THE HERALD JUNIOR

FLORENCE BOSARD LAWRENCE, Editor

The Herald Junior is published by the Herald company for the children of the southwest. It is devoted to their interests, and will publish principally their own writings. All children of public school age are welcome as contributors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers.

ANSWERS QUERIES

My Dear Boys and Girls:

THIS week I must answer several questions which have been asked me over and over again.

In reply to the question which I find most often in the letters that come from Juniors, I will say this: Any boy or girl of school age is welcome to compete in these contests just as often as he or she chooses to do so. I only ask that each one read over the announcements of prize competitions before sending papers, letters and limericks to me, and I wish—oh, how I wish!—that my young friends thought enough of my convenience so that they would leave margins at one side of the paper and at the top of the sheet, and would sign their name on the same side of the paper that the limerick, story or letter is written on.

That wouldn't be very hard, would it, Juniors? I daresay that you have all done things much harder than that many times. Now, how many of you will remember this simple request?

Put all contributions in the same envelope. Some of the writers seem to think that it takes a separate envelope and stamp for each contribution. This is not at all necessary, and when several brothers and sisters in one family wish to write to me they may quite well put all their work in the same envelope, taking care to place sufficient postage upon it to insure its delivery to this office.

This week you all have a chance to win a different sort of prize. Perhaps some of you may not know just what the play "Peter Pan" is about. In another article on this same page I will try and tell you all something about it.

I hope that we shall have a great many contributions upon this subject, "Do you believe in fairies?" this week. There are many ways of understanding this question, and I am sure that my busy and clever little readers will each find some novel manner of presenting the ideas in their letters.

I want to hear about all the fairies you can believe in. There are fairies of life who live in tiny seeds, fairies who put the pearls within the oyster shells under the ocean, fairies to put the honey in the flowers and to guide the bees to the proper field so that they may gather it in quantities and store it up. All these tiny fairies you can easily believe in, even though some of you may think that you are now so big that you have outgrown all childish faith in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and fairies, elves and hobgoblins.

The drawings continue to improve, and before long we shall have a fine list of Herald Junior artists. Opening the pictures here is one of the most interesting portions of my day's work, and I expect that the subject this week will offer wide opportunities to the imaginative young artist. For instance, some one may draw a little girl asleep over her book with visions of fairies floating about in the air, another will have big sister reading the stories to the younger members of the family circle, and perhaps some of the boys may even show a picture of the boy at school and his furtive enjoyment of the story book when studies or other duties ought to have his attention.

With love for you all.

AUNT LAURIE.

LINCOLN

FEBRUARY, 12, 1909, marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the most beloved character in American history. Sixteenth president of the United States, one of the world's greatest statesmen, he abolished slavery in America and preserved the union of states—a man of the people. His farewell address, delivered at Springfield, Ill., February 11, 1861, was as follows:

"My friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

A FAIRY PLAY

WHEN Peter Pan comes dancing on to the Burbank stage next week followed by his bands of fairies, lost boys and pirates the young and old folk who have been convinced that they did not believe in fairies will have to change their minds.

He comes from the Land of Never Never Land to learn the fairy stories which mortal mothers tell to their little ones when the bedtime hour comes around. He listens at windows, and in his anxiety to learn the beautiful story of Cinderella one night he accidentally comes within range of the nurse's vision, and she in haste slams the window down, catching Peter's shadow while he slips through the window.

Poor Peter Pan, without his shadow, is disconsolate, and finally wins the good will of Wendy, who not only fastens his shadow securely in place once more, but does many other wonderful things for him and his bands of fairies.

The adventures of Wendy and her two brothers with the fairy children are all so amazing, so beautiful and so delightful that they have entertained thopusands of persons for the past several years ever since the play was first produced.

Peter Pan has already been seen in Los Angeles once, and some of the Juniors may have witnessed it then, but even if some one of them should happen to win one of these prizes a second opportunity to see the beautiful fairy play would undoubtedly be pleasing.

VISITORS' HOURS

Aunt Laurie will be in her office in The Herald building to issue prizes, receive calls from Juniors, teachers, parents and others Monday afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock and on Saturday from 10 in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Other appointments may be made at any time by telephone when the regular hours do not suit the convenience of visitors.

LINCOLN'S FOREFATHERS

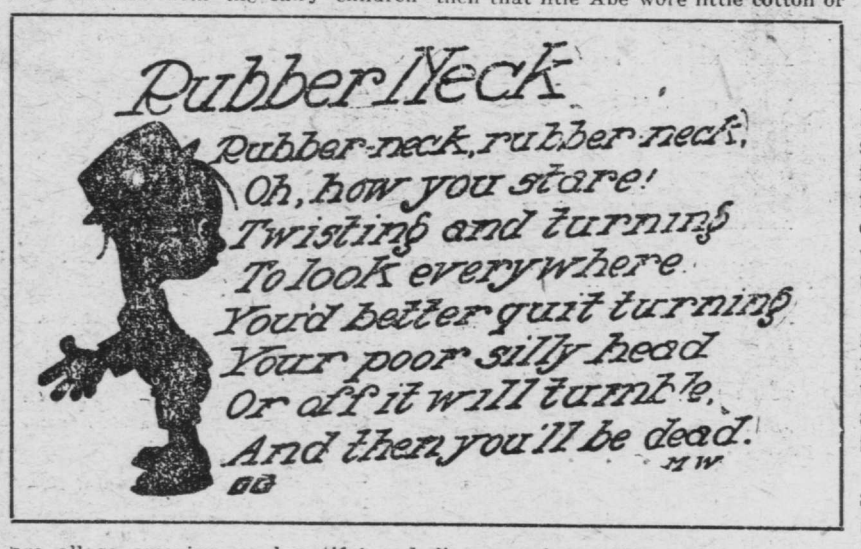
Abraham Lincoln's forefathers were pioneers—men who left their homes to open up the wilderness and make the way plain for others to follow them. For 170 years, ever since the first American Lincoln came from England to Massachusetts, in 1638, they had been moving slowly westward as new settlements were made in the forest.

They faced solitude, privation and all the dangers and hardships that beset men who take up their homes where only beasts and wild men existed before; but they continued to press steadily forward, though they lost fortune and sometimes even life itself in their westward progress. Back in Pennsylvania and New Jersey some of the Lincolns had been men of wealth and influence. In Kentucky, where the future president was born on February 12, 1809, his parents lived in deep poverty. Their home was a small log cabin of the rudest kind, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that their child, coming into the world in such humble surroundings, was destined to be the greatest man of his time. True to his race, he also was to be a pioneer—not, indeed, like his ancestors, a leader into new woods and unexplored fields, but a pioneer of a nobler and grander sort, directing the thoughts of men ever toward the right, and leading the American people, through difficulties and dangers and a mighty war, to peace and freedom.

The story of this wonderful man begins and ends with a tragedy, for his grandfather, also named Abraham, was killed by a shot from an Indian's rifle while peaceably at work with his three sons at the edge of his frontier clearance.

LITTLE ABE LINCOLN

If Abraham Lincoln had cotton or woolen clothing to wear when he was a boy he did not go to the store and buy the material or the clothes as you can today. First the cotton, the wool, or the flax had to be grown. Sumac berries, walnut barks and other barks were used for coloring. The children had to lie on the floor and pick the seeds from the cotton bolls before they could go to bed. The warmer the cotton the better it picked, so they would take a good sweat. The next day the cotton had to be carded and spun, and when enough was spun and colored to make a dress apiece it would be put into the loom and woven. Linsey-woolsey was made of flax and wool and required much labor. It was probable then that litle Abe wore little cotton or linsey-woolsey. His trousers were of roughly-tanned deerskin, his foot coverings—home made moccasins, his cap a coonskin, his coat a blouse of linsey-woolsey. But if this costume did have some disadvantages it was both useful and strong. So good an authority as Governor Reynolds says of one of its articles—the linsey-woolsey shirt: "It was an excellent garment. I have never felt so happy and healthy since I put it off."



AN ENORMOUS GIRAFFE

By CAROLYN WELLS

At a city hotel, an enormous giraffe
Arrived from the East;
And this curious beast
Wore a long linen duster, and carried a staff.
His wit and his chaff
Made every one laugh,
This epigrammatic, grammatic giraffe!

EASY METAGRAM

Whole, I am the hero of one of Shakespeare's plays. Curtail me and I become an ancient city of Eprope; transpose this and I become greater, but then take from me one thousand and if you owned all the remainder you would be worth countless millions. Curtail me and a conjunction remains; curtail me again and there is nothing left.

RHINOCEROS BLOOD AS MEDICINE

The blood of the rhinoceros is very highly esteemed by Burmese and Chinese as a medicine for all kinds of ailments. Whenever a party of hunters are successful in shooting a rhinoceros—they are less numerous than they used to be—the native beaters carefully draw off the blood and bring it to Rangoon stored in hollow bamboos. The precious liquid is worth its weight in silver.

THE ONLY REAL ONES

Johnnie—An' yer didn't get nothin' but a knife and a football for Christmas?

Willie—Dat's all I got what's any good. Dere wuz an overcoat an' hat, an' a suit of clothes, an' some underwear, an' stockin's, an' gloves, an' a whole lot of other things like dat; but dey ain't no kind ob Christmas presents.—Harper's Weekly.

A MINUTE AT PANAMA

Every two minutes a ton of coal is burned up at Panama, every minute twelve carloads of rock and gravel are torn from the earth, every hour 1666 pounds of dynamite are exploded in mountain and jungle, every minute $124 is spent for labor!—Putnam's Magazine.

UNFINISHED STORY

"WHY, MARY," exclaimed Jessie, as she opened the paper Sunday morning, "See here, the topic for us to write about this week is "Do you believe in fairies?"

"Why the idea, of course we don't believe in fairies, how could any one as old as we are believe in such things," said Mary.

Their mother heard their chatter and smiled as they talked. After the paper was read they went about their usual Sunday duties, dressing and attending Sunday school, later going with their parents to call upon a sick friend and finally returned home just about twilight ready to have their Sunday evening bread and milk.

Later on the girls were cozily esconced in their comfortable chairs reading their favorite story books. Their father and mother had gone to church and the girls were quite alone. Mary looked up suddenly from her book to discover that Jessie's head had nestled back among the cushions and her eyes were closed. "Jessie," she called softly, then "Jessie," again, but no reply. Jessie was sound asleep and her dreams were evidently pleasant ones, to judge by her smiling face.

Mary read on quietly for a few minutes and was astonished to hear Jessie say, "Why, no, Fairy Queen, I can't fly, I never learned how." Mary was instantly interested. She waited for Jessie to say something more, for talking in her sleep was one of her customary tricks. She waited patiently, however, and the next words electrified her, for Jessie said: "There, I am going up in the air now. I can feel myself growing smaller, too. Oh, fairy, will I ever get big again and go back to visit my father and mother?"

The next few minutes were among the longest which Mary ever remembered having spent, for she wanted to know what Jessie was dreaming about, but she did not want to waken her until the dream was ended.

In a very short time, however, her father and mother came in and their entrance wakened Jessie, who sat up blinking and wearing a look of amazement. She looked at her hands and feet and Mary saw her feel across her shoulders, as though wondering whether the fairy wings might still be there.

"Oh, I had such a funny dream," said Jessie, "but I'm glad I got back here all right. The fairy queen said I couldn't come unless I would always say I believed in fairies, and then she showed me such wonderful things."

Complete this story, telling Jessie's dream and her adventures in fairyland. Tell what magic the fairy employed to convey her little mortal friend to the fairy realms and what greeting and final treatment Jessie received at the hands of the other fairies.

Two prizes will be given in this contest this week of two seats each for "Peter Pan," at the Burbank theater.

Write from 150 to 300 words on one side of the paper, leaving margin at the top and side of each page, address the letter neatly to Aunt Laurie, The Herald Junior, care The Herald, Los Angeles, Cal., and be sure that it reaches this office not later than Saturday afternoon, February 20.

ABOUT PRIZES FOR HONORABLE MENTIONS

Competitors in any contest are entitled to a handsome book prize when their work has received honorable mention three times.

They must claim the prize, submitting copies of their letters, stories or limericks.