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"Ottumwa, Iowa."

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VOL. 5 NO. 42 OTTUMWA IOWA MAY 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

THE COMET STORY AGAIN.

Dear Juniors.—No doubt many of you have been looking at the poor little comet visible a few hours each evening, so as the "Comet" contest does not close until Monday, May 30, we ask the tardies to write some short stories about the comet. Select your prizes from among the following:

A croquet set, solid silver spoon, book or a brooch, will be the prize for this contest.

ANNOUNCE PRIZE WINNERS NEXT WEEK.

We will announce the name of the prize winner in the One Dollar contest next week when we publish more of the stories.

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 Boy Who Forgets

(Pauline Frances Camp in June St. Nicholas.)

I love him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossippy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his worktime, his play.
So this is why I take his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it with all of my heart:
I love him for what he forgets!

The Boy and the Bishop

This is not a chronicle of an infant phenomenon, but just a true story of a bishop and a boy whose life was largely molded by the following incident:

The oaks of England have always been celebrated, and I know of no finer sight than an ancient grove still in its prime, growing in a sunny glade of Richmond park. One characteristic of this forest, and I can recall a score of them, is that each individual tree seems to have had a chance. It has all the room it wants to spread sidewise, stretches its great arms wide, its feet strike deep into the rich loam, and its proud head rises toward the sky, without let or hindrance, so that each park is perfect to form, after its kind.

With youthful presumption and vanity (for I was just twelve, I remember), I had been wrestling with one of these monarchs of the forest, among the most difficult objects in nature to portray. I find with all my years of practice, the foreshortening of the branch of a tree often brings me up standing, but nothing daunts youthful impudence. My tools were a homemade easel, the cheapest kind of a color-box to be bought in the top shop of a small English town, and brushes of the limpest. I had been engaged in this important work of art for three half-holidays (Wednesday and Saturday afternoon school did not "keep" in England). I had been trying to get every detail of trunk, bark, leaf and branch. Bad as it all probably was, the careful study that I made of that oak tree helped me my life through.

And, by the way, there is among the studies sold for the art schools of England the reproduction of a pencil-drawing of a lemon tree, made in Sicily by Sir Frederick Leighton. It was the work of several days. In his lectures at South Kensington to young art students (where the original drawing is) he used to tell how many hours he spent upon it. Truly, it is a wonderful staudy. Every foreshortened branch and leaf, the markings and blemishes of the same, a perfect representation of a lemon tree. I heard him say in one of his talks: "I suppose many of you students in this day of impression look upon this elaborate drawing as a waste of time. I, on the contrary, think it time well spent, for when finished I felt sure I knew something, I may say, all, about a lemon tree, which has proved a life-long value to me in my finished pictures."

I recall this talk of Sir Frederick Leighton's to encourage the numerous young artists whose work I see from time to time, enforcing careful conscientious drawing from nature to acquire skill in rendering; appreciation of good form and color, and to gather material for design. To compare small things with great, this careful study when I was a boy, brought knowledge and love of the oak tree that have never deserted me.

Up to the moment I relate I had been quite free from molestation; my chosen subject was so far from the public road that I felt quite safe; moreover, only the head and the top of my easel were visible from the highway. The whole glade was filled with an under forest of tall bracken (the giant forn pleris aquilina). Lying down on one's face in the miniature forest was a sensation. It was full of little sunny glades between the stems of the sturdy ferns, populated by all the little people of the ground—mice, beetles, ants and other small things. It was a popular belief among the boys that in one of those thousands of bracken stems you would find your name; if you cut them diagonally near the ground you would see a black marking very like a signature, or at any rate a monogram. The singular part of it is that no two of them are alike, and sometimes something near enough to an initial will turn up for an imaginative boy.

My only audience had been the tame fallow deer of the park. They had become so used to my presence and fixedness that they evidently began to look upon me as a natural product of the grove, and they grew so bold in their inquisitiveness that more than once I felt their breath upon the back of my neck.

As I said, up to this moment for three whole afternoons all of nature had been my own. Many vehicles passed along the distant drive; none, however, came my way, and I rejoiced in my security, but, like earthquakes that come without warning, my destiny was on the road. A gorgeous carriage and pair, with clanking head chains, pulled up at the nearest curve, and a tall, handsome, clerical-looking gentleman came waddling through the bracken. He greeted me cordially with a merry laugh, and said: "I could not resist the temptation of seeing what the youthful artist was up to." I wanted to sink into the ground, but his cheery encouragement and praise made me feel more at ease, until he beckoned a lady to follow him. They asked my name and age, where I lived, an dwith a waving, cordial goodby they were away to their carriage. I don't know that as a boy I felt any particular sensation from the little visit, but it proved a turning point in my life.

At the next sitting this great work of art was finished, and when I reached home the first thing my father said to me was: "Whom do you know in town to send you packages by the London Parcels Delivery Co.? Here is something that arrived five minutes ago." Imagine my delight on opening it to find a real grown-up artist's colorbox, a half-dozen silver-mounted brushes, and under the brushes a card inscribed: "With the best wishes of George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand." Up to that day my education had all pointed toward the life of a merchant, but the bishop was my destiny, though his living on the other side of the globe prevented us from meeting again in this world. What he gave me was to him only a color box. To me it was a heaven-sent sign, as a symbol of sacred interest in my welfare. In my home I was only a little chap who liked to amuse myself with paints. After the bishop laid his hands upon me I felt myself dedicated to the work of transcribing the beauties of the world.

However, that is not quite the end of the story. Three years ago while sketching in England I was overtaken by a bad spell of weather; day after day a steady downpour; but fortunately everything is packed away closely in "the tight little island." There half an hour in the train will always bear you to something worth seeing. On this particular day, fifty minutes carried me to the quaint old cathedral city of Litchfield. The ancient borough has now become a place of pilgrimage for Americans, although it is a little out of the beaten track. After seeing everything of interest in the minister, as I thought, I breasted the rainstor mon my way to the railroad and had gone some distance from the cathedral when the good old verger came running after me. His black gown flying wildly in the wind, he carried me back to show me a great piece of work by Foley, the celebrated English sculptor. "I want you to see this," the panting verger said; "you know we call him our handsome bishop.' ' And truly it was a beautiful face reposing in its calm sleep of death; but imagine my surprise to read amid lines of Latin eulogy the name of my friend, "George Augustus Selwyn, bishop of New Zealand and nineteenth bishop of Litchfield." There lay the helpful friend of my youth—his dear face, that I never expected to see again, restored to me in the sculptor's marble, after the lapse of half a century.

One little incident that the good old verger told me I must pass on: Two Maori chiefs visited England a year or two ago and made straight for Litchfield cathedral. Happening to meet my verger, they inquired for the resting place of the good bishop. He conducted them to the tomb, where they immediately fell on their knees. The verger left them to their reverent devotion. An hour later he thought it time to look them up. They were still on their kneès. Who shall say how many kindly acts of the good bishop had inspired these semi-savages to this devotion!—Harry Fenn in June St Nicholas.

STORIES—LETTERS.

LULA WRITES TO LOIS.

Oakley, Ia., May 22, 1910.
Miss Lois Griffin,

Dear Junior Friend.—I am very sorry you are sick. Hope you will soon be well.

It rained last night.

Have you got any little chickens? I have five ducks and mamma has 115 little chickens.

When is your birthday?

Mine is September 10.

We have five little pigs.

I have 165 postal cards.

Two of them are from the Courier Junior.

We have two little calves, white and pink.

Is your school out? My school was out May 3.

Do you like to gather flowers. I like to.

We have Sunday school every Sunday.

From your friend,
Lula Tickle, age 11.
Rural Route No. 3.
Oakley, Iowa.

EDDIE WRITES TO FOREST.

Master Forest Webber,

Dear Junior Friend.—I was pleased to hear from you through the Junior column and will now write in answer to your kind letter.

We all go to school, my sisters and I, and I have to get one to copy my letters for me. I have not attended one whole year of school yet and am past seven years. Since I am old enough to go to school I have had measles and mumps and had to miss. Then I had appendicitis and the doctor did not want me to go to school for a while.

I like to write and learn numbers easy, too. I think I can soon write my own letters.

We live two and one-half miles southwest of Eldon on a farm and have so many little pigs; some are red, white and some are black and white. They are all fat and saucy. It's fun to watch them caper around and play.

We have two little colts and one little calf, and oh so many little chickens—more than 250. They are all one color, Black Langshan.

I have three pet goslings and they just eat and talk all the time.

I think it would be nice to visit each other, too, and hope we can meet some time.

We have one week more of school and then a vacation of three months.

I have received so many pretty postals from you and thank you for them. I have sent you an Eldon view.

Please write again.

Yours truly,
Edgar Hollenbeck, age 7.
Rural Route No. 2.
Eldon, Iowa.

CAROLINE WRITES TO LOIS.

Ottumwa, Ia., May 21, 1910.
Dear Friend Lois.—

I am sorry to hear that you are sick again. I received the card you sent me.

I have one sister and no brothers.

I am ten years old. My birthday is January 16.

Have you any sisters or brothers?

My teacher's name is Miss Bowles. She lives about a block from our house. I like her for a teacher.

My schoolmates are Lola Dorsniffe, Viola Morgan, Margaret Murray, Aline Beeler, Marian Millisack and Hazel Garrett. I am ready to go in the 7th room in the fall. I have reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, language and spelling. Every Friday we have a test in geography; also a test of about 100 words in spelling.

I have finished a pocketbook we were making at school.

I have 125 postals and six from the Junior. How many postals have you?

What room are you in at school?

I have no garden this year of flowers.

My mother has been sick and I did not have time to answer one of your postals. But she is well now.

It rained here last night.

A Junior Friend,
Caroline Tout, age 10.
425 Ottumwa St.,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

HOW FAR I WENT AND WHAT I SAW FOR ONE DOLLAR.

It was circus day in the city. Mother had promised that I could go in the afternoon if I wanted to. So many of the neighbors were going that I wanted to go also. I was getting ready when a neighbor tapped at the door and asked mother if I would take care of her little girl while she went to a funeral. Mother called me and asked me if I would and I answered yes. The lady said that I could take Gertrude (that was the little girl's name) anywhere. After the lady left I continued dressing. Gertrude and I were on our way about 2:30. I had a dollar of my own and I was going to take Gertrude on the merry-go-round. There were crowds of people moving toward a certain place and I was curious to see what was there. My curiosity was satisfied by seeing a huge bear chained to a man, standing on a large platform. I thought that Gertrude would like to see what was inside the tent, so we went into the tent. The man charged us both twenty cents for us going in. Afterward Gertrude wanted a ride on a horse, she said, so I helped her on one on the merry-go-round. We paid five cents apiece. We got some ice cream cones, which cost ten cents, and some roasted peanuts and candy, which amounted to ten cents. I happened to meet some friends who wanted me to go to a certain show where athletes were having races and were seeing who could jump the highest. I consented and we went in. That amounted to twenty cents. I had now ten cents left. We were walking along when we heard a noise and a whistle which we found was a little train. Gertrude wanted to take a ride on it, so we got in. It was five cents apiece. And that was the end of the journey of my dollar. It was drawing near 5 o'clock and we went to see the high diver. My friends were going past my home, so Gertrude and I went with them.

(An imaginary story.)

From Vida Wahle, age 12,
110 E. Court St.,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

BETTY'S DOLLAR'S JOURNEY.

One cold December day just before Christmas as Betty was coming from school she saw something shining in the snow. When she stooped to pick it up she was overcome with joy, for there lay a bright, shiny dollar.

She clapped her hands when she thought of the golden haired doll, she had seen in one of the shop windows that morning which would soon be her own. As she walked on she saw an old woman poorly dressed and her hands were blue from the cold. She thought of the shining dollar and then of the poor wrinkled hands. She ran into a store, purchased a pair of fifty cent mittens and handed them to the old lady. She was overwhelmed with joy. When Betty lay in her cozy bed that night. She thought of the poor children and of their sick mother who lived in the lane and the sad Christmas they would have. Then her mind wandered back to the fifty cents she still had left.

On Christmas morning Betty was seen going in the house in the lane, with a steaming dish of rice for the sick woman and buns, cookies and candy for the children.

While she was walking home her face bore a bright smile when, she thought of the journey of her dollar. When she went in the house she was greatly surprised to find her uncle who had just arrived from Europe. But when she turned her head toward the window a cry of delight escaped her lips, for there sat a golden haired doll, much larger than the one she had seen. That was her Christmas present from her uncle.

Ida Platz,
2068 Fort St. West, Detroit, Mich.

MY ONE DOLLAR TRIP.

On Saturday my cousin and I were walking around and we were looking around, and my cousin wanted to go into the stores and see what we could buy for a dollar, and we went in one store and we could get a picture and a large dish and several other things and we went down to the other store and we could get a good many different things, so we got us a new dress apiece, and when we started home we met some other girls and they wanted to know when we were going home and when we got in the buggy they got in their buggy. Just when we got started it began to rain and we were good and wet when we got home.

Yours truly,
Bertha Benge, age 13,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Bunch, Iowa.

WHAT MAUD SAW FOR $1.

Dear Junior:—

I thought I would write on the subject, How Far I Went, and What I Saw for One Dollar. One day we drove to Albia, Iowa, which was seven miles, and when we got there it was half past three in the afternoon, and that week there was a carnival in Albia and I went down to the grounds and the first thing I did was to ride on the merry-go-round three times, which cost five cents each time, and then I went to a moving picture show which they called the Comet, and then I went to see Toney, the alligator boy ,and he was a funny looking fellow. He had half fingers and didn't have any joints in his feet. Then I went into another show; I don't know what the name of it was. I saw a little monkey on a litlte pony. Then I went into another place in the same tent, where there was a snake charmer. She was about three feet tall. She had a big head. Then I went into another place and saw a coach dog and a fox and a glass blower counter, where I drew a pen. Then I went to another place, called the Happy Family, where I saw some wild animals and a man wrestled with a bear. Then I went to another tent called Dixie Land, where the negroes dance and sing. Then I went to the Scenic—a moving picture show. I had 15 cents left and I rode three times on the merry-go-round. I want home, saying I had a good time.

I will exchange post cards with the Juniors.

Yours truly,
Maud Squires, age 12,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Frederic, Iowa.

MOLLY IS BLANCHE'S PONY.

Dear Editor:

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have a pony. Her name is Molly. I like to ride her for she is so gentle. I have a hen with eight little chickens. I did have nine but one died. I also have thirteen little turkeys. I go to school now. School will be out the 26th of this month. I have one hundred and fifty eight post cards. I would like to exchange post cards with any of the Juniors.

Blanche Sullivan,
R. No. 7, Bloomfield, Ia.

NELLIE HAS SIX SISTERS.

Dear Editor:

As I have not written to the Junior before I thought I would write a few lines.

I live on a farm three miles west of Drakeville. I go to the Elm Grove school. We live about one hundred yards from the school, so you see I do not have far to go. My teacher's name is Miss Blanche Irelan. I like her fine. I have six sisters and four brothers. I have one sister in Portland, Ore., and one in Boulder, Colo., one in Ramona, Okla., and one is dead. I have on brother living in Rose Hill, Ia., and Walter Myrtle, Marion, Samuel and Gladys are at home.

My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier and I like the Saturday paper best.

Nellie Kutch, age 11,
Bunch, Ia.

MY ONE DOLLAR JOURNEY.

Dear Junior:—

Once upon a time my brother and I wanted to go to my uncle's and we had one dollar apiece so we went in a covered wagon and we started in the morning and we got 10 cents worth of crackers and 10 cents worth of cheese and that left us 80 cents apiece that night. We got 25 cents forth of corn and 25 cents worth of hay for our horses. That left us 55 cents apiece The next morning we got up and ate our breakfast, fed our horses and started out. We came to a town ,bought our dinners. That left us 30 cents apiece. We got there that night. The next morning we went to town. We got 5 cents worth of candy. That left us 25 cents apiece. Then we rode on the street cars for 5 cents and we went to the country in an automobile for the rest. We got to see a whole lot for one dollar.

Yours truly,
Bert Bullock.
Bloomfield, Iowa.

BULA'S ONE DOLLAR JOURNEY.

Courier Junior:—

I am going to write an essay of my one dollar journey. I traveled from the city of New York to Ellenville, in the state of New York, at the rate of a cent a mile. I passed through many beautiful cities. I stopped a few days at Newling and tented out. I had plenty of things along to eat, so I did not have to buy anything. I passed through Walden early in the morning. The sun was bright and the air fresh. Ia was a very pleasant ride from Walden to Ellenville. (I would like to exchange postcards with a few of the Juniors.)

Yours respectfully,
Miss Bula Selwick, Aged 12.
Route 5, Albia, Iowa.

WHAT YOU CAN BUY WITH $1.00.

Dear Editors:—

I am going to tell you what you could buy with one dollar. In many of the stores you can buy things very cheap. You could get dishes such as plates, cups, suacers, etc., in the tencent store in Hedrick. You can get dress goods for children, hats, or anything of that kind at the Leader store in Hedrick. There is a restaurant there where you get your dinner for a dollar, maybe less or more.

One dollar will buy lots of bread. In some cases one dollar would buy a lady's hat or cap.

Ladies could get belts for a dollar and there are lots of other things you could get with one dollar.

Your Junior friend,
Mary Sauer, Aged 10.
R. R. No. 5, Hedrick, Iowa.

MY ONE DOLLAR JOURNEY

As I haven't written to the Junior for a few weeks I will try and interest you a while on my one dollar journey.

First of all I took a street car and went to the Union depot which costs me five cents; purchased a half fare ticket to Albia at the cost of 25 cents; had a pleasant ride and made some new friends on the train. I arrived in Albia about 5 o'clock in the evening and took a street car out to my aunt's house at the usual price of 5 cents. I saw a Junior on the car and had a talk with her. I arrived at my aunt's just in time for supper. We had just finished eating when we heard the band playing. We looked out the window and saw them coming down the street going to the circus. We took a car down to the show grounds at a cost of another five cents. Down there I saw many old friends, some from Ottumwa. We stood around and heard the music and saw the free performance on the outside and then bought a ticket for the big show at 25 cents and when we got in we paid 10 cents for a reserved seat. I saw the horse races, the elephants and all the animals and trapeze performers and tumblers, jugglers and they brought out some trained seals and dogs and I saw a man loop the gap and other things too numerous to mention. When they sold the tickets for the concert I bought one at 10 cents. They had singing and dancing and the funny colored folks and clowns. By that time I was thirsty and went over and bought a glass of red lemonade and a sack of peanuts and by that time the circus was out and they commenced tearing down the seats and tents and loading up to make another town. I took a car to my aunt's and that was another five cents and that left me five cents out of the dollar, so I stayed a few days and visited with my aunt and she showed me around Albia and my uncle brought me to the depot to send me home. I only had 5 cents left so I had to borrow the other 20 cents to get home on.

Forest Weber, age 9,
1305 East Main St, Ottumwa, Ia.

EVA HAS 260 CHICKENS.

Dear Editor: I am a girl of 10 years. As I have never written a letter to the editor I thought I would write to you.

My teacher's name is Miss Lucy Lytle. I like her very well. Our school was out the twenty-second of April. It will begin in September. I am in the sixth grade. There are twenty-eight pupils in our room. We play ball, blackman, and jump the rope for our amusement. For our pets I have a cat, dog and some chickens. My birthday will be the twenty-ninth of May. I have 200 post cards. My little sister is eight years old. My schoolmates are May Devine, Rose O'Brien and Marcell Fischer. We have 260 chickens.

Eva Martin,
Kinross, Iowa.

MARY HAS THE MEASLES.

Dear Editor: As I saw my letter in print, I thought I would write again. It has been raining today and I don't expect I will get to go to school tomorrow. I have been having the measles and had to stay away from school.

I received one postcard from the editor and one from one of the Juniors, Maude Skirvin, and thank them very much for them. We have got three little kittens, two of them are black and the other one is black with white spots.

There are just two more weeks of school. I will be glad when vacation comes for then I will plant some flowers and take care of them. Well, I guess I will close for this time. I will exchange postcards with any of the Juniors.

Yours truly,
Mary E. Tweedy, age 10,
R. R. No. 7. Fairfield, Iowa.

RONALD'S LETTER.

Dear Editor: The cold weather has killed all the fruit in this neighborhood. We have six little chickens and the chicken hawk is here every day trying to catch them. I have a little calf that my papa gave me and a little pig that grandpa gave me. I like to read the Courier Junior page. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier. I will be nine years old the 29th of May.

Grandpa Harbour lives in Ottumwa and he takes the Daily Courier.

I visit Ottumwa every month or two. I go to school. Our school is out now. Our teacher was Miss Estella Robinson. I have about 275 postcards. We have 90 acres. I have a pet cat. Papa is going to Montana soon. I will close this letter, hoping all the Juniors a happy spring.

Yours truly,
Roland E. Robinson.

ZLUA HAS 100 LITTLE CHICKENS.

Dear Editor: As I have not written to the Courier Juniors for some time I thought I would write. My school will be out in three weeks. And then I am going to help mama in vacation. I will feed the little chickens and gather the eggs. I like to feed the little chickens. We have one hundred little chickens. We are going to raise turkeys, schickens and guineas this summer. I like to go to school but am always glad when vacation comes. My teacher's name is Miss Stella Haskins and I like her fine. There are twenty-five scholars that go to my school. We have lots of fun at my school playing games. I have ninety-two postcards, five of them are from the Courier Junior.

I am a Tri-Weekly Junior.

Zula Hull,
Douds-Leando, Iowa.

GLASGOW SCHOOL, RAY'S.

Dear Editor:

As I have never written anything I will try and write to the Junior. I go to the Glasgow school. I have many playmates. They are Glen, Paul, Moses and Gayle. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Crum. I like her very much. I formerly lived in Ottumwa, but now moved down here with my grandmother.

Ray Howell, age 11,
Ottumwa, R. No. 5.

"COLT WILD WHEN BORN; NOW TAME.

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the Courier Junior. I enjoy reading the Junior page. I will write a story about the farm. I think the farm is the best place to live. One is not crowded up in a little yard like in town. My uncle has a colt. When the colt was born it was wild but it has become tame. Papa has two calves. One is out in the pasture and the other one is at home. We have two cows and one horse. We live a mile and a quarter from school. I like to watch threshers and hay bailers. I trap gophers sometimes. Last summer I caught some grophers and made some money on them. I like to trap.

Floyd Dean, age 10,
Hedrick, Iowa.

RUTH HAS FIVE CATS.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I thought I would write about my pets. I have a dog, five cats and two pet pigs. Well I will close for this time.

Ruth Arganbright,
R. No. 3, Ottumwa, Ia.

LACY LIVES ON A FARM.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I live on a farm of about 60 acres. We have two horses and one dog and one cat. I go to school at Hayesville. I am in five studies. My teacher's name is Zena Thomas. She lives in Sigourney. I have one brother and one sister. Their names are Merl and Grace Hayes.

Lacy Hayes, age 9,
Hayesville, Ia.

NEW FLAG ON GRACE'S SCHOOL.

This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I live on a farm of about 60 acres. I go to school. We have a new flag on our school house. My teacher's name is Zena Thomas. Our school will be out the 17th of June. I like to go to school. I have two brothers, Lacy and Merl. We have two little calves, one black and one red.

Grace Hayes, age 11,
Hayesville, Ia.

THREE CATS AND A CALF, ELSA'S PETS.

Dear Editor:

As I have never written to the Courier Junior I thought I would write. For pets I have three cats and a little calf. My school was out in April. My teacher's name was Miss Herman. I liked her fine.

Elsa Young, age 10,
R. No. 5, Hedrick, Ia.

ORA ONLY TWO YEARS OLD.

Dear Editor:

I have one post card from the Courier Junior. I am a boy only 2 years old and I have two little ducks and one litle calf and its name is Ready. I have no mother. My birthday is the 1st of April.

Ora Snow,
Belknap, Ia.

LULU'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Juniors:

I have never written to the Junior before. I like to read the letters in the Courier Junior. For pets I have two chickens and seven ducks, two cats and one dog. His name is Teddy. Papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier. I have two brothers. Their names are Willie and Walter. Willie is nine years old and Walter is three years old. My mother has 500 little chickens. I do not go to school now. Our school was out May 11. Our teacher's names was Miss Field. She gave us all an orange.

Lulu Bohlmann, age 12,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 5.

INTERESTING THINGS.

I thought I could find something to write about that would interest the Juniors. I am going to school every day. I am in the 8th grade. I study writing, history, arithmetic, physiology grammar, music, reading, geography and spelling. My teacher's name is Miss Sadie Coulson. My schoolmates are as follows: Hattie McCaulley, Mabel Rheuport, Elsie Rheuport, and Lois Wallace. We have good times at school. My birthday was May 9th and my friends had a post card shower for me. I received quite a few postals. And I got a nice present from my Junior friend Miss Leona Vest and I can not express in words how much I thank her for it and my sister thanks Hazel for the handkerchief she sent her. I will not forget Leona and Hazel when their birthday comes. I will answer the Juniors' cards when I get some. My Junior correspondents are as follows: Miss Leona Vest, Miss Edna Cary, Miss Hattie McCaulley, Miss Reva Hart, and Lois Wallace. I have about 300 postals. I have one album but it is full and I am going to get another. I have written several letters to the Courier.

Lillie Myers, age 13.
R. No. 4, Albia, Iowa.

LEAH LIVES ON A FARM.

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to the Junior page I thought I would write. I have three sisters and one brother. Their names are Katie, Pearl, Lila and Guy. We go to school at Redbrush. My studies are reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography. My teacher's name is Mr. Graves. We live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier and I like to read the Junior page.

Leah Rominger, age 10,
R. No. 6 Bloomfield, Ia.

MABEL'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Junior.—This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. My school is out. My playmates are Grayce Trye, Elsie Lathrop and Helen Frye.

My teacher's name is Jeanetta Cottom. I like her very much. I like to go to school. I go to the Plummer school. We have 21 little chickens. I have six brothers and two sisters. My brothers names are Robert, John, James, Albert, Joe and Leonard, and my sister's names are Myrtle and Ethel.

I wil close fo rthis time.

Mabel Brown, age 13.
R. F. D. No. 3. Eddyville, Iowa.

ETHEL'S SISTER HER TEACHER.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I go to the Reitzel school. My sister is my teacher. I am in the fourth reader. I have three sisters and two brothers. One brother goes to the Albia high school. I have a lamb, cat and calf for pets.

We live near a church. I go to the Sunday school every Sunday. My teacher is Mrs. Raborn. My father takes the Tri-Weekly Courier.

Ethel Lewis,
R. R. No. 6. Albia, Iowa.

HELEN HAS PET DOG.

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written before I thought I would write and tell about my pets. I have a litle pet dog. Its name is Tipsy. It will go with me to get flowers and if he sees a snake he will kill it for me. He is black and brown. I have twenty-one little chickents. They are white. I am living with Mr. and Mrs. Aniss. They are good to me. My mamma and papa are dead. I have two sisters. One's name is Marl. The older is Mabel and my name is Helen. My friend is Helen Thoma. She has written to the Juniors.

Helen Crofford,
Batavia, Ia., R. No. 3.