

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Ob pet in dvajsetletnici S. N. P. J.

DNE 6. aprila je preteklo pet in dvajset let, odkar se je sešla mala skupina delegatov devetih društev, ki so se spojila v Slovensko narodno podporno jednota. Neznatno je bilo število članstva ob ustanovitvi, vendar danes, komaj četrto stoletja po ustanovitvi, ko je med nami še precej ustanovnih članov, šteje organizacija nad šestdeset tisoč članov v obeh oddelkih. Skoro tretjino članstva pa tvori mladina pod šestnajstim letom. S ponosom se lahko ozremo po nepretrganem napredku jednote, katere vpliv je najmočnejši na slovensko priselnništvo v Ameriki in katera služi za vzgled priselnikom drugih narodnosti. Važnosti vpliva S.N.P.J. na slovensko življenje ne moremo preveč naglasiti: izplačala je ogromne vsote in s tem varovala priselnike v tujini, da jim ni bilo treba prositi v slučaju potrebe, ter z organiziranjem Slovencev in drugih Slovanov je povzročila, da je prišlo med naše ljudi celo v tujini več zavednega duha in skupnega delovanja, ki pomeni blagostanje človeške družbe.

Kakor je jednota veliko storila za izboljšanje gospodarskih razmer med članstvom, tako je bila tudi velikega pomena za prosvetno povzdigo med slovenskim ljudstvom v Ameriki. Izselnikom je bila vodnica v novo življenje, pomagala je tolmačiti in prilagojevati našega človeka Ameriki in s svojim podučnim delom dosegla za svoje članstvo kulturno stališče, ki bi brez organizacije ne bilo mogoče. Povzdignila je slovensko priselnništvo duševno z gojenjem bratstva, prijateljstva med nami; njena društva s prireditvami in družabnim življenjem so dosegla, da se naš človek ni počutil med tujim svetom kot popolen tujec. Veliko je jednota dosegla s svojim časopisjem in raznimi publikacijami. S temi je širila kulturo in zanesla svoja načela med vse slovensko priselnništvo. Ne samo članstvo S.N.P.J., tudi članstvo pri drugih slovenskih organizacijah je veliko pridobilo od prosvetnega dela pri jednoti, kajti bilo je velika šola vsem našim ljudem v Ameriki.

Zavedamo se dejstva, da je članstvo samo jednota, vendar jo kot organizirano celoto napram posameznikom radi njenih načel in dobrohotnega stališča napram vsem Slovencem in drugih Slovanom v Ameriki primerjamo veliki dobrotnici, ki deli svojo pomoč vsem, ki se k nji zatečejo. Članstvo pod njenim okriljem mora vsled tega vezati en duh, duh bratstva in medsebojnega prijateljstva. To je, kar starejše članstvo, ki je prišlo iz Evrope, potrebuje, in to je tisto, kar potrebuje tudi mlajše, tu rojeno članstvo. Med nami ne sme biti razlik!

Pet in dvajsetletnico bomo najboljše obhajali, ako se združimo vsi kot bratje in damo vzgled drugim Slovencem v Ameriki, ki še niso člani S.N.P.J. S tem si jih prisvojimo in tako napravimo najuspešnejšo kampanjo za jednoto.

Veliko je potov, po katerih lahko delamo za jednotino in našo lastno bodočnost. Izbrati si moramo najboljšo, po kateri prispemo do še večjega napredka v bodočnosti. Ta pot naj bodo naše izkušnje. Služiti nam morajo pri bodoči gradnji S.N.P.J. Jednota mora predvsem stremiti za tem, da pridobi vso slovensko mladino v Ameriki, in sicer na način, ki bo v prvi vrsti koristen mladini. Tu rojeni Slovenci morajo biti podučeni o vsem, kar jim lahko damo dobrega; S.N.P.J. jih mora navezati nase, da se bodo v dobri zavesti in udano oklenili njenih načel in idealov. Pred nami je široka pot izobrazbe, katera naj bo glavni pripomoček pri dobivanju zavednega članstva. Izobrazba mora začeti v nežni mladosti in se nadaljevati, dokler mladina ne odraste v članstvo, ki je sposobno voditi organizacijo. Glavni cilj jednote naj torej bo izobrazba, ki bo vsposobila odraščajoče članstvo, da bo vedelo ceniti organizacijo. To naj bo naše delovanje, ki naj omogoči organiziranje vseh Slovencev v Ameriki, tako da bomo ob petdesetletnici S.N.P.J. šteli še enkrat toliko članstva kot ga ima jednota danes.

Lepa je zgodovina S.N.P.J. skozi prvo četrststoletje njenega obstanka. Bili so sicer notranji spori, toda izravnavali so se in organizacija je stopnjema rastla. Ko se oziramo nazaj na vse dobro jednotino delo, si želimo, da bi prisrčno stisnili roke vsem bratom, posebno pa ustanoviteljem prvih društev S.N.P.J. Ob pet in dvajsetletnici, katere se gotovo vesele, ko se ozirajo na uspehe njih začetega dela, jim mladina S.N.P.J. kliče:

Pozdravljeni ustanovitelji Slovenske narodne podporne jednote!



Bodočnost Mladinskega lista

KAKOR pred zadnjo konvencijo S. N. P. J., tako se je tudi pred konvencijo, ki se bo vršila prihodnji mesec v Chicagu, oglasilo par dopisnikov s priporočili glede Mladinskega lista. Par priporočil od odraslih članov je bilo objavljenih v Prosveti, veliko več pa v Mladinskem listu med pismi mladih čitateljev. Dočim so vsi mladi dopisniki priporočili ne samo obdržanje temveč tudi povečanje Mladinskega lista, je neki član v Prosveti izjavil, naj bi S. N. P. J. prenehala izdajati Mladinski list. Kot izgleda, ni zanimanja za slednje priporočilo, kajti tudi v Prosveti ni bilo odziva, ki bi se strinjal, da Mladinski list preneha izhajati. To nam jamči, da tudi med odraslim članstvom, katero mogoče ne čita Mladinskega lista, vlada zavest, da je tak mesečnik za mladino potreben.

Največji dorastek jednotinega članstva prihaja zadnje čase iz njenega mladinskega oddelka, kateremu je Mladinski list posvečen. Naloga mesečnika je, da zainteresira mladino za naše stvari, posebno pa za jednoto, ter jih tako pridobiva, da ne bodo popolni novinci, ko prestopijo v odrasli oddelek in da se v njih utrdi zavest ter lojalnost napram S. N. P. J. Poleg te glavne naloge se je Mladinski list tudi prizadeval mlade čitatelje zainteresirati še v druga vprašanja. Mesečnik je priobčal gradivo, kakoršnega ameriška mladina navadno ne dobi v šoli; stremil je za tem, da mladina dobi nekoliko pogleda izven Združenih držav. Spisi o zgodovini slovenskega naroda, o slovenski književnosti in drugi prosveti ter pogosti članki o domovini staršev so služili, da mladina boljše razume naše življenje in organizacije. Od časa do časa smo priobčali poduk za mlade delavce, česar mladina ne dobi zlahka po ameriških listih in knjigah. Spisi slovenskih ter drugih pisateljev v slovenščini in angleščini so imeli podučiti mladino o svetovnih nazorih, ki so najboljši pripomoček proti ozkosrčnemu patriotizmu, katerega vzbuja ameriška šola.

Spisi opisane kakovosti mogoče niso bili povsod sprejeti z navdušenjem, kakor bi želeli, kajti ameriška mladina je navajena na časopisje nižje vrste, posebno pa na takozvane "funnies." Mi smo šli preko tega in prepričani smo, da je bila vsaj razumnejša mladina v vseh ozirih z nami, posebno če so tudi starši znali vzpodbuditi njeno ljubezen do takega, bolj široko obzornega čtiva. Če upoštevamo, da se ima jednota ravno iz vrst razumnejše mladine nadejati svojih bodočih voditeljev, smo prepričani, da je Mladinski list storil veliko dobrega v preteklosti, čeprav je bil le majhen, toda okusno tiskan list z dobrimi slikami.

Kaj naj torej odgovorimo dopisniku, ki je priporočil, naj Mladinski list preneha izhajati? Prepričani smo, da je to moral storiti brez zavesti, kako nujno potreben je tak voditelj mladine, ter da mu ni čtivo v Mladinskem listu ter zanimanje, katerega mladina izkazuje za svoj list, prav nič znano. Ne samo da mladina priporoča ohranitev; kar vsi, kot bi se dogovorili, izražajo v pismih, da se mora Mladinski list povečati ali pa izhajati vsaj dvakrat za mesec. Če bi dali mladim čitateljem na glasovanje, kaj naj v bodoče ukrenemo z Mladinskim listom, bi soglasno izjavili, da se Mladinski list poveča.

Ne pozabimo, koliko važnosti za bodoči obstanek jednote je mladina! Če te nimamo, je organizacija obsojena poginu, zato mora biti naše glavno delovanje usmerjeno za pridobivanjem in obdržanjem mladine. V teh kritičnih časih za organizacije priselnikov moramo storiti vse, da mladina ostane naša. Mladinski list jo je vedno ogreval za S. N. P. J. in bo to vršil tudi v bodoče, kajti to je

njega glavna naloga. Če organizacija ne more prištediti nikjer drugje kakor pri mladini, to pomeni, da organizacija ne gleda posebno za svoj napredek ali pa da njeno vodstvo ni sposobno. Prepričani smo, da ni ne eno ne drugo, zato ne dvomimo, da bo S. N. P. J. v bodoče lahko še več storila za mladino, to je, da bo Mladinski list še bolj zadoščal željam in potrebam bodočega članstva kakor to vrši danes. Izguba Mladinskega lista bi bila hud udarec mladini. Posledic si niti misliti ne moremo, gotovo pa bi bile zelo slabe.

Mladinski list mora ostati! Za S. N. P. J. je življenskega pomena prav tako kakor Prosveta, akoprav se uspehi njegovega dela med mladino ne morejo tako očitno pokazati. Če pogledamo v jednotine račune, vidimo, da stane organizacija tako malo, da bi se mogel povečati še za enkrat tolikšen obseg, pa bi članstvo prav nič ne utrpelo. Ni važno samo, koliko milijonov ima organizacija naložnega v bondih in na bankah, zanjo je neobhodno potrebno, da ima zavedno in naklonjeno članstvo. To pa dosežemo s tiskom kot je Mladinski list. Zato uredništvo priporoča, da prihodnja konvencija S. N. P. J. dela na tem, da bo jednotina mladina dobila še večje glasilo. To bo za S. N. P. J. najboljša propaganda med mladino.

R. Tagore:

Deževni dan

TEŽKI oblaki se kopičijo naglo nad črnim robom gozda.

O dete, ne hodi ven!

Palme, stoječe v vrsti ob jezeru, bijejo z glavami ob grozeče nebo; vrane s svojimi umazanimi perotmi čepe tiho na vejah tomarind in vzhodni breg reke se dviga pošastno v temnem žarenju.

Naša krava muka glasno, privezana k plotu.

O dete, čakaj tu, dokler je ne spravim v hlev.

Ljudje hite na preplavljena polja loviti rib, ki uhajajo iz prekipevajočih ribnikov; deževnica drvi v potočkih skozi ozke steze, kakor smejoči se deček, ki je ušel materi, da bi jo dražil.

Čuj, nekdo kliče prevoznika na brodu.

O dete, temni se in prečnice na brodu so zaprte.

Nebo se zdi, da dirja na blaznečem dežju; voda v reki golči nestrpno; žene so se požurile rano domov od Gange s svojimi zvrhanimi vrči.

Večerne svetilke morajo biti pripravljene.

O dete, ne hodi ven!

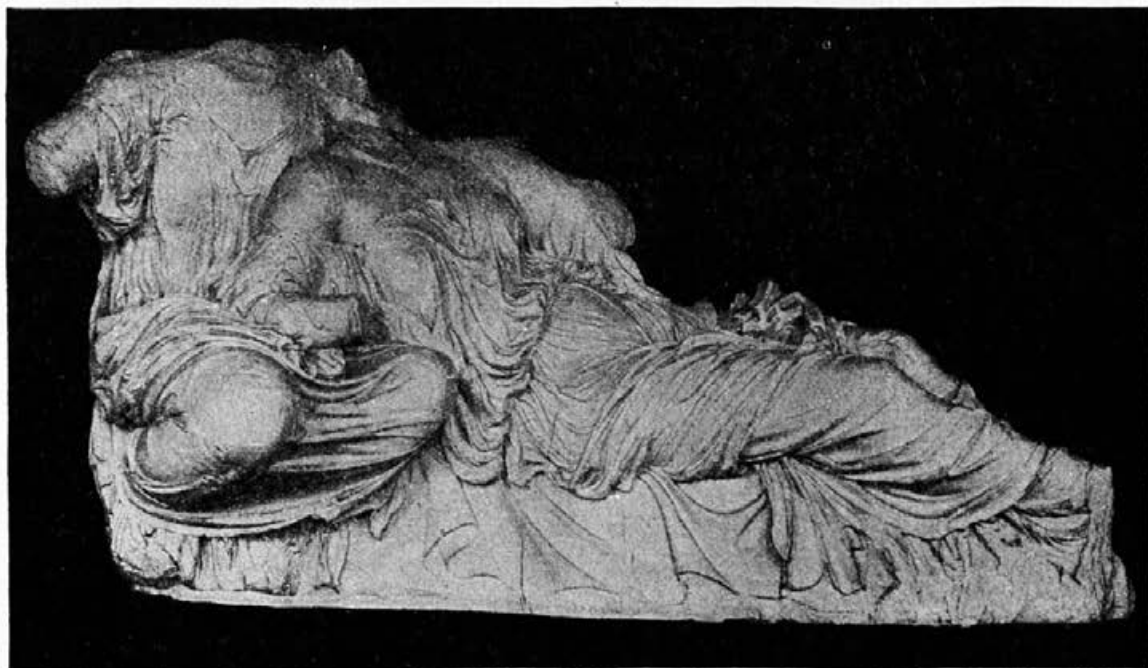
Cesta k tržišču je osamela in steza k reki opolzka. Veter ruje in lomasti v bambusovih vejah kakor divja zver, zapletena v mrežo.

Grška umetnika

STARI Grki zaslužijo mesto med svetovnimi prvaki ne samo kot modroslovci, temveč tudi kot umetniki. Najbolj so se odlikovali v kiparstvu. Cela procesija poznanih in nepoznanih kiparjev se vrsti pred nami, ko zasledujemo zgodovino grške umetnosti, a od vseh se najbolj odlikujeta imeni: Fidijas in Praksiteles. Ta dva sta kakor dve osolnčji v grškem umetniškem svetu; okoli njiju se vrsti vse polno manjših umetnikov in posnemalcev. Važna sta predvsem za poznavalce in ljubitelje umetnosti, za zgodovinarje in nič manj za priprostega človeka, ki se mora čuditi veličini njunih del, ko čita o njih ali pa vidi posnetke malega števila ohranjenih kipov, katere smatra umetniški svet za neprekosljive.

FIDIJAS je starejši izmed dvojice in splošno priznan kot boljši. Malo vemo o njegovem življenju in učenju. Rodil se je v Atenah okoli leta 500 pred Kristom. Njegov oče Charmides ga je dal učiti k raznim kiparjem in slikarjem in delovati je začel, ko je bila Grčija na višku svoje slave. O njegovi smrti sta znani dve različni razlagi. Zgodovinar Plutarh pravi, da so Fidijasa napadli politični nasprotniki atenskega generala Perikleja in da je bil zaprt ter je umrl v ječi. Neki drugi zgodovinar pa pravi, da je Fidijas pobegnil iz Aten na Elis, kjer je Elijčanom postavil ogromni spomenik boga Zevsa, nato pa so ga prebivalci kaznovali s smrtjo. Ta druga povest se kajpada zdi manj verjetna kot prva.

Ko je Atenam zapovedoval Periklej, je grška umetnost najlepše procvitala. Ta general je za okrasenje svojega rodnega mesta potrošil denar, katerega so zavezniki zbrali, da se porabi za obrambo proti Perzijcem. Pri vsem okraševalnem delu je Fidijas kot prijatelj svetoval Perikleju in bil tudi nadzornik raz-



FIDIJAS: Ostanki spomenikov iz vzhodne podstrešne skupine Partenona v Atenah.

nim delom. Vplival je torej kot ožji prijatelj Perikleja na politiko in še bolj na umetnost.

Nekateri zgodovinarji pripisujejo vsa večja dela templja Partenona Fidijas, vendar glavna njegova dela niso bila iz marmorja, temveč iz bronu, zlata in slonove kosti. Največ njegovih prvih del predstavlja junaške boje Grkov pri Maratonu. V mestu Delfi je postavil večjo skupino iz bronu, predstavljajočo grške bogove in razne Atenčane. Eno največjih svojih del je postavil na hribu Akropolis nad Atenami, velikansko bronasto soho Atene, katero je bilo videti daleč na morje. Med dela, katera so Grki najbolj cenili, pa spadata dve kolsalni sohi, ki sta skupili Fidijasu največ slave. Prva je bila soha Zevsa v Olimpiji, druga pa partenonska Atena v Atenah. Malo je znanega o sohi Zevsa, kajti ta je bila iz zlata in dragocene slonove kosti. Znana nam je po novcih, na katere so upodabljali to devetdeset čevljev visoko soho. Bog je sedel na prestolu, telo mu je bilo iz slonove kosti, oblačilo pa iz zlata. Malo več je znanega o sohi Atene, katere dva manjša posnetka sta se ohranila do današnjega dne.

Malo je znanega o veličini Fidijasa, toda če čitamo trezne sodbe davnih kritikov, vidimo, da niso izražali zanj drugega kakor globoko občudovanje.

PRAKSITELES je živel kakšnih sto let pozneje kot Fidijas. Živel je in se mogoče tudi rodil v Atenah, ki pa so za njegovih dni začele padati v prosvetnem življenju. Dočim v delih Fidijasa vidimo samo veličino Aten, nam podaja ta v svojih delih globlja čustva ter več razmišljanja. Videl je padanje velikega naroda in to je vplivalo nanj v delih, še bolj pa njegova dela na poznejše kiparje.

Vse, kar vemo o letnicah Praksitela, je leto 364 pred Kristom, katero nam podaja zgodovinar Plinij kot datum enega njegovih največjih del. Gotovo je tudi, da Praksitel ni več živel za časa Aleksandra Velikega.

Eno najlepših Praksitelovih del so našli v Olimpiji leta 1877. To je Hermes, soha naravne velikosti, ki pestuje dečka Dionizija, nesoč ga k nimfam, katere so ga imele varovati in vzgojiti. Dete sicer ne izgleda prav nič resnično, toda postava Hermesa, ki je še precej ohranjena, je tako polna življenja, da je takoj po najdbi zaslovela po vsem svetu kot najpopolnejši umetniški izdelek. Izraz predstavlja plemenito mlado osebo polno zdravja in vživanja. To soho so takoj prelili in izpopolnili in posnetki veljajo po umetniških muzejih kot najlepši kipi moškega telesa.

Drugi lepi deli Praksitela sta Apolo, mladenič, ki naslonjen ob drevo pokončuje s sulico kuščarja, ter Afrodita v kopelji. Slednja je shranjena v Vatikanu ter je Praksitelov posnetek lastnega originalnega dela za prebivalce na Knidu. Zanimivo je, da prebivalci tega mesta, ki je bilo zelo zadolženo, niso hoteli za vse svoje dolgove izmenjati te naravne sohe kralju Nikomedu, ki jim je hotel vse dolgove odpustiti, samo če sme v zameno vzeti kip.



FIDIJAS: Ostanki spomenika na Partenonu.

Še nekaj drugih Praksitelovih del je ohranjenih v Rimu in Parizu, posnetki iz mavca pa so razstavljeni v vseh večjih muzejih. Vsega skupaj je mogoče ohranjenih kakšnih dvanajst njegovih del iz marmorja, toda o nekaterih zgodovinarji niso na jasnem, če so istinito njegova dela.

Praksitel je opodabljal največ ljudi ter nekaj bolj priljubljenih in mlajših bogov. Za starega boga Zeusa mu ni bilo, a tudi za Ateno ne, katere slava je nekoliko padla s padanjem Aten. Večkrat je upodabljal Hermesa, boga trgovine, ki je vedno bolj cvetela. Zanimati nas mora, da so tudi njegovi bogovi vsi človeški ter brez božanske dostojanstvenosti.



NIKE, grška boginja zmage. (Ostanek priča, da je bil to eden najlepših grških kipov.)

Sakuntala

Indijska igra v sedmih dejanjih.

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

(Nadaljevanje.)

- DUŠJANTA: I na to mislim.
Zdi se kakor vonj cvetlice nikdar ne okušan,
od zlatarja nedotaknjeni dragulj;
veja, s koje cvetja ni obral vrtnar izkušan,
sladka strd, ki ni obletel je metulj.
Da zaslužil bi lepoto, ni moža na svetu,
nje ljubkosti ni ga vrednega človeka,
če ni izpolnil vseh nalog podanih v njega letu—
in kje je, ki kreposti diči ga obleka?
- NOREC: Vzemi jo za ženo takoj, predno pade v roke kakšnega neumitega puščavnika.
- DUŠJANTA: Odvisna je od očeta svojega in njega ni tu.
- NOREC: Ampak kaj misli ona o tebi?
- DUŠJANTA: Prijatelj, ne veš? Puščavniške deklice so že po naravi plahе. Vendar:
Poglede plahе mi odmika,
smeji se, le napol željam zanika.
Ljubavi, skromna, ne pokaže,
rahlo se mi zakriva, se ne laže.
- NOREC: Ali si jo takoj vzljubil, ko si jo zagledal?
- DUŠJANTA: Ko je odhajala, mi je skoraj dokazala, da me ima rada.
Ko je stopila za dekleti,
"Hoditi več ne morem," je dejala.
Me zroča, dala jim umeti,
da si rešuje nežno krila z grma,
kamor se ni zamotala.
- NOREC: Pa si si res veliko zapomnil. Zato si zaljubljen v ta puščavniški log.
- DUŠJANTA: Prijatelj, izmisli si kakšno pretvezo, pod katero se povrnem v samostan!
- NOREC: Kakšne pretveze hočeš? Ali nisi kralj?
- DUŠJANTA: Kaj potem?
- NOREC: Pobirat pojdi davek od puščavniškega riža.
- DUŠJANTA: Tepec! Ti puščavniki plačujejo drugačen davek—davek, ki se ne meri na tehtnici.
Blago, ki ga iz sel pobiram,
gine, ko se jaz zabavam.
Menih zadoščati pomaga
mi vseh bogov postavam.
- GLASOVI (za prizoriščem): Oh, našli smo ga.
- DUŠJANTA (poslušaj): Glasovi so resni in pokojni. Gotovo so puščavniki. (Vstopi vratar.)
- VRATAR: Zmage Veličanstvu! Dva mlada redovnika stojita pri vhodu.
- DUŠJANTA: Ukaži jima vstopiti.
- VRATAR: Da, Veličanstvo! (Gre ven in privede mladeniča.) Za menoj!
- PRVI MLADENIČ (gleda Dušjanta): Pri kralju stojim, vendar je zaupanja polno moje srce. Nič čudno, saj kralj je napol svetnik, kajti njemu:
Palača je kraljevska samostan
in njega vlada modra in pogumna
zasluge nove dan na dan si steka.
- DRUGI MLADENIČ: Prijatelj, ali je ta tovariš Indre, Dušjanta?
- PRVI: Da.
Nič čudno ni, da kralj, ki z roko močno mogočna mestna vrata bi predrl,
kraljuje mirno širnem' svetu, morju.
- OBA MLADENIČA: Zmage tebi, kralj!
- DUŠJANTA (se dvigne): Pozdravljenajna!
- MLADENIČA: Pozdravljeni vsi! (Ponudita sadja.)
- DUŠJANTA (sprejme in se globoko prikloni.) Smem li vedeti željo, ki vaju vodi k meni?

OBA: Puščavniki so izvedeli, da si tu in te prosijo—

DUŠJANTA: Velijo, menita.

OBA: Sile hudobnih duhov motijo naš pobožni log, odkar je z doma puščavniški oče. Zategadelj te prosimo, o kralj, da ostaneš med nami nekaj noči ter nas varješ zlih duhov.

DUŠJANTA: Največja sreča je zame, da lahko to storim.

NOREC (kralju): Kakor nalašč zate!

DUŠJANTA: Rajvataka, ukaži mojemu vozniku, da zapelje sem gori in vzame s seboj lok in puščice.

VRATAR: Da, Veličanstvo. (Gre.)

MLADENIČA:

Vreden si naslednik
kraljev našega rodu.
Hrabro braniš bedne,
nam deliš miru.

DUŠJANTA: Stopajta spredaj, prosim, in sledil vama bom.

MLADENIČA: Zmage tebi, o kralj! (Gresta.)

NOREC: Zelo sem radoveden, kaj mislita s svojimi hudobnimi duhovi.

DUŠJANTA: Ne boj se, z menoj greš.

NOREC: Ob koleslju bom stopal. (Vstopi vratar.)

VRATAR: Veličanstvo, koleselj je pripravljen na odhod k zmagi. Toda od matere kraljice je prišel iz mesta sel Karabaka.

DUŠJANTA: Ali ga pošilja moja mati?

VRATAR: Da.

DUŠJANTA: Naj vstopi!

VRATAR (gre ven in privede Karabako). Karabaka, tu je Veličanstvo. Stopi predenj.

KARABAKA (se približa in globoko prikloni): Zmage Veličanstvu! Mati kraljica me pošilja z ukazi.

DUŠJANTA: Kakšni so ukazi?

KARABAKA: Od danes štiri dni se bo nehala postiti in vršili se bodo popostni obredi. Ob tej priliki njen sin ne sme zamuditi, da ji streže.

DUŠJANTA: Dolžnost me veže na menihe na eni in na mater mojo na drugi strani. Nobene ne smem prezreti. Kaj mi je storiti?

NOREC (smeje): Stori vsakega pol.

DUŠJANTA: V zadregi sem res.

Dolžnosti strogi, nespravljivi
v mislih se borita,
kot reka, ki ob rob kameni
udarja—v dvoje je razlita.

(Pomisli.) Prijatelj, mati kraljica je vedno čutila napram tebi kot bi bil njen lasten sin. Ti se vrni in ji razloži o dolžnostih, ki me vežejo na kraj. Sam tudi opravi dolžnosti sina.

NOREC: Ne misli, da se jaz bojim izkušnjavcev!

DUŠJANTA: Mogočni brahmin, kdo bi dvomil o tem!

NOREC: Toda potovati hočem kot princ.

DUŠJANTA: Vse vojake pošljem s teboj, kajti pobožnega loga ne smejo motiti.

NOREC (jecljaje): Oh! Zdaj me poglejte nadomestnega dediča!

DUŠJANTA (zase): Ta je pa res klepetulja. Mogoče me bo še izdal ženskam na dvoru. (Prime norca za roko. (Glasno.) Prijatelj Madavja, spoštovanje do puščavnikov me veže na samostan. Nikar ne misli, da imam res rad puščavniško dekle. Pomisli vendar:

Kralj pa prosto samostansko dekle!
Kakšna naj bi to ljubezen bila!

Nič za res ne vzemi, kar sem rekel,
kar z veseljem lahkih misli del.

NOREC: Oh, dobro razumem svojo nalogo!

(Odideta.)

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

*

Ivan Albrecht:

IGRA

Sedem dolgih, težkih let
polž je hodil križem svet,
iz Ljubljane v Šiško vas
hodil je ta dolgi čas.

Mi pa gremo kakor ptice,
bolj kot ptice lastavice,
zdajle tukaj, zdajle tam!—
Beži—hop! Te že imam.

Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti*

(Dalje.)

Ko je drugega dne napočila zora, je bil Čerin že iz postelje. Poklical je hlapca in mu velel pripraviti orodje, da gre sta kopat v ogrado. Hlapec si je mel oči in dolgo ni mogel prav verjeti, da stoji gospodar pred njim. Preden je še žena vstala, sta šla na delo. Dekli je naročil, naj jima Anica prinese kosilo v ogrado. Delala sta ves dan, da ju je pot oblival. Zlasti pri Čerinu, ki se je bil zadnji čas odvadil delu, je imel vsak lasec svoj kanec.¹⁾ Zato mu je pa tudi jed šla v slast kakor že dolgo ne, in ko je zvečer prišel domov, je videl okoli sebe samo vesele in srečne obraze. Ta dan je bil zadovoljen sam s seboj.

Drugo jutro je bil Čerin zopet pri delu. Opazil je, da ima pašnik, ki je na eni strani mejil na ogrado, prav dobro zemljo in da bi se na to stran dala ograda razširiti. Razdril je torej ondi ograjo in jel kopati ledino.²⁾ Kopal se je težko, a čim dalje je kopal, tem večje veselje je imel z delom. Zdaj dokoplje do neke kamenene žile, ali kamen je bil mehak in skrila.³⁾ Bila je opoka. Že je odvalil nekoliko skrila, ko se mu pod kopačem nekaj zablešči. Čerin se pripogne, pobere skrila in izluči iz nje sijajno kocko. Čerina je pogrelo in neka neznanska slast ga preleti pri pogledu te kocke. "Moj Bog, to je zlato, čisto, pravo zlato! Kako bi se drugače tako svetilo in rumeno je tudi. Torej so vendar resnico govorili stari ljudje, ki so pravili, da je v Bogatinu polno zlata in da ga Lahji odnašajo na tovore. In če ima zlato Bogatin, zakaj ga ne bi imel tudi Kolk, ki je Bogatinu bližnji sosed." Hvaležno pogleda proti nebu in vroča zahvalna molitev mu prikipi iz radostnega srca.

A hlapec je blizu. Ta ne sme o tem ničesar vedeti. Treba ga je odpraviti. Čerin malo pomisli, potem ga pošlje domov po sekuro in mu veli iti sekat le-

ševje, da se z njim zagradi novi kos ograde. Ko je hlapec odšel, se spusti Čerin na kolena in začne brskati po razdrobljeni opoki. Po dolgem iskanju najde še eno zrno, hitro potem zopet eno, še večje. A ko je odvalil novo plast, mu je pobiralo kar oči—zrno se je lesketalo pri zrnu. Sname si klobuk in pohlepno vanj pobira dragoceno rudo. Ko je pobral, si odkopje novo skrila, za njo drugo. Vsaka je dala nekaj, ta več ona manj. Tako je drobil opoko in pobiral do mraka ter je nabral do pol klobuka.

A kam pa zdaj z blagom? Domov na Živa duša o tem ne sme vedeti, tudi žena ne. Zaklad je treba skriti ali zakopati ga. A kam? Misli, misli. Naposled se domisli dupla v stari lesniki, ki je stala v gošči, ne daleč od pota. Tja gre, razprostre ruto po tleh, nanjo usuje zlato, jo zvije in zveže ter shrani v duplo.

Pri večerji je sedel zamišljen poleg žene. Malo je govoril, jedel pa še manj, dasi je delal ves dan. Poznalo se mu je, da ga nekaj vznemirja. Skoro vstane in gre spat. Spat je šel, a spal ni. Vso noč mu sen ni stisnil oči. Vsakovrstne misli so mu rojile po glavi, a vse so se vrtele okoli njegovega zaklada. Bal se je, da bi mu ga ponoči kaka žival ne razbrskala in ne raznesla in da bi ga kdo pri delu ne bil opazoval in mu zaklada ne pobral. Največ pa ga je skrbelo, kje in kako bi ga spravil v denar. Strah ga je bilo, da bi kakemu sleparju ne prišel v roke ali da bi kaka zvita buča ne izvlekla iz njega, kje se dobiva tako blago. Kam torej z zlatom? V Gorico? Ne, v Gorico nikakor! Tam ga kolikor toliko poznajo in prehitro bi se razsulo bogastvo njegovo. V Ljubljano tudi ne. Predolga je pot in tudi prave vere nima do ljubljanskih zlatarjev. Na Laško pojde in nikamor drugam. V Staro mesto ali pa še celo v Videm. Starski in videmski zlatarji

* See the notes on page 112.

najbolje poznajo zlato, zlasti pa tisto, katero se dobiva po teh gorah. Kaj niso nekdanj hodili Lahji po zlato v naše kraje? In kdo ve, ali ne hodijo še sedaj. On sam je že večkrat videl kakega neznanega človeka pohajati po teh hribih.⁴⁾ Česa bi ti ljudje iskali tukaj, če ne zlata?

Na Laško pojde torej. A kdaj? Čim prej, tem bolje, da bo vsaj vedel, na čem je. Precej jutri ali pa kar sedaj še pred zorom. Vsaj ga ljudje ne bodo srečavali in izpraševali, kam in po kaj. Skoro po polnoči vstane, se obleče in prebudi ženo, ki preplašeno dolgo ni mogla umeti moža. On jo pomiri. Pove ji, da mora dva, tri dni z doma, pa da naj je to ne skrbi. Na dobrem potu je, ki mu prinese srečo in obilje, ako Bog da. Vroči ji razen desetih goldinarjev tudi ves denar z naročilom, da sebi in otrokoma poskrbi potrebno obleko. Potem vzame iz skrinje staro usnjeno mošnjo, v kateri je pokojni oče hranil srebrni denar, prekriža otroka, seže ženi v roko in odide v gluho noč.⁵⁾

Zunaj je bilo precej tema, a njega to ni motilo, ker znan mu je bil vsak grm, vsak kamen. Na mah je bil pri stari lesniki. Izvlekel je dragoceni zaklad in se z njim napotil nizdolu. Hitro je bil v dolini in potem je urno koračil po gladki cesti. Živ krst ga ni srečal. Ko je v Tolminu zvonilo sveto jutro, je bil že na Volčanskem polju. Tu je pretresel svoje zlato v mošnjo, jo dobro zadrnil in zavezal ter zavil v ruto.

V Volčah je krenil na desno v dolino Kamenico in potem se obrnil v breg. Bil je že nekoliko truden, ali ni si dal miru, vedno više in više ga je gnal popohlep. Ko je posijalo solnce, je stal na Dreki in skoraj potem na Slemenu, prav na meji goriške dežele in laškega kraljestva.⁶⁾ Tu si je odpočil. Zleknil se je v zeleno travo, a zaklad si potisnil pod glavo. Tu je ležal na jutranjem solncu in delal načrte in naklepe. Kakih osemsto goldinarjev je za stalno vredno blago, katero nosi s seboj, tudi ko bi ga kupoval brat od brata. A koliko tega pa še leži v njegovi ogradi!

Kadar pride z denarji domov, bo prvo, da vrže Dragarju v zobe tista dva stotaka. Ne bo je Dragar kosil Čerinove senožeti, nikdar ne! Potem si bo natančno ogledal svet, in kar je te zlate žile in ni še njegovo, pokupil bo od sosedov. Kaj bo potem, tega še sam prav ne ve, toliko vendar zna, da bo živel kakor majhen cesar in še celo zlat denar bi koval, ako mu dovolijo.

Tako je sanjaril Čerin na Slemenu in v teh prijetnih sanjah sta mu hitro minili dve uri. Solnce je že visoko odskočilo od gora, ko se je naš zlatokop napotil proti Bregu, prvi vasi na beneški strani. Tu si je v krčmi do dobra okrepčal onemoglo telo in se potem razpoložil po klopi ob zidu ter nekoliko zadremal na zlatem, četudi trdem zglavju. Na daljnem potu se je ustavil še v Sv. Petru, ker so mu rekli, da ondi bivajo zadnji Slovenci, s katerimi se lahko še po domače govori. A dolgo se tudi tu ni mudil, gnalo ga je dalje v Staro mesto, kateremu pravijo tudi Čedad. Prašen, truden, žejen in lačen je dospel tja še pred solničnim zahodom.

Dolgi pot ga je močno utrudil, a vendar je šel še po mestu. Hitro je prehodil vse glavne ulice, a na tem izprehodu naš Čerin ni imel oči za drugo nego za zlatarske prodajalnice. Našel je dve. Pred eno je obstal in si nekaj časa ogledoval v oknu nastavljene uhanne, prstane in drugo zlato lepočo. V žepu je imel pet zrn svojega zlata skrbno v papir zavitih, ker ni ga bilo volja kazati zlatarju ves zaklad, preden se nista pogodila za ceno. Eno teh zrn izlušči iz papirnatega ovoja, ga drži k oknu in ga primerja zlatarjevemu zlatu. Ves zadovoljen stisne zrno v pest, ojunaci se in pritisne kljuko na steklenih vratcih. V prodajalnici je sedel majhen, suh možiček, ki ga ogovori laški. V odgovor mu Čerin pomoli zrno in ga vpraša, če kupi tako blago. Mož presuče zrno v roki, potem stopi k oknu in potegne ž njim po nekem črnem kamenu. Čerin ni obrnil ves čas oči od njega. Zlatar mu vrne zrno in naredi z roko znamenje, da to ni za nič. Čerina je zazeblu

pri srcu, vendar izmota iz papirja še drugo, prav na štiri vogle urezano zрно, ki se je še posebno lesketalo, in ga poda možičku. Ta ga pogleda, pa mu ga hitro da nazaj, niti na kamenu ga ni poskusil, kar se je Čerinu prav brezvestno zdelo.

“Beži, beži,” si misli Čerin sam pri sebi. “Ti človeče niti ne veš, kako je pravemu zlatu ime. Kaj boš sodilo ti, ki v vsej prodajalnici nimaš toliko zlata, kolikor ga je v moji mošnji.”

Nevoljen stopi iz prodajalnice in gre dalje iskat druge. Našel jo je, in sicer eno, v kateri je bilo nekaj več in lepšega blaga. V njej je stal mož, zajeten in trebušen, ali tudi tukaj se mu ni godilo nič drugače. Trebušnjak je za silo še lomil neki jezik, ki je imel v sebi kako slovensko besedo, ali tudi njega ni bilo volja poslušati Čerina in pogajati se z njim. Ker se je že mračilo, je začel zapirati okna in Čerin, hočeš nočeš, je moral iz prodajalnice, ne da bi bil kaj opravil. Srdit in potrj je šel iskat nočišča v gostilno, o kateri je v Sv. Petru slišal, da je v njej gospodinja Slovenka iz Sedla doma. Ker si je bil nje priimek zapisal, jo je hitro našel. “Pri krožu” — tako se je imenovala gostilna — je dobil dobro jed in pijačo in pošteno domačo besedo, kar mu je posebno ugajalo. Prijazna gospodinja po ženski navadi izprašuje Čerina, kdo je in odkod, in pozveduje, kaj ga je privedlo na Laško. Po nekih okoliših ji pove, da ima opravila pri zlatarju.

“Ako kaj kupujete, bi vam svetovala, da greste v Videm. Ondi se bolje kupi.”

“Ne kupujem, prodajam.”

“No, tudi proda se v Vidmu bolje. Ondi je eden, ki premore pol milijona. Proti tistemu so tukajšnji pravi siromački.”

Nobena beseda bi Čerinu ne bila bolj ustregla, govorjena mu je bila iz srca. Prav tako sodbo je že sam v sebi izrekel o čedadskih zlatarjih, pa naj si bodo suhi ali debeli.

Drugi dan je bila nedelja. Čerin je šel k prvi maši, potem pa je ubral pot proti Vidmu. Po poti se mu pridruži mož, ki je tudi slovenski govoril. To je Čerina oveselilo, ker ga je že skrbelo, kako se bo pogajal z videmskimi zlatarji, ki bržčas ne znajo slovenski. Pogodila sta se, da mu bo za tolmača, ako mu da dve laški liri, s čimer je bil Čerin zadovoljen.

Ko sta dospela v Videm, sta šla takoj na posel. Ne bomo natanko opisovali, kako se jima je godilo pri tem, kako pri onem zlatarju. Kakor bi se bili poprej zmenili, vsi so se mu v zobe režali⁷⁾ in vsi so bili ene misli in enega govorjenja, da to ni zlato, temveč ničvredna železna ruda. Čerinu je upadlo srce, ali iskrica upanja mu je vendar še ostala. In to mu je upihal veliki bogataš, o katerem je govorila krčmarica v Čedadu. Ta mu je za vse blago ponujal pet lir, a ne kakor bi bilo kaj zlata v njem, ampak samo zato, ker so lepi kristali. Ali naš Čerin si misli: “Rad bi me prevaril, pa me ne boš.” Da bi bilo to železo, tega ni mogel verjeti. Četudi morebiti ni prav samo čisto zlato, nekaj ga je vendar. Kako bi mu drugače ponujal pet lir. Če on ponuja pet lir, vredno jih morebiti sto.

Tako je modroval Čerin. V tem so zlatarji začeli zapirati prodajalnice in Čerina tudi ni bilo več volja hoditi okoli njih. Tolmač se je tudi poslovil od njega, ko mu je še prej zunaj mesta pokazal krčmo, katere gospodar je bil beneški Slovenec.



Ivan Albrecht:

ZMEŠNJAVA

GODBA bije, ura svira,
 sraka vratice odpira,
 k pavu šla bi v goste rada,
 pa jo moti kozja brada.
 Petelinček brez kokoši
 hodi v čisto novi noši:
 mesto repa nosi zvonec,
 mesto rože počen lonec.
 Krava gre po dveh na pašo,
 mačka pije vrelo kašo,
 koza gre kosit otavo,
 ovca sreblje črno kavo.

Kdor verjame, naj zbeži,
 da april ga ne dobi.

R. Tagore:

Čampin cvet

MISLI si, da bi bil čampin cvet, samo tako za šalo, in bi rasel na veji visoko na onem drevesu in bi se tresel v vetru od smeha in plesal po pravkar razklenjenih listih, ali bi me spoznala, mamica?

Klicala bi: "Dete, kje si?" in jaz bi se smejal sam pri sebi in bi bil tiho, prav tiho.

Skrivaj bi odprl svoje liste in bi te opazoval pri delu.

Kedar bi po kopeli, z mokrimi lasmi, razpuščenimi preko ramen, šla skozi senco čampovega drevesa do dvorca, kjer opravljaš svoje molitve, bi začutila vonj cvetlice, pa ne bi vedela, da prihaja od mene.

Kedar bi opoldne po obedu sedela ob oknu in čitala Ramajano in bi senca drevesa padala na tvoje lase in na tvoja nedrija, vrgel bi svojo malo senco na stran tvoje knjige, prav tja, kjer bi čitala.

Bi uganila, da je bila to drobna senca tvojega malega deteta?

Kedar bi šla zvečer s prižgano svetilko v roki v hlev h kravam, bi padel nenadoma zopet na zemljo in bi bil še enkrat tvoje pravo dete in bi te prosil, da mi poveš kakšno pravljico.

"Kje si pa bilo, ti poredno dete?"

"Ne povem ti, mamica." Glej tako bi si govorila ti in jaz.



Dragi čitatelji!

Iz tekoče številke smo morali izpustiti precejšen kup pisem, katere ste prispevali zlasti k pet in dvajsetletnici S. N. P. J. Pisma so deloma prišla prepozno, a tudi prostora je zmanjkalo, posebno za "Chatter Corner." V Mladinskem listu za maj objavimo vse.

*

Kakor je čitateljem Mladinskega lista znano, ima S.N.P.J. meseca maja konvencijo v Chicagu. Konvencija je velikega pomena za jedoto in za člane, tudi za člane mladinskega oddelka in za čitatelje Mladinskega lista, ker marsikaj se lahko spremeni na konvenciji. Mladi čitatelj, če je tvoj ata delegat, pa mu povej, kaj misliš, da bi morala konvencija storiti za Mladinski list. Stari člani ne vedo tako dobro kakor mi, kaj bi radi, da se izboljša pri Mladinskem listu; zato jim mi povejmo, kaj naj ukrenejo na konvenciji.

*

Ker je konvencija važna za vse člane, se moramo vsi zanimati za njen razvoj. Kdorkoli zna čitati slovensko, naj meseca maja vzame v roke še Prosveto, pa pogleda v poročila s konvencije. Ne pozabimo, mladi čitatelji, da pride na konvencijo v maju nad ducat mladih članov, ki zastopajo angleško poslujoča društva. Tudi ti so bili nekdanj člani mladinskega oddelka in nekateri izmed njih so še pred štirimi leti čitali Mladinski list. Če bi se ne bili zanimali, bi

jih sedaj ne bila društva poslala na konvencijo, kar je gotovo velika čast, posebno če je delegat še mlad. Poverjena mu je naloga zastopati vse društvo in govoriti v imenu svojega društva. Mlademu članu je to še posebno koristno, ker se veliko nauči na poti v Chicago ter na zborovanju, za katero povrh dobi plačilo.

Ne samo zanimivo, tudi koristno je torej, da se vsak mladi čitatelj zanima za razvoj konvencije. Posebno odraščajoči čitatelji Mladinskega lista, če se zanimate za konvencijo letos, boste čez štiri leta, ko se bo konvencija zopet vršila, lahko že kandidirali za delegate sami.

Urednik.

* * *

Dragi urednik!

Pisati hočem par vrstic v naš priljubljeni "Mladinski list." Zelo se bojim, da ga bi nam ustavili, ker moja mama bere v "Prosveti," ko nekateri člani pišejo, da bi "Mladinski list" prenehal. Torej na delo vse sestrice in bratci, če ljubite "Mladinski list". Pomagajte, da bo naprej izhajal. Pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem "Mladinskega lista."

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

*

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo po slovensko. Moj god je bil 16. februarja, sem bila 13 let stara.

Jaz bom vsaki mesec pisala v naš Mladinski list. Mislim, da bi več otrok pisalo v Mladinski list, če bi prišel vsaki tretji teden.

Mary Moyl, Kenosha, Wis.

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dolgo se pripravljam, da Vam pišem par vrstic. Jaz sem članica S. N. P. J. št. 5. Hodim v slovensko mladinsko šolo ob sobotah, čez teden pa v mladinsko višjo šolo 7-A. Stara sem nekaj čez 12 let. Pisati znam že precej dobro slovensko in čitati, da lahko pišem stari materi v Ljubljano, Jugoslavija. Ona je zelo vesela, ker ji pišem v materinem jeziku in nam ona piše za praznike lepe razglednice s slikami. Jaz mislim svojo staro mater obiskati, zato se rada učim slovenskega jezika, ker vem, da mi bo v korist. Akoravno grem samo na obisk k materi, moram znati vsaj malo govoriti in čitati. Moja učiteljica slovenske šole je mrs. Antoinette Simčič. Ona nas uči lepe slovenske pesmi in pripovedi. Dobili smo spričevalo od prve polovice šolskega leta. Jaz imam v slovenščini v čitanju in pisanju dobro. Lahko bi bilo boljše, ampak imam mnogo drugega se učiti. Učim se tudi igrati na glasovir. Tudi pomagam doma materi, ker imam še dva brata in tri sestrice. Drugič se bom zopet oglasila, ker rada bi bila ena prvih dopisovalk Mladinskega lista in prejela nagrado konec tega leta. Pozdrav!

Frances Tavčar, 903 E. 23 St., Cleveland, O

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis Mladinskemu listu.

Stara sem petnajst let in sem v Mladinskem oddelku. Pisati in govoriti znam dobro po slovensko. V naši družini nas je petnajst in trinajst nas je pri društvu. Moj ata je predsednik društva št. 457.

Jaz ne hodim več v šolo. Moj naslov je:

Pauline Konchar, Cooperstown, New York.

Dragi urednik!

Spet bom pisala pismo v naš M. L. Saj nimam skoro nič novic pisati, pa bom napisala par vrstic vseeno. Oni mesec sem pisala, kako lepo vreme je tu, pa se je kmalu nato jako preobrnilo. Dva tedna je bilo štirideset stopinj pod ničlo in tak vihar je bil tu v marcu, da je kar drevesa podiralo. Zdaj se bo menda kaj na boljše obrnilo, saj je tu spomlad, čeprav bolj kasna v Michiganu. Meni bi se dobro videlo, če bi se risbe pošiljale v M. L. Jaz sem dobila \$1.25 za risbe na County Fairu. Pozdrav!

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz moram malo popisati, kako se zabavamo otroci pozimi v tej lepi solnčni Coloradi. Dokler je mrzlo in sneg, je največ veselja za nas, da se drsamo po ledu, snežne kepe mečemo in možice postavljamo. Zadnji teden smo delali "bird houses." Kdor naredi najboljšega, dobi nagrado \$2.50; dru-

ga nagrada je \$1.00, tretja 50c. Kar je pa ostalih otrok, da nič nagrade ne dobijo, imajo pa prosto vstopnico za "movies" tisti dan.

Pa naj zadostuje za danes, bom drugič več, ako ne bo urednik mojega dopisa to rajzo pobasal v koš, ker tako slabo pišem slovensko.

Pa še eno uganko za naše čitatelje: "Kateri svetnik še ni v nebesih?"

Mary Tegel, Golden, Colo.

Cenjeni urednik!

Jaz tudi hočem napisati slovensko nekaj vrstic. Hodim v 8. razred. Star sem 3. marca 14 let in me moja mati uči pisati slovenski. Govoriti znam boljše kakor pa pisati. Jaz se bom še boljše učil in drugokrat bom pa kaj več pisal. Želim Mladinskemu listu veliko napredka. Pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice.

Anton Zgonz, Westm'd City, Pa., Box 58.

Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenil pisati, ker imam dosti novega povedati. Imeli smo hudo zimo, pa sneg je skopnel že začetkom marca. V Sheboyganu je reka, ki je zamrznila tako, da so morali led razstreliti, da je šel naprej. Celi večer je drl potok ter napravil dokaj škode po nekaterih krajih. Vesel sem, da je spomlad tu in tudi ptice sem že slišal peti.

Bral sem priporočila našega urednika, ki piše, da tisto ni pravilno, kar delajo nekateri, ko prepisujejo iz knjig in potem pa pošljejo za Mladinski list. Jaz se strinjam z urednikom. Prav ima, ko nas o tem podučiti. Če hočemo kaj pisati za Mladinski list, se moramo sami navaditi.

Rad bi videl, da bi se naši čitatelji še bolj oglašali v Našem koticu ter pisali pisma le v slovenskem.

Končam in pozdravim vse čitatelje in urednika.

Frank Koshak, Sheboygan, Wis.

Dragi urednik!

Pošiljam listu pesmico, katere me je naučila mama:

Iz shrambe, iz shrambe sani:
po cestah drči hop, hop, hop!
Konjiček moj v kolop.

Sijati pomlad je začela,
v gorkoti uniči se mraz;
vsa zemlja je zopet vesela,
vesel je človeški obraz.

Studeneč in reka se taja,
vse raste, iz zemlje hiti;
tukaj in tam se spreha
družina veselih ljudi.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

SPOMLAD

(Pesem nam pošilja Catherine Androna iz Blaina, Ohio.)

Sneg za to leto slovo je že vzel!
Hrani le, starček, svoj čamor vesel.
Ptička zapela, s parne zletela:
Ni me še mraz vzel!

Slišiš po gaju prepevati tam?
Ptički veseli spet prišli so k nam.
Kak žvrgolijo, tebe budijo:
Lepa nedolžnost ostan'!

Črešnja vsa bela na griču stoji,
gleda na breskvo, ki v vrtu cveti;
vsa razcvetena, vsa omlajena,
nam se naproti smeji.

Pa bo minula i tvoja mladost,
jo spreminila življenja starost;
vse bo minilo, vse odevetelo;
prišla bo smrtna bridkost.

Dragi urednik!

V decemberski izdaji Mladinskega lista sem pisala, da bi bil vsaj en dopis iz Puebla v Mladinskem listu vsaki mesec. Do danes se ni še nikdo oglasil, sem pa jaz zopet tukaj.

V Mladinskem listu in Prosveti čitam, da obhaja naša dobra Slovenska narodna podpornica jednota 25-letnico svojega obstanka in tudi v ta namen ima jednota kampanjo za pridobivanje novih članov. Tudi jaz se bom potrudila, da bom vsaj dobila enega novega člana v Mladinski oddelek, ako ne več, ali novega naročnika na Mladinski list. Tudi drugi člani mladinskega oddelka se potrudijo nekoliko za 25-letnico naše jednote. Pokažimo, da se tudi mi zanimamo za jednote.

Društva bodo obhajala 25-letnico jednote s prireditvami ali veseljami. Tudi društvo "Orel," št. 21 SNPJ ne bo med zadnjimi. Se že sedaj pripravlja. Kaj bodo naredili, bom že pozneje poročala.

Ja sem članica jednote že 11 let. Mama pravi, ko sem bila eno leto stara pa me je dala vpisati. Moj brat je član pa 13 let.

Pozdrav!

Evelyn Hochevar, 2318 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo.

REŠITEV ZASTAVIC FEBRUARSKE
ŠTEVILKE.

VELIKA NOČ.
POLNOČ.
PIJAN.

REBUS.

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNICA JEDNOTA JE NAŠA NAJVEČJA DOBROTA.

Rešili:

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.
Zofia Pucell, Sygan, Pa.
Catherine Chater, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lucy Markovich, Barberton, Ohio.
Mary Mahne, Cleveland, Ohio.
Josephine Musich, Gilbert, Minn.
Anna Lonchar, Sheboygan, Wis.
Frank Chater, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LISTNICA UREDNIŠTVA.

C. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.: Tvoja uganka s petimi K. je res zagonetna. Pojasni, da jo bomo lahko priobčili.

Other letters were written by the following members:

Rose Balock, Roundup, Mont.
Albina Dolence, Hays, Pa., 328 Baldwin St.
Mary Predanich, Peru, Ill., 6 E. 7th St.
Emma Knaus, Traunick, Mich.
Mike Andlar Jr., Roslyn, Wash.
Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill. 535 N. Wood Street.

Notes, Questions and a Dictionary

(See page 106)

1. Je imel vsak lasec svoj kanec.—Pot mu je stal na vsakem lasu.
2. Je jel kopati ledino: He began to dig the untilled prairie land, or fallow.
3. Kamen je bil mehak in skriljav: Obviously it was a sedimentary rock.
4. Čerin had often seen some prospector searching in the hills.
5. Gluha noč—it was a dark night.
6. The old border line between Austria and Italy.
7. So se mu v zobe režali: They all laughed at him.

1. What do you think was the mineral that Čerin found in his land?
2. Do the goldsmiths want to buy it? Why not?

Veleti: ukazati: to command, compel;
lasec: las (diminutive);
kanec: kaplja: drop;
opoka: shale;
brskati: scratch, search;
plast: layer;
duplo: hole;
pohlep: greed;
srdit: angry.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the S. N. P. J.

IN THIS month we celebrate the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the S.N.P.J. Most of us are aware of the remarkable growth of the organization from its insignificant infancy in April, 1904, to the present greatest Slovene organization in America. The vast membership and prosperity of the Society covers all Slovene communities in the Continent. At the end of 1928 the Society came out with 60,240 members, including those of the Juvenile Department, which proudly unfolds within its ever considerate bosom 19,331 strong. It is, without hesitation, that the members can point out with due pride, that the salient achievement of the Society is its success in attaining its objects. The Jednota has successfully endeavored to center its activities around the objects and ideals of the organization. The importance the Society has played in the hearts of the members cannot be overestimated. In the first twenty-five years of its history it has not only given the members the advantage of mutual benefit, but also has instilled into them the spirit of cooperation which is the backbone of economic prosperity.

So much for the material progress of the organization; undoubtedly, of no less significance is the cultural achievement. The latter one consists mainly of the high level to which Jednota has attained in the life of the members. Perhaps many of you would ask: What is this cultural achievement? It is the enlightenment the Society has disseminated among its members, as for example: the spirit of fraternity, friendship, arts and literature, cultural patriotism, and one's responsibility to humanity. Through its papers, magazines, and other publications; through programs and lectures; gatherings which were formed in order to promote progressive social ideas; and other means by which enlightenment could be disseminated, the Society has aided

its members and, at the same time, respected the principles of free-thought upon which the Society was founded.

The S.N.P.J. seems like a colossus who walks with firm and steady steps; with lips set and strong, but ready to smile; with eyes clear and tender. Around his sinewy right hand are clustered our fathers and mothers, who had come from Slovenia to found their homes and families in this new land; and on his left their children, though born here, but in whose veins runs the Slovene blood. So we see in this colossus the arbiter, beneficent, inspiring, and cultural.

There are two lines, if not more, in which we may look forward with hope to progress in the future. In the first place, inspiring knowledge and experience of the past may afford to the young members advantages to help them maintain with unquestioned loyalty the principles and ideals of the Society. Secondly, the expansion of education, the increasing influence of arts and sciences, literature and philosophy, of all the agencies which are promoting general goodness, will, we may reasonably hope, make them not only more masters of themselves, but also more able to appreciate and enjoy the advantages of fraternity and cooperation for which the Society stands.



SWEET IS THE ROSE

Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a brier;	And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill. So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharp his bough;	That maketh it be coveted the more;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh near;	For easy things, that may be got at will,
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branch is rough;	Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough;	Why then should I account of little pain
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;	That endless pleasure shall unto me gain!
Sweet is the Broom-flower, but yet sour enough;	

Edmund Spenser.

A Chronology of the S. N. P. J.

June 17, 1903: "Glas Svobode," a Slovene weekly newspaper in Pueblo, publishes a proclamation urging the Slovenes in America to establish a new fraternal organization which will differ in principles from the existing Slovene organizations.

The existing Slovene organizations had been founded on religious basis according to which our immigrants who did not profess the Catholic religion were not considered desirable members; therefore, the appeal published by the "Glas Svobode" met a ready approval and preparation for a new organization that was to be liberal regarding the beliefs of its members.

September 23, 1903: Lodge "Slavia" is established in Chicago.

This lodge was to become branch No. 1 of the S. N. P. J.

October 1903 to March 1904: Eight other lodges are established in various Slovene colonies.

From these lodges sprang the basis of the S. N. P. J. They became the first branches of the Jednota, numbered consecutively as follows: No. 2, La Salle, Ill.; No. 3, Johnstown, Pa.; No. 4, Steel, Ohio; No. 5, Cleveland, Ohio; No. 6, Morgan, Pa.; No. 7, Claridge, Pa.; No. 8, So. Chicago, Ill.; and No. 9, Yale, Kansas. These lodges sent the delegates to the first convention.

April 6, 1904: The First Regular Convention of the S. N. P. J.

This convention was held in Chicago. It was held for four days and selected Chicago as the seat of the new organization. John Stonich was elected the first president. The original membership was only 280.

September 5, 1905: The Second Regular convention opens in Chicago.

The organization had grown to over 1000 members the first year of its existence. An important decision was

made to accept into the organization not only Slovenes, but all Slavs. John Stonich was reelected president.

September 16, 1907: The Third Regular Convention of the S. N. P. J. meets in La Salle, Ill.

At this convention the principles of the S. N. P. J. were clearly stated and the factions within the Society compromised in order to attain more cooperation. Martin Potokar was elected president.

May 11, 1908: A special convention of the S. N. P. J. meets in Chicago, to settle some internal disputes which were due largely to antagonism from outside of the organization. Martin Potokar was reelected president.

October 18, 1909: The Fourth Regular Convention meets in Cleveland.

Among the more important decisions of this convention was that of a weekly organ of the S. N. P. J., which proved to be the best medium of agitation for the young organization. Equality for women was granted at this convention. Martin Potokar was elected president for the third time.

September 16, 1912: The Fifth Regular Convention meets in Milwaukee.

The organization has now grown to 188 lodges with 8,832 members. There came 108 delegates to Milwaukee. The By-Laws were changed greatly and made the organization more radical than ever. Fundamentally, the present principles of the By-Laws were adopted. The Juvenile Department was established. In the period from this to the Sixth Regular Convention the S.N.P.J. became a member of the National Fraternal Congress. Jacob Miklavčič was the third president.

September 20, 1915: The Sixth Regular Convention meets at Pittsburgh, Pa.

The movement for an amalgamation of all Slovene organizations in America was well expressed at this convention. It was a result of the growing national feeling caused by the World War, which excluded new immigrants. John Vogrich became the fourth president of the S.N.P.J.

July 1, 1916: The first issue of the daily "Prosveta" is published in Chicago.

The Daily of the S. N. P. J., which already won prestige over the rest of the Slovene organizations in America, soon gained the position of the most important Slovene publication. It helped a great deal to increase interest in the Society.

September 16, 1918: The Seventh Regular Convention meets at Springfield, Ill.

Resolution passed by this convention provided for the publication of a "Juvenile" magazine and of books of educational nature; for the Old People's Home

Fund; for Student Aid and for the establishment of a printery. Vincent Cainkar became president.

September 12, 1921: The Third Special, or, the Amalgamating Convention of the S. N. P. J. meets in Cleveland.

At this convention the Slavonic Workingmen's Benefit Society united with the S.N.P.J.

July, 1922: The first issue of the "Mladinski List" is published.

September 14, 1925: The Eighth Regular Convention meets in Waukegan, Ill.

November, 1925: English speaking lodges of the S. N. P. J. came into being.

Lodge "Pioneer," No. 559, S. N. P. J. in Chicago was established first. There followed new lodges in Cleveland, Detroit, Springfield, and dozens of others. These lodges aroused a great interest among the young Slovenes born in America. In the meantime, an English section appeared in the "Prosveta."

SLOVENSKA NARODNA PODPORNA JEDNOTA

Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota

Are four words we love to hear;

If this lodge we wouldn't have

Lots of pain some folks would bear.

Jednota will be growing

Larger every day;

Every one should join

To this Lodge so gay.

Of course, Jednota gives dances

To which we may go,

There are many chances

To stumble o'er somebody's toes.

Jednota has a meeting

Every once a month,

Sometimes we are seeking,

To get a look inside.

I'd like to be a secretary

Of Jednota — I should say,

I'd sing like a canary,

For Jednota, all shout Hurray!

By *Mary Ostanek,*
Traunick, Mich.

A Song of Books

OF ALL the privileges we enjoy there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easy access to books.

The debt we owe to books was well expressed by Richard de Bury, author of "Philobiblon," published as long ago as 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature: "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

This feeling that books are real friends is constantly present to all who love reading.

"I have friends," said Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to

accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquility of retirement than with the tumults of society."

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

"Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointment asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. But it is by no means necessary to be a philosopher to love reading.

Carlyle wisely said that a collection of books is a real university.

The importance of books has been appreciated in many quarters where we might least expect it. Among the Norsemen runes were supposed to be endowed with miraculous power. There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life," and through it rather perhaps reflects the spirit of the Caliphs than of the Sultans, that "the ink of science is more precious than the blood of the martyrs."

Confucius is said to have described himself as a man who "in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgot his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

Yet, if this could be said by the Chinese and the Arabs, what language can be strong enough to express the gratitude we ought to feel for the advantages we enjoy! We do not appreciate our good fortune in belonging to the modern times. Sometimes, indeed, one may be inclined to wish that one had not lived quite so soon, and to long for a glimpse of the books, even the school books, one hundred years hence. A hundred years ago not only were books expensive and cumbrous, many of the most delightful books were still uncreated. How much more interesting science has become.

The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India, was, in fact, with Macaulay, "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

So delightful indeed are our books that we must be careful not to neglect other duties for them; in cultivating the mind we must not neglect the body.

To the lover of literature or science exercise often presents itself as an irksome duty, and many a one has felt like "the fair pupil of Ascham, who, while the horns were sounding and dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely oriel with eyes riveted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first martyr of intellectual liberty took the cap from his weeping jailor."

Books are now so cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one. This was not always so. Mary Lamb gives a pathetic description of a studious boy lingering at a bookstall.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call:
You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore, in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books
He should have had no need.

Such snatches of literature have, indeed, a special and peculiar charm. This is partly due to the very fact of their being brief. Many readers miss much of the pleasure of reading by forcing themselves to dwell too long continuously on one subject. In a long railway journey, for instance, many persons take only a single book. The consequence is that, unless it is a story, after half an hour or an hour they are quite tired of it. Whereas, if they had two, or still better three, on different subjects, and one of them being of an amusing character, they would probably find that by changing as soon as they felt at all weary, they would come back again and again to each with a renewed zest, and hour after hour pass pleasantly away. Everyone, of course, must judge for himself. Every one may suit himself, though variety is endless.

We may sit in our library and yet be in all quarters of the earth. We may travel around the world with the authors and adventurers who will show us much more perhaps than ever we should see for ourselves. The world itself has no limits for us; time has no more bounds than space; history stretches out behind us. We are not limited even to one plane of thought. Aristotle and Plato will transport us into a sphere none the less delightful because it acquires some training to appreciate it. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback, for all is open to us, including the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Here we may read the most important histories, the most exciting volumes of travels and adventures, the most interesting stories, the most beautiful poems, we may meet the most eminent statesmen and poets and philosophers, benefit by the ideas of the greatest thinkers, and enjoy all the greatest creations of human genius.

Sir John Lubbock.

An Achievement of Don Quixote

(From Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Part II, Chapter 17.)

(Conclusion.)

SO FAR did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

"That I won't," said the keeper; "for if I anger him, the first he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form you can, what you have seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that you did open for the lion, that I waited for him and that he did not come out, that I still waited for him and that still he did not come out, and lay down again. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade you, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from your lips."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the cloth he had wiped his face with after the deluge of curds, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step, all in a body, the gentleman bringing up the rear. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal of the white cloth, exclaimed: "May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us."

They all stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned to the cart, and as they came, Don Quixote said to the carter: "Harness your mules once more, brother, and continue your journey; and you, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me."

"That will I give with all my heart," said Sancho; "but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper then, in full detail, and bit by bit described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

"What do you think of this, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote. "Are there any enchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot."

Sancho paid the crowns, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed upon him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the King himself, as soon as he saw him at the court.

"Then," said Don Quixote, "if his Majesty should happen to ask who performed it, you must say The Knight of the Lions; for it is my desire that into this the name I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Rueful Countenance be from this time forward changed. In this I follow the ancient usage of knights-errant, who changed their names when they pleased, or when it suited their purpose."

The Precious Stones of Rome

Rome needs an underground railway, but the Romans will not have one, because it would mean destroying the precious stones of Rome.

They are far more wonderful than rubies and sapphires, these rocks and marbles which tell of an Emperor's triumph, of a sacrifice to Apollo, or of the death of a child who played with dolls. It is true to say that in Rome you can hardly lift a stone without uncovering a history.

Among the stones of Rome are very many which formed the monuments of slaves. Sometimes rich people gave their slaves sepulchres to show how rich they were themselves, for the worst kind of Roman loved to display his wealth.

Some masters were kind, and erected little monuments to a favorite slave out of goodness of heart. Sometimes other slaves would cause the stone to be inscribed. "Papus as long as he lived was dear to his fellow slaves," says one stone. Another, "We were made slaves at the same time, we served in the same house, we were freed together, and this day which takes you from me is the first which separates us."

These humble people greatly longed to live in memory, and some even built tombs for themselves while they were still alive, so as to make sure of some sort of immortality.

Slaves used to belong to colleges or clubs, with the consent of their masters, and the members would give decent burial to a brother who died. Few had the Christian belief in another world of happiness and light. The pagan thought that after death he would go to a sad, grey, misty world of shadows. No wonder the slave father shuddered to think of his baby going thither alone. "Poor little girl, she lived two years, three months, twenty days," says one sad stone.

Not all slaves were unhappy. Some grew rich on presents, some were given their freedom, and some would not leave their masters. We find Pliny settling a small estate on his old nurse, and Q. Pescennius Chestio raising a monument to "his Nannie."

Nobly did the slave repay any love bestowed upon him. Many suffered torture rather than give evidence against their masters, and the slave who died for Piso lives for ever by his death. Assassins broke into the house at night, and one man barred their way. "Art thou Piso?" cried the murderers. "I am he!" came the reply, and the slave fell.

Behind the glory that was Rome lay the misery that was slavery, and the stones will not let us forget that the slaves were sometimes greater than their masters.

The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus

(A Myth of the Middle Ages.)

THE seven sleepers were natives of Ephesus. The Emperor Decius, who persecuted the Christians, having come to Ephesus, ordered the erection of temples in the city, that all might come and sacrifice before him; and he commanded that the Christians should be sought and given their choice, either to worship the idols, or to die.

Now there were in Ephesus seven Christians, Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Dionysus, John, Serapion, and Constantine by name. These refused to sacrifice to the idols, and remained in their houses praying and fasting. They were accused before Decius, and they confessed to be Christians. However, the Emperor gave them a little time to consider what line they would adopt. They took advantage of this reprieve to dispense their goods among the poor, and they retired, all seven, to Mount Celion, where they determined to conceal themselves.

One of their number, Malchus, in the disguise of a physician, went to the town to obtain victuals. Decius, who had been absent from Ephesus for a little while, returned, and gave orders for the seven to be sought. Malchus, having escaped from the town, fled, full of fear, to his comrades, and told them of the Emperor's fury. They were much alarmed; and Malchus handed them the loaves he had bought, bidding them to eat, that, fortified by the food, they might have courage in the time of trial. They ate, and then, as they sat weeping and speaking to one another, fell asleep.

The pagans sought everywhere, but could not find them, and Decius was greatly irritated at their escape. He had their parents brought before him, and threatened them with death if they did not reveal the place of concealment; but they could only answer that the

seven young men had distributed their goods to the poor, and that they were quite ignorant of their whereabouts.

Decius, thinking it possible that they might be hiding in a cavern, blocked up the mouth with stones, that they might perish of hunger.

Three hundred and fifty years passed, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, there broke forth a heresy denying the resurrection of the dead.

Now, it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable on the side of Mount Celion, and finding the pile of stones handy, he took them for his edifice, and thus opened the mouth of the cave. Then the seven sleepers awoke, and it was to them as if they had slept but a single night. They began to ask Malchus what decision Decius had given concerning them.

"He is going to hunt us down, so as to force us to sacrifice to the idols," was his reply.



The Exhibition Hall of the Ancient Greek Sculpture.

"God knows," replied Maximian, "we shall never do that." Then exhorting his companions, he urged Malchus to go back to the town to buy some more bread, and at the same time to obtain fresh information. Malchus took five coins and left the cavern. On seeing the stones he was filled with astonishment; however, he went on toward the city; but what was his bewilderment, on approaching the gate, to see over it a cross! He went to another gate and there he beheld the same sign; and so he observed it over each gate of the city. He believed that he was suffering from the effects of a dream. Then he entered Ephesus, rubbing his eyes, and he walked to a baker's shop. He heard people using Christian names and he was the more perplexed. He could hardly believe to be in Ephesus. He asked a passer by the name of the city, and on being told that it was Ephesus, he was thunderstruck. Now he entered a baker's shop, and laid down his money. The baker, examining the coin, inquired whether he had found a treasure, and began to whisper to some others in the shop. The youth, thinking that he was discovered, and that they were about to conduct him to the emperor, implored them to let him alone, offering to leave the loaves and money if he might only be allowed to escape. But the shop man seizing him, said, "Whoever you are, you have found a treasure; show us where it is, that we may share it with you, and then we will hide you."

Malchus was too frightened to answer. So they put a rope round his neck, and drew him through the streets into the market place. The news soon spread that the young man had discovered a great treasure, and there was presently a vast crowd about him. He protested his innocence. No one recognized him, and his eyes, ranging over the faces which surrounded him, could not see one whom he had known, or who was in the slightest degree familiar to him.

Martin, the bishop, and Antipater, the governor, having heard of the excitement, ordered the young man to be brought before them, along with the bakers.

The bishop and the governor asked him where he had found the treasure, and he replied that he had found none, but that the few coins were from his own purse. He was next asked whence he came. He replied that he was a native of Ephesus, "if this be Ephesus."

"Send for your relations, your parents, if they live here," ordered the governor.

"They live here certainly," replied the youth; and he mentioned their names. No such names were known in the town. Then the governor exclaimed: "How dare you say that this money belonged to your parents when it dates back three hundred and sixty seven years, and is as old as the beginning of the reign of Decius, and it is utterly unlike our modern coinage? Do you think to impose on the old men and sages of Ephesus? Believe me, I shall make you suffer the severities of the law till you show where you made the discovery."

"I implore you," cried Malchus, "in the name of God, answer me a few questions, and then I will answer yours. Where is the Emperor Decius gone to?"

The bishop answered: "My son, there is no emperor of that name; he who was thus called died long ago."

Malchus replied: "All I hear perplexes me more and more. Follow me, and I will show you my comrades, who fled with me into a cave of Mount Celion, only yesterday, to escape the cruelty of Decius. I will lead you to them."

The bishop and the governor followed him, and a great crowd after them. Malchus entered first into the cavern to his companions, and the bishop after him. There they saw the martyrs seated in the cave, with their faces fresh and blooming as roses; so all fell down and glorified God.



Dear Editor:

I have read in the February issue of the Mladinski List, a piece written by some one from Cleveland. I think that piece was worth reading over.

The piece written by the Editor in "Naš kotiček" was read and explained to me. I hope the other girls and boys know what it was all about.

I also notice that the Mladinski List is growing bigger than it used to be. Most of the letters and other articles are written by boys and girls from Illinois and Pennsylvania. Girls write more letters than the boys. I notice when the boys write is, in the spring. They tell us all about their baseball team.

Did you ever hear this joke:

He had choked her; he had killed her. There could be no doubt about it. He listened to her dying gasp; she was still and cold—cold as the hands of death.

Yet, in his fury, he was not convinced. He stepped on her—stepped on her again, with his big, heavy foot. A faint gasp—was she groaning? No, she was still dead.

"Darn that engine," he muttered.

Jennie Petrich, Oakdale, Pa.

How to Make a Tinfoil Picture.

Get a glass, square or oblong. Then get a picture that you would like to make. Take a paint brush and enamel. Put the glass over the picture, and trace over it carefully. Then, let it dry. When it has dried, take the water colors and paint, on the glass. Take a piece of tinfoil paper as big as the glass. And a piece of cardboard, with a string fastened in it. Put the tinfoil under the glass and put tape around it.

Anna Cerne, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Dear Editor and Readers:

I am very sorry to say that I cannot read in Slovene, but I hope that some day I shall be able to.

All of the letters are interesting, and as "A Cleveland," said, couldn't we have contests. Many have asked the same question. Dear Editor, why couldn't we have some kind of a contest, again? We could have a picture contest or some other kind. Everyone can suggest something, but who is going to start them?

John Kobi's letter interested me very much. John, you want all the children to know the truth about Santa Claus. Don't you think you are spoiling all the small children's fun? When the children grow up to be eleven and twelve years of age, it's all right to tell them. Just think how a small child likes to listen to the stories about Santa Claus, and how his eyes sparkle while he holds his toys on Christmas, telling us that Santa brought everything. As the child grows older and realizes that his own mother and father are Santa Claus, he appreciates the gifts even more, realizing how wonderful mother and father are by giving gifts and yet giving all the credit to Santa.

John, you are correct when you say you want to believe in something that is true; but think, for many years this story has been told. There isn't any harm if the child is told when he reaches the age of twelve.

Betty Modic, now that you know who Santa Claus is, don't you appreciate the gifts your mother and father gave to you while you did not give them credit as you gave it all to Santa?

Aren't there many girls scouts and boy scouts that write in the M. L.? Why don't some of you write long letters telling us all

about your hikes and parties? I am sure they would be interesting letters. The Slovene people have several lodges around this section of the country. One lodge built a new hall in which they have had plays and dances.

Just a reader from Fly Creek, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

A FABLE.

A widow kept a hen that laid an egg every morning. Thought the woman to herself, "If I double my Hen's allowance of barley, she will lay twice a day." She tried her plan, and the hen became fat and sleek that she left laying off at all.

Figures are not always facts!

Josephine Rugar, Box 124, Uniontown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Fly Creek is just beginning to awaken. There was one short letter from here a long time ago, but I think more shall begin to write now. At least, I am.

There are two SNPJ lodges here, but not many young people. In summer we have exciting times around here, while in the winter it is quite dead.

I like to read the M. L. very much. Everyone in our family takes his turn in reading it. We all belong to the SNPJ.

I am a sophomore in the Cooperstown high school.

To John Kobi I say, "Let the small children have their fun, therefore let them believe in Santa Claus. They'll appreciate it later." I think Jennie J. Fradel has the correct idea about our magazine as well as "A Clevelandler."

Our magazine would surely grow larger if everyone would write to it; so let's all write. The jokes and riddles are very interesting, I think.

Anna Omerzu.

Dear Editor:

There are nine of us in the family and we are all members of the SNPJ lodge. I hope the M. L. would become larger every month.

I wish some of the other members would write to me.

Frank Hrvatin, Lowber, Pa., Box 122.

Dear Editor and Readers:

We are six in our family; we all belong to the SNPJ. I am learning to read Slovene. It's hard at first, but I like it all the same. I wish other readers would write to the Mladinski List.

Louise Sturm, Willock, Pa., Box 89.

Dear Editor:

I am a freshman in the Junior High School, and I take five 5 subjects and gym. The subjects are: English, mathematics, geography, history, and music. I have three brothers and two sisters, and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 3 (including parents).

Rosella Bubalo, 904 Chestnut St., Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor and Friends:—

I am a sophomore A, 15 years old, 5 ft. 5, brown hair that reach my shoulders. We all belong to S.N.P.J. Lodge No. 14. I have written, as other members from Waukegan hardly ever write. I don't know how to write in Slovene.

I wish some members would write. I will answer as soon as possible.

Mary May Ogrin,
518 Market St., Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I received the story book "Quo Vadis" and I appreciate it very much. I am interested in it. I read it every night. I have made a resolution to write to the M. L. every month during the year. If I am not mistaken, there are 90 sisters and brothers, members of the S.N.P.J. Lodge No. 317, but there are no letters from Export, Pa. Wake up, boys and girls from Export, and write to the M. L.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have never seen a letter written from the Ringo members. I surely like to read the Mladinski List; I read it about three times.

We all belong to the S.N.P.J. Lodge No. 228. I am eight years old and in the third grade. My father is the predsednik in the S.N.P.J. lodge.

Alberta Naprudnik,
Ringo, Kansas.

Amelia Modic, Homer City, Pa., wants us to reprint William Wordsworth's,

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up. When I behold a rainbow
in the sky.

So was it when life began.

So is' it now I am a man.

So be it when I grow old or let me die.

The child is father of the man.

And I could wish my day to be

Bound each to each by Natural piety.

Dear Editor:

I got a nice letter from Mary Mikulich, and I hope I hear from other girls and boys.

My aunt Barbara Brager saw my letter in the M. L. Now I will try to write every month. I have piano lessons to study and lots of school work, but I always find time to read the M. L. I hope it will be a weekly soon.

Betty Modic, Keister, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

On Feb. 26, our school house burned down. It was a big brick school with six rooms in it, built in 1917. Now we have to go to school one mile away. When it is cold and snowy my father takes us up in the car.

I wish I would see a letter from my friend, Lawrence Longerhole, in the Mladinski List.

John Shink, West Newton, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:

I was very glad to see that you had put my letter in the M. L.

Gilbert has a wonderful basketball team. It has won 12 games out of 14. They have played two of their tournament games at Ely and won both. These are the scores of the fourteen games.

Gilbert, 28; Tower, 11.
 Gilbert, 32; Ely, 18.
 Gilbert, 25; Virginia, 19.
 Gilbert, 29; Biwabik, 25.
 Gilbert, 31; Mt. Iron, 28.
 Gilbert, 26; Aurora, 20.
 Gilbert, 29; Superior Cath., 11.
 Gilbert, 32; Eveleth, 12.
 Gilbert, 31; Superior Cath., 12.
 Gilbert, 11; Biwabik, 24.
 Gilbert, 26; Virginia, 24.
 Gilbert, 18; Ely, 17.
 Gilbert, 32; Eveleth, 13.
 Gilbert, 20; Aurora, 23.

These are the scores that Gilbert played in the tournament:

International Falls, 12; Gilbert, 34.
 Aurora, 19; Gilbert, 23.

Editor, will you kindly publish this letter in the M. L. so that the readers can see what sort of a team Gilbert has. Here is a yell for the M. L.:

"There is something in barley,
 There's something in wheat,
 There's something in the M. L.
 That can't be beat."

Jeanette Pince,

Gilbert, Minn., Box 392.

* * *

Dear Sisters and Brothers:

I am 12 years of age and a "freshie." We are three in the family; we all belong to the S.N.P.J. I belong to the lodge quite a time, ever since I was 2 years of age. By the way, I was glad to see Henry Lamuth's name in the Mladinski List.

Frances Lamuth,

2603 Leddisdale Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I like to write to the Mladinski List, because it gives me an opportunity to communicate with friends all over the United States. And next to writing to the Mladinski List I like to write to friends. I think one ought to be proud to belong to such an organization as this. One of my determinations is to write to the Mladinski List every month.

I am thirteen years and am in my second semester in the McKinley High School. I have four majors and three minors. I have a sister going to the same school. She is in her senior year.

One of my hobbies is to read books. Especially do I like mysteries and adventures.

I have some home work that our Spanish teacher gave us to do, so I better close. I want the members to write to me.

Rudolph Sernel,

535 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

TO THE COMING RULERS

O, boys who work, with hand or brain,
 Be mindful what you do;
 The nations gain—
 Her joy or pain,
 Will soon depend on you!

For men who rule the world today—
 Be they false or true—
 Must yield their sway,
 And pass away
 And leave their trust to you.

Sent by Edward Medved, Yukon, Pa., Box 40.

* * *

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
 I see the stars shine overhead;
 They are the daisies white
 That the meadow of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so
 Across the sky the moon will go.
 It is a lady sweet and fair
 Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
 There's not a star left in the skies.
 She's picked them all and dropped them down
 Into the meadow of the town.

E. Zupan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I go to Sewickley Twp. School. I have three sisters. My father and mother and all of us belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 87 of Herminie, Pa. Why don't some of the Keystone boys and girls write? They belong to this lodge, too.

Cecelia Cividini, Herminie, Pa., Box 94.

SPRING TIME

When spring time comes around again
And I go dancing down the lane
I see the butterfly cross my path,
And the bumble bee, full of wrath.

I stop and look at the old oak tree
Where the little squirrels play at tea.
They are having lots of fun,
When, down the West, goes mister Sun.

Josephine Cebull,
Klein, Montana, Lodge No. 132.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This magazine is getting more interesting every time. I like the Mladinski List because there are good stories, jokes, riddles and pictures. Baseball season is coming now. That is the sport I like. Then I will stay behind the bat with a mask, body protector, and a catching glove if I will be in the school team. If not a catcher, I will play third base. Those are my favorite positions.

John Holevac, Anvil Location, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Whenever the Mladinski List comes to our house, I always read the poems, jokes etc. that other children write. I also read them to my little brother and he enjoys them very much. There are four in our family and we all are members of the SNPJ. There was a puzzle in the last issue which was in Slovene and I think I have it worked out all right. I have been trying a long time to get it but as I said I think I did.

Mary Mahne, 7508 Donald Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

*

Dear Editor:

I work in East Liberty. I am sixteen years old. I belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 307 of Hays, Pa. I live at 328 Baldwin Street, Hays, Pa. When I come home to visit my sister, is sure to have the Mladinski List ready for me. In the February issue is a poem of a car for sale by Joe Langus of Blawnox, Pa. I don't think anyone could make a poem better than that. I call it excellent work. Joe can look in his mail box for a letter soon. Well, Lillian Bettys, you can also expect a letter soon. You are the same age as I am. I hope the members I write to will answer.

Anna Dolence, 610 No. Negley Ave. E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:

I go to school and like it very much. I am in the Second Grade. I like to read the M. L. and can hardly wait for it to come. We have

two homes, one in the mountains and one in Colorado Springs. My dad stays most of the time in the mountains. We like to live in Colorado, where the sunshine spends the winter. In the summer we all go to the mountains. There are many tourists out here in the summer. I have a little sister. We all belong to lodge 94 S.N.P.J. This is my first letter to the M. L.

John W. Mihelich, age 7.

* * *

MARCH WINDS.

March winds blow
And all the children play in the snow.
And oh! What fun,
To play when our work is done.

And every day to school we go,
Down the road so happy and gay;
Oh my, how Jack Frost stings our toes,
And then we don't feel to play.

Then when all are ready to go home,
Down the woods in the snow we roam;
And when I came to my house,
I heard the scratching of a mouse.

Agnes Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

*

MY DOLLS.

I have three little dollies,
They do not grow at all;
They're not so very little
Nor are they very tall.

I saw my mother picking flowers,
I thought I'd do my dollies to,
But when I poured some water on
My dolly lost her shoe.

Mary Knaus, Traunik, Mich.

*

Dear Editor:

I am in the 8th grade. I have to go on a buss to a northern town, because the school house in Columbia (my home town) is not big enough. The roads are very dangerous; there is a large dugway. The other school which I go to is seven miles from here. The town is called Sunnyside.

I liked very much the letter which the "Cleveland" wrote. I wish Olga Poff would write to me, because I have lost her address.

Rosie Zupan, Columbia, Utah.

*

Dear Editor:

In El Moro there is grass growing, flowers blooming, and farmers are plowing their fields. Gardeners are digging and planting.

With my feet in the stirrup
And my hand on the horn,
I am the best cowboy ever born.

Joe Marinac, El Moro, Colo.

Dear Editor:

Last month I saw just one letter from Greensburg. I am going to write every month. If all of the children of the SNPJ would write, we would soon have a big magazine. None of the boys from Greensburg write. Come on all, not just the girls.

Frances Blatnik, R. D. 13, Greensburg, Pa.

JOKES

"How did you amuse yourself while you had the whooping-cough?" asked uncle Jack.

"We played Indian," answered Bobby, "and we could give splendid war-whoops."

Justine Pevc, Collinsburg, Pa.

Teacher: An abstract noun is something you can see, but can't touch. Now, Willie, give me an example.

Willie: A red hot poker.

George Forstner, Bear Creek, Mont.

Plain Murder.

Street car conductor: "Madame, this transfer has expired."

Lady: "Well, you can't expect much else with the cars so poorly ventilated."

Why the Camel Has a Hump.

An elderly man approaching one of the attendants in the traveling menagerie:

"Can you tell me what that hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked.

The keeper scratched his ear:

"What is it for?" he murmured.

"Yes."

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The old camel wouldn't be of much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well, you don't suppose people would pay to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump, do you?"

Olga Chernagoy,

64 Hayes St., Eveleth, Minn.

"Stop asking questions, nobody can answer," ordered Mr. Jones. "Now, not another word!"

"Just one more, pop," pleaded Tommy. "Say, if I was twins, which one would I be?"

A little country girl went shopping in the city with her mother and had her first experience in an elevator.

"How did you like it?" asked the father on her return.

"Why, it was so funny, daddy," answered the child. "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."

Pauline Standohar,

32—6th St. Tam., Calumet, Mich.

RIDDLES

Jenny Stanovnik, N. C., Illinois:

Why does the train whistle?

Tony Gizerle, Girard, Kansas:

1. It has a mouth, but cannot eat?
2. What is higher without a head than with a head?

Ruth Zabrie, Park Hill, Pa.:

1. What flowers may be found between the nose and chin?
2. Why is an oyster the wisest of all animals?

Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio:

Formed long ago, yet made today,
I am most employed while others sleep;
What none would like to give away,
Yet no one likes to keep.

Jennie Zupan, Hazel Park, Mich.:

I am all shapes. I am on all clothes. I am made of bone or ivory. What am I?

Answer to the riddles of the February issue:
Joe Elersich:

1. CORN EAR,
2. HOT DOG,
3. DUMB BELL.

Solved by Albina Dolence, Hays, Pa.,

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio,

Mary Mahne, Cleveland, Ohio.

Jennie Zupan:

A WELL.

Solved by Albina Dolence,

Anna Matos.

Anna Traven:

SNOW.

I an empty home.

Angela Zupan:

Cinder sifter.

Judgment.

Good judgment can take the place of many other qualities, but no quality can take the place of good judgment.

Gustave Le Bon.

Heinrich Heine:

THE LORELEI

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe:
But a tale of the times departed
Haunts me — and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold in her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this with her magic singing
The Lorelei hath done.

Maxims of Rochefoucauld

MOST young people think they are natural when they are only boorish and rude.

*

We may forgive those who bore us; we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

*

We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire.

*

Cunning and treachery are the offspring of incapacity.

*

Weak persons cannot be sincere.

*

A man would rather say evil of himself than say nothing.

*

The refusal of praise is only the wish to be praised twice.

*

We have all sufficient strength to support the misfortunes of others.

*

No one believes that in every respect he is behind the man he considers the ablest in the world.

*

What we call liberality is often but the vanity of giving, which we like more than that we give away.

*

However rare true love is, true friendship is rarer.