

quite willing to have him go, for she had received a message from the king saying that he was in need of help and would like her to send Hubert to his aid.

When Hubert reached the battlefield it was about sunset and the attack was to be made before sunrise the next morning. Early next morning they made ready for battle, and they did not have to wait long, for the foes soon appeared and were defeated.

Prince Hubert and the king went home in joy for their safety and were met at the gate by Queen Elspeth, who also was glad of their victory.

MARIE COOLEY,
Box 22, Upland.

It was the cat which had spoken his name, and he answered, "Who are you and what gives you power to speak?"

The cat answered: "I am a princess who had been changed to a cat by an old witch, and I cannot become a princess again until a prince kills this old witch. This is a chance for you to be a hero. If you will call your fairy godmother she will provide you with necessary things for your journey and tell you what to do. You have a kind heart and I know you would rather see me a princess than a cat."

"I will certainly do as you say," answered Hubert. He called his fairy godmother and she clothed him in armor, gave him a beautiful steed and necessary instructions.

Prince Hubert rode away. He encountered many difficulties, but he came out victorious every time.

When he reached the witch's house he took his magic gun which his fairy godmother had given him and which made no noise, got it ready and waited.

In a short time he saw the witch, shot and she fell to the ground dead. He hastily returned to the palace and found the beautiful princess awaiting him.

The princess lived at the palace, and after a few years they were married and Hubert was held as the greatest king that had ever been known, and his story was told and retold.

MAUD KLASGYE.

Grade 7, Brawley school. Aged 12 years.

"What do you say?" asked the cat. "I wish my fairy godmother would send me a steed and a suit of armor," said Hubert.

"What do you want them for?" the cat asked.

"I want to go out to battle with my father," he answered, "but every time I say anything about it mother begins to cry."

"I am your fairy godmother and I don't see any harm in going with your father, so you shall have what you wish," Hubert started on the journey at once.

After many days of weary travel he reached the field where they were fighting, and after many hardships reached his father's side. All at once there was a whizz, and a bullet hit him, but his armor was so thick it didn't go through. If he hadn't been there his father would have been killed.

After the battle was over Hubert and his father started for home. His father was very proud of him, because he saved his life and proved to be a good soldier. He said, "If it hadn't been for you I think I would have lost the battle."

When they reached the palace his mother was so overjoyed at seeing him again that she didn't think of anything else.

When Hubert was a man he was the best soldier of the day. You can imagine how proud his mother and father felt.

ALINE KAGE,
520 South Avenue 19, Griffin avenue school, A7.

Hubert was somewhat frightened at first when he heard his name spoken by a cat. The cat then smiled and said, "Do not be afraid; I am your fairy godmother and came at your call."

She asked him if he had any wish. He said: "Yes; I wish I could go to war with my father, but I do not want my mother to stay here alone, and I also want her consent to my going."

The cat said: "Go tell your mother to go upstairs to the blue room and see what is up there."

Hubert obeyed, wonderingly. When he reached his mother he said, "Mother, please go up in the blue room and see what is up there."

When she got up there who met her at the door but a handsome little girl about the size of the prince. She met the queen with a smile and said, "I have come to stay while Hubert goes away with his father to fight."

The queen was very much surprised at first. Then she embraced little Alice (for this was the little girl's name) and said she was very glad.

When Hubert went back to where the cat had been it was nowhere to be found. He then ran to his mother to see what had happened.

It was arranged for Hubert to go to battle the next day.

When he returned, ten years later, he and Alice were married and lived happily ever after.

LENA MADISON,
167 South Rowan avenue, Age 15, Brownsberger school.

Hubert couldn't imagine who spoke the words. He turned around to look at the cat and a voice said, "May I stay with you, for I have no home?" The child, thinking that his parents wouldn't care, said, "Yes, indeed."

"Thank you," said the strange voice again.

All at once he saw a faint image of a girl. It soon came out plainer, and he then saw it was a little girl just as big as he was.

He walked with the little girl up flights and flights of stairs until he came to a beautifully furnished room. "There," he said, "this is your room and you may dwell in it." They then went down stairs again.

When Queen Elspeth saw the child she said, "There is a girl about Hubert's age, and she shall belong to us."

Then she went and asked Hubert all about the little girl, and she was glad to have her with them. After that Hubert didn't ever want to go to war, for he had the little girl to play with.

PHYLLIS B. WILSON.

643 South Workman street, Griffin avenue school.

The voice seemed to come directly from where the beautiful cat was sitting.

"Can you speak?" asked Hubert. A low laugh answered him and the cat spoke again.

"Why, yes," laughed she; "I am your fairy godmother. I heard your wish and have come to grant it."

"Oh! will you really grant my wish?" asked Hubert.

"Yes, indeed," said his godmother. "Come with me."

Hubert followed her out into the garden. There stood a snow-white steed, and across the saddle was a shining suit of armor and a sword.

"Oh! is it really mine?" he gasped. "Yes," said his godmother. "Your father knows you are coming and is waiting near the gates of the city for you. So get ready and start at once."

Hubert put on his armor, mounted his steed, thanked his godmother and was off. He rode all night, and at dawn came to the city where his father and the army were waiting for him. All that day he rode by his father's side.

When the battle was over the field was strewn with dead and dying men. The sight made Hubert shudder. That night when the camp was asleep he mounted his steed and rode toward home. At last he arrived and found his mother still up and worrying over him, as she had not heard anything from him since he left.

He told her about the battle.

HELEN BRYANT.

Age 12. A7 grade. Watts.

He looked at the cat and then said, "What gave you the power to speak?" The cat answered, "I am the fairy Mimosa, and try to do all the good I can."

"And are you going to do good about this palace?" asked Hubert.

"I'll try," said the fairy, and at these words the cat disappeared and in its place stood a beautiful lady.

"Oh!" cried Hubert. "How beautiful!"

Then she vanished from sight and Hubert was again alone. The next day he told his mother all about it. She thought he must have been dreaming, but noticed that he seemed to be improving. He didn't bother her much about going to war, and she began to believe what he had said.

After that the fairy came often in the form of a cat. When he had done a very good deed, she would come in her natural form and bestow gifts on him and on his father and mother.

EVELYN WELDON.

652 South Workman street.

Shipwrecked Baby



NORMA WALLACE,

The six months old heroine of the St. Croix disaster

NORMA WALLACE lost all her clothes when the steamer St. Croix burned at sea—that is, all worth mentioning. Fact is, she was taken from the sea, where she was thrown when lifeboat No. 1 capsized, with but one small garment on her plump body. Then Norma was at her best. She dashed the water out of her eyes and mildly scolded because the tub was too full, and besides nurse had it far too cold. That was all it meant to 6 months old Norma. A ship burning at sea, a boat overturned and tragedy on every side did not disturb the serenity of the young lady.

When Norma's father leaped from the spar deck of the St. Croix down into the depths below the wee girl knew little save she was being rather roughly handled; that her mamma was struggling beside her in the water and that half a dozen hands were stretched out toward her. Then she found herself in a lifeboat all snugly tucked in a big white ship's blanket, warm, comfortable and happy. She cooed and chuckled when, five hours later, the boats reached the shore and passengers who were given the privilege peeped into the blanket at her dimpled face. Norma's mamma was seriously hurt when the lifeboat fell from the steamer's side. On the shore sailors lashed oars together and with blankets from the ship improvised stretchers on which to carry the injured and prostrated survivors of the wreck.

At night, with the glare of the burning ship lighting the sky far out at sea, a party of the shipwrecked passengers and crew started down the coast toward the Malibu ranch. Norma and her mamma were tenderly lifted to the top of a big wagon drawn by eight mules. Her papa walked beside the wagon and they started along the beach. At times the rocks along the shore forced the driver to turn

out until the waves washed the wheels. Then in the darkness one wheel of the wagon struck a boulder and the mules became frightened and ran out into the surf. A great breaker struck the wagon, and for an instant it seemed that the wreck victims would be swept out to sea and drowned. Norma's father and half a dozen men rushed into the surf and lifted the stretchers from the wagon and bore the women and children safely ashore. Norma wondered why she was put into the cold tub again, and this time in the night and everybody shouting and screaming and crying. But Norma didn't cry. A warm, dry blanket made it all comfortable and again she snuggled down beside mamma on the stretcher, which was then placed on a flat car, which was drawn along the rails by six mules. At the gate house six miles away Norma, her mamma and papa were put into The Herald automobile for a night ride to Santa Monica. Along the winding road between the booming sea and towering cliffs the automobile sped. A tire exploded and was torn from the wheel. Norma's papa, exhausted, fell asleep. Her mamma sat straight in the auto, looking at mountains and the sea. Despite her pain, it was a wonderfully beautiful sight. The bright stars overhead were reflected back by the calm sea outside the breakers. Peeping from her blanket, Norma looked out and laughed at the white rays of the machine headlights. At the Santa Monica Bay hospital Norma lay in the middle of a big, white bed and chuckled and laughed her way into the hearts of nurses and surgeons. When Norma's papa took her to be photographed he spoiled it all by buying her some shoes, dresses and a cap. She is twenty-five pounds of dimples, smiles, blue eyes and pinkness. Clothes spoil her beauty.

When Norma's mother gets well and leaves the hospital Aunt Laurie is going to ask her to write for Herald Juniors the story of the wreck and burning of the steamship St. Croix.

PARENTAL DEVOTION OF SPARROW IS GREAT

An unseasonable snowstorm, which fell in northern Wisconsin last April, caused a good deal of discomfort, but incidentally demonstrated the parental devotion of the ground sparrow and the humanity of the laborers at the Superior coal docks. The story is told by a writer in the Superior Telegram:

The sparrows appeared in March and built their nest in an open field adjoining the coal docks. Four eggs were laid, and four young sparrows shortly afterward made their appearance.

There was, of course, no shelter for the nest, and when the snow came down in big flakes one night the mother bird refused to leave the young ones, and the whole family was snowed under.

Some of the men on the dock had found the nest several days before, and watched the progress of the prospective family with much interest. When they crossed the fields to go to work Wednesday morning they noticed that the snow completely covered the ground in the vicinity of the nest, and immediately hastened to the spot to see what had happened to the birds.

Seven inches of snow covered the nest, and when the men reached down through the mantle to see if the birds were still alive the mother flew out and watched the excavating operations with much interest, but from a safe distance.

When the nest had been cleared of snow she returned, and the next day, when they had to dig her out again, she was quite tame and obviously thankful.

The little fellows, with their thick, warm coats of down, appeared not in the least distressed, and opened their fouths for food when the snow was removed.

BUNDLE PARTY

For those who like guessing games a bundle party will be an opportunity for plenty of fun.

After the guests have all arrived they may be taken into a room, where, piled upon a table, are a number of packages of all shapes and sizes, and each one distinctly numbered. Each guest is given a pencil and piece of blank paper, and the hostess explains there are thirty bundles on this table, each one numbered. Every bundle may be handled and examined as much as you please so long as you do not open or tear the wrappers. When you have decided upon what you think the package contains write down your guess and number it as the bundle is numbered. If you find a package whose contents you cannot imagine, put down its number with a dash after it.

When all the bundles have been examined and guesses recorded the hostess takes up a bundle, announces its number, and after giving time for all to find it on their lists she opens the package and holds its contents up to view. After crediting the number of those who have raised their right hands she asks each guesser to read out what he or she has guessed that particular number to be.

ABOUT PRIZES FOR HONORABLE MENTIONS

- * Competitors in any contest are
- * entitled to a handsome book prize
- * when their work has received hon-
- * orable mention three times.
- * They must claim the prize, sub-
- * mitting copies of their letters, sto-
- * ries or limericks.



HE WOULDN'T GO TO SCHOOL

Once there was a little boy
Who wouldn't go to school,
He wouldn't study 'rithmetic
Nor learn a single rule.
And now he's such a stupid boy
That folks all call him "Fool."

That little boy, the very same
Who wouldn't go to school.
So now, dear little children,
Ponder on these things—
And gladly hurry off to school
When the school bell rings.