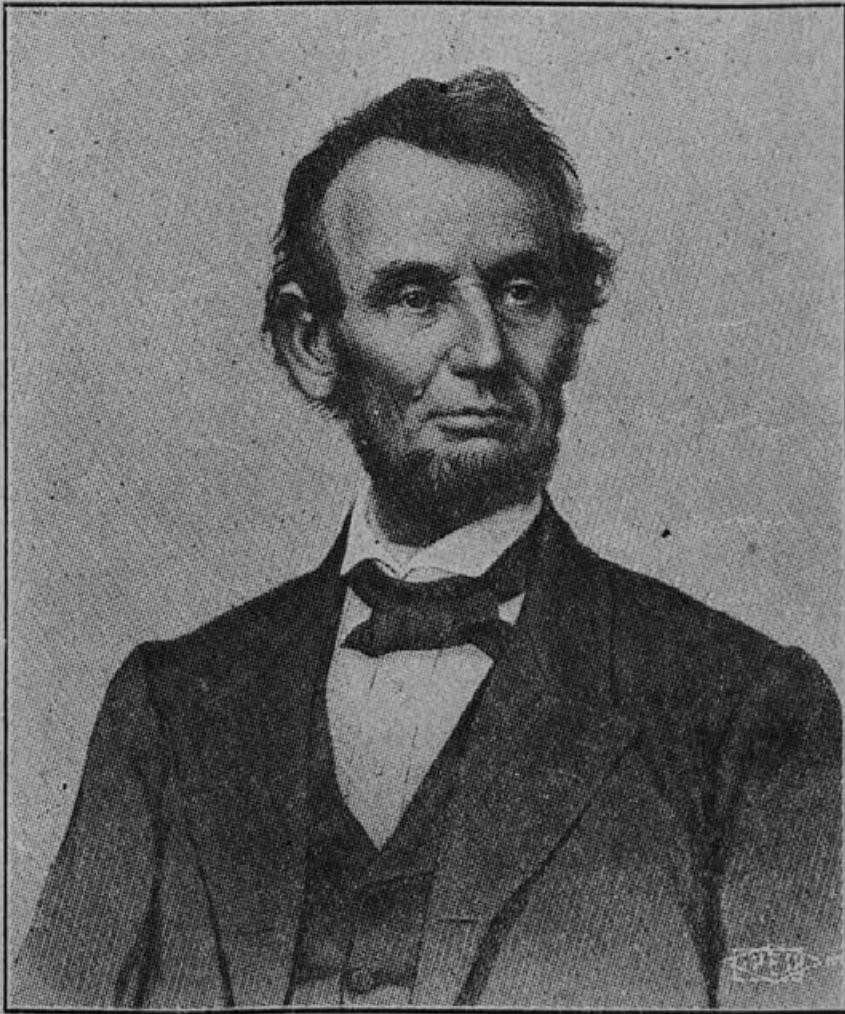


# *Mladinski List*

*A Juvenile Magazine for American Slovenes*



*February*

*1938*

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

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

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# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVII.—ŠT. 2.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY, 1938

VOL. XVII.—NO. 2

## More About My Organization

Next month, lodge "Slavija", Chicago, Ill., will celebrate its 35th anniversary.

Lodge Slavija is older than the SNPJ. It may be called the Society's "matica."

Delegates from this lodge were sent to the first convention that formed the Slovene National Benefit Society. These were all of the men mentioned in the January Mladinski List, with the exception of Mr. Štrukelj and Mr. Badovinac.

So, Lodge Slavija is Lodge No. 1 of the SNPJ. It was organized in 1903.

\*

The first convention was held in the first week of April, 1904.

It was held in the lodge quarters of Lodge No. 1.

This building was called the Old National Hall building.

It was located on the corner of 18th Street and Centre Ave. (now So. Racine Ave.), Chicago.

This was the birthplace of the SNPJ. What did it look like?

\*

The first convention of the SNPJ was in the top story of a business building. This building had various kinds of stores, barber shops, and a saloon in its first story.

The National Hall was above this—on the second floor. The first SNPJ convention was held on the third floor.

This old building still stands at the same place today.

Eleven of the twelve men who were at the first convention were elected to the first Supreme Board of the Society.

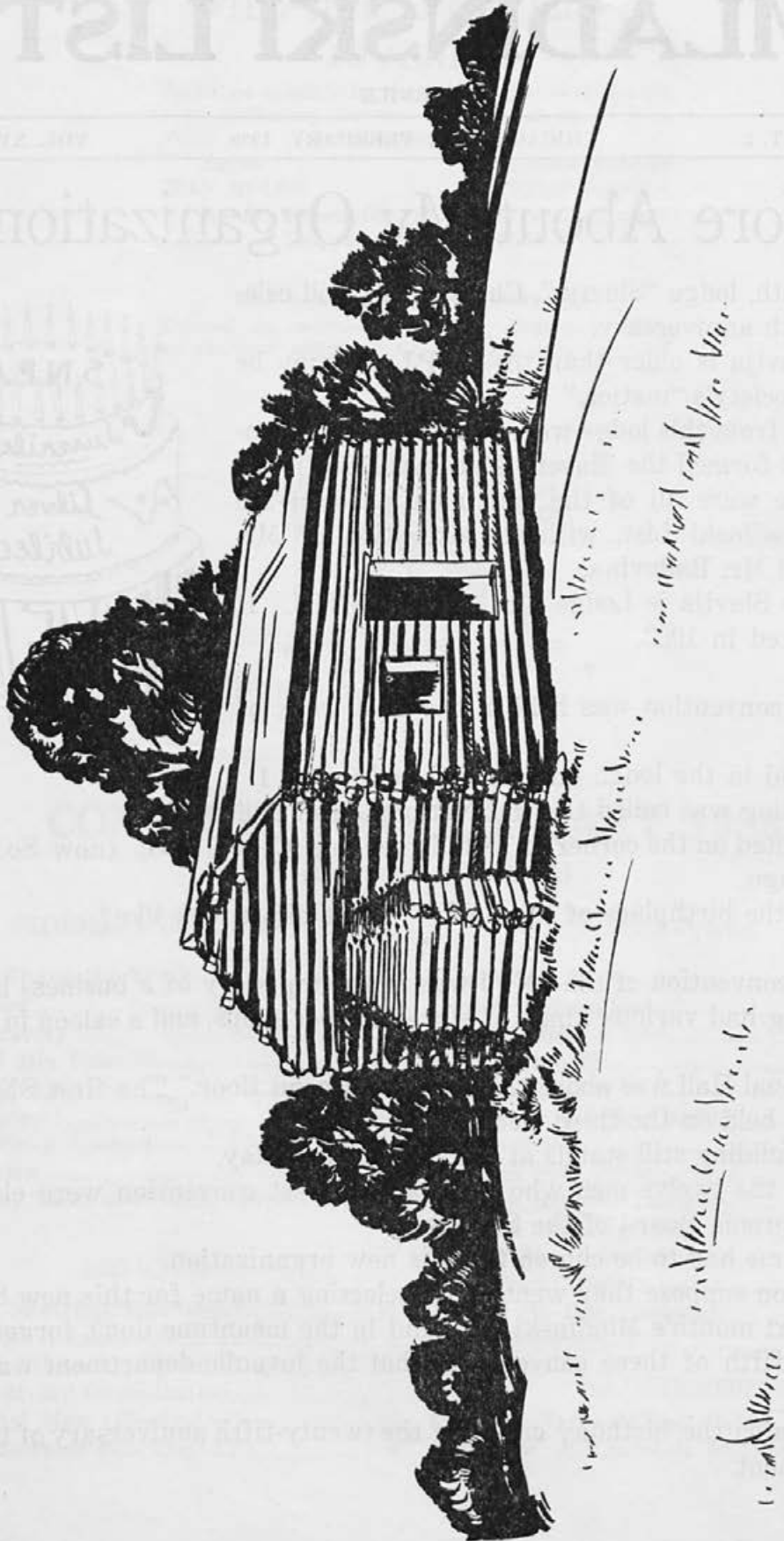
Then a name had to be chosen for this new organization.

How do you suppose they went about selecting a name for this new Society?

Watch next month's Mladinski List, and in the meantime don't forget that it was at the fifth of these conventions that the juvenile department was established.

That explains the birthday cake for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the juvenile department.





Courtesy of "Children's Activities" magazine.

Risba rojstne koče Abrahamina Lincolna v Big South Forku ob Nolin's Creeku, Kentucky.



## Otroci se igrajo

U. Harms.—Iz rušine priredil  
Mile Klopčič

Letal Petjka je po cesti  
in po tlaku  
in po cesti,  
letal Petjka  
je po tlaku  
in je kričal:  
— Ga-ra-rar!

Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Petjka,  
hej, narazen,  
hej, narazen!  
Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Petjka,  
jaz sem zdaj avtomobil!

A za njim je letal Vanjka,  
kar po cesti  
in po tlaku,  
letal Vanjka  
je po cesti  
in je kričal:  
— Du-du-du!

Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Vanjka,  
varujte se,  
varujte se!  
Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Vanjka,  
jaz sem poštni parobrod!

A za njim je letal Miška  
kar po cesti  
in po tlaku,  
letal Miška  
je po cesti  
in je kričal:  
— Žu-žu-žu!

Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Miška,  
hej, pazite,  
hej, pazite!  
Jaz zdaj nisem nič več Miška,  
jaz sem zdaj sovjetski aeroplan!

Šla je krava kar po cesti,  
kar po cesti  
in po tlaku,  
šla je krava  
kar po cesti  
in je mukala:  
— Mu-mu!

Bila je zaresna krava  
in z zaresnimi rogovi,  
šla nasproti je po cesti  
in jo čez in čez zaprla.

— Ej, ti krava,  
slišiš, krava,  
kaj po cesti hodiš, krava,  
kaj po tlaku motoviliš,  
s ceste proč, ti pravim, krava!  
— Hej, pazite!—krikne Miška.  
— Varujte se!—krikne Vanjka.  
Hej, narazen!—krikne Petjka,  
in je krava res odšla.

In so tekli  
in pritekli  
so do klopce  
tam pred vrati  
parobrod  
z avtomobilom  
in sovjetski  
aeroplan,  
aeroplan  
z avtomobilom  
in še poštni  
parobrod.

Petjka skočil je na klopco,  
Vanjka skočil je na klopco,  
Miška skočil je na klopco,  
tja na klopco tam pred vrati.  
—Sem pripeljal!—krikne Petjka.  
—Sem se usidral!—krikne Vanjka.  
—Sem pristal!—zakliče Miška,  
in so sedli,  
da bi malo  
se spočili.

In so malo posedeli  
in počivali  
na klopei  
aeroplan  
z avtomobilom  
in še poštni  
parobrod,  
parobrod  
z avtomobilom  
in sovjetski aeroplan.  
—Poženimo!—krikne Petjka.  
—Pa zaplujemo!—reče Vanjka.  
—Pa zletimo!—vzklikne Miška,  
in so znova odhiteli.

Odhiteli so, pognali  
se po cesti  
in po tlaku,  
in so dirjali, skakali  
in kričali:  
—Žu-žu-žu!

In so dirjali, skakali  
so po cesti  
in po tlaku,  
in s petami so kresali  
in kričali:  
—Du-du-du!

In s petami so kresali  
gor in dol  
po dolgi cesti,  
čepice so v zrak metali  
in kričali:  
—Ga-ra-rar!

## “Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”

See if you can answer these questions to the story “Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”, which you will find in another section of this month's Mladinski List.

Why do the majority of workers tolerate Mr. Capitalist?

Where did the Capitalist get all his capital?

What did Peter's father mean by “the system”?

Was the Greek philosopher wrong when he said that people could not live without slaves?

What kind of “system” followed the “slave system”?

Was there ever a feudal system in America?

When did the capitalistic system begin?

How did the two classes of “lord” and “slave” originate?

Who gave Man animals, earth, and metals?

These contributors are asking for “pen pals” this month: Mary Vidmar, Olga Knapich, John Louis Ujcich, Rudy Ujcich, Jennie Tomsich, Philip German, Rose Chagenovich, and Henry William Jelovchan. Read their letters and find their addresses on “Our Pen Pals” Page.

# Three Memorable February 12's

On the 12TH OF FEBRUARY, 1809, a "boy baby" was born to Tom Lincoln and his wife, Nancy Hanks. The house was a cabin of logs cut from the timber near by. It had a dirt floor, one door that swung on leather hinges, one window, and a stick-clay chimney.

Carl Sandburg says, "And though he was born in a house with only one door and one window, it was written he would come to know many doors, many windows; he would read many riddles and doors and windows."

And this boy baby, named Abraham after his grandfather, grew up to become Great Emancipator, the man whose name stood for Democracy in its finest sense, the man who spoke for Justice and Equality and a Better Life.

\*

On the same day, FEB. 12, 1809, in England another boy was born. He was to upset more wrong notions that people had than any other man of the whole century. And all this came about because he never gave up asking "How? What? Why?"

As a little boy he never got tired of collecting insects. Even his father was annoyed at the way he went about his collector's hobby. He seemed to fail in every other kind of school, so the father decided that he should become a clergyman!

But even this did not stop the young fellow's interest in insects.

This boy was Charles Robert Darwin.

The story is told how one day, when he was tearing some old bark from a tree, he saw two rare beetles. He could not afford to lose them, so he took one in each hand. Just then he saw a third one. Then he popped the one he held in his right hand into his mouth and went after the third one. But the beetle ejected such a bitter fluid that it burned Darwin's tongue and he was forced to spit out the beetle, and so he lost both that one and the one that he didn't get to pick up.

One day he got a chance to make a tour with a British ship that was to go around the world to map the coasts of South America and Australia. This tour lasted for five years. He brought back specimens of animals and plants of all climates. Then he set himself down to study.

For TWENTY YEARS he sat in his room, day after day, studying the specimens he had collected. He was in ill health, and only two other people knew what he was doing. All this time he made no statement—no boast!

After twenty years he brought forth his proof—telling the world why living things become what they are. He was the Discoverer of Evolution!

Charles Darwin lived and worked so that the world could live better and happier because it had learned another scientific Truth!

\*

Exactly 125 years afterward, the world was looking upon a glorious monument of Democracy and Equality and a Better Life.

It was looking towards Vienna—an example of what a socialistic government could do. And this is what it saw:

A city that owned its gas works, its electrical works, its water works, its street cars, subways, and autobuses. A city that had its own public baths, central cemetery, brewery, bakery, department store, movie theaters.

A city that had twenty-nine playgrounds for children, twelve skating rinks, twenty-two children's free wading pools, twenty-five day homes for poor children, 305 kindergartens, thirty-two big laundries, 351 city gardens, 2,000 beds for tuberculosis patients, fifteen dental clinics, and 919 schools.

All this was but a small part of all that they had built and used for the enjoyment of all the people.

There was at that time a little

dictator in Austria by the name of Dollfuss. He, just as Hitler or Mussolini would do, decided that this city of Vienna was showing too great an example of what organized people, living peacefully, could accomplish for themselves.

So on the morning of FEBRUARY 12, 1934, Dollfuss' government marched upon the city of Vienna and shot into the apartment houses, killed men, women, and children, who had neither expected nor prepared for an attack of this kind, and took the whole city with all its wonderful establishments under its control. They took all the money in the banks and all the various funds. They arrested and jailed between 2,000 and 3,000 of the leading citizens. How many were killed has never been made known. Dollfuss' men came like any fascistic robbers and took what the democratic people had built and accomplished.

\*

At his Gettysburg speech, Lincoln said of the Civil War soldiers who had died: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

And four years after this Vienna Civil War, we, too, should say of the workers who were killed in Vienna: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."—M. J.

## Mucek

Katka Zupančič

Je Malka prebdela  
pol dolge noči,  
ker mucek se zgubil —  
nazaj ga več ni . . .

Pa luna prispeje,  
skoz okna se smeje,  
se iz Malke norčuje:  
— Tvoj mucek vasuje . . . .

Vasuje in gode  
in prede drugod.  
Tvoj mucek, o Malka,  
je velik falot! —



## Palčki

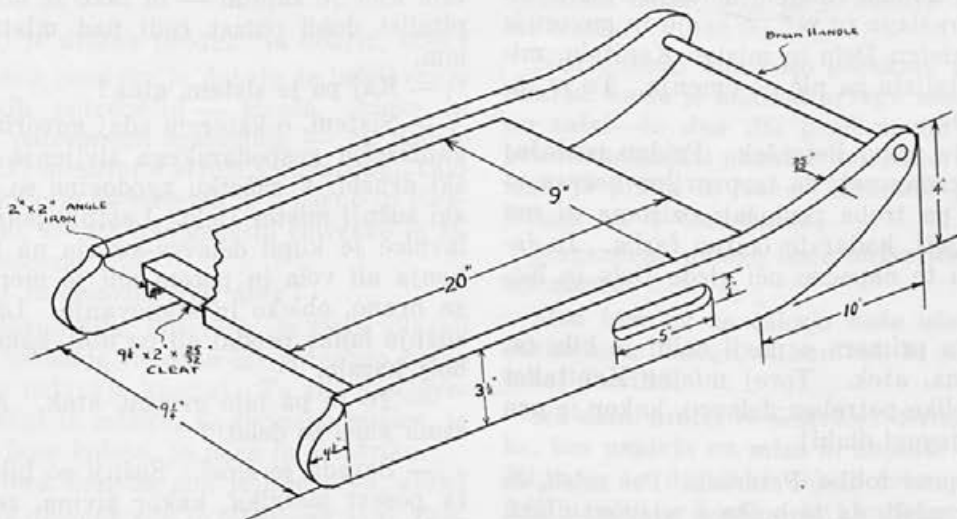
Katka Zupančič

Hitimo, hitimo,  
ker noč se pomiče,  
da kdo ne zaloti  
nas pridne možiče.

Udari s kladivom, udari tako,  
da iskra se vkreše;  
ko noga zapleše,  
da peta bo stala ko skala trdno!

Smo palčki-čevljarčki,  
spod roke nam gre;  
oko pa človeško  
nas zreti ne sme.

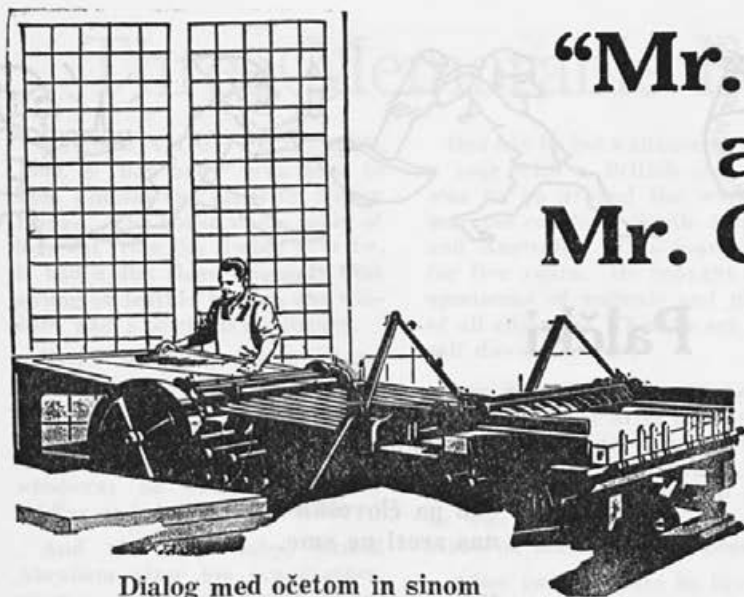
Kdor težko verjame  
in dvom ga obide  
pa čevljarčke nove  
pogledat naj pride . . .



## How to Make the Sled

Take two pieces of wood,  $2\frac{5}{32}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  by 36 inches, for runners (A). One piece,  $9\frac{1}{16}$  by 9 by 20 inches, for seat (B). Three pieces,  $2\frac{5}{32}$  by 2 by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches, for cleats (C). One piece broom handle 11 inches long. Four 2-inch angle-iron braces.

Shape runners (A) as illustrated in Figure 4. Cut a slot 1 by 6 inches midway between the ends. Bore a hole near the front end of each runner for the short piece of broom handle. Nail cleats (C) between the runners  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch below the top edges—one cleat  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the rear ends of the runners, one  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the rear ends, and a third midway between the other two. To strengthen the joints between the runners and the front and rear cleats screw two angle irons to the underside of each. Then nail seat (B) across cleats (C). Half-oval or flat iron pieces 36 inches long and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wide screwed to the bottom edges of the runners will save them and make the sled slide better.



Dialog med očetom in sinom

## II

— Kdaj mi boš spet kaj povedal o mistru Delu in mistru Kapitalu, atek? Veš, odkar si me zadnjič tako dobro podučil, da so pri tej stvari trije mistri, ne samo dva — mister Delo, mister Kapital in mister Kapitalist — se zdaj potihoma smejem učitelju v šoli, kadar nam razlaga to reč po svoje in govori le o dveh, mistru Delu in mistru Kapitalu, mistra Kapitalista pa nič ne omenja. To je tako zabavno . . .

— To je prav, Peterček. Pridno poslušaj učitelja, kadar veš, da te pravilno nečesa uči, ni ga pa treba poslušati oziroma ni mu treba verjeti, kadar te očitno farba. In jasno je, da te napačno uči glede Dela in Kapitala.

— Tista primera o pasji bolhi je bila tako zabavna, atek. Torej mister Kapitalist je prav toliko potreben delavcu, kakor je psu bolha v njegovi dlaki!

— Da, prav toliko, Peterček. Pes misli, če sploh kaj misli, da je bolha v njegovi dlaki, ki mu pije kri, neko neizogibno zlo, ki mora biti, zato trpi bolho. Baš to mislijo delavci, velika večina, zato trpe mistra Kapitalista, da posreduje med njimi in njihovim delom. Toda delavec je človek, ki lahko razmišlja; delavec ni pes, zato bi moral znati bolje. In danes je že mnogo delavcev, ki se zavedajo, da niso psi, zato nočejo trpeti bolh na svojem telesu — nočejo trpeti mistrov Kapitalistov, ker spoznavajo, da lahko brez njih opravijo in veliko bolje bi se jim godilo.

# “Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”

— Povej mi, atek, kako pa je mister Kapitalist prišel do svojega kapitala. Kdo mu je dal kapital? Zakaj so mistri Kapitalisti na svetu? Ne razumem, kako je to, da mister Delo lahko živi brez mistra Kapitalista, kakor ti praviš, kljub temu je mister Kapitalist na svetu. Kdo ga je postavil?

— To je dolga povest, Peterček, katera potrebuje mnogo besed in primer, vendar jaz ne bom na dolgo raztegal in besedičil. Mistra Kapitalista je postavil sistem in ta mu je dal oblast nad kapitalom. Ker pa mister Delo ne more obstati brez kapitala, mora biti tam kjer je kapital — in tako je mister Kapitalist dobil oblast tudi nad mistrom Delom.

— Kaj pa je sistem, atek?

— Sistem, o katerem zdaj govorim, je organizacija gospodarskega življenja v človeški družbi. V začetku zgodovine so bili telesni sužnji mister Delo. Lastnik polja ali delavnice je kupil delavca-sužnja na trgu kot konja ali vola in potem mu je moral delati za hrano, obleko in stanovanje. Lastnik je sužnja lahko prodal ali pa ubil, kakor mu je bolj kazalo.

— To je pa bilo grozno, atek. Ali je lastnik smel to delati?

— Seveda je smel. Sužnji so bili zakonita posest lastnika, kakor živina, zemlja, orodje in sploh vsa privatna lastnina. Takrat je živel na Grškem modrijan Plato, ki je zapisal, da civilizacija ne bo mogla nikdar obstati brez sužnjev.

— Ali se ni ta modrijan motil?

— Seveda se je, Peterček — za bodočnost, ni se pa motil za svoj čas. Gospodarstvo njegove dobe ni moglo obstati brez suženjskega sistema, ker je bilo zgrajeno na suženjskem delu. Ampak suženjski sistem je propadel — namreč v takratnih civiliziranih de-



želah — in prišel je nov sistem gospodarstva, ki se je imenoval fevdalni sistem. V okviru tega sistema delavec na polju ni bil več privatna last lastnika polja; bil je osebno svoboden, moral pa je dajati lastniku polja deseti del ali desetino svojega pridelka in moral je delati pri lastniku toliko in toliko dni v letu. To prisilno delo se je imenovalo tlačka. Lastnik polja je bil takrat navadno kralj, cesar ali škof, ki je dajal zemljo v najem plemičem ali graščakom in ti so se imenovali "fevdi". Odtod ime fevdalni sistem ali fevdalizem.

— Koliko časa je trajal fevdalni sistem, atek?

— Več ko tisoč let v Evropi, po nekih delih sveta pa še danes traja v malo drugačni obliki. Pri nas v Združenih državah ga ni nikdar bilo. V južnih državah je bila telesna sužnost zamorcev do civilne vojne, od takrat pa imamo v Ameriki kapitalistični sistem. Kapitalistični sistem se je porodil v Angliji v sredi 18. stoletja. Prišel je z iznajdbo parnega motorja. Ta motor in stroji, ki so mu sledili, so ubili individualno rokodelstvo in obrtništvo in dali svetu masno produkcijo dobrin.

— Kaj je masna produkcija dobrin, atek?

— Masna produkcija dobrin je izdelavanje življenskih potrebščin — živeža, obleke in drugega potrebnega materiala — na debelo ali v veliki množini s stroji v tovarnah. Takšna produkcija je mogoča le s parno in električno silo, ki sta nadomestili človeško in živalsko delovno silo.

— Kaj je delovna sila, atek?

— Delovna sila, Peterček, je tista sila ali moč, ki ustvarja dobrine ali potrebno blago in katera ustvarja kapital. Ta sila so človeški možgani in mišice, so živinske mišice, je voda, ki žene kolesa, je para in elektrika.

— Katera delovna sila je bila prva, atek?

— Prva delovna sila je bil človek sam. Takrat je bil človek hkratu delavec in delodajalec. Nato si je podvrgel konja, vola in osla, ki so močnejši ko človek. Ko si je človek podvrgel živino, je pomnožil svoje dobrine in kmalu potem je začel obdelavati zemljo. Potem je človek začel topiti rudo in dobil je kovine. Nato je začel graditi mesta in ladje. Prej, dokler je človek imel malo imetje, je sam delal, ko je pa razširil svoje imetje na živino, polja in kovinsko orodje — se je vloga razdelila. Oni, ki so imeli dosti, so si ku-

pili delo onih, ki niso imeli nič. Tako sta nastala na svetu prva dva razreda: gospodar in suženj. Kasneje sta se gospodar in suženj prelevila v fevda in tlačana, končno pa v kapitalista in delavca.

— Atek, kdo je dal človeku živino, zemljo in rude?

— Nihče! Kar sam si je vzel. Prav za prav mu je vse to dala natura. Natura je razvila iz sebe zemljo, rude in živino — kakor tudi rastline in razna drevesa — in vse to si je človek prisvojil za svoje koristi.

— Ali je natura naredila, da bo eden človek gospodar, drugi pa suženj, tlačan in delavec?

— O tem bova pa govorila prihodnjič, Peterček.

## Tralala-bum, vsi v šolo, vsi v kontest!

Pisma učencev in učenk, ki pišejo naloge za našo šolo, že prihajajo v uredništvo Mladinskega lista. Joj, to je zabava med našimi malčki!

Niti novega leta niso počakali, niti 1. januarja, ko se je kontest prvega meseca uradno začel — še dva dni pred novim letom so pričela prihajati pisma z nalogami. Prva naloga je prišla iz Nove Mehike, pomislite! Druga pa iz Clevelanda.

Nagradene naloge bodo objavljene prihodnji mesec.

Med tem pa že čakajo naše učence in učenke nove naloge za kontest, ki je razpisan v tej številki.

Na delo, bratec in sestrica! Svinčnik v roke, kos papirja na mizo in napnite možgane! Ni samo to, da lahko dobite dolar, dva, tri — tudi naučili se boste nekaj koristnega. In to je več vredno ko vsi dolarji! Zdaj ste v šoli! —

If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we would now be living in a jungle of weeds.—  
*Luther Burbank.*

\*

Actor: Don't you like my deathbed scene?  
Director: No, I want you to put more life into it.

# More Than A Billion Years Ago: Life Begins

Do you remember the picture in the January Mladinski List showing the earth before any form of life existed?

Do you remember the statement, "There has been over a billion and a half years of life on the earth"?

with a thin coat of Limestone. Many remains of these fossils can be found in Montana and parts of Canada.

Why can we not have pictures of the very, very beginning of life of more than a billion and a half years ago? Because these early,



**Life Begins in a World Where There Was No Life.**

Copyright by and Courtesy of  
Chicago Museum of Natural History

This is the second picture of that group. It shows the world when life began.

What?

You cannot see any life in this picture? You expected to see queer-looking animals, or odd-looking men? You're 'way ahead of our story. Remember again, that the picture of Early Man that you saw in the last Mladinski List was only 250,000 years ago. This one is one billion, or a thousand million years ago.

This picture shows the earliest remains of life yet discovered.

This is how you can find it: You see pools of water. This water is warm, just like the hot springs that you can see in Yellowstone Park even today.

On these pools are growing lumps of limestone. These lumps are the earliest kinds of plants that have left any kind of remains. And plants are living things!

Why do we have remains of these early plants? Because they covered themselves

simplest forms were small and soft-bodied. They left no hard shells or skeletons. Much later on, as animals develop and form still thicker shells for protection, we have many kinds of fossil remains.

## The Little Captive

Here are questions on this month's installment of "The Little Captive", a story in Slovene, which you will find in another section of this month's Mladinski List. See if you can answer these questions:

What puzzled Milan Pleško about Little Doris?

Why would Doris' parents not speak to the Pleško family?

Did little Doris miss her freedom?

Did Milan Pleško succeed in rescuing Little Doris from the fire?

"If all were determined to play the first violin, we should never have a complete orchestra. Therefore respect every musician in his proper place."—Schumann.

# Stric Joško pripoveduje

Dragi moji čitateljčki in čitatelji!

Zadnjič sem vam povedal svojo storijo iz Njujorka, ko smo prišli v Meriko. Povedal sem vam, da smo bili vkup štiri bojsi: Šokec, Ribničan, Primorec in jaz.

Iz Njujorka smo trevlali vkup v Žalet.

Trevlali smo dva dni in tri noči. To vam daje ajdijo, kako slo je bil meriški trejn v tistih letih.

Predno smo šli v Njujorku na trejn, smo se zastakali z lunčem. Šokec in Ribničan sta vzela od agenta na dipi vsak po en velik beg sasičev, bananusov in orenčev; dala sta agentu vsak po 50 centov. Primorec je vzel dolg lof kruha za meriški groš, jaz pa hem ali po naše šunko, za katero sem odštel tri kvodre.

Moja ajdija je bila — in še danes je — da smo bili vsi bojsi, razen Primorca, dobro odžipani. Pa kaj boš, pur devl? Razumeli nismo natin — in vsakdo je izpulal iz nas, kar je hotel. In vzeti si moral vse, kar ti je ta ali oni kruk forsiral, če si lajkal ali ne.

Ko smo že bili na trejnu, je prišel v karo mlad žentleman in vrgel vsakemu bakso kendija na kolena. Spogledamo se debelo in naš Šokec se je sladko zarežal: "Tok jedenpot je pa le nekej zabadav!" — Ribničan se je tudi hihital.

Primorec in jaz pa nisva bila nič vesela tega. Ekspirijene je naju že nekaj naučil in škilila sva jako suspišus na tiste bakse.

"Ej, pazi, brate, na te baksice! Ne dotakni se je! Notri je lahko satanov sin, ki te ugrizne . . ."

Res je bilo tako. Pet minut kasneje je prišel naokrog star žentleman in kolektal od nas kvoder za vsako bakso. Jaz pa rečem bojsom: "Kar skoz okno glejte in smart se držite, vse drugo pa meni prepustite."

Tako so storili. Stari je pa stal tam in zahteval kvoder najprvo po angleški, potem po nemški in nazadnje v krvavi poljščini. Jaz pa po italijanski: "Kapiši njente!" — In še enkrat, dvakrat in trikrat: "Kapiši njente!"

Jezno je pobral bakse in odšel.

"Vidite, bojsi, tako se ga sfiksa, cigana!"

Med trevlanjem smo imeli dosti fona, pa tudi surprajzov. Okno kare smo imeli včasih odprto, včasih pa zaprto, kadar je veter nosil preveč dosta in suta v naše oči. Jaz obiram svojo hem, Ribničan me pa gleda poželjivo. On je že sfinišal svoj lunč.

"Al bi mi pistu mal pr kosti?" me vpraša.

Olrajt, si mislim, naj bo. Malo še obrežem in potem mu dam kost, na kateri se je držalo še lidlbet mesa. Ribničan vzame in obira, obira in obira, dokler ni bila kost čista in suha, kakor varnišana ročica. Nato pa švrk! — zažene kost proti oknu in čiiink! — zazvoni šipa, razbita na sto pises.

Vsi ostrmimo, Ribničan je pa bled ko bel teblklat.

"Buh se nas usmil, mislu sem, da je aknu adprto!"

Tedaj pride konduker in pravi: "One dollar and twenty cents!"



Gledamo ga in ne vemo, kaj hoče, toda nič dobrega nismo ekspektali.

Konduker nato dvigne palec svoje desne roke in ga potrese: "Van dalar", potem pa dvakrat mahne z obema rokama, dvakrat deset prstov: "tvendi sents" — za razbito šipo v oknu. In še hud je, češ zakaj smo tako zarobljeni grinhorni, da mečemo kosti v šipo.

Zdaj smo razumeli. Res nas je bilo sram, vseh treh, zaradi tega tumpastega Ribničana. Posežemo v pakete, izvlečemo na dan naš čenč in zložimo vkup dolar in dvajset centov, kolikor je zahteval konduker za šipo.

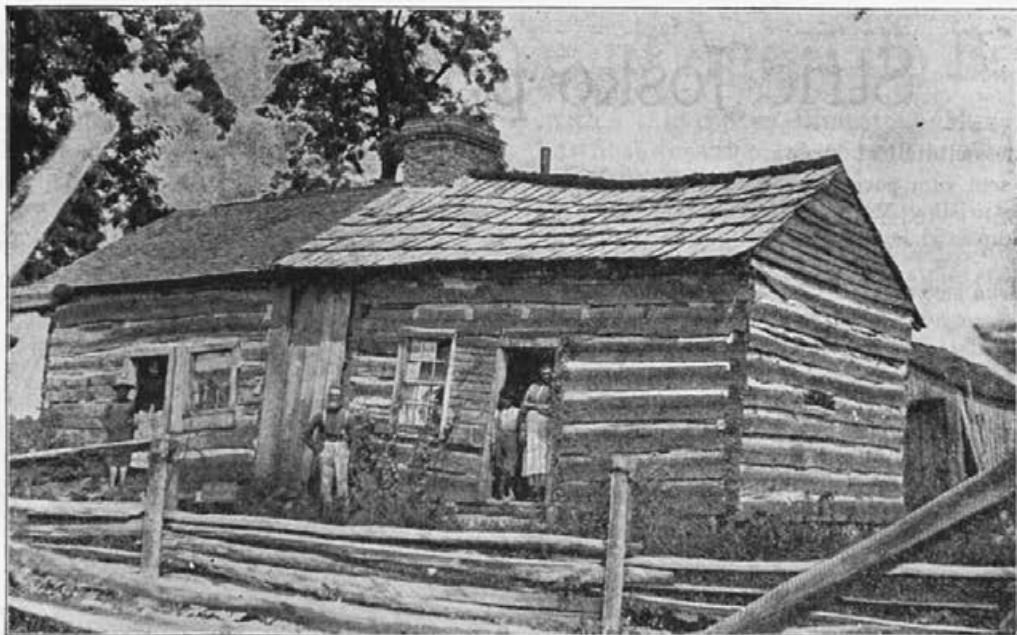
Naš Šokec se je v trejnu učil Ingliš. V Meriko je prinesel iz stare kontre angleško-slovenski — ali slovensko-angleški, ne vem kakšni — gremar in se učil besed. Pobahal se je, da že dobro zna. Mi smo ga gledali in skoro smo verjeli. Rekli nismo natin, toda sami pri sebi smo bili malo želos. Zakaj bi se Šokec učil Ingliš iz knjige, mi pa nič?

Naš trejn se ustavi v Špicburgu in tam je stal lang tajm. Šli smo dol, da si spet kupimo lunč. Tedaj je naš Šokec demonstretal koliko se je naučil Ingliš iz svojih bukvic.

Najprej je vprašal za vodo. Bil je trsti. Res, mi vsi bi bili radi pili. Šokec ustavi zdaj tega in zdaj onega redkepa in ga vpraša: "Vater, plejz?"

Bojsi ga gledajo in odkimajo: "No savi".

(Dalje na 15. strani.)



Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

Lincoln's father's last cabin near Charlestown, Ill.

## A Short Short Story

There are five boys in a village, all friends. Last year only two of them were reading the Mladinski list. This was so because only these two were members of the SNPJ Juvenile department. When they showed their Mladinski list to their friends, all five were reading it, but there were three "free lunchers" left.

Last month the third one joined the SNPJ Juvenile department, and he got his own Mladinski List. Now there are only two "free lunchers" left.

The trio, being the majority, has decided

that the other two shall join the SNPJ Juvenile department, too—and at once, so that there will be no "free lunchers" in the happy quintet.

The Juvenile campaign is on! Join it—all of you!

---

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.  
—Abraham Lincoln.

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## Pogumen mož

Ko je bil Abraham Lincoln še mlad, je večkrat slišal od svoje mačehe sledečo zgodbico:

Mačehin brat Izak se je sprl s svojim sosedom. Sosed je bil nagle jeze, pa je potegnil revolver in sprožil. Izak je imel kroglo v rami. Poklicali so zdravnika, ki je vprašal Izaka, če hoče, da ga priveže, ko mu bo jemal kroglo iz rame. Izak je pa to odklonil, češ da ne potrebuje privezanja. Vtaknil je

v usta dve svinčeni krogli, ki ju je imel v žepu in grizel je svinčenci ves čas operacije. Zdravnik je naredil devet palcev dolgo in palec globoko zarezo, predno je iztaknil kroglo, Izak pa je med tem tako čvrsto žvečil svinčenci, da ju je sploščil in ko je bila operacija končana, je izpljunil svinec in se zahvalil zdravniku za dobro postrežbo.

# Historical Sketches About Slovenes

By Historicus

No sooner had the Goths, a branch of early Germans, settled or were trying to settle down in the old Roman provinces in the northern part of the empire than the barbaric Hun hordes came rushing upon them. What the Goths had left, the Huns destroyed, but were stopped and in turn themselves annihilated. Soon after the Avars, a savage people akin to the Huns, pushed forward over the same roads and added to the ruins of the stricken countrysides. The Avars found no better luck than the Huns, and they, too, were in turn expelled or killed.

This was an important period in the history of our ancestors.

Right on the heels of the Avars, partly as their allies and partly as their enemies, fighting them as they went—the Slovenes came to Europe.

\* \* \*

The Slovene immigration into eastern and Southern Europe began in the middle of the sixth century. The southern and northern Slavs divided while they were still both living in western Russia. The northern Slavic branches (Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Russians, Ukrainians, and Lusatians) settled some centuries earlier in their present lands of northern Europe.

But there was hardly any division as yet among the great southern branch; the southern Slavs still spoke one common language, although some differences occurred earlier between the Slovenes and Antes. They had common gods, they were land tillers and cattle raisers, and they observed the same customs in their daily life.

The Slovenes came to Europe in two mighty waves.

The first wave turned south through the valleys along the Danube river and its tributaries, and there the Slovene tribes overran the Roman provinces of Dacia and Moesia in the eastern part of the Balkans. Farther south they pushed deeply into Macedonia and penetrated into Greece proper. The Greek writers of the time have recorded a bitter complaint of this Slovene invasion as follows: "These damned Sclaveni brought

with them their wives and children, their herds of cattle and sheep, and they simply took possession of our lands and villages and they behave as if our country is their home . . ."

The second wave was headed straight west over the broad plains of what is now Hungary. They crossed the Tisza and Danube rivers and, pushing before them the Avar remnants, they slowly settled in the Roman provinces of Upper and Lower Pannonia, and farther west in the hilly Noricum, Carinthia, and Carnia of the Alp mountains, and southwest in Illyricum. In the north they reached the Carpathians, and in the northwest they came in contact with the Slavic Moravians and Czechs who had already built their state there; in the west, where they took possession of the Alps and the country beyond the mountains, the Slovenes came face to face with the Germanic Franks and Longobards in northern Italy.

\* \* \*

Now remember, both these Slovene waves reaching the uppermost parts of the old Roman empire in the northwest and, on the other side, thrusting far into the Balkans and Greece in the southeast spoke one and the same language.

They were one people, traveling with their families mostly on foot and on horses, and driving herds of domestic animals. The men wore long shirts and loose pantaloons of homemade, very rough cloth and sheepskin jackets; the women wore long and loose skirts of the same material, and headcovering—"peča". In the north as in the south they sang the same folksongs and invoked the same gods, singing to them: "Bože, pomiluj! (God, have mercy!)."

Our ancestors were, by and large, a democratic people as democracy goes in a primitive society. Their system of society was a social one; that is, all families of immediate blood relationship lived together in a "zadruga" with "oče starešina", one of the older and wiser men, as its head. These "zadrugas" constituted a tribe which held its as-

sembly every so often under the "old linden tree" at which they elected their *župan* (community chief) and their *vojvoda* (military chief in time of war), and laid down their laws for the tribe. In time of peace, the old Slovenes had a custom of genuine hospitality for all strangers; nothing was too good for a stranger when he wandered into their midst—but in time of war, they were just as ruthless as any savages of that age.

\* \* \*

When the Slovenes came to the regions of their present country, what and whom did they find?

History knows very little about aborigines living in those lands adjoining the Alps over which the Romans held sway some 500 years previous to the great migration. The Latin historians wrote mostly about their conquest and their colonization of the conquered countries. The present Slovenia was in Roman times divided into the provinces of Noricum in the north, Carnia and Carantania in the west, Upper and Lower Panonia in the east, and Ilyricum in the south. The Romans built hard roads and, at every important crossing on the latter, military posts and trade centers. Around these posts and centers sprang the latter cities inhabited mostly by Romans. In nearby countrysides lived the aborigines, called Celts in the northern and western parts, Ilyrians in the south and Yapods in the east. All these peo-

ples were barbarians, but they knew how to make iron tools and weapons, and they were baking good pottery. Nothing is known of their language.

The Slovenes found most of the cities built by the Romans in ruins. The Huns and Avars devastated the country before them. The Slovenes undertook the task of rebuilding some of the ruined cities, and they restored Emona (now Ljubljana, a chief city of Slovenia), Celea (Celje), Petovium (Ptuj) and some others. To these and other towns they gave their own names; similarly they named the mountains and rivers after the hills and waterstreams in their old habitat. A typical Slovene name for a stream is *Bistra* or *Bistrica*; they brought this name with them. Also the highest peak of the Alp mountains was named by them *Triglav*—after the chief Slovene god, supposedly creator of heavens and earth and having three heads.

The aborigine inhabitants present there were soon absorbed by the Slovenes. They took the Slovene language, and lost their own. But racially they still live in our blood. These aborigines of Celtic and Ilyric strains were of short and stocky stature and had dark hair and complexion, whereas, the Slovenes were originally tall, robust, and light-complexioned with very light, blonde, or reddish hair. You can tell by these physical characteristics whether you are of the pure Slovene or of the mixed race.

(To be continued)

## Good Films To See



Have you at some time in the past seen the following films:

BLACK LEGION  
I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG  
FURY  
BLACK FURY

### LOUIS PASTEUR MODERN TIMES

Sometimes various organizations make a practice of bringing back these pictures. If you find any such chance to see them, try to do so.

**A GOOD RULE TO FOLLOW IN SEEING MOTION PICTURES:** Not to see just any film just for the sake of "going to show" but to wait until some good one comes around—and select. Many of the films are just a waste of your money, but there are also many good ones you can select if you form the habit of doing so.

**FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, that is, movies that will be coming to your theaters this month:** There were none released that can be especially recommended.

Make your selections from good movies of other months.



## Slumber Song

By Mary Jugg

*Step lightly,  
Step lightly,  
To Dreamland away;  
So sprightly,  
So sprightly,  
Now wend your way.*

*So brightly,  
So brightly,  
The Dream song has sounded;  
So lightly,  
So lightly,  
O'er all has abounded.*

*O! Sandman,  
O! Sandman,  
The path has been strewn;  
And we scan,  
And we scan,  
The silvery moon.*

*We're blinking,  
We're blinking,  
So brightly it gleams;  
We're sinking,  
We're sinking,  
Away to our dreams.*

## Way Back When



From the third issue of Mladinski List, September, 1922.

I received our magazine for the month of August. I enjoy it very much. I like the puzzles.—Florian Kuhar, Lorain, O.

### IZ TRETJE ŠTEVILKE MLADINSKEGA LISTA SEPTEMBER, 1922

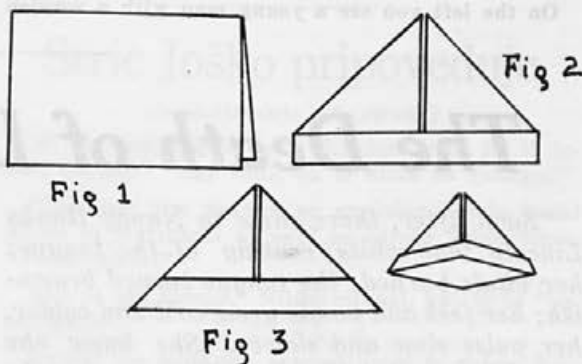
Cenjeni urednik!

Mladinski list se mi zelo dopade in ga z največjim veseljem prebiram. Dobro bi bilo, da bi se nanj naročili vsi slovenski otroci v Ameriki, ker bi jim to zelo koristilo za njih izobrazbo. Prosim, priobčite to v prihodnji številki.

Z udanim pozdravom,  
MARY RUGELJ, Gross, Kansas.

### HONORABLE MENTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2

Wilka Kuznik, Grayslake, Ill.; Josephine Vidic, Roundup, Mont.; Millie A. Chicka, Delmont, Pa.; Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.; Isabelle Junko, Pittsburg, Kans.; Frank Bayt, Coverdale, Pa.; Matilda Pejack, Johnstown, Pa.; Sophie Lokar, Cleveland, O.; Antonia Yadro, West Frankfort, Ill.; Mary Polantz, Johnstown, Pa.; Stephania Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.



## Hat

For this paper hat you will need a piece of paper 8 inches by 10 inches. Then you fold the diameters. Open the paper and place it before you with the shorter diameter horizontal. Fold the upper edge to meet the lower edge, as in Fig. 1. Fold the upper corners down to the vertical (up and down) diameter, as in Fig. 2. Turn the two strips at the bottom upward, one in front and one in back, and fold down the corners at each end, as in Fig. 3.

# The Beginning of Family Life



Copyright by and Courtesy of Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

## The Neanderthal Man, 50,000 years ago.

This is the second of the exhibits in the Chicago Field Museum showing the different stages of Man and his life and surroundings.

The first of these pictures, in last month's Mladinski List, showed you men of 250,000 years ago.

This picture shows you a race of men 50,000 years ago. It is called the Neanderthal race. You can see that these people lived much, much later than those of the other picture, and you can also see that their way of living has changed.

On the left you see a young man with a wooden

club in his hand. He is watching something on the beach below, because this is the only place from which he and his family could be attacked. Squatting before the embers of the fire is the father of the family. He is watching mussels open as the heat penetrates the shells. On the right hand side you see a small boy, his son, ready to help by bringing a small twig for the fire. In the cleft in the rock is the mother carrying her youngest baby on her hip.

Scientists say that this is the period—50,000 years ago—when family life began.

# The Death of Lincoln's Mother

"Soon after, there came to Nancy Hanks Lincoln that white coating of the tongue; her vitals burned; the tongue turned brownish; her feet and hands grew cold and colder, her pulse slow and slower. She knew she was dying, called for her children, and spoke to them her last choking words. Sarah and Abe leaned over the bed. A bony hand of the struggling mother went out, putting its fingers into the boy's sandy hair; her fluttering guttural words seemed to say he must grow up and be good to his sister and father . . .

" . . . And Tom Lincoln took a log left over from the building of the cabin, and he and Dennis Hanks whipsawed the log into planks,

planed the planks smooth, and made them a measure for a box to bury the dead wife and mother in. Little Abe, with a jackknife, whittled pine-wood pegs. And then, while Dennis and Abe held the planks, Tom bored holes and stuck the whittled pegs through the bored holes. This was the coffin, and they carried it the next day to the same little timber clearing near by, where a few weeks before they had buried Tom and Betsy Sparrow. It was in the way of the deer-run leading to the saltish water; light feet and shy hoofs ran over those early winter graves.

"So the woman, Nancy Hanks, died, thirty-six years old, a pioneer sacrifice . . ."—CARL SANDBURG in "Abe Lincoln Grows Up."



# Sova uharica

*Klema Ptačkova-Pilatova*

(Prosto iz češkega prevedel Ivan Vuk)



Narisal H. Masepove.

Gozd je zaspal. Utihnil je poslednji odmev neke daljne pesmi in ptičjega ščebetanja. Noč je tiho objela vrhove drves, se spuščala na tla in ogrnila s svojim sanjavih plaščem vsenaokrog, kakor skrbna mati svoje otroke.

Mrak tihega, toplega večera je bil kakor bi duhtel in božal. Pravljičnost je nastajala vsenaokrog in bilo je, kakor bi plesale vile svoj pravljичni ples.

Zdajci je presekala tišino velik nočni metulj — stara šepata sova Uharica, je zahuhukala v noč svoj koral:

“U-huhu— u-huhu— u-huhu . . .”

Pripravljala se je na lov. V starih razvalinah nekdanjega gradu je imela svoj dom, a v širokem gozdnem revirju svoje veliko bogstvo. S kljunom si je popravila mehko perje, podobno barvi z mahom obraščenih grajskih zidov, obrusila ob kamen konico kljunovo in zletela v gozd. Tam ob gozdnem parobku imajo po večerih miši svoj sestanek in svoje sprehode. Obiskati jih mora.

Tihonko, kakor polnočni sivi oblak, je letela med drevjem in velike, okrogle oči so bile kakor fotograf — vse so videle in zapazile.

Sreča ji je bila mila.

Lep mišjak Grizka, stasit in postaven, je nocoj prvi pripeljal svojo številno družinico na izprehod. Miške so se, kakor razposajeni otroci, valjale po travi, poskakovale, si nagajale in bile vse poredno razposajene. Mamica Sivka, lepa miška, jih je

skrbno opazovala in njeno oko je z materinsko ljubeznijo počivalo na otrocih-miškah.

Zadovoljen in vesel je očka mišjak celo pozabil na nevarnosti. Še le, ko se je živi, sivkasti oblak spustil med njegovo družinico, ko je oster kljun letečega mačka zagrabil najlepšega njegovega otroka-miško, je od groze zakričal.

Prepozno.

Leteča mačka, stara sova Uharica, je spretno zletela preko ostalih in tiho zginila v gozdu. Previdno je nekoliko privzdignila svoje uhlje, da bi ničesar, kar se godi naokrog nje, ne preslišala . . . Kajti težke izkušnje ima. Posebno nek pohod na lov, ali bolje vračanje z lova, ji je ostal vedno v spominu. Tedaj je bila Uharica še mlada sova. Zletela je, kakor nocoj, na lov, a toliko da se je vrnila živa. Kako se je to zgodilo, še danes ne ve. Bila je že takorekoč pri svojem domu, kar ji je okrog ušes zažvižgal kamen. Toliko da je ušla smrti. Samo leva noga je bila zadeta in še danes ni dobra. Še danes šepa na njo. Zato je zdaj Uharica vedno posebno oprezna . . .

Na varnem svojem stanovanju je z ostrim kljunom raztrgala tolsto mišjo pečenko in zopet odletela na lov. Bogat lov je imela ta večer, kar ni vedno. Do dobrega se je najedla. Vrnila se je domov, ko so jele bledeti zvezde in je kos zažvižgal in zapel tam nad razvalinami nekdanjega gradu svoj jutranji koncert.

## Stric Joško pripoveduje

(Nadaljevanje z 9. strani.)

Mi ga tudi pogledamo: “Kakšen jezik pa ti tokaš, partner? Saj vidiš, da te nihče ne razume!”

“Tok jast jim pravim po angleško, strela boža! Al so to Merikanci al ne?” se odreže Šokec jezno. “Vater, plejz?”

Bilo je vse zaman. Nihče ni znal, kaj je to “vater, plejz”.

Takrat me mine vsa potrpežljivost in rečem Šoku: “Zdaj pa pazi. Jaz bom vprašal po naše, po kranjsko, po slovensko!”

Stopim k enemu tamle in zavpijem: “Vode!”

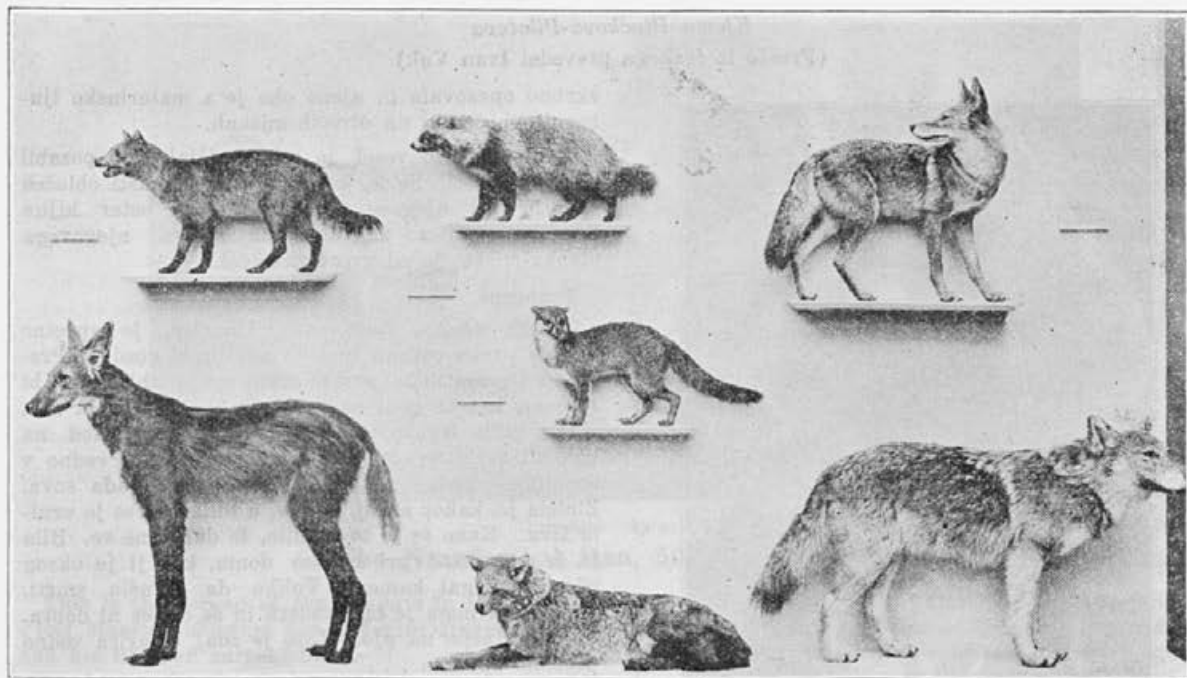
“O, vodr — vodr, šur!” Pokažejo mi velik čeber s pitno vodo.

Zmagoslavno se ozrem po Šoku in ostalih in jim pravim: “Vidite, bojsi! Kdor se uči angleško, je ful! Kar po naše jo zaingajmo, pa nas bodo vsi Merikanci razumeli!”

Neks tajm spet kaj špasnega. Do tedaj: Gud luk tu ol ov ju! —

Vaš stric Joško.

# OUR SCHOOL



THIS IS OUR SECOND CONTEST LESSON Photo by courtesy of Chicago Field Museum of Natural History.

Here are seven animals. Their names are: top row, crab-eating dog, raccoon dog, Mearns' coyote; center, Guatemala gray fox; bottom row, maned wolf, culpeo, Mexican timber wolf.

This picture is one illustration of Nature's story.

**THIS IS YOUR CONTEST:** Write a letter of not more than 200 words telling how many points of Nature's story you can grasp from this picture.

Here are some questions that will help you. Remember you are not expected to answer them; they are only for your guidance.

What fact that is easily seen in this picture can be applied to the races of Man?

How does this picture help you explain why there are so many kinds of domestic dogs? or so many kinds of different apples? or roses?

Did Man have any hand in bringing about the differences you see in this picture? Does he ever?

All of these animals are fierce and distrustful. Are domestic dogs like that? What does that point to again?

THERE WILL BE 18 CASH PRIZES divided exactly as last month. (See January issue.) Remember to follow the rules.

## Here are the Rules:

1. Every contestant must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile department.
2. This month's contest begins February 1 and closes February 28, 1938.
3. The letters must not be over 200 words in length.
4. The letter should be written in your own words and countersigned by either of your parents to show that it is your own work.
5. State your age and lodge number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong.
6. Mail your letters to "Contest Editor," Mladinski List, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
7. The winning letters will be published in the April issue.

Watch the MARCH issue for the winners of the first contest, and also watch for another contest next month!

# OUR PEN PALS WRITE

## Naši čitateljčki pišejo



The letters this month show a great deal of improvement. The contributors are learning to write about those things that are different and new to other members. Notice, for instance, the letters of the three "WEST VIRGINIA SNPJers", RUDY UJCICH and his brother, JOHN UJCICH, of Pittsburgh, Pa., MILDRED OVCA, Springfield, Ill., OLGA

KNAPICH, Girard, Kans., BILL FAUTSKO, Canton, O., PHILIP GERMAN, Ambridge, Pa., and the FOUR SLOVENE CONTRIBUTORS.

Because there were so many letters we have had

### AN SNPJ PROGRAM

Dear Editor:—I will write and tell the readers about a few interesting things that have been happening here.

On Thanksgiving Day I had the pleasure of going to St. Louis. I did not get to see all the sights I had hoped for, because I was sick during all the time we were there. But on the way back to the station, we passed General Grant's old cabin. This was a small one-room log cabin in which he had lived. In the front of it he stood a cannon which he had used in the war. Surrounding the cabin was a small forest in which there were many deer.

Sunday, Dec. 5, was a great day for the juvenile members of SNPJ lodge 47. The lodge gave us a big party, and everyone had the time of their lives. The juveniles presented a program; every young member took part in it. First there was a speech by Frances Gorsek. Then these older members of the lodges made brief remarks: John Gorsek, Sr., John Gorsek, Jr., Martin Banich and Joseph Ovca. An accordion solo was played by Frank Strukel. The Strukel sisters sang in Slovenian, and Edna Gorsek sang in English. Mary Ocepce and myself recited poems about the lodge. Johnnie Gorsek also gave a recitation. Then all the juveniles marched on the stage and sang, after which they were

to make some of them shorter than what you sent in. But every time the most important or interesting parts were taken from them.

**IMPORTANT!** The deadline for all letters is the end of every month. For instance, all the letters received from January 1 to January 31 will be printed in the MARCH issue. They can no longer be printed in the February issue because all copy for it WAS CLOSED on the first of January.

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR FEBRUARY:** The "West Virginia SNPJers", a juvenile lodge organized on August 8, 1937. They now have 65 members and are represented by 3 letters in this issue!

—EDITOR.

treated to ice cream, sandwiches, soda pop, and surprise bags of candy. We wish to thank all the members of Lodge 47 for giving us such a big, enjoyable party. Thanks to the SNPJ Headquarters for their contribution, also. A proud member,

MILDRED OVCA,  
1841 S. 15th St.,  
Springfield, Ill.

\* \*

### ŠE ENO PRVO PISEMCE

Dragi urednik! To je moje prvo pismo Mladinskemu Listu. Tukaj je nekaj verzov:

Majhna sem bila,  
piške sem pasla,  
piške so čivkale,  
jaz sem pa rasla.

Jaz želim, da bi tudi naša jednota tako rasla. Stara sem dvanajst let. Vsem sestricam in bratcem želim srečno novo leto.

JENNIE DOLENC,  
Lodge 297, Adena, O.,  
Box 156.

\* \*

### "W. VA. SNPJers"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Even though I haven't written for such a long time, I read the other letters every time we get the magazine.

All the juveniles in Lodge 29 formed their own lodge. We call ourselves the "West Virginia SNPJers." We have a total of 65 members. We have held two dances already. In September we

had a picnic at Silver Lake. Our sponsor is Bro. George Belinc. We elected new officers for the year 1938. (Their names are listed in another letter.—Ed.)

At our Halloween Dance we gave prizes for the best costume.—Lodge 29, the lodge to which we belong, had a Grape Festival in October.

I would like to get some pen pals. I am sure I would answer all the letters.—Everyone in our family belongs to the SNPJ, as well as almost every Slovene in Coketon and Pierce. Best regards to everyone.

MARY VIDMAR,  
Box 55, Coketon, W. Va.

\* \*

### A SPORTS ENTHUSIAST— AND CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

Dear Editor and Readers! This is my second letter, and I shall try to write steady from now on. My chief interest is sports and news of the world, of which I will write later.

I will be 17 on my next birthday, and I am a sophomore in high school. At present I am taking up machine shop in preparation for becoming a machinist. I have two younger brothers, Rudy and Joe, and three younger sisters, Anna, Dorothy, and Rose. All of us, as well as our father and mother belong to SNPJ lodge 118.

Christmas was celebrated in a big way in Pittsburgh. Different high schools and groups assembled in front of the old Post-office Building and sang Christmas carols in their native language. Then Senator Rodgers and Mayor Scully expressed their greetings to the people of the city.

In closing, I ask all Penna. members to write to the M. L. and show them the Pennsy spirit. Also try to get those new members for a wonderful trip or cash awards which are being given away for your benefit and mine. There are many who are not in our fold and who would join with your proper encouragement.

I would be glad to have any of you drop me a line, as I will gladly answer your letters. A Flame of the SNPJ Torch,

JOHN LOUIS UJCICH,  
Lodge 118, 5410 Carnegie St.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Since your predictions of the various sports teams are rather lengthy, we will try to include more of that some other time. Your question about the deadline for M. L. letters is answered in the very first paragraph of "Our Pen Pals" Page.—ED.)

\* \*

#### HVALA KOKOŠKAM IN PETELINČKOM!

Dragi urednik! Najprej se vam moram zahvaliti, ker ste tako lepo uredili moj zadnji dopis. Sedaj pa hočem opisati Thanksgiving day. Lepo smo se imeli na ta dan, hvala kokošim in petelinom, ki so dali svoje življenje za naše sitne želodce. Dosti je bilo zabave in smeha. Zakaj? Pri sosedu imajo petelina, zelo lepega, ki vedno poje. Jaz sem vprašal svojo mamo, zakaj ta žival meži, kadar poje, pa mi je rekla, da petelin ne potrebuje not, da bi gledal vanje. Saj tudi meni ni treba gledati v note. Vzajem harmoniko, zamežim in zašpilam, pa je šlo dobro kakor petelinu. To je bilo smeha.

JOE ROTT,  
18815 Chickasaw Ave.,  
Cleveland, O.

\* \*

#### MORE ABOUT THE "W. VA. SNPJERS"

Dear Editor and Readers:—Here I am again, writing about our lodge organized not long ago.

On Dec. 12, we elected new officers. (Their names appear in your sister's letter. Ed.) At the same meeting we decided to have a Christmas party at our administrator's home, on Dec. 24. The lodge gave every member a treat and a present. Our president, Mary Vidmar, and our administrator, George Belinc, were especially remembered. Later in the evening we enjoyed ourselves with dancing.

I want to say thanks to Tillie Puskarich and Justinia Lovsin for writing such grand letters to me. I wish Louise Visnikar would also write. A proud SNPJer,

HELEN VIDMAR,  
Pierce, W. Va., Box 76.

\* \*

#### UPA, DA BO DELEŽNA DOLARČKA

Dragi urednik! Danes je zadnji dan šole in zopet bomo imeli dva tedna počitnic čez praznike, katerih se šolarčki tako veselimo, ampak doma bo pa križ z nami. Nu, jaz bom skušala biti pridna in zaposlena s svojo kitaro. Mama mi je rekla, da se bom morala učiti vsak dan dve uri. Pripravite se za mojo nalogo v kontestu po novem letu! Bom tudi jaz poskusila napisati nekaj lepega v upanju, da bom še jaz deležna kakega dolarčka. Pa tudi v kampanji se bom potrudila, kolikor mi bo mogoče, da dobim novega člana. Mladinski List v novi obliki bo, upam, prikupen. Vsakdo si včasih želi malo spremembe, tako tudi mi. Srečno novo leto jednoti in čitateljem M. L.! Iskrene čestitke k 25-letnici mladinskega oddelka SNPJ

VIOLET VOGRIN,  
19515 Kildeer Ave.,  
Cleveland, O.

\* \*

#### A CALL FOR MORE INTEREST

Dear Editor and Readers! Now that school has started again and our minds are on our studies, we must not forget to write to this wonderful magazine, the Mladinski List. It is some time since I have written, although I promised to write often, and for that I wish to apologize.

I am a sophomore in the Cockerill High School. I take four subjects. Some of the sports

that our school has for girls are armory ball, volley ball, and tennis. This year we organized an interclass tournament. I was elected captain from our class. We placed third in armory ball and second in volley ball.

I will write more next time and hope to receive more pen pals. I assure you that I will answer your letter promptly. A proud member of lodge 225,

OLGA KNAPICH,  
RR 3, Box 714,  
Girard, Kans.

Dear Olga! We will hold back all the detailed news about the organization you describe until we can learn more about it. We know that here in Chicago it is sponsored by Hearst, and so if it supports ideas that the SNPJ does not approve of, we could not very well advertise it in our magazine, could we? We'll let you know about this next month.—EDITOR.

\* \*

#### MIKLAVŽ JE PRIVLEKEL PRAŠIČA . . .

Dragi urednik! Že dolgo nisem nič pisala. Poletu se otroci radi igramo, ko se pa začne šola, smo pa spet zaposleni. Skušala bom biti bolj pridna in bom vsak mesec kaj napisala za M. L., posebno sedaj, ko bo kontest in morda bom tudi jaz deležna darila. Le ne nože, deklice in dečki, da bomo imeli veliko dopisov vsak mesec! Jaz komaj čakam M. L. in brž ko pride, ga vzamem v roke. Slovensko mi gre bolj težko, a mama in ata mi pomagata, da vse preberem. — Lani je bil moj ata pobit v jami. Seveda so ga takoj odpeljali v bolnišnico. Ko sva se zjutraj jaz in moja sestra Annie zbudili, mama je mama povedala, da ateta ne bo domov, ker leži v bolnišnici in tedaj sem se na glas zjokala. Kako dobra je bila naša mati SNPJ, ki nam je priskočila na pomoč! Moj ata in mama sta že 17 let člana in tudi naročnika Prosvete. — Prazniki so minuli in z njimi vred je odkorakal tudi Miklavž, katerega se otroci vsako leto tako veselimo. Letos je prinesel meni in moji sestri Annie lepe obleke in nekaj igrač; ata in mama sta pa naročila, naj Miklavž privleče tudi prašiča in tudi ta prošnja je bila uslišana. Prašiča je pripeljal Mr. Jakob Dolene, Library, Pa. Ko sem

vprašala, zakaj ni tudi Miklavž prišel z njim, so mi povedali, da je Miklavž zelo star in rad doma pri peči sedi in fajfco kadil . . . Naj še omenim, da sem stara 10 let in hodim v četrti razred ljudske šole. Želim vsem deklam in dečkom, ki to čitajo, srečno novo leto.

ANGELA GROBIN,  
Box 17,  
Broughton, Pa.

(Draga Angelca, tvoje pismo je prišlo prepozno za januarsko številko.—Ur.)

\* \*

### A NEW HIGH SCHOOL IN CANTON

Dear Editor! I will tell you what I have been doing since the last summer months up to the present time.

On July 29, I started to work at the General Plating Co. Here they do chrome, nickel, zinc, and copper plating.

Days and then weeks rolled by until Sept. 8 "popped up", and I was on my way to school as a sophomore at McKinley High School. I didn't like the idea of giving up my job, but I made arrangements with the foreman to work on Saturdays only.

Nov. 12 then "snuck up" on me, and I went from the age of 14 to the age of 15.

A new million dollar school is being built in Canton for vocational courses only. It will be called the Timken Tech School. The sophomores and freshmen from Central High School, which will be torn down, will be transferred to McKinley High. They will attend classes in the morning, and the juniors and seniors will attend from noon to 5 P. M.

I won't be too late to wish you a Happy New Year.

BILL FAUTSKO,  
601 Brown Ave., N. W.,  
Canton, O.

\* \*

### WELCOME TO OUR CIRCLE, JERRY

Dear Editor! This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 13 years old. The last time I wrote that my father worked in the Coopersdale mine. On Sunday, Dec. 20, 1936, he died. Then on August 12, 1937, my

mother died. All my brothers and sisters were adopted then. Two of my sisters and one of my brothers were taken to Ohio; another one of my sisters was taken to Tire Hill, Pa.; and the other sister is in Hostette. I am in St. Michael, Pa.

It is a nice place here. There is a mine, which works only two or three times a week. I like it here.

I wish my sister would write to the Mladinski List. I like to read it. I am a member of the SNPJ, and I think it is one of the best and most honest societies anywhere.

JERRY SHERMERL,  
Box 17,  
St. Michael, Pa.

\* \*

### "A LETTER FROM EVERY STATE . . ."

Dear Editor! This is my second letter to the M. L. My letters have brought me some pen pals, but they are not writing steadily.

I have a lot of fun in school. I have seven teachers and like them all. This year our superintendent furnished the school with educational movies.

On New Year's Day the hall committee gave a dance, and I think everyone enjoyed himself.

I would like to have a letter from every state in the union.

JOHANNA KROFLICH,  
Lodge 13, RFD No. 1, Box 36,  
Bridgeport, Ohio.

\* \*

### FIRST LETTERS

#### Organizing the "W. Va. SNPJers"

Dear Editor and Readers! In this letter I am going to tell about the organization of our Juvenile lodge. I think a lot of the members of different states will be interested in knowing how it was organized.

One Sunday afternoon Mary A. Gasser and I went for a walk, and all at once we began talking about the SNPJ lodge No. 29. Later I said, "Mary, why don't we organize a juvenile SNPJ lodge?" At first she looked puzzled, and then she said, "Gee, that's a good idea."

Several days later we went to the secretary of Lodge No. 29 for

a list of all the children that were in the lodge. The same day we went to all the homes of the children and told them to come to a meeting held August 8, 1937. All of them were present at the meeting—38 of them. First the adults had their meeting; then we had ours. An administrator was elected at the adult meeting. He remained with us after their meeting. We did many things that meeting. We chose our motto to which is, "We Can and We Will," a name, "The W. Va. SNPJers", and elected the following officers: president, Mary Vidmar; vice-president, Louis Selak; secretary, Mary A. Gasser; recording secretary, Boris Paucek; treasurer, Jennie Vidmar; administrator, George Belinc.

1. At the beginning we had 38 members, and now we have 65 are trying to get more to join.

2. We have had one picnic and one party.

3. We have had two dances.

4. We elected new officers on Dec. 12. These are: president, **Mary Vidmar**; vice-president, **Ernest Selak**; secretary, **Mary Vidmar**; administrator, **George Belinc**.

At every meeting we have a wonderful time. Just lately we decided to have program at every meeting.

Since I have been president of the W. Va. SNPJers I have learned many things I never knew about before, and I hope the rest of the officers did, too. All the members like our administrator, because he has done many fine things for us. A proud president,

MARY VIDMAR,  
Pierce, W. Va.,  
Box 76.

(Your lodge announcement was placed in an issue of the Prosveta.—ED.)

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers! I would like to tell everyone about myself, sports, and something about the city I live in.

I am 15 years of age and attend Arsenal Junior School. My subjects in the ninth grade are: algebra, English, general science, and printing. I help to print our school paper, the "Arsenal Patriot." We also have gym and

swimming once a week which I like very much.

I am very much interested in sports, my favorites being football, baseball, and hockey. I have seen many football and baseball games, but only one hockey game. I also pitch horseshoes, which, to me, is a game of skill.

I live in what is generally called the "Smoky City". We have rain often but did not have snow for Christmas. We had some snow in the early part of December, which was enough for coasting for a few days. The population of Pittsburgh is close to a million inhabitants. It is noted for many famous sites, such as, Allegheny County Airport, Highland Park Zoo, and many such places which rank among the best in the country.

My father works in the Waverly Oil Works Co., which was destroyed by fire in the St. Patrick's Day flood. It is being built up and coming along fine.

I wish everyone a happy and prosperous New Year, and hope that some boys and girls would write to me. I will answer their letters as soon as possible. A member,

RUDY UJCICH,  
5410 Carnegie St.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers! There are four of us in the family and we all belong to SNPJ lodge 33. I will be 15 years of age on February 25, and I am in the ninth grade. I study four subjects: algebra, civics, general science, Latin, and shop.

Now for a bit of history about our school. It is the Ambridge Junior High, built in 1923, with the vocational section added in 1928. The increase of population was the cause of building the school larger. Now a senior high section is being annexed to our school. It will be completed March 31, 1938. One thousand pupils will enter this school, and there will be 37 new class rooms.

Our Junior High School in itself is a very big one. It has 2 gyms, an auditorium, 5 shops, 2 flood laboratories, 671 lockers, and 57 rooms. There are 61 teachers. One thousand tons of coal are consumed annually.

There are 117 radiators, 14 drinking fountains, 30 lights, 2 supply rooms, 4430 window squares, 1445 assembly seats, and 52 steps from the first to the third floor.

I wish some of the readers would write to me.

PHILIP GERMAN,  
541 Duss Ave.,  
Ambridge, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers! There are five of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge 118. My sister Frances is 15 years of age and goes to Peabody High school. My brother Anthony, who is 14, goes to Sunnyside Grade School and will graduate in February. I am 13 and have been sick in bed for two years now. I am feeling better, now.

During the month of December my father and his friend went deer hunting, and they brought home a buck.

I can hardly wait until the M. L. comes every month. I think that the M. L. of January was very nice, and I am going to save everyone of them now. When it comes, we all run to the door to see who will get it first, but I always seem to be the lucky one.

I would appreciate it if someone would write to me.

JENNIE TOMSICH,  
5405 Celadine St.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor! I can hardly wait until the M. L. comes in the mail. I am very interested in the letters, poems, jokes, stories and riddles. I would like to write a letter in Slovenian to it. — I am in the fourth grade and have four teachers: Miss Laubin, Miss Veader, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Peterson. Best regards,

ALBINA DOLENCE,  
Box 73,  
Willock, Pa.

Dear Editor! I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I am a member of SNPJ lodge No. 318, and am proud to be a member.

I play a Hawaiian guitar, and have been taking lessons since June.—We have had a lot of snow

already. My brother and I go sled-riding.—The Mladinski List is a very interesting magazine, and I hope more boys and girls will write to it. A proud member,

MARY SKODA,  
RFD No. 3, Box 31,  
Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Editor! I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Kimball. I have five sisters and one brother. This is what I got for Christmas: a typewriter, a doll, and some games. We had a very nice time. My sister came home from Denver, Colorado. I would like to have some members write to me.

ROSE CHAGENOVICH,  
Lodge 416, Van Houten,  
New Mexico.

Dear Editor! I would like to write a few things about my life. I am Croatian and was born in Bingham, Utah, April 1, 1926. My mother died when I was 9 days old. Then my father took me to grandmother's. My daddy got sick and we all went to Dawson, New Mexico. He had to undergo an operation, and then when I was 19 months old, he died. Then I lived with my grandmother and uncle. From New Mexico we moved to Wyoming. My grandmother and step-grandfather have been very good to me.

When I was small we traveled over many states. I have one uncle here, one in Minnesota, one in Oregon, and two in New Mexico.

I go to school, and am in the sixth grade. I am learning both Croatian and Slovenian, and when I learn to write, I will send a letter in Slovene.

JOHN LUCAS,  
1302 Lowell St.,  
Rock Springs, Wyo.

Dear Editor and Readers! I am 14 years old and a freshman in the Cockerill High School. I am the president of the Freshman Class. The subjects I take are: mathematics, English, world history, science, glee club, and athletics.

My dad is secretary of lodge

225, and I have been a member since I was 1 year old.—I wish some members would write to me and also to the Mladinski List.

HENRY WM. JELOVCHAN,

R.R. 3, Box 1526,

Girard, Kans.

(The same applies to the note about your new club as that of Olga Knapich's letter. More next month!—ED.)

\* \*

Dear Editor! I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. I have 7 teachers, and they are very nice. There are 5 of us in the SNPJ lodge.—Our school is a very big one. The name of it is the Wagner school.

ANNA MAE SKRAK,

1204 Fourth St.,

Nanty Glow, Pa.

\* \*

AMELIA BERGANT, RR1, Willard, Wis., writes how she and her sister were going after a Christmas tree. They walked for two miles and failed to find one, but on their way home they

spotted one. They didn't have much luck with sawing off a branch, and so they had to leave it.

DOROTHY LOUISE RUSS, Box 4, Vallorso, Colo., writes about her school and their program.

KATHERINE MAZELY, 1224 White St., Clinton, Ind., writes to tell what she got for Christmas and also mentions how much she misses her daddy, who died in 1935.

ELIZABETH RODMAN, Van Houten, N. Mex., writes that she is 9 years old, in the fourth grade, and has three brothers and one sister. She also sends a verse about "St. Nicholas Cookies", which, unfortunately, would be a little late for our February issue.

\* \*

BOUQUETS FOR THE M. L.  
Dear Editor! It has come—the wonderful edition of the M.

L! I like its new form. My sister, brother, and I have been members of Lodge 86 for over two years. I have saved every issue of the M. L. and will continue to do so.

The new form is much better. Often I have thought that I would like to read or write Slovene. Now the M. L. has sections in it that are helpful to anyone, such as the Slovene Shufflegrams. That is grand. I wish it would have a page for a Slovene Dictionary. Of course, it would take a long time to finish it, but oh! how helpful it would be. The magazine now seems much bigger and that it has more material because the English and Slovene sections are not separated.

I am 14 years old, and although this is my first letter, I know it is not my last.

DOROTHY DOBRAUZ,  
3414 Sheffield Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

# Mala jetnica

## Piše Zgodbičar

Domača hiša je bila Dorici znana le na znotraj, na zunaj ji je bila tuja, popolnoma neznana. Na zunaj ni smelo biti zanjo nobene hiše . . .

Majhen je bil ta svet, ali za Dorico velik, največji — ker drugega ni poznala.

Mama ji je neprenehoma pripovedovala zgodbe o zakletih princih in princeskah, začaranih kraljičinah, škrtih in čarovnicah in o drugih "pošastih", ki napolnjujejo ves zunanji svet. Če se hoče Dorica očitati teh "pošasti" in se rešiti "pogube" — ne sme nikdar pogledati iz hiše na zunanji svet in zatistniti si mora ušesa pred vsakim glasom, ki pride od zunaj!

Tako je Dorica rastla in živela do svojega šestnajstega leta.

Tedaj pa se je zgodilo nekaj, kar je Dorico nenadoma vrglo iz ječe njene nevednosti ven na široko plan.

## II

Na hribčku, dober streljaj od hiše, v ka-

teri je bivala zaprta Dorica, je stanoval Peter Pleško s svojo ženo Meto in sinom Milanom, ki je bil star petindvajset let. Družina ni bila bogata, pa tudi revna ne. Pri hiši je bilo dovolj kruha in še česa, da so se vsi trije dostojno preživeli. Vsi trije so bili zdravi in pridni za delo, kadar pa je bil odmor, sta oče in Milan vzela v roke dobro knjigo ali časopis in sta drug drugega učila ali se seznanjala z novicami in drugimi zanimivostmi.

Milan je vedel za sosedovo Dorico, da je vedno zaprta v hiši. Videl jo je večkrat, ko je bila še otrok, toda kasneje, ko je Dorica začela odraščati, je ni bilo več iz hiše. Milan se je čudil temu; ni mogel razumeti, kaj bi deklico držalo v hiši in vprašal je očeta in mamo, če je morda bolna in priklenjena na posteljo.

Pleško je pa poznal razmere pri sosedu in podučil je sina, da mala Dorica ni bolna, temveč je žrtev neke čudne bolezni Doričinih staršev. Oče in mati male Dorice sta silno

praznoverna človeka — je oče pravil Milanu — in zelo sta ljubosumna na hčer; imata vero, da bo deklico "uročil neki zli duh", da naredi iz nje spako, ki ne bo več človeku podobna, če ne bo zmirom pred njenimi očmi.

"In tega zlega duha nikjer ni, kajne, papa", je povzel Milan.

"Seveda ga ni," mu je potrdil oče. "To je največja oslarija, ki si jo moreš misliti, toda siromaku, ki je zateleban v to vero, ne moreš ničesar dopovedati. Jaz in mama sva enkrat — samo enkrat — prijela Doričinega očeta in mater, čemu sta tako babjeverna in zakaj strašita otroka s takšnimi okrutnostmi, ampak oba sta naredila znamenje križa na čelu in zbežala od mene. Od takrat z nami nikdar več ne govorita in na daleč se ogibljeta naše hiše. Prepričan sem, da sta Dorici zabila v glavo, da sva midva tisti 'zli duh', kateri streže po njej . . ."

Milan se je smejal, a bilo mu je tudi na jok. Tista babja vera je bila skrajno smešna, toda stanje, v katerem se je nahajala Dorica, je bilo skrajno žalostno.

Pomoči pa ni nobene, je Milanu pojasnil oče. Otrok je pod kontrolo staršev, dokler ne odraste.

"Sicer pa moraš vedeti, Milan", je nadaljeval oče, "da Dorica ne trpi nobenega pomanjkanja svobode, ker ne ve, kaj je svoboda. Človek, ki je od mladega bolan, ne ve, kaj je zdravje in pri njem je bolezen normalno stanje človeka. Bolezen trpi le oni človek, ki je bil zdrav in je obolel; v ječi trpi le oni človek, ki je bil prej prost in ve, kaj je prostost, kaj je življenje v svobodi."

Milan je razumel. Da, on bi trpel, če bi ga zdaj kdo držal zaprtega v hiši! On ve, kaj je prostost! — Odkar se spominja, je prost, da lahko skoči, kadar hoče, iz hiše na vrt, z vrta v gozd, v katerem je toliko življenja, ali dol k potoku, v katerem so ribice. Ali, če človek ne ve, da so gozdovi in potoki na svetu? . . .

### III

Bila je temna noč in Pleškotovi so bili v trdnem spanju, ko se je Milan naglo prebudil, kakor da ga je nekdo poklical. V tistem hipu se je nekaj zasvetilo skozi okno njegove sobe. Migljajoč žar je napolnil sobo in pretvoril temo v dan, da bi bil Milan lahko čital knjigo v postelji.

Milan hitro skoči iz postelje in pogleda,

odkod prihaja žarenje. Takoj mu je bilo jasno. Visok pramen rdečega plamena je švilgal iz — Doričine hiše.

Brž Milan plane iz sobe in zdrami očeta ter mater.

"Pri sosedovih gori! Pomagajmo jim!"

V nekaj trenutkih so bili vsi pokonci in za silo oblečeni. Oče in sin tečeta po rebri navzdol. Vsa okolica je bila svetla, kakor podnevu. Okoli goreče hiše je že bilo mnogo ljudi, ki so skušali gasiti in rešiti, kar se je dalo.

"Kje je sosed, soseda in hčerka?" zavpije Pleško, ko pridrvi s sinom tja.

"Ne vemo, nikjer jih ni", je bil odgovor.

Dva moža sta z brunom razbila vrata. Masa gostega dima je buhnila na dan iz odprtine in moža sta se umaknila.

Tedaj se Milanu zazdi, da je slišal tenak krik iz veže. Brez pomisleka plane skozi odprtino v vratih v gorečo hišo in v nekaj hipih se vrne z deklico v naročju. Bila je gola in vsa osmojena, v nezavesti.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

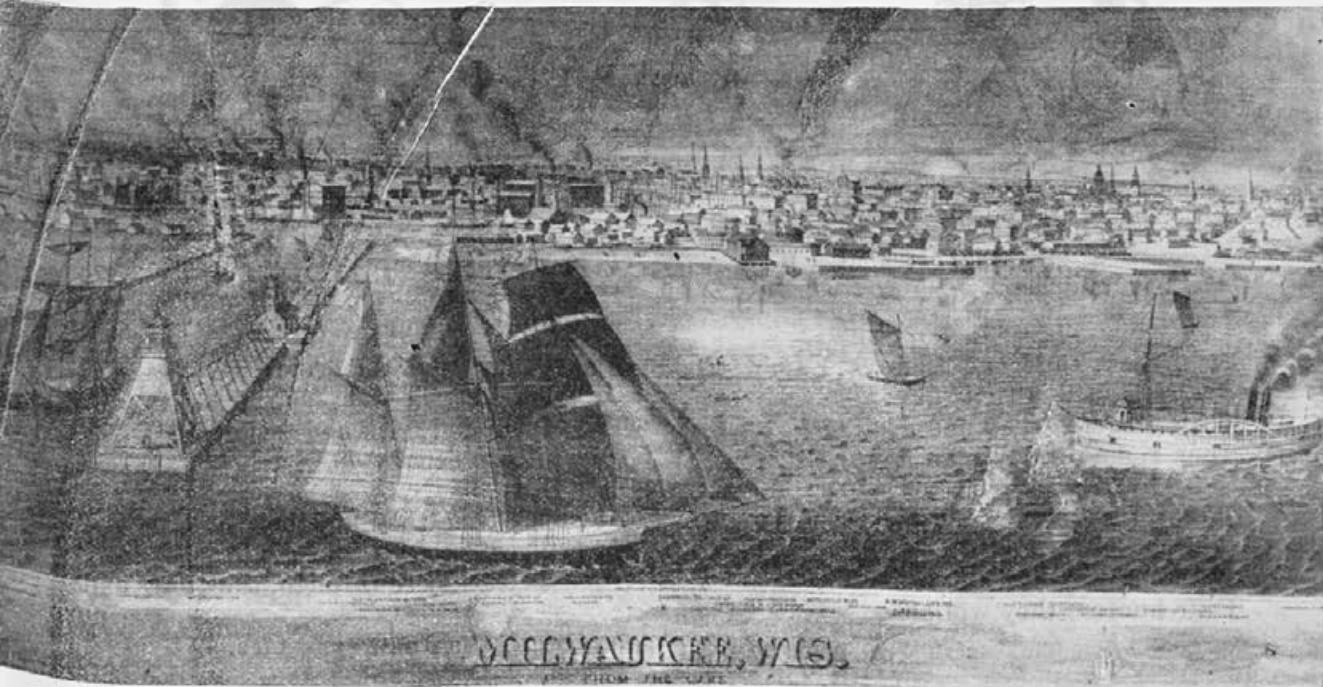
## Kako je Lincoln strop umazal

Nekega dne je mlademu Abrahamu Lincolnu njegova mačeha rekla, da pod že opere, kadar ga on umaže s svojimi blatnimi nogami, nikakor pa ne bo trpela umazanega stropa, ki ga Abraham vedno ponese s svojo umazano glavo. Hišica je bila nareč nizka in dolgin Lincoln je neprestano zadeval z glavo ob pobeljeni strop. Da mačehi zagode na omenjeno stvarilo, je Lincoln poklical sosedovega pobalina in ga pognal bosega v lužo, nato ga je pobral in nesel v hišo z glavo navzdol, tako da je z nogami hodil po stropu. Mislite si mačehino presečenjenje, ko je prišla domov in videla blatne stopinje bosopetca na stropu! Ni se hotela jeziti, pač pa se je smejala, da jo je trebuh bolel. Rekla je Lincolnu, da ne bo tepen, če strop tako dobro očisti, da se ne bodo poznali mačehi. Poredni Abraham je to rad storil. Očistil je strop, da je bil, kakor nov.





# Milwaukee, "Beautiful Land"



Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society, Clark and North Ave.

The Indians named it Milwaukee, "The Beautiful Land."

Many settlers kept their eyes on this territory in the "west." Many of them were ready to settle just as soon as the Indians would be ready to vacate.

The first four settlers came from Chicago in 1833. Before that, there had been trading houses, and the one whom these first four settlers found was that of Solomon Juneau. He had settled there in 1818.

These four men had made a few hundred dollars by trading with Indians and speculating in corner lots. In the early part of November, 1833, they left for Milwaukee.

There were neither roads nor bridges and one of them swam the Root River three times in getting

over the baggage and the team, although the weather froze their water-soaked clothing.

When they came to Milwaukee, they took possession of an old log cabin. Here they lived during the winter of 1833-34.

When Mrs. Juneau became very ill during the winter of 1834, one of these settlers, Albert Fowler, journeyed to Chicago for medical aid—through 85 or 90 miles of wilderness on an Indian pony, clad in Indian moccasins and leggings and with one spare blanket.

These early settlers laid their claims, afterwards sold, and such was the cornerstone of Milwaukee.

See another section of Mladinski List for a sketch of Victor Berger, especially fitting in connection with this city.

"Pat, here's the dollar I borrowed of yer last week."

"Bedad, Mike, I'd forgot all about it."

"Wall, why in the world didn't yer say so!"

\* \* \*

"Michael," said one Irishman to another, "what is an anthem?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, Barney. If I said to you, 'Bar-

ney, please get me the vinegar,' that wouldn't be an anthem. But if I said, 'Barney, Bar, Bar, Barney, please get me, please get me the vin, the vin, the vin, vin, vinegar!' that would be an anthem."

\* \* \*

A minister was addressing his flock. He began: "I see about me a great many bright and shining faces." Just then eighty-seven powder-puffs came out.



## Tick, Tock, Tack, and Tush

By Ernestine Jugg

Tick, Tock, Tack, and Tush  
Are four little kittens gay;  
With gingered snap and dash and vim  
They romp and play all day.

Tick, Tock, Tack, and Tush  
Go hunting for game, you see.  
With a tra-la-la and a tra-la-lee  
Four hunters they will be.

And if they catch a mousie  
Or a bug and 'hopper, too,  
They jump and frisk and frolic  
Like kittens usually do.

At suppertime they lap their milk  
And almost seem to race;  
Then when they're through, they purr and  
purr  
And wash their paws and face.

When eventime comes 'round for them,  
A'napping they all go;  
With heads and paws curled up so tight  
They sleep all in a row.

## A Man of Ideals

During the month of FEBRUARY we remember the name of another worthwhile person. This man must have been a very ambitious boy, for by the time he was 18 years old he had finished the public schools and the university of Vienna and Budapest.

That man was VICTOR L. BERGER, born in Austria on Feb. 28, 1860. At the age of 18 years he came to America. One year later he went to Milwaukee and started out by teaching German in the public schools. While he was in Milwaukee he couldn't help seeing how the American way of doing business was making a lot of poor people on one hand and a handful of rich people on the other side. He believed that if you build up one pile you must take away from the other. So he decided to write and become an editor.

So it was that in 1901 with Debs and Hillquit he founded the American Socialist Party. He decided to make Milwaukee a Socialist city. In 1912 he was elected as Socialist representative to congress, and he was the first Socialist ever to be in congress. Altogether he was elected to congress SIX times.

When the World War broke out, and he said openly that he did not believe in any kind of war and that America should not enter the war, they expelled him from congress and sentenced him to prison for 20 years. But the war ended before he served all his sentence and so was freed.

Victor Berger was a pioneer whose ideals live on . . .

# Curiosity Found the Truth

By Ann K. Medvesek



Mrs. Komar was traveling by bus to a nearby city with her six-year old daughter, Lorraine. She had just made herself comfortable, when a voice from across the aisle said, "Want a stick of gum, little girl?" Turning, she saw a negro lad of about eight years. He was offering the gum to Lorraine, with a broad smile displaying a fine set of white teeth.

Lorraine looked up at her mother as is to say, "Is it all right if I accept it?" Seeing a smile of assent on her mother's face, she took the gum and politely thanked him.

Mrs. Komar saw that the boy was lonesome for someone his own age to talk to, so she readily changed places with him. Before long, the two youngsters, one as white as snow, and the other as black as coal, were oblivious to the world around them, busily talking of things that are common language only to children.

As Mrs. Komar watched the chattering children, she recalled how much she had feared the name of "nigger", with which her mother had threatened her every time she had been disobedient.

She never really knew what a "nigger" was, but from her mother's menacing expression, "Just you wait, I'll give you to the 'nigger' when I seen him!" she imagined him a giant-like man, someone very ugly and cruel, who took naughty children away.

But where he took them and what he did with them was a complete mystery to her.

It brought back to her a summer day when she and her girl friend went to Cascade Park to pick wild flowers. After they had picked more than they could carry, they proceeded homeward. They were thirsty and planned to stop some place for a drink of water. Soon they came to a house at the edge of the park. As they wearily neared the house, there appeared from around the corner a tall, thin, greyhaired negro. Upon seeing him, her companion gave a loud and frightened cry: "Run, Helen, run! It's a nigger! It's a nigger!"

Tiredness and thirst were both forgotten, and homeward they ran as though a pack of hungry wolves was after them.

Never before had their home seemed so far away as that afternoon.

Once safely at home, she tried to forget the negro, but it was impossible. He was ever uppermost in her mind.

Could this be the same "nigger" her mother had so often threatened her about? Were there more like him, or was he the only one of the kind? What made him black? Would he take her away, if he caught her?



The next two days she spent near and around her home, for fear the negro might be loitering nearby ready to snatch her away. On the third day, curiosity got the best of her, and she decided on an exploration trip to see more of this strange being.

The only way to get a good look at him yet avoid being seen herself was to take the path which led to the rear of the house. But this meant taking a grave risk, for the house was built over the slopes of a steep hill which descended into a river.

She began the perilous upward climb with great heed, stopping along the way only long enough to make sure no one was watching her. Satisfied, she resumed her climbing; when near the top she halted, and very cautiously peered over the top of the hill. Lo and behold! there bending over a tub mixing cement was the negro. She had been watching him for some time, when suddenly he straightened up and looked toward the edge of the hill, just in time to see her dark head disappear.

In her anxiety to hide, she forgot about her dangerous position, and found herself going downward, downward, and then—was caught by a fallen tree.

Frightened to death, she uttered a loud cry for help, but before she could cry out a second time, the black man was already rushing downhill to her.

He rescued her from the tree, very gently took her in his arms and carried her up the steep hillside to his home.

Trembling like a leaf both from fear of the negro and from the shock of falling, she eyed him askance. But when she heard his soft, soothing voice she looked him full in the face, and to her surprise found nothing horrible about him, as she had anticipated; instead she saw a pleasant face with a pair of kind, mild eyes.

Before they had reached the top, her fear began to wane. Very abruptly she asked him, "Are you a 'nigger'?"

He explained to her as well as he could that it was not proper to call his race "nigger", but to call them "negroes" or "colored men". When he had finished his explanation, her child curiosity prompted her to ask, "And do you not take children away, when they are disobedient?"

"Of course not, my child, I love children

and have two little granddaughters living with me. You will see them at the house."

As they entered, the two small colored girls came forward and very shyly greeted the white girl. The three girls soon became friendly, and played merrily late into the afternoon.

The next day as Helen made ready to visit her new friends, her mother's threatening voice reached her saying, "I'll give you to the 'nigger', if you will not be home soon!" This time Helen did not become frightened. Instead a big smile appeared on her face, for now she knew that there did not exist any huge, cruel "nigger," as her mother had made her believe all these years.

— Mrs. Komar was suddenly awakened from her dreams by childish laughter, which filled the bus, and as she looked at the two happy children, her face lit up with a pleased and pleasant smile . . .

## FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS OF FAMOUS MEN:

George Washington  
Galileo  
Charles Darwin  
Abraham Lincoln  
Thomas A. Edison

Acknowledgment is given to "Children's Activities," 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, for the use of many illustrations in this issue of Mladinski List.

\* \* \* \*

### NOTICE, M. L. READERS!

Any of you who is artistically inclined may submit your work to our magazine. If you sketch, or paint—or if you are gifted in a literary way—send samples of your ability, and perhaps they will be used to make this magazine more and more your very own publication.



# Nifty and His Friends

By Mary Jugg



"Nifty!" said Joanna, impatiently. "Why do you look so wise?"

My little mistress had been cross with herself all day. She walked from one room of the house to the next, then outdoors, then indoors again. Her meals tasted bad to her; she looked at herself in the mirror and her clothes looked wrong. Even I seemed to be in her way.

"Why do you look at me that way?" she said once more. So I bent my head and wagged my tail and went to sit in the corner. I was only a dog, anyway, and not supposed to know anything. That's what she thought. But I knew the whole story, and this is what had happened.

On the very first day of last month she took a bright new calendar into her hands. There were no pages torn from

it like on the one she took down from the wall. I heard her say to her mother, "Isn't this a nice-looking new calendar that we got from the SNPJ this year?"

And her mother had said, "Yes. And remember it's a **new year**, too."

"I know," said Joanna. And with that she made a large red circle around the first day. She turned to me and said, "Nifty, let's find Spotty the cat, and we'll go outdoors. It's something important."

Spotty was cuddled up nice and warm on a chair. He didn't care much about being disturbed. But when he saw how eager we looked, he crawled down and stretched himself, and together we went outdoors.

"We'll wait here on the side of the house. Perhaps Crunchy, the squirrel, and Tweets, the bird, will join us."

And sure enough in the very shortest time, Crunchy and Tweets appeared.

Then we all settled ourselves around Joanna and waited to hear what she had to tell.

"It's important," she said. "This is the first day of the year, and I'm going to make a **resolution**."

"Woof! Woof!" I said. I meant that I didn't understand her. And Spotty added his "meow", too.

"It's like this," she explained. "I want all of you to be witness that I will keep this promise from now on: I will never, never again say one harsh word to anyone."

Tweets twittered, and Crunchy skipped about, and we all looked at each other very much surprised. We all knew that Joanna was in the habit of having her own way about everything and when she didn't get everything she wanted, she sulked and pouted. And usually she said very mean things. Of course, she was always sorry afterward, but they just seemed to escape her because she didn't seem to realize how ugly she looked when she did that. (Yes, "ugly" is the only word that describes her when she pouted.)

"You don't believe me," she continued. "But today I will turn over a new leaf. Just forget everything that has happened at any time before today, because from today on, I'm a new girl."

I still shook my head and looked suspicious, but I was just going to keep quiet and watch all that happened. Good dogs are like that, anyway.

All this had taken place exactly one month ago.

Today Joanna tore the first page from the calendar. I was lying in the corner pretending to be asleep, but I had one eye open.

"Mother," said Joanna, "I'm going over to Pauline's today. She wants me to play with her."

"It's too wet and slushy, dear," returned her mother. "You'll be running outdoors and getting your feet wet. And you have a touch of a cold as it is. I believe you'd better wait until another day."

"I wanna go! I wanna go!" wailed Joanna and stamped her feet and made such a commotion that even Spotty, the cat, came in to see what the matter was.

"Ah! Ah!" reminded her mother. "Where's that resolution you were going to keep throughout the whole year?"

Then Joanna remembered and said she was sorry. But still it troubled her. For one month she had been trying ever so hard to be cheerful and agreeable all the time. And here it was: she had broken her good resolution just like that! So she was cross with herself all day long. That is how she was when she spoke to me.

Then she realized that I knew her trouble and she said, "Tell me, Nifty, why couldn't I keep that good resolution for more than one little month?"

"Woof! Woof!" I said. "Because you had been forming that other habit for so long that it cropped up when you least wanted it to. Now, if you want to make the same resolution next year and keep it, too, you had better start right in now working on it. Then it will be easy."

But Joanna just looked at me wide-eyed. I don't think she understood a word I said . . .

---

Preacher: "Do you say your prayers at night, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "Yes, Sir."

Preacher: "And do you say them in the morning, too?"

Jimmy: "No, Sir; I ain't scared in the daytime."

\*

A distinguished doctor at a lunatic asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator.

"Look here, girl. Do you know who I am?"

"No", came back the calm reply. "But I know where you are."

# The Slovenia Cooking Club

By Marička



all, we will turn to a letter from one of our young members—about last month's cooking page. Here it is:

Dear Marička:

I had heard about "Polenta" so often, that I wanted to learn how it was made. So I tried the recipe for it in last month's M. L. I found, though, that before the mixture left the cooking spoon clean (as you said), it had formed a thick crust on the bottom of the pan. I could not break up this crust. Is this as it should be?

"Mala Kuharica."

The answer is yes. This lower crust becomes quite hard, but it does not prevent you from turning over the thickened "Polenta" until it is thoroughly cooked.

And now for some more familiar Slovenian recipes. You've no doubt heard much talk about

## BUCKWHEAT ŽGANCI (zhgan'-cee)

In Slovene, this is called simply **Ajdovi** (eye'-do-vee) **žganci**. For this you will need:

- 1 cup buckwheat flour
- 1 cup boiling salted water
- 2 tablespoons lard (if desired)

This is the easier method for making them: Place the **ajdovo moko** into a **ponvo**. (Remember last month's "Early Pioneer Room"?) Stir this **moka** over a flame with a **kuhalnico** until it becomes uniformly hot. Then pour into this the 1 cup of boiling salted water and stir constantly until you get small, light **žgance**. You may, if you desire, while mixing add 2 tablespoons of lard that has been heated. When the **žganci** are cooked, pour **ocvirke** or warm milk over them.

\*

**Ocvirki** (pronounced ots-veer'-kee) are gen-

erally called "cracklings." You will find that old Slovene dishes make much use of them.

You will notice, too, that when you use this word as the subject of the sentence, it ends with an **i** (pronounced **ee**), but when you use it as the object of a sentence, it ends with an **e** (pronounced like short **e**). In the Slovene language, as in Latin and many others, the endings of words change—depending on how they are used in a sentence.

\*

And now for an old-fashioned way of making

## POTATO SALAD

This is called **krompirjeva solata** (pronounced krom-peer'-yev-a so-la'-ta).

Wash and cook **krompir**. When thoroughly cooked, cut into thin **zrezke**. Add salt and pepper to taste, and then place finely-chopped garlic (**česen**—**ches'-en**) over it. Over this pour oil, then vinegar, and mix well.

If you prefer it, you may use **čebula** instead of **česen**. Garnish with chopped parsley (**petersilj**—pronounced pe-ter-sheel').

\*

Send your favorite Slovenian recipes to the Slovenia Cooking Club, in care of Mladinski List, 2657 South Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things ought to belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has happened in all ages of the world that some have labored, and others, without labor, have enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor as nearly as possible is a worthy object of any good government.—Abraham Lincoln.



# The Nutcracker



## DO YOU KNOW

1. Who said, "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. That expresses my opinion of democracy"?
2. How many juvenile members the SNPJ has at the present time?
3. Whether there was a time when Man did not live on earth while other animals did?
4. What a condor is?
5. To which animal the hippopotamus is the nearest relative?
6. Whether headache is a disease?
7. Whether a senator is permitted to serve on more than one senate committee?
8. What the initials CIO mean?
9. Whether most packet seeds are inferior to those sold in bulk to farmers?
10. Whether the surroundings a person lives in have anything to do with his character?

## TRY THESE:

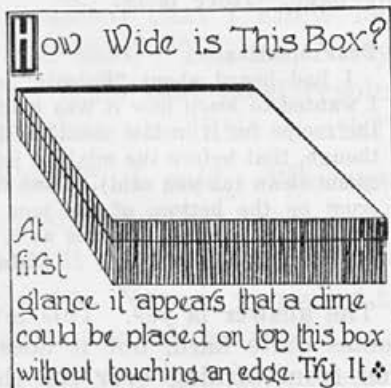
If you think the statement is correct, place the word "True" after the number. If you think it is not true, place the word "false."

1. "Prima donna" is the name given to the leading female singer.
2. The bear is the most intelligent of the animals.
3. A person is born with religion.
4. The earth is five times larger than the sun.
5. Depression must always follow "good times."
6. The SNPJ juvenile department is celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year.
7. Radio City is in New York.
8. Louis Pasteur was a great scientist.
9. A cat's eyes have long, narrow pupils.
10. Japan is fighting China to defend itself.

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

## WHEN IS A GLASS FULL?

Take a tumbler of water filled to the brim. By dropping coins in the water edgewise you can add a great many coins without spilling water over the edge of the glass.



# The Little Gardener



In the month of February, the little gardener can find more things to do—some that need to be done if the garden is to be nicely kept up. For those little gardeners who live in the northern states, here are some of the

things that will need tending to during this month:

**Dahlia tubers.** You may plant clumps of dahlia tubers in boxes of soil or sand. If you break the new shoots from the tuber when they are 2 or 3 inches high and pot them in light, sandy loam, they will soon root. You can get from 25 to 50 cuttings from the average clump. Keep them indoors until danger of frost is over.

**Pruning.** Hydrangeas, roses, and late-summer-blooming shrubs should be pruned this month.

**Grapevines.** These should be pruned this month if you do not want them to bleed.

**Tree-pruning.** This should be done with a saw. A saw-cut from beneath will prevent the bark from being torn. Paint the wound at once with good paint. If you don't, decay is likely to set in.

**Seed-sowing.** By the end of the month you can sow the seeds of annuals and perennials indoors in boxes. Be careful that they do not dry out.

**House Plants.** Take your house plants to the bathtub sometime this month, and give the leaves a good scrubbing. Remember that the leaves have breathing pores and that dirt and dust will clog them up.

**Tree enemies.** Watch out for mice and rabbits around fruit trees. Protect the trees by wire netting.

**Flowers for you.** Buy lily-of-the-valley pips from your seedsman or florist, pot them in soil, sand, or peat-moss, and keep them well watered. Set them in the warmest place in the house. In a few weeks they will bloom for you.



# When We Play



It's February, and in most states still too cold to play outdoor games. Except, of course, the general run of outdoor sports. So we'll take a look at what we might play indoors if there are anywhere from 2 to 20 people present.

## HAND SLAP

This game is played in twos. Of course, in the end the winners may play the winners and losers play each other.

Draw a straight line on the floor, or better yet, perhaps there's a crack in the floor that might be used without causing any worry to mother. The two players stand on the line facing each other. Each has his foot on the line, the toe of one foot touching the heel of the foot in front. The left hand must be held behind the back. Each player tries to make the other lose his balance by slapping the palms of the right hand.

## CATCH THE UMBRELLA

One of the players is It. All the other players are numbered, beginning with one. Half of the boys stand about six feet from "It" on one side, and the rest stand the same distance away on the other side.

The one who is "It" holds a closed umbrella or a cane upon the floor, holding it straight with his pointer finger on the top of the handle. He calls the number of some player and the same time lifts the finger. The boy or girl whose name was called runs and tries to catch the umbrella before it falls on the floor. If he catches the umbrella, he becomes It. If he (or she) does not catch it, he must go back to his place.

The person holding the umbrella can make it very lively by calling the numbers fast or by calling the same number twice in succession.

## TOUCH AND TELL

Line all the players into two teams. Spread a large black cloth upon a table and underneath it place all kinds of objects—an apple, a buttonhook, a piece of velvet, a piece of silk, a carrot, a feather, a shell, and any number of others that you can think of.

Each member of the team comes up and feels it under the cloth. He must guess correctly what is beneath it. If he does, it is a score for his team. The team that has the biggest score wins.

## HEAR AND HUNT

The players are again in two teams. One player from each team is blindfolded. Then they are turned three times. The person who is It tinkles a bell and the blindfolded players try to find him and touch him. If either player touches the person in a minute's time, that player scores two for his team. If neither player finds the person with the bell, the player nearest scores one for his team. When a blindfolded player is near getting into danger, the team calls out the player's name. Each player on both teams is blindfolded in turn.

## FRUIT BASKET

The players pull their chairs around to form a circle. They then number 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4 as they were seated. All the one's are called apples; the two's are called bananas; the three's are called pears; the four's are called oranges. Someone is It. He stands in the center and calls out, "Pears and bananas!" upon which the players of those names exchange seats. In the exchange the person who is It tries to get one of their seats. Then the player without a seat becomes It. That player then calls out the names of two other fruits, who exchange seats. If It calls out, "Fruit Basket Upset", everybody must exchange seats and It gets a good chance to get a chair.

"How is it, Rastus, you and your large family keep so healthy?"

"Well, sur, it's dis way: We done bought one of them there sanitary drinking cups and we all drinks out of it."

Dear Editor:—Would you be good enough to print the enclosed poem in your esteemed publication?  
Respectfully, John Doe.

Dear Mr. Doe:—I would be, but the poem isn't.  
Respectfully, The Editor.

# What's On Our Bookshelf



## For Little Brother and Sister:

"SU-LIN" by Ruth Ann Waring and Helen Wells. This little book has many, many photographs of the only baby giant panda in captivity in the Chicago Zoological Park. Remember the discussion about the panda in last month's Mladinski List?

"THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAVED" by Clara A. Ford. This is the story of "Curly Top," nine-year-old Violet Schmidt of Elkhart, Indiana, who waved at the Twentieth Century Limited train every day. The Railroad gave her a free trip to Chicago with all kinds of adventures attached to it.

"BABETTE" by Clare Newberry. This is the story of "Babette," a little Siamese kitten, and its mother "Cellophane." It has unusually lovely pictures.

## For Big Brother and Sister:

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN—A REAL AMERICAN" by Daniel W. Hoan. (0.05c.) May be secured from Proletarec, 2301 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP" by Carl Sandburg. Ask your librarian for this book. It is a beautifully-told story of the boy Lincoln. It starts with his grandfather, Abraham, and tells the story of his pioneering, then of his son, Tom Lincoln, and finally of our famous "Abe" Lincoln. There are unusual anecdotes from his earlier life that cannot be found anywhere else.

"THE CIVIL WAR IN AUSTRIA" by Julius Deutsch. (0.25c) May be secured from Proletarec, 2301 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. (See "Three Memorable February 12's")

"ANIMALS ON THE MARCH" by W. M. Reed and J. M. Lucas. This, too, is a large book with many illustrations, telling the stories of the origin and evolution of horses, cats, dogs, deer and other animals of the present time. It will answer many of your How? and Why? questions. And since this is Charles Darwin's birthday month (See "Three Memorable February 12's") it is especially appropriate for this month.



Let's  
Listen  
In

Listen for these SPECIAL CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S concerts by the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra of New York, presented by the Columbia Broadcasting System:

11:00 to 12:15 o'clock, E.S.T.—Saturday morning, January 29.

11:00 to 12:15 o'clock, E.S.T.—Saturday morning, February 12

11:00 to 12:15 o'clock, E.S.T.—Saturday morning, March 12

One Friday afternoon (2:00 EST) DR. WALTER DAMROSCH was giving examples of how the different kinds of dances developed. There was the dance called the "Havanera" or "Habanera," the word derived from Havana, Cuba. You can listen for this in Bizet's opera, "Carmen." It is played in two-four time. To the accompaniment of this in the left hand, there is played a Spanish rhythm or melody with the right hand. This makes the composition very plaintive or sad in its tone.

The "Minuet" was popular in the 18th century. It is played in three-four time. It is out of the "Minuet" that the "Waltz" developed. The "Minuet," however, is more stately than a waltz. Dr. Damrosch played a minuet from a symphony of Haydn.

Among the dances also comes the "Norwegian Dance." In this you can hear the imitation of the boys dancing with their heavy wooden shoes. This Norwegian folk dance is usually very familiar to school children in the lower grades.

Customer: "Give me some of that prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

Druggist: "Do you mean aspirin?"

Customer: "Yeh! I never can think of that name."

# Second Month of Campaign

The big campaign, described in detail in the *Prosveta*, is in its second month.

Have you spoken to your parents or older brothers and sisters about the grand prizes being offered for getting members into the Juvenile department?

Have you shown a copy of your *Mladinski List* to children who are not yet members and tried to interest them in joining?

Have you read the letters from the "W. Va. SNPJers" in this month's *M. L.* to see what one group did to make it interesting and easier to secure new members?

Have you thought that the bigger our Juvenile department becomes, the better we can make our magazine?

Have you read the history of our Society in this and last month's issue to be able to tell your friends a few things of interest about our organization and why they should join?

## Dvakrat dve je pet!

Frankie, Tony in Johnny so šli po šoli k Louieju, da mu povedo novico.

— Mi trije smo zdaj člani mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Imenitna jednota! Poglej, kako lep magazinček *Mladinski list* nam je poslala. Kaj pa ti, Louie? Ti še nisi član. Kaj čakaš?

— Hihi, se smeje Louie, jaz sem bolj "smart" ko ste vi. Ko mi dokažete, da je dvakrat dve pet in ne samo štiri, pa vam bom verjel, da je vaša jednota imenitna in da je tisti vaš magazinček dober.

— Pojdi z nami, Louie, pa ti takoj dokažemo, ga povabi Frankie in pomežikne ostalima dvema. Vsi grede za Frankiejem, ki jih vodi k vodovodu. Frankie odpre vodovod, da je voda kapala po malem.

— Pazi zdaj, Louie, reče Frankie. Štej

kaplje. Dve sta padli in spet dve. Koliko kapelj vidiš v posodi? Poglej dobro.

— Vidim samo eno, debelo, pravi Louie.

— Vidiš, kako si "smart"! — se odreže Frankie. Kadar imaš opraviti s fižolovim zrnjem ali kamenčki, je dvakrat dve vedno štiri; kadar imaš opraviti s kapljami vode, je dvakrat dve—ena; kadar imaš opraviti z živim srebrom, je dvakrat dve—tri, pet, deset in končno ena! Nič ni absolutno gotovega, tudi matematika je relativna, odvisna od gotovih pogojev. Priznaš?

— Priznam, se poda Louie. Posodite mi tale vaš magazinček, *Mladinski list*, da ga tudi jaz preberem.

— Hurej! — vzklikne Frankie. Spet eden nov član za SNPJ. Zdaj smo v kampanji za naš mladinski oddelek! —

## ANSWERS TO THE NUTCRACKER QUESTIONS

### *Do You Know*

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. 15,000
3. Yes
4. A bird
5. The pig
6. No; it is a symptom of disease.
7. A senator may serve on several committee of the Senate.
8. Committee on Industrial Organization
9. Yes

10. Yes

### *True and False*

1. True
2. False; — the chimpanzee ranks first.
3. False
4. False
5. False
6. False
7. True
8. True
9. True
10. False

# Have You Written Your Contest Letter?

From all parts of the country contest letters are pouring in. And are some of our members ambitious!

Already before the first of January, the first contest letters were received. The very first one came from New Mexico, and the second one from Cleveland, Ohio.

The prizes for the first contest will be announced next month. That is because the February issue already went to press at the time the JANUARY contest officially opened.

Do not be discouraged even if you do not win a prize right from the start. You may enter EVERY MONTH! And it will be a different contest each time!

On the other hand, you may expect to LEARN something from each of these contests. And that, surely, will be worth more to you than any two or three dollars you might get.

Make a trial at each contest, and then watch for the winning letters to see what it contained. But don't be too hasty in making up just stories. Remember: we are trying to make every contest WORTHWHILE, because our contest pages cost us money, and we can't afford to throw that away.

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## *The Slovene National Benefit Society*

is

*Your Faithful Friend  
From Childhood to Old Age*

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

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

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

**The SNPJ Head Office**

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