

# *Mladinski List*

*A Juvenile Magazine for American Slovenes*

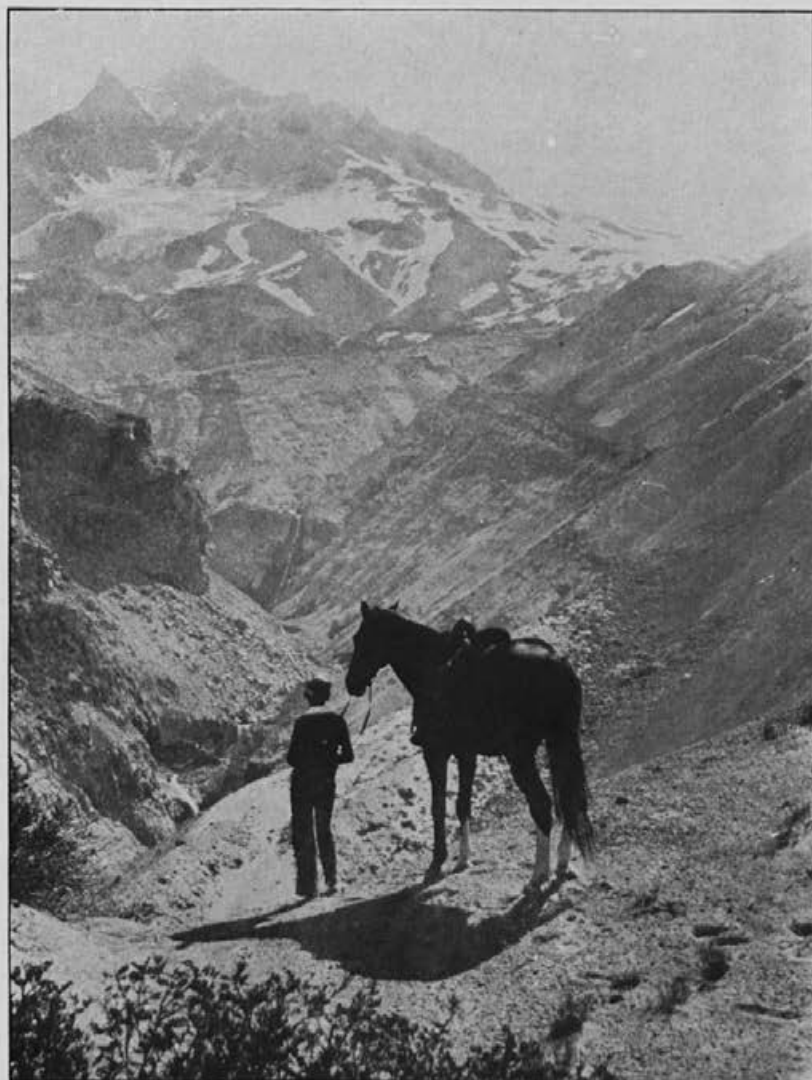


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*Mt. Hood, Oregon*

*November*

*1938*

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

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Society for the members of its  
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# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVII.—Št. 11

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1938

VOL. XVII.—No. 11

## More About My Organization

### How Does One Become a Member?

"Louis," said Gloria to her brother one day, "I've been puzzled by a question lately."

"About what?" questioned Louis.

"It's like this," explained Gloria. "I have made a number of new friends at school this fall. I've been telling them about our Juvenile Circle and the fun we are having there."

"Yes?" commented Louis, curious to know what her question was.

"You see, I invited these friends to become members of our Circle."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Louis.

"Yes, but I got myself in for something," replied Gloria. "They asked me how to become members of our Circle and our Society, and I couldn't give them a reply."



Louis was amazed. "I never thought you would fail there," he said.

"I've just never given it any thought," said Gloria.

"It's like this," Louis began. "Let the parents of your girl friends see Mr. Lekshe."

"Why?" asked Gloria.

"Mr. Lekshe is the lodge secretary of our branch in this town. He has a blank that is called a Juvenile application. The parents answer the questions on that blank and sign it, after which Mr. Lekshe also signs it."

"Is that all?" said Gloria, happy that she could relate the process of becoming a member to her friends.

"Not quite," said Louis. "The girls will then go to the doctor, who will give them a physical examination. Then the doctor also signs the Juvenile application blank."

"But doesn't that cost money?" Gloria said.

"It does," answered Louis. "But the Society is paying for that now. So there is no charge for the physical examination."

"Great!" exclaimed Gloria. "I must tell them right away."

"And don't forget to tell them that the monthly dues range only from 18 to 25 cents per month," added Louis.

"Yes, and included in that is our wonderful juvenile magazine!" said Gloria.

"Yes," said Louis. "And this 10 to 25 cents means that they will be insured from \$20.00 to \$500.00, in case of their death. It all depends upon the age. Mr. Lekshe will tell them the exact amount they will be insured for when he learns how old they are. And don't forget, too, that there is another kind of policy they have—an educational policy. The dues for this are somewhat higher, but then when they become of age there is a certain amount of cash money they receive which can be used for their education. And at the same time they will be insured for death benefit, too."

"I know they will want to become members. I just know it!" said Gloria.



## Jesen 1938

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

*Hitimo, letimo, bežimo odtod!  
Gozdovi rdijo,  
megle se podijo —  
nemirno življenje se kaže povsod.*

*Le kaj je, le kaj je prišlo nad  
ljudi?  
V gorah in pečinah so rove  
skopali,  
si polja ledine vse razrvali,  
te čudne, prečudne zveri . . .*

*Hitimo, letimo, bežimo odtod!  
Gozdovi drhtijo,  
megle se gostijo —  
zavetja si najdemo morda dru-  
god . . .*

# Plants and Animals—No Distinction?

CAST  
BETTY  
MR. HELPER

(Continued)

BETTY: Wait until you hear what Miss Brubaker had to say about the difference between plants and animals.

MR. HELPER: I'm waiting.

BETTY: She said, "Animals circulate their blood by means of a heart, while plants have neither hearts nor blood." That sounds reasonable.

MR. HELPER: Yes, it does—but have you heard that there are pulsations in plants compar-

able to the beating heart of animals?

BETTY: (Amazed) Is that so?

MR. HELPER: A leading botanist tells us that the circulation of sap is due to pulsation that is not unlike heart throbs . . . And in regard to Miss Brubaker's statement, that plants do not have blood, the sap in plants corresponds closely in function to the blood in animals, since it carries on the work of supplying food to the tissues. Then too, many of the lower forms of animals have blood

but no hearts. Still others have *neither* blood nor hearts!

BETTY: (All confused) Here, here now—wait a minute. You've got me all mixed up now. You have me so startled that I can't keep up with you. I don't know now whether I'll *ever* be able to recognize a plant again or not. Still there *should* be some characteristic that can't be found in both the plant and animal world . . . I know. I remember what Mr. Edward Hawkins said. "Plants can be severed, that is, cut apart or slipped—and in this way two plants can be made out of one. But you can't cut an animal in two like that and expect it to live."

MR. HELPER: Well, Betty, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but have you heard that you can cut a sponge animal away from its roots and a new sponge animal will grow?

BETTY: It will?

MR. HELPER: Yes. Just as easily as daisies grow up from their roots again after they have been mowed down!

BETTY: It's wonderful!

MR. HELPER: One more thing about this cutting business. Have you heard that you can cut legs or other portions off of certain animals and they will grow new ones?

BETTY: And all this while I haven't been able to find a real difference between plants and animals!

MR. HELPER: I told you there isn't any . . .

BETTY: If you can keep on as you have been I'll *have* to believe it. But perhaps this argument will turn the tables . . . Animals can think but plants cannot. (Cheerfully) Ha! That's the time! I know I never heard of an Einstein with leaves! Why didn't I think of that before?

MR. HELPER: If they can't think, then how do you account for the fact that they have the power of memory?

BETTY: Memory? I don't believe it!

MR. HELPER: Nevertheless, experiments by skilled botanists have indicated that plants possess a certain faculty suggestive of memory.

BETTY: How can they say that?

MR. HELPER: We talked about the Venus Fly Trap some time ago—how, when a fly lights on it, it closes up on him. The theory of these scientists is that if you fool it with a stick or something, it closes up all right, but as soon as it discovers it is not a fly, the trap opens right up again.

BETTY: I remember, but—

MR. HELPER: But after the plant has been fooled two or three times in succession, it refuses to close up the next time.

BETTY: Does it?

MR. HELPER: But wait a while and it seems to forget—just like we human beings—and then it may be fooled again.

BETTY: Well, (With resignation) I guess that takes care of that! (She hesitates a mo-

ment) Ho! Ho! Wait until you hear this one! Plants and animals are different because animals have skin and plants do not. Well, plants *do* have skin. I'll say it before you have to trouble yourself. They do, don't they?

MR. HELPER: Yes, a plant does have skin, with an outer covering and an epidermis corresponding closely to an animal's, even to the point of having pores. The leaf of a plant is covered with a smooth, thin structure called the cuticle, and directly below it is the epidermis.

BETTY: I wish I could think of something—Oh, yes. Animals give off excess water through perspiration. Is there a similar process in plants?

MR. HELPER: Yes. This process is called transpiration. Do not confuse it with evaporation, for the loss of water through transpiration is regulated by the stomates—

BETTY: (Interruptin) What's a stomate?

MR. HELPER: In the skin of leaves there are small curved or kidney-shaped cells, occurring in pairs with their concave faces toward each other. A pair of these cells with the opening that they enclose is called a stomate.

BETTY: Thanks.

MR. HELPER: For this reason the loss of water corresponds to the needs of the plants, and it does not depend upon temperature alone, as does evaporation.

BETTY: Yes. (After a thought.) Two weeks ago you said that fish could be frozen solid in ice and suffer no ill effects. There aren't any plants that can survive under freezing temperatures, are there? (Slyly) Perhaps you got yourself in trouble by telling that one . . .

MR. HELPER: Certainly there are plants that can survive freezing temperatures. An example are the algae which grow in the Polar regions. What's the next question?

BETTY: You'll get caught yet. I made a notation here of what Miss Elinor Davison said. It is: "Animals produce eggs but plants do not." Now surely you aren't going to tell me that plants produce eggs?

MR. HELPER: Sorry to disappoint you again, but most plants produce eggs.

BETTY: I never saw any!

MR. HELPER: Haven't you ever seen any seeds?

BETTY: Yes—but they aren't eggs!

MR. HELPER: No, but there wouldn't be any seeds if there hadn't been eggs in the first place.

BETTY: What!

MR. HELPER: You see an egg is a simple cell capable of fertilization. And, of course, you know that plants produce seeds after pollination, or fertilization has taken place.

BETTY: That's right. But I didn't think of it in that way before.

MR. HELPER: Now, what's your next question?

(Concluded next month)

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



## CIRCLE NEWS

Cleveland, Ohio—Collinwood Reporting! At the second meeting of our Circle it was decided that the boys were to have a baseball team. Eugene Terbizan was elected captain. The baseball team has been a great success. The team played twenty-four games. We won sixteen and lost eight. The captain wishes to thank all the players for their cooperation and playing.

The regular team consists of: **Stanley Jankovic**, pitcher; **Tony Smith**, first base; **Joe Barbich**, second base; **Ray Durn**, third base; **Frank Kosic**, shortstop; **Joe Strukel**, left field; **Eugene Terbizan**, center field; **Bill Zurtz**, right field; **Frank Gorjanc**, short center field.

Some of the other players are: **William Starman**, **Phil Troha**, **Ed Slejko**, **Al Strukel**, and **Henry Gorjanc**. The boys have banded together and decided to sponsor picnics and dances, the proceeds to go into a baseball fund which will be used to buy uniforms and equipment for next season. All of the players would like a chance to go to the SNPJ Labor Day excursions. We are wondering if the Supreme Board would make a provision as it has done for the senior baseball players.

If any arrangement is made for the junior baseball players, be on the lookout for Collinwood! It is indefinite whether we will have a basketball team or not. All of the boys are eager to have some winter activity. So Cleveland will be going onward, ever onward, and we will be opening the eyes of the older members. That's all! Signing off until next time.—**Eugene Terbizan**, Lodge 126, Captain Baseball Team Juvenile Circle Lodge 53, 14707 Hale ave., Cleveland, O.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Here I am again with news of our SNPJ Circle in Milwaukee. Our last meeting was held on Aug. 27 at the South Side Turn Hall. It was for the older members only, that is, members who are over 13 years old. There were about 30 in attendance. We had a discussion about the sports activities of the group. The girls volunteered to

join the volleyball team, and the boys joined the basketball team.

The Mladinski List became our next topic. Mr. Schweiger suggested that each member should enter the contest and also write to it.

**Leonard Alpner** was elected supervisor of the basketball team. **Mary Golob** will take charge of the girls' volleyball team. **Ludy Krosel** and **John Poklar** were selected as a committee to represent the boys' sports and **Anna Tesovnik** and **Frances Sagadin** were selected for the girls. Some of the members volunteered to visit one of our sick members at a hospital.

These are the girls who wish to play on the volleyball team: **Ann Tesovnik**, **Ann Zajec**, **Blanche Primozich**, **Sylvia Poličnik**, **Mary Poklar**, **Mary Golun**, **Alvia Vivic**, **Rose Yuvan**, **Elsie Smolz**, and **Frieda Wiene**. The boys' basketball players are: **Ludy Krosel**, **Frank Primozich**, **Frank Udovich**, **John Poklar**, **Leon Sagadin**, **Billy Ambrosh**, **Robert Gradisher**, **Lawrence Gornik**, **Frank Zemljan**.—**John Poklar Jr.**, 613 W. Virginia St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

## A NEW CIRCLE

Salem, O.—This time I have good news for you. We have organized a new Circle of the SNPJ in Salem, O. Our first meeting was held on Sept. 4. **Mr. Tancek**, of Girard, conducted the meeting.

We elected the following officers at our first meeting: President, **Ava Krizay**; Vice-president, **Martha Omejic**; Secretary, **Helen Mihevc**; Recording Secretary, **Joe Kovich**. After the meeting, we had a party. I think everyone enjoyed themselves. Lodge 476 spent \$10.00 for our good time.

Later we took the picture that you see in this issue. All of the members could not be in the picture. There are 26 of us. All of us will try to do our best in our offices.—**Helen Mihevc**, RD 1, Salem, Ohio.

## ORGANIZATION IN KANSAS

The Federation of Kansas lodges has taken steps to organize a Juvenile Circle, or perhaps, two.

A committee composed of the following members was appointed to make the preliminary plans: **Olga Knapich** and **Henry Jelovchan**, of the Juvenile section, and **Bro. Kumer**, **Bro. Selak**, **Bro. A. Shular**, and **Sis. Ann Jelovchan**, of the senior lodges.

The lodges have divided themselves as follows: Nos. 9, 27, 65, 72, 92, 187, 206, 225, 228, 235, 281, 434, and 609 are to form one circle; Nos. 19, 30, 76, 105, and 411 will form another circle.

We will be awaiting reports of the first meeting, which was scheduled for October 9.

\*

#### CIRCLE NO. 53

**Cleveland, O.**—At our recent meeting we had the pleasure of having as visitor, **Mrs. Molek**, better known to M. L. readers as **Mary Jugg**. In her talk to our circle she made several points which I would like to pass on to other clubs. One was that if a few members drop out here and there after a circle is organized, do not become discouraged since that is to be expected. She also placed emphasis on the necessity of having more pen pals and original stories, poems, and drawings from Juvenile SNPJ members in the M. L. Perhaps you don't realize, as I didn't, how many brothers and sisters we have living in almost isolated districts with few opportunities for amusement and diversion. In such places, our M. L. is a monthly treat.

**Ann K. Medvesek**, also familiar to readers of the M. L. because of her stories and poems, was also present. **Mrs. Medvesek** is already known to the majority of our members, since she lives in Cleveland.

On Sunday, Sept. 25, the Juvenile Day Celebration held by the SNPJ Federation of Cleveland lodges was held as planned. Each Cleveland Circle was introduced to the audience; and those clubs which were organized for a longer period presented some form of entertainment. I think a bit of praise should be given to the **Jolly Jesters** of Lodge 137 for their performance. The setting of their presentation was a typical home. Members were seated comfortably about, and, accompanied by the piano sang many Slovenian songs very well. Besides this, other fine individual acts were given.

As was mentioned in the October issue of the M. L., our circle presented the play, "Sestrin Varuh." **Frank Kosic**, as son, and **Ed Slejko**, as father, turned in an excellent performance. They were assisted by **Olga Zaubi**, **Mary Pintarich**, **Frank**, **Josephine**, and **Henry Gorjanc**, and **Eugene Terbizan**. The play seemed to please and amuse the audience; especially when the mother and father came home and were about to find their baby had been substituted for a teddy bear.

I would like to remind all the other circles of Cleveland that our meetings are held on the fourth Friday of the month, and that you are all cordially invited to attend them.—**Florence Durn**, secretary, Juvenile Circle No. 53.

\*

**Cleveland, O.**—On Sunday, Sept. 25, the Cleveland Federation of the SNPJ Lodges celebrated the Juve-

nile Silver Jubilee. Every Circle in Cleveland was represented.

The Circle from Waterloo gave a play called "Sestrin Varuh." Other Circles were represented by piano and vocal solos. Our Circle, "Jolly Jesters," gave a performance that represented a home scene or "domači prizor." The members as a group sang songs. **Alma Zagar** played a piano solo and accompanied the group singing. **Rudy Kozan** played a few melodies on his accordion; **Eleanor Lazar** sang, and played on her guitar; and to top the performance, **Dorothy Svingel**, a new member with "a voice like a nightingale", sang three selections.

Our Circle wishes to express its sincerest thanks to **Mrs. Simčič**, who helped and worked with us in preparing our Circle for this program.—**Ana Cebulj**, secretary "Jolly Jesters," Lodge 137.

\*

**Cleveland, O.**—This is indeed a pleasure to write to the Mladinski List, for I have good news to tell about Cleveland's Juvenile Circle No. 126, which originated Oct. 6, 1938. Approximately 17 members have joined for the present time, but we expect to double that number by our next meeting. Officials were elected and they are as follows: President, **Frank Peternel**, 1385 E. 55 St.; Vice President, **Josephine Jersin**, 1139 E. 63 St.; Secretary, **Irma Juretic**, 1378 E. 52 St.; Treasurer, **Josephine Cukoje**, 7511 Cornelia Ave.

We also elected an editorial committee which consists of: **Olga Jansa**, 6203 Edna Ave., **L. M. Bruder**, 5604 Bonna Ave., and **J. Bruder**, 5604 Bonna Ave. and last but not least an entertaining committee was appointed. They are as follows: **Rose Juretic**, 1378 E. 52 St., **Josephine Jersin**, 1139 E. 63, and **Olga Jansa**, 6203 Edna Ave.

It was decided that the Juvenile Circle would meet every second Friday of the month at 7:00 o'clock. The entire circle at present consists of approximately seven boys and ten girls. They are: **Leo Bruder**, **Stefie Bruder**, **Stanley Jansa**, **Olga Jansa**, **S. A. Jermon**, **Irma Juretic**, **Rose Juretic**, **Josephine Jersin**, **Maxi Jusich**, **Jim Jusich**, **Mary Cukoje**, **Josie Cukoje**, **Frank Peternel**, **Julia Peternel**, **Dorothy Perpar**, **Frank Suhodolnik**, and **Frances Suhodolnik**.

Our dues will be paid by the Senior SNPJ Lodge No. 126. Each member who brings in a new member will receive 50 cents. The main idea of creating this new Juvenile Circle No. 126 is to interest the younger generation in carrying on the lodge and the procedure of a meeting. And so that they will learn what is the true value of our lodge. The meeting was very interesting, and at the end of the meeting each member was presented with an ice cream sandwich which was gratefully accepted. Thanks to the Senior SNPJ Lodge No. 126.—**Irma Juretic**, 1378 E. 62 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

\*

#### JUVENILE CIRCLE 53

(Gossip Column)

"I wonder who gave Tony Smith the idea that he is another "Charles Atlas."—**S. J.**

### JUVENILE CIRCLE OF SALEM, O.



First row (reading from left to right): **Kordan sisters and the Katora brothers**; Second row: **Edward Westphal, John Krizay, Matilda Krizay, Milan Staner**; Third row: **Martha Omejic, Frieda Westphal, Elsie Omejic, Ava Krizay**; Fourth row: **Kovich brothers, Helen Miheve.**

### FOR JUVENILE CIRCLES

#### Duties of the Officers

(From the Contest Letter submitted by **Rudy Slavec**, age 12, Louisville, Colo.)

Among other things, I think the following duties and responsibilities of the officers should be read at every meeting of the Juvenile Circle:

#### The President

(a) The President must know the club or Circle constitution and abide by its laws.

(b) He must follow parliamentary procedure in the meeting.

(c) He must delegate most of the work to different committees rather than doing it himself.

(d) He must be such a person that he can work in harmony with every member of the group.

#### The Vice-President

(a) He must be always prepared to take the place of the president.

(b) He must have a list of all the programs that are planned for the group in his book.

(c) He should work to see that the various members of the group appear on the programs that are given.

#### The Secretary

(a) The secretary should have a loose-leaf notebook for the minutes.

(b) He should keep careful record of each meeting.

(c) He should have the constitution and by-laws on file for ready use.

(d) The secretary takes the roll call and keeps a record of those absent.

(e) He should present a summary of the year's work to the sponsor.

(f) Take care of Circle correspondence promptly.

(g) Leave a report of the year's work on file for the following year.

#### The Treasurer

(a) The treasurer should keep accurate records of the money handled by the group.

(b) He should keep an accurate record of dues paid by the members.

(c) He should pay all the group bills promptly.

(d) He should make a continued and consistent effort to collect dues wherever there are any.

#### Circle Members

(a) Attend both business and social meetings regularly.

(b) Listen courteously to the club members, programs, and speakers.

(c) Pay any dues or assessments promptly.

(d) Practice good fellowship and cooperation at all times.

## To A Poet

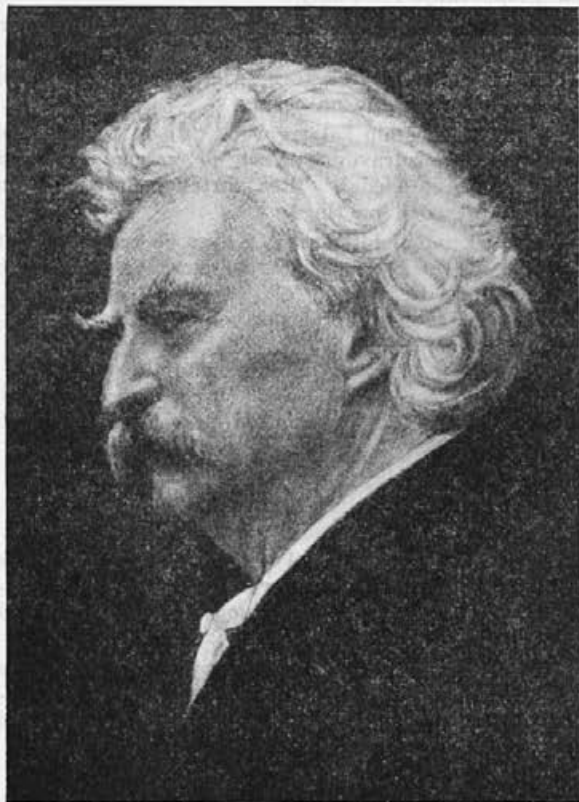
By **Steven Kerro**

I love to haunt the wooded land,  
When autumn is in full array,  
And watch the leaves roll on their way,  
And play with leaves of every brand.  
The leaves, the trees, the coolest breeze;  
A silver stream; a clear blue sky;  
The frightened grouse; the fox, so sly—  
All give me pleasant fall disease,  
To live a hermit's life caressed  
By all of mother nature's friends,  
Who give me dreams of peace—and mends  
My heart from grief, I long possessed.





# Mark Twain



the South at first. He became a "second lieutenant" in the Confederate army for two weeks. Later in life he felt very deeply that he had borne arms to defend human slavery, and so he did his utmost to make up for this wrong wherever possible. He made it a special point to be gentle with the Negro. At one time he paid the way for a Negro student through Yale University, although he had never met the person.

With his brother, he went to the West, where he worked on newspapers at various times and places. He visited Hawaii, Honolulu, Europe.

Mark Twain had become a famous writer and a rich man before he ever came to the East, where he saw industries and the condition of the workingmen in those industries. But while he was a printer he had become a member of the Printers' Union, and he kept his union card until his death. He was quick to see the worker's point of view.

His friend, William Dean said, "His mind and soul were with those who do the hard work of the world in fear of those who give them a chance for their livelihoods and underpay them all they can . . . He saw . . . **THAT IN THE UNION WAS THE WORKINGMAN'S ONLY HOPE OF STANDING UP LIKE A MAN AGAINST MONEY AND THE POWER OF IT.**"

Much of Mark Twain's serious works were not published during his lifetime; some have perhaps never been published. One of these that did not appear until five years after his death is called "THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER." In this, he made fun of many of men's shams and claims to "greatness" and he delighted in seeing through such frauds. Some of his best writing against wars is contained in this book.

In all of his works, Mark Twain preached the equality of man and democracy. Even in those books that were considered entirely humorous, there was much beneath the surface to make the reader think.

It has been said that there is no great comedy without at the same time being a tragedy. Perhaps this is the best way to explain the humor of Mark Twain.

Mark Twain was one of those great men who live once in every era of human history, it seems.

To most people the name of Mark Twain brings to mind only the humorist and the man who upheld Truth on all occasions.

But in reality, he was also a man who did his best to ridicule frauds, shams, and cruelties.

Mark Twain, whose real name was Samuel L. Clemens, was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835. At that time St. Louis was the center and the wonder and the pride of all the Western territory. The little hamlet of Florida was just on the fringe of this settlement.

As a boy, Mark Twain had always been of an adventurous disposition. By the time he was 18, he decided to see as much of the world as possible. He made his living in the East by type-setting. Then he learned steamboat-piloting, which in that day required a master mind. Just as he was ready to undertake the task as he had prepared himself for it, the Civil War broke out.

As he was brought up in the territory of slave-holders, he naturally sympathized with

# Slavček

(Zgodba iz Tisoč in ene noči. Pripoveduje Iv. Vuk.)



TAKRAT, ko so zamigljale na nebu zvezde, je legel kralj v naslonjač, da poslušajo novo zgodbo iz Tisoč in ene noči, ki mu jo je obljubila njegova žena, lepa Šeherezida.

In Šeherezida je pripovedovala:

„Svoboda, o šah, je tako sveta reč, da vsak hrepeni po nji. In vsak jo tako malo pozna in razume, da mu je ni nikdar dovolj, če jo ima, da ne ve, kako jo dobiti, ako je nima. Kdor pa zna misliti, ve, kako si jo zopet pridobi, ako jo je prej izgubil. Tako je bilo tudi s slavčkom, o katerem ti hočem nocoj pripovedovati.“

Živel je bogat trgovec. Vsega je imel dovolj. Imel je tudi lepo kletko in v nji krasnega slavčka. Rad ga je imel, negoval ga je in vsi njegovi služabniki so ga negovali. Zakaj slavčkove pesmi so bile tako zvočne, mile in otožne, da se je vsem, ki so ga poslušali, topilo srce in vsi so govorili: Oh, kako krasno poje ta slavček! Trgovec je bil ponosen, da ga ima.

Slavček je skakal po kletki, silil iz nje, ali ovire so bile kamorkoli je zadel.

„Kako sem mogel biti tako nepremišljen, da sem se ujel v to kletko,“ je premišljeval. „Nikamor ne morem. Samo ta ozka kletka mi je širni svet. In vendar sem prej poznal svet drugače, širokega in svobodnega. Kaj je prostost, nisem vedel. Oh, če bi mogel zopet v svobodo!“

Nekega dne se je trgovec pomudil delj časa pri slavčku in poslušal njegovo petje. Nato mu je rekel:

„Slavček moj krilati! Ne žaluj, videl me dolgo ne boš. Zakaj po opravih moram v tujo deželo.“

Ko je slavček to slišal, je rekel:

„Gotovo boš hodil tudi tam, kjer žive moji bratje?“

„Tudi tam bom hodil,“ je rekel trgovec.

„Bodi tako dober,“ ga je prosil slavček, „in pozdravi moje brate, ko jih vidiš.“

„Bom pozdravil,“ je rekel trgovec.

Ko je trgovec v tujini uredil svoje zadeve, je šel tja, kjer so živeli slavčki. Rožnato grmovje je rastlelo tam in na drevesih so visela granatna jabolka. Na vejah pa so poletavali ptički, slavčki, in vsak je prepeval svojo pesem.

Trgovec je rekel slavčku, ki je sedel na veji ob cesti:

„Čuj, slavček! Eden tvojih živi pri meni v klet-

ki. Dobro mu je. Naročil mi je, da izročim vam vsem njegove pozdrave!“

Ko je slišal slavček te besede, je naenkrat padel kakor mrtev z veje na cesto.

„Oh,“ je postalo žal trgovcu. „Če bi to vedel, bi ne izročal pozdravov.“ Vzel je v roke mrtvega slavčka in ga gledal. „Res, mrtev je,“ je rekel in ga zopet položil na tla.

Slavček pa ni bil mrtev. Ko ga je trgovec zopet položil na zemljo, je oživel, zatrepetal s perutmi in odletel.

Trgovec se je vrnil domov. Slavček ga je vprašal:

„Si izročil pozdrave mojim bratom?“

Trgovec je rekel:

„Izročil sem jih slavcu, ki je sedel na veji ob cesti.“

„Kaj je rekel,“ je vprašal slavček.

„Oh, zrudil se je mrtev na zemljo.“

„Mrtev,“ se je začudil slavček.

„Da, mrtev,“ je ponovil trgovec. „Vzel sem ga v roke in pogledal. Bil je mrtev. Ali ko sem ga položil zopet na tla, je k sreči zopet oživel, zatrepetal s perutmi in odletel.“

Tega dne slavček v kletki ni jedel. Ko so ga drugi dan pogledali, je ležal mrtev v kletki. Povedali so to trgovcu. Žal mu je bilo lepega ptička, ki je tako lepo pel. Rekel je:

„Prinesite mi ga, da ga vidim!“

Prinesli so mu slavčka. Trgovec ga je vzel in gledal. Da, res je, mrtev je.

„Vrzite ga ven,“ je rekel. „Škoda ga je, ali kaj hočem.“

Vrgli so slavčka ven.

Šeherezida je umolknila. Šah pa je sočutno vprašal:

„Ubogi slavček! Gotovo ga je ubila žalost, da so njegovi tovariši-bratje svobodni, on pa mora biti v kletki.“

„Oh, šah,“ se je nasmehnila Šeherezida. „Kralj si, ali vse premalo misliš. Slavčka je ječa, čeprav je imel vsega v izobilju, samo ne svobode, izmodrila. Naučila ga je misliti. Razumel je sporočilo svojega brata v svobodi. Zato se je tudi on naredil mrtvega, pričakujoč, da ga pogleda trgovec, kakor je pogledal njegovega brata in ga nato položi, ne več v kletko, ampak na svobodo. In to bo izrabil in se osvobodil. Tako se je tudi zgodilo. Ko so vrgli „mrtvega“ slavčka ven, je oživel, strepetal s perutmi in odletel svoboden k svojim v svobodno domovino.“

„How do you do, my farmer friend?“

„Howdy.“

„Nice looking country you have here.“

„Yeh. Fer them that likes it.“

„Live here all your life?“

„Not yit.“

# The Lonesome Pumpkin

By Ernestine Jugg

It was November and a large orange Moon came peeping over the hill. Below her she saw a large field and Peter the Pumpkin, who woke up and yawned. The Moon was Peter's only company tonight and he was sad.



"Why, Pumpkin Peter, you look so unhappy tonight. What's the matter?" asked the Moon.

"Oh, a lot of men came and took my brothers and sisters for Hallowe'en. They left me all alone because I was too little and ugly."

It was the first time the Moon noticed that the field was vacant except for scattered corn shocks and a few withered plants.

"Now," continued Peter, "it's getting cold. I'll freeze out in this field. How I wish they would have taken me and made a Jack-o-lantern from me. Then I could have looked from a window and have seen the world."

"Oh," said the Moon, "but Jack-o-lanterns are thrown away in a garbage can after the holidays. Why, they're discarded and of no use to anyone. And besides, you can't see the world from a window."

"I know," said Peter sadly, "but they have a little fun anyway. Here I lie all day and night with cold, chilling winds blowing over me and no one to talk to until you come by at night."

"Yes, but it's more beautiful here than in a trash box," remarked the Moon. "Don't give up hope yet. I see lots of pumpkins still in the fields when I travel."

"No," sighed Peter, "everyone's forgotten me. Even Minnie, the field mouse, thinks I've been taken away and doesn't come to talk to me anymore. The birds have all flown South, and I'm left all alone."

"Well," advised the Moon, "wait until Thanksgiving and see what happens." With that she said goodbye and sailed onward across the sky.

Day by day Peter was becoming more unhappy. He was getting awfully cold. Only once a dog came by and barked at him and asked him why he was still there.

Another week passed and Peter had given up all hope of escaping a slow death from starvation and cold. Then one day, early in November, he heard voices. From where he lay he could not see who was speaking, but it sounded like a little girl and her mother who was saying:

"Now, Louise, be sure you pick up all the sticks you see. You know that wintertime is cold and long."

"Yes, mother," replied Louise, "wouldn't it be nice to have summer all year 'round? Then we would never be cold."

Louise skipped lightly ahead of her mother and spied Pumpkin Peter.

"Oh, mother! look what I've found—an adorable Pumpkin. And he looks so cold. Couldn't we take him home where he could warm up by the stove?"

"Oh, please do," said Peter in pumpkin language, which of course, Louise couldn't understand, although she thought that she heard something.

Louise's mother took Peter from the vine and let Louise carry him home where a fire in the coal stove was burning very faintly and the house was almost cold.

Louise placed Peter on the cabinet where he sat for several days. He noticed that it was usually cold in the room and that Louise and her mother didn't have much to eat nor warm clothing to wear. Through the window he could see that the snow had already begun to fall and the days were getting shorter and colder.

The big pink and green calendar on the wall spoke to him one day. "Peter, it's getting near Thanksgiving time. Then you'll be cut up and made into a pie."

"Oh, no," shivered Pumpkin Peter, for he liked this new life and its surroundings. He liked Louise who dusted him off every day, and the thought of baking in a hot oven didn't appeal to him.

"Well, most pumpkins are, you know," observed the pink and green wall calendar.

Thanksgiving day dawned cold and clear. Peter dreaded the time when Louise and her mother would begin to prepare dinner.

"Mother, you know today's Thanksgiving and we ought to celebrate—and Peter, too. I'm going to wash him up and tie a big red ribbon around him. Then I'll put him by the window so that everyone can see what a fine

pumpkin we have." With that Louise hurried around to find the ribbon and shine up Pumpkin Peter. "Now then, she said, "isn't he the finest pumpkin that ever lived? Aren't we lucky that we found him? Oh, I guess this is my happiest Thanksgiving day."

Louise placed him high on a table near by the front window where his bright, shiny orange coat gleamed and he could see the outside world. He was no longer sad. He had made Louise a playmate and she was happy. Louise did not want to make a pie out of him. The sun was shining and all the world seemed bright and gay. He only wished the Moon could see him now, for he was the happiest of all pumpkins.



## A Thought on Thanksgiving

"Why have we turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving day?" asked little Benny of his uncle Bim.

"I don't know. It's a habit. I suppose it came about to remind us to be thankful for all good things we get during the year."

"Thankful to whom, uncle?"

"To the Giver of all good things—whatever that means."

"And what about if it happens that the Giver withholds good things—by sending upon us floods or droughts that destroy fields and orchards, hurricanes that wipe out cities and forests, plague that kills off turkeys, or war that slaughters millions of men, women, and children—shall we thank him just the same?"

"Well—it is hard to say. Besides bad things there are many good things every year, and we offer thanks only for the good."

"Are we not rather short-sighted, uncle Bim? Why remember only good things and not the bad ones? When my Pa gives me a nickel, I thank him; but when he gives me a sock that hurts like the dickens and I don't deserve it (which happens every time he comes home drunk) I promptly blame Pa for that; and do not forget that I get more beat-

ings than nickels from him during one year. I am thankful for his nickels, but I also blame him for his wallops. Am I right?"

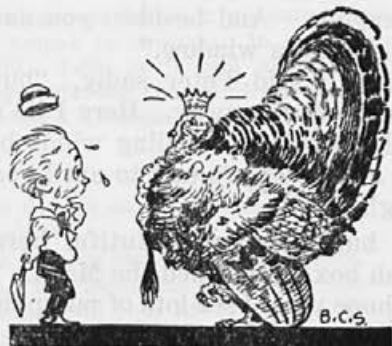
"Of course you are, that is—that is—oh, let us talk about something else!"

"Uncle Bim!"

"What now, Benny?"

"Don't you think the Giver is like my Pa—and we should, if we choose to have a Thanksgiving day, also have a Blamegiving day, say some months apart, to remind him of all the wallops we get from him during the year? What say?"—

"Now I am going to my room to fetch my pipe, and I think I have something else to do—and I will positively not bother with you today — — —"



# Mala jetnica

Piše Zgodbičar

## XIII

Pleškovi so imeli važno posvetovanje. Oče, mati in Milan so posedli okoli mize v sobi, Dorica je pa bila zaposlena s poznimi jesenskimi rožami na vrtnih gredicah. Baš zaradi tega je bilo posvetovanje, ker je bila deklica odsotna.

"Milan," pravi oče Pleško, "kako je z našo rejenko Dorico? Z materjo vred sva jo tebi izročila v šolo. Kako si opravil? Ali je že sposobna za svobodno življenje?"

Milan se nasmehne in mati ga radovedno pogleda.

"Ne morem še z gotovostjo povedati, kako sem opravil, a zdi se mi, da moja šola ni bila brez uspeha. Pravi uspeh se pokaže šele v bodočnosti. Saj vesta—kar se vtisne v otroške možgane v enem samem letu, vzame leta, da se docela izbriše."

Oče prikima v znamenje, da se strinja.

"Res je to, Milan. Vidim na sebi. Stvari, katerih sem se nalezal v svojih deških letih in katere sem si že davno izbil iz glave—se mi včasih nenadoma povrnejo same od sebe in se mi drzno vsiljujejo, kakor da bi moja pamet klicale na korajžo. To je nekaj naravnega. Vtisi, ki se zarijejo na dno možganskih stanic, nikdar ne izginejo—le pokrijejo se lahko in čez leta gledamo nanje s čisto drugačnimi očmi, to se pravi z drugo pametjo."

"Dobro si povedal, oče," ga pohvali sin.

"In še nekaj je," nadaljuje stari Pleško. "Ti, Milan, ki si bil od mladega vzgojen kot je treba za svobodomiselnega človeka, nimaš izkušnje preobrata. Ti nisi bil nikdar v šoli, kakršno zdaj preživlja Dorica in skozi katero sem šel tudi jaz. To se pravi: nisi bil nikdar v ječi, da bi lahko iz lastnega doživljanja primerjal jetniško življenje z življenjem svobodnega človeka. Dorica je to doživela—in ona bo lahko primerjala. Človeka, ki se rodi v ječi in ostane vse svoje življenje v ječi, ne boš zlahka prepričal, da je kje na svetu boljše življenje . . . Kdor ne vidi ječe od zunaj, ne more imeti pojma, da je ječa silno ostudno poslopje. Naša Dorica je k sreči zapustila svojo ječo—in danes vidi, kakšna je ječa od zunaj, zato imam najtrd-

nejše upanje, da je ona danes popolnoma nov človek. Sodim po sebi."

"Popolnoma te razumem, dragi oče," vzklikne Milan. "Rad verjamem, da človek, ki doživi to, kar sta doživela ti in Dorica—je še trdnejši v svobodni misli kot je človek moje vrste, ki se je takorekoč narodil s svobodnim umom in ki ne pozna boja, katerega vselej prinese miselni preobrat. Zato sem s teboj vred uverjen, da bo Dorica veliko bolj trdna v svojem novem prepričanju kot je marsikdo, ki svobodno misel pije z materinim mlekom."

Ko so Pleškovi na ta način dobro premleli Doričin problem, so se domenili, da podvržejo deklico majhni, prvi preizkušnji.

"Dorica!" jo kliče Milan. "Pojdi sem. Nekaj ti bomo povedali."

"Vidiš, Dorica," začne oče Pleško, "velika si že in zdrava si pa se nam zdi, da zdaj lahko stopiš na lastne noge. Morda imaš skrivno željo, da bi rada šla kam po svetu, kamorkoli, v novo življenje, drugačno od našega."

"Kako to mislite, oče?" ga vpraša deklica skoro plašno. "Jaz nimam nobene želje—nikamor nočem od vas, razen—razen—če vi to želite — — —"

Skoro na jok ji je šlo, tako se je ustrašila lastnih besed. Z milo prošnjo v očeh je pogledala Milana, naj ji on pojasni, kaj pomenijo očetove besede. Milan se ji ljubeznjivo nasmehne.

"Ali bi hotela, Dorica, povrniti se na dom, kakršen je bil tvoj, predno si prišla k nam?"

Deklica je široko odprla oči in gledala je Milana kakor okamenela, ali le za hip. Takoj je prišla k sebi.

"Nikdar! Nikdar! Nikdar nazaj v ječo! — Danes vem, kje sem bila . . ."

Milan ji krepko stisne roko.

"Dorica, ti ostaneš pri nas. Izkušnjo si prestala." — (Konec pride.)

Ronald: "What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy: "It don't cry so very much—and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying, too."

## Mladinski zbor

E. K.

*Pet pedi, pet pedi, kuku, čiv čiv —  
vsak bi povedal nam rad, da je živ.  
Kavke in vrane se tudi zglase,  
pesem škrjančevo kar zaduše.*

*Mi pa smo združeni — eden za vse,  
pesem ubrana iz grla nam gre.  
Lepa je pesem in blago doni,  
kadar kot en zbor zapojemo vsi.*

*Tamkaj za logom je zrastel plevel,  
ni še srca ne očesa ogrel.*

*Mi pa sadimo, zalivamo vrt,  
vsak je pogled v naše cvetke uprt.*

*Tolpa kričava je zoprna vsem,  
nič ne opravi kdaj v dobrem, le v zlem:  
družba uredna pa silna je moč,  
pred njo hudobci pobegnejo v noč.*

*Mladi smo, rastemo, bomo možje;  
deklice majhne smo, bomo žene . . .  
Kadar dorastemo, svet bo naš vrt,  
tam bo plevel moral biti zatrt.*

*Tam bo dehtelo in zdrav bo vsak cvet,  
v rožicah, šmarnicah sladke bo med,  
če bomo ena družina mi vsi,  
kakor nas zborova pesem uči.*

## Dances of Many Nations



Courtesy of Chicago Park District.

Folk dances of many nations have a great deal of color and spirit.

Larger cities encourage dances of various nationalities. Chicago, for instance, holds free instruction classes for dance groups of Norwegian, Lithuanian, Palestinian, Scotch, Spanish, Mexican, Polish, Danish, Jugoslav,

Bohemian, German, and Bavarian dances. Each year a Dance Festival featuring these groups is held.

Here you see the colorful costumes of the various nationalities that make up this dance group.

# Stric Joško pripoveduje

Dragi prijateljčki in prijatelj!

Bajgaš, Čikaga je velik vilič! Toliko šap, šapic in fektorij je tamkaj, da me je kar strah. To se reče, da bi me bilo strah, če bi moral vse vizitati zaradi žaba. Tega ne bi lajkal. In koliko štorov je tamkaj, koliko teatrov in šušajnp-arlorjev, koliko salunov in kendištorov! Dosti je plesov, kjer se moni služi — in še več plesov, kjer se moni špenda.



Pa tudi trubla je dosti v Čikagi, dosti je monki biznusa. Jaz sem bil — kakor sem že povedal — krezi, ker sem figral, da bo v Čikagi najs življenje brez trubla. Zdaj vem tole: čim večji je ples,

tem več je trubla.

Takrat sem bival pri Debeli Mici. Debela Mica so rekli ženski, ki je kipala velik bordinghavz. Silno trmasta bordingbasica, drugače pa najs ledi. Imela je tudi salun — to je bilo v Stari Avstriji — in dostikrat je nagnala bojse "Pijte, pijte, bojsi, pa šparajte! Tritajte, dajte za pivo, nikar pa ne bodite pijanci!" Ju bet, da je bila Debela Mica modra. Kako naj bojsi šparajo, če vse zapijejo in kako naj pijejo, da ne bodo dronk — tega ni ona nikdar eksplejnala. In ni bilo treba. Bojsi so pridno pili in tritali, Mica je pa šparala njihov moni in ga nosila v banko namesto njih . . .

Nekoč je mene prijala. Rekla je: "Šaks, ti Joško si pa stinži boj."

"Kako pa to figraš, Mica?" jo vprašam.

"Tako: nič ne tritaš, nič ne pade od tebe. Saj vorkaš, ali ne?"

"Da, nekoliko vorkam, ampak, Mica, kako naj

šparam, če bom trital? In kako naj bom trezen, če bom pil viski, pivo in vse vsak večer til midnajt? To mi eksplejnaj, Mica, purdi plis?"

Debela Mica je pa bila šmart ledi.

"To je tako" — je rekla — "če vsak zase špara, nima nihče dosti. Dvajset bojsov pomeni dvajset majhnih kupčkov, če pa vsi skupaj mečete v eno bakso, potem je samting . . . Get mi? Prav tako je z drinksi. Ako en sam pije iz žoga, bo prej pijan kot bo žog prazen; ako pa vsi pijete, vsak nekoliko, bo žog prazen in nihče ne bo dronk. Get mi?"

"Ju bet, da te razumem, Mica," sem rekel. "Tenks, Mica, za eksplejnešen. Jaz pa tako figram, da moni v tvoji baksi ni moj moni — in meni je ol de sem, če je tvoj žog prazen ali poln. Meni se vidi, da je zame bolje, če je viski v žogu namesto v meni . . ."

"Ti si pa šmart boj," se je začudila Debela Mica, "samo glej, da ne boš tako tokal pred drugimi bojsi, pred onimi, ki radi pijejo in tritajo."

Jaz šur nisem keral za svarilo Mice in sem opozoril bojse, kako so dam, ker jo poslušajo in si drago kupujejo hedek od nje. In ko je Debela Mica to izvedela, je bilo zelo sor name.

"Ti si trublmeker! Ti iščeš trubl, in ker ga boš našel, ju vil si!" me je nahrulila. "Najbolje bo, da mufaš iz mojega bordinghavza. In takoj! Kar poberi svoj tronk in tistih svojih pet češpelj in mufaj!"

Ju si, spet sem bil v trublu — samo zato, ker nisem hotel vsega zapiti in zatritati v salunu Debele Mice. Res sem pobral svoj tronk in premufal sem se k Suhemu Luki, ki ni imel saluna; imel je spredaj kendištor, zadaj pa bordinghavz.

"Nikdar več v noben salun!" sem se zaklel. Bil sem šur, da je zdaj konec mojih trublov. Odslej bom živel v miru in šparal svoj moni in nihče mi ne bo ordral, naj tritam!

Kako sem se nafulal! — Vejt til nekstajm in vedeli boste . . .

Vaš stric JOŠKO.

## Cheeky's Adventure

By Louis Jartz

Once upon a time there lived a family of squirrels: Mama and Papa, and their three little squirrel children, Bushy, Toby, and Cheeky. Every morning, before starting out on their daily search for food, Mama and Papa Squirrel would warn their little furry offsprings, "Do not stray from your home, dear children, because there is danger away from your familiar play-

ground; and you are not big enough yet to know how to get along in the big, wide world."

One day, after Mama and Papa had warned their children as usual and left to go about their serious business of finding food, our little squirrel friends began to play a little friskier and livelier than they ordinarily did around and about their home in the tree. Toby, in fun, gave

Cheeky, a harder push than was his usual wont, and Cheeky lost his balance and went tumbling down—down—down to the ground. He wasn't hurt, but he was bitter toward Toby, so he sulked and pouted and became more and more bitter. He went up into the next tree away from home. "Come home!" called Bushy.

"Please, come home," cried

Toby. "I didn't mean to hurt you." But Cheeky only became more stubborn and screeched back:

"I'm not going home. I'm going to run away." So he climbed and leaped from one tree to another, and soon he was out of hearing of the pleas of his brothers. Away, far away, from home he went. He journeyed and journeyed until he became tired and hungry, and—he began to regret that he was so hasty in getting angry; for his impetuous, naughty action served only as punishment for himself and not his brothers. He could no longer hold back his tears and began to weep as if his poor heart would break. "Mama, Mama," he called. "Papa, Papa." But not one word answered his pitiful calls. He was all alone in the wilderness. Finally, he went down to the ground in search for scraps of food, when all at once he heard soft footsteps approaching. Something in him, older than himself older than his Papa and Mama—urged him, "Climb the tree. There is danger about!" Quickly he scampered up a tree and looking down from a branch espied a big, hungry wolf.

"Get away, you bad wolf," he cried.

The wolf just sat at the foot of the tree and said, "Come down, little squirrel, I would like to talk to you."

"No, no! You are bad!" answered Cheeky.

"No, no," replied the wolf. "I love little squirrels."

"I think you love me for a different purpose than my Mama does," chattered Cheeky.

"I have some very delicious nuts here," said the wolf calmly, in a very deceiving manner.

Cheeky said, "I don't see any."

"Oh, but you can't see from there. I have a lot of them. Would you like some? Come down and I'll share them with you," and the wolf pretended that he was reaching in his pocket and pulling out the nuts, and eating them. "Come down, or I shall have them all eaten if you are so slow." Cheeky's hunger was stronger than his reason. "Come, hurry," beguiled the wolf.

Cheeky slowly eased his way down—down—nearer—and nearer he drew to the wolf, and then he paused just out of reach of the wolf and there he clung.

"How does it happen that your mouth waters so?" asked Cheeky.

"Why, because these nuts are so delicious." Just then, as Cheeky was about to climb down beside the wolf, they were suddenly startled by a gun-shot. Cheeky retreated with lightning speed amidst the friendly leaves, while the wolf fled into the underbrush. The hunter, who had fired the shot, came to the tree and looked up to see little trembling Cheeky. He pointed the muzzle of his gun towards whimpering Cheeky, and then put it down.

"Ach, it's only a baby," he said and off he went.

Cheeky trembled and trembled in the branches, and then all at once he heard, "Cheeky, Cheeky!"

Oh, how joyful to his ears was that voice—his mother's voice. She came to him and wiped away his tears and led him home. She did not punish him for she felt that Cheeky had been punished enough. And indeed he was. You know, and I know that Cheeky would not very soon disobey his parents again. He had learned that parents always mean well by their children.

## The Little Gardener



### Autumn Leaves

Have you had the idea that the fallen leaves of trees are of no value, and that because they seem to spoil the appearance of the place they should be removed and burned?

If so, you have been mistaken. All you need to do is to take some of the

soil that is found beneath trees upon which leaves have decayed. You will find that it is the color of rich soil. Why?

When leaves decay, they return to the soil all the food that they have taken from the earth and air. In the second place, they protect roots.

For this reason, it is most sensible to take the leaves fallen from the trees and use them for cov-

ering in those parts of the garden where they cannot drift down of their own accord. The reason that plants are covered is not to prevent the cold from reaching them, but to protect the plants against alternate freezing and thawing. It is this that is destructive to them.

One very beneficial way to store leaves is the following: Pile all leaves and everything that comes off the garden during the summer upon the compost heap. By keeping the hose at hand and wetting each bagful of leaves, one can store an unbelievable amount of leaves in one year's time. They can then be ready for use as a coarse mulch.

For gathering the leaves, sew bags such as used for shipping peanuts in the form of a square. Spread out on the ground, rake the leaves on it, and gather up the four corners.

"How far have you studied, Sammy?" asked the teacher.

"Just as far as the book is dirty, ma'am."

\*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
As man's ingratitude.—SHAKESPEARE



# Historical Sketches About Slovenes

By **Historicus**

An event of great importance—in order after the Turk invasions, peasant revolts, and the Protestant reformation—came for the Slovenes at the beginning of the nineteenth century with the French occupation of their homeland. For the first time in a thousand years did the Slovenes come under another foreign rule.

It was during the Napoleonic wars that this happened. After the conquest of Italy, Napoleon struck Austria and soon wrested for himself the Slovene provinces together with Dalmatia and a greater part of Croatia, all of which he lumped together under the ancient name of Ilyria and incorporated into his new French empire. A French governor came in 1809 and established a new provincial government at **Ljubljana**, but the local authorities were, for the most part, left in the native, Slovene hands. The Slovenes, having become French citizens, were now compelled to join the French army and to roam with Napoleon all over Europe. Many of them died in the Russian campaign in 1812.

The French rule lasted but six years—until Napoleon's downfall—and this short time brought some profound changes to the Slovenes. Especially notable was the cultural awakening. The French rulers were liberal, and they gave all kinds of liberties to the bewildered Slovenes. Small wonder, then, that in this period the first Slovene poet arose. He was **Valentin Vodnik**, a priest, but no less liberal than his French friends. **Vodnik** greeted the new freedom in the famous poem **Iirija oživljena** ("Ilyria Revived") and lustily sang praise to Napoleon. He also began the first Slovene newspaper and the publication of Slovene books. The real Slovene literature had begun.

The Austrian reaction which followed in 1815 at the end of the French rule killed the first wave of the Slovene cultural awakening, but only for a short time. The new freedom cut the Slovene life too deeply ever to be eradicated entirely. In a decade or so another cultural wave arose, and the Slovene literature was again flourishing. Little by

little the Austrian authorities gave way by recognizing the right to Slovene intellectual life to assert itself. Then another Slovene poet came forward, **Dr. France Prešeren**, who gave the Slovene language an immortal place in the classical poetry. His poems, with love and his age of struggle for recognition as themes, are still at the top of the Slovene poetic art.

At the same time the first Slovene novel was written, and soon afterwards Slovene journalism resumed its place. By 1848 the Slovenes were already clamoring for their political rights. The great romantic period in the art of literature with **Jurčič**, **Stritar**, and **Gregorčič** as the standard-bearers ensued, lasting to the close of the nineteenth century. In the meantime, the liberal thought in politics won its place in Slovene public life. The progress in general was swift and impressive. By 1860 the last remnants of the feudal system were wiped out, and the Slovene peasants became free citizens.

Such, and many more, were the profound benefits of the great French Revolution of 1789 which affected almost all Europe.

At the beginning of the present century the Slovene people were busily shaping their political and cultural life, but economically the people were sadly depressed. And so they began to immigrate to America in masses. A few immigrants had started for the new world fifty years before, and their success was a lure for thousands and thousands more.

From 1880 to 1910 fully one quarter of a million Slovenes came to this country, and they were still coming in large numbers—when the World War broke out and the immigration was stopped. (To be concluded in the next issue.)

---

"Have you a criminal lawyer in your town?"  
 "I don't know. We all have strong suspicions, but we haven't been able to prove it on him."

\*

An Irish mother reproving her son exclaimed,  
 "I just wish that your father was at home some evening to see how you behave yourself when he is out!"

# OUR SCHOOL

(A Separate Contest for Each Age Group)

For the November contest, we will first call your attention to the division of the contest. There will be a contest on a subject for ages up to and including 12 years of age, and another one for all members from 13 to 16 years, inclusive. **Be sure that you enter only the contest that is designated for your age group.**



Be sure, also, that you follow all the rules.

Be sure that you read the explanation given with each contest.

**There is no limit to the number of words you must write.** Make sure, however, that you do not use words aimlessly.

## CONTEST FOR MEMBERS UP TO AND INCLUDING 12 YEARS OF AGE:

Now that the school term is in its third month, you have, no doubt, heard your teachers repeat the words: "Be careful!" You hear these words from your parents, also. Have you ever stopped to think why these older people are so concerned with this warning? Have you ever stopped to think what the dangers for any school child are?

Here is your contest for this month:

**CAN YOU GIVE SOME OF THE MOST COMMON ACCIDENTS THAT OCCUR TO SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE BEST WAYS TO PREVENT THEM?**

Read carefully the rules given below and then write your letter.

## CONTEST FOR MEMBERS FROM 13 TO 16 YEARS OF AGE, INCLUSIVE

We hope we are correct in assuming that all of you were greatly interested in the events happening in Europe during the latter part of September and the first of October. The onward march of Fascism was a shock to all democracy-loving people. It was almost unthinkable how some of the countries we had thought of as democracies surrendered to the monstrous and barbarous fascism.

It is time that all of us begin to think seriously how we can save democracy in this country and make it strong against the dangers of forces that would destroy it.

All of you have now reached an age where you should give much thought to this all-important question. Our contest this month is intended to direct your minds to **constructive** thinking about democracy, how it can be preserved and improved.

Here is your contest:

**WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, IS THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY IN POLITICAL, ECONOMIC, CULTURAL, AND SOCIAL LIFE?**

## PRIZES

A total of \$25.00 in cash prizes will be awarded to each age-group.

## FOLLOW THESE RULES:

1. Every contestant must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile department.
2. This month's contest begins November 1 and closes November 26, 1938.
3. The letter must be countersigned by either of your parents to show that it is your own work.
4. State your age and lodge number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong.

5. Mail your letters to "Contest Editor," Mladinski List, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
6. WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET ONLY.
7. The winning letters will be announced in the JANUARY issue.
8. There is no limit to the number of words you must write.



## The Solution and Winners of Ninth Contest Lesson

(Mladinski List for September, 1938)

### COMMENTS

The total number of entries in this contest was only 20. Considering the previous month's total of 116, this is a considerable number less.

The judging of this contest could not be on the basis of points, since the individual had opportunity to express as many ideas as he desired and with no restriction on the number of words.

All the suggestions given in the contest letters have been grouped together and they will be considered for the following year. All of the letters contained some worthwhile suggestions.

The entry of *Rudy Slavec*, Louisville, Colorado, is published in part under the section of Juvenile Circles. He was awarded a prize of \$3.00.

In general, the letters of the lower-age group were better than those of the higher-age.

This type of contest seems to indicate that the question-answer type is more popular. But, you will understand, we hope, that the contests must be varied from month to month in order to give more members interest to participate and also eligible for the prizes. It was somewhat disappointing not to receive letters of suggestions from members who have been on the winning list regularly. We hope that these will contribute their ideas at various times, leaving aside the mere participation for the sake of winning a prize.

### PRIZES

With the exception of one letter which was disqualified, all of the entries were awarded prizes in this contest. Since all of the letters were of about equal merit (all of them had a few suggestions that were practical), the prize of \$2.00 was awarded each participant, with the one exception mentioned above.

### STATISTICS

The boys and girls were even in the number of letters submitted—the total for each being 10.

The entries were divided among the states as follows: Colorado, 3; Idaho, 1; Indiana, 2; New Jersey, 1; New York, 1; Montana, 1, Ohio 2; Pennsylvania, 5 Wisconsin, 3; and Wyoming, 1.

### WINNERS

#### Ages up to and including 12 years:

*Award of \$3.00:*

RUDY SLAVEC, age 12, Louisville, Colo., Lodge 412.

*Awards of \$2.00 each:*

VIRGINIA LEE WASHINGTON STONICH, age 10, R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge 21.

FRANK BLATNIK, age 11, Box 913, Kellogg Idaho, Lodge 657.

VICTORIA AMBROZICH, age 11, Box 188, R. F. D. No. 5, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

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

JULIUS AMBROZICH, age 11, 2802 N. 33. St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 747.

JUSTIN MARTINIC, age 12, 712 Highland Ave., Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge 138.

STANLEY VIDMAR, age 10, 1129 S. 15th Place, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

ELSIE MAE MIHELICH, age 11, 602 S. 26th St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge 94.

LUCILLE S. TAUCHER, age 12, 317—I St., Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge 10.

#### Ages from 13 to 16 years, inclusive:

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

MARY AMBROZIC, age 15, R. D. 5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

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

MARY POTISEK, age 16, 949 Bogart St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 213.

FRANK E. JENIKER, JR., age 15, 2303 Cottonwood St., Butte, Mont., Lodge 207.

ANNA MESTEK, age 15, 638 N. 9th St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.  
 MILOTIN LAURENCIC, age 14, 973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O., Lodge 5.  
 FRANK PADAR, JR., age 16, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.  
 MARY TURK, age 16, 713 McKinley St., Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge 540.

## SUGGESTIONS FROM CONTEST LETTERS

### For Increasing the Membership of the Juvenile Department

"... I propose that members who have friends not belonging to the SNPJ should send the name and addresses of those friends to the Society. The main office could send the latest copy of the M. L., a list of opportunities offered by the SNPJ, and a note telling how little it costs to be insured."

"... The campaign should not close for at least another year. A letter should be sent to every member of the Society with instructions to enter the campaign for juvenile members. For every new member obtained, a prize of 50c should be awarded."

"... The present award system should be

continued as long as it brings results. There is nothing like the dollar bonus to make members hustle for new members. An active Circle would help secure new members.—Perhaps a few sample copies of the M. L. furnished to the Circles from time to time to show to prospective members might do some good. The M. L. itself should be a good inducement for boys and girls to join up with the Juvenile Department."

"... Let a few juvenile members go to the next National Convention with expenses paid. This would be based on the number of new members they have secured and of their activity for the lodge and Society."

"... All the members of the SNPJ should be allowed to send in the name and addresses of one friend each month, and the M. L. would be sent to them along with information about how to become a member. This would encourage new members."

(Other suggestions will be compiled and published from time to time. In the meantime, do not hesitate to send in other ideas as they occur to you. ED.)

# OUR PEN PALS WRITE

## Naši čitateljčki pišejo



Dear Readers:—The number of letters from you this month is not so large. We think it is due partly to your directing most of your interest to your school work. We do hope, however, that the M. L. was not neglected and that you have been reading all the issues as you received them.

There was a total of 13 letters, divided as follows: Arkansas, 1; Minnesota, 1; Ohio, 5; Pennsylvania, 3; and Wisconsin, 2. The boys submitted 7 of the letters, while 6 of them were from the girls.

We are encouraged by the increased enthusiasm in Cleveland. Several of the Circles have taken the question of contributing to the M. L. in hand. In the future we may expect many things of interest from these members.—EDITOR.

### LETTERS FROM CIRCLE NO. 53

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and a member of Circle No. 53 in Cleveland. The members have a grand time at the meetings. At the last meeting Edward Slejko presented the president with a wooden gavel that he had made. It bears the letters SNPJ on it.

I like the question type of contest better than the letter type, because it is easy to mark and

more fair to judge. Some members are not gifted in writing letters. — William Zurc, 16118 Huntmere Ave., Cleveland, O.

\*

Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. very much, but what I'd like to see isn't there. What is it? It is a page or so devoted to woodcraft. I am sure there are many boys who like to construct things from wood. Of course, I wouldn't care for anything too expensive or compli-

cated, but something that could be easily made by an inexperienced woodworker. I think you might also give some suggestions for those who are interested in whittling.

For the girls I suggest handiwork. This would be interesting and helpful to them. This is as far as I'll venture about suggestions for a girls' page, however, because I am not too certain about their likes or dislikes.—A constant reader, Raymond Durn,

president Juvenile Circle 53, 16122 Huntmere Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

#### A NEW PEN PAL

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am a member of **Delavec**, Lodge No. 8. I have never written to the M. L. before, but will begin now.—My father is president of our lodge. I have taken part in three Christmas programs sponsored by the SNPJ and hope to take part in the one to be given this year. I have sung songs and recited declamations on these programs. My sister, Dolores, who does tap dancing, also took part. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade at the Taylor school.

I have always read the letters from the various members and find them very interesting. All my brothers and sisters are members of the lodge.—**Lucille Kosic**, 9758 Ave. J., S. Chicago, Ill.

#### NOT TOO BUSY TO WRITE

Dear Editor and Readers:—Vacation time is over, and school days have come once more. Everyone will be sitting at their desks and tables, reading and writing. But although we'll be going to school, I won't be so busy that I won't have time to write to the M. L.

I had a very nice vacation. I went berry picking, and my mother made jelly from the berries. Every day I attended a knitting class in school. I made a purse and a scarf. Now I am working on a hat. My next job will be gloves.

I entered the June contest, but I didn't win. I didn't become discouraged but I tried again in July. This time I was surprised to receive a check. I want to say "thanks."—**Victoria Ambrozic**, RFD 5, Box 85, Crafton Branch, Pa.

#### FROM ALIQUIPPA

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am sure there are many more members in Aliquippa who could write to this wonderful magazine.

I am in grade 8B. Our school reopened on Sept. 19. I suppose I must admit that I was sorry that vacation days drew to an end.

I also belong to a society called the Sokols.—I wish that my pen pals would answer my letters. I would also be glad to acquire some new pen pals.—**Violet Mae Maslek**, 341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa.

#### DOLGI VEČERI PRIHAJAJO

Dragi urednik!—Spet prihajajo dolgi jesenski in zimski večeri, ko bo zunaj mrzlo in ko se bo treba stiskati v topli sobi. Za spanje bo preveč časa, torej kako bomo porabili dolge večere? Opravili bomo šolsko nalogo, potem pa harmoniko v roke in igrali bomo lepe in vesele koračnice, da bo vsaj nekaj zabave v hiši in da bodo dolgi večeri prej minili. Ko te vrstice pišem, je zunaj lep dan in solnce sije, kakor da se poslavlja od zadnjih cvetic na vrtu, ki žalostno povešajo svoje glavice. . . . Lušno je bilo poleti, a kaj se če—vse mine in tako gre zdaj tudi zelena odeja prirode in kmalu pride bela odeja, ki pa tudi ima svojo dobro stran in svoje zabavne ure. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista.—**Joseph Rott**, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

#### CIRCLE 53 AND HOBBIES

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I was very much surprised to learn that I won a prize in the July (Our School) Contest. I think that the incomplete question-and-answer contests are the most interesting of the M. L. contests.

Lodge V boj No. 53, of Cleveland, formed a Juvenile Circle, which I joined. We have our meetings twice a month. Our Circle hasn't a name thus far, but we hope to have one soon. The boys have formed a baseball team under the guidance of our captain, **Eugene Terbizan**. We have a strong team; next year we hope to get sweaters and caps. Our Circle has also formed a dramatic club which gave a play in

Slovene on Sept. 25, in honor of the 25th Anniversary of the Juvenile department of the SNPJ.

Since I joined this Circle, I have become more interested in the M. L. and I think it is swell! "Hobbies" is the section that interests me most. Thanks to **Louis A. Janecic** for his interesting articles on stamp collecting. I would be glad to have him write to me.

I am 16 years old, and in the tenth grade at Collinwood High School. My hobbies are stamp collecting and collecting weekly street car passes. My stamp collection contains 3,000 different postage stamps from the U. S. and other countries. My father is president of **Vodnikov Venec**, Lodge 147, to which our entire family belongs.

Members of our Juvenile Circle 53, send in more letters to our M. L.—**Stanley Jankovich**, 14306 Sylvia Ave., Cleveland, O.

#### PRAISE FOR THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—I have been planning to write to this wonderful magazine all through the summer, but this is the first time that I am really carrying out my plans.

I must congratulate the people who put out the M. L., and also the members who send in so many different ideas in order to make it different. The M. L. is becoming ever more interesting. That shows that the SNPJ has many members boosting for it to make it a better magazine.—I will try to do better in the future and write to this magazine even though I do not have any new ideas.

I see that some of you members from out there in that favorite city of mine really woke up and decided to write. All I have to say is: Keep it up, Cleveland, you're doing fine. I noticed **Sophie Kapel's** letter among the Cleveland letters, and I certainly hope she will keep on writing.

I am taking art in school this year. I am sending in a drawing, which I hope will be printed, and which I hope will be excused. You see, I am not an artist yet.—**Ann Prele**, RFD 2, Painesville,

O. (We shall be glad to publish your work and that of other members also, but we must remind you again that they must be in India ink. Otherwise, they cannot be reproduced for our magazine. Thank you.—ED.)

\*

## ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and a member of SNPJ Lodge 24. I have one sister and one brother. Altogether there are five in our family, and we are all members of the SNPJ.—I go to school at Jenny Lind and am in the sixth grade. My brother is in the fourth, and my sister in the third grade. I would appreciate it if some of the pen pals would write to me.—Ernestine Mocivnik, Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

\*

## REMINDER TO PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—Well, here we are in school once more, and I do not think it is so bad after all, except that you must use your head a little.

Where are the Pen Pals that write to me? Why don't they contribute to the M. L. also?—The first football game of the

season has also been played, but we did not win. There was also a Minnesota State Fair which I could not attend.—I wish more members from Minnesota would write. I will close, hoping to hear from all my pen pal correspondents.—Mildred A. Panyan, Box 339, Woodbridge, Buhl, Minn.

\*

## INTERESTED IN SLOVENE

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am glad to have won another prize in the Contest. I am now in the fifth grade of the public school which is the best on the South Side.—My mother has promised to teach me how to write and read Slovene so that I may send my first Slovene letter to the M. L. The thing that I understand best of all so far is my mother's "Uči se!" This applies to me and my brother.—Stanley Vidmar, 1129 S. 15th Pl., Milwaukee, Wis.

\*

## LIKES RADIO

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am sending my thanks for the M. L. "Our School" contest. I am 9 years old and in grade 4B. My teacher's name is Miss Eifler. My hob-

by is listening to the radio. My favorite programs are the "Lone Ranger" and "Major Bowes." I like the M. L. very much and wish it would come every week. I would like to see more letters from Wisconsin.—Michael Ruppe, 728 W. Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis.

\*

## SCHOOL BEGINS LATER

Dear Editor:—Since it is some time that I have not written to the M. L., it is quite difficult for me to begin. I must say that I enjoy the M. L. very much. Its contents are very interesting.

I am 12 years old, the only child in the family, and a proud member of the SNPJ.—School bells are clanging for most of the boys and girls. But our school opened much later, because it was under reconstruction.—I hope to write to the M. L. more often in the future.—Frank Kramer, R.D. 1, Sharon, Pa.

## HE MAN

By Steven Kerro

A man is he  
Who claims to be  
The age of ninety-three,  
And still is full of glee!



## ROŽICE

Katka Zupančič



LANA bo padla po vrlih, gredah.  
Rožice drage, ne bo vas nič strah?

Smo rastle, duhte —  
vabile čebele;  
smo kupe polnile —  
metulje gostile;  
smo v dežju jokale,  
se solncu smejale;  
smo v vetru se vile  
in seme redile —

Ej, me smo živele,  
svoj dan smo imele!

Zakaj bi se bale,  
tresoč se čakale,  
da biserna rosa  
srebrna bo kosa? —

Rožice drage, prav je tako!  
A nam je le težko to vaše slovo . . .



Jones: "Could you lend me a V?"  
Smith: "No, I couldn't."  
Jones: "Have you a friend that would lend me a V?"  
Smith: "No. I haven't a friend to spare."

# Nifty and His Friends

By Mary Jugg



"Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!"  
Nifty sat upright. He had been dosing.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!"  
The sound persisted. It was bells ringing. It was the ringing of bells mixed with other sounds—of whistles and horns and many other things. This was unusual. It was a bit terrifying.

Almost at the same moment Spotty, the cat, came rushing to Nifty.

"What do you suppose all the noise is about?"

Nifty only shrugged his shoulders and pricked up his ears.

Very soon Crunchy, the squirrel, came hopping. Tweets, the bird, was not far behind.

All of them were puzzled. They did not speak, because each knew that the other was wondering also.

"It is most unusual," said Nifty

after a long, long time. "We must learn the cause of all this. We'll ask Joanna."

All of them nodded. Joanna should know.

\*

When Joanna went into the backyard to pay a visit to Nifty that evening, she found, to her surprise, that all of Nifty's friends were with him.

"We were somewhat alarmed today," proceeded Nifty. "We heard so much loud noise. Please hurry and tell us what it all meant."

"Why, you little sillies," laughed Joanna. "Today is Armistice Day."

Nifty looked towards Spotty, then towards Tweets and Crunchy. It was clear that none of them had understood Joanna.

"It's Armistice Day—November 11," explained Joanna. "That's why we're celebrating."

"But why?" Nifty's expression seemed to say.

"Because that was the day that the World War ended," said Joanna.

"World War?" they all queried.

"Why, yes," Joanna went on. "The big world war in which all of the big countries fought."

"You mean they killed each other?" asked Crunchy.

"You mean a whole group of people fought with another group of people?" asked Tweets, close upon Crunchy's question.

"Yes, to both of you," tossed Joanna.

"Don't be so impatient, or you will have me all breathless."

"Why?" asked Nifty.

"Did they eat each other?" asked Spotty.

"No, silly," said Joanna.

"Weren't they hungry?" continued Spotty.

"Yes, they were," said Joanna.

"Then, why didn't they eat each other after they were killed?" persisted Spotty.

"Maybe they were only playing with the bodies," Crunchy added, knowing how Spotty sometimes played with a mouse when he wasn't hungry.

"Not that, either," replied Joanna.

"Did they just leave each other die in the fields and then go on?" chirped Tweets, who knew how he always struggled to help another poor, helpless bird that had been injured.

"Oh, you're terrible! Terrible!" cried Joanna. "I won't talk to you any more."

"Then they did! They did!" chirped Tweets. "They went away and left the dead people on the fields after they had died."

"No! No!" cried Joanna. "Oh, why do you disturb me like this? Why do you think such horrible thoughts? I only wanted to tell you that we should all be happy because we are celebrating the Armistice!"

"I've never heard of anything like it," mused Nifty.

"Like what?" said Joanna.

"Like whole groups of people going to kill other groups."

"Why, yes," Joanna tried to explain. "That's what we call armies. And one

army fights another army. And the army which—" Joanna broke off, abruptly. She placed her hands over her eyes. "Oh, what's the use? What's the use? You're just animals. You can't understand." And with this remark, she ran away.

Nifty blinked his eyes.

"I guess there are many, many things that human beings do that they could not make clear to us," he commented, sadly.

"Not only to us," added Spotty. "I'll bet they can't even explain it to themselves."

"Poor Joanna," said Crunchy, as she hurried off.

"Yes, poor Joanna," said Tweets.

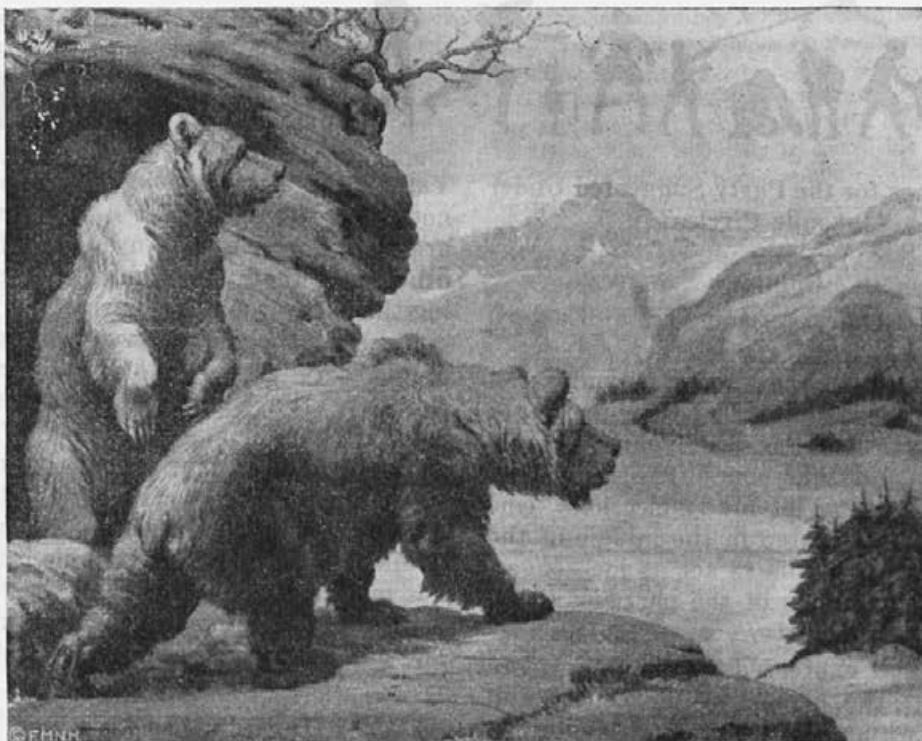
"Ten people hurry to catch up where one hurries to get ahead."

Fools, to talking ever prone,  
Are sure to make their follies known.—GAY





# The Foe of Prehistoric Man



In this picture you see bears that lived 20,000 to 50,000 years ago. They are the largest that have ever lived. They were the foe of primitive man—fighting for possession of the caves.

The skulls of some of these bears measured twenty inches in length. The animal stood four feet in height at the shoulder and must have weighed more than two thousand pounds.

Fossil remains of these bears have been found in "bone caves" scattered through England, France, Germany, Austria, and other parts of Europe. The large skeleton that is on display at the Field Museum of Natural History was found in a cave near Trieste, Italy.

This animal is called the "cave bear" because its remains were found mostly in caves. More than one hundred skeletons were reported to have been found in the caverns of Europe. This is due to the reason that the habits of the bears were to resort to caverns or dens. Here their bones were covered up

Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

with other debris and bones and sediment that accumulated.

Finding the remains of these bears created interest because they were associated with a race of men that is now extinct. Implements made by the Neanderthal man were found in connection with these bones.

Undoubtedly this animal was one of the most formidable enemies of primitive man.

Possible Employer: "H'm! So you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"

Applicant: "No, sir. But I kin learn."

\*

The sun of the Indian Summer  
Laughed at the bare old trees,  
As they shook their leafless branches  
In the soft autumnal breeze.—Vining-Yule

\*

The melancholy days are come; the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.—Bryant.

\*

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;  
No fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!—Hood

# When We Play



## Indoor Games for the Party Suggested Under "Juvenile Circles"

### Opinion

This is a parlor game from Eastern Europe.

The game may be played by as many people as care to participate and for as long a time as they desire to play. Everyone should be seated about the room. The people are selected, either by lot or by election. One of them is to be seated in the middle of the room, and the other is to act as messenger, carrying the opinions of the participants to the person in the center.

The opinions expressed by the players are to be about the person in the center and should be whispered to the messenger, so that they may not be overheard either by the person in the center or by the persons sitting nearby. The messenger may jot down the opinions on a piece of paper, if he feels that he may not be able to remember all of them. If the crowd participating is rather large, the group may be divided into divisions, with each division expressing the opinion.

Although the opinions may be gathered in rotation, their order should be changed when they are delivered, so that the person in the center will find it difficult to guess who might have expressed such an opinion about him. The opinions may be either praise or may belittle but should always be such that they will be comical for the group and yet not cause any hard feelings to the person about whom they are expressed.

Example: Dorothy is the person in the center. The messenger conveys to her all the opinions he has gathered from the group, in this manner: "Dorothy, one person states that you would be rather beautiful if you only wore low heels. Another said: less sweets—a better figure. Another said:

Your smile is captivating, but alas, you do not smile often enough. Another said: You are teacher's pet and an apple shiner. Another said that your charm was so charming that he was simply charmed by you. Now guess who the person was who stated the opinions you approve of or object to." — Dorothy, after hearing all that there was to be said about her and learning of her good and bad qualities, may resent the insinuation about her figure. She tries to guess: "Michael said, 'Less sweets—better figure'." If Michael did state that opinion, then he is the one to occupy the chair in the center next, while Dorothy becomes the messenger. The game is played as long as desired.

\*

### Horn in On This Game

The players sit on chairs in a row, with their hands clenched on their knees, forefingers extended down. The leader faces them. He commands, "Cow's horns up," "Dog's horns up," "All horns up," and so on. Players must obey all commands by raising their forefingers, except when an animal which has no horns is mentioned. Players who make a mistake, either by raising their fingers when they should not or by not raising them when they should, must retire to one side. The last player to remain becomes the leader for the next game.

"Pop, what do we mean by a good listener?"

"A good listener, my son, is a man to whom it is possible to tell a funny story without reminding him of one of his own."

\*

"Will Tucker is the worst boy in school, Harry, and I want you to keep as far away from him as you possibly can."

"I do, mother. He stays at the head of the class most of the time."

\*

And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.—Whittier

# Riko's First Venture From Home

By MILAN MEDVESEK

Little Riko caused much anxiety to his mother. He was a lively child, mean, and irresponsible. Whenever his mother scolded him for this or that mischief he had done, the boy usually boldly answered her:

"I'll go away and will never come back."

One summer day when Riko again threatened to leave home, his mother said:

"You just go away. I'm not stopping you. You'll soon find out that in the end home is the nicest place in the world."

Next morning Riko really mounted his bicycle and disappeared. He headed straight toward his uncle's farm, which was far away in another town.

Tired, thirsty, and hungry he finally arrived at his uncle's farm. Uncle Frank heartily welcomed him. The nephew could be useful on the farm. But suspecting that Riko had run away from home, he sent a telegram to the boy's mother and informed her about the boy's whereabouts.

After a good supper the boy went to bed. Despite his weariness he could not fall asleep. For you see, it was the first time in his life that he slept under a strange roof. The bed was hard; the air filled with a peculiar odor; in the attic the rats were wildly jumping and making gruesome noises, and from another room loud snoring was heard.

This was too much for twelve-year old Riko. Terror-stricken, he hid himself deep under the covers and almost sobbed aloud, "Why did I ever run from home? Oh, my mother dear! Oh, home, sweet home!" With these words he finally fell asleep.

Riko's hardships had only begun. In semi-consciousness he heard somebody calling his name. It was Uncle Frank. "Get up, Riko! It is five o'clock already. Time to take the cattle to the pasture."

It was very hard to get up, but he took it like a man and was soon dressed.

Drowsily he walked to the stable. Uncle Frank gave him a long stick and calmly explained:

"The black cow is very mean. She will probably try to hurt you. Don't get scared. If she tries to be funny, just hit her with all your might."

Riko thought that his uncle was only teasing him about the black cow. No, he was not teasing him, for he soon found out how true his uncle's words were. As soon as the cow was unchained, she meas-

ured the strange boy with a sharp and threatening look from head to foot, then madly rushed straight at him.

The boy was frightened to death. He saw nothing but the big, black animal, with long horns, ready to attack him. Suddenly he heard his uncle's warning call to hit the black animal. Riko hit the cow with such force that the stick broke in two. The savage animal turned away and angrily followed the other cows to the pasture.

As the black cow could not become accustomed to the strange boy, he went through the same danger every day. And in his sleep he was also haunted by her image. Many a night he dreamed of those long-twisted horns ready to thrust into his body.

Trembling from dreadful dreams, he softly cried into the night:

"Oh, my dear mother! Oh, my dear home! Why, oh, why did I run away?"

One week had passed since he had left home, although to him it seemed an eternity. Every day he made plans to return to his mother; nevertheless, he was too stubborn and too ashamed to give in to his desires.

One morning his salvation came. His uncle said: "Riko, I'm afraid that you will have to depart from us. Your mother writes it is time for you to leave for home."

That was exactly what Riko had been waiting for. Was he happy! He did not even have time to say good-bye to his aunt, who was working in the field. With sprightly ease he mounted his bicycle and sped away. All the way he paddled the bike with full force. Happy and gay he was saying to himself, "Mother, dear mother, I'm coming. A few hours more and I'll be home. Oh, dear mother! Oh, dear home!"

His mother received him with open arms, and so did his sisters and brothers. In their eyes he was a hero.

From that day on, Riko never again threatened to run away. It was just the opposite. When he was disobedient, his mother had only to say:

"Riko, if you will not behave, I shall send you to your uncle to take care of the cattle."

Riko recalled the black cow, and, therefore, unhesitatingly obeyed.



These animals are made from peanuts and toothpicks. You can make little slits in the shell and place the toothpicks in them. Then you can paint the shells with spots, stripes, or anything else that your imagination suggests. This way you can make a whole circus of queer-looking animals.



# The Slovenia Cooking Club

By Marička



No matter how much we talk about foods and the different kinds that people should eat to be healthy, we cannot consider any of them without first bringing up the subject: **Milk.**

If you forget everything else about milk, you can always remember this one thing: **that it is necessary for you.**

Milk contains the materials that go into making of your teeth and bones. You should drink **one quart every day.** How do you measure up to this requirement?

Because milk is one of the "should" items, and because if Americans were to be fed on the best possible diet, they would need to consume **53% more milk** than they do now, today's recipes will feature the ingredient of **milk** in several, simply made dishes.

If you would like to change the taste of your milk diet somewhat, why not try:

## Banana Milk Shake

Have on hand one glass or large cup of well-cooled milk.

With a fork, mash to a pulp one well-ripened banana.

Add the milk and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Shake thoroughly.

\*

While on the subject of growing strong, healthy teeth (because a person does grow teeth), you might be interested to know that **carrots** are also an important food item. They contain some of what is known as "Vitamin C." **Eggs** are another "must" for the diet. They supply the foodstuff that is not so abundant in milk. One egg should be on the diet of every individual every day. What happier combination, then, than a recipe that includes all three of these items. Such is

## Carrot Custard

You will need:

1 cup raw grated, or  
mashed carrots  
1 pint milk  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons melted  
butter



Beat the eggs lightly. Add salt, carrots, and milk. Stir in the melted butter. Place this in a pan surrounded by water and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set.

\*

Have you ever heard of "irradiated milk?" This is milk into which Vitamin D has been placed by means of ultra-violet light. Vitamin D is another one of those important materials that go into the building of teeth. If you would like a simple recipe for **Cream of Tomato Soup**, and at the same time get the advantage of this important food material, buy a can of milk, making sure that it is **irradiated** (read the label) and proceed as follows for

## Cream of Tomato Soup

Mix in a saucepan 1 can condensed tomato soup.

Add an equal amount of irradiated milk. To do this empty the can of tomato soup, then measure milk in the can.

Add also  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Heat until thoroughly hot, but not boiling. Serve at once.

\*

And now for a dessert using a good quantity of milk and eggs, try

## Lemon Cream Rice

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup rice  
3 cups milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
Rind of  $\frac{3}{4}$  lemon, grated  
1  $\frac{2}{3}$  tablespoon lemon  
juice

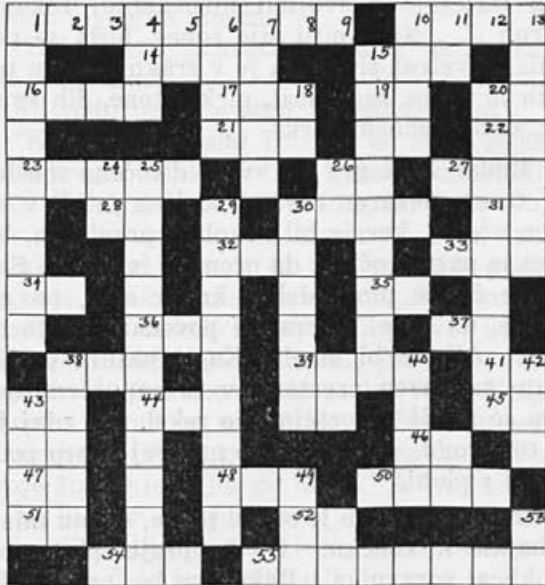
$\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 eggs, separated  
2 tablespoons sugar

(Continued on page 30)

# HOBBIES

## ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Submitted by *Mary Ban*, age 12, 5149 Butler St.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa., member of lodge 665.



### ACROSS

- 1-13. Name of a popular juvenile magazine.
14. Newspaper paragraph
15. To put on
16. To loan
17. Ever (contraction)
19. Word which always comes before a vowel sound
20. Pronoun
21. Son's father
22. You and I
23. Odor
27. A conjunction
28. North America (abbr.)
30. A beverage
31. Georgia (abbr.)
32. United States of America (abbr.)
33. Beam
34. East Indies (abbr.)
35. A conjunction
36. Musical syllable
38. Epoch
39. Abr. for "this month"
41. Associates of Arts
43. Musical syllable
44. To diminish
45. North Carolina (abbr.)
46. Railroad (abbr.)
47. Portuguese money
50. To let
51. Initials of the American who last flew around the world
52. Anno Domini
54. Feminine pronoun
55. A popular newspaper for adults

### DOWN

1. City in Wisconsin
4. Accomplished
5. Pertaining to an object
6. Want
7. To blot
9. Iowa (abbr.)
10. Having no companions
11. Within
13. A day of the week
15. Hazardous
20. Road (abbr.)
24. Upon
25. Produce artificially
26. Myself
29. Household equipment
30. A robber
38. Our planet
40. An auto part
42. A high card
43. Animals that live in water
46. Railroad
49. Organ of hearing
53. A musical syllable

The following original poem comes from DORA TERBIZAN, age 12.

DORA is a member of SNPJ Lodge 126 and of Juvenile Circle No. 53. Her address is 14707 Hale Ave., Cleveland, O.

### PINKY PORKER

*Pinky Porker was a pig,  
Who thought he could dance the Spanish jig;  
In his family there were five,  
And, of course, were all alive.*

*He had a mother and a father,  
A sister and a little brother,  
And then, of course, there was Pinky Porker.*

*Now Pinky had a great misfortune,  
Because he took too large a portion.*

*One day while eating pumpkin pie,  
Poor little Pinky began to cry:  
"Why do you tempt me with this stuff?  
My 'belly's' now about to bust?"*

*Now all the piggies who overate  
Were loaded upon cars of freight;  
Yes, the ones that left at eight,  
For the city of Penelgate.*

*Pinky knew he would be roasting,  
Maybe frying, maybe toasting.  
Then the family would indulge;  
How their stomachs then would bulge!*

*If he only weren't himself!  
He'd rather be spilled salt on any shelf!*

*But it was still not too late  
As this tale I relate.*

*Porky no more overate.  
He was missing from the freight  
That left on the dot at eight  
For the city of Penelgate.*

# Za vsakdanjo skorjico kruha

Ivan Vučk

Rudar Blaž je vstal s trdega ležišča in pogledal na budilnik, ki je stal na stolu.

"Čas je," je rekel, vstal in se jel oblačiti.

Poleg njega na stari postelji je vzdihnil otrok tiho, pridušeno.

Rudar Blaž se je sklonil nad otrokom, mu pobožal obrazek in vprašal nežno šepetajoč: "Kako je Tonček? Boli?"

Z drobnimi prstki je prijel sinček žuljavo roko očetovo in jo pritisnil k sebi.

"Ne," je odgovoril in se nasmehnil. Bogve odkod je otrok pojmoval, da ne sme oče oditi v jamo s težkim srcem in v skrbeh.

Rudar Blaž ga je gledal. Čutil je ljubezen otrokovo. In sladko mu je bilo pri srcu.

"Ozdravel boš, Tonček . . . da, ozdravel boš. Glej, pomlad bo kmalu prišla. Vse bo ozelelo, vse bo razcvetelo. Že se sliši nekje od daleč njen klic. In tedaj boš tudi ti, Tonček skočil s postelje. Zbežal boš na travnik, ves zelen in ves v cvetju. Pozdravil boš gorovje s soncem obsejano. Da, Tonček, tisto gorovje, pod katerim koplje tvoj očka kruh, da nismo lačni. Tedaj, Tonček, boš zdrav in vesel . . ."

Žena je prinesla zajtrk: kavo in kruh.

Rudar Blaž je popil kavo, kruh pa je vtaknil v žep. Za malico bo.

"Zdaj greš po kruh, očka," je vprašal Tonček.

"Po kruh, Tonček."

Zasliši se sirena. Bakrena sirena je vpila zateglo, divje, kakor šakal v džungli, ko zavoha plen.

Rudar Blaž je poveznil kapo na glavo. Obstal je še med vrati, obrnil se napol, nasmehnil sinčku, ki ga je spremljal z očmi in rekel:

"Zbogom, Tonček! Priden bodi, da boš ozdravel!"

Tonček se nasmehne in pokima z glavo. Rudar Blaž je pa stopil na cesto.

\*

Okno je goltalo rudarje kakor pekel. To je bil vhod v podzemski svet, v kraljevstvo premoga. Rudarji se spuščajo, kakor dan za dnevom, v rove, da jemljejo iz nevidnih rok podzemeljskega kralja črni diamant—premog, ki ima to veličastno lastnost, da hrani v sebi sončne žarke kakor bogataš v

železni blagajni denar, in da greje tistega, ki zakuri z njim. Spuščajo se rudarji v rove, da izklešejo s svojimi mišičastimi rokami kruh . . . Na zemlji sije sonce, bliža se pomlad, svežost življenja je v zraku. Tu, v rovih je vlaga, zaduhlost, mrke stene, dih smrti, zakleti sončni žarki . . .

Rudar Blaž gre na svoje določeno mesto. V tesen, nevaren rov. Dodeljen je bil v ta rov včeraj, ker je bil nekoliko preglasen, ko mu je paznik očital, da premalo izkoplje. Saj bolje že ne more delati kakor dela, pa ga dolže, da neče. Moral je povedati, da to ni res. Ali ne bi smel. Kajti paznik ga je zato za kazen prestavil v ta zapuščen rov. Da se nauči pokorščine, je rekel. In zdaj je v tem rovu. Moral ga bo najprej dobro podpreti s plohi.

In med tem, ko je stavil plohe, so mu misli uhajale k Tončku. Ko bo prejel plačo, bo poklical zdravnika. Rekel mu bo, naj zapiše dobro zdravilo, takšno, da zagotovo ozdravi. Plačal bo. Zaslužil bo in plačal. Samo ta zapuščen rov mu bo nekoliko škodoval pri zaslužku. A kaj storiti? Potrpeti mora, samo da bo Tonček ozdravel in da bo lahko skakal po travniku, da bo lahko trgjal cvetice, da bo lahko gledal gorovje, pod katerimi on koplje. Naj uživa, revček, v svoji zgodnji pomladi, ker mu bo še prehitro prišel veliki petek.

Ko je tako sanjaril, so mu roke dvigale hlode in podpirale rov. Ob straneh se je cedila voda. Svetilka se je pozibavala in metala senco rudarja Blaža daleč nekam v črno temo. Bilo je nekako dušno. Nekaj težkega, kakor svinec, je se dotikalo njegovih prsi. Ali tega ne čuti. Preveč je z mislimi pri Tončku.

"Samo rudar naj ne bo," si je govoril v mislih. "Samo krt naj ne bo!"

Z vseh strani so se mu režale gole stene zemlje iz katerih je bil izkopan premog, kakor da se mu posmehujejo.

"Kaj pa misliš, da bo tvoj Tonček?"

"Samo krt naj ne bo," se je branil rudar Blaž. "Samo krt ne!"

Rudarju Blažu se zazdi, kakor da se nekdo

za njegovim hrptom smeje. Pljunil je odločno v stran in rekel:

"V šole ga dam . . . Suh kruh bom jedel, a on naj se uči."

"A kaj, če te zdaj tu zgrabim," se mu je zdelo, da je nekdo rekel s sten. "Kaj bo pa potem s tvojim sinom?"

"Boj obvaruj in sveta Barbara," je zamrmral rudar Blaž.

Ali tisto nekaj s sten je nadaljevalo:

"Kako te je gledal Tonček, ko si ga pogledal s praga. Kako se ti je ljubko nasmehnil? Da. Kako mehko rokico ima, ko boža tvoj, ves zguban in posušen obraz . . . Eh, tako mehko in prijetno ti je tam nekje v prsih, ko se te dotakne njegova roka . . . Kaj meniš, Blaž, ali bi ne bilo hudo, če bi ga več ne videl? Kaj misliš, če bi te zdaj jaz tukaj lepo objel? . . . Pravico imam za to, veš. Večjo pravico kakor pa tvoj sinko. Ves dan sem s teboj tu v rovu, pod zemljo, ves dan. Vse svoje življenje ruješ po meni. A tvoj sin je le tu in tam kakšno urico s teboj . . . Eh, rudar Blaž, ljubim te in težko bi mi bilo brez tebe. Ne dam te drugemu."

Rudar Blaž je obstal in si otrl znojno čelo.

"Kakšne neumne misli se mi pa pode danes po glavi?! Moj Bog, odkod so se pojavile tako naenkrat in tako strašne? Da me vzame ta zemlja? Da me odvzame mojemu sinčku? Zdaj, ko je bolan in še tako majhen? Počakaj še malo, počakaj. Ne uidem ti, a zdaj še počakaj."

"Nerad čakam," se je zdelo, da je odgovorilo s sten. "Moj si."

"Ah, Tonček bi umrl, da veš. Gospodar bi ga vrgel iz stanovanja in z njim tudi njegovo mater, mojo ženo. Zakaj potreben sem gospodarju le, če mu lahko kopljem premog iz tvojega naročja, da ga potem proda in mu je dobro . . ."

Trepetala je roka rudarja Blaža, ko si je obrisal znoj s čela.

"Pa kako si prišel danes ti v ta rov?" ga je vprašalo s sten. "Saj veš, da ni varno tu pri meni?"

"Ker sem protestiral."

"Kaj si pa protestiral?"

"Proti obdolžitvi, da malomarno delam. Da bi lahko, če bi hotel, nakopal več. Pa nočem."

Nekaj se je nasmejalo s sten.

"Mogoče pa je res?"

"Kaj bo res!" se je vznevoljil rudar Blaž. "Vse moči napenjam, da bi izkopal čim več

premoga. Da bi tako zaslužil čim več. Goljufajo me pri vozičkih, zapišejo pri vagi manje. Če protestiram, me vtaknejo v nevarne rove."

"Star si že, rudar Blaž," mu je govorilo s sten. "Kaj bi pa bilo, če bi vsled starosti ne mogel več sem k meni v rov?"

"Gospodar bi me vrgel na cesto," je sklonil rudar Blaž glavo.

"Tako izčrpanega?"

"Tako izčrpanega. Kaj njemu človek, če ni več v njem soka?!"

"In ti bi dovolil? Kaj je on napravil to gorovje in premog v njem?"

"To je naredila narava, vem."

"No, če veš, zakaj ga pa potem ne zgrabiš za vrat, goljufa? Zakaj ga ne pripelješ sem k meni, da bi kopal, kakor ti koplješ?"

Rudar Blaž je pogledal svoje roke.

"Slab sem in sam sem. On pa ima mnogo hlapcev."

"In drugi rudarji? Tvoji tovariši? Ali je morda njim boljše?"

"Boljše," se je nasmehnil rudar. "Kakor jaz, trpe in stradajo in jih kaznujejo in jim pri tehtnici manj zapisujejo . . ."

"Kaj, kaj," je reklo s sten. "Ravno tako se jim godi, ravno tako? . . . Toliko vas je, pa vas eden gospodar in njegovi hlapci strahujejo? Kako vi, ki trgate iz mojih nedrij to dragocenost brez strahu, z vsemi močmi, kljubujoč nevarnostim, morete prenašati, da vas bičajo gospodarjevi hlapci?"

Stresel je rudar Blaž z glavo in srdito kopal premog.

"Dovolj . . . molči . . . puntar . . . Sina imam."

"Ravno radi sina," je uporno nadaljevalo s sten. "Ravno radi sina."

Rudar Blaž je uporno udarjal ob premog in ga lomil.

"Ne bij tako kruto," ga je svarilo s sten.

"Moram," je uporno odgovoril rudar Blaž. "Radi Tončka. Da bo zdrav, potrebujem denarja. Moram zaslužiti."

"Smiliš se mi, rudar Blaž," je reklo s sten. "Sprejmi moj objem. Glej, konec bo tvojih skrbi in trpljenju."

"Ne, ne," je zakričal rudar Blaž in še hujše kopal. "Tonček . . . moram delati, veliko izkopati, da bo zaslužek boljši . . . za Tončka, da bo zdravnik lahko zapisal dobra zdravila . . ."

"Ha, ha, ha . . .", se je zazdelo rudarju

Blažu, da je planilo iz sten in se krohotalo, "ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ." Steklo v svetilki je zažvenketalo. Luč je ugasnila. V nos mu je šinil oster duh.

"Ne, ne," je kriknil prestrašeno. "Tonček, moj Tonček . . ."

Čutil je, kako so se tla pod njim zazibala. Nad glavo je strašno zgrmel. Nekaj ga je zgrabilo za prsa. Nekaj ga je pritisnilo k tlom, a ga hitro vzdignilo kvišku. Vse to je bilo tako hitro, naglo, da se ni mogel zavedati, kaj je to. Z rokami se je instinktivno lovil, da se upre. V hipu je začutil, kakor v snu, da pada, da se potaplja . . . da se vse nekam razblinja . . . Nato se je vse umirilo, vse je utihnilo, vse je izginilo . . .

\*

Tonček sedi v postelji in kliče:

"Mama!"

Mama se prikaže pri vratih.

"Kaj bi rad, Tonček?"

"Kje je očka?"

Mama stopi k postelji. Pokrije Tončka in ga poboža:

"Saj veš, Tonček. Kruhek koplje. Prišel bo kmalu."

Tonček se zagleda v strop, nizek in izpokan. Nato reče, kakor zamaknjen:

"Kdaj bo . . ."

In hkrati zakriči:

"Mama . . ."

"Kaj bi rad, Tonček," ga boža mama.

"Kaj delaš, mama?"

"Kuham. Priden bodi."

"Kuhaš? Za očko?"

"Pa tudi za tebe, Tonček."

Otrok se obrne v postelji:

"Dolgo ni očke, mamica."

"Prišel bo, prišel, le malo potrpi."

Tonček utihne, nato pa sam s seboj ponavlja:

"Prišel bo, prišel . . ."

\*

"Marjana!?"

Žena rudarjeva se obrne v kuhinji.

"Kaj pa ti, Tine? Ne delaš danes?"

Ali človek je stal med vrati in migal z ustni.

"Kaj je?" je stopila k njemu.

Tone mahne z glavo:

"Pojdi . . . nekaj ti povem . . ."

Marjani je bilo, kakor da jo je nekaj strašnega zgrabilo za grlo in prsi.

"Kaj se je zgodilo?" je zajokala. V očeh je bil brezupen strah.

"Pojdi," je rekel Tine in stopil na cesto.

Kakor, da je svinec v njenih nogah, se je vlekla Marjana za njim.

"Tonček je bolan," je rekla in ni vedela kaj je rekla.

Tine pa je rekel kakor skozi zobe:

"Pojdi."

Nato jo je pogledal in rekel tiho, tudi skozi zobe:

"Nič ni . . . Pojdi . . . Veš sama . . . Marjana . . . Vrag vzemi . . . Saj veš . . . mi rudarji . . . vrag vzemi . . ."

"Kaj, kaj, kaj," je kriknila Marjana in zgrabila Tineta za rokav. Divje mu je pogledala v oči.

"Nič, Marjana . . . Samo nesreča, veš, no . . ."

"Jezus! . . . On . . . Blaž?"

Tine je pokimnil z glavo:

"In France, pa Martin, pa Janez in njegov sin. Komaj petnajst let star . . . Pa še Jurij, in . . ."

"Kje?" je kriknila Marjana.

Tine je stegnil roko. Marjana je zbežala v tisto smer, kričeč:

"Blaž, moj Blaž! Jezus . . ."

Letela je k rudniku. Ni slišala kako je doma klical Tonček:

"Mamica! Mamica . . . Ali že prihaja očka?" . . .

## SLOVENIA COOKING CLUB

(Continued from page 26)

Combine the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar with the grated lemon rind, lemon juice, salt, and slightly beaten egg yolks and add to the cooked rice. Cook only until it thickens. Turn into a buttered baking dish, or several small ones and cool.

When cool, beat the egg whites until stiff enough to hold a point and beat the 2 tablespoons of sugar into them gradually. Pile on top of the rice and place in a slow oven for about 20 minutes. The oven should not be over 300 degrees F.

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."



# The Nutcracker



## STATE ABBREVIATIONS

### What State Is:

1. Not good for untidy people?
2. The father of states?
3. The exclamatory state?
4. The doctor's state?
5. "Always unhealthy" state?
6. The mining state?
7. The egotistical state?
8. The maidenly state?
9. The "never-fail" state?
10. Best in time of floods?

### DO YOU KNOW:

1. What kind of cat finds itself in the library?
2. What kind of cat is always noisy?
3. What kind of cat is good with meat?
4. What kind of cat makes good music possible?
5. What kind of cat stings?

### OUR ALPHABET

#### Do You Know These Letters of the Alphabet:

1. The questioning letter?
2. The bankrupt letter?
3. The stinging letter?
4. The marine letter?
5. The slangy letter?
6. The busiest letter?
7. The Chinaman's top-piece?
8. The afternoon letter?
9. What green apples will do?

(Answers on inside back cover)

## A TONGUE TWISTER

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan; she ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

## A RIDDLE

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,  
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.  
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;  
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound,  
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;  
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—  
In form, too, I differ, I'm thick and I'm thin,  
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;

I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;

I sing without voice, without speaking confute.

I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;

Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;

I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,

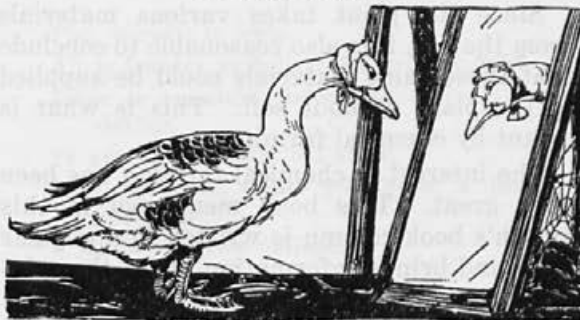
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

(BOOK V)

—By Hannah More.

# Vain Goosie Loosie

By MARY JUGG



"Goosie, Goosie Loosie,  
What are you looking at?  
Is it your feathers fine?  
Or, perhaps, your hat?"

"It is my feathers fine,  
And also my hat."

"Goosie, Goosie Loosie,  
Cobwebs there I see;  
Are they to prop your mirror?  
Is it your style decree?"

"They neither prop my mirror,  
Nor are they my style decree."

"Goosie, Goosie Loosie,  
How came your mirror there?  
Was it left so all for you?  
Or discarded by some lady fair?"

"That secret will be shared, you see,  
Only by her who looks back at me."

# What's On Our Bookshelf



## FOR OLDER BROTHER AND SISTER

"Soilless Growth of Plants" by Carleton Ellis.

Have you thought much about growing plants without soil? Have you ever thought that the reason plants take root in the soil and attach themselves to it is because they gather certain materials from it? These, in addition to their leaves, which manufacture food by the aid of sunlight, enable the plant to grow and even store up food. This stored-up food of the plant is what we take when we use plant foods.

Since the plant takes various materials from the soil, it is also reasonable to conclude that these same materials could be supplied to the plant without soil. This is what is meant by chemical farming.

The interest in chemical farming has been very great. This book mentioned in this month's book column is written in a popular style and brings information about the solution to be used in each case, together with formulas for the chemicals and instructions for preparing tanks and other containers.

This book will be welcomed by anyone who is interested in chemical farming as an experiment for indoors, as a hobby. It will also be interesting for those who are interested in it as a commercial hobby for outdoors.

## Doživljaji malega Krulčka

Piše Kajtimar

Malemu Krulčku je bilo dolg čas in šel je v soseščino, da vidi, kaj delajo njegovi naga-jivi tovariši, Čarliček in drugi.

Res sreča Čarlička, ki je nosil večji zavoj.

— Kaj imaš v tem zavoju, Čarliček? ga vpraša Krulček.

Čarliček se pa hudomušno namuzne.

— Kaj misliš, kaj je tu notri? Ugani in zavoj bo tvoj.



— G o t o v o si prepričan, da ne bom uganil, drugače ne bi dal takega p o g o j a. Kaj če bi ti zdaj tale zavoj izgubil. Ali bi ti bilo hudo žal?

— Ne posebno, haha.

— Tedaj ni v zavoju nič posebnega in — ni

treba, da bi se jaz mučil z ugibanjem.

— Hm, ti si pa moder, Krulček . . .

— Že prav. Saj veš, čigav sem . . . Kaj če bi ti nosil v tem zavoju svojo pamet in bi zavoj izgubil?

— In če bi ti zavoj pobral? — —

Krulček pogleda nazaj in premeri pot do svojega doma.

— Potem bi bil bedak! — —

## Ostrich

The ostrich is a foolish bird,  
With scarcely any mind,  
He often runs away so fast,  
He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there has to stand  
And wait around 'till night,  
Without a single thing to do,  
Until he comes in sight.

Mary Wilkins Freeman

\*

"It is research, it is science, that has put success on a foundation of fact, not opinion."  
—E. R. Weidlein, Director, Mellon Institute.

# Way Back When



(From Mladinski List, June, 1923)

In the early issues of the Mladinski List, one of its interesting sections was "Practical Slovenian Grammar." It appeared every issue on the outside cover page. In this issue we will reprint parts of one such page of exercises from which the M. L. readers of that day learned how to speak and write Slovene.

## EXERCISES

I have a small, sharp knife.  
My knife is small and sharp.  
Have you read your dear father's long letter?  
The warm days come in the spring and the hot weather in the summer.  
In Jugoslavia the beautiful month is May.  
The tree in front of our house is higher than the one behind it.  
It is also bigger and handsomer.  
Is Johnny the most diligent boy in the school?  
Jackie is the youngest boy, Nellie the youngest girl.  
This mountain is higher than that tower.  
Charles writes well, Oscar writes better, but Tessie writes the best.  
The weather is the finest in June.

Imam majhen, oster nož.  
Moj nož je majhen in oster.  
Ali si prebral dolgo pismo svojega ljubega očeta?  
Topli dnevi pridejo spomladi, vroče vreme pa poleti.  
V Jugoslaviji je maj krasen mesec.  
Drevo pred našo hišo je višje kot ono za njo.  
Tudi je večje in lepše.  
Ali je Ivanček najbolj priden deček v šoli?  
Jakec je najmlajši deček, Elica (pa) najmlajša deklica.  
Ta gora je višja kot oni stolp.  
Karl lepo piše, Oskar piše lepše, a Rezika piše najlepše.  
V juniju je vreme najlepše.

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## ANSWERS TO THE NUTCRACKER QUESTIONS

### STATE ABBREVIATIONS

1. Wash.
2. Pa.
3. O.
4. Md.
5. Ill.
6. Ore.
7. Me.
8. Miss.

9. Kan.

10. Ark.

### DO YOU KNOW

1. Catalogue
2. Cataract
3. Catsup
4. Catgut
5. Cat-o'-nine-tails

### OUR ALPHABET

1. Y
2. O
3. B
4. C
5. G
6. I
7. Q
8. T
9. W

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