

# Mladinski List

*A Juvenile Magazine for American Slovenes*



*January*

*1938*

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

Published monthly by the Slovene National Benefit  
Society for the members of its  
Juvenile department.

Editor  
IVAN MOLEK

Business Manager  
PHILIP GODINA

Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c;  
foreign subscription, \$1.50

### ADDRESS:

2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922,  
at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of  
August 24, 1912.



## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1938

Pregled vsebine v tej številki

### STORIES AND POEMS

### FEATURES

	Page
Ob slovesu (Alegorična slika).....	3
Frankie Wants-to-Know.....	6
Mala jetnica.....	9
Zajček (pesem) .....	9
The Animals (verse).....	13
Zimska (pesem) .....	17
Nifty and His Friends.....	20
An Adventure .....	28

	Page
Slovene Shufflegrams.....	8
Stric Joško pripoveduje.....	12
Our School (Contest).....	14
Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital.....	16
Nutcracker .....	22
What's on Our Bookshelf.....	24
Let's Listen In.....	24
Slovenia Cooking Club.....	25
Our Own Page.....	26
When We Play.....	30

### ARTICLES

My Organization .....	1
Jaz sem Svobodna Misel.....	2
The Cooling Earth (illustrated).....	10
Detroit, Historical (illustrated).....	11
Men of the Chellean Period (illustrated)....	15
Historical Sketches (Slovenes).....	18
Giant Panda (illus.).....	19
"A Big Word".....	23

### ILLUSTRATIONS

SNPJ Fifth Regular Convention.....	2
An Early Illinois Pioneer Room.....	4
Snow White's Dwarfs.....	32

The two birthday cakes, the page of Slovene shufflegrams, and the copy of the figures for our contest page were drawn by Leo Vider, Chicago, a first-year student at the Chicago Art Institute.



# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVII.—ŠT. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1938

VOL. XVII.—NO. 1

## My Organization



I am the SNPJ.

My headquarters are at 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am made up of 50,000 members.

Of this number, 15,000 are juvenile members. This department started 25 years ago. That is why we are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of it this year. Count the candles on the birthday cake of the juvenile department!

Soon after the SNPJ was born, the members decided that every so often there should be conventions where delegates from different parts of the country could come and talk about the affairs of the organization.

It was at the fifth one of these conventions, held in Milwaukee, Wis., that they decided upon the juvenile department.

\*

I began to be an organization with 9 different lodges. Today I have 623.

When I began, there were only two other fraternal societies of Slovenes—both religious in character.

I was to be different. I was to be a freethought organization. This meant that I was to be free from any kind of church control, all religious doctrines, and any manners or customs that were imported from Austria.

\*

There were 12 men at my first convention. They were: Martin Konda, Frank Medica, Anton Mladič, Mohor Mladič, Frank Petrich, John Werščaj, John Stonich, Joseph Duller, Frank Klobuchar, and Martin Potokar, all of Chicago—and Michael Štrukelj, Johnstown, Pa., and Dan Badovinac, La Salle, Ill. These men were my official founders.

My first official organ was called "Glas Svobode."

In 1908 I founded my own official organ called the "Glasilo SNPJ."

Eight years later this name was changed to "Prosveta" and so it still stands today.

# Jaz sem Svobodna Misel

**Jaz sem Luč resnice in prave znanosti.**

Ako človek ne misli svobodno brez ozira na desno in levo, ne bo našel resnice in ne bo si mogel pridobiti znanja, s katerim si podvrže slepe sile divje nature.

**Jaz sem največji sovražnik ignorance.**

Ignoranca je jama, v kateri se kotijo praznoverje, predsodki, hinavstvo, lizunstvo, klečeplaztvo, ponižavanje in barbarstvo; iz vsega tega se poraja zaslužnjevanje slabjših in nevednih, izkoriščanje zaslužjenih in uničevanje izkoriščanih z mukotrpnim delom, nalezljivimi boleznimi in vojno.

Moj namen je, da zasujem in zatrpam to ostudno jamo! Moj namen je, da privedem človeštvo do bratstva, ljubezni, materialne svobode, blagostanja in miru.

**Jaz sem največji zaveznik demokracije.**

Demokracija (vlada po volji večine) je nova civilizacija. V tej civilizaciji morajo vsi ljudje služiti zdravju, blaginji in sreči vseh.

Nazadnjaki in tirani me sovražijo in preganjajo, ker se me boje, ampak mene ne bodo nikdar zatrli. Tirani lahko izpremene vso državo v ječo in pobijejo na tisoče mojih pristašev—toda jaz ostanem svobodna. Nove tisoče prešinem, in nove in nove tisoče, ki končno vstanejo in porušijo ječo—in jaz bom zmagala.

**Kdor ljubi resnico, pravico in znanje, naj gre za menoj!**

**Kdor sovraži ignoranco, naj gre za menoj!**

**Kdor ljubi demokracijo, naj gre za menoj!**

**Jaz sem Svobodna Misel.**



THE FIFTH REGULAR SNPJ CONVENTION, IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., AT WHICH THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT WAS FOUNDED 25 YEARS AGO

## OB SLOVESU

(Alegorična slika)

Ivan Vuk



(Ko se dvigne zastor, reflektor razsvetljuje z bledezeleno svetlobo zgrbano, staro postavo starčka, ki je na odru kakor bi odhajal. Na njem se sveti letnica 1937 v zaha-

jajoči svetlobi.—Udarci zvona bijejo polnoči. Udarci morajo biti preračunani tako, da bo zadnji udarec zazvenel, ko recitator izgovori: ". . . je gostoval!")

Recitator je za kulisami in njegov glas je slišen kakor od nekod iz daljine.)

Starček—STARO LETO—ves izžet,  
tristošestdesetpet  
dni, noči je doživel . . .  
blagoslovljen in preklet . . .  
Ves oslavljen,  
ves pohabljen  
pada zdajci v večen nič!  
Kdo za starcem bi solzil?  
Kdo za starcem bi tugoval,  
kdo za njim še žaloval?—  
Mnogo zmede,  
mnogo bede  
v dni njegove je rosilo,  
sreče, sonca malo bilo —  
nič, prav nič nam ni ga žal!  
Samo naj s seboj pobere  
vse težave, bedo, zmede,  
ki bogato jih sejal  
v dnevih tristošestdesetopetih,  
ko pri nas je gostoval!

(Zadnji udarec ure).

Vse ugasne. Starec izgine. Zasliši se godba tiho nekje v daljavi, vedno bližje, bližje prihajajoča. Igra ves čas ter spremlja naslednji prizor in recitacijo. Igra melodijo delavske himne.

Na oder stopi mladenič, golorok, čil in mladosten. Na njem se blešči letnica 1938.)

(Recitator kakor iz daljave:)

Glej, mladenič — NOVO LETO,  
Z upi mnogimi prožeto,  
mlado, bodro, vse junaško  
k nam prihaja,  
nove dneve nam oznanja,  
govoreč  
in želeč nas pozdravlja:

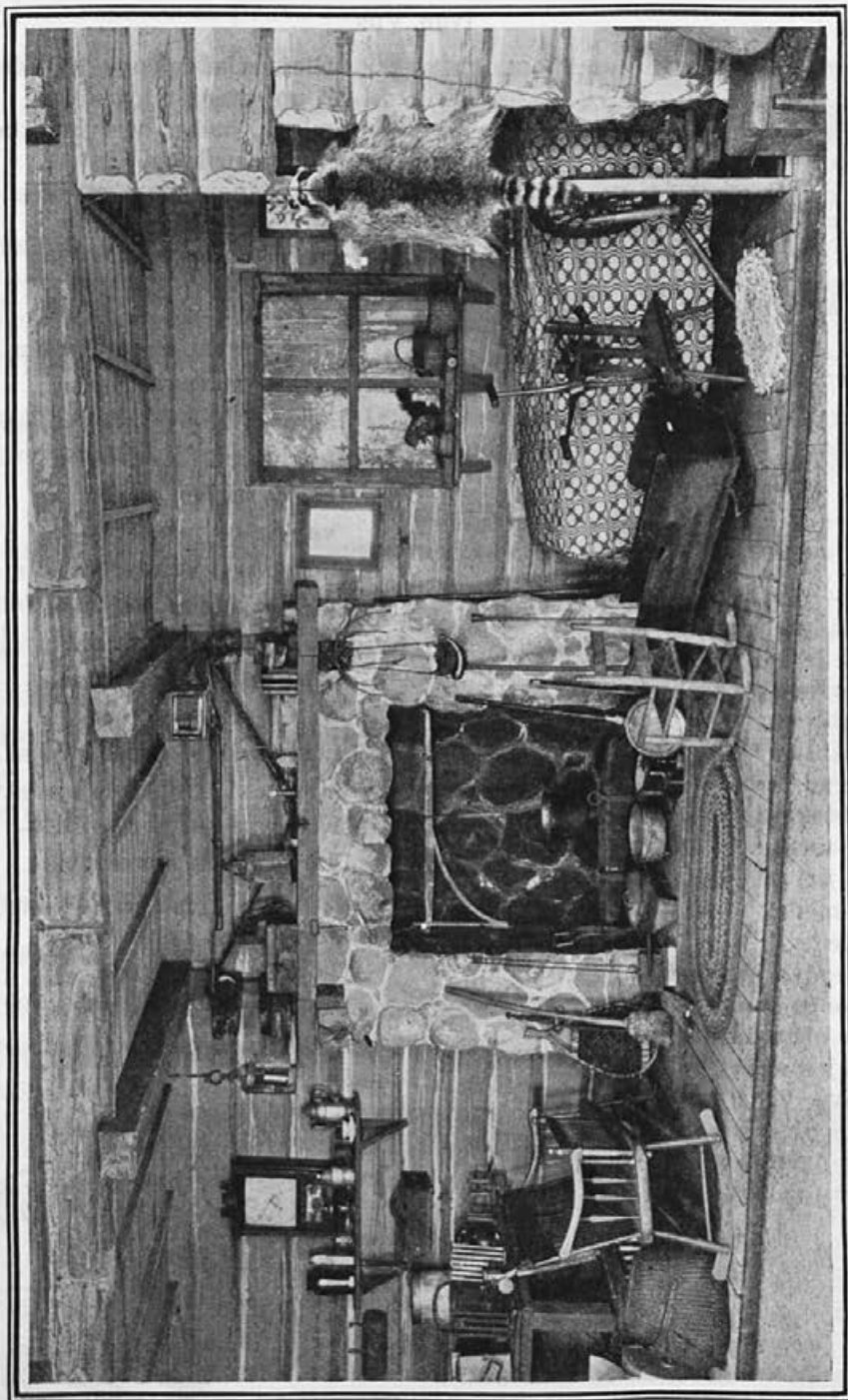
(Novo leto govori):

Srečo vsem iz srca želim,  
želje rad vse izpolnim,  
če med vami bratstvo, sloga  
in ljubezen bo cvetela,  
če sovrašтво, zmeda  
več ne bo uspela. —  
Sonce naj vam sreče sijje,  
pesmi sladke melodije  
dušo, srce vam blaže,  
misli vaše naj bistre,  
da Človeka vsi dostojni  
boste vedno v medsebojni  
strpnosti, ljubezni, bratstvu  
vsepovsod si pomagali —  
pa bo sreča res sijala,  
zadovoljnost se smejala,  
želja meso res postala!  
To vam iz srca želi  
NOVO LETO  
tisočdevetstoosemintrideseto!

(Zastor pade).



## AN EARLY ILLINOIS PIONEER ROOM



(See opposite page)

Courtesy of Chicago Historical Museum

# Jerry, of the Middlewest

(See picture on opposite page)

Jerry lived over a hundred years ago in a middlewestern village. He was a young lad. After he had been with his father, who did ever so many chores every day, he would come into his typical home of the 1820's. It was a kitchen, dining room, living room, and bedroom combined. He slept in a trundle bed, and sat in the straight-back rocker before the fireplace in the evening.

This reproduction of his home (see opposite page) can be found in a section of the Chicago Historical Museum. All the objects you see in the picture are there in the original, besides many others.

As Jerry sat before the fireplace (ognjišče) he looked at many familiar pieces of kitchen equipment. There were iron pots (železni lonci), skillets (ponve), griddles (železne lese), footwarmers (ogrevalniki), tongs (burklje), ladles (zajemalke), toasters (pražila), and bed warmers (ogrevalniki).

As he looked upward at the mantle, he saw pewter dishes (kovinske sklede), an early coffee grinder (mlin za kavo), and a clock (ura). This clock was made in 1832.

He could not press a button or a switch, or pull a cord to have some light. His light came from the lamps (svetilke), hanging from the ceiling. And then as he looked about the room (soba), he saw walls that were very crude, and a ceiling with heavy beams showing. The floor (pod) was rough, too.

To the right of Jerry was a settee on rockers. It had a rail on one end; this was to hold his baby brother.

The pine table (miza) and benches (klopi) were homemade. On the table were bone-handled knives and forks (noži in vilice) and early pottery dishes (lončene sklede). There was also a brass kettle for making soap (kotiček za milo).

The bed (postelja) was very different from what he would see if he lived today. It was made in 1830, and had a trundle bed (which cannot be seen in this picture). This was a smaller bed that was pushed under the large one. Here he slept. The coverlet (pogrinjalo) was made of many colors.

His baby brother was placed in the little cradle (zibel). And then Jerry remembered how many times he had seen his mother at the spinning wheels (kolovrati). His mother had made a rag rug for the floor, too (preproga).

Jerry's life wasn't as comfortable as life is for many people today. But even today everyone does not have all the modern luxuries that he might or that he would like. The Chicago Historical Society found that this type of life was found in remote sections of the Middle West up to fairly recent times. Travelers through the South will tell you that life there is not much more advanced than this today. Some of the poorly-paid white and negro workers are still using these crude forms of home necessities because they cannot afford new and modern ones.

Have you tried to see how many of these objects you could find on the picture? Perhaps you would like to keep this (or the whole issue, for that matter), in case it might be referred to in other issues of the Mladinski List.

Here is a list of Slovene words you may learn from this: ognjišče, železni lonci, ponve, železne lese, ogrevalniki, burklje, zajemalke, pražila, kovinske sklede, mlin za kavo, ura, svetilke, soba, pod, miza, klop, noži in vilice, lončene sklede, kotliček za milo, postelja, pogrinjalo, zibel, kolovrati, and preproga.

Your mother might help you find still others.

"Aren't you the boy who was in here last week looking for a job?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, didn't I tell you then I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, Sir; that's why I'm here now."

\*

MIND HEALER: "How is your cousin?"

LITTLE BOY: "He is sick in bed."

M. H.: "You shouldn't say that. He only thinks he is sick."

M. H. (a week later): "How is your cousin today?"

Little boy: "He thinks he's dead."

# Frankie Wants - To - Know

By I. M. Inquisitive

Frankie Wants-To-Know was fond of traveling through strange lands inhabited by peoples with strange beliefs. So it was that one day he ventured to a country named the Vale of Tears. The people of that country considered themselves "sinners," and Frankie Wants-To-Know was eager to find out why the Vale-of-Tearsans called themselves so.

"You'll have to see some Soul-Doctor about it," Frankie was informed when he inquired into the matter.

"And what's the business of a Soul-Doctor?" he asked, puzzled.

"To cure people of their sins."

"So these sins are a disease," concluded Frankie, and they shrugged their shoulders, not knowing what to say.

Soon Frankie came upon the headquarters where the Soul-Doctors reside. He was led to the desk of a middle-aged man with a fat, clean-shaved face and a bald head. He was their Uncle Chinchilla, they told Frankie, a very wise man who knows everything that ought to be known about sins, sick souls, and the like in the Vale of Tears.

"I am Uncle Chinchilla, and who are you, my boy?" began the Soul-Doctor.

"They call me Frankie Wants-To-Know."

"Hm, some name, I'll say."

"I'll agree to that."

"And what do you want to know, Frankie?"

"This time I want to know why you people of this country call yourself sinners."

"Considering your gross ignorance, I'll excuse you inquiry, and, therefore, proceed to enlighten you —"

"Oh, thanks, for your compliment and willingness—"

"Otherwise, remember, your question would be considered an inexcusable sin!"

"'S that so? Does that mean that I'm sick?"

"Yes, you would be considered sick with sin."

"Let me get this straight. Is it a sin to ask what is sin and why there is a sinner?"

"Not for you, because you don't know bet-

ter, but for a boy of your age here in the Vale of Tears it is. Boys over here should know better, that is, they should know that any one who does anything that is forbidden is a sinner."

"What's that that's forbidden?"

"To do any wicked thing."

"Who forbade that?"

"The Supreme Spirit who created the world, people, and everything."

"How did you get the Supreme Spirit's forbiddances? Did he come to your office here?"

"No. His commandments were revealed in a book."

"Did he write that book and send it to you?"

"No. The men wrote it—the men who heard the other men who heard the men who heard the prophets who said the Supreme Spirit talked to them a long time ago."

"I see. In our country we would call that circumstantial evidence. Do those prophets say in that book through their numerous proxies that they were the only ones who met the Supreme Spirit face to face?"

"No. It is revealed that other men saw him before. And it is revealed that the first human couple, Branko and Miranda, also saw the Supreme Spirit in their Happy Garden and talked with him. They, the father and mother of the human race, were the first sinners."

"Well, well, you are telling me something, Doctor! And what was their sin?"

"They ate the forbidden fruit."

"I don't get that."

"The Supreme Spirit selected one apple tree in the Happy Garden and told Branko and Miranda not to eat the fruit off of that tree."

"Was it wicked to eat those apples?"

"Yes, it was wicked, a sin, because it was forbidden by the Supreme Spirit."

"And why didn't those two obey the Supreme Spirit and not eat the forbidden fruit?"

"Because their will was weak."



"Where did they get their weak will?"

"Supreme Spirit created them pure and perfect, and the height of their perfectness was their free will."

"What's that? What is free will?"

"To have a moral sense and to choose between good and bad."

"So your free will means for the most part a weak will liable to sin. What did the Supreme Spirit do to Branko and Miranda after they succumbed to their 'perfect free will'?"

"They were chased out of the Happy Garden and sentenced to hard labor for life for themselves and for their descendants."

"Do you tell me they were punished because their 'perfect free will' was too weak to resist the temptation of the forbidden fruit?"

"Exactly."

"Amazing! Did the Supreme Spirit know what he was doing?"

"That's an impertinent question but in plain view of your ignorance I'll overlook it. Yes, the Supreme Spirit knew what he was doing."

"I don't think so. How could he hold them responsible for his own act? They didn't create their weak will, as you said. He created it. Why didn't he give Branko and Miranda a strong will that would never succumb to a sin?"

"I must ignore that question, because it is foolish, illogical, and blasphemous!"

"That does not satisfy me. You're beating around the bush!"

Uncle Chinchilla kept quiet.

"Tell me this, Uncle Chinchilla," continued Frankie, "did the Supreme Spirit want only the good, sinless people when he was about to create them?"

"Yes."

"He did not want to people the earth with sinners, did he?"

"No."

"He knew his creature's future behavior?"

"Yes, he could see into the future; he's all-knowing and all-powerful."

"So he knew before his creation of Branko and Miranda that they would not behave the way he was to prescribe their behavior?"

"Absolutely."

"Yet he endowed them with just such a

weak will that is sure to go sour and lead them to do just the opposite that he wanted them to do! Your Supreme Spirit gave Branko and Miranda a 'free will' to sin, and on top of that he selected for them a marked apple tree not to be touched although he knew at that moment they would not abide by his order. Then when just what he knew would happen did happen—because he himself willed it so and it couldn't be otherwise according to his plan—he punished them for the act for which only he was responsible! What kind of logic is this?"

"This is blasphemy, and I'll not answer!"

"But according to your own explanation, the Supreme Spirit wanted a sinless man, yet he gave him all the make-up to be first of all sinful! How do you explain this enormous contradiction?"

"I explain nothing—"

"Your Supreme Spirit is all goodness and purity, isn't he?"

"Yes, all goodness and chastity."

"And yet, according to your teaching the world is full of sinners and one-half of the living 'creation' is constantly devouring the other half! How can such badness come from such goodness? From the good should come nothing but good, to my logic. Isn't it so? From poisonous snakes come nothing but poisonous snakes! Why did the Supreme Spirit create poisonous snakes? Of what good are they to man?"

Uncle Chinchilla only bit his lip.

Frankie Wants-To-Know said: "Either your belief is a fraud or I don't exist!—But I do exist; therefore, you are a fraud!"

The discussion was ended right then and there.

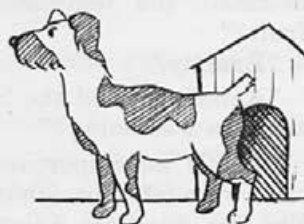
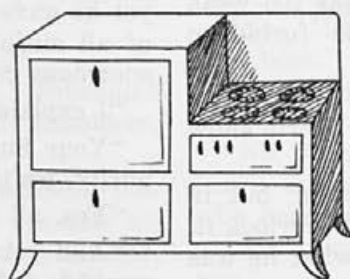
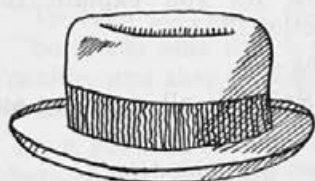
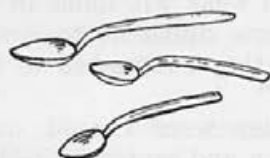
Uncle Chinchilla called his private guard and ordered that Frankie Wants-To-Know be driven out of the Vale of Tears, and he wanted to be sure that Frankie was kept out of sight and hearing distance of the boys and girls of that country.

## HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE

The easiest way to become a millionaire is—

To save a dollar a year and to live a million years!

# Slovene Shufflegrams



## PES

perje  
veja  
zemlja  
juha

## PEČ

glava  
vroče  
lajati  
košato

## DREVO

srebrnina  
kljun  
ponva  
gobec

## KOKOŠ

pokriti  
seme  
kremlji  
bolha

## ŽLICE

okrogel  
trak  
kozica  
dlake

## KLOBUK

jesti  
kuhati  
meriti  
koruza

Here are six objects. Their names are shuffled. Find the correct word for each picture and copy this on a piece of paper. There are four words that

describe each subject or pertain to it in some way. See if you can place them correctly. Ask your parents how to pronounce the words.

Here's a suggestion for your next party: Copy these pictures on a piece of paper, place it where all your guests can see it, then give them this list of words, and see who makes the highest score.

# Mala jetnica

Piše Zgodbičar

I

Mala Dorica je bila, odkar se spominja, zaprta v domači hiši. Taka je bila zapoved očeta in matere male Dorice. Oče in mati sta Dorici zabila v glavo, da je v domači hiši dovolj prostora zanjo, da je v hiši lepo in zdravo in da je zunaj grdo, škodljivo in nezdravo za majhno deklico kot je ona.

Vse to in še mnogo slabega o "življenju zunaj hiše" so ji pravili dan za dnevom in Dorica je res verjela, da je tako in bala se je stopiti iz hiše; komaj bi prišla do vrat, že jo je stresla groza pred "grdobo" zunaj in brž je zbežala nazaj v svoj kot, kjer so bile njene igrače: zibelčica s punčko in druge drobne reči.

Dorica je rastle v hiši kakor tička, ki se izvali v kletki in katera ne ve nič o zelenem gaju, v katerem tičke svobodno skacejo z veje na vejo, gnezdiijo in žvrgole svoje pesmice.

Včasih je Dorica potegnila stol k steni, zlezla nanj in pogledala skozi šipo zaprtega okna na cesto pred hišo. Tedaj je ugledala deklice, majhne kot ona in tako oblečene in z njimi vred — dečke, oblečene v kratkih hlačkah, pa je mislila sama pri sebi, da so dečki tudi deklice, drugače oblečene. Dorica ni poznala razlike, ker ni imela nobenega bratca, mama in atek ji pa nista nikdar povedala, da so tudi majhni dečki na svetu.

Ob takih prilikah jo je prijela skrivna želja, da bi šla iz hiše in se pomešala med tiste deklice, ki so se podile med vriskom in veselim smehom po cesti mimo njihove hiše in izginile na ovinku. Toda mama ji je kmalu izbila to željo iz glave. Zastrušila je hčerko, da so oni mali zunaj na cesti "škratci, hudički, zlobni duhovi", ki bi jo spravili v veliko nesrečo, če bi z njimi skakala in se igrala zunaj hiše.

Dorico je to tako oplašilo, da ni nikdar več gledala skozi okno in vselej je zbežala v svoj kot, kadar je zaslišala zunaj otroško smejanje in vriskanje.

Naposled se je Dorica udala v svoje razmere.

Prav za prav to ni bilo težko, ker deklica ni poznala drugih razmer in drugačnega živ-

ljenja. Navajena, odkar se je mogla spominjati, le na življenje med stenami domače hiše in na občevanje z očetom in mamo, ni mogla pogrešati nešteti stvari in ugodnosti, ki so zunaj na prostem.

Dorica je rastle v popolni nevednosti glede širokega življenja zunaj v naravi. Ker je bila naučena od očeta in matere na strah in mržnjo napram vsemu, kar je bilo in kar se je godilo zunaj hiše, je bilo vse njeno zanimanje osredotočeno na stvari v hiši. Domača hiša je bila za Dorico ves svet — drugače sveta ni bilo, ni smelo biti . . .

(Dalje prihodnjič)

## ZAJČEK

Katka Zupančič



*Zajček potepin  
bos hoditi mora  
prek gora, dolin.*

*Lepa pot se vije,  
počesana ob straneh —  
zajček se boji je,  
ker prav dobro ve,  
da so mu nevarne  
poti in steze.*

*Toda pot ga vabi,  
vabi, vabi, vabi —  
zajček se spozabi  
in caplja po nji . . .*

*Kar nenadno — pok!  
mimo uhlevjv fiii —  
v mejo poleg — ciš!  
On čez drn in strn,  
urno kakor piš  
dolge skoke riše.*

*Naj se lovec kruti  
le pod nosom briše —*

# Long Before People Lived on Earth



© F.M.N.H.

## The Cooling Earth

Was there a time when Man did not live upon earth? Did other animals live here before Man? Maybe you will be surprised to know that Man has been here a very short time—short compared to the age of Earth.

“Scientists agree that human life has existed not more than three million years.” **Not more** than three million years? “That’s an awfully long time,” you will say. No, not when you think that there has been over a billion and a half years of life on the earth. Read that once more: a billion and a half. This means that before Man there lived other mammals, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, and invertebrates.

Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

But to get to our picture: this goes even farther back than the age of the fishes or even the very lowest forms of life. It goes back to millions of years **before any form** of life existed. It is a painting in the Chicago Field Museum of what the earth looked like while it was cooling down—millions of years before any form of life, as we think of it, could exist.

In another part of this month’s Mladinski List you will see a picture of what man looked like about 250,000 years ago. Remember that although this seems a long time ago, it is really “recent times” compared to the picture that you see here.

---

## Our Campaign

The Slovene National Benefit Society has the biggest juvenile department of all other Slovene organizations in America. This means boys and girls just like you.

Why? Because our Society gives the most privileges and benefits to its members. One of the greatest of these benefits is this Mladinski List which is at once interesting and educational. No other Slovene organization can boast of such a magazine!

Every one of you members, therefore, should see to it that all your friends are members of this juvenile department if they have not yet joined.

**Boost your Mladinski List!**

# Detroit, the City of the Straits



Courtesy of Chicago Historical Museum

A really old city.

A city older than than St. Petersburg.

A city of straits.

A city for which three nations struggled and shed blood for its possession.

A city that was the only gateway to the territory between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean before the coming of the railroad.

That is the background of Detroit.

\* \* \*

Before New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, or Boston was settled, and long before the time of Oliver Cromwell, the Sieur de Champlain had nearly reached the border of the present Detroit, and the Indians had already described the site.

When it was first settled, the location received the name of Fort Pontchartrain, in honor of Count Pontchartrain, the French Colonial Minister of Marine. As the number of inhabitants increased, and the settlement grew into a village, it received its present name from the word *detroit*, or strait. That is the way it got its popular name of Detroit, or the city of straits.

\* \* \*

On the 23rd of July, 1701, Cadillac came with 50 soldiers, 50 civilians, and 100 Algonquin Indians and selected Detroit as the most commanding position on the straits. It became the metropolis of the region of the Great Lakes and guardian of the straits. For a period of 125 years, it was both a rallying point and emporium of the West. An emporium is a place of trade or a commercial center.

\* \* \*

From reading this, could you explain what a STRAIT is, or an EMPORIUM?

# Stric Joško pripoveduje

Dragi moji čitateljčki in čitatelji!

Znabit boste lajkali, če vam povem kaj španskega iz onih let, ko sem prišel iz stare kontre v Meriko.

To je bilo v tistih časih, ko je bil še prezident Klivland v Vašinktonu. Klivland je bil gud prezident, ali ta kontra je bila takrat na slabem. Škoda. Za Klivlandom je prišel Mekinli, ki je tudi bil gud prezident in menda zato so ga anarkisti ubili. Škoda!

Vel, bili smo štirje, ki smo pritrevljali iz stare kontre v Njujork. Bili smo: Ribničan, Primorec, Šokec in jaz. Ko stopimo na suho v Njujorku, nas odpeljejo na veliko dipo, na kateri smo čakali na trejn.

"Tok zdaj smo v Meriki," je bleknil naš Šokec. Mi drugi mu prikramamo in držimo se na smeh. Lajkali smo našega Šokca, ki nam je zmiraj kakšno smart povedal. Naš trejn še ni bil redi in bilo je dosti časa, da si ogledamo Njujork okoli dipe.

Gremo na štrit in ogledujemo vse od kraja. Na štritu je bilo vse polno ljudi, vozovi so ropotali in ljudje so žavrjali kakor Kočevarji.

Naš Ribničan obstane in zazija debelo:

"A ga vidiš, a ga vidiš krotko krotasto?"

"Kaj je, kaj vidiš?" silimo vanj in zijamo naokoli.

"Konja, konja!" vpije Ribničan in kaže s prstom na štrit.

"Glej ga, osla! A še nisi videl konja? Zdaj ga prvič vidiš?"

"Ja, prvič amerikkanskega! Ta hudimanska krotka ma rep odzadi kokr pr nas u Rajbnci!"

Vsi smo se smejali, samo Ribničan se je še čudil. Bil je suprajsd, da ni meriški konj nič drugačen kot v stari kontri. Mi pa pocuknemo Ribničana, naj pusti konja pri miru.

Vakamo naprej po sajdvaku.

"Šajn?" nekdo zakliče iz bližine.

"Čuj, čuj!" pravim našemu Primorcu, ki se je pisal Šajn. "Nekdo te kliče, nekdo te pozna."

Obstanemo in se ozremo. Ob sajdvaku sta bila dva silno umazana človeka; eden je stal in držal cunjo v roki, drugi je pa biksal šuhe možu, ki je sedel na benču. Takrat še nisem videl, da sta to bila nigra. Prvič v svojem življenju sem videl nigra in vsi štirje smo se čudili, kaj hoče oni umazanec s cunjo v roki našemu Šajnu.

"Šajn! Šajn!" ponovi dvakrat umazani in se nam reži kot pečen jarec.

"Kdo pa je ta kovač ali dimnikar, ki ve za moje ime?" se čudi naš Šajn.

"Tok korači, korači k njemu in prašaj ga, kaj ti če, a merkaj, da te ne umaže, da ne boš še ti črn, Šajn," ga sili naš Šokec.

Šajn se ojunači in stopi bližje k črncu.

"Kako pa ti, dimnikar, veš, da se jaz pišem Šajn?"

"Šajn!" repetira niger, pokaže na Šajnovе šuhe in se reži ko prej.



Tedaj priskoči naš Ribničan, ki je gesal, da je nekaj narobe.

"Al poznaš ti mjane?"

Niger nič ne reče, samo reži se še Ribničanu.

"Sm vejdu, da neč ne vej. Vljāče te, Šajn, vljāče . . ."

Tedaj pristopi še naš Šokec in reče: "Tok čaki, da ga tidi jest prašam. Hej ti, poznaš mene?"

"Šajn?" mu odvrne črni.

"Viš ga, satana—vsi smo mu Šajni! Ta je pa že debela."

Nato si "dimnikarja" dobro ogledamo od bližje in od vseh strani in napravimo desišn, da je bil ta človek rojen tak—da mu je mati dala črno kožo—da je prav za prav zamorec. Molče se poslovimo od njega, on se nam pa še zmiraj reži in kliče za nami: "Šajn?"

Našemu Primorcu ne gre v glavo, zakaj črni pozna samo njega, ne pa nas drugih.

"Veš, zakaj?" ga podučí Šokec. "To je tok: ti si iz Primorja, on je pa iz Zamorja, vsak z ene strani morja, pa sta si v žlahti."

"To pa že ni mogoče," protestira užaljeni Primorec. "Kdaj so se Primorci ženili z zamorci?"

Videl sem, da lahko pride do trubla, pa sem pomiril Šajna in Šokca s pojasnilom, da je Zamorsko silno daleč, far evej, od Primorskega—in fekt tako daleč kot je Primorsko od Zamorskega. To je oba

(Dalje na 17. strani)

# THE ANIMALS

"Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoological Park, classes animals according to their intelligence as follows: Chimpanzee, Orang-Utan, Elephant, Gorilla, Domestic Dog, Beaver, Domestic Horse, Sea Lion, Bear, Domestic Cat."—*Coronet*, Nov., 1937.

*The Chimpanzee*  
Sat down to eat;  
With knife and fork  
He cut his meat.

*Orang-Utan*  
Just walked away  
And by himself  
Preferred to stay.

*The Elephant*  
Gave tender care  
To Jumbo Babe  
Lost—unaware.

*Gorilla strong*  
Did not attack,—  
But once provoked  
He'll not turn back.

"Spots" wagged his tail  
And almost spoke;  
His friendly air  
Was not a joke.

*The Beavers brown*  
Were engineers;  
They built canals  
And dams for years.

*The gentle Horse*  
Bent low his head—  
Said "thanks" to Tom  
For being fed.

*Sea Lions swished*  
And swashed away,  
Sat on the rocks,  
Looked o! so gay.

*The polar Bear*  
Sat straight and trim,  
Then took a dive—  
Enjoyed a swim.

And "Boots" the Cat  
So softly purred;  
That was the way  
It spoke its word.

And now you have  
All in a row  
The animals  
That "brains" do show.

Then why should Man  
Think only he  
Is "wise" and "smart"—  
So always be?

—M. J

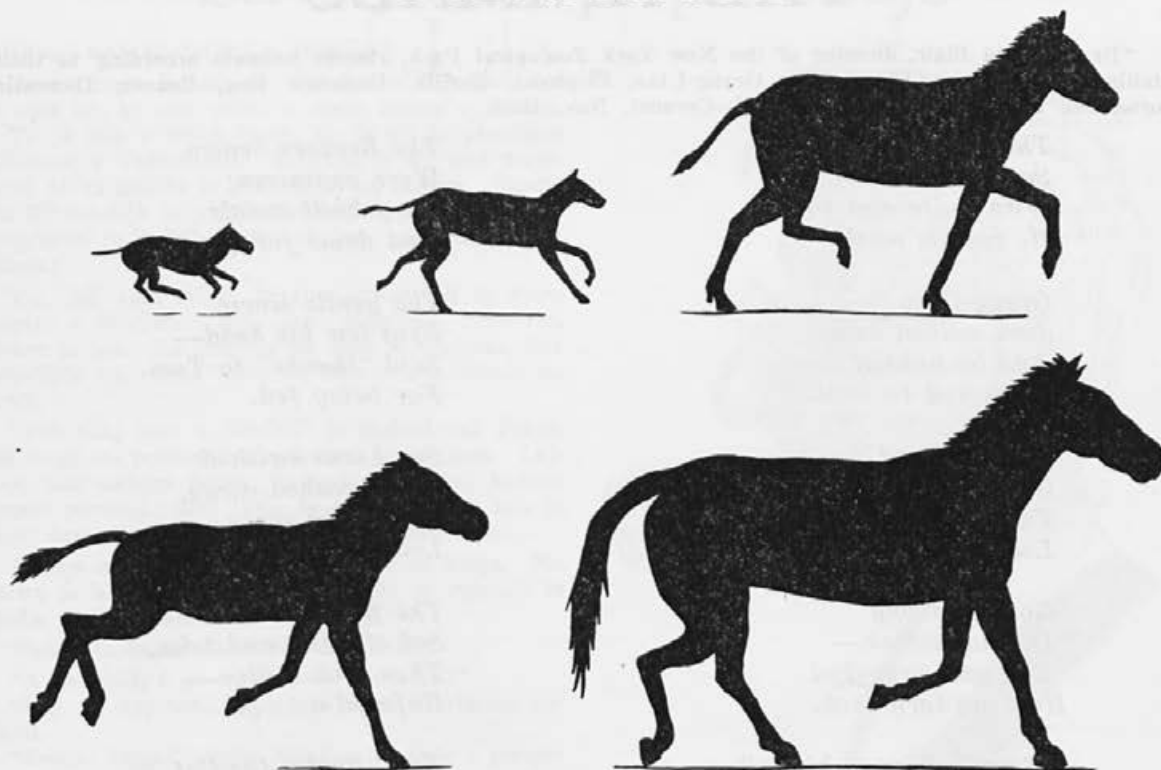
## GOOD EXCUSE

Mike: There comes Johnnie now. Wonder what's kept him so long. He's usually the first one to join us in our game.

Harvey: (Calling) Hurry up, Johnnie. What's happened to you? None of your slim excuses.

Johnnie: This time it's good excuse, fellows. I stopped over at Frank's house. You should see the new Mladinski List he has. It has all kinds of interesting stories and pictures in it. I'd miss a game for it any day. I'm telling my Dad to let me join the SNPJ, too, so that I can get their magazine. It's free to members!

## OUR SCHOOL



Drawn after Chas. K. Knight by his special permission through courtesy of Chicago Field Museum

### THIS IS OUR FIRST CONTEST LESSON

Here are five figures representing subjects related to each other. Look at them closely. What is the story they tell?

**THIS IS YOUR CONTEST:** Write a letter of not more than 200 words that will answer the question and explain the idea that the illustrations want to bring out.

Just for the fun of it, so that you won't call these figures by numbers (and also because these are the scientific names) we will give them to you—in order from left to right, first row: Eohippus, Mesohippus,

Hyohippus; second row, Neohipparion, Equus Scotti. When writing, instead of saying: "the first one," or the "fourth one," use their correct names.

**THERE WILL BE 18 CASH PRIZES IN ALL!**  
They will be divided as follows:

For members up to and including 12 years of age: first prize, \$3.00; second prize, \$2.00; and SEVEN prizes of \$1.00 each.

For members from 13 to 16 years of age, inclusive: first prize, \$3.00; second prize, \$2.00; and SEVEN prizes of \$1.00 each.

## Here Are the Rules:

1. Every contestant must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile department.
2. This month's contest begins January 1 and closes January 31, 1938.
3. The letters must not be over 200 words in length.
4. The letter should be written in your own words and countersigned by either of your parents to show that it is your own work.
5. State your age and lodge number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong.
6. Mail your letters to "Contest Editor", Mladinski List, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
7. The winning letters will be published in the March issue.  
Watch For Another Contest Page Next Month!



# What Did Our Great - Great - Grand-Fathers Look Like?

In the Field Museum there are exhibits showing what man looked like "from the time he was little more than ape down to the dawn of history."

This is the first of those exhibits. It is a scene from what is called the "Chellean period," about 250,000 years ago. In another section of the Mladinski List, you see a picture of what the earth looked like before any life could exist at all. This one is much, much later.

Here you see two Chellean hunters squatting beside a fire. One of them is making a flint ax for hunting. In the distance you can see a meandering

brown. His head and most of his body, his arms and legs too, were covered with long, coarse hair. He had very thin but strong fingers which made his hands look like those of a monkey. His forehead was low and his jaw was like the jaw of a wild animal which uses its teeth both as fork and knife. He wore no clothes. He had seen no fire except the flames of the rumbling volcanoes which filled the earth with their smoke and their lava.

"He lived in the damp blackness of vast forests, as the pygmies of Africa do to this very day. When he felt the pangs of hunger he ate raw leaves and



## MEN OF THE CHILLEAN PERIOD

river. On the banks of this river are a number of animals. The animals that lived at that time were elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami. The climate at this time was mild.

These hunters are called Chellean hunters because the place where these earliest remains of human beings were found in Europe was at the site of Chelles in northern France.

Study the picture closely and you will notice many things. You will see that the bodies of these two men are very hairy, that their faces are very different from present-day man, and that their necks are short and stocky.

It might be interesting to see what Hendrik Van Loon has to say about this great-great grandfather of the human race.

"He was quite small, much smaller than the people of today. The heat of the sun and the biting wind of the cold winter had coloured his skin a dark

Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

the roots of plants or he took the eggs away from an angry bird and fed them to his own young. Once in a while, after a long and patient chase, he would catch a sparrow or a small wild dog or perhaps a rabbit. These he would eat raw for he had never discovered that food tasted better when it was cooked."

## GOOD FILMS TO SEE

It may be some time since these films were playing in your neighborhood theaters, but sometimes they are brought back. You might keep this list as a check for worthwhile movies that you should have seen during the past year.

"The Life of Emile Zola"

"The Road Back"

"The Spanish Earth"

"They Won't Forget"

"Good Earth".

# “Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”

Dialog med očetom in sinom

— Atek, je rekel mali Peterček svojemu očetu, ko je ta prišel z dela zvečer.

— Kaj pa veš danes novega, Peterček? mu je ovrnil oče.

— Učitelj nam je pravil v šoli, da sta mister Kapital in mister Delo zapletena v hud boj. Kje pa je ta boj, atek? Rad bi ga videl vsaj od daleč.

— A to vam je učitelj pripovedoval? Kaj mu vse ne pride na misel! Menda je mislil štrajke, ki so v teku vsak dan v raznih mestih Amerike. V našem mestu je tudi nekaj manjših štrajkov, toda, če jih greš gledat, ne boš nič videl, Peterček, razen piketov, ki se mirno sprehajajo sem in tja pred delavnicami. Ne smeš misliti, Peterček, da je to kakšna vojna, v kateri grme topovi in regljajo strojnice. Včasih pride do kakšnih rabuk, pri katerih je kdo ubit, toda na vselej.

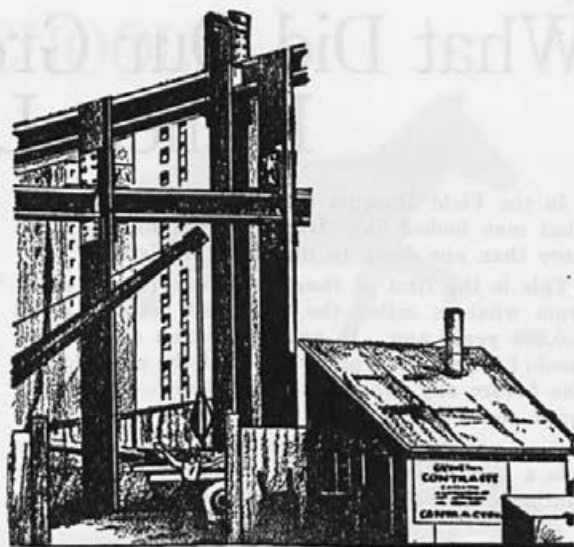
— Učitelj nam je tudi povedal, da mister Kapital in mister Delo ne moreta živeti drug brez drugega, zato je bedasto, da se zapletata v boje. Kdo pa sta mister Kapital in mister Delo in kje sta, atek?

— Ako vam je učitelj povedal, da mister Kapital in mister Delo ne moreta živeti drug brez drugega, tedaj je slab učitelj in ne ve, kaj govori. Ampak na to pridemo kasneje. Ti bi rad izvedel, Peterček, kdo sta ta dva mistra. Well, mister Kapital so na splošno vsi, ki dajejo delo in plačo, mister Delo so pa na splošno vsi oni, ki jemljejo delo in plačo. Z drugimi besedami: jaz sem Delo, gospodar tovarne, v kateri jaz delam, je pa Kapital.

— Ko jaz dorastem in pojdem delat, bom tudi jaz mister Delo?

— Da, Peterček, ti boš v tem slučaju tudi mister Delo, tvoj delodajalec, ki te bo plačeval, bo pa mister Kapital. Zdaj razumeš, kdo sta ta dva mistra, ali ne?

— Da, atek, zdaj vem. Zdaj pa bi rad vedel, če ti več veš ali naš učitelj, ki nam je



povedal, da ti potrebuješ mistra Kapitala in on potrebuje tebe; on potrebuje tvoje delo in ti potrebuješ njegovo plačo.

— Kadar te tvoj učitelj uči pravilne angleščine, zemljepisja, petja, godbe in podobnega, ve on več kot jaz, ampak, kadar te uči politične ekonomije na ta način kot ti praviš — tedaj vem jaz več kot on in rad bi mu povedal v obraz, naj molči o stvareh, ki jih ne razume.

— Torej ti ne potrebuješ mistra Kapitala in on ne potrebuje mistra Dela? Zakaj te potem mister Kapital najema in zakaj hodiš ti delat v njegovo tovarno?

— Ali ti je to vprašanje učitelj položil na jezik, Peterček?

— Da, nekaj takega je rekel.

— Tvoj učitelj meša pojme, Peterček. On govori, kakor da sta kapital in kapitalist eno in isto. Ali vam ni nič razložil velike razlike med kapitalom in kapitalistom?

— Nič ni razložil. Govoril je le o mistru Kapitalu in mistru Delu — samo o dveh. Ali so trije?

— Da, Peterček, kapital in kapitalist sta dve stvari — in baš zato, ker učitelji te sorte govore le o Kapitalu in nič o kapitalistu, zmešajo dve stvari, dva pojma v enem klobuku. Mistru kapitalistu je to mešanje zelo pogodu, ampak nam delavcem se zaradi tega godi krivica. Če bi bilo res, kakor pravi tvoj učitelj, da mister Kapital in mister Delo ne moreta živeti drug brez drugega, zakaj sta potem zapletena v boj? Saj ne bi bilo nobenega vzroka za boj, toda tvoj učitelj pri-

znava, da je boj. Ali ne vidiš, Peterček, da je nekaj narobe z učiteljevim naukom?

— Po tvojih besedah, atek, bo tako. Zdaj ne vem, kdo ima prav.

— Čuj, Peterček! Mister Kapital v resnici ni noben mister, ker ni nobena oseba. To nam samo tako pripovedujejo, da boste vi majhni otroci in da bomo mi veliki otroci to reč tako pojmovali. V resnici je "mister Kapital" le kapital, mrtva reč, katera pa je neobhodno potrebna za moderno življenje civiliziranih ljudi.

— Razloži mi, atek, kaj je kapital, o katerem govoriš?

— Kapital je tovarna, v kateri delamo; je stroj, s katerim izdelujemo razno blago; je premog, s katerim kurimo; je ruda, iz katere delamo železo, jeklo in druge kovine. To je industrijski kapital. Potem je finančni kapital, ki predstavlja denarno valuto, delnice, dolžnice in ostale denarne vrednote. Potem je trgovski kapital, ki predstavlja izdelano in pridelano blago vsake vrste. Vse, kar se proizvaja za trg, je kapital, čim pa je blago pokupljeno za individualno porabo, ni več kapital.

— Torej to je mister Kapital!

— Zapomni si, Peterček, da boš pravilno razumel. To je kapital, kar je v resnici, ne pa učiteljev misteriozni "mister Kapital."

— Rekel si, da je kapital neobhodno potreben vsem civiliziranim ljudem, torej je potreben tudi delavcem ali mistru Delu. Zakaj je potem mister Delo v boju s kapitalom? Ali ni v tvoji razlagi nekaj narobe, atek?

— Prav nič ni narobe, Peterček. Samo poslušaj. Kapital, kakršen je v resnici, je ena reč, učiteljev "mister Kapital" ali kapitalisti, to je lastniki kapitala, je pa druga reč. Razumeš? Stroj je kapital in s strojem nimajo delavci nobenega spora ali boja.

— Nimajo? S kom pa imajo boj?

— Z lastniki strojev ali s kapitalisti. Zdaj boš razumel mojo trditev, da vas učitelj vleče, ko pravi, da mister Delo in mister Kapital ne moreta živeti drug brez drugega. Mister Delo, to je vsi delavci skupaj — in ne samo navadni delavci v tovarni, rudniku in kjerkoli, temveč tudi strokovnjaki, ki vodijo delo, inženirji, eksperti in vsi ostali, ki so udeleženi pri delu — ne morejo obstati brez kapitala, to je brez strojev in surovin, lahko pa žive brez kapitalistov. Res pa je, da na

drugi strani kapitalisti, to je "mister Kapital", ne morejo živeti brez delavcev! Zapomni si dobro to veliko in važno razliko, Peterček.

— Ne morem razumeti tega. Delavci lahko žive brez kapitalistov, ampak kapitalisti ne morejo živeti brez delavcev! Ali bi mi mogel to natanko pojasniti?

— Morda ti pojasnim na tale način: ali veš, kaj je pasja bolha?

— V šoli sem slišal, da je to neka drobna živalica, ki se skriva v pasji dlaki in pije psu kri.

— Dobro si povedal, Peterček. Vidiš, bolha je mrčes ali parazit, ki živi od pasje krvi. Bolha ne more živeti brez psa, ampak pes lahko živi brez bolh — in še prav srečen je, če se jih iznebi. Prav tako delavci lahko žive brez kapitalistov in še prav srečni bi bili, ako bi se jih mogli iznebiti . . .

— Kaj? Mar so kapitalisti pasje bolhe?

— Prav toliko koristijo delavcu kakor psu bolhe. Človeške bolhe so, ki žive in se redijo od dela drugih. Vse to, kako namreč gre ta stvar, ti bom razložil drugič, Peterček. Sedaj pa pojdiva večerjat.

## ZIMSKA

Katka Zupančič

Poglejte zimo majčico!  
Je spredla, stkala in sešila  
ter oblekla zemljo vso  
v debelo srajčico.

Pa burja z bičem prisopiha —  
od togote pobesni:  
je zemlja oblečena —  
zaman po njej udriha.

STRIC JOŠKO PRIPOVEDUJE

(Nadaljevanje z 12. strani)

bojsa potolažilo in bili smo spet friends. Moje pojasnilo je kajpada bilo trik in takrat sem se zbal, da sem grešil.

Ko sem več tednov po tistem bil v Žaletu in sem šel v čorč, sem se spomnil, da bi šel k spovedi zaradi tistega greha. Res grem—tedaj mi je pa nekaj pametnega prišlo na misel. Vprašal sem fadra, če on lahko sam sebi odpusti grehe. Odgovoril mi je, da ne more.

"Če jih ne moreš sebi, kako jih boš meni?" sem desajdal sam pri sebi in zapustil čorč, ne da bi se bil spovedal.

Prihodnjič vam pa spet povem kaj španskega iz prvih let svojega bivanja v tej kontri. Do tedaj: Gud lak tu ol ov ju!—

# Historical Sketches About Slovenes

By Historicus

No doubt all that you Slovene children know about your fathers and mothers is that they came to America from the "old country." Some of you probably know that this particular "old country" is **Slovenia**—formerly geographically divided into the provinces of Carniola, a part of Styria, a part of Carinthia, and Coastland—or in the case of Croatian parents, **Croatia**, which before the World War was a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire, but now, after the World War, is a part of **Jugoslavia**. That is about all you may know—and this is very little.

It is easy enough to know from which of these parts the Slovenes came to America, but it is not so quickly said from what particular part of the old world they emigrated to Europe. The Slovenes did not originate in Europe. Where did they come from? And when? How did they acquire their first "new country," and under what conditions have they existed ever since?

These and other questions will be answered in these brief sketches about the history of the Slovenes as recorded by the best available historians and scientists.

\* \* \*

The real "old country" of the Slovenes was the plains of central Asia where they branched off from a great family of Aryan-speaking peoples some centuries before the present era. The Slovenes belong to a great Slav family, and this Slav family in turn has developed alongside a stock of Aryan-speaking Latin, Greek, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, and Indian peoples. It is claimed, and apparently it has been so, that all these languages, called Aryan or Indo-European because of their close relationship, sprang from a common language; there is no historical record of what this language was and when it has disappeared.

The Slavs came for the first time under historical observation in the first or second century A. D. The Greek historians recorded them as **Sclaveni** and **Antes** inhabiting the lands north and east of the river Danube and on the north shore of the Black sea. The name given them, "Sclaveni," is cor-

rupted **Sloveni**, which was their real name. Later the Roman historians mentioned them under the name of **Vendi**.

The Slovenes are the only Slavs who have kept the original name of their Slavic race: **Sloveni**. Dr. Franc Miklošič, Slovene scientist, discovered the origin of this name. It has developed from the Slavic word **slovo** meaning word or speech. The verb from this word is **sloviti** meaning to speak understandably. The Slavs called themselves **Sloveni** or "speakers" because they spoke a language in which they understood each other. Contrary to them in this respect were all others: **nemci**, i. e., "dumb men" (**nem** in Slovene as well as in all other Slavic tongues means dumb or mute). The Slovenes, therefore, call Germans **Nemci** and Germany **Nemčija** up to this day; so do all the other Slavs. **Nemci**, you see, were the people who "stood dumb or mute" when they were spoken to in a Slav tongue.

\* \* \*

In the fourth century A. D. something happened in central Asia. What it was nobody knows, and one guess is just as good as another. Probably it was a great drought or a series of terrible droughts or some plague or anything—that caused the greatest emigration of whole nations westward known in history.

The Goths came first, then the Huns, and then the Avars—whole tribes with families and riding on ponies, all armed and killing the old inhabitants and pillaging the old settlements between the Carpathians and the Alps. This great mass migration of the Asiatic peoples into Europe lasted about three hundred years, and in the end it destroyed the old Roman empire and the Byzantine (Greek) empire of southeastern Europe.

(To be continued)



# The Giant Panda

Did you ever hear of an animal with a face like a raccoon, a body like a bear, and feet like a cat? Besides this, its teeth have some resemblances to those of a pig.

It was a long time before this animal got its present name. At first it was placed in the class with the bears; then it was changed to the group which contains raccoons, one of which was the little panda. Then they were called the Giant Panda.

also the only complete and perfect one and the only one killed by white men.

There was great excitement at the Brookfield Zoo, Chicago, this summer. A woman explorer, Mrs. William H. Harkness, Jr., of New York, captured a baby giant panda and brought it here with her. This is the only living baby panda in captivity. They placed it into the Zoo and named it Baby Su-Lin. It was the drawing-card of the visitors all summer, and was on exhibit only certain hours of the day. It is



## THE GIANT PANDA

What makes these animals so interesting? In the first place, they were discovered only about sixty years ago, in western China. Up until the year 1928, the animal had never been successfully hunted. Then Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt planned an expedition through Central Asia and killed one of the two whose picture you see here. The other one was prepared from a skin obtained from the natives. They brought these to the Field Museum, and they were, at that time, not only the only specimen of the giant panda in existence, but

Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

a very playful animal, and looks somewhat like a toy bear. They had a special air-conditioned house built for it.

Even though this animal is called the Giant Panda, it is much smaller than most bears, and probably does not weigh more than 150 pounds. The one taken by the Roosevelts has a length of about four feet and a shoulder height of twenty-eight inches.

The animals feed on twigs and stalks of bamboo, and they have heavy teeth for crushing and chewing.

## A Bible Lesson

The minister, addressing a Sunday school class, had taken for his theme the story of Elisha on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters had taunted the old prophet, and how they were punished when two bears came out of the wild and ate forty and two of them.

“And now, children,” concluded the pastor,

wishing to stress the moral point, “what does this story show?”

“It shows,” ventured one little girl timidly, “how many children two bears can hold.”—Harold W. Donahue in “The Toastmaster’s Manual.”

\* \* \*

Teacher: “Who can tell what a cow’s skin is used for?”

Sammy: “I can, teacher. It’s to keep the cow’s meat in.”

# Nifty and His Friends

By Mary Jugg



I am Nifty. Some people say I am just a dog. But I can understand what my little mistress wants to say. I know when she is displeased with me, and I know when I make her happy.

Joanna is the name of my little mistress. She likes me very much. But she also likes Spotty the cat, and Tweets the bird, and Crunchy the squirrel.

When I want to talk I bark. It sounds loud and harsh. When Joanna wants to talk, her voice sounds sweet and musical-like. That is why she thought that every time I barked I was angry. But she was mistaken. Just how mistaken she was I will now let you know.

Crunchy is her pet squirrel. Every day Crunchy comes to her window sill and sits up nice and tall. Then Joanna feeds nuts to it. Crunchy takes them up in her little paws and eats them, look-

ing cuter than any toy Joanna could ever buy.

I saw that Crunchy made Joanna very happy. So I wanted to share her happiness. One day when Joanna was giving nuts to little Crunchy, I came around and wagged my tail and spoke to Joanna.

But I had no sooner done this than Crunchy ran away.

"Nifty!" scolded my mistress. "Why do you come around here and bark? See how you frightened poor little Crunchy. She's running away—and she hasn't had nearly enough to eat. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

I was very sad. I wagged my tail and bent my head and tried to whine. I wanted to show her that I had only meant to be friendly.

Just then we heard a terrible commotion outdoors. We ran to the window, and what do you think we saw? There was Meany, the big grey cat and the bully of the whole neighborhood, beating up our Spotty. Meany was biting Spotty behind the neck and scratching him just as though Spotty was doing any harm by being outdoors! And Spotty was around his own home at that!

I gave a sharp bark and leaped to the door and bounded down the steps. Before Joanna could imagine what had happened she already saw me come to Spotty's rescue. I gave such a jump and such a loud bark that Meany, the bully, forgot all about biting into Spotty's

neck. He looked at me for a second and became so scared that he ran away as fast as he could. And he didn't look back until he was far away on the other sidewalk. (He didn't know that it was only my trick for frightening him!)

You can't imagine how surprised Spotty was that I had saved him. He looked at me with wide eyes but couldn't say a word. He just rubbed his face against mine, and together we walked towards the door where Joanna was already standing on the steps ready to give us both a gentle pat.

"You wonderful, wonderful dog," said Joanna. "You're mine and Spotty's hero from this day forward." And from Spotty's feeble "meow" I knew that he had the same thoughts.

But I just bent my head and said, "Shucks! That wasn't anything. Don't praise me for it. I didn't do anything. I'm just like that, that's all. I'm not to blame." And all the time I was hoping that she'd remember how friendly I wanted to be to all her other pets.

Just then we heard a flutter of wings, and it was Tweets sitting on the edge of the bird bath in the garden. I became worried. I thought Spotty would run over and shoo him away. So I sidled over to Spotty and said: "Remember to be just as kind to Tweets as I was to you, because I like Tweets. And Joanna likes Tweets, too."

Spotty purred and looked up at Joanna. He said: "I won't harm Tweets today nor any other day."

So all three of us marched over to the bird bath to talk with Tweets. I think he understood that we all wanted to be friendly to him. But he looked suspi-

ciously towards Spotty. Just to make sure, he decided not to come on the ground but to fly right on the top of pretty little Joanna's head.

And then, what do you think? Crunchy, the squirrel, must have been watching all these things from behind the corner of the house, because when it saw Tweets resting on Joanna's bonnet, it climbed ever so fast up the tree near which we stood and right on to Joanna's shoulder. You can imagine how happy Joanna was. There we were—all five of us—just like one happy family.

"I guess maybe animals are whole lot friendlier than people even," she said.

And I wagged my tail and looked up at her. "I know they are," I said.



JIMMY giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do it, do you, James?"

"No, Sir," said Jimmie, "but I wonder why he didn't make it four and get back on the side his clothes were on."

\*

"SUPERSTITION is the child of slavery. Freethought will give us truth. When all have the right to think and to express their thoughts, every brain will give the best it has. The world will then be filled with intellectual wealth."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

\*

A man who agrees with everybody makes no enemies and few worthwhile friends.

# The Nutcracker



## Uganke

Katka Zupančič

Okroglo, oglato —  
v ustih skopni;  
a včasih nevšečno  
za paskom tišči.

(Skladkorčki)

\* \*

Je čuden, prečuden ta konj!  
Ne sena, ne ovsa, nič tega  
ne je;  
mu strupa naliješ,  
veselo zahrza in pije grede.

(Автомобил)

\* \*

Je nočka zgubila  
svoj srpec srebrni;  
ga hočeš ti najti —  
brž goro prevrni.

(Lunin krajec)

\* \*

Premalo svobode! kričiš,  
godrnjaš —  
a sam desetero jetnikov  
imaš!

(Prsti v čevljih)

\* \*

Brez rok je možiček,  
negibno stoji,  
ne je in ne pije,  
prav rad pa kadi . . .

(Dimnik)

\* \*

Preprosta je stvarca,  
nič smešna, to znaj!  
A kadar jo rabiš —  
režiš se, da kaj!

(Zobna ščetka)

How many of these questions can you answer?

1. Is an ibis a bird, a goat, a fish, or a country flower?
2. Is oil heavier or lighter than water?
3. Which of these foods was known in Europe before the discovery of America: tomatoes, turnips, potatoes, tobacco, corn?
4. A mother is now seven times as old as her daughter. In four years the mother will be four times as old as the daughter. How old is the daughter now?
5. In a family there were six boys and each boy had a sister. How many children were there in the family?

(Answers to these questions will be found on inside cover page.)

### IS IT SO OR NOT?

Your schoolteacher often gives you true and false statements. See how many of these you know. Write the number on a piece of paper. If it is correct, write the word "true" after it. If you think it is not correct, write the word "false".

1. Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Clemens.
2. Leaves on many trees turn yellow and red because of the frost which forms on them.
3. No preparation known so far can be relied on either to prevent a cold, cure a cold, or shorten the duration of a cold.
4. Democracy means the right of everyone to express his opinion even though he is the only one that has such an opinion.
5. H. G. Wells is an American author.
6. There is an U. S. Mint in Denver, Colorado.

7. Dr. Walter Damrosch is best known as a painter.

8. New York is the only American city that has slums.

9. Tom Mooney, former labor leader, has been released from prison after more than 20 years.

10. Religion is based on scientific facts.

(Answers on inside cover page)

### HOW TO MAKE STEEL FLOAT

Put a needle on a piece of tissue of a tumbler of water. When the tissue becomes wet, it sinks but the needle still floats.

\*

### A PIECE OF PAPER HOLDS A GLASS OF WATER

Fill a glass with water almost to the brim. Cover it with a sheet of ordinary paper—not too large. You will find that you can turn the glass upside down without the water spilling out.

### "Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital"

In another section of this month's Mladinski List you will find a short dialogue called "Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital." If you have read it, or have asked your mother to read it to you, you should be able to answer the following questions:

1. What did Peter hear about the terrible struggle between Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital at school, and how did Peter's father explain it?
2. Who is Mr. Capital? Who is Mr. Labor?
3. Is there a difference between Capital and a Capitalist?
4. What is Capital? When is it no longer Capital?
5. How are the words Mr. Capital usually mistaken for Capital?
6. How can workers live without capitalists but capitalists cannot live without the workers?



## "A Big Word"

"My father always talks about a **union**," said Bobby, "but I can never understand what he means. It sounds so dry and uninteresting." Bobby always wanted to know about important things.

"Ah!" said Frank, one of the older boys. "I'll tell you just what it means.

"Suppose there were 20 of you, and each one was a baker. Now, all of you were making bread and I was your boss. Day after day you made bread for me, and I'd sell it as high as I could. But I paid **you** only 50 cents a day. Now, none of you could live on that. So Bobby, that's you—will come up to me and say, 'Boss, I can't live on 50 cents a day; I want a dollar and fifty cents!' Then I would say, 'Bobby, if you don't like it, you can just quit. I can get 50 others like you to work for me.'

"But suppose you belonged to a **union**. Then **all** of you would get together and say, 'We want a dollar and fifty cents a day. Henry, you go to the boss and tell him **all of us** sent you to ask for more money.' Henry is the name of one of the bakers who works with you.

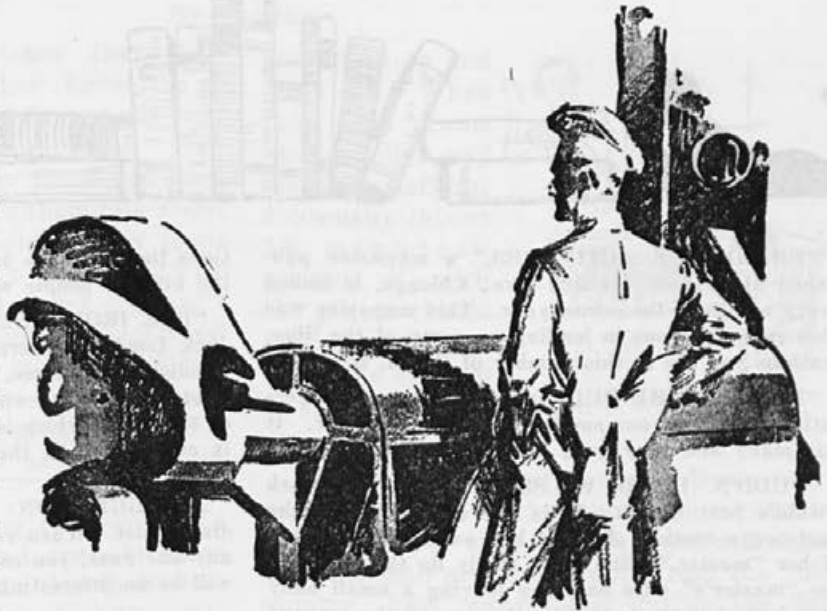
"'I'm here from my union,' says Henry. 'We need higher wages—all 20 of us.'

"'Ho! ho! says the boss. Try and get 'em!'

"So when Henry tells his **union** what the boss said, all 20 of the bakers say, 'We quit. No more bread!'

"Oh! that's what they call a **strike**," piped up Bobby.

"Yes," said Frank, "and if every other baker belongs to a **union**, too, then the boss



can't find **anyone** to bake for him. Then he will either have to give the raise or quit business."

"And that's what **union** means," said Bobby. "Yes, it is a **big** word."—M. J.

"When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."—Mark Twain.

Elsie: "My grandpa has reached the age of 98. Isn't it wonderful?"

Bobby: "Wonderful nothin'! Look at the time it's taken him to do it."



## What's On Our Bookshelf



"CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES," a magazine published at 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, is issued every month of the school year. This magazine was also very generous in lending us many of the illustrations you see in this number of the M. L.

"NOODLE, THE PUP" is an amusing and interesting book for your smaller brother and sister. It has many and very good illustrations in it.

"PUDD'N HEAD WILSON" is one of Mark Twain's best novels. It is the story of how the part-negro mother changed her own son with that of her "master." She could easily do this, because the "master's" wife had died leaving a small baby that looked very much like the son of the servant girl, Roxy. And so Roxy's son received all the advantages and was brought up in exactly the same manner as was intended for the son of her master. And the master's son was a slave on the plantation. Mark Twain here shows very clearly how the condi-

tions that we have to live in have much to do with the kind of people we are.

"THE IRON HEEL" and "MARTIN EDEN" by Jack London. There is a short sketch about Jack London in this issue. You may be surprised that he wrote much more worthwhile things than "The Call of the Wild" which is practically the only book that is emphasized in the schools.

A SUGGESTION: Keep these issues of the Mladinski List. When you have all twelve numbers for any one year, you can bind them in book form. It will be an interesting kind of book for you to keep.

"The main thing about a book is not what it says, but in what it asks and suggests. The interrogation-point is the accusing finger of orthodoxy, which would rather be denounced than questioned."—Horace Traubel.



## Let's Listen In

Here are some worthwhile radio programs for you to listen for. If you think some of them are too "difficult" for you, it might be a good idea to develop yourself to learn to watch for them.

THURSDAY EVENING—9:30 EST—"America's Town Meeting of the Air." On this you will hear some very important topic of the day discussed from all angles. Then follow questions from the audience present at the broadcast, and you hear those and the answers given, too.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—2:00 EST—"The Music

Appreciation Hour" conducted by Dr. Walter Damosch. You are in school during this time, but if you are taking a class in music, perhaps you could start the suggestion with your teacher about listening in on this program. Some schools do have their music classes during this hour.—This is one of the most interesting and quickest ways to learn a great deal about music that you couldn't obtain any other way. Pass the word along to your mother. Perhaps she would be interested.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—"Operas from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York." An opera is a musical drama. Instead of the characters performing as in a play, they sing all their lines. Learn to listen to these performances. Each of them has some aria or chorus singing that is familiar to you already.

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 CST—"The University of Chicago Round Table." Here again, some interesting question of the day is discussed by a group of professors from the University of Chicago.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—3:00 EST—The Philharmonic Program from New York City, always under the direction of some famous conductor.

# The Slovenia Cooking Club

By Marička



Dishes that your mother knew o! so well! Or perhaps your grandmother! How many times you have heard them talk about the old-country foods that they "were brought upon"? Haven't you wondered

just how these dishes were made? Wouldn't you like to keep some of those old, old recipes and try them out, or perhaps ask your mother to make them just as they did "in old Slovenia"?

Join our Slovenia cooking club (yes, it's open to the boys, too) and send in some novel dish that you can make that is distinctly Slovenian. Remember, that is the only rule. Of course, many or perhaps most of these dishes are common to other nationalities, too, but we will give the recipe as the Slovenes make it.

And now we start with some recipes. You must remember that most of the food of the peasants was very simply prepared. In many localities they seldom ate meat. But we will pretend that it is an important holiday, and the old Slovenian mother is giving her family a special treat with

## CHICKEN RIŽOTA (pronounced ree-zho-'ta)

You will need:

- 2 smaller chickens
- Salt and pepper
- Some lard
- Čebula
- Parsley
- About ½ cup rice (washed)
- Some soup stock
- Some grated cheese

With this you will:

Cut up the frying chickens into small pieces. Heat the lard and place into it the chopped čebula (pronounced che-boo-'la) and the parsley. Then add the chicken and let brown for about 15 minutes.

Now you will add the rice and brown it slightly. The soup stock comes next; you pour in enough to cover the rice well. You

may need to add more salt. When the rice grains have swollen and the rice is soft but not mushy (about 30 minutes), sprinkle it with the grated cheese and mix lightly. Place the chicken on a platter and surround it with the rice.



And now we will go to one of those very, very common foods that some of our parents met wherever they turned. Just ask some Slovenes who are immigrants from the "old country" how many times during the day they ate

## POLENTA

- 3 cups of boiling salted water
- 1½ cups cornmeal
- 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening (usually omitted)

Into the boiling water place shortening (if you desire it) and the cornmeal and stir until the mixture leaves the *kuhálnica* clean. Then pat the surface smooth and even. Cover it and place it aside for a few minutes.

In the meantime heat some *ocvirke* or butter to pour over the polenta.

Place the polenta upon a wooden board or something similar. Take a clean piece of string and with this, cut it into squares. You draw the string evenly across the mass of polenta to do this. Now pour the butter or *ocvirke* over the pieces cut in this manner. Of course, if you want very fancy polenta, you can sprinkle some cheese over it.

Do you know what a Slovene will usually think of in connection with polenta? *Golaž!* Perhaps you know of some very good recipe for Goulash. If so, send it to the Slovenia Cooking Club in care of MLADINSKI LIST, 2657 South Lawndale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

# Our Own Page

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

Now that we have started off on our New Year and our new kind of Mladinski List, "Our Own Page" should become more and more interesting. Send in anything that you think would help the magazine and make it just as you would like it. If it is interesting and original, we shall make use of it. Write your letters in either Slovene or English. If any of the illustrations or articles or features suggest other interesting things to you, let all the readers share them with you on "Our Own Page."

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I must tell you that I was very glad when I saw my first letter and my name in the M. L. for the first time. I mentioned school and home lessons last time. I know that most children do not like school, and neither do I. But I do wish some children would write to me and tell me if they liked my letters. In school we have an art teacher, Miss Knight, who is very good and she likes me very much. I go to McCandless school. Happy New Year to all.

MILDRED CANKER,  
5126 Keystone st.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

That makes two letters to your credit, Mildred. May we expect to hear more from you?

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time, and if this letter is late for the December number, I hope it will be printed in the January issue. I am still willing to correspond with any one who wishes to write to me. I am a Croatian girl, but there are many Slovenes in this community. Many times I attend their doings. Last November we had a very good time at one of their celebrations. The local Slovene singing society "Prešeren" sang and the Vadnal quartet from Cleveland rendered several num-

bers. The program as a whole was very interesting. The members of our orchestra are Croatian, so we sang in Croatian. But it made no difference—everybody was happy. And now—a very happy New Year to all.

BERTHA JURJEVIC,  
48 Arendell st.,  
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Yes, Bertha, the Vadnal quartette entertained the delegates and visitors at the last convention of our Society in Cleveland. They were a real hit at that time, too.—Let's hope that some of the readers of this page will respond to your desire for corresponding with them. A few more letters to this column might "break the ice."

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years old and I am in fourth grade in school. I go to school every day and like it. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am a member of the SNPJ. Recently we went to the meat packing plant and our visit there was an interesting one.

Route 4, Box 1012, West Allis,  
VIDA JARTZ,  
Route 4, Box 1012,  
West Allis, Wis.

Another newcomer! Wouldn't it be fun to know what most impressed Vida on her visit to the packing plant?

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I noticed that not very many members are writing to the M. L. This is my third letter and I intend to write more letters. Why don't more members wake up and write also?—Here in Detroit, a new Juvenile Singing Society has been organized, with the help of our parents and Mr. L. Seme, who came from Cleveland, O., for that purpose. Mr. Berlisg is our singing teacher whom we all like. We have so much fun every Sunday from 2 to 4 in the afternoon that we enjoy coming to our singing practice very much. And after our singing we always have refreshments. We have learned many beautiful Slovene songs already, and now we are preparing for an operetta. I wish

every Slovene community would organize a singing society. It is beautiful to know your parents' language. Don't be ashamed or afraid to join if you have the opportunity. We have children from five and up to eighteen. Every Sunday more of them come.—A Happy New Year to all. (Lodge 121.)

JENNIE VOLK,  
16047 Manning ave.,  
Detroit, Mich.

This is good news indeed! All of you members of the Detroit juvenile singing society would have been inspired if you had heard the performance of the Cleveland singing choruses during the convention. By giving good cooperation to your director, we should be hearing about a grand chorus in Detroit, too.—The SNPJ has moving pictures of the groups in Cleveland. See them if your lodge will be showing them.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—In this my very first letter to the M. L. I wish to tell you that I am in seventh grade in Washington school which is about a mile from our home. I'm 12 years of age. My teachers are Miss Quick and Miss White and both are very kind and generous. I have two brothers and three sisters. There are eight persons in our family, and we have a boarder, Richard Kraly. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 98. Best regards and a Happy New Year to all readers.

FRANCES KOTAR,  
Box 39, La Salle, Ill.

The old saying goes that to begin is the most difficult part of doing anything. Frances has begun her letters to the M. L. and very nicely, too, and so we may look forward to seeing her name more often on this page.



Dear Editor:—After a long period of neglect, I finally decided to write to our beloved M. L. As I glanced over the letters, I noticed that they increased in number greatly. I am 16 years of age and have brown hair and eyes, and I am 5 feet 4 inches in height. I go to the 11th grade in the Springdale Senior high school. I take a commercial course: Shorthand, Bookkeeping, History and Literature. I would appreciate it very much if some of the readers would write to me. (Lodge 419.)  
**PAULINE RADISH,**  
 Box 26, Harwick, Pa.

Perhaps Pauline would write us a long letter about her section of the state sometime. Pa. has so much interesting territory, and we are sure other readers of "Our Own Page" would appreciate hearing about it.

Dear Editor:—Since this is my fourth letter to the M. L., I really have something to say this time. Our football team went over to Jackson to play their team. It surely was an exciting game, Dec. 11, Armistice day. Some of the Jackson players were hurt. My brother Jack plays on the team and he is considered a very good player. Another good player is Sammy Lagonja. These two boys are the two Slavs on the team. We won the game by the score of 26 to 0.—I might add that my elder sister Mary is engaged to a Serbian boy, Dan Stijepovich, of Los Angeles, and the wedding will take place sometime in January. We'll have lots of fun.

**HELEN GOLOVICH,**  
 Box 357, Sutler Creek, Calif.  
 Just imagine, Helen, how some of our Pennsylvania friends would like to hear something about the country 'way over in California. Would you write us another interesting letter and give us this pleasure?

Dear Editor:—By the time this letter will appear in the Mladinski List, Christmas and New Year will be a thing of the past. I hope that the magazine next year will really be what it promised to be. And I hope that the juvenile department of the SNPJ will get many new members.—I was very surprised the other day when I

received a letter from Marian Kozlevchar from Kansas City, Mo.—I go to Brownsville Junior high school which has about 987 pupils.—I wish every SNPJ member a happy New Year.

**JOSEPHINE KOZLEVCHAR,**  
 Box 147, Brownsville, Pa.

Now the revised M. L. is in your hands, and you are the judge. Might we hear your opinions about it? And speaking of your letters appearing in this column (this holds true for all contributors): don't lose hope and think they have been lost. If they do not appear immediately, they will certainly be in the following issue.—Yours is a very big junior high school. Not many of our readers attend one as large, we are quite sure. Come again!

Dear Editor:—Winter is here and everything that goes with it: snow, cold and winter joy. I am in the third grade in school and I am nine years of age. My brother Mack is seven years old and he is in the second grade. This is my first little letter to the M. L. Next time I will tell what Santa brought me.

**VIRGINIA MARGUERITE GRILL,**

R. 2, Box 32, Hall, W. Va.

And don't forget, Virginia, that we're expecting to hear all about those Christmas presents. Here's a hearty welcome to you, too, in joining the ranks of the M. L. "penmen."

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter to the M. L. from away out here in Kemmerer, Wyoming. I am in the fifth grade in school in the near-by town of Frontier. Last year I went to the Kemmerer school. The Frontier school only has six grades. I am 10 years old. My teacher, Miss Miyers, is very kind to everyone. We have a library and a nice room. The fifth grade had an Armistice day play, in which I was a poppy girl. We have strict rules in our school; we can't run up or down the steps, or talk in the library. And we must keep the school ground clean. Order is order, so we must obey and behave. Our school is a red brick house. We also have—believe it or not—a mice room. So much for our school. At home I have a cat

"Toepe," a dog "Curley," a bull "Mickey," a calf "Minnie" and two cows. I like them very much. (Don't you wish you could see them?)

**THERESA TURLEY,**  
 Box 287, Kemmerer, Wyo.

And now, Theresa, might we ask just what a "mice room" is. Perhaps you will let us know in another letter.

Dear Editor:—The weather here is rather cold, only there isn't much snow, yet, Nov. 29. I am in the eighth grade in school. We have a new principal and superintendent and a few new teachers. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are four members in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 314. There are only two Slovene pupils in our schoolroom, Ernest Glavich and I.—There isn't much work around here. My Father is working as janitor at the school. Last July we had our Slovene picnic at which we all enjoyed ourselves. I like to listen to the Slovene radio program on Sundays. I wish some members would write to me. I wish you all a very Happy New Year.

**MILDRED ANN PANYAN,**  
 Box 339, Woodbridge ave.,  
 Buhl, Minn.

Mildred Ann should have interesting things to tell about to any of you who will fulfill her wish and write to her.

Dear Editor:—I wish to tell you that this is my first letter to the M. L. and that I am 11 years old and in the 6-A grade. I am a member of the Slovene Singing Club which was organized here a few months ago. Our teacher is Mr. Berlisg. I think my parents will be very proud of me when they hear that I can read and sing in Slovene. I do wish that some readers would write to me. There are three in our family and all are members of the SNPJ. I wish you all a Happy New Year. (Lodge 121.)

**MILDRED BABICH,**  
 3330 Lawley ave.,  
 Detroit, Mich.

Another member of the new singing club! Let's hope the Detroit chorus will be as good as the Cleveland group is. You can be if you try.

# AN ADVENTURE

By Joseph Drasler

The Stillwater mountain had many peculiarities. But the greatest of these was that, viewed from a certain point, it formed a perfect outline of an Indian's head.

Frank and Don, however, were interested mainly in something else. This was a great boulder hanging on its crag which, with a little effort could be sprung and sent roaring down the mountainside.

It was during their summer vacation that a thought occurred to Frank and Don.

"Let's go up on the mountain and spring that big boulder," said Frank.

"Sure," rejoined Don. "We can go up there and cut some stout levers. That'll be the fun we were talking about last Fall."

"It's a swell idea," said Frank. Soon they were on their way. They passed along the upper side of the dense thicket in their ascent and cut some strong hickory saplings for their purpose, shoving them up over the edge of the cliff and then clambering after them.

Once more the valley lay spread out before them like a map, with its checkered farms and long, winding river. They sat down to rest a few minutes and enjoy the prospect.

"The wind is always cold up here!" suddenly exclaimed Frank, starting to his feet. "Now let's see what we can do."

They rolled some big stones to the spot to serve as fulcrums and props, all the while keeping up their friendly chat.

"Now slip your handspike under!" said Don.

"I believe I'm moving it!" cried Frank, swinging down on his lever.

"Of course you are! Now hold it 'til I get a bite. There! Clap a stone under."

"It moves easily now; we've got it almost on its center of gravity. Won't it make a rumpus in the thicket down there, though!" And he paused to give

a glance over the brow of the cliff.

"She's all ready!" said Frank. "I believe another will send her over."

"Wait 'til I shove another stone under. Now rest on it while we get everything ready," said Don. "I believe if 'twasn't for the forest trees, it would roll half-way down to the river."

"Say the word," cried Frank, getting another hold with his lever.

"Now!" said Don.

Down went the long end of the lever a foot or two. Up went the short end an inch. But that inch was enough.

The enormous rock poised an instant on its balancing point, then slowly, sleepily at first, began to settle over the other way.

"She's going!" cried Frank, in high excitement.

There was a moment's hesita-

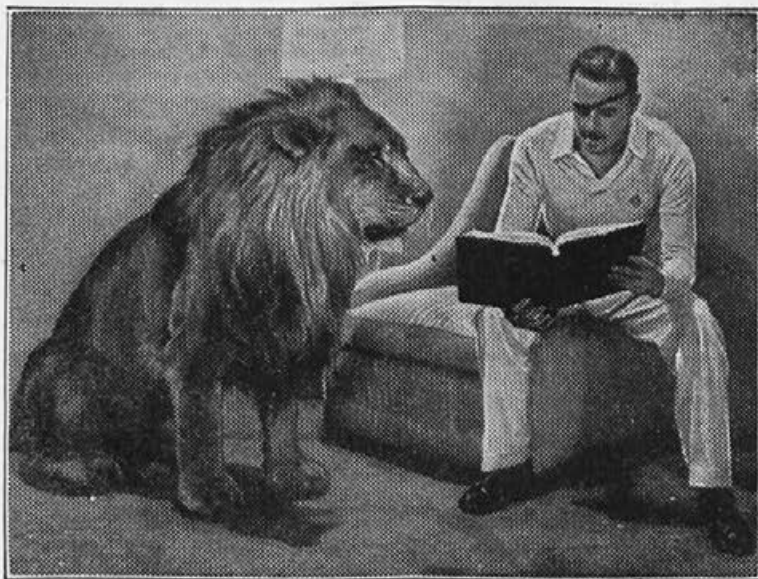
tion on the part of the mighty boulder. Having rested for unknown centuries on that world-surveying crest of the mountain, it seemed reluctant to make up its mind to move.

But suddenly the mossy cushion and accumulated soil under its lower edge gave way; the granite foot crushed to the ledge; and the tremendous body of stone, revolving, gave a slugging, clumsy, wallowing plunge over the cliff.

There it went—a plunge, a leap, a crashing bound into the thicket, like some huge creature dashing at its prey; swift and swifter, the stout saplings broke before it like straw, rushing and tearing down a broad straight furrow to the woods with tremendous turmoil of flying earth and boughs.

Even the larger trees did not stop it. Stems a foot thick split and splintered before it and lofty

## Raoul in the Lion's Den



The nonchalant chap in white is director Raoul Walsh, reading the script of "Hitting a New High," starring Lily Pons. The lion is an actor in the film, which has a jungle sequence. Will the lion eat the director? The lion will not eat the director. This is Hollywood, folks, where lions are sissies.

## The Burns and Allen Babes

tops went cracking and crashing down.

The boys looked at each other in sudden terror. What had they done? What if the stupendous missile should cut its way clear through the forest and land like an aerolite from heaven into the meadow below? Or crash its way clean through the forest to the railroad tracks and out into the path of the crack "Norwich" Express train? But even while their nerves were thrilling with this conjecture, huge trunks and projecting ledges brought the monster to terms in a hollow of the mountainside. And suddenly all was still.

In the suddenness of their decision, they had completely overlooked the dangers involved in their adventure. Fortunately no one was hurt by the crashing boulder. For this, the boys, after being sobered by the experience, were thankful.

### The Little Gardener

This is January, but the little gardener will find many things that he can do.

**In the cellar.** Look at the stored tubers and bulbs to make sure they are not too dry and in the proper condition. If the roots have become very dry, place them in moist, but not wet, sand, peatmoss, or soil. If you notice that some of the bulbs have decayed because it has been too wet, remove them and store them in dried conditions. Cut out the rot and dust the surface with dusting sulphur or some of the new formaldehyde dust which has recently come on the market.

**Tools.** Look at all your tools. Paint all the metal parts with a mixture of half crankcase oil and kerosene. Perhaps you have a deep box filled with sand over which old crankcase oil is poured. You can place your tools into this oily sand to clean them and prevent rust.

**Seed Catalog.** Now is the time to send for the seed catalog and begin making out and sending off lists of seeds.

**Plans for Your Garden.** You can begin thinking about or jot-



Here's a peep at those two fortunate youngsters, Ronnie (left) and Sandra, adopted by George Burns and Gracie Allen, famous radio comedians, who are currently co-starred with Fred Astaire in "A Damsel in Distress." The photograph was taken as the pair departed for the East after completing their work in the screen musical.

ting down a few notes about your plan for the garden.

**Spray** your fruit trees and shrubs for scale sometime this winter.

**Pruning Trees.** This is the time to look at your trees and prune out such branches as are going in the wrong direction and all of those which are diseased or dead.

**Birds.** Don't forget the birds during this cold month. Save your discarded pie crusts for meat-eating birds. They will like them, because pie crusts contain fat.

**In the Garden.** You may find some perennials that need to be pushed back into the soil. Perhaps some small tree needs staking.

**Snow.** Shake the snow from evergreens before it has a chance to turn to ice. It is one of the best protections. It also takes nitrogen from the air and gives it to the soil.

### THE LITTLE CAPTIVE

In another part of this issue of the Mladinski List you will find a story called "The Little Captive", written in Slovene. If you read it, or if your mother reads it to you, these are the questions you should be able to answer:

Why was Little Doris not permitted to go outside of her home?

What did her mother and father tell her of life outside of her own home?

What did Little Doris see those times when she climbed upon the chair near the window and looked out?

Did Little Doris ever want to go outside and play with the other children?

# When We Play



It's January! There's ice-skating, skiing, sled-riding. There are snowmen! There's plenty of fun outdoors! But it's also the month for indoor parties. And indoor parties mean Games. Perhaps a group of you is coming indoors after an afternoon of fun outdoors. Your mother might have roasted chestnuts, or maybe you'll pop corn or make fudge. But most probably you'll find more fun in sitting around a circle and playing games. Here are some you can try the next time you have a group at your home, or when you are invited to the home of your friend. Perhaps you have played some very interesting indoor games at someone's home, and you'd like to have others know about it. In that case send them in to the Mladinski List, and they might be used on this page.

## THE DITTO GAME

This is a game in which you must not laugh. The players sit close in a silent circle. You choose a leader. Whatever he does, the others have to do without a smile or a sound. Perhaps the leader will pull his own hair, or wink his left eye. Everyone must follow suit. Whoever laughs falls out of the game.

## RED HOT POTATO

The potato is a knotted handkerchief. The players sit in a circle. There is one player in the center. He holds the red hot potato (handkerchief) and throws it to some in the circle. That player must toss it to another, and so on; it must never be allowed to rest. Meanwhile the player in the center tries to get it into his possession. If he succeeds, the person who last tossed the potato changes places with him, and the game goes on as before.

## "TO SAY AND WRITE . . ."

All the players sit in a circle. The one who knows the game takes a small stick in his right hand. Then taking it in his left hand (doing this as naturally as possible) he passes it to his neighbor saying, "To say and write what we think is right is the best of all the governments." He tells his neighbor to do the same.

The cane is passed from one to the other, each player repeating the words that were given. But if anyone should pass the stick with the right hand, he must pay a forfeit.

Such person is not told anything except that he is "wrong". The trick must not be revealed until it has gone around the circle once or twice.

## "POOR LITTLE TWINKIE"

The players sit about the room. One player is "Poor Twinkie", the cat. He must kneel before some person on a pillow and meow. The seated player must pat him on the head and very seriously say: "Poor little Twinkie." If the player is able to do this after each of three mournful "meows", without smiling or laughing, "Poor Twinkie" must move on to try his luck with some one else. When he makes some one smile or laugh, that person exchanges places with him and becomes "Poor Twinkie" in turn.

## THE MAGIC SQUARE

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

1. Add across any line.
2. Add vertically any file.
3. Add diagonally either way.
4. Add the four corners.
5. Add the four numbers in any quadrant made by the vertical and horizontal axes.
6. Add the four inside numbers.
7. Add any four numbers balanced about the axes of the figure.

The result in each case will equal 34.



# Enter the Contest

Brothers and Sisters!

In this number of the Mladinski List you will find the first contest—which is, at the same time, our school. This contest will continue throughout the whole year. Every month there will be a new contest, and EVERY MONTH THERE WILL BE \$25.00 in cash prizes awarded.

Enter the contest! All of you can read and write English and are able to compose the short letter that the contest calls for. Don't be discouraged because you might think you are too young, either. Notice that there are prizes for two groups—one up to 13 years and the other up to 16.

THREE DOLLARS is worth trying for! Write your contest letter today!

## PO ŠOLI

Johnnie: Tamle gre naš Mike. Kot se je potepal toliko časa? Mi ga pa čakamo z našo igro.

Eddy: Le hitro, hitro, Mike! Kaj se ti je zgodilo? Navadno si bil zmirom prvi. Nekaj posebnega je moralo biti. Radovedna sva, kako se boš izmazal . . .

Mike: Prav lahko se bom izmazal, prijatelj. Zamudil sem se pri Barbičevem Frančku, ki ima Mladinski List, pa sva gledala v njem lepe slike in čitala dobre stvari. Verujta mi, da je Mladinski List več vreden ko vse naše igre! Tako se mi dopade ta magazin, da bom naprosil očeta, naj še mene vpiše v mladinski oddelek SNPJ in potem bom tudi jaz prejemal Mladinski list. Saj nič ne stane!

## Iz prve številke Mladinskega Lista

(JULIJ 1922)

“. . . Namen in želja Mladinskega lista je, narediti iz vas, slovenski dečki in deklice, može in žene! Narediti take može in žene, da vas bodo veseli starši, da vas bo narod štel med svoje zveste sinove, da boste neustrašeni bojevniki za svobodo zatiranega ljudstva.

“Mladinski list vam bo pokazal krivice in trpljenje, ki ga prenaša zatirano ljudstvo, in vaš razum sam vam bo pokazal pravo pot. Kakor hitro odrastete, stopili boste v vrste bojevnikov za svobodo in pravico; stali boste trdno in neustrašno za praporjem, ramo ob rami z brati vsega sveta; borili se boste s pogumom, pripravljeni žrtvovati vse za pravično stvar. Prihodnost nam bo pri-

nesla, mora prinesti, oni težko zaželeni dan, ko bodo padle verige z naših ram, ko bo izšlo sijajno solnce svobode, bratstva, enakosti! — Zarja vstaja, dan se bliža!”

## Way Back When

From Mladinski List, August, 1922

Dear friend: I received “Mladinski List” for July, and was glad to get it. I enjoy it.—Frances Tratar, Frontenac, Kansas.

Želim, da se ta naš list v kratkem času razširi od iztoka do zapada, v vsak kotiček Amerike, kjer prebivajo Slovenci.—Anna Deslich, Peoria, Ill.

Winners in the puzzles in the Slovene section:

Jennie Bohinc, Export, Pa.	3
Tony Ausich, Woodward, Ia.	3
Mary Zakrajšek, Indianapolis, Ind.	2
Rose Kutin, Woodward, Ia.	2
Florian Kuhar, Lorain, O.	2

First winners in the first puzzle of the first issue (July, 1922)—making words from the letters in the word “Recapitulation.”

More than 300 words: Oscar B. Godina, Chicago, Ill.

More than 200 words: Isabelle Junko, Pittsburg, Kansas; Louis Zele, Chicago, Ill.; Josephine Miklaucic, Morgan, Pa.

More than 100 words: Anna Stanonik, Cleveland, O.; Sara Stipanovich, Delmont, Pa.; Alma Golob, La Salle, Ill.; Anna Lautar, Vandling, Pa.; Mary Volk, Springfield, Ill.; Sophie Zaller, Cleveland, O.

“Why don't you like to play with the little boy next door? He plays fair, doesn't he?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And he doesn't hit you when you're down, does he?”

“No; but he might as well. He hits me every time I get up.”

### UDELEŽITE SE KONTESTA!

Bratci in sestrice!

V tej številki Mladinskega lista je prva naloga naše šole, ki je obenem naš kontest. Ta kontest bo trajal vse leto; vsak mesec bo nova naloga in VSAK MESEC SI BODO PRIDNI UČENCI IN UČENKE ZASLUŽILE SKUPAJ \$25 v gotovini.

Udeležite se tega kontesta! Vsi znate čitati in pisati angleško in lahko sestavite nalogo, ki vam prinese nagrado. Za največ 200 besed lahko dobite TRI DOLARJE! Trije dolarji niso mačje solze. Poskusite! Na delo takoj!

### JACK LONDON

This is the birthday month of Jack London. He was born in San Francisco.

All he could remember of his early boyhood was that his family was always moving from place to place. When he was eleven, they finally settled in Oakland, and he could go to school. But the family was so poor that Jack sold papers before and after school hours, swept out saloons, set up pins in the bowling alleys on Saturdays and Sundays, and helped behind the bar.

But when he was nineteen, he came East "to the congested labor centers where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth." It was this that converted him to the doctrine of Socialism. He rubbed elbows with worn-out laborers on city benches, men who were once as full of life and adventure as he but who were now just rubbish on the dumps of a city.

All of his early works had been just stories of the outdoors like "The Call of the Wild." Then he decided to write books with a purpose like "Before Adam", "The Iron Heel," and "Martin Eden." He also wrote a book about Debs.

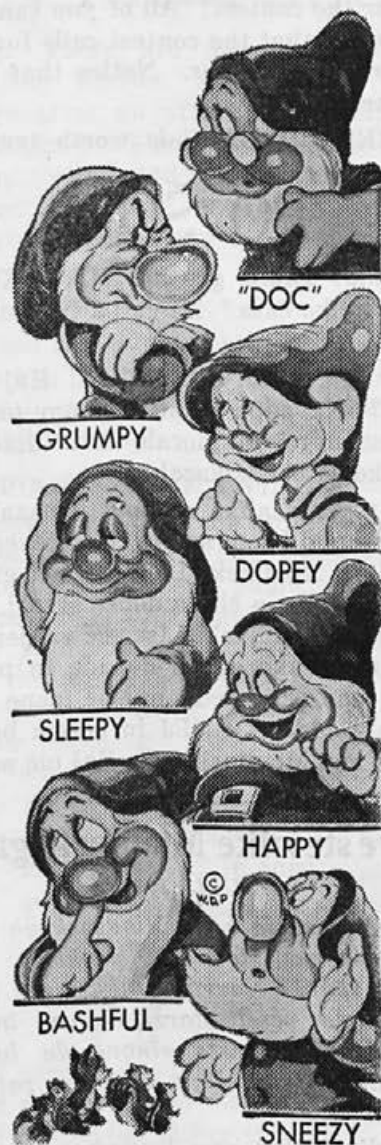
Jack London was a big influence in Europe. When he died in 1916, they gave more space in the newspapers to him than to Emperor Francis Joseph who died at the same time. In Sweden translation of twenty-four of his books were made.

Here is a paragraph from Jack London: "The children of the Ghetto possess all the qualities which make for noble manhood and womanhood; but the Ghetto itself, like an infuriated tigress turning on its young, turns upon and destroys all these qualities,

blots out the light and laughter, and moulds those it does not kill into sodden and forlorn creatures, uncouth, degraded, and wretched below the beasts of the field."

Jack London was born in 1876 and died in 1916.

### Snow White's Dwarfs



Here are the Seven Dwarfs, the comic element in Walt Disney's sumptuous feature length animated "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," in Technicolor, founded on the beloved Grimm Brothers' fairy tale. There are eight special musical numbers in the production, which will be released early in January as a big attraction.

# Our Big Campaign

This is the month the big campaign for the juvenile department begins. It is held in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our department. Remind your brother or mother or anyone else in your family that they should get busy in getting new members.

The first prize for them is either \$150.00 in cash or a free trip to Yellowstone National Park. This is for 100 or more members. The second prize for 75 or more members is \$100 in cash. There are cash prizes even for as many as one to four members.

Help some member of your family in this campaign. Boost your juvenile department so that it will have not only about 15,000 members but around 20,000! Pass the Mladinski List around to your friends and let them see what they will receive free every month if they are members.

## Kampanja

*Slovenska narodna podporna jednota ima med vsemi slovenskimi organizacijami v Ameriki največ otrok, dečkov in deklic, v svojem mladinskem oddelku.*

*Zakaj? Vsekakor zato, ker je pri SNPJ največ ugodnosti za vse člane, odrasle in male. Največja ugodnost za male je pa Mladinski list, ki je prava šola in zelo dobra zabava za otroke. Nobena druga slovenska organizacija nima takega mladinskega magazina!*

*Vsak bratec in vsaka sestrice naj torej skrbi, da bodo vsi njegovi prijatelji in vse njene prijateljice včlanjene v mladinskem oddelku SNPJ, če še niso.*

*Razširite svoj Mladinski list!*

### ANSWERS TO THE NUTCRACKER QUESTIONS

- |                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Bird.                            | 2. False   |
| 2. Oil is lighter than water.       | 3. True    |
| 3. Turnips.                         | 4. True    |
| 4. The daughter is now 4 years old. | 5. False   |
| 5. There were 7 children.           | 6. True    |
| Is it so or not?                    | 7. False   |
| 1. True                             | 8. False   |
|                                     | 9. False   |
|                                     | 10. False. |

# ***The Slovene National Benefit Society***

is

## ***Your Faithful Friend From Childhood to Old Age***

**O**UR Society paves the way to material and educational happiness. It is a workers' fraternal organization providing a twofold service—fraternal insurance and labor enlightenment.

*Its fundamental principles based on free-thought and labor ideology have been her outstanding success, as reflected in her steady growth and splendid record.*

*There is no sounder investment for adults and juveniles than fraternal insurance. The long depression has proved this beyond question. Our juvenile insurance fits the family budget. Low rates and maximum protection during the growing years. Your insurance is protected by seven million dollars of assets.*

*For further information, consult your local secretary or write the Main Office:*

### ***The SNPJ Head Office***

***2657 S. Lawndale Avenue - Chicago, Illinois***