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VOL. 5 NO. 40

OTTUMWA IOWA MAY 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

"MY ONE DOLLAR JOURNEY."

Dear Juniors: The contest "What Twenty-five Cents Will Buy" has proved so interesting that we have decided to have another contest on a similar line entitled "My One Dollar Journey," or "How Far I Went and What I Saw for One Dollar." We want the Juniors to write essays containing not more than 300 words. The prizes we have been offering in the recent contests, a croquet set, solid silver spoon, book or a brooch, will be the prizes for this contest.

JULIETTE'S WORK BEST SAY JUDGES.

The Courier Junior judges of the contest have decided that Juliette Eisenbeis is entitled to the prize in the contest "What You Can Buy for Twenty-five Cents."

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.

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. Always sign your name in full and state your age. 4. Number your pages. 5. Do not copy stories or poetry and send us as your own work. 6. Always state choice of a prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full. 7. Address the envelope to Editor, Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE FUN COLUMN.

Here are a few of the contributions received for the "Fun Column" this week:

At our school the teacher was teaching the primer class a game called Birds Fly. She said birds fly, dogs fly and one little boy raised his hands and the teacher said dogs don't fly do they, and he said yes, they did, when they were angels. The teacher said she meant when they were alive.

Veda Robinson, age 10, R. R. No. 2, Birmingham, Iowa.

One day little Tommy went fishing. He was sitting on the bank of the river when he became sleepy and fell into the river. When he got out he was crying. A stranger came along at that time and said, "Tommy, how did you come to fall in?" "Boo-hoo," said Tommy, "I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish."

Lulu Jones, age 11, Hayesville, Iowa.

A little boy of three years climbed on his grandpa's lap, and, stroking his bald head asked, "Grampa, what makes you go barefooted on the top of your head?"

Ralph Jones, age 9, Hayesville, Iowa.

"Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming, and you have been in the water." "I know it, ma, but Satan tempted me." "And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?" "I did, and he kicked me in."

David Jones, age 6, Hayesville, Iowa.

Hetty's uncle, who was a school teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going," said her uncle. "O, my little dear," said her uncle. "You must not say I ain't going. You must say I am not going," and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going, he is not going, we are not going, you are not going, they are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?" "Sure I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend.

"Now, dear," said her mother, "when you are leaving, you must bid Marian's mamma goodnight and tell her you have had a very pleasant time." When the little girl returned, her mother asked her if she had done as she was told.

"Not 'zactly, mamma," was the reply. "Marian took the biggest piece of the apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me, but I told her mother good night, and said I ruzessed Marian had had a very pleasant time."

From a Junior friend.

Lois Griffin, Albia, Iowa.

One day we were going to have some Dutch cheese for dinner and Johnny came running in and said to our hired man, "Wait, we're going to have some Irish cheese for dinner."

Your little friend, Frank Skirvin, age 8, R. R. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

The country school teacher had been telling her scholars about the seasons and their peculiarities, and to

impress their minds with the facts, she questioned them upon the points she had given.

Several queries had been put, and finally she reached the stupefied boy in the corner.

"Well, Johnny," she said, "have you been paying attention?" "Yes'm," he answered promptly. "I'm glad to hear it. Now, can you tell me what there is in the spring?" "Yes'm, I can, but I don't want to."

"Oh, yes you do. Now, can you tell me what there is in the spring?" "Why—why—mum, there's a frog an' a lizard an' a dead cat in it, but I didn't nut 'em there. It was another boy for I seen him do it."

Dora Webb, age 12, Cantril, Iowa.

One day a little friend of mine three years of age was playing around the room when her stocking came down. Her mother said, "Winifred, you look like," but mamma got no farther for Winifred added, "the wild man of Barneo."

Wessie Fulton, age 10, Chariton Ia. R. F. D. No. 7, (This is original).

Dear Editor:

Admiral Hickborn once had a Chinese servant named Chow, whom he brought with him from the east. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the admiral. Then he added, "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"All same China," Chow replied. "Now, Chow," continued the admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?"

"Aller same time, Melican man comes up smeller flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow urbanely.

Iva Webb, age 10, R. F. D. No. 2, Cantril, Iowa.

MY CAT AND I

Just at dusk at my study door Four little white feet stand on the floor, Four little white feet leap to my knee, And a beaming face looks up at me.

Oh, full many a love I've known, But never a heart so much my own, Never a grateful soul like that, And this is the way I love my cat.

Every day, through storm or shine, This rapturous greeting still is mine, Every night on my knee she lies, Watching my face with her crystal eyes.

Through fame well gained, or a lost renown, If stocks go up, or if stocks go down Faithful forever as faith can be, That is the way my cat loves me!

Oh, my pussy, the world is round! In it full many a friend I've found, When I was rich, they bent the knee, And when I was poor they frowned on me.

But rich or poor you have loved me still, You share the good as you shared the ill, So while we live and when we die, May we be together, my cat and I.

R. F. D. No. 2, Douds-Leandro, Ia.

The Twin's May-Day Basket

Gladys and Gloria were twin sisters. They were 11 years old and their home was so happy; their papa and mamma loving and kind, and everything that they could need was theirs.

It was on the last day of April that Gloria said to Gladys: "Sister, we have not arranged any May Day baskets yet. And tomorrow is the first day of May."

Gladys threw up her hands in dismay. "Oh, how neglectful we have been, Gloria," she said. "Why haven't even so much as a May Day gift for papa or mamma, not to mention grandmamma and Uncle Tom. But—can't we hurry out now and find some things for our May Day baskets?"

Gloria looked at the clock. "It's half-past four," she said. "We have an hour and a half before the shops close. If we hurry, we'll have plenty of time for shopping. Let's go direct to old Mr. Adams' Gift Shop. He has some awfully pretty baskets there for 15 cents apiece. We'll get one for papa, one for mamma, one for grandpa, and one for Uncle Tom. That will be 60 cents for the baskets. Then we'll have to put fruit and flowers into them."

Gladys mused a moment. "I am wondering just how much money we have on hand," she said. "I haven't counted it for some time. Have you?"

"No, I really have no idea whether we have one dollar or three," laughed Gloria. "Let's see what we have in the bank before we count on so many baskets. We may have to cut Uncle Tom out altogether."

The twins ran to their own little room and got from a drawer a little purse from which they emptied a handful of coins. There was one half-dollar, three quarters and several dimes and nickels. When the amount was counted over they found themselves quite rich, for they had the

neat sum of two dollars and ten cents. "Oh, quite enough for the four baskets," exclaimed Gladys joyously, "and nice ones, too."

So they put on their hats and hurried to the Gift Shop kept by Mr. Adams, a mild-mannered, white-haired old man, who was always so gracious to them when they entered his place of business. He was always the same whether or not they bought anything. On this evening the old man was not alone, for a sweet-faced old lady was behind the counter beside him. When the twins entered old Mr. Adams introduced the little old lady to them as his wife. "She's just recovered from a long illness and is once more able to be with me in the shop of afternoons, when I am the busiest," explained the old gentleman, happily. He really seemed as pleased as a child to have the companionship of his wife once more.

The twins fell in love with the dear little old lady right away, and Gladys explained that they had come to get four baskets to fix up for May Day gifts. The old lady's face beamed with eagerness when they asked her choice of baskets, and she fell to going over the shop's assortment, picking out the prettiest ones to show to her charming little customers.

"Oh, isn't it pretty custom?" said Mrs. Adams, as she arranged the baskets on the counter. "I had forgotten the May-day gift baskets," she went on, "during the many long years of illness and struggle. You see, my dears, Father and I have no children on earth. We had two beautiful little ones, but they left us long, long ago. Benny, our elder child—lived to reach his fourteenth year, and Sally was 12 when she was called away. Oh, how lonely we were for so many years without them! A mist gathered in the old lady's eyes and her voice choked with emotion—"But—it was the Lord's will, and, of course, was for the best. But—we mourn over our lost ones in spite of the fact that we realize they are far better off."

"Yes, mother, our Benny and Sally have been spared many heartbreaks," consoled old Mr. Adams. "They were so bright and happy like these little girls," he went on, "that I wish, my dear, the last May of Benny's life? He fixed such a nice little gift basket for you—one with a potted plant—a rosebush. And tucked inside the basket were candies and fruit, and all tied about by a green ribbon. Benny fixed it up himself and placed it beside mother's plate on the breakfast table."

A smile of happy recollection fitted over the old lady's face. "Ah, Benny was so thoughtful," she said. "He and Sally gave us many little gifts, but that last May-day basket, oh, it was the dearest of all. I have it now, tenderly put away, the little rosebush all faded and dried, but it is the remnant of the blossoming one Benny bought for me. Oh, how long ago that was! Why, our boy would be 40 years old were he living now, and our girl—golden-haired little Sally—would be 36. It doesn't seem possible."

And Mrs. Adams' eyes took on a distant look.

"Ah, but our little girls want their baskets," said old Mr. Adams. And seeing that his wife was far back in the past, he proceeded to walk on the customers himself. Gladys and Gloria were not long in choosing their baskets, and, after paying for them, hurried out and down the streets. As they walked along Gladys said: "Sister, I have been thinking of doing something—with your approval and help."

Gloria smiled. "I'm quite sure I have the same plan in my head, Glad," she said. "Is it this: Shall we make a Mayday basket for that sweet, little old lady?"

Gladys stopped suddenly and kissed her sister's cheek enthusiastically. "You have the very same idea," she declared. "Let's let Uncle Tom out, and make up the basket for Mrs. Adams."

"Yes, Uncle Tom is just 30 years old," said Gloria. "He's not young enough to care much about such things, and not yet old enough to feel the real joy over a May-day basket. We'll have to give the basket intended for him to that dear old lady."

"Hello, my little ladies!" cried a cheery voice behind Gladys and Gloria just at this minute and, turning about, the girls saw the very person of whom they conversed approaching them. Their Uncle Tom was smiling at them, his arms full of bundles. "Say, don't I look like a delivery boy?" he asked.

"Yes, you certainly do, uncle," said Gladys. Then, after a few knowing glances at her sister, answered by a few knowing nods, she unfolded her plan to Jolly Uncle Tom. "Just the thing," he declared. "And I've got enough stuff here—fruit, raisins, bonbons, etc., to fill a dozen baskets. You see, mother, who's as young as a child, said that I must fetch enough such stuff to her to make up some May-day baskets. So I just bought all that I could carry—and could pay for."

"Well, we'll just go home with you, uncle," smiled Gloria. "And you may help us to fix up the basket for Mrs. Adams. And—"

"But that's all I will do, my little ladies," declared Uncle Tom, "for I reckon you know pretty well who those baskets of your Granny's are to be sent to," and he winked knowingly.

"Yes, indeed, we do know," laughed Gladys, "and we say God bless dear old granny, too. But we wonder we'll not peep into anything, honest!"

"Only—we want you to help us fix the basket for that dear old lady, on see, mamma won't be home till late this evening; she went to see Mrs. Adkin, who is quite sick, so you, uncle must do mamma's work."

"Yes, and it will be on the basket which was intended for you," confessed Gloria. "We were not rich

enough to buy five baskets, you see." Of course, Uncle Tom pretended to be very heartbroken over the loss of his May-day basket, but assured the girls that since he was to lose it in such a good cause, he'd help them to arrange it. And he kept his promise, too. That evening Gladys and Gloria, with a big white box, all tied about by a ribbon, went to the home of the Adams. They went to the back door and tapped gently. A maid of all work opened the door and in whispers the twins gave their instructions, depositing the box in the maid's hands. Then they tripped away, as happy as they could be. At home they arranged their parents' May-day baskets, and a nice one for their grandmother. But their greatest pleasure lay in the gift to the childish and childless old lady.

On the following morning, when little old Mrs. Adams entered the breakfast room of her simple house her eyes fell on a beautifully adorned basket beside her plate. Inside the basket grew a pretty potted rose bush, and all about the pot were tucked rich oranges, figs, dates, nuts, grapes and bonbons. Over all was a soft white tissue paper, tied about by a green ribbon. A card on the handle read: "In memory of Benny and Sally; from your little friends, Gladys and Gloria."

And the old lady wept for very joy, saying: "God bless those darling twins! How happy they have made my May-day breakfast!"

STORIES—LETTERS.

WHAT YOU CAN BUY FOR 25c.

Dear Editor: There are a great many things that you can get for twenty-five cents at Phillips' Big Store. One of the best things is ladies' fine corset covers, hats and ribbon trimmed. Then you can get children's nicely made gingham dresses. As we all like pretty hats, Phillips' has some beautiful ones, with tops as large as a silver half dollar, and are set with rhinestones. And here is something for you, boys, a new lot of nice gingham and percale waists and some dandy pants for twenty-five cents each. In windy and cold weather, one needs a chifton veil to cover the face and hat, and Phillips' have them at 25 cents a yard in all colors. There is a whole corner of beautiful wide corset cover embroidery at 25 cents the yard. "Dutch collars" are the style this year, so buy one at Phillips' for 25 cents. They are white trimmed in blue, and have a dicky and a large bow on them.

At Cullen's you can get boys' and girls' Pony Hose for 25 cents a pair. Nice country eggs can be had at Suters' for 25 cents a dozen. Claude Myers has the best ice cream for 25 cents a quart.

Boys, you can get you some very nice union suits for 25 cents at J. B. Sax's.

You can get three packages of Graham crackers or vanilla wafers for 25 cents at Mitchell and Seaburg's grocery store. These are nice for May picnics. Then you can get five cents worth of Beach's Peeta soap for 25 cents.

The best of all is Range's fresh hot home made Malt bread, three large ten cent loaves for 25 cents. Juliette Eisenbeis, age 12, 401 W. Park Ave., Ottumwa, Ia., May 3, 1910.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

There was once a small boy whose name was James. His mother often sent him to the store to buy groceries and other articles. One day he was sent to the store with a twenty-five cent piece to buy some articles. On the way to the store James met a boy that was older than himself.

He was very poor and had nothing to eat for some time. This poor boy asked James for some money so he could buy something to eat. James had no money of his own; all he had was that which his mother gave him. He thought it best to give this to the poor boy. This he did and the poor boy never forgot this kind act.

James turned away and went home and told his mother about this and she was glad to hear about James being so good to the poor boy. His mother gave James another twenty-five cent piece to go to the store and buy some articles she wanted. She said there would be some money left over and he could have that to spend for whatever he wanted. The poor boy was happy and so was James.

Malcom Trout, age 14, Birmingham, Ia.

EMMA WATTS WRITES TO HATTIE

Miss Hattie Allen, Belknap, Ia. Dear Junior Friend: I do not know you, but have seen and read your nice stories in the Courier Junior, and as Belknap used to be my home, too, I thought I would write to you.

It has been about six years since I lived there. I moved from there to Ottumwa, but now I live seven miles from Ottumwa. I do not think you lived in Belknap when I did for I do not remember you. I have not been there but once since we moved. I like to live where we do now, but we have a long ways to go to school. My little sister Beulah and brother Paul go with me. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lulu. My playmates are Dollie, Elder and Mamie Seaburg and Ethelyn Lewis. There are fifteen pupils in my school. Friday being Arbor day we did not have our studies in the afternoon, but played games and had a good time. What school do you go to? What did you do Arbor day? I would like for

you to write and tell me all about your playmates. I will close for this time. From your Junior friend, Emma aWitts, R. F. D. No. 4, Ottumwa, Ia.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

One day a little girl was sent up town with 25 cents of her own to spend as she liked. So she first went to the 5 and 10 cent store and bought six postcards for 5 cents. Then she bought 5 cents worth of candy. She had fifteen cents left, and she thought she would spend it all in that store, so she got one yard of blue ribbon and with the other 5 cents she bought some pencils and a new pen. She went home with her things. She was very happy to see what 25 cents would buy.

Lela Cole, age 11, Agency, Iowa.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

As I have not written for a long time I will write on the subject of "What Twenty-five Cents Will Buy." I am going to imagine I am shopping. I will start now up the street to the store. At this store I will get some food, such as eggs, sugar, salt and some canned vegetables. Then I will start on up the street another store and stop and get a postcard album, writing paper, and handkerchiefs and then I will start home.

Twenty-five cents will buy a great many things I won't mention now. Twenty-five cents is a very useful article to the poor as well as the rich but it comes the hardest to the poor. Twenty-five cents will buy bread, also which people will nearly always have.

Sarah Taylor, age 12, Drakeville, Iowa.

BRUCE HAD A POSTCARD SHOWER.

Dear Juniors: I wish to thank you all for the beautiful birthday cards you sent me. I received 12 in all. I received one from Maera, Clay, Ambrose and Ruth Lasley, one from Nina Davis and one from Glenn Rodgers and one from Wilbur Haney and one from my teacher Stella Hoskin and one from grandpa Perry; also one from my papa and mamma and little brother Cecil.

Bruce L. Harryman, age 11, R. F. D. No. 2, Douds-Leandro, Ia.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

Helen's mamma gave her twenty-five cents and told her to spend it any way she liked.

So Helen went down town and she went into a dry goods store and bought three yards of blue baby ribbon for her doll's dress. When she was on the street again she came to a fruit stand and bought an orange for her sick brother, which cost a nickel. She went into another store and bought two post cards at a cent apiece.

Next she went to the greenhouse and looked at all the flowers. "How much does this air plant cost," she asked the man. "Ten cents; would you like one?" said the man. "Yes, I will take one," said Helen.

So now she has only five cents left out of her twenty-five. "I guess I will go into this five and ten cent store," she said.

She saw so many things she could hardly pick out what she wanted, but at last she found a little mirror that cost only five cents. So Helen had spent her twenty-five cents and had a very nice time shopping. "Oh! mamma," she said when she got home, "I have had the nicest time shopping, and look at all the things I got for my twenty-five cents—three yards of baby ribbon, an orange for brother, two pretty post cards, and this air plant that I got at the greenhouse; isn't it beautiful? And this pretty little mirror. I bought six different things for my twenty-five cents."

Josephine L. Norton, age 14, Melrose, Iowa.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

One day I was going to town my mamma gave me a twenty-five cent piece to spend for what I wanted.

When I got to town I spent five cents for riding on the street car and still had twenty cents left to spend for some other things.

I then spent five cents more for getting my peanuts. After I got through getting my peanuts, I got a nickel's worth of pretty post cards, which I sent to Junior friends. I then had sent to Junior friends. I then had sent to Junior friends. I then had sent to Junior friends.

Mabel Skirvin, age 12, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

One bright sunny day in May I woke up happy, as that was the day for me to start on my journey to a large city about twenty miles from where I lived then.

I was going to go down with papa in the buggy and we were going to stay there three days.

When we got to town after a drive of many hours we reached the place in safety and after resting a while, I

and my friend went down to the store, where we bought some things and would have bought more, but I only had a twenty-five cent piece with me. First of all we had our twenty-five cent piece changed into pennies and nickels.

We went to the toy counter and bought Johnny a birthday present, as his birthday is the 29th of May.

Well, as we went home I had twenty cents left out of my twenty-five. We went down to the store in the afternoon and bought five cents worth of candy and five cents worth of popcorn.

The next day we took a ride on the street car and while we were at the waiting room we dropped a penny in the slot machine and got us a stick of chewing gum. We went on the car and took a long ride, which we enjoyed very much.

Only four cents left out of my twenty-five," said I one morning as we started to the store, "and what shall we buy with it?" We went down town and we bought us some of those little thing dolls and gave them to our friends.

On the next day we started for home and reached home late in the afternoon.

I now have twenty-five cents that I am saving so I can spend it for something that I like when I go again. I am a Daily Junior.

Maude Skirvin, age 12, Floris, Iowa.

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BUY.

One day as I was going up town I had a quarter which I was going to spend for what I wanted. I just spent ten cents for bananas, and after I ate some of my bananas I got me a nickel's worth of pretty cards.

I then got a whistle with five cents of my money and only had five cents left. I think I will take another quarter out of my money and spend it for something else. I also got a nickel's worth of candy.

This was the last of my twenty-five cents.

From a Junior Friend, Johnny Skirvin, age 5, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

HELEN GOES TO SCHOOL.

This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. My studies are arithmetic, reading, language and spelling. I like reading the best of all my studies. I go to school every day. I have my missus, a day since I began school. My teacher's name is Jeannette Cottom. I like her very much. There are fifteen pupils coming to school now. I have three playmates. Their names are Elsie Lathrop, Mabel Brown and Myrtle Brown. I have one brother and sister. My sister's name is Grace and my brother's name is Jack. My sister is eleven years old and my brother is seven years old. I guess I will close for this time.

Helen Frye, age 11, Eddyville, Iowa.

DARREL WANTS TO EXCHANGE POSTALS.

Dear Editor: I have not written for a long time. For pets I have a little brown and white dog, two bantam chickens, and a lamb. I have two post cards from the editor and one from a Junior, Walter Trout. I have one prize which is a book. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Edna, Wilda and Dale. I would like to exchange postals with some of the other little Junior boys.

Darrell Conger, age 6, Fairfield, Ia. R. No. 1.

BLANCHE'S SCHOOL "LITTLE BROWN."

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Junior. I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school at the Newman school. It is called the "Little Brown." For pets I have a little yellow and white kitten. Its name is "Fluffy." I can play some on the organ. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are James, Orval and Lettie.

Blanche Sullivan, age 10, Bloomfield, Ia. R. 7.

NEVA'S PET AN OLD HEN.

Dear Juniors: For pets I have one old hen and two cats. My school is out. I hope all the other Juniors had a nice time Easter. I ate 4 1/2 eggs. Miss Neve Merick was at our house Easter Sunday. There is about 75 comes to our Sunday school. I would like to exchange post cards with the Juniors.

Neva Espy, age 11, Centerville, Ia. R. No. 4.

FOUR LITTLE CALVES AT FRANK SKIRVIN'S.

Dear Editor: We have four little calves. They are all red and one of them is red and white.

I was eight years old the 16th of last month.

I was over to my sister's recently and her baby crawls everywhere. She looks awful cute when she crawls.

Frank Skirvin, age 8, Floris, Ia. R. No. 2.

FOUR LITTLE PIGS AT JOHNNY'S.

Dear Editor: We have four little pigs and four little calves. The calves' names are Valentine, Rosy, Patrick and Lily. I will be six years old the 29th of May. I have over 50 post cards. Frank and Maude and Mabel are writing and I thought I would write. I want to get a card from you.

Johnny Skirvin, age 5, Floris, Iowa.

MABEL REMEMBERED BY MANY JUNIORS.

I want to thank you for the pretty cards you sent me for my birthday. The Juniors from