

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO VIII.—Št. 5.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAJ 1929.

VOL. VIII.—No. 5.

Andrej Kobal:

TOLAŽBA

NIKAR ne joči, mladi član!
Izgubil zgodaj si očeta,
ljubezen draga ti je vzeta,
a vendar bodi brat močan!

Tvoj dobri oče je poznal
nesrečo, ki preži na njega;
da reši sina vsega zlega,
te je pri nas zavaroval.

Vsi čutimo trpljenje tvoje:
nas sprejmi brate, sestre zveste,
da lajšamo življenja ceste,
vse zate damo društvo svoje.

Leži on danes pokopan!
Usoda je tako hotela.
Prekruto, res, te je zadela,
a nehaj plakat, mladi član!

Vse, kar imamo v društvu svojem,
kar zgradil z nami rajni oče,
—nam zabiti ga ni mogoče,—
naj bo pomoč v trpljenju tvojem.



Ivan Albreht:

Pismo o sreči

K materinemu dnevu.

Ali veš, prijatelj moj, kje te čaka sreča?

Po sledovih materinih stopinj hodi. Te kliče in išče in čaka z razprtimi rokami.

Kamor je dehnila ljubezen Tvoje matere, kamor je segla njena skrb, kjer je zazvenela njena beseda in kamor je kanila kaplja znoja, ki ga je privabilo njeno trpljenje, povsod tam Te čaka sreča.

To je večna postava, prijatelj moj. Bog sam jo je zapisal vsem živim bitjem na vekomaj.

Ako jo spoštuješ, blagor Tebi! Ako se ji izneveriš, ne išči sreče, prijatelj moj mladi! Vse Tvoje iskanje bi bilo zaman . . .

Prerijska sloka

PRED MOJO samotno hišico na preriji je skozi tri leta vsake pomladi zgradila gnezdo prerijska sloka. Poiskala si je vzvišeno golo mesto, mogoče nekdanjo krtino, za silo razbrskala ležišče in znesla štiri svetlorjavkasta in sivo pikčasta jajčka. Tri leta sem jo opazoval od konca maja in skozi junij, kajti gnezdece ni bilo niti sto korakov od hiše in ptica se mi je radi krotkosti tako priljubila, da se nobenega dne nisem vrnil z dela, ne da bi pogledal proti njenemu skromnemu gnezdecu. Sprva je bila plašna in je bliskovito skočila iz gnezda, če sem se približal, toda pozneje, ko je videla, da ji nihče ne stori zlega, se ni splasila, tudi ko sem prišel v neposredno bližino.

Kdo bi tudi plašil ljubko ptico ter jo motil v pridnem delu za svoj zarod! Ko so se ji zvalili mladiči, je bila na nogah od rana do večera. Na visokih, skoro iglastih nožicah je tekala po pokošenem travniku pred hišo, iskajoča kobilic in drugega mrčesa in brez oddiha nosila v vedno odprte štiri kljunčke čisto nagih nebogljenčkov. Ko se je včasih podala na lov proti mlaki za hišo, se je dvignila na prožna krila par čevljev nad travnikom in v nekaj zamahih že krožila nad mlako, da ulovi paglavca, vodnega pajka ali ličinko v mlakužnem trsju. Z zalogo v dolgem ravnem kljunu se je zavrtela nad gnezdecem svojega zaroda in pitala mlade. Čestokrat sem jo opazoval: dala je vsem, saj vsi so cvrčali, a nikoli je nisem videl, da bi tudi sama vzela zalogaj.

Prvo leto sem opazil gnezdece, ko so mladiči že dobivali prvo perje. Prikosil sem bil do njih ter se nemalo prestrašil, kajti le za zamah je manjkalo, da jih nisem zadel s koso. Sicer sem slutil, da mora biti v bližini gnezdo, ker že nekaj vrst sem napravil preko travnika neprestano spremljan z zategnjenim čivkanjem s tal odskakujoče ptice. Ko sem se nagnil čez gnezdo in s prstom motil zevajoče kljunčke, je stara z vikom priskakovala vedno bliže. Nisem je hotel dolgo begati. Pokosil sem še nekoliko obližje gnezda, ga zavaroval s pokošeno travo, da bi ne bilo preveč izpostavljeno, potem pa odšel, da se je stara lahko vrnila k zarodu.

Odraščajoče mladiče sem stopil gledat vsakega popoldneva po povratku iz mesta. Še tri tedne so rastle v gnezdu, že so se učili tekat in se dvigali v zrak, nekega dne pa zmanjkalo stare in vseh štirih mladičev. Zleteli so najbrž k mlaki, kjer je bilo več hrane zanje.

Ob letu se je stara sloka vrnila. Nenavadno zgodaj spomladi je bilo. V bližini je letala in tekala par tednov, predno se je odločila za staro gnezdo, kamor sem šel večkrat pogledat, da vidim, če ji je tudi letos po volji gola gruda. Dolgo ni bilo nič, a nekega dne sem vendar opazil jajčece, čez par dni drugo, potem tretje in četrto. Tri ali štiri tedne nato so bili že mladiči, goli in neprijetni kakor lanski, vendar vsem je bilo dano, da se izprevržejo v ljubke ptice selivke. Tega leta se je stara že bolj udomačila, ni več tolikanj trepetala, če sem se bližal gnezdu, toda popolne zaupnosti ni bilo nikoli, kajti vsikdar je zletela.

Tretje leto sem pričakoval, da se sloka vrne. Pomladi dolgo ni hotelo biti, še maja meseca je padal sneg. Že sem mislil, da se je morala sloka podati v kateri drugi kraj, ali pa je mogoče podlegla na dolgi in naporni poti v južnih krajih, kjer je mogoče omagala vsled starosti ali pa padla kot plen lovcu, ki preži za njenim okusnim mesom. Toda želja se je izpolnila: priljubljena obiskovalka se je vrnila vsa mršava. Trpela je radi hude zime. Pa je vse to ni nič oviralo:

manj časa je odlašala kot lani. Takoj je znesla prvo jajce, ko sem šel gledat drugič, so bila v gnezdu že tri, in končno štiri.

Delala je neumorno kakor lani, tekala s pogubnim kljunom za žuželkami in sitila mlade.

Tedaj pa se je zgodilo nekaj usodnega mirnemu zarodu. Že skoro odrasli mladiči so nekega dne vsi zmanjkali. Izslediti jih je morala sosedova mačka ali pa mogoče kragulj, ki je tolikrat krožil nad travnikom. Ko sem se vrnil in šel predvsem pogledat k gnezdu, je bila samo še gola gruda, ob strani pa je odskačkvala v travi starka, tožeč za mladimi s pretresljivim čivkanjem, ki ni bilo še nikoli tako žalostno kot sem ga slišal tedaj. Stikal sem povsod v obližju, da najdem sled ali mogoče vsaj katerega mladiča, toda vsi so poginili, gotovo za kosilo roparju.

Otožno čivkanje se je razlegalo dolgo v noč. Nenadoma se mi je zazdelo, da prihaja skozi odprto okno s travnika kar dvojno toženje. Res sta tožili dve ptici, kajti prišel je odnekod tudi samec, ki ga prej nisem nikoli videl. Še dva dni sta oba tekala po travniku in vzletala nad razdrtim gnezdom, potem pa sta se izgubila, in sloka ni gnezdila na travniku pred hišo nikoli več.

A. K.

Rodin

Z NAŠIM opisom najvažnejših umetnikov smo se že podali v štiri različne dežele. Skušali smo podati od vsakega naroda najbolj značilnega umetnika, pa naj bo v slikarstvu ali kiparstvu. Umevno je, če hočemo podati vsaj po enega umetnika iz vsake dežele, da moramo pogledati tudi v Francijo, ki je takorekoč središče evropske umetnosti, ne samo danes, temveč že par zadnjih stoletij. Celo po vojnih dneh, ki so hudo udarili Francijo, je Pariz umetniško in kulturno središče, in sicer postaja čedalje važnejše, kolikor bolj se olajšuje promet med raznimi deli sveta. Pariz je postal kulturno središče vsega sveta.

Toda navzlic važnosti vloge, katero je Francija igrala v razvoju svetovne umetnosti, ne najdemo med Francozi nobenega Miheangela, nobenega Velasqueza in Rembrandta, kaj šele Fidijasa in Praksitela. Tekom stoletij je med Francozi živelo na stotine umetnikov, toda nobeden med njimi ni bil mojster tiste veličine, kakor jih vidimo skoro na ducate med Italijani in precej tudi med Španci, Belgijci in Nemci. Povzpeli so se visoko v umetnosti, razvili jo do najvišje stopnje, toda učili so se od Italijanov in Špancev, katerih niso dosegli.

Seveda je imela tudi Francija svoje velikane v umetnosti. Če hočemo poiskati najboljšega med njimi, pa smo takoj v zadregi, ker ni se tako lahko odločiti, kakor na primer pri Italijanih za Mihelangela in Rafaela, ali pri Špancih za Velasqueza. Vsekakor smo se odločili za Rodina, ki je umetnik zadnjega stoletja, torej modernejši kot vsi, katere smo dosedaj opisali. To je tudi eden vzrokov da smo se za predstavitev francoskih umetnikov odločili opisati Rodina in njegova dela. Pa tudi nekaj posebnega je bilo v tem možu: on je bil začetnik modernega kiparstva, ki je še



RODIN: Pestunja.

v razvoju, in on je tudi mogočno vplival na hrvaškega kiparja Meštroviča in Rosandiča, prvaka modernega kiparstva.

Avgust Rodin se je rodil v Parizu leta 1840 in umrl med svetovno vojno leta 1917. Že kot deček je pokazal nagnjenje do kiparstva. Učil se je rad ter hodil v razne kiparske šole. Učitelji so sicer dobro vplivali nanj, ali nikoli se jim ni čisto podal, kajti delati je hotel po svojem okusu. Svoje posebno nagnjenje je pokazal v prvem znamenitem delu, ko je upodobil "Moža s pohabljenim nosom." V tem delu izraženo posebnost je nadaljeval v drugih delih. Drugi umetniki in kritičarji, ki so hoteli, da mora delati po starih vzorcih, so ga grajali, toda on je že zašel na svojo lastno pot, na katero je izvabil še posnemalce.

Rodin se ni posebno brigal za politične razmere svoje domovine in tudi za vojno mu ni bilo. Ko je bila Francija zapletena v vojno s Prusi (1870), se je podal v Belgijo, kjer je kmalu zaslovel s svojimi velikimi deli. V Bruslju je izdelal veliko število kipov, katerih pa tu ne moremo navajati, ker niso njegova glavna dela.

Svoje največje delo je Rodin začel ustvarjati leta 1885. To je skoro trideset čevljev visoka skupina "Vhoda v pekel," s katero se je ukvarjal dvajset let. Misel za to veliko delo, ohranjeno v Parizu, je našel v veliki pesmi laškega pesnika Danteja. Pesnika samega je postavil na vrh "vhoda," a razne prizore iz pesmi pa vdela od vznožij proti vrhu. O tem delu velja splošno mnenje, da je eno najvažnejših umetniških del modernega časa.

Med izvrševanjem svojega najvažnejšega dela se je Rodin ukvarjal z drugimi manjšimi, s katerimi je stopnjema žel pohvalo. Drugi umetniki so mu menda iz zavisti nasprotovali, da se je ločil od njih organizacij in delal ter tudi razstavljal zase. Med druga največja dela iz marmorja prištevajo veliko soho francoskega pesnika Hugona in pisatelja Balzaca. V teh je Rodin najbolj mo-



RODIN: Glava meščana iz Calaisa.

deren. Posebno z zadnjim delom je povzročil veliko nemira med umetniškimi krogi. Ko je bilo razstavljeno, ni on dobil priznanja, temveč njegov manj vreden tekmeec Falguiere. Ampak Rodin se radi tega ni vznemirjal: tekmeču samemu je napravil kip, kar najboljše pokaže njegov lepi značaj.

Pravo slavo so Francozi začeli izkazovati Rodinu šele po letu 1900. Mesto Pariz ga je posebno odlikovalo s tem, da je pokupilo precej njegovih del za posebno razstavo. Med deli je kupilo tudi še nedogotovljeni "Vhod v pekel."

Rodinu je bilo namenjeno še veliko dela, kajti delal je neumorno do zadnjega. Bil je torej velikan tudi po številu svojih del, katera je podaril Franciji in vsemu svetu v teku šestdesetih let svojega proizvajanja. Njegova svetovno znana dela so zlasti "Mislec," "Adam" in "Izgubljeni sin." Prvo izmed teh je med svetovno vojno podaril angleški armadi, ki ga je razstavila v Londonu; drugo lastuje čikaški "Art Institute." Vsa dela, kar mu jih je ob smrti preostalo, je Rodin podaril Franciji.

Nemogoče je z opisom predočiti vso veličino in lepoto Rodinovih del, kakor tudi ni lahko razumeti globino njegovih misli. On ni skušal upodobiti lepih, idealnih kipov, kakoršne na primer vidimo pri Grkih in pa v dobi preporeda pri Italijanih. Njegovi moški kipi so mišičasti skoro do pretiranosti, toda resnični; v njih je videti, kako dosledno je Rodin poznal človeški sestav. Obrazi so polni izraza, v njih ni tistega miru, kot ga sledimo v klasičnih delih, temveč izražajo čustva do najpopolnejše resničnosti.

Albin Čebular:

TEGA PA NE!

Striček Matiček
brez zobcev je že,
oj skoraj piškotka
že več ne poje.

Ko je bil majhen
prav kakor ste vi,
si zobčkov nikoli
osnažil res ni.

Aj, bilo je, veste,
zato tudi to,
da zobčki boleli
so ga prav močno.

Kdor zobcev ne umiva
po jedi nikdar,
brez zobcev, ko striček
vsak bo, ko bo star — —!

Med snegom in ledom

Bajka iz pravadnih dni.

Po dr. L. Poljancu.

SLEDEČA zgodba vodi čitatelja v davno, megleno preteklost, in sicer daleč, daleč nazaj, recimo najmanj okroglih 20,000 let. — Pokrajine so kazale ta čas povsem drugačno lice kakor zdaj. Preden tedaj pripeljem junake na pozorišče, opišem dobo in krajevne razmere, v katerih so živeli. Najprimernejša pot k temu cilju pa je spoznanje drugih današnjih pokrajin, ki so njim vsaj slične.

Veselje do gora te je popeljalo do orjaškega, vedno s snegom pokritega gorvoja. Pri vsaki stopinji navzgor se ti odpira večje obzorje, korak za korakom pa ti tudi veselje vzigrava srce in dušo objema zadovoljnost in samozavest. Ko stopaš po neizmernih snežiščih, ob šumečih in kalnih ledniških potokih, ki jih robijo orjaške groblje pustega kamnja, po "morju večnega ledu," ki odpira, lokavo zakriva in zapira globoko in daleč zevajoče razpoke, nehote si staviš vprašanje, kako je neki nastal ta čudezni, ta mikajoči, ta strašni svet visokih gora? Da, strašne so gore, ko brijejo po njihovih vrhovih snežni viharji. Piš je takšen, da ne čuješ lastnih besed, sneg, dasiravno droben kakor prah, ti zaganja veter v obraz vendar s tako silo, kakor bi te zbadal z iglicami. Največ snega занesejo viharji v zavetrja, v visokogorske kotle, drage in doline, kjer pokrijejo tla z mnogo metrov debelo odejo. In iz tega snežnega poprha, lahkega kakor moka, drobnega kakor svišč, naj nastaja led? In vendar je tako!

Iz snežišč nastajajo ledniki na isti način, kakor se snežna kepa, ki jo potisneš v roki pod vodo, izpremeni v ledeno kepo. Solnce je v visokogorskem, vedrem svetu mnogo močnejše ko v meglenih dolinah. Ko posije po snežnih viharjih na snežišča, na pobeljena gorska po-

bočja, povsod kopni sneg, posebno za poletnih mesecev, povsod curljajo potčki v globel, od vseh strani pa grmijo z vrhov v kotle snežni plazovi. Voda pronicava v gorski sneg, polni luknjice, zmrzava v hladnih nočeh ter izpreminja sneg najprej v sren, pozneje v led. Ta led ni tako trd in krhek kakor oni, ki kristaluje iz vode in ki ga lomimo na ribnikih in jezerih; zavoljo svojega posebnega postanka ostaja vlečen in precej prožen. Ker se odpira in nagiba gorski kotel, tam teče, ali recimo bolje, tam se cedi lednik iz njega kakor razgreta smola po poševni ploskvi; po obsežnih dolinah se širi, v soteskah se stiska, preko skal pada. Tako vlečni kakor smola seveda ledniki niso; kjer se jim stavijo na dnu struge večje zapreke, tam čuješ, posebno ponoči, silno prasertanje in pokanje ledu. Razpoke zavezajo ob zapreki vzdolž in vprek po ledniku, a se pod zapreko zopet zapro.

Neizmerno so predrugačili ledniki obličje zemlje. V Alpah so vklesali do deset tisoč čevljev globoke doline, pred zaprekami so izdolbli globeli, ki jih polnijo danes krasna, modra planinska jezera, ob svojem nekdanjem robu so nasuli velikanske groblje, ki tudi mesto? ma zaježavajo vodo. Ledovje, napolnivi doline do vrha, je segalo z enega gorskega grebena čez drugega in izskobljalo gorska sedla in prelaze, pokaterih so korakali pozneje vojvode na zmagoslavne pohode, trgovci za bogastvom, narodi — za srečo. Pod temi prelazi brzligajo danes lokomotive in spajajo topli jug s hladno severno stranjo, strastne in živahne južne narode s preudarnimi severjani.

Toda niti največji alpski ledniki sedanje dobe nam ne morejo pojasniti vseh teh orjaških pojavov. Poseči nam je treba nazaj v ledeno dobo, ko je po-

krivala vse Alpe enotna ledena skorja, v ledeno dobo, ki jo nahajamo zdaj edinole v Grenlandiji in na celini ob južnem tečaju. V Grenlandiji molijo iz leda in snega le najvišji vrhovi, ki dosegajo do deset tisoč čevljev; vse drugo je pokopano v lednikih, ki segajo do morja, pozimi še celo daleč v morje in so mestoma čez tri tisoč čevljev debeli. Ako stojiš na takem ledniku ob globoki razpoki, ti udarja na uho piš burje, ki nanaša sneg, z drugim pa, ki ga obračask razpoki, lahko prisluškuješ šumenju ledniške reke v globočini, ki pod ledom pohiteva k morju.

Ako zasijejo Eskimovcem kdaj miljejši dnevi in skopnijo ledene reke, potem se prikažejo pod njimi čudečim se očem po štiri tisoč čevljev globoke zanožine ali fjordi, kakor jih občudujejo zdaj popotniki na Norveškem. Za zdaj pa se bori Eskimovec z burjo in z mrazom, z gladom in s smrtjo, v ledu se poraja in umira, prestavljen v toplejše kraje pa gine od domotožja, kakor vene gorska planika, presajena v nižavski vrt. O, ljubezen do rodne grude, in naj je še tako majhna in skromna! Kaj je višjega, kaj lepšega od te ljubezni?

Imel pa je Eskimovec v pradavnih časih brate, ne po krvi, ne po rodu, imel je brate po trpljenju.

Bilo je proti koncu tretje, to je zadnje ledene dobe. Na vzhodu zahodnih francoskih Alp se je razprostirala dolina, ki je kazala vse znake, da so jo izdolble ledniške sile. Druga ledniška doba, največja in najhujša od vseh — saj so segali ta čas alpski ledniki na severu do Donave, skandinavski led pa je udarjal s sprednjimi stenami na jugu ob Krušne gore, Krkonoše in Karpatate ter se razprostiral po ruskih planjavah do Kijeva — ta druga ledniška doba torej je pokrila okolico naše doline z mešanico iz gorskega grušča, proda in gline. Ko so pozneje skopneli ledovi in pri tej priliki narastle iz potokov reke, iz rek veletoki, ta čas se je voda zajedla v apnenike, ki so tvorili podlago pokrajini. ta čas šele je prav

nastala dolina. Toda ni še bila posebno globoka. Za tretje ledniške dobe so jo zajeli iznova ledniki, poglobili jo ter izskobljali na bregovih čez sto čevljev visoke, strme stene, ki so jih vodoravno opraskali ter pustili tako jasne sledove za seboj. Ko so se umikali ledniki proti koncu ledene dobe h goram, si je reka sama poglobila v nekdanjem ledniškem koritu strugo. Med navpično steno, ki se je raztezala kakor prirodni zid proti goram na vzhodu, in med sedanjo rečno strugo je bila kakih 350 čevljev široka polica, dno prejšnjega ledniškega korita. Nasprotni rečni breg je padal strmo in naravnost do vode. Kakor v naših kraških tleh je bilo tudi v tamošnjem apneniku mnogo jam, ki jih je izlužila in izprala voda: ena teh jam se je odpirala ob steni, nekaj čevljev nad opisano polico.

Spomladi, v jutranjem ledenem mrazu se je dvigal in valovil iz odprtine bel dim kakor iz železniškega predora, kadar teče vlak po njem. Kar se prikaže v dimu mož majhne, čokate postave, kakor jih nahajamo še danes med mongolskimi severjani. Na kratkih nogah počiva neizmerno visoko truplo, ki se nagiba lahko naprej in nosi na kratkem vratu veliko in težko glavo. Tudi glava se sklanja naprej. Poševnemu čelu in nizki lobanji nikakor ne odgovarja močno razvito in nazaj držeče zatemenje, kjer je v možganih, kakor vemo, vidno središče. Nad boljšečimi, toda orlovobistrimi očmi nosita čelnici močna, koščena nabora in na njih sršeče obrvi. Čeljusti s krepkim, ali recimo bolje, s strašnim zobovjem štrlijo naprej; najjasneje pa loči tega moža od vseh sedanjih človeških plemen čokata spodnja čeljust, ki nima podbradka ter podaja zato njegovemu licu neko zverinsko obliko in na gobec spominjajoč izraz. Na prvi pogled misliš, da imaš pred seboj pravcato žival. Toda blesk teh oči že odkriva mišljenje. Te oči so kakor mrtva struga, ki jih polni voda, ki pa ni bistra, živa voda. Pod to plitvo lobanjo je misel le še kakor ubežna iskra, ki

se poraja in utrinja, ki pa tli pod pepelom, da vzplamti pri poznih rodovih v prelepem in prevelikem plamenu.

Mož se je obrnil proti vzhodu. Izza ovinka, ki ga dela reka, ker se izliva tam stranski ledniški potok, vidi vodo, kako se peni, kako buta ob skale, kako nosi s seboj srež in ledene plošče. Za ovinkom se dviga bleščeči lednik, izprva kakor ozka bela cesta, v ozadju pa se širi bolj in bolj in prehaja na obzorju v neprestano ledeno polje, ki ga ravno obseva z bledo svetlobo zahajajoči mesec. Gore so torej še vse v ledu! Na nasprotni strani reke valovijo, kakor daleč sega oko, temni iglasti gozdi, ki jih pokriva zdaj ivje. Pred gozdom je zasnežena golica; ko skopni sneg, ozelenijo tu za kratkega poletja mahovi in lišaji, resa, pritlikava breza in drugi pritlikavci. A zdaj zveni od tod zategli glas rukajočega orjaškega jelena, ki vabi in izziva druge jelene na boj in ki se jasno loči s svojim širokim rogovjem od belega ozadja. Dani se. Zadnji pogled velja zahodu; tam na obzorju se rdeči nebo, kakor bi se kopalo v zarji, tam bljuva ognjenik, nad njim neskončno nebo z mrzlimi zvezdami, to je moževa domovina, ki se je ne upa prestopiti ne noga, ne misel.

Kar se začuje peketanje kopit, ki bobnijo po žmrzlem snegu na polici. Splašena čreda severnih jelenov beži v divjem begu mimo njega proti ledniku, košata rogovja se zibljejo nad glavami kakor v vetru vrhovi dreves, nozdrvi puhajo iz sebe vodne pare, ki zakrivajo živali v jutranjem mrazu, da jih vidiš kakor v megli. Peketanje se oddaljuje, pojema, utihne. Žareče in divje se svetijo možu oči ob pogledu na bežečo čredo in — ob spominih. Včeraj je zasledoval s tovariši čredo na planici nad domačo, strmo steno, dobro je poznal krdelo po belem jelenu vodniku. Ko je grebla čreda sneg z nogami in iskala na tej paši mahov ter lišajev, so jo skušali lovci obkoliti, oplašiti, zagnati proti steni in upropastiti čez steno. Toda beli vodnik je pravočasno spoznal prete-

čo nevarnost, zavel s čredo ob reki na levo in pustil za seboj trudne in gladne lovce. Kaj vemo mi, kaj je glad v takih mrzlih in ledenih nočeh? Tiha in gluha tema v jami je sprejela jutranjega čuvaja. Sklonjeno, a trdno je stopal pod poznanim nizkim vhodom in kmalu se je prikazalo za ovinkom ognjišče iz preprostih kamenov, na katerem so se dvigali iz zadnjih ogorkov med gostim dimom svetli zibeljčki. Čuvaj, Ruk po imenu, ker je bil njegov prvi plen rukajoč orjaški jelen, je vrigel na ognjišče dračja in par večjih vej. Votlina se je zasvetila. Pod črnimi, zakajenimi stenami, s katerih so viseli kapniki, so ležali na tleh v mahu in v lišajih, zaviti v sirove kože, možje, žene in otroci in močno sopli. Iz meha v kotu je nekaj zavekalo, usteca so iskala in našla uteho na materinih prsih ter utihnili. Katranasti dim se je mešal z vonjem neobdelanih kož in napol ožganih kosti ter z izdihanim zrakom in polnil vso hišo z neznosnim smradom. Živi ogenj pa ni samo razsvetlil jame, zbudil je iz srede spečega krdela tudi poglavarja, belolasega in belobralega Braha, ki je z glasnim krikom "ej uh!" zdramil tudi sostanovalec. Res je bil njegov život sklonjen. lice razorano, toda ta život je kazal še zdaj znake nekdanjih jeklenih mišic. Vsi, stari in mladi jamarji, so ga poznali; zdelo se jim je, da je tako rekoč od nekdanj v tej jami kakor bog in vse se ga je napol balo, napol ga spoštovalo. Kot mladenič si je poiskal svoj čas v reki kremen, ki se je prilegal koščenim prstom in mišičnati dlani desnice in ki je bil na prostem koncu kakor priostreno kladivo. K temu kladivu je izbral zvesto kladivišče, lastne lehti, ki so se priklepale h kamnu tudi ponoči. Bili so hudi časi, nikdar nisi bil varen pred zvermi, pred orjaškim jamskim medvedom, ki so ga predniki pregnali baš iz te jame, pred jamskim levom. Napol si dremal, napol je bilo treba bedeti.

Na Brahovo znamenje je bilo kmalu vse pripravljeno na odhod. V dolgi vr-

sti so stopali, klecaje v kolenih, možje in žene — mlajše oprtane na hrbtu z dojenčki v mehovih — in otroci skozi nizko odprtino na prosto plan ter jo zavili proti ledniku, kjer je že žarela jutranja zarja. Nihče bi ne ostal sam v jami. Vsi so molčali, celo otročad; ako bi ne bilo zmrzlega snega, ki je škripal pod golimi, toda kakor rog trdimi podplati, ne bilo bi čuti ničesar o tej četi. Kar se odloči pred njimi od snega jastreb, ki je kljuval na mrhovini, ter se dvigne mogočno, v zrak. V tem hipu se prikaže iz krdela kakor blisk roka in zamahne v silnem krogu, kamen zažvižga iz prače po zraku in prelomi ujeti letalnico, da omahne in

pade pred krdelom na tla. Z glasnim "uh" poskoči spretni pračar, Piš po imenu, proti jastrebu in je v par korakih pri njem. Med tem pa vzbudi pekoči glad tudi med drugimi moškimi strast po mesu in krvi; divje se trgajo za ptiča, glasno ga pulijo drugi drugim iz rok, da odletava perje na vse strani. Kdo ve, kako krvavo bi se končala ta borba, da ni vstopil med borilce stari Brah, jih ločil, pobral jastreba in ga izročil Pišu. Vse se je pokorilo starčevi volji, nejasno čuteč, da se je določila in izvršila pravica. Nemo so gledali, kako je zasadil Piš močne zobe v krvaveče meso, trgal kose za kosi ter jih hlastno požiral. (Dalje prihodnjič.)



R. Tagore:

Igračke

DETE, kako srečno sediš v pesku in se igraš vse jutro z zlomljeno vejo.

Smejem se tvoji igri s tem malim drobcem zlomljene veje.

Posla imam s svojimi računi seštevajoč številke po cele ure.

Morda me gledaš in si misliš: "Kakšna brezumna igra, kaziti si ž njo jutro!"

Dete, pozabil sem že umetnost biti zatopljen v šibe in kolače iz ila.

Jaz iščem dragih igrač in nabiram kepe zlata in srebra.

Z vsem, karkoli najdeš, si stvarjaš radostne igre, jaz pa tratim svoj čas in svojo moč za stvari, ki jih nikoli ne dosežem.

V svojem trhlem čolnu se borim, da bi preplaval morje hrepeneja in pozabljam, da se tudi jaz samo igram.

Sakuntala

Indijska igra v sedmih dejanjih.

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

III. DEJANJE

(Vstopi deček s posvečeno travo za daritev.)

DEČEK (premišlja in je začuden): Kako velika je moč kralja Dušjanta! Odkar je prišel, se naši obredi vršijo v najlepšem redu.

Ni treba, da napenja lok
na vsako slabo stvar;
Navzočnost njega samega
krivici je udar.

No, to-le travo bom ponesel duhovnikom, da jo natrosijo po oltarju. (Stopa čez oder in se ozira, pri tem pa govori nekemu, ki ga ne vidi.) Prijamvada, za koga neseš ličje lotusovega zelenja? (Posluša.) Kaj praviš? Da je Sakuntala nevarno zbolela radi vročine in da jo bodo te stvari ozdravile? Skrbno pazi nanjo, Prijamvada! Ona je kakor zenica v očesu puščavniškega očeta. Teti Gautami bom dal zanjo blagoslovljene vode. (Odide. Za njim vstopi Dušjanta.)

DUŠJANTA (pomišlja in vzdihne):

Predobro vem, da vera trdna
varuje devo vsega zlega,
a srce kakor želja skrbna
le k nji hiti, nemirno bega.

Ljubezzen, tvoje puščice so iz cvetja.
Kako morejo biti tako ostre? (Se nečesa spomni): Oh, razumem!

Nevtešna jeza Žive še gori v tebi
kot večni bi požar razsajal,
kako drugače naj nemir v sebi
bi z besedami razlagal.

Mesec in Živa napolnjujeta srce z zaupanjem, samo da premotita zaljubljenca.

Poje pesnik o cveticah,
hladu bledih žarkov lune,
o ljubezni tovaršicah.

Vendar nič tako ne sune
kakor cvetje v puščicah,
ogenj vžgan pri žarkih lune.

Vendar

Če ljubav vznemirja njo,
ki s prelepimi očmi me rani,
nič tako ne bo hudo,
čeprav udarci bodo vsi zadani.

Mogočni bog, ali ne boš imel usmiljenja z mojim trpljenjem?

Že nežno mlad sem molil k tebi,
častil sem te od mladih nog,
zaman—zdaj v večji sem potrebi,
strasti igrača, poln nadlog.

Zakaj namerjaš puščice proti meni, ki te častim in poveličujem vse življenje? Pregnal sem zle duhove in puščavniki so me odpustili. Kam naj grem, da si odpočijem? (Vzdihne.) Ni ga počitka zame drugje kakor v pogledu nanjo, katero ljubim. (Se ozre na nebo.) Običajno prebije te vroče opoldanske ure s prijateljicama na vinskih bregovih reke Malini. Tja bom šel. (Gre in se ozira.) Zdi se mi, da je lepa deklica ravno šla po stezi med tem mladim drevjem. Kajti

vršički se še niso zacelili,
kjer brala je cvetlice,
še sok iz vej obranih sil,
je hrana za mušice.

(Začuti vetrič v zraku.) Prijeten kraj je tu, ko se veter poigrava v drevju. Sakuntala je bržkone tu blizu, ker

sveže stopinje
se v pesku poznajo,
njene nožice
stezice rahljajo.

Skril se bom med vejevjem in čakal. (Se skrije in veselo nadaljuje.) Oh, moje oči gledajo v nebesa. Draga

mojih misli je tam. Na kameniti, s cvetjem nastlani klopi leži in prijateljici sta z njo. Poslušati moram, kaj si pravijo. (Prisluškuje.)

PRIJATELJICI (jo pahljata): Ali se počutiš bolje, dragica, ko te pahljava z lotusovimi listi?

SAKUNTALA (trudno): Oh, kaj me pahljata, dragi deklici? (Prijateljici se žalostni spogledata.)

DUŠJANTA: Zelo mora biti bolna. (Dvomi.) Ali je vročina ali je to, kar upam. (Odločno): Mora biti.

Z mazilom na prsih
razvezanim pasom iz ličja
moje dekle trpi,
pozna se ji z lepega obličja.

Četudi trpi
od solnčne vročine, ljubavi,
pogled se mi zdi
zame edino pravi.

PRIJAMVADA (po strani Anusuji): Anusuja, odkar je prvič videla dobrega kralja, je ves čas slaba. Nikakor ne morem misliti, da je vročico povzročilo kaj drugega.

ANUSUJA: Zdi se mi, da imaš prav. Vprašala jo bom. Dragica, nekaj te moram vprašati. Hudo mrzlico imaš.

DUŠJANTA: Res je. Njen pas iz ličja je bil bel kakor nočni svit lune, a od hude vročine je ovenel in potemnil.

SAKUNTALA (se napol dvigne): Le reči, kar želiš.

ANUSUJA: Draga Sakuntala, nisi nama še povedala, kaj ti leži na srcu. Toda jaz sem slišala lepe stare povesti in ne morem si pomagati, ko si mislim, da si zaljubljena kakor so zaljubljene gospodične v povestih. Prosim, povej nama, kaj ti je. Vedeti morava prej, kakšna je bolezen, da jo lahko zdraviva.

DUŠJANTA: Anusuja je izrazila prav moje misli.

SAKUNTALA: Strašno mi je. Ne morem vama vsega kar naenkrat povedati.

PRIJAMVADA: Anusuja ima prav, dragica. Zakaj nama skrivaš, kaj te teži. Kar gineš vsak dan bolj. Nič drugega te ni kakor lepa senca.

DUŠJANTA: Prijamvada govori resnico. Poglejte jo:

Shujšana so lica, prsa vsa upadla, vsa postava trudna, bled je njen obraz; vsled ljubezni gine; moja, grenko sladka vene kakor trta v suši letni čas.

SAKUNTALA (vzdihne): Nikomur drugemu bi ne mogla povedati. Toda tudi vama bô samo v nadlego, če vama zaupam.

PRIJATELJICI: Zato hočeve vedeti. Trpljenje si moramo deliti, da ga lahko prenesemo.

DUŠJANTA:

Tovarišicam, ki poznata
trpljenje in veselje,
zaupa vse skrivnosti.
Bojim se! Moje želje . . .!

SAKUNTALA: Odkar sem videla dobrega kralja, ki čuva naš log (Postoji in se obotavlja.)

PRIJATELJICI: Nadaljuj, dragica!

SAKUNTALA: Ljubim ga in to me tako muči.

PRIJATELJICI: Dobro, dobro! Našla si človeka, ki je vreden tvoje naklonjenosti. Seveda, velika reka vedno teče v morje.

DUŠJANTA (veselo): Slišal sem, kar sem si tolikanj želel.

V ljubezni je trpela,
v ljubezni bo ozdravila.

SAKUNTALA: Če torej mislita, da je prav, povejta dobremu kralju, da se me usmili. Če ne, pa pomnita, da sem bila.

DUŠJANTA: Njene besede preženejo vse dvome.

PRIJAMVADA (po strani Anusuji): Anusuja, tako daleč je prišlo, da ne smeva prav nič odlašati.

ANUSUJA: Prijamvada, ali si moreš misliti kakšen načrt, po katerem izvedeva njene želje hitro in čimbolj mogoče tajno?

PRIJAMVADA: Izmisli si morava tako, da bo "tajno." "Hitro" je lahko napraviti.

ANUSUJA: Kako torej?

PRIJAMVADA: Saj dobrega kralja vendar izdajajo že sami pogledi. Pa tudi sam je shujšal kakor da bi nikoli ne spal.

DUŠJANTA: Res je. Vročé solze so mi polzele po licu in padale na zlato zapestnico, kjer so se zajedle in napravile madeže v biserih.

PRIJAMVADA (pomisli): Napisati mu mora pismo. Jaz ga bom skrila v šopek cvetlic in pazila, da jih dobi kralj.

ANUSUJA: Lep načrt je to. Kaj bo Sakuntala rekla?

SAKUNTALA: Kaj pa če moram ubogati, kakor vidve storita?

PRIJAMVADA: Zloži torej lepo pesem, v kateri omeniš sebe.

SAKUNTALA: Bom poskusila. Kako nemirno mi bije srce v strahu, da me bo zavrzel.

DUŠJANTA:

Nestrlen sem že, a ona blede v strahu, da jo zavržem.

Kdor sreče si išče, mogoče zgubi, a sreča meni sama sledi, zato si jo lahko podvržem.

PRIJATELJICI: Preveč si skromna! Kdo bi odprl solnčnik nad glavo, da se varuje blagih žarkov jesenskega meseca?

SAKUNTALA (smeje): Ubogati bom torej morala, kakor želita. (Pomišlja.)

DUŠJANTA: Čisto naravno je, da še trepalnice pozabijo gibati, ko gledam njo.

SAKUNTALA: Izmislija sem si torej pesmico. Toda s čim naj jo napišem?

PRIJAMVADA: Tu je lotusov list. Zametast je kot prsa papige. Z nohti si lahko vrežeš vanj črke.

SAKUNTALA: Poslušajta, potem pa mi povejta, če imajo besede kaj smisla.

PRIJATELJICI: Prosiva!

SAKUNTALA (čita):

Kaj je zapisano v tvojem srcu, dragi?

Trpim, vsa v dvomih sem. So tvoji čuti blagi?

Samo to vem, da noč in dan, da brez pokoja vsaki dan, po tebi hrepenim.

Nemira mojega si kriv.

Saj nisi samo sen golj'fiv?

Odgovora želim.

DUŠJANTA (se približuje): Ljubav te muči, lepa deva, a tudi meni ni lahko pri srcu.

PRIJATELJICI (ga ugledata in se veselo dvigneta): Dobrodošel želji, ki se izpolni brez zamude. (Sakuntala se skuša dvigniti.)

DUŠJANTA: Ne trudi se, lepa Sakuntala.

SAKUNTALA (zase): Oh, kako sem bila nepotrpežljiva, zdaj pa ne najdem besede, da jo izrečem.

ANUSUJA: Veličanstvo, počastite kamenito klop. Sedite, prosim! (Sakuntala se odmakne.)

DUŠJANTA (sede): Prijamvada, upam, da bolezen prijateljice ni nevarna.

PRIJAMVADA (smeje): Ne, zdaj ko je dobila zdravilo, bo kmalu dobra. Čisto jasno je, gospod, da se vidva ljubita. Ampak ljubim jo tudi jaz, zato že smem kaj reči.

DUŠJANTA: Kar nič se ne obotavljaj. Neizgovorjene besede vedno povzročijo trpljenje.

PRIJAMVADA: Poslušajte torej.

DUŠJANTA: Poslušam.

PRIJAMVADA: Kraljeva dolžnost je, da varuje samostanske ljudi pred trpljenjem. Ali ni tako pisano v svetih bukvah?

DUŠJANTA: Nikjer niso zapisane bolj važne reči.

PRIJAMVADA: No, najina prijateljica je prišla v ta žalostni položaj radi ljubezni do vas. Ali bi se je usmili in jo rešili smrti?

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti*

(Dalje.)

ČERIN je bil od dolgega pota preveč utrujen, da bi mogel še tisto popoldne iti iz Vidma¹. Potreben je bil počitka. Pohajal in posedel je torej po mestnem vrtu. Žive duše² ni poznal, a to mu je danes bilo prav, vsaj ga nihče ni motil v razmišljanju. Kako je prišlo vse drugače, nego je on mislil! Menil je, da se vrne poln denarja, a zdaj mora paziti na vsak vinar, da ga ne izda čez največjo potrebo. Skoparil je zlasti pri pijači. Morebiti kedaj vse leto ni popil toliko vode kakor zadnje štiri dni. A pri vsem tem ga je začelo skrbeti, kako bo prebil s potnino. Ne misli se namreč vrniti po najbližjem potu domov. Trdna vera, katero je imel do laških zlatarjev, se mu je omajala po včerajšnjih izkušnjah v Starem mestu in po današnjih v Vidmu. Že mnogokrat je slišal, da je Lah³ samogolten in zvit. Vsi tudi niso enako govorili. Izvečine so rekli, da je ruda brez vsakršne vrednosti. Ali to pa vendar ne more biti, ker mu je eden zanje obljubil pet lir. Še v Gorico pojde. Kesal se je, kolikor se je mogel, da ni šel izprva tja. Jutri vstane zarana in se napoti proti Gorici.

Drugega jutra je res koračil po dolgočasni ravnini. Rad bi bil sedel na železnico, ali vožnja po njej se mu je zdela predraga. Koliko mu potem še ostane za potrošek⁴ v Gorici in za pot do doma? Zatorej je hodil peš. Nebo je bilo oblačno in vse je kazalo na dež, ki je v resnici začel padati, še preden je prekorčil avstrijsko mejo. V Bračanu je nekaj časa vedril, pa ker dež ni ponehal, je šel dalje in je ves moker prišel v Krmin⁵. Tu se je okrepčal in dolgo čakal lepšega vremena, a dež je padal vsevdilj. Čerin je torej vzal zopet pot pod noge⁶ in je o mraku ves iznemogel in do polti moker prišel v Gorico.

Gorico je Čerin poznal. Ni mu bilo torej treba povpraševati po zlatarjih. Prvi na Travniku⁷ se mu je zdel prešibak, imel je namreč malo blaga razpoloženega v majhni omarici. Šel je naprej v bližnjo ulico Rastel. Tu je vedel za tri ali štiri. Do prvega je imel največ zaupanja, pri njem je tudi kupil poročna prstana, ko se je ženil. No, zlatar zdaj ni bil sam, imel je dva kupca, a Čerin bi se bil najrajši z zlatarjem pogajal brez prič.

V drugi prodajalnici je sedela gospa in pletla nogavico. Čerin se nevoljno obrne in gre dalje. Tretja je bila zaprta, v četrti je videl zopet gospo z nogavico v roki in poleg nje delavca. Za Čerina dvakrat nič. Vrne se zopet k prvemu in pri vratih od strani pogleduje v prodajalnico.

Čerin ni opazil, da na drugi strani ulice neki človek kakor senca hodi za njim in ne obrne očesa od njega. Bil je preoblečen policaj⁸. Že na Travniku je videl stati Čerina pred zlatarjevo prodajalnico, a hitro nato ga je opazil v bližnji ulici pred drugim zlatarjem in zdelo se mu je, da mož noče vstopiti, ker so bili ljudje v prodajalnici. To je bilo policaju sumljivo. Mož je bil slabo oblečen, moker in blaten in v roki je imel nekaj težkega v ruti zavitega. Pogleduje za njim in kmalu ga zopet vidi stati pred zlatarjem. Kmet sploh ni imel oči za drugo nego za zlatarske prodajalnice. Policaju je bil vedno bolj sumljiv. Kaj ko bi mož nameraval kaj nepoštenega? Nič se ne ve. Zadnji čas se je večkrat čulo o takih drznih napadih celo ob belem dnevu. Policaj stopi čez ulico, položi roko na kmeta in pozveduje, kdo je, odkod je in česa išče tukaj. Čerin se prestraši in malo da mu ni strah zaprl besede. To vedenje je policaja še bolj utrdilo v sumnji; izkratka: veli mu, naj gre z njim. Čerin se ni prav nič ustavljal; šel je tem

* Glej stran 145.

rajši, ker so se začeli okoli njiju zbirati radovedni ljudje in se je bal, da bi ga kdo ne spoznal.

Polica j ga privede na policijo. Tu ga začne neki gospod izpraševati. Čerin pove resnico, in gospod hitro spozna, da je mož pošten, zatorej mu veli iti, kamor hoče. Glede rude je pa gospod sam mislil, da je morebiti kaj vredna. Domisli se nekega znanca profesorja. Temu napiše listek, da ga Čerinu in mu pove, da ga policaj odvede k nekemu gospodu, ki pozna take reči in ki mu za stalno pove, ali je to zlato ali ne. Z nobeno stvarjo bi ne bil mogel Čerinu bolj ustreči; zdaj vsaj zve, pri čem je. Zahvali se prijaznemu gospodu za pisemce in gre vesel za vodnikom.

V tem se je naredila noč in Čerina je malo skrbelo, kaj poreče gospod, da ga še ponoči nadleguje. Pa saj ima v rokah pisemce, ki ga opravičuje. Vodnik ga vodi iz ulice v ulico in naposled stopi v neko hišo. Tu vpraša deklo, ali je gospod doma, in ko pritrđi, mu pokaže neka vrata in odide.

Čerin potrka, in ko se nekdo oglasi, vstopi. Pri mizi je sedel bradat gospod in bral iz neke knjige. Čerin mu vroči listek, in ko ga ta prebere, pogleda kmetu bolj v oči. Kakor bi ne verjel sam sebi, privzdigne svetilnico, ki je stala na mizi, in mu posveti v obraz.

"Blaž, ali si ti?"

"Blaž sem, Blaž Čerin izpod Kolka. Ali me poznate?" vpraša Čerin ves v čudu⁹.

"Je li mogoče? Poznam te. A ti mene ne?"

"Ne da bi vedel."

"Vseeno, to se zmeniva pozneje. Zdaj pokaži svoje blago!"

Čerin poseže v žep in pomoli¹⁰ zrno gospodu.

Ta ga še ni prav v roko prijel, ko se nasmehne, rekoč: "Mislil sem si, da bo kaj takega. Torej tudi tebe je premotilo!"

Čerin prebledi.

"Torej ni pravo zlato?"

"Nikakršno zlato. To je železni kršec, železo in žveplo. Zlata ni v njem niti za lek."

Čerinu se pošibe noge.

Gospod mu ponudi stol.

"A vendar je lepo rumeno in tudi sveti se kakor pravo zlato."

"Resnica! Zato je pa tudi že mnogega premotilo. Nisi ti prvi in tudi zadnji ne boš. Zapomni si dobro: Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti."¹¹

Zdaj vzame gospod iz miznice neko kresilo, stopi, od luči obrnjen, proti Čerinu in udari z jeklom ob rudo. Pod jeklom zažari iskrica, še ena, še več.

"Ali vidiš, da tvoja ruda daje iskre? Tako trda je. Zlato lahko režeš z nožem, poskusi pa rezati svoje zlato, škripalo ti bo, kakor bi hotel kremen rezati."

Potem gre v kuhinjo in namigne Čerinu, naj gre za njim. Tu položi zrno na železno ploščo in udari s kladivom po njem. Razpršilo se je in razdrobilo v črn prah. In ko je ta prah posul po zarečem oglju, zakadilo se je in zasmrdelo po gorečem žveplu. Čerin je odskočil in zatisnil nos. Zdaj je bil poverjen, da profesor govori resnico.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

NOTES,

1) Videm: A city in north east Italy, near Slovenia.

2) Žive duše ni poznal: The sentence is figurative; it means, He did not know anybody.

3) Lah: This is a Slovene synonym for Italian.

4) Koliko mu ostane za potrošek: How much will remain for his expenses.

5) Krmin: Cormons, a small town on the old border line between Austria and Italy.

6) Vzel je pot pod nogo: Note the figures that the author uses so frequently.

7) Travnik: A public square in the center of the city of Gorica.

8) Preoblečen policaj: a detective.

9) Vpraša Čerin ves v čudu: Čerin asked wonderingly. V čudu is not a common Slovene expression. The adjective začuden is commonly used.

10) Pomoli zrno gospodu: He offers a grain to the gentleman.

11) Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti: An old Slovene proverb. Try to find similar proverbs in English.



DRAGI ČITATELJI!

Med časom, ko se tiska tekoča številka Mladinskega lista, zboruje deveta redna konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Veliko važnih vprašanj rešuje in tudi o Mladinskem listu je razpravala ter določila, da ga izdaja tudi v bodoče. Za nadaljno izdajanje Mladinskega lista se je izjavila velika večina. Pred konvencijo je bilo podanih več priporočil radi bodočnosti Mladinskega lista. Zanimivo je ono, katerega je konvenciji podal predsednik jednote, br. Vincent Cainkar, ki je svetoval, naj bi list povečali in naredili iz njega nekak družinski mesečnik, kar je v bistvu že pred par leti priporočal urednik Mladinskega lista. Tudi upravitelj br. Filip Godina je svetoval v priporočilu, naj list izhaja še nadalje.

Sedaj pa je potrebno, da se tudi mladina čedalje bolj zanima. Zanimajte se vsi zlasti za konvencijo in za svoj društva, ki sedaj praznujejo pet in dvajsetletnico jednotinega obstoja. Delajte vsi s svojimi starši, tako da bo naša organizacija za vselej zanesljiva podpornica ne samo vaših staršev, temveč tudi Vas samih, kajti za vas je organizacija ustanovljena in Vi boste njeni bodoči voditelji.

Zaključke devete redne konvencije bomo objavili v prihodnji številki Mladinskega lista.

Čestokrat dobimo od prispevateljev kakšno pritožbo, da dopis ni bil priobčen. To nikakor ni krivda Mladinskega lista in tudi urednika ne, ki skuša zadovoljiti vse mlade bratce in sestrice. Mogoče se pismo izgubi, mogoče pa se pripeti tudi to, da je omenjen samo dopisnik. Kdor piše pismo, seveda noče, da bo samo imenovano njegovo ime. Če hočete, da bo dopis zanesljivo priobčen, ne pozabite na priporočila, katera smo že tolikokrat podali. Naj torej podamo še nekaj priporočil:

1. Napišite naslov na **Mladinski list, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.** Naslov mora biti razločno in s črnilom pisan.
2. Pismo samo napišite s črnilom. S svinčnikom se lahko zmaže in je težje brati.
3. Pišite razločno in kaj dobrega. Ne prepisovati stvari. Če samo prepisete, se prav lahko zgodi, da pismo gre v koš ali da ga samo omenimo. Tega pa gotovo nočete.

Urednik.

Dragi urednik!

Slovenska narodna podpora jednota praznuje pet in dvajsetletnico. Tudi jaz bi jo proslavila. Želim, da ta dan proslavi vsak bratec in sestrica, ker tako bo jednota še bolj napredovala. Želim ji mnogo uspeha do petdesetletnice, Mladinskemu listu pa mnogo naročnikov.

Anna Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

Pesmico o pomladi nam pošilja Mildred Ilovar iz Blaina, Ohio, ki jo radi priobčimo:

POMLAD

In srce, ti se ne zbuđiš,
in jezik, ti ne govoriš!
Zdaj klije tebi dvojni cvet,
pomladni cvet, čas mladih let.

Poglej, obrni se okrog,
zelena gora, živ je log;
povsodi pomladanski svet,
vesoljni v svate vabi cvet.

Podaj mi, ljubica, roko,
pod milo pojdeva nebo,
kjer njiva zopet zeleni,
nad njo škrjanec žrvgoli.

Al' spet si tukaj, znanec moj?
Le dvigni se, na glas zapoj!
Ljubezni glas, veselja klic
naznanja naj prihod cvetlic.

Frances Kochevar iz West Frankforta, Ill., želi, da priobčimo "Pesem rudarskega otroka," katero je spisal Vlado Klemenčič:

Naši dnevi niso solnce polni,
naši dnevi so nebo megleno,
naše drevje ni zeleno,
naši so otroci bolni.

Vrata dimnikov v nebo kipi,
zemlja rjava in obžgana;
vrsta delavcev svoj kramp vihti.
v črne rove pokopana.

Tukaj nič ne štejemo
časa do velike noči,
ki nas od pomladi loči;
v nadah se ne grejemo.

Glad nam narekuje očenaš,
ki kriči na božja uha:
Pridi, pridi, oče naš,
pridi k nam in daj nam kruha!

Dragi mi urednik!

Zopet se malo oglašam v M. L., ako mi boste dali malo prostora, da vam zonet pošljem pesmico, katero me je moja mama naučila. Mišlim, da razumete, kar napišem. Seveda tako dobro mi ne gre slovensko kakor angleško, pa bo že vsako rajžo boljše. Sedaj pa napišem še pesmico, katera se glasi:

Pes in mačka.

Močnik mački sta lizali,
iz črepinje pred vežo,
nista se ni kogar bali
ne za rep, ne za glavo.
Njiju pa ne bodi treba
od plotu, sovražen ves,
k skledi pride ter zavoha
Daročev požrešni pes.

Plaho mačica mladica
zamijavkne in zbeži.
Mačka huda se všopiri,
puhne psa in zakriči.
Pes ves žalosten odide,
ker ni zajtrka dobil,
psa je mačka zapodila,
se nato lepo gostila.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

NAŠA IGRA

Mislim, da sem že dovolj stara in velika, da bi znala, kakšen dopis zložiti, saj sem že štiri leta hodila v slovensko šolo.

Čakali smo in radovedni smo bili, katero igro bomo igrali. Nazadnje sem izvedela, da bomo zopet igrali "Mogočni prstan!" "Mogočni prstan," res! Ta igra pa je res nekaj vredna.

Smo jo leto nazaj igrali in jaz sem imela vlogo "Marte," matere junaka igre, Stankota.

Za vaje se hodimo učiti po šoli in ob nedeljah. To je jako lepa igra. Vsi ljudje so jo pohvalili. Je bilo toliko ljudi, da so morali mnogi stati. Pridite jo vsi pogledat na 19. maja v Slovenskem narodnem domu na 65. in St. Clair cesti. Želim, da bi jo vsi še enkrat videli.

Anna Dejak,

1272 E. 59 St., Cleveland, O., stara 12 let.

Znana je tudi pesmica o kozi in volku, katere se je navadila Mary Krainik, ki nam jo pošilja iz Chisholma, Minn.:

KOZA IN VOLK

Koza vpije mekeke!
Vse gorice zelene!

Kje sta kozel in kozica,
da ne pride volk, volčica.

Volk, volčica, dudeldu,
ki živita brez domu.

Volk za grmom, sivi tat!
Plane kozi, skok za vrat!

Koza vpije mekeke!
Vse gorice zelene.

Josephine Pavlovich piše iz Bridgeporta, Ohio: Naučila se je lepe pesmi o Bledu ter želi, da jo priobčimo:

BLED

Pozdravljam te, gorenjska stran,
in tebe, Bled, široko znan!
Snežnikov sivih množica,
prisrčno bod' pozdravljena!

Pozdravljen bod', ti gospodar,
Triglav kipeči, močni var!
Planine rožno venčane,
prisrčno mi pozdravljene!

*

Dragi urednik!

Priloženo pošiljam sliko v plesni pozi. Stara sem bila ravno na božič dvanajst let in hodim v deveti razred. Razen tega hodim v plesno šolo, kamor sem začela hoditi 19. novembra, 1927. V plesni šoli se učim akrobatskih in baletnih plesov. Nastopila sem že v različnih krajih, kot na pr. v New Masonic Temple. Igrale smo tri skupaj igro "Felix and Kitten," ki je akrobatski ples. Prvo sem igrala v Farmingtonu, Mich., kjer je dom za revne in pohabljenе otroke. Mesto nam je dalo prosto vožnjo za tja in nazaj. Farmington je kakšnih trideset milj iz Detroita.

Jaz sem članica S. N. P. J. že enajst let. Tako je tudi cela naša družina.

Naj končam pismo, ker ne morem dosti pisati v slovenskem. Mama nas vedno priganja k učenju slovenskega jezika; doma nam tudi angleško ne pusti govoriti.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje.

Helen Krainz, Detroit, Mich.

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnji mesec se nisem oglasila v Mladinskem listu, ker nisem imela časa. Dobila sem pismo od Anne Matos, katerega sem bila jako vesela.

Želim, da bi bilo več slovenskega kakor angleškega v Mladinskem listu. Jaz rada pišem slovensko, ampak težko je, zato ker tukaj nimamo slovenske šole. Učita me ata in mama. Želim, da bi se vsi bratci in sestrice po slovensko oglasili v Mladinskem listu.

Angeline Simenc, Milwaukee, Wis.

*

QUESTIONS AND VOCABULARY.

1) Did Čerin succeed in selling his ore in Gorica?

2) What was his opinion regarding the Italian goldsmiths who did not want to buy his ore?

3) Why did the detective compel Čerin to go to the police station?

4) When do you think this story actually took place?

*

Vinar, penny.
Kresilo, flint.
Vodnik, guide, leader.
Zrno, grain.
Plošča, plate.
Svetilnica, lamp.
Meja, border.
Skopariti, to hoard.
Prebiti, to endure.
Nameravati, to intend.
Poizvedovati, to inquire.
Sumljiv, suspicious.
Samogolten, greedy.
Vsaj, at least.
Zlasti, especially.
Zarana, early in the morning.



Članica Helen Krainz v akrobatski plesni pozi.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume VIII.

MAY, 1929

Number 5.

SPRING

A stalwart soldier comes, the spring,
 Who bears the bow of Love;
 And on that bow that lustrous string
 Is made of bees, that move
 With malice as they speed the shaft
 Of blossoming mango flower
 At us, dear, who have never laughed
 At love, nor scorned his power.

Their blossom burden weights the trees;
 The winds in fragrance move;
 The lakes are bright with lotuses,
 The women bright with love;
 The days are soft, the evenings clear,
 And charming; everything
 That moves and lives and blossoms,
 dear,
 Is sweeter in the spring.

The groves are beautifully bright
 For many and many a mile
 With jasmine flowers that are as white
 As loving woman's smile:
 The resolution of a saint
 Might well be tried in this;
 Far more, young hearts that fancies
 paint
 With dreams of loving bliss.

By Kalidasa.

BOYS AND GIRLS, COME OUT AND PLAY

Boys and girls, come out and play,
 We're going to build a new lodge today.
 Come with a whoop, and come with a
 call,
 And come with a good will, or not at all.
 S. N. P. J. we are going to play
 I'll be the treasurer, you chairman
 today.
 Bring every member up to the hall,
 Bring every friend, for we need them
 all.
 Boys and girls, come out to play,
 We're going to build a new lodge today.

A. K.

The Pleasure of Home

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly,
Through the night loud roars the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm."

—Heine.

IT may well be doubted which is most delightful,—to start for a holiday which has been well earned, or to return home from one which has been thoroughly enjoyed; to find oneself, with renewed vigor, with a new store of memories and ideas, back once more by one's own fireside, with one's family, friends, and books.

"To sit at home," says Leigh Hunt, "with an old book of romantic yet credible voyages and travels to read, an old bearded traveler for its hero, a fireside in an old country house to read it by, curtains drawn, and just wind enough stirring out of doors to make an accompaniment to the billows or forests we are reading of—this surely is one of the perfect moments of existence."

It is no doubt a great privilege to visit foreign countries; to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific Islands; but in some respects the narratives of early travelers, the histories of Prescott or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanized.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Moreover, even if the beauties of home are humble, they are still infinite, and a man "may lie in his bed, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth."

It is no doubt very wise to "cultivate a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of traveling in my

easy chair; of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlor, to distant places and to absent friends; of drawing scenes in my mind's eye; and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance."

We may indeed secure for ourselves endless variety without leaving our own firesides.

In the first place, the succession of seasons multiplies every home. How different is the view from our windows as we look on the tender green of spring, the rich foliage of summer, the glorious tints of autumn, or the delicate tracery of winter.

In happy climates, even in the worst months of the year, "calm mornings of sunshine visit us at times, appearing like glimpses of departed spring amid the wilderness of wet and windy days that lead to winter. It is pleasant, when these interludes of silvery light occur, to ride into the woods and see how wonderful are all the colors of decay. Overhead, the elms and chestnuts hang their wealth of golden leaves, while the beeches darken into russet tones, and the wild cherry glows like blood-red wine. In the hedges crimson haws and scarlet hips are wreathed with hoary clematis or necklaces of coral briony-berries; the brambles burn with many-colored flames; the dogwood is bronzed to purple; and here and there the spindle-wood puts forth its fruit, like knots of rosy buds, on delicate frail twigs. Underneath lie fallen leaves, and the brown brake rises to our knees as we thread the forest paths." Nay, every day gives us a succession of glorious pictures in never-ending variety.

It is remarkable how few people seem to derive any pleasure from the beauty of the sky. Gray, after describing a sunrise—how it began with a slight "whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue, all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that, before I can write these five words, was grown to half and orb, and now to a whole one too glorious to be distinctly seen"—adds, "I wonder whether any one ever saw it before. I hardly believe it."

From the dawn of poetry, the splendors of the morning and evening skies have excited the admiration of mankind. But we are especially indebted to Ruskin for making us see more vividly these glorious sky pictures. As he says, in language almost as brilliant as the sky itself, the whole heaven, "from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are

no words in language, and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible; the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep and pure, and lightness; there, modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

It is in some cases indeed, "not color but conflagration," and though the tints are richer and more varied towards morning and at sunset, the glorious kaleidoscope goes on all day long. Yet "it is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered



MILLET: *Diggers.*

by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

I have never wondered at those who worshipped the sun and moon.

On the other hand, when all outside is dark and cold; when perhaps

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
Through the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

"Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays."

For after all the true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and "the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

We love the ticking of the clock, and the flicker of the fire, like the sound of the cawing of rooks, not for their own sakes, but for their associations.

If our life be one of toil and of suffering, if the world outside be cold and dreary, what a pleasure to return to the sunshine of happy faces and the warmth of hearts we love.

Sir Lubbock.

The Scientist's A B C

The Alphabet of the Elements

SINCE man began to think, and then began to look for ways of setting down his thoughts so that they might speak for themselves, he has cut down the symbols of speech till at last he came down to the 26. letter of our alphabet.

For thousands of years all the knowledge, the wisdom, the science, the poetry, and all that has filled men's minds have been expressed by those 26 letters. They have sufficed to write the history of the world.

It is otherwise with the scientist's alphabet. At the beginning the alphabetical letters of the rest of the world were all the scientist wanted; and as his needs grew he joined them with numbers in odd-looking combinations,

like H₂O for water or C₅H₅OH for the phenol he drew out of coal tar. It became very puzzling to follow him in this kind of shorthand.

But he now handles an alphabet which leaves the old 26 letters far behind. It is the great alphabet of the elements, which has continually grown till it has 93 letters, and there it seems inclined to stop.

But it is on the chemist's handling of this elemental alphabet that the future of the world depends. With these 93 elements the chemist may build everything, from the flesh and bone of our bodies and the foods that feed them to all that supplies our daily needs, the trains and cars, the ships and aeroplanes in which we travel, the lamps that light our way, the microphones by which we hear all sounds.

It is interesting to consider the scientist's alphabet, and see what he is doing with it.

• The 93 Letters of the Chemist

Ninety-three is the number of the chemist's symbols of the elements, and only people as learned as he can repeat them all. Some the unlearned have known for more than a hundred years. Oxygen and Hydrogen, Carbon, Nitrogen, and all the metals are of this company, so that we may include Iron, Copper, Silver, Gold, Lead, Mercury, Platinum, Zinc, even Arsenic and Bismuth, as long within the bounds of common knowledge.

In the nineteenth century, after the chemist Dalton had simplified the alphabet for his brother chemists by showing why they should believe that every element had its own atom, indestructible and unchangeable, there was a great search for new letters of the alphabet, new elements unlike any other, as might be proved from the absolute unlikeness of the atoms which made those elements.

Thus the alphabet grew and grew. Nature had built up some of the letters so cunningly together that only the most patient efforts of chemists less gifted than herself could drag them apart and single them out. If anyone were seeking a supreme example of this patient effort he would find it in the very air he breathes. Nitrogen is going in and out of his lungs every moment of his life, and had been waiting for him to find it millions of years before he drew a breath. But one day a chemist very carefully weighing two samples of this common element found that the two letters did not agree. After years of work he and another chemist found that, instead of Nitrogen being one letter, it hid inside itself, like a monogram, four others, the letters of Argon, Neon, Krypton, and Xenon.

That is not quite the end of the matter, though we shall be running along

ahead of our alphabet if we stop to consider this splitting up and searching the pockets of an element at this point. Still, rather than make a full-stop we may say here another word about Neon. Though it was found only so short a time ago the chemists soon found a place in the world for it, and it now spells the last word in publicity. Neon lamps are those geranium-red signs which flare over the shop windows and even in the sky at night, and that is very quick progress for a gas that was not long since undreamed of.

But Neon is not one Neon; it is two: a sort of diphthong, with the letters so closely intertwined that they can scarcely be dragged apart. Professor Aston of Cambridge, after trying for months to prise Neon apart at last brought a positive bombardment of electricity to bear on it, and found the two Neons very nearly but not quite twins. That encouraged him to look up the long-established lettering of Chlorine—that green, choky gas which raps the throat but is very useful for bleaching—and, behold, common Chlorine is two letters in one! So is one of the oldest recognized elements, Mercury. These strange intertwined letters are called isotopes, and when the chemist of the future knows all about them he will be able to tell us much more of how the elements are built up and held together.

A few of them, as everyone knows, are not clamped together as firmly as others. There is Radium, the best example we can find. Though any speck of Radium now to be seen in action, spouting out bits of itself like a volcano, was doing so when the Pyramids were built, it was discovered in the act only just before the twentieth century dawned. But into thirty years it has crowded a very lively career and has drawn to itself the attention of every chemist in the world. This new letter of their alphabet splits up into no fewer than 43 others. Some last for a few

seconds, minutes, hours, days, or weeks; some for hundreds of years. But there was in them what the French call an "embarrassment of riches"; there were too many of them for the chemist's orderly alphabet. Somehow their number had to be got down to 9, which was all the chemist could find room for. This was done by joining various of the Radium letters into monogram groups, each group counting as only one element.

Up to the present the chemist has arranged his 93 letters in an order which suits him very well. In his alphabet he has arranged his elements in order of the number of their atoms. The first chemist to do this was John Newlands, nearly half a century ago, but he put them in order of their atomic weights, taking it for granted that the atom of any element never changed, and that in a general way the weight of an element was the weight of its atom. Thus Hydrogen, which is the letter A of the alphabet, counts 1 and Oxygen 16. Now, this chemist found that if he arranged all the known elements in horizontal rows of eight in a sort of chessboard pattern, the second heaviest to the right of the first, the next heaviest to the right of that, and so on, beginning with the element Hydrogen, with the lightest atom, and ending with Uranium, with the heaviest atom, he had a table of the elements, eight wide, like a troop of Boy Scouts marching in a column of eight.

Then, after a little rearrangement, the chemist noted a remarkable series of cousinships among the elements. It is not those that stand side by side in this table that have similar qualities. They are as different as A from B or C or Z. But those that are in the same vertical column, one above the other, are strangely alike in some ways. They have, for example, the same marrying powers, when the opportunity arises, for joining up with other elements. They may have, again, the same bach-

elor habits, declining to ally themselves with anything. They may have various other qualities which are similar, but the point is that the vertical columns of the letters consist of letters or elements which have been proved to be very much alike.

With some, as with Potassium and Sodium, the cousinship is so clear that one sees it at first glance. One might guess a relationship between gold and silver, but when we come to the similarities between Oxygen and Sulphur none but a chemist who has taken his table to heart could believe in them. But in this table of Newlands, afterwards recovered and put into further order by the Russian chemist Mendeleef, there is a kind of order which appeals almost to the heart as well as to the mind. It arranges itself almost in octaves, like the notes of a piano. The eighth element, starting from a given element, is a kind of repetition of the first, like the eighth note of an octave in music.

It is as if Nature, producing the elements one after the other, with more and more complications and more and more atoms, started again with a new octave after arranging eight elements. Such an arrangement cannot be pure chance. There must be some law in its order. The chemists have continually tried to find what the law was and is. Today they arrange the elements of the table in order, not of their atoms, but of those electrons which are the eternally moving forces of the atom within it. Thus the first letter is Hydrogen, with one electron moving round its nucleus, the last is Uranium, with 92 electrons for ever charging round the nucleus in its atom.

It must be admitted that more than once the chemist has had to cut his coat according to his cloth, adjusting the letters in his great alphabet. But the mystic arrangement of its octaves has been of immense assistance to him in discovering flaws in his own ideas and

knowledge, and in lighting the way to new letters which ought to fall into blank spaces in his alphabet.

For example, when Mendeleef first arranged his table there were many such gaps. There is the metal Gallium. There was a gap unfilled in 1871 for it. Mendeleef saw the gap, and predicted that one day a metal would be found with the atomic weight 68—about as heavy as iron, with a specific gravity of 5.8. Four years later a French chemist found in the Pyrenees some Zincblende, out of which he refined a new metal, which he named Gallium in honor of France. It had an atomic weight of 69 and a specific gravity of 5.9. It was the element, the missing letter, that Mendeleef had predicted would fill the gap.

The same thing has happened a number of times since. Chemists of today are busy in finding new letters to fill the few gaps that still exist. It is as fascinating a pursuit as discovering a new comet, but far harder and more lengthy. All over Europe, in the private laboratories of the men to whom chemistry is their life, their business, their recreation, their holiday, a little work is done day by day in refining what are named the rare earths. The names of these rare earths and rare metals are seldom spoken except by keepers of the alphabet. Gallium is one; then there are Beryllium, Dysprosium, Erbium, Glucinum, Niobium, Terbium, Ytterbium, L u t e c i u m—what strange letters! What will the chemist do with them?

Who can tell? Someone has remarked that none could say what was the most important day in a man's life till that life was ended. No one can say to what uses a rare metal may be put till it has been thoroughly examined by the world's chemists. We have already mentioned the stirring example which the gas Neon offers to our eyes. But see what Chromium has been able to do for steel. Tungsten, again, has made

steel tools harder than ever before. Vanadium has given steel elasticity and toughness. Who would have guessed a future for Molybdenum? It makes steel ductile, it doubles its toughness, and it makes it more magnetic. Cerium was once a rare letter. Now it is used in gas mantles and for light-strikers. Iridium points the nib with which we write. Osmium and Tantalum light all our ways.

It is the chemist's part ever to find new combinations of the letters he has at his beck and call. His periodic table tells him a great deal about them. It informs him what other elements they will join, and with what eagerness or with what distaste. The familiar letter Nitrogen, for example, behaves as if it would refuse to combine with anything, yet once it is brought into combination it seems as if nothing would drive it back into single blessedness again. The chemist knows Nitrogen's relations, its sisters, its cousins, and its aunts, from its place in the alphabet, and he therefore has a key to the way they will behave.

The industrial chemists spend their lives in putting together the letters of their table, trying them in new combinations, taking known combinations apart and substituting one letter for another, or using even a part of a letter. The whole history of the coal-tar industry, with its never-ending profusion of dyes and drugs and scents and photographic materials, is an example of this juggling with the alphabet. The conversion of oils into fats used for soaps and even for margarine, is one example of the way in which a chemist has pulled the letter H (for Hydrogen) about, and added an extra atom of it to the letters of oil.

All the chemist's letters, like the letters of ink on this page, are made up of atoms. The smallest ink dot on this page contains millions of atoms—atoms of the hydrogen, the oxygen, the carbon, the iron, of which ink is made. It

might seem impossible that ever we should see these atoms, but it is possible to get down rather near to seeing some kinds of atoms of the metals like gold or platinum, and when we do we stand fascinated and wondering before the manifold powers that lie in a single speck of matter.

The chemist takes two wires of a metal like platinum, puts them into pure water, and sends a strong electric current through them. A tiny arc of light is formed now and then beneath the water, and at every flash dark clouds roll away from the glowing ends of wire and disappear in the darkening liquid. The clouds are fragments of metal, so small that if the chemist looks directly at them through the strongest microscope he cannot see them apart. He has other ways of learning what these fragments of his alphabet are like, what they weigh, and what they are doing. Each fragment may consist of a lively company of 200 atoms, all spinning round faster than the earth is spinning, and clashing into one another like the swarming fragments in the tail of a comet.

As they spin they toil. Put a group of them into a chemical mixture 300 million times as large as themselves and they will turn it upside down. They can do all sorts of things, these almost infinitesimal specks of matter. They are employed to turn the oils into fats, and have made a new soap industry; and in the great chemical works which are now springing up like towns in all industrial countries the chemists would not know what to do without these tiny laborers. They are, indeed, the world's hardest workers, for they will go on for ever, never tiring, never wearing out, never altering, however hard they may be worked.

They afford only one illustration of the tremendous powers that lie sleeping in every speck of matter. A thousand other examples lie at our doors. We need hardly go into the street to find

them. A speck of matter, a few molecules of coal gas, come into contact with a speck of incandescent metal thrown off from a copper wire—neither speck larger than one of those catalysts we have just mentioned—and behold an explosion which tears up a mile of gas mains.

The specks, so small that they themselves can never be seen, which any fragment of radium is always throwing off by the million a minute, are the most astonishing examples of the still unexplored powers of fragments of matter. They are unseen, yet every time they hit against another bit of matter they raise a splash of light. They are charging outwards at such a speed that, despite their smallness, they raise the temperature of anything surrounding them; and they are so penetrating that no chemist would ever dare to keep a pin's head of radium in his waistcoat pocket. The flying particles would burn a hole in his skin to the bone. If it were possible to collect a pound of radium and put it together in one lump it would kill a lecture room full of students who remained in sight of it for an hour.

Such a frightful possibility as that opens out before the chemist because his letter Radium is itself presenting him with a vision of what might happen when an element is pried open and the forces which lock together its atoms are loosened. The speck of radium shoots out smaller specks of itself at speeds of thousands of miles a second for thousands of years. Think of the forces which would be required to put them all back again and you have a measure of the tremendous energy which locks them together. If the chemist could turn the key in that lock at will, and regulate the speed and rate of the outflow of the fragments, he would hold in his hands the secret of the power of the Earth, almost the secret of the power which keeps the Earth spinning about the Sun.

Radium is but one of the 93 letters. It is the most spectacular. It is the most unsettled. It is the youngest. But the chemist of the future, learning from its youth and activity, will go on to explore again the specks of matter of the old and settled elements, the letters that are time-honored, and have been known so long that there seemed to be nothing more to be learned about them. Yet the letter N for Nitrogen, as we have recalled, was capable of giving the chemist great surprises. The specks of Carbon may some day do likewise, though carbon is the very fibre of our bodies and our being. Only in the last few years have the chemists of the human body learned what a ray of light can do with the specks of fatty matter in the body's nerves and brain.

Volumes could be written about the properties of these 93 letters of the chemist's alphabet. In a thousand years from now the chemist will not have learned them all, or what possible and impossible words he can spell with

them. If he knew them through and through, how to make and how to break a letter without fail, the hidden forces of matter would be at his command. That he may never do, but in the attempt to discover the exact meaning of the letters, their rightful place in his alphabet and why they occupy that position, he will approach ever nearer to that great secret of Nature which is the nature of matter, of electricity, and magnetism. He must ever remain the faithful servant of truth, but as he grasps it he is never without rewards which will add to the true wealth of the world.

If the chemist knew how to explode the atom war would cease, because a chemist's weapon would blow the civilized world to pieces. Even with less powers than that he might, with his alphabet, make war impossible.

We prefer to hope that his increasing knowledge of his alphabet will add to the comfort, the leisure, and the happiness of men.

Two Legends of Lorelei

The Unhappy Beauty.

THE bed of the Rhine grows suddenly narrow and almost fathomless after St. Goar, while great masses of rock shut out the pleasant light of the sun. On the right bank, a huge basaltic cliff towers above the Rhine. This is the famous Loreleiberg, noted for its magnificent prospect and sevenfold echo, no less than for the numerous romantic legends connected with it.

A maiden of wondrous beauty, called Lorelei, dwelt at Bacharach on the Rhine, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Suitors without end came to woo her, and as she was as tender-hearted as she was beautiful, she regretfully saw the misery her loveliness inflicted, and would gladly have con-

sented to lose all her charms could she have saved anyone from pain.

Ill-natured people, however, vowed that she was quite heartless, a statement which was soon refuted by her acceptance of and response to the suit of a handsome young knight of the neighborhood. As the young people had always met in secret, no one at first knew of their love, but a short time after they were betrothed the knight went off to war, declaring he would win honor and glory before he claimed the beautiful Lorelei as his bride. Vainly she entreated him to remain by her side; vainly she pictured the dangers and possible death which awaited him, he refused to listen to aught but the promptings of his ambition and departed.

Lorelei, bathed in tears, and oppressed by nameless fears, no longer took any pleasure in life. In spite of her openly announced engagement, new suitors constantly crowded around her, trying to win her from her allegiance to her absent lover. But, although no tidings of the rover reached her, and she feared he had either perished or turned faithless, Lorelei still refused to console herself with the love on another. Every day some new suitor appeared, and every day the village gossips whispered that some rejected lover had drowned himself in the Rhine, pined to death, or left the country to find an honorable end on the battlefield. Only a few youths were now left in the country, and every one knew they were well and happy only because they had never seen the beautiful Lorelei, and that as soon as their eyes rested upon her they too would fall victims to her charms. Mothers with marriageable daughters were specially anxious to get rid of Lorelei, and, little by little, spread the dark report that it was not only the maiden's beauty which won the hearts of men, but her magic arts, spells, and incantations. The rumor, as rumors will, spread so rapidly that Lorelei was finally summoned to appear before the criminal court of the archbishop of Cologne.

There, in spite of all accusations made by virulent gossips, judge and jury alike agreed that such a beautiful, innocent face could not belong to a guilty person, and acquitted her. Lorelei, feeling that life had no charms for her, and weary of persecution, now flung herself at the archbishop's feet crying:

"I'm not a witch, but let me die. I'm so unhappy. My lover has forsaken me, and his silence has lasted so long that I am sure he is either faithless or dead. Life is a burden to me, for the young men of the neighborhood constantly annoy me by pleading for a love which I cannot give, as my heart is in my lover's keeping. Let me die!"

The aged prelate kindly raised the tearful supplicant and said:

"My child, I see no cause to credit the accusations brought against you of practicing magic arts, but perceive only too plainly the natural charms which have done so much harm. I cannot let you die; but, if you wish to mourn in peace, you may enter a convent, where none will ever again molest you."

Lorelei accepted this proposal with joy. Two old knights were summoned to escort her to her future home, and the little cavalcade wended its way along the Rhine, and crossed it at St. Goar. Soon after they drew near a huge mass of basaltic rock, which Lorelei expressed a desire to climb, that she might from thence view her home once more.

The old knights immediately acceded to this innocent request, and the maiden, bounding lightly ahead, climbed until she reached the highest point and stood directly above the dark stream. Her tearful eyes rested for a moment upon her native town, then upon the towers of her lover's home, and lastly fell upon a bark slowly floating down the stream. At the sight of a mailed figure standing at the helm, she suddenly uttered a loud cry of joy, for she recognized the lover whom she had long believed dead. Her sudden exclamation, rousing the echoes, attracted the attention of the knight, who, still faithful, forgot all else at the sight of his beloved standing far above him with outstretched arms.

The little boat, no longer guided by the helm, was seized by the current, whirled against the dangerous rock, and dashed to pieces. Lorelei, seeing her lover's danger, made an impetuous motion, as if to save him, lost her balance, and fell over the precipice into the Rhine, where she perished by his side, at the foot of the rock which still bears her name.

The Fisherman.

ANOTHER tradition of the Lorelei which, although equally tragical, differs widely in many points from the first, has inspired Heine's immortal song, and is generally told as follows:

Long years ago, whenever the moonlight flooded mountains and river, a beautiful maiden was seen seated upon the top of the Lorelei rock. There she sang sweet and entrancing melodies, while she combed her long golden hair with a jeweled comb, her pure white draperies fluttering in the night winds as she made her toilet under the blue vault of heaven and by the witching light of the moon.

"And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold in her garment glittering,
And she combs the golden hair:
With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That meets the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

—Heine.

This fair creature, whom all called Lorelei, was an immortal, a water nymph, daughter of old Father Rhine. During the day she lingered in the cool depths of the river bed, but late at night she sat aloft where travelers and boatmen could easily see her. But woe unto them if the evening breeze wafted the

notes of her song to their ears, for the entrancing melody made them forget time and place, until their vessels, no longer guided along the dangerous pass, were whirled against the rocks, where they were dashed to pieces, and all on board perished. One person only is said to have been favored with a near view of the charming Lorelei, a handsome young fisherman from Oberwesel, who climbed the rocks every evening to spend a few delightful hours, his head pillowed in the nymph's lap, his eyes drinking in her beauty, while his ears were charmed by the melody of her song.

Tradition further relates that ere they parted the Lorelei invariably pointed out the places where he was to cast his nets on the morrow, and as he always implicitly carried out her instructions he never came home with an empty creel.

One moonlight night the fisherman was seen as usual boldly scaling the rocks to keep his tryst, but he never came down the cliff again. The river was dragged, the rock was searched, but no trace of him was found, so the peasants of the neighborhood invariably declare that Lorelei dragged him down into her crystal palace beneath the flood to enjoy his society undisturbed forever.

Wise Men's Sayings

He in whom there is love considers every man his neighbor, no matter what nation he may belong to.

Leo Tolstoi.

*

To you I declare this holy mystery:
There is nothing nobler than humanity.

Mahabharata, Hinduism.

*

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The world is my country.

Thomas Paine.

*

Nothing worth while is lost by taking time enough to do it right.

Abraham Lincoln.

*

The hope of the world is in the younger generation. Civilization can only be saved by its children, and not by them if they are brought up like their elders, in the same narrow way.

Philip Gibbs.



SHE IS GREAT

You feel her power, you sing her praise
Of her who the Slovene flag is to raise
And to help the poor, to furnish the sick I say,
Yes, that's the ever growing S. N. P. J.

She's always fair
And always square.
Our motto is to do the right
To cheer her onward with all our might.

You feel her surge, you hear her rush,
Picking up everything like a brush,
Sacrifice all and all at her feet lay,
To keep her going, the glorious S. N. P. J.

Joe Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am fifteen years old. I never wrote anything in the Mladinski List before. I know I will appreciate it very much after I start once. There's a saying that it's hard to start but when you start you can not end.

John Zupancic, a member of lodge number 344, started an English society. The name of the English society is "Moderns." There are seven in our family and we all belong to the S. N. P. J. My father is in this society for 22 years. I play piano and appreciate it very much. I have been taking piano lessons for three years and I will continue. I consider that members in the S. N. P. J. write something in the paper if not English, in Slovene. I planned to write an article in the Mladinski List every time it is published.

Mary Resnick,

1418 Martin Ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I will try to write a few lines about our S.N.P.J. Lodge.

My parents are members in the S.N.P.J. Lodge for quite a while, my 2 sisters and my brother and myself belong to it, too. I am proud to belong to Lodge No. 13 at Bridgeport, Ohio. It was the first S.N.P.J. Lodge around this part of the country. It will celebrate its 25th anniversary the 4th of July. They will give a dance and a play, and I'm sure all that attend will have a good time.

My grandpa was one of the members in Lodge No. 13 when they first organized it. It surely has grown since then. I hope that it keeps on getting more members for it's a very good Lodge.

Mary Mihelcic,
Blaine, Ohio, Box 304.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter I wrote and I hope it will not be swallowed by the waste paper basket as Magdalen Logan had said. There are seven of us and four of us go to school; I am in the 10th, Ludwick fifth, Helen 3rd, Edith 2nd. My other brother is working and so is my sister.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Tressie Sepich,
249 Arnold St., Galesburg, Ill.

S. N. P. J. STANDS FOR:

S is for simple, but very fine,
N is for national, which all of us know.
P is for parties, we often have,
J is for juniors, which always may join.

Sylvester Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPHINX' RIDDLE.

Once upon a time the people of Thebes were in sore distress. Just outside the gates of their city and near the main highway crouched a Sphinx, a hideous monster with the body of a lion, the wings and claws of a great bird, and the head of a woman. To each person who passed into or out of the city, this awful creature propounded a riddle. If the wayfarer failed to give a satisfactory answer, the Sphinx with its sharp talons sprang at him and tore him to pieces. It was rumored, however, that if any one could give a correct answer, the Sphinx would flee and leave the successful guesser unharmed. Many unfortunate victims had lost their lives for no one had as yet given the Sphinx a satisfactory answer.

At last a brave youth, named Edipus, declared that he would seek the dreadful monster and destroy it. Accordingly, armed with his sword, he passed out of the city gates and walked along the highway where the Sphinx awaited its victims. He had traveled but a short distance when he saw the terrible monster and heard the threatening words, "He that fails to answer my riddle shall be destroyed." Edipus advanced, undaunted, and the Sphinx cried out, "Tell me what it is that has four feet in the morning; two at noon; and three at night."

For a moment only, Edipus hesitated. Then, drawing very near to the monster, he cried, "It is man! In childhood he creeps on hands and knees; in manhood he walks erect on two feet; and in old age he walks with the aid of a staff."

When the Sphinx heard his clever answer, it uttered a hoarse cry of rage and turned to flee. But, sword in hand, Edipus sprang forward, pursued the monster, and drove it over the edge of a precipice, where it was dashed to pieces.

Edipus returned to the city of Thebes. He told the anxious people about his terrible experience and assured them that the Sphinx was at last destroyed. When they heard the good news that they had nothing more to fear from the monster, they greeted Edipus as their deliverer and proclaimed him their king.

—From Henry Van Dyke by
Mary Stroy, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

As no one else is writing from Rock Springs I thought I would write and tell of the organization of a new lodge. This lodge is formed of young members of Lodge No. 10 and also new members. We held our first meeting in January and elected some of our officers. The name of this Lodge is the "Rocky Mountaineers."

Valentina Yugovich.

LATROBE, PA.

Latrobe is at the gateway to the Ligonier Valley and the mountains.

Latrobe makes many of the locomotive tires used by American Locomotive Co., as well as by many railroads throughout the world.

Latrobe has the largest spring plant unit in the world under one roof, making all kinds of springs used by a railroad. Housed in a single building 180x1000 ft.

Latrobe makes 65 per cent of all the stainless steel used for the manufacturing of cutlery in the U. S. A.

Latrobe makes 30% of all the high speed tool steel used in the country.

Latrobe has the largest blanket mill on the P. R. R. between New York and Chicago—using from 600,000 to 700,000 lbs of scoured wool annually. This mill has been making blankets for 125 years. Originally it was located at Harmony, later moved to Greenville and then to Latrobe.

Latrobe provides the Pennsylvania Railroad with more freight than any other town between Pittsburgh and Johnstown.

Latrobe has a modern hospital, public library, and a country club and takes pride of St. Vincent College.

Latrobe has a paper mill and a factory for explosives.

Latrobe citizens enjoy the best hunting and trout fishing in Western Pennsylvania.

Latrobe lies between the Lincoln and the William Penn Highway handy to both.

Jennie Fradel.

Dear Editor and readers:

I never saw a letter in the Mladinski List written from someone in Conneaut, so I thought I would write. I am a member of the S. N. P. J. Lodge 13 years, that is, since I was two years old. Our whole family is in it. I am learning how to read in Slovene. I have one brother and three sisters. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Pauline Kodelja, 403 Depot St., Conneaut, O.

MLADINSKI BAWLS.

Little fishies in the pond,
How I wondered where you'd gone.
I hunted here, I hunted there,
But I couldn't find you anywhere.

How I loved to watch you swim,
Here and there at every whim,
But now in the Mladinski List I have read
That all my fishies were frozen dead.

Mary Stroy.

LITTLE BROTHERS.

My little brother is a pest;
He always tags along.
I can't see why he doesn't stay
At home, where boys belong.

He says I think I'm awful smart
Because I'm in high school;
He says just wait until he starts,
He'll show me I'm a fool.

Dad says if I take out the car
The pest must go along;
And if I don't take him with me
I find that I've done wrong.

The other night I took the car
And started for some fun,
But just as I made my start
Come brother on a run.

But after all he's not so bad—
In fact, some things I see
Reminds me that in many ways
He's very much like me.

By Joseph Lampich,
L. Box 22, W. Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I think I'm the first member of the S. N. P. J. writing from Crivitz, Wis. There are nine in our family. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. We live on a hundred acre farm bordering a river.

I go to a high school about five miles from our farm. I am thirteen years old and a freshman in high school. I enjoy reading, especially the Chatter Corner.

Emma Shaffer, Crivitz, Wis., Star Route.

Dear Editor:

I realized that I hadn't written to the M. L. for a long time, so I got busy with pen, ink and paper.

I wish Frances Blazic and Mary Mezek would read this letter to make them answer my letters that I wrote to them. I hate to wait very long for answers.

I have written to a number of M. L. readers, already. They all answered my letters and very nice ones, too. They were interesting because they did not mention things like the weather and the like.

I wish more members would write to the M. L. and enlarge it.

Sylvia Klune, Box 958, Chisholm, Minn.

DO WE EVER STOP TO THINK?

When we get up in the morning we open our eyes to a new born day. A day with many problems before us.

Mothers are busy getting breakfast and getting their children ready for school. As the day wears on every one has something to do.

Teachers in school are doing their part of the world's work by teaching boys and girls of to-day that will be citizens of tomorrow.

The farmer is busy plowing, sowing and harvesting grains and vegetables. He sends cotton and flax to the manufacturers. He sends his vegetables to market where all the people buy their food.

With all the raw material from the farmer the manufacturer puts out ready clothes for us.

But do we ever think of the miner, and as to what part of the world's work he does? He is the one that goes down into the ground and digs the coal that is sent to the surface for use. With this coal it is possible for the manufacturer to manufacture the machinery with which our clothes are made, and, also, implements with which the farmer raises our food. We in turn buy the food and pay our teachers with the money that the miners receive for digging coal.

So as the day draws to a close each and every one of us has done his part of the world's work.

But as the sun is setting low in the golden west we see the weary but necessary miners coming home from work.

Mary Ethel Stimec, Piper, Ala., Box 114.

LULLABY

Baby's boat's the silver moon,
Sailing in the sky,
Sailing o'er the sea of sleep
While the clouds float by.
Sail, Baby, sail
Out upon that sea,
Only, don't forget to sail
Back again to me.

Sent by Rose Kastelic, Pittsburg, Kans., R. 2

1904—S. N. P. J.—1929

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary has come along, I have been waiting for it so long.

It took so many years for it to come. And now, to reach the Fiftieth, again is gone.

Mary Matos, Blaine, Ohio.

A RIDDLE

One is a bottle, two is water, three is a cork, and one is . . . What?

Henry Modetz, Aurora, Minn.

ROSES AND VIOLETS

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
S. N. P. J.
Is for me and for you.

*
BIRD, RAISE

Bird raise
Your little head
From your wing,
Take my bread.
You and I
Will fly alone.
To see where Mladinski List
Is gone.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 456. My mother and sister and I are in the lodge. My father died three years ago.

This is my first letter for the Mladinski List, which I like very much, and with my sister I sometimes even fight for it.

Anna Paul, Akron, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Joseph and I are members in the Bridgmont Boys Band. Joseph plays a clarinet, I play a cornet. We have about thirty members in the Band. So far we held two dances at Lodge No. 172. We bought a new drum painted as "Bridgemont Cardinals," and soon we are going to buy uniforms for the Bridgmont Boys Band.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Albert Klements, Bridgeville, Pa., Box 348.

Other letters were written by the following members:

Betty Modic, Keister, Pa.
John Lever, Cleveland, Ohio.
Tony Cizerle, Girard, Kansas.
Frances Lorenzo, Tire Hill, Pa.
Bertha Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.
Dorothy Matelich, Indianapolis, Ind.

*
ANSWER TO PUZZLE OF THE MARCH
ISSUE

LOSE
LONE
LINE
FINE
FIND

Solved by—

Frances Kochevar, West Frankfort, Ill.

JOKES

Pat and Mike were upon a scaffold painting a building. Pat said, "Gee, it's hot up here. I guess I will take a dive." He dived head first and landed on the street. Mike said, "How's the water, Pat?" Pat answered in a dazed way, "Don't dive down here, I struck a sandbar."

Carl Jalovec,
Muskegon, Michigan.

*
Answer This One.

Little John was interested in the rafters on the sleeping porch. "What are these, daddy?" he asked.

"Those are knot-holes, son," answered daddy.

"Well, if they are not-holes, what are they, daddy?"

*
School Days.

When bananas grow on apple trees,
And Sahara sands are muddy,
When Eskimos wear B.V.D's,
Then I'll begin to study.

Anna Hruban,
778 N. Concord St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Teacher: "Robert, name a bird other than ostrich that cannot fly."

Robert: "The jailbird."

Mary Staudohar,

21 Cedar St., Tam. No. 5, Calumet, Mich.

Dear Editor:

In February Latrobe had bird house contest. My brother and I made bird houses and entered them. My sister made a bird house, too. I got the first prize, a wrist watch (tip-top watch). I am learning to roller-skate. My mother says, I will break my nose.

John Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

