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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Bertha Surprises Her Friends with Novel Indoor Winter Picnic

BY HELENA DAVIS



"I'M GOING to have a picnic on Saturday," said Bertha to several of her young friends. "And I want you all to come." "A picnic?" And May Rogers laughed at such an absurd notion. "Why, one can't have a picnic in the winter, Bertha. If we went to the park or to the woods we'd freeze sitting about on the ground, eating a cold picnic luncheon. Why, have you been sleeping during the past four or five months? It's winter now, dear."

Three or four other little girls laughed also at the idea of a picnic in winter,

sides bringing their pockets full of popcorn and peanuts. The boys always had such a store of things in their pockets. For the remainder of the week the boys and girls invited to the Saturday afternoon picnic at the home of Bertha Avery lived in eager anticipation, wondering what the "picnic" held in store for them by way of surprise. Many made conjectures, saying it would be only a house party and that the games would be indoor games. But when the clock struck 3 on Saturday afternoon nearly every guest was turning in at the gate leading to Bertha Avery's home, for each boy and girl was anxious to be present when the "picnic" began, and the latest arrival was there at 10 minutes past the hour named.

On entering the hall nothing unusual about the interior decoration was noticeable to make the picnic crowd lively, be-



WHOM DOES THIS YOUNG WOMAN ADDRESS?

and Helen Warren said: "Come, tell us all about your idea of a picnic in winter, Bertha. I'm interested. And you may count on my accepting the invitation, too. I'll be there—wherever it is to happen."

"Oh, so will I come," cried May eagerly. "But it's a funny idea—a picnic in winter. But tell us where and when it is to be." "I said on Saturday," replied Bertha, unruffled by her friends' laughter over her "absurd notion," as they had put it. "And the hour is to be 3 o'clock P. M. And the place—well, all assemble at my house at the hour named and then I'll conduct you to the picnic grounds."

"All right," agreed each of the little girls. Then Bertha ran off to invite several other school friends, among them half a dozen of the boys—jolly chaps, who would furnish all sorts of jokes and

able and the guests saw the regulation furniture about them. After removing their wraps they were ushered into the parlor, which was the same room in appearance it had always been on their former visits. The guests looked at one another questioningly. "Just as I supposed—only a joke of Bertha's," whispered May Rogers. "The picnic is the regulation house party we are all accustomed to during the winter months." But just at this moment Bertha entered the parlor, bowing and smiling to each guest, excusing herself for not having been there to receive them. "The truth is, girls and boys, I have been at the picnic grounds all morning and have only just returned. But now will you go with me to the picnic grounds?"

The guests scrambled to their feet, crowding about Bertha, who led them through the hall into the library, from