

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## PAJEK NA PREŽI

NIČ ne bom oral, sejal,  
rajši mreže si bom tkal.  
Dokler svet je poln norčije,  
lahko meni za gostije

V zraku vidim cele roje;  
vse brezskrbno raja, poje . . .  
Jaz pa, tihi samotar,  
mnogim bil in bom grobar . . .

Glej jo! Za nevarnost slepa, gluha  
pleše okrog mreže topoglava muha.  
Zdajle! Ho! Tako, tako!  
Urno kvišku in nad njo!

\* \* \*

## UJETA MUHA

KAJ? Da bi svilena ta mrežica bila le past—  
in da bi ti, pajkec, bil taka pošast?  
Ne, ne! Samo delo si svoje razstavil,  
da vidimo, kaj si, umetnik, napravil.

Oh, pajkec, ne predi krog mene tenčice!  
Ni treba. Smo skromne preproste mušice.  
Tenčica ovira le, pajkec — ne slišiš?  
In krila mi kvariš in trgaš — ne vidiš?

O pajkec, tvoj smeh je hudoben?!  
Saj nisi — ne smeš biti zloben!  
Jojmene! — Ali res nič ne bojiš se grehot?  
O, pajkec, Ti pajek — pajek — — falot — — —

Oton Župančič:

## ŽARKI

SOLNČECE zlato nad gore  
 zelene vstalo je,  
 biserne žarke nad zemljo  
 spečo poslalo je.

Drugi žarek poslalo  
 v gnezdeca skrivna je —  
 v tihi se log oglasila  
 pesemca divna je.

Prvi žarek poslalo  
 v rosne je travice —  
 k nebu povzdignile cvetke  
 bujne so glavice.

Tretji žarek se Tončka  
 dramit napotil je,  
 smuknil na posteljo mehko —  
 ali se zmotil je.

Kdaj že ovčice bele  
 v loko na pašo gnal!  
 Tam si že vriska in piska,  
 tam bi ga, žarek, iskal!

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## Na travniku

SOLNCE je posijalo na travnik. V jutranjih žarkih so blestele rosne kapljice. Cvetice so odrple in dvignile nežne glavice.

Takrat se zbero skokonoge kobilice in zagodejo veselo pesemco. Urno drgnejo dolgo krilo ob krilo, da je od drobnega čvrčanja oživel ves travnik.

“Lepo so zapele!” Solnce bo veselo njih pozdrava. Kajne, prijatelj črv?”

“Seveda!” odvrne črviček zaspano. “Toda kaj mene to briga! Jaz sem svoje delo opravil že ponoči. Zdaj pojdem spat.”

“Oj, ti zaspanec ti! Le pojdi pod zemljo! Samo pazi, da te tam ne zaloti krt! Mi pa hočemo biti veseli solnca in ves dan peti.”

Tako reče muren, se razkorači, napne strune in krepko zagode svojo pesemco. Mahoma pa utihne. Prav blizu sebe je začul droben korak. Deček je bil, ki je šel v šolo. Ustavil se je in radovedno gledal v gosto travo.

“Ne boš me ne!” si misli muren in se potuhne v svoj rov. Toda že ga zapazi deček. Z dolgo bilko dreza toliko časa v murnov brlog, dokler se črna živalca ne prikaže na dan. Urno ga prime deček in reče: “Zdaj te pa imam! In v šolo te ponese učitelju, ki nam hoče pokazati, kje imaš svoje glasno godalo. To bo veselja!”

In črni muren je moral danes v šolo.

## Oče naš . . .

Molitev delavskega otroka

**OČE NAŠ**, ki hodiš dan za dnem na delo, Tvoje ime je Delavec.

Češčeno bodi Tvoje ime; pridi trenutek, ko Te bo sleherni častil in ko bo kraljevala le Tvoja volja.

Zvečer, kadar se vračaš z dela, prinesi nam samo kruha—drugega ne zahtevamo, ker nam danes drugega dati ne moreš. A ta kruh bo prekvašen s Tvojim delavskim znojem in Ti nam ga boš nudil iz svojih hrapavih in razpokanih rok. In to nam bo nahranilo ne le telo, marveč tudi dušo, in čutili se bomo, da smo otroci Delavca.

Oče naš, kadarkoli se vrneš zvečer z napornega dela, ki Ti je bilo izmučilo telo, objemi nas in dahni v našo dušo in naše srce dolg, ki smo ga dolžni vsemu delovnemu človeštvu. Razumeli bomo Tvoj objem, in ko dorastemo in postanemo ljudje, stopimo v vrste Delavcev, da odplačamo svoj dolg.

Za nas, Oče naj ne bo drugega smotra kot edino Tisti, o katerem nam govori črni kruh, s katerim si nas že v detinstvu hranil.

Naj ne bo ničesar, kar bi nas vpeljalo v skušnjavo in odvedlo na pot, ki ne vodi v Rešitev Delovnega Človeštva.

Tako bodi, ker tako mora biti!

(—čič)

Rabindranath Tagore:

## Deca na obali

**NA OBALI** neskončnih svetov se shaja deca.

Nedogledno nebo se negibno spenja nad glavo, in nepokojna voda buči. Na obali neskončnih svetov se shaja deca z vriskom in plesom.

Zida si hišice iz peska in se igra s praznimi školjkami. Iz velega listja si spleta čolne in smejoč se jih spušča preko brezmejne globine. Deca se igra na bregovih svetov.

Ne zna plavati, ne ve, kako se mečejo mreže. Potapljači iščejo biserov, kupci se vozijo na ladjah, deca pa nabira kamenčke in jih zopet razmetava. Ne išče skritih zakladov, ne ve, kako se mečejo mreže.

S smehom se vzpenja morje in blede se blešči usmev obrežja. Smrtonosni valovi prepevajo deci nerazumne balade, kakor mati, kadar ziblje dete. Morje se igra z deco in blede se blešči usmev obrežja.

Na obali neskončnih svetov se shaja deca. Vihar rjuje po brezcestnem nebu, ladje se razbijajo v brezslednih vodah, vsenaokoli je smrt in deca se igra. Na obali neskončnih svetov je velik shod dece.

L. N. Tolstoj:

## Breskve

**K**MET Kupnič se je vrnil iz mesta in poklical svoje otroke.

"Poglejte, otroci, kaj vam pošilja stric Efrim."

Otroci so pritekli in oče je odprl majhen zavojček.

"Kako lepa jabolka!" je vzkliknil Vanja, mlad fant šestih let; "kako so lepo rdeča."

"Ne, to ne bodo jabolka," je dejal Sergej, najstarejši sin. "Poglej lupino, kakor bi bila s puhom pokrita!"

"Breskve so," je dejal oče. "Takih sadežev še niste videli; stric Efrim jih je vzgogjil v cvetličnjaku, ker misli, da uspevajo samo v vročih krajih. Pri nas dozore res samo v cvetličnjakih."

"Kaj je to, cvetličnjak?" je vprašal Volodja, tretji sin.

"Cvetličnjak je veliko poslopje, ki ima steklene stene in streho. Stric ga je zgradil, da mu solnce greje rastline. Pozimi pa ga ogreva s pečjo, da ni premrzlo."

"Ti, žena, vzemi največjo, a druge štiri so za vas, otroci," je dejal nato.

"Nu, kako so vam teknile?" jih je zvečer vprašal.

"Tako sočne, slastne so," je dejal Sergej. "Koščico sem zasadil v loncu. Morda požene, da bomo imeli breskev v izbi."

"Morda boš dober vrtnar," je odvrnil oče. "Že zdaj misliš na sajenje."

"Meni se je tudi zdela tako dobra," je dejal najmlajši Vanja, "še mamó sem prosil, da mi je dala pol svoje. Koščico sem pa vrgel stran."

"Ti si še premlad," je rekel oče.

"Vanja je zavrgel koščico," se je oglasil drugi po letih, Vasilij. "Jaz sem jo pobral. Trda je bila. Razbil sem jo in dobil v njej jedrce, le bolj grenko. Svojo pa sem prodal za deset kopejk. Več tako ni bila vredna."

Oče je skomignil z rameni:

"Zgodaj se začanjaš pečati s trgovino. Ali misliš kdaj postati trgovec?"

"In ti, ne poveš prav nič?" se je obrnil oče k Volodji. "Ali je bila tvoja breskev dobra?"

"Ne vem," je odvrnil Volodja.

"Kaj? Ne veš?" se je začudil oče. "Ali je nisi pojedel?"

"Nesel sem jo Guši," je odvrnil Volodja. "Bolan je; povedal sem mu, kaj si nam povedal o teh sadežih, toda on jo je samo gledal. Dal sem mu jo, pa je ni maral. Tedaj sem jo pustil pri njegovem zglavju in zbežal."

Oče mu je položil roko na glavo in dejal: "Dober in priden si, Volodja!"

Maksa Samsa:

## MATI IN DETE

**D**ROBNO dete mati je zibala,  
v toplem ji naročju zdaj počiva,  
tam v deželi sanj in sreče biva.  
Speče očke mu je poljubila,  
v misli se je majka potopila:  
"Ko dorasteš, duša moja mala,  
kakšno postelj sreča bo postlala  
ti za dneve, ko ne bo več mene?"

Bodo ravna, prava pota tvoja  
sredi trdega življenja boja,  
trepetlika boš, hrast kljubujoči?"

Mu pobožala je laske zlate,  
iz očesa solzo si otrnila,  
tesno dete k sebi je privila —

Janko Kersnik:

## Zadružno življenje v gozdu

V MEDSEBOJNO obrambo in k vzajemnemu delu se zbirajo ljudje v družbe. Občine in države, pa tudi rastline žive pogostoma zadružno. V takih družbah napredujejo bolje nego posamezno. Z združenimi močmi se uspešno branijo neviht in palečih solnčnih žarkov.

Seme jim shranjeno v posebnih češarkih ali stržih. Sem spada jelka, smreka, bor in macesen.

Gozdni listovci navadno niso tako enolični kakor storžnjaki. Kaj raznovrstno drevje se zbira tu v veselo družbo. Tu se dviguje veličastna lipa, tam mogočen hrast. Tu zapazimo poleg šib-



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Millet: KOPAČI

Gozdovi so največje in najimenoitnejše rastlinske zadruge. Ponekod rasto same smreke, drugod le hrasti ali bukeve, mnogokrat pa vidimo več drevesnih vrst zbranih v eno družino, dasi se listovci ne bratijo s storžnjaki.

Storžnjaki imajo tudi pozimi zelene igle ter ne poganjajo mladik iz debla.

ke jelše ravni javor in trdni brest, ki žaluje na samem. Na lepem hribčku se bleste brezova debla, blizu njih razpenja stebrasta bukev lepo listnato streho, sosednjemu gabru pa silijo veje kvišku. Ob potokih nam kaže vrba svoje razpokano lubje, topol pa svoj nebotični vrh. Jesen ima ravno, sivo deblo

in pernate liste kakor jerebika in akacija.

Gori v gozdu, v temnem zatišju pod veliko skalo vam je krasno! Krog in krog stoji mnogo starih dreves, hrastov in smrek, nekoliko košatih jelk, in skalo je zasedla debela, okorna bukev. Tam je bil včasih čuden pogovor, posebno na večer, kadar je hladen piš potegnil skozi veje. Poslušat sem hodil tja in se smejal robotim dovtipom starikevega, razpokanega hrasta, ki je s kosmato, z mahom obraslo vejo božal vitko jelko poleg sebe. Upogibala se je sem in tja, in če se je na lahno presukala na drugo stran, je zahreščalo gori po napol suhi hrastovi veji. Začulo se je, kakor bi bil hromi starec zaječal od bolečine, in po drugi družbi okoli je šlo šumenje, zlobnemu smehu podobno.

"Nate se zvrnem, in čeprav poginem, ti svetohlina," je sikala bukev, grozeč se jelki. "O le čakaj! Če skočim s skale, ti opraskam gladko kožo in nekoliko las ti tudi porujem, ti ošabnica prilizljiva!"

In stala je res nekoliko grozeče na skali. To bo polom, kadar se zvali doli, in srečna bo jelka, ako bo dala samo malo kože in nekoliko vej.

Pa bukev stoji trdno prirasla na skali, jelki se ni brigati za njeno jezo. Zato se je tudi mirno otresla. Le kvišku, kvišku je hrepenela.

Blizu nje iz skaline pa je pognal leskov grm. Skoro po tleh se je plazil, pa nekaj tankih šib je vendarle pognal kvišku. Ena med njimi je bila posebno krepka in je visoko pognala, tako da so tudi sosedje postali kmalu pozorni.

"To bo kaj posebnega," je dejal rdečepisani lusnec, ki je rasel na bukovi

koreniki. "Zakaj pač mi ne moremo tako kvišku?" In jezno se je še bolj prijel in zajedel v materino koreniko.

"Bo, bo!" je prikimal bližnji pritlikavi borovec. Siromak je bil skrivljen in pohabljen; lezel je že skoro v zemljo. "Ta bo kaj posebnega," je pritrdil ter hotel prorokovati, kakor to radi delajo stari ljudje.

"Kaj bo neki?" se oglasi od druge strani z zaničljivim posmehom stari dren. "Marsikoga sem že videl rasti in rasti in hrepeneti kvišku, pa s tal vendar ni mogel. Tedaj šele, ko so ga posekali! In pa še ta ubogi pritlikavec—kaj bi to ječavo revše? Otroke bodo strašili z njim."

"Imeniten bo postal!" je oporekal borovec ter se poizkusil oblastno gugati. Toda preokoren je bil.

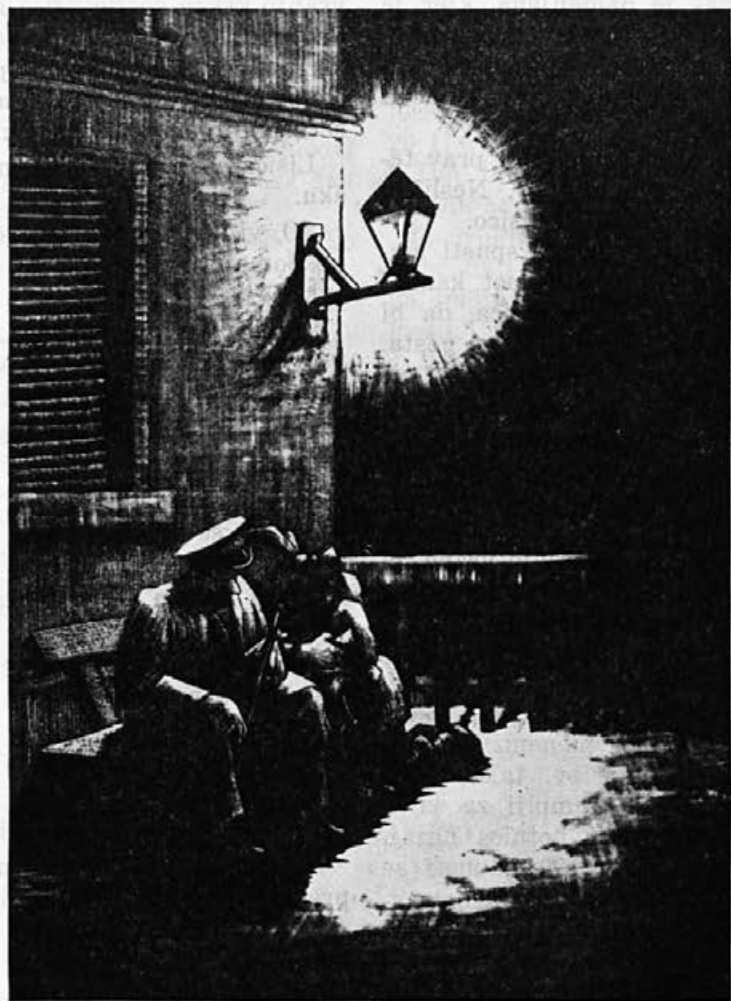
Stari dren pa se je zaničljivo smejal.

Prišla je druga pomlad in z njo Velika noč. Vaški pastir je delal otrokom butare, da jih poneso na cvetno nedeljo v cerkev. Lazil je po gozdu in iskal in rezal drobne šibe.

Tudi tja pod skalo je prišel. Radovedno, celo strahoma so ga gledala drevesa. Dren se je v svesti si svojega trdnega života malo zlobno namuzal, a borovec se je skoro prestrašil. Pastir je nosil oster nož v roki.

Celo velika, košata jelka je za trenutek postala pozorna. In glej, pastir si je izbral ono lepo, vitko leskovo šibo ter jo odrezal. Borovec je natihem zaječal, dren se je še vedno smejal, jelki pa j šlo po gostih, temnih vejah nekaj kakor globok, tih vzdih, pa le za trenutek, potem je kraljica dreves zopet ponosno majala svoj vrh nad nizkimi sosedmi.





Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Otto Nueckel: IZSELJENEC

Ivan Albreht:

## Za nosom

POD noč se plazi lisica po gozdu, previdno stopa in se ozira na desno in levo, da ne bi kje zašla v past. Naravnost na vas je namenjena, kjer je opazila pri samotni kmetiji dobro rejne putke v slabo zaprtem kurniku. Na poti ne mara družčine, ker noče plena z nikomur deliti.

Nameri se pa, da odplahuta prav tedaj tudi velika sova na lov. Neslišno jadra po zraku in zagleda lisico.

"Dobro srečo, gospa," se spusti nizko k njej, "kam vas pa pelje pot, kam?"

"Za nosom," se odreže lisica, da bi se čim prej iznebila nevabljenega gosta.

Sovi zafrkljivi odgovor ni prav nič po volji, pa se le premaga in vošči:

"No, srečno pot, gospa, samo pazite, da ne boste slabo hodili!"

Mahneta jo vsaka na svojo stran.

Sova naglo huškne proti visokemu jesenu, kjer rade prenočujejo vrane, in ugiblje:

"Če me vse ne vara, jo nocoj še čvrsto zagodem samogoltni prevzetnici."

Prav pod vrhom čepi na jesenovi vaji čisto sama zase speča vrana. Sova huškne in že izgine s plenom. Niti zakrokati ni utegnila žrtev, tako tesno so jo prijeli sovini kremplji za vrat. Kakor veter hiti nočna potnica nazaj, dokler spet ne opazi lisice. Spusti se nizko k tlom, da kane od plena kosmatinki tik pred nos še topla kaplja krvi.

"Šment," misli lisica, "tod je moral nekdo pravkar nositi perutnino" — in išče sledi, sova pa po kapljah spušča vranjo kri in spelje lisico nazaj v gozd. Vso noč jo vodi križem po hosti in jo tik pred svitom pripelje prav pred lisičino. Tam sede na košato bukev in se začne mastiti s plenom.

Lisica zasliši škrtanje in se ozre kvišku.

"O, vi ste, gospodična sova?" prijazno pomaha z repom. "Ali ste že dolgo tukaj?"

"Kako neki," meni sova, "ko sem pa vso noč imela toliko opravka!"

"Kaj pa ste počeli?"

"Gledati sem morala, kod vas bo vodil vaš nos."

Lisica spozna, kako jo je sova speljala, pa se potuhne, češ:

"Veste, jaz nisem nič kaj trdnega zdravja in sem vso noč iskala po gozdu zdravilnih zeli."

Sova, ki je medtem že obrala svoj plen, se poredno zasmee.

"Nič ne marajte, gospa lisica, za hudo lakoto bo nemara tudi tole dobro."

In vrže lisici na zemljo vranin kljun ter odfrči v svoje skrivališče.

"Dobro mi je plačala požrešnost in prevzetnost," se namrgodi lačna lisica in jezno zleze v lisičino.





## K uganki z jabolki iz prešnje številke

**PREJELI** smo ravnokar sledeči dopis:  
"Cenjeno uredništvo!

Z ogorčenjem in nedopadenjem sva čitala v Vašem listu poročilo o sporu Kovač-Kregar. Zagotavljava Vas, da temelji cela zadeva na pomoti in prosiva Vas, da ljubeznjivo natiskate sledeči popravek:

Ni sploh res, da sva se med seboj besno kregala. Razlagala sva si ponekod sicer bolj glasno svoje nazore, ker sva oba naglušna.

Ni pravilno, da naju je na policijsko ravnateljstvo odpeljal stražnik. Nasprotno, odvedla sta naju kar dva stražnika, in to revizni nadzornik gospod Zalaznik in nadstražnik gospod Picaj.

Tudi nisva metala eden na drugega korenja, nego petršilj. Udarila sva eden po drugem le trikrat s čebulo.

Gospod komisar je odločil spor v trenutku in je rekel: "Celo stvar je zakrivil gospod Kovač. Prodajal je pet jabolk za dva dinarja. Od tega so bila tri njegova jabolka za 1 Din, in dve jabolki

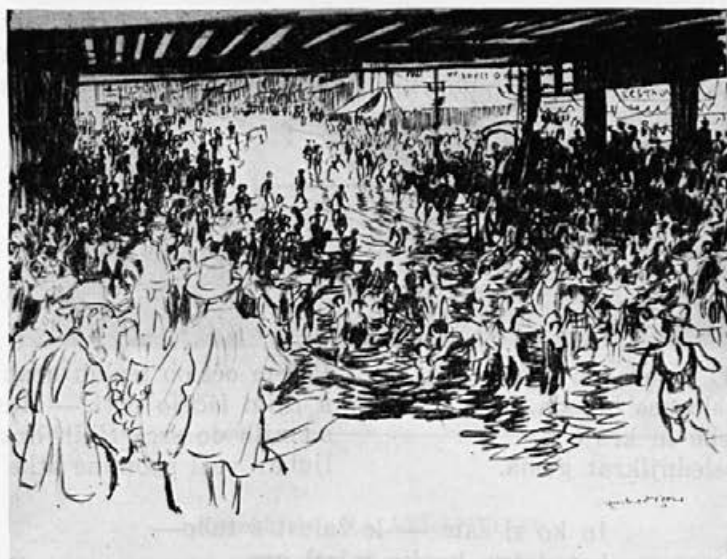
od gospoda Kregarja, tudi za 1 Din. Dobro — ko je torej prodal 50 komadov, je prodal vse svoje sadje, ampak le 20 Kregarjevih jabolk. Ostalo mu je torej še deset jabolk od tega gospoda in teh ne bi smel sedaj več prodajati pet za 2 Din, nego pet za 2.50 Din. (Dve ameriški jabolki staneta namreč 1 Din). Ker je za 50 prejšnjih komadov dobil 20 Din in bi za ostalih 10 moral dobiti 5 Din, bi moral izkupiti 25 Din. Torej 10 Din za sebe in 15 Din za Kregarja."

Z drugimi besedami: "Ako hočemo izračunati povprečno ceno kakega blaga, moramo vzeti enako število posameznih vrst. Na primer: 3 komade za 1 Din in 3 komade za 1.50 Din je šest komadov za 2.50 Din."

Upajoč, da boste ta popravek ljubeznjivo natiskali, beležimo s spoštovanjem,

**Jože Kovač in France Kregar,**  
branjevca.

V Ljubljani, "pri Mačku za vodo,"  
dne 25. julija."



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

M. Bone: VROČINA. (Proletarska četrta v New Yorku.)

## Umivanje in kopanje

**NEŽIKA:** "Mamica, naša mačica se je pa danes zjutraj s šapico brisala po gobčku in ušesih, kakor bi se umivala."

**Mati:** "Da, Nežika, mačica hoče biti snažna in zato se že zgodaj čisti in

**Nežika::** "Ali se tudi druge živali umiva."  
umivajo?"

**Mati:** "Seveda! Ali še nisi videla mlinarjevih račic, ki se večkrat v potoku potapljaajo, kopljejo in tako očistijo, da so bele kakor sneg?"

**Nežika:** "Videla sem jih, videla! Potem pa res ni lepo, da prihaja sosedov Radovanček k nam umazanega obraza in nesnažnih rok ter hodi tak celo v šolo."

**Mati:** "Gotovo ne! Umazanih, nesnažnih otrok nima nihče rad. Priden otrok pazi na snago svojega telesa. Vsako jutro si umije obraz, ušesa, vrat, prsi in večkrat tudi glavo in noge. Tudi zo'be si izmije vsako jutro in vsak večer. Otroku je snaga prva skrb, ker ona je polovica zdravja."

**Nežika:** "Ali pa ni kopanje nevarno, vsaj če je voda globoka? Ali mor-da škodljivo?"

**Mati:** "Nevarno ni, ker se tudi v globoki vodi lahko koplje vsak, ki zna plavati, a v plitvi ni nobene nevarnosti. Škodljivo pa kopanje na noben način ni, temveč je zdravo in koristno."

**Nežika:** "In zakaj je tako koristno in zdravo?"

**Mati:** "Le poslušaj me! Človeška koža je posuta z majhnimi luknjicami, ki jim pravimo potnice. Potnice večkrat zamaši prah. Zato pa jih mora človek očistiti, da ne zboli. Vse to pa dosežemo, če se kopljemo v navadni ali pa morski vodi."

**Nežika:** "Saj je morska voda vendar slana. Ali ne škoduje?"

**Mati:** "Nikakor ne! Kopanje v morju je zdravo. Tako kopel priporočajo zdravniki časih tudi bolnikom, ker ima morska voda do nekaterih bolezni posebno zdravilno moč. Srečni so tisti ljudje, ki se morejo tudi v morju kopati. Umivanje in kopanje telesa je potrebno vsakemu človeku, ki hoče ohraniti zdravje in doseči visoko starost.

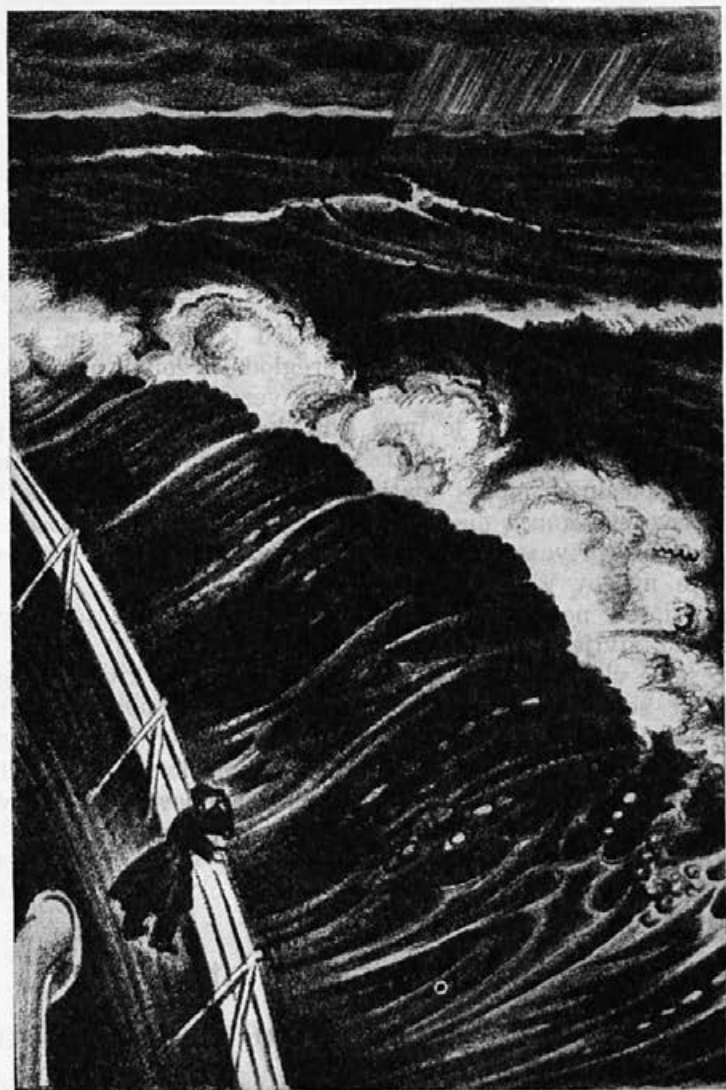
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### SLOVO

**N**I TEŽJE besede na svetu  
kot je slovesa beseda,  
ko ljube osebe in kraje  
oko nam poslednjikrat gleda.

Potem oči ob težkih urah  
k njim iščejo poti — steze,  
od njih do srca tihih hramov  
ljubav vezi spomine stke . . .

In ko si sam — le žalost s tabo—  
kot dežna kaplja misel gre,  
polzi do njih v daljavo drago  
in ko doseže jih — umre.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Ronnebeck: NA ATLANTIKU

Lamartine:

## Arabski konj

ARABEC je s svojo četo napadel v puščavi karavano iz Damaska. Zmagal je in Arabci so že nakladali bogati plen, ko so jezdeci acreškega paše, ki so prihajali karavani naproti, nenadoma planili po njih, večino pobili, druge pa zajeli. Zvezali so jih z vrvmi in odvedli v Acre, da bi jih podarili paši.

Abu-el-Marsh, tako se je imenoval eden izmed Arabcev, je bil ranjen v roko. Ker rana ni bila smrtna, so ga Turki privezali na velbloda in vzeli s seboj tudi njegovega konja, ki so ga ujeli.

Zvečer pred prihodom v Acre so taborili z ujetniki v Safadskih gorah. Arabec, ki je bil ranjen v roko, je imel z usnjeno vrvjo zvezane noge.

Ponoči zaradi bolečin ni mogel spati. Čul je hrzanje svojega konja med drugimi konji, ki so bili privezani ob šotorih. Spoznal je njegov glas in ni se mogel premagati, da ne bi še enkrat govoril s svojim življenjskim tovarišem. S težavo se je vlekel po tleh, z roko in koleni ter se naposled priplazil do svojega prijatelja.

"Ubogi tovariš," mu je dejal, "kaj boš delal med Turki? Zaprt boš pod oboki kana (prenočišče za karavane) s

konji ag in paš; žene in otroci ti ne bodo več prinašali velblodjega mleka, rži in dure (zrnje, podobno kaši) v dlaneh; nič več ne boš dirjal po puščavi kakor egiptski veter; nič več ne boš rezal Jordanove vode, ki je svežila tvojo kožo, belo ko pena. Da bi bil vsaj ti prost, ko moram jaz ostati suženj! Pojdi, vrni se v šotor, ki ga poznaš; povej moji ženi, da se Abu-el-Marsh ne vrne več; sezi z glavo med šotorske stene in polži ročice mojih malih otrok."

Med temi besedami je Abu-el-Marsh preglodal z zobmi usnjeno vrv, ki je konja vezala, in žival je bila prosta. Toda, ko je videla, da je njen gospodar ranjen in za noge privezan, je razumela to, česar ji noben jezik ne bi bil mogel povedati. Sklonila je glavo, povohala gospodarja in ga z zobmi pograbila za usnjen pas, ki ga je nosil okoli trebuha. Zdirjala je in ga prinesla k domačim šotorom.

Ko je prišla žival tja, ga je spustila v pesek pred noge žalostne žene in otrok in od utrujenosti poginila.

Vsa naselbina je jokala in pesniki so konja opevali. Njegovo ime pozna vsak jerihovski Arabec.

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## Kmet in njegovi otroci

(Po La Fontainu)

Delo je bogastvo, ki niti najmanj ne vara naših pričakovanj.

Neki bogatejši kmet je poklical, ko je čutil, da mu začenja biti zadnja ura, svoje sinove k sebi in jim je rekel vsakemu posebej na samem: "Varujte se pred prodajo posestva, ki so ga zapustili naši starši. V njem je skrit zaklad. Jaz ne vem točno na katerem

mestu, ali malo vztrajnosti vam pripomore, da ga najdete.

Iščite, orjite in kopljite; niti ene grude ne pustite neprekopane!"

Ko je oče umrl, so sinovi prekopali polje podolž in počez, tako da je doneslo prihodnje leto mnogo več plodu. O skritem zakladu ni bilo niti sledu. Ali modri oče jih je pred smrtjo naučil, da je delo največji zaklad. (Cv. K.)



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

Cenjeni!—

V mojem junijskem pismu sem podal kratko poročilo o delu desete konvencije naše SNPJ, ki se je največ nanašalo na nadaljnji obstoj našega mesečnika — Mladinskega Lista. Povedal sem, da bo naša mladinska revija nadaljevala svoje delo za našo delavsko mladino. Ta vest je seveda razveseljiva za vse, ki se zanimajo za M. L., katerih ni malo.

Poudariti pa je treba, da je nadaljevanje tega mesečnika pogojno: izhajal bo toliko časa, dokler bodo dopuščale razmere. Ako se ekonomske razmere ne poslabšajo, tedaj mu je bodočnost zasigurana.

Pred nami je še eno vprašanje, ki je pa le časovnega in tehničnega pomena. Želja uredništva Mladinskega Lista je, da odpravi zamudo, tako da bo spet izhajal pravočasno. Te zamude so v prvi vrsti krive sedanje slabe razmere. Napeli bomo vse sile, da se redno izdajanje M. L. spet vpostavi. Poskrbeli bomo, ako le mogoče, da ga bodo čitatelji prejeli v prvi polovici meseca, v katerem izide. Dasi je M. L. le mesečnik, zahteva njegov ugled in splošna želja čitateljev, da izhaja redno in pravočasno. Naši marljivi "Kotičarji" pa naj pomagajo s tem, da svoje slovenske dopise pomnože in jih brž pošiljejo uredništvu Mladinskega Lista, zakar jim bo zelo hvaležno!

—UREDNIK.

### SLABE RAZMERE IN SUŠA

Cenjeni urednik!

Dovolite mi, da napišem spet par vrstic v "Katiček," da se navada ne opusti. Dosti itak nimam pisati, ker posebnih novic ni. Delavske razmere se niso še nič izboljšale; rovi so povečini zaprti. Obetajo pa, da bodo s 1. avgustom odprli rov št. 4, Miami Coal Co., kjer se bo zaposlilo kakih 150 mož.

V Clintonu in okolici je letos huda

vročina in suša. Izdatnega dežja, razen par kapljic, že nismo imeli od 28. maja. Trava in druga zelenjava je porumnela, tudi z drevja je jelo listje odpadati. Ljudje so opustili obdelovanje vrtov, ker se ne izplača. Mestna voda je predraga, da bi se z njo vrtove namakalo.

Kljub veliki suši pa je še dosti "mokrote" tu in drugod in vsak, ki ima denar, si "ga" lahko privoščiči kozarec, a teh je malo; največ je takih, ki še za hleb kruha nimajo.

Naj zadostuje za danes, dodam naj samo še tole pesem, ker se mi dopade:

### Dober nasvet

Bil mož je obsojen na smrt za zločin, prignan bil na "gavge," da plača za čin; ga pater tolaži, mu pravi tako:  
"Umreti boš moral, usmili se bog.

Pa hitra bo smrt, oh nesrečen ti mož, po smrti v nebesih veselil se boš. Korakal naravnost v sveti boš raj, a prišel pa nikdar ne boš več nazaj."

Zločinec pa pravi: "Sam bog te usliši, zelo si usmiljen, me lepo učiš, pa bodi tako dober in zame umri, pa raj boš nebeški užival sam ti!"

Mnogo pozdravov uredniku, vsem čitateljem in naročnikom!

Josephine Mestek,  
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Indiana.

### ŠALE ZA MALE

"Babica, zapri enkrat oči!"

"Zakaj, Jožica moja?"

"Atek je danes dejal mamici, da bomo, če bo enkrat babica zaprla oči, vsi bogati!"

□

Pavel vpraša očeta:

"Oče, zakaj pa pravzaprav govore samo o "materinskem jeziku?"

"No zato, ker oče pač nima nič za govoriti."

□

"Janezek, to je pa že neverjetno: vsak opomin gre pri tebi skozi eno uho noter in skozi drugo ven; to je križ s teboj!"

"Ali očka, kaj pa morem jaz zato, da imam dvoje ušes?"

### GREGORČIČEV "SIROMAK" IN NJEGOVA TOŽBA

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil, da napišem par vrstic za naš Mladinski List. Težko mi gre slovensko, naprosil pa sem mojo mamo, naj mi pomaga, kar je z veseljem storila. Hvala ji!

Zelo rad čitam naš Mladinski List, mesečnik za slovensko mladino, ki ga izdaja naša dobra mati—Slovenska narodna podporna jednota. Pesmice se mi v njem najbolj dopadejo. Zato pa Vam eno pošiljam, ki sem se je naučil od moje mame. Je Gregorčičeva in se glasi:

#### SIROMAK

Kar bog mi je življenje dal,  
odkar sem se zavedel,  
pod svojo streho nisem spal,  
pri svojcih nisem jedel.

Svatuje dan za dnevom grad,  
po njem veselje vriska;  
a siromaka mraz in glad  
pod milim nebom stiska.

Kdo z menoj spregovori  
besedico prijazno?

Kdo, kdo razveseli  
srce veselja prazno?

Po svetu hodim čisto sam  
od praga pa do praga,  
nikdo ne vpraša: kod ne kam?  
Z nevoljo vsak pomaga.

To pa nadloga vseh nadlog,  
to hudo je najhuje,  
da, ker sem reven, ker ubog,  
me ljudstvo zaničuje.

Kdor kruha vbranega ne je,  
ni skusil sirotinja,  
kaj je trpljenje, on ne ve,  
on ne pozna življenja.

Za vse je svet dovolj bogat,  
in srečni vsi bi bili,  
ko kruh delil bi z bratom brat,  
s prav srčnimi čutili!

H koncu pa: Prav lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku, posebno pa Wm. Lukancichu! (Njega poznam; bil je pri nas ko je knjige prodajal.)

Anthony Bradley (12 let star),  
box 115, Blaine, Ohio.

**SLABE DELAVSKE RAZMERE**

Cenjeni urednik M. L!

Seveda moram tudi jaz najprej povedati, da je to prvo moje pismo za Mladinski List.

Članica sem SNPJ in sem v Mladinskem oddelku. Rada čitam v Mladinskem Listu razna poročila od sosestric in sobratov, ki se oglašajo s slovenskimi dopisi. Zato pa sem se tudi jaz odločila, da napišem par vrstic v "Kotiček" v slovenskem jeziku. Seveda, to sem storila s pomočjo moje mame.

Nastopile so šolske počitnice, katerih sem se zelo veselila, ker sem rada prosta in se rada igram ter hodim kopat. Tako hitro mine čas, da ne vem kdaj.

V jeseni, ko se odpro šole, bom hodila v 5. razred v šolo. Stara sem pa 10 let.

Delavske razmere so tudi tukaj slabe. Moj ata že ne dela tri leta in zato mi ne more ničesar kupiti, da bi bila lepo oblečena. Vsled tega pa tudi živimo vsi slabo. Naj zadostuje za sedaj, bom pa prihodnjič še kaj napisala.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem sestricam in bratcem in uredniku!

Karolyn Kutzler, box 203, Buhl, Minn.

\* \* \*

**MARY PROTESTIRA PROTI ZAMUDI M. L.**

Dragi urednik!

Nimam nič posebnega poročati, ker je tukaj vse nespremenjeno. Imeli smo dosti dežja v juniju in se je zemlja lepo namočila. Pa tudi v juliju je deževalo, tako da vse lepo raste in uspeva. Upam, da tako ostane, da ne bo suše.

Sedaj pa še to: Apeliram na vse dopisnike M. L., posebno pa na naše "Kotičkarje," da z menoj protestirajo proti poznemu izdajanju Mladinskega Lista. Junijsko številko M. L. sem dobila šele 11. julija! To se mi ne zdi prav.

Naš vrli Mladinski List bi moral iziti vsaj zadnje dni v mesecu, tako da bi ga naročniki dobili pred prvim naslednjega meseca. Vsaka številka bi morala priti med čitatelje v mesecu, za katerega izide, ne pa šele prihodnji mesec.

Kaj pa če bi, recimo, Prosveta izšla par dni ali celo teden pozneje kot ima? To bi bil takoj ogenj v strehi. Zavedam se, da te zamude naš urednik ni kriv, poskrbeti pa bi morali odgovorni, da se to zamudo odpravi.

Sobratu uredniku se najlepše zahvaljujem za vso pomoč, ki mi jo je izkazal pri urejevanju mojih dopisov. Vsem dopisnikom in čitateljem lep pozdrav!

Mary Marinac, El Moro, Colo.

**Marijana Željeznova-Kokalj:  
KRATKOČASNA**

Sije luna —  
nima kljuna;  
solnce gleda  
nima deda;  
zvezdica blišči —  
k zemlji si želi;  
zemlja pa vzdihuje —  
njej je res najhuje!  
Gozd ima, polje,  
mesta in vode,  
dole in gore.  
Avtov in ljudi  
ji nešteto  
celo leto  
tlači ceste, poti  
in pokoj ji moti!

## Kako je lev lisico prelisičil

Osel in lisica, ki sta bila dobra prijatelja, sta romala iz kraja v kraj. Na poti sta srečala leva. Na beg ni bilo misliti.

"Počakaj tukaj," je rekla zvita lisica oslu, "pogodila se bom z levom, da naju ne požre!"

"Kralj vseh živali", je začela s priljubljenim glasom, "pusti mi življenje; saj sem samo drobna lisica in mnogo premajhna, da bi te mogla nasiti. Glej, tam stoji osel, ta bi bil primeren zajtrk zate. Vem za jamo, ki so jo izkopali lovci nedaleč odtod. Zvabila bom osla v past, da ga boš lahko v miru pohrustal."

Lev je nekaj zarenčal in lisica je mislila, da ji pritrjuje. Hitro je stekla k oslu in mu rekla:

"Lev nama ne bo ničesar storil; prosila sem tudi zate. Zdaj vidiš, kaj pomeni zvesto prijateljstvo!" Tako govoreč je pripeljala osla do pasti. Lisica, ki je bila lahka, je šla brez nezgode čez zakrito jamo, pod oslom se je pa udrlo in bil je ujet. Lev je prišel za njima, je videl, da mu osel ne more več uiti. Z divjim skokom se je zagnal na izdajalsko lisico in jo v trenutku požrl; šele potem se je spravil na osla.



## Kača in riba

(Armenska bajka)

**K**AČA in riba sta sklenili med seboj prijateljstvo. "Sestra," je rekla kača ribi, "vzemi me na hrbet in popeљи me malo po morju!"

"Dobro," je odgovorila riba, "sedi na moj hrbet, popeljem te: ogledala si boš vsaj, kakšno je to naše morje."

In kača se je ovila okrog ribe in riba je odplavala na morje. Ko sta prepluli komaj košček namenjene poti, je naenkrat vpičila kača ribo v tilnik. "Sestra, zakaj me pa ščipaš?" je vprašala riba. "To je bil samo slučaj," je odgovorila kača.

Plavali sta še košček poti in kača je spet pičila ribo. "Sestra, zakaj me pa ščipaš?" je vprašala riba. "Solnce mi je mešalo glavo," je odgovorila kača.

Plavali sta spet še košček poti in kača je spet pičila ribo. "Sestra, zakaj me vedno ščipaš?" "Je že taka moja navada," je odgovorila kača.

"Tudi jaz imam svojo navado," je odvrnila riba, in se potopila v globino. Kača se je zadušila in utopila. "Taka je pa moja navada," je rekla riba.

(Cv. K.)





# JUVENILE



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## VERSATILITY

"I LIKE to build small model ships;  
I'll be a sailor lad.  
To fashion planes is all my joy;  
I'll be a pilot, Dad.

What marvels chemicals produce;  
A chemist I would be,  
But if I were a travel guide  
The wonders of the world I'd see.

Sometimes I'd be an engineer  
With lives of many in my trust;  
My life will be so occupied;  
I will do all; I feel I must."

"Your life may well be occupied,  
And worthy are your aims, my son,  
But when you build your ships and planes,  
Your needs must fit parts one by one."

MARY JUGG.



## THE NIGHT

WHEN the gold day is done,  
 Through the closing portal,  
 Child and garden, flower and sun.  
 Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,  
 As the rays diminish,  
 Under the evening's cloak they all  
 Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,  
 Child in bed, they slumber.  
 Glowworm in the highway rut,  
 Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,  
 Parents move with candles,  
 Till on all the night divine  
 Turns the bedroom handles

---

## AGAINST WASHING

I SOMETIMES wish I was a fish  
 A-swimming in the sea;  
 A starling on a chimney pot,  
 A blackbird in a tree.  
 For they can play and sing all day,  
 And no one interferes,  
 Or makes them scrub their finger-nails,  
 And wash behind their ears.

But mother's always after me,  
 And if there's just a speck,  
 She makes me take my collar off,  
 And wash all round my neck.  
 And sometimes when I rub myself  
 Until I fairly shine,  
 She pulls my sleeves up, just to see  
 If I have left a line.

She digs into my ears with  
 The corner of the towel,  
 And bungs the soap in both my eyes,  
 Until I want to howl.  
 I can't think why she does it,  
 'Cause it only makes me sore,  
 And in less than twenty minutes  
 I'm as dirty as before.

—ANSWERS.

R. Tagore:

## Baby's World

"WHERE have I come from? Where did you pick me up?" the baby asked its mother.

She answered half-crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast.

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

"You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

"You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshipped you.

"In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother, you have lived.

"In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

"When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals you hovered as a fragrance about it.

"Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky before sunrise.

"Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning's light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

"As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you who belong to all that become mine.

"For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine?" —



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Gifford: PIGEON COVE.

## Greedy, The Sparrow

By M. Margaret

LIKE the dog in the manger, who couldn't eat the straw and wouldn't let the ox eat it, Greedy, the Sparrow, sat on the front porch of the Wren House. The doorway was too small for him to get in, as he was quite fat after eating so many seeds. Yet he sat there like a stubborn soldier guarding his enemy's home.

Jenny and Johnny rented the house from year to year, but in cold weather they went South. When they were gone all winter Greedy, the hobo sparrow, would sleep on their front porch. When they came back he refused to vacate.

The wrens would sit on the clothes line below their house and scold up at him, their little black eyes snapping with sneer. Sometimes when he got especially annoyed he would fly away for a little while, but he always came back.

Jean, the small daughter of Mr. Fisher, who was the wren's landlord, went out on the porch and regarded Greedy with disdain and told him what a bad bird he was. "You ole moocher, you! Ya bad, greedy ole bird, sittin' on the poor wrenses' porch. Ya won't let 'em fix Jenny's nest in the house for the babies, shame on ya! Be diffrent if

you could get in, but you're too fat. You're just a greedy, bum Sparrow!"

But all insults and threats were in vain, Greedy still sat in the doorway. Every night before dark he would fly up, tuck his head under his wing, and sleep until morning. In the daytime he would just fluff out his feathers and jerk his head when the wrens or Jean bothered him.

Jean was worried because the tenants weren't getting much work done on their nest, and she was afraid that they would go to some other house. She told her Dad and Mother about Greedy. Dad said, "I'll fix him!"

That night was dark and chilly outdoors. Jenny and Johnny had scolded and pleaded in vain to Greedy to move so that they could sleep in their warm house. Finally they flew away in desperation, and found shelter in an old box.

It was getting late and Greedy was fast asleep on the front porch of the Wren house. He didn't hear the back door of the house open. He didn't hear Dad climb up on the chair under the little house. He didn't wake up the next morning to pester the wrens either. —

---

## SAILING

By CLARA COX EPPERSON

SAILING, sailing,  
Off to Sandman's Land,  
Hurry now, away we go,  
A nodding, sleepy band.

Sailing, sailing,  
Over the sea of dreams,  
The moon will light us on our way  
With her silvery beams.

Sailing, sailing,  
Through the milky way,  
And little stars will guide us back  
To another day.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Rousseff: THE CHECKERED SCARF.

## The Cry of The Children

*(Editor's Note:—In the middle of the nineteenth century the conditions of industrial workers in England were as bad as they still are in many parts of the United States, particularly in the east and south, where child-labor is widely exploited. There were no laws regulating the employment of women and children, and child-labor was extensively exploited by manufacturers in all lines of industry. The following poem was suggested to Elizabeth B. Browning by a report on factory conditions written by Richard H. Horne, a friend, who was himself a poet of real though intermittent genius.)*

DO YE hear the children weepin, O my  
brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads  
against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the  
meadows;  
The young birds are chirping in the  
nest;  
The young fawns are playing with the  
shadows;  
The young flowers are blowing  
toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of  
the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in  
their sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?  
The old man may weep for his to-mor-  
row  
Which is lost in Long Ago;  
The old tree is leafless in the forest,  
The old year is ending in the frost,  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,  
The old hope is hardest to be lost;  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their  
mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws  
and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy;  
"Your old earth," they say, "is very  
dreary,  
Our young feet," they say, "are very  
weak!  
Few steps have we taken, yet are  
weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not  
the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in  
our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old:

-----

"How long," they say, "how long, O  
cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world,  
on a child's heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its pal-  
pitation,  
And tread onward to your throne  
amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-  
heaper,  
And your purple shows your path!  
But the child's sob in the silence curses  
deeper  
Than the strong man in the wrath."

## Situation Properly Handled

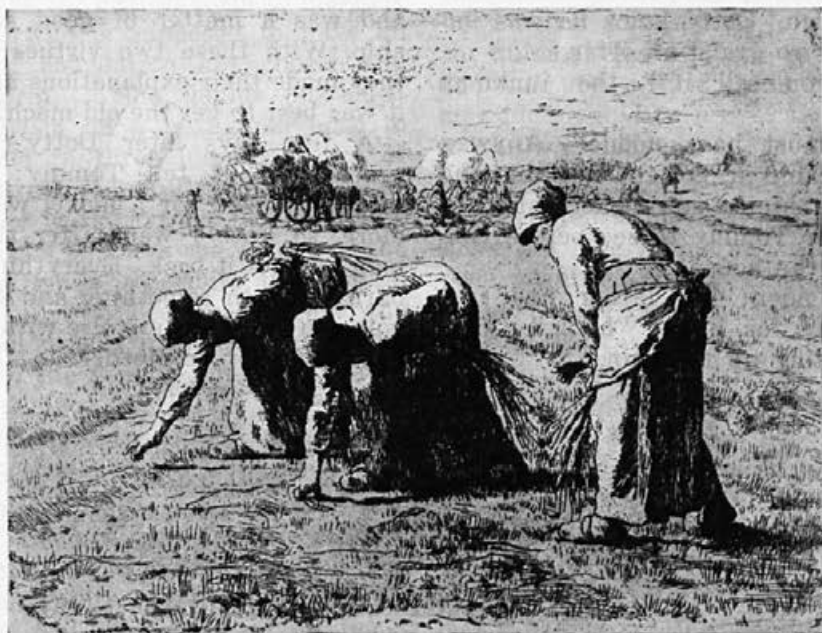
*("The child's first school is the family.—Froebel.)*

**G**REAT Aunt Alice had died, leaving her old-time cottage with its quaint furnishings to Dotty's mother, and the family had taken possession almost immediately.

"The house is old," Dotty's mother said, "but better than many modern bungalows. By finishing the attic we can have a very comfortable home."

told Dotty. Dad says the whole outfit is not worth 5 cents."

Dotty's parents did not share this view. Everything was put inside the barn and the doors securely fastened—that is, everything but an old sewing machine. Dotty's father had said he could easily convert that into a little table just the size and shape needed



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

### Millet: THE GLEANERS

Things which had accumulated during many years were moved from the attic to the barn awaiting the day when thoughtful consideration could be given each article. Tommy Trousdale watched the moving from the roof of his father's garage next door.

"That is a lot of junk you have," he

for the kitchen. This sewing-machine was left under the shed of the barn.

For a while Dotty watched proceedings indoors, then she went to the yard where Tommy again told her of the low value of the family hoardings. Presently the junkman came through the alley, and Tommy sold him a bundle of

old newspapers, magazines, bottles and old iron that he had collected. How proud he was of the three pennies received for his labor! He exhibited them triumphantly to the watchful Dotty.

The junkman drove to Dotty's back gate. "Anything to sell?" he asked the child.

Dotty shook her head, remembering that Tommy had said her whole barn full of things was not worth a nickel. How discouraging this was; Tommy had received 3 cents for much less than the barn held.

The junkman spied the old machine. "I'll give you a nickel for that," he offered, pointing to it.

"Oh!" Tommy gasped from his side of the fence. Dotty knew he was impressed by so grand an offer.

"Will you sell it?" the junkman asked.

Dotty must have nodded. Anyway the man came in, got the machine and gave her a shining new nickel which she held up for Tommy to see before running into the house.

It was noon; her father had just come home for lunch. "Look," Dotty cried, holding up the coin.

"Where did you get it?" her mother asked.

"I sold the old sewing-machine to the junkman," Dotty declared proudly.

"When?" asked her father.

"Just now."

Her father disappeared by the back door and presently returned announcing he had traded the junkman out of the machine.

Dotty's parents have heard Tommy give his father's appraisal of the value of the things in the barn. They knew the junkman had taken advantage of the child. Dotty was fortunate in having parents who tried to see things from her viewpoint. They knew that to the child the sale upheld family pride and was a matter of good salesmanship. With these two virtues in mind they made their explanations as to why it was best to get the old machine back.

A few days later Dotty's mother overheard her tell Tommy: "That machine I sold for a nickel was worth more, so Father went after the junkman and got it back. Everything in the barn is worth something and I am not going to sell anything else without first asking Father or Mother."

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## The Laughter of Children

By Robert G. Ingersoll

THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.



## The Bee As A Builder

IN THE work of constructing waxen cells, the bees long since solved a complicated problem. They build cells of regular size on two opposite sides, using the minimum quantity of material and doing the work at a minimum cost of time and labor. The human cell builder of such an edifice would be forced to make a careful estimate before attempting to divide a surface into numerous equal and contiguous compartments.

The human builder has chosen the hexagon as the easiest form to manage. The bee, who is supposed to have no means of calculation has chosen the same form. She builds six-sided waxen prism on a hexagonal base to correspond to three identical tiers of prisms directly opposite; and she so arranges her work that the inclined angle of the prism balances the weight of the structure, while it permits a maximum of solidity. The bees know that the hexagonal prisms must not be perpendicular to the general surface, because as the surface is vertical when cells are finished larvae would fall out and honey run out.

Nothing is more curious than the work of the bees when they begin to construct their honeycomb on the ceiling of an empty hive. The colony installs itself in line on the ceiling, hook-in themselves thereto by their claws. When the first line is firmly fixed, a second line takes its place, each bee hooking herself to the feet of the first. So tier after tier of colonists of that one hive form a regular array in which all the heads of the little masons are at the same equal distance from each other. While the ranks are forming and aligning in working order, other bees go and come, carrying the building material—small lathes or blades of wax produced by the workers from glands

on some of the abdominal rings. As fast as the wax is produced it is seized by the carriers, shifted first to their middle claws, then to their fore claws, and then passed to the mandibles, where it is masticated and molded with saliva and passed on to the masons.

In the ardor of their busy work carriers drop some of the blades, and these are picked up as fast as they fall by bees stationed on the floor to keep watch and to prevent waste, as fast as they are raised from the floor they are tucked under the part of the collector's head which corresponds to the chin of the human being. In this way, carrying the wax under their chins, the watchmen mount and turn over their burden to the wax deliverers.

As soon as the first tier of cells is finished febrile activity seizes the colony; the hive hums, and the bees are seen pushing and crowding in the zeal of labor. In every cell is seen a bee hard at work in its white case of virgin wax.

The tier of cells destined to serve as cradles for the worker bees is built in cells specially constructed for workers — the lay sisters who do the household work of the society. But besides the cells of the female servants — the nonproducers — there are two other kinds of cells — those of the males and those of the mothers or "queens." When the wax masons have builded large part of the new tier of cells and placed some of the partitions farther apart, with intermediate puncture cells, they build on the same tier of cells of the same appearance, but much larger than the workers' cells. The larger cells are for the drones, and their proportion is about one-third of the whole number of cells.

If there is no space in the artificial edifice where the indignant bees can

build males' cells according to their notions of what honeycomb ought to be, the females enter the artificial cells and deposit workers' eggs in every cell. All the cells contain workers' eggs; not a male's egg can be found. After a time the colony notes the lack of males. Then squads of masons, especially detailed for the emergency, break down some of the partitions of the workers' cells and build the larger cells known to the bee mothers as suitable for drones' eggs. It is possible that the ordinary work of bees is accomplished by instinct, but the work performed by the bee in times of crisis seems to be actuated by nothing less than reasoning.

This maternal city, about to be abandoned, is not only perfect in structure; it is complete in the purpose for which it was created. There are tens of thousands of cells stored with pro-

visions. In the warmest part of the hive sleep the unborn thousands for whom this food was prepared. Thus is preparation made by the living for those who are to come after, affording the most splendid example of fraternalism known.

The flight from the home is not one of despair; it is more of a jubilee, and occurs only after the completion of the work; only after there is no more work to do. The work progresses until there is not a poor cell; if the home has been pillaged, or if it has suffered from storm, the flight is delayed. Never is the home more beautiful, more magnificent, than on the eve of its heroic renunciation.

When all is in readiness, the black throng, numbering one hundred thousand, swarm forth, led by the queen and the scouts who have already selected a new place of shelter.

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## Fraternal Day

### "Fraternal Day at the Fair!"

How could the fraternal organizations of our country possibly sit by and witness all the special days at A Century of Progress this summer without having a day especially designated for them? Of course, they couldn't; and they certainly are not going to.

The National Fraternal Congress of America, through a specially appointed committee, is organized, with plans under way, to promote the greatest Fraternal demonstration in the history of fraternalism when they celebrate "Fraternal Day at the Fair," on Sept. 1.

A formal program of artistry and oratory by masters in these lines will be featured afternoon and evening in

the spacious and beautiful Court of the Hall of Science, and the day will be highly enjoyable and profitable also in the many entertainment features provided. A fraternal parade is scheduled for the early afternoon with appropriate floats, uniform drill teams, junior exhibitions and other timely features.

National officials of the affiliated societies, en route home from attendance at the N.F.C. of A. convention at Milwaukee, will be honor guests on this occasion, and it is hopefully anticipated that 200,000 or more fraternalists will join in this event which has for its objective the featuring of the memberships of our several societies to show the strength in numbers and the active fraternal services in which we are engaged.

—N. F. C. of A.



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS  
of the S. N. P. J.

Dear Readers and Contributors:—

*In the Mladinski List for June, I presented a short report of some of the important decisions made by the Tenth Regular Convention of the Slovene National Benefit Society. I have announced the glad tidings that our monthly magazine, as decided by the convention, will continue its work of spreading the SNPJ principles—mutual protection and labor enlightenment.*

*The continuance of the M. L. is somewhat conditional, its further existence depending entirely on the economic conditions. We expressed our hope, and the hope of thousands of our readers, we believe, that the M. L. will be enabled to continue its mission for a long time to come. May our hopes and desires come true!*

*Right now it is also our desire to improve the system of issuing the monthly regularly and on time, so that you will receive every month's copy at least before the end of the current month in which the magazine is issued. Gradually, we also hope to be able to send the M. L. to you in the first half of each month, or soon after the first of each month.*

*Send in your next letter early! That will hasten the completion of the next month's number considerably!*

—EDITOR.

## BOTH ARE THE SAME

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On July 4 we motored to the "Old Fair Grounds" to attend the Westmoreland County Federation of SNPJ picnic. There were many entertainments to keep us busy.

In the afternoon there was a moshball game between the Westmoreland Co. Fed. team and the Baloh Bros. Market team of Yukon. The latter won. Both teams battled hard. We had a good time here as we do at all affairs sponsored by this Federation.

Some people say that Roosevelt has done more in his first four days than Hoover did in four years. Yes, he has for the capitalists, but not for the workman. Both are the same.

July 13 was an important date. I was thirteen years old, and it was twenty years since my mother left Europe.

My brother, John, is on a vacation at Dr. Widdowson's at Black Lick, Pa. Every time he writes to us it's in Slovene. "A Proud Torch,"

Mary Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

**FRANK'S FATHER WAS HURT**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. My birthday was on July 12; I am 10 year old. I passed to 4th grade A and my brother is in the same grade.

My Daddy got hurt in the mine March 25. He was in the hospital three months. I went to see him every Sunday with my brother and Mother. He is now home since June 17. He feels better now. Doctor said he can't work for long time yet. We are happy that he came home from hospital.

Brother and I have rabbits, and have to wake up early in the morning to feed them.

Best regards to all.

**Frank Perpar,**  
box 302, Imperial, Pa.

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**MARY MISSES THE MLADINSKI LIST**

Dear Editor:—

I am writing a letter to tell you that we didn't get our M. L. for two months, April and May. I wonder why it doesn't come. We keep every copy of the Mladinski List ever since we started to get it. We have everyone except the two.

Our school closed June 6. I am 11 years of age and passed to 6th grade. My sister is 10 years of age and passed to 5th grade and my brother passed to second grade. I would like to see some letters from Bridgeville, Pa.

**Mary Yuvancic,**  
921 McLaughlin rd., Bridgeville, Pa.

(Editor's Note:—Will try to send them to you.)

\* \*

**MARY IS LEARNING TO SEW**

Dear Editor:—

I am writing again to the M. L., because I like to read it. I wish that the M. L. would come every week.

Our school was out on April 27. I got promoted to fifth grade. My brother Frank is 7 years old and in the second grade.—I do not have time to write

every month because I have to work in the garden and feed the chicks and pigs.

I am learning to sew on the machine every day.—My father and I made a garden. I have everything planted in my garden that my mother has. The chickens make me angry because they break the fence of my garden and eat and scratch everything out.

There is not much work here. My father works two days a week. This year we are going to have lots of apples.

Best regards to all the members and the Editor.

**Mary and Frank Surina**  
Lodge 533, box 216, Enterprise, W. Va.

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**HENRY LIKES THE MLADINSKI LIST**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I am seven years old and will be in the third grade when school starts in the fall. I had a very good teacher; her name is Miss Carlson. She went to the World's Fair and wrote me a card. I was very glad to get it.

There are five of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I have two brothers. We have an orchestra; I play the drums. I like music very much.

I like to read the Mladinski List very much and wish it would come every week.—We have some very hot and dry weather here.

Best regards to the Editor and all the readers.

**Henry Komac,**  
1162nd st. E., Roundup, Mont.

**Grouchy Diner:** "Say, I never had such corn on the cob. Take it back, it isn't fit for a jackass to eat."

**Waiter:** "Very well, sir. I'll get you some that is."

\* \* \*

**They Called Him** the "Vanishing American" because he passed out on every party.

**DOROTHY WAS PROMOTED**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Our school was out on June 2, and I was promoted to the 7th grade. In the fall the 7th grade will be in Junior High school. I got a certificate for perfect attendance in school for the 6th grade, and I hope to make good for the 7th also.

Our Glee Club had a hike on June 3. My Glee Club teacher, Miss Evans, was with us. We enjoyed it very much, but it was a long walk. We had lunch with us. Also our teacher brought us some delicious salad.

It is summer now, and most of the children are on vacations, and will not think of our little M. L. But we must not forget our beloved magazine, for out of it we learn many useful things. I love to read its pages and can hardly wait for it each month. Let us write to it, so that our M. L. will continue its good work and get larger.

I am expecting to see my aunt's letter (maybe your cousin's?—Edit.) in this month's issue; she promised to write. I hope she passed to 9th grade.

Our gardens are doing fine. We had plenty rain and then a terrible storm. It hailed something awful, but a few things were destroyed and the others are doing fine.

The mine out here is not working from April 1, and we don't know when it will start. Best regards to Editor.

Dorothy M. Fink, box, 1, Wendel, Pa.

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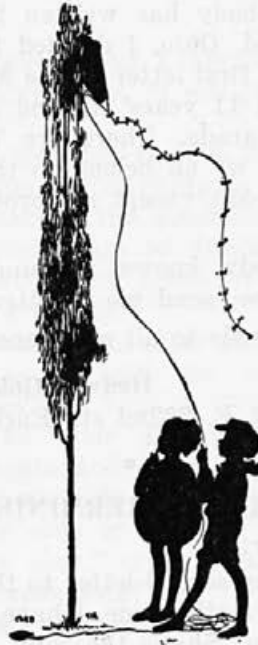
**MARY LIKES SUMMER**

Dear Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I passed to fifth grade.

Here is a joke: Goes round and round the earth and never touches the ground. Ans.: Wind.—I enjoyed the fourth of July. More children should write to the M. L. to make it larger. I like summer because I have more fun.

Mary Samich,  
box 88, Irwin, Pa. (RFD 3.)

**THE WIND**

By. R. L. STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

**A LETTER FROM EUCLID, OHIO**

Dear Editor:—

Since nobody has written to M. L. from Euclid, Ohio, I decided to write. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and going to be in 6th grade. There are 7 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 450, except my brother and sister.

If anybody knows me under this name, please, send me a letter.

Best regards to all members.

**Hedwig Gole,**  
911 E. 232nd st., Euclid, O.

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**WAKE UP, HERMINIE!**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I passed to sixth grade. I have a sister named Hilda. She is the baby.

Here is a riddle: Round as a record, black as a coon and has a tail on it. Answer: A frying pan. I never wrote to the M. L. In June I am writing for July now. Wake up, Herminie, and write to the M. L. It seems like I am the only one writing from Herminie No. 2.

**Frances Samich,**  
box 85, RFD No. 3, Irwin, Pa.

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**HAPPY TO BE HOME**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the 4th grade. I have 3 sisters and 1 brother. My mother has a small grocery store in a mining town.

Our school will reopen in September. I am back from a week's vacation. I am happy to be home once more.

Hope and wish all the members and Editor may enjoy my letter. Our Lodge number is 200, SNPJ.

**Josephine Margaret Bozich,**  
box 106, RFD 3, Irwin, Pa.

**WORK IN CALIFORNIA IS SCARCE**

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the Mladinski List. Now I am 11 years of age and in the 7th grade in school. I have two brothers and one sister. My brother Frankie is 13 years old and in the 8th grade; Johnny is 10 and in the high fourth. My sister Mary is in the 3rd grade; she is 9 years old.

My mother is sick in the hospital. My father is not working because work is very scarce here. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 638. I wish someone would write to me.

Best regards to all.

**William Kastel,**  
Martinez, Calif. (Gen. Delivery.)

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**FRANK'S MOTHER IS ILL**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. We are all well, except my mother—she is in the hospital.

I wish someone of this district would write to the M. L.

Here are a few jokes:

What has three feet and can't walk? —(A yard stick.)

What has a mouth and can't eat, it has bed and can't sleep?—(A river.)

What has four eyes and can't see? —(Mississippi.)

What stands behind a star?—(A policeman.)

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

**Frankie Kastel, Martinez, Calif.**

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**Tough, Indeed!**—"Father," said little George Washington Beanbrough, "I cannot tell a lie." Which caused the older Beanbrough no end of worriment, because he was thinking of taking his little son with him on fishing trip the very next week.

## The Turkey's Foot

THIS is a story of my school days.

I was ten years old and attended an academy. Each Monday morning I left the home of my parents with fifteen sous (a sou is worth about a penny.) which it was necessary for me to spend for my breakfasts for the academy furnished us nothing except a piece of dry bread.

One Monday on returning I found one of my comrades, I can still recall his name, he was called Charley, armed with an elegant turkey leg. I say leg and not thigh. I will call it a shin of the leg with the four toes.

As soon as my comrade saw me, he said, "Come quickly and see what I have." I ran. He held on high the leg between his two hands and with a little movement of his right hand, the four toes opened and closed as the fingers of the human hand. I was filled with wonder and admiration. This dead foot seemed to be alive. How could he work it? Each time that the four fingers opened and closed it seemed to me to be a world wonder.

My comrade, who was older and shrewder than myself, seeing that my enthusiasm had become unbounded, put his marvel in his pocket and disappeared. I walked about but the vision of this foot always floated before my eyes.

"If I had it", I said to myself, "I would quickly learn how to use it. Charley is not a magician and then, how I would like to play with it. I would hold it just so."

I ran to my comrade and cried, "Give me the leg. I pray you give it to me".

"Give you my leg?" he asked.

His refusal increased my desire.

"You do not wish to give it to me?"

"No of course not."

"Ah, well I will buy it, sell it to me. How much?" I began to count the silver

in my pocket which I intended to spend for my breakfasts. "I will give you five sous."

"Five sous for such a leg as that? Surely you are mocking."

And taking the precious object he commenced again to display its wonders. And each time my desire increased a degree.

"Ah well, I will offer you ten sous."

"Ten sous", said he with scorn. "Just look."

And the four fingers opened and closed again and again. "Well," said I, "How much do you want?"

"Forty sous or nothing."

"Forty sous," cried I, "almost three weeks' breakfasts!"

The leg disappeared in his pocket and he went away. I ran after him again.

"Fifteen sous."

"Forty!"

"Twenty."

"Forty!"

"Twenty-five."

"Forty!"

Oh, this Charley. How he will make his way in the world. How he already knew the human heart. Each time that this terrible word "Forty" reached my ear it broke down my resistance. At the end of two minutes I did not know myself.

"Ah well then", said I, "give it to me."

"First give me the money," he said.

I put into his hands the fifteen sous for my breakfasts and he made me sign a note for twenty-five sous. Oh the rascal!

He was already a business man at thirteen years of age.

Then pulling the dear object from his pocket he said, "There, take it."

I was over-joyed with it. Within a few seconds, as I had thought, I

learned the secret and I could handle the leg as well as my friend. For two minutes it amused me a great deal. Two minutes later it amused me less. After four minutes more it didn't amuse me at all. I soon learned that I was fooled; then I was sorry; then I regretted when I began to think there would be no breakfasts for three weeks. I realized how foolish I had been, and little by little I became angry. At the end of ten minutes I seized the object of my desire with hatred and threw it over the wall so that I would never see it again.

The remembrance of this affair has remained with me ever since. Often I have found in myself the child wishing for the turkey's foot. This weakness of wishing something that some-

body else had remained with me. I learned that all that glitters is not gold.

Oh that we might study children more. We are inclined to think of their wishes as childish. There is nothing childish in the child. The child is not entirely dead in the man. Our passions are different, but the heart is always the same, and the best way to direct the young man is to have him observe a ten year old boy.

And so the turkey's foot saved me often. Twenty times in my life in the midst of a foolish deal this story returned to me. "You are always the same", I said to myself; and I began to laugh and stopped short.

(Translated from the French story by Ernest Le Souve.)

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### TRY THESE RIDDLES

**W**HY is it foolish to educate the Indians? *Because they are naturally well red.*

Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk? *Because it grows down.*

What walks with its head downward? *A nail in a shoe.*

What is a put-up job? *The paper on the wall.*

Why does a gate-keeper punch a hole in your ticket? *To let you through.*

When is a doctor most annoyed? *When he is out of patients.*

What part of London is in France? *The letter N.*

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert? *Because every watch has a spring in it.*

### WHO MAKES BUBBLES?

Here's a good way to blow bubbles without any bubble pipe or soap suds. Just take an empty spool, a cake of toilet soap (laundry soap is not so good), and a little saucer of soft water. Dip one end of the spool into the water, then rub it over the cake of soap. When there is a film over the hole, blow very gently into the other end of the spool. It takes a lot of practice, but soon a small bubble will appear, and before long you will be able to blow bubbles as large as a football.

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**Scientific.**—Archaeologists have found a skeleton with a lower jaw that opened six inches. Evidently the club sandwich isn't new.

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**Someday We Are Going** to hear of the big city guy who made good in the small town.

**Among the Studios.**—"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."