

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.

ATTIC TREASURES

My Dear Boys and Girls:

How many of you have ever been in grandmother's garret? Those who have will remember with pleasure the wonderful secrets which were revealed to their eager searching, and will delight to tell all the other Juniors about it. There are ever so many things which might have been found in the garret, and I hope each Junior will describe either truthfully or from his imagination all the wonders of grandma's store room.

These letters do not need to be founded upon actual facts at all, but, of course it will be pleasant to hear descriptions that are true in every detail and to learn of the remarkable conditions which may exist in some garrets.

Almost anything might be found in a garret. In fact one girl told me the other day that in her grandmother's garret there was everything from the rag bags, containing the carpet rags, to the family ghost. I am sure you would each like to have a real attic like that to plunder and play in, would you not?

We will see how much imagination some of our Juniors have who have been bred in this country of bungalows and never have known the joys of a real attic. The boys and girls who came from any of the eastern states will have their own experiences to draw upon, for there is scarcely a house there but has its storeroom where old trunks filled with half-forgotten garments, broken furniture, some battered family silver perhaps, and all the innumerable odd pieces of stuff "too good to throw away," are preserved among the dust and cobwebs by thrifty grandmothers and great-aunts.

Sometimes old-fashioned family portraits are put away in this receptacle for odds and ends, and I have known houses in the farming districts of Pennsylvania and New York where great bunches of dried herbs, sage, thyme, sweet marjoram and lavender were hung to dry, and the fragrant, spicy odor made a delicious perfume through the entire length and breadth of the low-ceiled gabled room. Then there are generally boxes of old letters, old books and sometimes old music, copied out by hand, as so many of the songs of our great-grandmothers' time were. All these things will make most interesting material for letters to me, and I do hope that there will be a fine, big crop of splendid letters.

The competitors in the Young Artists' contest will find a new idea for their work this time. The topic "What I See from My Window" ought to bring some beautiful pictures, for there is scarcely a window in California which does not offer some glimpse of loveliness. Some Juniors will see hills, some the ocean and beach. There are some looking afar off who will send us a group of waving treetops, with the fleecy blue sky beyond, and others with their eyes close to the ground will see only the nearby garden or lawn with the children at play, or perhaps only Towser or Tabby lying in the sunshine.

Whatever you see from your window is the picture for you to draw, and perhaps even the most simple bit of picture may be drawn so well that it will win the prize. But the picture must be absolutely original in every respect.

It is something which every boy and girl may try, and I anticipate many interesting pictures. Lovingly,
AUNT LAURIE.

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.

JUNIORS APPRECIATE THE HERALD PRIZES

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I received my prize, which was a book, and I want to thank you very much for it. It is just the kind of a book I like and enjoy reading. I was surprised to think I got a prize the first time I wrote for The Herald Junior.

Your niece,
Gardena.
EVA CASE.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I think "Master St. Elmo" is a fine book. I enjoyed reading it very much. I like the Junior, and I think it is interesting to write stories. I was very glad when I found that I got first prize for the story.

BERENICE BENSON.
San Fernando, Morningside District school, grade 6. Age 12.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I guess you think it is quite strange because I have not written sooner, but I have been very busy. Thanks, ever so much, for the check; it is the first one I ever received. As ever, your niece,
RHODA HUNTER.

237 Fifth street, San Pedro; Fifth street school.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I wish to thank you for my prize book entitled "The Little Colonel's House Party." I enjoyed the book very much, and am very anxious to read the others in the series.

Sincerely,
Santa Ana.
AVIS WINKLER.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I thank you for the dollar I received. I was so surprised to find I had taken

UNFINISHED STORIES

M R. AND MRS. HOPKINS "H ERE'S a letter from Scotland for you, my dear," remarked Mr. Hopkins one morning as the waiter brought in the breakfast and the letters at the same time. "For me?" asked Mrs. Hopkins. "Why, who do I know in Scotland?" "Oh, it's from my old school friend Eleanor Brown!" she exclaimed. "You know she married a wealthy Scotch nobleman and she has just heard that we are in England and wants us to come and spend a few days with her. The girls will be glad to know that we live quite near Balmoral castle, where Queen Victoria used to spend so much time, and although the royal family is now in London, my husband's position will enable us to visit the castle." Mrs. Hopkins read from the letter. Needless to say trunks were quickly packed and the Hopkins family started back to Scotland to make this visit, which promised to be so delightful.

A big touring car was waiting at the station to meet the American travelers, but Mrs. Hopkins was a little bit disappointed because her old friend did not come to meet her. She realized, however, that this hospitable custom was not in vogue in Europe. Mary and Jessie were sitting together in the back seat of the auto and as they passed an unusually beautiful country place, far handsomer than anything they had ever seen before, they decided that that must be Balmoral and immediately resolved that they would set out at the first opportunity to visit this place. Their chance came sooner than they expected, for they had gone only a little way farther when—bang!—a tire burst. While the chauffeur was busy making the necessary repairs the girls got out of the car and in strolling about managed to slip away quite unobserved by their parents or Carl.

In a few moments the new tire was set and the machine ready to proceed, a fact which was announced by a long blast on the siren horn. But no girls responded to the call.

Continue this story, telling of the girls' adventures, how they found their way into the beautiful grounds of the castle, with whom they spoke and what followed their invasion of this strange territory.

One prize, a book, will be given in this contest this week for the best completed story.

Write from 150 to 250 words, on one side of the paper, leaving margins at the top and side of each page. Address the letter neatly to Aunt Laurie, Los Angeles Herald, Los Angeles, Cal., and be sure that it reaches this office not later than Thursday, June 3, for publication June 13.

Walnuts Are Plentiful

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I live near the Palms. The Palms is a little town about four miles from the Pacific coast. It is in the center of walnut orchards. Some of the largest walnuts that are raised in the United States are raised around here.

Besides the walnuts there are large bean fields. The lima beans are raised mostly around the Palms. There are a few little white beans raised near here, too.

The lima beans are planted about the first of May. When the beans are ripe they are cut with a bean cutter and are stacked into little bunches by men and boys.

When the beans are dry they are threshed. There is also hay raised here. LESTER REBBECK.
Palms, seventh grade.

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.

NEW DISHES



I heard my dear Aunt Edna say "Whatever shall we eat today? I know," she said, "it's very true I'm only catering for two. But, Alice dear, I really wish you'd tell me of a nice new dish."

And mother said: "I truly think there's nothing new to eat or drink. And breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea are quite a trial, now to me. I think it would be such a treat to find a few new things to eat."

And so I said, "Aunt Edna, dear, I think it's very, very queer. With all the things that you could do you can't find anything that's new. Why, I can tell you things I know, to give to darling Uncle Joe."

"Some peppermint in soup would be a very nice surprise to me, and ice cream with tomato sauce would make another pleasant course, and, dear Aunt Edna, do try, please, to mix some chocolate creams and cheese!"

"And after holidays I'll make a great big lovely sort of cake, all made of turkey, nuts and pie. And squash, and cranberries; I'd try to use up all the things I could. And really, wouldn't it be good?"

"Why, I could think up more all day! How can the grown-up people say, with all the vegetables and meat, 'There's nothing new at all to eat!'"
—DORIS WEBB.

first prize in the contest! Thanking you again for the check, I remain, your niece,
ETHEL TILLITT.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I received the check a few days ago and was very glad to get it. I am sending another story. Thanking you, your niece
Santa Maria.
NELLIE DUNN.

FRITZ AND HIS PUZZLE

Fritz is a beautiful brown-eyed boy, Running over with fun and joy.

Now and then his questions bother His beautiful, youthful, brown-eyed mother.

"I wish," she said one day last week, "Dear Fritz, I wish you would let me speak."

But Fritz had a number of things to say, And he prattled, and rattled and lisped away.

"Till she said, 'My boy, if it's not unkind, Do try for a while your own business to mind.'"

The brown eyes fell with a puzzled droop, The small mouth puckered itself in a loop.

"I fink," said Fritz, in a tone resigned—"I fink I have no business to mind!"

THE BED-TIME GOBLIN

There's a naughty lit-tle gob-
lin You ought to know a-bout,
He comes in-to the nur-ser-y
When the day-light's all put out.

He creeps in ve-ry quiet-ly,
Nev-er rat-tles at the lock—
I rath-er think his house is
Just in-side the big hall clock.

His face is ve-ry fret-ful,
And oh! so pinched and white,
I am sure that lit-tle gob-
lin Stays up far too late at night.

Don't lis-ten when he whis-pers
That you should-n't go to bed;
He coax-es lit-tle child-
ren To play with him in-stead.

—Cassell's Little Folks. fox.—The Circle.

and has an old part which contains the old parish church, Holy Trinity, which has been standing since the fifteenth century. In this chancel the bones of the great writer were interred. A bust of the poet with the curious epitaph which he is said to have written himself are still to be seen in the ancient church, and afforded much interest to the members of Mr. Hopkins' party.

Complete this story, telling the name of the town the party visited, who the great poet was who had been born and buried there, what souvenirs of his residence are still to be seen there and what you can about his literary works. Those of you who have ever heard or read any of this poet's works may tell about them, too.

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Non-Furbearing

"Mary," said I to my imaginative small niece, "tell me a story."

"Well," began Mary, "just yesterday I was in the woods and a fox tried to eat me, but father was there and he killed the fox."

"How fortunate!" I murmured, discreetly. "May I have the skin of the fox for a rug, dear?"

"Why, no," she returned, with dignity. "He didn't have any skin—he was a bare fox."—The Circle.