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

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VOL. 5 NO. 48 OTTUMWA IOWA JULY 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

JULY CONTEST A SPLENDID ONE.

Dear Juniors:
Each week our contest grows more interesting as more Juniors are entering, but of course only those writing each week will be eligible for the prizes. The subjects for the third week are:

"My Sunday School Picnic."

"The Most interesting event of my Vacation."

The prize for this contest will be a beautiful ring with the prize winner's birthstone for the setting.

To be ranked as a prize winner, the Junior's must write each week. We only want short stories not more than 200 words.

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 suprise prize at the end of July 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.

Little Miss Idleness
Sitting all day;
Always too lazy
To work or to play.

She never is happy
(Lazy folks cannot be!),
And forever is fretting
From breakfast till tea.

Little Miss Idleness
Sitting all day;
Always too lazy
To work or to play.

WHY GEORGE WASHINGTON CUT DOWN THE CHERRY TREE.

When George Washington was a little boy he did not have as many pretty toys as some children do now days. So one day, when his father gave him a little hatchet with a red handle and bright shining blade, he was very happy. And as soon as he could get his cap on, he started out to play with his new hatchet. Ae he went down the garden walk and among the trees, he saw the old cat and her kittens, playing on the grass; 'I' know what I will do" said George, "I will play I am a great woodsman, and that the old cat and her kittens, are the fierce wild animals, roaming about the forest.

In a few minutes more, he stopped before a small cherry tree, and began cuting it down, in a short time his new hatchet had done its work; andthe little woodman was ready to go home now George's father had paid a big price for this tree, as it was a rare kind of cherry, and he was carefully watching its growth. But little George did not know this, and when he saw how badly his father felt, he said "Father I will not tell you a lie," I cut down the tree to try my little hatchet.

Your Daily Junior,
Verda M. Baggs, age 9,
Macleay, Oregon.

The Milky Way

Russian.

Soon after the world was made, God created a beautiful maiden and gave her charge of all the birds beneath the heavens. Her name was Lindu. Her father's name was Uko. She knew all the birds of passage, and where they should go in autumn, and she sent each flock on its way.

Lindu cared for the birds tenderly, like a mother for her children, and gave them help whenever it was possible. She sent the stormy wind to blow dust into the eyes of the fierce hunters when they were seeking to slay her pets. It was not surprising that all the world loved her, and those who dwelt in the sky most of all.

The North Star wished to make her his wife. He drove up to Uko's palace with a dusky coach drawn by six black horses, and in the coach were ten fine presents. But Lindu did not love him.

"You always stay in one place, and cannot stir from it," said she. "Go back to your watch-tower."

Then came the Moon drawn in a silver coach by ten gray horses, and the Moon brought twenty presents. But Lindu did not love the Moon.

"You change your face too often and not your path, and that will never suit me," she said.

So the Moon drove away wearing his saddest face. Scarcely had the Moon gone before the Sun drove up. He rode in a golden coach drawn by twenty gold-red horses, and he brought thirty present with him. But all his grandeur went for nothing with Lindu, for she said:

"I do not love you. You follow the same track day by day, just like the Moon. I love the changing seasons, the changing winds, anything that changes."

At that the gold-red horses leaped away and Lindu was alone with her birds.

At length the Northern Light came from his home in the midnight land in a diamond coach drawn by a thousand white horses. He was so grand that Lindu went to the door to meet him. His servants carried a whole coach-load of gold and silver, pearls and jewels into her house. She loved this bright suitor at once.

"You do not travel the same path all the time like the others. You set out when you wish and rest when it pleases you. Each time you wear a new robe, and each time you ride in a new coach with new horses. You shall be my bridegroom."

And Lindu's choice was made.

The news was sent throughout the world, and guests came from the four sides of the sky and of the earth to greet Lindu and the Northern Light. It was agreed that the wedding should be when the birds flew south. Back to his home in the midnight land went the Northern Light, knowing that Lindu loved him best.

The torrent which fell half a thousand feet over the mountain side sent Lindu her bridal veil. The Frost King sent her laces so fine that a breath of summer air would have destroyed them, and they were stored away in a block of ice for safe keeping. The birds brought her robes of butterfly wings softer than silk and more beautiful than velvet. Her sandals were from the wings of the honey bee, stronger than reindeer skin, and fleeter than a chamois' foot.

Spring passed away. Summer came and went. The birds flew south, and Lindu waited for the Northern Light's return. Snow sparkled on the earth, but no hoof-beat of his thousand white horses broke the stillness of the midright air. Spring came, but never the Northern Light.

Then Lindu began to weep, and from her tears sprang the little brooks in the valleys of Earth. The birds flew about her head and rested on her shoulders. They tried to caress her in a hundred ways, but Lindu did not heed them. Then they flew away and wandered in strange places, building nests where no nests were ever seen before. Many an egg was lost and many a nestling stolen because Lindu was not near to help her birds.

At last Uko heard their sad songs and saw his daughter's grief. Uko's heart was always merry and his hands so ful of work that he had not noticed Lindu's trouble. He ordered the Four Winds to lift her gently and bring her to him in his sky palace.

She dressed herself in her bridal veil, her frosted laces, and robes of butterfly wings, and the four strong Winds lifted her from the ground. The song-birds of Earth gathered about her and sang their sweetest songs. With her white bridal veil streaming far out on the air and a happy smile on her lips, Lindu sailed across the sky to Uko's palace. There she lives now, happy as her father Uko. Her white veil spreads from one end of the heavens to the other, and whoever lifts his eyes to the Milky Way beholds the maiden in her bridal robes.

From there she directs her birds, in greeting to the Northern Light as his thousand horses leap through the sky. She has forgotten his unkindness and her sorrow. The Northern Light still loves her, but is so changeful that he can never keep a promise. Uko has given Lindu her station in the heavens and her work. Forever beautifl and forever young, never changing, she forever smiles at the changeful Northern Light.

The Great Bear in The Sky

Greek.

"Oh, mother, what do you thing? Last night that English boy, Charlie Thornton, asked me if I knew where Charles' Wain was, and when I said I didn't know, what do you suppose he showed me? Why, nothing but the Big Dipper up there among the stars. I told him he was mistaken and that nobody ever called it the odd name he had called it. But he said his mother called it that, and he wouldn't give it up. Wasn't that queer?"

"Why, no, Ralph, I don't thing it was strange that he called it as his mother had taught him. That is exactly what you do. Many English people call it Charles' Wain. Wain means wagon, and it does look a little like a cart or wagon."

"I don't think it does, not the least bit. It looks just like a big dipper, and like nothing else."

"Why, you silly boy. What would you think if I should tell you that ever so many people call it the Great Bear?"

"Why, that is queerer yet. Can you see a bear up there in the sky? Maybe when it thunders it is the Great Bear growling!" and Ralph jumped off the porch and rolled on the grass, laughing at his discovery.

In a moment a thought seemed to come to him, and springing up he ran to his mother's chair on the porch and said: "Mother, is there any story about the Great Bear? How did it get up there among the stars? Is the North Star the Bear's eye? Does his nose always point to the North Star, the same as the two pointers in the Big Dipper?"

"Now, my boy, you will be surprised again when I tell you that there are two bears in the sky, the Great Bear and the Little Bear. The wonderful North Star is in the tip of the tail of the Little Bear."

"Now, I know there is a story about them, just as there was about those three beautiful ones you showed me in Orion's belt. You told me about Orion, now you will tell me about the two bears, won't you?"

"It is a sad story, Ralph, and you know you don't like sad stories. But I will tell it to you, and sometime, in the years to come, you may read it in a language that is as old as the story.

"Near a beautiful city on the other side of the world was a large forest. The trees in this forest were very tall, and their branches so thick that they made a roof over the ground below. One could wander for miles and miles in the shade of this forest and never find a house, or any living creatures but the birds and wild animals.

"Once on a time some hunters came back, after having been gone many days, and said that away in the heart of the forest they had had a glimpse of a beautiful snow-white bear. Not one of them had been able to get a shot at it with his arrows, and some thought it was only a dream. The story spread throughout the city, and all the boys and young hunters were anxious for a chance to win so fine a prize as the snow-white man. Not for himself, oh, no, for whoever brought it home must hang it in the temple.

"On brave young hunter said, 'I am going into the heart of the forest. I will take only the bravest with me, and I will never return without the prize.'

"This young man was dearly loved by everyone. His mother had left him when he was only a few years old, and gone, no one knew where. He was cared for by his uncle, and grew up, hoping each year his mother would return. He took long journeys trying to learn if she were still alive, but no one could ever tell him a word about her. These journeys had made him very bold and brave, and there was no cave so dark, nor mountain so high, but that he would search it in the hope of finding his mother.

"He found six young hunters ready to go with him into the heart of the forest. They loked very fine in their bright, shining hunting-suits, with their bows and arrows, and every one wished them success.

"They wasted no time in the pleasant fields outside, but started for the dark, sunless forest. It was slow work picking their way through the tangled bushes growing under the trees, and it took many days to reach the place described by the hunters who had told them the story of the strange white bear.

"Whoever sees it first must call to the others. It may be that this is enchanted ground, and something dreadful will happen to the one who is alone,' said the leader of the hunting party.

"'It is well said,' they all agreed. In the heart of this wild forest they wandered, shooting the strange birds they saw there, and saving the long feathers and wings, to bring home after the hunt was over.

"One day the leader of the hunt chased a wonderful bird for hours from tree to tree, riding beneath the branches, trying to get a shot.

"At last, just as he had his arrow in his bow, ready to aim, his horse reared and nearly threw him backward to the ground. There, beside him, stood the snow-white bear.

"Its two fore paws were stretched out to meet him, and its eyes seemed full of the love he used to see in his mother's eyes: It was a beautiful sight, and the arrow meant for the bird shot upward into the sky, harming no one, but bearing the next words of the hunter as a message to the great Jupiter.

"'Oh, my mother, let me live forever with you!' exclaimed the hunter, as his strong arms were clasped about the white bear's neck.

"'My mother is found!' he shouted, and Echo repeated over and over, 'Found! Found!' until the six fellow hunters came to where the mother and her son were standing, gazing with loving eyes toward Mount Olympus, the home of their gods.

"The winged arrow had taken its flight to Jupiter and the son's prayer was answered.

"Jupiter's lightnings flashed and the six hunters saw their strong leader change into the Great Bear, and gently guide his mother, the Little Bear, to her home in the sky. He took his place near her, at Jupiter's command, and now follows wherever she leads. He points forever to her and to the North Star which she keeps. Those who watch this unchanging beacon among the stars sometimes thought that it was placed there to tell them of the unchanging love of mothers."

"Oh, I knew there was a story. It came out all right at last, and that takes the sad part away."

Then Ralph whispered, "We know it was only a myth, don't we?"

Castor and Pollux The Starry Twins

Greek.

Among the star pictures in the sky may be found one called Gemini or the Twins. The ancient Greks used to believe that twin brothers named Castor and Pollux had been really placed in the sky. They once lived in Sparta; their mother was the lovely Leda, and one of her sisters was the beautiful Helen, whose capture caused the famouse Trojan war.

These brothers were as devoted to each other as twins are said to be, and one was never seen without the other being near. Their love for their sisters was very great, and once when Helen was captured by two noted warriors, these twin brothers of hers found her and brought her safely back to their mother's house.

Castor was very fond of horses. He could tame the wildest one that was ever caught, and led it about like a pet dog as soon as his magic touch had taught its fiery spirit that he was its master. He could ride better than any one in the kingdom, for no horse had ever thown him.

Pollux was just as famous in boxing and wrestling. He taught young men many tricks with the hand and foot, and was the leader in all games.

The two brothers were proud to be allowed to go with the other heroes in quest of the golden fleece. When the sweet music of Orpheus stilled the wild storm that arose on the sea and threatened to wreck the Argo, stars appeared upon the heads of Castor and Pollux, for their great love for each other was known to the Olympian gods who had sent the storm.

When the curious flames, that sometimes during storms play about the masts and sails of a ship, were seen on other ships after this voyage of the Argo, the sailors would always cry out, "See the stars of Castor and Pollux!"

Their love for each other made them more famous than anything else. When at last Castor was slain in a great battle, Pollux prayed Jupiter to let them be again united. The prayer was granted. Not long after this, the poets tell us, the star pictures of the Twins was discovered in the sky, and there the two loving brothers stay forever watching the earth to see if they may help others to be faithful to the end.

STORIES—LETTERS.

PIGS AT HAZEL'S.

Dear Editor:
I like to read the Courier Junior and will write you a letter. We moved from Richland, Ia., to Metz, Mo., last fall. We like our new home. We are on a farm and have two colts and 34 little pigs, five lambs, four kids and two calves. I got three screech owl eggs and mamma put them in the incubator and two of them hatched out. I have a brother and sister.

Hobert Brady,
Box 72, Metz, Mo.

Dear Juniors:
We have 120 little chickens. We have an incubator. It is just about hatched off. I think the postal cards you sent me are fine and expect another one. I forgot to tell you that our Sunday school teacher sends us a postal card every week. I have received eleven postal cards from him and at the end of the year he is going to get us a postal card album if we are there without being absent or tardy.

Hazel Brady,
Box 72, Metz, Mo.

RUBY'S DOG NAMED FRED.

Dear Juniors:
I received your card and wish to thank you very much.

I will tell you about my pets. We have a dog and his name is Fred. I did have four little kittens but the old cat took them under the barn. My mamma has about 150 little chickens and some little turkeys. I have a brother and a sister. Their names are Olive and Stanley. Our school was out in April, so my brother and I are taking music lessons now. Our music teachers name is Bertha Jackson. I like her fine. I will be 11 years old on June 12.

Ruby M. Graham, age 12,
R. F. D. No. 1, Selma, Iowa.

JUNE IS ONLY 10 YEARS OLD.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl 10 years old. I live on a farm of 200 acres. I like to live on a farm better than I do in the city. I lived in town for about four years. I have three brothers and two sisters. My sisters names are Blanche and Madge and my brothers names are Will, Thomas and Floyd.

June Watkins, age 10,
R. F. D. No. 6, Albia, Ia.

KENNETH'S ICE CREAM SOCIAL.

Dear Editor:
I thought I would tell you about the ice cream social Friday night. The teacher Mr. Bryant and Miss Thomas and the pupils gave the social for the school.

All of the scholars and a great many visitors were present. We sold ten gallon of ice cream and are going to use the money to buy things for the school house. Some of us played games out in the yard near the lights, and some of the older people helped wait on the table. Every one had a nice time and went home about 10 o'clock.

Kenneth Crabb, age 8,
Hayesville, Iowa.

ELMER'S PETS A COLT AND DOG.

Dear Editor:
As I have seen so many of the Juniors writing, I thought I would write.

We take the Tri-Weekly Courier and I like to read the Junior stories. I live on a farm of 160 acres four miles south of Floris. For pets I have a colt and a little white dog. I call the colt Prince and the dog Curley. I thought that Retta Ruark and Forest Weber both wrote nice letters on the subjcet "An Imaginary Junior Picnic." I will be 12 years old July 24. I would like to exchange postals with the Juniors.

Elmer Rectar, aged 11,
R. F. D. No. 1, Floris, Ia.

THE LAZY ROBIN.

Dear Junior:
One morning a mother robin awoke and roused the children. Breakfast time, my dears she said and a good time for a flying lesson besides. They trembled but Toppy and Flappy flew down on the lawn beside their mother. But Pecky sat in the nest, thinking that his mother would bring him some worms as she always had before. Then his mother said, what is the matter Pecky? Oh, I am not feeling well. Then his mother said, well I will send for Mr. Woodpecker. O, no he said and flew out of the nest. That is right she said, I thought that there was not much the matter with you.

Moral—I'm afraid that is the way with some of us little girls when our mamma wants us to wash the dishes.

Claudeene Goudy,
926 W. 35th St. Los Angeles, Cal.

ROXIE HAS 250 CHICKENS.

Dear Juniors.—
As I have not written to the Junior page for some time I will write now and tell you about my little sister. I have company now. I have a little sister one month old. She is such a sweet little dear. Her name is Lulu Fern. I am awful glad she came to live with me for I won't be so lonesome now, for sister will soon be big enough to play with me.

I have some little pet ducks and we have 250 little chickens. I love to help feed and water them. The little ducks play and swim in the water. It is fun to watch them.

Roxie Wood, age 3.
Rural Route No 2.
Granada, Minn.

BERNIE IS FIVE.

Dear Juniors.—
I will write for my first time. I am a little boy five years old.

For pets I have a dog and kitten and some pigeons.

I like to go to school. I have gone one term at Putman school. My teacher's name is Harry Smith. I have three sisters that go to school with me.

Some times I ride one of our horses from the field when papa is coming from work. I like to be in the field with papa.

We live one mile and a half from town.

I went down to my uncle's Saturday afternoon and stayed until Monday morning. I had a pleasant time.

I will exchange post cards with some of the little Junior boys.

Bernie Knedler, age 5.
Rural Route No. 7.
Bloomfield, Iowa.

HARRY'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Editor.—
This is my first letter to the Junior. I am a little boy eleven years old

My school was out May 27th.

For pets I have four cats and one dog. I have four head of horses and nine head of sheep and two head of cattle.

Harry Battin, age 11.
Rural Route No. 7.
Bloomfield, Iowa.

BESSIE'S PAPA HAS 17 COWS

Dear Editor:
I live in Davis county. I have three chickens. Papa has 17 cows.

My sister and I go to school, we like to go to school.

At school we play blackman.

I live 2 miles from Drakeville, and 4 miles from Belknap, and 8 miles from Bloomfield.

They have 7 month's of school.

Papa has 7 calves.

Bessie Davis.
Belknap Ia. R. R. No. 1, Box 8.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Dear Junior:
I thought I would write to the Junior, as I had never written before. Once there was a little girl her name was little red ridinghood. One morning when she was going through the woods to her grandmas she met a wolf. The wolf would have liked to eat her but there were some woodchopers near by, so he did not dare to eat her.

Where are you going said the wolf, I am going to my grandmas to take her some cake she has been sick. Where does your grandma live said the wolf. She lives in a little brown cottage.

The wolf started on through the woods to eat little red ridinghoods grandma. Then little red ridinghood began to gather flowers thinking her grandma would like them, when she got to her grandmas cottage she said grandma I have brought you some cake and flowers. But she was not talking to her grandma, she was talking to the wolf. The wolf had run ahead of her and eaten her grandma She said grandma what large teeth you have all the better to eat you growled the wolf, and the wolf sprang out of bed to eat her up. Just then the door was thrown open and in came some men they had seen the wolf go in the house but he had never come out. The men cornered the wolf and killed him. Little red ridinghood learned to be very careful afterwards.

For pets I have two cats and one dog.

Your friend.
Goldie Long, age, 10.
Unionville, Ia., R. F. D. No. 1.

A NEW JUNIOR.

As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought I would write a letter. I am a little boy nine years old. I will be in the fourth grade this fall. I have two sisters. They are Lizzie, who is sixteen and Henrietta who is twelve. She is a Junior; and a little brother Tommy who is four years old. Altogether there are six of us, making a nice family. My chums are as follows: Albert Lewis, Willie Delseall, Elsworth Hilliard, Edward McConville, Kenneth Dixon and Albert Kidner. I have sent cards to two Juniors, Forest Weber and Charles Dodge. If there are any more Juniors that would like to exchange cards with me, I would be very glad. My sister received a card from the Courier Junior Sunday, and I hope to receive a card from the Junior soon.

I will close, hoping to hear from some of the Juniors soon.

Phillip Plasterer, age 9,
501 S. Main St., Albia, Ia.

OUR WESTERN GIRL.

Editor Courier Junior:
I thought I would write and answer the card I received from the Courier Junior a long time ago. It was very nice. It had on it a picture of Abraham Lincoln. Our school was out in May. Next year I will be in the ninth grade or high eighth grade. Since school has been out I have been helping can fruit. I like to read the Courier Junior and although I do not know any of the Juniors, I would like to exchange post cards with you.

Perhaps I can get some pretty California cards to send you. I would like to exchange post cards with Leona Vest.

Eunice Gibbs, age 14,
Meridian, Cal.

VEVA'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Courier Junior:
This is the first time I have ever written to the Courier Junior. My sister wrote in the Junior page last week and received a fan and some popcorn. I have four sisters and three brothers. My papa takes the Ottumwa Courier. I like to read the stories and letters very much.

Viva Freed, age 11,
R. F. D. No. 4, Albia, Ia.

SPENT FOURTH IN MYSTIC.

Dear Friend Lois:
I live in Darbyville. There are only seven houses in North Darbyville and twelve in South Darbyville. Our closest neighbors are Pete Simmons and Ross Johnson. I have four sisters and one brother. They are, Rosa, Mary, Nancy and Doris. My brother is only two weeks old. I went to Mystic the Fourth.

Miss Neva Espy, age 11,
Box 54, Darbyville, Ia.

THE DARBYVILLE MINE.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl 13 years of age and live in a small camp of about 400 inhabitants. There are a great many mines around here. The Darbyville mine stopped working for quite awhile and it is now filled with water, so they cannot start working again until it is pumped out.

There are two stores, one church and one school house in this place. There are two denominations, the Advents and the Methodists and they both hold meetings in the same church. We have school six months of the year. I have one brother and sister younger than myself living and two brothers, also younger than myself, dead.

I thought I would try to write a letter on "How I Amuse Myself On a Hot Day." I had not thought about it until another little girl told me she was going to. I would like to exchange post cards with some of the Juniors. I have about 150 post cards. My birthday is February 21, just one day before Washington's.

Jeanie Noland,
Darbyville, Ia.

THE PICNIC BASKET.

Dear Editor and Juniors:
I will write and thank you for my picnic basket which I received Saturday evening and also my postal card which was very pretty. I went to the mail box and got my postal card and came home and phoned to the depot and my basket was there and as papa was in Farmington I phoned to our grocery man and had him tell papa to go to the depot and get it, and so I got it that evening and it was sent that morning. It was awful nice. It had a little cake, a glass of dried beef, a bottle of olives, a bottle of candied cherries, a bottle of peanut butter, some prime cheese, a box of Cameo biscuits and a nice box of bon bon candy. I am going to try for the birthday ring. I was 13 years old on July 12.

I owe some of the Juniors cards but will return them as soon as possible.

Retta Ruark, age 12,
R. F. Do. No. 3, Farmington, Ia.

THE DEAD PUPPY.

Many stories are related showing what almost human feelings are sometimes manifested by dogs. The following account of the grief of a spaniel over the death of her puppies, and the kindly care for its remains, is said to be really true:

A gentleman living in England owned a spaniel that had three puppies. One morning without the knowledge of the owner of the spaniel, one of the puppies died and was left in the nest for three or four days, at the end of which time the mother carried it carefully in her mouth to the garden, where the ground had been recently dug, and there, after a few minutes' hard work, she made a grave deep enough, and then laid her puppy in it, filled up the hole and, after taking a farewell look at the spot for a few minutes, she returned to her nest to care for the two little puppies yet left to her. The great artist, Harrison Weir, who has drawn so many wonderful and striking pictures of animal life, has well depicted the sad look on the face of the mother dog as she stops in her work of grave digging to look upon the form of her poor dead puppy that will soon be covered from her forever in the cold, cold ground.

Helen Thoma, age 11.
Batavia, Iowa.

COTTON.

Cotton is an important vegetable fiber. The different kinds are natives of the tropical parts of Asia, Africa, and America, but are now cultivated in the temperate zones. They have three to five lobed leaves rather large flowers, mostly yellow, but sometimes purple. The fruit is a three to five celled capsule, springing open when ripe, and containing many seeds wrapped in cotton, which is generally white but sometimes yellow. The silky cotton known as the sea island is grown altogether on the sea islands and the mainland of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida. Some of the cloths which are made from cotton are, muslin, laces, cambrics, calicoes, shirtings, silks anl linen.

The most perfest system of cultivation is that used in the United States. The ground is plowed early, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground the seeds are planted in furrows. It begins to bloom agout the first of June. Picking generally commences about the first of August and lasts till the frost stops futher growth of the plant. It is spread out and dried, then the seeds are separated from the cotton. This was at first done by hand, at the rate of a pound or two per man a day. But Eli Whitney invented the gin and labor went on more swiftly.

The olders cotton producing country is India. Is was also used very early in Egypt and China. The United States commenced the business about one hundred years ago, but it now produces over half the cotton of the world.

Of the cotton used in manufacture, Great Britan uses thirty-five and two tenths per cent. The European continent about thirty-four and six-tenths, the United States about twenty-three and two- tenths per cent, and India about seven per cent.

I remain your Junior,
FlorenceMcInerney, age 13.
Agency, Ia, R. R. No. 1.

BELLE HAS BIRTHDAY THE 22ND.

Dear Editor.—
I have not written for some time. I would like to receive a post card shower from the Juniors. My birthday is July 22.

We have many chickens and geese.

I have received eleven post cards from the Courier Junior and thank them very much for them.

Belle Smith.
Rural Route No. 2.
Floris, Iowa.
Miss Frances Norton.

Dear Junior Friend.—
I will answer the letter that you wrote me in the Junior.

I am four feet and eight inches tall. I have blue eyes and light hair.

My school was out the last of June. My teacher's name is Helen Garvin. My classmates are Olive Crabl, Roxy Brown, Rosebud Snook and Jennie Brown and Dot Coyne.

We have three horses. Their names are Bill, Nell and Bird. I ride Bird to pasture every night.

For pets we have a kitten and a puppy. Their names are Goldie and Dewey.

We have four hogs and twenty-one young pigs.

I had a very good time the Fourth of July and hope all the rest of the Juniors did too.

Ethel Elnora Huffman, age 11.
Rural Route No. 1.
Chillicothe, Iowa.

GREENLAND.

Very strange people live in Greenland. They are called Eskimos. Perhaps you thing the Eskimo children are white. No, they are brown. Their faces are round and fat. The babies in our country ride in little carriages, but an Eskimo baby rides on its mother's back. The mothers have a big pocket on their backs. In this pocket the mothers carry their babies. The pocket is lined with soft reindeer skin. This makes the pocket a nice warm nest for baby. The Eskimos live away up north. It is very cold up there. So the children need warm clothing. Their stockings are made of bird skins. The soft feathers keep their little feet very farm. Their shoes are made of seal skin.

They do not have very much summer. It is never very warm up there. There is so little summer there that very little snow melts.

The girls do not wear skirts. Her clothing is made like her brother's. Her trousers are made of white bear-skin. Her jacket is made out of fur. When she goes sleigh riding she puts on her fur mittens. They are very warm. This little girl wears a fur boa around her neck. It keeps her neck warm. The boa is made out of the tail of a fox.

In Green land all the boys and girls have sleds. The runners of the sleds are made of bone. The top is of strips of sealskin. The sled has a back to it so the girls and boys can lean against it. The dogs draw the sleds over the ice and snow. They go very fast. The boys and girls have great fun with these sleds. They get to the top of a big hill and then slide down. They go very fast. Eskimo children cannot read or write. They have no schools.

They are very fond of stories. Their mothers cannot read either. So their mothers tell the children stories.

The Eskimo children play many kinds of games. There is a funny game they play in the house. All the children put their knees in a ring. Then they hold their toes with their hands and move along by jumps. The one who goes the fastest wins.

The girls have dolls made of wood. The dolls look like the little girls themselves.

The Eskimos live in houses made of ice, snow and earth. The Eskimos have summer houses and winter houses. The summer house is a tent made of skins. The winter house is made of stones and earth, covered with snow. It is not much higher than a man. The Eskimos have a very strange way of getting into their houses. A long narrow passage leads from the door to the inside. They crawl on their hands and knees along this passage.

The Eskimos eat a great deal of meat. They kill seals, bears and reindeer for their meat. They get the fat grease from the seals and drink it. This keeps them warm. They eat berries and sea weeds. There are no tables in the Eskimo houses and no chairs. When it comes time to go to bed they spread skins on the floor and lie down on them.

They have knives and forks made of bone. They have no dishes. A large bowl is set in the middle of the floor. They cut the meat with the knives made of bone.

The people in the north kill the seals and make clothes out of the skins. The fur is very warm and makes fine jackets.

Eskimo girls and boys have a funny kind of candy. It is the red skin of a bird's foot soaked in fat. The Eskimo children eat and like this.

The cold weather makes them like to eat fat.

Grayce Frye, age 11.
Rural Route No. 3.
Eddyville, Iowa.