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VOL. 5 NO. 39

OTTUMWA IOWA MAY 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Courier Junior THE COURIER PRINTING CO. OTTUMWA, IOWA. MATILDA DEVEREAUX, EDITOR.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

Dear Juniors—Our new contest, "What Twenty-Five Cents Will Buy," is proving to be a splendid one. As this contest does not close until Monday, May 9, we will announce the rules of the contest again...

THE JUNIOR DEBATE.

The judges have decided that two boys are entitled to prizes in the Junior debate, Alfred Wyant and Winfred Hunter being the Juniors whose work is considered the best.

THE APRIL LETTER PRIZE.

Ivan Beagle gets the prize for the April letter.

THE SOUVENIR CARDS.

We want the Juniors to continue to write nice letters. The Juniors show a great improvement in their letter writing. We will give a surprise prize at the end of May to the Junior who writes the best letter, as well as send souvenir cards whenever their stories or letters appear.

THE JOURNEY OF A MATCH. A STRAWBERRY BED. TOM'S FIRST BALL GAME.

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.

THE FUN COLUMN.

Here are a few of the contributions received for the "Fun Column" this week: A man's automobile broke down as he went to the nearest farmhouse and asked for a monkey wrench, but the farmer said, "Me ain't got no monkey ranch, but me neighbor, Mr. Jones has got a cattle ranch and me other neighbor, Mr. Smith, has a got a sheep ranch, but me ain't got no monkey ranch."

the little fellow, "that's the Fourth of July."

A little girl was kneeling at her mama's knee repeating this little prayer: Gentle Jesus meek and mild, Look upon this little child, Pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to thee.

Lois Griffin, Albia, Iowa. R. R. No. 7. (This is original.)

One day in school the teacher told her class to draw something so she could tell from their drawings what they were going to be when they grew up.

All but one little girl drew something. At this the teacher was surprised and said, "Mary, don't you want to be something when you grow up?"

Lois Henz, age 13. Anthony, Harper county, Kansas. R. R. No. 2.

When my little brother, Johnny, was two or three years old, and when he would see some dog fennel he would say that it was dog funny, as that is what he called it. This is original.

From your Junior friend, Mabel Skirvin, age 12. Floris, Iowa. R. R. No. 2. (Original.)

Hazel, a little girl, wanted to ride their horse, Pet, and her papa told her that she would fall off because she did not have anything to hold to, and she said she could hold to Pet's feathers.

Your Junior friend, Mabel Skirvin, age 12. Floris, Iowa. R. R. No. 2. (Original.)

One day when my sister was at a neighbor's the little boy, Hugh, saw a picture of some men fighting in a war and he said that they were shooting with pistols and hitting with corn knives.

Your Junior friend, Mabel Skirvin, age 12. Floris, Iowa. R. R. No. 2. (Original.)

When my brother Frank was four years old he used to go to school with us. One morning he said he wasn't going to school for he had resigned.

Maude Skirvin, age 12. Floris, Iowa. R. R. No. 2. (Original.)

Little Girl: "Papa, there was a strange man here this morning." Papa: "Did he have a bill?" Little Girl: "No, he had just a plain nose."

Teacher: "What does A. D. stand for, Johnny?" Johnny (after thinking awhile): "After dinner."

When I was a little girl I told a friend about what bad dreams I dreamed. She suggested that I would think about the beautiful hymns in the song books. "Hymns," I said, "What are they?" "Why they are songs in a hymn book," she replied, "Hymns," I repeated, "Are there any song books, too?" (This is true.)

I would like to exchange postals with any of the Juniors. Vida Wahle, age 12. Ottumwa, Ia. 110 E. Court St.

The Bird Family

One Mother Bird In a deep, snug nest And three Baby Birds Beneath her warm breast. One Papa Bird On a limb close by, Sending his love notes Up to the sky. Father and Mother And we Babies three Are ever so happy In the nest in the tree.

A Peasant Boy And a King

A PEASANT BOY AND A KING. BY HELENA DAVIS.

In the very, very long ago there dwelt in a country across the sea a king who was very very unhappy. He often felt so tired of life as he lived it that he sometimes wished to die. And he would sit on his throne and sigh deeply. And his courtiers would vie with one another in trying to make their monarch's existence less unbearable. But they frowned upon him and flattered him, and bowed down before him in the humblest manner. And all the time the king hated them for their humbleness and servility. But being a king, he held himself aloof from his fellow-beings, and retained a haughty reserve.

One day while driving in his coach of gold and silver, the king beheld a little peasant boy on the banks of a river, fishing. The child looked up at him, smilingly. Then, without removing before him, the boy respectfully turned to his work, pulling out of the water a fine fish. The king was so deeply impressed by the boy's happy face that he called to his coachman to stop, as he would speak with the peasant boy.

As the coach stopped, the king called to the boy, "Come hither, youth."

But the lad sat quite still beside the bank, holding his fishing rod. "Come hither, I command you!" So spoke the king in imperious tones, beckoning to the peasant boy.

"But I must not leave my rod, sir," explained the boy. "I have a fish nibbling at the bait, and I must watch the line."

"Do you know who I am?" questioned the king in a severe tone. "Yes, sir. You are the man the people call king. I would not know you but for your coach and retinue." The boy spoke in the easiest manner possible, without the least show of embarrassment. The coach and outriders trembled for the child's fate, for they feared he had offended his king and would be made to suffer the penalty. But to their great surprise, the king smiled—for the first time in months—and again spoke to the peasant boy:

"If I pay you a golden coin for the fish you haven't yet caught, will you come and speak with me? I, your king, beg this favor." And again the king smiled in an amused way.

"Oh, if you are willing to pay me for my lost time why I will come and speak with you, sir," greed the peasant boy. And he arose and approached the king's coach. The outriders opened an avenue so that he might walk to the side of the coach. To their utter astonishment the king made room for the boy inside the coach and bade him be seated beside him. The boy looked up and shook his head: "No, sir, a peasant boy is not fitting company for a king. I prefer to remain aloof on ground and talk with you."

"You are a strange and bold boy," declared the king, a bit out of temper. "And why do you dare to refuse me—your king?"

"If you are my king, then I am your subject," said the boy. "And we each owe the other certain liberty. I must live my way and you your way."

Now it was the king's turn to be astonished and banishing the frown which had begun to gather on his brow, he said: "You interest me, youth, and I shall go out of my coach and sit beside you while you fish. Will that please you—my subject?"

"I have no objection to your sitting on the banks of the river, for it is yours as well as mine," explained the boy.

The king laughed outright. "Why, youth, don't you know that river—and all the land about it—belongs to me, the king and ruler over this land?"

The boy shook his head. "That river is not yours any more than it is mine—even though I am a king. You cannot bridge it or change its course. You cannot stop its waters, or cause them to flow. It is God's river, and so is the land all about it. And you the creature who bids us leave this life you are as powerless to disobey as I am. So, I am as much a king in God's eyes as you are a king in the eyes of your courtiers."

You have an old head on young shoulders," declared the king, motioning to a servant to throw his cloak on the ground that he might sit on it. "And I shall chat with you an hour—or as long as you wish to be a peasant like yourself."

"Or I a king like yourself," smiled the boy.

"Ah, you are a strange youth," said the king. "Come, tell me. Are you always happy?"

"Always very happy, sir," declared the boy. "In the first place, I am very busy all day long helping my father and mother in the work of earning an honest living. I am too busy to be unhappy, sir."

"Why do you not call me 'Your Majesty'?" asked the king. "Like the plain title better, sir. 'Your Majesty' is my king."

The king knit his brows, then said: "Suppose I should command you to call me 'Your Majesty.' And if you should refuse suppose I should order your head cut off?"

"Then you would be a cruel king, and committing a very grave crime, sir, for in having me killed you would be committing murder. My life belongs to my Maker, not a man of the earth."

The king sat silent for a little while. Then he said: "Tell me, boy, where have you learned all that you say? There must be traitors in my realm, and they must have talked in your hearing."

"A good king need fear no traitors," said the boy, putting some bait on his hook. "Only an evil ruler fears enemies."

"You are right, youth," said the king fervently. "And you have set me to thinking of many things new to my mind. I shall beg you to come to the palace and visit me. I can learn from you, though I be a king and you a peasant. But—do you angle all day long?"

"Oh, no sir; doing one thing all the time would make me very unhappy. Now, were you to have more variety in your life, sir, you would be less discontented. I have heard it said that your kings never laugh. That his subjects they find much beneficial employment. The king but rules. And ruling is a heavy work, and a thankless one, though paid for in gold. Gold doesn't offer the hand of friendship. It never lends a helping hand to the one in need, nor kisses and caresses the brow of the aged. Gold is very hard, and is a fitting companion only for a haughty and unhappy king. And I am too content to want more of it than is needed to buy the necessities of life."

The king sat still and looked across the river for a moment. Then he bowed his head in his hand and sighed.

"You are right, youth; gold and kingdom go hand in hand. Neither have feeling nor love."

But a king can love, and be loved, if he wishes," declared the boy. "If he enters into the life of his peasants—his subjects—and knows them, and lets them know him, he will find much to live for. Also, he will find much to make meritment, to weep with sympathy, and to give for sweet charity's sake."

"I shall try your prescription, youth," said the king, rising. "Tomorrow all my fawning and flatterer courtiers shall be dismissed and in their place shall be put men from the country, uncouth, plainspoken fellows who will tell me things for my own good."

"And for the good of your subjects, sir," interposed the boy. "Do not forget others—if you would be happy. Happiness cannot be found in oneself, but in the love and sympathy of others. That is the reason you have never known happiness, sir. You have thought only of self, and had about you a lot of cowards who pretend to think only of you, also, but who in truth hated you and lived a life of hypocrisy. Have fearless men about you and you will get strength from them, and in time, will become a monarch all men will love. Think of your position, and more of the people's position, sir, if you would be a real king."

The king took from his purse several gold coins and offered them to the boy who took the smaller one, saying that the fish he might have caught would not have been worth more than that amount. "And I cannot take more than I can earn," he observed in a straightforward way.

"You are a true philosopher," answered the king emphatically, "and I must see you often. You are a peasant boy, and you are only a king," smiled the boy. "But perhaps you are poorer than I. If so, I shall gladly share my riches with you. But now I must hurry homeward, for my parents will be looking for me. I wish you more happiness in the future than you have had in the past. Good by, sir, and may luck attend you."

And the king, his hands clasped across his breast, stood watching the boy as he limply across the hill, disappearing on the other side. Then, turning to one of his courtiers, he said: "A king may learn from a peasant boy."

When they arrived at the grove the boys put up some swings and hammocks. About noon they ate their lunch (but they saved Mae part). After lunch they gathered flowers and plants to take to Mae. One little girl named Barbara was queen. They made wreaths for her. They also made a pretty one for little Mae. When they gave Mae the pretty flowers and plants and told her what a nice time they had, she got much better.

They went home quite happy, and little Mae enjoyed the May party, too. Vasilie, age 12. 7 West Second St., Buxton, Iowa.

MY VACATION PLANS. Dear Editor:—I am very sorry it snowed because I think it killed all the fruit. I am going to tell you what I am going to do on vacation. I am going to gather berries. (That is, if there are any) and take care of my little sweet brother so that he does not get hurt.

I have a darling little niece. She is 13 months old. Her name is Lola Moe. She is awfully sweet. I will be glad when she can walk and then I can take her to school with me.

I will be glad when the snow all melts off and it is time to go barefoot. Two of my little cousins are coming today. I like to play with them.

In the summer when the work is all done, my sister and I are going to visit our relatives in Missouri and have a nice time. My uncle owns a large store here. Our aunt came out to see us not very long ago.

It is snowing again now. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close for this time, hoping to hear from some of the little Juniors.

Yours truly, Mary Tweedy, age 12. R. F. D. No. 7, Fairfield, Iowa.

ARE GIRLS OF 12 AHEAD OF BOYS OF 12? Dear Editor:—I think that girls of twelve are ahead of boys of twelve, because girls do not have as much to do as boys, especially on the farm. Girls usually get to go to school in the spring when boys have to stay at home and work. In the fall when boys have to stay at home and help husk corn, the girls get to go to school and so get ahead of the boys. I guess it is natural for girls to be the best writers. We had a debate at school and it was the girls against the boys, and the girls won. In the recent rural spelling contest in Wapello county, there were more girls spelled the words than boys, and this goes to show that the girls are ahead of the boys.

From a Junior boy, Winfred Hunter, age 12. R. F. D. No. 1, Blakesburg, Iowa.

ALTA'S VACATION PLANS. As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write about my vacation plans. I am going to learn to cook and do housework and learn to sew. And go visiting sometimes, and I will hoe in the garden. I am going to help mamma. I am going to plant some flowers and take care of them. I am going to have morning

glories all over my play house. Well I guess that is all I am going to do. Alta Sandilands, age 11. Eddyville, Iowa.

MAUDE WRITES A SECOND TIME. Dear Juniors:—As I have written to the Junior once before I thought I would write again. I go to school now. My teacher's name is Miss Edna Thomas. I like her very much. My studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, language, physiology, history and spelling. We had a program Arbor day and planted some trees and flowers. I live about one mile and a half from school. I have six brothers and one sister.

Maude Scully, age 10. Ottumwa, Iowa. New York Butter and Egg Market.

HOW RUTH SCoured THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL. One day in spring after Ruth's school closed for the summer vacation, Ruth's mother took her to spend the day with her grandma. One day after she had been there several days her grandma told her the cook's little girl was there that day, and she told Ruth to show the little girl her dolls. Pretty soon Ruth came back to her grandmother and said, "Why, grandma she is black," but grandma said that she was a good little girl. Ruth was afraid of her.

Her grandma said the cook was black, and Ruth said that the cook was a grown person and she did not know that little girls were black. So pretty soon the two girls went to the play room, and Ruth said, "What is your name?" My name is Ruth. The little colored girl told her that her name was Marionette. Then they played with the dolls. Ruth said, "What makes you so black," and the little girl said that she did not know. Ruth asked her if she couldn't wash it off; but the little girl said she could not. Ruth asked her if she ever tried soap and sand. The little girl had not, and then they decided to try soap and sand. Ruth ran and got a basin of water and a cake of soap and some sand. Ruth told her the colored girl was afraid in a strange house, and when she got some of the soap in her eyes she began to cry. Ruth's grandma told her that the little girl's skin was black, and it would not come off.

Ruth often laughs about scouring the little black girl. This is a grown woman. Zella White, age 13. R. F. D. No. 3, Bloomfield, Iowa.

THE JOURNEY OF A TEN CENT PIECE. The ten cent piece I am telling you about was made at San Francisco. It was sent to a bank where a man got it in change. He went out on the street where he saw a beggar who was hungry and wanted something to eat. He gave the ten cent piece to him and he went to the store and bought him something to eat. The store keeper gave the money to his little girl and she sent it off to a foreign missionary where they teach little heathen children to become Christians.

Maude Skirvin, age 12. Floris, Iowa.

HAZEL'S FIRST LETTER. Dear Juniors:—As I have never written to the Junior page before I thought I would write a letter to you. I go to Laddsdale, Davis county, school. There is twenty-three scholars attending this school. My teacher's name is Miss Ruth Wilkinson. I like her very much. My studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, physiology, geography, writing, music and spelling.

Hazel Ross, age 12. Laddsdale, Iowa.

MABEL'S FIRST LETTER. As I have never written before I thought I would write. I am a little girl six years old and I go to the kindergarten school. I stay with my grandmother and grandfather. I have a sister and a brother. Their names are Ruth and Pearl.

Mabel Hamersley, age 6. Laddsdale, Ia.

JENNETT GOES TO SCHOOL. Dear Editor:—My teacher's name is Helen Garvin. I am in the sixth grade. My studies are reading, numbers, history, language, geography, spelling. My seatmate is Jennie Co. Broderick. My mother has an incubator. She has 104 little chickens. My aunt Sophia Mott and Aunt Mary Meyers came up to see them.

Jennette Coyne, age 11. Chillicothe, Iowa.

WILLIE HAS A PONY. Dear Juniors:—I have never written to the Junior page so I thought I would write. I am a boy eleven years old. My birthday is May 11. I have two sisters and two brothers, Grace, Annie, Dave and George. For pets I have a pony, two dogs and two cats. My pony's name is Munsell. My dogs' names are Buster and Cuvva. I have five nephews and five nieces. I am going to school now. My papa has been sick and I help my brother work. We run a hack to and from Buxton and brother George works on a ranch in Colorado. I like the Junior page and will exchange cards with the Juniors.

Willie Vaughn, Hamilton, Ia.

VIDA HAS BEEN VERY BUSY. Dear Editor:—I have been so busy with my school studies that I couldn't find time to write to the Junior page. It is nearly eight-thirty and I am getting sleepy so I will not write very much. I enjoy reading the Junior page very much. It is only about six more weeks until va-

cation. My teachers' names are Miss Metz, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Grimmer. I have Miss Reynolds for arithmetic and Miss Metz for the rest of my studies which are geography, writing, drawing and spelling. I think that Miss Metz is a very nice teacher. I am in the tenth room of the Lincoln school. I have two sisters. Their names are Lola and Hazel Wahle. This is Thursday evening and the band is playing a concert in the park. It has been a lovely day today.

Vida Wahle, age 12. 110 E. Court St., Ottumwa, Ia.

MARJORIE'S PETS. Marjorie and uncle Jim had fixed a bathing place, for the birds in the front yard. On their way to and from their baths they would eat up the worms and bugs that had been destroying Marjorie's garden and she said that was the way they had of saying "Thank you" to her and uncle Jim. What do you think? "How see," Marjorie explains, "the birds and I are good friends, that's why we try to help one another."

Josephine Oliver, Selma, Iowa.

NICE WEATHER IN OREGON. Dear Editor:—As I have not written for a long time, I thought I would write to you. We are having nice weather out here now. Papa is busy working around places and I am going to school. I have missed but one day this term. I am in the fifth grade. Our school will be out June 17. My aunt and cousin are down here now. My grandma got hurt quite a while ago and they came down. All of the fruit trees are in bloom out here now. We have seventy-three records for our phonograph. We have some pretty pieces. We have some garden truck up and lettuce pretty near ready to use. We have peas over three inches high and radishes two. I have received two postal cards from the Courier Junior and thank them very much for them.

I will close for this time. Osa Redshaw, age 12. R. F. D. No. 1, Corvallis, Oregon.

THE JOURNEY OF THE DIME. Once there was a little boy who went to see his uncle. Two or three days after he got there they went to see the ocean. The little boy's uncle had given him a dime. The little boy had it in his hand. They were on the coast of the ocean and the little boy dropped his dime into the ocean and a fish swallowed it. One day when the little boy's uncle was out fishing he caught this fish and when he was cleaning the fish for dinner, he found the dime in the fish, so he gave it to the little boy. The little boy was glad to get it again, so he left it at home whenever he was out playing or went any place. When he went home he told his father and mother of the journey of the dime.

Georgia Fuller, 303 Lillian St., South Ottumwa, Ia.

LITTLE BOY BLUE. That was what his mamma called Freddy the first time he wore his new sailor suit. That was blue and so was his eyes and his neck ribbon; and it was just the name for him. "May I take a walk down the street mamma. I won't go but a little way. Please let me," said he. "I'm afraid Little Boy Blue would be tempted to play in the mud puddle out yonder; and if he should, it would spoil his new clothes," said mamma. "I won't play in it; truly, I won't, mamma, if you will let me go," pleaded Freddy. "Well, run along, dear," she replied; and away he trotted down the street. When he reached the mud puddle two or three boys were there having a fine time.

"Come play with us," they called out. "This is the Atlantic ocean, and these are our ships. We will let you sail one, too." "No, I can't," he said, bravely. "I promised mamma I wouldn't play here, because I might get drowned and spoil my new clothes." Pretty soon he met his grandpa, and his bright eyes shone with joy. "Well, well," said grandpa, "here is a little blue-bird, indeed; all but the wings." "No, grandpa; I am not a blue-bird, but Little Boy Blue, mamma says." So, mounting grandpa's cane for a horse, he escorted him home; and he gladly told his mamma how he had kept his promise.

Hazel Yeager, R. F. D. No. 2, Agency, Iowa.

LEILA A VERY BUSY GIRL. Dear Editor:—As I have not written ten to the Courier Junior for some time I thought I would write. My school will be out in six weeks. I am going to help papa when vacation comes and I will help mamma in the garden; feed the little chickens and gather the eggs.

I like to feed the little chickens. We have one hundred and twenty little chickens. We are going to raise turkeys, chickens and geese this summer. I like to go to school, but am always glad when vacation comes. My teachers' names are Miss Stella Hoskins and I like her fine. There are twenty-five scholars that go to my school. We have lots of fun at school playing games. Some of the games we play are "Bring Back What You Borrow" and "The Coach Upset." I have 123 post cards and eighteen of them are from the Courier Junior. I have a card from Lois Griffin and one from Fern Eppert and I think they are both very pretty.

I am a Tri-Weekly Junior. Lela Shaffer, age 12. Douds-Leando, Iowa.