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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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The S. N. P. J. Primer

Short Stories of Our Society
in the Making

Compiled by I. M.

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Arnold returned from his errand.

"You were telling me," he said to his father, "that our Society bought Liberty bonds during the World War, because it thought our government was fighting for freedom and democracy."

"Yes," returned his father. "That is right."

"Do you think," questioned Arnold, "that that is anything to be proud of? Do you think it is anything to be proud of to support any war?"

"That is another question," said Arnold's father. "It may have been one of the greatest mistakes we have ever made. It may have been one of the greatest mistakes our country has ever made. But the fact remains that at that time we thought it was the right thing to do. And since the **majority** thought that was the right thing, the organization approved it. Even though it was a mistake we should not attempt to hide it."

Arnold shuffled uneasily, but it was only for a moment. He came back with a quick answer.

"Did you ever make a mistake, father?"

"Oh, many, many of them."

"And did you admit them?" Arnold pressed on.

"Well, I didn't like to," his father said. "But they were made just the same. And each time I wanted to cover it over without telling, it looked so much worse when it came out in the open. **Men** make mistakes and profit by them; fools make mistakes and try to convince everyone else that they never were mistaken."

Arnold had a deep respect for his father.

"There is one thing, though, that I have always, always done," continued Arnold's father. "I have always abided by the will of the majority. And I believe a country can exist only when the will of the majority rules."

"Then I shouldn't have contradicted you," Arnold said.

"Oh, yes," replied his father. "The majority decides, but the minority has and **must have** a right to criticize. Always make sure, however, that your criticisms have some real ground and not only personal prejudices," was his parting advice.

PRED SODIŠČEM PTIC

J. Ivanovič
(Prevedel Iv. Vuk)

Dušan Jeklovič, učenec četrtega razreda ljudske šole, se je nekega dne vrnil iz šole še le popoldne. Dopoldne je bil sicer v šoli, a takoj po šoli je odšel na mesto domov v mestni park, kjer so bili njemu podobni tovariši, ki so se junačili s streljanjem kameinja iz prače na ptice in tekmovali, kdo boljše zadene.

Ko ga je prišla lakota, se je spomnil, da mora domov. Skrbno se je pritihtopil skozi stranska vrata v svojo sobo, da bi ga mama, ki je prala, ne opazila.

Mislil je:

"Delal se bom, kakor da spim že dolgo. Če me bo mama hotela kregati, se ji bom zlagal, da mi ni dobro. To mi je vedno pomagalo, pa bo gotovo tudi zdaj."

Dušan je legel v posteljo, oblečen in obut, kakor je bil. Knjige je vrgel na mizo in iz njih je kukala prača, s katero je streljal ptičke.

Ko je tako ležal, se je spomnil, da ima še v žepu košček nepokajene cigarete, ki mu jo je v parku dal prijatelj Drago. Zamikala ga je in je razmišljal:

"Mame gotovo ne bo zdaj. Zakaj bi ne pokadil tiste cigarete?"

Izvelkel je iz žepa cigareto in tako ležeč na postelji, si jo je prižgal. Kadil je in zdelo se mu je, da je važen človek. Začutil je, da se ga polasča nekakšna prijetna utrujenost in mu seda na oči. Branil se je, gledal v okno, ali nič ni pomagalo. Nikotin v cigareti je bil močnejši.

Naenkrat, glej, ko je tako omotično ležal v postelji z gorečo cigareto med prsti, se mu zazdi, da ga skozi okno gledata dva vrabca. Zdaj, čuj, celo trkata na okno in naravnost v njegove oči je uprt njun pogled.

"Počakajta, pokažem vama, kdo sem in kako znam," je rekel Dušan tiho in hotel vzeti pračo. Ali ni se mogel premakniti. Bilo mu je, kakor da je privezan k postelji. Vrabca pa sta ga vedno bolj in bolj izzivalno gledala, celo zasmeh je bil na njunih kljunih. Zdajci sta celo začela rasti in rasti in glej, postala sta tako velika kakor ljudje. Samo glavi sta imela kakor vrabci.

Dušan se je ustrašil. Hotel je kričati, a nekaj ga je stiskalo za vrat in ni mogel. Samo buljil je prestrašeno v pošasti pri oknu.

Naenkrat, glej, se je odprlo okno. Poša-

sti sta stopili v sobo in se bližali njegovi postelji. Hotel ju je vprašati, kaj hočeta od njega, a časa ni bilo več. Pošasti sta ga prijeli pod pazduho in odleteli z njim skozi okno.

Leteli so tako dokaj dolgo. Tako vsaj se je Dušanu zdelo. Ves dregetal je strahu in mižal, da bi nič ne videl. Ko je prvič odprl oči, je zapazil, da lete nad nekako mračno planino.

Kmalu nato so se spustili na tla blizu neke pečine. Smrten strah se je lotil Dušana. Pred pečino je bilo zbranih nešteto ptic vsake vrste in veličine, kakršnih še dosedaj ni niti na slikah videl. Vse so naenkrat, ko so zagledale Dušana, kriknile kakor na nekak neviden ukaz:

"Smrt Dušanu Jekloviču, ki je naš sovražnik!"

Ledeni znoj je oblił Dušana. Hotel je bežati ali tisti dve pošasti z vrabčjima glavama sta ga držali trdo.

"Prostor," sta rekli pošasti pticam, "da povedemo zločinca pred sodišče!"

Ptice so se razmaknile, a pošasti z vrabčjima glavama sta vlekli Dušana v pečino. Tu so na obeh straneh stale straže, sokoli in orli, na prestolu v ozadju pečine pa je sedel ptičji kralj, največji in najstarejši orel s krono na glavi.

Ko so Dušana postavili pred kralja, ga je ta nekaj časa jezno ogledoval, nato pa je rekel:

"Poznam tega nepridiprava! Naj se takoj sestavi sodišče, da izreče kazen po zaslugi!"

Sodišče se je takoj sestalo. Pred vnožje prestola je bila postavljena miza. Po kraljevi naredbi je bil predsednik sodišča neka stara sova, tožilec pa dolgorepa sraka, a zagovornik mali škorec. Zavzeli so takoj mesta in sova je rekla:

"Tožitelj, prečitaj obtožnico!"

Sraka je začela čitati in obtoževati:

"Slavno sodišče! Ta fantič je naredil mnogo hudega pticam! Zdaj, glejte, je padel v roke pravici! Za vse zločine, ki jih je zagrešil nad nedolžnimi pticami, ga obtožujem in zahtevam najstrožjo kazen! — Mnogi so njegovi zločini. Akoravno se kot učenec v šoli uči, da se ptic ne sme mučiti in jih ubijati, tega nauka on ne posluša. Sicer pa, najbolje bo, če govore tisti, nad katerimi je

bil storjen zločin. Naj bodo oni tožilci in priče!"

"Soglašam," je rekel sodnik-sova. "Soglašam," je rekla sraka-tožilec. Sodnik-sova je dodala: "Naj pridejo tožniki in priče!"

Tedaj je pred sodni stol stopilo nekaj poabljenih ptičk.

"Govorite po vrsti, kaj ima katera izmed vas zoper tega nepridiprava!" je pokazala sova-sodnik na fantka.

Vrana je rekla: "S kamnom iz prače mi je izbil oko!"

"Meni je prebil desno nogo," je rekel golob.

"Meni je izpulil rep," je tožil vrabec. Lastovka pa je obtoževala: "Moja dva otročička je izvlekel iz gnezda in ju dal mački, da ju je požrla."

"Meni je ukradel jajca iz gnezda," je tožila senica.

"Meni je zlomil levo perut," je tarnal slavček.

Sledilo je še mnogo takih in sličnih pri- tožb.

"Kaj rečeš na vse to, Dušan Jeklovič," je strogo vprašal sodnik-sova.

"Nisem tega delal," je jecljal Dušan. "Laž ti tukaj nič ne bo pomagala," je kriknila sraka-tožilec. "Bolje bo zate, da skesano priznaš, morda bo kazen milejša!"

Dušan je molčal in se čutil, kako vse to vedo. Ves je trepetal in ledeni znoj ga je oblival.

Sodnik-sova se je obrnil k škorcu-zagovorniku in rekel:

"Zagovornik ima besedo!"

Škorec je govoril:

"Slavno sodišče! Obtoženec je v resnici kriv! Priče so potrdile njegove zločine in tega ne more zanikati! Vendar, slavno sodišče, predlagam in prosim, da ga ne kaznujete prestrogo! Upoštevajte kot olajševalno okolščino njegovo mladoletnost in dose- dajno neoporečenost!"

Sraka-tožilec je kriknila:

"Kakšna oljaševalna okolnost?! Ta nje- gova oporečenost je umazana v laži in kaje- nju! V šoli je najslabši učenec! Ne ubo- ga staršev! A kar se tiče njegove mladolet- nonsti, ga ta ni prav nič ovirala, da bi ne delal takih zločinov nad pticami! Slavno so- dišče, zahtevam najstrožjo kazen!"

"Naj se odstranijo priče in obtoženec, da se bo sodišče posvetovalo!" je odredil sova- sodnik.

Ko so se čez nekaj časa zopet vsi znašli pred sodiščem, je predsednik sodišča preči- tal sodbo:

Dušan Jeklovič, učenec četrtega razreda ljudske šole, se radi zločinov, ki jih je za- grešil nad pticami, kaznuje s tem, da se mu iztrgajo prsti z desne roke. To kazen izvrši naš krvnik takoj, ko sodbo potrdi njega veli- čanstvo, kralj vseh ptič!"

"Živelo sodišče! Živela pravica!" so vzkli- kale ptice.

Kmalu nato je k Dušanu stopil krvnik z razbeljenimi kleščami. Zgrabil ga je za desno roko in s kleščami prijel za palec.

Dušan je kriknil od silne bolečine in krče- vito potegnil roko iz razbeljenih klešč ter — — se zbudil. Rjuha, na kateri je ležala njegova desna roka, se je, ko je zaspal, od goreče cigarete, ki jo je držal med prsti, za- žgala. Ogenj mu je objel celo pest in ga opekel.

Preden se je Dušan do dobrega zavedel, kaj se godi, je v sobo stopila mama. Ko je videla zažgano rjuho, cigareto na tleh in pračo med knjigami, je stopila v kuhinjo in se vrnila s šibo.

Kaj je bilo dalje, ne bom pripovedoval. Povem samo to, da Dušan od tistih dob ni več zanemarjal šole, da je ubogal starše, na pračo pa sploh ni hotel več misliti. Izogibal se je pa tudi pajdašev iz mestnega parka.

ENGLISH VERSION. In this tale, Dušan Jek- lovič, a fourth grade pupil, instead of coming home from school, stopped at the city park with other boys trying their prowess shooting stones at birds with sling shots. When he became hungry he stole quietly into his room, deciding to pretend that he had been asleep for a long time when he would be discovered. He put his books and sling shot on the table. He remembered that in his pocket he had a cigarette stub which his chum Drago had given him in the park. He lit the cigarette and smoked in bed. Soon he became sleepy from the effects of the nicotine.

Dušan falls into a daze. In his fingers he is hold- ing the burning cigarette. All of a sudden it seems to him that two sparrows are watching him through the window, their eyes staring straight at him. "Just you wait; I'll show you," said Dušan trying to reach his sling shot. But he couldn't move, while the two sparrows challenged him deridingly. Suddenly they began to expand until they became as big as people. He wanted to shout but something was choking him. The window opened and in came the two weird creatures rapidly approaching his bed. They grabbed him by the arms and flew with him through the window. After a long flight they landed near a crag. Dušan was in fear for his

(Continued on page 29)

Birthdays of the Great Men

JURIJ DALMATIN

October is the birthday month of three liberal writers. Two of these, Jurij Dalmatin and Simon Jenko, were Slovenes, and the third, Miguel de Cervantes, was Spanish. Dalmatin and Cervantes were born in the same year and month but the exact date of their birth is not known.

Jurij Dalmatin, born at Krško in Slovenia in October, 1547, was the outstanding Slovene protestant reformer, writer and translator. As a very young man he became acquainted with the Slovene leaders of protestantism. He began to write early and read extensively. With the help of his friends he was able to study in Germany where he learned German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He gained wide knowledge of the world outlook and became a vigorous fighter against corruption and low morals existing in the Catholic church and among the priests. He advocated that every priest should marry, and as a protestant vicar he himself married and had four children.

Dalmatin's chief contribution to Slovene literature was his complete translation of the Bible, which was the first such work in Slovene, published in 1584. This was a tremendous work especially for those early days. He also wrote several books and translated church hymns and prayer books.

Dalmatin was always gentleman and an enthusiastic defender of liberal ideas and free expression. He has a permanent place in Slovene literature. He died on Aug. 31, 1589, at the age of 42.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Miguel de Cervantes, the world famous liberal novelist, playwright and poet, was born at Alcalá, Spain, in October, 1547.

Little is known of Cervantes' early schooling, but it is known that as a very young man he traveled extensively, was a keen observer, acquainted with many famous men.

The fame of Cervantes spread throughout the world through his best, famous work "Don Quixote," which was a strong attack against the church and state, and with which he sought to bring reforms. He ridiculed the romantic chivalry which had then in Spain and elsewhere become extremely absurd. He

made fun of Spanish society as it existed in the 16th century, and mercilessly lashed the priests, nobles, knights and traders, all oppressors of the poor. His penetrating criticism, comedy and satire, his direct thrust at important persons—all had a tremendous effect. Before long, the people regarded his Don Quixote and Sancho Panza as proverbial types.

Cervantes also wrote sonnets, burlesque poems, and several plays. His most famous work "Don Quixote" never brought him wealth; he remained poor throughout his life. His "Novelas Exemplaris" alone would give him the foremost place among Spanish novelists; his Don Quixote entitles him to rank with the greatest writers of all time. For it is known that children throughout the world "turn its leaves, young people read it, grown men understand it, old folks praise it." It has outlived all changes of literary taste, and is even more popular today than it was three centuries ago.

Cervantes died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.

SIMON JENKO

Simon Jenko, the first Slovene poet of popular lyric verses, was born at Podreč, Slovenia, Oct. 27, 1835.

Jenko obtained his early education at his native village and at Novo mesto. Later he studied in Ljubljana and Celje and from there he went to Vienna where he took up the study of languages, history and law. His Vienna days were anything but pleasant because he had no funds. He often went hungry and to quiet his nerves smoked heavily which fact undermined his health.

When he returned to Slovenia he became a lawyer at Kamnik. In 1863 he won a prize for his first book of "Poems." His "Fantasy in a Graveyard" appeared while he was still in high school. His first novel was "Ljubez in osveta." His early poetry represents a wakening of serious national lyricism, also humorous pieces, love poems, frivolous youth verses and satirical poems. His later poetic works were influenced by Prešeren, while some of his earlier by Heine. In the end Jenko emerged as an independent poet with a love for nature. He died Oct. 18, 1869.

The Little Black Chicken

By Mary Jugg

The very first thing that Cheep-Cheep could remember was a heavy blow on the head. He had been pecking the yellow cornmeal with his baby brother and sister chicks, and all of a sudden this happened to him.

Cheep-Cheep was stunned for a moment. Everything went round and round, and it was all he could do to lift himself up by his little fluffy wings. Then he realized that it was his own Mother Hen that had delivered the blow.

Mother Hen clucked for a while. Then strange as it seemed she prepared herself to give Cheep-Cheep another blow.

Cheep-Cheep saw this and ran away fast beneath the great big wings of Mother Hen, stretching his little legs as much as he could. As he crouched in safety he listened for the cries of his brothers and sisters. Cheep-Cheep thought they had all done something to displease Mother Hen, else why should she hit them on the head? But no one else came running and crying. They kept right on pecking at the food the farmer's wife had brought them. They were chattering and happy.

After what seemed a long, long time Cheep-Cheep ventured out once more. Perhaps, he thought, Mother Hen had forgiven him for whatever mischief he had done—if that was the reason she had hurt his head.

He went among his brothers and sisters. "Cheep-Cheep! Cheep-Cheep!" he sang, happily. No one paid any heed. Most of them were crowded about the pan of water swaying and shoving, and bobbing their heads; the water dripped down their necks. It was the first time most of them had tried to drink water. That made them splash about as they did.

Cheep-Cheep wandered around the narrow coop with the octagonal screen that fenced them in. He picked at the food that was left, for he had to run away long before his appetite was satisfied. He tried to sound as cheerful as he could.

Soon the other chicks began leaving the water pan. One of them came towards Cheep-Cheep. And before Cheep-Cheep could become aware of what the other's intentions were, he felt another sharp blow on his head.

Then came another little chick and he pulled at Cheep-Cheep's eyes. Then a great number of others began rushing towards him, and Cheep-Cheep once again scampered for shelter beneath Mother Hen's wings.

Cheep-Cheep felt very dejected. That had been evening, and soon all his brother and sister chicks came in to join him for the night's sleep. But Cheep-Cheep could not sleep. Neither could he talk. No one told him why he had been attacked. He knew he had done no wrong. And everyone seemed to regard him with bitterness.

Early the next morning the farmer's wife came and opened the door of the chicken coop. Mother Hen and all the baby chicks almost tumbled over one another as they rushed out. It was to be their first day out in the great big world that none of the baby chicks had seen.

But Cheep-Cheep was due for another disappointment. No sooner were they outside, happy to be all together than one of the baby chicks menacingly approached Cheep-Cheep. He ran away, breathlessly. Soon all of them began picking at the grass and running hither and thither with the greatest excitement. It was during one of these times that Cheep-Cheep cautiously encountered one of his brothers who had found a little worm and was struggling to pull it from the ground.

"Tell me," said Cheep-Cheep, "why is it that I am being so mistreated by all of you and by Mother Hen? I have done no wrong."

"You're black," said the other little chick. "You're black." And he went back to the worm.

Then Cheep-Cheep looked at himself for the first time. He looked at all the other little chicks. It was true! They all had the lightest, creamiest down for coats, but his own coat was black. Yes, only his coat was black. But, what was the difference? He was a little chick, too. He had to work hard to find food just like the others. He got hungry and thirsty just as they. And he had not ordered the color of his own coat. No one had ordered the color of their coats! They had all just been born that way.

The more Cheep-Cheep thought about it the sadder he got. It was most unfair. He

would do something about it. He would not associate with his brothers and sisters any longer. He would go off by himself. He would find his own food and try to learn as much as he could about the place where they were, and perhaps some day he could prove to his brothers and sisters that the color of one's coat didn't make any difference in the worth of one.

Cheep-Cheep left the group. He strayed far away. He soon discovered that the farmer had a large field and a large garden. When evening came, he found a large wooden box lying on the edge of the field right beside a road. It may have been an old beehive or any number of things, but it was empty now. So Cheep-Cheep stepped into it and decided to sleep there for that night.

The next day he learned that there were neighbors close to this farmer's home, and that the neighbors had chickens, too. But he did not care to make friends with these chickens, either, because they might be all white, too. Then he would have the same kind of trouble as he had before. No, he would wait awhile.

Cheep-Cheep lived in this manner for a long time. During the day he roamed around in the fields and hunted for food, and sometimes in the evening when his brothers and sisters had gone to bed he would walk into the farmer's back yard and pick up grain that had been left.

Late one night Cheep-Cheep was awakened by a loud noise on the road beside the box where he was sleeping. Cheep-Cheep stretched himself and peered out. He saw a large truck. Walking around the truck was a number of men, talking and laughing most boisterously. Then Cheep-Cheep heard other sounds. They were the cries of chickens! Yes, chickens in distress! Something was wrong. Cheep-Cheep looked more closely. He saw a large box—filled with chickens! Now the men were extending their arms and pointing in the direction of the neighbor's chicken coop. "These must be stolen," thought Cheep-Cheep. "They are preparing to raid the neighbor's. These men are chicken thieves!" Cheep-Cheep thought quickly. If they went to the neighbors, they might go after his brothers and sisters, too! He would run and give them a warning! He would have them all rush to his little box for

safety! Now he could be of real use to his brothers and sisters. They would see that a black coat makes no difference when it comes to things that really count.

Cheep-Cheep took wide jumps across the field to the shed where his brothers and sisters slept. He clattered at the door with such force everyone awakened instantly. He jumped up to the little hook that held the door closed. The door opened. Breathlessly, he related all he had seen and heard. He warned them. One by one they descended from there and followed him to the little box where they would all be safe.

No sooner had they all run to safety across the field and into Cheep-Cheep's box than they saw the men take long strides across the back of the field and straight towards the chicken coops. But Cheep-Cheep and his brothers and sisters were not there. They were safe! They owed their gratitude to Cheep-Cheep.

As all of them looked wide-eyed at the danger they had already escaped, they recognized that Cheep-Cheep had saved them. And they had not stopped to think about the color of his coat then! They were all brothers and sisters who must cooperate for the good of all! Maybe—maybe if there were more guardians like Cheep-Cheep, chicken thieves would be apprehended sooner.

"You must come back with us," said one and then another. "You have been away so long. And we need you. How did we ever get along without you all this time?"

And so Cheep-Cheep, the little black chicken, proved that the color of one's coat did not matter.

Tables Turned

By STEVEN KERRO

*There was a rough bully from Viner,
Whose fists when they hit gave a "shiner,"
Went walking one day,
And met a "meek jay":
The bully goes 'round with a "shiner."*

CORRECTION

In the September issue of the M. L. an additional line was inserted beneath the Crossword Puzzle of **Helen Matko**, p. 21. The writing should read correctly, "The letters encircled should spell the name of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court."

The extra line belongs properly under the answers to the puzzle of **Francis Zupou**.—Ed.

KAROLINCA

Katka Zupančič

“Lase mi beli ta naša Karolinca!” Tako vzklika njena mamica dan na dan. Ali če imaš dobro uho, utegneš slišati v njenem glasu prizvok ponosa.

In je res, kar je res. Ljubko dekletce je Karolinca. Bodi še tako slabe volje, ne moreš si kaj, da se ji ne bi nasmešnil, ko ti maha v pozdrav in ti govori nekaj v jeziku, ki ga razen nje živ krst ne razume.

Ne dolgo tega je obhajala drugo obletnico svojega rojstva. Za to priliko jo je čakal na mizi s smetano bogato obložen kolaček, okrašen z dvema prižganima svečkama. Karolinca bi seveda morala lučki upihniti in to obe hkrati, kajti stara šega zapoveduje tako, in mamica tudi. Ali to bi se reklo ubogati—ubogati pa Karolinca zlepa noče in pika.

Pač pa je prijela za precej veliko, lopatici podobno žlico in čof!—svečki nista goreli več. Kako bi, saj jih je bilo komaj videti iz rahle snovi, ki je na mamino žalost izgubila svojo lepo obliko.

Pa Karolinca to ni vznemirjalo. Oblizavala je žlico in zadovoljno godla. In ker se ji je prvič tako dobro obneslo, je svoje dejanje obnovila, še preden je mama utegnila odkriti njeno nakano. To pot pa je zamahnila tako krepko, da je bil kolaček popolna razvalina in krožnik pod njim takisto.

Mamica, vsa iz sebe seveda, ji je izzvila žlico iz rok. Morda bi se zgodilo kaj hujšega, kajti nič lepo ni bilo videti smetano razpakano vse naokoli, tudi po steni, ali Karolinca je že zajela sapo in se pripravila na protest. In njen protest je po navadi tako glasen, da ga je polna ne le vsa hiša, marveč tudi vsa soseska.

“Le odkod se je navzela tega svojega vrešččega glasu?” vprašuje včasih njena mama.

“Za operno pevko se vadi,” ji šaleč se odgovarjamo. Mar ji naj izdamo, da imamo na sumu cikade?



Letos je namreč leto cikad in tudi na našem koncu jih imamo. Ne sicer veliko, vendar dovolj, da nas razveseljujejo (joj!) s svojim koncertom. Karolinci je moral biti njihov koncert še posebej všeč. Kar pa ji je všeč, to posnema. In tako je začela—tako sumimo—posnemati cikade takoj, ko so se pojavile. Kajti do teh dob se je že tako izvežbala, da je pobila vse svoje prejšnje rekorde v veka nju in prekosila je že tudi vse cikade na naših vrtovih. Priznati ji moramo, da si je prisvojeno cikadno muziko do viška in vsestransko izpopolnila.

Ji pa tudi to dobro služi. Na mesto da bi se mučila z besedami, zavije rajši kar po cikadno, pa doseže do malega vse kar hoče.

Karolinca ima še neko posebnost, ki je še posebej važna za današnje razmere. Sama sreča, da nemški Fuehrer tega ne ve. Utegnil bi morda postaviti to punče nemški deci za vzgled. Karolinca ni namreč prav nič izbirična. Dasi ima vsega kar treba, navzlic temu tlači v usta vse, kar ji pride pod roko. Naj jo le malo puste z oči, ima že napeta lica.

“Odpri usta! Pokaži kaj žvečiš!” in potem ji betkajo iz ust—ali košček strohnelega lesa ali stare črešnjeve pečke po vrtu nabrane ali kepico zemlje ali karkoli. Če ni drugače, pa žveči nogo svoji punčki.

Zadnjič je posegla po gosenci, zviti v svitek, pa smo jo še o pravem času zalotili. Za tega se je jela gosnica gibati, in Karolinca je na lepem odnehala.

Do živih stvari na srečo nima teka. Še več. Takih živalic se hudo boji. Čim manjše so, tem večja je njena bojazen. Strah vseh strahov ji je pajk.

V brookfieldskem zverinjaku si je pozelela leva. Najbrž si je predstavljala, kako lepo bi bilo jezdit na levo po domačem vrtu. Toda pajkec, in naj bo tako majcen, da se ga komaj vidi, jo požene v beg.

Pa recite, če ni Karolinca zanimiv otrok!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Many contributions from our readers, including entries for the “Our School” contest, drawings, and other features were crowded out of this month's issue because of lack of space. These will appear throughout the following months as space permits.

Next-Door Neighbor

By Helen Ambrozich

Manager, Circle No. 18, Milwaukee, Wis.

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Jerich, the mother

Margaret, her daughter, age 15

Annie, her youngest daughter, age 10

Johnnie, her son, age 12

Betty Laurich, the girl next door, age 16

Jenny Laurich, her sister, age 14

Mr. Jerich, the father, a bankrupt farmer

Place: Milwaukee. **Time:** Sunday afternoon.

(This is a story of a bankrupt farmer, his wife and three children. The family has just moved from a Kansas farm the day before to the city of Milwaukee. It is a day after, Sunday afternoon.)

Setting: A parlor that is in disorder. **Mrs. Jerich**, with an apron and a dust cap on, busy cleaning and putting things in order. **Margaret** is dusting chairs and helping all around. **Annie** is sitting at the table restlessly, doing her school work, but stops occasionally to look through the window.

MARGARET (taking a pile of papers and magazines from the table, asks her mother): Mother, where shall I put these papers?

MRS. JERICH: Oh, put them in that cupboard, if there's any room in there yet. This moving business gets on my nerves. I just hope that we'll never have to move again.

ANNIE: Oh, Ma, who will I go to school with tomorrow?

MRS. JERICH: Well, I don't know. There's bound to be somebody. You won't be the only pupil there, I know.

ANNIE: But I won't know anybody there.

MRS. JERICH: Just don't worry your little head about that. You're sure to get acquainted with some girls your own age.

JOHNNIE (enters with a frown on his face, throws his cap in the corner and sets his bat and ball there roughly).

MARGARET: Why don't you stay out? You're sure no help around here.

JOHNNIE: Yeah, that's easy to say, "Stay out," but what shall I do outside by myself?

MARGARET: Why, play ball, of course, what else are you good for!

JOHNNIE: How do you expect me to play ball, all by myself. Oh, heck! You can't have any fun in the city. I can't climb trees, I can't "holler," I can't do anything, not even stay in the house. Oh, I wish we'd be back on the farm.

MARGARET: It does seem kind of lonely here, doesn't it. I wonder if there are many girls my age in the neighborhood. And if there are, they'll probably be snooty like anything. I sure am lonely for our friends back home at Kansas, aren't you, Ma?

MRS. JERICH: Of course I'm lonely, who wouldn't be. I miss the chickens, the cows, and everything. It's so different here. It just doesn't seem like home, and it doesn't smell like home either. But, what can we do, we can't go back after we lost our farm. There are other people living in our house now. I just wonder who feeds the chickens. I'd give anything in the world if I could milk our Bessy—just once more. (Dabs at her eyes)

JOHNNIE: I just hope that she kicks them, good 'n' hard all those who milk her now. She never did like strangers, anyhow. (Pause) By the way, Ma, how soon do we eat?

MRS. JERICH: Just as soon as we straighten things up a bit. Be patient, will you.

A knock on the door

MRS. JERICH: Oh mercy, who can that be now. You go to the door, Margaret. I look a sight. (Pulls off her cap and apron in great haste, and runs in the back room with it)

BETTY (enters carrying a basket covered with the paper "Prosveta")

JENNY (comes with her, bringing some toys and Mladinski Lists)

BETTY: I hope that we're not intruding. We live next door. I'm Betty Laurich, and this is my sister Jenny.

MARGARET: I'm so glad to have you call on us. Things aren't in the best of order right now, but you must excuse us, as we first moved in yesterday, and it takes so long to straighten things up.

- BETTY: Oh, don't mind us at all. I know how it was when we moved here last year.
- MRS. JERICH (comes in).
- MARGARET (introduces her mother): Mother, this is Betty Laurich and her sister Jenny. They live next door. (Then turns to her brother John and sister Annie) And this is my sister Ann and brother John. (They all greet each other)
- MRS. JERICH: It's very nice of you girls to come and see us, we were all wishing to get acquainted with our neighbors.
- BETTY: Same here. Since we saw you move in yesterday, we just couldn't wait to come over. But here, Mother packed up something for you. She said that it's so hard to fuss with cooking when you're moving, so she gave us some bread she baked and some home made sausages. (Sets the basket on the table)
- JENNY: And here are some books and games, if you can use them. (Gives them to Johnnie and Annie)
- ANNIE (takes the books and thanks Jenny): Oh, thank you very much, Jenny. (Goes over them a little and then runs to the table to see what is in the basket)
- JOHNNIE (takes the games, and then he, too, runs to the table to see what else they brought)
- MRS. JERICH: Thank you very much. It sure is kind of you girls and your mother, to do all that for us. (Is taking things out of the basket)
- MARGARET (offers them chairs): Won't you girls sit down?
- ANNIE (great surprise) Oh my—potica!
- JOHNNIE: Oh boy! And kranjske klobase.
- BETTY (turns towards them surprised) Are you Slovenes too?
- MARGARET: Sure we're Slovenes. Our parents both came from the old country.
- MR. JERICH (enters, dressed in a working shirt, and has a pipe in his mouth): My, something smells good in here. I believe you need my help.
- MRS. JERICH: Here are Betty and Jenny Laurich, Slovene girls next door, and they brought us all those good things to eat. (Shows him the table, takes a chair and eats with the rest of them)
- MR. JERICH: So you live next door. It is nice to have such nice Slovene neighbors. We're Slovenes, too.
- BETTY: How fortunate that we live so close to each other. We are sure to be good friends.
- MR. JERICH (picks up the Prosveta from the table and reads a few words in Slovene) What kind of paper is this Prosveta? It seems like a good workers' paper?
- BETTY: Why, it's the weekly paper of our lodge. Don't you people belong to the S. N. P. J.?
- MR. JERICH: No, we don't belong to any lodge, we thought that we didn't need any, while living on the farm.
- BETTY: Oh, I think everybody needs a good lodge like our Jednota. You see, it helps us when we're sick and in trouble. Last year when our dear mother was sick, I don't know what we'd have done without the help of our lodge. And besides, there's so much fun, just to belong to such a good and strong organization as ours.
- MR. JERICH: I heard about the S.N.P.J. lodge before, but I guess I was just a dumb farmer. I worked like a slave day and night, and saved every penny I could to put into the farm. Then depression came, and sickness on top of that, and before I knew, everything was gone.
- MRS. JERICH: Yes, they took our home away, and everything that was dear to us, and it's going to be mighty hard to get used to living in the city.
- BETTY: I do wish you better luck here in Milwaukee. We will do everything we can to make you feel at home.
- JENNY: And I will call for Annie tomorrow so she can go to school with me, and meet some of the other girls.
- MRS. JERICH: That sure is nice of you girls. (Pause) Why don't you help us eat?
- MR. JERICH: Yes, Betty, I realize now what a fool I was for not joining a lodge. But I guess it's too late now.
- BETTY: Why is it too late? You are not old yet, Mr. Jerich, you could still join with the rest of your family.

MR. JERICH: And how much would it cost to join the S.N.P.J. lodge?

BETTY: It won't cost you anything to join. You see, we're celebrating our 35th anniversary this year, and there is no admission of any kind, and on top of all, you get the Prosveta every week. I know you would find the paper very interesting.

JENNY: And we, the younger members, we get the Mladinski List every month, and is that ever a nice little magazine. Why, we can write letters ourselves, and they publish them for us, and there are so many nice stories and poems in both English and Slovene. That sure is a wonderful magazine.

MR. JERICH: Why, that sure must be a good lodge, to give you all that.

BETTY: It sure is, and recently we organized a Juvenile Circle. That's a club where all young members meet once or twice a month. And do we have fun.

JENNY: We have all kinds of sports, too; we play basketball and baseball, and have such nice parties.

BETTY: I'm sure your children would all enjoy it, and I would be the happiest of all to have you all with us.

MARGARET: Oh, father, let's all join.

JOHNNIE: I want to belong to that lodge, then I won't have to play ball by myself any more.

ANNIE: Oh, can we join, Daddy?

MR. JERICH (slaps mama on the back): What do you say, stara? Shall we all belong to the S.N.P.J.?

MRS. JERICH: Sure we will, Betty. You just nominate us all at the next meeting.

MR. JERICH: Ma, don't you think we'd better celebrate on such a good occasion? Let's see, if there's some beer left for me. (He pulls her out into the next room with him)

MARGARET: I think we should celebrate, too. Let's play the piano and sing. I'm so happy I met you girls (She hugs them both. Margaret plays the piano and the rest all join in singing, finally, they start dancing one after the other)

MRS. JERICH (comes by the door with the broom in the hand, smiles at them and then, she, too, starts dancing with the broom)

MR. JERICH (comes with a beer bottle in his hand, smiles happily, then grabs mama): Come on, stara! This sure is a big day for us!

MRS. JERICH (drops the broom and dances with Mr. Jerich with plenty of action).

(CURTAIN)

SONG FOR THE PLAY

(To the tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle Song")

1

We had a farm in Kansas town,
We thought we were all it;
But hard times came and striked us hard,
So hard it got us beat.

CHORUS:

Hurray, hurray! We'll join the S. N. P. J.
We'll carry on and spread good deed,
There's no better lodge indeed.

2

They moved us out, they threw us out,
They took our home away,
But they can not take, they can not stop us
From joining the S. N. P. J.
(Repeat chorus)

3

Because the letters S. N. P. J.
Stand high for standard rights
Like unity, fraternity, equality,
For these we'll always fight.

(Chorus)

4

We'll carry on the fine ideals:
Cooperation and brotherhood
And justice and fraternity,
For these our SNPJ has always stood.

(Chorus)

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Again we wish to call your attention to the fact that we are OVERSTOCKED with crossword puzzles. According to the number we have on hand, it will be impossible to use all of them for the remainder of this year. Please do not send us more crossword puzzles until we make use of our present supply. You may be due for disappointment if you do not heed this request.—EDITOR.

A FASCINATING HOBBY

By JOSEPH DRASLER

Strolling leisurely along a path through the forest one bright sunny morning, light-hearted and at ease, my eyes suddenly alighted upon a pretty, delicately colored butterfly as it audaciously set on a maple bough hanging into the path, heavy with the morning dew.

Without malice aforethought, I reached out my hand, acting impetuously, not really intending to catch it, for I didn't want to see it injured, its scales—Nature's gorgeous gift to the butterfly—ruined, or its delicate wings or tiny feelers or other such minutiae broken.

As it fluttered and struggled to escape, I held it gently, not to appear obdurate and desiring not to harm or frighten my early morning captive.

Its fluttering continued, reminding me of other days and other butterflies.—Memories of yesteryear.

Moths and butterflies,—described by biologists and students of insect life as diurnal lepidopterous insects, that is, daytime insects having four wings covered with minute scales and always undergoing a complete metamorphosis through egg, caterpillar, pupa and imago stages—instinctively take flight when approached with danger, as all wild animals and insects do; tho hesitating just a little longer before soaring away in agile flight, full of grace and symmetry, to another attractive flower, as if to tease and vex one, inviting a chase which we usually give them.

Those who have once succumbed to the hobby of catching and preserving butterflies, and perhaps finding a market for them, for there are many commercial houses buying the more rare varieties, are aware of what a fascinating pastime it can be. Once attempted the hobby draws one on, catching, observing, and studying this brilliantly colored summer snow.

On a bright, mid-summer day, or more preferably, in the fall of the year when the flowers are all in bloom and bursting with their loads of nectar, the temptation is greatest for the enthusiast to gather his paraphernalia, consisting of dip net, collecting boxes prepared beforehand, extingisher, and, of course, a book of colored plates and half-tone pictures to be studied earnestly in order to be able to distinguish the numerous and varied species, many of which differ only by very minute shapes and markings.

When you once enter the meadows in search of the gayly colored flock, the chase leads merrily on, the direction in which they fly deciding the course.

Fields of flowers or weed beds, which bloom out late in the summer, are ideal spots, for this is the natural and favorite habitat of this little creature—an infinitesimal speck on the earth, which is an infinitesimal speck of the solar system, which again is an infinitesimal speck of the universe of solar systems.

Continuously throughout the spring, summer, and fall, the air is constantly filled with new species as

they emerge from caterpillars, sheltered under the bark of dead trees all winter long, awaiting the first warm touch of spring. And, as the numerous varicolored larva we see crawling all over our vegetables, plants, and fruit trees, devouring the succulent leaves, hatch out. They come in species of an unbelievable number, literally hundreds of them, covered with gold dust, seemingly, and profoundly beautiful, in all sizes, shapes and textures, encompassing every shade and hue of the rainbow.—Life's fantasy, the role for which they seem to be so sublimely fitted, shilly-shallying, to and fro, inspiring poets to great works of art.

In approaching one the most opportune moment presents itself precisely when the sylvan inhabitant has found a flower attractive enough and laden with sufficient honey to interest him. Great care must be exercised in handling the net, as the butterfly's fragile wings are easily broken, and the fine scale which makes butterfly beauty, is quite soon rubbed off, ruining its beauty and value.

Joyful days of roaming over sunny fields and through damp forest lowlands where are to be found these elusive little woodland creatures, whose ancestors can be traced back to the days of Methuselah, were recalled as I held in my hand this incredibly beautiful fluttering bit of life.

Still later as warm summer days grow into the quiet lulling days of autumn, the hobby becomes ever more interesting as the new species appear in a perpetual array of color, each brimming over with the ecstasy of life, and prettier than its predecessor.

Unlike some nocturnal creature screeching and squaking in the belfry scaffolding the whole night through, filling one with repugnance and disgust, these happy, gayly colored insects, soaring through the air in gentle supple flight, evoke a feeling of calm quietude, which seemingly lulls into peaceful tranquility the earth and sky.

I opened my hand, lightly closed about my morning companion; and, as saucily as he alighted, he departed again, to join his kind. A thing of beauty over which some forest Muse must surely provide to keep him so neat and clean. Perhaps, in comparison in size and beauty with other of Mother Nature's children, this one is by far her most splendid creation, I thought in the reflective aftermath, as my butterfly became transformed into but a speck, now far away on the horizon of a clear summer day.

FOR A SICK FRIEND

All of us have friends who get sick some time or other, and how nice it would be to have something to send that person. When you are reading the papers or magazines, and you come across jokes, or stories, or riddles, or poems, why not cut them out and paste them in a scrapbook? Then when you know some one who is sick you will make them feel all glad inside if you will send them that little book.

TOMMIE

—By *Ernestine Jugg*

Tommie was a little boy, and as little boys go, he was rather well behaved. But there was one thing more than any other that Tommie liked to do—and I suppose he wasn't different from most people. He liked to experiment. He also liked good things to eat, and he was always hungry.

Now Tommie's mother always told him how his stomach was like a little machine that took everything he ate and made it so the rest of the body could use it. The muscles, the blood cells, every little hair needed food, and the stomach was the little machine that did the work to prepare the food.

"The stomach is a strong, yet delicate organ," mother said. "You must eat the right foods in order that each part of the body gets fed and not be starved. The milk contains calcium which is good for your bones and teeth. Fresh fruits and vegetables contain vitamins. You mustn't eat cold stuff, and even eat ice cream slowly. If you don't treat your stomach right, it will ache and then you will be sick."

But Tommie thought mother was old-fashioned. Ice-cream he liked by the gallons and cold soda pop—especially the red kind. He liked hot dogs with plenty of mustard and green apples when they belonged to some crabby farmer. Besides he was strong and healthy and could lick any kid on his block that was almost twice his size.

So one day when mother left him all to himself, he and Billy Lee next door had a wonderful time—a real picnic. Dora, the colored maid, fixed them a little lunch with chocolate cake and candy for little in-between snatches. She told them to be sure and be home for supper.

But when Billy and Tommie ate their lunch, finished the cake and candy, they wandered farther and farther. They found a little lunchroom and bought ice-cream and popcorn. Next they had a hot dog and hamburger plus a bag of peanuts. As they passed by Farmer Decker's farm, they grabbed a bunch of green apples and ran. The apples were sour and not so good, but it was swell to escape without being caught with them. Then it felt so good to wash the

whole thing down with some ice-cold pop at the refreshment stand, because it was a hot day, and they were thirsty.

They reached home around suppertime, but Tommie wasn't hungry. Things were happening in his stomach. Said the 1st stomach worker, who was captain, to the 2nd stomach worker, who was lieutenant: "What's the stuff he's piling in on us. Does he want to freeze us out?" Still another worker came running to tell of the terrible hot dogs and hamburgers, and so they got in a huddle and decided to teach Tommie a lesson. "We'll give him twinges and jerks so he will know better next time. We'll show him the stomach isn't a garbage can." With that they kicked, punched, and pulled with all their might.

Poor Tommie tossed and moaned. His head and his stomach hurt something awful. He had a fever and thought he was going to die. Mother arrived just in time to send for Dr. Blue. Dr. Blue gave Tommie some awful pills which made things worse for awhile but gradually he felt better. But Tommie was too weak to play for several days and ate only the lightest of foods, such as juices and soups. But when he was well, he remembered what his mother and the doctor told him, that he must eat the right things to grow up strong and healthy.

And said the 1st stomach worker as he winked at the 2nd, "I guess it didn't hurt to teach that boy a lesson early in life."

GEOGRAPHIC SCRAMBLE

The idea of this game is to unscramble the word in Column I. This word, when properly spelled, will form the capitol of some state in the United States. Put the name of the capitol in Column II. In Column III put name of the state.

Column I	Column II	Column III
1. Aylnba
2. Ianodms
3. Enigipfdslr
4. Ruarigrbrsh
5. Mosuelbu
6. Ekpota

ANSWERS: Columns II and III: 1. Albany, New York; 2. Madison, Wisconsin; 3. Springfield, Illinois; 4. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; 5. Columbus, Ohio; 6. Topeka, Kansas.

SYLVIA VICICH (age 16), Lodge 15,
Wooster, Ohio.

The New York World's Fair

By Jennie H. Padar, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many of you have had occasion to hear about the New York World's Fair, but only a few will be fortunate enough to be able to make a visit to this amazing "World of Tomorrow." I will endeavor to give a complete description of one section of this tremendous project, namely the Hall of Nations and The Court of States which in my mind is the most important section of the fair. I have carefully planned my visits to the fair and my first complete day at the fair was spent at the Government Zone of the Foreign and State participants.



Drawn by Frank Padar Jr.

After arriving at the nearest gate of my destination, I purchased a ticket for which a small sum of seventy-five cents was paid. After entering through the turnstile at the Flushing Gate, I immediately made my way to the Lagoon of Nations, through the Court of Peace, and finally to the United States Government Building which is at the head of all the foreign pavilions. There, I witnessed a two hour motion picture of the History of the United States from the very beginning to the present day. This picture was compiled by all the motion picture companies. Historical pictures of all kinds were used to make a complete history such as: "Alexander G. Bell," "Union Pacific," "Dodge City," "In Old Chicago," "Slave Ship," "San Francisco," and many others.

After a thorough inspection of the United States Government Building I started working my way through the pavilions on the right side. I went through Ireland, Iceland, Albania, Lebanon, and Greece before I came to the Jugoslavian Pavilion. Upon entering I received two pamphlets both of which give a complete history of Jugoslavia and many pictures of various scenes of the country and the costumes of the people in different sections. On the left side is a long desk where information of all kinds may be received and on the desk is a number of large catalogs which include many pictures of places and people in Jugoslavia which were taken by the daughter of the United States Envoy to Belgrade. Enlarged pictures fill the walls on three sides and national costumes are displayed on dummies. In one corner is a little round pool in which are a few fish and plants of all kinds, surrounded by comfortable chairs. On the wall may also be seen a spacious map of the United States showing where the immigrants of Jugoslavia are located. On one side may be seen all the produce and progress of the

people. On the upper floor is a large moulded map of Jugoslavia showing mountains, rivers, lakes and villages, towns and cities, and a large marble sculpture of Peter II., king of Jugoslavia, who is sixteen years of age.

I explained the appearance of the Jugoslavian pavilion more in detail because it is probably of most interest to us all than any of the other buildings. The Russian, Italian, Czechoslovakian, and Japanese buildings are especially large and beautiful. Each of the sixty nations display their primary produce and endeavor to show their future contributions to the "World of Tomorrow." Practically all of the countries represented at the fair show large photographs and paintings or moving pictures of their individual country to attract tourists, business men, and investors. All the countries as well as the States of the United States are extremely proud of their people's contributions to the world such as in literature, art, science, sports, popular education, etc., and therefore each country portrays its contributions.

In the State buildings I'll tell what fascinated me most.

New York—The performance of the Firemen and the Policemen, the voting and vote-counting machines.

Illinois—The model of the City of Chicago showing all the buildings.

Pennsylvania—The building itself because it is the exact model of Independence Hall, the huge walls made of coal, and the large statues showing the change in dress from the time of the discovery of America to the present day.

Maine—The fine display of lumber, trees, fish, waterfalls, etc.

West Virginia—Models of the homes of George Washington and of his mother.

Washington—The large map divided into cities showing the development of industry.

Florida—The display of palms, orange trees and tropical plants and the reproduction of a typical beach in Florida.

Georgia—The display of copies of "Gone With the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell in many different languages.

Texas—The reproduction of the Alamo.

I found something that fascinated me in every building but there is so much to see and so little time to see it all, that I cannot remember all that I saw.

I had exhausted a complete day from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve midnight at the fair and I came home eager to go again. Immediately after leaving I looked on the map and checked all that I absorbed during the day and to my utmost astonishment, I found that I had seen only a mere tenth of the complete project.

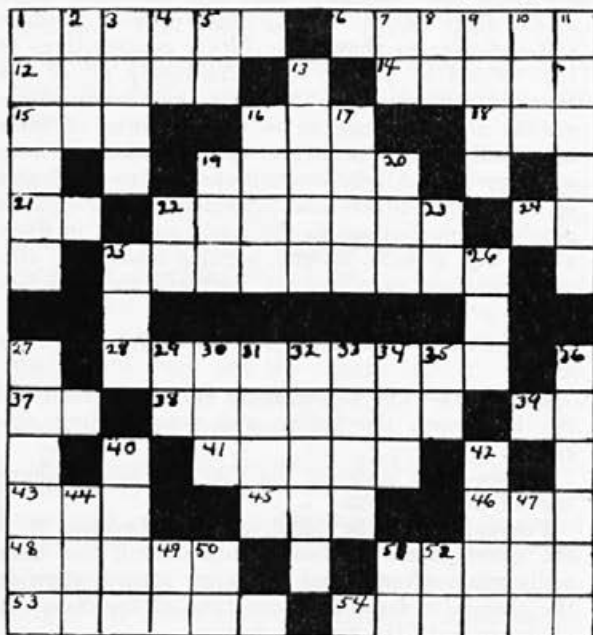
At nine-thirty in the evening I witnessed a Symphony of Water Light, Flame and Music at the Lagoon of Nations. This display is so wonderful that it is undescrivable. Another realistic extra curriculum is the Fireworks, each evening at ten-fifteen on the Fountain Lake.

The other parts of the Fair are the Amusement Area, Communication and Business Systems Zone, Community Interests Zone, Food Zone, Government Zone, Production and Distribution Zone and last but not least the Transportation Zone.

ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Lud Nahtigal, age 15,

23 Heintzman St., Toronto, Ont., Canada, Lodge 648



HORIZONTAL

1. To guard. 6. A woven fabric. 12. Sins. 14. Chairs. 15. Allow. 16. A cheering sound. 18. Mesh fabric of cord. 19. Silver coins used in most S. American republics. 21. In the morning. 22. Least possible amount. 24. Neuter pronoun. 25. Rivals. 28. One who owns a flag. 37. Within. 38. Sourness. 39. Father. 41. To omit in pronunciation. 43. Receptacle for coal. 45. That ought to be given to 46. Male sheep. 48. To come in. 51. One of the planets. 53. Builds up. 54. Irish whisky from illicit still.

VERTICAL

1. Islands at the mouths of rivers. 2. Evening. 3. Sudden seizures of hysteria. 4. Elevated railway (common usage). 5. There are two—in the word annual. 7. To be. 8. Southeast (abbr.). 9. Not mad. 10. A native Indian of the Southern states. 11. One's property. 13. Round vessel for holding water. 16. A city in Nevada. 17. House. 19. Seed of apple. 20. A necessity for the life of plants. 22. Member of Parliament (abbr.). 23. Mountain (abbr.). 25. Out of position. 26. A title. 27. Flexible. 29.

Sixth note of the scale. 30. A high card. 31. To cover thinly with gold. 32. Widespread dislike. 33. Broad. 34. The king and queen entered Toronto from—. 35. A colloquial expression for What. 36. A kind of fish. 40. Prefix for against. 42. Not false. 44. A girl's name. 47. Devoured. 49. Pronunciation of 19th letter of alphabet. 50. Prefix for again. 51. A river in Italy. 52. London Times (abbr.).

(Answers on inside cover page)

SLOGA

KATKA ZUPANČIČ



*Je grmiček hišica,
hišica v 'štuka' dva;
zgoraj biva ptičica,
spodaj zajček dom ima.*

*Na vse grlo ptička kliče,
ko zarana se zbudi;
solnce sije že na griče—
zajčka pa domov še ni.*

*Tu se ponočnjak pojavi
s sred poljun še ves rosan.
"Hitro, hitro," ptička pravi,
"brez skrbi se skrivaj v stan."*

*Kot bi s ptičko se zmenila —
s prvim mrakom zajček vstal bo,
ko se ptička bo vrnila —
svojo pot ubral bo.*

*Mnogi teden že takole
drug za drugega skrbita;
vse brez znanja, vse brez šole —
kaj je sloga—nas učita.*

Mother: "When that naughty boy threw stones at you, why did you not come and tell me, instead of throwing them back at him?"

Willie: "What good would it do to tell you? You couldn't hit the side of a barn."



Drawn by Edith W. Coff,
age 16, 15915 Parkgrove Av.,
Cleveland, O., Lodge 614.

OUR SCHOOL

AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$100 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will, in the second half of 1939, contribute to the Our School section of the Mladinski List:

1) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects of our Society and its institutions, such as Juvenile Circles, freethought, labor unions, social justice, and hobbies;

2) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, dealing with the most unusual experience of the writer;

3) The best original drawings in India ink on any subject deemed acceptable by the Editor, such as cartoons, games, cross-word puzzles, etc.

The publication of such letters or drawings on these pages is not indication that they all will be awarded; contributions published elsewhere in the Mladinski List although intended for Our School will be awarded under the same rules if qualifying.

The number and size of awards for this six-month period will depend on the number of qualified letters and drawings contributed.

The next distribution of awards will be made at the end of 1939.

RULES: 1) Every contributor must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department. 2) State your age and number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong. 3) Every contribution must be signed also by either parent. 4) Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended for the issue of the Mladinski List of the following month.

JOKES

Submitted by **Joe Rukse**, Lodge 530, age 16, Amherstdale, West Virginia, Box 85.

The Poet: "Some people thirst after fame; others after wealth; others after love."

Pert Miss: "And there is something all people thirst after."

The Poet: "What's that?"

Pert Miss: "Salt fish."

Mistress (engaging new servant): "I hope you don't object to cats."

Servant: "Oh, no. I find 'em a great help with the dishwashin'."

Grocer (to new clerk): "This morning when you picked the flies out of the sugar barrel, you didn't brush the sugar off their legs. Don't let this happen again."

Barber: "How do you want your hair cut?"

Customer: "In a hurry."

Barber: "Oh, I see. A short cut."

Marks: "So your Italian barber refused to shave you. Why was that?"

Parks: "I told him that I'd just had a Turkish bath."

Boarder: "Here is a nickel that I found in the hash."

Landlady: "Yes; I put it there. You've been complaining about the lack of change in your meals."

IT'S A FACT

That Ty Cobb was the greatest ball player in the history of baseball.

That the President's wife is the busiest woman in America.

That flying is as safe as any other mode of travel.

That roast beef, mashed potatoes and apple pie are still the great American meal.

That the New England country is the most picturesque part of the U. S. A.

That Irving Berlin is the leading song writer of the world.

That Walter Huston is the most versatile actor.

That "Showboat," "Roberta" and "Of Thee I Sing" were the best musical shows of the last 20 years.

That Paris is the most beautiful city in Europe.

That Americans don't walk enough.

That canneries employed an estimated 350,000 workers at some time during 1938.

That more than 11% of all workers in the United States are employed for domestic or personal service.

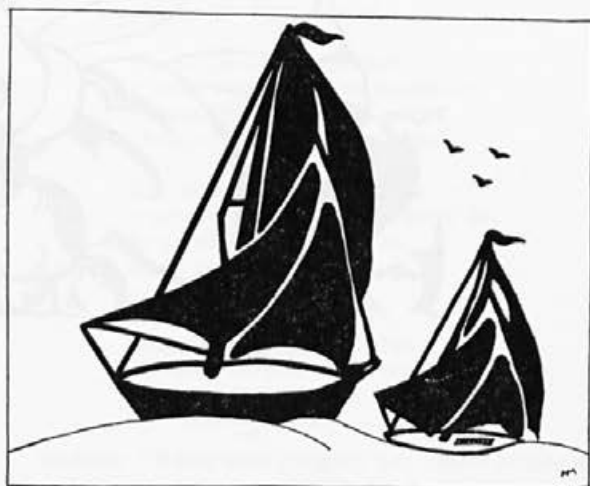
That a small town in Ohio is named "Knock 'em Stiff."

That average pay for office machine operators in New York City in 1938 was \$24.92 a week.

That in the period from 1910 to 1930 the number of policemen in America increased from 60,000 to 150,000.

That the rubber industry is experimenting with a rubber wall material for houses.

JOHN POKLAR JR., age 16, lodge 16, 927-A W. Scott Street, Milwaukee, Wis.



SAILING SHIPS

Drawn by **Helen Matko**, age 14, Lodge No. 560 SNPJ, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

Let us take a glimpse into the future and see what some of the graduates will be doing ten years from now.

It is a lovely forenoon in May. As I walk down busy La Salle Street I notice a sign on a large building. It reads, "Kusmann Law Office." Out of curiosity I enter the building. The elevator whirls me to the fifteenth floor. There, established in one of the fine offices, I greet my former classmate, Bob Kusmann, now a successful lawyer.

A few weeks later while stopping for traffic at State and Madison Streets, I idly watched the mounted policeman calm his horse. Something beside his handsome appearance made me look at him more closely. Imagine my surprise when I recognized—Robert Scheffter!

As I leave the theatre one night, a newsboy shouts, "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!" Buying a newspaper I am startled by the picture that adorns the front page. The headline reads, "Prominent Politician, Seymour Siegel, Given Recognition for Services." To cap it all, the writer of the article is Liberty Dallas, star reporter.

Style shows are always fascinating. I heard the summer show at Saks was to be very special, for all of the finest models were to be displayed. I decided to attend. The curtain rose. The models paraded across the stage, and there—the most stunning of all was—Voilet Manka.

While traveling by plane from Chicago to New York I was struck by the familiar appearance of the good-looking stewardess. I discovered that she was Margaret Rusak. The pilot was Lawrence Woodrum.

The 1949 opera season had opened. One night I went to hear "Carmen." What a thrill I had when I heard Sylvia Maccabe sing the title role!

Early in the theater season I attended the opening night of one of Broadway's most successful musical comedies. As the star of the show danced I marveled at her grace and ease. The applause was terrific! The lights blazed upon her as she took her bows. Then I remembered Esther Steinberg, another Alcott graduate.

It is a cool evening. Dancing to the smooth music of an orchestra at one of Chicago's fine hotels, I wonder whose band is playing. My partner tells me that it is a new and very popular orchestra. To my amazement I learn that the leader is none other than Alcott's one time jitterbug, Kenny Alexander.

One afternoon while on my way to a book shop I met an old friend, Arthur Kleinrath. We had a happy reunion exchanging news about our old schoolmates. Lorraine Moseley, he told me, is a great fashion designer.

Finally I continued on my way. At the book store one book in particular attracted my attention. Opening the cover I discovered that it was written by Isabelle Whittington, who has become a popular novelist.

An ocean trip had always been my great desire. Eventually my wish was granted, and I set sail from New York on a huge liner. On board ship I met a

sailor who was most polite and helpful. With him I renewed an old acquaintance, for—he was Jack Noble.

On my return from this trip I remained in New York for a week. While there I ran into—of all people—Helen Sarros. She is the very competent secretary of a wealthy Wall Street broker, Robert Spiegler.

Marriage became my career. Early one morning I was standing at the kitchen door waiting for the milk to be delivered. I understood the delay when I saw the milkman. It was Harry Milbourne, and the driver was—Nicholas Bies.

While attending a meeting of the P. T. A. at the neighboring school I met my old friend, Grace Benjamin, who was the first grade teacher.

But back we must go to the present, where we are still at Alcott, with only the certainty that graduation will come true soon. About our prophecies, who can tell?

(P. S.: The foregoing article was published in the Alcott-News in its June edition a few days before our graduation took place.)

XENIA NOVAK, Lodge 631,
Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1939.



A GIRL AND HER PAL

Drawn by Helen Matko, age 14, Route 1, Box 244,
Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560 SNPJ.

MORE FUN FOR EVERYONE

Interesting to Know

Tommy: Teacher, what did I learn today?
Teacher: Why do you ask such a question?
Tommy: Because mamma will be sure to ask me when I get home.

Wrong Time

Betty: Mother, isn't it time for lunch?
Mother: Why, no, dear. Not for an hour.
Betty: I guess my tummy must be fast.

Just As Good

Customer: I know fish is brain food but I don't like fish. Isn't there some other kind of brain food you could bring me?
Waiter: Well, there is noodle soup.

Too Bad

Old Lady: Are you sure this train is going to Newport?

Conductor: If it isn't, madam, I'll be in a worse mess than you will.

She Couldn't Come

Man: I'd like to buy a pair of hose for my wife.

Clerk: Sheer?

Man: No, she's at home.

Why Certainly

Teacher: Benny, name some ancient people.

Benny: Mother and Daddy.

Reasonable

First Cowboy: Why is it that you wear only one spur?

Second Cowboy: Well, I figure that if one side of the horse starts running, the other side will, too.

Proof

Policeman: What do you mean by going fifty miles an hour?

Lady: I wasn't going 50 miles an hour and I can prove it.

Policeman: Then do so!

Lady: I haven't been driving an hour!

Hopeful

Jimmy: If you know who stole your bicycle, why don't you ask a policeman to take it away from him?

Johnny: I am waiting for him to put on a new set of tires.

Sure She Can

Policeman: Hey, you can't make a left-hand turn!

Lady: I certainly can! It was one of the first things I learned to do!

Why Not?

Man (in a pet shop): Will you give me some dog food?

Kindly Clerk: Why, of course, if you're hungry.

The Best of Reasons

Old Lady: Little boy, why are you in this theatre instead of in school?

Little Boy: They won't let me go to school. I got the measles.

Mother Knows Best

Teacher: Eddie, why don't you take the bus home?

Eddie: I'd like to, teacher. But my mother would not let me keep it in the house.

MARY TURK, age 16,
Box 71, Bulger, Pa.

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AT THE FAIR

Heigh-ho—come to the fair!

That's just what thousands of people of the St. Louis County did on Aug. 26 and 27. The fair was held at Hibbing, Minnesota.

A grandstand performance was held on Saturday

and on Sunday. All of the seats on Sunday were occupied. In fact, there wasn't even standing room left. A few of the breath-taking events were:

A man jumped from a height of one hundred feet into a net.

An auto race. During the race, a car driven by a seventeen year old boy crashed into a fence.

An aeroplane traveling at a rate of eighty miles per hour crashed into a wooden building. The pilot wasn't injured but the plane and the building were a complete wreck. This feature, I believe, was the most thrilling.

There were other stunts too numerous to mention.

The exhibits at the fair were interesting. The judges certainly had a difficult time doing their part. Everything was so close that a mere thread made the decision. That is, in sewing, if a judge was undecided upon which article was better and if she saw a thread that wasn't cut or tied, she eliminated that one.

The purpose of every exhibit is educational. If we do not learn how to better our work from an exhibit then it has not fulfilled its purpose.

There will be more fairs, so we should all exhibit our best work.

DOROTHY ZAGER, age 16,
Box 312 Gilbert, Minn. Lodge 182.

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THE FIREMAN

Drawn by Frank Padar, age 17, Lodge No. 580 SNPJ,
222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE'S A CURE FOR EVERYTHING

Since the summer is over, I can safely write about ivy poison without contracting a case or knocking on wood.

As usual I get a beautiful case every summer, but never did it appear on my face before. The reason for that may be that whenever our field desk was moved to a new location, the truck driver placed our desk in a spot overgrown with that delicate plant.

As long as I had it on my face, I had to endure a lot of kidding from my pals. For a while my right cheek, chin and forehead were more than slightly swelled. When the workers came up to the desk, they invariably stared at the swollen portion, rubbed their cheeks, then murmured, "How did you get it there?"

Now that I am over the poison, I can give you remedies for next year. Some are pretty good although the odor of others is not pleasant. Most of these remedies came from the farm; they must be good.

My choice is sugar of lead. Have you ever tried a slice of green tomato on the poison? Lyson is strong enough to kill a person; therefore we figured it's all right for pests. Next you can try hot salt water compresses, or perhaps you prefer to hold your poisoned portion over a cedar wood fire. A more pleasant remedy is to rub the poison with a different poison plant. None of these for me, but the tried and true sugar of lead.

Now remember that none of these are my remedies. They were offered to me, but you can have them for your next adventure with poison ivy.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, age 16, lodge 575,
746 N. Haugh St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

**HALLOWEEN**

Drawn by Milton Laurencic, age 15, 973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O., Lodge 5 SNPJ.

COOPERATION

Do you believe that cooperation is needed in business, transportation, community, government, and progress? Also in many other places where we always need cooperation?

Of course it is. Even in work and play we need cooperation of all. Any kind of a sports team is a voluntary organization, for cooperation in play and recreation. Any member of the team understands the advantage of working together to win the game. Thus cooperation in work is fully as great as it is in play. You must all be good sportsmen and always play fair, and you are bound to have a winning team.

After the organizing of so many active circles in different states, I am sure that being good and active members of our respective juvenile circles will help to make all sons and daughters in the future, better men and women, and better citizens of the United States.

Fraternalism, briefly, is voluntary cooperation for the good of all, and there has never been a time when the world was in greater need of men and women who are trained to think cooperatively than today. No organization but the Slovene National Benefit Society can boast of its cooperative members, who at the present, are cooperating for a bigger and better SNPJ and also to help the government in the future years to come, in any problem that may arise.

The only letters that spell out the word "Success" are again "Cooperation." Whatever way you would try to explain any practical place or thing, you would always mention the word above.

Therefore, to have still more active juvenile members of the various circles, we need to start now and get new members for our great Society as well as our circles. We know the little brown squirrel as small as he is, must be very busy in the fall, storing food for the entire winter. Does our organization have to do this? The answer is merely "Yes." If a small creature like the squirrel knows to store, why shouldn't we human beings realize it that we must store new members, so that our Society shall go on and on to a greater future!

No matter if there is a Jubilee Membership Campaign or not, we must secure as many new members as possible, for still greater success and progress for the future growth of our organization, the SNPJ. We do not have to receive cash prizes, because as members we know it is our duty to build it up, and we can proudly say we brought in new members without any expense to our Society. Our organization is still a better investment for us all than any insurance company.

For still a greater success and future of our great organization, the Slovene National Benefit Society, we must have the active cooperation of all.

OLGA KNAPICH, age 17, lodge 225,
R. R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

THE WORK OF SCIENTISTS

In the old stone age, the men and women lived very differently from the people of today. That was many, many thousand years ago. These early people did not write any books in which we may read of their lives, but they left a story which can still be read today by the scientists.

That strange story has been found in caves, under the sand of river beds, and even in the bottoms of lakes. In order to discover those stories of early



COUNTRYSIDE

Drawn by Rosie F. Matko, age 1, Route 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560 SNPJ.

rife, the scientists have to use picks and shovels with which to dig away the earth and sand. Sometimes they have to go far down under the rocky floors of caves. Sometimes they have to dig into hollow places in the earth where lakes used to be. Sometimes they have had to scrape away the side of a hill or the bank of a river. Then they begin to read the story.

The story is written not with words but with bones of man and animals, with flint tools and weapons, with broken jars and pieces of roughly woven linen cloth, with necklaces of shell and with needles and bones. Yes, with many of the things made and used by the people of long ago.

The men who dug up these things are so wise that by studying them they can tell how people lived in the days before any history was written. Through this story we could see that only scientists and their scientific discoveries are able to give us the true picture of the life in the stone age. To be sure, scientists do many other wonderful things. Science is based on facts!

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, age 10, lodge 747,
2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

IT'S A FACT THAT

An English penny is about as large as an American half dollar and worth about two cents of U. S. currency.

The oldest piece of sculpture ever dug out of the earth was a curved doll.

We get our correct time from a clock that is located in the Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.

Peacock is the male bird. Peahen is the feminine of the word peacock.

Tin cans are not really tin at all. They are iron, covered with a thin layer of tin on each side.

A swarm of bees, which always contains one queen

bee, has from ten to eight thousand bees. Queen bee lays two to three thousand eggs daily.

The stars do not twinkle. They only appear to twinkle and really give a steady light. They seem to twinkle because of dust particles in the air.

The cricket is a natural thermometer; the hotter the evening, the faster he plays his instrument.

It would take about seventy years for the fastest airplane to fly from the earth to the moon.

Francis Scott Key, composer of the "Star Spangled Banner," couldn't sing well and didn't even have an ear for music.

Thomas Maculay, the English historian who was made a baron in 1857, once memorized "Paradise Lost" in one single night in order to win a bet.

The horn of the rhinoceros is not bone, it is hair!

Flying fish are a puzzle to scientists. They don't know if fish fly by flapping their fins or by soaring through the air.

(These facts I learned and memorized in school.)

HELEN MATKO, age 14, lodge 560,
Rte. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN

The summer time is nearly over;
The bees have left the clover,
The birds have flown away,
Now autumn comes our way.

Can you imagine summer being over? Why it seems as if it just began the other day. No longer will we walk through the shade of pretty green trees,



OLD FASHIONED WELL

Drawn by Dorothy Dermotta, age 15, Lodge No. 292
SNPJ, Box 101, Avella, Pa.

but through the shade of the beautiful colors of autumn.

On my daily walk to school I pass through a stretch of woods. Here I see the squirrels chirping gaily as they gather their food for the winter, birds fluttering from tree to tree preparing for the long journey they must take, and many other animals getting ready for the fast approaching winter. How lucky we should be to have a home where we can keep warm while some of the wild animals must spend the cold winter in the wide open world. Some have no other protection but their hides and fur which keep them warm.

But now to get back to autumn. Gee! isn't nature grand. She paints us a few more pictures of beauty before she covers the world with her blanket of snow. The farmer is in the fields picking his harvest. He, too, must prepare for the winter.

Aren't the hills just beautiful? Just look at the colors! Orange, green, red, yellow and what not.

I hope I haven't made everyone wish there wasn't any winter because it's only in the winter when we can go sled riding, skiing and snow-balling.

FRANK ULYON, (age 14), Lodge 378,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

RIDDLES AND JOKES

1. If a worm one inch long climbs up a tree forty feet tall, climbs four feet each day, slides back two feet each night, how long will it take him to reach the top?

Answer: It will take him nineteen days, the last night he does not slide back.

2. What is the difference between the bark of a dog, the bark of a tree, and a pond.

Ans.: The bark of a dog is sound, the bark of a tree is on any tree, the pond is where I catch my suckers.

3. Little old lady in a white petty-coat, around the house she goes. But the longer she stands the shorter she grows. What is she?—Answer: A candle.

FRANK ULYON, (age 14), Lodge 378,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

COLUMBUS DAY

Everyone believed that the earth was flat but one man. This man was Christopher Columbus. He believed that the earth was round and that by sailing east the west could be found. He wanted to make a journey but he could not at first secure enough ships and men. The men were afraid of coming to the end of the earth and losing their lives.

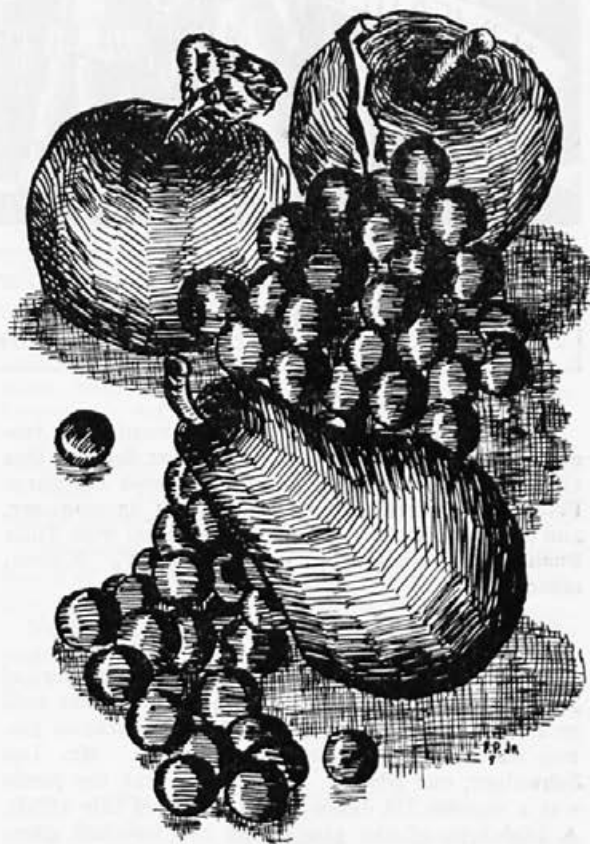
But soon he secured enough ships for his journey and most of his men were prisoners who had been put in prison and were believed to be good for nothing else. So just imagine the crew!

It was a very hard journey for everyone. The people on land thought they would never be seen again. But they were mistaken. The men were very frightened and begged Columbus to turn back. But he only said: "Sail on, sail on!" Soon they sailed. But what a great surprise was awaiting them! They sailed and sailed for long days and weary nights, but soon they caught sight of land!

They had discovered a new world! Not knowing where they were they were glad to be on land again.

This landing took place on October 12, 1492. Brave Columbus had discovered America!—The land of the free!—This journey proved that the earth really is round and the people had been mistaken thinking it was flat.

NELLIE ULYON (age 16), Lodge 378,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.



AUTUMN FRUIT

Drawn by Frank Padar Jr., age 17, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580 SNPJ.

By Margaret Poloncic, age 12, Uniondale, Pa.,
R. F. D. 2. Lodge 124.

"Our School" contests are lots of fun;
There are many who have prizes won.

For these prizes they did work—
Entries from California to New York.
Some had disappointed been
When their names among winners were not seen.

It's lots of fun for everyone;
Just to enter is much fun.
If you think you are very wise,
Then enter and see if you win a prize.

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



Send all your questions and requests for your Juvenile Circles to Mr. Vincent Cainkar, president of the SNPJ, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. He has been appointed the Director of Juvenile Circles, and your Advisers should keep in touch with him.

TWO MORE CIRCLES

Pennsylvania has again come forward with two newly organized Juvenile Circles of our Society. One (No. 22) was organized at Midway with Margaret Petach as secretary and Irene Lukan as manager, and another (No. 23) sprang at Universal with Tillie Pushkarich, secretary, and Louis V. Kumer, manager.

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JR. ALL STARS FORM SINGING CLUB

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The August meeting of juvenile circle "Junior All Stars," No. 4, was held on Aug. 4. We discussed the SNPJ Federation picnic, which had been held on July 30. Mr. Leo Schweiger, our adviser, informed us that the picnic was a success. A large crowd attended this affair. A highlight of the picnic was the baseball game between the Junior All Stars and the north side juvenile circle, "Violet Rays." The Junior All Stars won, 13 to 4. Most of the day was taken up by swimming in the cool waters of Lake Denoon.

The second item was the election of a new publicity committee. Three boys and three girls were elected. I was re-elected. We have decided to have as many members write to the Mladinski List and the Prosveta as possible so as to create more interest in the circle and the SNPJ. I hope more of the members will write to the Mladinski List and the Prosveta in the future.

A third and most important item was the discussion of a singing club. We decided to meet every Wednesday night at Sostarich's hall, corner of South Sixth and West Bruce Streets, at 7 o'clock. We have the same teacher as the older singing club Naprej. He is Mr. Jersic, well-known for his musical ability. The singing club Naprej practices at 7:30 in the evening, immediately after our practice. The older group offers valuable hints and suggestions

to help us. In this way some of us may join Naprej in the future.

Mr. Vidmar, president of the Federation of SNPJ lodges in Milwaukee, was present at our meeting. He was asked to say a few words and complied by praising us on the way we conduct our meetings. He told us that we should work harder and be more active the coming year, and we should support the SNPJ and what it stands for.

I'll see you all at the next meeting which is Oct. 7.

JOHN POKLAR JR.,
J.A.S. Reporter, Circle No. 4.

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JUVENILES, REMEMBER THE DRIVE!

GIRARD, KANSAS.—The first part of this letter was originally intended as a contest letter, but on second thought I'll have it appear as a circle letter. We must keep up our work for the promotion of our juvenile circles.

Boys and girls, do you realize that our Jubilee Membership Campaign is still in progress? So far the total results have been very encouraging, but not so our own results. Do you know this is also our campaign? The drive is being conducted to secure new members for both departments. But it is up to us of the juvenile circles to bring in many new juveniles.

What have you contributed towards the success of the campaign? How many new members have you proposed since the beginning of the drive?

Come now members everywhere! With only three more months to secure new members, we must exert all our power to bring into our fold all the eligible children in our communities. Now is our opportunity to make the drive the most successful undertaking in the anniversary year. As you all know, this year the SNPJ is celebrating its 35th anniversary, and it is for this reason that the campaign is being

conducted. Let's think hard: "Isn't there some one among our friends and acquaintances who would like to join the Society and who would prove an asset to our Circle and the Society?"

Don't let the months go by without adding at least one new member to the Society's roster. For we all know that in order to progress we must keep on adding new members to our circles and lodges. No circle can prosper without adding new members. We must keep the spoke in the wheel always repaired.

The only way to organize any kind of a ball team, it is necessary to build it up with new members. It is the same thing with our circles. I am sure we all have friends who would be loyal to our fraternal organization and who could prove themselves worthy members, and also good athletes in the field of our sports. Also, be on the lookout for boys and girls with leadership qualities, who will make good officers, who are good musicians, singers, etc., so that they will be worthy of the trust we place in them.

Come on, everybody! Let's put our heart and soul in this drive!

Another question is: "Have we caught the interest of the older members?" We are positive that they are interested in the progress and program of their affairs. We also know that vigor and enthusiasm bubble in the younger generation. Our elders may not only guide and mold and enrich these personalities, but utilize them to strengthen the fiber of our great organization—the SNPJ.

It's a constant pleasure to work with our older members, and the popular cry among our young American-Slovene members is, "Let's do something!" It is a good inclination—that is conducive to the development of personality and character.

Let's see if our circle members of the SNPJ, here and in other Slovene communities, will say, "Let's do something!" and what that something will be.

Here is a little October poem:

October Days

Oh! the glad October Days,
When the nuts are falling,
When the air is soft with haze
And bobwhite is calling.

Stuck in a Kansas hillside, far away,
Is a cabin built of sod and built to stay.
Through the window-like embrasure
Pours the mingled gold and azure
Of the morning of a glorious day.

But now we must go back to our August circle meeting held at the SNPJ hall in Breezy Hill. Our monthly powwow got under way in orderly manner. Our adviser and her group were the first ones on the scene, patiently waiting for the others to arrive. One by one and two by two they came. The meeting started with the smiling President in charge. The reports submitted by the Secretary and the Treasurer were approved. It was shown that our circle is not "dry"; we have approximately \$45 and

every cent has been made by our circle members. So far we have never asked for financial aid directly; only indirectly by asking the membership to help make our affairs successful. However, when our circle was organized, we did receive a sum of money which has been spent during our initial days and for which aid we are sincerely grateful. With our own money we buy our regular monthly refreshments, give a monthly award of 50c and finance our outings. We can indeed be proud of our circle and always glad to have an opportunity to plan our circle affairs.

New business was brought up at the meeting and a motion was made by the Sec'y to hold a Slovene School after each meeting. The motion was carried. All members are requested to bring their own pencils and papers.

The winner of the attendance award was Henry Jelovchan. Later Bro. Ulepich donated 15c and names were drawn for winners. Our sincere thanks to Bro. Ulepich for his enthusiastic support. The entertainment after the meeting was arranged by the Secretary. Everyone was eager and ready to roll out the barrel with the Beer Barrel Polka. It seems that hereafter our meetings will not be complete without this swing number. Then jokes and more jokes were on the program, read by Henry Jelovchan. Adolph Rodich read Mary Jugg's poem, "The Dentist." Riddles were asked by Olga Knapich, and then we played a new spelling game called "witches." The coming attractions were announced and refreshments served.

This ended our regular monthly meeting in the hot month of August. We all had a pleasant and enjoyable afternoon.

Next month we shall turn the spotlight of the bright Sunflower State on Franklin, Kansas. So until next month, good-by everybody.

OLGA KNAPICH, Sec'y, Circle 11,
R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

*

NAPREDEK KROŽKA ŠT. 18

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Naš mladinski krožek "Violet Rays" št. 18 SNPJ šteje 26 članov, ki so obenem vsi člani društva Vijolica št. 747 SNPJ. Vsi ti člani se redno udeležujejo mesečnih sej. Treba jih je pohvaliti, ker so vsi od prvega do zadnjega aktivni in navdušeni za svoj krožek, tako da sem v resnici vesela in zadovoljna z njimi.

Na sejah so mirni in poslušni, vselej se obnašajo kot pravi možaki. Na vsaki seji čitamo iz Mladinskega lista, najprej dopise in razna poročila, potem pa uvodni članek My Organization, članek o pisateljih, Andrejčkov potopis itd. Vse to zanima tudi odrasle člane, ki so navzoči. Čitamo tudi stare številke ML, na primer šaljivi spis Strica Joška, ki povzroči obilo smeha. Kar ne razumejo v slovenskem, jim razložim v angleškem jeziku. To so stvari, ki jih čitamo od seje do seje, tako da prečitamo vse Mladinske liste, tudi prejšnje letnike, kolikor jih imamo.

Ustanovili ali organizirali smo svoj baseballski team ali skupino, pri kateri sodelujejo dečki od devet

do trinajst let starosti. Igrajo po enkrat na teden. V ta namen smo jim preskrbeli jopiče z napisi, spređaj "Violet Rays No. 18" in zadaj "S.N.P.J." To jim da več veselja za igranje.

Dekleta se sedaj še ne zanimajo za sport, pač pa jih veseli plesanje, zlasti akrobatika. Vendar doseđaj še nismo glede tega še ničesar ukrenili. Zanimajo se tudi za petje in že znajo več slovenskih pesmi.

V finančnem oziru nam je šlo bolj trdo, a je več članov prispevalo manjšo vsoto po svojih močeh. Federacija nam je razdelila polovični del, ki je bil namenjen za oba krožka in katerega je prispeval gl. odbor v vsoti \$25, dasi je bilo od strani ostalih društev dokaj nasprotovanja. To je bila prva pomoč od federacije odnosno jednote, za kar se v imenu krožka iskreno zahvaljujem vsemu glavnemu odboru, kajti bilo nam je v vsestransko pomoč. Želela pa bi, da bi v podobnem slučaju gl. odbor sam odkazal, koliko naj prejme vsak krožek.

Tudi meni ni jasno, kdo ima pravico nadzirati krožek in njegovo poslovanje. Dosedaj je pregledal in odobril poslovne knjige naš društveni nadzorni odsek.

Mladinski krožek je dobro sredstvo za pridobivanje novih članov in za vežbanje naše mladine v jednotinem duhu. Krožki so dobro sredstvo za pridobivanje novih članov ne le med Slovenci, temveč tudi med drugorodci. Tudi drugorodna mladina se zanima za naše krožke, pristopa vanje in v društva ter se obenem tudi uči slovenščine.

Opazila sem, da nas posnemajo tudi druga društva z ustanavljanjem krožkov, ker se zavedajo, da na ta način bodo obdržali mladino v društvih. Mladina hoče svoje veselje, obenem pa potrebuje prave delavske izobrazbe. Na ta način bodo postali dobri voditelji in branitelji SNPJ in njenih principov. Torej: Še za večji uspeh naše mladine!

HELEN AMBROZICH,
voditeljica krožka št. 18.

ROSTER OF JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

Circle No. 1—Walsenburg, Colo. (299)—Joseph Strovas, President; Edward Tomsic, Vice-President; Ann Urban, Secretary; Evelyn Strovas, Treasurer; Ed. Tomsic, Manager.

Circle No. 2—Cleveland, O. (137)—Marian Tratnik, President; Frank Chaperlo, Vice-President; Anna Čebulj, Secretary; Alma Zagar, Treasurer; Antoinette Simčič, Manager.—Meets 1st Thursday of each month.

Circle No. 3—Collinwood, O. (53)—Raymond Durn, President; Eugene Terbizan, Vice-President; Josephine Gorjanc, Secretary; Dorothy Ogrinc, Treasurer; Joseph J. Durn, Manager.—Meetings on the Fourth Friday of every month.

Circle No. 4—Milwaukee, Wis. (16, 584) Leon Sagadin, President; Don Jaeger, Vice-President; Elsie Schmalz, Secretary; Anna Tesovnik, Treasurer; Leo Schweiger, Manager.

Circle No. 5—Luzerne, Pa. (204)—John Baloh, President; Carl Hodra, Vice-President; Joseph Slapar, Secretary; Mary Vozel, Recording Secretary; Frank Zupancic, Treasurer.

Circle No. 6—Cleveland, O. (312,142)—Sophie Znidarsic, President; Dorothy Pier, Vice-President; John Spiller, Secretary; Sophie Kapel, Recording Secretary; John Kapel, Treasurer.—Meetings first Wed. of every month at 7:30 P. M.

Circle No. 7—Girard, O. (643)—Bernice Luke, President; Louis Račić, Vice-President; Louise Račić, Treasurer; Dorothy Selak, Secretary; Fanny Milavec, Manager.—Meetings on the first Friday of every month.

Circle No. 8—Euclid, O. (158, 450)—Lillian Koller, President; John Knific, Vice-President; Margaret Bucar, Secretary; Louis Janecic, Treasurer; Joseph Mekind, Recording Secretary; Mary Dodic and Frances Tegel, Managers. Meetings on third Tuesday of every month.

Circle No. 9—Crested Butte, Colo. (397)—Anna Slobodnik, President; Anna Schaeffer, Vice-President; Robert Slobodnik, Secretary; Joe Yudnich, Treasurer; Martin Težak, Manager.

Circle No. 10—Salem, O. (476)—Ava Krizay, President; Martha Omots, Vice-President; Helen Mihevc, Secretary; Joe Kovich, Recording Secretary; Frances Mihevc, Manager; John Dermota, Assistant Manager.—Meetings on first Sunday of each month.

Circle No. 11—Girard, Kans.—Henry Jelovechan, President; Frances Zaubi, Vice-President; Olga Knapich, Secretary; Jennie Lampe, Treasurer; Mary Shular, Manager.—Meets 1st Sun. of each month.

Circle No. 12—Cleveland, O. (126)—Jean Yarshan, President; Sophie Jermon, Vice-President; Irma Juretic, Secretary; Josephine Cokyne, Treasurer.—Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 P. M.

Circle No. 13—Cleveland, O. (5)—Alice Popotnik, President; Milton Laurencic, Vice-President; Nettie Sraj, Second Vice-President; Edward Meserko, Secretary; Angela Bratkovich, Recording Secretary; Andy Kutcher, Treasurer; Ann K. Med-

vesek, Manager.—Meetings every second Saturday in the month at 2:00 P. M. in Room 3 of the Slovene Auditorium.

Circle No. 14—Bradock, Pa. (300)—Antoinette Chesnick, President; John Rednak, Vice-President; Peter Sedmak, Secretary; Louis Karish, Treasurer; Frances Martakus, Manager.

Circle No. 15—Verona, Pa. (216, 680)—Ernest Krulac, President; Tony Doles, Vice-President; Matilda Doles, Secretary; Margaret Ziberg, Treasurer; Catherine Zolet, Manager.—Meetings every fourth Friday of each month.

Circle No. 16—Thomas W. Va.—Ernest Selak, President; Frances Komac, Vice-President; Helen Vidmar, Secretary; Frances Bozič, Recording Secretary; Jennie Vidmar, Treasurer; George Belinc, Manager.

Circle No. 17—Chicago, Ill.—Wilfred Wilke, President; Anthony Kopac, Vice-President; Helen Wilke, Secretary; Dorothy Gabriel, Recording Secretary; Elinor Platt, Treasurer; George Seberg, Sergeant-at-Arms; Agnes Mejash, Manager.

Circle No. 18—Milwaukee, Wis. (747)—Stefania Clarine, President; Julius Ambrozich, Vice-President; Elizabeth Stumpf, Secretary; Anna Clarine, Treasurer; Helen Ambrozich, Manager.

Circle No. 19—Strabane, Pa. (138)—Carl Podboy, President; Vincent Batista, Vice-President; Agnes Koklich, Secretary; Henry Mavrich, Recording Secretary; Frank Delost, Treasurer; August Podboy, Manager.

Circle No. 20—Aguilar, Colo. (381)—Geo Chalou, President; Rose Pavlovich, Vice-President; Frances Kosernik, Secretary; Fred Chalou, Treasurer. Joe Kolenc, Manager. Meetings in City Hall every second Sunday of every month at 10 A. M.

Circle No. 21—Sharon, Pa. (31, 262, 755)—Marie Stambal, President; Evelyn Trobrentar, Vice-President; Frances Novak, Manager.

Circle No. 22—Midway, Pa. (89-231)—Wilma Kosem, President; Steve Turkey, Vice-President; Margaret Petaeh, Secretary; Julia Pavlicic, Recording Secretary; Violet Machek, Treasurer; Irene Lukan, Manager.—Meetings on the last Friday of each month.

Circle No. 23—Universal, Pa. (141-715)—Richard Berg, President; Tillie Pushkarich, Secretary; Howard Charrie, Treasurer; Louis V. Kumer, Manager.

IMPORTANT!—Omission of the names of any officers in the above Roster, especially the names of the Circle Manager (Adviser or Administrator), many of which are missing, means that the names were not reported. Please report the name of the Manager (Adviser or Administrator) of the Circle where it is missing. It is very important to have the Manager's name in this Roster. Report any correction to Vincent Cankar, General Director of Juvenile Circles, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

FAMILY OF TEN IN SNPJ!

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and in the first grade (freshman) of high school. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this monthly juvenile magazine. I also enjoyed reading Lucas Garm's and Emma Dernovsek's letters.

There are ten of us in our family and five of us belong to the SNPJ lodge 273 of Sheldon, Wis. The other five members of our family will join the SNPJ lodge this fall.

My favorite sports are ice skating and playing kitten ball.—Come on friends, write to me! I would like to have some pen pals. I will write more next time. Best regards to one and all.—Doris Ludvigsen, Route 1, Sheldon, Wisconsin.

SCHOOLWARD BOUND

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List and from now on I will try to write every month. I enjoy reading the ML and especially the pen pal letters. I like to play with dolls. Every summer I bring up two dolls from our winter home.

Vacation time is over. School started Sept. 5, the day after Labor day. I was glad when summer was over. My teacher in the third grade is Miss Hill. She is very nice.—Helen Jean Mihelich, Box 175, Cascade, Colo.

"TIMMIE" AND "BROWNIE"

Dear Editor:—I almost forgot to write to the Mladinski List this month. We had a Slovene picnic in our park on July 30 and it was a big success. And on Aug. 27 we had an old settlers' picnic for people who came here before 1905. On Aug. 25, 26 and 27 we had a St. Louis County fair in Hibbing. The weather here was nice in August. The temperature was around 70 degrees.

I have a pet canary called "Timmie." He often wakes me up in the morning with his high singing. I also have a pet chicken called "Brownie," which I feed chicken feed and grasshoppers, too.

My favorite pastime or hobby is collecting pictures of movie stars and their addresses. I would like to have somebody about the age of 12 write to me. Best regards to all.—Rosemarie Panyan (age 12), Box 339, Buhl, Minn.

LET'S PUT CLINTON ON THE MAP

Dear Editor:—I live in the city of Clinton, Indiana. It is a nice little town. Clinton used to be noted for the best coal industry in Indiana. But now most of the coal mines have been worked out. But there are still a few small coal mines in this district.

My Dad is a coal miner. When I grow up I don't think I will be a coal miner, because by that time

there will not be much coal used. Even now oil and gas are more in use.

We have a large gymnasium built about two years ago, a nice county hospital, a few theaters, a stadium and a few parks. A few weeks ago a mass meeting was held at our gymnasium. The subject or purpose of this meeting was, "What should be done to put Clinton back on the map?" The speaker said the people should start to raise catnip (catmint) which has whirls of small blue flowers in a terminal spike. The plant is aromatic and is being used as a domestic remedy in different ailments. Then the people would put up factories to can this plant. It costs 10c an ounce. But I don't know if this will go through or not, but I do hope something will be done to put Clinton back on the map. A Clinton Booster—Jimmie Spendal (age 11), 560 North Eleventh Street, Clinton, Indiana. Lodge 50.

TO THE TUNE OF "LITTLE SIR ECHO"

Dear Editor:—I am again writing to this wonderful magazine, the Mladinski List. My sister and I made up this poem or song and call it "The SNPJ Welcoming Song," which is sung to the tune of "Little Sir Echo." Here it is:

S.N.P.J. we belong to you,
To you, to you.
S.N.P.J. we long to be near you,
We do, we do, we do.
Won't you consider us?
We would like it so well
That we would do our best
To glide it along, we would!

It was sung by the members of Juvenile Circle No. 20 in Walsenburg on July 2, 1939.

In my last letter I asked for pen pals. I've received letters from four and wish that more, both boys and girls, would write to me for I will promptly answer every letter I receive.

Just as a reminder I wish that more boys and girls from Lodge 381, Circle 20, would write to this wonderful magazine the Mladinski List.—Hello, Justine Lovsin, of Bentleyville, Pa.; Edna Klamantovich, of Vestaburg, Pa.; Helen Vidmar, of Pierce, W. Va., and Mary Klevisher, of Pierce, W. Va.—I will write more next time, because time is short now.—Frances Kosernick (age 14), Box 199, Aguilar, Colo., Lodge 381, Circle 20.

WAKE UP AND WRITE!

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I should have written to this magazine a long time ago. I enjoy reading it very much. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I belong to the SNPJ lodge 111 of Aurora, Minnesota.

The Aurora Junior Singing Club, of which I am a member, had a picnic at a lake and we went swimming. We planned to give our director a present. My favorite sports are swimming and roller skating.

I wish the children of Aurora would wake up and write to the ML. I will write more next time.—Florence Alich, Box 607, Aurora, Minn.

GROWING POPULARITY OF ML

Dear Editor:—I think the Mladinski List is a very nice magazine. This is my first letter, but I hope to write many more in the future. I would like to have some pen pals. And I would like very much if Dorothy Hocevar would write to me. I think the ML is getting more and more interesting and is getting a greater number of readers. Why doesn't Frances Stambal write any more?

My favorite sports are softball and boxing. I like to see boxing. Even though I am a girl, I like to play with boys. But now—school has started and I am glad of it. I like to go to school, but I don't like to study. I'm in the seventh grade at school, and my brother is a freshman. (He acts like a "freshman," sometimes.)

Well, it's getting late and I must be closing. Again: Dorothy Hocevar, don't forget to write. Best regards to all.—Tilly Rose Hocevar (age 13), Box 304, Mogadore, Ohio. Lodge 456.

MY HOBBY: SNAPSHOTS

Dear Editor:—I am 16 years old and a junior in high school. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. From now on I will try to write every month. I attend the Mapletown High School. I live in a small mining community in southwestern Pennsylvania, and I am a member of SNPJ lodge 101.

My hobby is collecting snapshots, and I would like to get some pen pals who are interested in my hobby. I think this hobby of collecting snapshots is an interesting one. Try it and see if you won't like it.

I will write more next time, and I hope to hear from some pen pals. Best regards to one and all.—Gertrude Grmek, Box 533, Greensboro, Pa. Lodge 101.

Our Mladinski List

Dear Editor:—Again I decided to write a letter to the Mladinski List. Every time I get the ML, I read it from cover to cover. There are many interesting letters, stories, and articles in it every month. I would like to see Leona Laurich's letter in the ML.

Here is a little verse about our Mladinski List: "Mladinski Lists are very fine, we read them when they come. They are very, very interesting, their jokes and riddles are a lot of fun."

The year 1939 will soon be changed to 1940, and we'll all be a whole year older. School started again and maybe there will not be so many letters in the ML during the next few months. Children will be busy with their school work. Our School started on Sept. 18. I like school, although I enjoyed vacation very much, too. Best regards to all.—Georgie Marie Mocivnik (age 8), P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

Just a Few Riddles

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for six months. But now I decided to write again. I would like to see Johnny Sader's letters in the ML. I like to read the riddles and jokes in

the ML. I wish we would get the ML every week so we could read it more often.

Here are a few riddles: When is an apple tree like a pig? When it starts rooting. What has eyes and can't see? A potato. What has legs and can't walk? A table. What has teeth and can't bite? A comb.

Well, this is all for this time but I'll write more next time.—Johnny Mocivnik (age 10), Box 86, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

"THE S.N.P.J."

Dear Editor:—Once again I pick up my pen to write to the Mladinski List. Most of the boys and girls are busy with their school work and I suppose there will be fewer letters for a while.

Since I have started writing to the ML, I have gained three pen pals. They are: Elsie Mae Mihele of Cascade, Colorado; Margie Bartol of Traunik, Mich., and Mary Klevisher of Pierce, W. Va.

I am sending in a poem which I made up all by myself:

The S.N.P.J.

This is the year of nineteen
hundred and thirty nine,

This is the year that the people
have enrolled in the SNPJ
organization so fine.

This is the SNPJ that has
started our Juvenile Circles,
That includes many of our young
boys and girls, and Advisers, too.

Our beloved S.N.P.J. is the one
fraternal workers' organization
That sends out our wonderful monthly
magazine called our own
M-l-a-d-i-n-s-k-i L-i-s-t.

It's the magazine that many of the
boys and girls give to it
their serious attention,

To sit down and write a letter,
story, riddle, joke or two.

My best regards to one and all.—Ernestine Mocivnik (age 12), P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

No Summer Vacation

Dear Editor:—It seems as if I were in the wrong place, or am I? I haven't written to the ML for such a long time that I feel "kinda" strange. I have been very busy this summer, busier than I have been ever before. As soon as school was out in early June, I started working steady in a grocery store across the street from where we live. I worked all day till late at night and never had time for anything else. On Sundays I went to show or somewhere else. So now you see why I didn't write even though at times I thought about it. I have even neglected my pen pals. I have three new Slovene friends through this magazine and enjoy their letters very much.

Our school started Sept. 7, and that was too soon for me. I have planned on cutting my college preparatory course by getting some business sub-

jects in. I plan to take clothing, shorthand, typing, English and world history. Last year I had geometry and Latin, which ends all my selective college subjects. This year I entered my junior year in High School. My brother John is now in the eighth grade and my sister is out of college now. She is in bad need of a job now, as are many people in the world. She is working off and on for a local dentist, acting as nurse and receptionist. If she can't get anything till fall, Mary plans on taking some course in the West Virginia University.

About the most important thing on my mind at this writing is the dance our SNPJ lodge 431 is planning for Sept. 23 at the Union Hall at Barrackville, W. Va., which is about two miles out of Fairmont, and that is the place where our lodge meetings are held. We have very few members and if you would go around Fairmont with a flashlight you can't find any Slovenes. The well-known Bergant Sisters of Lisbon, Ohio, were engaged to play. Everybody from any and every place was invited to attend.

The work around here is slow. At present, in the mines, the men get about three days a week. Some mines are shut down, while others are putting machines in and men out. It is hard to get a job in factories. With best wishes to all, I remain your constant ML reader—*Dorothy Prele* (age 15), 521 Penna Ave., Fairmont, W. Va. Lodge 431.

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"A Few Nuts to Crack"

Dear Editor:—Since I know that the ML readers enjoy reading jokes, poems, stories and riddles, I am submitting a few "nuts to crack." Here they are, questions and answers:

What nut is spread on griddle cakes? Butternut. On what nut do we hang pictures? Walnut. What nut is a vegetable. Peanut. What nut is used to hold trousers? Chestnut. What nut borders the sea? Beechnut. What nut is a beverage? Coconut. What nut makes a noise like a sneeze? Chaschew nut. What nut grows on trees? Acorn. What nut is a girl's name? Hazelnut. What nut was made famous by the Salvation Army? Doughnut. What nut is good for bad boys? Brazil nut. What nut suggests a Chinaman's eyes? Almonds. What nut is a favorite in Ohio? Buckeye. What nut is a stone fence in England? English walnut.

I hope the readers like my quiz, because I like it very much.—I have quite a few pen pals that are all my age, and I never had so much fun in my life as I am having now. I like writing letters which is one of my most liked hobbies. Some of my other hobbies are tennis, ice and roller skating, writing to movie stars and saving their pictures. I have my pen pals' pictures next to the movie star they resemble the most.

School started again and vacation time is over, but I hope the boys and girls will continue to write to the ML. This year the Mladinski List has improved very much, and I hope it gets better and bigger in the future.—The affairs going on in Europe are something terrible. Let's hope that war can be averted.—And what happened to my pen pals? Please, answer my letters. I would also

like to hear from Justina Lovshin of Finlyville, Pa., and I'll write to her about the World's Fair and about our town. We can also exchange movie stars' pictures (I have over 50 of them). Best regards to all.—*Mary Turk*, (age 17), 713 McKinley St., Elizabeth, N. J. Lodge 540.

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School Bell Chimes . . .

Dear Editor:—Hello, everybody! All you pen pals from everywhere! It's time for me to spend a few minutes with you this month. You know, we will soon hear the chimes of the old school bell (before this is in print), see our friends, the teachers, that includes the old professor, too. No more long hours of sleep—but we must continue to write to the M. L. I will be able to be with you for only a few months and during my short stay, I will write a lot to our beloved magazine.

I want to thank the SNPJ for the prize I received in the recent ML contest. It has really been highly appreciated but words cannot express my appreciation for the check. My heartiest congratulation goes out to all the winners in the ML. You have all deserved the prize; so let's even write better letters and submit our best puzzles and drawings. I am sure the Editor will be more than proud of such fine juvenile members.

Kansas Brothers and Sisters! Keep up the fine work by writing to the ML because we all like to hear from you. Never let your name be omitted from the Pan Pals page, because we'll be looking forward on seeing letters from you all.

No letter would be complete without the mentioning of the favorite song of everyone—the Beer Barrel Polka, of course. It's very popular in Kansas, both the young and old dance to it. One Bohemian orchestra played it twice on a half hour's program because they received so many requests, and the tune of this polka is based on an old Bohemian song.

This will be all, pals. I will try to make another appearance next month.—*Olga Knapich*, R. R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas. Lodge 225.

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A Letter from Chicago

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old, and just graduated from the Whittier School. I enjoy reading this fine magazine. Our SNPJ lodge 39 had a picnic at Kobal's Grove. I have been trying to see if anyone from our lodge has written, but so far I haven't seen any. So I wish the boys and girls of Lodge 39 would write and tell something interesting about our lodge.—*Jennie Potokar* (age 13), 1807 W. Cermak Rd., Chicago, Ill. Lodge 39.

Čas hitro mine

Dragi urednik!—Z veseljem sem sprejel septembrsko številko Mladinskega lista, katerega ste tako lepo uredili. Tudi moj dopis ste lepo uredili. Hvala! V ML je mnogo lepih povesti in obilo zanimivega gradiva. Vse je tako lepo urejeno, da je veseljé čitati.

Čas hitro mine. Počitnice so minile. Sedaj je čas šole. Šolski zvonec kliče redno in otroci hodijo v šolo. Jesen je nastopila. Zunaj je lepo. Večeri so hladni. Tudi dnevi niso več vroči. Otroci se

učijo, rajajo in se zabavajo. Okrog šol kar mrgoli. Vse je veselo. Sliši se mnogo kričanja in čivkanja. Kmalu pa bodo prišli zimski dnevi. Takrat ne bo več lepo. Pomlad, poletje in jesen so najlepši letni časi. Zima je premrzla. Pozimi se hodimo drsat in sankat. Tudi takrat je lepo.

Res, čas hitro mine. Komaj se malo privadimo, že se vreme spremeni. Tudi nam čas poteka. Nekoliko časa smo mladi, potem zrastemo in nato se kmalu postaramo. Ampak do tedaj je še mnogo, mnogo časa.—*Joe Rott*, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

More About My Hobbies

Dear Editor:—Is I have vowed in my last letter that I would try to tell about my hobbies, I shall continue choosing, "Collecting Western Pictures."

What I mean by collecting western pictures, is the pictures of rodeos given in my state, of singing cowboys and cowgirls that sing over the radio, the favorite one being the "Carter Family." Snapshots taken of the cowboys and cowgirls of neighboring ranches, and of course, Gene Autry, America's No. 1 Cowboy. I also collect free-hand drawing of articles that my sister drew.

I could write a book about the Colorado State Fair that was given here in Pueblo from Aug. 28 to Sept. 1. Everywhere you look you see all the people dressed in western garb or in "full western rig." The full western rig is to have a kerchief, leather shirt, ten gallon hat, high-heeled boots, silver spurs, etc. And at the fair grounds everyone is astride a horse. Trick roping is done so fast that your eye can't keep up with the rope.

I suppose the Colorado State Fair is like all the State Fairs that are given by different states all over the United States, each state featuring its own characteristics.

I must think of the coming school days, but I hope to continue writing to the ML and tell more about my hobbies. I remain a proud member—*Virginia Lee Washington Stonch*, age 11, lodge 21, R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colorado.

OUR INTERESTING ML

Dear Editor:—It is great fun reading the ML because it contains so many interesting things. I am so glad when it comes and when I see my part in it, that I think I'll never stop writing to it.

I got three pen pals; *Mary Klevisher* of Pierce, W. Va.; *Annie Krek* of Reliance, Wyo., and *Helen Syncavitch* of Bentleyville, Pa. Gee! was I surprised to get their letters almost all at the same time. I have quite a few letters to answer. I think it is fun writing them. I wish I could get a few more pen pals. Best regards to all.—*Jennie Bradley* (age 14, lodge 391), Box 102, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

PRICETEK ŠOLE

Dragi urednik!—Hvala vam za priobčeni moj dopis. Popravili ste vse napake in ga lepo uredili.

Počitnic je konec. Poletje je bilo lepo in gorko. Vsi smo se igrali in rajali. Imeli smo dosti veselja. Poleti je prijetno. Takrat ni treba v šolo in prostega časa smo imeli dovolj. Brezskrbno smo se

igrali. Hodili smo ribe lovit in tudi kopali smo se včasih v jezeru. Na piknikih pa je bilo tudi lepo. Jaz imam rad piknike. Poleti sem večkrat pozno zvečer domov prišel. Zunaj je bilo zelo lepo.

Ampak sedaj pa je prišel čas šole. Vsak dan poje šolski zvonec in nas kliče v šolo. Vse drugače je sedaj. Jesen je drugačna od poletja. Tudi jesen je lepa. Z jesenjo pride šola. Sedaj se moramo učiti. Včasih se pa tudi igramo. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem ML!—*Louis Perkovich*, 304 East Oak St., Chisholm, Minn.

MOTHER IS WELL NOW

Dear Editor:—Our vacations are over and school already started. I sincerely hope that everyone enjoyed their vacation this year. I didn't go any place on vacation, but I enjoyed staying home. I worked most of the time. And now I am glad that school started again. The main reason for my happiness is that now I am a freshman. I think this is going to be my favorite year of all the grades I went through. The subjects I am taking this year are: grammar, mathematics, general business and gym.

Now I will tell you about what I did this summer. The very first part of my vacation my mother was in Rochester, Minnesota. She was there seven weeks. She was very sick and had an operation. When she came home she couldn't do anything around the house, so it was up to me to do it all. Now she is feeling much better which fact makes our whole family feel better also. She had been sick for about five years. You can imagine how much she suffered. The rest of my summer vacation I didn't do much. I went to the county fair and that was about all.

As my letter is getting quite long I'll close. I hope I will find time to write again soon. I remain a Mladinski List reader,—*Dorothy Hocevar* (age 15), 415 33rd Street No., Great Falls, Montana. Lodge 202.

CANNING SEASON

Dear Editor:—Well, now we can say that our summer vacation is over and school is here again. Boy! am I glad, for you know, I love to go to school. Before this letter will be in print we'll be all busy with our school work. Our school started on Sept. 5, the day after Labor day.

Our garden chores are all done and we are all busy canning our pears which we will enjoy during the winter. And now I'll have to close for lack of words, that is for lack of having something else to tell. Best regards to the Editor and Readers. A proud member,—*Mary Ostanek*, R.D. 2, Vine St., Forest City, Pa.

JUNE LIKES CIRCLE MEETINGS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am only 9 years old and I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 9 of Yale, Kansas. I am also a member of the "Jolly Kansans" juvenile circle and I attend many circle meetings. I enjoy reading the ML and especially pen pal letters.

On Aug. 6 I was at Lincoln Park in Pittsburg with all the juvenile members from Kansas. We had a good time. With us were also many Senior members. I wish to thank the editors of the Mladinski List for putting the pictures in the magazine.

I would like to go to all the juvenile circle meetings but I can't get a ride. My grandparents haven't a car and can't hire one for it costs too much. I am back in school and now I am in the 5th grade. I will try to write to the ML every month. Best regards to all.—**June Pecar**, R. R. 1, Pittsburg, Kansas. Lodge 9.

NAŠI MLADINSKI ZBORI

Dragi urednik!—Šolske počitnice so minile in sedaj smo že spet v šoli. Komaj sem čakala, da se je šola spet odprla in pričela. S tem se bodo počitnice za naše mamice šele začele. Med počitnicami smo jim prizadjali dosti skrbi in glavobola. Naša mlada kri in razigranost nam ne da miru. A tudi za nas bo prišel čas, četudi še ne tako hitro, ko bomo bolj mirni, ampak na to nam še ni treba misliti.

Pri nas v Clevelandu smo zelo zaposleni z našo kulturo. Učimo se petja in glasbe, prirejamo izlete, koncerte itd. Dne 20. avg. so imeli skupni Mladinski pevski zbori velik koncert na prostem v Gordon parku. Ob tej priliki je nastopilo nad 600 pevcev, med njimi tudi naši Skupni mladinski zbori pod vodstvom našega vztrajnega in neumornega pevovodje g. L. Semeta. Nastopil je tudi naš mladinski zbor in zapel pesmi, ki jih je uglasbil naš umetnik g. Ivan Zorman, ki je tudi imel lep govor o naši slovenski pesmi. Občinstvo ga je z zanimanjem poslušalo. Bilo je okrog šest tisoč ljudi. Seveda so bili navzoči tudi drugorodci, ki radi poslušajo našo pesem, ker jo znajo ceniti kakor zasluzi. Ko je zazorila naša lepa pesem iz nad 300 mladih grl, je človeka kar prešinilo, navdušilo.

Dne 8. oktobra pa bomo obhajali 5-letnico Skupnih mladinskih pevskih zborov. Pokazali bomo, kakor pravi naš pesnik-glasbenik Ivan Zorman, z našo lepo slovensko pesmijo, da Slovenec še živi!

Še nekaj. Moje prijateljice, ki čitajo Mladinski list, so opazile z menoj vred, kako se ustanovljajo mladinski krožki SNPJ. Dalje, kako ti krožki organizirajo svoje odseke in pododseke in klube. Pri nas smo ustanovili šivalni klub. Sestanke imamo ob četrtkih. Prva točka na programu je čitanje ML, nato sledi šivanje in potem pa prigrizek, ki se nam dobro prileže.

Marsikatera pravi, da bo tudi ona nekaj napisala za ML, pa menda nima dovolj poguma. Jaz se pa smejem, ker vem, da se to prav lahko stori. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje ML!—**Violet Vogrin**, 19515 Kildeer Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gladly!

Teacher: "Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

Tommy: "I wish I could—it's the toothache."

PRED SODIŠČEM PTIC

(Continued from page 3)

life. Innumerable birds of all kinds and sizes were assembled there and shouted in unison: "Death to Dušan, our enemy!" He wanted to run away but the two fierce creatures held him tied.

Finally they brought Dušan before the court. He was tried for a terrible crime—for killing poor defenseless birds. The evidence against him was convincing, but in spite of that he denied it all. Neither his lies nor his youth prevented the court of the birds, presided over by an old owl, from convicting him for his crimes. His punishment was set: his fingers on his right hand shall be pulled out! As the executioner grabbed Dušan's hand and got hold of his index finger with hot pincers. Dušan uttered a shrieking cry, quickly withdrew his hand—and awoke. The sheet had caught fire from the cigarette and the flame burned his wrist. At that moment his mother stepped into his room. She noticed the burned sheet, the cigarette and the sling shot. She went into the kitchen and returned with a long stick . . . What happened after, we needn't tell you. From that day Dušan never again neglected school, he minded his parents, forget about his sling shot, and he stayed away from his chums in the city park.

ODDS AND ENDS

In 1850 electricity was so little understood that there was not even a classification in the patent office for electrical devices.

The average motor car consists of 15,000 parts.

Paper was first introduced into Europe at the beginning of the 10th century.

The whiskers of sea lions are prized by Chinese for toothpicks.

There is as much explosive power in a gallon of gasoline as in 43 pounds of dynamite.

The first incubator for infants was used by Dr. John A. Crisby in 1891.

Silk hose contains 50 miles of silk.

Buffalo milk is used for making butter in India.

Palm trees grow 180 ft. tall in Colombia.

Farm fires in the U. S. cause an average loss of \$1,500 a day.

British automobile license fees average \$53 a year while \$8.50 in the U. S.

The highest point of land is Mt. Everest in Indo China, 29,141 ft.

The natives of Easter Island have ears which reach down to their shoulders.

In the average American city there are 99 men to 100 women.

The geographic center of the continental U. S. is in Smith County, Kansas.

FANNIE GALICICH (age 16), Lodge 206, R.R. 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kansas.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



HALLOWEEN

*I dreamt that one October night
Billy and I walked far away
By a big full moon that lighted the path
To where the storybook people play.*

*We spied the witches' crooked house
With its windows wide and stary;
The cats prowled round the old bent tree
Inside a headless pumpkin scary.*



*Ha ha, ho ho, the witches' voice shrilled
It's Halloween night, let's flee;
The cats meowed, the windows creaked
The wind blew fiercely.*

*Till the funny old house blew out of sight
The witch and the bent tree too;
And I found myself safe in my room
With the sunlight streaming through.*

This month Puzzler Joe has some more tricks and questions up his sleeve to stump you. How many of the following do you know?

A. Try this one: If someone selects a number from 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 or 9, and multiplies it by 9, the answer will always be made up of the original number; for instance if you take the number 3 and multiply it by 9:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 9 \\ 2\ 7 \\ \hline 8\ 6\ 4\ 1\ 9\ 7\ 5\ 3 \\ 2\ 4\ 6\ 9\ 1\ 3\ 5\ 8 \\ \hline 3\ 3\ 3\ 3\ 3\ 3\ 3\ 3\ 3 \end{array}$$

B. If someone said to you, "Get some sodium chloride," you would get:

1. Plain baking soda
2. Cream of tartar
3. Common salt

C. Calcium oxide is:

1. Epsom salts
2. Lime
3. Chalk

D. Do you know the kinds of dogs' tails? Here are a few:

1. Screw tail which is short, kinky, knotty, found on Bulldogs and Boston Terriers.
2. The gay tail which points upward.
3. Whip tail stiffly straight as on a Pointer.
4. Ring tail which forms a complete circle.

E. Sea horses are:

1. Large prehistoric animals.
2. Small creatures seldom exceeding 7 inches in length.
3. Half horse and half fish.

F. The animal which lives the longest is:

1. Camel, 2. Beaver, 3. Squirrel.

G. How many of you were fortunate enough to see Paul Muni in "Juarez"? He said in the film that:

1. In a Democracy, people have the right to change Presidents and not Presidents to change people.
2. That a Monarchy form of Government and a Republic are practically the same.
3. That a Monarchy is much the better type of Government for people in general.

H. This year the SNPJ is sponsoring another big campaign and awarding prizes for:

1. Obtaining new Adult and Juvenile members.
2. Distributing various leaflets and pamphlets.
3. Forming more Juvenile Circles.

I. The world's tallest building is:

1. Eiffel Tower, Paris, France
2. Woolworth Building, New York
3. Empire State Building, New York

(Answers to Puzzler Joe will be found on inside back cover page.)

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



The greatest value of team play lies in the cooperation of the players, all working together for a common end, a player's thought and effort being to do what is best for his team rather than to use his skill for individual glory.—BANCROFT.

HAND OVER HEAD BEAN BAG

The players stand in two rows. There must be the same number of players in each row. At a signal the first person in the row drops the bean-bag overhead to the person behind him and he on to the next. This continues until it reaches the last one who runs up to the front with it, and all move back one. This goes on until the original first player is again first. He should then hold the bean up to show that his row is the winner.

*

BOBBING FOR APPLES

A tub of clean water, with rosy, short-stemmed apples is set on a table. The players gather around the tub and attempt to get an apple with their teeth, without the aid of hands. To make it more interesting, three apples with designs cut into them may be put into the tub with the others. The designs may be a dollar sign, a note, and a boat—the dollar sign means riches; the note, a musician; and the boat, travel.

*

TREASURE HUNT FOR POOR KITTY'S BONES

Poor Kitty lost each of her nine lives. For this treasure hunt to find Poor Kitty's bones, hide the clews as suggested. Each clew is written on a bone, cut out of stiff paper.

Poor Kitty lost life number one,
Stepping on a piece of gum.
Clew—(in overshoe).

Poor Kitty lost life number two,
By falling into something blue.
Clew—(into a blue bottle or vase).

She might have saved life three, I think,
If Kitty could have got a drink.
Clew—(in kitchen sink).

The reason she lost life four,
She got jammed behind a door.
Clew—(behind a closet door).

Poor Kitty lost life five in a choke,
She wasn't lucky in her smoke.
Clew—(in cigarette box).

Poor Kitty got in a quite a fix,
All stuck up—out went six.
Clew—(under a bottle of glue).

The seventh time her life snuffed out,
She fought with gloves and lost the bout.
Clew—(in glove).

The eighth life found her pretty low,
Another cat had swiped her beau.
Clew—(under a china cat).

She lost life nine without a tug,
Got stepped on flat right on a rug.
Clew—(in the hostess' slipper on the floor).

The one to first come to the treasure's end may
be given some ornament with a cat on it as a prize.

KEEP LEAVES FOR WINTER

Now is the time of the year when some of the loveliness can be captured and kept all winter. Here is how it can be done.

Cut the branches of the most beautiful leaves. Heat an iron (but do not allow it to burn them) and rub the face of the iron with beeswax (tied in a cloth) until it is well coated. Do all of the leaves on one side, turn the branch and coat the leaves on the other side.

Treated in this way, the colors will remain brilliant for a long time. Place the branches in your favorite bowls and the beauty of autumn will be yours throughout the winter.

You may have other interesting decorations for the house by bringing in seed pods of wild plants and drying them. The milkweed is very decorative. Leave them in their natural brown color.

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



Read *Grandma Called It Carnal* by Bertha Damon. This book is an introduction to Henry D. Thoreau, Emerson, and those other contemporary apostles of simple living.

The author tells how two orphans, she and her sister, went to live with their grandmother, who managed to support them and a daughter on a paltry widow's pension. This ingenious grandmother was still able to donate lavishly, considering the income, to several worthy causes.

Time softens our most trying experiences, and in later years we are sometimes able to tell about them with a flash of humor. So it is with our gifted author. Although the brunt of Grandma's philosophy of simple living fell on her daughter and two granddaughters, who were badly inconvenienced by the lack of modern appliances, Bertha Damon is able to relate the most trying experiences cheerfully and interestingly. We know that modern appliances have done much to make our lives more comfortable. Still, in the day of the more convenient stove Grandma resorted to the fireplace for cooking as well as heating purposes. Water was drawn from an old, out-of-date well when a pump could have been available and certainly would have been more convenient and simpler to operate. During the winter months, the Saturday night bath was the final dreaded hardship of the week. These were some of the disadvantages of Grandma's idea of a simple life—no modern "machine-age" contraptions for her.

But her philosophy had its bright side, too. There were long excursions along the countryside, with lunches under arm, which brought joyful revelations. There was Grandma's garden which she allowed to grow wild and to which were welcomed birds of every feather. And then there were cold, winter nights spent before a luxurious crackling fire, popping corn, and reading their favorite authors.

Grandma enjoyed walking immensely. Because it was considered unladylike to walk any great distance, especially on the Sabbath, Grandma used to roll under fences and down gentle grassy slopes, so that she could truthfully say that she had walked only part of the way. That just goes to show what kind of a woman Grandma was.

In spite of, or because of her simple mode of living, Grandma drained the cup of life to the very bottom and enjoyed every drop. In fact, she had lived her life so serenely and well that when she

passed away the doctor wrote on the certificate "Cause of death: Just stopped living."

After reading *Grandma Called It Carnal*, you will want to read Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*.

Thoreau left the town of Concord and squatted on the shores of Walden Pond, because he considered the daily routine and conventionalities of the average life a burden. Here he lived more than two years in a shack he had built at the cost of \$28.12½. He lived very simply eating mostly vegetables which he raised himself. Thoreau devoted his leisure time to observing and studying plant and animal life, reading, meditating, and enjoying the abundant and scenic nature all about him. It was here, at Walden, that he wrote this greatly appreciated classic, *Walden, or Life in the Woods*.

In *This Is My Country* Stoyan Christowe, a Bulgarian, tells how he came to America when he was only fourteen years old.

The book is divided into four parts dealing with the "re-discovery" of America and his departure to the strange new land; and his experiences as a "bohunk" working on the railroad in order to earn the wherewithal to obtain an education. In the third part he tells how he obtained his education and about the painful process he went through during his re-birth as an American; and he concludes by telling of his return to the Balkans an ardent American and a successful journalist.

Stoyan Christowe tells how he met Ivan Michailoff, the would-be liberator of Bulgaria. He also came in contact with the man destined to be the assassin of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. I would have liked it had Mr. Christowe told more about this association with Ivan Michailoff and his comrades. However, he has written a book entitled *Heroes and Assassins* which deals with that subject.

STAMP TO MARK ROCKET FLIGHT

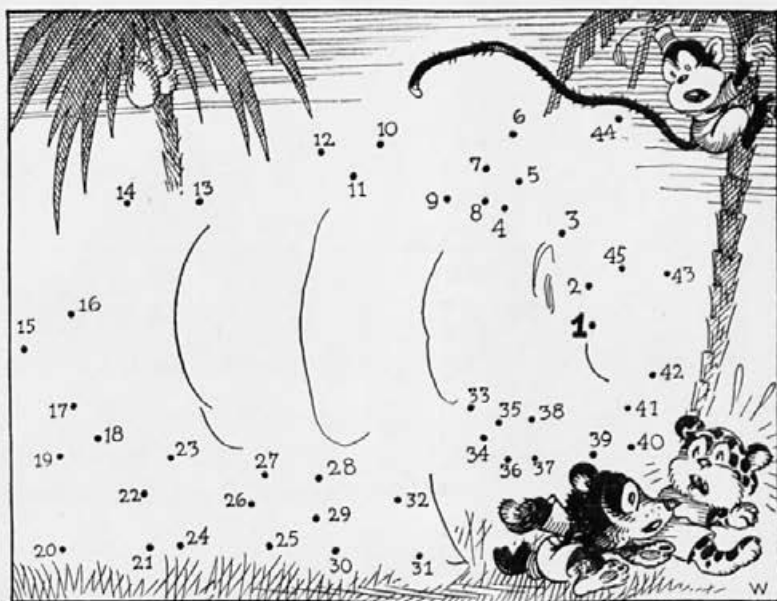
The world's first stamp commemorating a rocket flight is reported planned by Cuba. The flight is scheduled to take place October 10, when officials will attempt to transport mail from Havana province to Matanzas province in a rocket designed by Professor A. V. Funes.

The stamp will be an overprint of the 5-cent light green in the 1927 design showing a seaplane over Havana's harbor. The overprint will read "First Rocket Flight" with the October 10 date.

"DIZZIE DOTS"

YOU COMPLETE THE PICTURE

"Wow! Maybe we better play our games in some other spot!" cry our Jungle Friends. . . Let's draw a line from dot to dot and see what made them move along.



Stamp Collecting

AIR MAIL COVER COLLECTING

Aerophilately is another side line of philately, commonly known to stamp collectors as the collection of airmail stamps and covers. During the last ten years this sideline has developed huge proportions, and is now a complete hobby in itself.

As a rule, used air stamps (off cover) are not in great demand among Aerophilatelists, most of whom confine their collections to Mint Stamps and Flown Covers.

"Covers" are postcards, envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and should be kept entire. Under no circumstances should a collector remove the stamps from a cover, or cut it in any way. A cover with the back missing, or the address cut out is worth much less than one in its original state.

Nearly all "cover collectors" collect flown covers, which are usually of greater interest than the saving of mint air mail stamps only. There are several sub-sections in the collection of covers, and these are the covers with official air stamps, with special postmarks for special flights, with ordinary postmarks, etc.

ROOSEVELT PICTURED ON POSTAGE STAMPS

America's most publicized collector, President Roosevelt, has been honored for the second time by being pictured on postage stamps of a foreign nation.

A year ago Guatemala depicted the President of the United States Constitution commemorative. Now Turkey has portrayed him on a Constitution stamp and Paraguay is scheduled to follow suit.

Turkey's Constitution set has three stamps in six values. On the 2½ and 6 kurus is shown the American flag beside Turkey's Star and Crescent, with a bright star above the flagstaff.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Lud Nahtigal

HORIZONTAL

1. Defend. 6. Tissue. 12. Evils. 14. Seats. 15. Let. 16. Rah. 18. Net. 19. Pesos. 21. A. M. 22. Minimum. 24. It. 25. Opponents. 28. Flagowner. 37. In. 38. Acidity. 39. Pa. 41. Elide. 43. Bin. 45. Due. 46. Ram. 48. Enter. 51. Pluto. 53. Raises. 54. Poteen.

VERTICAL

1. Deltas. 2. Eve. 3. Fits. 4. "El". 5. N's. 7. Is. 8. S. E. 9. Sane. 10. Ute. 11. Estate. 13. Basin. 16. Reno. 17. Home. 19. Pip. 20. Sun. 22. M. P. 23. Mt. 25. Off. 26. Sir. 27. Limber. 29. La. 30. Ace. 31. Gild. 32. Odium. 33. Wide. 34. N.T.E. 35. Ey. 36. Salmon. 40. Anti. 42. True. 44. Ina. 47. Ate. 49. "Es". 50. Re. 51. Po. 52. L. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLER JOE ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

- B. 3—Common salt.
- C. 2—Lime.
- E. 2—Small creatures seldom 7" in length.
- F. 1—Camel lives to be 100 years.
- G. 1
- H. 1—Obtaining new Adult and Juvenile Members.
- I. 3—Empire State—1,248 ft. high.

Remarkable

"Yes, it is really remarkable," observed mother at the head of the table. "Clifford seems to eat twice as much chicken when we have visitors."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady visitor. "And, pray, why is that, Clifford?"

"'Cause that's the only time we have it!" replied the truthful lad.

We Have Another Campaign

3500 New Members, Adults and Juveniles, Is the Goal in This Jubilee Year of the SNPJ

The Slovene National Benefit Society, your Society which publishes this magazine for you, was thirty-five years old on April 9th last.

On the occasion of this anniversary a new membership campaign has been launched by the Society beginning with April 1st and ending on December 31st, 1939.

Here are the prizes and rules for this SNPJ Jubilee Campaign:

Fifty cents for each new member insured for \$250 death benefit.

One dollar for each new member insured for \$500 death benefit.

Two dollars for each new member insured for \$1000 death benefit.

Three dollars for each new member insured for \$1500 death benefit.

Four dollars for each new member insured for \$2000 death benefit.

Ten dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 25 or more new members.

Twenty-five dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 50 or more new members.

Seventy-five dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 100 or more new members.

All applicants admitted into the SNPJ during the campaign are exempt from the initiation fee, and the Society pays the medical examination fee up to the amount of \$1 for adult applicants, and for juvenile applicants as provided by the by-laws.

The infants for whom the Society pays \$5 award in the form of assessment are not included in the campaign and cannot be considered for awards.

All new members admitted by the lodges and Society during this campaign shall be considered for awards on condition that they have paid at least three monthly assessments.

During the Juvenile Jubilee Campaign last year you responded wonderfully and you showed good results. Won't you do the same this year?

To work—all of you!

The goal of this campaign should be—3500 new adult or juvenile members for the Slovene National Benefit Society!