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VOL. 5 NO. 32

OTTUMWA IOWA MARCH 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Courier Junior

Published by THE COURIER PRINTING CO. OTTUMWA, IOWA. MATILDA DEVEREAUX, EDITOR.

SOME SPECIAL PRIZES.

Dear Juniors: We will give some pretty little Easter souvenirs to the first best ten stories on "WHAT I THINK OF THE GUESS WHO CONTEST."

THE GUESS WHO CONTEST.

The workers in the "Guess Who" contest must have their stories in by Tuesday, March 23. We have some excellent ones already.

WANT GOOD LETTERS.

We especially want to have good letters. We will give a surprise prize at the end of March to the Junior who writes the best letter, as well as send Easter cards whenever their stories or letters appear.

Write on the following subjects if you do not want to write letters. MY GARDEN.

THE ORIOLE. THE FIRST SPRING FLOWERS. AN EASTER PARTY.

EASTER DAY AT SUNDAY SCHOOL. MY NEW EASTER DRESS. AN EASTER HAT.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

- 1. Use one side of the paper only. 2. Write neatly and legibly, using ink or a sharp lead pencil. 3. Number your pages. 4. At the bottom of the last page write your name, age and address. 5. Always state choice of prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full. 6. Address the envelope to Editor, Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Big Sam and Little Sam

Big Sam is my father and Little Sam is me. Though my truly baptized name is different as can be. That is Mortimer.

When I was a baby wee And had no name at all, Mother said, "We'll call him Sam For you, dear Samuel. That will just be fine."

But father said: "No, no. My dear, they'd call me Big Sam, And this boy here would always be, I fear, just Little Sam. That is hardly fair."

So they called me Mortimer, And called me by it too, Until my grandma visited, When I was half past two. First time that she'd seen me.

She'd never heard what father said Before I had a name, But if she had, he said he guessed She'd acted just the same. This is what she said:

"Why, you look just exactly like Your pa when he was small, My! I can't call you Mortimer, It won't seem right at all. You are Little Sam."

And then the others in the house Said Mortimer was long For such a tiny boy, so they Would help the thing along. And call me Little Sam.

So Big Sam is my father, And Little Sam is me, But he says if I grow so fast He wonders who he'll be, For I'll be Big Sam soon. —Constance M. Wright.

JIM

Jim is one of a pair of horses that transports the children to a school from the suburbs to the center of town. He feels the responsibility of the barge full as much as does his driver. His mate, Lou, never takes much interest in the golangs, on except occasionally to turn a jealous eye whenever she thinks Jim is getting more than her share of attention.

Jim always knows when barge time comes, in the morning, and he needs only to hear his master say, "Come, Jim, it's time for school!"

At the words he leaves his stall, walks sedately over to where the barge is standing, backs into the shafts, and whinnies for Lou. The whinney does not always bring her, however, for Lou is an easy going horse, and chooses to be led to her place, rather than to be enticed by any argument of Jim's.

The children who ride on the barge all love the horse whose large, expressive eyes respond to each cheery "Good morning, Jim!" and from whom a pat on the back always elicits an answering whinny.

Jim has one accomplishment of which he is very proud; so, also, are all his companions on the barge, who happen to know of his clever little trick. Like a great many children, and older people, as well, Jim does

not like to wait for anything, even though it be only a drink of water. So he has discovered a way to let himself out of his box stall, without the assistance of anyone, and waiting upon himself.

The owner of this intelligent animal, having learned of Jim's independent manner of strolling about the stable, in turn planned a trick whereby the horse might find it easier to get out of the stall than to return to it. So, one day, happening to hear the horse nosing round in his stall he concealed himself from view and saw Jim reach his head over from the inside, turn the button with his teeth, push open the door, pass out, and down the inclined board that led to the watering trough.

Leaving his hiding place the man hastily shut and buttoned the door, and then returned to watch. Soon the heavy thud of hoofs was heard clanging the board, and Jim's head appeared in view. Having satisfied his thirst he was now ready to return to munching his hay.

Finding the door closed, which he had left open, for a minute the horse appeared nonplused. He stood still, and pondered. "I opened it once, I can again," he finally decided; and forthwith went to work. He used his nose this time; for Jim had to learn that the button which he had turned with his teeth from the inside of the stall required a poke of the nose to twist round from the outside.

Having accomplished the task after considerable patient effort, the horse gave a satisfied whinny as his hoof beats echoed down the stable while he settled himself into his stall again like the well trained animal that he was. Ever since, Jim has had the run of the stable, and goes and comes at will. —The Morning Star.

STORIES—LETTERS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It was a keen night on March and Miss Ainsworth, who had gone over to the postoffice, decided not to go back to the boarding house. She thought she would go down another look to see what Mary Ellis and see what she was doing. Miss Ainsworth taught the fifth. She found Mary busy with her post cards. "What are you doing?" asked Miss Ainsworth. "Are you making new ones in there, too?" "No, indeed," said Mary. "I am sorting out the Irish post cards. Tomorrow is the 17th, you know, and I want something to honor the day."

"The seventeenth," said Miss Ainsworth, anxiously, "What day is that?" "It is St. Patrick's day," said Mary. "I thought I would take down my Irish post cards and show the children. They like to look at pictures and post cards. Here is a view of Queenstown; The Dublin Fair; The Lakes of Killarney; Blarney castle; Kate Kerney's college; beautiful Muckross Abbey, the finest ruin in Scotland, and a picture of a jaunting car. I am going to tell about the fair days, and the market, and how with their little pigs scrubbed pink, and the stockings of the women bring in to sell."

"What are you going to tell to sell?" "St. Patrick's," said Miss Ainsworth. "Well," said Mary, "I don't know much about him, except his banishing the snakes from Ireland. So I went over to the library after school and looked him up in one of the encyclopedias. He was born in Scotland, a few miles from Glasgow. Isn't it funny to think of St. Patrick being a Scotchman? When he was sixteen years old he was captured by pirates and taken to Ireland, and there he was sold. He had to take care of the snakes on the hill tops. He finally escaped from his master and went to France, where he lived a long time. He returned to Ireland and began his labors there in the year 405. His life was full of sacrifice and hard labor. It is said that he found no Christians in Ireland and that he left no heathens. His was an unselfish and noble life."

MAMIE'S TELEPHONE STORY.

I will write a telephone story. Mamie, papa, my two sisters and myself were visiting at Walter Hensley's one Sunday. One of my sisters and Lois went to see the old place where we used to live and their baby Ruth, two years old, saw them going across the pasture where there were some hay stacks. She got up to the telephone and taking down the receiver began to talk, saying "Sister, if you don't come home from that hay stacks baby is going to cry." Then she would call her sister again. We all laughed at her. Thressie Davis, age 10, Floris, Ia.

ROBERT WAS NOT A COWARD.

I am always a coward in the dark. I am the first to go to bed I have mamma put a lamp on the dresser in my room. I guess I am afraid of the bogey man. But I am afraid of the dark. One time that say they are not afraid in the dark. Once there was a little boy who was afraid in the dark and his brothers had sisters called him a coward. His name was Robert. The houses in the country where Robert lived were not so thick as they are in our country and there was more brush. Robert always tried to obey his mother. So one day he went to visit his friend, Edward. His mother told him to come home before the sun set, but Robert had such a good time that he forgot himself and played with Edward until after sunset. He had a dark woods to pass through. On his way in the dark forest he saw a

pair of shining eyes in the path ahead of him. He thought of running back to Edward's house, but then he thought of his mother's advice, so he went straight on. He could see it moving in another direction. He ran home and told his parents and brothers what he had seen. They called him a coward, but his father took the hired man and his gun and dogs and went into the brush and killed the beast. It was a catamount. The neighbors came next day from far and near to see the animal and to hear Robert's story. The little boy was never called a coward again. Ciella McElroy, age 10, R. F. D. No. 2, Blakesburg, Ia.

JENNIE TOOK PART IN THE WASHINGTON PROGRAM.

Dear Editor:— As I haven't written to the Courier Junior for a long time, I thought I would write about our Washington program at school. Our school was out last Friday. My teacher's name is Edward Huxford. We had a long program. Nearly all the speeches were about Washington. There were seventeen visitors at our school. I will close. Your Tri-Weekly Junior, Jennie Plank, North English, Ia.

NEVA WANTS TO EXCHANGE CARDS.

Dear Junior: I have never written before and thought I would write a letter. I have four sisters and no brother. My sister's names are Myrtle, Rosa, Nancy and Doris. My name is Neva. There are six scholars in my room, five girls and one boy. Their names are Ceal, Espy, Myrtle Espy, Maude McDonald, Laura Russell Espy and Ceal. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Bartle. I would like to exchange post cards with the Juniors. Neva Espy, Darbyville, Ia., Box 54.

MAMIE'S DARK ROOM.

Dear Editor: I will write a short story about one dark room that I know of. There was a log house built with one room without any windows. The man that built it left it that way because his wife was afraid of storms and when it began to thunder and the lightning flashed she would go in that room and shut the doors so she could not see the lightning. Mamie Davis, age 12, Floris, Ia.

ETHEL FORMERLY LIVED IN OTTUMWA.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Junior. I live in the country two miles from Ottumwa. I have always lived in Ottumwa until a year ago when we moved to the country. I like the country very well, but I have two sisters who go to school. My teacher's name is Helen Garvin. I like her very much. I received a pretty valentine card from her. We have a nice coasting hill near our house. We have a very nice skating and coasting. There is a little island where we skate and we have a nice time playing on it. One day my two sisters and I went to the river with our sleds and skates. The names of the girls that were with us were Mary, Treasa and Paul Hines, Cecil and Ethel. When they were tired of skating and coasting we would play on the island. For pets I have two dogs. Their names are Queen and Gip. Queen is a bird dog. She is very good to catch quail. She is black and white. She has a water gun. She has black curly hair. She can shake hands and sit up. Ethel Huffman, age 10, Chillicothe, Ia.

KATHERINE'S SECOND LETTER TO THE JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors: This is my second letter to the Courier Junior. I like to read the letters you write so much. I go to the Sacred Heart school and am in the fifth grade. Well as my letter is getting long I will close. Katherine Maloney, age 11, Ottumwa, Ia., 697 W. Main St.

BUSTER AND FLORA GLEN'S PETS.

Dear Juniors: I have received three postals from the Courier Junior. I have for pets a dog, cat and a boy. My dog's name is Flora. I go to school every day and have never been tardy nor absent. My schoolmates are Dale Clark, Ralph Wolfe and Johnnie Elliott. I am in the second grade. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Baker. I like her very well. I have four sisters and no brothers. As this is all I can think of I will close. Helen Gilyeart, age 6, Route No. 3, Ottumwa, Ia.

MATTIE HAS NOTHING TO DO.

Dear Editor: I will write as I have nothing to do. This is my second letter. I received a postal. It was very pretty. Papa has gone 16 miles from home to saw. I am not going to school. Mattie Smallwood, age 11, Savanah, Ia., R. No. 4.

HAZEL IS 12 YEARS OLD.

Dear Editor: I am 12 years old. I have two brothers. Their names are William and John. We live on King's Valley fruit farm. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Walter Winniford. I like him very much. I have been spelling contests and Mabel Boyle and myself were the only ones that got to enter it. For pets I have a little pony. His name is Dapple. He gets kind mean sometimes. One day I was taking milk over to Mr. Hays and he threw me and kicked me. I have never received a card from the Junior. Hazel Whipple, age 12, Wren, Oregon.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington was our first president. George was a very honest man. When he was a boy he had always wanted a hatchet, so one day his father got him one. He was very happy for he did not know his father was going to get him one. After George had it a while he went out and was chopping down everything he came to. He thought he would go and cut a tree down. He cut his father's best cherry tree down though he didn't

know he was doing any harm. Pretty soon George came to the house. His father went out to see the orchard. When he saw his best tree chopped down he went to the house and asked who did it. At that time George was standing in the door. He saw his father was angry and George began to sob aloud. He said "Father I did it. I didn't know I was doing any harm, though. His father picked him up and said, "This is the boy for me." Then George's father said he would rather have his cherry tree cut down than to have his dear boy tell a lie. And George never told a lie after that nor he didn't chop down any more of his father's cherry trees. Mamie Davidson, age 10, Kirkville, Iowa.

DANDY BELONGS TO JAMES.

Dear Juniors: I have a little pony and I call him Dandy and I have great times with it. I ride him after school. I received eight valentines. I have a sister whose name is Martina. She received eighteen valentines. My papa takes the Ottumwa Daily Courier and I enjoy reading the letters. I am nine years old. James S. Barlow, Sigourney, Iowa.

RED PEPPERS.

Dear Editor and Juniors: I will write a story about red peppers. Once there was two little girls that wanted to make their lips very red. As they went up town they saw some red peppers. They got one, put some on their lips. Of course it burned but they didn't mind that. They let it burn but after while their lips were as red as fire. They decided then that they would not try to make their lips red that way again. This is a true story. Jessie Howard, age 14, 110 West Wash., St., Box 763 Albia.

"WHAT I HAVE AT HOME."

Dear Editor: I have a black and white dog. I have a white pony. I go to school. I am eight years old. I study the second reader. I like to go to school. I study the number book. I guess this is all this time. Leo Ratliff, age 8, Hedrick, Iowa.

BESSIE HAS SEVEN CATS.

Dear Editor: We take the Daily Courier and I like to read the letters. I go to school but it is out now. I like to have vacation because I have lots of fun. I live on a farm west of Ottumwa. For pets I have seven cats and one colt. Our school will begin the 4th of April. I will be glad. I have three dolls but I do not play with them very much. I will close. Bessie Cain, age 10, R. F. D. No. 4, Ottumwa, Ia.

MISS ROSENAUR VARINA'S TEACHER.

Dear Editor: I have never written to the Courier Junior and thought I would write. I go to school at the Fiedler school house. My teacher's name is Marie Roseaur and I like her very much. My studies are reading, arithmetic, writing, and spelling. I have two sisters and one brother and their names are Gertrude, Nora and Paul. My playmates are Hildred Thomas, my sister Gertrude and Ethel Brooks. Well, I will close. Varina Dunning, age 9, Eldon, Iowa.

LIVING ON A FARM.

This is my first letter to the Junior. I live on a farm east of Blakesburg. I love to live on a farm, we can have so much fun. I have one sister and one brother. Their names are Belva and Emery. My little brother is two months old. Belva and I go to school every day that we can. It has been very cold this week. We go to Mt. Carmel school. We have to walk a mile. There are twenty-five scholars in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Ethel Dowd. I like her very much. I will be glad when summer comes so we can make garden. We have a tent and we will set it up next summer. Belva and I have lots of fun in the summer. I like to go to the field with papa. As my letter is getting long, I will close. Remaining your friend, Ruth Hedgecock, age 11, Blakesburg, Iowa.

FLOYD GOES TO SCHOOL.

Dear Juniors: The spring term of school commenced last Monday. I like to go to school. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I received a prize at school for not missing any. I like to read the stories in the Courier Junior. I have a little brother two years old. His name is Glenn. I like to coast but my sled is not very good. I have had it ever since I was three years old. I have over a hundred post cards. My brother Glenn has eight. Floyd Harshman, age 9, Libertyville, Ia.

RAYMOND HAS A PONY.

Dear Juniors: I have a little sister. She is three years old. For pets I have a pony, a lamb, dog and chickens. I like to read the Courier Junior. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier. Raymond Collins, age 10, Melrose, Ia.

ETHEL'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Juniors: This is my first letter to the Junior. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Quay Miller. I have two brothers and two sisters. Their names are Lester, Leo, Verle and Fern. Ethel Phillips, age 11, Birmingham, Ia.

MILDRED'S BIRTHDAY. Dear Editor: Mildred, aged 4, only had a birthday every four years, so this was her first birthday. Her mamma invited a few little girls over to spend the day with her. They had a very nice time and Mildred's mamma gave each of them a small doll to take home. They ate pink ice cream, cake, fruit, candy and nuts. Mildred's mamma helped bring Mildred a present so she got a cup and saucer, a little glass, a blue hair ribbon, a string of pink and white beads, a doll, a hat and a ring from her mamma, a new doll from her papa and a new dress from her grandma. She and her playmates certainly had a fine time and when she went to bed she found a bright silver quarter on her pillow with happy birthday wishes from her grandpa. I got several postals from some little babies and thank them very much. I have five postals now. Your Baby Junior, Marjory Louise Eisenbeis, 401 W. Park Ave., Ottumwa, Ia. Age 3 1/2 months.

RUTH, AGE 8, CELEBRATES HER SECOND BIRTHDAY.

Ruth arose early on February 29th. The sun shone brightly on her bed. She went to her mother and told her it was her birthday and said she wished that they would have a party for her. Sure enough at 1 p. m. the little girls began to come and each one gave her a present. There were one dozen presents present and they were repaired for their presents. Each one received a Lincoln penny that was worth 25c and a nickel. Ruth said that she would like to get a beautiful amethyst ring and she thanked her mother for giving it to her. Alden Doud, age 12, Douds-Leando, Ia.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732. From early childhood George developed a noble character. He had a vigorous constitution, a firm form, and great bodily strength. In his childhood he was noted for frankness, fearlessness and moral courage. One time he cut down a cherry tree. His father was very indignant and questioned him. George answered, "Father, I cannot tell a lie; I cut the tree." "Come to my heart," said his father, and his eyes filled with tears, "I had rather lose a thousand trees than find a falsehood in my son."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The books that Lincoln knew by heart were "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "History of the United States," "Life of Washington," and the Bible. Lincoln was born in Kentucky in a rough log cabin and moved to southern Indiana. He was seven years old when they built a new home of poles and thatched roof of boughs and leaves, and chairs, bedsteads and table made of logs and poles, thorns for pins, and bits of stone for buttons, and home made candles. He was born Feb. 12, 1809; died April 15, 1865. His mother taught him from children's books, letters and words on pieces of paper and on shingles, borrowed an old arithmetic, copied rules and examples on scraps of paper, worked problems on the back of the fire shovel, shaved off shovel for new figures, when the shovel became too thin, made a new one. Borrowed "Life of Washington" and put it in a crack in the wall between the logs. It stormed and the book got wet. The owner said: "You may pay me 75 cents or work three days." He worked three days cutting corn. The first book he ever owned. He said afterwards: "That book helped to make me president." Your Junior, Lucile Kirkhart, age 10, Harlan, Iowa.

BANANAS.

Dear Junior: Bananas are very nice fruit. They grow in California. My papa and mamma have cousins in California. I love bananas very much. I have an aunt that doesn't care very much for bananas, but my uncle likes them very much. Bananas are not good when they are green, nor very good when too ripe. My papa takes the Ottumwa Courier three times a week, but I like the Saturday paper the best. Grace Miller, age 11, R. F. D. No. 7, Albia, Iowa.

name is Quay Miller. I have two brothers and two sisters. Their names are Lester, Leo, Verle and Fern. Ethel Phillips, age 11, Birmingham, Ia.

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