

boys set to work to start a fire in the stove. When the fire is fairly started, the boys begin popping corn, and we girls start making old-fashioned taffy candy, which only consists of two cups of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one-half teaspoon vinegar and one and one-half cups of water, letting it boil until it hardens in cold water. Then comes the pulling of the candy, which is the best thing of the whole candy-making, each one of us trying to get our candy lighter than each others.

Then, when everything is cleaned up in the kitchen, we sit down to eat candy and popcorn, which seems to taste much better than any we have ever tasted.

Sometimes while we are eating the candy one of my brothers sets his magic lantern going, and we have a picture show as well as a candy kitchen. **ROSE HANSEN.**  
362 Third street, San Pedro.

**Lost the Candy**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On rainy days, when the skies are bleak and dreary, and a child cannot go out to play, I feel quite lonesome. But although the sunshine has forgotten me, I have one friend, and that is the old attic.

I climb up the long stairs and enter an unfinished room. The carpenters have left it unfinished. I make it look better by trimming the walls in flowers and leaves. I next spread a rug of bright colors upon the floor and lie down upon it, with a soft and downy pillow under my head.

I have my books all around me. I pick up "Robinson Crusoe." I glance over the pages. I have read the book so often that I almost know it by heart. A new thought comes into my mind. Suppose that I was Robinson Crusoe. I would be wiser than he. I would bring a gun and a pistol, some fish-hooks and a knife. I drop the book and glance over the pages of "Captain January." I like the story very much, and often wish I was as brave as little Star, for she was very clever.

I jump up from my resting place. The rain is pouring. I hear the pitter-patter on the window pane. I run down the stairs, almost breaking my neck because of pussy, who rolls in front of my feet, and is very much disappointed when I push her away. I ask Mary if I might make some candy, and when it is ready to put in the pans I set it in the screen porch to cool. After this I go in the living room and play a game of checkers with brother Tom, who wins the game.

Then I go to the screen porch, where I intended to get my candy to surprise brother Tom, for it is his favorite candy. But some one has let Jack in and he is happily eating my delicious candy. He is only a dumb animal and is not to be blamed. It is now getting late, and mother will soon be home. For she has been gone for the day to see my aunt. Although the day has been rainy I have had a good time.

**OLA SULLIVAN.**  
1110 East Fourth street, Long Beach. Pine avenue school, grade A6; aged 13.

**An Ocean Journey**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

We have moved from Ocean Park. I am sorry I did not get to see you. We came up by steamship State of California. I was sick all the way up. It was awfully rough coming up. It had been raining and began to clear up when we were part way up. I was able to go on deck when the ship was going across the bar. It took them a long time to dock the ship. Papa met us and we took the ferry and came across the bay the same time. We took the railroad train and rode about ten minutes and walked two blocks and there was the house. I felt better after we left the ship, but was still feeling the effects of the trip. I like my school and teacher as well as I did at Ocean Park.

I think the nicest fairy is the fairy of good thoughts to help little children to be kind to everybody.

Children should help their mothers and fathers and that is the kind of fairies I believe in.

May I still write for The Herald Junior, Aunt Laurie? From your niece, **BERYL UPSON.**  
Cole school, Oakland. Age 9½ years. Grade A4.

Yes, indeed. Write us just the same, Beryl. We shall look for your letters.

**Archery is Amusing**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I will tell you what I do on a rainy day. I go in our house and build a fire. And then I lie down to read. And after I read a chapter or two I study, and when I get tired of studying I make a bow and arrow; then I fix up a target and shoot. After a while I call my sister and get her. I go into another room and tell her to come in. Then I make four round holes in the floor; then we play. The most of the time I beat her and sometimes she beats me. It's very nice to shoot a bow and arrow. Your friend,

**KENNETH HINTON,**  
La Habra school, R. F. D. No. 3, Fullerton.

**Floating Oranges**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

The other day when it rained so, I had to stay in the house all day and iron. I had a tub full of ironing to do. When I was at school we played games upstairs. When I went home that night I could not walk home, mamma had to come after me. It was too muddy for me to walk home.

I like to go to school. When I come

to school on rainy days I have to ride to school and home.

I went out the other day after it got through raining and we all went out in the road and we waded in the water that was on the road, and after dinner we went out to the ditch and the boys would take off their shoes and stockings and they got down in the ditch and caught the oranges for us girls to eat. The oranges were sweet as sugar. It is very muddy down our way. **MYRTLE SEXTON.**  
Age 9 years, fourth grade, La Habra school, Fullerton, Cal., R. F. D. No. 3.

**Juniors Go Wading**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On a rainy day I play games if it is Saturday, but if it is not I go to school. We take off our shoes and stockings and play in the water.

I have a nice game of tiddleywinks and a game of lotto.

Sunday Ray Lamar and Lyian Berry and Lucien Proud and Lester Proud went up in the hills, and we saw a big lake where the rainwater had run in. All the boys took their shoes and stockings off but me. I would like to take my shoes and stockings off and play in water, but papa and mamma are afraid I will take cold.

I throw sticks out in the water and my dog goes and gets them.

I like to see the chickens in the water. They get so muddy that they cannot walk.

Next winter papa will get me some rubber boots.

**ELWOOD PROUD.**  
Age 10. La Habra school, grade 5. R. F. D. No. 3, Fullerton.

**Parlor Croquet Amuses**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

When I wake up on a rainy day and hear the rain coming down I jump up and dress, and when I go into the dining room and find a nice warm fire to eat breakfast by I am very glad.

get the right kind of ink and try again.

Sitting in a warm room before a blazing, crackling fire, while the rain patterns on the roof and the wind roars, is jolly good fun. I think a rainy day has just as many pleasures as a sunny day, when you come to think of it. **CELESTE BENTON.**  
810 W. Thirty-second street, Jefferson street school, grade-A 8.

**Chops Down Trees**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On rainy days I take an iron and burn wood and play tiddleywinks.

Sometimes I go to the barn and play on the hay.

When it is raining I don't have to do my chores, 'cause it is too muddy, so my papa does them.

Sometimes when they chop wood I help them. I chop the trees down. I don't chop the big trees down, but I chop the little trees down.

My sister takes care of the baby and my mamma sews. Sometimes I read books and look at the funny paper.

When I get home from school I am wet and almost get a whipping.

I want papa to get me some boots.

I like to watch the water run down the ditch.

Sometimes there is so much that it runs over the ditch.

**MARTIN CHURCHILL.**  
Age 9. La Habra school, grade 4. Fullerton, R. F. D. No. 3.

**Garret Yields Treasures**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Days when it rains and I cannot go out doors, I go up into the garret, where my grandn'ther has lots of quaint old things stored away; boxes piled full of books, pictures she got from her mother, and many old garments she used to wear.

I tried to put on her clothes. There was one old dress I liked to put on because it was nice and warm. One day I went to get it and a big rat

in Greece there lived a very small boy, who wanted very much to be an athlete, and his heart would leap for joy. He became so famous that the marvelous tales of his strength soon reached the ears of the king. "Bring this marvelous boy before me, for if the tales I hear are true he must be nearly as strong as our great Hercules, and let us test his strength with the great Babi, the strongest man in the kingdom." Soon the news was all over the country and people from all about the land came to see the contest. When the contest was over they thought him the strongest boy they had ever seen.

**FRANK TOM HOWELL,**  
526 Maple avenue, Boyd Street school, grade A5.

**Young Actors Entertain**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I remember one rainy day that I really enjoyed. We were at grandma's spending the summer vacation when there suddenly came up a big rain. We were all miserable, for we had planned to have a good time riding on the hay wagon.

"What can we do this dreary old day? We can't go out of doors," the boy sighed. "I know what we'll do," said grandma, winking her little bright eyes. "Come on and I will show you," she continued. She led us up to the attic and opened an old chest. She dressed us all up in old-fashioned clothes.

Archer had on a big colonial hat on one side of his head with a sword in his belt and was parading up and down the room.

I was costumed as a little colonial maid, while the other two boys were also dressed in quaint clothes.

"Now we will have a play," said grandma.

"Oh, that'll be fun," we all said. We worked for about an hour getting up a suitable play. At last we succeeded with aunty's and grandma's aid. We had put up curtains at one end of the attic. This was to be the place of action.

After lunch we had all the servants, grandma, aunty and, of course, Fido, as audience. Every one paid a pin as admission. We had lots of fun, and made about fifteen pins.

Archer was ticket man, and I furnished the music. A French harp was the whole orchestra. After the play grandma gave us a banquet downstairs. Aunty and grandma thought we did fine, and so did the servants and Fido.

We enjoyed it, too, for we liked to play acting. **EDITH ROPER.**  
R. F. D. No. 2, box 24, Anaheim, Cal.; age 13.

**Candy and Popcorn**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I will tell you what I do on a rainy day, and I know that I have nearly as much fun as on a sunshiny day.

On week days we play with our games and toys, and on a rainy Sunday we read and enjoy ourselves that way. If it is not raining too hard on Sunday mornings so that we can get to Sunday school, we go there. Our Sunday school lasts only until 11 o'clock, and then church until 12. I sometimes stay to church, but on a rainy Sunday I come right home; and on an evening when it is raining we sit around the fireplace and make candy, pop popcorn and roast peanuts. We usually roast our peanuts and make our candy on the kitchen stove unless we have a very hot fire in the fireplace.

There are two little girls who live just down the street a little way from us, and sometimes they come up to our house and sometimes my sister and I go down to their house.

**RETA REARDON.**  
1321 Temple street, Temple street school. Age 11. Grade B5.

**Punctual at School**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On rainy days I go to school. I have some boots. I go out in the mud and play. I go skating in the mud. They think I look funny with my boots on. They say I am a fishing man. I carry water to put on the skating places. My papa brings me to school. I have not been late or absent this year. I go upstairs and play.

**EARL McFADDEN.**  
La Habra school, grade 3. Age 9. Fullerton, R. F. D. 3.

**Dresses Dolls**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I do not have far to go to school. On a rainy day I can skip and do not get wet. I stay in school when it rains. I go home and play with my doll. I have made her a new dress. I have seven little dolls, and I sew for them on a rainy day.

I stay in the school when it rains. It rains very hard sometimes and the wind blows. **IRENE WERNETT.**  
518 Solano avenue, Solano avenue school, grade B4; age 9.

**Young Writer**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

This is the first time I have written to The Herald Junior, but I have always wished to write. I am only in the first grade, so I cannot write myself. My sister is writing for me.

I am going to be a member of the Herald Junior now if you will let me, as I like it very much.

**BERNARD TOPLITZKY.**  
Custer Avenue school, B1 grade. Age 6 years. 440 North Beaudry avenue.

**Elevated**

Little Harold was taken to church for the first time. The choir loft was above the pulpit. On the return home Harold sprung the following query upon his mother: "Why do all those folks sit on the mantel-piece?"—The January Delineator.

**THE CIRCUS CLOWN**



The clown at the circus he made us all laugh,  
The way he performed! I can't tell you half  
Of his jokes and his antics—to just see him smile  
Was enough to make anyone gay for a while.  
His clothes were so funny, half yellow, half red,

With a little green hat on the side of his head;  
While capering after him all 'round the ring;  
Ran a little pet pony, the prettiest thing!  
If I hadn't determined a sailor to be,  
On a three-masted vessel, a-roaming the sea,  
I'd almost be tempted to take up the trade  
Of being a clown in a circus parade!  
—Little Folks.

It is so muddy where I live that we cannot go out in the yard. Then mamma sets the table and we eat our breakfast. When breakfast is done I help with the dishes and then help mamma clean the house.

Then I go and get a book to read and sit down by the fire. Then I have to do arithmetic and study a while. Then it is about time for dinner, so my mother calls me to set the table. After dinner I help with the dishes. After the dishes are done I go in the back bedroom and play school with my cousin and my brother.

When we get tired of playing school we get marbles and play they are sheep and we are shepherds. When we want them to go we push them along. Then we play croquet on the floor. It is not a big croquet, but only a table croquet. Then I play authors with my cousin Ruth. I like to sit by the window and watch the rain come down. I like to pop corn on a rainy day. I like it better when the sun shines because I can play outdoors. **KATHERINE LUCID.**  
La Habra school, grade 4. Age 10 years. Fullerton, R. F. D. No. 3.

**Enjoys Rainy Day**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

A rainy day is almost as nice as a sunny day, for there are so many things you can't do on a sunny day because you want to be outside.

I always have a lot of mending to do that I never would find time for otherwise.

Then, there is always a book to finish, and if there is not, the library is not far away, so I go there to read; but, best of all is the painting and drawing. There is nothing I like better than to do this; perhaps it may be some paper dolls for a little girl in the neighborhood, or a picture to send to The Herald Junior. I have been disappointed by not seeing any of the pictures published, but I am going to

jumped out. I made for a chair, and when I looked around I saw just the rat's tail disappearing down a hole, and I made up my mind he wouldn't come back soon, so I went on playing.

I found a book about Robinson Crusoe and began imagining I was he until it got so dark I couldn't see to read well. Every day it rained I found something new to play with in the garret, and that got to be my favorite resort. **LIDA WALKER.**  
Inglewood; aged 12 years; eighth grade.

**Makes Valentines**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On a rainy day I sometimes get my dolls and make a play house in the front room. Then it is about dinner time. I help mamma with the dishes. Mamma gave me some examples. I do them till I get them right.

I play school with my doll. I made valentines. On Valentine day my brother came home. Mamma read us a story about Lincoln. It was a good one. I like to see the rainbow. It is so pretty. Then we can go out doors to play. **ESTHER ALDRICH.**  
La Habra school, grade 3, Fullerton, R. F. D. No. 3.

**Grandpa Tells Story**

Dear Aunt Laurie:

When the rain strikes the roof with a constant patter, patter, and rolls off to the ground, where it forms into a tiny stream which floats merrily away down the lane, I sit in the window looking wistfully away toward the hills whose outlines print themselves in bold relief against the sky. Then of a sudden I hear a knock at the door and a minute later my grandpa's familiar form darkens the doorway. "Pretty tough, this staying in the house, eh?" "Yes," I said, "can't you tell me a story?" Without replying grandpa sat down beside me and began: "Long ago