rocks in the shade until the noon sun appeared and we decided to cross the stream to get in the shade. First we took off our shoes and stockings. I threw mine across and soon I saw them floating down the stream. Over all the sharp, slippery rocks I ran until I caught my shoes and stockings. We were all so tired that we wished to go right home after we had eaten our lunch. There was nothing for us to drink but the punch, as we could find no dry wood with which to build a fire for coffee. We ate our lunch and went home. The day after we were all at home, sick and wishing that we had not had our picnic. —Margaret E. Neuman,

Seventh Grade, Dell Rapids, S. D.

ENOUGH ACHES, THANK YOU.

"The day after" is for me generally a day of stiff joints and aching muscles. A few years ago I bought a pair of skates with some money I had earned digging potatoes. On the same afternoon I went down to the river with some boys to learn to skate. I had the usual number of falls upon the ice, the last of which happened to be thru the ice. Luckily the water was not very deep, so I climbed out with the assistance of a friend and went home. The next morning I awoke feeling as tho some great weight was being pressed upon my ankles and knees, and that the back of my head was twice as large as it should be. When I attempted to move, pains shot up from ankles to back. However, I walked downstairs, ate breakfast and went to school without letting any of the rest of the family know how stiff I felt. By noon I was in working order and during the afternoon the stiffness completely wore away. Now, whenever I go skating, the day after has no such terrors.

—J. Marvin Nickerson,

Tenth Grade, Brookston, Minn.

BRIMFUL OF WONDERS.

One "day after" which I remember clearly is the day after we arrived in a certain gulf town in Mississippi several years ago. We arrived late one day so most of the wonders were to be seen the next day. I had never before been where there were any shells, so almost before I had had time to eat any breakfast I became absorbed in filling my apron with oyster shells, which were indeed fine in my eyes. Soon I heard of a monstrous fish which a neighbor had caught the day before. I went right over to see it, gazing at it with eyes and mouth wide open. But what next attracted my attention and held it for the remainder of that day and many other days was the beach and the long piers extending far into the water. That beach was far above my expectations and many were the happy days spent on it afterward. This day was full of wonders and joys.

—Margaret Shelton,

High School. Rhinelander, Wis.

VACATION PRIZES.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rod, from 7½ to 8½ feet long, 10-inch Cork Handle and Ferrule.
Supplementary Fishing Outfit (consisting of a fine Nickel Plated Multiplying Reel, 25 feet Best Braided Linen Line, and one dozen best Carlisle Snell Hooks and one-half dozen Sinkers.
Official League Ball.
Louisville Slugger Bat.
Catcher's Mit, fine quality "Mausicatored" buckskin with improvement in pocket, used by professionals.
Fielder's Glove.
Repeating Air Rifle.
Leather Football, regulation size, complete with Bladder.
Tennis Net, double court, No. 15 Thread Canvas Bound.
Tennis Balls, one-half dozen.
Golf Balls, one-half dozen.
Caddy Bag, canvas.
Croquet Set, No. 7.
Hammock.
Cotton Gymnasium Knee Pants and Shirt.
Lawn Tennis Shoes, low.
One Driver.
One Putter.
One Lofter.
Ping-Pong Set.
Whitely Exerciser, Vim.
Student's Sketching Outfit.
Water Color Outfit.
Any Book, not exceeding $1.50 in price.

Extermination Extraordinary.

Indian Killer from New York—Where's yer Indians?

Colorado Jack—All dead.

Indian Killer—Who killed 'em?

Colorado Jack—Why, you see, young feller, they heard you was coming, and they laid down and died.—Golden Days.

"General," reported the tory innkeeper, "the American force is divided into 100 companies, each taining sixty minutemen."

"Good!" answered Cornwallis. "I shall send word to England that we have met the enemy and they are hours."—Harvard Lampoon.

"How well George Bellinger talked about Berlin and Bavaria last night."

"Where's that at? What do they make?—Cleveland Leader.

BASEBALL NAMES OF JUNIOR ATHLETES.

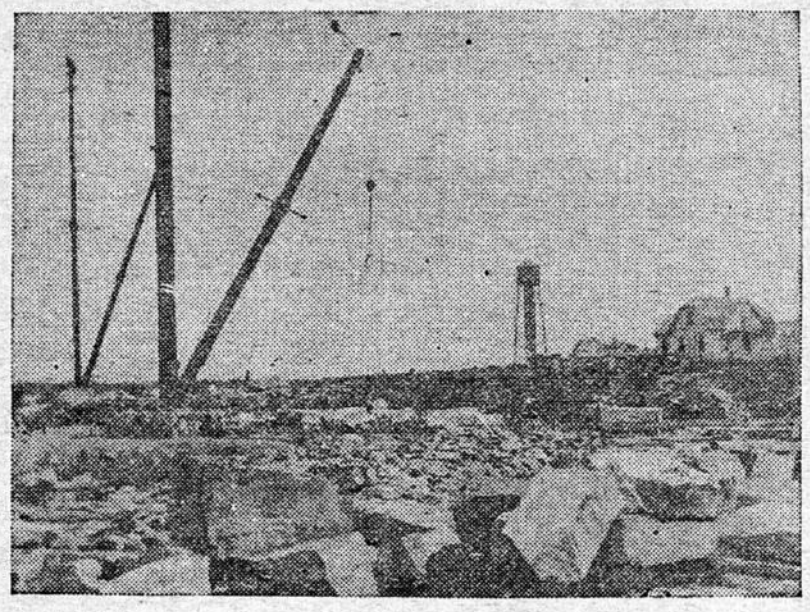
The Twenty-eighth Street Stars.

Harry Wheller, Manager, 1208 Franklin Av. S.

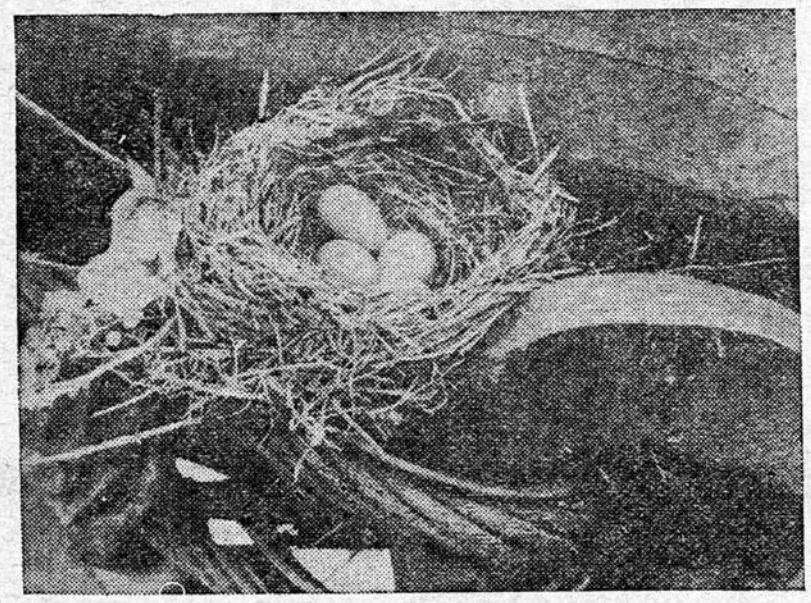
"Fat" Wheller,	"Gaga" Bolinder,
"Swede" Anderson,	"Peta" Peterson,
"Satchel" Sather,	"Ed" Hanson,
"Ginger" Linder,	"Art" Johnson,
"Lefty" Johnson.	

A QUEER NESTING PLACE

Mother Robin Sticks to Her Nest and Rides Up and Down with the Derrick Boom.



The large derrick shown in one picture is one of many in use at the quarries of the Kettle River Sandstone company, at Sandstone, Minn. While the great boom was idle in the spring and extending almost horizontally near the ground, a pair of robins built their nest at its outer end where one of the four great strengthening cables terminated. Four eggs were laid and the process of hatching commenced in perfect safty. But the day on which these pictures were taken this bird home began a new



and strange career. The derrick must needs be put into use and the boom made several trips high into the air while moving heavy stones, all without spilling or injury to the eggs, thanks to the deeply-hollowed nest. Whether the female remained on the nest when the boom reached its highest position and at trying angles, the writer does not know, but this is true,—when it was lowered to allow a picture to be taken, she was at her post and did not fly off until brought into close range. I regret very much that I could not remain and observe the action of the birds more closely in the trying conditions under which they were attempting to carry on housekeeping.

—W. H. Hale.

How Teddy Helped.

Teddy's papa owns a large cattle ranch. One summer there was a drought. The springs dried up, and the streams became trickling rills or disappeared altogether. The cattle wandered restlessly over the range in search of water. Teddy's father sent to the nearest town and had men come with steam drills and iron pipes to bore an artesian well, so that there would always be plenty of water for cattle. They bored down several hundred feet in hopes of finding an underground stream, but they could not do so, and had to give up the quest. They went away, taking their tools with them, but leaving—what greatly interested Teddy—a deep hole lined with iron pipe. He would take the board off the pipe and peer down, and then drop in a rock and see how many he could count before it struck the bottom.

One night after he had gone to bed he heard his papa talking to his mama. He said: "Last winter's blizzard killed scores of cattle, and now this drought comes. It is all outgo and no income. I don't know how long we can keep it up. In a few years Teddy will be old enough to help me, but I can't put a 10-year-old boy on the round-up, nor keep him all day in the saddle, looking after the cattle."

Teddy did lots of serious thinking during the next few days. How he wished he could help his papa in some way! And the opportunity came in a way Teddy least expected. One day he walked over to where the men had bored for the artesian well. He peered into it, but it was as black as night. He gathered a handful of long, dry prairie grass, rolled it in a small piece of birch bark in which he had placed a piece of rick, lighted it and dropped it down the well. Then he put his face close to the edge and watched it blaze as it fell down and down.

Suddenly a long red column of flame leaped upward with a rushing noise. Before Teddy had time to pull his head away, the force of the explosion sent him rolling over and over away from the mouth of the well. The flame shot high up and blazed fiercely for a moment or two. Teddy was terribly frightened. His eyes smarted, and he could see a bright red flame dancing before him in whichever direction he looked. With scorched hat and singed hair, he ran home as fast as he could. He told his papa what had happened. His papa went to the well, and when he came back he said, "Teddy, my boy, I think your accident is going to make our fortune. Our well has tapped a small vein of natural gas, and I think if we go deeper we shall strike oil."

So the welldiggers came out again and resumed drilling. Before long they came down to the oil. The oil came rushing out faster than they could save it. Teddy's papa sold the oil well to an oil company for a good price, and with the money he bought a ranch in another state, where there was plenty of pasture and water, and shipped his cattle to the new ranch.

Teddy is learning all he can about managing a cattle ranch, because when he is old enough his father is going to take him in as a partner.—F. Lockley in St. Nicholas.

Wise Bird.

"Why did you ask me to meet you on the sundial?" queried the sparrow.

"So you'd be on time," replied the partner of the rendezvous.—Houston Post.

A Victim of Decorations.

Dave—What's the matter with your eyes?"

Billy—Oh, I sat between two girls on the car; one girl's hat jabbed me in one eye with a bunch of straw and the other girl's hat jabbed the other eye with a quill.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

History's Hilarity.

Hiawatha and his prospective father-in-law were sitting before the latter's tepee.

"I was looking for flints for arrowheads over on the ridge today," remarked the young brave, "and found several quartz."

"I must tell that to my daughter," the arrow-maker chuckled. "It will make Minnehaha."—Detroit News.

The Strenuous Visit.

Mack—Do you think Emeline had a good time?

Kate—I guess so. Mother and I took to our beds after she left, and she writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home.—Cincinnati Comemrcial Tribune.

Hesitated and Didn't Lose.

"Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from the country.

"When was that?"

"Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-h-ow much I would take for a-a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him $40 he offered me $50."—Kennebec Journal.

Awful.

Mr. Krusty—What's all this noise?"

Mrs. Krusty—Kate is practicing "The First Steps in Music."

Mr. Krusty—Tell her to take her steps in her stocking feet.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Matter of Contrast.

Customer—Strawberry boxes get smaller and smaller.

Grocer—No'm, that ain't it; it's the strawberries—y' see, they gets larger and larger.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Works and Plays.

"How's your daughter getting on now?"

"Oh, fine. She's busy at Beethoven's works."

"Where's that at? What do they make?"—Cleveland Leader.

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

"Heavens! How rapidly that tree has grown!"

—Meggendorfer Blaetter.