

The Courier Junior

OTTUMWA IOWA, DECEMBER 5, 1905.

NOTICE

All letters for this department must be addressed:
"Courier Junior,"
"Ottumwa,"
"Iowa."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

VOL. 1 NO. 18

The Courier Junior

Published by
THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
OTTUMWA, IOWA.

MATILDA DEVEREAUX
EDITOR.

ROLL OF HONOR.

MARY ELIZABETH ELLMAN.
MILRE SCOTT.
BERYL DANIEL.
JENNIE PREVOC.
MAE CHAMP.
ZULU M. TAND.
GEORGE R. ANDERSON.
FLORENCE
EMMA DATT.
JESSIE WIS.
RHODA KLOF.
AGNE WENEY.
ADDY WATNER.
EDY SWANSON.
ARCAINE.
L. DANIELS.
LOA MULHOLLEN.
MAA DAVIS.
POLPHIE LAIN.
TULIA WARREN.

Dear Juniors: Again we must urge the Juniors to use more care in sending in their letters and essays. In this week's contest announced in the Courier Junior of November 17. The prize winner compiled with all the conditions. We want lots of Santa Claus letters. We will commence to publish them Friday, December 8. Remember about the essay on "Christmas."

Washington's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America, a Proclamation.

Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor; and

ADVERTISING STATE

CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE TELLS OF ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY FAR WEST

As an Effective Argument the Success Attained by W.W. Hinsey, Formerly of Ottumwa, is Presented—Committee Has Various Schemes.

The California Promotion committee is sending out literature dealing with the advantages that state offers those who desire to make their home in the far west. As one argument that California is a good state in which to live, the committee quotes the experience of W. W. Hinsey, formerly of Ottumwa now a resident of Fair Oaks. Having for its object the advertising and developing of the state of California, the committee is carrying on a series of schemes which will tend to make California the home of more people. One of these is a series of lectures given in the Academy of Sciences hall in San Francisco. The lectures are given by men prominent in development work and the industries and different phases of life in California are truthfully portrayed and profusely illustrated.

Hinsey is Satisfied. The committee tells of the success

in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually, to render to all the people; by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us), and to bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue and the increase of sciences among them and all mankind such degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the Year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

THANKSGIVING.

(The Prayer Unselfish.)
I thank Thee, Lord, for what thou hast denied;
For anguished longings Thou hast turned aside
Unheeded, for from out the black abyss
I see some other on the sunlit plain
Who but by my grief, could have known no bliss.
It may be that my aching, sobbing soul
Has sought the dark world nearer to its goal;
It may be sorrow's night which I have borne—
Has brought some nobler spirit brighter morn—
Thou knowest best; I thank Thee for the pain.

If soars my soul to Thee through pulsing space
But to be banished to the joyless deep,
Because my own unworthiness brings trace
Of stain upon Thy throne, I shall not weep,
But joy to make Thy angels happier be
By sacrifice of my rapt ecstasy
In rayless twilight I shall wait outside
And thank Thee, Lord, for what Thou hast denied.

—Nancy Clark Barr (daughter of J. Walter Barr, of Keokuk), in St. Nicholas for November.

THE INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Mamma had just succeeded in quieting the merry romping of Dollie and Harry to prepare them for bed early, as tomorrow would be Thanksgiving Day, when they were all to go to grandpa's for dinner. But they were not quieted so easily, for little golden haired Dollie put her arms lovingly around mamma's neck and pleaded for a story, while Harry joined in with the request that it be about the Indians. So mamma began at once with:

"When I was a little girl we did not have Thanksgiving in the country where we lived, across the sea; it was after your grandpa brought us to this beautiful land that the children—your aunt and uncle and myself—learned about it. We went to live in a new part of this country, and we were called settlers. Our first house was built of logs and had only three rooms. We children were never out after dark; there were a number of them living only a few miles from us. Of course they would not hurt us, as they were very friendly. Still we were afraid. 'Well, we had been there some months and it was the day before Thanksgiving and we went to the woods and gathered nuts all the morning and then hurried home to help grandpa get ready for the morrow.

Grandma made mince pies out of some mince meat one of the settlers sent us, and pumpkin pie. Your grandpa sent a nice turkey to one of the families, who sent us a large basket of apples and a squash. That was the way people did then—each helped the others.

"We were looking forward to turkey, pie, nuts, apples and many other good things. Everything looked so nice and smelled so good it made us hungry. Night came, and we children were just getting ready for bed when someone knocked on the door. As grandpa opened it we peeped out and there stood an old Indian who looked very tired. Grandpa talked with him for some time and then we heard grandpa say that he must not try to go home that night, that he was too sick. The Indian looked very pleased and grandpa made him a bed on the floor by spreading some blankets down; and the Indian was glad to rest. We children felt afraid at first, but dear grandpa told us we need not be, as God would take care of us, as well as to the white man. So we went to sleep. We rose early in the morning to see the Indian off, but he was not able to go. He spent Thanksgiving with us and shared our good things. We were glad he was with us, for we learned to trust the Indian and he kind to him. And when he was well and went back to his people, he was so thankful that he sent us a lovely letter and many other useful and pretty things; and all his people were our friends. So our first Thanksgiving was a happy one.

"This is the right way to keep Thanksgiving—not only to have good things to eat, but to be thankful for all the good sent us by God that we will pass them on to others and try to make them happy and you, my dear children, will try and do this when Thanksgiving comes, I am sure will you not?"
"Now to sleep and good night."

JUNIOR STORIES.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

In 1620 the Pilgrims left England because they could not worship God the way they wanted to. They sailed in a little ship called the Mayflower, commanded by Captain Miles Standish. There were just one hundred in the ship. It took them three months to cross the ocean. The lander on the north Rock. Before they landed they made laws and appointed John Carver governor.

They built huts and prepared for the hard winter. By the next spring more than half of them had died from sickness, want of food and cold, and among them Governor Carver. They made peace with the Indians, who taught them how to plant corn by placing fish in the hill.

They planted twenty acres of corn, six of barley and a patch of peas. They had large crops and after harvest had been gathered Governor Bradford appointed a day or rather a week of feasting, prayer and thanksgiving. He sent four men out to shoot wild turkeys. They got plenty in four days to last a week.

They invited Chief Massasoit and ninety of his men. This was the first Thanksgiving.

Milre Scott, Ottumwa.
108 South Ward St.

THANKSGIVING IN THE CITY.

There was an old woman who lived in the city. Her name was Mrs. White. She had two children, both boys, whose names were Ben and John. They were twins, each being 9 years old. Their mother washed for a living, but did not get many washings. Ben and John sold newspapers. They had been wanting a turkey for Thanksgiving. One morning Mr. Clark, driver up. He came to the back door and knocked. When she went to the door he asked her if her two little boys could work for him a little while. She said she did not care. So they went back to the store with him and did their little errands. It

was one week before Thanksgiving. The boys worked hard. On Thanksgiving morning when the boys went to work, Mr. Clark had a large turkey in his hands. When they came in he said to them, "Here, boys, come and take this home to your mother." They took it home, with much delight. Their mother was very much surprised. When they went back to the store, Mr. Clark gave them some cranberry sauce, pudding, pies, cakes and many other things to take home. That Thanksgiving was a real happy one. The family never forgot Mr. Clark.

Iva L. Curtis,
Chariton, Ia.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

Thanksgiving is a beautiful name to most children.
It suggests turkey and steaming puddings and cakes to be made. Country children are always busy at something and when meal time comes they are always ready to do justice to what is put before them and it is a treat to them to have a day all to themselves.

The day before Thanksgiving is always a busy day for everyone.
There is turkey to be roasted, pies to be baked, wood to be brought in, dressings and cakes to be made. Those who are too little to help, watch the others work, or play games in another room, that they may not bother those who are working.
When Thanksgiving day comes the little ones are all sent out of doors if it is a clear day and their mamma and older sisters prepare the dinner. As Thanksgiving is a day set apart to thank over the blessings, I think we should do a great deal of thinking this year. The farmers should be very thankful, indeed.
We have had good crops this year and are not afraid of winter finding us unprovided for, and I think this is a great deal to be thankful for.

Mary Elizabeth Martin.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving originated from the Pilgrims, who founded Plymouth colony in 1620. The summer of 1621 was so dry that it seemed as if the Pilgrims' crops would perish for want of rain. A day of fasting and prayer was therefore appointed. The Pilgrims sought God to help them. It finally clouded over and a gentle rain began to fall. Ten days of rain followed the day of prayer and the Pilgrims were assured of a good crop safely gathered. The Pilgrims were so grateful for this that they set a day on which to give thanks. After singing and praying and giving thanks to the Lord they held a great feast, to which about 100 Indians were invited. At this dinner they ate wild turkeys shot by the colonists, venison supplied by the Indians, and pies which the Pilgrim mothers made from yellow pumpkins. After this "Thanksgiving day" as the Pilgrims named it, a feast like it was kept every year in New England. This custom spread from there over the whole country until now the day is observed in all the states of our union. The President, who appoints the day, chooses the last Thursday in November.

John E. Belgard, age 13.
R. R. No. 2, Agency, Ia.

JUNIOR LETTERS.

Ottumwa, Iowa.
Dear Miss Editor: This is the first time I have written. I have a little dog for a pet. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Peckham. I like her very much. I have two brothers, but no sisters. My papa takes the Courier and I like to read the Courier Junior. Yours truly,
Fay Stevenson.
Van Buren avenue.

Ottumwa, Iowa.
Dear Editor: I have never written before. I will write now. I have been reading the letters in the paper for some time. I am 12 years old, and I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Myers. He is a very good teacher. I have not missed any this

term, and I hope I will not have to miss. I remain
Yours truly,
Mary Eater.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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