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VOL. 5 NO. 45 OTTUMWA IOWA JUNE 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

ANNOUNCE PRIZE WINNERS NEXT WEEK.

Dear Juniors.—We are not announcing the prize winners for the "Imaginary Junior Picnic" today, but will do so next week when more of the stories are published. We have many excellent ones to appear next week, as well as those published this week. You know the prize is to be a picnic basket.

SOME LITTLE STORIES.

If the Juniors want to ge some pretty little flags for July 4 they can write short stories (about 100 words) on the following subjects until Thursday, June 23, the last day of the contest:

WHY I LOVE THE FLAG.
HISTORY OF THE FLAG.
MARY'S FOURTH OF JULY PARTY.
A STORY OF UNCLE SAM.

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 June 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.

One Blue-Bottle Fly

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
Old Blue-Bottle Fly!
You never do laugh,
You never do cry.

But all day long
On the window pane,
You buzz, buzz, buzz;
And then buzz again!

If out of the house
I try to drive you,
By shaking a cloth,
Then what do you do?

Why you buzz, buzz, buzz!
With might and with main,
And when my head's turned
You come back again.

So it's buzz, buzz, buzz!
The long spring day;
And I guess you will buzz
The summer away.

Naughty Mary's Exile

Mary sat on the steps, pouting. She had asked her mother to allow her to go to the country to visit her cousin, and had been refused. "You may go next Saturday, dear," her mother had promised her. "But the sky looks forbidding today, and it may pour rain before noon. So, you could not enjoy a day in the country if it were raining."

"Oh, yes I would," declared Mary. "Please let me go."

And then her mamma had to tell her that she must not insist on doing that which she had told her was not for her own good. "Mamma knows better than you, dearie," she added. "And when I refuse to grant your requests I am doing so in your own interest. So you must not insist."

"But I want to go to the country," pouted Mary.

"If you behave in a naughty manner," said her mamma, "I shall have to punish you."

So, Mary, her lips pursed up, and an ugly frown in her forehead, went to the front steps and sat down, her mood anything but pleasant. And there she remained until luncheon time when her papa came home. When he beheld the disfiguring scowl on his little girl's face, he inquired the cause.

"I want to go to visit Cousin Adah today," explained Mary. "And mamma won't give her permission."

"But mamma knows best," said Mary's father. "Perhaps it is on account of the gathering clouds that mamma wants to keep our girlie at home. But come in to luncheon."

"I don't want any luncheon," said Mary, still pouting. But her father sternly bade her come to the table, and she was obliged to obey. Once seated at table, however, Mary's mood grew uglier, and she pouted and pouted refusing to smile at the funny stories her father related to her. And when her mamma helped her plate to one of her favorite dishes, she made a wry face and said it was not good.

Mamma calmly rose from the table and took Mary by the arm, saying: "Go to your own room, daughter, and remain there till you are in a better temper. And—if you persist in behaving in such a naughty manner, all afternoon I shall be forced to punish you."

Mary stalked off to her own room upstairs, and threw herself on the bed, crying in her anger, "Oh, I just can't go anywhere that I want to," she sobbed. The truth was, Mary was an only child, and had always had things pretty much her own way, and now that she was denied something that she wanted, she at once began to lament her condition in life. "I just can't go when I please," she repeated. "I wish I belonged to some other father and mother. I wish I belonged to—to—old Mr. and Mrs. Jackson."

Now, "old Mr. and Mrs. Jackson" were a nice old couple living at the outskirts of town, and when Mary went to the country to visit her cousin Adah she passed the Jacksons' house. And the dear old couple would call to her to come in and have a glass of buttermilk, which Mary invariably did. And now, in her fit of temper, she wished she belonged to the Jacksons instead of to her own parents.

Now, after seeing Mary in her own room, Mary's mamma stood beside the door listening for a minute, and overheard her naughty daughter's wish. She went below and held a consultation with her husband, after which she went to the 'phone in the hall and called up "old Mr. and Mrs. Jackson." After a short conversation, in which Mrs. Jackson could be heard saying: "Yes, my dear Mrs. Drew, certainly, fetch the naughty little girl right along. We'll look after her for a few days—as long as she can be persuaded to stay. Yes, as you say, it will be a good lesson to her. She'll come to realize how much nicer her own home and parents are than any other home and people. So, we'll be ready for her within an hour."

Mary's mother hurried upstairs and entered Mary's room. "Come, dearie, get your clothes packed in your little trunk. I'm going to take you to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. They will be glad to have you for their own. I overheard your wish—that you belonged to old Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. So, I don't want to keep my little daughter against her will. Come, be ready immediately. I have ordered John to hitch up the horse to the phaeton. Your trunk can go in front. I'll drive you out myself. I have already asked Mr. and Mrs. Jackson to take you, and they have gladly consented. So hurry my dear. It's going to rain, and we must get there before the downpour."

Mary stood dumbfounded in the center of her room after her mother went out. What did it all mean? She really did not want to go to live with other people. She loved her papa and mamma, and had the happiest home in the world. What did it all mean? Yes, of course, she had made that naughty wish, and mamma had overheard her! And now—must she really go away from her own home—and become the child of the Jacksons?

"Come, hurry up, Mary!" came her mother's voice from below stairs. "The phaeton is at the gate."

Mary, not knowing just what to do, set to tossing her clothes into her trunk. She did not take the trouble to fold them. Even her best Sunday frock and hat were tumbled in all in a muss. When most of her things were inside the trunk she shut the lid with a bang, turned the key and called out: "I'm ready!"

John, the man servant, ran upstairs and carried her trunk on his shoulder down to the phaeton. When Mary reached the gate her mother was already inside the vehicle, awaiting her. How indifferent her mother seemed, and her little girl going away!

They drove out of town at a good gait, for the clouds were thickening over the sky, and gusts of wind were coming up the road. Mary shivered. Soon she would be alone in the big farmhouse with the Jacksons, and her darling papa and mamma would be far from her in their own dear home in town. Oh, how Mary's heart throbbed with regret over her ugly conduct of the hour before. She sat quite still beside her mother, and determined to make the best of the matter, though it really might kill her. She felt that she deserved this exile from home—this being given to another couple. Oh, how long could she live thus?

Just then they reached the gate and Mr. Jackson came to lift Mary down. She walked into the house, followed by Mr. Jackson, bearing her trunk. Then she turned about to see her mother driving away without having said a word of good-bye. Mary began to weep bitterly, in spite of dear old Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's efforts to quiet her.

And all that night she lay in her exile from home, her heart breaking. Oh, why had her mother brought her here? But—she, Mary, had wished it to be so and her good mother had obeyed her wish. Oh, how terrible to be away from home when it was dark and raining!

So poor, repentant Mary lay weeping her first deep sorrow. In an hour of naughtiness—yes, real wickedness,—she had lost her own dear parents and happy home through an idle wish. So here, away from all that was dear to her, she must pass her days—yes, years—in exile! The thought caused her to burst forth in loud weeping. Then a hand pressed her shoulder and the dearest voice in the world,(her mother's) spoke to her: "Come, dear child. Wake up. You have gone without your luncheon because you were too naughty to eat it, and papa has gone back to his office."

Mary raised herself on her elbow. She was in her own room, lying on the bed. She had not gone to the Jacksons, then, but had been in exile only in a dream. Oh, how happy she was. She leaped to her feet and threw her arms about her mother's neck and made honest confession of her naughtiness. "I've been in horrible exile, Mamma," she cried. "But—it was just a dream—just a dream sent on me by way of punishment, and to make me realize how wicked I have been. But—see how the rain is pouring. Oh, it's almost a flood, isn't it?"

"And that is why Mamma could not allow her little girl to go to the country today," replied Mrs. Drew.

"Oh, Mamma, forgive me," begged Mary. "I was so naughty. And you are always in the right, for you are always thinking of my welfare. In future I shall never complain of your decision. Oh, how happy I am to wake and find myself at home with you, Mamma, dearest."

STORIES—LETTERS.

AN IMAGINARY PICNIC.

One bright summer day last summer we started out early in the morning for the Mississippi river.

We saw many things that I had never seen before.

We went in a wagon, so it took us quite a while to get there. But when we got there we had plenty of things to stay for two or three days ,and so I was aiming to have a good time.

It was about sunset when we got there, so we unloaded our things, set up our tent, put up our horses and got ready for the night.

After we had done this, we got our lunch out and had supper. After supper papa and my oldest brother set out some lines in the river so we would have fish for breakfast.

We got another man that was there with a boat to take us boat riding. It was getting dark by that time, so we went to bed. We got up early the next morning and went down to the river to see how many fish we had.

We had five, the largest one weighing eight pounds and the smallest three pounds.

We then had our breakfast and after breakfast some other boys came along and stopped where we were and spent the day with us. About 10 o'clock the boys took me further down the river where there was a large rock about sixty feet high, and on the top of it there were all kinds of birds' nests. We stayed there about an hour, then we went out into the timber. We found lots of birds there.

About noon we went back to the tent and got dinner. After dinner we had lots of fun riding in a boat.

We played games, flew kites and had a good time.

That night we took some lanterns and set out some more lines.

The next morning we got up early, got breakfast, and got ready to go home. I saw lots of large turtles on the road home.

Fred Utterback, age 11.
Rural Route No. 3.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

IMAGINARY PICNIC.

Dear Editor and Juniors:—

Well as the subject is An Imaginary Picnic, I thought I would write a story.

My friends and I had a picnic. It was in May and the flowers were in bloom, so we took our dinners and went to the woods. When we got there we put our dinners under a tree and went to pick flowers. We picked flowers until dinner time, then we came back to the where we left our dinners and spread out a table cloth on the ground under a large tree where we would have lots of shade.

Then we put our dinners all together and had lots of things to eat. We had as follows: Cakes, pies, bologna, bananas, oranges, chicken and many other things. We ate our dinners and then put up a swing and a hammock. We had lots of fun swinging. After we had got tired of swinging we took our flowers and baskets and went home. We all said that we had lots of good things to eat and enjoyed our fun.

Yours truly,
Grace Billings, age 12,
R. F. D. No. 3,
Albia, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

As there is a new contest this week, suggested by a Junior, Forest Weber, I will write about an "Imaginary Junior Picnic," the subject Forest chose.

On bright sunny morning in May a number of the Juniors gathered together to plan for a Junior picnic. We were going to have it on the first day of June.

The following boys and girls are the ones who attended the picnic:

Forest Weber and his little brother Lawrence, Caroline Tout, Josephine and Frances Norton, Lois Griffin, Winfred Hunter, Hedveg Carlson, Retta and Bertha Ruark, Garrett Gilyeart, Juliette and Desdemona Eisenbeis, Leona Vest, Norma Daniels, Hattie Allen, Floy Young, Mabel Reifsnyder, Wessie Fulton, Bruce Harryman, Mildred Adams, Lela Saum, my sister Mabel, my two little brothers, Frank and Johnny and I. We did invite Margaret Sunley, but as she lives in St. Louis, Mo., she could not come.

We all met at Forest's home on 1305 East Main street, the day of our picnic.

We got on the car and rode to W. I. Peck's grocery and walked down the Wabash railroad to Baker's grove, where we were intending to have our picnic.

It was very tiresome to us all, especially to the two smaller boys, my brothers Johnny and Lawrence. We arrived at the grove about 9:30 a. m. When we got down there we saw many other people who were going to have picnics about the same place we were. We got acquainted with some of the little boys and girls.

The day of our picnic was one of our Junior friend's birthdays. Leona Vest's. She was 14 years old. She received many nice and pretty presents from each one of us. The next day was Forest's birthday and we gave him his presents that day for we knew we couldn't give it to him on his birthday.

We ate our dinner about 12 o'clock. We had many good things to eat. We had bread, butter, pie and cake of different kinds, buns, fruit of different kinds cookies of all kinds, jams and jellies.

About 3 o'clock we left the grounds on account of having to go home. Many of the Juniors had a long way to go. Frank and Johnny and Mabel and I live about nine miles from Ottumwa but we walked down the railroad and it wasn't near so far.

We Juniors all write letters and cards to each other now and we will never forget the first day of June in 1910 when we had our picnic in Baker's grove.

Maude Skirvin, age 12.
Rural Route No. 2.
Floris, Iowa.

INTERESTING THINGS.

Los Angeles, Calif.,
June 31, 1910.

Miss Irene Goudy.

Dear Junior:—

I am going to write about my school. I am in the A4. There are forty-eight pupils in my room. I have in my studies music, reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography and writing. My schoolmates are Hazel, Jessie, Lota and Harta. I have two sisters; their names are Claudeene and Talma. My birthday is in April. I am 11 years old. I live in Los Angeles, Calif.. I like to go to the beach and get shells and moon stone. I like to read the Junior. My papa has taken the Courier over 25 years.

Yours respectfully,
Irene Goudy,
926 W. 35th St. Los Angeles, Calif.

MABEL LIKES TO VISIT HER GRANDPARENTS.

Dear Juniors:—

I wonder if all children enjoy going to visit their grandparents. We always have such times, and they always seem so glad to have us come.

When we go to Grandpa Dodge's, our cousins, Darrell and Emery Dodge, and Lena and Harold Good, nearly always go too. Sometimes grandpa fixes us a little table and we have things to eat just like we would on a big table. The last time we were there, we tried to skate on Lena's roller skates, and when we got tired skating we played hide and seek. Grandma said, "How I wish Dale and Aunt Ida and Uncle Charles were here, then we would all be together. They live in California.

Mabel Truitt, age 8,
Drakeville, Iowa.

HAZEL HAS NINE CHICKENS.

Dear Juniors:—

I have never written to the Juniors before. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier. I enjoy reading the Junior page.

For pets I have nine chickens and one bantam.

I go to the Williamson school. Our school was out the last of March. It will begin the first of September. I walk one-half mile to school.

I have one sister and two brothers. Their names are Blanche, Walter and Dean.

As my letter is getting long, I will close.

Hazel Dorothy, age 10,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Blakesburg, Iowa.

Dear Editor:—

I have one post card from the Courier Junior. I have one dog named Boy, and one little calf named Blackie. I am a little girl only 7 years old, and I have no mamma. My birthday is the 20th day of January.

Sarah Snow, age 7,
Belknap, Iowa.

COZA LONESOME FOR SCHOOL MATES.

Dear Editor:—

My school is now out and I get pretty lonesome staying at home. I am a little girl seven years old. We live on a farm five and one-half miles southeast of Bloomfield, Iowa. I like to live on the farm. I have sixty-eight postals. I was going bare-footed the other day and ran a nail in my foot. I could not walk for a while. I can hop around now a little. I have two little nieces and two little nephews. They are Etta and Retta. They are twins; and Forest and Cecil Christy. I have one sister married and two sisters and one brother at home.

Coza Weed age 7,
R. F. D. No. 7,
Bloomfield, Iowa.

ETHEL WRITES AGAIN.

Dear Editor:

This will make the second time I have written to you. Our school will be out in three weeks. I am in the fourth reader. I exchanged cards with Lela Saum, Frances Morton. I like to write to the Junior page. I have received 4 cards from the Juniors. I received the pretty box of writing paper. I thank you very much for it. My schoolmates are Olive Crabb, Mary Hien, Jennie Brown and Jeannette Coyne.

Ethel Huffman, age 11,
Chillicothe, Ia., R. No. 1.

AN IMAGINARY PICNIC.

Dear Juniors:—

As Forest Weber suggests writing of an imaginary picnic, I thought I would write, too, so here it is. June is a nice time to have a picnic, so I thought I would invite my friends to spend the day with me. It was June the fifth. It looked like it would rain in the morning, but the sun soon came out and it was an ice day after all. We were to start at half past nine, so by ten o'clock we were having a fine time. We played hide and seek, and jumped the rope until noon, then we had our lunch, which was very delightful, as we thought. After we had our lunch we picked a few flowers and played games until 4 o'clock, then we all went to my home and ate ice cream and at 5 o'clock my friends were ready to depart, and I am sure we all had a delightful time.

I would like to exchange postals with any of the Juniors. I have received a postal from one of the Junior frineds, Irene Duggan, and will answer it soon.

Your Junior Friend,
Bertha Ione Weed,
R. F. D. No. 7,
Bloomfield, Iowa.

OPAL WRITES TO MAUDE AND MABEL.

Misses Maude and Mabel Skirvin.

Dear Junior Friends:

I love to read the Junior page. I have been reading your letters and thought I would write to you and send it to the Junior. I live on a farm seven and one-half miles southwest of Bloomfield. I go to Prairie Mound school. I only have to go about quarter of a mile to school. We did not have any spring term of school. We have six months winter school. I go one-half mile to Sunday school. My birthday is the twenty-sixth of May. I will be thirteen years old. I have one little brother. His name is Ray. He is 8 years old. I would like to exchange post cards with you girls.

Opal Small, age 12.
Bloomfield R. No. 3.

MILDRED'S COUSIN HER TEACHER

Courier Junior:—

As I have not written to you for a long time, I will write now. School is out here. Last term I passed into the fourth room. Miss Carrie Hanson, my cousin, is my teacher now. I like her very much. For pets I have a dog and a bird. I like them both very much. I have a new piano and am going to take lessons. Well, I will close, haping to see my letter in print.

Yours truly,
Mildred Hall, age 8,
1502 High Street,
Keokuk, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY PICNIC.

Phronsie Lee's class was to have a picnic on the last day of school which was Friday June 10th. Her teacher, Miss Nellie Campbell had promised them one if they would be good.

When Phronsie woke up Friday morning, she ran to the window to see if it was a nice day. When she raised the shade a flood of sunshine filled the room. Phronsie finished her simple toilet in almost no time that morning and hurried down stairs. She was so excited she hardly knew what she was doing.

At nine o'clock an old hack drove up to the school house door where thirty girls and boys and Miss Campbell climbed in. The baskets were put in the back.

It was a jolly crowd that reached a beautiful wood about half-past ten. It was a favorable place for a picnic. It was about three miles from town.

After they rested and put their baskets away, they all went out to play. They didn't think any one would bother their baskets and did not leave any one to watch them. About noon two girls that were coming that way were frightened by the sight of an ugly tramp and he grabbed the basket and ran. He went off about half a mile and sat down to see what he had. He was disgusted only to find a half dozen lemons and a tablecloth. When the crowd came back no tramp was in sight but one basket was gone.

The boys went back to finish a game of ball and the girls stayed to set the table. They were still frightened, but tried to act as if nothing had happened. When they found out what the tramp got, they laughed and said they hoped he liked them.

The girls spread the snowy cloths, put thirty-one plates, forks, spoons and glasses around. Miss Campbell filled the glasses with lemonade, dished out the strawberries and cut the cake. The boys were called and they all sat down. Every one had their fill of cold chicken, and ham sandwiches and said the deviled eggs and potato salad was fine, The cake tasted very good with the strawberries and cream.

After dinner was over they all played awhile and then sat down in a circle and told stories and jokes. They were so interested in a story Miss Campbell was telling that they didn't notice the black clouds that were gathering until the driver Mr. Brown came up and said they had better go or they would be caught in a hard shower. They packed their baskets in the wagon and in five minutes were going as fast as the horses could go, on the shortest way home.

The last boy just got in his house when the rain came, but they all said they had a fine time.

Aura Dale Mahoney, age 13,
1505 East Second St., Ottumwa.

JOSEPHINE WRITES TO ELVA.

Miss Elva Huffman, Chillicothe, Ia.

Dear Junior Friend:

I was very glad to receive your nice letter in the Junior page Saturday. And as you wanted me to write you a letter and have it put in the Junior, I will try and write you a few lines. I live in town, and go to school nine months in the year. My school was out May 24th. My teacher's name was Sister Mary Patricia. I liked her very much. We will have a new school house when school beings in September. It is going to be nice. The men are oiling the wood work in it now.

I was sick last week with the measles. I could not read my letters or cards until I got better because my eyes hurt so bad. I have only one sister. Her name is Frances. Have you just the two sisters? I believe your sister Ethel sent my sister a post card.

You asked me how many post cards I have. I have twenty-six from the Courier Junior. And 50 cards from Junior boys and girls. And all together I have 423 post cards. I have received several prizes from the Courier Junior. I will tell you as many as I can think of. I received a Teddy Bear, a fluffy ruffles doll, a china plate, some flower seeds, a post card album and the last prize I received was a gold cross wtih my name engaved on one side and Courier Junior on the other. My prizes were all nice ones. And I think the editor is very kind to furnish us with such nice prizes don't you?

I exchange cards wtih the following Juniors: Lois Griffin, Desdemona Eisenbeis, Leona Vest, Retta Ruark, Henrietta Plaster, Mabel Root, Lucile White, Juliette Eisenbeis, Josephine Oliver, Norma Daniels, Maude and Mabel Skirvin, Margaret Sunley, Thelma Hall, Walter Trout, Forest Weber, Wilda Conger, Maude Squire, Edna Carey, Margaret Bray and you. In all I have written cards and letters to twenty-one different Juniors.

My chum is Irene Duggan. And my class mates were Josephine Logan, Helen Donahue, Catherine Brown and my sister Frances.

Josephine Norton,
Melrose, Iowa.

LORETTA WRITES TO LEONA.

Dear Junior Friends:

As I have never written to any of the Juniors I thought I woul write to you. I would like to exchange post cards with some of the Juniors.

Our school was out May 7. My teacher was Miss Anna Grady. We like her very much. We had a good time the last day. My sister Kathryn got the deporment prize. It was a very pretty picture. I have two sisters and four brothers. My sisters' names are Kathryn and Margaret and my brothers' names are Robert, John, Pierce and Edward. How many brothers and sisters have you? I was 14 years old on Feb 14. We have 250 little chickens. We have five little calves and five horses that are broke but we have thirteen altogether and three of them are little colts. We live 2½ miles east of Melrose.

For pets we have a dog. His name is Shep. He watches rabbits and we have a cat named Puss. We have some pet chickens. I have 25 post cards.

Well, Leona as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain your Junior friend,
Loretta Coady, age 14,
R. F. D. No. 2, Melrose, Iowa.

LELA'S GREAT GRANDMOTHER IS DEAD.

Dear Editor and Juniors:

I wrote once to the Junior page about by greatgrandmother who lived the long life of one hundred years. Her name was Mrs. Joseph Selix. She died at the home of my grandfather and grandmother at Unionville, Ia., June 2, 1910, at 11:30 p. m. She was born in 1810 in the month of January. Grandfather and my mamma went to Wisconsin about twenty-two years ago to attend the funeral of great grandfather Selix. Great grandfather Selix was eighty at the time of his death. When grandfather and mamma came back to Iowa they brought my greatgrandmother back and from then up to the time of her death she lived with grandfather and grandmother. She has been bedfast for almost a year. She knew almost everything up to the half hour before she died. She died Thursday, June 2 at 11:30 p. m. Grandpa Selix was the only one of her children with her when she died or at the funeral. Her funeral was held at the Methodist church at Unionville and she was laid to rest in Unionville cemetery.

Lela Saum, aged 12,
R. F. D. No. 1, Blakesburg, Ia.

AN IMAGINARY PICNIC STORY.

Dear Editor:—

The picnic was to be June 14—Tuesday. The morning dawned bright and sunshiny, for which we were all thankful.

At 9 o'clock about forty of the Juniors met at the park, all with well filled baskets ready for a jolly time in the woods.

When all had arrived we started for the Courier office, where the editor of the Junior was waiting for us.

We went to a grove about half a mile from town and when we got there it was just fifteen minutes of eleven.

Forest Weber and some more of the Junior boys put up a swing with a rope they had brought with them. We were all very happy and some of the little girls were singing.

Of course it took some time to get the sticks cleared away and everything ready to set the table for our lunch. The smaller children went to another small clearing to play while dinner was being prepared.

When everything was ready the twelve smallest children were called to dinner.

There were buns and ham sandwiches, and boiled eggs, fried chickens, pickles, bananas, oranges, pies, cakes, and lemonade, on that table.

The boys carried water from a nearby spring and it made the lemonade as cold as ice would have made it.

Eleven boys and the editor ate at the next table. And so on until they had all finished eating their dinner.

When the dishes were cleared and put back in the baskets, the little girls ran off to get flowers for the editor, and some played games and others swung. In these ways the afternoon passed very quickly.

Lois Griffin staid with the edtior most of the time because she could not run and swing like the others could, on account of having been sick. Josephine Norton also stayed with the editor most of the time.

At 4 o'clock the children were all gathered around the editor, who was telling them stories. When the stories were told they ate some fruit they had saved after dinner and then they went back to town, as happy as could be.

The children accompanied the editor to the Courier building and then they departed in different directions to their homes.

From a Junior friend,
Frances Norton, age 12,
Melrose, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

The invitation had been published in the Junior for two weeks, inviting all the Juniors to the picnic two miles out in the country, north of Ottumwa in a pretty grove. It was to be June 8th.

So all the Juniors were getting baskets of lunch ready Tuesday. They were helping their mammas to bake pies and cakes and cookies and everything nice.

Wednesday morning was so bright and clear that we all were sure we would have a good time. All the Juniors were up early and getting ready for the trains that they were to go to Ottumwa on.

My sister, Frances, and I were ready quite a while before it was time to go to the train, but we started, because we were so anxious to be going that we were afraid we would be late for the train. But we had twenty minutes when we got to the depot. We bought out ticket, and then we went out on the platform to wait for the train. While we were waiting for the train we saw Helen Paschal and Pearl and Olive Lemley coming up the street to the depot, and when we asked them where they were going, they said to the Junior picnic, and we were glad they were going with us. We asked them a few days before if they were going and they did not know whether they could or not.

At last the train came and we five Juniors got on. We got seats near each other When we looked around in the train we saw five girls with Junior badges on, so we knew they were Juniors and went and asked them their names. Iona Hancock was on the train. She had got on at Russell. And Louise and Beatrice Rickey of Lucas, Wessie Fulton of Chariton and Floy Young of Chariton.

When the train stopped at Albia many more of the Juniors got on the train, among them Lois Griffin, looking pale after her recent illness, but happy to be able to join the merry Juniors; Henrietta Plaster, as jolly as ever; Henrietta Mathews and Grace Billings.

At Avery a few more of the Juniors joined us. At Frederic Maud Squire joined us with her well filled basket. At Chillicothe Elva and Ethel Huffman got on the train. We all had such a good time laughing and talking that we did not notice the time pass until the train stopped at the Union depot in Ottumwa. When we got off the train Desdemona and Juliette Eisenbeis, Mabel Root, Forest Weber, Oscar Root, Leslie Dunning, Caroline Tout and Leona Vest were there to meet us. We all got on the street car and went to the Junior office, where there were many more of the Juniors, some of them that live in Ottumwa and others that came in on different trains. Walter Tout of Birmingham. Frank and Johnnie Skirvin and Maude and Mabel Skirvin of Floris, Norma Daniels of Eldon, and Retta Ruark of Farmington and many more were there.

Miss Devereaux and all the Juniors rode on the street car as far as it went and then we walked the rest of the way to the grove, where we sat down, tired, but ready for fun.

Miss Devereaux and some of us larger Juniors set the table, while the rest of the Juniors went around to see what kind of a grove we were in. Soon dinner was ready and we all sat down. Oh, dear! there were so many good things to eat that we all ate until we could not eat any more.

When the dishes were all put away the Juniors played hide-and-seek and blackman. Lois Griffin and I went with Miss Devereaux to pick wild flowers, because we cannot run.

After a while the Juniors all gathered around the place where we had eaten our dinner, and we had a little lunch, and then started to walk for the street car line, and we just got there in time, for the car was just going back to Ottumwa. We got on the car and were soon in town, where we all parted. The Juniors that live in Ottumwa went to their homes and we Juniors that came on the train went to the depot.

We all told Miss Devereaux that we hoped we would all be able to be back again next summer for another picnic. Your Junior friend,

Josephine Norton, age 14,
Melrose, Iowa.

DOLLIE'S PETS.

Dear Editor:

As this is my first letter to the Junior I will tell you about my pets. I have four little birds, four pet kittens and one dog. I like to read the Courier Junior very well. We get the Courier.

Dollie Ross, age 10,
Blakesburg, Iowa.