

ON PICNIC DAYS

(Continued From Page One.)

so they sprang into the water and swam to the boat. We tried hard to keep them off, but to no avail, and the next minute the heavily loaded boat had tipped its occupants into the water! The girls began to scream and the boys to shout, but luckily we were not far from land so we scrambled out of the water. Altho frightened at first, we soon regained our spirits and set to work to dry our clothes. The ducking had increased our appetites and we ate with relish. We did not care for any more boating that day, but we had a good time notwithstanding our pleasant misfortune. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours truly,
—Dick Welch,
A Seventh Grade,
Whittier School,
95 W Twenty-eighth St.

SOME PICTURED BEASTS

There Was One Easy Way of Making a Big Score in the New Game They Played.
(Prize.)

MY DEAR LILLIAN: I must write you of our last Sunday school picnic last year. The sun shone brightly and nothing seemed to mar the beauty of the day. At 9 o'clock sharp we were to meet at the church, where the "chartered cars" were to stop. At 9:10 a.m. we started and to amuse ourselves we played a game called "fowls and beasts." We were divided into two companies and then on the way to the picnic we were to count the number of fowls or beasts we saw; birds counting, one; horses and cows, three; dogs, one; cats in the windows, twenty, and chickens, ten; while peacocks counted fifty. At the end of the ride we added up our amounts and the side who had the most marks won. When we added up, the other side had one or two more than our side, but they were at last beaten, for we learned that they had counted the animal pictures on the bills along the way. Then when we had arrived we played games such as "ten-step," "fortunes," "crisp," and many other interesting ones. At last came the lunch and after that we ran races, waded in the lake, fished and in the evening went boat-riding, while the music at the pavilion was delightful. Finally, we went home and every one shouted our "yell," every time we passed people or a streetcar. Every one declared it an "ideal picnic."
Your loving friend,
—Hazel Ells,
A Sixth Grade,
Washington School,
727 Ninth Ave. S.

ROUND SWINGS AND THINGS.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dear Josie: Yours received and glad to hear that you are all enjoying good health. You requested a separate letter from me describing the picnic I mentioned and the following are the minute particulars of that event:

6:45—Rudely awakened from slumber and by the musical vocalizings of baby, to the realization that today we were to test the fortunes of a picnic.
7:00—Bustling about the kitchen and was soon joined by others who had been jarred into consciousness by the clear but varied tones of our disturber's soprano voice.
7:50—Breakfast cleared and the process of scrubbing the protesting Johnny begun. The lemon-squeezer failed to show up so Johnny was sent to borrow that indispensable article of Mrs. L— and upon his late return, he had fallen in the mud, was rescrubbed.
8:30—Reached our destination without further interruption and I was cominanded by the smaller folk to repair with them to a big swing where I should give them a push and send them, screaming with delight, up in the air. Johnny became too enthusiastic and ran forward at the wrong time—receiving a bump on his nose—so we all trailed back to sooth the injured spot.
10:30—After seeing the park animals we ate a hearty lunch and then went to look at the falls. I was gazing at them with a poet's appreciation when Edith gave an irreverent shriek. She had thrust her finger in the creek and been made the victim of a thirsty blood-sucker's perseverance. When I noticed the wild tossing of her arms and the close proximity of Johnny's sore but sympathetic nose, I warned him that Edith's tormentor might light on him, for a change—and he changed his position with amazing alacrity. Thus the day was spent until we returned home tired but happy.
Your friend,
—Clara M. Sandborg,
A Eighth Grade,
Blaine School,
560 Seventh Ave. N.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, July 8:

"A WELCOME PICTURE."

The phrase may be used in any sense. The stories must be true and strictly original. Recognition will go to the stories that make the strongest showing as to the "welcomeness" of the picture. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior Not Later Than Saturday Evening, June 30, at 5 o'clock. They must be written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Sunday, July 15:

"NEVER AGAIN."

The stories must be true and strictly original. Recognition will go to those that are most convincing in the assertion that the phrase is really meant. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior Not Later Than Saturday Evening, July 7, at 5 o'clock. They must be written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

A KINSHIP PARTY.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dear Grace: I had the finest time the other day at a picnic at Minnehaha. There were thirty people there and all except one were related to me. But the "one" was such an old friend that she seemed almost like a relative. We went about 10 o'clock in the morning and stayed until 9 o'clock in the evening. I had a fine time all thru the day and about 6 o'clock the men who had had to work came out. We decided not to eat at the picnic grounds, but to go down in the glen instead. We had to carry all our traps and the things that we were going to eat down there, but after we were thru we had a fine time. We asked permission to build a fire and then boiled our coffee. We went home late and had a whole car to ourselves.
Your friend,
—Ruth Cassidy,
B Seventh Grade,
Bryant School,
3617 Third Ave. S.

NEAR NEW WOODS.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dear Cousin: Yesterday I went to a picnic and had more fun than I have had for a long time. Cousin called me at 6 o'clock in the morning. The weather was fine, just the kind for a picnic. As soon as we were dressed we ran down-stairs, but the rest of the family were not up yet. In a few minutes they were all down to make preparations for the picnic. Isn't it fun making ready for a picnic? It is almost as much fun for me as the picnic itself. In two hours everything was

SOMETHING OF A DUCK HUNT.

Dear Somebody: I was very pleased to receive your letter and enjoyed what you told about the picnic you had. Last fall, about ten boys and I went to Minnesota bottoms to hunt ducks. We did not have any horses so we walked out. We had so much lunch and so many guns that it took us all the morning to get out there. We did not do much hunting that day, but just had a good time rowing in a boat that we hired. Before we noticed, it was too late to walk home so we decided to find an old barn and sleep in it. We found an old hayshed that was pretty well gone and made it our sleeping place for the night. After it became dark we all fell asleep but one boy who could not do so and did not want us to, so he awakened us and said that it was morning. We all arose and started for town. We reached the house of one of the boys about 3 in the morning and were so tired that we lay down on the lawn and slept until morning.
—Charles Berry,
B Seventh Grade,
Bryant School,
3845 Nicollet Ave.

A SLIPPERY PATHWAY.

Dear Cousin Mary: I am going to tell you in this letter about the picnic which our Sunday school class held at Minnehaha Falls. The day was cloudy, but we went. When we changed cars it began to rain, but stopped in a little while. Part of the day was sunny and warm, while at times it would be raining and chilly. About 2 o'clock our teacher arrived (we had been waiting for her) and then we had lunch, which tasted very good in the green woods. When lunch was finished we decided to go to the Soldiers' Home. We looked awhile at the falls which were beautiful at that time and then walked along the creek to the home. I had never been there before so the way was new. The soldiers were very entertaining. They told us we were welcome and showed us around. While we looked around it had been raining and was still sprinkling when we left. As the walk along the creek is narrow and the rain had made it muddy, we had a very hard time going back. Some places we had to cling to the branches and bushes, jump in the mud and go down in quicksand. Altogether we were a very tired but laughing and happy crowd, when we reached the picnic grounds, declaring we had had a very good time as well as adventures enough for one day and started for home.
Your cousin,
—Esther Bergstrand,
2210 California St. NE,
B Seventh Grade,
Humboldt School.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Upon what day of the week did little Willie "hook" the jar of jam from the kitchen?

ready for us to start and we were soon at the grounds. The swings were put up and soon we were having a fine time. When we were tired of the swings we went to explore the woods, for it was the first time we had been there. When lunch was ready we were sent to look for the smaller children who had strayed away. We were hungry and enjoyed the lunch very much. Afterward, we played games, ran races and went into the woods to look for flowers. We started for home at 8 o'clock after we had had another little lunch. By the time we reached home we were all very tired. Everyone said "What a lovely time we have had!"
Your cousin,
—Clara Veblem,
A Sixth Grade,
Horace Mann School,
3328 Tenth Ave. S.

THE GOLD OF THE MARSH.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Dear Friend R—: I am writing this letter just to tell you of the delightful time I had at a picnic, given by S—, in honor of her twelfth birthday. We went in hay-racks, to Lake O—. It was a lovely ride and everyone stared at us, as we sang "In the Good Old Summer-time." As soon as we reached the lake M— said, "Let's go in wading." This was just what we wanted and when S—'s mother consented, we shouted for joy. We had a fine lunch at 12:30 after which we picked flowers. I saw some pretty marsh-marigolds on a little island about four yards out in the lake. "I'll get them before M— does," I thought as I pulled off my stockings. Just then M— came running up to me. "Aren't they beauties?" she said, putting one foot in the water. "I'll get there first." "Indeed, you'll not," I assured her. We both started. About half-way out, a frog came hopping toward me. "Oh, help! help!" I screamed. Soon a crowd of people were around me. In the meantime, M— picked all the flowers and I came home empty-handed.
Your loving friend,
—Gertrude Mitchell,
A Sixth Grade,
Madison School,
1623 Park Ave.

A KIND WISH.

My Dear Ruth: I was very glad to receive your last letter and in return I am going to tell you about a picnic we had at the falls last year. A few days before we were to have it, Miss G— told us to be good and help our mothers to do the work. The day was clear and hot, so when we reached there we were hungry, thirsty and tired. We then had a good lunch and some lemonade which made us feel like having some fun. We went down to the river and had a boatride to Fort Snelling and back. Last of all we went to the Soldiers' Home. We saw many guns that had been used in the army. This day was certainly a happy one and I wish you could have been there.
Your friend,
—Mabel Anderson,
B Seventh Grade,
Bryant School,
4700 Chicago Ave. E.

we reached the depot, the train had just left so we had to wait for the half-past eight train. We reached Minnetonka about 9 o'clock and stayed until 7 p.m. When we reached home we were very tired.
A Sixth Grade,
Horace Mann School,
—Hannah Bergeson,
1113 E Lake St.

A FEW JOLLY BOYS.

Dear Mother: Not long after I arrived here I went to a picnic, did not know very many boys and girls, but I had just as much fun anyway, because the boys that I did know were jolly and would play anything with one. We enjoyed our lunch very much. We went on the merry-go-round and as I never have had many rides on a merry-go-round I liked it and took another ride. I had a nice long boatride which I liked best of all. The band played and we had a nice shady place. When it was time to go home I did not want to go. Yours very truly,
A Sixth Grade,
Horace Mann School,
—Eugene Curran,
3105 Tenth Ave. S.

A BLACK "TRADE-MARK."

Dear Astell: I went to a picnic the other day and some other girls and I went fishing. Oh! I caught the largest fish in the lake. It was a monster and it almost pulled me out of the boat. When I was about to get out of the boat, I fell in the mud and got a picnic trade-mark on my dress. My shoes were so covered with mud, that I could hardly walk. As we were going to eat our lunch it began to rain. I never saw such big drops of rain in my life. We ate something and then we started for home. I was glad to reach there, too. You must come here this summer and we will go to the lake and "have a picnic."
Yours truly,
B Seventh Grade,
Horace Mann School,
—Mabel Clausen,
3232 Park Ave.

THE DANDIEST EVER.

Dear Bill: I received your letter of the first, this morning and was much pleased to hear about that "great" picnic of yours. If you think you had the dandiest picnic that ever was you should have been with me about this time last summer in the poplar brush of northern Minnesota. One morning we started off on a picnic in an old wagon that we borrowed from a farmer, but before we reached our picnic grounds it began to rain. We all got under the wagon as fast as we could. In about ten minutes the rain stopped and we continued our excursion. Reaching the spot where we were to eat our lunch we unpacked the sandwiches and found them soaked with water. To describe them a little more definitely, one of the boys said that they tasted like a "bean-mash." Finding the sandwiches spoiled we built a fire and decided to have doughnuts and coffee. We had just begun to eat dinner when it commenced to sprinkle again. We ate our lunch in spite of the rain, and then all agreed to go in swimming, later on it began to pour. The boys were all in the river in water up to their necks with the