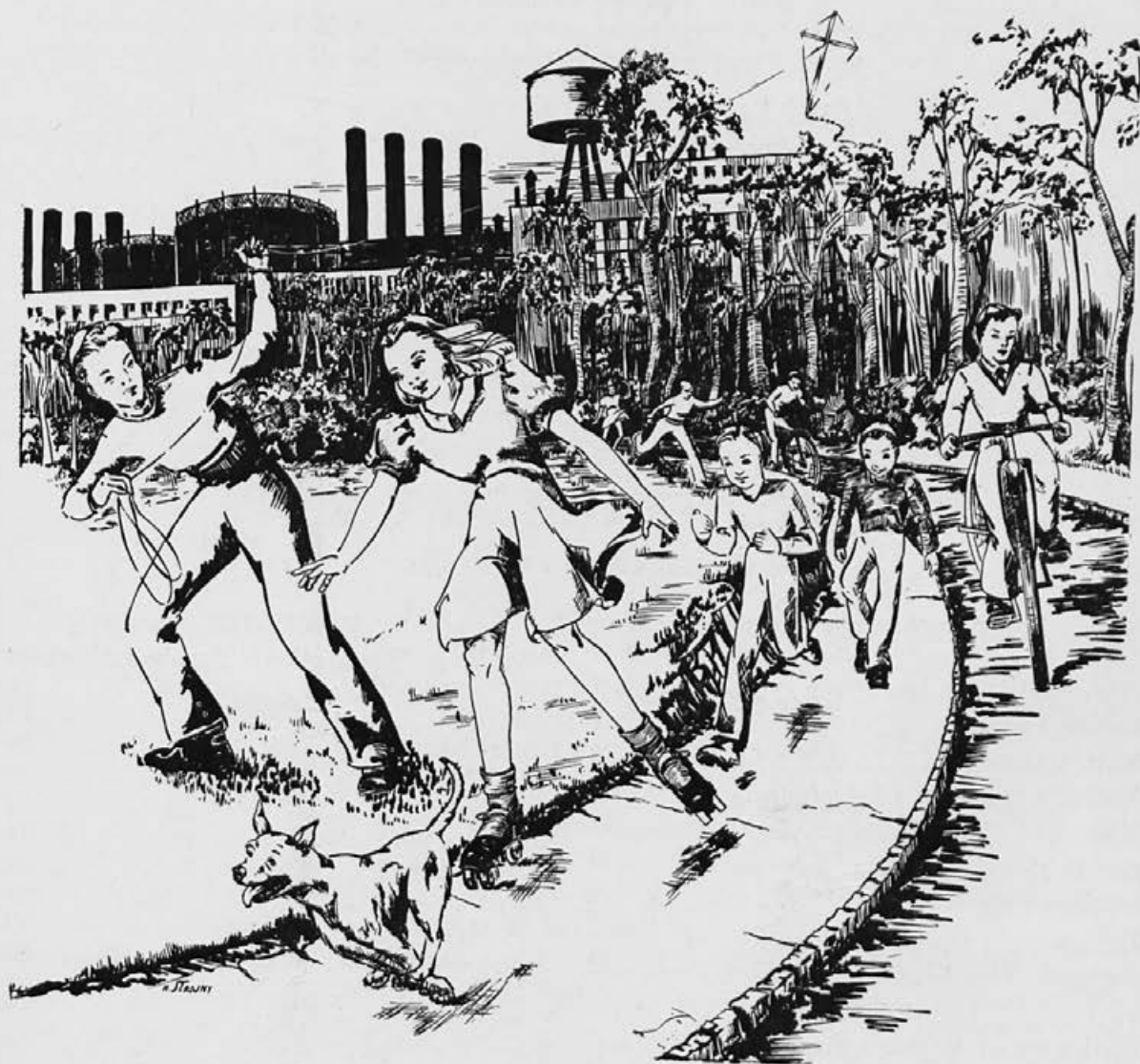


# Mladinski List

*A Juvenile Magazine for American Slovenes*



*May 1—Holiday for Workers' Children*

*(See Story Page 10)*

*May*

*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.



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# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVII.—Št. 5.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY, 1938

VOL. XVII.—No. 5

## More About My Organization

Last month we learned what is meant by the sick visiting committee.

Every lodge of the SNPJ has a sick visiting committee.

This does not mean, however, that no one else from the lodge is permitted to visit the sick member except those on the committee.

\*

After the member of the committee has visited the person who is sick, he signs his name on the back of the "Sick Benefit Order Blank."

Is this all? No. On the front of the Order Blank are questions to be filled in by the doctor. This is the doctor's report. This shows both what kind of sickness the member is suffering from and also how many times he was visited by the doctor.

\*

The sick member then sends this Order Blank, with the doctor's report and the signatures of his lodge brothers and sisters, to his lodge.

At the first meeting of the lodge, the members consider the Sick Benefit Order Blank, and vote whether they think the member should receive his sick benefit or not.

If all the members, or the majority of members, vote "Yes," the lodge secretary sends the Blank to the Supreme Office in Chicago, Illinois.

\*

At the Supreme Office, the Assistant Secretary receives the order.

He looks over it carefully. He looks at the doctor's report and at the members' signatures. Then he looks up the past record of that member; this is all kept on cards. The cards show how long he has been a member, whether he has ever been sick before, how much sick benefit he has drawn already, how much sick benefit he is entitled to, and many, many other details about the member.

If the Assistant Secretary finds that all the records show that the member is entitled to his sick benefit, he then sends the Order Blank to the Supreme Medical Examiner of the SNPJ for final inspection.



# Pred zoro

JELKA VUK



Ilustrirala H. Strojny

*Šušti listje dreves  
v tihi molitvi jutranji,  
mesec tam na okrajni  
zaspan se smeji,  
se spat mu mudi . . .  
Še malo — in tam iz vasi  
petelini bodo zapeli  
— kikeriki . . .*

*Še kratek trenutek . . .  
in tam iz ozare  
zlatoškrlatne  
žarek bo sončni, mehak  
zacvetel . . .  
Noč nekam bo zbežala  
dan na prestol bo njen sel.*

*Zvezde nešetete  
bodo se skrile  
spat brž odšle . . .  
Ljudi  
iz spanja vzbudile*

*v nove skrbi  
bodo ptičke vesele,  
ki bodo pele:*

*“Sonček ti zlati,  
mehki, krilati,  
glej kako na trati  
rosa kak biseri,  
kakor briljanti  
se ti smeji!  
Sijaj, poljubljay  
naša piščeta  
ki v gnezdih leže! . . .*

*Šušti listje dreves,  
tam mesec bledi  
in malo še pa bo od vseh strani  
vsepočez  
petelinov glas  
oznanjal, pel:*

*“Hej, vstati je čas!  
— kikeriki . . .”*



# Ivan Cankar



MAY is the birthmonth of the greatest Slovene writer of the social novel and drama—IVAN CANKAR.

Born May 10, 1876, at Vrhnika, the son of a poor tailor, Cankar finished the grammar school at Vrhnika and high school at Ljubljana. In 1896 he went to Vienna to study at the University; in the meantime he began to write.

Ivan Cankar found many hardships in Vienna. Having no support from home, he had to live and study on the meager earnings he could snatch from the Ljubljana publishers for his writings. As his honorariums were few, he often starved; again when his money came, he made a feast for his friends and "lived like a baron" for a day or two. Some of Cankar's great works were written in Vienna. At the same time his radical social philosophy evolved there and made him a socialist upon his return to Slovenia.

In 1899 Cankar gave up his studies and embarked entirely upon a literary career. His first book of poems, "Erotika," was

bought in its entire edition and burned by the Ljubljana Catholic bishop. But Cankar soon published the second edition. The years between 1900 and 1910 were the most fruitful, and book after book came from under his pen. His greatest works were created in this period.

At the same time Cankar was fighting the clerical and bourgeois reaction in his numerous polemics and, besides that, he found time to plunge into politics by running as the Socialist candidate for deputy in the Vienna parliament. He was defeated, whereupon he gave up politics, although he remained a Socialist until his death.

At the outbreak of the World War, Cankar was imprisoned as a "dangerous rebel," and finally he was placed in the army, although he was never sent to the front. The life in the prison and army ruined him physically, and Ivan Cankar died soon after the end of the war, December 11, 1918, at the age of 42.

His collected works of poems, dramas, and novels number 20 books. These works contain the finest literature in the Slovene language. He was the creator of the Slovene allegorical novel of unsurpassable sarcasm as well as art.

One of Cankar's greatest social novels, "Yerney's Justice," was translated into English by Louis Adamic and published by the Vanguard Press, New York. It should be read by every American-born Slovene.

Janie walked into a shop and asked the clerk, "How many shoestrings can I get for a nickel?"

"How long do you want them?" asked the clerk. "I want them for keeps," answered Janie, with a tone of surprise.

\*

Father had brought Mr. Lane home for dinner. "Why, pa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed Johnnie, at the evening meal.

"Yes, Johnnie," replied his father. "What of it?" "I heard you tell Ma this morning that you were bringing a 'muttonhead' home for dinner."

\*

Mr. Stern: What makes this razor so dull? It was all right yesterday.

Charley: Yes, pa, and it was all right this morning, too, when I was making my boat.

# Our Own Juvenile Circles of the S. N. P. J.



## "LET'S GIVE A PROGRAM"

By Mary Jugg

Here is the outline of an SNPJ program that your juvenile circle may present. The program might be given as a separate affair or in connection with an adult program. It might also be given before a meeting of the senior lodge.

NOTE: You may secure this program in its full detail, including words and suggested music, by writing to the Mladinski List and asking for Program I. State the lodge number and director of your group.

This is a general program that may be used at any time; it is not restricted to any particular occasion. It may also be adapted or altered to fit the requirements of each group.

### The Program

1. "SNPJ Welcome" (Recitation)
2. Welcome Speech—by one of juvenile group
3. SNPJ Talking Dolls"—a group song for any number of boys and girls.
4. Response—by senior member
5. Instrumental solo or duet (optional)
6. "We're the SNPJ"—a dialog for 6 children, arranged to tell about the various phases of the Society.
7. Vocal solo or duet (optional)
8. Miscellaneous (depending on individual talents of the group)
9. An SNPJ Group Song—to the tune of a popular song.

If you are interested in the detailed program, together with the music, read again the Note above and write for the program.

## Driftwood Down the River

By Frank Anthony

Driftwood down the river  
 Floatin' in a carefree way,  
 Windin' through the valleys  
 Breaking bubbles on the way.

Driftwood down the river  
 Waitin' to be sawed in two,  
 By some unknown mill saw  
 Bidding us its last adieu.

Driftwood down the river  
 Willin' to be hauled away,  
 To the world-wide market  
 For the commerce of the day.

# Mala jetnica

Piše Zgodbičar

## VII

Sirota Dorica je neizmerno uživala, kadar jo je Milan Pleško vodil na polje, v gozd ali dolinico ob potoku ob lepih pomladanskih dnevih.

“Vidiš, Dorica,” jo je vprašal Milan, “ali ni zunaj lepše kakor v hiši?”

“Oh, strašno lepo je!” je vzkliknila. “Tako rada sem zunaj.”

“Ptiček, ki ga imamo doma v kletki, ni tako vesel in ne poje tako radostno kakor ptički zunaj, ki so prosti, ali ni res?”

“Da, res je.”

“Ljudje smo kakor ptički. Če smo zaprti, smo potrti; če smo prosti, smo srečni. Vidiš, Dorica, natura je prostost. Da mi uživamo prostost, je dokaz, da smo tudi mi del nature. To se pravi, da prihajamo iz nature.”

Dorica je pokazala na ljudi na polju.

“Milan, kaj delajo oni tamle?”

“Orjejo in sejejo žito.”

“Zakaj to delajo?”

“Žito, ki zraste in dozori v nekaj mesecih, porabijo za kruh, del žita pa shranijo za novo seme, ki bo potrebno v prihodnjem letu. To se ponavlja vsako leto.”

Dorica se zamisli.

“Kdo pa je ljudi naučil oranja in sejanja?”

“Natura jih je naučila. Nekoč niso ljudje nič orali in nič niso sejali. Takrat niso imeli kruha. Žito je pa rastlo v divjem stanju kot trava. Slučajno so ljudje opazili, da na pogojnem prostoru žitna trava bolj raste in obrodi lepše in debelejše zrnje. Pobrali so to zrnje in ga žvečili. Bilo je dobro. Nato so zrnje skuhalo v vodi in bil je močnik. To je bilo še bolje. Potem so zrnje zdrobili, zmesili in ga spekli v žerjavici. Dobil so hlebček, ki je bil tudi dober. Izbrali so debelo zrnje in ga vrgli v zrahljano zemljo. Zrastlo je veliko žito. Vsako leto so posejali več in več žita; vsako leto je bilo

več in več kruha. To delajo še danes, samo bolj na veliko in na boljši način. Temu delu pravimo kmetijstvo.”

“Ali bom tudi jaz morala delati na polju?”

“Da, Dorica, kadar boš velika. Zdaj ti še ni treba.”

Krenila sta v gozd. Na hribu sredi obraščene doline je Dorica zagledala sivo zidovje.

“Kaj je tam na hribu, Milan?”

“Ono zidovje? To je star, napol porušen grad.”

Dorici zastane noga. Nečesa se je spomnila in plašno pogleda Milana.

“Kdo je v tistem gradu?”

“Nihče, prazen je. Čemu se vznemirjaš, Dorica?”

“Ali niso tam strahovi? — Ali ne biva tam zakleta princeska?”

“Kdo ti je pravil o strahovih in zakleti princeski?”

“Moja pokojna mama. Povedala mi je, da v starem gradu se zbirajo hudobni duhovi, ki stražijo zakleto devico, katera ni mrtva in ne živa . . . Ali je res?”

Milan se je od srca zasmel.

“To je prazna vera, Dorica.

To so izmišljotine. Hudobnih duhov ni nikjer in na vsem svetu ni nobene zaklete device ali princeske. To so pravljice, s katerimi preprosti ljudje plašijo svoje otroke. Izbij si te pravljice iz glave, Dorica!”

Milanove odločne besede so deklico opogumile, a še ni bila dokraja prepričana.

“Toda grad je tam . . . Čemu je grad?”

“V tem gradu je nekoč stanoval baron, ki je tlačil kmete daleč naokoli. Da mu bodo kmetje pokorni, jih je držal v strahu s praznoverjem. Imel je hlapce, ki so neprestano plašili kmete s strahovi in hudiči. To je pomagalo — kmetje so bili pokorni. Baron je že davno umrl, ampak pravljice o strahovih in hudičih še žive . . .”



“Čemu je grad?”

# Historical Sketches About Slovenes

By **Historicus**

The christianizing process, as we said, progressed with much success in the East with the Greek missionaries as the christianizers. The Greeks were armed with religious literature in the Slovene language, and that aided them enormously. On the other hand, the missionaries of the Roman-Catholic church, coming from Aquileia and Salzburg, were forcing the Slovenes to listen to them in a foreign—Latin and German—tongue. That was their great handicap.

Soon other means were adopted. The Bavarian chieftains began to sow discord among the *vojvode* or military chiefs and to lure one by one to their side; they bribed them into Christianity. Later the converted Slovene chiefs had to buy the friendship and protection from the Bavarians by turning against their own kin, the Slovene pagans, and thus a long series of wars among brothers descended upon our unhappy ancestors. The Bavarians, too, demanded the adoption of Christian religion as a price whenever a Slovene chief asked for armed help against a stronger band of savage Avars or Magyars attacking the country.

\* \* \*

The history of this period preserved names of several Slovene chiefs who were famous in the religious wars as mentioned above.

(Historians usually called these chiefs *knezi*, i. e., princes, but this title is questionable. It may be that the Germans and Latins of the period called them so, but the Slovenes never had their own nobles, and they had a simple name for their war chieftain—*vojvoda*, that is, the army leader. Later they adopted the German title "Kunig" for *knez*, prince, which meant the army leader and civil ruler simultaneously. There is no original Slovene word for king. The present term *kralj* began in the ninth century, and in the beginning it signified a personal noun Carl or Karl after Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, then ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. The name Karl became in time *kral*, meaning king, and the Slovene term, changed into *kiraly*, was taken

over by the Hungarians who still use it. The Slovene word *cesar*, meaning emperor, was borrowed from the Latin, Caesar.)

One of the first Slovene chiefs after Samo was *Valduh*, who distinguished himself in wars with Avars and Romans. Others were *Borut*, still a pagan, and his son *Karast*, the vojvoda of Caranthonia, who was one of the first Christian chiefs, and also his cousin *Kajtimar*. These two chiefs were killing their own people who refused to follow them into the Christian camp, and by so doing they threw overboard their own freedom and became mere vassals of the Bavarian ruler *Tasil*.

The Panonic Slovenes had *Privina* as their first Christian chief who had the walled city of Blatnograd as his capital. Other vojvode in Upper Panonia were *Ingo*, *Ljudevit*, *Vojnimir*, and *Kocel*. They say that *Privina* was a personal friend of the christianizer St. Cyril who taught him to read the Slovene letters.

Of the pagan Slovene chiefs who resisted with arms the new religion were *Droh*, *Vrel*, *Drodor*, and *Samo* (not to be confused with the other Samo, the great ruler). These leaders fought tooth and nail against famous *Valjhan*, who protected the Christian missionaries.

These wars were raging, off and on, from 760 to well over 900 A. D., and tens of thousands of Slovenes were killed on both sides. All Slovene regions were affected, and the anarchy was so great that scarcely anyone knew who was his friend and who was the enemy.

\* \* \*

In the end, the defenders of the Slovene pagan gods lost, and the pagan chiefs were killed one by one either in battle or in captivity. The Slovene people were forced to accept the Christian religion, and to acknowledge only the Christian *vojvode* as their rulers.

They took the new faith but still kept their old beliefs which linger up to this day in the old Slovene superstitions and folklore. They changed names. The two great pagan



# Mother's Old Arm Chair

By MARY JUGG



*My arms offer welcome;  
She heeds to their call;*

*A trusty old arm chair  
Holds no fears at all—*

*No fears that the secrets  
Of days long since past,  
Or well-guarded memories  
Will creep out at last.*

*I see little Ronny  
Asleep on her knee;  
And hear the light prattle  
Of tiny Marie.*

*Then story-time—playtime—  
And school days crowd by;  
“They’re young man and woman,”  
Says her deep, heavy sigh.*

*I saw full half her life  
Fade forever away  
When the message said, “Ronald  
Fell in battle this day.”*

\* \* \*

*“But now Marie’s sons  
Shall never taste war;  
Yes, that was their vow:  
‘Peace, evermore.’”*

*And here her head bowed;  
She’s dreaming once more . . .  
I am old, friend; I’ve seen  
Her dreaming before . . .*

*This hope, too, I’ll harbor  
If it lightens her cares;  
For hopes will outlive  
Both mothers—and chairs . . .*

festivals corresponding to the winter and summer solstices were now Christian holidays, one of them Christmas and other St. John the Baptist. The old pagan custom of burning the bonfire at the winter solstice was dropped, but the midsummer bonfire, called *kres*, is still in use. The old Slovene spring festival in honor of the goddess *Vesna*, i. e., spring, became Easter, and the observance of the old divinity *Kurent*, the hilarious god of “all fools and jesters,” had been faithfully preserved up to this day as the *Pust Day*. *Sventovid* turned into St. Vitus, *Veles*, the god of shepherds, has a lasting memory in the town of Velesovo, and so has *Morana*, the goddess of death in the town of Moravče; *Triglav*, the chief Slovene god sup-

posedly with three heads, simply became the Christian Holy Trinity, and is still preserved in the name of the highest mountain in Slovenia, while the pagan *besi*, the evil spirits, were transformed into Christian devils! —

You may have smiled at the boy who got spanked and was then told by his parent, “This is going to hurt me more than it does you.” (See March M. L.)

But for once, one mother who said this was right. It happened in Blyth, Northumberland, Glasgow, Scotland.

The mother raised her hand to spank her six-year-old boy. She said the sentence quoted above. Then she couldn’t bring down her arm. They rushed her to a hospital, where she still kept her arm raised. It was found that she had dislocated her arm at the shoulder when she had raised it.

# “Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”

Dialog med očetom in sinom

V

— Tako! In zdaj bova spet nadaljevala, kajne, atek.

— Da, Peterček, nadaljevala bova najin razgovor o mistru Delu in mistru Kapitalu. Ali te to veseli, sinko?

— O pa še kako! Komaj čakam večera, da prideš z dela in da pride najina ura.

— To me veseli, Peterček. Kogar učenje veseli, ta pokaže, da je dober učenec in enkrat bo koristen delavec. Torej nadaljujva. Zadnjič sva govorila, kako je bil mister Delo vse svoje dni ogoljufan za sadove svojega truda, in sicer zaradi tega, ker nikdar imel — in še danes nima — prave zaščite po zakonu in državi. Mister Kapital, to je kapitalist — zdaj že veš razliko med kapitalom in kapitalistom — ima mistra Dela, to je delavca, v svoji sužnosti, katera se danes imenuje mezdna sužnost.

— Kaj je sužnost, atek?

— Razložil sem ti že, kaj je telesna sužnost, kadar je delavec gospodarjeva lastnina kakor konj, vol ali osel. Iz telesne sužnosti se je razvila fevdalna sužnost, ki je pomenila, da tlačan ni bil več osebna lastnina graščaka ali fevda, bil pa je priklenjen na graščakovo polje. Tretja stopnja je mezdna sužnost. To se pravi, da je delavec osebno prost, odvisen pa je od mezde ali zaslужka za svoj obstoj. Ker pa je mezda zelo nizka, mora delavec prebiti eno tretjino ali še več svojega življenja pri delu — če ga sploh ima — navadno pri težkem delu, dočim je lastnik ali solastnik kapitala, ki delavca uposljuje, vse svoje žive dni prost vsakega težkega oziroma produktivnega dela.

— Zakaj je lastnik kapitala prost vsakega produktivnega dela?

— Zato, ker ni mezdni suženj! Lastnik kapitala ne živi od mezde, kakor delavec v njegovi tovarni, temveč on živi od dela svojih delavcev. Razumeš? Delo živi vse lju-

di. Kdor ne dela in kljub temu živi, pa še dobro živi, mora nekdo drugi delati namesto njega. Kapitalist živi na račun svojih delavcev. Vzemimo kapitalista, ki ima tisoč delavcev. Če mu ostane čistega samo dolar na delavca na teden, spravi tedensko tisoč dolarjev. Čemu bi potem delal? Lahko se vozi vse poletje po hladnih hribih na zapadu in lahko preleži vso zimo v topli Floridi — njegov tisočak mu prihaja redno; lahko leži leto dni bolan — lahko presedi leto dni v norišnici — 50,000 dolarjev letno na njegovo ime prihaja redno! To je tista ekonomska svoboda, ki je danes samo za kapitaliste in sploh za premožne ljudi. To je svoboda, ko človek malo ali nič ne dela, kljub temu ima dohodke, ki znašajo več ko skupni letni dohodki petdesetih, sto ali še več delavcev.

— Kako je to mogoče?

— Mogoče je, ker so delavci prisiljeni delati več kot pa zado-  
stuje za njihov zaslužek. Razumeš? Delavec morda zasluži vrednost svoje mezde v treh ali štirih urah; to pomeni, da dela pol dneva zase, pol dneva pa za dobiček kapitalista. Kapitalist pobere dobiček kot svojo “plačo”, katere ne služi on, temveč njegov kapital. Temu plačilu on pravi “investment returns.” Razumeš zdaj to igro, Peterček?

— Malo se mi sanja. Kapitalist vzame plačilo od svojega kapitala menda zato, ker je dal kapital v porabo delavcem, da proizvajajo dobrine in od teh dobrin dobe delavci le majhen delež v obliki mezde. Ali ni tako?

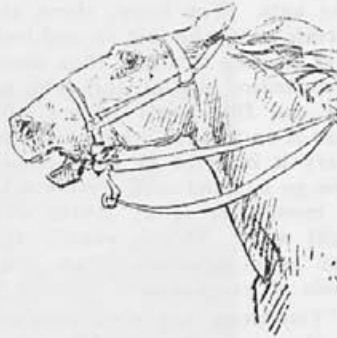
— Tako je, dobro si pogruntal, sinko. Vidim, da imaš dobro glavo. Ker delavci delajo predolgo, osem ur in še več, dobe pa premalo za izvršeno delo; pravimo, da se nahajajo v mezdni sužnosti. Razliko med dolgim delovnikom in nizko mezdo pobere kapitalist za svoje “plačilo” v obliki dobička ali kakorkoli že to imenuje. Zato mu ni tre-

(Continued on page 12)



# HORSES

By ANN K. MEDVESEK



*The farmer's horse is black and white  
And every day from morn 'til night,  
He helps his master till the ground  
And pulls the plough without a sound.*

*The ragman's horse is chestnut brown  
Who hauls the laden cart through town,  
While master sings: "Old rags! Old rags!  
Old shoes! Old clothes! Old rags! Old bags!"*

*The sergeant's horse struts with great pomp  
As with his hoofs he loudly stomps,  
And very proudly helps his master  
To make the traffic move much faster.*

*The race horse runs with lengthy strides  
And soon the sweat rolls from his sides;  
He gallops round for life and death  
To save his pride and master's bet.*

*We end the tale of horses four,  
But there are many many more,  
Who give their service every day  
All in their best and very own way.*

## Beginning of Mother's Day

# Mother's Day



Have you ever wondered about the origin of Mother's Day? These are the facts about it:

Mother's Day was an idea of Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, who had the desire

to commemorate her own mother's home-going. This was in 1906. It occurred to her that the custom could be made universal. She thought of the practice of every person wearing a white carnation on that day. The special day was to be the second Sunday in May.

This day is now observed by England and her colonies—everywhere English is spoken. It is also observed by South America, Mexico, and among the races of Africa and Asia.

One very sad feature about this day is that it was not intended to be marred with business schemes or be commercial in any way. But, unfortunately, that is what it has become to a large degree. Business men emphasize the selling of goods on that day more than people think about the sentiment that is connected with it.

# "It's Our Day"

(See Cover Page)

Ernest always watched his father shave. It gave him a feeling that very soon—when he would be a man—he would know all the tricks that were required for this process. His father shaved so smoothly, so easily. And it always seemed to Ernest that he could talk things over with his father at such times, because both of them felt they were speaking as man to man.

Ernest noticed a particular gleam in his father's eye today.

"What's up, Dad?"

"Hm? Oh!—Oh, I was just thinking of something."

"What?"

"Tomorrow!"

"What's tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," said his Dad, wiping the razor blade, "is the first of May."

"So what?"

"It's OUR day!"

"What do you mean 'our'?"

"It's the workers' holiday."

Ernest half turned away. Every time his father used that word "workers" he was talking above his head. He almost said, "Aw, shucks," but refrained from doing so lest he displease his father.

"Look here, my lad," said his father, leading Ernest into the parlor. "I'm going to tell you a story."

"A real one?" asked Ernest.

"A real—honest - to - goodness one," said his father. It will make some of those imaginary tales look mighty cheap beside this one.—Maybe you smile at the pictures of those men many, many years ago whose heads looked like a coconut had dropped on them and squashed them down. Maybe you look down upon the funny little things they used to make, all down the ages until Man finally got to look something like he does today. But just remember: that if it hadn't been for all this, none of us would have been born into a world that had so much for us all ready prepared to use.

"Maybe you didn't know that after people really began to live like people they lived somewhat

like ants. You know, there are certain ants who just sit and look over the ant family. Then there is an entire host of ants who go out and find food; others who pass it on to each other's back to carry it into the anthill; others who go out and milk certain other insects for milk; others who fight wars. This is exactly the way your ancestors lived hundreds of years ago."

"You mean they were born into the rank of slaves?" asked Ernest.

"Exactly," said his father. "These few people who ruled the slaves told them that the world had always been just like it was then and that it would always be so. But when some of the slaves worked and saw how much they built, it dawned on their minds that even these rulers couldn't live if it weren't for their work. But the minute they went about talking like this, they were clubbed over the head, put to death, or anything else that the overlords wanted.

"Ever since that time men have fought. Thousands and thousands were tortured; thousands and thousands were stamped to death by the armies of the lords—and they lost. But they really won, because what they were fighting for remained; their work was never lost.

"Can you imagine how exciting it must have been to the people when, finally, machines appeared? But it wasn't for long, because this same kind of overlords took the machines and placed people to working at them—hour upon hour—just like the slaves of a long time before that. These "slaves of the machine" had to fight against working 16 or 14 hours a day! They decided that one way to "fight" was by everyone walking out—a strike. But what happened? The same as to the slaves of long ago. Whoever was the leader of such an idea was now clubbed and killed by policemen!

"So it was that in America in 1886 all the workers decided to stick together and have a big

strike—for an 8-hour day—on May 1. But their good plans were spoiled, because a group of men who had been preaching that the thing to do was to throw bombs edged in and caused a big confusion. They thought they could 'use' all these workers to help their poisonous talk. So all the workers had to step out. They decided not to join forces on May 1. But these strong-headed men went right ahead, and when some of the workers did strike at the McCormick factory in Chicago on May 3, these leaders of "bomb talk" took advantage and spoke. This caused much fear among the people. And so it really happened that on May 4 a bomb was thrown at a meeting in Haymarket Square after the police came in to break up the meeting, and many innocent people suffered.

"This very thing crippled the honest fight of the workers for an 8-hour day, because even though they never did advocate anything like bomb throwing or force, they had to suffer for the foolish talk of these anarchists, who had always preached this kind of thing and who edged in when they were the least wanted. It wasn't until 1890 then that May Day was really celebrated in the right spirit—and internationally! Everywhere big demonstrations were held for the 8-hour day and for better working conditions.

"May 1 is our day! We must continue to fight for better and better conditions because we have in this world many, many things that should make our life as happy as can be!"

"Yes," said Ernest. "Now I can understand why you are enthusiastic!"—M. J.

Use May, while that you may,  
For May hath but his time;  
When all the fruit is gone, it is  
Too late the tree to climb."

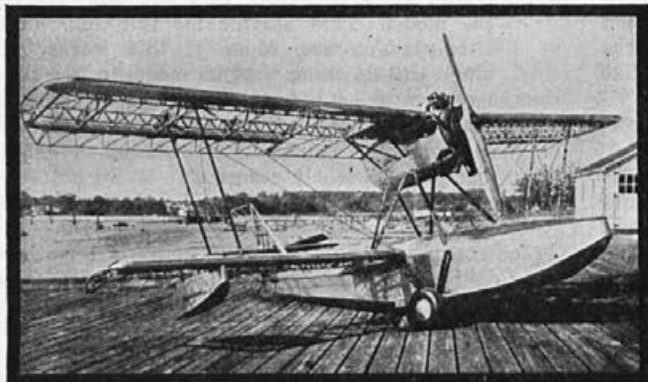
—Richard Edwards, MAY

\*

"Spring, the sweet Spring, is the pleasant year's king."—Thomas Nashe, Spring.



# His Special Talent



Courtesy of Electro Metallurgical Company, New York.

## Scene 1

MRS. EHRHARDT: Come right in, Spike. Joe's just finishing his supper.

JOE: Hello, fellah. What's on your mind? You're just in time.

MRS. EHRHARDT: Sit down and have a piece of strawberry shortcake, Spike. It's the first of the season.

JOE: Yeah. Tie on the old nosebag and lap up a few spoonfuls of Mom's best.

SPIKE: Well—ah—I just took off the old nosebag at home. But, gee! Strawberry shortcake—

MRS. EHRHARDT: Come along now. Sit down there next to Joe. I never knew a boy yet who couldn't find room for a piece of strawberry shortcake.

SPIKE: Oh my! Oh gee! O gosh! Look at that whipped cream.

JOE: Some strawberry shortcake artist, Mom! Eh, Spike?

SPIKE: (With his mouth full) The best!

MRS. EHRHARDT: Well, I do think I can make a pretty good shortcake—if I do say it myself.

SPIKE: (Still with his mouth full) Working on the model tonight, big boy?

JOE: Sure. Why?

SPIKE: Big double feature over at the Bijou. Tought you might give yourself a night off for once and take it in.

JOE: Can't do it. Got a date with the plane.

MRS. EHRHARDT: My dear Joe, why don't you go? It'll do you good to get out. You've worked on your airplane model every night this week.

SPIKE: Aw, come on, Joe. You never want to do anything any more.

JOE: Sorry, can't do it. Not tonight.

SPIKE: Why not tonight, for Pete's sake? There's plenty time yet. That airplane model Derby is months off—well, weeks, anyway.

JOE: Oh, sure. I know there's plenty time. It isn't the time that I'm thinking of.

SPIKE: Well, then—so what?

Time: The Present

Place: Scene 1—The dining room of Joe Ehrhardt's home

Scene 2—The National Airplane Model Derby

## CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Ehrhardt, Joe's mother

Joe Ehrhardt, 16 years old

Spike, Joe's pal; same age.

Master of Ceremonies at Model Airplane Derby

JOE: Got an idea—something new. Want to find out if it's any good. That's all.

SPIKE: Well—won't it keep until tomorrow night?

JOE: Say—what about your own plane? It wouldn't hurt you to stay home yourself some night and do a little work on it.

SPIKE: Aw, don't you worry about my model.

JOE: But look, Spike—how much have you got done on her?

SPIKE: Er—ah—Oh, she's coming along all right. And, heck, Joe, a guy's got to have some fun.

JOE: (Scornfully) Don't you call working on the model fun?

SPIKE: Well—er—planning what you'll do with the prize money's fun, all right. And thinking about the trip to Europe—and the chance to enter your plane in the International Derby—if that's what you mean.

JOE: (Disgustedly) That certainly is not what I mean. What I'm talking about is the model, not the prize. Don't you call it fun to work on your model—I mean even if there wasn't any prize?

SPIKE: Oh, I don't know. I guess I like it all right—once I get started.

JOE: Yeah—you never get started.

MRS. EHRHARDT: (breaking in) Now don't you mind Joe, Spike. He can't help being the way he is. It runs in his family. Look at his sister, Evelyn. She gets more fun out of making her hats than wearing them. And their father—he'd rather take the car apart any day than drive it. And (laughing) his mother's the same. I'd always rather cook than eat.

JOE: Sure. Anybody would rather do the thing they're interested in than eat—or—or anything.

SPIKE: Not me. Especially when there's something to eat around like this shortcake. Boy! Was that a strawberry shortcake!

MRS. EHRHARDT: I'm glad you enjoyed it, Spike.

SPIKE: It was the top. Thank you a lot, Mrs. Ehrhardt. Well—I guess I'll have to be getting along now if I'm going to make the first show. Not coming, eh—the old stick-in-the-mud?

You're going to miss a swell picture—new airplane feature.

JOE: I've got a pretty swell airplane feature waiting for me out in the workshop.

SPIKE: Oh, all right, Mr. Orville Wright Henry Ford Thomas Edison, I'll be on my way. Good night, Mrs. Ehrhardt. Thanks again for the shortcake. (Mrs. Ehrhardt and Joe bid Spike good night, and Spike leaves.)

MRS. EHRHARDT: Poor Spike. Not a very dangerous rival, is he?

JOE: Well, not in this particular contest. This is out of his line. He only went into it on account of the prize. And the chance at a trip to Europe and all. Except for that, he couldn't be bothered making an airplane model.

MRS. EHRHARDT: It would be pretty nice to win this prize, wouldn't it? All that money—and a trip to Europe and all. And a chance to enter a plane in the international contest—and perhaps bring the cup to America.

JOE: Sure it would. It would be about the finest thing that could happen to a guy. And you bet I'm trying for it just as hard as I ever knew how. But—what I mean is, I'd work on my model even if there wasn't any prize at all. Especially now that I've got this swell new idea.

MRS. EHRHARDT: You are your father's son, Joe. Your mother's, too, I guess.

JOE: Look, mom—do you suppose feeling that way—I mean, liking to work out your ideas better than going to the movies or—or—most anything, is a sign that you really are pretty good? I mean that you really have got—well—talent for what you want to do?

MRS. EHRHARDT: Well, they say that genius is only the capacity for hard work. But I don't know. I wonder if it wouldn't be truer to say that hard work—or liking to work hard at some one particular thing, at least, is a sign of genius!

JOE: Talent anyway—maybe. And that's good enough for me.

MRS. EHRHARDT: For me, too. In fact, son, I'm not so sure that I wouldn't rather you had talent than genius. Genius is such a tyrant. It seizes hold of you and drives you in a particular direction—whether that's the direction you want to go or not. But talent! Now there's a good, reliable work animal that you can drive—and may take you just where you want to go.

JOE: That's it, Mom, you said it. That was just what I meant. Only I couldn't put it into words. You see all the time that I'm working on these little model planes now, I'm thinking about the time when I'll be good enough to work on designs for big man-carrying planes. The principles of construction are practically the same for both. If I learn them now, when I'm through school and ready to start work, I'll be able to start in with what I want to do. They say a lot of the big shots got their start that way.

MRS. EHRHARDT: Why Joe—I hadn't realized that you had it all thought out like this! Why didn't you tell us? Your father will be so pleased!

JOE: Didn't know it myself 'til I got this idea for the model. That started me thinking. (Excitedly) You see, Mom, if this works, my plane will do thing that no model in her class has ever done before. I think I've got hold of a way to stabilize her performance in high air currents. You know what, Mom—it might just mean a world record.

MRS. EHRHARDT: Oh, Joe! Really? A world record!

(Joe continued to put in most of his after-school hours on his model airplane. At last the day came for the great National Airplane Model Derby.)

(Continued next month)

## Are Fish More Dumb Than Men?

Dr. James Gray, professor of zoology at Cambridge University, has shown many instances to prove that man and fish think alike.

Here are some examples: A bell was rung near the water, and the fish did not pay any attention. Then a bell was rung and food was given at the same time, and the fish came for the



food. Finally, the fish learned to come for their food every time they heard the ringing of a bell.

A pike was placed in a tank with some minnows. He would eat the minnows. But then a glass was placed in the tank to separate the pike and the minnows. Every time the pike dashed at the minnows, he hit himself against the glass. Finally, he ignored the fish even when the glass was removed and the minnows were free to roam about in the water.

## "Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital"

(Continued from page 8)

ba delati, niti mu ni treba skrbeti za svojo eksistenco.

— Ali ni nobene odpomoči proti tej krivici, atek?

— Enostavna odpomoč za delavca je ta, da se kapitalist izključi iz sistema produkcije! Povedal sem že, da je kapitalist delavcu prav toliko koristen kolikor je bolha koristna psu v njegovi dlaki. Pes se lahko iznebi bolhe, ampak otresti se kapitalista ni lahko reč. O tem bova govorila prihodnjič.

# Stric Joško pripoveduje

Dragi prijateljčki in prijatelji!

Naš žab v štilvorku ni lestal dolgo. Prišli so slek tajms in bas je kvital drugega za drugim. Najprvo je fajral Ribničana, češ da je bil on najbolj lezi. To je bil seveda le eksjuz. Nato je dal fajer Primorcu, Šokca in mene je pa obdržal. Ne znam zakaj — saj midva nisva bila nič manj lezi, spešli jaz; bil sem tako lezi v tistih časih, da mi je bordingbasica večkrat rekla, da kar smrdim od lenobe . . .

In fekt — jaz bi bil strašno lajkal, da bi bil bas tudi mene kvital, toda sanavagan ni hotel. Moral sem torej hoditi v štilwork, Ribničan in Primorec sta pa lepo štapala in se okrog izprehajala kot dva barona. Uh, to sem bil želos!

Končno se je zgodilo, kar sem si želel. Bil sem tudi jaz kvitan in samo naš Šokec je še imel žab. Zdaj smo trije štapali, izprehajali smo se po mestu in hodili v kanal gledat. To je bilo fajn, ampak ne fr lang. Ko je zmanjkalo moni, je bil trubl. In zdaj smo bili želos na Šokca, ki je še delal in do-bival pejdo.

"Bojsi," je rekel bordingbas, "saj veste, kaj pravi brat Hrvat. Nema novaca, nema muzike! Jaz vas ne bom več trustal za bord. Iščite si žab! Ali pa drva žagajte. Tam je velik pajl drv in zima prihaja. Žagajte!"

Spogledamo se in vzdihnemo. Pa smo žagali. Dat vas bed!

"Ti nam pomagaj, da ne bomo žagali temu stinžaku," smo rekli Šokcu. "Ti ne štapaj, pa založi za naš bord."

"Bome ne bom!" se je branil Šokec, ki je bil tudi stinži. "Tok kdo bo pa zame zalagal, ko bom brok?"

Ribničan je bil najbolj sor. Predlagal je, da rajdovej mufamo drugam. Proč od stinžakov!

Šur naf se odmufamo k drugemu rojaku, le Šokec je ostal na starem plejsu. Tako smo izgubili Šokca, našega starega partnerja.

Prišli pa smo z dežja pod kap. Ko je naš novi bordingbas videl, da štapamo, nam je dal ultimatum: "Mufajte ali pa pojdite koln nabirat na treko!"

Najs biznus! Podali smo se. Bordingbasica je dala vsakemu sek in hajd na treko koln pobirat in pazit, da nas trejn ne kila! Bilo je stokrat slabše ko žaganje drv na varnem jardu. Bt vat ken ju du? Ko pa smo privlekli polne žaklje kolna na rami, smo

dobili dost piva, sendvičev, hat dags in ader tings. Tedaj smo dobro filali.

Slabo je bilo, a bilo je tudi dosti fona. Na našem novem bordu je bil tudi mlad rojak od Črnomlja, ki se je potožil, da ima trubl. Njegova žena v stari kontri je v pismu rejzala hel. Pokazal nam je ženino pismo. Takole mu je pisala:

"Dragi moj Mate! Ti si pa zares lep tiček! Pišeš mi, da hodiš s plesa na ples po Ameriki in zraven tega se še tožiš, da malo zaslužiš. Saj ni nič čudnega, če pa nič ne delaš, samo plešeš! Amerikanci menda niso tako zarukani, da bi Kranjca plačevali za plesanje in skakanje! Tako se ti postavi moj Mate, materin ljubček, ki je bil doma kot angeljček! Ja, ja, Amerika je pa naredila iz njega vražička! . . . Jaz se pa tukaj sam mučim po teh njivah in čakam, da bo kaj od tebe, zdaj pa vidim, da ne bo nič. Domov pridi odmah! — Tvoja zvesta Barica."

Šur naf, Mate je bil silno žalosten zavoljo tega pisma. Njegova Barica ga ne underštenda, je tožil. On ji je pisal, da hodi pač "s plesa na ples," kakor pravijo Merikanci, to se reče: iz mesta v mesto, s prostora na prostor, kjer se dobi žab in zasluži moni — ona pa tako bedasto razume!

Mi smo se smejali, da smo hoteli bastat.

"Zakaj si ti, rojak, tak bedak?" ga pokara naš Primorec. "Zakaj ne pišeš svoji ženi, po naše, da te bo razumela? Zakaj se v pismu bahaš s svojo amerikanščino, ki je prav ne zapišeš? Prav ti je, da si ga polomil in da te ženica zdaj fiksa!"

Smejali smo se sam mor, Matek se je pa držal kisló, kakor da so mu čikens odnesle kruh. Zaklel se je, da poslej bo ženi pisal po domače, ne več po merikansko.

Neks tajm pa še kaj. Do takrat: gud lak tu al ov ju!

Vaš stric Joško.



## RIDDLES

What is larger for being cut at both ends?  
A ditch.

\*

What word makes you sick if you leave out one of the letters?  
Music.

\*

Name me, and you break me.  
Silence.

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint."—THOS. A. EDISON.

\*

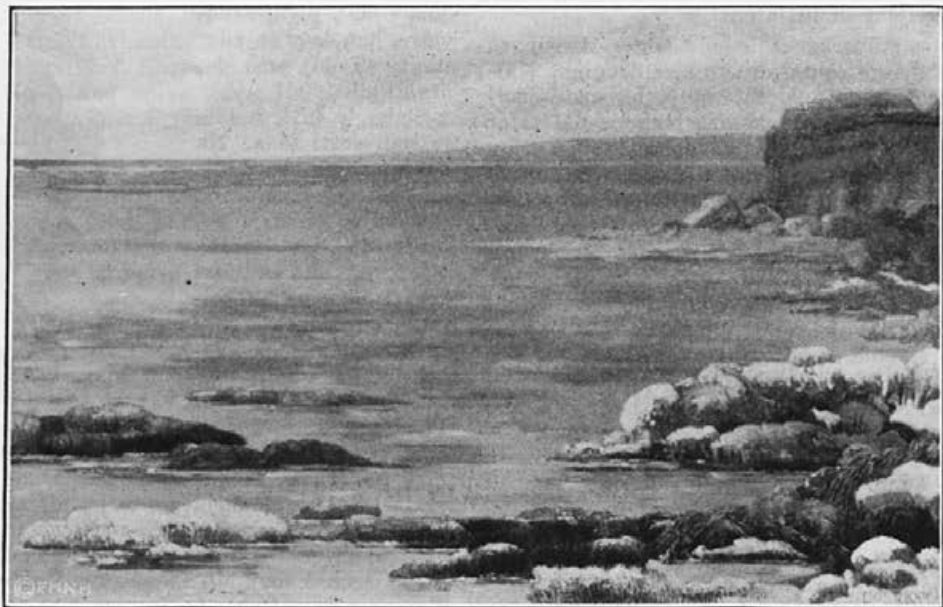
"Youth fades, love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:

A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

—OLIVER W. HOLMES.



# Chicago Coral Reef 400,000,000 Years Ago



Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

## The Site of Chicago 400,000,000 Years Ago

Some time ago the Mladinski List carried a picture of Old Fort Dearborn, which was said to be the beginning of Chicago.

This picture takes us back 400 million years. Science has discovered that at that time, the present site of Chicago was submerged under water. This water was a great interior sea which covered the northern part of what is now the Mississippi Valley.

There is limestone underlying the city of Chicago. This limestone was the bed of this shallow sea of 400 million years ago. It contains fossilized remains of stony skeletons of marine animals. By studying these fossils, scientists are able to know what kind of life existed at that time.

This sea was an offshoot of the Arctic Ocean. At that time the Arctic waters were warm, and the climate was subtropical. The conditions at Chicago

were especially favorable to coral growth. The coral is a small primitive animal, a little more than a tube of flesh with a mouth and a crown of tentacles on its upper end. It takes lime from sea water and builds a little pedestal to rest upon.

One unusual feature of this site was that there were colonies of these corals, where many of these animals grew together, and their pedestals were one large mass. The individual corals were seldom more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, but these colonies were large. They took all forms of shapes—some were like domes, others were like grotesque trees.

There must have been other animals, too, and perhaps some forms of vegetable life at this time, but since they left no hard substance, we can have no knowledge of their existence.

## Viljček in Katica

Viljček in Katica v Pennsylvaniji, Clevelandu, Michiganu, Minnesoti, na zapadu in v Chicagu sta včlanjena v mladinskem oddelku SNPJ.

Kot taka se poleg drkanja, žoganja, skakanja "čez špago" in druge zabave na prostem zanimata tudi za Mladinski list. Dokaz temu je, ker vsak mesec pišeta dopis za ML in vsak mesec tekmujeta za nagrado v "Naši šoli."

Viljček in Katica ne bosta pozabila, da je vsak mesec na razpolago 36 nagrad v gotovini od enega dolarja do pet dolarjev za pridne učence "Naše šole."

Oba tudi skrbita, da njuni mali prijatelji in prijateljice izvedo, kaj je Mladinski list, kaj je "Naša šola" in kako se lahko dobi dolarček, dva, tri ali pet dolarčkov. Oba vesta, da je zdaj v teku srebrno-jubilejna kampa-

(Continued on page 18.)



# Prvi metulj

Katka Zupančič



Prezgodaj, metuljček,  
prišel si pogledat.  
Le zleti in pojdi  
še bratcem povedat,  
da moja gredica  
je polna obetov.  
Rumenih in rdečih,  
pa modrih bo cvetov,  
da boste metulji  
lahko svatovali;  
nato pa pod cveti  
i prenočevali  
ter sanjali sanje  
belega dne.

# Pes in človek

Ivan Vuk

Bilo je davno, davno—kdo bi pomnil. Samo zvezde na nebu še pomnijo tiste dni, ko je živel pes le v pragozdu. Ali kakor je že v življenju, se je tudi pes naposled naveličal pragozda in se mu je zahrepenelo videti kaj več, se mu je zahotelo druge družbe.

“Ni dobro samemu biti,” je modroval nekega dne. “Šel bom in si poiskal tovariša. Biti pa mora tak, ki se ne bo nikogar bal in ki se bo zavedal svojega jaza.”

In pes je šel. Srečal je volka. Pozdravil ga je in rekel:

“Prijatelj volk! Ali hočeš, da živiva tovariško življenje?”

Volk, ki je tudi sam iskal tovariša, je bil te ponudbe vesel in je rekel:

“Rad bom, če bova tovariša!”

In tako sta hodila po svetu. Ob neki priliki, ko sta šla po gozdu, je pes začutil nekak šum nekje v grmu. Ustavil se je in začel lajati.

“Ne lajaj,” je svaril volk.

“Zakaj bi ne lajal,” je vprašal pes. “Slišim nekak šum in moram vedeti, kdo je.”

“Kaj, če je medved,” je rekel volk in strah ga je bilo.

“Naj bo,” je rekel pes. “Kaj se ga bojiš?”

“Če naju zagleda, veš, slabo se nama bo godilo,” je govoril volk in se plaho oziral okrog.

Pes je pomislil: Potem je gotovo medved najmočnejši na svetu. Obrnivši se k volku, je rekel:

“Zapuščam te! Zakaj hočem tovariša, ki se ne bo

nikogar bal!”

Pes odšel. Hodil je in hodil in srečal medveda.

“Hoj, medved,” ga je pozdravil. “Hočeš, da bova tovariša?”

“Drago mi bo,” je odgovoril medved.

Tako sta živela pes in medved v tovarštvu in bila tovariša dolge dni.

Ali zgodilo se je, da je nekoč, tako na obhodu po gozdu, pes zopet zaslišal nekak šum. Začel je lajati.

“Ne lajaj,” je svaril medved. “Če naju opazi človek—joj nama!”

“Človek,” je vprašal pes. “Ali je človek najmočnejši na svetu?”

“Človek zmore vse,” je rekel medved. “Zato morava biti oprezna!”

Pes se je poslovil od medveda, češ, da hoče poiskati človeka in ga vprašati po tovarišu. Ko ga je našel, se mu je pridružil in bila sta tovariša.

In zgodilo se je, da je, tako hodeča skupaj, nekoč pes zopet zaslišal nekak šum za grmovjem. Začel je lajati.

Človek je obstal in gledal:

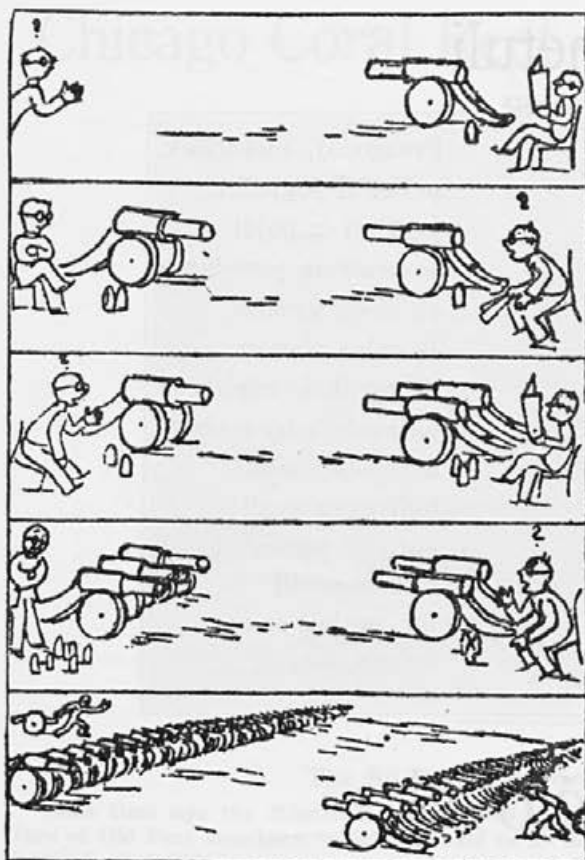
“Kaj slutiš, tovariš pes?” je vprašal.

“Zdi se mi, da tam za grmovjem nekdo na naju preži,” je odgovoril pes in zopet zalajal.

“Tako,” je rekel človek in se bojevito vzravnal.

“Le korajžno, tovariš! Nič strahu, ker kogar je strah, ne more biti gospodar samega sebe in ne sveta!”

In tako se je zgodilo, da je pes še danes takorekoč človekov tovariš.



## OUR SCHOOL

This is our Fifth Contest Lesson.

Here is a "picture without words." By studying the pictures, you can see the story that is told.

**THIS IS YOUR CONTEST:** Write a letter of not more than 200 words that will tell the story of the picture and tell especially how it applies to the present time.

**NOTICE!** It is very important that you observe ALL the rules. We have contest letters at hand that will be disqualified because the parents' signatures are lacking, or because some other rule has been overlooked. Read the contest rules over each time before you send your contest letter.

### PRIZES

For members up to and including 12 years of age: first prize, \$5.00; second prize, \$3.00; third prize, \$2.00; and FIFTEEN prizes of \$1.00 each.

For members from 13 to 16 years, inclusive: first prize, \$5.00; second prize, \$3.00; third prize, \$2.00; and FIFTEEN prizes of \$1.00 each.

## FOLLOW THESE RULES:

1. Every contestant must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile department.
2. This month's contest begins May 1 and closes May 28, 1938. (Notice the date carefully.)
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. Write on one side of the sheet only.
8. The winning letters will be published in the July issue.
9. Watch the JUNE issue for the winners of the April contest.—It is regrettable that the prizes had not been increased to \$50.00 already for the "Tree of Life" contest, because at least 36 letters were worthy of a prize. But if the same response is given this contest, all of you who did not win the March contest will stand a greater chance of winning now, with the increased number in prizes.



# The Solution and Winners of Third Contest Lesson

(Mladinski List for March, 1938)

## "The Tree of Life"

The response on the March contest was indeed gratifying. There were 63 entries—the largest number thus far!

There were so many correct answers—and good letters—that it was unusually difficult to decide on the prizes. If the increased number of prizes—which begin with the next contest—had been effective already for this month, all of the 36 prizes could have been awarded. We hope that those of you who are not on the winning list will take this into consideration and realize that the chance for being on that list from now on is doubled!

Read the letters for the solution of the contest.

These are the winners:

Ages 13 to 16:

First prize, \$3.00: MILAN PUGELY, age 14, 1409 S. 56th St., West Allis, Wis., Lodge 104.

Second prize, \$2.00: FANNIE SIKOLE, age 15, Box 4, Pike View, Colo., Lodge 94.

Prizes of \$1.00 each:

TONY YAKSETIC, age 15, R. D. No. 1, Box 86B, McKees Rocks, Pa., Lodge 88.

HENRY WM. JELOVCHAN, age 14, R. R. 3, Box 1526, Girard, Kans., Lodge 225.

KARL KOSIANCICH, age 15, Box 102, Klein, Mont. Lodge 132.

EDWARD LAMPICH, age 15, 407 Penn Avenue, Aliquippa, Pa., Lodge 122.

DOROTHY DOBRAUZ, age 14, 3414 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 86.

WILLIAM STERBENTZ, age 15, 1142 Addison Road, Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge 5.

STANLEY KRAINZ, age 16, 17838 Hawthorne Ave., Detroit, Mich., Lodge 564.

JOE ROGEL, age 15, R.F.D. No. 4, Alliance, Ohio, Lodge 315.

JOHN POKLAR, JR., age 15, 613 W. Virginia St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

MARGARET SASO, age 15, 1177 N. Main St., Box 877, Forest City, Pa., Lodge 124.

ANNA MESTEK, age 14, 638 N. 9th St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.

ANNIE VOLK, age 14, 1820 Fremont St., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 86.

BERTHA SABEC, age 14, Route No. 1, Box 77, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge 21.

Of the 63 entries, the boys led by the number of 33, while the girls wrote 30.

PENNSYLVANIA again leads by states, although Ohio came as a close second. Here is the standing: Canada, 1; Colorado, 4; Illinois, 5; Indiana, 3; Kansas, 3; Michigan, 5; Minnesota, 2; Montana, 2; New York, 1; Ohio, 11; PENNSYLVANIA, 17; Wisconsin, 6; Wyoming, 3.

Only 7 of the 9 prizes were awarded in the group including ages up to 12 years. Although many more letters were received, none of them reached the standard of the first 6. A total of \$34.00 is being given this month, since the full amount was not awarded for the second contest. This makes 21 prizes in the higher-age group.

ANTON ZUPAN, age 15, 417 Woodland Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82.

EGIDY DERK, age 13, Box 692, Forest City, Pa., Lodge 372.

GEORGE CULKAR, age 15, Wiltshire Road, Brecksville, Ohio, Lodge 264.

CHARLES DEYAK, age 16, 102½ E. Spruce St., Chisholm, Minn., Lodge 110.

ELIZABETH CREMOSNIK, age 15, Hiattville, Kansas, Lodge 206.

ERMA FINK, age 15, 314 Second St., Conemaugh, Pa., Lodge 168.

Up to and including 12 years of age:

First prize, \$3.00: FLORENCE ALICH, age 11, Box 607, Aurora, Minn., Lodge 111.

Second prize, \$2.00: JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, age 9, 2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 747.

Prizes of \$1.00 each:

LILLIAN KOSIANCICH, age 12, Box 102, Klein, Mont., Lodge 132.

DOROTHY OBLAK, age 8, Route 1, Burlington Flats, New York, Lodge 593.

JULIUS MESTEK, age 10, 638 North 9th St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.

OLGA PAULINE VIDMAR, age 12, 2101 Bott Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge 94.

ANNA LESKOSHEK, age 12, Box 157, Irwin, Pa., Lodge 63.

NOTICE! NOTICE! Be sure you observe every rule of the contest. A number of you forgot your age and parents' signature. If your letters had come among the first in the competition, they would have been disqualified.

## Winning Letters

### First Prize (Higher Age Group)

By MILAN PUGELY

Our third contest lesson pictures "The Tree of Life," which is the evolution of all living things. This evolution is still going on, although we do not notice the change.

The first branch of life is Amoebae, which are little single cells. These cells multiply by splitting in two; as the two grow larger, they also split in two, and so on.

Amoeba cells live in water. If the water should dry up, nature protects them with a tough coating until blown to a watery location. The process of living goes on.

Sponges, jellyfish, snails, oysters, and clams are in the second stage of life. Included is the brachiopod which has low-developed organs.

Many millions of years have passed for each branch of life to develop. Each branch represents the change and improvements from small cells to present-day man.

Each animal must follow his ancestors in the embryo stage.

The knots on the trees represent the animals that have died out, such as dinosaurs and featherless flying birds.—Man is a highly-developed animal.

### Second Prize

By FANNIE SIKOLE

The "Tree of Life" derives its name from the fact that it represents the development of animals from the lowest class to the highest. The lowest class of animals consists of sea-urchins, amoebas, sponges, and other animals of the same type.

Man is the highest class of animal; monkeys and apes stand next in order.

The trunk is the most important structure of most trees, and man is at the top of the trunk. The animals are placed on the branches according to their intelligence and also their adaptability to Nature.

The knots show that there was once another class of animals which does not exist any more. The animals at the lower part of the tree resemble each other because they belong to the same class or have developed from it; and the animals on the upper part also resemble each other in appearance.

Man is represented by the trunk and not by one of the branches; therefore, this shows that he was not once a lion, then, perhaps, a cow, and so on. Nevertheless, he belongs to the big family of animals.

### First Prize (lower-age group)

By FLORENCE ALICH

The tree of life shows the evolution of animal life in this world from the simplest form to man. Life started from the simple one cell, improved to the protozoa, then metazoa, then complex stages of these. Then more complex animals developed as anthropoda, insects, pisces, amphibia, reptiles, and last of all, mammals.

In the evolution theory it shows that man is an animal developed from lower forms of life. This change took millions of years.

The branches show the different steps and changes in evolution of animals. The knots may represent animals that started from that stage and died out. The animals on the top resemble each other because they all have a backbone, hair, face, legs or arms, well-developed brain, good eyes, ears, etc. They all live on the land, while the animals at the bottom live mostly in the water. The forms on the bottom also resemble each other.

The place where the branch and trunk meet shows the time and position of that particular animal in evolution. The trunk means that all animals have the same origin.

### Second Prize

By JOSEPHINE VIDMAR

Many, many years ago the world was covered with water. As time went on, the water cleared away; then trees and grass started to grow. After that, through the process of Mother Nature, other things came to life, from the smallest worms to the largest animals. Through years and years of evolution there came MAN, who through all these processes of improvement became the king of all the other living things in the world.

This story shows us that life is growing out of Mother Earth, as the tree with trunk and its many branches. That is why this tree is called the tree of life.

## Vilček in Katica

(Continued from page 14.)

nja za mladinski oddelek SNPJ. Oba se trudita, da njuni mali prijatelji in prijateljice o tej stvari seznanijo svoje očete in mame, ki jih lahko vpišejo v mladinski oddelek SNPJ.

Zdaj se pa bosta Vilček in Katica zanimala še za nekaj. Za mladinske krožke SNPJ. Poskrbela bosta, da bo tudi v njuni soseščini mladinski krožek SNPJ, v katerem se bodo otroci igrali, bodo peli, se učili in na druge načine zabavali pod čuječim očesom društvenega direktorja.

Mladinski list bo glasilo teh mladinskih krožkov SNPJ. Člani in članice krožkov bodo prejeli navodila od Mladinskega lista glede zabavnih programov in potem bodo poročali ML o svojem delu in zabavi. Iz katere naselbine, od katere federacije SNPJ pride prvo poročilo?

Očetje in matere, pomagajte Vilčkom in Katicam! Pomagajte jim pri ustanavljanju mladinskih krožkov SNPJ! Dajte jim korajžo!—



# OUR PALS PEN WRITE

## Naši čitateljčki pišejo

DEAR READERS:—Three letters deserve special mention this month: those of JOHN LOUIS UJCICH, STANLEY OSTONG, and LOUIS JANEZIC (under "Suggestions"). These three especially tried to write on definite topics suggested by the Editor in the March issue of M. L. We hope that the rest of you members will take notice and set your mind to thinking so that you, too, can express some thoughts or opinions about things that are happening today and that all of us should be interested in.



Here are some more suggestions: 1. Perhaps some of you would like to discuss some particular subject that it written about in some article of your magazine. Look back over you issues since January of this year and see if any of them raised questions, doubts, or new ideas in your mind. It may be that you have some addition to make to the article as it was presented. You might have experiences of your

### "FOOD FOR THOUGHT"

Dear Editor and Readers:—Well, the Junior Society "Presenters" concert on March 27 went over in a big way. Due to work, I could not attend, but from all reports the whole thing was a real success. To Mrs. Josephine May, Mr. Paul Klun and our lodge secretary I extend my congratulations for their kindness and for the work they did. And I wish to thank the people who came to this initial concert of the Junior singers. With this fine showing, we expect more juveniles to enter our lodge.

At the present, thoughts of war hover in the minds of the people all over the world. Most people do not wish for war. They know that men must go, money must go, and many innocent lives are taken.

Right now in our country we could stand a Disarmament Program, because the money could be used for work which is really needed in this country, instead of building ships, airplanes, and submarines. But, of course, we can't stand by, looking at the moon, and let the other countries get way ahead in increasing their

army and navy. For that reason our country is now trying to keep our defense on a par with the others.

The few countries that are causing the turmoil seem to be picking out their ways on the smaller countries, and when they get these countries, naturally their army grows. It seems to me that when the larger countries get the smaller ones, they will band together and when time comes for the dispute, it will be by guns and gases and not by agreements.

The situation of labor comes up in connection with this talk of the war problem. Instead of spending all the millions on war guns, why couldn't the money be kept in this country, spent in this country, and circulated in this country, instead of sending it to the bottom of the oceans. This money could be used for building homes and farms. At the present there seems to be too much labor for industry and yet too few producing foodstuffs. There's much government land that could be leased at a reasonable price to the people. The agreement or contract could be: that the gov-

ernment lease the land, lend the money for a start, let the family build their home on a Farm Loan basis; that after a year or two they should start on small down payments back to the government with a small percentage of interest, and after it is paid the land would belong to the family that cultivated it. From there on, the government could collect taxes on it, and in this way the government would come out on a profitable basis. The unused land would be cultivated, the large cities wouldn't be so thickly populated, labor troubles and unemployment would be fewer, and the country would be richer.—These are the best thoughts I have been able to form in this regard.—John Louis Ujcich (17), 5410 Carnegie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

As to the letters: PENNSYLVANIA again tops the list. This month's standing is: Canada, 1; Colorado, 4; Illinois, 4; Kansas, 3; Michigan, 1; Minnesota, 3; N. Mexico, 1; Ohio, 3; PENNSYLVANIA 19; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1. Total, 42. Of these, the girls wrote 28, and the boys 14.

You will notice, too, that certain things were taken from the different letters and placed under the special headings of "Hobbies" and "Suggestions from Readers." This should give you another suggestion as to what to submit in your letters.

NOTE: We hope that very soon we shall be able to receive reports from the various Juvenile Circles that are in the process of formation as this issue goes to press.—EDITOR.

ernment lease the land, lend the money for a start, let the family build their home on a Farm Loan basis; that after a year or two they should start on small down payments back to the government with a small percentage of interest, and after it is paid the land would belong to the family that cultivated it. From there on, the government could collect taxes on it, and in this way the government would come out on a profitable basis. The unused land would be cultivated, the large cities wouldn't be so thickly populated, labor troubles and unemployment would be fewer, and the country would be richer.—These are the best thoughts I have been able to form in this regard.—John Louis Ujcich (17), 5410 Carnegie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

### \* "PTIČKI LEPO POJEJO" . . .

Cenjeni urednik—Zadnje čase sem bila zelo zaposlena s šolskim delom, posebno z učenjem pomladanske igre, katero smo prilično dobro uprizorili sredi marca. Igra se imenuje "The Lass of Lime- rick Town". Sedaj pa tekmujem za prvenstvo v čitanju in upam, da zmagam vsaj na drugi stop-

nji. Letošnji pomladanski dnevi so zelo lepi. Ptički tako lepo pojejo zunaj šole, jaz si pa želim, da bi bila prosta kot so ptički in bi šla ven na šolski vrt . . . Clevelandski Škrjančki morajo biti zelo pridni, če bodo kdaj hoteli tako zapeti kakor škrjančki zunaj, kljub temu želim, da bi se clevelandski Škrjančki še večkrat oglasili v radiu. Nedo dolgo tega smo slišali trboveljske Slavčke, ko so peli v starem kraju v Ljubljani. Njihovo petje je res bilo lepo. Slišali smo tudi slovenski pozdrav, katerega nam je poslala deklica od Slavčkov. Pozdrav je bil poslan vsem slovenskim šolarjem v Ameriki.—**Olga Vogrin**, 2419 N. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa.

#### MAMA JI JE POMAGALA TO NAPISATI

Čenjeni urednik!—Stara sem enajst let in sem v tretjem razredu. Pišem tudi slovensko, toda malo mi mama pomaga. Imam brata in sestrico in vsi trije smo v mladinskem oddelku SNPJ. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in čitateljicam Mladinskega lista!—**Anna Marinich**, 427 Robinson Rd., Braddock, Pa.

#### HRVAŠKA SESTRICA PIŠE

Dragi uredniče!—Ja imam malo sestru Sofiju, koja je dve godine stara i zna lijepo pjevati. U godini 1936 smo mi sva djeca dobili Christmas karte od jednote, pa sam ja naučila pjesmu što se počne: "SNPJ wishes you a merry Christmas." Moja sestra pjeva ovo svako jutro prije "breakfast" i po danu i u večer prije nego zaspi. Ona nas sve u kući načini da se smijemo. Ja sam bila 10 godina stara March 2 i sam imala veliko party. Mi svi u kući "belongamo" u SNPJ Lodge No. 416. To je sve za ovaj put. Puno pozdrava svima.—**Zora Gostovich**, Box 769, Van Houten, New Mex.

#### "WAR'S LOSS"

Dear Editor:—Picking up the M. L., I glanced at the suggestions for writing a letter. So the subject of my letter will be "War's Loss."

During the last war, countries like Germany, Austria-Hungary, and others too numerous to mention have been "sliced" of land which would have been theirs if

they had not become engaged in the merciless war. The loss of human lives ran into approximately 9,000,000 men, not at all counting the home folks who died of starvation alone. Scientists who originally worked to better the lives of people turned to invention of life-destroying chemicals and powders. Manufacturers turned to making guns.

Over the radio recently, I heard a discussion of "roads away from war." One of the points that impressed me was this: when a mother lets her boy go into the war, she is letting her own boy go to another land to get slaughtered, like pigs. When the boy gets killed, what remains for the family? A gold seal to put in the window; that's all.

Three things that to my thinking bring on war are: poor political leaders, the urge of acquiring riches, and last but not least, the ammunition-makers spreading false propaganda. Don't misunderstand me. If the U. S. wanted me to fight because another country wouldn't recognize the rights of our government, I would go.

I think there should be more small talk from big men and more talk from small men to lessen the dangers of another war. I do not think the business recession will be the cause of another war.—In closing, I wish some boys would write to me.—**Stanley Ostong**, 1848 E. 34th St., Lorain, Ohio. (This letter shows that Stanley has done some thinking, and that if he keeps up in this style, he will be able to form good opinions as he grows older. Some of his thoughts are somewhat vague, as for instance, "if the U. S. wanted me to fight because another country wouldn't recognize the rights of our government." Let us hope some more of you will try to do some serious thinking on this most terrible and gruesome subject of "War."—Ed.)

#### PISMO M A L E G A PRISE-LJENCA

Dragi urednik!—Pred tremi meseci sem prišel v Ameriko iz Jugoslavije in že dva meseca sem član mladinskega oddelka SNPJ

pri društvu Slogi št. 14 v Waukeganu. Mladinski list mi zelo ugađa. Čital sem ga že v starem kraju, kjer ga ima čitalnica v Novem mestu. Mladinski oddelek društva Sloge je 13. marca proslavil srebrni jubilej. Program slavnosti je bil zelo lep. Govoril je gl. predsednik V. Cainkar v slovenskem in Donald Lotrič v angleškem jeziku. Škoda, da je bila udeležba naše mladine slaba, čeprav je 230 otrok pri našem društvu. Tudi slike, ki so se gibale na platnu, so bile po volji vsem navzočim. Meni se je najbolj dopadla tiskarna SNPJ, v kateri se tiska naš Mladinski list in pa dnevnik Prosveta, katero tudi zelo rad čitam. Vsaki dan, čim pridem iz šole, vzamem Prosveto in je ne odložim, dokler je vse ne preberem. Dopisi v njej so zelo zanimivi. Pozdravljeni!—**Robert Ludviger**, 952 McAlister Ave., Waukegan, Ill.—(Ker dobro pišeš, Robert, upamo, da se še oglasiš.—Urednik.)

#### ANGELCA VRAČA POZDRAV BOBBYJU

Dragi urednik!—Vesela sem bila, ko sem čitala v M. L., da me Bobby Fajdiga tako lepo pozdravlja in želi, da bi debel sneg zapadel, da bi se midva še sankala, čeprav se bodo hlačke raztrgale. Zadnjič, ko so bile hlačke raztrgane, me je mama malo okregala in tudi nekaj gorkih je padlo po hrbtu, a nič zato. Če torej še sneg zapade—kar pa ne verjamem, da bo to pomlad—bom že smuknila na plano, da me mama ne bo videla. Tudi jaz pozdravljam Bobbyja in želim, da se še oglasi v našem M. L.—**Angela Grobin**, Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

#### "HELLO, AMERICA! ARE YOU THERE?"

Dear Editor and Readers:—Don't get me wrong by this expression. I'm no Englishman. I only wanted to see if you still remember me, as I haven't written to the M. L. for over a year.

I don't understand why there are not more than mine and my sister's letters from Canada. Come on, Canadian members, send your letters across the border.

Another year has "sneaked up

on me" and I am now sixteen. I have a job on the "Toronto Daily Star," and hope to become a reporter.

Ten years ago on April 8, 1928, my Dad called a meeting of Slovenes in Toronto and organized a group of Slovenes. On May 1, 1928, they joined the SNPJ as lodge No. 648. That was the first SNPJ lodge in Toronto and in May or June of this year we will celebrate the tenth anniversary of it.

At present the lodge is progressing, and news has leaked out that the lodge is intending to provide musical instruments for juvenile members, and if we're good enough, we might have a Toronto SNPJ Juvenile Orchestra. I'm saying "We might."

Last year I got many pen pals, and it surprised me that there were so many Slovenes in America. I hope I get just as many this year.—Frank Nahtigal, Jr., 33 Heintzman St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

#### "KANARČKI"

Dear Editor:—I see that the M. L. has changed quite a bit and I do think it is splendid. Also the quantity of letters has increased.

Since I am a member of Kanarčki singing club of Newburg, I would like to mention some interesting facts about it. We had a concert on Easter Sunday. Our resolution for 1938 was to attend our meetings regularly, which are held every second Tuesday of the month. A new regulation has been brought up, and that is to hold every other meeting in Slovene. Our 1938 officers are: president, Albina Kodek; vice-president, Eddie Zabukovec; financial secretary, Emma Koprivnik; recording secretary, Julia Bartol; treasurer, Stanley Zabukovec; and board of trustees, Rose Marie Koprivnik, Victoria Zabukovec, and Joe Bartol.

Summer is just about creeping around the corner. That should remind many pupils on vacation that there is more time to write letters to the M. L.

I noticed that the state of Pennsylvania has submitted the most letters to the M. L. I think other states should have just as much interest in writing letters.

—Rose Marie Koprivnik, 8514 Vineyard Ave., Cleveland, O.

#### A BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

Dear Editor:—I am 15 years old and a sophomore in the Robinson Township High School, where I am taking the vocational course. I like the M. L. very much.

I am going to tell about a field trip our Biology Class took in March. We went to the Carnegie Museum with our biology teacher, Mr. Allen. We went by bus. When we arrived, a guide directed us through the museum. He showed us fossil remains of prehistoric animals, skeletons of primitive man, harmful snakes, different types of frogs, birds, fish, and toads. We also saw the jellyfish and amoeba or one-celled animal. The most interesting to me was the gorilla and its blood vessels, and a bear that had captured a fish, and the Eider Duck.—We are planning other field trips, about which I will write later.—Mary Ambrozic, Lodge 88, Box 188, R. D. 5, Crafton Branch, Pa. (The notice of your class entertainment was too late for this issue.—Ed.)

#### NEWS AND COMMENT

Dear Editor and Readers:—Here I am again trying to keep at least one letter from Springfield.

The Girls' Athletic Association in Springfield held a Play Day in our school gym. during the month of Feb. We played basketball before noon and after lunch. The girls from all the high schools—Lanphier, Springfield, and Feitshans had a grand time that day, and I know no one will forget it.

Secondly, I'd like to give my praises to the new M. L. I certainly enjoy it. I was surprised and delighted at the large number of letters last month; I wish everyone would continue writing every month. The M. L. is really the juvenile magazine and it is up to us to keep it growing better every issue. So come on, Juveniles, write more letters, give more suggestions, and always do your part.

The contests, as everyone can see, are a great success, and although I haven't entered any as

yet, I plan to do so very soon. Congratulations to the winners and try again!—Mildred Ovca, 1841 S. 15th St., Springfield, Ill. (Your letter arrived just a bit too late to be included in the last issue.—Ed.)

#### AN ACCIDENT

Dear Editor:—I am going to write about a 14-year-old boy who was drowned in the Allegheny river, near 47th and Lawrenceville.

It happened on March 22, when three boys went boat-riding in a home-made boat. About 50 feet from shore, the boat capsized. Two of the boys swam to shore, but the third sank below the surface. A large crowd gathered there to watch the men drag the river for him. At eleven o'clock they recovered his body.—Sylvia Zupancic, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### ANOTHER JUVENILE CIRCLE?

Dear Editor and Readers:—Kansas! Another reminder to our juvenile members in our state to wake up and write a letter so that we may lead in the number of letters. Remember, we have many lodges in our state and many juvenile members that can write very interesting letters.

Another member and I talked about organizing a juvenile circle, but didn't know how to go about it. With the article in the M. L. about organizing juvenile circles, we will be able to go ahead with organization. We have some very active members, and we know our club would be successful if we organized it.

The M. L. is a very good friend to my schoolmates and neighbors who do not belong to our Society. They are all interested in its work and read all that is in the English language. I hope that some of these children will enter our lodge and become active members of the SNPJ. Perhaps with the help of the M. L. we might be able to do this.—Olga Knapich, Route 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas. (We hope the directions in the last issue for juvenile circles were helpful. This month, you will notice, there is an outline for a program that such a circle



might present. Perhaps next month we shall have more definite news about other juvenile circles.—Ed.)

### BOOSTING PENNSYLVANIA!

Dear Readers:—Hello, everybo-

dy! And is Pa. still on the top! Let us all keep it up, Pa.! Don't let Cleveland get ahead of us! **Joseph Gustincic** is making a good start. Spring has come and with it roller skating. Now we are all waiting for the summer-

time.—Some of my old pen pals are not writing. I would like to hear from them. And **Olga Gorup** from Detroit wrote a very interesting letter. I would be glad to have her write to me.—**Justina Lovsin**, Bentleyville, Pa.

### PERSONAL NOTES

**John Rednak**, 1719 Poplar Way, North Braddock, Pa., writes that the winter in Pa. was very mild this year, that their high school basketball team lost to Ford City for the state championship, and that their lodge chairman announced some sort of contest for which a prize will be given. Perhaps John will give us further particulars in another letter.

**Edward Butovac**, Box 553, Ironton, Minnesota, is 12 years old and in the sixth grade. These are the news items he sends: their class gave a radio program for Abraham Lincoln's and George Washington's birthday, that their school holds the championship for ice hockey and football, and that he would like to receive **Eldred Carlson's** address (of Detroit). He concludes: "If we can hold the championship in ice hockey, basketball, and football, why can't we hold the championship of writing the most M. L. letters? Where's **Edward Tausel**, **Vinko Tomonovich**, and other writers of Crosby and Ironton? Come on! Let's go!"

**Nellie Storm**, Box 82, Akron, Michigan, writes her first letter. She is 13 years old, and in the ninth grade. All of her family are in the SNPJ. She remarks: "I saw that Michigan had only one letter last month. See if we can't have many, many more from now on."

**Vanda Anzlovac**, Box 88, Slovan, Pa., says "hello" to **Josephine Kozlevchar**. Vanda is 11 years old, and in the sixth grade. She has 3 brothers and 2 sisters and they are all members of our Society.

**Mildred Hotko**, Box 277, Oglesby, Ill. comments on the improvement of the M. L. The subjects she likes best in school are music painting, sewing, and grammar. She is glad that the M. L. gives many opportunities to learn Slovene words.

**Bertha Sabec**, R. 1, Box 77, Pueblo, Colo., writes her first letter and asks the members from Pueblo to join in contributing to the M. L.

**Julia Mikolich**, R. D. No. 2, Boswell, Pa., says she enjoys reading the M. L. and especially the many letters each month.

**Mary Cernoia**, Box 451, Delagua, Colo., is 9 years old and in the fourth grade. She is happy to be a member of the SNPJ and enjoys reading the M. L. She says her sister reads the M. L., too, and she has still another sister who is too young to understand all the words.

**John Sadar**, 5225 Poe Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., is 14 years old and in the seventh grade. He would like to see more letters from Pa., especially from his cousins. John says, "We have the most fun when the M. L. comes. Our Daddy reads us the Slovene parts and we read the English." He says that the American Steel Foundries, where his father works, are not working. His mother has been quite ill. John's brother works with the Postal Telegraph.

**Rudy Matetic**, 554 R. R. St., Windber, Pa., reports

that the mines in that section are working only 2 days a week. He asks for pen pals. In school, Rudy is a freshman; he is 15 years old and has been a member of our Society for almost that long. Their school has over 2000 pupils.

**John Lukac**, 1302 Lowell St., Rock Springs, Wyo., is doing his best to get more new members for our Juvenile department, but his difficulty is that almost everyone in that section already belongs. He himself belongs to three different lodges. His uncle and grandfather pay his dues, and John says, "Thanks." He also sends a poem about Spring, which is a bit long for this issue of the M. L. Perhaps we shall use it some time in the future.

**William Baron**, 5306 N. 47th St., Tacoma, Wash., writes: "I am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade. There are five members of our family in the SNPJ. I would like to see more letters from Washington in the M. L. The M. L. is a swell magazine; everyone in our family reads it."

**Mildred A. Panyan**, Box 339, Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn., states that she has quite a few pen pals and that they all write nice letters. Some send their snapshots. She reports that their school won the District championship in basketball.

**Tony Anzlovac**, Box 88, Slovan, Pa., promises that he will try to get more members for the Juvenile Department, who will write to the M. L. He says that the factory and mine in their region are working quite well. He is 13 years old and in the eighth grade. His oldest brother plays the accordion.

**Helen Schultz**, Box 3, Barnesboro, Pa., sends this pledge for Pa. members:

"Pennsylvania forever,  
Wonderful Keystone State,  
Let's pledge to keep ahead forever,  
Before it is too late."

Helen is referring to the M. L. letters from the state of Pennsylvania, for she says, "Come on, Pennsylvania. Let us not let Cleveland get ahead of us."

**Helen Mur**, Box 104, Presto, Pa., sends her first letter to the M. L. Helen is 9 years old and in the fourth grade. Her grandfather, who is 68 years old, and her grandmother live with them. Helen likes to jump rope with her little sister and hopes that more members from lodge 166 will write to the M. L.

**Shirley Stritar**, 6018 Raleigh St., Duluth, Minn., also sends her first letter. She is 13 years old and in the eighth grade. She will write a long letter the next time.

**Betty Mur**, Box 104, Presto, Pa., who is 10 years old and in the fifth grade, says that many mines in that territory are closed and work is very slow. She asks members of the SNPJ in Cleveland who see her letter in the M. L., to inform her aunts—Mrs. Frank



Zaverl and Mrs. Lea Sepres. Betty enjoys "jumping rope" also.

Helen Svete, 1502 Sheridan Road, North Chicago, Ill., sends the familiar poem, "Four-Leaf Clovers," which she likes especially. She is 12 years old and in the fifth grade.

Violet Mae Maslek, 341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa., describes herself as having blonde hair and hazel eyes. She is 13 years old and in grade 7A. She says, "I would like to get letters from you members, especially from those out West." There are three in her family and all members of our Society.

Rose Strovas, Box 15, Rugby, Colo., reports that their lodge is forming a softball league and that her brother Joe is also on the team. There are 14 members in her family and all members of the SNPJ. She asks the members from Walsenburg to write to the M. L.

Frances Zovbi, Mulberry, Kansas, is a sophomore in the Cokerill High School. She thinks the M. L. should come at least twice a month. Frances is asking for other members to write to her.

Glada Zele, Box 74, Elbert, W. Va., writes what she believes to be the first letter from Elbert. She says, "I read every letter in the M. L. every month as soon as I get it; I would like to hear from some members and I will answer all the letters I get." She is 8 years old and in the third grade. All five members of her family belong to our Society.

Antonia Gabrsek, R. R. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kansas, sends the following riddle: "What has four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night? Ans.: A man. When he's a baby, he crawls; when he's grown up, he walks upright on two legs; when he's old, he uses a cane, and so has three legs." Antonia is 13 years old and in the eighth grade. She also says, "Come on, Juvenile members of Kansas! Write! Let's show the other states that we don't have the sleeping sickness."

Mary Ann Grskovich, 101 Kenmour Ave., Rankin, Pa., takes piano lessons besides attending the third grade in school. She is 8 years old. She has a brother five years old, and they both belong to the SNPJ.

George A. Chelon, Aguilar, Colo., says, "I never see any letters from our district. What is wrong with my cousins that they no longer write?" George says that the mine in which his father works has been "very slow." He is 12 years old, in the seventh grade, and all six members of his family are members of our Society.

"Nutcracker" comes in for special mention by Mildred Hotko, Oglesby, Ill.

"Riddles" are enjoyed by Julia Mikolich, R. D. 2, Boswell, Pa.

"Slovenia Cooking Club" holds the attention of Vanda Anzlovar, Box 188, Slovan, Pa.

"Stamp Collectors' Column" is the special suggestion by Louis Janezic, 977 E. 239 St., Euclid, O. He writes: "Let us have a page for stamp collectors. There are many boys of my age who would like to see what is happening in the stamp world. Most of the magazines for boys and girls of school age contain stamp news. I wonder how many stamp collectors know that the regular edition of stamps will be revised some time this year. This hobby is enjoyed by the girls as well as by the boys and by the older people, too. About a month ago, I received a letter from a man in Yugoslavia who said he had been collecting stamps since boyhood and now, after 30 years, he has thousands of stamps."

It was this letter that resulted in the hobby column for this issue. We hope all stamp collectors will read that column this month and see whether it can be used to include a stamp collectors' column.

"Stric Joško" receives mention this month from Mildred Hotko, Wm. Baron, 5306 N. 47th St., Tacoma, Wash., and Antonia Gabrsek.

This is a beginning of suggestions and comments from the readers. Let's have more of them!

## Hobbies

This column could develop into a regular column in which all the members who have the same hobby would send in interesting news and reports about their own hobby. Remember: to make such a column interesting, it will not be sufficient merely to state what your hobby is, but you should contribute some bit of news that will interest other hobbyists. To get an idea of what a large range of hobbies there are, we suggest you tune in on the program, "Hobby Lobby," broadcast every Wednesday evening. Because we believe that there are many different hobbies among our members, we will try to make this column carry bits of interesting items from the various hobbyists' interests.

Collecting blocks of material with M. L. readers' names and addresses is the hobby begun by Mildred Ann Panyan, Box 339, Buhl, Minn. She makes this request: She would like to have a block of material 6 inches by 5 inches in size from each SNPJ Juvenile member. On it she would like to have sewed the name, city, and state. She prefers that you do this on light material. We hope that those of you who comply with Mildred's requests will notice her instructions.

Crossword Puzzle Making occupies the interest of Charles A. LaSaker, 309 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn. You will notice the "M. L." crossword puzzle he has contributed to this month's Nutcracker page.

Hiking gives special pleasure to Mildred Hotko, Box 277, Oglesby, Ill.

Music, more specifically, playing the violin, takes

(Continued on page 26.)

## Suggestions from Readers

Some of our readers have followed the invitation of the Editor to offer suggestions and give their opinions on features appearing in the Mladinski List. Here they are:

"Bookshelf" is a favorite of Mildred Ovca, 1841 S. 15th St., Springfield, Ill. She also liked the two articles, "Beginning of Chicago" and Messenger of Spring."

"Nifty and His Friends" is particularly liked by Antonia Gabrsek, R. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

# Nifty and His Friends

By Mary Jugg



I am Nifty. I am happier today. But yesterday was one of the saddest days of my life. I should like to tell you about it. I know it would—But I am getting ahead of my story.

Yesterday morning great excitement broke out. Joanna's mother had discovered all the chickens running about the front yard, the back yard, and even as far as the road that ran in front of the house. She ran to the back lot. Someone had opened the gate of the fence, probably during the night, and the chickens had been set free.

Joanna and her mother called to the chickens, fed them corn, hunted them, and shooed them from everywhere. Such a time as they had! Some of the older hens came running immediately, but the younger chicks would not respond. They took advantage of their freedom and pretended not to hear that they were being called.

After a long time and much trouble, the chickens were in the proper place again, and counted. Fortunately, none were missing.

Then Joanna's mother wanted to know who had opened the gate. She stepped inside the low coop, and we heard another exclamation. Someone had stolen eggs from the hens' nests! It appeared that they had been eaten. That was horrible, because whoever had stolen the eggs had also opened the gate!

Joanna and her mother looked at the ground more closely. There were footprints. And they were the footprints of a dog!

Joanna and her mother both had one thought: the guilty one is Nifty!

"Nifty! You terrible, terrible dog," scolded Joanna. "How could you ever do such a mean thing?"

I nodded my head and raised my voice. "I didn't do it," I said. "I didn't do it!"

"Nifty, we had always considered you a reliable dog," said Joanna's mother. "But you have disappointed us more than we can tell."

"But I'm not guilty. I didn't do it," I protested.

They didn't heed me.

"You'll have to be punished for this," said Joanna's mother. "You will have to be chained beside your shed all day."

I could do nothing. The footprints were there. I couldn't convince them of my innocence.

All day I hoped someone would understand how unfairly I had been treated. It was not the punishment that disturbed me. It was the idea that I was no longer being trusted—that I was suspected of being an undesirable character. Spotty and Tweets and Crunchy came to see me. But Joanna stayed away. She would not be friendly with a bad dog. That is the way she thought of me. If only I could prove to Joanna that I knew nothing of what had happened! If only I could find a way to establish that proof!

Spotty and Tweets and Crunchy were all willing to help me. But how?

"I have it!" cried Tweets, after a long while. We all turned towards him. He sat perched atop my house. "If the guilty one did not get caught the first time, we can safely presume he will try the same thing again!"

"That's a good idea," meowed Spotty.

"That means," added Crunchy, "that we can keep watch for the culprit."

"We could," I said, "but I'm chained. I can't do anything."

"We'll do it for you," chirped Tweets.

"How?" asked Crunchy.

"Like this," answered Tweets. "Tonight, long after the sun goes down, instead of going to sleep, we will guard the chicken coops. I will perch myself on one corner of the fence, Spotty will climb to another, and Crunchy still to another. All of us will keep our eyes on the gate, and if there's anything amiss we can set up a noise and Nifty will join us from where he is."

"It's a fine idea," I said. "But it would be asking too much of you to carry it out."

"We're your friends," they cried in unison.

So it was settled. I had my doubts. But when Joanna brought my supper and seemed so sullen, I resolved not to give up hope.

It happened. The sun had long since set and I could see the light from the house. Everything was unusually quiet. Then I heard a chirp. It was repeated. Then followed the mewling. It was Tweets and Spotty. Crunchy joined in, and then I set up such a bark and howl as I had never thought possible. I kept it up.

Almost instantly the doors of the house banged open and Joanna, her father, and mother came running out. Just as they approached my shed, a large, black dog dashed past.

"O-ho!" said Joanna's father. "So that's it! A big, burly opponent of yours." He ran after him, but the intruding dog bounded out the front gate and upon the road, leaving Joanna's father standing there.

"Where do you suppose he came from?" said Joanna.

"It was from the direction of the chicken coop," said her mother.

"So it was, so it was," agreed Joanna's father. He hurried into the house and returned with the flashlight.

The three of them went into the direction that the big dog had come from. There was the evidence! The gate had been opened, and the strange dog had been preparing to invade the nests once more. Then he became frightened by the sounds of Tweets and Crunchy and Spotty.

You should have seen how sorry



Joanna and her parents were that they had laid the blame on me. They came to me and spoke their regrets. They patted my head. They unfastened the chain about my neck.

"I will never, never again accuse you of something I am not sure you did," Joanna said.

"It was a case of circumstantial evidence only," her father said.

"Yes, we were too hasty," Joanna's mother said.

I was doubly happy. I was happy

because I had proved my innocence, and I was happy because I knew I had real friends that I could rely on.

\*

Today Joanna's father put a new lock upon the gate, and I watched him.

"But this isn't because of you, Nifty," he said, with a warmth in his voice.

"If my experience will teach Joanna and her parents not to jump at conclusions, then my happiness will be increased," I said to myself.

## Way Back When



From the sixth issue of the Mladinski List

Dear Editor: I have received the Mladinski List five times. I wish it would come once a week, because I like the stories to read and the puzzles to solve; I like also the jokes. But most I like the Slovenian grammar, to learn to speak correct the mother tongue. I have two brothers and two sisters. They like the stories, too. I go to school in seventh grade and I am 14 years old.

John Kopach, Johnston City, Ill.

\*

I receive the "M. L." every month and have received it five times already. I can speak Slovenian, but I cannot write in Slovenian, so I am writing in English. I am sending in the answers to the puzzles. I hope to receive the next number soon.

Edward Oblak, West Allis, Wis.

\*

Dear Editor:—I enjoy the "Ml. L." very much. I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade. The puzzles are good, but a little too hard. I am trying to solve all the puzzles I can. I would like to write in Slovenian but I am still learning in the first reader. May I write any short stories? If I may, let me know.—Mary Polantz, Johnstown, Pa.

"James, my son, did you take that letter to the postoffice and pay the postage for it?"

"Father, I saw a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped in yours for nothing."

\*

Iz Mladinskega Lista za december, 1922

Šesta številka

Cenjeni urednik! Zopet imam moj ljubljani list

pred seboj in se ukvarjam z Vašimi ugankami, ki niso posebno lahke. Tako si belim glavo, da bom prav gotovo dobil sive lase predno dopolnim 15 let. Pa kljub vsemu trudu ni dosti uspeha. Samo ne smete se smejati preveč, če kakšen odgovor ni prav.

John Krainz, Detroit, Mich.

\*

Cenjeni urednik! Nimam dosti za poročati, pač pa za priporočati kot član mladinskega oddelka.—Bliža se novo leto. Moja želja je—in prepričan sem, da tudi vseh članov našega oddelka—da bi naš list v prihodnjem letu izhajal saj dvakrat na mesec. Povem Vam, da sem lista tako vesel, da Vam ne morem popisati. Pa to veselje traja komaj en dan v mesecu, a potem nič celih 30 dni. Želim, da se oglašijo bratje in sestrice križem Amerike ter povejo, kako se kaj strinjajo z menoj. Vsem bratom in sestram, ter Vam, gospod urednik, želim vesele praznike in srečno novo leto.

Anton Mahnich, La Salle, Ill.

\*

Answer to "Uganka" in previous month's column: Word in central column is "Prosveta."

## HOBBIES

Continued from page 23.)

up the spare time of Tony Anzlovar, Box 88, Slovan Pa.

**Sketching and Illustrating** is the hobby of Joseph Zupancic, 15, of 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa. Notice his cartoon in this issue. We hope Joe will continue to send more of his illustrations, and next time we hope the engraver will make them larger than the one in this issue.

He has been taking free art lessons at the Carnegie Museum every Saturday morning for 3 years. He likes to draw cartoons and will illustrate jokes if anyone cares to send any to him.

**Stamp Collecting.** Louis Janezic, 977 E. 239 St., Euclid, O., has a definite suggestion for this. See his letter under "Suggestions."

Charles A. LaSaker, our crossword puzzle maker, also collects stamps.



# ZA MEJO

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

— Glej žival, kako se greje . . .  
pa opreza izza meje!

— To naš maček je,  
ki posluša ptičice . . .

— Kdo pa ti si?  
Dosti prida nisi . . .

— To pa jaz sem,  
ki lenobo pasem.

— Tat, lenuh se ujemata;  
pride šiba—čakajta!



## Another Big Word

Tony was talking with his father.

"I don't like Miss Moore," he said. Miss Moore was his teacher, and Tony was in the eighth grade. "She's always making us learn words and their definitions, and all I do is try to figure out which definition belongs to which word."

"You're too harsh on Miss Moore," said his father. "I know she wants you to know many words, but it may be that she doesn't have the time to explain each one of them fully. Tell me some of the words you've been having trouble with."

"Well, there's that word *monopoly*. It's hard enough to spell, without having to memorize a long definition. I can never remember it."

"See this match?" said his father, getting ready to light his pipe. Tony nodded. "Now suppose you were in the business of making matches."

"I'd have a lot to learn," said Tony.

"Yes," the father continued, "but you found out that nearly everybody uses matches and that it would be a good thing for you to make them to sell." Tony's interest grew. "Now suppose that just about the time you got started, your friend Jack decided to do the same thing."

"Both of us couldn't sell matches," quickly interrupted Tony.

"Now," said his father, "suppose you wanted people to buy your matches and not those that Jack made. What would you do?"

"I'd sell cheaper," said Tony. That was easy.

"Exactly," agreed his father, smoking his pipe. "But I couldn't do that for long," hastened Tony. "I'd go under."

"Yes," was the answer. "You would for a short time. But you would get more people interested in your match factory. They would 'invest' in it. They'd help you to make your plant bigger so that it could put out more stuff cheaper. As you did this, your lower prices wouldn't hurt you so much any more. And by and by, what would happen to Jack?"

"He'd go out of business," replied Tony. "But then there would be others who would try to pick up Jack's work."

"You would do the same thing with them," said his father. "Your products would be so much cheaper that the others couldn't meet them. After a while you and your company would have control over all the match business. You would have driven everybody out. And that's what we'd call—"

"A monopoly," finished Tony.

"Right. But that isn't all of the story. Now when this company or monopoly had everything in its hands, what do you think would happen to prices. They'd raise them higher and still higher and they could go just as high as they wanted to because there would be no other company to sell cheaper than they. And who would have to suffer?"

"People like you who buy matches," said Tony.

"Yes," said his father. "And that's why we're against monopolies of any kind. It just means that a few people get rich from the things that everybody should have to live well. Nothing that we eat or wear or drink or use for our life should be sold for somebody's profit. Everything like that should be made to be used and not to get a profit from."

"Oh, yes," said Tony. "I should have known that.—M. J."

## RIDDLES

Forty white horses on a red hill; now they go; now they go; now they stand still.

Your teeth.

What was the first bet ever made?

The alphabet.

Which is the smallest bridge in the world?

The bridge of your nose.

# When We Play



## THE KITE

May is the month of real springtime. When it comes around, we get the signal to play out-of-doors. Have you ever tried making a kite that is simple, yet attractive? Here are directions for one that should give you much pleasure.

**Materials:** You will need strips of wood; these you can get from fruit boxes. For paper, you can use very light packing paper. Use white cotton or package string, the same as you will use for flying the kite. For the tail, use strips of muslin or strips of heavy wrapping paper. Get paper tape for gluing the paper around the string on the outside of the kite.

**Directions:** Cut strips of wood 26 inches long,  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch wide. Use one strip the entire length; cut another strip to 22" long. Nail or bind crosswise together four inches from the top. Make slits at all four ends of the sticks, and run string around so that it catches at the end of each strip. When this is done, lay on the paper, and paste it around the string so that it extends  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch all the way around. Then take two strings long enough and knot them at both ends and push into the slits at the end of the sticks. Bind together with the flying string a little above the center of the stick. Next, take a thicker string, shorter than the cross-beam, and put in slits on the outside in order to get a bow-like form.

To make the tail, tie the strips of cloth or paper around the string and make it fast in knots. Make a tassel on the end. The tail must be long enough for strong winds

and just short enough for lighter breezes; it is an important part of the kite.

**Decorations:** You can paint many SNPJ slogans and campaign ideas on the kite. Just a look at the emblem on the inside cover page of the M. L. should give you some ideas. There you see Torches, and torches have always carried great significance. You see the date of the beginning of the SNPJ organization. There is the handclasp to denote brotherhood.

Then, how about getting an idea from the Silver Jubilee of the Juvenile Department? The birthday cake on page 1 can give you some ideas for that. Or, perhaps, you have other ideas that could be used for a picture for the Juvenile anniversary.

**Suggestion for Juvenile Circles:** Why do not the members of your juvenile circle arrange contests among themselves for the best kite and for bearing the best slogan or picture about the Society? Even small prizes could be awarded.

## "What Can You Do?"

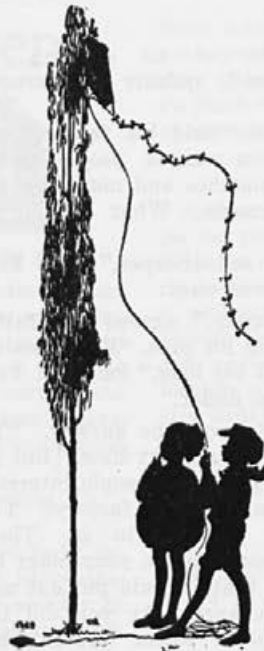
This is an outdoor game that will be enjoyed by most children.

Divide your players into two even groups. The groups face one another. One side comes forward and says to the other, "Here are some workmen." The other side answers, "What can you do?"

The first side imitates some trade for instance, something that the farmer does, such as hoeing, plowing, etc.

The opposite side tries to guess correctly. If they succeed in guessing right, they have the next chance to perform. If the opposite

(Continued on page 29)



# The Slovenia Cooking Club

By Marička



Every month your Slovene vocabulary has been increasing by reading the Cooking Club. Very soon it should be possible to print an entire recipe in Slovene and have you follow the instructions perfectly

—or at least well enough that you would not spoil the recipe.

Before proceeding with this month's recipes, it is well to become acquainted with a few more Slovene words and terms.

Egg whites are called **beljaki** (bel-yak'-ee). When they are stiffly beaten, they are called **sneg** (meaning snow).

A common favorite in many Slovene dishes is **kisla smetana** (kees'-la smet'-a-na)—sour cream.

The word **kumare** (koom'-are) means cucumbers, and you have already become familiar with the word **solata**, meaning salad.

\*

A very popular recipe among Slovenes is that of

## Flancati (flan'-tsa-tee)

For this you will need 8 **rumenjakov**. (See April M. L.)

Make a soft dough from 8 **rumenjakov**, **moke**, 1 tablespoon **masla**, a bit of **vode**, and 2 tablespoons of **kisle smetane**. Flavor with rum, if desired.

Let stand for half an hour; then roll out very thin. Cut into 3-inch squares. With a sharp knife make 3 or 4 slits in each square; then bring corner of the square into the slit on the opposite side. Fry in deep, hot fat.

When medium brown on both sides, place on cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar. Take care that your **flancati** do not brown too heavily.

\*

The recipe for **flancati** is an especially good one to use when your mother makes Angel Food Cake. While she will dispose of all the egg whites (**beljaki**), you might per-

sue her to let you try your hand at **flancati**.

Another way to make good use of the egg whites is to use them in making

## Španski sneg

This recipe also goes under the name of **Španski veter** (Spanish Wind) or in the English: Meringues.

Use: 6 **beljakov**,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla.

Beat the egg whites, and when foamy, add cream of tartar. Continue beating until the egg whites are stiff, but not dry. Add the sugar gradually and beat until the mixture stands in peaks. Add vanilla.

This may be baked in two ways: either drop by spoonfuls on cookie sheet or place into **ungreased** muffin tins which have been lined with brown paper.

**Important:** the oven temperature for this must be very low—250 degrees F. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

Remove from oven and let stand a few minutes before removing. This recipe will make from 10 to 12 meringues.

Note: the cream of tartar is not included in the old Slovene recipes for **Španski sneg**, but you will have more success if you use it.

If you wish, you may frost the meringues with whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts, cherries, and coconut. Of course, they must be perfectly cold before you will place the whipped cream on the top.

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**WHEN WE PLAY**—(Continued from page 28) side fails to guess correctly, then the first side gets a second chance to agree on some action that the first must guess.

## Back Scratchers

This is an amusing feat to watch. Let two players of the same height sit flat on the floor with their backs together and their arms locked at the elbows. They must try to get to their feet.





# ALBERT EINSTEIN

This is the birthday month of ALBERT EINSTEIN. He was born on MAY 14, 1879, in Ulm, Germany. He was always a shy and dreamy child.

When he was 5 years old, his father showed him a compass. The swinging needle awakened in him a desire to wonder what mysterious force causes the needle to move.

It seems that he did not care much for the schools he attended. Perhaps that was because the schools of that day were different from those of today. They were more like military academies. The pupils were like soldiers and the teachers were like officers. Or again, the pupils were like prisoners in a prison.

All at once, it appears, that Einstein discovered algebra. He took to it so rapidly that he advanced to calculus in a very, very short time, and by the time he was 15, his teacher said he could easily enter the second year of college.

Then his family moved to northern Italy. He was free to

wander along the rugged peaks of the mountains; he was enthralled by the Italian landscape. He was free from school for 6 months. All this time he studied literature. Then he entered the University of Switzerland. He wanted to be a teacher.

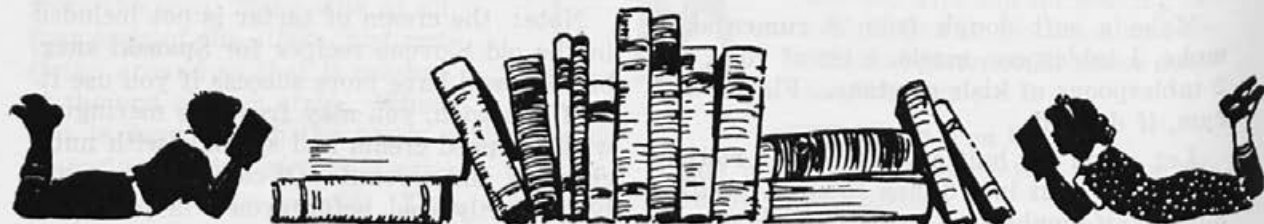
Before he was 26 years old, Einstein discovered the law or theory of relativity. Very briefly this "law" involves the following things: that everything in the universe is in motion; that there is no presence of an ether according to all experiments; that nothing is fixed in nature, and because of this there is no absolute standard of measuring a body in motion; that the only thing whose speed is always the same under all conditions is light; that by gravitation a ray of light can be bent out of its course; that you cannot take space and time separately, but together; that time can be considered as the fourth dimension; and that gravitation is not a force at all, but that it is caused by a curvature of space-time.

But Dr. Einstein has also been interested in other things besides science and mathematics. He is an excellent musician. Above all, he has served the cause of world peace as a member of the League of Nations committees to bring about complete outlawing of war. This has been one of his great contributions.

At present, Dr. Einstein is doing research work at Princeton University. He was forced to leave Germany when Hitler came into power.—M. J.



## What's On Our Bookshelf



### FOR YOUNGER BROTHER AND SISTER:

"OUTPOSTS OF SCIENCE" by Bernard Jaffe.—Ask your librarian for this book. Every field of science is taken up by writing about the person's life who achieved recognition in that particular field. For instance, the studies about cancer tell in detail about Miss Maude Slye's work; the question of whether insect's instincts outlive man's intellect tells about the 60-year's work of Leland O. Howard. Here are some other chapters discussed: genetics, anthropology, physical disease, glands, and mental diseases. The whole book is as fascinating as a novel.

"HUNGER FIGHTERS" by Paul DeKruijff.

### FOR YOUNGER BROTHER AND SISTER:

"CLEAR AHEAD" by H. B. Lent. This tells in a very simple and entertaining way the story of the locomotive. The same author has books that deal in the same manner with the steamboat and trains.

### FOR YOUNG AND OLD:

"EARLY MOON", a book of poems by Carl Sandburg. These poems are selected from Carl Sandburg's various works, and are delightfully illustrated. If you like poetry (and who doesn't?) you will be charmed by this book.



# The Little Gardener



## MAY

This is the month when it is difficult to stay indoors. What is more fun than working in a garden?

In May, we can turn our attention to dahlias, bedding plants, lawns, biennials, annuals, and house plants.

One of the first things you will want to know is: what are biennials and what are annuals?

Biennials are those plants that

live two years. If you plant the seed this year, they will bloom next year and then die. Annuals are those plants that live only one year.

This month you can plant the seeds of these **biennials**: Canterbury-bells, foxgloves, and hollyhocks. You can still plant the seeds of most **annuals**. Some may even be planted after May 15.

As soon as all danger from frost is past, you may plant **dahlias**, either from cuttings or tubers. See that you give them a fairly loose, well-cultivated soil. Then train them to a single stem.

As to **bedding plants**: you can now set out plants you have purchased from your florist, such as verbenas, geraniums, coleus, and all other bedding plants.

Observe these rules about your **house plants** that you intend to place outdoors: bury the pot in the ground so that it will be even with the surface of the soil; place

them on the north side of the house beneath a tree.

You may be beginning to mow your **lawn**. Make sure that you do not cut the grass too short. This will prevent the grass from making sufficient food for itself. When this happens, it will die out, and you will not have the beautiful lawn you expected.



Original cartoon, "Come on, feller, play fair. The referee didn't call 'Time Out!'"—Submitted by Joseph Zupancic, age 15, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## How Fascism Treated the Slovenes

"In 1923, shortly after Mussolini came into power in Italy, the Fascists began a reign of terror against the Slavs inhabiting these regions. Although they and their forbears had lived in the same villages for centuries before they came under Italy, Mussolini declared them "immigrants" and required them . . . to become Italians without delay. Hundred of thousands of them had to change their names: as, for instance, from Adamic to Adami or Adamio or Adamicchi.

". . . . By 1927 or thereabouts children were forbidden to utter a single Slovenian or Serbo-Croatian word under any circumstances. They were told that their Slovene peasant parents were barbarians and they should be ashamed of the tongue their mothers had taught them . . .

". . . . The teacher in this village (Vrhpolje) was a young man, I think, from southern Italy, Sottosanti by name. He was tu-

bercular and a passionate fascist. When his little spies reported to him a Slovene pupil whom they had heard utter words in his native speech, he would fly into a rage, call the offender before him, order him to open his mouth wide, then spit on his tongue.

"This, of course, enraged the entire Slovene population in the village of Vrhpolje itself. When Sottosanti had spat into about a dozen children's mouths, a group of Slovene peasants—probably fathers of those boys and girls—waited for him one dark night and killed him after which dozens of Slovenes were arrested and tried, and several of them are now serving life sentences on Signor Mussolini's prison islands north of Sicily, while the Fascist organization in the Vipava district erected a monument to Sottosanti in the village where he had taught, glorifying him as a Black Shirt martyr, a victim of Slovene barbarism.—LOUIS ADAMIC, in "The Native's Return."

# The Nutcracker



## Scrambled Words

Can you unscramble the following words:

kwsrore  
tinlnaetirnao  
eslgtrug  
robrtdoheoh  
goprser

## ANSWER ME THIS:

1. Spell hard water in three letters.
2. Is Chicago the capital of Illinois?

3. What grows larger the more you take from it?
4. Are apple seeds larger than peach seeds?
5. Where is Wall Street?
6. Is science a benefit or a detriment to the world?
7. Can you name the four largest cities in the United States?
8. Who wrote the "Origin of Species?"
9. Were plants and animals created?
10. A clavichord is:

a false chord;  
a loud chord;  
an ancestor of the piano;  
an African bird.

## RIDDLES

1. What comes after cheese?
2. What is the best state for mines?
3. Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler in the world?
4. What fruit grows on a coin?
5. Where does the West begin? (Answers on back cover page)

## ORIGINAL "M. L." CROSSWORD PUZZLE

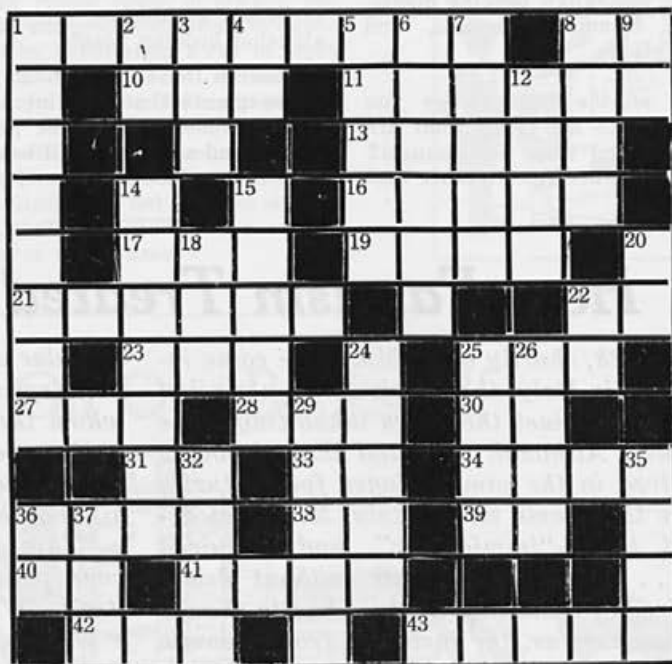
Submitted by Charles A. LaSaker, Age 15, Member of SNPJ in Eveleth, Minn.

### ACROSS

1. A state in the U. S.
8. Doctor (abbr.)
10. Artifice
11. An emperor or the Holy Roman Empire
13. An ancestor
16. A lookout
17. A rodent
19. A nozzle
21. Slang for one who applauds
22. Verb indicating present singular
23. Used to introduce a married woman's maiden family name
25. A baglike part of an animal or plant
27. Noise of a cow
28. Past of LIGHT
30. Archaic IF
31. United States (Abbr.)
33. Military academy (abbr.)
34. A twelfth of a foot used in measuring
36. An uncle's wife in relationship to you
38. Mladinski List (abbr.)
39. Louisiana (abbr.)
40. Not specified (abbr.)
41. Indigo
42. A pin or plug made commonly of wood
43. To elevate in spirits.

### DOWN

1. A cipher composed of 2 or more letters combined
2. No in Scottish
3. National Recovery Administration (abbr.)



4. Old French as in pocket and hatchet
5. Three-fourths of globe, salty water
6. Extracted by melting, used in soap and candles
7. Mosquitoes transmitting yellow fever or dengue
8. A javelin
9. Railroad (abbr.)
12. Variant of *sear*
14. Any word used instead of a noun
15. Commercial form of iron
18. Past of *eat*
20. A pronoun
22. Before Christ
24. To stave off
25. A voyage
26. A coin of India equal to 1/16 rupee or two cents
29. Commingle
32. To spy upon
35. Abode of one's family
37. United States Pharmacopoeia (abbr.)

# Your Own Color Page



These two happy robins will be glad to have you color them as artistically as possible. Mother Robin is making the nest as soft as can be for the eggs. Father Robin is bubbling over with joy. Their nest is made of twigs, mud, leaves, and string. It is lined with soft grasses.

Try using this color chart: heads, wings, and tails—brown; breasts, red; bills, yellow; feet, black; the 4 eggs, light blue; the nest, brown; the leaves, green; the sky, blue.

# Important Things to Remember

1. Thirty-six cash prizes for the members of the SNPJ Juvenile department who write the best lessons in the "Our School" contest in the Mladinski List are now in order every month. Write your lesson now and be on the winning list! You may receive a one-dollar, two-dollar, three-dollar or five-dollar check.

2. Show the Mladinski List with this month's lesson-winning list to your friends or school chums and tell them they, too, can be on that list if their daddies will enter them in the SNPJ Juvenile department at the nearest lodge of this Society. After joining the SNPJ Juvenile department, any youngster can write lessons to "Our School" in the Mladinski List, thereby competing for a cash prize. See to it that all your little friends belong to the SNPJ Juvenile department as soon as possible. Remember, this is our Silver jubilee juvenile campaign!

3. Have you read the instructions in the April issue of the Mladinski List about how to organize the SNPJ Juvenile Circles? If you have, ask your friends what they think about it. If they say they like this idea, urge them to start something—to organize your own Circle at once. If you show to your elders that you want such a Circle in your community or neighborhood, they will do something themselves, and they will appoint for you an administrator or local director who will assist you to put over your programs. By all means, start your SNPJ Juvenile Circle! The Mladinski List will be the organ of your Circle, and it will direct you to arrange a good time for the member juveniles.

Notice the outline for your own Circle SNPJ program in this month's issue.

## ANSWERS TO THE NUTCRACKER QUESTIONS

### Scrambled Words

1. workers
2. international
3. struggle
4. brotherhood
5. progress

### Answers Me This

1. I C E
2. No
3. A hole
4. No
5. In New York
6. A benefit

7. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit
8. Charles Darwin
9. No; they evolved.
10. An ancestor of the piano

### Riddles

1. A mouse
2. Oregon (Ore.) is the best state for mines.
3. Because she crosses the lines and goes from pole to pole.
4. Dates.
5. It begins at W.