





# MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

## THE CATFISH

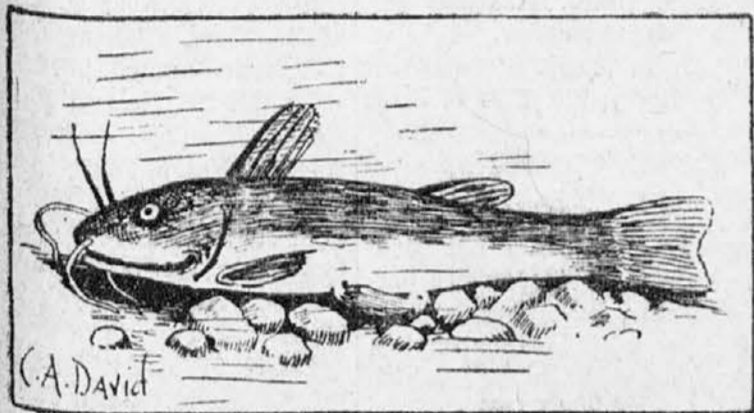
Any boy who has ever hung one of these slimey, slippery fellows, and tried to get the hook out without getting stung, finds out that he is fully as able to take care of himself out of the water as in. A bee sting is bad enough, but a catfish is worse, and then a catfish is satisfied to sting you on any old place, but the catfish deliberately searches your anatomy for the very tenderest place, usually under a finger nail, to inject his poison.

I do not know how he got the name of catfish, unless it was because he has whiskers, and that he seems to have more than the proverbial nine lives. He does not wear scales as most fish do, but has about the slickest skin there is, and feels as if he had just been greased all over; and the harder you try to hold him by squeezing, the easier he slips through your hand—and if you

himself to his fate—not caring much what it is. There is nothing stuck-up about a catfish, and he had just as soon be yanked out of the water on a bent pin tied to a shoestring, as to be reeled in on the end of the finest silk line ever made. And he sees no difference in being jerked out by a bare-foot boy in patched breeches held in place by a nail, and being taken by a city fisherman, with willow creel, wading boots, and all the fixings that go with expensive angling.

Under all conditions, and under all circumstances, he wears the same placid expression and the same confiding smile, while all the time he is looking for some exposed spot where he can insert his sting.

There is nothing finicky about the catfish when he sits down to dine—he takes what the waters bring, and apparently is duly thankful. His appe-



are not careful, he will leave a sting to remember him by. He does not do things in a half-hearted way, and when he swallows the bait, he swallows the sinkers as well, and as much of the line as he can reach. And it goes down so far that a surgical operation is often necessary to extricate him when you do get the hook out, you will find that the bait is gone, but his tonsils and adenoids are in its place. It has always seemed to me that the catfish has something very near akin to a sense of humor, and while fingering around in his throat for the hook, he will look up at you with a merry twinkle of the eye, while the corners of his mouth turn up in a way that broadens into a grin. In fact, if you have to use a knife in following the line into the innermost recesses of his being, he will look at you in a way that says: "It's your tackle, and you have a perfect right to get it if you can, and I want you to know that I have no hard feelings in the matter—and would help you if I could!"

Once off the hook and on the string, he gives a feeble flap of two, and seems to resign

tite is fullgrown and usually needs no tempting, and his likings are as democratic as the dew. It matters not whether it is a chunk of fat bacon, a wad of cotton, a hunk of dough an earthworm, a grasshopper, a piece of bright tin, a pants button or a glass head, they all look good to him and he bolts them without question.

As he lies on the bottom with his head upstream on the watch-out for food, he takes what the water brings, and decides after swallowing it. Whether it is edible or not. After feeding he sinks to the bottom, and to all appearances drops to sleep, until a sudden jerk and a violet tugging tells him that he has been hooked—but even then, he does not make any great to-do about it.

He is a fatalist if there ever was one. He seems to figure that if a thing is to be—it's going to be, so what is the use of raising a fuss about it? With all his happy-go-lucky ways, he cares little about the quality or quantity of the water he lives in—just so it is thin enough for swimming, and deep enough to cover his back, he is satisfied to let it go at that.

## THE PARTY



Emily Barbara Brown is six years old today That is why six little friends are coming into play, They're all dressed up in their very best and each one has a smile And each one courtseys as she comes in her nicest party style. There are games to play and songs to sing, and dancing hand in hand Around the parlor floor to a phonographic band. Then mother calls the march is formed into the dining-room, Where candles send their shining rays through the twilight gloom. The cake is cut, the ice cream served, the bon bons pulled and snapped, Each little guest her favors has, each little head is capped. And now it's time to hurry home, the party hour is o'er And each one says a sweet Good-bye when passing through the door.

## MAY DAY

BY GRACE TURNER.

Staff Associate of the American Child Health Association.

In through the windows May is breaking  
Out of their sleep the children waking;  
They will be quick to follow the light  
Over the hills and out of sight.

Some say that fairies, with hair like silk,  
Come begging of mortals a bowl of milk;  
Some say that you must not let them in  
Lest tears and trouble should somehow begin.

But I, if I saw a fairy today  
Swinging on grasses along the way,  
Should feel that he surely must be good  
And I'd stop to speak to him if I could.

I'd heap up a big bowl full to the brim  
And Oh most courteously offer him  
Then, "Will you excuse me?" I would plead,  
"For swift to the meadow I must speed.

"We're winding a daisy chain, you see,  
"And down in the meadow they wait for me.  
"We're singing a song the May to greet  
"And I want to sing, for the song is sweet."

"We're singing of children who love to go  
"Where breezes laugh and play and blow;  
"Where clover blooms in the pasture land  
"And milch-cows in the tree-shade stand.

"We sing of plows that cleave the earth  
"And of the seeds that bring to birth  
"All things that make us grow and live  
"All things that strength to bodies give.

"We sing of sleep at set of sun  
"For beasts, birds, children, everyone;  
"We sing of happiness that lies  
"In human hearts and heaven's skies."

As I go skipping down the lane  
I'll look for fairies all in vain;  
But I shall dance and sing today  
To greet the children's First of May.



## PIMENTO SANDWICH FILLING

For the picnic basket or the May picnic in one's own back yard you will like this sandwich.

Grind together 3 pimentos, 3 ounces of cheese, 3 hard boiled eggs.

Add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, Mayonnaise enough to make creamy for spreading.

Chill and then spread on thin slices of bread that is 24 hours old.

A crisp leaf of lettuce laid in with each sandwich is always a pleasant addition. With this filling it is not necessary to spread the bread with butter.

## TAM GORI

Tam gori na gori pri svetem Mohori sem tekel, sem padel, sem štrukelj popadel, ga v maslo pomočil, po grlu potočil, je rekel: štrbunk!

(Narodna).

## BUD'S EQUAL

It was time for the tennis season to begin, and I was down on the courts all alone, swinging my racquet as though I'd like to have somebody to play with. I couldn't bring anybody with me, because I was a new fellow in town and didn't know even who the fellows were who passed me on the way to school. I had just swung at a ball, intending to hit it straight up into the air, but the ball hit on the wood of the racquet and went at a crazy angle over into a pile of dry leaves. Just then a boy about my own age turned the corner and saw me.

It's all right to make a serious tennis mistake like that when you're alone, but when anybody sees you, it's different. "It must be the racket," I said, laughing.

though he wanted to be nice on account of me not knowing much about the game. But I drove hard on the ball with my racket, put a little lift on it and placed a zizzer right at his feet.

He was too surprised even to swing.

"Lucky shot," he said. "It wasn't so lucky. I could do it again, anytime. But I didn't tell him that.

"It must be my new flannel trousers," I said, laughingly.

It was my turn to serve. So I put a good one over and there ran up to the net so I would be in a good position to return Bud's play. It was lucky I did. He caught my serve on the bounce and drove it clean over the net heading for a spot in the back court that I would never have reached had I



Bud—I found out later what his name was—looked at me hard. He has told me since that he really liked my looks, but that he was disgusted because I tried to make excuses. Anybody was liable to hit the wood. Moreover, I made it worse by saying something else.

"It's pretty hard to hit a ball straight up into the air. Did you ever try it?"

"Well," said Bud, and I guess I won't forget in a hurry how he said it. "I've been playing tennis now for four years and I guess I've hit a ball 'most every way one can be hit."

"That's great," I said, like a fool stamping in where an angel would fear to go on tip-toe. "Maybe you would like to have a little game?"

"I don't believe I'd care to," answered Bud.

The way he said it got me mad.

"What's the matter—'fraid?" "I guess not, I was tennis champion here last summer and I have to be careful who I play with. These early games ruin a fellow's style, unless he gets an exceptionally good partner."

"That's right," I said, getting a little sense by this time. "But I'll bat a few over with you, if you want. The practice will do me good."

"Don't bother," I said, a little sarcastic, I guess. "Maybe I won't return them just right and you'll lose your strokes."

"I'll take that chance."

So he unbuttoned his case and took out a racquet. We lined up on opposite sides of the net and stood there glaring at each other as though both of us were there against our wills.

He began the play. His first serve was an easy one, as

stayed back. As it was, I caught it nicely and deflected it back to Bud's side of the net.

Like a flash of lightning he was across the court, and with the prettiest low backhand I ever saw, he sent the ball whizzing to my side of the court.

It was me who was surprised that time. I forgot all about him being such a high-hat fellow.

"Nice work," I called out.

"Not so bad," he admitted.

Nor was that all he admitted. We batted the ball back and forth for about five minutes, each one of us trying out what the other could do. Bud said later that he saw I was a good player, but instead of being glad about it, like he is now, he got mad. As for me, I could see right away that Bud didn't win last year's championship on his looks. He had a good serve, and he knew lots of speedy strokes that were sure point-getters. After about ten minutes of practice, Bud blurted out:

"Well, I guess the only way I can convince you is to play you a set and beat you."

"Sure thing," I agreed.

So we started in just as we were before, only this time we kept a score. Bud must have expected to win, because I could see he didn't like me winning the first three games straight. Then he began to play hard. That changed the score a little, and once it looked as though he would win the set, but a lucky break in the last game gave me the advantage and I won, six to four.

"Play again?" I asked.

I was beginning to like Bud. His playing was great.

"I don't believe I will," he said. "I'm not in such good form today."

"Well," admitted Bud, with a grin. "I've just got back from California myself, and I've been playing all winter just like you have."

"That accounts for the peachy serve you've got," I told him.

"And your back-hand!" he replied. "I'll have to get you to show me how it's done."

And so we played again. This time Bud wasn't so eager to win, but he won just the same. Then I won, and after that he won. We've been alternating that way ever since, and nobody knows yet who is the better player. Other people may worry about it, but not Bud and I. We're the best of friends. That's all we care about.

"C'mon," I pleaded. "Your playing isn't so bad, seeing it's the first game of the season." At about this time, something happened to Bud. We wouldn't have been friends unless it had. He came up to the net, and, with a different look in his eyes, he held out his hand and said:

"Your playing isn't so bad either. I'm sorry I acted so mean."

"That's all right," I said. "But don't feel so badly about being beaten. This might be your first game this year, but it isn't mine. I've been in Florida all winter and not a day went by that didn't see me down on the tennis courts."

## JURE

Jure s Podgore je pisane vole na sejmi prodal, pa muco je vpregel, da z njo bi oral.

A muca ni znala kako bi oral. Brž Jureta vpraša: "Ti, Jure, pokaži, kak' vol se obnaša!"

In muco odveže, sam Jure se vpreže, da muči pokaže, kak naj gre pred plugom, da vlekla bo laže.

Pa muca je zvita: že v grmu hihita se, figo mu kaže: "Hej, Jure, le vleci, se pač ti primaže!"

Denarce dobil si, denarce zapil si, pozabil skrb, brigo, zato pa kar orji, kar orji zdaj — s figo!" (Slavko Savinšek).

## IZGUBLJENO SEME

Veter piha, burno vzdih, veter niha vso ravan. Seme znaša, nič ne vpraša, je li vaša širna plan. Zrnje v špranje in kotanje: to sejanje je vetrov. Šlo zgubljeno, potepeno zrno kleno je domov. V temi doli vse okoli svoje išče pa zaman. Tiho plaka, solnce čaka, da ga zvabi v beli dan. Polje giblje, cvet se vzbije, klas vpoigblje se do tal, pa vprašuje, da-li čuje, ali zrnc je zaspal... (Vida Kumse.)

## PIKNIK



Če, lepo nam je sedaj: v travni piknik, v zraku maj, v logu glasno petje ptic, vse okoli vonj cvetlic. Svet en sam je velik vrt, vsak dobrot je poln naš prt, zeln zelodček je naslad, v srcu vriska nam pomlad. Či, da vedno, kot sedaj, v sijal nam zlati maj, pa bi vse življenje svet bil sam piknik, spev in cvet! (A.J.T.)

## CIBA

Cib, cib, ciba se po vrtu ziba in za drobno pišče sladko zrno išče.

Ko ga pa ne najde, k mami v hišo zajde: "Mama, kok, kok, lačen je otrok!"

Mama zrn natrese, pišček jih naje se — Ciba kokodajca: "Bom vrnila jajca!"

(Janko Samec).

## POMLAD

Zlate cvetke solnce šteje, Z vetrom žel je hlad, In prek gričev se nam smeje Dražestna pomlad.

(A.J.T.)





IZ URADA GL. TAJNIKA

RAČUN MED DRUŠTVI IN JEDNOTO

Odrasli oddelek. Za mesec april 1928.

Table with columns: št. dr., Dohodki, Izdatki. Lists financial data for various groups and individuals.

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DOPISI (Nadaljevanje iz 5. strani) presledka. Zdravil se je na vse mogoče načine in mnogo denarja je izdal za zdravilnike in zdravila.

Tocnost pošte. Ameriški poštni sistem je, kljub svoji priprostosti, eden najboljših na svetu.

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Ameriška Domovina 6117 St. Clair Ave. CLEVELAND, O.

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Ne odlašajte Višek potovalne sezone se hitro bliža. Skupina rojakov za skupno odhaja v stari kraj.

Na 9. junija se vrši naše glavno skupno potovanje na neprekosljivem francoskem parniku "Ile de France".

Na 30. junija, istotako na prvaku "Ile de France" se vrši naše naslednje skupno potovanje, katerega se bo udeležilo posebno veliko rojakov iz Milwaukee, West Allisa in Sheboygana.

Lahko pa potujete z vsakim drugim parnikom, kajti mi zastopamo vse važne linije in vam lahko postrežemo v vsakem slučaju.

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