me je nenadoma minila mehkobna žalost in vsega se me je polastil divji srd. Tresel sem se kakor v vročici, kričal, teptal z nogami, bil z drobnimi pestmi po klopeh, zalučil tablico ob tla, da se je razletela na drobne kosce, razlomil pisalnik, raztrgal ves papir, kolikor sem ga našel in dosegel; nato sem begal brez uma po široki izbi vse do ene ure, nazadnje pa sem omahnil in zaspal.

Zaklenili so me čez poldne še drugi dan.—

Prešeren:

KREMPELJNU

Nisi je v glavo dobil, si dobil le slovenščino
v kremplje.
Duh preonemčeni slab, voljni so krempli
bili.

Prešeren:

PUŠČIČARJEM

Z debelega je čela
puščica brez žela.



JUVENILE



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Anton Družina:

The Leading Slovene Authors

Ivan Cankar

1876-1918

I

IVAN CANKAR, the famous Slovene novelist and dramatist, was born at Vrhnika, near Ljubljana, in 1876. His father was a simple tailor and his mother an ordinary peasant woman. Ivan was a frail, sickly child with but little promise. For that reason his mother reared him with a particular tenderness and love. The young poet attended the elementary school of the town and spent his spare hours playing in the open air with other children.

At the age of twelve Cankar enrolled in the Ljubljana "realka," where he soon became one of the leaders in the student secret organizations, "Sloga" and "Zadruga." When Cankar was fifteen, he began to write verse, and since then he never laid off his pen to the last of his days. In the discussions of the national problems and issues among the students Cankar displayed all the traits of his peculiar intuitive genius: his keen perception, his passionate argumentation, and the absolute confidence in his own judgment; for he but seldom appealed to authorities even in his later life.

In 1896 he graduated from the "realka" and entered the technical school of the Vienna University. But a year later his studies were interrupted by his mother's illness; for Cankar returned home to attend to her; and her death disturbed him considerably; however, during the same year he visited Pola and concluded his drama, "Jakob Ruda." By 1898 he returned to the university again and took up modern philology. But owing to his financial embarrassments (Since 1893 Cankar depended almost exclusively upon the meager royalties that he was receiving for his writing.), and his natural dislike for the school discipline, he soon gave up all formal education and concentrated all his energy upon writing.

Cankar never cared much for formal education, because his peculiar sense of independence and direct mode of expressing his convictions brought him into all sorts



Ivan Cankar.

of complications and troubles with the professors. The only teacher that he had any respect for was Levec, the famous Slovene author and literary critic, from whom he learned the beauty of the Slovene expression rather than the cold grammatical rules. But Cankar was an extensive reader, thoroughly familiar with all the famous authors of the world, and among his favorites were Prešeren, Dostoiewski, and Shakespeare.

Cankar was born at a period when the Slovene cultural life labored in an utter confusion, which had been brought about chiefly by Prešeren, Levstik, Stritar, and Gregorčič. The Slovene intellects were thrown into three hostile and uncompromizing camps: the clergy, the Germanized "national patriots," and the fathers of the Slovene literature. The Slovene cultural life, then, rested in the hands of the two dominating groups both of which were foreign and hostile to it, and both of which paraded as the saviors and protectors of the nation against the "demoralization" of Prešeren, Levstik, and Gregorčič. The struggle against Levstik and Stritar stripped the "national leaders and protectors" of their masks and exposed their sinister schemes and conspiracies; the brutal attack upon Gregorčič characterized the role that the clergy played in the Slovene cultural life. Cankar was the first Slovene to understand and appreciate the factors underlying these movements.

In the ill fate that befell Levstik and Gregorčič Cankar detected the deadliest enemy of the Slovene culture. He realized that this new movement was but one of the numerous attempts on the part of the Slovene people to throw off the ages long foreign yoke; he discovered that these "critics and protectors" of the social and spiritual welfare" of the nation were the very incarnation disguised of the tyranny that oppressed the Slovene people for a period of fifteen centuries. Cankar, who loved the truth above all else: above fame, wealth, and personal happiness, saw and felt most keenly this double oppression; thus his personal conviction has become identified with the cause of his nation. Upon his arrival to Vienna Cankar observed that the 'highly cultured and superior nations' were, in fact, laboring under the most unjust social condition, where perversion, lack of sincerity and principles characterized their social and spiritual leaders. Thus Cankar found his ideal in the naive, simple rustic, whose mind and soul have not yet been corrupted.

Cankar's personal philosophy of life now identified with the cause of the Slovene nation and his ideal in the simple rustic resolves itself into two distinct functions in his literary program: the critical analysis of the religious shallowness, of the political stupidity, and social pretentiousness on the one hand, and the defense of the poor and oppressed on the other. In the period between 1893 and 1898 Cankar arrived at this program, which he neither modified nor ignored during the rest of his days.

With this program in view Cankar entered the arena of his life long struggle against the social, political, and religious corruption; for he is not only an iconoclastic critic; he is a programatic literary artist of the supreme quality; he is a profound teacher, whose message consists of a searching plea for mercy and justice. But the fate of Gregorčič taught him that artistic creation alone was ineffective among the Slovene "patriots"; hence in order to attain his object, he resorted to his iconoclastic criticism.

But this destructive criticism, his annihilation of the national effigies, caused a universal antipathy and hatred against him. His first book was confiscated and burned up by the local bishop, the second one was put on the index as demoralizing; the third met with a universal condemnation from the critics; and he himself was stigmatized as an atheistic pessimist of an extremely temperamental and egocentric character. Some lamented the waste of his genius, others hurled all sorts of slanders and insults against his character, and a small minority sympathized with

him, but was practically ineffective—Cankar carried out his program heedlessly and uncompromisingly, although even in the later years of his life some of his works were being discriminated against both in the literary circles and in the national theatre, others were confiscated or censored either by the church authorities, or by the Austrian government, still others were distorted and misrepresented by the hostile critics, and he himself was being ignored, despised, and openly ridiculed by his countrymen; while his name was already famous among Czechs, Croats, and Serbians. But Cankar expected all that; hence nothing could move his iron character, or alter his program.

Outside of his literary activities Cankar led an extremely humble life, struggling always between a bare subsistence and actual starvation. But in spite of all that he never sought either favors, or positions, or recognition, or even friends. Alone and independent he stood in the arena now in the aggressive, now in the defensive; but always hurling his iconoclastic thunderbolts at the religious traders and national effigies without allowing either friends or enemies to approach him. Many a time, when his creditors pressed him hard, when the critics misrepresented his works, and the ignorant populace failed to understand him, all sorts of doubts and temptations searched his restless and lonely soul; but even in those trying moments he felt the injustice under which the millions were laboring, and so he accepted his cross and continued on his way.

In 1909, after his long absence from his mother country, Cankar returned home and settled at Rožnik, where he was writing in seclusion under the same financial difficulties. Now and then he visited some part of Slovenia, and during 1912 and 1913 he delivered a series of lectures on the Slovene literature, on the Slovene civilization, and on the political problems of the South Slavs. In 1913 he was arrested for disturbing the public peace by his seditious speeches, and in 1914, after being dragged from court to court in the hope that he might be convicted, he was arrested for the second time without any formal conviction. From these abuses Cankar never fully recovered, and in 1918, after twenty-five years



The Birthplace of Cankar.

of his productive life, Cankar concluded his restless and miserable life, leaving to the world an enormous volume of immortal literature.

The more one penetrates into Cankar's private life, the more sympathetic, amiable, and sincere he becomes. Throughout his entire life Cankar was deeply religious, a great sympathizer with the poor, and extremely generous. He despised vulgarity and snobbishness to the last degree.

Cankar has never conquered his enemies; but he has gradually overshadowed them and pushed them far into the dark background. Although there are but few among the Slovene intellects that actually sympathize with him, a mysterious transformation is changing the entire atmosphere; and in this mysterious something Cankar is rising as an overpowering character that commands respect and admira-

tion of the entire nation; for in him the nation is discovering its ideal and its leader. Cankar the critic has accomplished the impossible; and now he is more and more disappearing; but Cankar the prophet, Cankar the leader, and Cankar the man is for the first time coming to the front.

When a real biography of Cankar will be written, it will include the entire Slovene cultural life; and the future Slovene historian will begin a new era with his appearance; for Cankar, more than anyone else, is the embodiment of the entire Slovene cultural life.

Ivan Cankar:

The Eleventh School*)

IN front of the Mesar's house stood a big pile of logs. These were the famous logs: our joy and inspiration. We used to climb upon them, catch one another, and tumble down from them: the very sun smiled at our happiness. To this day I cannot understand why the folks watched us so attentively and chased us off from those lovely logs so persistently. "John is on the logs again." Of course he is, and why shouldn't he be? Many things in this world baffle human understanding and this is one of them. It seemed to me, then, that the old folks were jealous, because they were too clumsy and too dry to climb upon the logs. Most likely my judgment was correct.

But the scope of my world soon widened from the Mesar's logs to the Eleventh School under the bridge, which is a good hundred feet further out. During the hot summer days, when the Mochilnik dries up; when the dark Retovye is nearly empty, and the Lubileya loiters lazily deep under the bushy willows, Lublanitza withdraws from the right bank for nearly two yards and the bubbling Vrhnitza becomes but a small brook. The entire right side of the river-bed of Lublanitza is transformed into a white, sun-baked river bank. Then the Eleventh School opens under the bridge and closes again at the first autumn showers. I have studied a great deal during my life; but I have never found a richer, more informative school than that under the bridge. Oh, the bewilderment of wonders that this dry river bank contains! At every move, at each step the bewildering mysteries reveal themselves to the inquisitive eyes that search for them and to the faithful hearts that believe in them. Old broken funnels, discarded vases, broken pots, blades of knives, forks with a prong and a half—Lord knows whence had all those mysteries collected into the river; for each of them carried along a peculiar significance. Simce's Louis once found a purse even. True, there was no money in it; but the purse was there. The greatest wonders, however, were the minnows, which were hiding under the stones at the edge of the water. We had been catching them with forks, nails, and bare hands and roasted them right there in the school, in which there were no foolish eyes to supervise over us. It often happened that the head of the minnow was smothered a little and the tail still wet; but it tasted just as deliciously as the apples from the neighbor's orchard.

In the school we were bare-headed, without blouses, and the trousers were rolled up to the thighs, as far as they could possibly go. Once in the eager pursuit of knowledge I wandered a little too far into the water. All of a sudden I felt I was riding a great "green horse" straight to the sun. A soft, sweet thrill overwhelmed me completely; I thought I was an emperor . . . Suddenly, however, a merciless hand grabbed me by the hair and dragged me from the water. There, on the bank, I got scared and began to cry, I don't know why.

*(Translated by Anton Družina.)

Cankar the Artist*)

IN SPITE of all the instructions, admonitions, and sinister remarks, in spite of all the denunciation, ridicule, and neglect, all my life has served the highest ideal—the truth. What I have seen and felt, I have never concealed and would not conceal it for the stars above. The truth is the living fountain of all other things: of beauty, of freedom, and of the eternal life. As long as I am faithful to the truth, I am faithful to myself; as long as I labor in her name, my labor will be fruitful; it will not age . . .

* * *

The eye may see too much or too little. The details often overshadow the harmony of the whole; from too many different impressions the eye retains none; in a too colorful variety of tones drowns the most important melody. Close your eyes, in order that all the unnecessary access vanishes and the real image of the absolutely essential lines appears, in the lines that reveal the essence. All other lines are but unnecessary auxiliaries and therefore are not artistic.

* * *

The idea steals into your mind and with it a thousand of different aspects and complications—extract the idea, free it from all entanglements, discard all complications and unnecessary details, express it in the shortest, smoothest, and deepest way, without any detours, bridges, or fences—that will be the work of art. Every word that you write, every aspect that you present, must contribute to the main idea, to the development of the main theme. An artist is an artist or he is not; there is no middle way between the two; the idea of a superficial artist is a nonsense.

Cankar the Slovene*)

WITH heavy heart and head bent low a man wanders through Slovenia. The nation once blessed to every nine condemnations how have you lived and what experienced? Your long story is a story of a poor beggar, who is trying to rise but cannot rise. As many as there are valleys in that charming country, they all could not hold all the native blood that was spilled there in self-defense, and how much of it will there still be spilled? As soon as you had appeared upon the face of the earth, you had been enslaved; you had been a slave among the nations. But a child and a slave already. Slandering dealt out your education, and stick forced it upon you. Step-fathers, step-mothers, god-fathers and god-mothers spurned you and pressed hard upon you from every side. Sometimes you had screamed, others you had fainted; still others you had revolted. But even before you could move, you were crushed to the ground again, with your limbs tied and your mouth sealed. The blood has gushed from your wounds, till it has saturated the soil deep under the surface; therefore, the soil has borne a noble crop, and when you have eaten of the slave bread, you have been eating your flesh and blood. Strong are you, oh Slovene nation! For hundreds of years you have been bleeding without having bled to death. A nation of weaklings would have been vanquished and exterminated long ago without either a candle burning in its honor or a sigh of mourning after it. You have been injured thousands of times and hardened in the very suffering; and now you shrug your shoulders but slightly under the heavy blow of the enemy: "Don't do that! That's a thousand years old trick!"

*(Translated by Anton Družina.)

You have carried your cross patiently; when Christ Himself fell under His! He who was born to bear the suffering of mankind exclaimed from the cross: "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?". Should one cry or thank the Lord that this ages long sorry, roaming procession is approaching its goal, the Calvary, the third hour?

But the thoughts of the pilgrim are even bitterer and his heart melts in prayer: "Oh, merciful Lord, let not a foreign tongue disdain this soil, let me not see the slave agonizing to his grave! Give him, oh Lord, the strength to shatter the chains of servitude!—if he is destined to die, let him die free!"

* * *

"Friend, look a little deeper. Can't you see whence this new movement? The life is stirring in the lower strata, which have been dormant; their eyes are opening and searching for light; their hands are outstretching, seeking for direction. What's the difference, if the spring is coming with storm and floods! From the black residue of the flood a fresh vegetation will spring up. They were right: "Not the white chrysanthemum on the treadbare frock; but a red carnation on a decent coat." Don't be discouraged, my friend, the nation cannot be cheated forever; it won't stand blindfolded much longer. Let them lead him off through all the marshes and darkness—it will find the way to the light. They are sowing the weeds, but out of it the wheat will grow.

My confidence is enormous and unshakable; but I would prefer to have this bitterness pass by. My hope that the dawn of the day, when our culture will no longer be the white chrysanthemum in the treadbare frock, but the wealth of the rich, is so great that nothing can shake it; it is not a mere shadow; for I perceive already the first glow of the morning sun. All my profoundest longing felt it. No, not only the longing; all my life-long labor is the expression of that great hope, of that perception. In fact, I have heard already the chisel that cuts the rock for the foundation of a new structure . . .

When that day comes, the nation will pick up the bruised chrysanthemum from the mire, clean it tenderly, and save it with a profound veneration and gratefulness as a memento of the beautiful but bitter past."

Lord Houghton:

LADY MOON

Lady moon, lady moon, where are you roving?	Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
--	---

Over the sea.

Lady moon, lady moon, whom are you loving?	I must obey my dear Father above, And do as I am told.
---	---

All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?

Lady moon, lady moon, where are you
roving?

Over the sea.

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep.

Lady moon, lady moon, whom are you
loving?

All that love me.

A Little Chinese Rose

(A Chinese folk tale.)

ONE DAY little Rose ran home to her mother, saying: "Mother, I don't like to be called Rose anymore. I was at the neighbor's garden just now, and the lady asked me, 'Which flower do you like best in the garden?' and I said that I like the rose best.

"Then they all laughed and said, 'We don't like the rose very much. Don't you see the thorns on the roses? When we pass near a rose, it tears our dress; when we touch it, the thorns prick us. No; we don't like roses. The little calf doesn't like them either; for when it tries to eat their leaves, the roses prick its nose, and even our mother cannot pick them without scissors. Once when the mother had picked a big bunch of them, her little sister tried to take one of the roses; but the rose pricked her on her hands and face; so that she cried a long time. Other flowers are not like that, and we don't see why anyone should like roses best; yes, it is really foolish to like such flowers or to be named after them.'

"Mother, I don't like to be called Rose any more; and I don't like roses any more, either."

"Don't cry, my darling," said the mother; "I'll tell you something about roses, too. Do you like the rose candy?"

"Yes, mother, very, very much," answered little Rose, her face lighting with a smile.

"And the rose oil?"

"Oh, sure, mother."

"I thought you don't like roses any more. But if you don't like the roses, you ought not to like their produce either!"

"But, mother, tell me why did god make the roses grow with so many thorns? Other flowers have no thorns like the roses?"

"Listen to me, my darling, if the rose bushes were like other ordinary bushes and still bear those beautiful fragrant flowers, we should never have any for ourselves, because they could be gathered too easily. The rose god was very wise and put the thorns all around the beautiful rose flowers to protect them. When he made the rose, he gave it so sweet and fragrant an odor that all the other gods stopped working on the day it was finished. The thorns mean, Honor the Rose that grows forever. The cows cannot touch it, the pigs never go near it, and the careless children or wasteful people can't destroy it. Do you see, my darling, why the Rose must have thorns?"

The next morning little Rose found a new, beautiful rose pillow, made of the sweet smelling petals of roses, in her room. When little Rose laid her head upon this fragrant pillow, she said: "Mother, I don't want to change my name any more."

THE OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman,
As I have heard tell,
She went to sell a pie,
But her pie would not sell.

She hurried back home,
But her door step was high,
And she tumbled and fell
And a dog ate her pie.

Julia

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and
where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarrelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

—Robert Herrick.

The Soul's Dark Cottage

The seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er;

So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age decries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and
decayed,

Lets in new light through chinks that
Time hath made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—Edmund Waller.

C. Kingsley:

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give
you;

No lark could pipe to sky so dull and grey;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
clever,

Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long;

And so make life, death, and that vast
for-ever

One grand, sweet song.

Edmondo d'Amicis:

Number 78

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

I WITNESSED a touching scene yesterday afternoon. For several days, every time that the vegetable-vender has passed Derossi she has gazed and gazed at him with an expression of great affection; for Derossi, since he made the discovery about that inkstand and prisoner Number 78, has acquired a love for her son, Crossi, the red-haired boy with the useless arm; and he helps him to do his work in school, suggests answers to him, gives him paper, pens, and pencils; in short, he behaves to him like a brother, as though to compensate him for his father's misfortune, which has affected him, although he does not know it.

The vegetable-vender had been gazing at Derossi for several days, and she seemed loath to take her eyes from him, for she is a good woman who lives only for her son; and Derossi, who assists him and makes him appear well, Derossi, who is a gentleman and the head of the school, seems to her a king, a saint. She continued to stare at him, and seemed desirous of saying something to him, yet ashamed to do it. But at last, yesterday morning, she took courage, stopped him in front of a gate, and said to him:—

"I beg a thousand pardons, little master! Will you, who are so kind to my son, and so fond of him, do me the favor to accept this little memento from a poor mother?" and she pulled out of her vegetable-basket a little pasteboard box of white and gold.

Derossi flushed up all over, and refused, saying with decision:—

"Give it to your son; I will accept nothing."

The woman was mortified, and stammered an excuse:—

"I had no idea of offending you. It is only caramels."

But Derossi said "no," again, and shook his head. Then she timidly lifted from her basket a bunch of radishes, and said:—

"Accept these at least,—they are fresh,—and carry them to your mamma."

Derossi smiled, and said:—

"No, thanks: I don't want anything; I shall always do all that I can for Crossi, but I cannot accept anything. I thank you all the same."

"But you are not at all offended?" asked the woman, anxiously.

Derossi said "No, no!", smiled, and went off, while she exclaimed, in great delight:—

"Oh, what a good boy! I have never seen so fine and handsome a boy as he!"

And that appeared to be the end of it. But in the afternoon, at four o'clock, instead of Crossi's mother, his father approached, with that gaunt and melancholy face of his. He stopped Derossi, and from the way in which he looked at the latter I instantly understood that he suspected Derossi of knowing his secret. He looked at him intently, and said in his sorrowful, affectionate voice:—

"You are fond of my son. Why do you like him so much?"

Derossi's face turned the color of fire. He would have liked to say: "I am fond of him because he has been unfortunate; because you, his father, have been more unfortunate than guilty, and have nobly expiated your crime, and are a man of heart." But he had not the courage to say it, for at the bottom he still felt fear and almost

loathing in the presence of this man who had shed another's blood, and had been six years in prison. But the latter divined it all, and lowering his voice, he said in Derossi's ear, almost trembling the while:—

"You love the son; but you do not hate, do not wholly despise the father, do you?"

"Ah, no, no! Quite the reverse!" exclaimed Derossi, with a soulful impulse. And then the man made an impetuous movement, as though to throw one arm round his neck; but he dared not, and instead he took one of the lad's golden curls between two of his fingers, smoothed it out, and released it; then he placed his hand on his mouth and kissed his palm, gazing at Derossi with moist eyes, as though to say that this kiss was for him. Then he took his son by the hand, and went away at a rapid pace.

Shall We Cease to Wonder?

(From "My Magazine.")

SOME very learned men have told us from time to time how many years old the world is, and an odd thing about this information is that nearly every new calculation makes the world older than the one before. What we would rather know is how many years young the world is, for we suspect that it is getting younger every century.

In the very old days men used to live in the past and grew aged as they thought of it. For thousands of years they used up all their energies in raising great stone monuments like the stone circles at Stonehenge, or Stennes in the Orkneys, or Carnac in Brittany, to the memories of their ancestors. It was only when some reckless Greek declared that a living dog was better than a dead lion that the modern world began. It has become younger ever since.

It grew younger so fast that it began to wonder if there were other worlds to conquer; and as soon as it began to wonder new worlds and worlds within worlds burst upon its sight.

Wonder, indeed, altered the whole mind of man. The old poets had sung the glories of the past which at their most active moments consisted of battles and slayings. It was long before a gentle Chaucer came to sing of the joys of common things and the pleasant world that lies about us, and longer still before the poets forsook their tales of old unhappy far-off things, and lifted up their eyes to the heavens or cast them down to search the heart of man for the mysteries of life and thought. A Dante arose in Italy, a Shakespeare and a Milton in England, to speak with the voices of seers and prophets; but theirs was a divine gift that others could not imitate. A lesser poet, the pious Vaughan, had a vision of Time and Space which is almost like the very latest Universe constructed by our mathematicians:

I saw Eternity the other night
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm as it was bright.
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved.

He was one of the forerunners of modern thought, who saw that as the world became younger its wonder about itself, its future, and the Universe in which it dwelled, would take the place of the old rhythms and become the new poetry of the mind and spirit.

There might be an end to poetry, though we do not believe it; but there can never be an end to wonder. The mystery of man's body is an unending example. Three hundred years ago an elderly physician told the world that it had been wrong for thousands of years in its ideas about the heart and the circulation of the blood.

Old William Harvey knew what a great revelation it was, and he thought that in a very few years after him all would be known about this wonderful body machine. But nearly three centuries went by before much more was known. Then twenty years ago fresh discoveries were made about the chemical messengers that the heart sends to and fro in the body, and the physiologists began to wonder anew at its marvellous mechanism. Do you remember the Village Schoolmaster of Goldsmith?

And still the wonder grew
That one small head
Could carry all he knew.

The heart is like that. What it does and what it can do are an unending wonder to all who are learned in its ways. These men perceive that we are still far from knowing all about the wisdom of the body and the understanding of the heart.

The body is the nearest thing to us. We should understand that if anything. But we do not. We do not even know our own minds. The Universe about us has a mystery, a cause for wonderment, in every atom of it. What was it that Tennyson said about the flower in the crannied wall?—that if we knew it all in all we should know what God and man is. It is a knowledge eternally denied to us, but every step we take toward the truth leads to a new mystery.

A century ago men began to wonder about atoms, and the chemists who weighed them were hardly believed. They were things which must remain for ever invisible. But in our own time we have seen with our own eyes the splash of light which an atom from radium makes as it hurls itself against a screen—and the atoms will go on doing that for 2000 years. What a marvel!

Then there came the discovery of the electrons, as small compared with the atom as the motes of a sunbeam in St. Paul's. But men have weighed the electron and measured it. No eye can ever see it, but its trail can be followed, and science has harnessed it. The electricians have made it carry messages for men across the world in the wireless waves. It is through the electron that, when television comes, they will be able to see across the Atlantic.

The young world, for ever renewing its mighty youth with every fresh discovery, can never, and will never, learn so much that it will not wonderingly ask, What next? In a generation we have seen the Earth become one vast microphone; we have seen knowledge multiply the boundaries of space ten times; and astronomers are now asking what new Universes are invisible but real beyond that which their telescopes can search.

There are rays of invisible light which come to the Earth from no known source, and from no comprehended cause.

The destiny of man and his mind are like that. Always falling upon them are invisible beams of thought which stir him to that divine curiosity which seeks to make the invisible visible and the unknown plain to see.



Corob: Just Before Sunrise.

A Little Garden of Good Things

Noyes:

A SONG OF DRAKE'S MEN

The moon is up: the stars are bright:
The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold tonight
Across the silver sea!
The world was growing grey and old;
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a realm of gold
Beyond the Spanish main!

* * *

THE HERO GOES TO BED

HORATIO, of idea courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
And, as the fumes of valor swelled his
pate,
Now thought himself this hero, and now
that;
"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be;
My sword I brandish: see, the Trojans
flee!
Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughtered Gre-
cians made!
I am no less than Edward the Black Prince.
Give way, ye coward French!" As thus he
spoke,
And aimed in fancy a sufficient stroke
To fix the fate of Crecy or Pouctiers
(The nurse relates the hero's fate with
tears);
He strikes his milk-white hand against
a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage
fail.
Ah! where is now that boasted valor
flown,
That in the tended field so late was
shown?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his
head!
And the Black Prince goes whimpering
to bed.

L. A. Tadema:

THE ROBIN

When father takes his spade to dig,
The Robin comes along;
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.

* * *

For Benefits Received

There are no laws obliging us to render thanks by our actions for the great benefits bestowed on us by Heaven, therefore men are prone to neglect and to forget this their first duty.

Some, indeed, remember, but generally they think it enough to show their gratitude by ceremonies of worship and thanksgiving, and not by deeds. This should not be so.

—Sontoku Ninomiya, the Peasant Sage of Japan.

* * *

God's Pictures

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

* * *

The Great Nation

Heroism can save a nation in difficult circumstances, but it is the accumulation of little daily virtues that makes its grandeur.

—Gustave Le Bon.



Since the space is limited, we cannot publish the entire address delivered by Victor Tusek, a twelve year old member of the lodge 358 of SNPJ. at its tenth anniversary. We shall summerize it thus: The speech consists of a concise but complete survey of the SNPJ. since its beginning. The speaker presented the necessity for an organization like ours, the character of the SNPJ., and the financial and cultural attainments, which certainly are wonderful. The speaker appeals to the young members to fit themselves to carry on the business of the organization, which their fathers have so well developed. He speaks very highly of the organization, implying that the sense of respect and love for the organization should be cultivated more than it was till the present. Moreover, he tells us that his father told him all about the history, the function, and the liberal tendencies of the organization. He refers to the size of its membership, to the cultural work through the "Prosveta" and "M. L.", and desires that the "M. L." should become a weekly. He concludes his speech thus: "We, the Juvenile members, should educate ourselves, so that we will be fit to take the task of carrying on the work of our fathers. Let us, therefore, assist our senior Brothers and Sisters to reach our goal of a 100,000 membership." We congratulate the young speaker. E.

Jennie Vitovec, 1614 Sherrick Rd., Canton, Ohio, writes to us: "The Lodge 358 of S. N. P. J. celebrated its tenth anniversary at West Point, Ohio, on July 4, where Brother Cainkar, the Supreme President of the S. N. P. J., delivered a very interesting speech, in which he complimented especially the English speaking lodges. We were pleased to hear him very much and wish to express our thanks to him.

Besides the speech of Brother Cainkar, the "Mladinska Godba" from Girard, Ohio, was the next item of interest; so that the picnic was a brilliant success.

West Point is about forty miles from Canton, and we went there mostly in automobiles.

In the latter days of July I made my first trip to Cleveland, where I enjoyed myself thor-

oughly. There we visited the Slovene National Home, took a ride on the Lake Erie to the Canadian Shore and back, and visited many friends."

* * *

Jennie J. Fradel, 1004 Alexandrian Street, Latrobe, Pa., reports: "The Socialists of the Westmoreland County held a picnic at Bowers Grove, near Manor, where comrade James H. Maurer, the Socialist candidate for vice president, addressed the audience of at least 200 people, not a very large crowd for a county of that size. I am glad to say that many Slovenes from Herminie and White Valley were present at the picnic.

Now we have a splendid opportunity to hear Mr. Andrew Kobal, the editor of the M. L., speak

in Johnstown on Labor Day. Although it is about 45 miles from Latrobe to Johnstown, my father and I will go to hear him speak."

* * *

Anna Cukjati, Franklin, Kansas, Box 233, tells us: "I am very interested in the M. L. My mother and father enjoy reading the Slovene stories, and we all are members of the SNPJ."

* * *

"The Mladinski List."

The Mladinski list is good,
Just a little red Riding Hood;
But a little better,
When I write a letter.

By Anna Cukjati, Franklin, Kans.

* * *

Johanna Kozel, Blaine, Ohio, Box 197, sent us the following riddles:

1. In what respect are the meridian and clothes lines alike?

2. In what respect are potatoes and tears alike?

* * *

Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colo., Box 37, informs us: "I haven't much time to write now, because I have to watch the cows. We are having the second cut of hay; but it appears that it will all be spoiled by constant rain."

* * *

Beatrice Kobi, 208 So. 62nd Ave., West Duluth, Minn., tells us: "When you were here speaking, I promised to write, and I am keeping my promise. I enjoyed your speech very much and wish that I could hear such speeches often, in order to understand the difference between the old country and this one."

* * *

Dorothy Rossa, 995 E. 141st St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes us: "I am extremely happy now, because I have just received the reward from the M. L., a gold piece in a beautiful box trimmed in green velvet. The prize is like a little penny, but it is heavier, and it is worth \$2.50. I will keep it forever as a remembrance from the M. L."

* * *

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18, sent us the following joke: "Pat and Mike were confessing to the priest, who was astonished at their number of big sins. After the confession Mike asked Pat: 'What did the priest tell you to do?' And Pat answered with a considerable worry: 'He told me to walk ten hours up and down the hill with peas in my shoes.'—'That's exactly what he told me to do; so let's go together.'

The next morning the two began with their walking, and when the time was approaching its completion, Mike felt extremely tired and complained every once in a while. At last he asked Pat how he felt; and Pat returned: 'You silly fool, why didn't you cook the peas before you had put them into your shoes as I did?'

Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colo., Box 37, writes to us: "It sure is pleasant in El Moro, for it is hot and the boys go swimming in the ditch every day. We are having a good crop this year and all the houses are surrounded by beautiful flowers."

* * *

Mary Brence, 587 Walker Street, Milwaukee, Wis., communicated to us the celebrated Slovene children's game, which consists of the Stritar's song, "Mladi vojaki," reprinted in the January number of M. L., 1928, thus: "At the sunset, after the choirs is done, the children march toward the town, singing and waving their crude wooden swords, made by themselves, their heads covered with paper caps, a rope or sash around their waists, on which they hang their swords, and dressed in the ordinary everyday wear.

"This game is by far more common in the country towns and villages than in the cities. Nearly every country child is familiar with it. Just ask your parents to sing it for you, and when you learn the song, the rhythm of the melody will move you to a degree that you will find yourself marching according to the rhythm of the song unconsciously.

"The picture reproduced on next page represents a scene from a play, called "Rokovnjači," which was presented very successfully by the young section of the Socialist Singing Club "Naprej" of Milwaukee, on May 6, 1928."

"I thank the above mentioned Club for permitting us to reproduce the picture."

"Mladi vojaki is a game played by a large number of children in Slovenia, the home of our parents. If you ask them about the song and how this game is played, they will tell you more in detail than I can describe."

Other letters were sent by the following readers of the M. L.:

Mary Fradel, 1004 Alexandria St., Latrobe, Pa.
Mary E. Derner, 907 Washington Ave., Madison, Ill.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio, Box 181.

John Holveac, Anvil Lock, Mich., Box 168.

Frances Ambrose, 135 Center St., Barberton, Ohio.

Jennie Kotzman, Gallup, New Mex., Box 351.

Rosie Cetin, Crested Butte, Colo.

Annie McKay, Blaine, Ohio, Box 13.

Elicia Marich, Ruth, Nevada, Box 198.

Bertha Marinsek, Gallup, New Mex., Box 1042.

Mary Nikolich, 401 Baggott St., Zeigler, Ill.

Annie Grum, Bannock, Ohio, Box 366.

Stanley Lajavec, Venetia, Pa., R. D. 1.

Mary Kozole, 2612 Richmond St., Phil., Pa.

Stanley Nosan, 118 West Poplar St., Chisholm, Minn.

Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio, Box 304.

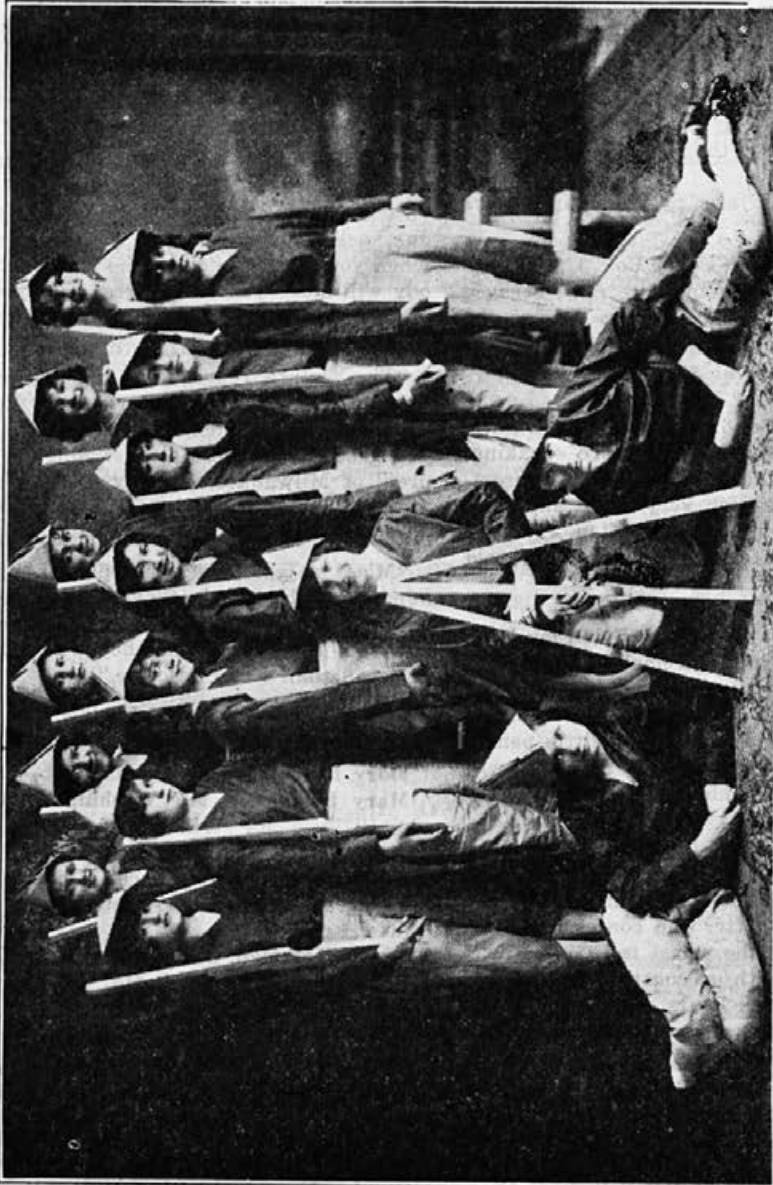
The answer to the riddle sent by Anne Grum is: The woman weighs candy, and the following have solved it:

Mary Nickolic, 401 Baggott St., Zeigler, Ill.
 Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18.
 Johanna Kozel, Blaine, Ohio, Box 197.
 Mary Mihelčić, Blaine, Ohio.

Byron:

SOLITUDE

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.



First row; left to right: Mary Brence, Cathryn Musketovič, Lillian Hren, Julia Kroinik, Anthoinette Donner, Mary Marzu.
 Second row: Frances Čamernik, Genevieve Trotnik, Betty Kroinik, Jennie Owen, Jane Perko, Jennie Čamernik, Mary Trotnik.
 Third row: Frances Trotnik, Sylvia Čamernik, Cecilia Brence.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

THE CAKE SELLER

Round bean cakes with red spots bright,
The blind that eat them receive their
sight;

They cure the deaf, and heal the lame,
And preserve the teeth of the aged dame.
The bald that eat them grow a cue,
And a priest can read his bible through,
They help a Taoist a seat to take.

Their virtues are many—buy my cake.
The man that eats them fears not his wife,
And the woman works better all her life.

* * *

TURNING THE MILL

The big dog's gone to the city,
The little one's run away,
The egg has fallen and broken,
And the oil leaked out, they say;

But you be the roller,
And hull with power,
And I'll be the mill stone
And grind the flour.

THE LITTLE STUDENT

While raking the hay on the mountain,
A student came riding along,
He was riding a dapple-gray pony,
And singing a scrap of a song.

To the home of his bride he was going,
But the father and mother were out,
And he saw, as he pushed the door open
The girl he was thinking about.

Her cheeks were as pink as a rose bud,
Her teeth were as white as a pearl,
Her lips were as red as a cherry,
Most truly a beautiful girl.

* * *

MY BOAT

My boat is turned up at both its ends,
All storms it encounters it weathers,
On its body you will find no board,
But covered all over with feathers.
We daily load it with rice,
'Tis admired by all whom we meet,
You will find not a crack in my boat,
But you'll find underneath it two feet:

OLD MOTHER WIND

Old mother wind
Come this way,
And make our baby
Cool today.



Aesop's Fables

Jupiter and the Monkey.

JUPITER ISSUED a proclamation to all the beasts of the forest, and promised a royal reward to the one whose offspring should be deemed the handsomest. The Monkey came with the rest, and presented, with all a mother's tenderness, a flat-nosed, hairless, ill-featured young monkey as a candidate for the promised reward. A general laugh saluted her on the presentation of her son. She responded resolutely, "I know not whether Jupiter will allot the prize to my son; but I do know this that he is, at least in the eyes of his mother, the dearest, handsomest, and most beautiful of all."

* * *

The Crab and Its Mother.

A CRAB said to her son, "Why do you walk so one-sided, my child? It is far more becoming to go straightforward." The young Crab replied: "Quite true, dear mother; and if you will show me the straight way, I promise to walk in it." The mother tried in vain, and submitted without remonstrance to the reproof of her child.

Example is more powerful than precept.

The Frogs Complaining Against the Sun.

ONCE UPON a time, when the sun announced his intentions to take a wife, the Frogs lifted up their voices in clamor to the sky. Jupiter, disturbed by the noise of their croaking, inquired the cause of their complaint. One of them said, "The Sun, now while he is single, parches up the marsh, and compels us to die miserably in our arid homes; what will be our future condition if he should beget other suns?"

* * *

The She-Goats and Their Beards.

THE SHE-GOATS having obtained by a request from Jupiter the favor of a beard, the He-goats, sorely displeased, made complaint that the females equalled them in dignity. "Suffer them," said Jupiter, "to enjoy an empty honor, and to assume the badge of your noble sex, so long as they are not your equals in strength or courage."

It matters little if those who are inferior to us in merit should be like us in outside appearances.



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