

PERSONAL CHATS WITH THE HERALD JUNIORS

Dear Aunt Laurie:

As I did not get to write last week I will do the best I can this week. You see, Aunt Laurie, staying out of school doesn't keep me lonesome, as three dear little children are here to keep me company. I was so pleased to see my dear little cousin Marguerite Dillanon write for the Junior this week. ESTHER VARLEY.

I am so glad you have plenty of company, for usually little girls who don't go to school are lonesome. Sometime when you come to the city, come in to visit me.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I bought a bottle of ink to draw a picture with. I asked for black ink and they gave me the ink I'm writing with. I borrowed some ink from a girl who has a 25 cent bottle of really black ink, and drew the picture I am sending for Roll of Honor. I hope I am successful, as the drawing is all I've had time to do for this week. I have been busy with my lessons and with some sewing I am trying to finish. Hope to contribute more next week. Your ever-loving niece.

HELEN MACE.

I am always glad to get your letters, Helen, but what a surprise when you added a drawing to your accomplishments. It was good. Keep on, your ink is the right sort.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I have seen every Sunday in the Sunday Herald, a rhyming contest for The Herald Junior. I will send two limericks, hoping to win the prize. Number 1 is for this coming Sunday, September 24, and No. 2 is for the next Sunday, October 9. Your niece,

ELLEN CHAFFEE.

Huntington Beach, Cal., grade 7. Your limericks were welcome. I hope that you will become more interested in the Junior and become one of my nieces.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I am sending a design for the Roll of Honor contest. I hope it will please. I am 14 years old. Your nephew,

EDWARD L. HIERRING.

1157 Buchon street, San Luis Obispo. I am so glad to get your drawing and hope that this will not be the last one. Will you not try in the other contests as well?

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Such a bad girl as I should be scolded for not writing and thanking you for the honorable mention you gave me. But so many things have happened that I could not write.

My grandfather died and after that I had an operation on my throat and have been feeling miserable ever since, so that I couldn't have written nice letters to you. It is circus day down here and the tents are just about three blocks from us.

The honorable mention I received would make three, if I could only find the other two, but as they are a year and then some old, I don't know whether you could consider them prize-winning. Again thanking you for the honorable mention. I am your niece,

FLOSSIE ZERMAN.

P. S. I would like to have the boys and girls of The Herald Junior exchange postals with me and also send their stamp pictures to me, as I am getting a collection and should like to entitle my stamp picture book, "My Herald Junior Cousins." Please tell them for me, Aunt Laurie, will you?

If any of my nieces and nephews who read this have pictures to send to you I think that would be a fine scheme. If you can find your honorable mentions send them, and I will try to find them here.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Here I am back again. You remember I wrote once before and won a prize. I hope this story will be as successful.

Your loving niece,

GLADYS HAMMOND.

Yes, I remember, and I hope that you won't disappear so quickly this time because I will enjoy getting your stories.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I have not written for the Herald yet, so I think I will begin. I will send in one limerick and hope it will take a prize.

Yours truly,

JOHN HAMMOND.

868 Loma Vista, Long Beach. Age 14. Grade 6. Daisy avenue school.

I will be so glad to have your letters each week, and I am quite sure you will learn to love all my other nieces and nephews.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Enclosed with this letter you will find three honorable mentions. You will notice that they are rather old, and will think I had better have sent them before this, and so I should have done, but I thought I only had two until I found the other one when I was looking through my desk the other day. If they are not to old to be of any value, and if I may have the alternate prize, please have my subscription extended for the two months. I have finished that book you sent me, "Children of the Abbey," and enjoyed it very much.

It seems that I haven't time to write to you nearly so often since school began again, but you have "been there"



WRITERS' CONTEST

First prize—Madeline Evans, Venice, Ocean Park school.

Second prize—Lois Wagner, grade 9, El Centro school.

Honorable Mention—Annie McPherson, 911 West Thirty-fourth street, P. H. S., grade 9; Lela Campbell, 2017 Bellevue avenue, age 15, Betty Chapman, 1254 East Ninth street, Ninth street school, grade 8.

LIMERICK CONTEST

Girls' prize—Genevieve McNamee, 1808 Fifth avenue, Twenty-fourth street school, grade 8; age 13.

Boys' prize—Milton Basham, Inglewood.

Honorable mention—Margaret Boucher, 407 South Hope street, Normal training school, grade 6, age 13; S. Pearl Churchill, 711 Ceres avenue, Ninth street school; Margaret Bennett, 1338 West Twenty-fourth street, grade 10; Elsie Winkler, 615 East Thirty-sixth street, Twenty-eighth street school.

UNFINISHED STORY CONTEST

First prize—Helen A. Smith, 314 East Avenue 26, Griffin avenue school, grade 8, age 13.

Honorable mention—Lucy Larcom Spaulding, 371 Claremont drive, Washington school, age 11, grade 6, Pasadena; Alice Swanson, El Centro.

yourself and can understand how it is.

At what age do we have to stop writing to the Junior? You have said "public school age," but I don't know whether that means until we are sixteen, or until we stop going to the public school. I am sure I shall miss the Junior a great deal when I get beyond the age limit, and will write while I can as often as I get time.

Your loving niece,

MARIE DUNLAP.

Grade 10, E. H. S., Beaumont, Cal. I am sure I would feel very badly to have to tell you not to write any more. The Junior is intended for you as long as you retain your interest in it.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I wish to be one of your nieces. I am sending you these limericks. I sent one before but did not write to you. I hope I will get a prize pretty soon.

LILLIAN THOMASON.

South Palm avenue, Highland, Cal. I am so glad you have decided to write to me, dear little new niece.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I am sending you a picture under the topic "Writers' Contest," and a few limericks.

MILTON BASHAM.

Inglewood, Cal. I am glad to hear from you, Milton. When are you coming in to see me?

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I am sending you a front page picture.

When I started the picture I had a subject for it, but when I finished it it

did not suit the subject. I could not find one for it, so will you kindly give it a name.

VERDA BRIDGFORD.

I will call it "The Little Hunter" and use it when the writers tell about their hunting and fishing trips. I think it is fine to get such a good picture just when I need it.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I have been reading the Herald Junior a long time but have never written before.

LAURIE TINGLE.

Ninth grade. Age 12 years. Ringgold, La.

I am so glad to have you write for me, Laurie, and hope your letters will come often.

BUTTON HOOK BALL

An old croquet ball which has served its usefulness in the game might still be of value to the handy little girl who likes to make pretty articles for her room. After scrubbing and drying the ball gild it with gold paint. Then screw into it small brass hooks so that they will be in a line right around the large part of the ball. At the top fasten a bow of ribbon which has many loops that cover the top of the ball. One loop should be made longer than the rest so that this button hook or key rack might be suspended. In order to have this rack match the color used in the room select ribbon for it the same shade as that used on other fancy articles hanging near.



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 "What I Did Last Halloween." Tell where you went and what pranks you played. Papers on this subject must be received in this office not later than Thursday, October 20, for publication October 30.

Topic: "The Mystery." These stories may be ghost stories, dreams or occurrences of real life, but must be received in this office not later than Thursday, October 27, for publication November 6.

JUNIORS APPRECIATE THE HERALD PRIZES

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I was so delighted to get the book—did not know my story was accepted, as we failed to receive The Herald Sunday, the 2nd, and could not get any in Long Beach Monday.

I want several to send to my friends in Toronto. If you could have them sent to your office here or to me direct I will send money for them—say five or six of the Junior Herald of October 2.

I thank you so much for the book. Am reading it, and it is fine. You are a dear aunty. LIONEL MAYELL.

I am sorry, Lionel, but the entire edition of Sunday, October 2, was sold before 11 o'clock that morning, and it is impossible to get even a single copy.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I suppose you think that I did not appreciate the boys' limerick prize awarded me, but I did, especially as it was but my second trial. I am sending in two limericks for next week. Yours sincerely,

CHARLES OLERICH.

232 Parkside avenue.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I was very glad to receive an honorable mention, and want to thank you for it. I dearly love to write to you, Aunt Laurie. I am sending two stories this week. Your loving niece,

ANNIE MCPHERSON.

P. H. S., grade 9.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I wish to thank you so much for the lovely book I received for my story of September 18. It is the first time I have written for The Herald Junior, and was so pleased to find my story not only in print, but taking the first prize. I'm sure "Larry Burke, Freshman," will be very interesting, as I always enjoy stories pertaining to school. I haven't had time to read it yet.

My sister Helen has won so many prizes in the drawing contests that I thought I would compete with the "story tellers." I shall try writing stories again some time, but I am pretty busy in school just now. I take German, modern history and English. Again thanking you for the lovely book—my first prize—I am sincerely yours,

MARJORIE KNECHT.

110 Washington street, Redlands,

Cal., R. H. S., grade 10. Your letters will always be welcome, and I hope that they will not be very far apart.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I must thank you for giving me second prize in the writers' contest. I am so successful in the contest, so I will try so hard in the artists' contest. I would like to have the paper for two months instead of a book, as we won't get the paper very long. Your niece,

ELSA WINKLER.

SKY FAIRIES

Once there was a little boy, who stood at a window, watching the raindrops chasing each other to the ground.

"Little raindrops, little raindrops,

where do you come from?" he asked.

"Little boy, little boy," they answered, "we come from the sky."

"Little raindrops, little raindrops,

and where are you going?" he asked.

"Little boy, little boy, we are going on errands of mercy," was the reply.

"Little raindrops, little raindrops,

may I go with you?" he asked.

"To be sure, little boy; to be sure, to be sure," was the reply.

Then the little boy dashed out of the door and close at their heels, and as he ran he heard what sounded like the music of a million tinkling cymbals.

"Little raindrops, little raindrops,

where am I?" asked the child.

"Little boy, little boy, you are in fairyland," was the reply.

"And you are the fairies on your mission of love?" suggested the little boy.

"Yes, yes, little boy; yes, yes," and they jumped to the ground and gave hundreds of little ones cool water to drink.

"But for us they would die, little boy,

little boy," said the raindrops as they danced a reel and hopped faster and faster.

Then they washed the faces of the roses and lilies, the pansies and the pinks until all looked as clean and fresh as they could be.

And the corn and the tomatoes and the green things growing they gave all a bath, then scudded away, not waiting for thanks.

"What else, little raindrops? What else? What else?" asked the child.

"Come and see, little boy; come and see," they replied.

And they came down the faster and faster until all the roots soaked their feet and the fever in their veins was stayed.

And the trees lifted up their hands to catch the little raindrops as they fell, and all the pools and the rills and the brooks and the rivulets laughed aloud as they rushed to tell the good news to the sea.

Then when they had done all the good they could they slackened their pace, and even the sun came out to cool his thirst. Then the little boy said:

"Little raindrops, little raindrops,

good by, good by. You are the blessedest fairies I ever knew. But no wonder no wonder, if you come from the sky. Good by, little fairies, good by, good by."