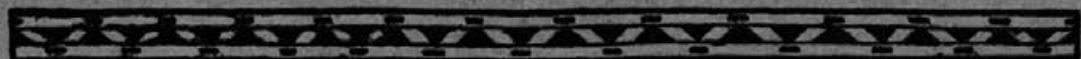


M MLADINSKI LIST



JUNE 1928

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J U V E N I L E

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Andrej Kobal:

Šmarnice

PREDVČERAJSNJIM me je gospodinja presenetila z velikim šopom najlepših šmarnic. Stavila jih je v plitvo, široko, kakor nalašč za šmarnice pripravljeno vazo, razdelila svilene liste ob robu vaze in jih nadevala še v sredi snežno belega, kot nedolžna misel čistega cvetja.

Silni, prikupni vonj me je po prihodu v sobo prvi spomnil na cvetlice, na katere je baš sijalo skozi okno prijetno solnce majnika. Obšla me je nepopisna radost, da sem kot brez misli vrgel knjige iz rok in priskočil k cvetju, se sklonil nad njim in potegnil vase dolg, dolg vonjaj.

Tiha, nenavadna sreča je pregnala vsakdanjo černost. Če bi bila tedaj prišla uboga starka, ki je z okornimi prsti razvrstila v vazo lepe šmarnice, bi jo objel v zahvalo.



Sedel sem k vazi in lepe misli so me obšle, prelepe, da bi jih bil preganjal s kako knjigo. Tako brezdelen sem se spomnil dni, ko sem ob nedeljah s tovariši nabiral šmarnic po visokih senožetih. Prinašal sem jih materi velik, s travo povezan šop in mati ga je razvezala ter stavila v pisani, prsteni lonček, pa postavila sredi široke, rumene javorjeve mize. Tako prijetno je bilo takrat! Vsa okna so bila na široko odprta, solnce se je vpiralo vanje in rožmarin in roženkravt sta tudi dišala. Mati mi je odrezala velik kos kruha, tistega slastnega, pol ajdovega, pol pšeničnega, ki se kar sam topi v ustih. Na klopi sem sedel in mirno užival, mati pa je sklonila svoje obličje k drobnim šmarnicam. Nato sem ji povedal vse, kod sem hodil in s kom sem nabiral ter kar se je pripetilo na poti. Zdi se mi, da sem bil tiste nedelje zelo pridn. Ne da bi mi mati naročila, sem nabral tresk za par dni in ji nanosil vode. Drugo nedeljo sem šel zopet nabirat šmarnic. Te cvetlice sem vedno ljubil, doma ali na tujem, kajti spominjale so me na dom in na mater, ki sem jo s šmarnicami razveselil.

V sobo je sijalo toplo solnce, ki je še podvojilo vonj šmarnic. Sedaj ga že nisem razločeval več, temveč samo težak, omamljiv in vendar neskončno prijeten vzduh. Glava mi je medtem lezla na mizo, ker ne vem, kako in kdaj je bilo, da sem zaspal.

Sanjal sem, da sem nabiral šmarnice. Z velikim, s travo povezanim šopom sem hitel domov, skrbno pazeč, da ne oskrunim nobenega nežnega cveta. Z materinega obraza je sijal blažen nasmeh, z obema rokama je prijela sveži šop in ga oprezno pritisnila k sebi. V lonček sem natočil bistre studenčnice, jo malo odpil, potem pa po-

stavil na javorjevo mizo. Mati je oprezno razredčila drobno cvetje in ga še enkrat povonjala.

Kakor da sem v kratki dremavici zahrepenel po čistem veselju, sem globoko zavzdihnil in potegnil vase nežen, a na solncu pojačen duh šmarnic pred seboj. Zbudil sem se in se v trenutku spomnil skoro že pozabljenega dogodka.

Bilo je tistega burnega povojnega leta, ko smo se kakor prepodena zverjad skrivali pred italijansko vojsko. Že dneve nisem spal, jedel malone nič, taval preko planjav in po brdih proti daljni meji, kamor ne sega moč preganjalčeva. Cest in potov sem se izogibal, da bi zopet ne padel v roke zalezovalcev in ogleduhov. Namesto široke ceste sem si izbral strmi breg iz Soške doline skoro navpično gori. Preko razstreljene grude in razbitega kamenja me ni vodila nikaka pot, a delal sem si jo sam. Omagal nisem vzlic utrujenosti, kajti bila je to res božja pot.

Grenki občutki, bolj gorjupi kot solze, zatrte globoko v srcu, so mi gasili žejo. Zavest, kakršna je lastna samo premagancu, me je pekla, a še hujše kot ta me je jedel spomin, da sem ubežnik na lastni grudi. Za hip sem postal, se povprašal, toda potreba po obrambi, sila, ki žene v beg zalezovano zver, me je okrepila.

Na vrhu sem opešal. Noge niso več vzdržale niti shujšanega telesa; omagalo je in ne da bi pogledal kam, sem omahnil na tla.

Koliko časa sem spal, ne vem. Ubežnik nikoli ne spi dobro, ali tedaj bi bil, da me niso iz nevarnosti prebudile šmarnice. Nekaj silnega, vendar prijetnega mi je legalo v prsi, v katerih je prej pekel gorjupi spomin. Ozrl sem se. Iznad razvalin svetogorske romarske cerkve se je dvigal obelisk z zlatim napisom tujega zmagovalca. Zakljubovalo mi je v prsih, zamižal sem pred bleskom, stresel z glavo in osramočen uprl pogled na tla. Vse zeleno je bilo, a med nežnim listjem so kakor zvezdice pokukavale bele šmarnice, katerih vonj mi ni pustil spati. Dvignil sem se in izpregledal, da sem bil legel ravno v sredo velike, naravne grede šmarnic, katerih ni uničila vojna. Žal mi je bilo, da sem gredo poteptal.

Sklonil sem se nazaj k cvetju, pogladil poteptano in začel nabirati večnolepih šmarnic. Pri tem sem se spomnil matere, ki mi odreže velik kos kruha, tistega slastnega, pol ajdovega in pol pšeničnega, ko ji prinesem veliki šop šmarnic. In v lonček ji natočim bistre studenčnice, katere še prej malo odpijem. Mati razrahlja šmarnice v lončku na rumeni javorjevi mizi in še enkrat skloni svoj lepi obraz tik nad čisto cvetje.

Lepe misli so minile, jaz pa sem si zataknil šop šmarnic za čepico jetnika in nadaljeval beg proti meji.

Igo Gruden:

VEČERNA PESEM.

Zarja je v obzorje vstala
in vse morje pozlatila;
prva senca v breg je pala
kakor tiha, plašna ptica;
v mraku njenih kril se skrila
s plaho lučko je kresnica:
skozi trte in platane
sveti tam in se ne gane.

(Dom in Svet.)

Elica v deveti deželi

Pujsek pa poper

MINUTO ali dve je Elica postala pred hišico. Medtem je prihitel postrešček v livreji (mislila je vsaj, da mora biti postrešček, ali če ga je sodila po obrazu, se ji je zdel kot ostriž ali katera druga riba). Potrkal je na vrata, katera je takoj odprl drugi postrešček v livreji, z okroglim obrazom in velikimi, žabjimi očmi. Videla je, da imata oba postreščka popudrane lase in da se jima kar sami kodrajo. Polotila se je je radovednost, da je potihlo odstopila in prisluškovala.

Ostriški postrešček je izvlekel izpod pazduhe veliko pismo, skoraj tako veliko kot je bil on sam. Ponudil ga je drugemu, rekoč zelo dostojanstveno: "Tole je za Kneginjo-Gospodinjo. Kraljica jo vabi, da pride v goste, bosta igrali kroke."

Oba sta se globoko priklonila, da so se njuni kodri zamešali skupaj.

Elica se je nemalo smejala. Ker se je bala, da bi ji ušel preglasen smeh, se je morala oddaljiti nazaj v hosto; ali ko je nazaj pokukala proti hišici, je ostriški postrešček že odšel, drugi pa je sedel na pragu pred vrati in neumno gledal v zrak.

Elica se je plašno približala in potrkala.

"Nič ne pomaga trkati," se je oglasil postrešček. "In to kar iz dveh razlogov. Prvič zato, ker sem jaz ravno na tisti strani vrat kot si ti; drugič zato, ker imajo notri tak šunder, da te nihče ne sliši." Prav zares je bil notri neznanski šunder, ropotanje, pihanje, lomastenje, kakor bi se morali razbiti vsi kotli in kotlički, lonci in lončki, pa sklede in skodelice.

"Prosim, kako pa pridem noter?"

"Mogoče pa tudi ne bo narobe, če trkaš," je dodal postrešček, ne da bi se zme-nil za njen ogovor. "Če bi bila ti notri in bi potrkala, bi ti jaz odprl, da bi prišla ven." Med svojim govorančenjem je neprestano zrl v zrak in Elici se ni zdel prav nič uljuden. "Mogoče si pa ne more pomagati," si je rekla, "ker so njegove oči tako blizu vrha glave. Vsekakor bi pa lahko odgovoril na moja vprašanja. "Kako pridem noter," je ponovila glasno.

"Jaz bom sedel tu do jutri zjutraj," je odvrnil postrešček.

V tem trenutku so se odprla vrata in skozi nje je priletel velik krožnik ravno mimo postreščkovega nosa ter se razbil ob bližnjem drevesu.

". . . ali pa tudi do pojutršnjem," je nadaljeval, kakor da bi se ne bilo nič zgodilo.

"Kako pridem noter?" je Elica zahtevala glasno.

"Ali ti je sploh treba iti notri, to je glavno vprašanje," je dejal postrešček. Zde-lo se mu je umestno, da še ponovi vprašanje in reče to in ono: "Tu bom sedel dan na dan, pa je."

"Kaj naj pa storim?" je vprašala Elica.

"Kar hočeš," je rekel postrešček ter začel žvižgati.

"Saj nič ne zaleže z njim govoriti," je rekla obupano. "Tepec je." Odprla je vrata in vstopila. Prišla je v zakajeno kuhinjo. Kneginja je sedela na trinožniku sredi kuhinje in pestovala neko dete; kuharica pa je slonela nad ognjem in mešala jed v veliki kozici nad ognjem, brčkone juho.

"Gotovo je preveč popra v oni juhi," si je rekla Elica, ker ji je brž šlo na kihanje. Na vsak način ga je bilo preveč v zraku, kajti celo Kneginji-Gospodinji se je zdaj zdaj zakihalo, a otrok v naročju pa je kihal brez prestanka. Kihali pa nista kuharica in velik maček, ki je ležal pri ognjišču z velikimi usti, kakor da bi se režal.

"Prosim vas, povejte mi," je povprašala Elica nemalo boječe, "zakaj se oni maček tako reži?"

"Ker je kitajski," je dejala Kneginja. "Zato. Ti pujsek, ti!"

Zadnje besede je izpregovorila dokaj hudo, ali Elica je opazila, da jih je rekla otroku v naročju, ne nji; zato se je ojunačila.

"Jaz pa nisem vedela, da se kitajski mački režijo. No, ali se mački sploh lahko režijo?"

"Vsi se lahko režijo," je rekla Kneginja. "In tudi se režijo."

"Jaz še nisem nobenega videla, da bi se režal," je dejala Elica uljudno, kajti ugajalo ji je, da se je zapletla v razgovor.

"Kaj si ti sploh že videla," je rekla Kneginja osorno.

Elici ni bilo nič kaj prav, da z njo tako govori, zato je mislila, da bi kako zakrenila razgovor. Medtem pa je kuharica odstavila kozico z juho in vihravo začela metati v kneginjo in otroka vse, kar ji je prišlo v roke: kuhavnice, roglje, kozice, kastrole, ponve, pokrivače, lonce in celo burklje. Kneginja pa se ni zmenila nič in otrok se je drl kakor poprej.

"Prosim, prosim, kaj pa uganjate!" je zaklicala Elica vsa prestrašena.

"Če bi se vsakdo brigal le zase, bi bilo veliko lepše in svet bi se hitreje vrtel kot se," je dejala Kneginja.

"Nič boljše bi ne bilo, če bi se svet hitreje vrtel," je hitro pripomnila Elica, vesela, da je dobila priliko pokazati svojo modrost. "Vidite, svet se zasuče v štiriindvajsetih urah okoli svoje osi."

"Kaj je z osami? Koga so opikale?" je vprašala Kneginja.

Elica se je ozrla skrbno na kuharico, ker zdelo se ji je, da mora biti nekaj narobe v glavi one. Kuharica pa se je zopet lotila juhe in urno mešala s kuhavnico po kozici. Začela je zopet: "Štiriindvajset ur, to se pravi, če ni dvanajst. . ."

"Pusti me vendar pri miru," je dejala Kneginja. "Nikoli se ne ukvarjam s številkami." Začela je zopet ujekati otroka v naročju in pri tem pela nekako uspravanko:

Natepi otroka,
kadar se joče,
saj samo v nadlego
tuli in stoče.

Oglasila se je kuharica in z njo otrok.

Joče, stoče, joče:
Joj! Joj! Joj!

Med petjem je Kneginja tako grobo ravnala z otrokom, da je ta tulil in je Elica le s težavo razložila naslednje petje:

Nabijem otroka,
kadar zakiha,
mu popra dam novega,
kadar utiha.

Zbor:

Popra! Popra! Popra!
Joj! Joj! Joj!

"Pa ga ti za trenutek popestuj," je ukazala Kneginja Elici in obenem tepla otroka, ko ga ji je podajala. "Pripraviti se moram, da bom igrala kroke s kraljico." Odhitela je iz sobe. Kuharica je zagnala za njo največjo ponev, toda zgrešila je.

S težavo je Elica prijela otroka, ali zdel se ji je zelo čuden in od njega so molele ročice v vse smeri. "Saj je kakor morska zvezda!" je pomislila Elica. Mala stvarca je začela smrčati kakor parni stroj. Elica je povezala skupaj ročice in odšla z novim bremenom na plano. "Saj ga še ubijejo, če ga ne vzamem s seboj," je pomislila. Dejala je to slišno, tako da se je otrok premaknil v njenem naročju in zakrutil. "Ne kruli!" je ukazala Elica. "Kruljenje ni za otroka."

Otrok je spet zakrutil. Elica je skrbno pogledala, kaj je. Zdaj je šele ugledala,

da ima otrok namesto nosa rilček in da so mu oči veliko premajhne za otroka. Elica kar pogledati ni marala te stvari. "Mogoče je pa le vzdihnilo," se je potolažila ker ni marala verjeti, da bi krulilo. Skozi solzne oči je pogledala. "Vse zastonj si je lagati," si je rekla. "Pujsek je, pa ne otrok. Nič več ne maram imeti opravka z njim!"

Premišljevala je, kaj naj stori, medtem pa ji je ono v naročju tako glasno zakrulilo, da je bila vsa zbegana. Bila je trdno prepričana, da ima v naročju pujska in da bi bilo neumno še naprej ga prekladati po rokah. Postavila ga je na tla in si oddahnila, ko je videla, da je urno odkoracalo proti gozdu. "Kakšen grd otrok bi bilo to, če bi odraslo," je pomislila. Istočasno je začela misliti na otroke, katere je poznala, kako bi se prilegalo nekaterim, če bi se začeli tako spreminjati. "Kako bi se le naučila tako spreminjati otroke," je škodoželjno tuhtala. V tem trenutku je opazila velikega kitajskega mačka čepeti na starikavem drevesu. Maček se je režal, ko je gledal Elico. Saj bi se ji še ne zdel tako napačen, ampak vse predolge kremplje je imel in veliko preveč ostrih zob. Najboljše bo, če se ga varuje.

"Kitajski Muc!" je začela bojzljivo, ker ni vedela, da li mu bo po godu to ime ali ne. Maček se je še bolj režal. "Ali bi mi povedali, kod mi je iti, da grem od tu?"

"Odvisno je, kam hočeš iti," je dejal Maček.

"Kamorkoli, samo da sem proč od tu."

"Oh, to je pa lahko," je dejal Muc.

Zdel se ji je bolj uljuden, zato je povprašala: "Kakšne vrste ljudje žive tod?"

"V to stran," je rekel Muc, "živi Klobučar. V ono stran Zajec! Oba lahko obiščeš, ali obema se meša."

"Jaz nočem k ljudem, katerim se meša."

"Ne moreš si pomagati. Tod se vsem meša. Meni se tudi meša. Tebi se meša!"

"Kako veste, da se meni meša?"

"Mora se ti, drugače bi ne bila prišla sem."

Elici se nikakor ni zdelo to dovolj jasno, zato je vprašala: "Kako veste, da se vam meša?" "To je tako!" je začel Maček. "Psu veš, da se ne meša."

"Mislim, da ne."

"Dobro torej," je nadaljeval. "Kadar je pes jezen, renči, kadar je vesel, maha z repom. Jaz pa renčim, kadar sem vesel, in maham z repom, kadar sem jezen. Zato se mi meša."

"Jaz pravim temu režanje, ne renčanje," je pojasnila Elica.

"Pravi kakor hočeš," je rekel Maček. "Ali boš danes igrala kroke s kraljico?"

"Rada bi," je rekla Elica. "Pa me ni vabila."

"Tam se vidimo!" je rekel Maček in izginil.

Elica si je belila glavo, tako je bila začudena, čeprav je bila vajena čudnih reči. Ko je gledala na ono mesto, se je Maček iznova prikazal, rekoč: "Pa srečno. Ali kaj se je zgodilo z otrokom?"

"Spremenil se je v pujska," je dejala Elica priprosto.

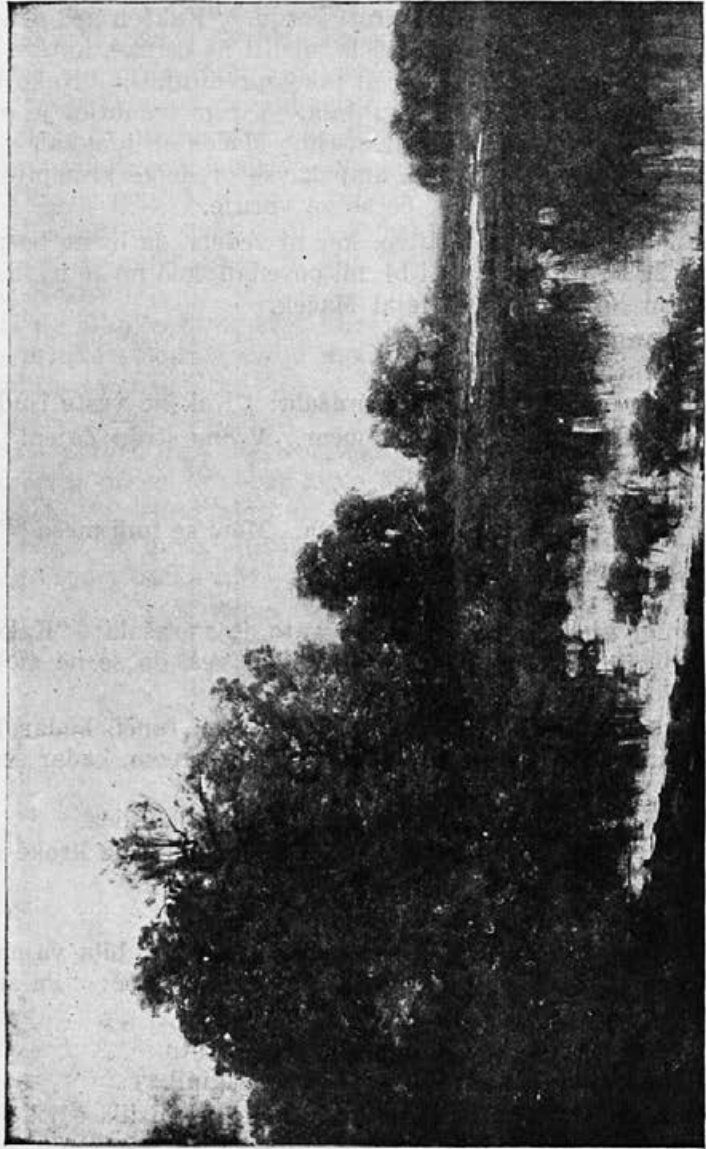
"Zdelo se mi je tako," je rekel Maček in zopet izginil.

Elica je počakala, pa ga ni bilo več nazaj. Le ko je mislila oditi, je zopet opazila mačka med vejevjem in dejala: "Kaj si rekla: Mačka ali spačka?"

"Mačka!" je rekla Elica. "Zakaj se ves čas prikazuješ in zopet izginjaš, ali ne veš, da to ni prijetno?"

"Pa naj bo," je dejal Maček. Izginil je počasi, sprva s repom in zadnjim koncem, dokler se ni izgubil zadnji režeči pogled.

Kmalu je prišla do Zajčevih. Vedela je, da mora biti to Zajčevina, kajti celo dimniki so izgledali kot zajčja ušesa. Ni si upala približati se tej veliki hiši, dokler ni malo pokusila gobo iz leve roke, tako da se je dvignila vsaj dva čevlja visoko.



Jezero poletii.

Mirko Kunčič:

MIŠKINO POTOVANJE

Mala miška je dejala:
 "Dejmo malo v svet pogledat!
 Kdo le vedno v luknjici
 bi čepel pri mamici!"

Rekla je in šla . . . in pot
 jo vodila je povsod.
 Slednjič vsa upehana
 v tujo shrambo je zašla.

Čudo lepe tam reči
 videle so nje oči.
 Poln si koš jih je nabrala,
 "zdaj pa brž domov!" dejala.

Sreča muc jo, policaj:
 "Stoj, tatica! Čaj me, čaj!"
 "Ham!" je reklo. Glas tožječ—
 in bilo ni miške več.

R. Tagore:

Pametnejši

MAMICA, tvoja punčka je trapasta! Je tako strašno otročja!
 Ne pozna razlike med lučmi po ulicah in med zvezdami.

Kedar se igramo "južino" s kremenčki, misli, da so zares jed in jih vtika v usta.

Kedar odprem knjigo pred njo in ji velim, naj se uči abecede, trže liste z ročicami in vrešči od radosti za prazen nič; tako se tvoja punčka uči.

Kedar v nevolji zmajujem nad njo z glavo in jo karam in ji pravim: malopridnica, se smeje in misli, da uganjam burke.

Vsi vedo, da je ata z doma, ali če pri igri zakličem glasno "ata," gleda okolu sebe vsa vznemirjena in misli, da je ata blizu.

Kedar se igram šolo z oslički, s katerimi je prišla naša perica po perilo, in jo svarim, da sem učitelj, ti vrišči brez pravega povoda in me kliče dada.

Tvoja punčka lovi mesec. Tako smešna je: Ganešu pravi Ganuš.

Mamica, tvoja punčka je trapasta, je tako strašno otročja!

P. Flere:

Živalstvo v Avstraliji

I.

Čudnejših živali, nego žive v Avstraliji in na njenih otokih, nima nobena druga dežela na svetu. Čudne so po svojih postavah, čudne po svojem življenju, zanimive pa zlasti za učenjake, ki iščejo in vidijo v njih ostanke prastarih, že zdavnaj izumrlih živali.

Izmed sesalcev ima Avstralija le dva razreda, ki pa sta čisto svoje vrste: vrečarje in kljunate ježke ter kljunaše, ki so zase en razred stokalcev in jih najdemo le v Avstraliji. Vrečarjev živi nekaj v Južni Ameriki, drugače pa tudi njih ni nikjer drugje na svetu.

Najpopolnejši sesalci so vrečarji, ki jih je tudi največ, ter so najrazličnejši. Za nas je dosti, če spoznamo onega, ki ga je videti včasih tudi po zverinjakah, pogostokrat pa po oborah v velikih mestih. To je veliki rdeči klokan ali kenguru. Samec je navadno rdeč, samica višnjevosiva, so pa tudi samo rdeči.

Kadar zagleda človek klokana prvič, se začudi, kako dolgi ima zadnji nogi in kako gledajo samicam mladički iz vreče na trebuhu. Če sedi žival na mogočnih zadnjih nogah, oprta na krepki, dolgi rep in na kratki, majhnim, drobnim ročicam podobni prednji nožici, držeč ju predse, je visoka kakor človek; če pa se spne na zadnji nogi, je treba gledati kvišku, da vidimo njeno malo, srnini podobno glavo.

Skoro po vsej Avstraliji žive klokani družno ter se pasejo v velikih čredah po najlepših pašnikih. A stalne družčine ne drže, vsaka nevarnost jih razkropi. Begunci se pridružijo prvi čredi, ki jo dohite na begu. Kadar se žival pase, se spusti na vse štiri, da je bliže travi, a tako kobacanje po tleh ji ni pogodu. Če najde dober grižljaj, ga kar prime s sprednjima nogama, sede na zadnji ter ga tako v miru požveči. Kadar pripeka solnce jako močno, si klokani poiščejo hladno senco in počivajo. Ponoči počene žival na vse štiri, podvije rep pod trebuh in tako spi.

Ljudje, ki so se naselili po Avstraliji ter so privedli s seboj domače živali, katerih nima Avstralija nobenih, rabijo tamošnje obširne pašnike za svoje ovce in svojo goved. Zato preganjajo klokana, ki je čimdalje redkejši. Love ga tudi zaradi mesa in kože.

Kadar se spusti preganjani klokan v beg, se zažene le z zadnjima nogama ter beži v velikih skokih preko grmovja in jarkov. Med begom zdajpazdaj postoji ter se ozre na svojega preganjalca. A tudi na dveh nogah je tako uren, da ga ne dohaja niti vsak pes, in beži s to naglico lahko tudi po več ur. Če ga poženejo v beg psi ter zagleda klokan med begom, da ga goni le še kateri posamičen zasledovalec, se ustavi, če je le kraj za to pripraven. Pred vsem rabi drevo, ki si z njim zasloni hrbet. Tukaj počaka psa, ga prime ter praska s peterimi krempljci prednjih nog ter mu tudi razpara trebuh s kremplji zadnje noge, kjer ima po štiri čvrste in močne. Brez hudih ran vsaj se mu pes ne izmuzne. Če le more, beži klokan po ravnem ali v breg. Teka navzdol se ogiblje, ker se tedaj prav lahko prekucuje. Lovci pazijo na to, da ga zade-nejo v zadnjo nogo ter mu zdrobe v njej kost; zakaj z rano v gornjem delu života žival še prav daleč beži ter jo lovcu navadno popiha.

Nekaj najbolj nenavadnega pa so klokanovi mladički. O njih smo že rekli, da gledajo v svet iz vreče na materinem trebuhu. Pa že ti mladički sami so nekaj tako posebnega. Kaj takega ni pri nobeni drugi živali na vsej zemlji.

Ko pride mladič na svet, ni večji nego mezinec, poleg tega je docela nerazvit in gol. tako da mu ni mogoče živeti drugače nego prav v tesni zvezi z materjo. In njej je treba, da skrbi zanj še prav posebno na ta način, da ga vtakne v svojo vrečo med zgubano kožo na trebuhu ter ga nosi vedno s seboj. Od kraja mladi klokanček niti ne more sesati sam materinega mleka, zato pa ga je obdarila previdna stvarnica z jezikom, ki se vanj prime materin sesek in tako brizga mladiču mleko v gobec. V tej vreči ostane mladič do osem mesecev, da se zgodi dodobra, po kakih sedmih mesecih pokuka prvič iz vreče ter odmuli kako travico ob materini paši, v vrečo pa se zateka in skriva še kakih deset tednov potem, ko že hodi sam na pašo.

Če je starka na begu, pač odnese s seboj tudi mladička, a če je v veliki stiski in zlasti, če je mladi klokan že bolj odrastel in je težji, ga stara med begom izvrže, da ji ni v napoto.

Glede tega njenega ravnanja si raziskovalci še niso na jasnem, ali se zgodi zaradi tega, da stara sama laže odnese pete, ali pa hoče dati s tem tudi mladiču priliko, da se reši sam ter tako oba ubežita preganjalcem. Da bi mlade zavrgla, baje ni verjetno, ko jih vendar tako dolgo in tako lepo neguje.

II.

Prav tako dobre varuške svojim mladičem so tudi samice kljunatega ježka in kljunaša. Saj pa so tudi ti varuštva jako potrebni, zakaj te živali ne kote živih živali, pač pa ležejo jajca. Učenjaki so dolgo časa dvomili, kam naj uvrste te prečudne živali, ali res med sesalce, ali med ptiče, ali pa naj jih smatrajo za svoj poseben rod. No, poznejše raziskave so pokazale, da so kljunati ježki ter tudi njih sorodniki kljunaši vendarle še sesalci, ker krmijo svoje mladiče v prvem času s snovjo, podobno mleku. Drugače pa se približujejo ti avstralski četveronožci po svojem notranjem ustroju deloma tudi golazni in ptičem. Ti znaki so vendar zanimivi bolj za učenjake.

Če iščemo kljunatega ježka, ga ne najdemo lahko. Potika se po gostih pragozdih, močvirnatih in nepristopnih, le po divjih, raztrganih krajih in kar hitro jo potegne še globlje v nepristopne kraje, če se je naselil v bližini njegovih bivališč človek.

Tukaj se skriva čez dan ta čudna žival. Le na glavi so ji proste oči in ušesa, drugače pa je pokrita z gladkimi bodicami, dolgimi do dveh palcev, ki največkrat zakrivajo sploh vso dlako po truplu. Bodice so trobarvne. Ko pririjejo iz kože, so rumenkaste, v sredi oranžne, proti koncu pa črne. Mešajo se z dlako tudi po nogah in po kratkem repu, tako da je dvajset palcev dolga žival vsa bodičasta; to pa ji je tudi treba, ker nima nobenega drugega orožja. Samec ima sicer na zadnjih nogah še ostrogo kakor petelin, pa je ne uporablja proti sovražniku. Edina obramba živali je, da se zvije v klobko kakor naš jež ter naščeperi bodice, ki z njimi lahko rani prav občutljivo. Če si je izkopal kljunati ježek v zemlji luknjo, se postavi v bran tako, da se upre z bodicami ob stene, kolikor le more, pa se s krepkimi kremplji na nogah drži tal. Tedaj ni videti od živali ničesar drugega kakor kopico razmršenega bodičevja.

Kljunati ježki niso baš redki prebivalci nekaterih avstralskih pokrajin, a vendar je mnogo naseljencev, ki niso še nikdar videli te živali, čeprav poznajo drugače vsako v svoji okolici. To pa največ zato, ker podnevi ježek počiva v gošči, kjer ga skrivata tudi njegova barva in obleka. V nevarnosti ima v hipu izkopano jamo, ki se v njej razčeperi.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

Fr. Ločniškar:

JESENSKA

Zadnje cvetice po polju mró,
v megle zavija se pokrajina;
pesem v slovo ji ptički pojó,
vabi jih v dalje tujina.

Šle boste nove sreče iskat
v jasne prekomorske dežele
in ko pride nova pomlad,
vrnete spet se vesele.

Blagor vam ptičke, ki preko zemljin
prosto pot vas peljá:
ve ste še svobodne — človek edini
meje gradi si v sredini morjá . . .

Albin Čebular:

KDO JE ŽE TA?

Iz Minnesote
do Jednote,
kjer MLADINSKI LIST se tiska
deček je poslal dva listka.

Na prvega napisal je:
MLADINSKI LIST imamo že!
Na drugemu pa spet stoji:
Pošljite ga še Miciki!

Smo Miciki ga odposlali,
ji pisemce še pridejali,
pozdravček v njem smo ji zročili,
ob tem to pesmico zložili.

Albin Čebular:

O UČENIH MOŽEH

Po jamici hodijo
učeni možje,
in igle magnetke
v rokah drže.

Igle jim kažejo
rudo, kje je,
da jo izkopljejo
naši možje.

Roka

Visoko so se vzravnali ob dlani kazalec, sredinec, prstanec in mezinec. Ponosno pogleda dolgi sredinec navzdol in reče: "Kako lepi smo mi bratci na eni roki, tako ravni in visoko zrasli! Samo palec ni nič prida v naši družbi!"

"Tako je," dostavi ošabni prstanec. "Tisti palec tam zdolaj! Tako nizko je zrastel in prav ven iz vrste. Nič nam ni podoben!"

"Res je," pripomni modri kazalec. "Čemu neki je ta debelušasti palec ob roki?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" se zasmee palec, ki je vse to slišal. "Ali ste brez uma, bratci? Kaj pa bi vi počeli brez mene? Kdo vam največ pomaga, kadar imate kaj prijeti ali zagrabiti? Jaz—palec! Kdor opravlja najtežje delo, kadar mora roka kaj držati, vleči, tlačiti, šteti, sukati ali vrteti? Jaz—palec! In brez mene se ne morete niti braniti. Brez palca ni pesti. Ej vi bratci vi!"

"Prav govori," reče drobni mezinec, "le trdno držimo skupaj!"

In vsi prsti mu pritrde ter drug za drugim poljubijo palec.

Ferdo Kleinmayr.

To in ono

MOGOČNI VLADAR.

Ko je ruski car Peter Veliki potoval po Evropi, je prišel tudi na dvor danskega kralja Friderika. Ta ga je nekega dne vzel s seboj na sprehod na strmo skalovje grada Kopenhagna. Med potjo sta se vladarja razgovarjala o kraljevski moči in o poslušnosti podanikov. Hoteč pokazati svojo oblast nad podložniki, je pokazal Frideriku, kako udano ga ubogajo njegovi vojaki. Poklical je iz spremstva nekega kozaka, rekoč:

“Kaj je tu doli pod nami?”

“Prepad,” je odgovoril kozak.

“Skoči v prepad!” je ukazal car.

Vojak se je krepko postavil, salutiral carju, se obrnil k prepadu in se vrgel v brezdno.

“Temu se pravi podložnost državljanov,” je z nasmeškom dejal car. “Ali se morete vi pohvaliti s takimi podložniki?”

“Ne, takih podložnikov pa nimam,” je odvrnil Friderik. “In vesel sem, da jih nimam.”

* * *

ŠENTJERNEJSKA NOČ.

Šentjernejska noč je še danes groze polno ime za Francoze. Na to noč se spominjajo najbolj groznega klanja ljudi, kar jih mogoče pomni zgodovina. Zgodilo se je to v Parizu v noči od 24. do 25. avgusta leta 1572. Zgodovinarji pripovedujejo zgodbo približno takole:

Ko se je noč obračala že proti jutru, so nenadoma zapeli zvonovi, vabeč ljudi k moritvi. Katarina de Medicis, najhujša sovražnica protestantov, in vojvode Guisi so se pripravili: razposlali so oborožene vojake v vse dele mesta. Henry de Guise je obdal stanovanje admirala Colignyja, voditelja protestantov. Njega so hoteli ubiti prvega, potem šele poklati protestante. Prebodli so ga s sulicami in vrgli njegovo truplo skozi okno na dvor, kjer je čakal Guise, ki je iz sovraštva še mrtvo truplo z nogami suval po dvorišču.

Medtem je zazvonilo k dnevu. Oborožene tolpe katoliških vojakov so se razkropile po vsem mestu; nad pariškim zidovjem se je razlegal vik in krik in pokanje prvih pušk. Protestanti so bili povsod iznenadeni. V Louvru so vpričo kralja Karla IX. pobili ljudi, ki so se še pravkar prijazno pogovarjali s kraljem. Niti otrokom niso prizanašali; pobijali so vse od kraja po cestah in po hišah, potem pa vlačili mrliča po blatu in jih zasramovali ter skrunili. Morilci so začeli tudi ropati; oplenili so vse trgovine.

Moritev se je nadaljevala ves dan in vso noč. Dne 26. avgusta pa je kralj Karol IX. prišel pred parlament izjaviti, da je hotel zabraniti zaroto admirala in da je bilo vse storjeno po njegovem ukazu. Na ta način se je sam obtožil enega največjih zločinov, kar jih je še kdaj videl svet. Ali zgodovina je dokazala, da on sam ni bil za vse odgovoren, temveč da je k pokolju najbolj ščuvala njegova mati Katarina de Medicis.

* * *

ZADNJI PRIJATELJ.

Cesar Napoleon I. je pripovedoval sledečo zgodbo: Nekoč sem stopal preko bojnega polja še predno so pogrebci spravili proč mrliča.

Bila je lepa, mesečna noč in vse tiho je bilo. Kakor strela je zdajci šinil izpod obleke nekega mrtvega vojaka pes, se zagnal proti nam in se skoro takoj nato zopet vrnil na svoje mesto. Ves ta čas pa je otožno cvilil. Zopet in zopet je oblizal obraz svojega gospodarja in zopet se je vrnil k nam. Očividno je prosil pomoči in hotel maščevanja, vse obenem.

Ne vem, kaj se me je lotilo ta trenutek. Ali je bil čas, prostor, vreme ali prijetljaj sam? Ne vem, toda resnica je, da na vseh mojih bojnih poljih še ni nič napravilo takega utisa name kot ta dogodek.

“Oni mož,” sem si dejal, “ima mogoče prijatelje celo v šotorišču, v svoji stotnji, toda tu leži zapuščen od vseh razen od svojega psa.”

* * *

VOJNA JE KAKOR ZALIV.

Slavni francoski mislec osemnajstega stoletja, Voltaire, je v letu 1750 napisal to-le o vojni:

Odkar so izginili Rimljani, še ni bilo naroda, katerega bi obogatile zmage.

Za svoje bogastvo v šestnajstem stoletju je Italija dolžna trgovini. Nizozemska bi se malo časa obdržala, če bi se zanašala samo na zmage nad španskim brodom in ne tudi na dohodke iz Vzhodne Indije. Anglija je še vedno obubožala v vojni in še ko je razbila francosko brodom, si je morala pomagati le s trgovino.

Samo par let vojske v Evropi stavi zmagovalca na enako stopnjo s premaganim. Vojna je kakor velikanski zaliv, ki požre vse dotoke prosperitete.

NEODPUSTNI PRESTOPEK.

Zanimivo je, kaj pravi nemški modroslovec Schopenhauer o krutosti.

Nič se tako ne upira našemu moralnemu čutenju kakor krutost.

Vsak drug prestopok lahko odpustimo, ne pa krutosti. To je zato, ker je krutost ravno nasprotno od usmiljenja — to je, ko vzamemo nase del trpljenja drugih, kar vodi do pomoči in do odprave trpljenja. Samo v usmiljenju je podlaga naše prostovoljne pravice in prave ljubeznjivosti.

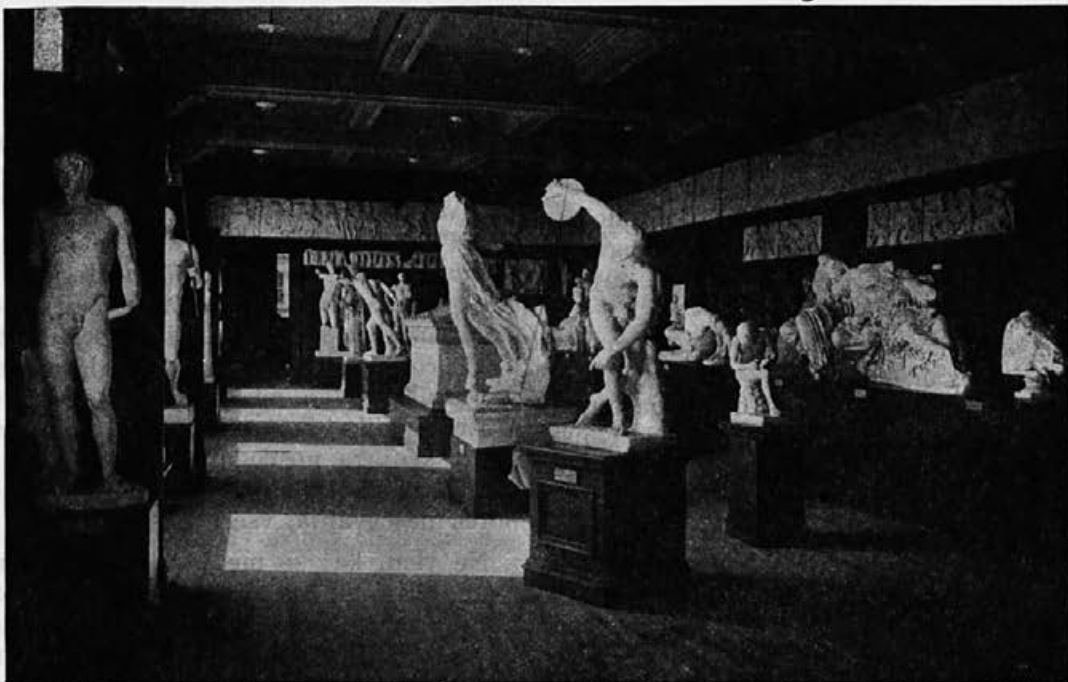
Usmiljenje do živali je tesno združeno s človeškim značajem in, naj mi bo dovoljeno zaupno povedati, kdor je krut z živalmi, ne more biti dober človek.

* * *

LENUH.

Neki frančiškanski brat po imenu Giles, ki je bil tovariš Frančiška Asiškega, je rekel:

Lenuh izgubi ta in oni svet, kajti nič koristnega ne stori zase ne za svojega soseda.



Razstava starogrških kipov v čikaškem Art Institutu.



Albin Čebular:

PEVSKI ODSEK.

V JEDNOTI
je kotiček,
kjer nas vadi
pridni striček
pesmice
vesele peti,
vse: pozimi
in poleti;

zadnjič smo
pa nastopili,
dobro vloge
smo rešili —
zbrani ploskali
so nam,
jutri pridemo
pa k vam . . .!

* * *

Dragi čitatelji!

Ko čitate to izdajo Vašega mesečnika, ste gotovo že vsi na počitnicah. Knjig bržkone ne pogledate veliko med tem časom, kajti kdo bi čepel pri knjigah v toplih poletnih dneh in mogoče še zaprt v kaki mračni sobi. Ako človek vzame knjigo s seboj, ko gre na prosto, to že še gre; nikakor pa ni za mlade dečke in deklice priporočljivo veliko čitati in se učiti o počitnicah. Saj zato ravno rečemo "počitnice," ker opustimo poleti šolski poduk.

Vendar tisti, katerim je Mladinski list za tovariša, kakor včasih pišete, boste tudi

skozi poletje ostali pridni dopisovalci in čitatelji. Tudi poleti se da veliko pisati. Ali ostanete ves čas doma, se hodite kopat, na sprehode v gozde, ali pomagati staršem pri kakem opravilu, vse to se da lepo opisati in Vam tudi poleti lahko služi v zabavo.

*

V bodoče bomo redno priobčevali po eno kratko zgodnico ali dogodek, napisan izključno za dečke, v angleškem jeziku. Povestice so lepe in bi jih moral čitati vsak deček, ker so tudi poučne. Napisal jih je priljubljeni mladinski pisatelj Edmondo d'Amicis v italijanskem jeziku, iz katerega so prevedene.

Marsikdo je gotovo že slišal ali kje čital o tem slavnem pisatelju. Poznan je kot najboljši vzgojitelj. Povestim, katere mi priobčimo, je d'Amicis dal naslov "Cuore," kar pomeni po naše "srce." Že iz tega vidimo, kako je on ljubil mladino. Kar Vas mogoče še bolj zanima, pa je to, da so povesti spisane, kakor jih je sestavil neki šolar sam in jih je d'Amicis samo uredil. Dečki čitajte jih! — Urednik.

* * *

V pismu iz Lloydella, Pa., je Mary Kushlan pisala odgovor na vse uganke v aprilu. Ona pravi, da solnčna ura gre brez kolesa, da petelinov greben ne bode, da veterini mlin gre brez vode, la muckove mačice nimajo tačice, da se v kartah dobi kralj brez dežel in da je muzikant tisti igrač, ki denarja ne izgubi. Zagonetko pa je rešila z besedo SPOMENIK. Ni slabo pogodila.

Malja Dodich piše iz Cantona, Ohio, da se tudi ona uči slovensko pisati in čitati. Za poizkušnjo je začela z malo pesmico, kar ji svetujemo, da nadaljuje.

* * *

Istotako je del zastavic rešila Anna Matos iz Cantona, Ohio.

* * *

SIROTI.

V naravi živi, gledaš cvetke,
lepe in majhne so kot ti
in ž njimi se oziraš v solnce,
ki tebi kakor njim žari.

Nad tabo drobne ptičke v drevju
poletajo od vej do vej
in dvigajo v nebo se jasno
in spet nazaj od daljnih mej.

Ne veš, da mamico pobrala
usode ti je kruta moč,
pa jo odnesla daleč, daleč,
kjer vlada večna trdna noč.

Ne veš, kako so njene roke
v naročju nosile te,
kako ljubezni polne prsi
so detece, dojile te.

Ko vedela bi, Milka mala,
povedala bi rožicam:
iz vas izpletla bodem venec,
pa ga oddala ptičicam.

In nesle bi ga tja, kjer mama
pod grudo hladno trdno spi,
ne sliši ptičic nežnih petja,
ne ve, kako naš vrt cveti.

Sirota Milka si ostala,
a rožice in ptičji roj
in solnce žarko, naša srca,
mi vsi smo za-te, vsi s teboj.

Mary Kochevar,

West Frankfort, Ill., Box 18.

* * *

Albin Čebular:

PAZI . . .

— Jermeni šumljajo,
in stroji regljajo;
Marjetica, aj,
to je dirindaj!

Imam, glej, že hlačke —
poznam te igračke! —
— Le pazi, da-ham!
ne rečejo nam . . . —

UGANKE.

1. POLNJENKA.

P . . . služi za pisanje
r . . . pa za bojevanje
t . . . sesavec je četveronog
gostijo znači zadnji zlog.

2. MENJANKA.

1 znači tuleči glas
1 2 svetopisemska dežela
1 2 3 nam meri čas,
1 2 3 4 prostor, kjer se dela.

3. IZPOLNI!

P . . . kitajski hram sloveč
j . . . sadež sladke in rdeč.

* * *

4.

Mrcvar
nabada
na črne
trne
urne
murne,
kobilice,
miške
in polže
brez hiške.





JUVENILE



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The Leading Slovene Authors

Fran Levstik

1831--1887.



Fran Levstik

FRAN LEVSTIK was one of the most energetic of all the Slovene writers, poets, and patriots. Strictly speaking, Levstik dealt the deadliest blow to the root of evil of the Slovene writing, and for that reason, he was confronted with the most formidable opposition—the Slovene “intelligenza” of the city. Were it not for the Levstik's perseverance, his profound learning, and his love for truth, the desires of the enemies of our nation would have been realized and he would have vanished long before he had accomplished his great mission. But Levstik, being a born fighter, would not be conquered; consequently, the opponents were forced to resort to the ugliest lies in order to blind the ignorant populace by blackening the character of innocent Levstik, and thus curb his influence among the people.

Levstik was born in Spodnje Retje, Carniola, just a few miles from the birthplace of Stritar. He was a son of a very poor peasant; and partly because of his poverty and partly because of his ill health, his studies were somewhat irregular. However,

he was a brilliant student, especially in the languages. Indeed, even before he graduated from the Ljubljana Gymnasium, he was an influential poet and a recognized authority on the Slovene language. No other Slovene student has commanded as high an influence as he did.

But this very success made him a victim of the cause of his nation; for he was forced to leave his studies at Olmuc, Bohemia, because he refused to denounce his poetry, which was confiscated at Ljubljana, because he was convinced that there was nothing detrimental or corrupt in it. He went to Vienna, where he associated with Miklošič and Vuk, but after some months of his study with the two brilliant scholars, Levstik's money gave out and he was forced to leave Vienna.

By the time he returned home his parents sold out their homestead at the native town and moved to Novo Mesto, where his reception was rather cold. Consequently, he took up his residence with his friend and neighbor at his native town, and buried himself in the study of Slovene philology. The fruits of this labor were "Martin Krpan," "Potovanje iz Litije do Četaža," and the "Napake v slovenski pisavi" — the three monumental works that had revolutionized Slovene literature. If Levstik had not touched the pen after these three works, his name would stand among the foremost of the Slovene literary figures. Previously, Vodnik had been referred to as the father of the Slovene prose, and now we may add that Levstik is the realization of the Vodnik's dream. Vodnik had defined the principles and rules for the Slovene writers; Levstik exposed their weakness, and exemplified his own teaching with the literature, whose quality and character has not been surpassed.

Prior to the time of Levstik the only people that spoke Slovene were the peasants. The so-called *intelligenza* of the city and the national leaders spoke German, and imitated German form of expression. They did not know Slovene. These city people rejected their language, in order to become servile to their deadliest enemy. Can anyone wonder at the fact that Prešeren was the least appreciated in his native country prior to the appearance of Levstik and Stritar? or at the fact that most of our immortal scholars are the sons of poor peasants? These parts must not be overlooked or undervalued.

In the "Napake v slovenski pisavi", Levstik pointed out this cardinal error, and established it factually by the mighty blow of his "Krpan," and the excursion "Iz Litije do Četaža." When this fundamental error was exposed, the *intelligenza* lost its ground and the Slovene reading public felt for the first time the pure Slovene breeze, as Vodnik said: "Kranjc, tvoja zemlja je zdrava."

Levstik's literary production falls into four classes: the scientific contribution to the philological knowledge, the poetry, the prose, and the literature for the youth. In each of these fields he ranks among the greatest Slovene scholars. As a philologist he stands next to Miklošič, and his influence among the Slovenes is, perhaps, greater than that of Miklošič; as a poet some scholars place him next to Prešeren. Prešeren, the teacher of Levstik, is a greater artist, more profound, more universal; his verse is smoother, more musical and, therefore, more appealing; nevertheless, Levstik speaks the soul of Slovene in the simplest Slovene expression. His verse is full of freedom and energy. His style is direct, simple, clear and musical; his characterization vivid, elegant, and realistic. His expression approaches most nearly to that of the simple peasant, and for this reason it is the purest Slovene.

Of his numerous works the most appropriate for the American youth are his "Zbrani spisi za mladino." His "Potovanje iz Litije do Četaža" is the best picture of the Slovene peasant life in the entire Slovene literature. The story is simple, clear, and forceful. It sums up in a nut-shell a number of the most characteristic customs of the social life of the Slovene peasant. Moreover, Levstik is the author of some of the most celebrated poems for children. Among these are the "Rimska cesta" (The Milky Way), the "Mačka, miš in miška" (The cat, the mouse, and the little mousy), and the "Psiček laja, hov, hov, hov," (The doggie barks, woof, woof, woof!).

Levstik was the first of a number of Slovene scholars that have raised the Slovene literature from the humble place to the position on which we find it at present. It was Levstik and Stritar that revived the greatest Slovene poet, France Prešeren. Levstik was active in the Slovene politics, with the "Sokol," and with the Dramatic Association; he was one of the editors of the Slovene-German dictionary,

and the editor of two Slovene newspapers. But his enemies saw to it that he was always deprived of his bread. He was one of the leaders at the great "tabori" movement, and during his last days the "licejski skriptor." He died at Ljubljana in 1887 and was buried among the Slovene authors.

According to the scholars the influence of Levstik in the Slovene literature cannot be overestimated. During his school days everybody among the students and the younger poets imitated him, and his prose served as the example of the correct Slovene. Were it not for his activity it is a question whether the scholars, like Jurčič, Stritar, Gregorčič and many others would have risen as high as they did. It is an undisputed fact that Levstik prepared the way for these authors who followed him.

But the greatest service that Levstik rendered his nation was not in his literature, not in his criticism of the errors in the Slovene writing. These are monumental contributions of his, and it is because of these services that our brothers on the other side of the Ocean honor him. The most permanent service that he rendered to our nation will have to be approached from the historical viewpoint. Levstik struck at the foolish sense of inferiority that has been created during the long centuries of the Germanization, of the Turkish devastation, and of the Crusading, and created a sense of national selfadmiration—the morale of the nation that has been kept in the dust was raised to a heroic plane. This was the great work of Levstik in his three monumental works. With Levstik begins a new era in the Slovene history as well as in the Slovene literature.

Levstik's character is unrepachable. He admired truth, never hesitated to express it, and boldly defended his convictions. He loved to associate with the simple peasants, and used their expression in his literary activities. He was very sensitive to abuse, and a decisive critic.

Fran Levstik:

Double to Him Who Knows

Translated by Anton Družina.

A nephew said once to the uncle: "Come on, uncle, let's travel!" The uncle agreed to the suggestion, and out they went. On the road they overtook a stranger, leading two sheep on the rope.

"Uncle, let's steal those sheep from the stranger!" said the nephew.

"How could we steal them, when he holds them on the rope?" answered the uncle.

"That's easy," said the nephew, "let me try!"

The nephew ran ahead of the stranger, took a shoe off, and threw it on the road, and hid himself by the road-side.

The stranger came upon the shoe, picked it up, examined it, then dropped it on the

road again: "Of what use could a single shoe be?"

The nephew overheard the stranger with the sheep, ran ahead of him again, took off the other shoe, and threw it on the road, and hid himself by the road-side.

When the stranger came upon the second shoe, he regretted for not having taken the first one along. He tied the sheep to a tree by the road-side and ran after the first shoe. In the meantime the nephew stole the sheep and lead them off to the uncle, and the two continued on their way.

Soon they saw a farmer plowing with a yoke of oxen on the field, whereupon the nephew said to the uncle:

"Let's steal one of the oxen from the plow!"

"How could we steal an ox in front of the owner's eyes?" returned the uncle.

"Let me show you how," retorted the nephew. "Go there, sit upon that rock, and yell: "Miraculous, wonderfully miraculous;" and when the plowman comes to ask you what's miraculous, say to him: "Your plowing with a single ox."

The uncle sat on the rock, and yelled: "Oh, how miraculous, how wonderfully miraculous!"

The plowman listened for a time. At last, the curiosity got best of him. He stopped the plow on the field and went to ask: "What's so wonderfully miraculous, you foolish pumpkinhead?"

"Your plowing with a single ox," answered the uncle on the rock.

"I'm plowing with two oxen," said the plowman and hastened to his plow. In the meantime the nephew had stolen one of the oxen from the plow. Thus the uncle and the nephew drove off the sheep and the ox.

At last they arrived at a great cliff, where they stopped, killed a sheep and roasted it.

When the sheep was roasted, the uncle said to the nephew: "Let's eat now!"

"Yes, uncle, when it cools off a little, we'll eat. In the meantime let's try to frighten one another, and he who succeeds to frighten the other will begin eating first."

The uncle approved of the suggestion, and the two went frightening each other. The nephew went into the cave, and the uncle began in front of it: "Bow wowwow . . . bow wow . . ."

"'Tis the uncle," responded the nephew from the cave.

Then the two exchanged the places. The uncle went into the cave and the nephew began with his frightening in front of it. He first filled the sheep's skin with the air, and then began to beat upon it, screaming: "Don't, don't; for God's mercy, don't; I didn't do it. The uncle, the uncle did it; 'tis God's truth, the uncle did it. Please have mercy. I didn't do it; the uncle did it!"

The uncle, hearing this, thought that the owner of the sheep found them, got scared, and fled through another opening of the cave and ran home hungry, leaving everything to the nephew.

Fran Levstik:

Caesar Mauricius and Slovenes

Translated by Anton Družina.

Caesar Mauricius, the emperor of Rome, lead his army in 590 against the Avars, who allied themselves with all the heathen tribes against Rome. In the distance of four days' journey from the city of Hercules, the Emperor met three giants, dressed in queer garments. They had neither swords, nor shields, nor any other weapon with them, but each of them carried a cithara instead.

The Emperor inquired whence they had come, and why are they wandering in the Empire. They answered in Slovene and said:

"We are Slovenes from a strange land, from the northern sea-coast, where the people of our nation dwell. The Khan of Avars had sent his messengers and many gifts to our Elders, begging them to assist him in the war. The Elders had accepted the presents, but did not give him any help, because our land is too far off and the roads are exceedingly difficult to travel. Fifteen months we have travelled, in order to deliver the message from our Elders to the Khan. The Khan, however, got angry, and threw us into the prison, which is not in accordance with the Law. We have had heard how great and powerful and generous are the people of Rome, and for that reason we have escaped into the Thracian lands. These citharas you see are the sole weapons we are accustomed to, for we never think of fighting and of wars."

Caesar marvelled at the strength of their bodies, accepted them kindly and sent them to the city of Hercules.

Levstik's Poems

ŽIVLJENJE—BOJ!

Brez boja se ne da živeti,
dokler ogreva žile kri,
vihar vsi dnevi so na sveti,
vihar nemirne so noči.

Bori s teboj srce se tvoje,
bori se človek, črna smet —
pekler pa veselice poje,
odpeva mu hudičev svet.

* * *

UBEŽNI KRALJ.

Noč je temna, podkve jeklo poje;
glej, po gozdu kralj ubežen jaha;
zgubil vojsko, zgubil zemlje svoje;
skriva se, kot zver po lesu plaha.

Nima žene, hčere, ne sinova,
vse mu vzela vražna je sekira;
koča vsaka duri mu zapira,
spremljevalca nima pot njegova.

In zajezdi v gozdič med drevesa;
konj se zdrzne, noče delj bežati,
v stran zahrska, kvišku pne ušesa,
brezdno vidi pred seboj zijati.
Kralj pogleda, a zaman ugiblje;
s konja stopi, k veji ga priveže,
plašč pogrne, nanj ves truden leže;
sladki sen nad brezdom ga zaziblje.

Dahnejo mu sanje v trudno glavo:
"Stol kraljevi mu iz zemlje rase;
on pa seda nanj s častjo in slavo,
bogata, venčan, kot nekdanje čase.
Zida se nad njim poslopje širo,
razsvetljeno, v zlatu lesketaje,
stavijo se veže na vse kraje;
zunaj čuje straže hojo mirno.

"Prebudi se bobnov ropotanje,
Prebudi se grom trobent vojaških,
vstane ženket in ostrog rožljanje,
ide truma vojakov junaških,
gre med njimi knez iz zemlje tuje,
ki mu hotel je deželo vzeti;
klanja se mu, silni meč daruje,
zmagan ide, ž njim tovariši vjeti.

"Zadonijo spet trobente glasne
in prikaže se obraz kraljice,
ž njo sinovi, ž njo so hčere krasne,
njej visoke strežejo device.
Zdaj gospoda kralju vsa zavpije:
"Bog ti slavo hrani večne čase!
Svetlim vnukom tvojim dneve srečne!"
Hrup veseli po dvoranah bije.—

Vzdihne v sanjah živih kralj: "Ah, kralju-
jem!

a podobe gledal sem neznane,
da ubežen skrivam se po tujem."
V sanjah kvišku kakor jelen plane;
hoče k svojim — roke širi — pada —
Meč z oklepom v brezdno zabrenkoče,
konj se strga, podkev zaropoče,
krokotajo vrani iz prepada.

* * *

DOMOTOŽNOST.

Slovenska zemlja, v tvojo sredo blago,
na hribe tvoje srce mi želi,
kjer pustil družbo sem tovaršev drago,
kjer v zemlji pokopan moj rod leži!

Tam cvetje zlate je mladosti moje;
tam prvič mi gorelo je srce;
tam veselil sem se vrh zemlje svoje,
v domača tla so kapale solze.

* * *

NARODNA UGANKA.

Oj silo bodilo
po svetu hodilo;
ni pilo ni jelo,
a vendar živelo,
prelepo nam pelo.

(Gosli.)

* * *

KOLINE.

Mi smo davi muho klali
in koline vam poslali,
z mesom tudi klobasic:
nekaj lepih krvavic,
tri mesene,
tri prtene.
Vina v reki si kupite,
z njim koline poplaknite!

John Masefield:

SEA FEVER

I MUST GO DOWN to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
 And the wheels kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.



William Shakespeare:

SYLVIA

(Song from TWO GENTLEMEN FROM VERONA)

WHO is Sylvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excells each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

Edmondo d'Amicis:

Daddy's Nurse

(Translated from Italian.)

ONE MORNING, on a rainy day in March, a lad dressed like a country boy, all muddy and saturated with water, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, presented himself to the porter of the great hospital at Naples, and, presenting a letter, asked for his father. He had a fine oval face, of a pale brown hue, thoughtful eyes, and two thick lips, always half open, which displayed extremely white teeth. He came from a village in the neighborhood of Naples. His father, who had left home a year previously to seek work in France, had returned to Italy, and had landed a few days before at Naples, where, having fallen suddenly ill, he had hardly time to write a line to announce his arrival to his family, and to say that he was going to the hospital. His wife, in despair at this news, and unable to leave home because she had a sick child, and a baby at the breast, had sent her eldest son to Naples, with a few soldi, to help his father—his daddy, as they called him; the boy had walked ten miles.

The porter, after glancing at the letter, called a nurse and told him to conduct the lad to his father.

"What father?" inquired the nurse.

The boy, trembling with terror, lest he should hear bad news, gave the name.

The nurse did not recall such a name.

"An old laborer," replied the lad, still more uneasy; "not so very old. Yes, arrived from abroad."

"When did he enter the hospital?" asked the nurse.

The lad glanced at his letter; "Five days ago, I think."

The nurse stood a while in thought; then, as though suddenly recalling him; "Ah!" he said, "the furthest bed in the fourth ward."

"Is he very ill? How is he?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

The nurse looked at him, without replying. Then he said, "Come with me."

They ascended two flights of stairs, walked to the end of a long corridor, and found themselves facing the open door of a large hall, wherein two rows of beds were arranged. "Come," repeated the nurse, entering. The boy plucked up his courage, and followed him, casting terrified glances to right and left, on the pale faces of the sick people, some of whom had their eyes closed, and seemed to be dead, while others were staring into the air, with their eyes wide open and fixed, as though frightened. Some were moaning like children. The big room was dark, the air was impregnated with an acute odor of medicines. Two sisters of charity were going about with phials in their hands.

Arrived at the extremity of the great room, the nurse halted at the head of a bed, drew aside the curtains, and said, "Here is your father."

The boy burst into tears, and letting fall his bundle, he dropped his head on the sick man's shoulder, clasping with one hand the arm which was lying motionless on the coverlet. The sick man did not move.

The boy rose to his feet, and looked at his father, and broke into a fresh fit of weeping. Then the sick man gave a long look at him, and seemed to recognize him; but his lips did not move. Poor daddy, how he was changed! The son would never have recognized him. His hair had turned white, his beard had grown, his face was

swollen, of a dull red hue, with the skin tightly drawn and shining; his eyes were diminished in size, his lips very thick, his whole countenance altered. There was no longer anything natural about him but his forehead and the arch of his eyebrows. He breathed with difficulty.

"Daddy! daddy!" said the boy, "it is I; don't you know me? I am Cicillo, your own Cicillo, who has come from the country: mamma has sent me. Take a good look at me; don't you know me? Say one word to me."

But the sick man, after having looked attentively at him, closed his eyes.

"Daddy! daddy! What is the matter with you? I am your little son—your own Cicillo."

The sick man made no movement, and continued to breathe painfully.

Then the lad, still weeping, took a chair, seated himself and waited, without taking his eyes from his father's face. "A doctor will surely come to pay him a visit," he thought; "he will tell me something." And he became immersed in sad thoughts, recalling many things about his kind father, the day of parting, when he said the last good by to him on board of the ship, the hopes which his family had founded on his journey, the desolation of his mother on the arrival of the letter; and he thought of death: he beheld his father dead, his mother dressed in black, the family in misery. And he remained a long time thus. A light hand touched him on the shoulder, and he started up: it was a nun.

"What is the matter with my father?" he asked her quickly.

"Is he your father?" said the sister gently.

"Yes, he is my father; I have come. What ails him?"

"Courage, my boy," replied the sister; "the doctor will be here soon now." And she went away without saying anything more.

Half an hour later he heard the sound of a bell, and he saw the doctor enter at the further end of the hall, accompanied by an assistant; the sister and a nurse followed him. They began the visit, pausing at every bed. This time of waiting seemed an eternity to the lad, and his anxiety increased at every step of the doctor. At length they arrived at the next bed. The doctor was an old man, tall and stooping, with a grave face. Before he left the next bed the boy rose to his feet, and when he approached he began to cry.

The doctor looked at him.

"He is the sick man's son," said the sister; "he arrived this morning from the country."

The doctor placed one hand on his shoulder; then bent over the sick man, felt his pulse, touched his forehead, and asked a few questions of the sister, who replied, "There is nothing new." Then he thought for a while and said, "Continue the present treatment."

Then the boy plucked up courage, and asked in a tearful voice, "What is the matter with my father?"

"Take courage, my boy," replied the doctor, laying his hand on his shoulder once more; "he has erysipelas in his face. It is a serious case, but there is still hope. Help him. Your presence may do him a great deal of good."

"But he does not know me!" exclaimed the boy in a tone of affliction.

"He will recognize you—to-morrow perhaps. Let us hope for the best and keep up our courage."

The boy would have liked to ask some more questions, but he did not dare. The doctor passed on. And then he began his life of nurse. As he could do nothing else, he arranged the coverlets of the sick man, touched his hand every now and then, drove away the flies, bent over him at every groan, and when the sister brought him something to drink, he took the glass or the spoon from her hand, and administered it in her stead. The sick man looked at him occasionally, but he gave no sign of recognition. However, his glance rested longer on the lad each time, especially when the latter put his handkerchief to his eyes.

Thus passed the first day. At night the boy slept on two chairs, in a corner of the ward, and in the morning he resumed his work of mercy. That day it seemed as though the eyes of the sick man revealed a dawning of consciousness. At the sound of the boy's caressing voice a vague expression of gratitude seemed to gleam for an instant in his pupils, and once he moved his lips a little, as though he wanted to say something. After each brief nap he seemed, on opening his eyes, to seek his little nurse. The doctor, who had passed twice, thought he noted a slight improvement. Towards evening, on putting the cup to his lips, the lad fancied that he perceived a very faint smile glide across the swollen lips. Then he began to take comfort and to hope; and with the hope of being understood, confusedly at least, he talked to him—talked to him at great length—of his mother, of his little sisters, of his own return home, and he exhorted him to courage with warm and loving words. And although he often doubted whether he was heard, he still talked; for it seemed to him that even if he did not understand him, the sick man listened with a certain pleasure to his voice,—to that unaccustomed intonation of affection and sorrow. And in this manner passed the second day, and the third, and the fourth, with vicissitudes of slight improvements and unexpected changes for the worse; and the boy was so absorbed in all his cares, that he hardly nibbled a bit of bread and cheese twice a day, when the sister brought it to him, and hardly saw what was going on around him,—the dying patients, the sudden running up of the sisters at night, the moans and despairing gestures of visitors,—all those doleful and lugubrious scenes of hospital life, which on any other occasion would have disconcerted and alarmed him. Hours, days, passed, and still he was there with his daddy; watchful, wistful, trembling at every sigh and at every look, agitated incessantly between a hope which relieved his mind and a discouragement which froze his heart.

On the fifth day the sick man suddenly grew worse. The doctor, on being interrogated, shook his head, as much as to say that all was over, and the boy flung himself on a chair and burst out sobbing. But one thing comforted him. In spite of the fact that he was worse, the sick man seemed to be slowly regaining a little intelligence. He stared at the lad with increasing intentness, and, with an expression which grew in sweetness, would take his drink and medicine from no one but him, and made strenuous efforts with his lips with greater frequency, as though he were trying to pronounce some word; and he did it so plainly sometimes that his son grasped his arm violently, inspired by a sudden hope, and said to him in a tone which was almost that of joy, "Courage, courage, daddy; you will get well, we will go away from here, we will return home with mamma; courage, for a little while longer!"

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and just when the boy had abandoned himself to one of these outbursts of tenderness and hope, when a sound of footsteps became audible outside the nearest door in the ward, and then a strong voice uttering two words only,—“Farewell, sister!”—which made him spring to his feet, with a cry repressed in his throat.

At that moment there entered the ward a man with a thick bandage on his hand, followed by a sister.

The boy uttered a sharp cry, and stood rooted to the spot.

The man turned round, looked at him for a moment, and uttered a cry in his turn,—“Cicillo!”—and darted towards him.

The boy fell into his father's arms, choking with emotion.

The sister, the nurse, and the assistant ran up, and stood there in amazement.

The boy could not recover his voice.

“Oh, my Cicillo!” exclaimed the father, after bestowing an attentive look on the sick man, as he kissed the boy repeatedly. “Cicillo, my son, how is this? They took you to the bedside of another man. And there was I, in despair at not seeing you after mamma had written, ‘I have sent him.’ Poor Cicillo! How many days have you been here? How did this mistake occur? I have come out of it easily! I have a good constitution, you know! And how is mamma? And Concettella? And the little baby—how are they all? I am leaving the hospital now. Come, then. Oh, Lord God! Who would have thought it!”

The boy tried to interpolate a few words, to tell the news of the family. “Oh, how happy I am!” he stammered. “How happy I am! What terrible days I have passed!” And he could not finish kissing his father.

But he did not stir.

“Come,” said his father; “we can get home this evening.” And he drew the lad towards him. The boy turned to look at his patient.

“Well, are you coming or not?” his father demanded, in amazement.

The boy cast yet another glance at the sick man, who opened his eyes at that moment and gazed intently at him.

Then a flood of words poured from his very soul. “No, daddy; wait—here—I can't. Here is this old man. I have been here for five days. He gazes at me incessantly. I thought he was you. I love him dearly. He looks at me; I give him his drink; he wants me always beside him; he is very ill now. Have patience; I have not the courage—I don't know—it pains me too much; I will return home to-morrow; let me stay here a little longer; I don't at all like to leave him. See how he looks at me! I don't know who he is, but he wants me; he will die alone; let me stay here, dear daddy!”

“Bravo, little fellow!” exclaimed the attendant.

The father stood in perplexity, staring at the boy; then he looked at the sick man. “Who is he?” he inquired.

“A countryman, like yourself,” replied the attendant, “just arrived from abroad, and who entered the hospital on the very day that you entered it. He was out of his senses when they brought him here, and could not speak. Perhaps he has a family far away, and sons. He probably thinks that your son is one of his.”

The sick man was still looking at the boy.

The father said to Cicillo, “Stay.”

“He will not have to stay much longer,” murmured the attendant.

“Stay,” repeated his father; “you have heart. I will go home immediately, to relieve mamma's distress. Here is a scudo for your expenses. Good by, my brave little son, until we meet!”

He embraced him, looked at him intently, kissed him again on the brow, and went away.

The boy returned to his post at the bedside, and the sick man appeared consoled. And Cicillo began again to play the nurse, no longer weeping, but with the same eager-

ness, the same patience, as before; he again began to give the man his drink, to arrange his bedclothes, to caress his hand, to speak softly to him, to exhort him to courage. He attended him all that day, all that night; he remained beside him all the following day. But the sick man continued to grow constantly worse; his face turned a purple color, his breathing grew heavier, his agitation increased, inarticulate cries escaped his lips, the inflammation became excessive. On his evening visit, the doctor said that he would not live through the night. And then Cicillo redoubled his cares, and never took his eyes from him for a minute. The sick man gazed and gazed at him, and kept moving his lips from time to time, with great effort, as though he wanted to say something, and an expression of extraordinary tenderness passed over his eyes now and then, as they continued to grow smaller and more dim. And that night the boy watched with him until he saw the first rays of dawn gleam white through the windows, and the sister appeared. The sister approached the bed, cast a glance at the patient, and then went away with rapid steps. A few moments later she reappeared with the assistant doctor, and with a nurse, who carried a lantern.

"He is at his last gasp," said the doctor.

The boy clasped the sick man's hand. The latter opened his eyes, gazed at him, and closed them once more.

At that moment the lad fancied that he felt his hand pressed. "He pressed my hand!" he exclaimed.

The doctor bent over the patient for an instant, then straightened himself up.

The sister detached a crucifix from the wall.

"He is dead!" cried the boy.

"Go, my son," said the doctor; "your work of mercy is finished. Go, and may fortune attend you! for you deserve it. God will protect you. Farewell!"

The sister, who stepped aside for a moment, returned with a little bunch of violets which she had taken from a glass on the window-sill, and handed them to the boy, saying:—

"I have nothing else to give you. Take these in memory of the hospital."

"Thanks," returned the boy, taking the bunch of flowers with one hand and drying his eyes with the other; "but I have such a long distance to go on foot—I shall spoil them." And separating the violets, he scattered them over the bed saying: "I leave them as a souvenir for my poor dead man. Thanks, sister, thanks, doctor!" Then, turning to the dead man, "Farewell—" And while he sought a name to give him, the sweet name which he had applied to him for five days recurred to his lips,—"Farewell, poor daddy!"

So saying, he took his little bundle of clothes under his arm, and, exhausted with fatigue, he walked slowly away. The day was dawning.

WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully:

Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast:
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe:
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.

John Fletcher.

Why the Dog Cannot Endure the Cat?

Nor the Cat the Mouse?

(A Russian Fable.)

MY GRANDMA told me that in the olden times dogs enjoyed great freedom and that among other privileges they had the right to all the meat that fell from the table. To guard this right the dogs drew up a permanent declaration and copied it on the parchment. In this declaration the right was expressly made known. The King of the Dogs kept for a long time the declaration in his charge, but once he entrusted it to the Tomcat, then his secretary. The Tomcat carried the proclamation up into the garret and hid it behind a beam, where no one could possibly find it.

Now it happened that a young Mouse dwelled behind the beam, and once when he was taking his usual walk, he stumbled upon the roll. He tried to drag it from the hiding-place, but the stiff parchment stuck fast, and he could not pull it out. But since it was within his easy reach, the Mouse was very delighted with the find, for he had now something to nibble upon. Day by day he visited the parchment and sharpened his teeth upon it.

It happened one day that a Dog picked up a piece of meat and was caught and punished. His paw was rubbed with hot ashes. He appeared before the King weeping and told him the whole story.

The King summoned his private secretary, the Tomcat, and commanded him to bring the proclamation. The Tomcat hastened to bring the parchment without any delay; but to his great disappointment he found only a few fragments.

The Tomcat knew at once that some little Mouse did that. He told what happened to all other Cats, who expressed their great sorrow by a prolonged and piteous mew. After having expressed their feelings sufficiently, they declared war against all Mice.

After that the Tomcat reported to the King of the Dogs, and the King summoned the Dogdom. From all parts of the world the dogs came together—sheep-dogs, wolf-dogs, boar-hounds, house-dogs: then the King commanded to them all that henceforth and forever they should treat the Cats as their common enemy. Thus all cats have to suffer for the Tomcat's carelessness.

UPSIDE DOWN.

It was a bright September day,
 October last July.
 The birds were singing gayly,
 The flowers full in bloom.
 As I went down the cellar steps
 To sweep the upstairs room
 I looked out of the window,
 Just out of sight I saw a house.
 The top was on the bottom,
 The front was round the back,
 It stood between two others,
 Whitewashed black.

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

HOW TO LIVE.

Let us endeavour so to live that when
 we come to die even the undertaker will
 be sorry.

Mark Twain.

DEATH OR VICTORY?

The longer I live the more deeply I am
 convinced that that which makes the dif-
 ference between one man and another is
 energy, invincible determination, a purpose
 once formed, and then death or victory.

Thomas Fowell Buxton.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

THE NERVOUS MAN.

A NERVOUS disposition
 He had when he was born,
 To hurry to a fair one day,
 He rose at early morn;
 Put on his wife's green trousers
 And started to the sale,
 A riding on a donkey
 His face turned toward the tail.

* * *

GO TO BED!

LITTLE BABY, go to bed
 We'll put a hoop around your head,
 And with the ail we get thereby,
 Our little cake we will fry.

 And when we've fried our bean cake
 brown,
 We'll see the King go into town,
 An iron cap upon his head;
 Now you must surely go to bed.

* * *

THE SNAIL.

LITTLE snail, little snail,
 With your hard, stony bed,
 First stick out your horns,
 Then stick out your head.

Your father and mother
 Have brought you some food,
 Fried liver and mutton,
 Now isn't that good?

And now, little snail,
 Just as sure as I say
 You must eat it at once,
 Or I'll take it away.

* * *

THE LAMB.

It jumped the chequered wall
 The bleating little lamb,
 And snatched a bunch of grass
 To feed its hungry dam.

WHAT THE OLD COW SAID.

A SAD old cow to herself once said,
 While the north wind whistled through
 her shed:
 "To head a drum they will take my skin,
 And they'll file my bones for a big hairpin,
 The scrape of bone they will make into
 dice,
 And sell them off at a very low price;
 My sinews they'll make into whips, I wot,
 And my flesh they'll put in a big soup pot.

* * *

GRAB THE KNEE.

ONE grab silver,
 Two grabs gold,
 Three, don't laugh
 And you'll grow old.

* * *

THE LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

THERE was a little girl
 and she dreamed, folks say,
 That her future mother-in law
 came one day.
 And gold and plated presents brought,
 And a flowered gown and embroidered
 coat.

* * *

CRUEL LITTLE GLUTTON.

HE ate too much
 That second brother,
 And when he had eaten
 He beat his mother.

* * *

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

THE mischievous boy
 Is jumping around,
 On his head is a candlestick
 Weighing a pound;
 He is able to play
 All the nine kinds of tricks,
 From the bell and the foot ball
 To wood ball and sticks.



Joseph Abram writes from Cleveland, Ohio:

"I am eleven years old. I have no mother. She died two years ago and my oldest sister Mary keeps house. I have another sister, thirteen years old, and a brother, fifteen. I am in the fifth grade of the Paul Revere school.

The following poem I read in a book:

TO MY DOG BLANKO.

By J. G. Holland.

My dear dumb friend low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and face,
My shadow in the street;

I look into your great brown eyes;
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

I scan the whole broad earth around
For the one heart which, lean and true
Bears friendship without end or bound
And find the prize in you.

Ah, Blanko! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility."

* * *

THE SONG.

Hushed in wonder we listen and ponder
On sense so rich endowed —
No sound asunder from beauty holds
Our hearts in homage bowed:
This mind's great wealth of thought so grew
In wondrous melody,
That hunger in song to rapture flew,
Denying penury.

Sent by Christine Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

We have so much homework and study that I hardly get any time to write, but I'll try my best. Every time the Mladinski List comes, I like it better. I love to read letters and hope many members would write to me.

* * *

Dear Editor:

The teacher of our school has enrolled me to the Redstone Twp. Spelling Contest, which is given in March; I hope I may win it.

A member, John Mezan.

* * *

Dear Editor:

The weather here has been terrible. There were many snow storms. For Easter Sunday it was so stormy that no-one could go visiting, but as I read the "Prosveta" it was stormy over other states, also.

I go to quite a large school, about a mile away from my father's farm. It was closed on May 18th, 1928. In other schools it closes in month of June, but here it doesn't. My younger brother and two sisters, and also my mother, are going to join the S. N. P. J. organization this summer. I like this lodge very much, but most of all I just love the Mladinski List.

I wish that some boys and girls would write to me. I'll be glad to answer every letter.

Mary Ostanek, Traunik, Mich., Box 4.

* * *

A JOKE.

"Doctor," said the very sick man, "what are my chances of recovering?"

"Oh, pretty good," said the doc. "But don't start reading any long continued stories."

Jennie Prince, Clairton, Pa., Box 185.

THE TOAD.

One day as I was traveling on
A road just fresh with rain,
I glanced at something very dull —
I stopped and looked again.

There crouched beneath a forest leaf
A modest toad was hidden,
"Why do you hide and look so scared?"
He whispered, "We're forbidden."

I said, "Come out into the sun
And take in all you can,
The air is free and here are bugs —
Said he, "I am a friend to man."

"So very few know this Sir Toad,
They seek just their brief joys,
They trample all beneath their feet —
He sighed, "Especially boys.

Dear little girl, if all but knew
How hard we work for man,
How many fields we rid of bugs,
They'd spare us all they can.

They'd teach the boys who roam the fields,
And saunter 'long the road,
To never lift a hand to harm,
A modest, useful toad."

From Jean Widitz, Washoe, Mont.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I will graduate out of the eighth grade this year.

The strike is done here, and I sure am glad it is. We had many strikebreakers here, but it is all over now.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

A. C. Bubnich, Washington Ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* * *

Dear Editor:

There are many members out here, but they do not write; they are either sleeping or lazy.

I would be very glad to have other members interested in this "list", too.

I see so many members write from different states; you know how I feel.

We are on strike for ten months.

I wish members would write to me from different states.

I hope the members would pass in their "exams;" for school will soon be over.

My sister got a letter from Mary Yancher from Cleveland; but we lost her address. I would be very glad if I could get her address.

Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa., Box 18.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Up and down and over the hill
Climbs the mountaineer,
Through the quiet his voice is heard,
Soft and sweet and clear.

Up and up to the mountain's peak
He goes, then stops to rest,
Loking at all he's left behind —
Peace within his breast.

Down he starts and he sings again —
Now his songs are gay,
Thought he reached the top o' the world
He'd not want to stay.

Up and down and over the hill
Climbs the mountaineer,
When he comes to town he'll shout,
"Bring me a glass of beer!"

Sent by Rudolph Sernel, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Reading about the strikes and the poor coal miners, I sometimes wish I could help them all, and I really wish the Union would win. Our school closes in June and I have hopes of graduating from the 8th grade. I like the Mladinski List better every time it comes. The Chatter Corner is steadily growing larger and shows the good cooperation of the members. Keep on, members, keep on! Hoping some members will write to me, I am closing.

A member, Jennie Vitavec, Canton, Ohio,
1614 Sherrick Rd., S. E...

* * *

GOOD NEWS FROM ARMA, KANSAS.

The "Sun-Flowers" Lodge of Arma, Kansas, has made a remarkable progress during the past several months. Although a few of the members cannot be present at our meetings, because they have gone to other cities and employed themselves at various occupations, they still remain loyal to one of the best lodges in this district. Our organization is still young, however, but we have very active and willing members, especially our president and vice-president, who boost our lodge in every possible way. When the few pioneers founded this lodge, they did not realize what kind of an organization they established. Indeed, I am safe to say that they began a permanent and well conducted beneficial society. We gladly invite eligible persons to join our Society, if it is their desire; so that in the course of future years we will have a very expanded and prosperous lodge.—Frank Pier.

A COMFORTER.

Don't cry, little brother;
I know that you fell,
But the place isn't bleeding—
It soon will be well.

Dry your eyes, little brother;
You're growing so tall
And it's only a baby
Who cries at a fall.

But hark, little brother,
I hear the birds sing!
We'll play, I'm a duchess
And you are a king!

So come little brother,
I'll make you a crown
of the pretty white daisies
That grow on the down.

Josephine Pavlovich, Bridgeport, Ohio.

* * *

THE STARS.

At evening when I go to bed
I see stars shine over head;
They are the little daisies white, that
Dot the meadows of the night
And often when I am dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go.
It is the lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

Joe Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I have never read a letter from Hendersonville, Pa., so I am writing one. I am ten years and in the fifth grade.

We are on the strike now. We hope the Union would win, then every one would be happy.

Frank Klobucar.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am in the fifth grade and I am ten years old. My father and mother are in the S. N. P. J. and I am in only for a couple of months. I love to read the jokes and funny stories and could hardly wait until the M. L. comes.

George Hodnik, 69 Cedar St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am second girl writing from Sugarite, and would like some of the girls write to me.

I have just a few girls friends that write, so please everybody write. I belong to the Slovenska narodna podpornica jednota, lodge No. 54. Regards to all.

Mary Tibljas, Sugarine, New Mex., Box 103.

Emma Lustic from Traunik, Mich., writes:
"I am not a member, but will soon become one. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. I would like to have some of the members write to me. Will write more next time."

* * *

Other letters were written by the following members:

Pauline Kodelja, Conneaut, Ohio.
Stanley Nosan, Chisholm, Minnesota.
Dorothy Rupnik, Library, Pa.
Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.
John Udovich, Strabane, Pa.
Annie Rahne, Herminie, Pa.
Olga M. Knaus, Traunik, Mich.
Helen Pavlovich, Godfrey, Ill.

* * *

ANSWERS TO THE APRIL PUZZLES.

Riddles of Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio:

1. WATERMELLON.

Solved by:

Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.
Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.
Bertha Urbancic, Indianapolis, Ind.

2. SNAIL.

Solved by:

Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio.
Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.
Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.

Puzzle by Frank Vigegar, La Salle, Ill.

3. MLADINSKI LIST.

Solved by:

Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio.
Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.
Joseph Drasler, Forest City, Pa.
Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.
Mary Kushlan, Lloydell, Pa.

* * *

1. BEHEADING.

CHARM, HARM, ARM, RAM, MAR.

2. RIDDLES.

a) GLOVE.

Solved by:

Mary Križaj, Irwin, Pa.

b) NO HORSE, for a horse has only four legs, whereas no horse has eight legs.

c) CAST-A-NET.

d) YARD.

Solved by:

Theresa Kosi, La Salle, Ill.

e) AN UPRIGHT PIANO.

f) When it is used to PROP-A-GATE.

* * *

Riddles by Mary Mihelcic, Blaine, Ohio:

1. How do you spell a blind pig with two letters?
2. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?



A Little Garden of Good Things

A MILLIONAIRE HAS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

A CERTAIN New York millionaire was so strongly opposed to charitable appeals that he had never been known to give a decent subscription to any of the causes which had solicited him.

A friend responsible for financing a worthy object made a proposition to him. He asked him to sign a check for ten thousand dollars, with the distinct understanding that the check would be returned to him the next morning. There was to be a banquet that evening to open the campaign, and the friend wished to be able to state that he had the millionaire's check for ten thousand dollars.

He would not say that the check had been given for charitable purposes, but he knew the folks he wished to subscribe would draw that inference, and by this piece of wholly unjustifiable deception he would secure thousands of dollars for a very worthy object.

The proposition was distinctly dishonest, but neither the millionaire nor his friend seems to have had the slightest scruple in regard to it. The check was given, the appeal was made; and by this

dishonorable artifice one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were secured.

But now comes the strangest part of the story. When the promoter called on his millionaire friend and handed back the ten thousand dollar check the millionaire refused to take it. He said: "Not much, I don't want it. Wouldn't take it for the world. I never realized the feeling of giving until last evening, when man after man came and congratulated and thanked me. I made up my mind there and then to let you have the money. I've never had such a happy evening; never had such a night's sleep. You've opened up a new world to me."

Edward Bok.

THE GOLDEN CROWN

XERXES embarked on a Phoenician ship and crossed into Asia.

On his voyage the ship was assailed by a strong wind, which caused the sea to run high. As the storm increased and the ship labored heavily because of the number of Persians who had come in the king's train and now crowded the deck, Xerxes was seized with fear, and called to the helmsman, asking if there were any means whereby they might escape.

"No means, master," the helmsman answered, "unless we could be quit of these too numerous passengers."

Xerxes, they say, on hearing this addressed the Persians as follows: "Men of Persia, now is the time for you to show what love ye bear your king. My safety, as it seems, depends wholly upon you."

So spake the king; and the Persians instantly made obeisance and leaped into the sea. Thus the ship was lightened, and Xerxes got safe to Asia. As soon as he had reached the shore he sent for the helmsman, and gave him a golden crown because he had preserved the life of the king—but because he had caused the death of a number of Persians he ordered his head to be struck from his shoulders.

Herodotus

THE THREE DOORS.

On the splendid arches that span the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are inscriptions.

On one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend "All that pleases is for a moment.

Over the other is sculptured a cross, and under it are the words "All that troubles is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central arch which leads to the main aisle is the inscription "That only is important which is eternal.

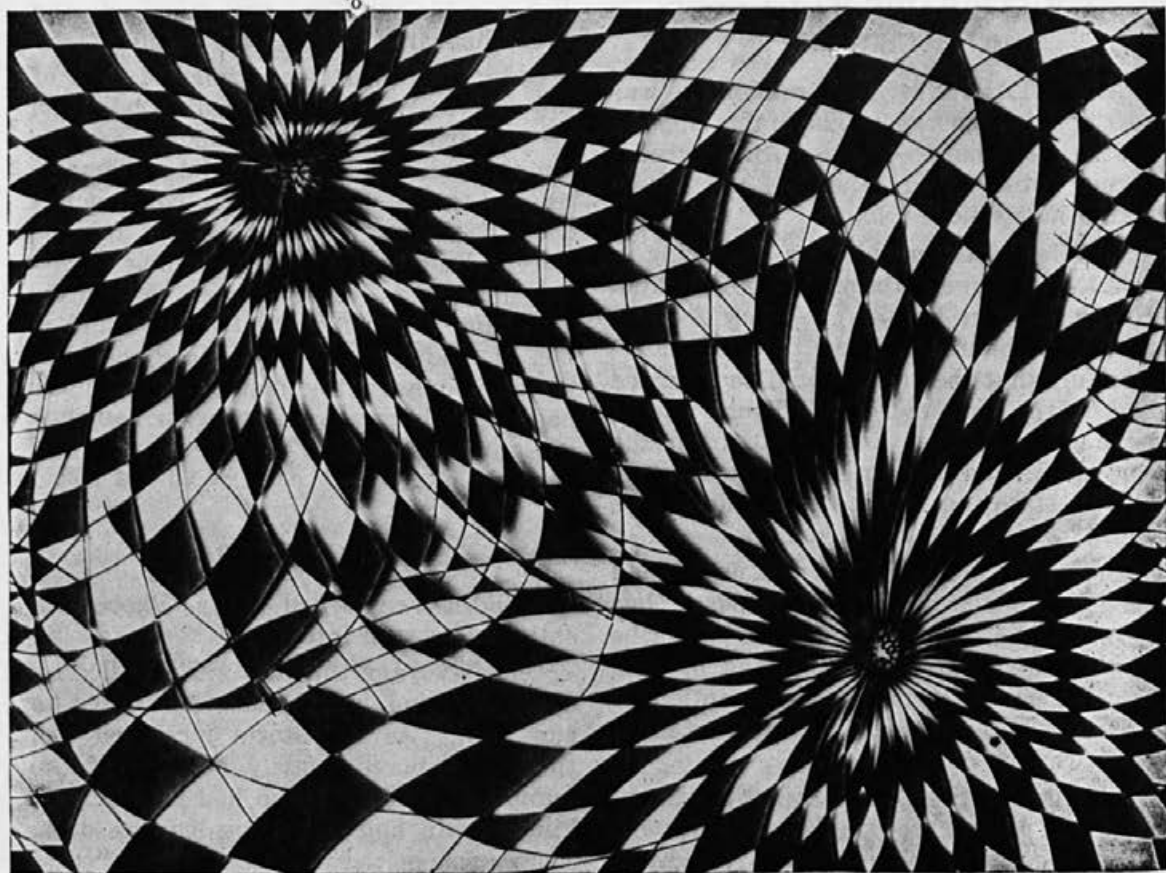
J. Mitchell.

* * *

THEN.

When man has come to the Turnstiles of Night, all the creeds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colorless.

Rudyard Kipling.



Japanese Shade Drawing.



MLADINSKI LIST

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