

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Jože Kovač:

USPAVANKA RUDARSKEMU OTROKU

SPAVAJ, spavaj, moj otrok!

Očka tvoj je črn rudar,
premog koplje iz globine,
da se vname v svetel žar
in prežene vse temine —
spavaj, spavaj, moj otrok....

Sanjaj, sanjaj, moj otrok!

Očka tvoj je ves močan.
Planil bo nekoč iz dna,
stisnil bo žuljavo dlan
in bo gospodar sveta —
sanjaj, sanjaj, moj otrok....

Spavaj, spavaj, moj otrok!

Očke dolgo ni nocoj,
sama, sama sem s teboj.
Morda se sesul je rov,
pa ga več ne bo domov....?
Spavaj, spavaj, moj otrok....

OTROK IZPRAŠUJE

“M^ATI, kdo po daljnem nebu
zvezde vsako noč nasuje?”

“To kovač natrosi iskre,
ko po nakovalu kuje.”

“Mati, kdo zaneti zoro,
kadar izza gor se dviga?”

“Sivi starček, ki na naši
ulici luči prižiga.”

“Kdo pa v solneju je zakuril,
mati, da ves svet ogreva?”

“To je očka tvoj, moj fantek,
on, rudar, ves svet ogreva.”



Beseda čitateljem

V STREMLJENJU, da mora biti vsebina Mladinskega lista kar najbolj preprosta in lahko razumljiva, se trudimo, da nudimo čitateljem poljudno gradivo v pesmi in prozi. Morda se je že zgodilo in se še bo, posebno med mladimi čitatelji, da posamezen čitatelj ne bo mogel slediti prav vsakemu sestavku. Kljub temu pa smo uverjeni, da bo sleherni čitatelj Mladinskega lista dobil vsaj nekaj v njem, kar ga bo zanimalo. Gotovi smo, da ima tudi najpriprostejši čitatelj svojo korist od sestavka, ki mu ni takoj popolnoma umljiv.

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TUDI v pričujoči številki Mladinskega lista se želimo malo pomuditi pri dopisih, ki postajajo z vsako izdajo številnejši. V tej številki je angleških in slovenskih dopisov nič manj kot 87. Izredno razveseljav pojav so slovenski prispevki naših mladih članov in čitateljev. Mladinski list ni do sedaj še nikdar prinesel toliko slovenskih dopisov kot jih prinaša v tej številki. Naša želja, izrečena pred par meseci, da bi se slovenski dopisi podvojili, se je nad vsa pričakovanja uresničila. Pričujoča številka prinaša 30 slovenskih dopisov in 57 angleških.

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SEDANJE uredništvo Mladinskega lista je bilo in bo ostalo zvesto načelu, da mora naš mesečnik priobčevati le take sestavke, ki so vzgojevalnega pomena v duhu napredne, realne misli. Treba je računati s tem, da čita Mladinski list nad deset tisoč ljudi, mladine in odraslih, ki so ali delavci ali pa otroci delavcev. Tem je treba pravega vpogleda v delavčevo življenje in v življenje današnjega nepravilno uravnanega sistema, ki sloni na izkoriščanju mas, čemur se mora vsak iskreno zaveden delavec protiviti. Le potom delavske kulture in naobrazbe in v koristni izrabi prostega časa, je upati na uspešno vzgojo naše mladine.

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MLADINSKI LIST ne služi le naši mladini, temveč tudi odraslim in starešem; spaja obe generaciji v pravem spoznavanju; premošča prepad med naraščanjem in starši s poljudno večino peresa domačih, delavsko življenje poznavajočih sotrudnikov. Raznolično štivo v Mladinskem listu v obeh jezikih je čimdlje bolj izrazito. Pred vsem stremimo za tem, da se naš mesečnik izboljšava v gradivu in tudi oblikovno.

* * *

ANGLEŠKI del te številke je raztegnjen na štirinajst strani, dočim zavzema slovensko gradivo osemnajst strani. V bodoče se bo skušalo oddeliti enakomeren prostor obema oddelkoma, da se slovensko in angleško štivo v našem mesečniku uravnovesi po številu strani.

* * *

GLAVNI odbor Slovenske narodne podporne jednote je na letnem zborovanju januarja izdelal obširen načrt, da se uvede mladinska kampanja za ustanavljanje novih društev in za pridobivanje novih članov. V ta namen, da bo kampanja bolj živahna in plodonosna, je določena vsota nad sedemsto dolarjev. Naše čitatelje vabimo, da postanejo aktivni v mladinski kampanji, ki prične z mesecem aprilom in bo v teku vse leto.

Andersen:

Navihani pobič

NEKOČ je živel star pesnik, izredno dober, star pesnik. Nekega večera, ko je sedel v svoji izbi, je zunaj besnela strašna nevihta. Lilo je kakor iz vedra. A stari pesnik je toplo in udobno sedel pred svojo pečico, kjer je plapolal ogenj in so cvrčala pečena jabolka.

“Kdor je zdaj na cesti, bo do kože moker,” je dejal pomilovalno, ker je imel dobro srce.

Tedaj je zaprosil pred durmi otroški glasek “Joj, odpri mi, zebe me in ves sem moker!” In jokalo je in trkalo na vrata, v okna pa se je besno zaganjal veter in dež.

“Uboga stvarca!” je dejal pesnik, vstal in odprl vrata. Pred pragom je ždel nag pobič in voda mu je tekla od dolgih zlatih kodrov. Trepetal je od mraza. Če bi mu ne bil pesnik odprl, bi bil gotovo poginil v viharju.

“Ubogi fantič!” je dejal starček in ga prijel za ročico. Stisni se k meni, da te pogrejem. Nikar ne jokaj. Vina dobiš in pečeno jabolko, saj si dečko od fare!”

Bil je res lep pobič. Njegove oči so bile kakor dve svetli zvezdi in—dasi mu je voda še vedno tekla od las, so se mu že vili zlati kodrčki. Bil je ko angelček, čeprav je bil višnjev od mraza in je trepetal po vsem telescu. V rokah je držal krasen lok, ki pa je bil ves skvarjen od dežja. Od pisanih puščic je kapala raztopljen barva.

Pesnik je sedel k pečici, vzel pobiča v naročje, mu ožel vodo iz las, huškal v njegove premrte ročice, jih grel v svojih rokah in mu zavrel sladkega vina. Tedaj si je pobič opomogel, lička so mu zagorela, skočil je na tla in se vrtil in plesal okoli starega pesnika.

“Ti si pa veseljaček!” se je smejal pesnik. “Kako ti je ime?”

“Ime mi je Amor,” je odvrnil pobič, “ali me ne poznaš? Glej, to je moj lok. Z njim znam imenitno streljati.—Ej, nevihta je prešla, luna že sije!”

“A tvoj lok je pokvarjen,” je dejal pesnik.

Pobič se je zamislil. “To bi bilo hudo”—in je pregledal lok. “Ne, saj je že suh in nič pokvarjen. Struna je napeta! Ali naj ga poskusim?”—In ga je napel, nastavljal puščico, nameril in ustrelil dobrega starega pesnika naravnost v srce.

“Vidiš, da moj lok res ni pokvarjen?” se je veselo zasmel in zbežal. Ta zlobni pobič! Da je streljal na starega pesnika, ki ga je bil tako prijazno sprejel v svojo toplo sobo, ki je bil tako dober z njim in mu je dal sladkega vina in najboljše jabolko!

Dobri stari pesnik je ležal na tleh in plakal, kajti zadet je bil naravnost v srce “Joj, joj, kako poreden je Amor. Vsem dobrim otrokom bom to povedal, da se ga bodo čuvali in se nikoli ne bodo igrali z njim, ker to se ne bi dobro končalo.”

In vsi dobri otroci, dečki in deklice, katerim je to povedal, so se ga čuvali, a vendar jih je prekanil, ker je silno pretkan. Ko pridejo študentje s predavanj,

jim stopa ob strani v črni suknji, z naočniki na nosu in knjigo pod pazduho. Ne poznajo ga. Veselo ga primejo pod pazduho, ker mislijo, da je njihov tovariš. Tedaj jim prebode srce. Tudi dekleta niso varna pred njim. Vse ljudi zasleduje. V gledališču sedi med lučkami lestenca pod stropom in rdeče, plameneče gori, da ga nihče ne spozna. Neopažen pa istreli svojo puščico. Smuka se po sprehajališčih in tihih stezah. Tudi očka in mamico je zadel v srce. Le vprašaj ju, če ne verjameš.

Da, Amor je res poreden pobič, čuvaj se ga in ogibaj. A njegovim puščicam nihče ne uide. Pomisli, celo tvojo babico je zadel v srce. A tega je že dolgo in rana se je zacelila. Babica pa tega ne bo nikoli pozabila. Ta navihanec! Zdaj ga poznaš in veš, kako je neugnan.

Anna P. Krasna:

POMLAD

HRUME viharji sred noči,
ubogo drevje v nemi grozi stoče.
In vendar slutim, da nekje tam v dalji
se pomlad budi.
Tam vstaja: mlada, krasna,
polna nad.
Pripravlja na pohod se v širni svet,
da zimo stre in prepodi viharje mrzle.
Zato rohne vetrovi—sika zima.
A pomlad, mlada in življenja polna,
strahu nima.

Besnečim vihram drzno gre naproti,
junaško tepe se z ledeno zimo—
sovražni bes viharjev je ne moti.
Naprej za ciljem gre pomlad —
zmaguje!
Zbor pevcev himne sladke ji prepeva
in solnce žarko, veseleč se zmage njene,
pod nje nogami zemljo ji ogreva.

PREVARJEN

NA jablani ptiček-pevček sedi,
nožice pod perje si skriva;
od glada in mraza sirotek drhti,
gozd, polje pa sneg še pokriva.

Nespametni ptiček, čemu priletel
si daleč s toplega juga?
Naš gozd ti ne bo še zelenel,
oj, mnoga te čaka še tuga.

Prevaral te pač je dih južnih vetrov,
ki k nam je zavel oni dan.
In ti si poslušal vabljev glas njegov,
a zdaj si prevaran, gladan.

Mi delavci, ptiček, podobni smo ti:
varljivcem kaj radi sledimo.
Premalo trpin iz prevar se uči,
zato pa teptani trpimo.



Katka Zupančič:

SREČA

JE deček bil,
metulje je lovil, pa to je govoril:
— Kaj metulji — srečo rad bi ujel!
V kletko jo zaprl
vratica zavrl,
v kletki bi imel
ujeto srečo,
srečo opotečo. —

In dečko mlad
bil poln je lepih nad,
da najde sreče sled.
Pa klobuček si nadel,
suknjico zapel
in šel je v svet
iskat srečo,
srečo opotečo.

A sreče ni — — —
Oko in čelo mu stemni
in kolne srečo, nje prelest:
— To sem si zavzel,
moč bom vso napel,
da dobim te v pest
lažna sreča,
sreča opoteča! —

Pa isti čas
zasliši srečo, sreče glas,
ki de mu: — Našel bi me rad?
Glej, v tebi sem,
s tabo grem
dokler si poln življenja, lepih nad,
dokler si pošten, zdrav in mlad! —

BOLJA ENA — KO NOBENA

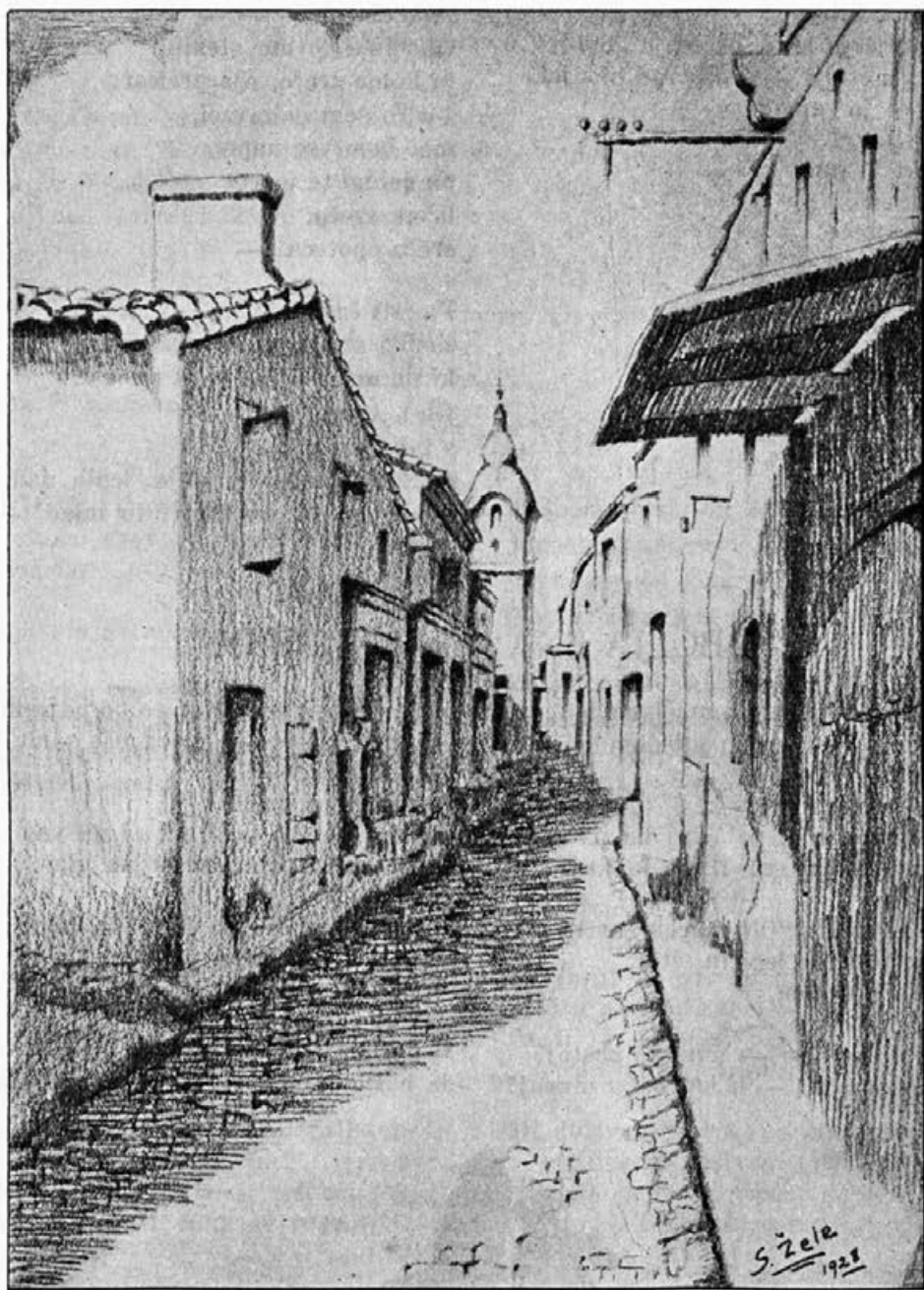
MIŠKA se srečala z mačkom je lenim.
Maček jo meri s pogledom ledenim;
že se pripravlja,
kremplje nastavlja —.
Miška vstrepeče: joj, kaj bo pa zdaj?
“Miška pripravi se! Hudo je, kaj?!”

Miška zaprosi: “Oh mucek častiti!
Moji mladiči so lepi in siti;
lepih vseh sedem,
sem ti privedem —.
Sedem mladičev — mucek, postoj!
Jaz pa sem suha — le kaj boš z menoj?”

Maček pristane: “Hm, to bo pa zame —
sedem mladičev še poleg nje same!”
Miška priteče
v domek, pa reče:
“Mucek častiti bo č a k a l na vas —!”
pa se z mladiči zasmije na glas.

Čakal je maček, pa čakal in čakal;
slednjič je lačen in jezen zaplakal:
“Res sem neroda,
strašna prismoda!
Vedel prej nisem, nesreča zelena,
da bolja je ena — ko miška nobena!”





Stanko Žele: "In a Little Spanish Town."

Kako se je Anica naučila lagati

ANICA je že velika deklica. Zelo dobra je. Kadar pričakuje očeta in matere z dela, pride pogostokrat k meni, da mi kaj pripoveduje ali da me kaj vpraša. Rada jo imam, ker me vedno gleda v oči, kadar kaj pripoveduje. A taki otroci so vedno pametni in dobri.

Nekoč mi je Anica pripovedovala, kako se je naučila lagati. Ni je bilo sram povedati mi vse. Tako-le mi je pripovedovala:

“Vedela sem prav dobro, da ni lepo lagati, pa sem vendarle včasih lagala. Kako sem se tega naučila, ne vem. Vem pa, da so me prisilili lagati prav oni, ki bi nas morali učiti resnice. Spominjam se, da je bilo nekoč v šoli. Tako-le se je zgodilo:

Nekoč nam je gospodična učiteljica brala iz neke knjige. Ničesar nisem razumela. Hotela sem jo zaprositi, naj mi to in ono razloži. A nisem smela, ker me je nekoč pokarala z besedami: “Saj imaš knjigo, beri in se nauči na pamet tako, kot je napisano v knjigi.”

Ko je prebrala knjigo, nas je vprašala, ne da bi nam bila kaj razložila:

“Ali ste razumele?”

Odgovorile smo, da. Pa čeprav nisem razumela niti jaz niti katera druga. A nismo smele reči resnice, ker bi nas okregala.

Drugega dne nas je izpraševala. Katera zna to in to? Nekatere so dvignile roke, nekatere niso. Gospodična se je razjezila ter karala: “Uh, ve lenobe, ki se nič ne učite.”

Sram me je bilo, da bi me imenovala lenobo. Dvignila sem hitro roko, kakor da bi bila znala. To je bilo zame manj sramotno, kot pa da me gospodična imenuje lenobo.

Tako, vidiš, sem se naučila lagati.

Svojo mamico imama tako rada, a tudi njej sem se nekajkrat nalagala. A to le, kadar sem kaj zlomila ali kaj poškodovala, pa si nisem upala reči in priznati. Mama je huda, pa se je bojim. Zato sem se ji večkrat zlagala. A le majhne stvari, ki se mi zde, da niso tako hude.

Nekoč pa sem se ji zelo zlagala, tako zelo zlagala, da nisem mogla prenesti in sem se kmalu izpovedala. In kadarkoli zdaj pomislim na to veliko laž, me je sram. A od tedaj ne lažem več.

Bilo je nekega jutra, morala sem iti v šolo. Nisem se bila naučila naloge in mi je bilo težko. Bila sem žalostna in vsa v skrbeh. Nisem mogla niti zajtrkovati. Mama je mislila, da sem bolna. Zadržala me je, češ da mi ni treba v šolo. Vsa plaha mi je rekla:

“Dete moje, kaj ti je? Slaba si — kaj ti ni prav? Ne hodi danes v šolo, marveč pojdi v posteljo, odpočij se in pozdravi. Mama ti pripravi mleko.”

Meni se je dobro zdelo, da mati tako skrbi zame in zazdelo se mi je, da sem res zbolela. Ležala sem nekaj časa, pa sem se kaj kmalu naveličala. Pekla me je vest. Hotela sem vstati. Mama pa me ni pustila iz postelje. Ostanem naj v postelji, da prej okrevam. Morala sem ubogati in ležala sem do poldneva.

Ko je prišel oče domov in zagledal mene v postelji, se je ustrašil. Stopil je k moji postelji ter me gledal. Najprej se je malo nasmehoval, potem pa se je naglo zresnil in molčal. A še vedno je neprestano gledal vame. Zdelo se mi

je, da je uganil, kako je z menoj, da je z mojega obraza bral, da nisem bolna in da sem se hotela le izogniti šole. Gledal me je oče, gledal, dokler nisem na vso moč zaplakala. Kakor bi me bil vprašal: "Zakaj lažeš?" — sem mu povedala vse. Rekla sem mu, da sprva nisem hotela, a da je prišlo kar tako samo od sebe. Spet sem lagala, a oče me je gledal neprestano in zdi se mi, da so njegove ustne venomer ponavljale: Lažeš, in izpraševale: Zakaj lažeš? Pa je molčal in le njegov pogled je izpraševal: Kolikokrat si se že zlagala? Dvignila sem glavo, pogledala njemu prav v oči in mu priznala vse, vse. Ni bila dolga izpoved, zakaj oče me je prekinil, ker je razumel vse.

Meni je bilo, kakor bi se mi bilo odvalilo s srca. Bilo je, kakor bi se hipno oprostila velikega bremena mnogih laži, ki so bremenile na moji duši.

Oče me je vzel na kolena, pogledal v oči in dejal: "Ni lepo lagati." Ta njegov pogled je bil drugačen kakor malo poprej. Dobrota je sijala iz njega. In jaz nisem bila več lažnivka in sem mirno lahko gledala očetu v oči.

Spominjam se venomer, kako hudo je bilo očetu, da sem se lagala. Spominjam se, kako me je gledal. Bilo je to zame huje od udarcev. Ne vem, ali tudi druge otroke očetje tako gledajo. Jaz tega ne morem pozabiti.

Od tedaj se nisem nikdar več lagala in nikdar več se nisem bala, da bom kaznovana, če povem resnico . . ."

Tako je pripovedovala Anica in božala moje roke. Gledala me je naravnost v oči. Čakala je menda, da bi ji kaj rekla. In res, zajokala sem skoro, oči so se mi orosile, prižela sem Anico k sebi in rekla:

Otrok moj, pomni, da človek, ki govori resnico, vedno gleda v oči in se ničesar ne boji. A lažnivec obrača oči v tla in vedno se boji, da ga bo kdo zasačil na laži. Ljudje, ki ljubijo Resnico, ljubijo tudi Pravico. Lažnivec pa je podel človek. Dobri ljudje so vedno resnicoljubni in odkritosrčni. Samo oni so dobri in hrabri. A dobrota in hrabrost sta potrebni duši, kakor sta potrebna telesu zrak in solnce. Zato otrok moj, čuvaj zdravje svoje duše kakor zdravje svojega telesa."

"Anica me je razumela. In njene oči so se blestele. Otrok delavcev je, ki se borijo za Pravico. Pravica in Resnica pa hodita z roko v roki . . ."

Teta Milena.

D. Vargazon:

POZIMI

Vzel Cirilček je sani,
vanje vpregel je konjička,
Sultana seveda—psička—
zdaj med polji z njim drevi.

"Urno," pravi, "tja pod klanec,
kjer se sanko otročad!"
Menda bi pred deco rad
pobahal se—neugnanec.

Tam ob cesti mož stoji:
koš ima na beli glavi,
a obraz njegov norčavi
nos—korenček mu kazi.

Psička čuden srd prevzame,
hav!—zalaja, zarenči,
ker pa mož se še reži,
k njemu zdajci teči jame.

Divje vanj se zapraši
—joj!—Cirilček že zavpije
in že v snegu ves se skrije,
da le glava ven moli.

A sankalcev trop nadležni
s klanca se čez polje usuje
in se revčku posmehuje:
Dober dan, možiček snežni!

Katka Zupančič:

Leni Mihec

(Nadaljevanje)

PORABIL je trgovec priliko in nesel nekaj v odzadje—; prepričal se je, da je past, to je nastavljeni denar, še na svojem mestu in zdelo se mu je, da se kupček ni zmanjšal; prešteti ga seveda ni utegnil. Odlahnilo mu je.

“Mogoče ga je v zadnjih pretečenih dneh trapilo veliko domotožje, jaz pa sem ga smatral za lenuha,” si je dajal ukor. “No, bomo videli, saj dneva še ni konec in za danes pride jutri!” in že je hitel, ker stranke so se pojavljale. “Pusti sedaj kavo, Mihec, pa skoči brž sem, delo se ti ponuja!”

Seveda je bilo zopet treba točiti “petrlem,” kakor se je večina strank izražala, in še kolikrat čez dan! Denar pa je ležal in obležal na mizici.

Zvečer, ko so pospravljali trgovino in je Mihec zopet sukal metlo, a ne s tako jezo, ko prejšnje dneve, je trgovec—kakor da bi pozabil—pustil na prodajalni mizi bankovec, lep nov bankovec . . .

“Že spet denar!” in Mihec se je vgriznil v ustnice.

“Poglejte, gospod, tukaj ste pozabili bankovec! In tam na mizici pri petroleju tudi leži nekaj denarja,” je naglo, da je jedva zajemal sapo, pripovedoval trgovcu, ki je visoko gori na lestvici stoječ uravnaval različno drobnarijo.

“Kako to? O, saj res, zdaj se spominjam! Vidiš, star sem že in pozabljiv postajam,” je odvrnil in zlezal z lestvice. “Pojdi in prinesi še tisto, kar praviš da leži na mizici!”

Mihec je naslonil metlo ob steno in odhitel ter prinesel skušnjava v obliki denarja in jo stresel na mizo.

“Bom vsaj videl, koliko ga je,” je rekel trgovec in ga je v naglici preštel. “Vse je!” je s prikritim veseljem ugotovil v svojih mislih. Glasno pa je podal “Priden si, Mihec, in hvala! Pa da boš imel nekaj od današnjega skakanja:

tukaj, vzemi to kar je bilo na mizici! In zanaprej boš po vsakem tržnem dnevu dobival majhno vsotico. Si zadovoljen?” je vprašal in dobrohotno zrl v dečkove oči, ki so izražale sprva osupljenost, nato resnobo in nazadnje veselje.

“I seveda sem zadovoljen, kako bi ne bil!? Hvala vam!” je naglo prišlo iz Mihčevih ust. Prijel je zopet za metle in najrajši bi bil zaplesal z njo.

“Hej, to bi bil moral videti in slišati moj oče in mati, posebno mati, ki je vedno tako žalostna!” so pele njegove misli.

Odkar je tako srečno prestal preizkušnjo, je šlo z Mihcem navzgor. Res je še tuintam začel cincati in povešati glavo in ramena, vendar je s trgovčevo pomočjo, ki ga je takole mimogrede vspodbujal, premagal svoje nagnenje k lenobi. Začel se je zanimati za trgovino. Trgovec, vesel tega pojava, ga je pričel uvajati v svoje notranje trgovske posle.

In ko mu je trgovec nekega večera pokazal svoje knjigovodstvo, so se Mihčeve oči na široko razprle. Vedno je bil mišljenja, da je trgovija najuspešnejša pot do bogastva—in bogat je hotel postati na vsak način—tu pa se ni dalo najti tega, česar je iskal. Nekoliko razočaran se je ozrl v svojega gospodarja. Tedaj se je trgovec dobrodušno nasmejaj in dejal:

“Jeli, Mihec, ti si mislil, da boš našel koncem konca celo rajdo težkih števil, ki naj bi izkazovale moje premoženje! Vidiš, pa temu ni tako. Imam sebe vse preveč rad, kakor da bi se navezal na denar. Vedi, da smatram denar, premoženje itd. kot potrebno zlo, pa če je tega več, kakor ga človek potrebuje, ni več niti potrebno zlo, ampak je samo zlo.”

Ko je opazil, da ga Mihec le še bolj začudeno in vprašujoče gleda, je nadaljeval:

“Le daj, pomisli malo za vsakim preveč je nekje en premalo—tega se ne da utajiti. Če bi si toraj jaz nabral premoženja več kakor mi je potreba, ali ne bi to nekje in nekemu manjkalo? Privarčeval sem si samo toliko, da sem v slučaju bolezni ali pa, če dosežem tako visoko starost, da bi ne mogel več gibati, preskrbljen in ne postanem komu v breme. Žena mi je umrla; svoja dva otroka sem spravil do kruha, ki si ga pa morata prislužiti, če ga hočeta imeti. Kaj hočem več? In če bi povsod tako računali in mislili po človeško, ne pa po hrčkovo, bi ne bilo nikjer nako-pičenega bogastva, pa bi ne bilo niti bede!”

“Ja pa vendar mora trgovina vkljub vsemu donášati dobiček, kam obrnete tega?” je poizvedoval Mihec.

“I seveda je dobiček. Toda tega dam tja, odkoder se je vzela—med ljudstvo.”

“Pa nisem še videl, da bi dajali komu miloščino.”

“Hej, fant, mlad si še, in ne vem, če boš to razumel, kar ti bom zdaj povedal. Če bi bilo po moje, bi bila miloščina kmalu neznana reč. Ljudstvu bi se moralo dati priliko do dela in življenja, pa bi ne bilo revščine, ne miloščine—miloščine, s katero si mnogi krpajo svojo raztrgano vest. In ubogo ljudstvo je takim “dobrotnikom” še hvaležno, pa jih povzdiguje v deveta nebesa, mesto da bi združilo svojo moč ter od teh “dobrotnikov,” svojih dolžnikov—dolžniki, ker žive od dela ljudskega—zahtevali svoj delež.”

“Vidim, Mihec,” je nadaljeval trgovec, “da ne veš, kam bi s tem, kar sem ti povedal; zato bom kratek” pa je s

svojim mirnim, globokim glasom pripovedoval o ljudeh, ki se sramujejo svoje-ga uboštva, zato ga skušajo prikriti na vse mogoče načine in prav ti da so največji reveži; pripovedoval je nadalje o ustanovah in zavodih, ki naj bi bili v pomoč najpotrebnejšim. Večina le-takih dobrodelnih ustanov, je dejal, bi bila brezpotrebna, če bi se današnji gnili družabni red preustrojilo, pričenshi prav pri korenini.

Mihec je spočetka njegovemu pripovedovanju verno sledil, nazadnje se je pa zamislil in zamišljeno gledal tega svojega starega gospodarja. Vedno ga je bil smatral za čudaškega skopuha, ki si še na svoje stare dni ne da počitka, ampak dela od jutra do večera, kakor da si še ni dovolj nagradil. Hu, to bi si on, Mihec, vse drugače uravnal, to bi lepo živel in ne tako skromno, kakor njegov gospodar. Le to mu ni šlo nikdar v glavo, zakaj mu vedno naroča: Dobro mero, rajši preveč ko premalo! Sedaj mu je bilo jasno. Zdelo se mu je, da ga danes prvič vidi. Objel je s pogledom njegovo sivo glavo in se zazrl v njegove temne oči, ki so izpod vi-sokega čela tako mirno in dobrodušno gledale v svet.

Trgovec je slednjič s svojim pripovedovanjem končal in to je Mihca zdramilo. Na dečkovi zadregi je mož spoznal, da mu ta ni sledil do konca, pa se je nasmehnil in dejal “No, fant, utrudil sem te, star postajam vidiš, pa mi dobro de če se malo razgovorim tudi o tej stvari. Če sedaj vsega ne razumeš, razumel bodeš kmalu, ako bodeš imel srce na pravem mestu. Eno si pa zapomni že danes: da ljudje, ki jih je sam želodec in sama mošnja, niso ljudje in takim se ne klanjaj nikdar!”

(Konec prihodnjič.)



Ivan Jontes:

Nagajivi Andrejček

TO vam je bil nagajivček, Kodrov Andrejček. Sicer dober fantek in v šoli se je dobro učil, samo njegova poredna žilica mu ni dala miru. Ako je le mogel, je ponagajal zdaj temu, zdaj onemu vaščanu, pri tem pa je imel srečo, da mu vaščani niso nič zamerili njegovih porednosti, češ, mlada kri rada malo ponori. Tudi mati in oče sta bila na moč prizanesljiva napram malemu porednežu, meneča, da otroku ne smeš zameriti, ako malo ponagaja.

Ampak v šoli je bilo drugače. Debela, hudogleda gospodična Lina, Andrejkova učiteljica, ni poznala šale in za najmanjšo nagajivost z Andrejkove strani je pela palica. Tudi trebušati gospod župnik ni bil nič boljši ter je fantka za vsako malenkost neusmiljeno pretepel. Zato ni bilo čudo, ako je deček, ki je bil drugače dobrega srca, polagoma zasovražil oba: učiteljico in župnika ter se jima skušal osvetiti. In osvetil se je obema.

Ko je gospodična Lina nekega jutra stopila v svoj razred, jo je pozdravila raz velike šolske table s kredo narisana podoba debele, trebušaste ženske, odspodaj pa se je blestel napis:

To je naša debela učiteljica Lina.

Kri je zalila tolsti obraz Andrejkove učiteljice.

“Kdo je naredil to?” je povprašala z glasom, ki je obetal nevihto.

Vse tiho.

“Andrejček, ali si ti?”

Andrejček je molčal ter uporno zrl predse.

To je učiteljici zadostovalo in deček jih je dobil s palico toliko kakor še nikoli popreje. Ampak to ni pomagalo. Andrejček je bil z vsakim dnevom slabši in učiteljici je nagajal kakor nikoli popreje. Bolj ko ga je tepla, bolj ji je nagajal. Hudemu gospodu župniku pa se je Andrejček skušal osvetiti na razne načine. Enkrat je namazal s katranom stol, na katerega je potem sedel gospod župnik, drugo pot je skrnil njegovo suknjo tako, da je ni mogel najti in tako naprej. Župnik ga je sicer vselej pošteno pretepel, ampak pomagalo ni nič. Pač pa se je vselej obrnilo na slabše in Andrejček je navsezadnje postal prava šiba zanj in za debelo gospodično Lino.

Tisto leto so dobili v Kamenem novega nadučitelja, ker stari je bil umrl. Novi nadučitelj je bil še mlad in zelo prijazen mož, ki je bil hud nasprotnik pretepanja otrok. Takoj ob nastopu svoje nove službe je odločno izjavil, da ne bo trpel, da bi se otroke v šoli pretepevalo in to je zadostovalo. Tudi gospodična Lina in gospod župnik sta se morala odreči njuni priljubljeni metodi podučevanja otrok s palico v veliko veselje učencev in učenk, ki so do tedaj tako pogosto morali okušati vso skelečo grenkobo leskovih palic.

Andrejček je to izpremembo vzel na znanje dokaj brezbrizno ter z nezmanjšano vnemo dalje nagajal svoji učiteljici in veroučitelju ter jima grenil življenje.

Nekega dne pa se je ta nagajivec nenadoma poboljšal. Izpreobrnil ga je novi gospod nadučitelj, ki ga je poklical k sebi ter z lepo besedo skušal doseči to, kar drugi niso mogli doseči s palico. Povedal mu je, da ni lepo nagajati učite-

ljem, ki se trudijo, da bi iz njega napravili boljšega človeka, da bi ga kaj naučili, da je to zelo grdo in nevredno človeka. Dalje je dejal, da je prepričan, da je Andrejček dober deček, ki ne nagaja iz hudobnosti in ki mu bo rad obljubil, da bo odslej priden in ubogljiv deček, tako v šoli kot doma. In glej, kar ni mogla doseči palica, to je dosegla lepa beseda: Andrejček je obljubil dobremu učitelju, da se bo poboljšal in to svojo obljubo je tudi držal. Od tistega dneva dalje je bil Andrejček najboljši in najpridnejši učenec v šoli in najpridnejši mali možiček v vasi.

Morala: Palica pri otrokih večkrat bolj škoduje kakor koristi.

Mestna in poljska miška

Pogovarjajmo se!

STAVIL bi počen groš, da poznate bajko o dveh miškah, bajko, ki jo berete lahko v vsaki šolski čitanki. Mestna miška je poklicala poljsko miško, naj zapusti svoje siromašno stanovanje na polju ter se preseli v mesto, kjer je vsega v izobilju. Poljska miška je ubogala nasvetu in vabilu ter prišla v mesto. A ko je prvič stopila v jedilnico gospode, kjer je živela mestna miška, je skoro izgubila svojo glavo. Ni mogla strpeti v mestu, marveč je rekla mestni miški:

“Ostani ti mestna bogata miška in lepo mirno jej klobasice in slanino, a jaz ostanem poljska miška, uboga poljska miška, in zobala bom svoj žir. Ti nisi niti za hip varna pred natakarnjem, pastjo, mačkom, a jaz sem v svoji majhni poljski koči varna in svobodna. Zato ne morem ostati tu in se rajši vrnem domov, od koder sem prišla.”

Taka je ta povest. To je vse.

A kaj mislite vi zdaj, moji mali? Ni da bi človek ugovarjal povesti, kaj ne? Vi mislite vsekakor, da ima poljska miška prav.

A pogovarjajmo se malo o tem, da se tudi do konca pogovorimo!

Vi bržkone mislite takole: Poljska miška je zelo pametna, da se je prstovoljno odpovedala uživanju bogastva, ker nosi bogastvo nevarnost s sabo.

Saj je rekla poljska miška: “Ti nisi niti za hip varna.” Kako pametno je to rekla. Ali ne? In kako skromno. Lepa čednost je skromnost, si mislite. A zakaj se je vrnila poljska miška v polje? Da bi lahko živela “varno in svobodno”—tako je rekla. Varno in svobodno! Ali ni poljska miška pametna, skromna in požrtvovalna?

Zdaj bi rad vedel, kdo izmed vas bo pritrdil vprašanju, kdo izmed vas bo rekel: Res, poljska miška je pametna, skromna in požrtvovalna. Zakaj temu bi jaz rekel: Prijateljček moj, ti v tem primeru nisi vprašal svoje človeške pameti, kakor bi moral. A zdaj čuj moje mišljenje: Ne! Poljska miška ni pametna in ni požrtvovalna, marveč ponižna in bedasta.

Da, najbolj bedasta je ta poljska miška izmed vseh poljskih mišk, ker ne ve, da preti poljski miški desetkrat več nevarnosti kakor mestni miški. Ta se mora čuvati pasti in mačke. Tudi poljska miška se mora čuvati teh dveh; poleg tega pa ima poljska miška še druge sovražnike: lisice, jazbece, kune, krte, sokole, vrane, sove in polno drugih živali, ki preganjajo poljske miške. Vrhu tega jim pretijo poplave in hudi mraz pozimi, radi katerega pogine vsako zimo na tisoče mišk. In temu pravi poljska miška “varno in svobodno” življenje! To je prav tako, kakor bi se jetnik hvalil s svojimi okovi. Ali je to še

pametno? Če bi bila poljska miška res pametna, bi takoj spoznala, da bi se laže branila teh redkih nevarnosti v mestu, kakor pa cele trope sovražnikov, ki jo zasledujejo na polju.

In požrtvovalnost? Ni je. Saj nima svobode, da bi se lahko žrtvovala za kakršnokoli stvar. In kaj navsezadnje ostane? Bedasta miška, ki lahko rečemo o njej:

“Lahko bi bila zamenjala svoje siromašno življenje z boljšim. A bila je za to prkratke pameti.”

A ena slava ji ostaja: skromna je. Res! Nič drugega ne mara, kakor da vse življenje živi, kakor je živela doslej, da kakor doslej tudi poslej gloda samo žir. To je res lepa slava. A če bi bil jaz ali ti ta miška na polju, ne bi se bahal s to slavo!

*

Če bi bila ta bajka napisana le za to, da nas zabava, bi jo pač sprejeli za zabavo, za šalo. A mi se moramo iz vsake basni nekaj naučiti. To je njen smoter in namen. In prav radi tega svojega nauka se nahaja ta basen v vseh šolskih knjigah, v vseh berilih. A če ta nauk malo natančneje premislim, me mine vsaka šala in dobra volja.

Mestna miška je bogata, poljska miška je siromašna. Oni, ki nam pripoveduje to povest, nas hoče prepričati, kako ima poljska miška bolj varno in svobodno življenje od mestne miške. Če prenesemo to na človeško življenje, potem naj bi to pomenilo: bogastvo skriva v sebi mnogo več nevarnosti kot siromaštvo. Zategadelj se nikar ne pritožujmo, da smo siromašni in nikar ne zavidajmo bogastva bogatim. Veruj-

mo, da je bogatim bolj hudo živeti kakor revnim. Če bi verjeli tej povesti, potem bi tudi mi delali tako kot poljska miška in bi z veseljem živeli bedno življenje.

To je jedro te povesti. S tem, da nam opisuje “radosti siromaštva,” kar je hinavsko rečeno, nas hočejo vzgojiti v ljudi, ki so z malim zadovoljni. Bodi skromen! Bodi ponižen! Jej svoj žir! Ne zahtevaj nič boljšega ali večjega! Ti si srečen tudi, če trpiš lakoto in tvoj oče s težkim naporom ruši skale premo-ga globoko pod zemljo! To so nauki te povesti.

A mi nikar ne bodimo tako trdoglavi, pa da ne bi razumeli, da je ta povest lažniva. Mi vemo prav dobro, da se bogati s svojim bogastvom kar dobro počutijo. A vemo tudi prav dobro, zakaj nas tako stalno opozarjajo na nevarnosti bogastva: Ker se boje, da bomo nekega dne siti svojega žira in da bomo zahtevali svoj del in boljših plodov sveta. Ker vedo, da bomo nekoč planili vsi: oče iz rudnika, mati iz tovarne, bratje in sestre iz trpljenja, ter povedali glasno, da ne maramo biti več skromni in umirati od slave, ki jo imamo s svojo skromnostjo, marveč zahtevamo zase, kar ustvarjamo sami. Da se čim delj izogibajo temu dnevu, si izmišljajo take hinavske povesti.

Saj so nekatere take povesti lepe, zabavajo nas, a točno treba preiskati vsak cvet in v marsikaterem boš našel strup, strup nevednosti.

A mi smo mladina, solnčna mladina, ki ljubimo solnce in njegovo svetlobo. Zato ne maramo teme. In laž je del teme.

Jože Kovač.





Dragi urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti v priljubljeni Mladinski list. Najprej sem prečitala Naš koticček, potem pa Chatter Corner. Kakor vidim, se naši mali čitatelji zelo zanimajo za M. L., ker tako pridno dopisujejo v slovenskem in angleškem. Tako je prav. Le učimo se naprej, saj nam bodo naši starši z veseljem pomagali, ko bodo videli, da se tudi mi zanimamo za Mladinski list in da radi pišemo tudi slovenske dopise.

Jaz rada berem po slovensko in dostikrat mam vprašam, če je prav. Če reče, da je, tedaj sem vesela, ker se počutim, da znam slovensko že dobro čitati ter da umejem, kar čitam. Tukaj nimamo slovenske šole, zato pa se moram od mame učiti. Ako bi ne bilo M. L., bi prav gotovo nič ne znala napisati po slovensko. Zato sem pa vesela, da sem se in se bom še vsaj nekaj naučila. Z mojo sestro obe prebirave M. L., vsaka en čas. Slabo bi bilo, ako bi ne imeli M. L. Jaz bi rada, da bi izhajal dvakrat za mesec.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem bratcem in sestricam, pa tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da mi dovolite malo prostora v M. L. Jaz želim postati redna dopisovalka M. L. Sem članica SNPJ in sedaj obiskujem collinwoodsko high-school. Poleg te obiskujem tudi Slovensko mladinsko šolo v Slovenskem narodnem domu v Clevelandu na St. Clairju, prvo leto. Ta šola prireja igre dvakrat na leto. Imeli smo božično predstavo in uprizorili smo dve igri in petje. Bila sem tako srečna, ker sem dobila vlogo v igri z imenom "Luknja v namiznem prtu." Igrale smo samo dekleta. Jaz sem predstavljala gospo. Druga igra se imenuje "Čarodejna brivnica," katero so igrali samo dečki. Me dekleta smo jih seveda prekosile z našo igro.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Dorothy Marc, 716 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

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Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski list. Obenem vam pošiljam slovensko pesem, katero sem se naučila in jo tudi rada pojem:

Čujte, o šujte
oj mamica vi,
kaj se pri mojmu srčku godi:
Možila bi se rada,
sem deklica mlada.

Jaz se tega križa
prav nič ne bojim.
četudi katerikrat
po hrbtu dobim.

O pazi le, pazi,
kaj govoriš.
Zakonski stan
je le velik križ.

Znam šivati in plesti
znam hišco pomesti.
Druge stvari me pa
možek rad nauči.

Zvesto ga hočem ubogat.
Sveti Tomaž, ti me poznaš
ti mi tudi lahko
možička daš.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

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Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v M. L. Stara sem 14 let in znam prilično govoriti slovensko, le pišem še težko, ker nimam druge slovenske šole kot le doma. Upam, da se bom naučila pisati tudi s peresom, ker sedaj pišem na pisalni stroj.

Najrajši čitam M. L. in še par drugih slovenskih časopisov. Tukaj v Montani je bila precej ostra zima. Pozdrav vsem mojim vrstnicam in čitateljem M. L.!

Mary A. Krivec, Box 135, Klein, Mont.

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Dragi urednik!

Želim spet postati redna dopisovalka M. L., katerega prejemam, ker sem članica mladinskega oddelka pri društvu "Mir". Pohajam Collinwood high-school in tudi slovensko šolo. Slovensčina me zelo zanima. Naučila bi se rada pravilno govoriti in pisati slovensko.

Dne 24. decembra je naša slovenska šola priredila božičnico v Slovenskem narodnem domu. Na program so bili razni nastopi s petjem in igranjem na klavir in uprizorjeni sta bili dve igri, "Čarodejna brivnica" in "Luknja v namiznem prtu." V zadnje imenovani sem tudi jaz nastopila v vlogi Lenke. Kakor so se izrazili kritiki v Enakopravnosti, sta bili obe igri izborni igrani.

Jennie Lesjak, 719 E. 160 st., Collinwood, O.

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Dragi urednik!

Sedaj prvič pišem slovenski dopis v M. L. Slovensko znam bolj slabo pisati. Stara sem 13 let in sem v osmem razredu v šoli. Jaz sem članica SNPJ in zelo rada čitam M. L., četudi mi gre bolj slabo, pa počasi se bom že naučila. Rada bi videla, da bi več mladih članov SNPJ od tukaj dopisovalo v naš M. L., slovensko ali pa angleško.

Pozdravljam vse člane!

* *

Dragi urednik!

Ker je to šele moj prvi slovenski dopis v M. L., prosim vas urednik, da mi popravite. Večkrat sem že nameravala slovensko pisati, pa sem se bala, da ne bom dovolj zmožna. Čitam dobro slovensko, ali pisati je bolj težko. Ko sem bila z mojo mamo v starem kraju pred dvema leti, sem se z otroci igrala kolo. To igro sem si prav dobro zapomnila. Zato sem se odločila, da jo tukaj opišem, da jo bodo tu i drugi bratci in sestrice lahko igrali in da bodo videli, da se otroci v starem kraju tudi znajo zabavati.

Kolo

Kolo, kolo, kolovrat,
vsakdo pleše z nami rad;
kar nas zbranih je otrok,
vsi vrtimo se okrog.
Kolo, kolo, kolovrat,
vsakdo pleše z nami rad.

Eden, štiri, pet,
ti si že preštet.
Stopi zada, nastran,
ti ne boš izbran.

Kolo, kolo, kolovrat,
kolo gre okrog.
V kolu poje Danica,
ki najlepše zna.
Pela je že sedem let,
sedem let in pol.
Danica se zavrti.
V kolo stopi ti!

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam in tudi uredniku!

Amelia Modic, Box 227, Homer City, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj smo imeli do novega leta lepo vreme in nič snega. Takoj drugi dan po novem letu pa je začelo snežiti. Štirinajst dni smo imeli tako mrzlo vreme, da smo se mi šolarji kar za nosove držali, da bi nam ne zmrznili od

hudega mraza. Sedaj pa imamo zopet milejše vreme. Prosim, da priobčite to-le pesmico, ki sem se jo naučila od moje mame:

Šumi, šumi, potoček,
veselo pod goro.
Do njega pride srna,
zjutraj pit vodo.
In ko podoba svojo
ugleda v dnu vode,
jo dolgo ogleduje
in sama sebi de:

Oh, ko bi lovca vedel,
kako lepa sem jaz,
gotovo bi porabil
ugoden ta-le čas.
In komaj to izreče,
že poči v grmu strel,
in v istem hipu je svinec
življenje srni vzel.

Prosim vas, cenjeni urednik, da mi popravite, kar ni pravilno, ker vem, da je veliko napak. Posebno ločila, te nesrečne pike in vejce, ki so tako nadležne, če človek ne ve, kam jih postaviti. Za vse to vam bom zelo hvaležna.

Oiga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj prvič pišem v M. L. v slovenskem jeziku. Moja mama me je opomnila, naj pišem, pa sem. Pošiljam vam pesmico o Lundry in Adamiču. Prosim, da jo priobčite, ako bo prostor dopuščal. (Ker je pesem precej dolga, je nisem mogel priobčiti.—Urednik.)

Mnogo pozdravov vsem bratcem in sestricam in tudi uredniku!

Frank Fink, 494 First Court Alley, Conemaugh, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spet vam pošiljam mali dopis. Bliža se spomlad, treba bo kopati in rožice sejati. Tukaj na deželi je dosti rož. Prišle bodo ptičke in bodo spet prepevale in meni kratek čas delale. Res lušno je na deželi živeti, ko slišimo ptičke peti. Sedaj pohajam zadnje leto šolo. Ob koncu šole se bom podala na potovanje ali na obisk mojih znancev in prijateljev ter sorodnikov, katerih imam dosti v tej deželi. Tudi v Pittsburgh bom šla.

Pozdrav vsem članom

Fannie Boston, Box 63, Homer City, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj pišem moj prvi dopis v M. L. Stara sem 9 let in sem se naučila malo slovensko pisati in čitati od moje mame. Večkrat čitam v M. L. kakšno slovensko pesmico, ki jih pošiljajo dopisniki v priobčitev. Tudi jaz bi rada videla, da bi priobčili to-le pesmico:

Sneg pokriva vse po redu,	Dolj, gori kakor veter.
polje, hrib in gaj.	Videk, Blaž, Andrej.
Mi pa drsamo po ledu,	Jožek, Tonček z Minko
da je kaj!	Peter, vsi, juhej!

Pasti res na skorji trdi,
ni prijetno baš,
a nikar se nam ne srdi
Videk naš.

Iskrene pozdrave vsem čitateljem!

Fany Celigoy, 677 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem članica SNPJ in M. L. redno do-
bivam, katerega z velikim zanimanjem čit-
tam. Sedaj pohajam sedmi razred high-school.
Ob sobotah pa grem v slovensko šolo v SND
na St. Clairju. Moja učiteljica tam je ga. A.
Simčič. Za božič smo imeli dve igri in spo-
mladi bomo spet uprizorili igro ali kaj po-
dobjnega. Božični program je bil zelo zani-
miv in vsadko ga je bil vesel. Pozdravni go-
vor je imel predsednik šole dr. F. J. Kern.

Olga Kobal, 721 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Mladinski list prejemam vsaki mesec. Člani-
ca sem SNPJ in v šoli sem v sedmem razredu.
Tudi v slovensko šolo hodim v SND na St.
Clairju. Sprva mi je šlo težko, sedaj pa je
boljše. Naša učiteljica je ga. Simčičeva. Slo-
venskega jezika se še veliko rajše učimo zato,
ker vemo, če bomo dobro znali, da bomo dobili
kakšno vlogo v prihodnji igri. Igre so nam v
splošno razvedrilo in vsi želimo v njih nasto-
piti. Božična prireditev naše šole je zelo do-
bro uspela in obe šaloigri, ki smo jih uprizo-
rili, sta dobro izpadli. Moja želja je, da bi slo-
venski starši pošiljali svoje otroke v sloven-
sko šolo.—Pauline Kobal, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Enkrat sem že poslala angleški dopis M. L.
to pa je moj prvi slovenski. Sedaj še ne znam
dosti slovenskega, pa upam, da se bom že
naučila. Sedaj je pač dosti časa, ker je mrz,
da se lahko veliko piše in uči. Spomladi bom
13 let stara. Drugič bom kaj več pisala. Mno-
go pozdravov vsem skupaj! Lep pozdrav Jose-
phine Sintich, ki mi je pisala tako lepo pismo.

Sylvia Jelerčič, R. 1, Box 151, Willard, Wis.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tu je odgovor na uganko, ki jo je poslala
Frances Batista: Kateri kongres ima največ-
ji klobuk? Solnce, ki celi svet okrije.—Želim,
da bi mi pisali mladi člani jednote, kajti jaz
jim bom vsem odpisal.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in ured-
niku!—Albin Lach, Box 73, Beaver, Wis.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz bom poskusila pisati po slovensko
v M. L. Slovensko govorim prav dobro, brati
in pisati pa ne znam tako dobro; oboje me
ata in mama učita. Zima pri nas je bila preje
mila, skoro nič snega, zato pa se nismo mogli
tudi nič kepati. To je moj prvi slovenski do-
pis in upam, da ga boste priobčili in popravili.
Drugič bom pa več pisala. Mnogo pozdra-
vov vsem bratcem in sestricam!

Stefie Kaferle, Box 195, Yukon, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Zadnjič sem pisala angleški dopis v M. L.,
v katerem sem obljubila, da prihodnjič napišem
slovenski dopis. Ravno sedaj imam poročati
novico, in sicer to, da je pred dvema mesecema
prišla iz starega kraja moja teta. S seboj je
pripeljala malo deklico, ki ji je ime Marie,
in malega Josepha. Marie mi marsikaj pove
iz starega kraja. In to me jako zanima. Ona
me je tudi naučila lepo pesmico:

Moja piška

Moja piška, mala piška,	Mati so mi ga ocvrli,
bolj je črna kakor miška,	pa so djali piški vrli:
pa iznesla je že jajček,	"Če nanesla boš obilo,
jajček bel kot zajček.	ti koruza bo plačilo."

Piška vrta je dejala,
da vsak dan bo jajček dala,
To mi mati bodo ocvrli,
zdaj se lahko te ni bati.

V tem pismu prilagam mojo malo sliko in
vas prosim, da jo priobčite v Mladinskem li-
stu.



Mnogo pozdravov vsem malim čitateljem in
uredniku!—Josephine Kovacic, 244 Logan st.,
Millvale, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Spet sem se odločila, da napišem par vrstic v M. L. Najprej srčno pozdravljam urednika, potem pa vse čitatelje! Sporočiti moram, da sem za božič nastopila v plesni pozi in akrobatskem plesu v treh različnih krajih. Nastopila sem tudi v Slovenski šoli v SND in dobila sem velik aplavz. Božična predstava Slovenske šole je izpadla prav dobro. Peli smo lepe pesmice in uprizorili dve šaloigrani, ki sta bili obe dobro igrani.

Naj dostavim, da sem zelo ponosna na svoje rodno mesto Cleveland. Vsako nedeljo popoldan imamo slovenski radio program. To je zelo zanimivo in velike vrednosti. Škoda, da se ga ne more slišati po drugih slovenskih naselbinah v oddaljenih krajih. Zelo razveseljivo je slišati, ko se sliši slovensko z radio postaje WJAY ob nedeljah popoldne.

Pozdrav Angeli Knaus in vsem čitateljem!
Josephine Sintich, 956 E. 141 st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Pošiljam vam kratko pesmico, ki se mi zelo dopade in bi jo rada videla v Mladinskem listu. Glasi se:

Dve kiti

Z okenca zelenega
nageljinov rdeči smeh
se razliva v kiti dve
do polja rumenega.

Prva kita se razcvita
za devo mlado na svet
Vrhan, ko odela z njo
se deklica bo mlada.

Druga kita ni povita
za nikogar kakor zanj,
ki krasila bo vaelej
le prijazen — dom.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Mary Krainik, Chisholm, Minn.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila, da se oglasim v Mladinskem listu po slovensko. Ali mi boste priobčili? To je moj prvi slovenski dopis v M. L. Prigibno vam pošiljam ljubko pesmico, ki je kakor nalašč za nas otroke. Jaz sem članica društva št. 322 SNPJ in sem sedaj stara 12 let. Pesmica se glasi:

Kolovrat

Kolo, kolo, kolovrat,
vsakdo pleše z nami rad.
Kar nas zbranih je otrok,
vsaj vrtimo se okrog.
Kolo, kolo se vrti,
kolo gre okrog.

V kolu poje deklica, ki najlepše zna,
Pela je že sedem let,
sedem let in pol.
Deklica se zavrti, eno si izvoli.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!—
Bertha Krainik, 231 E. Poplar street, Chisholm, Minn.

* *

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v Mladinski list. Večkrat sem videl mojo sestro ko je čitala M. L. Pa sem se odločil, da tudi jaz ne bom zaostajal za njo, ker tudi meni se M. L. dopade. Star sem 12 let in v šoli sem v šestem razredu. Kaj čudno bi bilo, če to pismo v košek bi šlo. Zelo rad bi videl moj dopis v Mladinskem listu. Moj ata mi pravijo, da naj kaj napišem, četudi bo slabo. Pravijo, da se bom navadil, kar mi bo veliko pomagalo pozneje.

Iskrene pozdrave pošiljam vsem bratcem in sestricam širom Amerike!

Naj dodam še eno uganko: Ni na nebu, ne na zemlji. Duha nima, duh je v njemu. Kdor to ugane, naj mi hitro piše, pa mu še drugo dam.—Frank Batista, Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem star 8 let in to je moj prvi dopis za Mladinski list. Sedaj pohajam tretji razred ljudske šole. Moja mama me uči slovensko pisati in čitati. Prosim, da bi priobčili to malo pesmico, katero me je naučila moja mama:

Ptiček prav majhen je	Da vsak kdor mimo gre
po drevju ziblje se.	pod drevjem vstavi se,
Poje lepo, poje sladko.	sluša strme.

William Gruden, RFD No. 2, Bridgeville, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj je bilo od 1. decembra prav lepo vreme, ni bilo skoro nič mraza. Dežja pa je bilo ves čas dosti in zgodnje rože so začele zeleneti. Toda dne 16. januarja pa je začelo snežiti in mraz je pognal živo srebro do ničle. Jaz sem vesel ko vidim zunaj veliko snega, vseeno pa se ne igram dosti zunaj, ker mi moji starši ne puste.

V Mladinskem listu sem čital dopise bratcev in sestic, da društva SNPJ prirejajo veselice v raznih krajih tudi za mladino. Tukaj pri nas pa ni nobene zabave za nas male, kajti tukašnje društvo SNPJ še za odrasle ne prireja nobenih zabav več. Jaz sem ponosen, da sem član SNPJ, ker sta mi ata in mama povedala, kako velike vrednosti je SNPJ za naše ljudi, in o tem tudi sam čitam v Prosveti, da kako dobra podporna organizacija je Slovenska narodna podporna jednota.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in članom mladinskega oddelka!

John Fradel ml., 1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Z veseljem sem se pripravila, da napišem par vrstic v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list. Zelo me veseli, ko čitam tako veliko število dopisov od naših bratcev in sestric. Zato je pa tudi moja dolžnost, da se oglasim. Mi smo tri sestre. Elizabeth je stara 13 let, moje ime je Jennie in sem stara 11 let, mlajša sestra Mary pa je stara 9 let. Vse tri smo članice mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Tudi oče in mati sta dolgoletna člana Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Ona dva nas poučujeta in pripovedujeta, da je SNPJ zelo koristna in potrebna organizacija v današnjem sistemu. Zato pozivam vse male bratce in sestrice, da delujemo vsi skupaj, da ohranimo našo veliko organizacijo tako kot je, za koristi njenega članstva in v podporo v boleznih in nesrečih. Tudi naša dolžnost je, da ohranimo to, kar so nam naši starši s težkim trudom skupaj spravili.

Jaz sem v šoli v sedmem razredu. Jaz sem članica tamburaškega zbora "Jadran." pri katerem igram brač. Sestra Elizabeth je tudi članica tega odbora, ki svira na kontrašico. Drugič kaj več.

Lep pozdrav vsem!—Jennie Lucich, 5607 No. 48th st., Tacoma, Wash.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj vam pošiljam pesem o spomladi, ki se glasi:

Spomladanska pesem

Ko spomlad evetoča pride,
nam odklene temna vrata.
Z radostjo nas vse obide,
doba nam zasije zlata.
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je tedaj.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem!

Josephine Mastnock, 1000 Sumerlea ave., Washington, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se vam lepo zahvalim za lepo izdelano sliko, ki ste jo priobčili v M. L. Pri nas smo bili čez praznike vsi dobre volje, otroci namreč, ker smo dobili lepa darila. Poleg tega pa smo skoro vsi imeli rojstni dan ob tistem času. Iskreno pozdravljam vse otroke pri SNPJ.

Mary Pasarich,
Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Zelo sem se razveselil ko sem zagledal v M. L. mojo sliko. Pri nas v New Jersey je vedno lepo vreme in nič snega. Jaz imam rad sneg, da bi se šel sankat, pa ga ni.

John Pasarich, Elizabeth, N. J.

Dragi urednik!

Iskreno se vam zahvaljujem za priobčitev moje slike v M. L. zaeno s slikama moje sestre in brata. Meni se čudno zdi, ker je toliko otrok pri SNPJ, pa so bile v M. L. le štiri slike od otrok. Moj oče mi je pravil, da je na tisoče malih otrok članov SNPJ. Sedaj se učim tudi slovesko, kar se mojim staršem zelo dopade. Slovensko pa se moram učiti le doma, ker tukaj so samo angleške šole.

Joe Pasarich,
728 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da priobčite to-le pesmico:

Bratje

Slovenec, Srb, Hrvat —
vsi v roke si sezimo,
kot ljubi brata brat,
iskreno se ljubimo.

*

Domovina, vedno mislim nate
in na neosvobojene brate.

Jaz sem članica mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Pošiljam pozdrave vsem!

Antonya Pogacar, 1205 E. 168 street, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Prigibno vam pošiljam slike mojih otrok, ako je mogoče, da jih priobčite v M. L.



Na sliki so: Elsie, Tony in Lewis Oblak.

Anna Oblak,
414 Tisdell st., Rock Springs, Wyo.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Christopher Morley:

TO A CHILD

THE great poem ever known
Is one all poets have outgrown:
The poetry, innate, untold,
Of being only four years old.

Still young enough to be a part
Of Nature's great impulsive heart,
Born comrade of bird, beast and bee,
And unselfconscious as the bee—

And yet with lovely reason skilled
Each day new paradise to build,
Elate explorer of each sense,
Without dismay, without pretence!

In your unstained, transparent eyes
There is no conscience, no surprise;
Life's queer conundrums you accept,
Your strange divinity still kept.

Being, that now absorbs you, all
Harmonious, unit, integral,
Will shred into perplexing bits—
Oh, contradictions of the wits!

And Life, that sets all things to rhyme,
May make you poet, too, in time—
But there were days, O tender elf,
When you were poetry itself!

Grace Nell Crowell:

A BOY'S HEART

THE jade of water—a turquoise sky—
And wind with a sapphire gleam—
The thin green leaves of a willow tree
Bending over a stream—

A barefoot boy—and a bamboo pole,
And I, a woman grown,
Am watching him—and I know—I know
All that a boy has known.

I, who have never been a boy,
Can fathom and understand
The lure of a bright creek bank for one
With a fish-pole in his hand.

The lure of the silver wind—the sun—
Of water bound for the sea—
This quick, tumultous thing in his
breast
Can never be hid from me;

For I, born a woman, have always known
The secret hurt, the joy,
The flame and the fire that shades and
lights
The heart of a clean young boy.

I love him—the boy—and the boy
grown up—
For this is a woman's part—
To give to the manhood of the earth
Her understanding heart.

Child Life is Where Reform Begins

Dr. H. E. Barnard, at White House Conference on Child Conservation.

WE have come at last to that highest and most fundamental economy, the conservation of our children. Nearly a third of this century is past and, pausing to reckon its achievements, nothing stands forth more conspicuously than the changes it has brought in the lives and prospects of children, the efforts which have been inaugurated looking toward the conserving of child life and happiness, and the changed attitude towards the child.

These efforts are numbered by millions. Every mother wishes perfect health for her children. Every teacher knows that the education of the unfit is wasted labor, and that the success of her work in the schoolroom depends quite as much on the breakfast of her students as on class work and blackboard exercises.

Every study of child nutrition confirms the belief that the 30 or 40 per cent of the school population which is malnourished and physically below normal is due in very great degree to inadequate and improper feeding. Every pediatrician believes that his technical skill is employed in the most important of all medical service.

Back of the mothers in the home and the teachers in the school lies the organized effort of state and federal public health services and of hundreds of societies which are working for the welfare of our children.

We pride ourselves on our efficiency. Our factories turn out more goods at less labor cost than any other country of the world. Even our farm operations are conducted on a factory scale, and yet, all of the time 1,000,000 people living in rural communities are unable to work because of illness.

We do not think about these figures. We take illness as a matter of course, when similar breakdowns in our factory operations or diseases among our livestock would warrant our immediate attention.

For fifty years and more, experiment stations have developed and directed our agricultural activities. In their laboratories new fruits and grains have originated, scientific methods of fertilizing soils and cultivating crops have been worked out to increase production, and the breeding and feeding of animals has been developed so successfully that no modern farmer varies his plan of raising and maturing his beef or dairy cattle, his sheep or hogs from the methods devised by experts.

There is no guesswork in the rationing of well-bred livestock. Every bushel of corn fed is expected to produce the maximum poundage in pork and the ration of a dairy cow is calculated to turn high protein feeds and carbohydrates into milk and butterfat with minimum waste in the process.

All the science of chemistry has been brought to the solution of the farmers' problems. Every forward step in nutrition has been promptly applied to animal feeding.

But no such scientific control has been applied to the feeding of human family. Facts which have been recognized as necessary to the operation of a profitable dairy have as yet never been translated into terms applicable to the children and the adults of the dairyman's family. That is why more than 50 per cent of our school children are undernourished and why even in the country child life is still less well cared for than the livestock in the farmyard.

This strange and illogical situation is usually explained by the statement that the result of the proper feeding of beef cattle or dairy cows is directly reflected in increased income while the feeding of the family around the dining table is a matter of personal preferences, convenience and cost.

If this is true it is high time experiment stations were established for the study of the nutrition of the higher animals known as human beings and the methods which have been so successful in the barn brought into the home.

But the health problems of our children are more than nutritional. They begin before the child is born; they concern his growth and development through infancy, school days, and the adolescent period. They relate to measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, the diseases we usually call the diseases of childhood.

They have to do with training in the home and education in the school. They concern the homeless children who become our wards; and the physically and mentally handicapped children who must be cared for by the community or by the state.

All of these problems of child life and well-being can be studied in much the same way the problems of the farmer are studied in the experiment station.

Katka Zupančič:

LATE AGAIN

A LITTLE girl of eight
Was for the school too late.
"Oh my, Oh my!" she said,
"The teacher will be mad!
Yet two and half blocks more —
And oh, my feet are sore.

Now there, a cat — hurray!
But there's no time to play.
My kitty, look at me —
I am too late, you see.
Yes, kitty nice, you are wise
Enough to catch the mice.

But I must learn so many things,
And when the schoolbell rings . . .
O, I'm late, but never mind —
My teacher is too kind
To punish me, I know.
I'm just a bit too slow!"

JACK FROST

Some one painted pictures on my
Windowpane last night—
Willow trees with trailing boughs
And flowers, frosty white,

And lovely crystal butterflies.
But when the morning sun
Touched them with its golden beams,
They vanished one by one!

—Helen Bayley Davis.

Ten Million Workers at Starvation Wage

Earning Only from 15 to 30 Cents Per Hour. And This in the United States Of America

A MEMBER of President Hoover's cabinet, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, threw a bombshell into our claim of prosperity the other day when he declared that ten million American workers were paid a wage of from fifteen to thirty cents an hour.

Every father knows that the average American family cannot be decently supported on that salary. A group of master farmers were holding a meeting in Washington. Other speakers had stressed the troubles of agriculture, but the Secretary pointed out that city workers were also being pinched and urged an economic policy which would assure a square deal to both groups.

"All but about 6 per cent of our markets are within the nation," said Mr. Davis. "We are our own best customers, yet literally millions of our people are without any purchasing power whatever, because they have no jobs, and other and more millions are unable to buy what they need, not to say what they want, because of chronically inadequate wages.

"In the neighborhood of 10,000,000 of our gainfully employed, earn only 25 to 30 cents an hour. In some sections of the country and in certain industries the hourly rates are as low as 15 cents.

"If you will go through the coal mining communities of the country you will find conditions that touch the heart. Owing to an overdevelopment of mines, or a low demand, there are thousands of miners, supposed to have jobs, who are working only about two days a week. In the entire industry there are about 250,000 surplus workers.

"While we consume only about 400,000,000 tons of coal a year; we could

produce at full capacity about 900,000,000 tons.

"The steel plants could turn out in eight months' full time operation all we need in the most prosperous year.

"All the boots and shoes that people are now able to purchase could be made in six months with the present factories and their labor force.

"Our window glass factories can turn out an entire year's supply in 13 weeks.

"Textiles, a sick industry, is in this situation because the workers and the mills are capable of producing all we need in six months of five and one-half day weeks.

"You will find 40,000 idle men in Detroit, 50,000 in New York, as many more in Philadelphia and proportional numbers in other industrial centers.

"Big locomotives are displacing railroad workers and new machinery in many other lines are separating workers from their jobs.

"One of the latest models of steam shovel will scoop up seven tons at a time and distribute this to as many vehicles as desired.

"The only way to reabsorb the labor thus constantly displaced is to give those left on the job money enough so that they can buy radios, rugs, autos, anything that their legitimate needs and aspirations call for.

"Everything we eat and wear comes from the farm. One more pair of shoes and one more dress or suit a year, more and better food on the table of the worker would create a market for the farmer which would enable him to enter the market with a buying power which would make our factories hum and bring comfort and happiness to us all."

Those who heard the Secretary's straight-from-the-shoulder talk fairly gasped.

Congressman Henry Allen Cooper, famous Wisconsin Progressive and now

"Father of the House" by reason of the fact that he has served longer than any of his colleagues, followed Mr. Davis.

"The Secretary's statement is one of the most remarkable that I have ever heard," he said.

"That such appalling conditions should exist discloses fundamental evils in our social order.

"We have a representative form of government in which the final court of appeal should be to the sense of justice of the majority of our citizens.

"That such things can be, without the power or the will to remedy them, is a terrible indictment of either our public conscience or of the control of our society by the forces of greed."

One group of those underpaid, underfed, ignorant American citizens is found in the North Carolina textile mills, where the chief of police and a number of workers were recently killed in a riot. They are designated by one writer as "poor whites, political nonentities, social pariahs, industrial Helots."

They are sons and daughters of the American Revolution who have been forgotten in the distribution of America's birthright, lost in the chasms between the dominant white and the subject black. They came down from their mountainside corn patches and moonshine stills after the Civil War to work in the new cotton mills.

The mill owner's clustered shacks around their factories provide the mountaineers with homes for almost nothing while they choose to work. In the mill villages the workers settle with their own kind, and there they stay; isolated from the world. Their only future is the mill—twelve hours a day at miserable wages.

The worker is a gaunt creature, ill-nourished with pork and corn bread. His woman is thin, angular, and un-beautiful. With the fatigue of long labors, he and his wife are slovenly and shiftless. He and his mill-working family are a very sorry lot."

—Y. S.

A Mark Twain Story

Mr. Clemens was asked one day if he could remember the first money he ever earned. With his inimitable drawl he said:

"Yes, it was at school. All boys had the habit of going to school in those days, and they hadn't any more respect for the desks than they had for the teachers. There was a rule in our school that any boy marring his desk, either with pencil or knife, would be chastised publicly before the whole school, or pay a fine of five dollars. Besides the rules, there was a ruler; I knew it

because I had felt it; it was a darned hard one, too. One day I had to tell my father that I had broken the rule, and to pay a fine or take a public whipping; and he said:

"I went upstairs with father, and he was forgiving me. I came downstairs with the feeling in one hand and the five dollars in the other, and decided that as I'd been punished once, and got used to it, I wouldn't mind taking the other licking at school. So I did, and I kept the five dollars. That was the first money I ever earned."



The Great Emancipator

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was born under rude shelter. From the common people he rose to again enunciate the eternal truth of brotherhood. Upon the black face he cast the white light of hope. His giant form and deep-chiseled face stood as the gentle friend of man without favor to section, creed or race. Through the black clouds of desperate despair he led his divided people to unity, peace and brotherhood. He made a continent hospitable to the humblest and loneliest soul. His pleading pity melted hearts hardened with hate. He lived to make this world, so tempest tossed, less imperfect. He found a people torn with anguish; he left them cemented with a kindly love. He made all men commoners. He was of us,—and still is. He knew sympathy as the only road to truth.

As the youngest member in the legislature of his state, he, with only one other, stood out against both his own party and its opponents and against the prejudices rampant at the time, in his fidelity to conviction and in faith in human rights. So stood he steadfast to the end.

He had the courage of a soldier, the wit of a philosopher, and the heart of a mother. His ideals were high. No exactions of time ever deprived him of the privilege of doing merciful things. His life was an unbroken story of human tenderness. We have no greater national asset than his story. It is the yard stick in righteousness. The most hostile political camps vie with one another for the appropriation of his name. He is an inspiration to the purest and honest man.

Yet in spite of the stirring moral stimulant of his character and the towering courage of his clear intellect and stout heart it looked for a time after the distressing struggle which he patiently labored to end and heal, as if his life lesson might be without benefit to his people. Selfishness seized the capital; patriotism fell before the brutal attack of privilege; greed warred on and profaned his name by bearing it upon its battle banners even as in centuries before the cross was borne into battle by those who forgot the sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule which Lincoln repeatedly confessed was his creed. He applied his honesty. He made his religion not for one day but for seven. Today we are just beginning to measure his worth, to realize that he was great, that he knew brotherhood and that brotherhood is love. So do we come, day by day and year by year, nearer to his way,—disciples of a great Master. Following his steps, we are coming into the brotherhood which he knew and loved.



THE BOYS

(This poem was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes at a banquet of his college mates after their hair was silvered.)

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and ta catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
“Gray temples at twenty?” Yes, white, if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest, there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close! You will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old!
That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call “Judge;”
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the “Speaker”—the one on the right;
“Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our “Member of Congress” we say when we chaff;
There's the “Reverend.” What's his name? — Don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him “The Justice,” but now he's “The Squire.”



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 her 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, hooking 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 the 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 that 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 built a large part of the new tier of cells and placed some of the partitions farther apart, with intermediate juncture cells, they build on the same tier of cells of the same appearance, but much larger than the worker's 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 worker's 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.

MARCH BRINGS BREEZES

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

—M. G.



Dear Editor:

I am 15 years old. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 124, and there are six in our family. This is my first letter to the M. L. Wish some of the members would write to me.

John Nemanich,

711 Main st., Archibald, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I do not go to school, because my mother is dead. My father is working from two to four days a week. I have two sisters going to school; they are younger than I. The M. L. is very interesting magazine and I would like to see it come every week. I am a member of Lodge No. 176. I would like to write in Slovene, but I am afraid to make some mistakes, so I hesitate to write. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Dolinar, Box 341, Piney Fork, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I go to East Conemaugh public school, am 11 years old and in the 8th grade. I have five teachers and I like them all. I like to read the M. L.

Erma G. Pusnik, 46 Main st., Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have four sisters and four brothers and we all belong to the SNPJ "Sunflower" Lodge. I am 12 years old and this is my first letter to the M. L. Now I am in the 7th grade in school. I like the M. L. My father died 9 years ago. I am learning to read Slovene, and I wish that some of the members would write to me.

Lucy Tersina, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 959, Girard, Kans.

Dear Editor:

I was disappointed when I didn't find my letter in the January number of the M. L.; but it appeared in the February number, so it's all right. I thought that the greedy old waste basket gobbled it up. I am very lonesome on the farm and I can hardly wait till spring comes, for then it is lovely on the farm. I would love to hear from some of the members. Best wishes to all.

Betty Modic, Keister, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in the M. L. This is the first time that I am writing to our magazine. I am 11 years old and in 5th grade in school. My father and brothers are working in the mine at Smithdale. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 64.

Fannie Uster, Box 97, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am 12 years old, in 7th grade. There are 6 in our family and all are members of the SNPJ lodge here. My father is now in Europe, but will soon return, as it is very lonesome without him.

Justine Pevc, Box 130, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Our Lodge number is 64. Recently two members died, Bro. Plahuta and Bro. A. Povirk. That is a big loss in one month. Our Slovenski dom had a Xmas party and everything was gay.

John Shink, Box 85, W. Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I don't see very many letters in the M. L. from Denver, so I thought I'd better wake up. This is my first letter. I enjoy reading the M. L. and can hardly await its coming. It won't be long now that I will be transferred into the adult lodge, the Colorado Rockies, No. 645, SNPJ. I would like to hear from some of the members.

Dear Editor:

I decided this time to write in English; before I have written in Slovene and in English. Now I am 15 and in the 8th grade. I like the story about the lost Necklace by C. Kratz. I wish the Editor would publish more jokes and riddles. If some members would write to me I would gladly answer their letters.

Mary Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

Dear Editor:

They all say that number 13 is unlucky. Our Lodge number is 13, but it has always good luck. On December 21 we had an interesting party given by our lodge. Everybody was happy. I wish the M. L. would come every week. Best wishes to all.

Mary Mihelcic, Box 304, Blaine, O.

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the story about the lost Necklace, and in fact I like all the stories, poems and jokes that appear in the M. L. in both languages. We are planning to go to Europe. I am very glad about it. Now I am learning to read and write in Slovene. My oldest brother is secretary of Lodge No. 379 of the SNPJ here. I would like to get some letters.

Frank Pirman, Box 317, Slickville, Pa.

Dear Editor:

From now on I will try to write a letter for every issue of the M. L. I am in the 8th grade and 15 years old. I live in the Independence Township. I have 8 teachers, one for each subject. I belong to the SNPJ lodge here. We had a nice Xmas party. Best regards to all. **Andy Modera**, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 91, Avella, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 171. This is my first letter. I am 9 years of age. I have three brothers and I am the only girl in our family. My mother is teaching me to write in Slovene, and next time I will write you a Slovene letter. I would like to get letters from members.

Matilda Habe, Box 287, Marianna, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

As this is my first letter to the M. L. I wish to tell you that this is a wonderful magazine, and the best of its kind. I am 10 years old. In January we had very cold weather, 30 or even 40 degrees below zero. Best regards to all the members.

Elsie Louisik, Ekalaka, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:

I think the M. L. has increased since last year. I am 16 years old. Thanks to all the members who have written letters to me. I play right forward on a basketball team, but we are not so successful this year. I was at the SNPJ Initiation Party in Cleveland and liked it very much. I was one of the new members. Would like to see more members write to me. **Edwin Wolfe**,

1059 Galewood Drive, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:

The answer to a recent riddle in the M. L. by Sis. **Mary Batista** of Strabane, Pa., is: The American Congress. I am a member of Lodge No. 118, SNPJ.

Mary Butkovec, 5609 Celeadine st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

I am a little boy 10 years old and in the 5th grade in school. We have a very nice teacher, her name is Miss Peebles. We all like her. This is my first letter to the M. L. **Martin Marvich Jr.**, Box 16, Yukon, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

My father died last September and I am left alone with my mother. I am 9 years old and in the 4th grade. This is my first letter. I would like to get letters from members. Best regards to all. **Amalia Repos**,

Box 317, Slickville, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

Detroit is a big city, but I don't see many letters in the M. L. from here. This is my second letter. I have two sisters. I am 9 years old and in the 4th grade in Custer school. I surely love to read the M. L., because it has so many interesting stories, poems and jokes. Would like to get letters. **Alberta Naprudnik**,

15606—14th ave., Detroit, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:

Here I am sending you an interesting story about a black snake, which I would like to see in the M. L., if there is enough space. (Write your letters on one side of the paper next time.—Editor.) Best regards to all the members. **Ruth Podboy**, Box 61, Park Hill, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

The local SNPJ lodge lost a member recently, by the name of Anton Povrick of Collinsburg.—I like the M. L. and hope it would get larger. Best regards to all the members. **Matilda Krizner**,

R. D. No. 2, Box 117, W. Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

We had only one child writing in the M. L. from our district last month. Not long ago a child of 8 was killed in an accident on Dec. 31 riding a sled and an auto struck him. He was buried Jan. 2. Our school bought him flowers. It taught me a lesson. The best way is to keep away from dangerous places. Best regards to all. **Frances Abram**, Hillcrest, S. Hills Branch,

R. F. D. No. 9, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

I didn't write to the M. L. for a long time. I hope **Batis'** family of Cleveland will see this letter, so that they'll write. I made a new year's resolution to write every month for the M. L.

Emma Krizner, W. Newton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:

We took our final tests in January, and I passed in every subject. I am vice president of my class, my brother **Joe** is president. We are going to get our diploma this year. **Albert Klements**,

Box 348, Bridgeville, Pa.

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Dear Editor:

I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 197, Ironton, Minn. I enjoy reading the magazine, as it has so many interesting stories and other important reading matter. Best wishes to all the members.

Mary Deblock, Ironton, Minn.

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Dear Editor:

I belong to Lodge 84 of the SNPJ, and this is my first letter to the M. L. There are seven in our family, father and mother and five children, all members of the Jednota. **Mary Marinac**, Box 37, Elmore, Colo.

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Dear Editor:

Our SNPJ Lodge number is 266. I am in the 5th grade, and am 11 years old now. I joined the Jednota when I was one year old. I would like to get letters from some of the members. **Joe Dolinsek Jr.**,

1338 Riordan st., Muskegon Heights, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:

I think the M. L. is very interesting magazine. This is my first letter. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 374. I am 16 years old. We have lived for 8 years in Washington, and my home town used to be Butte, Mont. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Prus, Veradale, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much and wish that it would come every week. Presently I go to high school. I wish to thank the members who have written to me. I received six letters from them. Wish some other members would write to me. I enjoyed the Mystery of the Diamond Necklace. **Betty Abel**, Box 14, Orient, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:

This is my third letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade in school. In 1928 my father organized a new SNPJ lodge in Crivitz, Wis., which has now 13 adult and 19 juvenile members. I wish some members would write to me.

Albin Lach, Box 73, Beaver, Wis.

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Dear Editor:

I am sending in a story which I would like to see appear in the M. L. (Each story has to be sent in complete in order to be considered.—Editor.) Best regards to all members of the SNPJ. **George Forstner**,

Box 196, Bear Creek, Mont.

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much, especially the Mystery Story about the Diamond Necklace. I have saved all the 1929 M. L. and am going to save all the 1930 numbers, also. I wish to thank the members who have written to me, and would appreciate if they would write some more. Thanks to Josephine Sintich and Justy Jelercic, of Cleveland, for their kind letters.

Sylvia Jelercic,

Box 115, Willard, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I do not see very many letters from Mulberry, Kans. I am 16 and a junior in high school, which publishes its own weekly paper in mimeograph type. It takes much of my time to write articles for it. We are all members of the SNPJ lodge No. 65, and we all like the M. L. very much. The story about the Diamond Necklace was very interesting.

Anna Ulepich,

R. R. 2, Box 410, Mulberry, Kans.

Dear Editor:

I am 14 years old and have one brother and one sister. This is my first letter. We all belong to Lodge No. 379 of the SNPJ, of which my father is the president. Last year I graduated from grammar school and the nearest high school is 15 miles away. Next year I intend to start there. Working conditions are pretty slow around here. I would like some of the members would write to me.

Frank A. Medvesek,

Box 91, Slickville, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I have just come back from New York city. I have seen many interesting things there, sights that are of great interest to any outsider. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

Mary E. Kotnik,

839 E. 236th street, Euclid, O.

Dear Editor:

I have just seen a letter from here, so I decided to write for the first time to the M. L. There are many Slovenes living in the Salt Lake Valley. There are three of us in our family belonging to the SNPJ. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade in school which I like now. Here are many Mormons, of whom I have often heard that they have horns, but I failed to find one Mormon yet with horns. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Annie Vehar,

Box 7, Murray, Utah.

Dear Editor:

I want to tell all the contributors of the M. L. that their letters are very interesting. This is my first

letter. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. I read a letter in the M. L. from Sis. Svecnik, an old friend of mine. I liked the Mystery Story by C. Kraytz. I like the M. L. very much. Best wishes to all the members.

Amelia Flere,

R. F. D. No. 3, Box 359 B, Niles, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I am 7 years old and in the 2nd grade in school. This is my first letter. I am living with my godparents, by the name of Brakus. My godmother always reads the M. L. to me. I would like to write in Slovene but I can't. Best regards to the editor and all the members.

Zora Bolen, Box 72, Blazon, Wyo.

Dear Editor:

It has been quite a while since I have written to the M. L., so I decided to write again. I and the whole family belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 82. I go to the Lorain Borough school, 8th grade, and am 13 years old. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. The Necklace story was very interesting. I wish Mary Bartol of Traunik, Mich., sees this letter, for I want her to continue writing to me. I would be glad to receive letters from other members.

Anna F. Hovevar,

543 Woodland ave., Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade in school. This is my first letter. There are six of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ, except my little sister, but she will soon join also. I have never seen a letter from here yet. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mildred Chesnovar,

Box 272, So. Superior, Wyo.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I wish to tell all the readers that I like it very much. I like its stories and poems, also articles and jokes. But I would appreciate if some members would write to me.

Annie Bolan,

1222 Tenth street, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in the M. L. and wish it would come twice a week. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I like to read the Slovene and English stories and poems in the M. L. I would like to get letters from some of the members. Best regards to the Editor and the readers who write to the M. L.

Mary Knaus, Box 26, Traunik, Mich.



Send in
your
answer
early

Dear Editor:

Here I am sending you an invitation to our January graduation program.
Mary Agnes Kozole,
 2612 Richmond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

• •

Dear Editor:

I wish the M. L. would come every week. This is my first letter. Now my mother is teaching me to read and write Slovene. My cousin Tony Povirk died on Jan. 6. —There are nine of us in our family. I belong to the SNPJ. Now I am in the 6th grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Cumpson. I would like Louise Chesnick from Warnerville, O., write to me.

Mary Merella, R.D. No. 2, Box 127, W. Newton, Pa.

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Dear Editor:

As this is my first letter to the M. L. I hope it isn't the last. I am writing this letter to tell you how we all like the magazine. We have a warlike scramble each month when the postman leaves it in the mail box. Every one in our family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 337. (The sketch of Mt. Rainier is o. k., but it should be drawn in ink for reproduction.—Editor.) Best wishes to all.

Jennie Brumen,
 623 Fourth ave. S. W., Puyalup, Wash.

• •

Dear Editor:

I have broken my promises. I said I would write every month, but this is my second letter so far. I received a few letters from some of the members and was very glad. I wish I would get some more. Best regards to all the members.

Barbara Markovich,
 721 E. Sheridan st., Ely, Minn.

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Dear Editor:

I notice how crowded the M. L. is each month with letters the children write. It shows that we all need a larger magazine soon. I wish some members would write to me, as I promise to answer every letter. I go to school every day and take piano lessons. Best regards to all.

Sylvia Kodre,
 472-53 ave., West Allis, Wis.

• •

Dear Editor:

I go to school every day, and am 12 years old. I won't tell you what grade I am in, though. My parents and I are members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 290. I wish Johnny Bergoch from Masontown, Pa., would write to me. My best regards to every reader of the M. L.

Frank Ogoreuc, 117 Oakland st., Homer City, Pa.

• •

Dear Editor:

I am only 7 years old, but I like the M. L. Soon I am going to be in the second grade in school. Goodbye, everybody.

Francis Pasarich, Elizabeth, N. J.

• •

Dear Editor:

I am in high school, freshman class. There are four of us in our family. I love to read the M. L. very much, and I wish it would come every week. I belong to Lodge No. 395 SNPJ. I liked the Necklace story. I am 16 years old.

Mary Orlovich, Box 100, Mulkeyton, Ill.

• •

Dear Editor:

I have never written to the M. L. before, so I hope this letter will be printed. I am 14 and a freshman in high school. Our basketball team has played 8 games and won 7.—There are six in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 485. My brother is going to transfer into adult department because he will be 16 soon. My teacher is teaching here over 40 years. Best luck to everybody.

Katie Novshek,
 508 Michigan st., Port Washington, Wis.

Dear Editor:

Late last April I went to Michigan from Rock Springs, Wyo., to visit my aunt. Now I am in Cadillac, Mich. I like it here and never even think of being lonesome. Michigan is a wonderful place. Here is my picture.



• •
Agnes Oblock.

Dear Editor:

It is a lot of fun to have snow. We enjoyed it very much. I wish the M. L. would come twice a month. I take piano lessons. I like to go to practice. Best regards to all.

Annie Shaffer, Box 281, Cuddy, Pa.

• •

Dear Editor:

We had a little snow here, and we certainly did enjoy it. We snow-ball and everything else. I am sending you a snapshot of my sister Rose and myself. (The snapshot, if reproduced, would not show clear, because the original is rather blurred.—Editor.) I would like to receive letters from some of the members. Best regards to all.

Violet Beniger, Export, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time, because I have had so much school work to do at home. I am now in the 10th grade at Central high school, and I sure do like this school.

I think that you ought to put more scientific articles in the Mladinski List. I'm sure that everyone enjoys them, as they contain a lot of new truths, proving that "fact is stranger than fiction." Your article entitled "The Wonders of the Insect World" in the January issue, 1930, was very good, and brought back to my mind an experiment that a biologist performed. He put a grasshopper into a glass vessel from which he had pumped all the air. He found that the grasshopper did not die from loss of air! It must have manufactured its own air. That's a lot more than just any man can do!

I like the new cover on our magazine, as it sort of seems to fill the cover space more. Not having any too much of time as (in Latin) tempus fugit, so now I think that I will close with many regards to our many readers of the Mladinski List. **Joe Hochevar Jr.**,
2318 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo.

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Dear Readers:

You have probably forgotten all about me—I'm "A Clevelander," whose piece appeared in the February issue of the M. L. last year. I think I wrote you again after that time, and now I have settled down after my long but enjoyable trip to Europe. Jennie Petrich, I beg your pardon! Really, I mean it, you wrote me such a nice letter and I have lost the envelope and all, so, you see, your address is a mystery to me. Now, if you will be so kind and so patient as to write again, I will answer you with a letter several pages long.

You see, I was tickled to death to have my idea so heartily approved of by so many readers. So "Reader from Fly Creek," Anna Omerzu, Rosie Zupan and any others, I wish that you would write to me at 1001 E. 72nd Place, Cleveland, Ohio, and you will all receive replies.

So many of you wish that the Mladinski List was larger, but don't you realize that your hopes rest only on yourselves? If you do want a larger and snappier

List, you're going to get it by putting your own shoulder to the wheel. So, if you get my idea—here:

Cartoons, Poems, Riddles, Jokes, Woodwork, Boys' Sports, Girls' Sports, Household, etc.

You see, then, these columns are then contributed to by the readers in better form than previously.

Now for them all: Cartoons: A child is always tickled to see some of his works published. So the best (for the cartoonist's age) is to be on Honor Roll Award, or what have you. The three (or so) next best are honorable mention. And the result of this column will be sketching, crayoning, painting and awards.

Poems: One of these is a hard thing to do, I know. Don't have to hand one in every month in that dreaded subject "English"? But I dare say that there are others who don't take it from that point of view.

Riddles and Jokes: Hmhmhm. You know, it's the funniest thing my dad loves to laugh and the first thing he does when the M. L. comes around is to look for the Jokes and then later to the Slovenian part. Then, you see, I hope that this department will always keep Dad supplied with Jokes.

Woodwork: Say, doesn't a boy make the hit of his life when he gives Mother a gift that was made by his own hands? And doesn't Mother make him proud by showing it to her visitors? So boys, let the others make hits too, and learn something from them. I can see whereas I'll be trying something myself one of these days.

Boys' Sports: Gee—doesn't a boy make a hit when he tells people about his home team and that hair breadth victory. He will with the readers of the M. L.

Girls' Sports: Yes; same thing here. I hope that at least a few of the girls can put the game down on paper, so as to make the readers sit on edge of their chairs.

Household: I know every girl loves to cook; I know, too, what a grand feeling it is to be praised about some delicious cake or biscuit! And I know it's great to be praised about a clever hint about this or that.

Now I see that you have ideas of your own, so you tell them to the Editor and tell him a clever name for every column and—

Thanks!

"A Clevelander."

Monthly Puzzle

FILL IN THE LAST LETTER OF EACH WORD
USE EACH LETTER
OF THE ALPHABET
ONLY ONCE,
EXCEPT J, Q, AND V
WHICH YOU DO NOT
USE AT ALL

WE	SA	CA
DO	THI	BE
OW	TE	DIS
MA	ROO	NE
TH	HI	BEA
YO	ATTI	WHI
TAC	TW	TA
	ALIB	FL

Try
to solve
this
riddle

