

MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

THE DEPTH BOMB

When Melbo Miggs and Tommy Warner reached the water hole to take out some minnows for a man who wanted to go fishing, they discovered that the one hundred small fish they had put in the hole the night before were floating on top of the water dead.

"Well, who did that?" cried Tom, in amazement and anger.

Melbo was so surprised that he couldn't answer. He peered down into the depths of the hole that they had screened off from the rest of the creek for a minnow farm, but he couldn't see a single live fish.

"Somebody's jealous because we're making money selling our minnows to fishermen for bait," declared Tom. "I'll bet I know who it is, too."

"No," answered Melbo, Miggs thoughtfully. "These fish were not killed by a human being."

"Couldn't he have poisoned them?" demanded Tom.

"Yes," admitted his chum, "but I don't believe there is anybody we know who is mean enough to do a thing like that."

The two boys had thought of the idea of screening off a pool in which they could keep live bait for the use of the many

Melbo laughed good-naturedly.

"You don't think a catfish that has just eaten all it can of one hundred minnows and killed, the rest is going to bite at a measley old worm, do you?"

"I guess you're right," admitted Tom. "But how are we going to catch him?"

"We don't have to catch him. All we have to do is get him on the outside of our fence. That ought to be done easily enough."

While Tom undressed and went into the water to let down the netting on one side of their "pond," Melbo cut two long branches with which to frighten the catfish away. Both boys beat and brushed the water vigorously, clearing away the minnows at the same time so that they could have a nice fresh start for their second batch.

As Tom replaced the wire net, he said:

"Well—I guess that frightened old Tom Catfish away, all right."

But he was mistaken. Ten minutes later, they threw in about a dozen minnows to see



A Column Of Water Had Been Blown Four Feet High

fishermen who came to Teaseley's Lake for the sport. They had invested a dollar apiece for the wire netting, had driven in stakes and had enclosed a body of water that was eight feet square. They had stocked this small preserve with its first lot of minnows less than twenty-four hours ago, and this was the strange, mysterious result.

"Well, if nobody killed them, how did they die?" queried Tom.

"Just wait a minute," cautioned Melbo. "And in the meantime, watch the water very closely."

Both boys kept their eyes on the surface of the preserve. For a few minutes they saw nothing but the dead bodies of the poor minnows, but suddenly they saw something very much alive leap a foot or more out of the water, and then dive back again into the depths of the enclosure.

"What was that?" gasped Tom, in alarm.

"A large catfish," replied his partner. "And I believe he's the culprit we are looking for."

"Well—we won't live to slaughter another batch of our minnows, I can promise you that. Wait until I bait this hook."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to catch him."

what happened—and quick as a flash, every single minnow had fallen a victim to the same large catfish, who thrashed around angrily, as though he were peevish.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried Tom. "After all we've done to try and scare him away, there he is back again in our pond. There must be a hole in the net."

"No, I don't believe there is a hole in the net," replied Melbo, "but it is quite likely that he has a mud cave in the banks in which he hides for safety."

"Then what'll we do?" queried Tom, who was somewhat baffled by the persistence of this fish.

"I know," responded his chum. "We'll send down a depth-bomb!"

"A depth bomb?"—Tom's eyes widened in surprise.

"What's a depth bomb?"

"I'll show you," promised Melbo. "Come with me to where them men are building a house. I know the foreman, and he'll give me some powdered lime, I'm sure he will."

The foreman was as generous as Melbo expected him to be, and when he found out what the boys were planning to do with the time, he laughed and told them to be careful.

"Now to find a tin can that

THE JUNIOR COOK

QUINCE PERSERVES

Peel, quarter and remove the cores from enough quinces to make three cupfuls.

Run through a food grinder or chop fine.

Add 2½ cupfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of an orange and half cupful of seedless raisins.

Stir till well mixed and then cook over a slow fire for 25 minutes.

If you prefer, you can make a delicious jam by using just the quince and sugar but the addition of the other ingredients makes it a little more unusual.

has a screw top and a wide-mouth bottle," said Melbo. "My mother has a baking powder can that will be just the thing."

Armed with the necessary materials the boys went back to where the ugly catfish was playing the ogre to their minnows.

Melbo, who knew all about depth bombs, put about an inch of lime into the can and an equal quantity of water into the bottle. The latter he imbedded in the lime, mouth up. He then screwed the lid tight, after first tying a heavy stone to it.

Now, here's the idea," he explained. "When I throw the can into the water the weight of the stone will turn the can upside down and sink it. As the can turns over the water will be released and mix with the lime, a tremendous pressure will be exerted on the inside of the can and it will burst. Are you ready?"

"Ready," was the reply. "Let it go!"

"Then run!" cried Melbo, as he tossed the home-made infernal machine into the water hole. Then he took to his heels and did not stop climbing the bank until he heard an explosion that sounded like the muffled report of a ship's cannon.

Then he turned around to see what had happened.

A column of water had been blown four feet high into the air, and it was now falling back into the agitated enclosure like spray from a fountain. In a moment or so the surface was quiet again, and the boys came once more to the edge of the creek.

"Will there be another explosion?" asked Tom.

"No," said Melbo. "And we won't need another one, either, for if I am not mistaken there is the catfish coming to the top of the water."

"He's still alive!" cried Tom. "He must have nine lives!"

"The explosion only stunned him. Now's our chance to get him outside the screen and start him on his way to the lake where he belongs."

"Going to let him go?" queried Tom in surprise.

"Certainly," replied Melbo. "He won't bother our business any more, and any fish that likes minnows as much as he does is good for our trade. We have to look at all sides of a question now that we're in business, you know."

"That's right," agreed Tom, but as the stunned catfish floated out of sight, he confessed to himself that while he might supply the muscle to this strange partnership, Melbo was the one who supplied the brains!

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

The kind of chickens we know are great home bodies, and want to stay right in one place all their lives, and if they cannot sleep on the same roost every night they are miserable. They are perfectly satisfied to spend their lives in a little shut-in yard, hardly big enough to turn around in—but it is home, and that is all they ask, if they have plenty to eat, and fresh water in the drinking trough every day.

But Mother Carey's Chickens, as the sailors call these small members of the petrel family, don't know what the word "home" means, and they had just as soon be in one place as another. Of course, when they were little bits of things, before the feathers came out on their wings, they had to stay at home; but even then, their home was not anything but a crevice in some rock, without any comforts at all; so naturally they did not become very much attached to it.

As soon as they could fly their home came to mean just any place they happened to be, just so there was always lots of rough water below them, air above them and winds around them. Anywhere between New York and London was home. Their wings are long and the bird itself very light, so as soon as they get up where the wind is blowing they just drift with the wind and let it carry them where it will, without any effort on their part. It must be fine to travel a thousand miles over some ocean, and never get the least bit tired.

Its feet are webbed like those of a duck, and this gives it the strange power of running about over the waves just the same as you can run about over the dry land. It was from this habit of pattering along on the surface that it got the name of PETREL, from the apostle Peter who walked on the water when Christ called him, and told him not to be afraid.



The Petrel Can Run On Water Just As You Can On Land

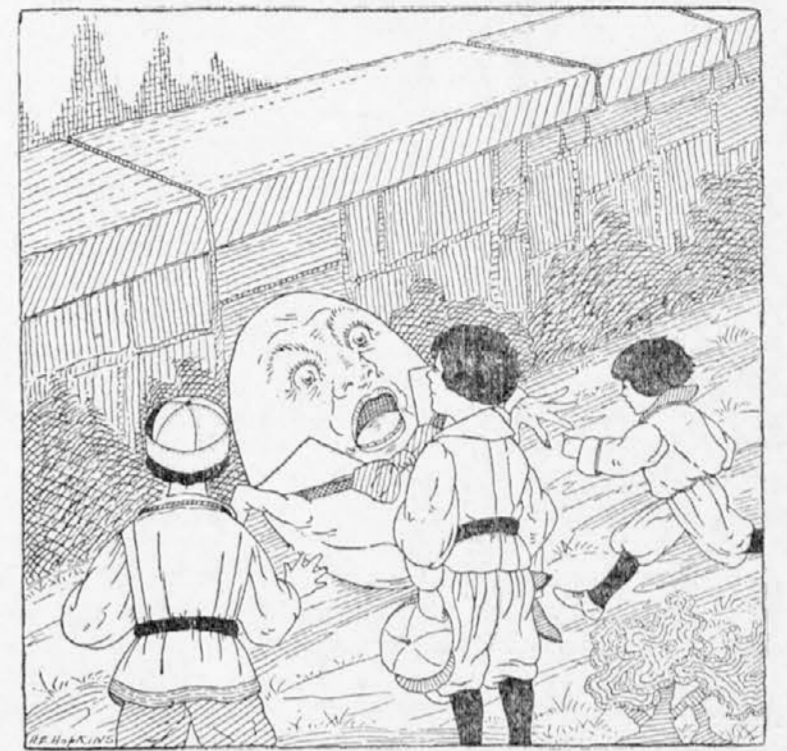
If they could sing, their favorite song would probably be the one that goes something like this:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Or maybe
"Rocked in the cradle of the Deep," would be more appropriate, as when bedtime comes, they drop down on the water and let the waves lull them to rest, and do not wake until the sun comes up, and there is a brand new day.

They never seem so happy as when tossed and buffeted by the storms that send the waves running mountain high over their three thousand mile playground. A flock of them will follow a big steam vessel from one side of the ocean to the other for the scraps of food thrown overboard, when the dining tables are cleared off.

But they fly much farther

HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S FALL



Great goodness, what a crash! The boys were startled while at play

By such an awful racket that they almost ran away; But looking toward the old stone wall, whence came the startling sound,

The cause of all the noise and fuss was very quickly found. Poor Humpty-Dumpty, who had slipped while watching from the wall—

He loved to see the boys at play—had had a dreadful fall. My, how he kicked and yelled for help! But in a little while The children stood him on his feet and he began to smile.

than the ship sails, as they do not follow along behind, but they make wide excursions on either side, sometimes far in front and sometimes they drop miles behind and have to catch up again.

No matter how fast the ship may be moving, to the petrels, it seems to be standing still, and day after day they manage to keep alongside or far ahead without the least effort. After keeping company with the ship all day, when night comes, and darkness covers the great deep, no matter how high the waves may be running, the flock settles down one by one, and with heads tucked under wings, apparently go at once to sleep, but with the first streaks of coming day, they spring into the air, and though the big liner is out of sight, they know with uncanny instinct the direction she has taken, and before breakfast has been served in the cabin, they have caught up and are once more playing hide and seek, now in front, and now far behind the fast moving vessel, ready to seize and gobble up what the cooks toss over board.

Though they may have been hatched on some lonely island in the South Seas, they are just as much at home floating among the shipping at Liverpool, as they are along the waterfronts of New York or San Francisco—wherever they happen to be—they are at home, as they have probably seen it all many times.

GUESS WHO

- Sailed across the ocean blue In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, And when upon new land he'd trod The natives knelt and thought him God.
- While watching o'er her father's sheep Her tryst with heavenly hosts did keep, And later set a crown upon The head of France's royal son.
- With lantern in the light of day Went searching all along the way,

And answered when asked of his plan: "I'm looking for an honest man."

4. Was given when a little boy A hatchet for a useful toy, And then confessed that it was he Cut down his father's cherry tree. 1. Columbus, 2. Joan of Arc 3. Diogenes... 4. Washington.

WHY BRUIN FEARS MEN

Long ago when strange creatures peopled the earth a tribe of very little men lived near a great number of bears. These little people were very much afraid of the bears, and with good cause, for whereas the arrows of these small people were so tiny that they could not kill the bears when shot into them, the enraged bears could and frequently did catch the little men and eat them for their dinner. There was a little boy who lived with his grandmother and from her he had learned of the fear with which men regarded the bears. On day as he was making a bow he announced, "I am going to kill one of those ugly bears."

The grandmother laughed half fearfully, half tearfully. "You could not do that," she said. "The bears are too big and strong. They have killed all our family. What would they do to a little boy like you? Your arrows will not harm those bears and if you would go after them you should be killed just as were your father and your grandfather. I shall not allow you to go hunting at all, so put away your bow for you shall never use it."

After that the old woman kept a watchful eye on the little boy, but the thought of killing a bear was never far from his mind. He knew of a valley near by to which the bears came every evening looking for food and he planned to go there as soon as he could. The opportunity came one day when his grandmother went to the river for water, and the boy stole quietly away to the valley, carrying his bow and arrows with him. When he reached the spot, he climbed up

(Continued on page 4.)

NAJDBA

je nekoč dedek in je...
je čredo pasel.
pa sta hodila v šolo.
otroci, nagajajo de-
dedek, pojdi mesto
solo, midva pa bova pasla
mesto tebe."
je imel rad vnuke in je
je knjige in torbico pa,
v šolo.
pa sta gnala čredo v
to je bilo veselje!
čalo se je učenje v šoli,
odšli domov, odkrival
ded:
knjigo sedeti je pač težje
čredo pasti."
dedek po cesti, se spotak-
gleda — na tleh leži vre-
že jo misleč, da ne bo v
vrednega, a v vreči pa je
nar!
je najdba!
pa," misli, "bom pač
daril za deco. To bo
jo je..."
je z najdbo domov.
alu sta se vrnila iz gozda
Ko je...
sta jedva lezla.
o pred-
ri tem...
je se...
kih 20...
niti komu drugemu.
poizve...
je dan, pričeli so poiz-
na vasi:
ni našel kdo vrečo de-
zdihov...
mislil ded, "nič ne bo z
rezdnaj...
popoln...
da je sicer, a vendar ne
že z...
se pre...
ako...
sele k...
esti, i...
lesu i...
Toda...
vptija...
no bol...
o raz...
a jo j...
i ravn...
bi bil...
presta...
je ne b...
Zda...
in po...
življen...
uničije...
em.

MEHURČKI

Sloven...
banus,
je danes
banus:
per, coper, hudi čar,
kemu iz lonca dar!
očitan...
obras...
zbuja...
ance Bo...
Nata...
njegovih zlatih rok
je pa...
i dolgo...
k ena...
le luna!
ankov...
da ak...
no mami:
ti, liri...
sko noč bedi za nas,
Arabi...
mo bo ji krajši čas.

OLZEK PABERKUJE

koškom iz vrbinja
semenj gospodinja,
in Sib...
s koškom iz srobota
paberke sirota —
pa na gmajnico,
nase cajnico.
pa ni drvena,
prejeta...
pa ni pletena:
jo iz ila
naredila.

(K. Širok).

