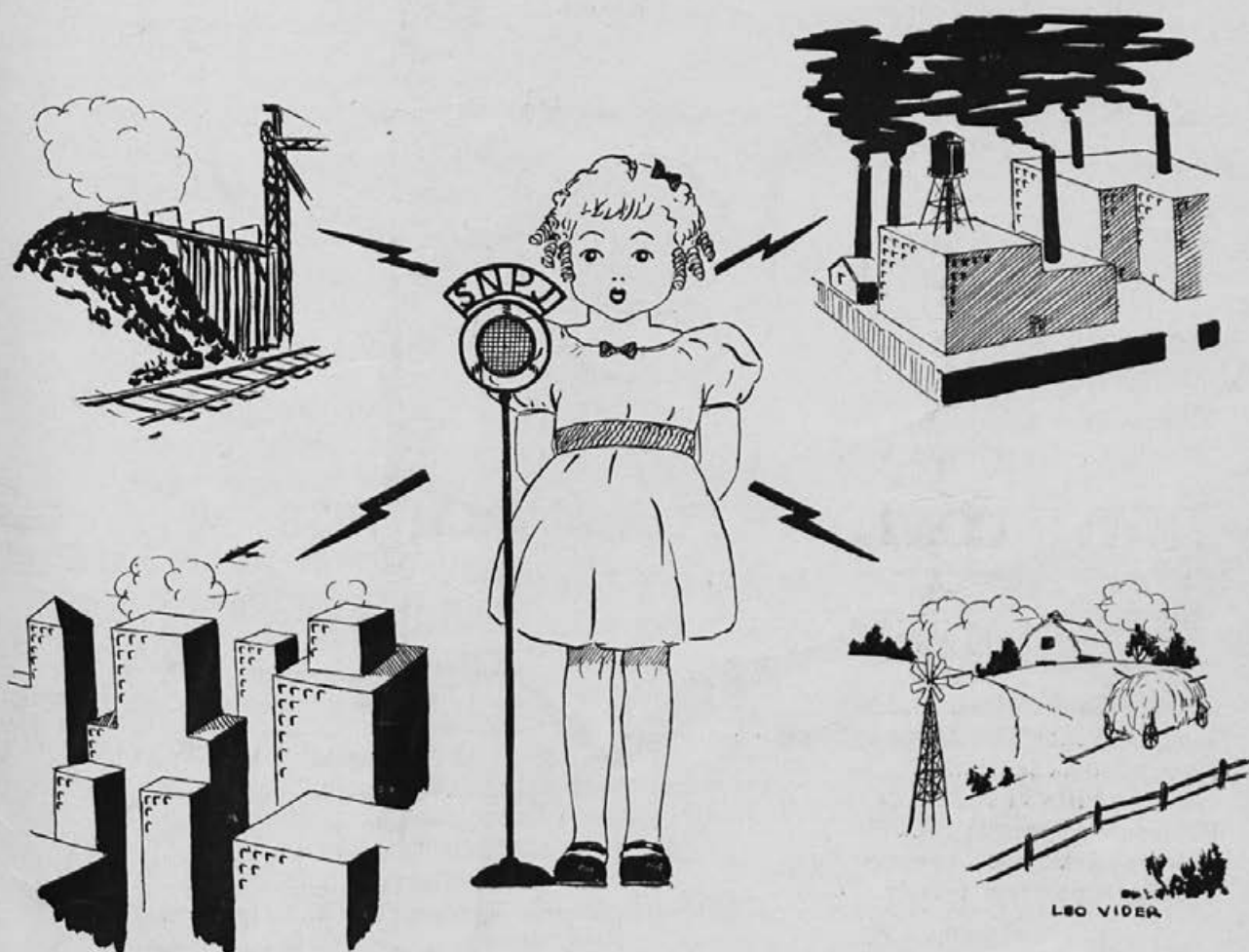


Mladinski List

A Juvenile Magazine for American Slovenes



(See article on back cover page)

March

1938

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVII.—Št. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1938

VOL. XVII.—No. 3

More About My Organization

Last month you were told that lodge "Slavija," which was formed before the Slovene National Benefit Society, will celebrate its 35th anniversary in February. It will be celebrated in the fall of this year instead.

*

The first Supreme Board was elected at the first convention, April, 1904. (See Feb. issue.)

The next step was choosing a name.

These four names were voted upon: Slovene National Society, Slavonic National Society, Yugoslav Labor Union, and Society of Yugoslav Nations.

*

The name "Slovene National Society" was adopted, with the addition of the word "Benefit."

*

How was this new Society different from those before it? It was different in two ways. First, these men had said, "We will have a sick benefit department." Do you know what that means?



*

That means that everyone would pay a few cents a month into a common fund. This fund would be kept at the Main Office. Then when a person became sick, he would get one or two dollars a day. That depended on how much he paid into this common fund every month.

That is what is called "sick benefit." In other words, you are saving up for a time when you might be sick and need money for doctor's bills. It is just like the story of the "Ant and the Grasshopper." The ant stored up food for the winter season and the grasshopper didn't. Then when winter came, the grasshopper couldn't skip about merrily as he had done through the summer months. But the ant had enough food.

*

This "sick benefit department" was one of the reasons our Society could grow. It could branch out into smaller communities, while the general fund was kept at the Main Office.

Zgodba o pridnem vetriču

Fran Velkohlorsky.

(Prosto iz češčine prevedel Ivan Vuk)



Narisal J. Peckaček.

Bilo je vroče, suho poletje in leto. Že mnogo dni in tednov ni bilo dežja. Zemlja je žejala, odpirala usta in prosila dežja. Tudi potoček tam izpod hribov tekoč, šumljajoč, je usihal. Samo tenak curek je še tekkel po izsušeni strugi.

Neke noči se je ustavil pri potočku tihi polnočni vetrič, da se z njim, kakor včasih, pomeni o novicah. Ali potoček je bil redkobeseden. Potožil je:

"Glej, žejo trpim, usiham! Bodi tako dober, dragi vetrič, leti in prinesi oblak z dežjem, da ne umrem!"

Vetriču se je potoček zasmilil. Saj sta bila prijatelja in prijatelju se mora pomagati.

"Letel bom in poiskal črni oblak," je rekel in odletel. Letel je preko gora in dolin in zagledal tam daleč nekje velik, črni oblak. Ves len je ležal in se ni zganil.

Vetrič je zletel k njemu in rekel:

"Da te ni sram, lenoba! Ti tu lenariš, a zemlja žeja in trpi in moj prijatelj potoček tam preko, od žeje umira!"

"Poženi me tja, da ga napojim in da zemljo porosim," je rekel črni oblak. "Zapihaj v me, da se razgibljem!"

Vetrič je začel pihati v tisti veliki, črni oblak. Ali oblak se ni premaknil.

"Preslaba pljuča imaš, siromaček," se je posmehoval oblak. "Še ne čutim te!"

Vetrič se je razjezil. Napel je pljuča in nastal je vihar, ki je pognal oblak, da se je kar spodtaknil. Planil je kakor hudournik ali do potoka ni doletel. Vihar ga je v svoji jezi vsega poprej raztrgal in razpihal, da niti dežja ni bilo.

Drugo noč je tihi vetrič zopet priletel k svojemu prijatelju, potočku. Potoček ga je poprosil s slabim, komaj slišnim glasom:

"Vetrič, vetriček . . . prijatelj! Priženi oblak z dežjem, če ne, usahnem!"

In vetrič je letel. Letel je čez hribe in gorovje,

čez doline in poljane in tam daleč zapazil velik, črni oblak. Zletel je k njemu in rekel:

"Danes me ne boš razdražil. Danes me ne boš, kakor včeraj, razburil, da bi te od jeze raztrgal. Ne, danes bova letela lepo k mojemu prijatelju, potočku, da tam dežuješ!"

"Dobro," je rekel oblak. "Pojdiva!"

Vetrič se je spremenil v močan veter, in je gnal pred seboj črni oblak. Ali črni oblak je jel postajati vedno težji in težji, omahoval je k zemlji in naposled posmehljivo zajokal:

"Ne morem več! Preveč si pihal v me in sem strašno težek postal. Moram se izliti! Kar tukaj. — Do tvojega prijatelja potočka ne morem več."

In črni oblak se je izlil na vse drugem mestu, kakor je hotel vetrič.

Ko je tiho ponočni vetrič tretjič priletel k potočku, je bilo v njem komaj nekaj kapljic vode. Od slabosti ni mogel več niti govoriti, samo vzdihoval je.

Vetrič je odletel preko gora in doli in se ustavil pri črnem oblaku.

"Pokazal ti bom," je rekel, "da me ne boš več goljufal. Vstani — greva!"

Začel je pihati v oblak in ga sukati okrog, da se mo je začelo vrteti v glavi. Več ni vedel, kje je.

"Dovolj, dovolj, nehaj," je zastokal oblak. "Nehaj — vse naredim kar ukažeš!"

Veter je prenehal vrteti oblak in ga gnal naravnost pred seboj tako dolgo, da sta priletela v dolino, kjer je žejala zemlja in od žeje sahnal potoček.

"Tako, tu dežuj," je rekel veter in prenehal pihati.

In zdajci se je oblak razlil. Začelo je deževati, zemlja je pila, potoček pa je zažuborel in veselo bežal po strugi naprej.

Camel's First Home

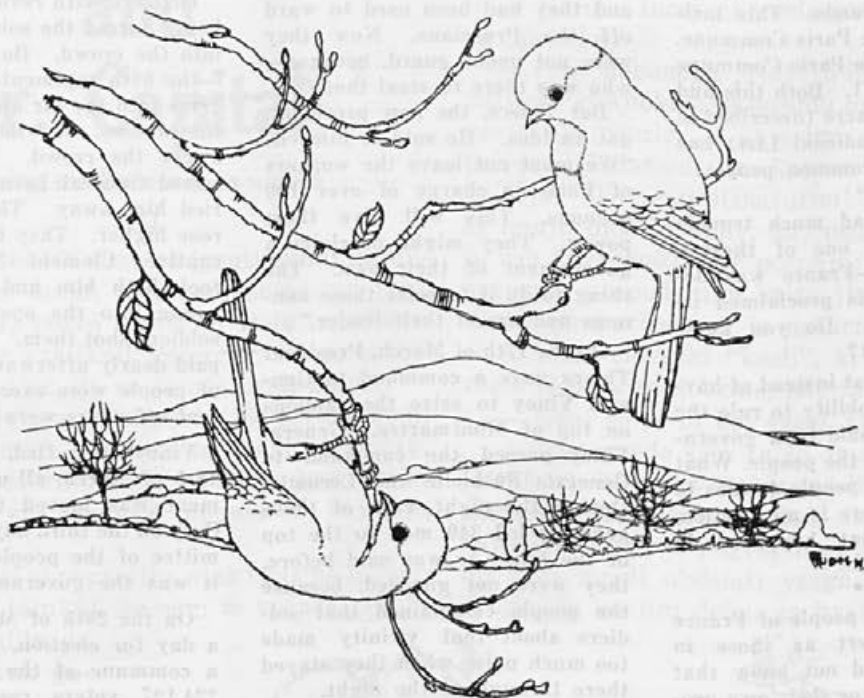
Did you know that the camel was first a North American animal? Fossil remains show that it lived in what is now the United States. It was a much smaller animal then and it had no humps on its back.

The humps on the camel's back developed when it found itself in desert lands. They formed to store water for the long periods that the camel must go without water in the country it lives in now.

Doesn't that tell you, too, that millions of years ago, the land was divided differently from what it is now. Some of the continents that are now separated by oceans were a solid piece of land, and again there were oceans where land is now. That accounts for some of the animals being found in various sections of the earth and the answer to the question, "How did they get there?"

"A Leaf That Must Be"

By MARY JUGG



Now Twitter and Chirp were two robins gay;
They made merry in Spring
'Til late in the Summer,
But always in Winter they scurried away.

Then when the warm sun cried, "Awaken! Awaken!"
To hillsides and valleys—
To clean-smelling valleys,
Both Twitter and Chirp to their homeland did hasten.

All over the plains they searched
For green leafy trees,
For welcoming trees,
But only on barren, gaunt treetops they perched.

"See! See!" sang Chirp at the top of his voice;
"A leaf that must be,
"Some buds, too, I see!
"Let's announce the glad news with flutter and noise."

They came to the branch of the willow tree;
They swung on the twigs;
They called to the leaves,
"Wake up, sleepy heads. 'Tis Sprigtime, you see."

All the day long sang this fluttery pair,
And the tiny leaves heard,
And the swelling buds stirred,
And Twitter and Chirp began housekeeping there.

The Paris Commune

The month of MARCH marks a very important incident for the workers of all lands. This incident is called the Paris Commune.

The date of the Paris Commune is March 17, 1871. Both this and the Vienna Massacre (described in last month's Mladinski List) has to do with the common people.

France had had much trouble with wars. In one of these—with Bismarck—France was defeated. So Paris proclaimed itself a republic. Do you know what that meant?

That meant that instead of having kings and nobility to rule the people, there would be a government elected BY the people. What happens when a people decides to rule itself? There is an election, of course. That happened in Paris, also.

But all of the people of France were not as alert as those in Paris. They did not know that they must vote for their own people—those that would look out for their interests. So they elected over 500 of those who favored kings and the church and only 150 of those who were favorable to the people.

These newly-elected people made up the "cabinet." This cabinet, then, was to elect a president. Naturally, they selected one who was favorable to the majority. This was Adolph Thiers. He was one of the greatest enemies of the representatives of the people.

When Thiers was elected temporary president, Victor Hugo and Garibaldi, who were both in that first cabinet, resigned. Thiers knew that he would have to deal with the people of Paris. He knew how Paris could behave when it became very angry. So Thiers decided his first step must be to defeat Paris.

ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 17

Paris was quiet. Over 100,000 members of the national guard—of the people—left their encampments. On the top of the hill of Montmartre they had left over

100 cannons. These cannons had been left there by the Germans, and they had been used to ward off the Prussians. Now they were not under guard, because—who was there to steal them?

But Thiers, the new president, got an idea. He said to himself, "We must not leave the workers of Paris in charge of over 100 cannons. This will give them power. They might proclaim a government of their own. The thing to do is to seize those cannons and arrest their leader."

On the 17th of March, President Thiers gave a command to General Vinoy to seize the cannons on top of Montmartre. General Vinoy passed the command to Generals Susbille and Lecomte. During the night, each of these generals led 340 men to the top of the hill. As was said before, they were not guarded, because the people complained that soldiers about that vicinity made too much noise when they stayed there throughout the night.

So General Lecomte sent word that he seized the cannons very easily and without any bloodshed.

But he forgot that the cannons were heavy and that he needed horses to take them away from the top of the hill. So he sent for them, and waited.

Dawn broke. It was 5 o'clock in the morning and there was still no help. People passing by were attracted by these soldiers with bayonets and the few horses. What did it mean?

It was six o'clock, and the required number of horses had not yet come. More and more people were congregating. General Lecomte nervously watched this, and then he gave orders to harness the few horses they had and start taking the cannons away.

But it was too late. The National Guard had heard the news, and a bell was sounded. At seven o'clock the top of the hill was filled with soldiers, men, women, and children. The crowd grew more and more restless.

Lecomte ordered his soldiers to use their bayonets if necessary.

But the crowd was too dense. When he gave orders to shoot into the crowd, the women cried: "What? Will you shoot us and our children?"

Officers with revolvers in their hands forced the soldiers to shoot into the crowd. But the soldiers—the 88th regiment—threw their arms into the air and joined with the masses. A wild wave of joy swept the crowd. The soldiers seized General Lecomte and carried him away. The mob spirit rose higher. They found another captive, Clement Thomas, and took both him and General Lecomte into the open, where the soldiers shot them. For this they paid dearly afterward. Hundreds of people were executed, and the real offenders were never known.

Vinoy then fled, and on the 18th of March, all of the government was moved to Versailles. Only on the third day did the committee of the people realize that it was the government.

On the 20th of March they set a day for election. Paris set up a commune of the people with 224,197 voters responding. On the 27th, 200,000 people crowded the city square, singing the Marseillaise and cheering, "Long live the Commune!" It was their day—the first workers' government proclaimed in the history of the world.

Once in Versailles, Thiers turned to Bismarck for help. With a combined army, he marched upon Paris and defeated the army of the people, killing 17,000 members of the commune. Then he proceeded to "clean up", and in two weeks, 40,000 men, women, and children were slaughtered.

Even in this very short time that the people controlled the government, these were some of the measures they instituted: separated the church from the state; gave free rental to all the citizens; returned the property to the poor; set up pensions for the old; confiscated all church property; gave workers' wages to all members of the commune; and threw higher schools of learning open to everyone.—M. J.

“Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital”

Dialog med očetom in sinom

III

— Čuj, atek! Nočem se igrati zunaj na ulici z drugimi dečki, raje sem doma pri tebi, da mi še kaj poveš o mistru Delu in mistru Kapitalu, je vzkliknil Peterček, ko je pritekel v hišo videč, da se je oče vrnil z dela.

— Tako je prav, Peterček. Le preden bodi, zapomni si moje nauke in lahko si prepričan, da se ti bo dobro godilo, ko boš enkrat velik. Čakaj, kje sva zadnjič nehala v našem razgovoru?

— Vidiš, ti si pozabljen, atek! Jaz pa nisem. Nehala sva tamkaj, ko sem te vprašal, če je natura naredila, da je eden človek gospodar, drugi pa suženj, tlačan ali delavec.

— Je že res, tam sva nehala. Ne, Peterček, natura ni tega naredila. Natura se ne briga za človeka; natura je na razpolago človeku, da se z njo okoristi kolikor se zna. Človek lahko izkorišča naturo zase in to tudi dela. V tej stvari, Peterček, ni nobenega reda in nobenega zakona. Natura se giblje po nekih svojih kolotečinah, katerim pravijo ljudje “zakoni, naradni zakoni”, ampak to niso nobeni zakoni.

— Kaj pa so potem zakoni, o katerih tolikoliš?

— Zakoni so človeško delo. Človek je prvi naredil zakone ali neke predpise obnašanja in postopanja. Prvotni ali divji ljudje niso poznali zakonov; živeli so tako, kakor žive divje živali po svojih naravnih nagonih. Ko pa je človeška pamet rastla in začela bolj na-

tančno opazovati stvari okoli sebe, si je to ali ono prepovedala, ker je sklepala, da je škodljivo za človeka. Tako so se razvili predpisi, pravila in zakoni v človeški družbi.

— Natura torej ni imela pri tem nobenega opravka?

— Prav nobenega. Naturo imajo ljudje za tistega “konjička”, kateremu nalože na hrbet vse svoje “kozle”, s katerimi se navadno opečejo. Kadarkoli jim kaj ne ugaja, pa zavpijejo: To je protinaturno! Če pa onim, ki imajo moč in vpliv, kaj ugaja, tedaj jim je vse “naturno”, kar počnejo: vojna jim je naturna, gospodarska kriza jim je naturna, vsaka lumparija jim je naturna. V resnici so to sami človeški “kozli”, ki izvirajo pred vsem iz boja za dobrino, kapital in za oblast.

— Kdaj se je ta boj začel, atek?

— Mimogrede sem to že omenil. Začel se je takrat, ko so si ljudje začeli deliti zemljo za pridelavanje kruha. Oni, najsebičnejši in najpožrešnejši, so pograbili največ in ker sami niso mogli obdelati vsega, so primorali druge, da so jim delali za hrano in kot pod



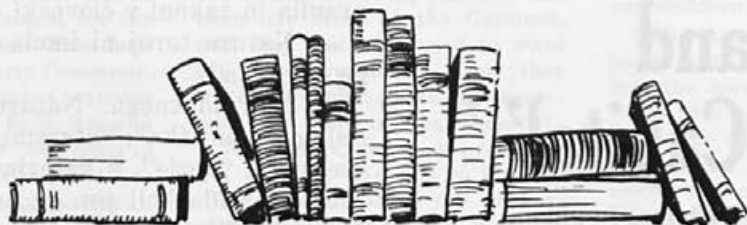
streho. To so bili prvi sužnji. Prvi sužnji so bili vojni ujetniki. Te ujetnike so prej enostavno pobili, potem pa so jih vzeli s seboj in jih porabili za delovno živino.

— To ni bilo naturno, ali je, atek?

— Seveda ne; natura slabejše in premagane uniči, ne muči jih. Človek je prvo bitje na svetu, ki je izumil izkoriščanje sočloveka za svoj privatni dobiček.

— Zdaj vem, atek. Človek se je sam postavil za gospodarja in primoral slabejšega človeka, da mu je postal suženj, tlačan in podložnik. Nisem pa še na jasnem, kako je nastal mister Kapital. Ne mislim mistra Ka-

Slovene Shufflegrams



MAČICA

**perje
jadra
veja
kljuvati**

KNJIGE

**kremplji
listje
peroti
žvrgoleti**

PTIČKI

**črke
čitati
praskati
listi**

CVETLICE

**papir
morje
roke
pluti**

Here is the second group of shufflegrams. The name of each object is in bold letters. See if you can place the correct name

under each object. The four words under each name describe the object or belong to it in some way. See if you can place those

correctly also. Then try to use the words you learned in sentences.

pitalista, mislim kapital, ki je potreben tudi nam in vsem ostalim ljudem.

— Ali si že pozabil, Peterček, kaj je rekel Lincoln? Saj sem te že večkrat opozoril na Lincolnove besede. Lincoln je rekel, da kapital je posledica dela. Mister Delo dela, ustvarja kapital. Brez dela ne bi moglo biti kapitala.

— Prej si pa rekel, atek, da so si ljudje enostavno vzeli zemljo, rude, skale in gozdove! Kdo je pa to naredil?

— Pojasnil sem ti že, da to ni kapital. Zemlja, rude in gozdovi so naravno bogastvo, ki ga je pripravila natura po dolgem razvoju in človek si je to bogastvo prisvojil. Iz zemlje še le pride kapital v obliki živeža in platna, ali te oblike ni brez dela; ruda, pretvorjena v železo in jeklo, je kapital, ampak proces pretvorbe je delo; za les, ki ga dobimo iz gozda, je tudi potrebno delo. Vse potrebščine ali dobrine so rezultat mistra Dela. Prihodnjič ti pojasnim, kako je bil mister Delo ogoljufan za svoje sadove.

Historical Sketches About Slovenes

By Historicus

A hundred years later another wave of migratory Slavs surged westward from southwestern Asia. During this time the Slovenes were digesting their spoils and constantly scrapping with their Germanic neighbors on the north and the Romans on the southwest, defending their new homeland. These Slavs were the **Antes**. They later became the **Croats** and the **Serbs**. They came in the middle of the seventh century, wedged themselves between the Southern Slovenes in Dacia and south of the Danube and the Panonic Slovenes of the north, and took possession of the fertile plains in Lower Panonia and northeastern part of Illyricum. Thus the Slovenes of the Balkans were separated from their kinsmen of the north.

About the same time, something had happened to the Slovenes south of the Danube river and further down in Thrace. Another army of immigrants had come from Asia. They were of the Uhro-Finnic branch of the Mongolian race and spoke the Turanian language—akin to the Turkish. These people—there were about 40,000 men, women, and children according to one source—called themselves **Volgari**, meaning people living along the river Volga in present Russia. Later this name was changed into **Bolgari** or **Bulgarians**. These Volgars crossed the Danube and overtook the Slovenes in what is now Bulgaria. They conquered the latter and assimilated them, but they took over their Slovene language. The Slovenes, in turn, took their masters' national name, **Bolgari**, (probably thinking it a fair exchange) and so they are known to the present day. Since then the Slovene language of this much mixed people was developing in its own independent way and became greatly changed from the original one. The language is now called the Bulgarian language.

* * *

An entirely different fate befell the Slovenes in Dacia. This was a Roman colony at the time of the great migration, and the Roman soldiers who administered Dacia spoke only Latin. Soon the natives learned Latin in a corrupt way, so it became a new

language called simply Rumanian—after the original Roman speakers.

Then thousands upon thousands of Slovenes filled the country. For many decades there lingered the question as to who will become supreme, Slovenes or the Romanized Dacians. The Slovenes called the Rumanians **Vlahi**. This name they gave to all Latin-speaking peoples. (The Slovene name for Italians is still **Lahi**; for Italy, **Laško**. The Poles call Italians **Wlosi**, and Italy, **Wlohia**.) Up to this day there is a Rumanian province called Valahia—a living memory to the Slovene influence there of more than thousands of years ago!

Finally, the Slovenes of Dacia lost, but only after a long, long struggle. Even in the last century there was a remnant of a few thousand people in the Transylvanian hills still speaking the Slovene tongue. But the Rumanians paid dearly for this conquest: their language is thickly interwoven with the Slovene words. So also is the Magyar (Hungarian) language, as we shall see later.

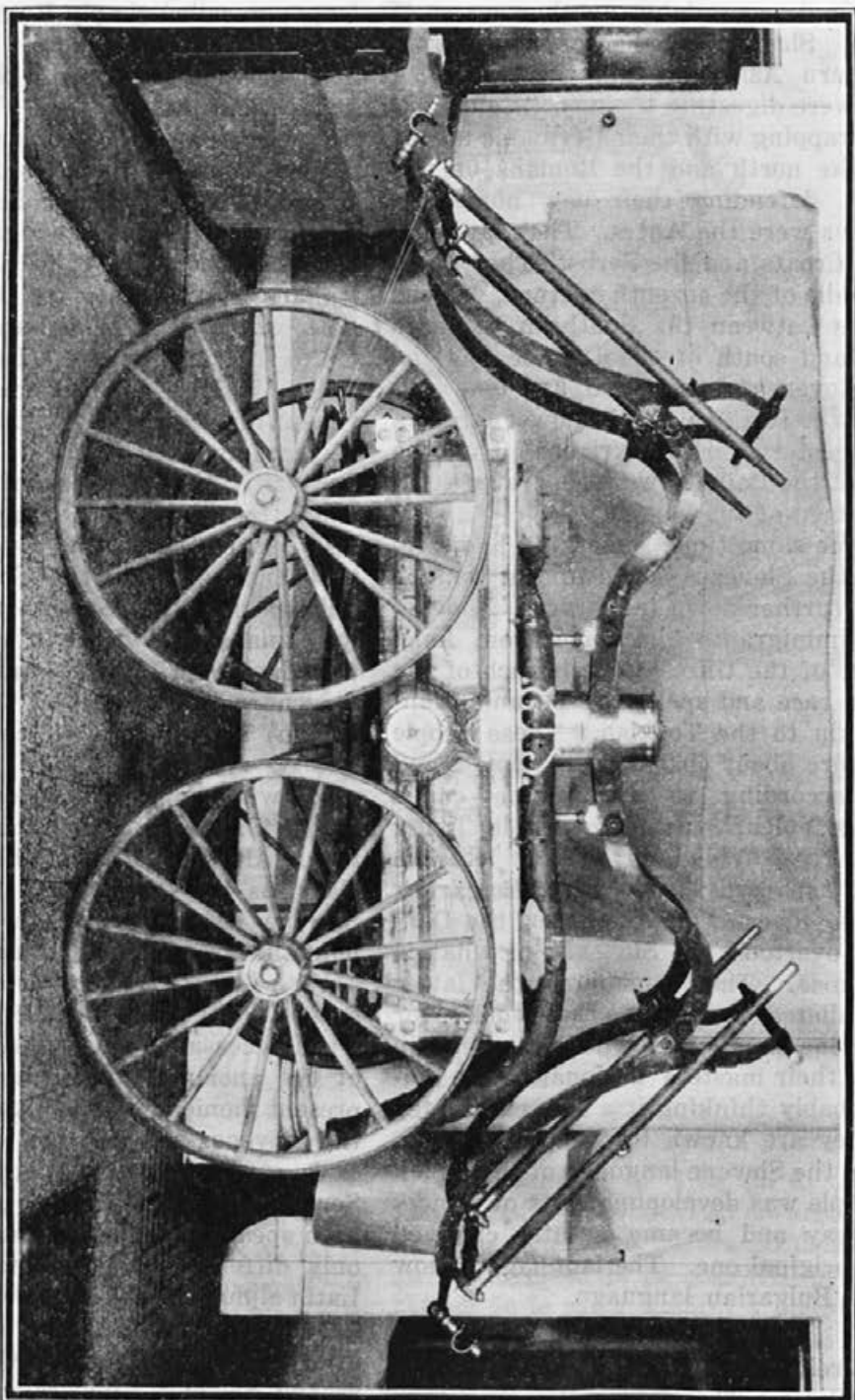
* * *

We will now leave the Slovene people south of the Danube and in Dacia out of our picture. Although some of them are still Jugoslavs, as the Bulgarians, they are no more Slovenes as were their ancestors. The Rumanians are no longer Jugoslavs.

We will also omit the Croats and Serbs, except for a brief mention here and there when necessary. They were the descendants of the ancient **Antes**, who settled in their present homeland one hundred years after the Slovenes first set foot on European soil. It is sufficient to say that the Croats and Serbs were and still are one people; they both speak one and the same language. The only difference is that the Croats use the Latin alphabet, while the Serbs use the Cyrillic (taken after the Greek letters). Another division between them is religion: the Croats, as the Slovenes, generally belong to the Roman-Catholic branch of the Christian church, whereas, the Serbs adhere to the Greek Orthodox church of Christianity.

(To be continued)

FIRE KING NO. 1



This is the actual picture of Chicago's First Fire Engine. It is on exhibit at the Chicago Historical Society.

This engine was purchased Dec. 10, 1835, for the sum of \$894.38. It was made by a Baltimore concern, the earliest makers of locomotives in the United States. The engine was in use until 1869 when it was sold to Stevens Point, Wis. It

By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society, Clark and North Ave. was used there until 1890. Then it was out of general public use until 1924 when it was brought to the Chicago Historical Society through the cooperation of Chicago Fire Department.

This engine was not the one used in the Chicago fire, having been sold before that time.

Have You Heard?

Animal-Eating Plants

CAST

Mr. Helper, middle-aged, friendly, interesting

Betty, interested and very much alive

Barker, typical side show caller

Spieler, much the same, but little more dignified

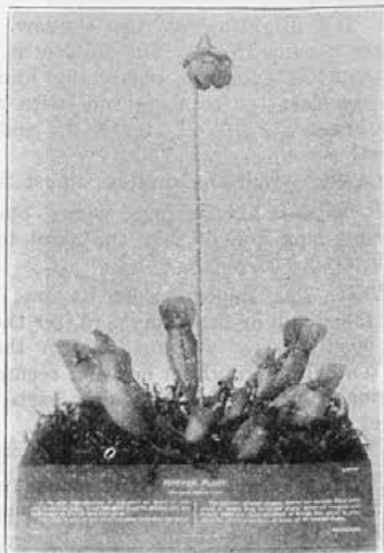


Photo by courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History

The Pitcher Plant

MR. HELPER: Good afternoon, Betty. The last time I saw you I left you with the question, "Have you heard that there are carnivorous plants that eat fresh meat?"

BETTY: Imagine plants eating meat! Even if someone went around feeding it to them!

MR. HELPER: Don't worry about someone having to go around feeding these plants meat. They set traps and catch their own fresh meat themselves!

BETTY: (With a startled laugh) No!

MR. HELPER: Yes!!

BETTY: Well, of all—I wish I could watch them do it!

MR. HELPER: All right—I'll show you! How would you like to visit a street carnival of the flowers?

BETTY: Oh! I'd love it!

MR. HELPER: Let's go!

(Carnival music is heard in the distance. Betty and Mr. Helper are coming near to the crowd.)

BETTY: I'm so excited! Just look at the crowd!

MR. HELPER: Let's hurry so we can hear what the barker is saying . . .

BARKER: (Coming up on platform haranguing crowd.) Here you are, folks, here you are! Step right this way to see the greatest aggregation of plant freaks and monsters ever gathered together under one canvas! See Bosco, the flesh-eating plant! He eats 'em alive!

Mr. Stickum, the living fly paper, and Molly Pitcher, who closes her own lid! Each and every one of these marvelous things positively on the inside! See them all for the price of one! Going right in . . .

MR. HELPER: Come on—let's go inside.

SPIELER: Here on the first platform, ladies and gentlemen, we have the living pitcher. See what a thing of grace and beauty, with its slender handle, unusual coloring and open lid—but let insects beware! Its attraction leads a great many creatures to their doom!

BETTY: (Aside) What does he mean? That looks just like a plant to me.

MR. HELPER: (Aside) It is a plant—the pitcher-plant—a plant hung with a number of clever little plantpitchers.

BETTY: (Aside) Why, they are little pitchers, aren't they?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Yes, but harmless though it looks, it is a death trap!

BETTY: (Aside) A death trap!

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Yes. It's one of the flesh-eating plants the barker told us about outside! Listen to what the spieler is saying . . .

SPIELER: Step right up and look inside the living pitcher! You see it is half full of water? Do you know what that's for?

(The crowd stirs and murmurs. The people are moving closer.)

BETTY: Why it does have water in it!

SPIELER: See its teeth? Like the teeth of a carnivorous beast!

BETTY: (Aside) I never saw anything like this before!

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Some species of the pitcher-plant have a double row of teeth!

BETTY: (Aside) How do they use them?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Listen. He's going to explain.

SPIELER: The pitcherplant lures insects and other flying animals with sweets. It is easy enough for the insect to crawl into the inviting pitcher, but if he tries to crawl out again, the spear-like teeth hold him back, the lid closes and suddenly he skids down the slippery walls of the pitcher, falls into the water and drowns!

BETTY: (Horried) You wouldn't think that a beautiful flower like that could be so treacherous.

MR. HELPER: (Aside) The pitcher is not a flower.

BETTY: (Aside) Then what is it?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) A modified leaf. The

plant has fashioned pitchers out of its leaves in order to trap its prey.

BETTY: (Aside) What happens to the pitcher-plant's victims?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) The plant digests them by pouring out a fluid from glands inside the pitcher which possesses not only the properties but also the composition of gastric juice.

BETTY: Gastric juice? You mean—like in human beings?

MR. HELPER: Yes. After the food is digested it is absorbed by the plant by means of peculiar cells in the bottom and lower parts of the pitcher's walls. Here, wait! Let me tip one of the pitchers up so as to pour the water out of it—like that. Now you see?

BETTY: Oh—there are all sorts of insects in the bottom of it.

MR. HELPER: In all stages of decomposition!

BETTY: Don't the pitchers ever get filled up with rain water?

MR. HELPER (Laughing) The plant has taken care of that all right!

BETTY: Why—how?

MR. HELPER: It has an overflow drain—just like your bathtub—a small pore for letting excess water out so that a constant water level can be maintained.

BETTY: Of all things!

MR. HELPER: Well, just about all things—from the looks of what it traps!

BETTY: (Laughs) What kinds of creatures does the pitcherplant usually trap?

MR. HELPER: It catches ants, flies, June bugs, and a great variety of winged and unwinged animals.

BETTY: Are the pitchers always the same size?

MR. HELPER: There are about thirty-six different species of pitcherplants—and the size of the pitchers vary greatly according to species. The largest pitcherplant is the *Nepenthes Rajah*. Its pitcher is so large that it can snugly shelter a pigeon. But look, we're getting behind the crowd—come on—

SPIELER: On this next platform, ladies and gentlemen—you see the Sundew—the beautiful deceiver that suffocates its victims with glue!

BETTY: (Aside) What an odd looking thing! It looks like an oval pin cushion with pins stuck in it.

SPIELER: See its tentacles? The reddish, club-shaped knobs on the ends of them are glands. Each gland secretes a clear and sticky fluid which glistens in the sun like a drop of dew—that's why it's called the "Sun-dew"!

BETTY: Oh!

SPIELER: This beautiful deceiver fools the insects with its glistening pearl, for the insects mistake them for drops of honey or water.

BETTY: (Aside) Is the Sundew a flesh-eating plant like those pitchers we just saw?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Yes—but it catches its victims in a different way.

SPIELER: The Sundew cleverly fools insects—but no one can fool it! You can purposely place sugar, starch, soil, or sand—or any substance that does not contain nitrogen on the surface of the sundew and its tentacles will remain in the same position as you see them now. But when an insect comes along, it's another story! Here comes an insect now! Let's watch it and see what happens!

(The crowd moves closer and watches as the insect approaches.)

SPIELER: It's alighting on the sundew! . . . (After a pause) . . . The sundew is closing its tentacles over him—clutching him—holding him fast—suffocating him with a gluey substance! . . . Well—that's the end of the insect!

BETTY: (Aside) Will the sundew digest it?

MR. HELPER: All but its legs, wings, and shell!

BETTY: How long does it take the plant to digest an insect?

MR. HELPER: That depends upon its size. It usually takes two or three days. After the insect has been digested and absorbed by the plant, the tentacles straighten out and resume their original position, and the dry parts of the insect are blown away by the wind.

BETTY: Ha! Neat and efficient! It's remarkable!

MR. HELPER: There are a great many remarkable things in this world—but most people are too busy to notice them.

BETTY: Are there many kinds of Sundew plants?

MR. HELPER: There are about forty different species . . . Come on—let's see what's ahead.

(The crowd moves forward, and a voice is heard once more.)

SPIELER: Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Electrical Fly Catcher! Its real name is the Venus Flytrap.

BETTY: (Aside) Why did he call it "electrical"?

MR. HELPER: (Aside) Because it is! Shh . . . listen!

SPIELER: A current of negative electricity flows from the extreme end of this plant's insect trap to its base! This negative current can be observed in the leaf stems.

BETTY: (Aside) It really is an "electrical" plant, isn't it?

MR. HELPER: (Aside amused) It really is!

BETTY: (Aside) But where does the electricity come from? Does the plant make it?

(To be continued in April Mladinski List)

"SAVED"

"World Events" tells this story: Two shipwrecked sailors were drifting along idly in a small boat. For days they had suffered under the leaden skies, pointing their vessel in the general direction of land. Finally they spied a huge ship heading their way, and after a bit they recognized it as a warship. "Thank goodness," one of them cried, "once more we're back in civilization!"

Azilian Hunters 12,000 Years Ago



An Azilian Boar-Hunt

This is the SIXTH in the series of pictures of Stone Age man. The first two appeared in the January and February issues; the third, fourth, and fifth will be shown in future issues.

You will remember that last month the Neanderthal man of 50,000 years ago was shown. At this time Man is supposed to have begun family life.

Now these hunters shown here have already learned to use domesticated animals. Notice the dogs in the picture.

Here you see two Azilian hunters with wooden spears with flint points hunting wild boars. One of

By courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History

the hunters holds three dogs, straining at the raw-hide leashes.

At this period, Man had already learned how to make flint and bone tools very crudely. Their chief food supply was cattle, horses, and pigs, all still untamed. They domesticated the dog, and it helped in hunting.

The climate of that day was similar to that of the present day. In the North regions birches and pines had begun to grow. The red deer also began to appear.

Finding Fossil Remains

The scientists who study the history of the earth from the story of the rocks have a more exciting time than working on jig-saw puzzles. This is why:

When the scientist (paleontologist) finds a fossil bone, he has no idea how that bone was arranged in that prehistoric animal. In jig-saw puzzles you have an idea how the finished work should look.

When you work with the puzzle, you know that you have all the pieces that belong to it and that all of them must fit in some way. When you find fossil bones, you never know how many there were originally.

One of the scientists at the Chicago Field

Museum worked with and studied a group of bones for 18 years before he finally put them together into the skeleton of one of the prehistoric monsters! When he started out, he had no idea what any part of the animal would look like, nor where the parts belong.

This is but one example of how painstaking and tedious is the work of science in its search for truth.

OLD RHYME

And out of war and after all
What is it people get?

Just widows, wounds, and wooden legs—
And lots and lots of debt.

Stric Joško pripoveduje

Dragi moji čitateljski in čitatelji!

Zadnjič sem vam povedal, kako smo trevali iz Njujorka v Žalet, kako smo v trejnu šipo razbili in kako smo se učili Ingliš, danes vam bom pa povedal, kako smo iskali žab.

Vsi štiri—Šokec, Primorec, Ribničan in jaz—smo bili laki, da smo dobili skupaj bord. Naša bordingledi je bila Hrvatica iz Like. Ne vem, kje je ta kontra, Lika, in moji frends tudi niso znali. Ribničan in Primorec sta težko razumela lengvič tistih Ličanov, ali Šokec in jaz sva se dobro pomenila z našo misus. Njen mož, naš bordingbas, je bil pa Gorenjec od Kranja in tako smo se vsi olrajt pomenili.

Ko smo se privadili, smo lajkali tudi Ličane. Saj niso slab pipl, samo understandati jih je treba. Seveda, kadar so sverali in krsali po svoje, takrat je bilo aful. Drugače so bili olrajt folks.

Neki Ličan, ki je bil z nami na bordu, se za ves svet ni mogel zastopiti na meriške cente; na tolarje se je zastopil, ne pa na cente. Ko je ta Ličan dobil žab na treki, so mu plačali tolar in pol na deset ur. Prišla je njegova prva pejda in možakar je krsal majko basu in vsem, ker ni mogel sfigrati koliko je 50 centov v starokrajskih forintih.

"Pa šta če mi to? Šta su ovi centuši? Ja znam, da jedan dolar jeste dva in pol forinta—in ovo je meni dosta!" Tako je robantil liški možak in dosegl je, da so mu pejdo redusali na tolar, da je mogel lahko sfigrati na forinte...

Bilo je foni. Ko smo se malo razgledali po Žaletu, smo šli iskat žab.

Tam je bil štilvork. Bordingbas nas je inštruktal: "Bojsi, pojdite v štilvork. Ne glejte me foni—tam se služi moni. Tam je ofis in v ofisu je bas. Stopite v ofis in vprašajte basa za delo. Dacol."

"Kok naj pa vprašamo, ko ne znamo angleško?" je hotel vedeti naš Šokec.

"Oho!" se začudi Šajn, naš Primorec. "Tvoje bukke, iz katerih se učiš, ti še niso tega povedale?"

Bilo je foni, toda bordingbas, ki ni dal nič na bukke, nas je podučil: "Takole tokajte: 'Plis, mister bas, giv mi žab', pa bo olrajt. Razumete?"

Bordingbasica je pa dodala: "Bojsi, kada sam ja

šla pitat basa za žab za mojega prvega muškarca, ja sam ga pitala: 'Hej, mistar bas! Maj men hom, no žab! Ju giv maj men žab, ju kam to maj hom—ju drink maj cigars en šmok maj viski! Hej, ja?'—Hohoho, ovako se je bas smijal, i bogme je. Razumete, bojsi?"

Mi se spogledamo.

"Ta špraha pa že ni lajpa," se potoži Ribničan. "Jest ne vajm, al je englajška al je vlaška."

"Korajža velja, fantje!" pravim jaz. "Zdaj znamo, kako se žab išče v Meriki!"

Pa smo mahali v štilvork. Vso pot smo—vsak pri sebi—ponavljali engleske besede 'Plis, mister bas, giv mi žab', da ne frgetamo.

Primahamo do ofisa v štilvorku in marčamo noter kot štirje mlatiči. Ribničan je bil prvi. Moško se postavi pred basa in zapoje:

"Plejs, majster žab, giv mi bas!"

"What?" zareži mož pri desku. "What language is this?"

Ribničan gleda debelo in skomigne.

"Tok bež stran, Ribničan, ti ga zmerom lomiš!" se razjezi Šokec in stopi naprej. "Plez, plez, žab bas, giv mi mister!"

Bas nas gleda in odkimava.

"Še ti poskusi", sunem Šajna.

"Pozabil sem", odvrne Šajn ves nervos. "Ta zlomka sta me vsega zmešala..."

Olrajt, sem zaključil, saj ne bo natin. Bas je odkimal, da nima žaba.

Vrremo se hom in jaz povem bordingasici, da je mister bas odkimal.

"Idite opet sutra!" je ordrala bordingbasica.

Kako je bilo efterwards, vam že povem prihodnjič. Do takrat: gut lak to ol of ju!

Vaš stric Joško.



Tonček je tako ponosen!

Tonček je star deset let, a je ponosen, kakor da je velik mož.

Tonček je lahko ponosen. V enem mesecu je dosegel sledeče uspehe:

Prvič je našel očetu izgubljeno "fajfco" in dobil je "dajm" od očeta. Drugič je pripeljal svojega slovenskega prijateljskega Čarlička v

mladinski oddelek SNPJ in prejel je rožnato pohvalo in obljubo, da prejme še nekaj kasneje. Tretjič je sprejel od Mladinskega lista dolar za dobro nalogo o "konjičkih".

Tonček je tako ponosen in lahko je!

(Tonček je spisal drugo nalogo o "psičkih" v trdni veri, da dobi drugi dolarček. In pripravil se je, da pridobi še enega svojega prijateljskega za mladinski oddelek SNPJ. Tonček je marljiv fantiček. Bravo, Tonček!)

Poštevanka

S. MARŠAK

V naši šoli
ni lenuhov,
len je le
Tonač Lapuhov.
Če sploh v šoli
kdaj sedi,
zlekne se in
že zaspi.
S potepini
le se brati,
tri dni kdo ve
kod se klati,
dan četrti
zamudi,
peti dan
doma smrči,
šesti dan

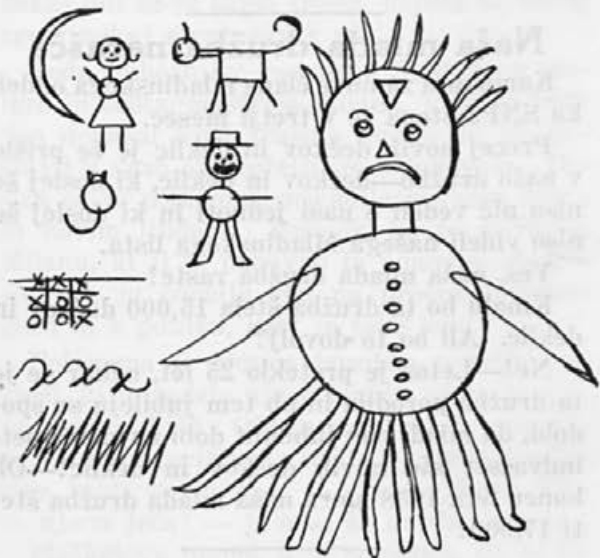


pouk ovira,
sedmi dan
krompir izbira,
osmi dan
se nekam skrije,
dan deveti
žogo bije,
dan deseti
gre k zdravniku,
potlej se je
spet potikal
in prespal
dvanajsti dan,
a potem šestnajsti dan
bil iz šole
je izgnan.

(Iz ruščine Mile Klopčič)

Rokovnjač - razparač

K. ČUKOVSKI



(Čukovski je najboljši sovjetsko-ruski mladinski pesnik.)

Mura zvezek je prejela
in je risati začela:

- Tole koza je rogata.
- Tole jelka je košata.
- Tole dedek naš z bradó.

- Tole luna nad vasjo.
- Kakšna pa je to prikazen?
Njen pogled je neprijazen,
Nog ima kar dvakrat pet
in rožičkov kar deset!
- To je strašni Rokovnjač,
tisti grozni Razparač,
sama sem si ga izmislila.
- Kaj si zvezek proč zagnala,
kaj si risati nehala?
- Jaz se ga preveč bojim!

(Priredil Mile Klopčič)

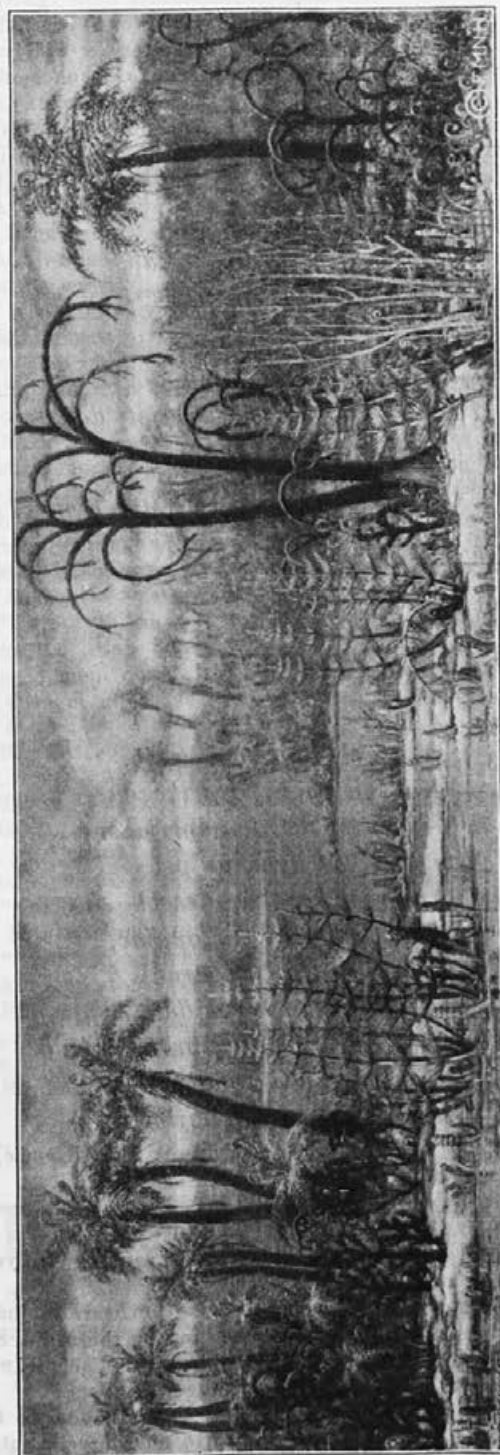
ABOUT THE CONTEST

Learn to follow the rules when sending in your contest answers.

Not long ago, a woman whose job it is to judge all types of contests, was speaking on the radio. She said that fully FIFTY per cent of the people who enter contests do not follow the rules.

Notice that for the MARCH contest, you do not have until the end of the month to send in your entry. Get busy immediately, and make sure that your letter is sent before the date specified in your Contest Rules.

Plant Life 350,000,000 Years Ago



By courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History

A Devonian Forest 350,000,000 years ago

This picture is 650,000,000 years later than the one pictured in the February M. L. showing the period when life began.

No wonder, then, that you see the plant life so developed. Where in the last picture you saw only a scum-like substance on the top of the water you now see a forest.

You might ask: does not this picture follow that of last month? The answer is No. There have been, as said above, 650,000,000 years that have passed since the scene of last month's illustration.

The large trees with bushy crowns that you see here are believed to be oldest of all trees. They are called Gilboa trees and look very much like the trees in the tropical forests today.

This type of trees and shrubs and plants that you see here extended from eastern North America through the Arctic region to northwestern Europe. This shows, then, that North America and Europe were connected during that period.

There probably was no insect life at this time; however, soft-bodied insects that left no shells might have existed.

Naša mlada družba narašča

Kampanja za nove člane mladinskega oddelka SNPJ stopa že v tretji mesec.

Precej novih dečkov in deklic je že prišlo v našo družbo—dečkov in deklic, ki doslej še niso nič vedeli o naši enoti in ki doslej še niso videli našega Mladinskega lista.

Yes, naša mlada družba raste!

Kmalu bo ta družba štela 15,000 dečkov in deklic. Ali bo to dovolj?

Ne!—Letos je preteklo 25 let, odkar se je ta družba porodila in ob tem jubileju se spodobi, da mladi naš jubilar dobi najmanj petindvajset sto novih dečkov in deklic!—Ob koncu leta 1938 mora naša mlada družba šteti 17,000!

These readers of the M. L. are asking for pen pals this month: Sylvia Raunikar, Verona Kaucic, Gerald C. Zaloznik, Sylvia Nahtigal, Rosemarie Panyan, Kathryn Stucin, Josephine Kozlevchar, Mildred Canker, Albert Zvanut, Eva Simcic, Joseph Chavka, John Ujcich, Henry Jelovchan, Anthony Tomsich, Ethel Switko, Louis A. Janezic, Mildred Babich, and Anna Stimack. See their letters and addresses on "Our Pen Pals Write" page.

Mala jetnica

Piše Zgodbičar

IV

Dorica je ležala v lepi postelji pri Pleškovi, pokrita s čisto, belo rjuho in pod glavo je imela očipkano blazinico.

Dolgo časa se ni zavedla po oni nesrečni noči in hudo je bledla. Če bi se bila takrat videla, se ne bi bila spoznala. Lasje so ji bili zgoreli in obrvi tudi in po rokah, nogah in hrbtu je bila hudo ožgana. Zdravnik jo je skrbno obvezal po vsem telesu in glavi, le nasek ji je molel z obraza. Zdravilo, s katerim jo je zdravnik namazal, je kmalu ustavilo bolečine in opekline so se hitro celile.

Ko je Dorica prvič odprla oči, je ugledala tujo ženo, ki se ji je prijazno smehljala. Ustrašila se je in njene plašne oči so iskale mater, ki je bila edina žena, katero je poznala. "Mama, mama!" je klicala obupno.

"Jaz sem zdaj tvoja mama", je rekla Pleškotova kolikor mogoče prijazno in jo božala po čelu in licu. "Le potolaži se, Dorica."

Deklica je bila, kakor divja žival, ki je bliskoma vržena iz svojega brloga v svet; nekaj dni se je samo tresla, boječa se, da se zgodi nekaj strašnega z njo.

Toda ljubeznjivo ravnanje Pleškotove matere in očeta, zlasti pa Milana, ki ji je vsak dan donašal šope krasnih cvetlic in jih postavil v vazo ob postelji, je učinkovalo. Dorica se je polagoma privadila novemu domu in novim ljudem. Posebno se je privadila Milanu, ki ji je ponovno in ponovno obljubljal, da jo popelje ven na prosto, v zeleni gozd in k potoku, kjer je tako lepo...

Polagoma je Dorica izvedela o veliki nesreči, ki je zadela njeno mater, očeta in njeno rojstno hišo. Oče in mati sta že pokopana — v pogorišču so našli le njune zogljele kosti — in kjer je stala njihova hiša — njena ječa! — je zdaj še kupček pepela.

Pleškotova mama ji je povedala, da bi bila tudi ona, Dorica, zgorela, če je ne bi bil Milan rešil ob tveganju lastnega življenja. Deklica je počasi vse to umevala. Težka srčna bolečina zaradi izgube lastnih roditeljev se je počasi umikala pred rastočim občutjem velike hvaležnosti do Milana in vseh Pleškotovih, ki so tako nežno skrbeli zanje;

sploh je Dorica našla večjo ljubezen pri teh ljudeh, kakršne je pa bila deležna pri lastnih starših. Vsaj tiste strogosti in ledene groznice ni bilo več.

Pleškovka je Dorico uverila, da bo pojej ona njena mama in Pleško bo njen oče in Milan bo njen brat — in vsi jo bodo radi imeli.

V

Dorica je ozdravela.

Opekline so ji sicer pustile vidne sledove ponekod na telesu, ne pa na glavi in obrazu. Tako je prišel njen veliki dan, prvi v življenju, da je lahko zapustila štiri stene okoli sebe in se sprostila v zunanjem svetu.

Milan je prevzel nalogo, da vpelja Dorico v svet, kar sta mu oče in mati rada dovolila. Saj sta vedela, da je dovolj pameten in zmogen. Načrt Pleškovih je bil, da deklica dobi doma vse tisto osnovno znanje o življenju in svetu, ki ga je zamudila, ko je bila v "ječi" pri svojih starših.

Milan je pa kmalu spoznal, da to ni lahka stvar. Dorica, telesno že docela razvita, je bila miselno še majhno dete. Nič ni vedela o najnavadnejših resnicah, imela pa je polno glavo pravljič o strahovih, škratljih in drugih izmišljotinah, katere so ji skoro uničile zdravo pamet.

Mojstra je bilo treba, da bi bil dekletcu "izkidal" pamet in ji napravil prostor za koristno znanje, ki je potrebno slehernemu omikanemu človeku.

In Milan je pokazal, da je mojster te vrste.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

"BEANS" OR "BEINGS"?

A teacher called for sentences, using the word "Beans."

"My father grows beans," said one bright boy in the class.

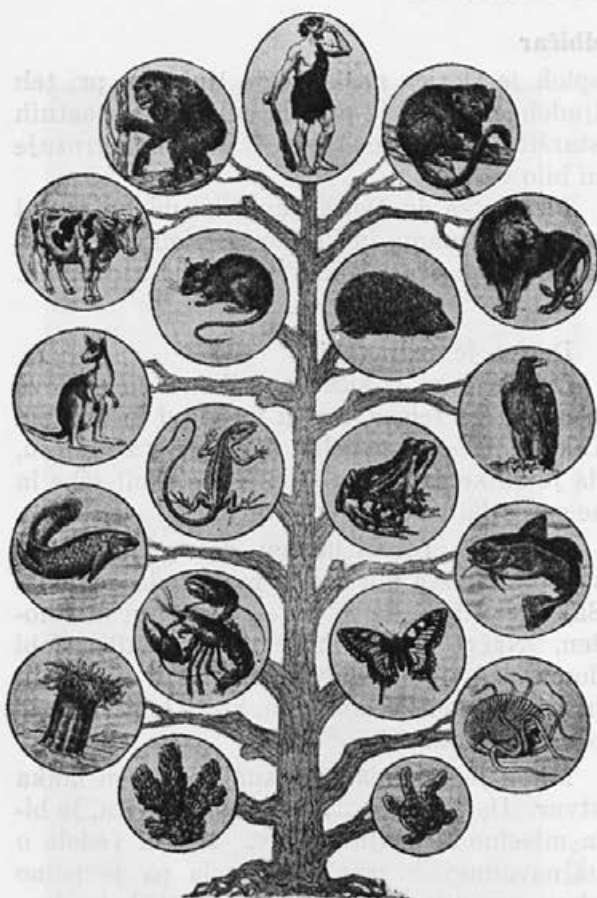
"My mother cooks beans," said another pupil.

Larry piped up:

"We are all human beans."—From "The Furrow."

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.—MARK TWAIN.

OUR SCHOOL



After T. A. Brock

THE TREE OF LIFE

THIS IS OUR THIRD CONTEST LESSON.

Here is a picture after T. A. Brock, called "The Tree of Life." It, too, tells one of Nature's stories.

THIS IS YOUR CONTEST: Write a letter of not more than 200 words telling what idea you get from this picture.

Here are some suggestions: Do not try to get the correct name for each one of these animals; that is not the point of the story.

Direct your study from these angles: Why is this called the "tree" of life? What does the trunk of this tree mean to you? What do the branches signify? Is Man, too, an animal?

What do you think the knots on the tree branches might mean?

How would this show you that Man was not, say, first of all, a kangaroo, then a cow, then a lion, and then some kind of man? And yet are there any respects in which the animals in the top of the picture are alike? Or the animals in the bottom part of the picture?

The place where the branch and the trunk of the tree meet hold a very big clue to this story of Nature.

REMEMBER: these questions are only hints to your problem. You need not pick up each one separately and answer it. But you will need to think about them in order to get some of the story of the picture.

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

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

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

Here Are the Rules:

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



The Solution and Winners of Our First Contest Lesson

(Mladinski List for January, 1938)

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE"

The subject of our first lesson was "The Evolution of the Horse." It intended to show how the present-day horse developed from earlier forms.

Here is an explanation about the prizes: There was a total of 18 cash prizes announced. However, in the age-group up to and including 12 years of age, only 3 correct answers were received. The remaining 6 prizes were added to the higher age group, so that instead of seven members winning \$1.00, there are now thirteen.

Here are some interesting facts about the entries: There were 37 contest letters received. Of these 22 were written by girls and 15 by boys. Will the boys catch up with the girls in the following contests?

This is the way they line up by states: Colorado, 2; Kansas, 1; Michigan, 2; Montana, 1; Ohio, 5; Pennsylvania, 10; Illinois, 6; Indiana, 1; New Mexico, 1; New York, 1; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 3; Wisconsin, 3.

co, 1; New York, 1; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 3; Wisconsin, 3.

This shows that PENNSYLVANIA again was the most active state. What has happened to some of our other large lodges—Cleveland and Chicago, for instance? We noticed that there was not a single entry from our largest English-speaking lodge, the Pioneers, of Chicago.

Of the 37 letters entered, 1 was disqualified because the person was not a member of our Society, and 14 had the wrong interpretation. Most of these 14 explained how the horses represented the growth of the SNPJ. That was a most kindly thought, but these things should have given you a clue: that the drawing was scientifically correct (we had special permission from Mr. Charles R. Knight, of New York, to copy it); that the names given the horses were also scientific names; and that each figure was not only larger than the previous one, but that it also changed in form.

These are the winners:

Up to and including 12 years of age:

First prize, \$3.00: Joseph L. Kren, age 7, 412 Davenport St., Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge 710.

Second prize, \$2.00: Frank Dometrovich, age 12, R. D. 2, McDonald, Pa., Lodge 319.

Third prize, \$1.00: Helen Matko, age 12, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560.

From 13 to 16 years, inclusive:

First prize, \$3.00: Stanley Mrak, age 16, Box 14, Conemaugh, Pa., Lodge 684.

Second prize, \$2.00: Frank Pockay, 14, 442 E. 160 St., Cleveland, O. Lodge 53.

Prizes of \$1.00 each:

Mary Jane Rogel, 16, R. F. D. No. 4, Alliance, Ohio, Lodge 315.

Frank E. Jeniker, Jr., 14, 2303 Cottonwood, Butte, Mont. Lodge 207.

Annie Volk, 14, 1820 Fremont St., Chicago, Ill. Lodge 86.

Boris Bruce, 16, 9807 Ave. "L", Chicago, Ill. Lodge 610.

Henry Wm. Jelovchan, 14, R. R. 3, Box 1526, Girard, Kansas. Lodge 225.

Julia Slavec, 16, Box 153, Louisville, Colo., Lodge 412.

Ernest Derk, 14, Box 692, Forest City, Pa. Lodge 372.

Anna Mestek, 14, 638 N. 9th St., Clinton, Ind. Lodge 50.

Anton Zupan, 15, 417 Woodland Ave., Johnstown, Pa. Lodge 82.
 Bertha Poropat, 16, 9350 Manistee Ave., Chicago, Ill. Lodge 8.
 Milan Pugely, 14, 1409 S. 56th St., West Allis, Wis. Lodge 104.
 Martha Heller, 15, R. D. No. 3, Box 72, Irwin, Pa. Lodge 200.
 Mary Yuvancic, 16, 921 McLaughlin Rd., Bridgeville, Pa. Lodge 295.

These also submitted correct answers, but in one respect or another did not measure up to the letters above: Alice Ueman, Lodge 200, R. D. No. 3, Irwin, Pa.; Joe Mihalic, lodge 131, 1745 W. Division St., Chicago, Ill.; Rose Umek, Lodge 419, Box 102 Harwick Pa. (partly correct); and Marjorie Ru-

zich, Lodge 91, 1500 Pine St., Johnston City, Ill. (partly correct).

Checks have been sent from the Supreme Office to all the winners, and if your name is listed under one of these prizes, and you did not receive your check, let us know immediately.

Winning Letters

FIRST GROUP

First Prize

by JOSEPH L. KREN, age 7

Our first contest lesson tells a story about the horse family.

Many, many years ago, horses looked different. The EOHIPPUS was like a little dog. The MESOHIPPUS was like a baby calf. The HYOHIPPUS was as big as a pony. His hoofs are like the cow's. His tail is like a tassel, and on his neck is just a little mane. The NEOHIPPARION looks very much like the Hyohippus except his tail has more hair at the end. The EQUUS SCOTTI is bigger than the others. He looks like our horses today because his tail has long hairs, and he has hoofs and a mane.

Second Prize

by FRANK DOMITROVICH, age 12

These five figures represent the different kinds of horses as they grew larger and stronger from the time of the EOHIPPUS, which was the first horse to the EQUUS SCOTTI, which is the present-day horse.

The EOHIPPUS was a very small animal. It had only five-clawed toes. As time went on, there came the MESOHIPPUS, HYOHIPPUS, and NEOHIPPARION. As time went on, they developed teeth that could grind the hard, tough grass, as they grazed on the grassy plains. To escape their enemies as they fed on the exposed plains, they had lengthened their limbs and developed hard hoofs so that they could get a quick start. In time, this queer animal became the horse of today, which is the EQUUS SCOTTI. The Eohippus could not be used for any purpose, but as the horses became large and better by their grazing on the plains and by scientific breeding, they were used to work and carry and pull burdens. They are also used to work on farms, in races, and during wars.

SECOND GROUP

First Prize

by STANLEY MRAK, age 16

The pictures form a series showing the descent of the modern horse from smaller, less specialized, three-toed and four-toed forms, ancestral also to the tapirs and rhinoceroses.

The EOHIPPUS is a genus of horses of the Eo-

cene period—which means the earliest dawn of horses. These horses are primitive, very small and are four-toed.

Then came the MESOHIPPUS which is an extinct horselike mammal about the size of a sheep. These horses had only three toes on the front feet with a splint bone representing the fourth, and three toes on the hind feet.

Next we have the HYOHIPPUS. The feet are three-toed, with the middle toe much enlarged and the teeth rather short-crowned.

The fourth stage, or NEOHIPPARION period is a new and more recent type of hippus. The Neohipparion has one large toe and two small toes on each foot.

Now we have the last stage called the EQUUS SCOTTI, which is the peak of the progress of the horse. It has not toes, such as the four previous periods, but hoofs instead.



Second Prize

By FRANK POCKAY, age 14

The idea the illustrations want to bring out is the evolution of the horse since prehistoric times to the present time. EOHIPPUS was the first horse. It was about as big as a dog. His bone structure was different from the present-day horse and he had to run away from his larger enemies so he didn't have much chance to develop and grow bigger. The EOHIPPUS didn't have hoofs but had toes like a dog, but since he had to run from his enemies he acquired the habit of running on his toes. So in the MESOHIPPUS stage his toes had grown together and he is a little bigger. The HYOHIPPUS had grown larger because he didn't have so many natural enemies and didn't have to run so much. The NEOHIPPARION is almost like the present-day horse, but is a little smaller. The EQUUS SCOTTI is the modern-day horse. He was captured by man and used for transportation. He didn't have to hunt for his food and was protected by man so he grew larger and stronger. These changes took millions of years. (Of course, a scientist might find some things to dispute in Frank's letter, such as the reason for the growth of hoofs from the individual toes being caused somewhat by the kind of earth he had underfoot, also. But the letter shows that the REASON for the changes was questioned and so shows original thought.—Ed.)

The Nutcracker



Four Matches Make A 
How many more
matches are needed
to make another square?
Nearly every one will say
"Four More"

Is this
Correct?

WHAT CITIES ARE SOME- TIMES CALLED

1. The Monumental City?
2. The American Mecca?
3. The City of the Seven Hills?
4. The Sixth City?
5. The Twin Cities?

6. The Gateway of the South-west?
7. The City of the Little Squares?
8. The City That Never Grows Young?
9. Belfast in America?
10. William Penn's Town?
11. Steel's Great Capital?

(Answers on Inside Back Cover)


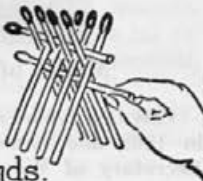
Josephine Kozlevchar, Brownsville, Pa., sends these riddles:
A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes and never a nose.
Potato

Riddle me, riddle me, what is that
Over the head and under the hat?
Hair

Anna Marie Stimack, R. 1, East Brady, Pa., sends the following joke:

"The little boy was greatly elated when informed by his mother that the liveliness of her hair was caused by electricity.

"Oh, my!" he exclaimed. 'Ain't we a wonderful family! Mama has electricity on her head, and grandma has gas on her stomach.'"

Pick up ten matches
by only touching one.
Place the matches
in this
manner:

Try
this trick
on your friends.


The Little Gardener



"March 21—Spring" says the calendar, and every lover of the outdoors will begin to look for signs of it. In the warmer sections, green things will be looking up from the black soil, and all of us will be listening for the first bird notes.

Lawns. You should see that big brother gives at least one

rolling to the ground while it is still soft and wet.

You should search for moss, plant lice, and insect cocoons. Moss on the lawn indicates that the soil is not as rich as it should be. This should be removed and good plant food placed in the soil. The insect cocoons should be destroyed before they hatch. If you find any caterpillar nests close to the twigs of trees, they should be burned. For plant lice, a spray should be used.

Flowers. Plant lily bulbs by the end of March. Plant sweet peas as early as possible. You should buy good seeds and soak them before planting. Then dig trenches 18 inches deep as soon as the weather permits, sow the seeds and cover them lightly. Rake in the dirt about the plants as they grow. For other flowers (annuals) watch the directions on the seed package for the best time to

plant. Annuals are those flowers that bloom for one year only and then have to be replanted.

Uncover the bulbs during this month.

Birdhouses

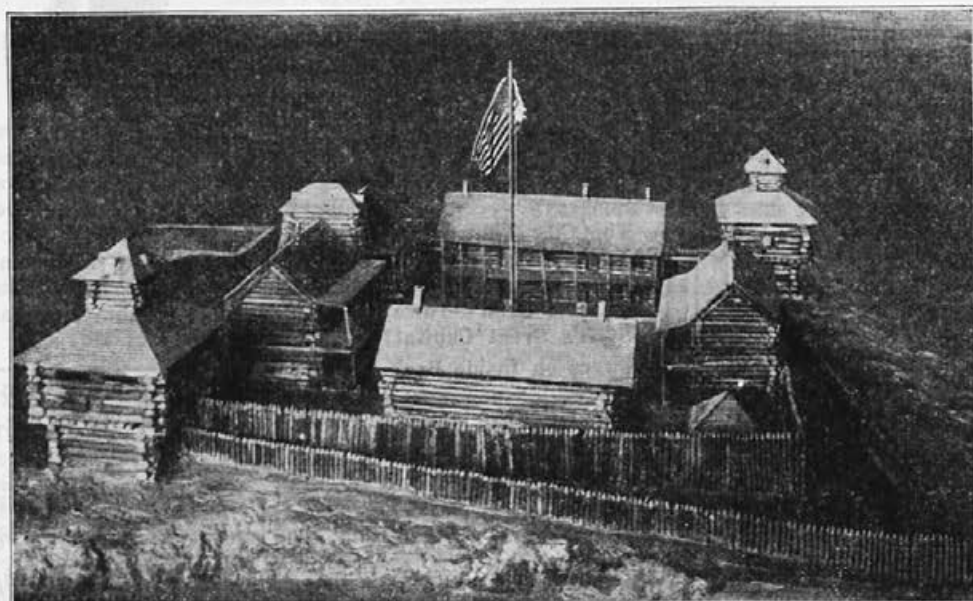
Perhaps you are interested in building birdhouses. Here are some of the things you can put to good use in making unique houses: a coconut shell, a wooden candy bucket, a tin can, and a flower pot.

Have the house all ready before the birds arrive. If you have painted it, it would be well to put it in place even a few weeks or months before the birds are to arrive.

Do not place any nesting materials into the house. The birds will do that themselves. Try to place it so that cleaning will not be a difficult problem.

See that the entrance to the house is away from the winds.

The Beginning of Chicago



Model of Old Fort Dearborn

By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society,
Clark and North Ave.

This is a model of old Fort Dearborn. It was built in 1803 and named after General Dearborn, then Secretary of War. For about 9 years the Indians were friendly. Then one day in April, 1812, after war had been declared with Great Britain, a band of Winnebagos, who had been friendly, changed their attitude. They murdered two settlers who were farming outside of the stockade. In August, the Governor of Michigan Territory, ordered that the

fort be evacuated, because he feared for the safety of those who were within it.

On the morning of August 15, the garrison marched out. There were men, women, and children, and only about 50 soldiers. As they were marching southward along the lake shore they were attacked. When the hand-to-hand fighting was over, 26 soldiers, 12 civilians, 2 women and 12 children were dead. The next day the fort was looted; then burned.

Messenger of Spring



I am the **Bluebird**. I am the real messenger of Spring. I come North early in March. My mate follows me shortly afterwards.

I am a rich dark blue on the upperparts and a rich cinnamon-rufous on the throat or breast. The colors of my mate are not so bright. But baby Bluebirds, less than a year old, are duller still.

I belong to the same family as the Robin. This is the Thrush family. It may seem

strange to you, but just give a second look and you will see how much like the Robin I am. I am like him in the bill, the wings, and the feet. This shows that in spite of our different colors we all have a common ancestor.

The Hawks and Screech Owls are our worst enemies. That is why we travel in company with the Robins. Our other enemies are cats and flying squirrels.

If you want to be kind to us and make us an ideal home, you can place a long round box on a pipe in the garden. This way the cats and the squirrels will have a harder time getting to our nests.

I am the Bluebird. If you will look for me, I will bring you much cheer.

OUR PEN PALS WRITE

Naši čitateljski pišejo



DEAR READERS:—This must have been our banner month for letters. Altogether there were 62 letters sent in, so you will understand why we had to take only the most important parts. Otherwise we would have had to print a supplement to the M. L.

Of these 62 letters, 38 were sent in by the girls, and 24 by the boys. Here again the girls lead, but it must be said that the boys have made a better showing than at any previous time.

PENNSYLVANIA leads all the states in the number of letters. Here is the way they line up: Canada, 1; Colorado, 1; Illinois, 3; Kansas, 1; Michigan, 2; Minnesota, 5; Missouri, 1; Montana, 1; Ohio,

11; Pennsylvania, 26; Washington, 1; Wisconsin, 2; West Virginia, 6; Wyoming, 1.

A SUGGESTION: From now on, instead of repeating the same thing over and over, let's try to make our letters really contain some ideas. Here are three things you might do: 1. Tell in your letter what features appeal to you the most in the revised M. L. (you have 3 issues now), or whether most of it is written too simply or too difficult, or what suggestions you have for other interesting features. 2. Write a letter on a definite subject like "War" or "Peace". 3. Write what your locality or lodge is doing to promote the SNPJ Juvenile campaign, or what you have done to make the M. L. more popular.

If you follow these suggestions, you will see how much more interesting your letter will be, and we won't have to cut out so much of it.—EDITOR.

FIRST LETTERS

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and in the 7A Oakdale School. I have been a member of the SNPJ since I was a baby, and our whole family belongs.

These are the things I like to do: listen to my brother Edward play the ocarina, listen to the Slovene hour on the radio, and go sled-riding. These are the things I don't like to do: wash dishes and sweep up the floor.—**Louis Skubic, Jr., 264 Van Buren Ave., Barberton, O.**

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and in the eighth grade. I have 4 teachers altogether. There are five in our family, and three belong to the S.N.P.J. I think our 1938 magazine is wonderful.—**Dollie Vidas, Box 52, West Winfield, Pa.**

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in grade 6A. Our teacher, Mr. Brooks, lives in Niles, O., where one of our presidents, William McKinley, was born. So Mr. Brooks tells us much about President McKinley.

There are 5 of us in the family, and we all belong to SNPJ, lodge 49.—I would like to see more letters from Pennsylvania; from some of my cousins.

We have the most fun when the M. L. comes. Our Daddy

reads us the Slovene parts and we read the English. I have never missed a month without reading our dear little magazine.—**Louise Racick, 220 Churchill Rd., Girard, Ohio.**

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and a freshman in the Round-up High School.—There are 5 in our family, all of whom belong to the English-speaking lodge No. 700.

On Christmas Eve the lodge held its eighth anniversary dance. It was a huge success. The hall was decorated in Christmas colors, and the "Red Jackets" played. My goal is like that of **Mary Grill's**—a letter from every state in the union.—**Sylvia Raunika, Box 486, Roundup, Mont.**

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and in the eighth grade. I have four teachers, all of whom are very good.—I would like to receive a letter from **Mary Jugg**; I enjoy her stories and poems.—**Mary Kersul, Box 131, West Winfield, Pa.**

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I belong to lodge 476. Now I will tell you about our trip to Aliquippa, Pa. We went by bus. I remember Beaver Falls being very hilly and smoky. At Aliquippa

we called Mr. and Mrs. Antonic. Then Mrs. Zakrajšek came for us. That evening we went to Imperial, Pa., to a Slovenian dance.

West Aliquippa is quite smoky, but I like New Sheffield. On the way home, we had to come by train, because there was a bus strike going on then.—**Helen Mihovec, R.F.D. 1, Salem, O.**

Dear Editor:—I am 16 years of age and have been a member of the Society for almost 15 years. I am sophomore in the Springdale Senior High School, where I am taking an academic course. I live on a farm and can do almost everything from feeding pigs to milking cows. I like the fall of the year the best of all, for then the grain, apples, and corn are ripe. Then comes picking apples by hand so as not to bruise them, cutting and threshing wheat, oats, rye, and barley, and husking corn which is the hardest job of all. We have every variety of animals on our farm.—A proud member and a true farmerette, **Rose Umek, Box 102, Harwick, Pa.**

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the 6A grade. In December, we put on a play to get money for buying more books. We cleared a hundred dollars. We have 2,760 books in our elementary library and will buy

about 100 more with the money.—We have about 600 pupils in our elementary school, and there are about 400 in the Junior High.—Why does no one from Fairmont write to the M. L.? Let's show them that we can write, too.—**John Prelec, Jr.**, 521 Penna Ave., Fairmont, W. Va.

*

Dear Editor:—I am 7 years old and go to grade 2B in Central School. I was born in Kane, Pa., and liked to live there, but we moved to Barberton when my father got work here. There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ.—My brother Johnnie and I read all of the M. L. and we can hardly wait until the next one comes.—**Amelia Maljevec**, 398 Van St., Barberton, O.

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Dear Editor:—I am 10 years old and in grade 6A. I am learning to speak Slovene. We have many friends in Chicago, but there are not many Slovenes around here. So won't someone of my age write to me?—**Verona Kaucic**, Box 127, Crivitz, Wis.

*

Dear Editor:—I am 16 years old and a student of the Eveleth Senior High School. My brother Louis and I both belong to lodge 69 of the SNPJ. My dad has been secretary for the past 20 years.—It has been fun in Eveleth this winter. Every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon there is public skating, and young and old alike have fun.—On Sundays there is a Slovenian radio hour from 12 to 1:00 o'clock over stations WHLB, Virginia, and WMFG, Hibbing. I'm sure that if other boys and girls listen to this program, they will find it interesting.—**Frances Lessar**, 407 Garfield St., Eveleth, Minn.

*

Dear Editor:—I am writing again, because I have quite a few pen pals and I don't want them to get ahead of me. I think **Dorothy Prelec** writes wonderful letters. I enjoy reading the M. L. It surely is interesting, especially the January issue. I go to Nanticoke High School, where I am a freshman. I will be 14 years old on April 22. As I go to school in the afternoon, I have plenty

of time for outdoor sports. I am taking the classical course in school.—The mines here are working very poorly—an average of four to five days in two weeks. There are many coal mines in this district.—All the five members in our family belong to the S.N.P.J.—**Gerald C. Zaloznik**, 133 Espy Street, Nanticoke, Pa.

*

A Letter from Canada

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am 12 years old. There are 6 members of the SNPJ in our family. My two older brothers and sister all go to High School.—I live in the city of Toronto. There is much snow here and the weather is quite cold, so I go skating and sleigh-riding.—My New Year's Resolution was to write to the M. L. every month. By brother **Frank** wrote last year, and he is still receiving letters from his pen pals. I hope to receive as many letters as he did.—**Sylvia Nahtigal**, 33 Heintzman St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

*

Dear Editor:—I am a freshman in the German Twp. High School, and I have six teachers. There are eight members in our family, all belonging to the SNPJ. As I write this letter (Jan. 3), we haven't had much snow yet.—I like to read the M. L. very much.—**Mary Yuric**, (Lodge 306) Box 284, Edenborn, Pa.

*

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years of age and in the eighth grade. There are ten members in our family and all members of SNPJ Lodge 306. I will try to get more of my friends to write to the M. L. So far there is only one, **Mary Yuric**, one of my friends. Best regards!—**Mary Horvat**, Box 306, Edenborn, Pa.

*

From Colorado

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is the month of my birthday. I will be seventeen years old.—I have seven sisters and three brothers. We enjoyed ourselves greatly during the Christmas holidays when the whole family was together.—My sister, **Pauline**, has seven pen pals, and quite unfortunately she lost two of the letters—cue from Gowanda and

the other from Pennsylvania. Will the senders of these please write to her again?

The mine here has been working from 2 to 4 days a week.—As far as winter sports are concerned, we have hardly enough snow to participate much.—**Margaret Penko**, Box 164, Somerset, Colo.

*

Johnnie and Mackie Grill, Box 32, R. 2, Hall, W. Va., both write to tell they had a good time during the holidays. Johnnie is 11 years old and Mackie is seven.

Julia Mikolich, RFD 2, Boswell, Pa., writes that she is 11 years old, and that there are 12 in her family and 9 of them belong to the SNPJ Lodge 310. She would like to see more letters in the M. L.

Rosemarie Panyan, Box 339, Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn., says she is 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Everyone in her family belongs to the SNPJ. She wishes other members would write to her.

*

MOST INTERESTING REPORTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

Josephine Kozlevchar, Brownsville, Pa., sends in a poem for Valentine's Day, but unfortunately it is too late for the Feb. issue. She says, "I liked the new M. L. very much. I think it is a good idea to place some of the English and Slovene letters, stories, poems, etc., in different parts of the magazine. It makes you want to read the Slovene. I hope 'Stric Joško' writes more stories. I think the 'Slovenia Cooking Club' is pretty good, too.—Work in these parts has not been so good."

*

Dorothy Fink, (Lodge 200) Wendel, Pa., Box 1, says this about the new M. L.: "I think the outside cover was attractively arranged. The design is most appropriate for the celebration of the Silver Jubilee. Furthermore, the contents offer us a wider range of choice, of education in the many different fields: (historical, scientific, Slovene, etc.) It is truly a revised edition!" She is a junior in the Norwin High School, but is taking Senior com-

mercial work. She writes about her Senior Commercial Club and says "hello" to all her pen pals "in these U. S." She closes with "Boost your M. L."

Josephine Vidmar, 2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., is only 9 years old and she is learning Slovene and taking violin lessons! She wishes the members from Milwaukee would wake up and write.

UREDNIK PIŠE

Dragi urednik!—Po dolgem času se zopet oglasim. Nisem bil nemaren, pač pa sem bil zelo zaposlen. Tudi jaz sem bil urednik našega šolskega lista "Junior Spirit", ki je izšel na 36 straneh in jaz sem zelo ponosen, kajti to je moje zadnje leto v Junior High. Zraven sem tudi član dramatičnega kluba.—Tukaj v Scrantonu nimamo nič snega in zimo imamo povoljno.—Imel sem dobre božične praznike in upam, da so tudi drugi. Želim vsem srečno novo leto, kakor tudi vam, brat urednik.—Felix Vogrin, 2419 N. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa.

M. L. SE JI DOPADE

Dragi urednik!—Staro leto je šlo v pozabnost, želim pa, da bi novo leto prineslo vsem mnogo dobrega. Naš Mladinski list ste pa res dobro prenovili; veliko se trudite, da bi nam ustregli. Mi pa se tudi hočemo potruditi s čitanjem, dopisovanjem in pridobivanjem novih članov za mladinski oddelek.—Naše društvo št. 683 SNPJ nas je tudi dobro obdarovalo za božič; 43 mladinskih članov nas je in vsi smo dobili vsak svoj "pekič". Prav lepa hvala vsem odraslim članom! Kadar mi odrastemo in prevzamemo društvo in jednoto, vam bomo že povrnili ne samo z božičnimi darili, temveč še s čim drugim. Pozdrav uredniku in vsem čitateljem.—Mary Potisek, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

M. L. JE NESLA V ŠOLO

Dragi urednik!—Dne 9. januarja je bil moj rojstni dan, ki sem ga praznovala v veseli družbi svojih prijateljev. Kako beži čas! Še nedavno sem bila majhna deklica, zdaj sem pa skoraj že od-

raslo dekle. Moramo se malo pobrigati, da nam mladost ne odbeži brez dobička.—Zanimam se za napredek in zelo rada čitam Mladinski list in Prosveto. Enkrat sem nesla M. L. v šolo svoji učiteljici Mrs. Haukins, ona pa ga je dala čitat drugim učiteljicam. Sedaj ji ga moram vedno nositi, ker je rekla, da je zelo zanimiv in da je lepo za slovensko mladino, ki ima tako napredno organizacijo.—Moja želja je, da gre vse članstvo mladinskega oddelka na delo za nove člane, da bo SNPJ še bolj narasla. Tudi jaz se bom potrudila kolikor bo mogoče. Članica sem društva 107. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem.—Violet Vogrin, 19515 Kildeer Ave., Cleveland, O.

MORE INTERESTING BITS

Edward Vatovec, 9719 Prince Ave., Cleveland, O., is only 9 years old, and he wrote 3 full pages in a most neat and good handwriting! He described all his Christmas holidays, what he received for presents, and also about his brother. He was also interested in the different shows the downtown stores put on. Sometimes when space permits, we shall print every word of Edward's letters, because we are sure it would make the rest of you younger M. L. "family" want to write, too.

Justina C. Lovsin, Bentleyville, Pa., says there are only 4 Slovene families in Bentleyville, but there are 44 adult members and 35 juveniles in the lodge!

She says, "The play about Christmas Eve by Louis Jartz was very good.—I received many cards from my pen pals and want to thank them all.—The mines here are working only once or twice a week. The water system that the PWA is putting through our town is helping some of the men to get jobs. There are so many who are out of work."

And if some of the rest of you knew what a beautiful handwriting Justina has, we are quite sure she would have more pen pals.

Margaret Drobniak, (Lodge 130), 516½ Adams Ave., Eveleth, Minn., says, "I wonder why Frances Zelnik and Anne Setina never write, also Stanley Premro.—

Thanks to lodges 69, 130, and 650 for the candy they gave to us juveniles for Christmas, and especially thanks to Mrs. Zadnikar." She says the lodge affairs in their hall are always well attended.

Kahtryn Stucin, Box 47, Windsor Heights, W. Va., 12 years old, writes all about the SNPJ Christmas party of lodge 407. She had a lot of amusement with "Santa" and his helper. She is asking for pen pals, too.

Genevieve Tanzely, R. D. 2, Windber, Pa., announces a dance at the Slovene Hall, Krayn, Pa., on Feb. 26. We hope this issue will come in time for that announcement. She says her father is lodge secretary for this year and that she likes the new M. L.

Kratko pa dobro

Dragi urednik!—Želim obilo sreče vsem bralcem in bralkam Mladinskega lista v tem letu. Santa Claus nam je zadnjič veliko prizanesel. Rad bi popisal vse tisto, kar je prinesel, pa preveč vzame prostora. (Meni je med drugimi prinesel tudi palico, ki včasih "nuca"!)—Joe Rott, 18815 Chicasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

Vsi v kontest!

Dragi urednik!—Spet bom nekaj napisala po slovensko za M. L. Miklavž in božič sta spet odšla v pokoj za eno leto. Stari Miklavž je bil letos spet darežljiv. Upam, da bo prihodnjič še bolj. Zelo mu bom hvaležna.—Moji sestri Anna in Ella in jaz se naši stari mami lepo zahvalimo, ker nam je za božičnico nekaj daril poslala. Želim ji še dolgo življenja, čeprav je že 70 let stara.—Mladinski list nam jako ugaja. Vsega sem prečitala. Apeliram na starše, ki nimajo svojih otročičev pri SNPJ, naj jih takoj vpišejo, da bodo tudi njih dečki in deklice čitale M. L., iz katerega se otroci naučimo toliko dobrega. SNPJ je dobra mati vsem onim otrokom, katerim oče ali mati zbolita ali umre; jednota vsem pomaga ob boleznih in smrti. Torej vpišite se še danes, ker jutri je lahko že prepozno.—Dečki in deklice, na noge, vsi v kontest! Morda bomo tudi iz Broughtona

deležni kakšne nagrade. Urednik je zapisal, da trije dolarčki niso mačkine solze. Jaz tudi tako pravim, torej na delo! Pozdrav vsem.—Annie Grobin, Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

Predbožični odmevi

Dragi urednik!—To pišem ob koncu starega leta. Še nisem pozabil, kako lepo nas je naše društvo SNPJ "potritalo" na Miklavžev dan z darili. Hvala lepa sestram Zobec, Praznik in Nosan, ki so nam tako dobro postregle. Lepo je, da društva SNPJ tako poskrbijo za svojo mladino. Želim vsem čitateljem M. L. obilo uspeha in sreče v letu 1938.—Louis Everett Perkovich, 304 E. Oak St., Chisholm, Minn.

Joe Auble, Box 173, Maynard, O., writes that he was expecting a bicycle for his birthday, Feb. 18, and that he would use it to sell papers.—He and 9 other boys built a boat. They made it 7 feet long, 2 feet wide, and sides 1½ feet high.—He also tells about a serious injury to a girl in their town who went sled-riding.

Betty Zimbo, Box 5, Elkol, Wyoming, writes that as Elkol is only a small coal camp, they go to school in Kemmerer. She says, "If people from the East could only visit here, they would find the answer to their western dreams. The old Oregon Trail passes above the camp at a place called 'Skully Point.' There are many other interesting places which I will describe in other letters." (We hope she does.—Ed.)

Mildred Ann Panyan, Box 339, Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn., is 15 years old and in a Junior High School. Mildred writes, "My sister and I have a pet cat called 'Tabby.' She is just like a monkey except that she has 7 toes instead of 5. She is very playful.—Even if Buhl is a small village, we have a wonderful school. People from all over praise it."

Virginia Marguerite Grill, Hall, W. Va., replied to the January M. L., and wrote about all the presents she got for Christmas. It is her second letter.

Michael Mrkonjic, 1017 Lysle Ave., McKeesport, Pa., is in the eighth grade. His father is a member of our Society. He wishes that others from McKeesport would write, and says he will write more the next time.

John Rednak, 1719 Poplar Way, N. Braddock, Pa., is 11 years old. He is in the seventh grade. He says he speaks Slovene, although he cannot write the language. He also reports that there are many people laid off in their community.

Praise for the M. L.

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, but not the last. Before, I considered the Mladinski List as a small book mostly for the older folks. But now, the revised edition has prompted me to send in a letter praising it.

The contests which you sponsor are very good and educational. The latest one beginning in the 1938 January issue is the best so far, and I am sending in my solution for your consideration.—Stanley Mrak, Box 14, Cone-maugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I will try to write every month now since I saw the great improvement in the M. L. I and the whole family enjoy it. I am 13 years old and a freshman in High School. I wish more members would write to me, and perhaps I can persuade my twin sister to write to the M. L., too.—Albert Zvanut (Lodge 107), 2909 Texas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Other first letters

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and a freshman A in the Waukegan Township High School. I have 4 sisters and 1 brother. I live near a park where all the boys and girls go skating in the winter. In our school there are at least 2500 students. I would like to get letters from members in different states.—Eva Simcic, 618 Sunderlin St., Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor:—I am a steady reader of the M. L. and would like to make more new friends through it. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I like all

kinds of sports, and my ambition is to be an aviator.—I would like to have some pen pals and will exchange snapshots with anyone who writes.—Joseph Chavka, 508 Ohio Ave., Midland, Pa. (And Joseph writes very excellent letters, M. L. readers. Ed.)

Mildred Canker, 5126 Keystone St., Pittsburgh, Pa., hopes that she will be promoted to the 5A grade. Since last letter she has heard from Windber, Pa., and Somerset, Colo. She hopes more boys and girls write to her.

Two Letters from Springfield

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and a member of Feitshans High School. My favorite subject is General Science.—As I am writing this, in the latter part of January, we are having a severe cold wave that followed a blizzard.—John Darovec, 1122 E. Pine St., Springfield, Ill.

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to our beloved magazine. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. The M. L. has been changed, and I like it very much. And now there is something new—the contests! I decided to try also.—Helen Matko, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I wish other juveniles from Springfield would write to the M. L. Then they would know the satisfaction of having a letter published in our wonderful magazine. The Slovene Home and Socialist Club gave a New Year's dance which was a great success. John Gorsek and his brother were the musicians.

On Jan. 22 I witnessed my first Girl Reserve Club convention, held in Decatur, Ill. We made the trip by bus, and among other things we visited Millikan University, at Decatur. We were shown the big, beautiful library they have, the music hall where many students were practicing, and lastly Adams Hall, where the girls from the University entertained us.

During the first term of my being a freshman I made the honor roll every time. I am still

trying to make the superior honor roll.

In the February M. L. I read about the "West Virginia SNPJs", and I wish to congratulate them for being so successful in organizing such a wonderful club. —My brother Joe, who is away at college, spent the Christmas holidays with us, and we enjoyed them very much. —Mildred Ovca, 1841 S. 15th St., Springfield, Ill.

A REAL JUVENILE CAMPAIGN

Dear Editor and Readers:—For the juvenile campaign now in progress, our lodge has organized a juvenile singing society for juveniles between the ages of 10 to 15. An instructor will come from Cleveland, O., to teach them the many beautiful Slovene songs. They will meet in the "Slovenski Dom" once a week. Then they expect to go on the radio and travel to different towns. The adults will hold dances and a banquet to help this singing group, and we expect a great deal from them!—We are having quite a bit of snow and enjoy this kind of weather because there are many hills where we can go bobsledding. My two younger brothers built a bob-sled of hardwood. Boys and girls alike pile upon it and ride the big bobs all night. Besides that, we have many fine shows with good stage acts.—Hoping for more pen pals, as I will answer all letters promptly, I remain "A Flame of the SNPJ Torch."—John Ujcich, (17), 5410 Carnegie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

From Kansas

Dear Editor:—I was much surprised to see Dorothy Dobrauz's letter from Chicago. She is my cousin. I hope cousins Victoria and Johnnie would write to this wonderful magazine.—Not long ago we heard Don Gutteridge, of the St. Louis Cardinals, give a talk. It was interesting for those who like sports.—On Feb. 26, lodge 225 held a masquerade at Casa Vecchia hall. I wish someone from lodge 225 would write to the M. L., and I'm also hoping for more pen pals.—Henry Wm. Jelovchan, R. 3, Box 1526, Girard, Kans. (We investigated the club

you wrote about last month and could find nothing objectionable to it as far as we know. 'Ed.)

Dear Editor:—We have been having a wonderful time sled-riding in the heavy snow which fell during the past two weeks. (Last of Jan.) We have a street that is roped off by the city police. The ride is almost a quarter of a mile long. We have our fun on the sled that my brother and I built.—We are going to join a new juvenile singing society which our parents are organizing for us. I hope to hear from Dot Prele, of W. Va., again.—Rudy Ujcich, 5410 Carnegie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and attending the Clifford B. Connolly Trade School in Pittsburgh. I am taking up machine shop. My chief hobbies are collecting airplane pictures and stamps. I also like art.—The new M. L. is much better than the old form and I am saving my issues. I would appreciate hearing from some of the members and I will try to answer as soon as possible. A proud member, Anthony Tom-sich, 5405 Celadine St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (We would be glad to see some samples of your art work, Anthony. Ed.)

Ethel Switko, R. 2, Box 36, East Brady, Pa., writes that she is 11 years old and in the fourth grade. She says working conditions in their parts are bad and that her father has been sick for 2 months. She would like to hear from other M. L. readers.

"Fellow members and stamp collectors . . ."

Dear Editor:—I am 15 years old and a freshman in High School. I have been selling papers for 4 years at the Addressograph Multigraph Corp., which is near my home. It has been said to be the most modern factory in the U. S. I will send an airplane picture of it to the first 5 members writing to me.—I and my brother are stamp collectors; we have over 2,000 stamps. We have stamps from many foreign countries and also many duplicates

that we would be glad to exchange with some other members. So fellow members and stamp collectors, don't forget to write to me.—Louis A. Janecic, 977 East 239 St., Euclid, O.

Mildred Babich, 3330 Lawley Ave., Detroit, Mich., also writes that there is another depression for the workers in Detroit. In their singing club they are getting ready to present an operetta. She, too, would like to receive some letters.

Margaret Vukovich, 1320 Mississippi Ave., Flint, Mich., says she is 10 years old and in the 5th grade. She reads the M. L. every time and enjoys it.

Anna Marie Stimack, R. 1, Box 161, East Brady, Pa., is asking what happened to Rose Sinkovich. She says she is eager for many letters and will answer all she gets.

Bernidine Mirt, Box 83, Willock, Pa., says she is in the sixth grade and proud of the town where she lives.

Frank Kosem, Box 106, Elm Grove, W. Va., says he is 9 years old and in the 4th grade. He plays an accordion. His mother is secretary of lodge No. 425 and his father is vice-president.

Frances Glogovsek, Box 188, Blaine, O., writes that she is 13 years of age and reads the M. L. every month. All their family belongs to the SNPJ. She also entered the contest.

Je že tako!

Cenjeni urednik!—Pošljim vam to deklaracijo, ki je primerna za današnji čas. Obenem pozdravljam vse člane mladinskega oddelka SNPJ in želim, da bi imela sedanja kampanja za naš mladinski oddelek obilo uspeha. Deklaracija se imenuje "Je že tako" in se glasi:

smešni so otroci,
smešni so očaki,
smešni bogatini,
smešni siromaki.
Prvi blebetajo,
drugi klepetajo,

tretji se koračijo.
zadnji pa beračijo.
To blebetanje,
to klepetanje,
to koračenje,
to beračenje —
naše je življenje!
Vsi se potimo,
glavo si belimo,
se borimo,
se jezimo —
kričimo,
skrbimo,
za srečo hitimo,
sreča pa drvi,
redki jo vlovijo.

Le tisti je srečen,
ki mirno živi,
ki si ne dela
praznih skrbi,
zapali si pipo tobaka,
veselo po cesti koraka.
Mar mu ni nič,
Zapojte ko ptič!

FRANKY CELIN, 175705
Saranac Rd., Cleveland, O.

*

Pozdravlja Angelco

Cenjeni urednik!—To so moje
prve vrstice za Mladinski list, od-
kar izhaja. Star sem devet let in

hodim v četrti razred. Tudi jaz
sem član SNPJ in vsa naša družina,
sedem nas je. Moja sestra
Hellen, stara 20 let, je lani umrla
za pljučnico. Mladinski list zelo
rad prebiram, posebno ker se An-
gelca Grobin večkrat oglasi v
njem. Želim, da bi debel sneg za-
padel, da bi Angelco spet malo
popeljal na saneh. Nič zato, An-
gelca, če si hlačke malo raztrgaš
pri sankanju. Bova se že "pogli-
hala", ko odrasteva . . . Lep po-
zdrav Angelci in ostalim čitate-
ljem.—Robert Fajdiga, Box 98,
Broughton, Pa.

Nifty and His Friends

By Mary Jugg



I am Nifty—a much wiser dog. I
am wiser than I was last month. And
I am wiser than I was last week. If
you promise to excuse my blunder, I
will tell you what happened. Then you
will be wiser, too.

Joanna, my little mistress, and Spotty
the cat, and Tweets the bird, and Crun-
chy the squirrel, and I were all together

beneath the walnut tree in our back
yard.

Joanna was feeding nuts to Crunchy.
Then Tweets flew about Joanna's head
and made such a commotion that Joan-
na gave him some nuts, too. Then Spot-
ty meowed so tearfully that Joanna ran
right into the house and brought out a
saucer of milk. I wagged my tail and
tried to speak. But I just couldn't. I
felt ever so bad. I thought that no one
cared for me—at least not enough to
offer me a little bite of something.

All of a sudden a queer notion struck
Spotty's head. I thought it was rather
silly. He ran over to the walnut tree,
paused for a bit—like a show-off, I
thought—and then ran up the tree as
if he was being chased all the way. He
rested on one of the limbs and looked
down upon us.

"O-oh! Isn't that cute?" exclaimed
Joanna, and she clapped her hands and
jumped up and down like a little me-
chanical doll.

Crunchy was not to be outdone. So she hopped along and started up the tree until she had reached a limb even higher up.

"My! My! What a climbing family we have!" boasted Joanna.

"Meow! Meow!" said Spotty. "Come up here with us!" But Joanna remembered her new dress and how she might tear it, so she decided not to climb.

At that very moment, Tweets made a terrific fluttering noise with his wings.

"Chirp! Chirp!" he said. "I can fly higher than any of you. Just watch me!"

And he did fly to the very highest branch of the walnut tree and sat there looking like the hero of the whole group—even though he was the smallest.

By this time I was beginning to feel very sad, indeed. My ears fell, and I started towards the house. It was the wrong thing to do. They all noticed my distress.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Joanna. "Nifty is the only one who can't fly nor climb!"

"Chirp! Chirp!" sang Tweets. "Nifty can't fly!"

"Meow! Meow!" echoed Spotty. "Nifty can't climb!"

"Eek! Eek!" squeaked Crunchy. "Nifty can't climb!"

That was the second offense that day, and it "was the straw that broke the camel's back." First, I had been slighted when they seemed to ignore me with their morsels. And now this chagrin.

I made up my mind! I was going to run away! Then they'd be sorry! They

would think back on all the mean things they had ever done to me and regret them. O! How they would like to apologize. But I would be gone. Never, never again would they see me. I could see Joanna crying and Tweets and Spotty and Crunchy trying to console her.

So when Joanna turned her attention to her friends up in the tree, I made my way around the house and out on the walk. Very carefully I went. They must not see me!—Soon I was upon the main highway.

I did not know what this highway led to, for I had never walked very far upon it. That interested me for awhile and helped to keep my mind away from the friends I was leaving behind.

I walked and walked. At times I ran a little. It occurred to me that my friends would become very worried about me. So I looked back. But no! no one was out on the highway at the place where I thought our home must be. No one was waving to me—asking me to come back!

This surprised me a little. I began to walk slower. Now I was almost hoping someone would follow me. Perhaps Joanna's father would get the car, and all of them would come in it and catch up with me.

I scanned every car. There was no one I knew. Somehow, I wasn't so happy about my running away any longer.

I came to a place in this highway where there was a side road. I turned upon this. It was bounded by beautiful big trees. Must be some deserted road that had once been traveled, I thought. I was tired. I sat down under one of the trees. I looked about me and lis-

tened. This was so far away from the rest of the world . . . I lay down.

For the first time I thought I could hear all the voices of insects and birds and animals of the field. It was their holiday! They were all cheerful and happy that no one was disturbing their dwelling place. Away, 'way off was a kind of rumbling noise. And that came from the place I had run away from.

My heart grew softer. Somehow I couldn't feel angry at Joanna and Tweets and Spotty and Crunchy. And I was getting hungry o! so hungry. The sun seemed to be setting. I wondered what time it was. Perhaps the family was eating the evening meal . . .

"Woof! Woof!" I said, and jumped up so quickly that I startled all the birds in the treetops. I bounded to my feet and decided that I would run home as fast as I could. I couldn't think of being a runaway in this strange place during the night. And, anyway, I didn't want to torture my friends any more. I knew how hard it is to grieve . . .

When I reached home, Joanna was playing in the swing. I stopped to look at her for a while. I wanted to see if she were looking about anxiously. But she just kept on humming a tune as if nothing at all were wrong.

I came nearer. Still there was no sign that Joanna was looking for me.

"Bow! Wow!" I said, coming right up to her.

"Nifty," said Joanna, not at all surprised. Then after a moment, she added, "What do you want?"

I just sat and stared. It was unbelievable! That I should be gone so long and Joanna not even miss me?! No, I

said to myself, she's just trying to pretend she wasn't worried about me.

After a while she said, "Oh, I know what you're after! You haven't had your supper yet!"

My face fell, but evidently Joanna didn't see it. She was running towards the house and calling, "Mother, Mother! We've forgotten Nifty's supper!"

"What?" I heard her mother call.

"Nifty's supper," she repeated.

Joseph Haydn

This is the birthday of FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN—one of the great music masters of the world.

He is sometimes called "The Merry Little Peasant," because his parents were peasants. His home was a one-story farmhouse.

He was born on MARCH 31, 1732, in the little Austrian village of Rohrau.

It will be interesting to you to know that in those days music was not for the great number of people. Only the very wealthy and the nobles and princes were privileged to hear good music. Wouldn't some of the people of that day be surprised if they could know that nowadays, by means of radio, anyone can hear the very finest symphony orchestras, operas, and classical music of all descriptions?

So it was that Haydn, at the age of 23, was hired by one of these Counts to direct an orchestra.

In 1761, at the age of 29, he got a still higher appointment. It was to direct a symphony for Prince Anton Esterhazy, and later for Prince Nicholas.

Dr. Damrosch, in one of his radio broadcasts, explained how these houses of nobility were able to maintain a whole symphony orchestra, a complete dramatic company, an opera company, and a ballet SIMPLY FOR THE AMUSEMENTS OF THEIR GUESTS!! When we think of that, we might, after all, see some improvement in bringing cultural things to the common people.

It was in this way that Haydn directed this orchestra of the court for 30 years! He was with his players every day, and this enabled him to get such good knowledge of orchestration.

During Haydn's time the piano had not yet become popular, but its place was taken by the clavichord or harpsichord.

You will get some idea of Haydn's contributions when you read that his instrumental works included about 125 symphonies, 30 trios, 37 string quartets, about 100 pieces for various chamber combinations, 31 concertos for various instruments, and about 50 sonatas for the clavichord or harpsichord.

Jip, the Good Guide

By Ann K. Medvesek

Ever since Laddie could remember, he had lived in a large and smoky industrial city, where he never had a chance to see cows nor horses nor any other domestic animals except the dogs and cats.

Because he knew these animals live on farms, every day he wished more and more to go to one.

One summer day his dreams came true. His aunt came for a visit and took him along to the farm.

Gee, was little Laddie happy! Now he would see real animals, the kind he liked to look at in the books and draw pictures of.

Next morning, when he awoke in the house of his farmer-relatives and heard all kinds of strange noises, he gazed around the room but could not remember where he was. His bewilderment did not last long, because just then he heard a loud moo and the barking of Jip, the dog. He had made friends with Jip on his arrival, the night before.

"Why, I am on my aunt's farm!" he joyfully exclaimed, and hastily began to dress, afraid to miss something important that might be going on.

At the foot of the stairs, waiting for him, was Jip, happily dancing, wagging his tail and looking up at him with sincerely-shining eyes. They seemed to say:

"Good morning, little boy, from the city. I am your friend, and I shall show you all the nice and interesting things on our beautiful farm."

Of course, Laddie gladly accepted his kind offer, and so the two started off to explore the wonders of the farm.

In the back yard were flocks of chickens, geese, and turkeys, waiting to be fed. Jip wanted to show off to the city boy, jumped after the fowls and chased them in all directions. Then he rejoined Laddie.

The boy and the dog made their first stop at the stable.

There were many horses and cows. Some of them were resting, some chewing the cud, and others just lazily gazing around.

Laddie was very excited. He had never seen anything like it before. His joy became even greater, when he spotted a young colt resting on the straw. Suddenly a daring idea came to him. Curious to see the beautiful colt on its legs, he approached it and began to pull its tail.

The colt's mother, the mare, worried on seeing a strange boy hurting her young one. She angrily turned towards him, perked up her ears, and pawed with her hoofs. She was ready to defend her baby.

Laddie was too anxious to make the colt stand up, so he did not notice the approaching danger. But not so with Jip, who was ever on the guard. He barked as loudly as he could to caution the thoughtless boy of the angry mare. But it was all in vain. Laddie was blind to everything around him, and harshly said:

"Stop barking, you crazy dog! Go away!" And then Laddie kicked him.

Poor faithful Jip neither went away nor whined. Instead he leaped back at him, as quick as a shot, tugged at the boy's trousers, and pulled him away from the colt, just a second before the mare struck.

What a lucky boy Laddie was! Jip saved him just in time from the hoofs of the mare.

Now that Laddie realized in what a grave danger he had been, he tenderly patted his protector and apologetically said:

"I am sorry, Jip, that I mistreated you, while you were guarding me from harm. From now on, I promise to listen to you, as you know more about the habits of the farm than I."

Jip happily wagged his tail, as though he understood what the boy had said, and then the two gaily proceeded on their way to see more wonderful things on the farm.

"Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital"

In the Mladinski List you will find the dialog between father and son called "Mr. Labor and Mr. Capital." If you understand it, you should be able to answer these questions:

Did Nature decide that some people should be owners and others slaves?

Is there such a thing as "laws of Nature?" Did primitive peoples have laws? Do animals?

Why do so many people say, "That's according to Nature?"

How did slavery among peoples start?

Is it one of Nature's laws to make slaves?

What did Lincoln say about capital and labor?

Would you call the soil, minerals, and metals "capital"?

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE

To this month's story, "The Little Captive," see if you can answer these questions:

How seriously was Little Doris burned in the fire?

What did Little Doris do when she saw a strange lady by her bedside for the first time?

How did Little Doris accustom herself to the Pleško family?

What did she learn about the tragedy that had occurred on the night of the fire? How had she been saved?

What plan did the Pleško family make for initiating Little Doris to the outside world?

What difficulties did Milan find when he tried to teach Little Doris about the ordinary things she should have known long before?

Question: Which side of a boy's pants is the west side?

Ans.: The side the sun (son) sits on.

Riddle

A few still patter, as they fall,
The squirrels did not get them all.
Leaves.

The Slovenia Cooking Club

By Marička



and tell the meaning of these words:

rižota
čebula
česen
kuharica
ocvirki
polenta

krompir
zrezki
peteršilj
ajdova moka
žganci
solata

Play this cooking game with your friends. Ask them the following questions:

1. Would you stir a pudding with česen?
2. Could you pour ocvirke over krompir?
3. Is polenta a rich chocolate brown in color?
4. Could you make a solata out of čebula and česen only?
5. Could your big sister use ajdova moka for face powder?
6. Could you serve rižota as the main dish in a meal?
7. Are žganci zrezki?
8. Could you bake peteršilj?
9. Could you make solata from krompir?
10. Would you use česen in baking a cake?

*

Mildred Hotko, Box 277, Oglesby, Ill., tells us how her mother makes Beef Goulash (go-veji golaž—pronounced gov-ay'ee go'lazh). Here is the recipe:

GOVEJI GOLAŽ

You must have:

2 lbs. beef
2 tablespoons lard (masti)
Bit of bacon (if desired)
1 tablespoon ČEBULA
Small bit of carrot (korenja), celery, PETERŠILJ, salt (soli, so-lee'), and paprika
2 tablespoons MOKE

KROMPIR

Clove of ČESEN
Bayleaf and small amount of wine, lemon juice, or vinegar for flavoring

Place the mast, chopped čebula, and bacon together and let cook

until čebula is a light-brown color. Add the beef, which you have also cut into pieces. Then sprinkle with paprika, and add the korenja, celery, peteršilj, and salt. Cover all this well and let cook over a very, very low flame. It must cook slowly if you wish the meat to be tender. When the meat begins to brown, add the moka and krompir. You may need to add some soup stock, too. When krompir is cooked, add the flavorings of česen, bayleaf, and wine, lemon juice, or vinegar to taste.

This is the dish that generally keeps company with Polenta, described in the January M. L.

A. Mlekus, Sr., Klein, Mont., also sent a recipe for Beef Goulash, which is made in the same way, except that he uses only the following ingredients:

2 lbs. beef
2 small onions, cubed
1 tablespoon lard
salt
pinch of paprika
1 cup water
1 tablespoon flour

The onions are browned in the lard, then the meat cut into small squares is added. This is cooked for about 10 minutes; then the flour, salt, and pepper are added. Stew 10 minutes longer, pour in the cup of water, and cover tightly from 2 to 2½ hours. This, too, must be cooked over a very, very low flame. You will need to stir it now and then. When it is ready to serve, you may add a bit of red wine.

This is the simpler recipe, and probably the one that you would like to try out first if your mother won't mind being surprised.



When We Play



'Tis March! 'Tis March! And by the calendar it's Spring. That's the season most of us have been waiting for. But although the calendar says "Spring begins," in most of the states it will continue to be cold for some time yet. And so for this month, we will look at some more indoor games.

LOOK AND REMEMBER

Arrange a big variety of objects on a tray. Bring this tray on the table before all the players. Each player looks at the objects on the tray. Then the tray is taken from the room. Each one now tries to remember all that he saw and writes this on a piece of paper. A score of one is given for each object correctly listed.

BIRDS FLY

One of the players it It. He calls out "Robins Fly" and makes his hands go as if flying. The others do the same thing. If It says "Dogs fly," or anything else that doesn't, It makes his hands

go just the same, but everyone else must keep his hands quiet. The players who make a mistake are out. The one who is last to miss becomes It for the next game.

HORNS

The Leader puts his thumbs down on the table, fingers under. The other players do the same. The Leader then says as fast as he can, "Cow's horns up." All the thumbs must go upward. But if the Leader says, "Rabbit's horns up," or any other animal that doesn't have horns, no thumbs must come up. The players who make a mistake are out. The one who keeps from making a mistake the longest becomes the next leader.

Boys Will Be Boys!

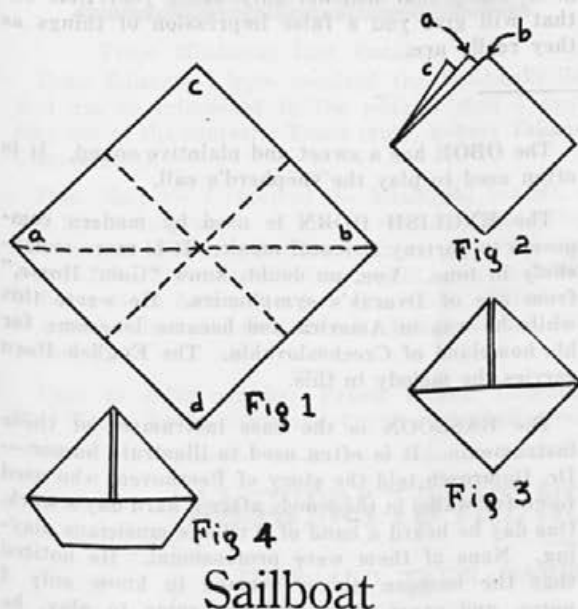
"Boys will be boys," exclaimed uncle Joža when informed that his beloved nephew Tony ran away from school and that he prefers a baseball park and a Woodland camp to books and juvenile magazines.

"Maybe so," said his neighbor Janko, "but look here. How about my Johnny who likes to stay in school, and just now he received a three-dollar check from the Mladinski list as a prize for solving the 'horse sense' lesson or something?"



Father—Remember, it hurts me as much as it does you.

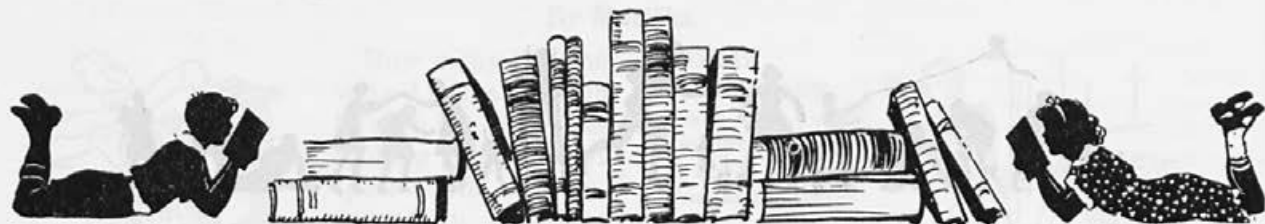
Son—Yes, but not in the same place.



Sailboat

This is how you make the sailboat. You fold a sheet of paper (square) first across both diameters. Then you open it and fold one diagonal. After you open this and turn it over, bring the two corners of the diagonal *a* and *b* together as in Fig. 2. Fold down the corners *c* and *d* as in Fig. 3. Now fold back the bottom cover, as in Fig. 4.

What's On Our Bookshelf



For Little Brother and Sister:

"THE ZIPPER A-B-C BOOK" by Sterling North. This little book really closes with a zipper. And the nice part about it is that it has up-to-date rhymes for each letter of the alphabet instead of those big, hard words that such books have had for so many years.

"THE RESTLESS ROBIN" by Marjorie Flack. This is the story of Buffy one of the three baby robins, who became too noisy and greedy. One day he leaned over too far on the edge of the nest and he fell into the tulip bed. A sleek house cat was watching. The story tells how hard everyone had to work to rescue Buffy and get him safely home again!

"PUDDLE" by Ruth Ann Waring and Helen Wells. This is the true story of the first year of life of the little hippopotamus born at the Chicago Brookfield Zoo. It has large photographs.

For Big Brother and Sister:

"LIFE LONG AGO" by C. L. Fenton. This is the

story of fossils. In fossils is preserved the whole story of the earth's history, and people who study them are seekers after truth.

This book tells chapter after chapter how these stories were found, and besides that it has 150 illustrations. There are full-color pictures of the dinosaur and several other prehistoric animals. It is really a handsome book.

This book matches up very nicely with "Animals on the March" recommended in last month's Mladinski List.

SUGGESTION: If you are near a library, it will help much if you ask your librarian for these books. Generally, if the library does not have the book, it will secure it if enough calls come in for it.—You will form a very good habit for yourself if you will learn to select the books you read instead of picking up any book just because it is a book. There are a great many that will not only waste your time but that will give you a false impression of things as they really are.



Let's Listen In

Remember to listen for this SPECIAL CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra of New York, presented by the Columbia Broadcasting System:

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

One Friday afternoon, DR. WALTER DAMROSCH illustrated three instruments of the Wood-Wind section: the OBOE, the ENGLISH HORN, and the BASSOON.

The OBOE has a sweet and plaintive sound. It is often used to play the shepherd's call.

The ENGLISH HORN is used by modern composers to portray Oriental music. It is more melancholy in tone. You, no doubt, know "Goin' Home," from one of Dvorak's symphonies. He wrote this while he was in America and became lonesome for his homeland of Czechoslovakia. The English Horn carries the melody in this.

The BASSOON is the bass instrument of these instruments. It is often used to illustrate humor.—Dr. Damrosch told the story of Beethoven, who used to go for walks in the woods after a hard day's work. One day he heard a band of 7 village musicians playing. None of them were professional. He noticed that the bassoon player seemed to know only 3 notes, and every time his turn came to play, he played these 3 notes especially loud. This so amused Beethoven that he wrote a symphony from this folk tune, giving the bassoon a prominent part in it.

Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.—CHARLES DARWIN.

Good Films To See

ABOUT "IN OLD CHICAGO"

Some of you may have seen the film "In Old Chicago" and others of you might be seeing it in the early future.

While much of it is true history of early Chicago, there are a number of things that movies do to stories or historical events to make them seem more like just stories.

Here are some of them that were noticed in this film:

The mayor of Chicago at the time of the fire was Roswell B. Matson and not a Mr. O'Leary as the film would have you believe.

The man who led the clean-up campaign was Mayor Long John Wentworth and not a Mr. O'Leary.

The location of certain districts is pictured in different places from that in which they really were.

General Phil Sheridan probably was in his headquarters directing the dynamiting of buildings to halt the fire, wiring for troops, bedding, clothing, and food instead of personally bossing the police force.



Not all of the city's life was centered around a beer hall, but there was much interest in operas and concerts and revivals of old stage plays.

All of these things, of course, will not make you lose interest in the picture, but it is well to know that we cannot believe everything we see. If we go to a movie for entertainment only, then such things do not disturb us, but if we want to learn the actual facts, then we have to compare them with other sources before we can believe everything that was pictured.

Way Back When



From Mladinski List, October, 1922

Dear Editor:—I have received the Mladinski list and am so interested in the puzzles that I can't stay out of the contest. Yours truly, Robert Tekauc, Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—I received the Mladinski list No. 3 and like it very much. I like to read the interesting stories and I like the puzzles in it, too. I wish that more of the Slovenian children would get a book like I did to learn how to read in Slovenian. This book is called "Slovenski abecednik."—Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.

Prav so rešili uganke: Frank Virant, Imperial, Pa.; Tessie Kerže, Cleveland, O.; Daniel Obed, Avel-

la, Pa.; Robert Tekauc, Cleveland, O.; Mary Previc, Export, Pa.; Mary Zakrajšek, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mary Rugle, Gross, Kans.; Mary Jug, Mineral, Kans.; Stephania Kodre, Chisholm, Minn.; Josephine Lokar, Cleveland, O.; Rose Kutin, Woodward, Ia.; Florian Kuhar, Lorain, O.; Tony Ausich, Woodward, Ia.; John J. Krainz, Detroit, Mich.; Frances Kochevar, Red Lodge, Mont.; Jennie Bohinc, Export, Pa.; Danny Radovich, Pueblo, Colo.; Frank Bayt, Coverdale, Pa.; Mary Taucher, Rock Springs, Wyo.; Lena Gratchner, Clinton, Ind.; Frank Lautar, Moundsville, W. Va.

in Chicago's early history, also. These, by the way, are the actual things, however, and not pictured only out of the imagination.

IZ MLADINSKEGA LISTA, OKTOBER 1922

Cenjeni gospod urednik!

Zelo vesela sem bila, ko sem prejela zadnjo številko Mladinskega lista; komaj sem čakala, da jo je pismonoša prinesel. Tako vidite, da bo najboljše, da izide pogosteje—vsaki dan, če mogoče.

Vas lepo pozdravljam,

TESSIE KERŽE, Cleveland, O.

ANSWERS TO THE NUTCRACKER QUESTIONS

CITIES AND THEIR NAMES

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Baltimore | 6. St. Louis |
| 2. Washington | 7. San Antonio |
| 3. Richmond | 8. Quebec |
| 4. Cleveland | 9. Toronto |
| 5. St. Paul—Minneapolis | 10. Philadelphia |
| | 11. Pittsburgh |

SNPJ BROADCASTING STATION

On the cover page for this issue is a sketch of Miss SNPJ Juvenile broadcasting. Let's tune in and hear what she is saying.

"Boys and Girls from New York to Seattle, from Boston to San Francisco:

This is the third month of our big juvenile campaign!

We have many brothers and sisters who had not known about our Society or about our Juvenile magazine before this time.

In a short time our family will number 15,000 members. Will that be enough? No!

This year marks the 25th year since our juvenile department began, and so it is fitting that we get 2500 new members this year! At the end of this year our family should number 17,000 boys and girls scattered from one seacoast to the other.

Let us help in showing our magazine to our friends and in making sure that these friends will be our fraternal brothers and sisters!

The Slovene National Benefit Society

is

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

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

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

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

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

The SNPJ Head Office

2657 S. Lawndale Avenue - Chicago, Illinois