

NOTICE.

All letters for this department must be addressed, "Courier Junior," Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Courier Junior

OTTUMWA IOWA JUNE 1910.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

RETNA RUARK PRIZE WINNER

Dear Juniors: After a very careful reading of all the "Imaginary Junior Picnic Stories," the judges have awarded the prize to Retna Ruark. No doubt you will agree with the judges' decision when you read Retna's story.

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.

A STORY OF AN EVENING STAR.

"Every night, mother, I see a beautiful star in the sky so different from the others. It comes first and shines so bright that it seems as if it were the loveliest star in the whole sky. Won't you watch for it tonight with me?"

"The mother smiled, for she thought she knew which one of the stars Mamma would point out. Sure enough, that night as they both sat in the hammock watching the sunset, out came the very star she expected. In a moment Mamma saw it and nearly fell out of the hammock as she screamed and clapped her hands. 'Mamma! There it is! I know it because it looks straight at me. It knows me, I believe, for it never trembles a bit like the other stars! Did you ever see such a lovely one?' Her mother smiled an odd little smile.

"What makes you laugh at me, mother? I know you are laughing by the corners of your mouth; they go up so queerly. Tell me."

"Why Mamma, that is Venus you are watching. I have watched her every year since I first found her long ago. 'Venus? Who is Venus, mother? And what makes you call a star her? I didn't know a star could have a name. Who named her? Did you mother? What made you call her Venus?' 'Seems to me you ask a great many questions, little girl. Which one shall I answer first?'"

"Did you name my star yourself?" "No, Mamma, it was named hundreds of years ago when many stars had names given them. You know people have watched and studied the stars almost since the world began. 'And was Venus a little girl or a woman? I know she must have been lovely or they would never have given her name to my star.'"

"Your star, as you call it, Mamma, is at present the evening star. I will tell you where it got its name. 'Venus was a lovely woman, but she never was a little girl. The old, old story books say that one day as some people were walking by the sea they saw a rose-tinted shell rise on the crest of a wave. This great shell opened, and beautiful Venus, clothed in raiment like sea foam when the sun shines on it, stepped out upon the waters. The people watching were not surprised when they saw a sunset cloud sail down and take her to the edge of the western sky, where the ruby gates opened and she passed through to the world of the gods. That was her home. Whenever she wished to return to earth she came in a silver chariot drawn by snow-white swans. Her head was always wreathed with roses and myrtles. White doves carried her messages. Her dress is of the finest silk, the color of the pink sea-shell."

"Why, mamma, you say is? Do you mean Venus is still alive?" "No, dear, she was never alive. It is only one of the many beautiful myths that people used to believe two thousand years ago. But artists love to paint pictures as beautiful as Venus was thought to be, and there are many lovely statues of her. Sometimes it almost seems as if she must have been alive. When we go to the art gallery, see if you can find a Venus. 'But say good night to your star, for it is late. Sometime you may miss her and find another in her place. Tell me, dear, when the new star comes.' 'Oh, I am going to watch every night. Will the new one have a name?' 'Yes, but I'm not going to tell you its name or its story until it comes.'"

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

More than a thousand years ago on a Sunday morning in the early fall, an old German woodman told his wife, Gretchen, that he was going after fagots. She begged him not to go, for it was Sunday and they did not need the wood. The old man only laughed at her, and trudged away into the for-

est where no one could see him.

He cut his bundle of fagots, piled them together, tied them with a stout band, and throwing them over his shoulder, started homeward. Then he noticed that the wild creatures that had never stirred as he entered the woods before, were now afraid of him. Birds fluttered away with a whirring noise and an old mother hare, which he knew very well, made wonderful leaps to get herself and family out of sight. Even a bear ran from him instead of attacking him.

Soon he met a stranger with a sad, stern face, who stopped him. 'Don't you know that this is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from work?' 'Whether it is Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me,' laughed the old man. 'Then carry your bundle forever, and as you do not care for Sunday on earth, you shall have a long Monday in heaven, where you shall be a saint, and all Sabbath-breakers evermore.'

Then the old man found himself suddenly rising in the air. Quick as thought he was landed in the moon, where his wife saw him as she stood outside her door that night to watch for his coming. There he still stands bearing his fagots, and as all days are Mondays in the moon, he can never break Sunday again.

STORIES-LETTERS.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

As we Juniors cannot have a real picnic it is very nice for us to have an imaginary one and we will set the date, Thursday, June 23. We then set the place for our picnic at the Taylor Orphan Asylum at Racine Wisconsin and we will run a special car from St. Louis, Mo., by way of Ottumwa to accommodate all Juniors.

As the car leaves St. Louis it carries Margaret Sunley of Garfield, avenue. Many of the Juniors with their picnic baskets filled with a delicious picnic lunch boarded the car. The train arrived at Keokuk it was joined by a large crowd of Juniors from nearby towns. When it arrived at Farmington it was joined by Retna and Bertha Ruark and Inez Bolse with all the Juniors from nearby towns.

We were joined at Bonaparte by Leona Bradford with all her Junior friends. When the train arrived at Eldon the Juniors were very much delighted to meet Beryl and Norma Danforth and Josephine, Helen Rowe and Bonnie Sayles and many more too numerous to mention. Leona Vest all came in from the country with her brother and sisters and met us there. We then took a northeasterly course and crossed Iowa and were joined at many other places by happy Junior girls and boys. We crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, which was quite a treat to many of us Juniors. We crossed the southern part of Wisconsin and landed at Racine, Wis., which was a picnic to a beautiful town with 29,000 inhabitants. Here we were met by Agnes Jacobson and several other Juniors from the home and escorted to the asylum.

We found the home out on a farm and a beautiful home it was. We found a beautiful place to spread our table cloth and began emptying our lunch baskets. Just as we were about to sit down to our feast who should arrive but Louis and Temple Abernathy on their return trip to see Colonel Roosevelt. Hearing of our picnic they rode in to take dinner with us. We were all soon seated at the table or rather on the ground around the table. We began to number, beginning at the editor who was seated at the head and we numbered 350. The editor then returned thanks and we did ample justice to the good things set before us.

After dinner the Juniors all began to call on our editor for an address and we set the subject, "How do Juniors Should Live to Become Wise Men and Women." She handled the subject fine and made it very plain to us how we should live, as we Juniors are composed of little boys and girls whose hearts desire is to become wise men and women.

We then called on Agnes Jacobson to make us an address on his trip to see the ex-president, which was also very interesting. It being a long time for our car to start on our homeward journey we adjourned by singing "God With You 'Till We Meet Again." We then started for our homes, feeling we had spent a day long to be remembered by many Junior boys and girls.

Retna Ruark, age 12, R. F. D. No. 3, Farmington, Ia.

HAROLD'S PETS.

Dear Juniors: This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I will write about my pets. I have a dog, cat, calf, horses. The dog's name is Shep. The cat's name is Kate. The calf is named Spot and the horse's name is Fanny.

Harold Wells, Keosauqua, Iowa.

"AN IMAGINARY PICNIC."

One day the sun shone brightly in the sky overhead, the birds were singing gaily in the trees, and not a cloud appeared in the sky. It was the second day of June and the Juniors were going to have a picnic. The Juniors attending were: Josephine and Frances Norton, Maude Squires, Mabel Root, Maude and Mabel Skirvin, Loretta Coady, Leona Vest, Juliette and Desdemona Eisenbeis, Retna Ruark, Margaret Bray, Forest Weber, Lois Griffin, Wilda Conser and Edna Carey. They met at the Albia City park about 10:10 with well filled lunch baskets. When we got there the first thing we did was to sit down in the shade of an oak tree to rest after our long walk through the sun. After we had rested some of us went to play games and some sat down and told stories. Forest Weber had brought his watch with him, and when it was five minutes to twelve the larger girls started to go dinner. They spread the table cloth on the grass and all ate at the same table. We had all kinds of fruit, sandwiches, lemonade, and chicken. After dinner the table was cleared, and the things that were left were put back in the baskets.

Lois and Josephine sat down and watched the rest of us play games. As Leona Vest was playing, she thought she saw a snake and she screamed and Forest Weber went to see what was the matter and he told him, and he found it was only a long stick. When the rest of us ran to see what was the matter, he told us and we all laughed. We played another game and by that time it was half past four o'clock. We then went back to the place where we had left Josephine and Lois, but we could not find them. We looked everywhere for them and just as we were going to go without them they came out from behind a large tree which we had overlooked. They had been hiding from us. At 5 o'clock we went home, each one declaring that they had had a good time. (I would like to exchange cards with some of the Juniors).

Henrietta Plaster, 501 S. Main St., Albia, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

It was fully decided that the Courier Juniors would hold their first annual picnic at Agency, Ia., on the 23rd of June, 1910, for all Juniors of home and abroad, so we have all been looking north to the time when we could meet and get acquainted with each other, so now the time has arrived and our manna is busy getting a lot of good things ready for our picnic. We have all decided to go to Agency on the 23rd day, Thursday morning and such a fine day. There were two trains to carry us to Agency and a box car to put our lunches in. We started on such a hurry when the train pulled out. Such a happy crowd of girls and boys as we had. We had the Fifty-fourth Regiment band to play for us and here we are about 250 in all looking out at the Agency when the train pulled out. It had large signs painted "Courier Junior Picnic" on the cars. We arrived at Agency at 7:30 and 8:30. The train went to the picnic grounds and all alighted, got our baskets and started to prepare for our all day's fun and the first thing on the program was a ball game in the forenoon commencing at 10 o'clock by the Juniors and the Agency. Of course the Juniors won the game.

As it was getting near dinner time we spread our lunch cloths and put our dinner all together and sat at our tables for an hour or so. When through eating dinner we put our things in our baskets and went out and had a ride on the Merry-go-round and there were races. There was a boat race in the river, which was a grand sight. We had a picnic from South Dakota, Irwin Skirvin of Drakeville, Iowa, Johnny Skirvin of Fairfield, Iowa, Johnny Skirvin with a prize of a box of candy. There were Juliette Eisenbeis, of Ottumwa, Mabel Skirvin of Florida, Ia., Josephine Norton of Melrose, Ia., and Lois Griffin with a gold brooch for a prize and there were a good many more races and prizes won by the Juniors. We all played games, had swings, played ball. Some of us thought we would go and see what the city of Agency looked like. So a crowd of us went. We got some ice cream, pop corn and candy and took a look at the city and we had a picnic on the grounds as it was time when we were to have a speech by the editor, so when the editor, Matilda Devereaux took the stand the Juniors gave three cheers. She gave a nice talk on the Junior club and of its growth in the last two years and of the improvement the Juniors were making in their work and that she hoped the club would continue to grow. We then went to our homes. We all commenced to get our things together and started for the train a happy but tired bunch of boys and girls. We all declared we never had such a long time and hope we all will be here to attend our second annual picnic. We arrived in Ottumwa about 6 o'clock and some of the Juniors, held at Agency, June 23, 1910, will always keep my badge to remember the occasion.

Forest Weber, age 10, 1305 E. Main St., Ottumwa.

AN IMAGINARY PICNIC.

We do not live near the woods, so sometimes we have to make believe we are having a picnic in the woods. We take our chairs out to our play house and eat it. My baby brother one year old goes too. He enjoys it as much as any of us. One day mamma came out and ate with us. She says it is good for us to eat out of doors for we eat heartier. Sister takes her doll and the dog goes with us. We have a nice time. I like to go to the fields and woods to gather flowers. The birds sing so sweetly among the trees.

Charles Dodge, age 9, Platte, S. D.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

Well, as I am writing you a story of "An Imaginary Junior Picnic," I will first tell you the Juniors that were there. They were as follows: Desdemona and Juliette Eisenbeis, Beryl and Norma Daniels, Hazel and Leona Vest, Roxie Wood, Fern Epperly, Hattie Allen, Margaret Sunley, Lela Saum, Mamie Hale, Margaret McCoy, Forest and Laurence Weber, Lois Griffin, my brother Frank and John and my sister Maude and I.

We all went on a hay rack as that is what we wanted to go in. There was twenty of us Juniors there. We arrived there at 10:30. We played games until about 1 o'clock and then some of the older Juniors went and got the table cloth and napkins ready to put our dinner on. It kept us all pretty busy for a while carrying baskets to where we were to eat our dinner. We each took a basket of good things to eat.

Genevieve Mincks, age 10, Ottumwa, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

The ten cent piece had just been finished. It was bright and new, and had not yet left the room seat to the one where it was made. It was brought from the mint into this room and it now laid on a table. It bore the date 1909. A man came into the room with a stiff hat and fine clothes. He picked up the money and put it in a large black pocket book. Along with the other money went the ten cent piece.

After a long time the money was all taken out and the first to roll out was the bright dime. Two men were standing near and seemed to be counting the money. When they had counted it they picked it up and put it in a dark safe. This building was the bank. The next day the dime was taken out and laid upon a long place that seems like a bench. Then it was handed to another man who picked it up and the other money up and went out. It was carried in the man's pocket until he reached the house. Then he took it out and gave it to a little girl and told her to get some bread. She took it in her hand and ran, but just when she reached the lowest step it slipped through her fingers and rolled down the walk and went through a crack and then all was dark. In a little while a stream of light shone down and it was someone said, "Oh, there it is." It was picked up and taken in a purse to the bake shop. There it was handed to a man who dropped it in the money drawer and left it there for some time. Then it was taken out and handed to a little girl who carried it off in a little green purse. She took it to a market and got some fish. The man took it with some other money and put it all in the safe. That night there was a rumbling sound in the safe and then a great noise and it was shattered all over the floor. It had been blown up by robbers and now the money and all the valuable were carried away in a great leather pocket book. It was carried to a shop and the pocket book was opened and the valuables were given to a man, and some money received in exchange. This was a paper of the country bank and it was very good. The money was shut up in the pocketbook but unbeknownst to the robber the 10c piece slipped out and lay on the floor in the bright light all day. That morning the man went to sweep the floor and he found the ten cent piece on the floor and picked it up and put it in his pocket. When the shop had been shut for the night and the lights turned out the money was taken out of his pocket and put in a can and hidden in the ground.

Frances Norton, age 12, Melrose, Iowa.

HOW MAY LIKES THE FARM.

Dear Editor and Juniors: How many of you like the farm? I am sure I do. There is none of the town girls or boys that was never in the country know what a jolly time it is. We live on a large farm. We have a large house and yard. We do not live far from the railroad. We have a hundred or more chickens, and thirty-seven little ducks and some more hatching and four nice big colts. I would rather get out of doors to do the work than the work in the house. How many of you like flowers? I do. I have the following flowers: liver-over-true sweet williams ribbon grass, hollyhock, pinks, lilies, poppy, lilacs, snowball, pink cactus, roses and others. I do not know the names of all of them. We have also the honey suckles and lilies of the valley. We are not going to have very much fruit this year. I saw by the Junior that Lois Griffin is sick again and I hope she is better. My teacher well like to go to school last winter but have not gone any this spring because we had no teacher. I go to the Washington school. My teacher's name was Mrs. Bessie. I ride a very good horse. I like arithmetic and history and the best of all my studies. Our school house has only one room in it. We have one acre for play grounds. What is pretty nice inside.

I have two brothers. Their names are Walter and Marion. Walter is six and Marion is eleven. I was ten years old the third of June. I got a big post card album and a new dress, a picture and a big doll head. When is your birthday? How many brothers and sisters have you?

I have got 11 little pigs and we have had 2 little calves but have sold them. We have 7 cows and 4 horses and a little pony. The horse names are Maude, Topsy and Billy. The pony's name is Bessie. I ride a very good horse. I wish you were here to ride her. She is an awful nice little pony. She will shake hands with you and chew tobacco and eat sugar and do other things. My Billy is a sweet horse. He was broke about a year ago. We can't ride him. Mamma has about 250 little chickens now. She has no incubator. She has one but does not use it. She has had 39 little ducks sold to the court house. Where do you live? I received a little booklet from the Courier Junior and a post card. They were very pretty. I expects Leona's name was pretty- don't you?

For pets we have some little kittens and some old ones. Mine is blue and white and his name is Tommy. The other evening we caught a little rabbit and brought it to me. Once we had a pretty white rabbit for a pet. He had red eyes.

I think some of the Juniors have nice stories, don't you sitting at my aunt's in town. We are going up to the Salem church Sunday. I am going to speak a very long piece about a "Boy Hero."

I would like to exchange postals with some of the Juniors. Genevieve Mincks, age 10, Ottumwa, Iowa.

ELSA HAS 9 LITTLE GOSLINS.

Dear Courier Juniors: We live on a farm near Highland. I am a little girl ten years old. We have nine little goslings and some little chickens that I take care of. I have two brothers and one sister. Well this is all for this time.

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

THE JOURNEY OF A 10c PIECE

The ten cent piece had just been finished. It was bright and new, and had not yet left the room seat to the one where it was made. It was brought from the mint into this room and it now laid on a table. It bore the date 1909. A man came into the room with a stiff hat and fine clothes. He picked up the money and put it in a large black pocket book. Along with the other money went the ten cent piece.

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Frances Norton, age 12, Melrose, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

One day in the year of 1908, 12 of the Junior girls and boys had a Junior picnic. Their names were Juliette and Desdemona Eisenbeis, Mabel Vest, Josephine and Frances Norton, Forest Weber, Ruth Knedler, Ethel and Cecelia Huffman. They had their picnic in the Caldwell well up in the hills. Each of the Juniors had a dollar to spend as they liked. It was in May and the stands and merry-go-rounds were going in the street car. When they got there they saw the merry-go-round and they all wanted to ride on it. So they each took an other nickel out of their money and they rode on it. When they got off of it they rode on a stand to get them something to eat. Maude, Mabel, Forest, Juliette, Cecelia and Ruth bought them some cracker-jack and Desdemona, Ethel, and Cecelia bought them some ice cream. Josephine said she thought that it would be nice to gather some flowers and make a wreath. After they got the wreath they all went to the wreath. They all thought that it would be the best to let Lois Griffin be the queen. So Lois Griffin was the queen. At noon they went to the picnic grounds. They ate their lunch and then they went to the merry-go-round. In the afternoon they spent the rest of their money and went home. They were all very glad to think they had had such a nice picnic. They all exchanged post cards with any of the Juniors.

Elva May Huffman, age 13, Chillicothe, Ia.

GENIEVE WRITES TO LOIS.

Dear Junior Friend: As I have not written to the Junior for some time I will write to you and send it to the Courier Junior. I saw the Courier Junior and I hope she is better. I went to school last winter but have not gone any this spring because we had no teacher. I go to the Washington school. My teacher's name was Mrs. Bessie. I ride a very good horse. I like arithmetic and history and the best of all my studies. Our school house has only one room in it. We have one acre for play grounds. What is pretty nice inside.

I have two brothers. Their names are Walter and Marion. Walter is six and Marion is eleven. I was ten years old the third of June. I got a big post card album and a new dress, a picture and a big doll head. When is your birthday? How many brothers and sisters have you?

I have got 11 little pigs and we have had 2 little calves but have sold them. We have 7 cows and 4 horses and a little pony. The horse names are Maude, Topsy and Billy. The pony's name is Bessie. I ride a very good horse. I wish you were here to ride her. She is an awful nice little pony. She will shake hands with you and chew tobacco and eat sugar and do other things. My Billy is a sweet horse. He was broke about a year ago. We can't ride him. Mamma has about 250 little chickens now. She has no incubator. She has one but does not use it. She has had 39 little ducks sold to the court house. Where do you live? I received a little booklet from the Courier Junior and a post card. They were very pretty. I expects Leona's name was pretty- don't you?

For pets we have some little kittens and some old ones. Mine is blue and white and his name is Tommy. The other evening we caught a little rabbit and brought it to me. Once we had a pretty white rabbit for a pet. He had red eyes.

I think some of the Juniors have nice stories, don't you sitting at my aunt's in town. We are going up to the Salem church Sunday. I am going to speak a very long piece about a "Boy Hero."

I would like to exchange postals with some of the Juniors. Genevieve Mincks, age 10, Ottumwa, Iowa.

ELSA HAS 9 LITTLE GOSLINS.

Dear Courier Juniors: We live on a farm near Highland. I am a little girl ten years old. We have nine little goslings and some little chickens that I take care of. I have two brothers and one sister. Well this is all for this time.

GLEN BATTY HAS MANY PETS.

Dear Editor and Juniors: My papa has taken the Courier for two years. I have never written before but have been reading your letters. I wish to become a Junior. I like to write very much. We have a grove of pine trees and lots of nice shade trees. I go to school in Russell and I am in the fourth grade. My studies are arithmetic, geography, language, writing, reading and spelling. I have a large black dog. His name is Shepp. He is a good watch dog. I have three little kittens which are very pretty. Their home is in the hay mow. They are large enough to run and play. Papa has a large team of mules which he uses for his work team. Mamma has a hundred little chickens and 85 cats. I have a little pony. Her name is Pet. Papa and I have been planting corn. There has been quite a bit of excitement over the comet but it is now almost a thing of the past. I have a large black pocket book. It is only about three or four feet long.

Glenn Batty, age 10, R. No. 2, Russell, Iowa.

AN IMAGINARY JUNIOR PICNIC.

One day the Juniors were talking about having a Junior picnic. They were going to have the picnic at the Caldwell well up in the hills. Each of the Juniors had a dollar to spend as they liked. It was in May and the stands and merry-go-rounds were going in the street car. When they got there they saw the merry-go-round and they all wanted to ride on it. So they each took an other nickel out of their money and they rode on it. When they got off of it they rode on a stand to get them something to eat. Maude, Mabel, Forest, Juliette, Cecelia and Ruth bought them some cracker-jack and Desdemona, Ethel, and Cecelia bought them some ice cream. Josephine said she thought that it would be nice to gather some flowers and make a wreath. After they got the wreath they all went to the wreath. They all thought that it would be the best to let Lois Griffin be the queen. So Lois Griffin was the queen. At noon they went to the picnic grounds. They ate their lunch and then they went to the merry-go-round. In the afternoon they spent the rest of their money and went home. They were all very glad to think they had had such a nice picnic. They all exchanged post cards with any of the Juniors.

Josephine Oliver, age 13, Selma, Iowa, R. No. 1.

JOSEPHINE WANT TO EXCHANGE POST CARDS.

Dear Editor and Juniors: As I have not written for some time I thought I would write again. Our school was out the 8th of April. My teacher's name was Margaret Smith. I have received two cards from Josephine Norton and thank her very much. We had Children's day services at our church and I was on program. I would like to exchange post cards with some of the Juniors.

Josephine Oliver, age 13, Selma, Iowa, R. No. 1.

SOUTH DAKOTA BOY WRITES.

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I think some of the Juniors have nice stories, don't you sitting at my aunt's in town. We are going up to the Salem church Sunday. I am going to speak a very long piece about a "Boy Hero."

I would like to exchange postals with some of the Juniors. Genevieve Mincks, age 10, Ottumwa, Iowa.

wen down town and attended a band concert and my cousin Basil and my sister Hazel and myself walked around the band stand and got some refreshments and enjoyed quite a few other enjoyments and then went home with our aunt and uncle.

The next day was Friday and my cousin Basil, sister Hazel and I went to our aunt's and grandpa's on Main street where my sister Hazel and I remained until Monday May 31 and my cousin went to the Y. M. C. A. and enjoyed very much. I had just come home with a Junior boy for the rest of the day then he went home with my cousin for supper. The next day was Saturday and my aunt, grandpa, sister Hazel and I spent the day together and that night my aunt, Hazel and myself went down town and it rained while we were down town so we didn't stay until only 3:30 and went home.

The next day was Sunday and we visited together all forenoon and in the afternoon we had our own picnic over and we spent the afternoon together. And that night we went to church at the M. E. church for league and for church. At league there was a missionary that had just come from China and India. She gave us a nice talk about India and China. She also had a nice collection of little trinkets made. One of the little trinkets was made of India made of something like plaster parls. The missionary lady said that the bride and groom were dressed very queer in India and she had seen a little basket around their wrist or arm when they were real small and that was the only thing they wore at all. And she had a small orange colored waist that the papooses wore when they were older. It was real cute, I think. She had a holly water cup. It was something like nickelsilver, that is, it looked something like it was made of silver. It was something that meant for a locket and the ball-like object was about six inches in diameter and when a stranger was in an Indian crowd, they would surround these tinseled necklaces and throw it around their stranger friend's neck and when this stranger would be among any Indians they couldn't do anything to hurt them. She also had many different kinds, and bright colors as: red, green, purple, yellow, golden and silver colors of mud and mud and the color them mostly of the above mentioned colors and a person could never guess what the beads were made of unless they were told and they are pretty too.

Well as I have told you a few things about how I spent Sunday evening, I will tell you about my next day. It was Monday, Memorial day. We visited together in the morning and we had an early dinner and saw the Memorial day parade and came back to our home on Main street. It was about 6 p. m., and then my aunt, sister Hazel and I went to my aunt's that lives on Fourth street and my sister Hazel and I stayed there until 10:30 a. m. and did some shopping. The Juniors for the night were, a day and myself went down town about 10:30 a. m. and did some shopping. The Juniors for the night were, a day and myself went down town about 10:30 a. m. and did some shopping. The Juniors for the night were, a day and myself went down town about 10:30 a. m. and did some shopping.

And that evening my cousin, sister and I went to two nice places. One was very nice and we got home about 9 o'clock. The next day was Wednesday, my birthday, June 1st. I was 14 years old. My cousin went to school that day. And my sister and I went to my aunt and our other cousin and other things we did I won't mention for it would make my letter too long. I received the following things for my birthday and I received some other things. I will not mention them. I received a white pearl belt buckle and white belt, a little glass pen, an air plant which I received from Josephine Norton, a Junior friend. It is a real pretty. I will not forget Josephine on her birthday. I thank her very much for it. And I received 14 postals for my birthday, three from Junior who were Lillie Myers, Elva Huffman, and Maude Squire. I will tell the Juniors for the night. My teacher sent me and the pretty present that Josephine Norton sent me. I will answer the cards as soon as I can. Some new dresses,