

HIDE AND SEEK

Clever Drawings by Juniors



— CAUGHT —
IN HIDE AND SEEK

SECOND PRIZE—LUCILE DAVENPORT, 318 NORTH MATTHEWS ST.
GRADE 10, LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL

NEDDIE'S VISIT

"Well mother, here's bad news for you." It was Grandpapa Smith who spoke to his good wife, Grandmamma Smith. The two old folks were seated at the breakfast table, finishing the morning meal. Grandpapa had just received a letter which he was looking through.

"Bad news, father!" and Grandmamma Smith put down her coffee cup and looked anxious.

"Yes, this is a letter from Daughter Nell, and she says she's going to send Neddie to us to spend Easter week. He's probably on his way here now. She says she'll wire us on the day he is to arrive."

"But, father, I don't see any bad news about that," said grandmamma. "Explain yourself. You really frightened me, for I feared Nell—or one of her children—might be sick."

"Well, mother, we're too old to have little folks around. We are used to our rest, and a child—no matter how deeply we love him—will be a bother to us. Now, I love Neddie as well as though he were my son instead of my grandson, but, nevertheless, he'll be in the way here in this house where only two old folks live. Why, it will be hard on the child, too—no young folks about to entertain him."

"Yes, I guess you are right, father," agreed grandmamma. "But we'll do our best to make Neddie have a pleasant time. But if the dear child is as peevish and cross as he was when we last saw him—well—" and grandmother sighed. "We'll have our hands full, and that is certain. But—his dear Nell's little son and we must overlook any naughtiness or crossness on his part. We'll humor him, I dare say, and make him even more unmanageable. He used to be such a trial to Nell."

"Let's see! How long ago was that?" asked grandpapa.

"Why, it's four years ago," said grandmamma. "Just think of it, father, four years since we have seen Nell and her children. I hadn't thought of it's being that long, had you?"

"No, the time has flown since we were out west visiting our dear Nell and her little family. But how old must Neddie be by now, mother?"

Grandmamma thought a minute. "e's about 7 now, I reckon," she explained. "Let's see—he'll be 8 this spring—in April some time. Oh, he'll be a big fellow. And I do hope he's got over his crossness."

"But we must remember Neddie had whooping cough and mumps that summer we visited them," said grandpapa. "That may have made him a bit more peevish."

Just then the door bell rang and grandmamma went to the door to find a messenger boy there with a telegram for her. Opening it she called out to grandpapa: "Neddie will be here on the noon train."

Then all was hurry and bustle, for a room for the child must be got ready. And as the spare room was a long way from grandmamma's room she had a

little sitting room—leading from her own room—fitted up for a bedroom for the coming grandson. But all that forenoon both grandpapa and grandmamma sighed occasionally, for they feared that the peace and quiet of their home would be disturbed by a wild and noisy boy about the house. They both loved their daughter Nell's little ones dearly, but they felt that they were too old to have the responsibility of a child, especially if that child were peevish and noisy.

At noon the old couple met Neddie at the railroad station, and when a fine little lad, with smiling face and dancing eyes, stepped to the platform from the coach neither grandmamma nor grandpapa knew him to be their grandson. But Neddie recognized the old folks and ran to them. "Hello, grams," he cried, gayly. Then both his arms were about their old necks, and he gave them each a resounding kiss. "Gee, but I'm glad to get here, gramma!" he said, standing off and looking his grandmother over. "I'm that hungry, gramma," he continued, "that I could eat raw corn stewed." Then he laughed so gayly that both grandmamma and grandpapa joined in the merriment. "You are a fine fellow, Neddie," declared grandpapa. Then he called a cab, and the three got into it and drove rapidly homeward. On the way Neddie kept the old folks in an uproar of laughter, for he told so many funny anecdotes about his two-day trip



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on the "choo-choo cars," as he called the railroad train, jokingly.

At the luncheon table Neddie was still in his happy mood, and grandmamma and grandpapa were almost afraid to feel glad over his behavior, for he might change at any moment, they thought. But somehow they felt glad he had come, for he had grown so tall and fine, and had such a frank, open, lovable little face. And how sunny he seemed, too.

That evening at dinner Neddie was just the same, or even happier, for he had been out over the old town with grandpapa all afternoon, and was so full of questions at table that grandpapa laughingly told him he'd get so full of information that he'd have no room for his dinner, which was apple pudding with hard sauce.

"Oh, then I'll quit asking for informa-

tion at once," laughed Neddie, "for I just love apple pudding and hard sauce. And, say, gramma, may I have a second helping of hard sauce? It won't hurt me, honest injun." And Neddie jumped from his chair to hug gramma into giving her consent to his having just whatever he wanted for dinner.

And so the day wore away, as did the other days of the week, and grandmamma and grandpapa had no complaint to make against Neddie, whom they now called "Little Lad Laughter," for he was laughing all the time. And each day the old folks were sorry to see the time of Neddie's stay shortening, for instead of bringing disturbance and trouble into their home he had brought sunshine and happiness.

The night before Neddie's departure grandmamma, with tears in her eyes, said to grandpapa: "Father, it has made me so happy to have a child in the house again. I wish Nell would let us keep Neddie all the time. He's so sunny and so good. Why, I had no idea he'd be such a splendid little companion, such a darling."

"I guess it was the whooping cough and mumps that made him so peevish when we were at Nell's so long ago," said grandpapa. "We should have had enough sense to know that a child so afflicted could not be in a good temper all the time. We were in fault, mother, and wronged our Little Lad Laughter. My, oh, but he is a fine boy, and the apple of my eye!"

"And of mine, too, father," sighed grandmamma in tender tones.

PERSPIRING

The eyes of a little Washington miss were attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean?" "Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."—Baptist Commonwealth.

PINE TREE MENDS HER DRESS

As soon as the dresses of most trees wear out, without any dresses they all stand about; shivering and shaking like most any thing; waiting for new ones, which won't come till spring.

But the dress of the pine tree lasts all the year round, because just the minute a torn place is found, she threads up a needle, and starts in to sew.

For she has lots of needles to mend with, you know. —Philadelphia Record.

CONTEST FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

Boys and girls of public school age are all invited to compete for a prize to be given for the best pen and ink drawing which must be strictly original and entirely the work of the person who sends it in and who claims the prize it may win.

Two prizes will be given in this contest each week.

First—One Herald Junior Pennant, specially made by Dyas & Cline.

Second—One bottle Charleton's jet black drawing ink and three drawing pens and pen holder.

Topic: "Early Morning in the Barnyard." Drawings may be 2½, 4½ or 6½ inches wide, and the narrowest ones may be any depth up to 4½ inches, while those that are wider may be not to exceed three inches in depth. Drawings for this contest must be received at this office not later than Thursday, April 28, for publication May 8.

Topic: "What I saw last Sunday." Drawings may be 2-1-2, 4-1-2 or 6-1-2 inches wide and the narrower ones may be up to 4-1-2 inches in depth, while the wider ones must be not more than three inches in depth. Drawing in this contest must be received at this office not later than Thursday, May 5, for publication May 15.

All work submitted for this contest must be drawn in jet black drawing ink on smooth white Bristol board. It must be original and entirely the work of the boy or girl who submits it.

Pictures for this contest must be accompanied by name, address and grade of school (if any) of the artist.

No drawings will be returned.

Address all drawings to Aunt Laurie, Sunday Herald Junior, The Herald, Los Angeles, Cal.