

toward the window and opened it. "Follow me," he said.

Tommy went, but he was afraid to jump so far. The little man flew out of the window as if he were a bird. When Tommy jumped he flew out just as the man had. Instead of going to the ground they went up into the air.

After flying many miles they landed in a funny looking land. Everything was gingerbread. The houses were very small. Tommy thought he was too big to go into one of the houses into which the little man was going, till he looked down at himself and found that he was only about eighteen inches high.

The little gingerbread man asked him if he was hungry. When Tommy said he was they sat down to a little gingerbread table and ate gingerbread. After they had eaten dinner they went to the school. The desks were made of gingerbread. The books, the slates and even the children were gingerbread.

After they had been to the school they went to the circus. As the man went into the gingerbread tent he said, "After we go in here I have several other places to show you." Tommy rode on gingerbread elephants, camels, donkeys and horses. He gave monkeys gingerbread to eat, and watched the keeper feed the lions, tigers and bears. Just as Tommy was stepping into a chariot drawn by six small ponies he heard his father's voice. He opened his eyes and there stood his father.

"Why, Tommy, your covers are all on the floor, and you have been talking about gingerbread in your sleep. I think you ate too much gingerbread last night." EUNICE JACKSON.

Sawtelle school, grade 6.

AVALANCHE FALLS OVER HOUSE IN THE NIGHT

Dear Aunt Laurie:

As my grandma lived in Switzerland she can tell her grandchildren many interesting stories. One story she never gets tired of telling and her grandchildren love to hear as she sits knitting before the fire is:

When I was a little girl I lived at the foot of some famous mountains. Near by lived four Swiss children, and their father. They lived in a little Swiss chalet. The mother had died when the youngest was a baby. They were poor so the oldest, who was 12, kept house. Their father had to guide some travelers over the mountains one time. He could not be back until the next day. It was sunset and Franz grew tired of playing so he leaned his head in his sister's laps and fixed his gentle blue eyes upon the mountain top. Soon he was fast asleep. Karine was already sleeping, with her fat hand under her rosy cheek. Theresa soon had the cottage door bolted and the children snug in bed. She had not slept long when she was awakened by a sudden shock as though something had struck the little chalet and made it tremble all over.

"Isn't it morning yet?" murmured Robert. Therese did not know what it was and tired with her day's work soon forgot her fright and fell asleep. But she was awakened several times and wondered when it would be morning. Robert was aroused also and said, "I mean to get up." They were joined by little Karine, who, awakening, cried for her breakfast. "Ah," sighed Therese, "if we only had light." But they could not find any, for their father had taken them with him. She found some black bread which she gave to her brothers and some milk to little Karine. Robert took down the heavy bar. To his surprise the door flew open. He found himself buried in some cold substance on the floor.

"Oh! Therese! Franz!" cried Robert: "come and help me." "What can it be? Why, this is snow," said Franz.

At last the truth dawned upon them. They were buried beneath an avalanche of snow. It had fallen in the night, but had not even broken the roof. "What shall we do?" cried Therese. "Father will dig us out," cried Franz. "I am afraid he cannot find us," cried Therese. Little Karine grew too exhausted to cry.

Hark! What was that noise? Another heavy thud upon the roof and the beautiful sun shone in. "Little Franz Hoffmeister, are you here?" cried someone. Franz was too feeble to speak, so Robert shouted "Yes! Yes! We are all here." In a few moments the neighbors had carried the half-frozen children into the open air, where their father, who had dropped down with fatigue, awaited them.

PAULA KOERNER,

Grade 4, Farmdale school, Bairdstown.

PRETTY FLOWER WORKS CHARM

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Early one morning I decided to take a stroll in the mountains. I climbed and climbed. Suddenly I came to a deep cliff. I got down on the ground to look over.

Down below I spied a pretty flower, but I could hardly reach it. I looked around and found some long grass and a forked twig. I tied the grass on the stick and reached over to get the flower. Just then I heard a noise like the roaring of a fire. I forgot the flower and ran to where the sound came from and there was a large fire.

I went on about a quarter of a mile, when I saw a large man working as hard as he could by a large oven. I did not go close, because I was afraid. I saw him put some large pans in the oven. He turned around and when he saw me he motioned for me to come



YOUNG WRITERS' CONTEST

First prize—Miriam White, 1828 South Figueroa street, Seventeenth street school, grade 8.

Second prize—Panzy Wooley, 1210 Mariposa avenue, Olive street high school.

Honorable mention—Inez Hudgins, Burnett school, 7th grade; Burnett; Pearl May, Sawtelle school, grade 6, Sawtelle; Eunice Jackson, grade 6, Sawtelle school, Sawtelle; Ruth Allen, grade 6, Sawtelle school, Sawtelle.

LIMERICK CONTEST

First prize—Ruth Rogers, aged 12, 7th grade, Plaza school, Ventura.

Second prize—Burton Rogers, aged 9, grade 4, Plaza school, Ventura.

Honorable mention—Isadora Brown, aged 9, grade 4, Colegrove school, 611 Manasquan avenue, Colegrove; George Garrison Mitchell, grade 7, Sixty-eighth street school, 902 West Sixty-fifth street; Hugh G. Hamilton, 1259 East Twenty-seventh street, Ninth street school, grade 8; Hazel Peterson, aged 12, grade 5, Twenty-eighth street school, 1176 East Thirty-fourth street.

CURRENT TOPICS CONTEST

By mistake the roll of honor for this department was not changed last week. It is as follows:

First prize, Claudina Pesquerio, San Fernando high school, San Fernando.

Honorable mention, Gladys Gervais, Anaheim grammar school, grade 8; Letha Musselman, 4932 Wilton place, Normandie avenue school.

YOUNG ARTISTS CONTESTS

First prize—Florence E. Strom, 4424 Stanford avenue, grade 6 McKinley street school.

Second prize—Lucile Davenport, 318 North Mathews street, grade 10, Los Angeles high school.

and sit down. When I got close to him I saw he was made of ginger bread.

He told me he was the ginger bread man. Then he turned around and went on with his work. I stayed and watched him till I thought it was time to go home. I told him I would come back again some day and watch him work. I went home as happy as a bee.

IVAN CUNDIFF,

Sawtelle city school, grade 6.

AT THE SOUTH POLE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

The ginger bread man lives at the south pole. All the people there eat ginger bread.

The ginger bread man sells the bread to the people at the south pole. They call him the ginger bread man.

He makes about five or six dollars a day selling the bread to the people and they like the bread that he brings, for it is good. He sells two pieces for 5 cents.

His wife makes all the ginger bread for him to sell and the people eat so much that it is called the Ginger Bread

Land. The people in America make the same kind of ginger bread.

It is so hot down there that they can take some of the bread in a piece of paper and carry it any place they go. Some of the ladies carry bread in their pocketbooks and the men carry it in pieces of paper and stick it in their coat pockets or vest pockets to keep it hot.

One day that man made about \$10. He went all over town calling, "Ginger bread, two pieces for 5 cents!" so everyone came out and bought some.

MARY CAMPBELL,

Sawtelle city school, grade 6.

PLAYED PRETTY GAMES

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I was sitting by the fireplace and watching the flames, when all of a sudden I seemed to see a tiny figure in them, but soon it got larger, till it was about a foot high, and the queerest little man you ever did see. He was a yellowish brown and had two currants for eyes, a slice of citron for a mouth and a dear little nose made



A first and second prize will be given in this department each week for the best two papers of letters submitted in the contest by boys and girls of public school age.

The first prize will be one dollar in cash, with the usual subscription alternative if desired, and the second prize will be a handsome book.

Contributions must be from 150 to 300 words in length, must be written on one side of the paper only, signed with name, address, school and grade and be entirely original and the work of the person who signs and submits it.

Papers for this competition must be addressed Aunt Laurie, Herald Junior, care The Herald, Los Angeles, Cal.

Topic: "A Summer at the Old Farm." Stories on this subject must be received at this office not later than Thursday, April 28, for publication May 8.

Topic: "The Wish Fairy." Stories on this subject must be received in this office not later than Thursday, May 5, for publication May 15. Do not write anything which you have read but use your own imagination.

from a date. I reached in the fire and took him out, and to my surprise, he said: "I am a really gingerbread man and if you follow me I will give you a dear little dolly for your very own."

So taking my hand we sailed up the chimney and out in the pretty green fields, where I saw many more men and ladies and children just like my little friend; no one seemed surprised to see me and all acted as if I were one of them, and looking down at myself I found I was as small as my friends, the gingerbread people, and that I was a really and truly gingerbread girl. We played games and danced and had a merry time, my little friend of the fireplace keeping close to me all the time.

Their streets and everything they had were made of gingerbread, and while I was trying to ride a little gingerbread bicycle, I slipped and fell down, then I rubbed my eyes and there I was on the floor where I had fallen from my stool. My poor little gingerbread man was all broken. It was only a dream after all.

JESSIE CLAUDINO,

663 West Thirty-sixth place, Jefferson Street school, A4: 9 years.

DRIVEN BY GINGERBREAD HORSES

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Alice would be six years old in a few days. She went to her mother and told her that she would like a gingerbread man for her birthday present.

The morning of her birthday dawned clear and bright. After she had eaten her breakfast she went into the play room, where she found her birthday presents. There were many nice things, and among them was the little gingerbread man.

She put them all in a row to look at them. She thought they were all very nice, but to her the gingerbread man was the nicest.

All at once he began to talk. He said:

"Dear little girl, would you like to go with me to the land of the gingerbread people?"

"I would like to very much if I had any way to go," she replied.

"Just give me your hand and away we will go," he said.

They flew along so fast that Alice could hardly see what she was passing. In the far distance she could see a brown speck, which, as they went along, grew larger, until at last they came to the land of the gingerbread man. She was very astonished at the sight which met her eyes. Everything was made of gingerbread, even the buildings, which were very small.

There was one building larger than the others, and to this she was taken. It had two large gates, and above them were the words, "The Castle of the King." She was taken into the castle.

"This," said the little gingerbread man, "is my home."

"You are then the king of the gingerbread people, are you not?" asked Alice.

"Yes, I am the king, and the people are very kind to me."

She was taken all over the castle and the grounds. Then she was driven through the city in a carriage drawn by two gingerbread horses.

She was very much delighted to think that when she went home she could say that she had been to visit the gingerbread people.

MABEL ANDREWS,

Burnett school, grade A7, Burnett, Cal., H. J. C. No. 2.

WANTED TO RIDE A CAT

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Once upon a time there was a boy who wanted to be so small that he could ride on a cat. In the woods near where he lived was the castle of the gingerbread man. He had heard many wonderful things about this castle. One day he ran away from home and into the woods. He went on and on till he came to the castle of the gingerbread man.

A guard was walking in front of the castle, and he conducted Max to the throne room of the king. He was asked his wish. It was to be small enough to ride on a cat. The king said it was a simple thing to grant a wish in the land of the gingerbread man. So he granted his wish at once.

He staid with the king a little while and then he went back home. Everyone was much amazed to see him riding a cat.

HUGH MURDOCH,

Age 9, grade A4, Breed street school.

THEN THE BAND PLAYED

Dear Aunt Laurie:

One evening I sat reading dreamily. A gingerbread man lay on a dish left from supper. Suddenly he jumped up and said, "How would you like to visit Gingerbread land?"

"Hugely," I replied. He gave a long whistle and two horses appeared. They looked very much like animal cookies I had seen in the store. I feared to mount mine because I was afraid it would break. But Mr. Gingerbread Man assured me that it would not, so I mounted and we rode away.

Afterwhile we entered a forest. It was a dark one and only now and then was there a clear view of the sky. Suddenly my horse broke and I fell to the ground. Then I heard a roar and an instant later a cookie lion appeared.

Mr. Gingerbread Man turned nearly as pale as though he had been made of white bread. Then he drew from his pocket a box of pepper and threw