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VOL. 5 NO. 55 OTTUMWA IOWA AUGUST 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

SOME STATE STORIES.

Dear Juniors: Each week, for several weeks, we are going to tell you a story about the map of one of the states. This week it will be California.

The Map of California.

The map of California is almost always painted red—that is the man who painted it, thought he was getting it red, but when it dried out, he found out that he had gotten his paint too thin, and it is a little too pale to really be called red. But it is always in the same place on the map of the U. S., anyway; it stays at home, that's one good thing about California, you always know where to find it on the map.

California is looking west and its face is washed by the Pacific ocean. Its back starts down straight, but I guess one of the Courier Juniors was marking it out and another Junior happened along and hit the first Junior's hand and that made the pencil fly away off to the right clear over to Arizona. That made California a very long waisted state, with its feet a long ways back of its head. Its heels are just south of the west line of Utah. Get your geography or map and look at it. California was admitted into the union in 1850.

Tell us in about 20 words, of the names of the good things that grow in California, and in return we will send you a souvenir postal of California.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

We are getting some splendid stories on the above subject. As the contest does not close until Tuesday, Sept. 6, we will print the rules once more:

Some weeks ago one of the Juniors suggested that a good subject for a contest would be "A Trip Around the World." We immediately decided to use it for a big contest, consequently we want the Juniors to write some stories on this splendid subject. We will not say just how many words to use, but the judges will not select the prize story from the longest, because it may be the poorest, but from the best and perhaps the shortest story.

Select your prize from among the following articles: A gold necklace, a watch chain, a pair of roller skates, a silver spoon, or a work bag, including a thimble, scissors, etc.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

1. Use one side of the paper only.
2. Write neatly and legibly, using ink or a sharp 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, Otumwa, Iowa.

Land of Story Books

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit.
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at boks that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel

If there was one thing that the squirrels of The Wood liked better than another, it was "attending to one's own business," as they put it. And that was why Mrs. Mink Squirrel became known as Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel, and was so much disliked by all her neighbors in The Wood. Now, Mrs. Mink Squirrel—or rather, Mrs. "Tattle-Tale" Squirrel, as she shall be called during the remainder of this story—was not really a bad sort, for in certain things she was a very good little lady squirrel; but her besetting sin was to meddle with the business of her neighbors. And that, you know is a grievous fault, if not to say worse.

Well, one day Mrs. Tattle-Tale got herself into a very unpleasant mix-up. It happened in this way: As she was starting down to the pond with her two dear little children, Patty and Tatty, twin son and daughter, her keen ears (always on the alert to hear that which was not intended for them) overheard Mrs. Adam Squirrel saying to Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel: "I hear that the widower, Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel, is to marry little Miss Mousie Brown Squirrel. And my informant says it is not a love match—on little Miss Mousie Erown Squirrel's part."

Now, when Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel heard that, she said to her children: "Run along and take your dip in the pond alone. Mother must attend to some business right away." And off she ran, first to one house and then to another, repeating the thing she had overheard Mrs. Adam Squirrel saying to her sister, Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel And she—like all gossips—was not satisfied with repeating just what she heard, but added some of her own ideas to the tale, which, after the third repetition, went something like this: "Did you know that that old widower, Max Dandy Squirrel, is to marry againse her will—Miss Mousie Brown Squrrel? And they say the match was made by Miss Mousie's grasping mother, who is desirous of moving from the tree she now lives in to a larger and more pretentious one, and has not the money to do so unless Mousie weds wealth. Isn't that disgraceful?" And the story grew and grew even more and more as Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel went the rounds of her neighbors.

And by nightfall the story reached the ears of Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel, a very amiable gentleman, who was very much in love with his little fiancee, Mousie Brown Squirrel. And when he was told what the town was saying, he was so hurt that he decided to break off the engagement and leave The Wood, seeking contentment in some other forest. He—foolish squirrel—did not think to inquire who the tale-bearer was, but took it for granted that Miss Mousie had told some one that she was bringing no love to her husband on her wedding day. So, writing a heart-broken note on a huge forest leaf, poor Mr. Max Dandy packed up his belongings and left The Wood. He traveled all night and on the following morning found a snug place to rest on the banks of a strange stream. There he decided to remain till he might recover from his grief over the loss of his lovely bride-to-be.

And when little Miss Mousie Brown Squirrel received the farewell note from from her fiance she ran to her mother in grief: "Mamma, what can this mean?" she cried, tears streaming from her eyes. "Dearest Max has broken our engagement. He says 'he thinks it means my happiness to have my freedom.' Now, what can it mean?" And the poor little Mousie threw herself into her mother's arms, weeping over the note she could not understand. For a certainty, Mousie Brown Squirrel was deeply devoted to Mr. Max Dandy Squirrel, and was happy in the anticipation of their future life together in the dear home in a tree neighboring her mother's tree. And she had planned so many sweet little parties to be given in honor of her kind-hearted fiance, one of which was to have taken place within the week that he broke their engagement so unexpectedly.

After thinking the matter over, Mousie's mother decided to go to Mr. Max Dandy's father and ask for some excuse as to his son's strange behavior. This she did, and soon the beginning of the whole exaggerated story was discovered, and then the unravelling began. When the end was reached, Mousie's mother was so indignant and so was Mr. Max Dandy's father, that they asked of their friends: "Are we to allow these gossips to go about, stirring up false reports, and do nothing in self-defense?" And the friends said: "No, we must rid The Wood of obnoxious people. Let the bad go somewhere and live together, and the good squirrels will be very happy without them."

So a committee of the best squirrels of The Wood visited Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel, and begged her to either pledge herself to telling no more lies, and repeating no more gossip or to take herself off to some other place. Then the sisters, Mrs. Adam Squirrel and Mrs. Peep-boo Squirrel were also waited upon with the same request. To be sure, they were not such disagreeable or dangerous gossips as was Mrs. Tattle-Tale, but they were the means of starting the latter with many of her mischief-making stories, and should be made to become honest citizens of The Wood or told to move to a more congenial clime. So Mrs. Tattle-Tale Squirrel shamefacedly confessed to having exaggerated the gossip she had overheard, and promised that she would behave better in future if allowed to remain a citizen of The Wood. And the sisters, Mrs. Adam and Mrs. Peep-boo did the same. So they were allowed to remain, with the understanding that should they be found guilty of such misconduct again they would be in deep disgrace and obliged to take themselves off.

Then several of Miss Mousie's best friends went in search of her poor unhappy fiance with the result that he was found that very same day and brought back a very happy squirrel, and the engagement with Miss Mousie was renewed, and the wedding was set for the following Sunday.

And once again all the squirrels in The Wood were happy, for the gossips had been stilled and sweet peace reigned, and, as Mrs. Brown Squirrel said, "all attend to their own business, allowing their neighbors the same privilege."

Dissatisfied Lily's Fate

There were many, many lovely blossoms growing at the edge of the forest, right in the depths of a green meadow, where the sun shone brightly and the rain fell refreshingly, and where the nightly dews came to the blossoms as sweetest nectar.

And all the flowers in the meadow were happy, save one little lily. And she was dissatisfied because she wanted to see the great turbulent world. "Be happy in your own sphere, my child," advised Mrs. Sunflower, turning her bright golden petals toward the sun and smiling into his life-giving face. "We are placed in the meadow, where everything necessary to our happiness is lavished upon us. What more do you want?"

"I want to go into the world," cried the lily, and her pale face wore an unhappy look. "I want to visit other meadows and get acquainted with other flowers. I am tired of this meadow and of my companions."

"For shame!" declared a beautiful full-blown rose. "You do not know when you are well off. Here is peace and contentment. Be satisfied with your lot."

But the pale little lily would not stop her complaining, and threw up her head and declared: "I wish someone would come and carry me off."

Then her companions, seeing that advice and friendly council made no impression on her, turned their attention to other things and left her to her own thoughts. The ants and bees and other insects were coming to make short calls, and although the lily had always loved them, she ignored them on this morning and stood head erect and face frowning, while the others about her chatted in a friendly way with the visitors.

One of the honey bees brought news to the meadow. "There is a band of children coming along the road, just outside the meadow," he explained, "and they have a basket in which they are putting wild blossoms who were foolish enough to grow close beside the road. If you are wise, my friends, you will hide your heads down in the grass till the children have passed on their way."

All save the lily took the warning and bent themselves low into the heavy green meadow grass, entirely hiding themselves from the eye of a chance passer-by. But Lily stood more erect than ever, trying to catch the attention of the children. "Ah, yonder is a white blossom—away over in the high grass!" cried a boy. "Wait for me, I'll run and gather it." So saying, the boy hurried through the grass of the meadow and reached the tall, fair lily. She did not try to hide her head as her companions did, but stood straight up as if beckoning to the great giant who was advancing to pull off her head.

But the moment she felt her lovely head severed from her tall body she realized what a foolish thing she had done. And there in the grass, carefully hiding themselves were her wiser companions. Ah, they knew what was well for them. And not a glimpse of one of them did the boy get. He gathered the lily and ran to the road with her poor aching head in his hot hand. And then she was placed in the basket along with other severed blossoms. And as she lay there, suffering great pain, she said to another suffering flower: "Oh, how foolish to long for the great, wicked world. It means torture and later, death. Ah, to be once more in the meadow where my friends are so happy and peaceful. But I wanted this experience, and lo! I have itt."

"Yes, that's the way with us," replied the other blossom. "I was so eager to show my beauty that I grew close beside the big road, and now I am paying for the glory I received from being admired."

Just then the children reached their home, and the blossoms were taken from the basket and placed in a tall vase of water. And then they were put on a dining table where they drooped, dying, dying. And the next morning they were all wilted and ugly, and were tossed into the back yard, where the sun finished their ruin, for while the sun loves live flowers, and gives them life, he is merciless with dying or dead ones, for he burns them up.

And in the meadow the story of poor, vain, dissatisfied Lily was told to all the younger blossoms as a warning against their wishing to go into the big wicked world. And all Lily's former friends mourned over her loss, knowing that she had met a most sad fate.

And whenever the bees or the ants, or other insects, possibly the butterflies, come to the meadow with the news that "children are coming along the big road," the blossoms, one and all, hide themselves in the deep grass and are safe from the hands of the enemy. And the story of the foolish lily's sad experience has kept many another lily from going the same way.

STORIES—LETTERS.

"A PRAIRIE FIRE."

Dear Editor and Juniors: As I have never written before, I will do so now. My papa has taken the Ottumwa courier for only three years. I am pleased with the nice letters the Juniors have written.

I used to live at Centerville, Iowa. We moved up here in October, 1909. I can see for miles from our house. I can see the Grindstone Buttes, which are twenty-five miles away.

A prairie fire has been raging in our locality. As I was coming from watering our horses Sunday evening it soon became very smoky, and on Monday morning we could not see the sun until 8:35 o'clock, then it was a dark red color, it got lighter, but just at 11:10 o'clock the sun disappeared and at noon it was the darkest hour of the day. I was out herding cattle, as the smoke became more dense I became frightened and rode my pony very hard to get home. That day we could not see one mile away. On Tuesday we never saw the sun at all, the smoke filled the valleys so I had to keep close to the cattle, and at noon, (when I went home for dinner) I could not see our house, until I was only one-fourth of a mile away. My lungs were full of the smoke, my eyes were smarting and burning. The people became frightened, as they thought that the fire was not far away. The smoke all started from the great forest fire up in Montana. Perhaps you have read about it. Have you? There has been a few small fires around here. It would burn only two or three miles in length.

I am on the prairie now. Wish you Juniors would some day see my South Dakota home.

I am herding cattle. Today is a beautiful one.

I would love to hear from the Juniors. We take the Tri-Weekly. From a friend,

Ella Clay, age 15,
Powell, South Dakota,
Stanley, Co.

FRANCES AND HER TRIP.

Dear Editor and Juniors: I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about my trip.

My sister, Josephine, and I left Tuesday morning for Ottumwa. The train was a little late and it was 12 o'clock when we got there.

Our Junior friend, Mabel Root, met us at the depot. We went home with Mabel. About 2 o'clock we all went down to the City park to meet Leona Vest. We sat in the park and taked a while and then we went up to her aunt's. When we got back to Mabel's we were very tired.

That evening we thought we would take a car ride over on the South Side. When we had ridden about a block we saw Henrietta Plaster going up the street. We thought she was going to Mabel's.

We had to change cars at the junction, and when we got there we had to wait for the South Side car, so I said I would hurry back up to Mabel's and get Henrietta to go with us for a ride. We rode to the end of the car line.

Wednesday we were going to have our Junior picnic in the Caldwell park. We went up to the Courier office to ask the Editor of the Junior to go with us, but she was too busy and could not go, but she told us it rained to come and have it in the Courier library.

When we went to the City park to meet the Juniors it began to rain very hard, so we went to the Courier library and had a nice time.

After the picnic we went up to Dr. Herrick's to see the Misses Herrick. We staid a little while and then went back to Mabel's.

That evening we went to two shows.

Thursday evening we went up to Dr. William Herrick's for supper and had a very nice time. When we came back from the doctor's house we went to the band concert and the music was very nice. I love music.

Friday we came up to Albia. We staid with our cousins until Saturday afternoon, then we went out to Lois Griffins and staid until Monday afternoon. Sunday we drove seven miles to Lois' aunt's and we staid all day. We came back to Albia Monday afternoon.

We were going to stay until Wednesday in Albia, but we got a letter from mamma, saying that Louise and Beatrice Rickey were visiting their Grandpa Smith, and he was going to have a party for them and would like us to be there, so we came home Tuesday afternoon. We had a nice time at the party.

Frances Norton, age 13.
Melrose, Iowa.

HIS PAPA CUTTING HAY AT OWL BUTTE.

Dear Junior: My papa is sixteen miles from home cutting hay on the range. He is working near Owl Butte. So mamma, my sister and myself are batching. I ride horse back quite a bit, for we have our cows out on range and we have to get them up of a night, and we have to take the horses twice a day a mile to water. I like to ride. I received the lovely postcard from the Courier Junior, and think you for it.

Your little friend,
Floyyd Riggs, age 7
Horse Creek,
South Dakota.

SOME BIRDS I KNOW.

The most birds I know is the robin, wren, sparrow, swallow, thrush, starling black-bird, blue jay, pewee. The robins build nests. The wrens sing sweet songs. The sparrow and swallows build nests in barns on farms. The thrush is always singing like the wren. The starling is a brown bird. The blackbird is black and the bluejay is blue. The color of a pewee is gray. Most of the birds build nests. One night as I was walking home from school I found a pewee's nest. It had five eggs in it. In a week after that they were hatched. One night I looked again and they were gone. Now this is all I can write about the birds. I live on a farm of 60 acres 4½ miles from Ottumwa. I go to Ottumwa occasionally. It is a nice city.

Leona Lanes, age 8,
Ottumwa, R. No. 2.

PHILLIP WANTS TO EXCHANGE POSTALS.

Dear Editor and Juniors:

As I have only written once to the Courier Junior I thought I would write again. I was very disappointed when I did not hear from the editor. But I suppose she is very busy. My sister went to the Junior picnic and had a very nice time. I was expecting to go also, but the day before I went to Des Moines. I just came back from Kirkville today. I would like to exchange post cards with Walter Trout, Lewis Eisenbeis, and Johnny Skirvin. Hoping to hear from some more of the Juniors, I remain,

Phillip Plaster, age 9,
Albia, Iowa, South D St.

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO JUNIOR WRITES.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I have written for a long time. I will tell about my mountain trip. We started at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was sixteen miles and up hill all the way. When we got there we had a picnic dinner. There were some other people with us. There was a mountain stream close by that came down a canyon. We climbed up this canyon and could see the the Rio Grande river eighteen miles away. We had to be careful in places because if we fell it would prove fatal. After we had done some climbing we came back down about 5 o'clock. It was 9:30 when we got home.

Ralph Will,
Las Cruces, N. M.

EVA TELLS HOW TO MAKE PAPER DOLLS.

Dear Junior: This is the first time I have ever written to the Courier.

I like to read the letters in the Junior. I know a few of the Juniors but not many.

I have no pets, only my two baby sisters. School will start in about a week and a half.

I have three dolls, and about four or five sets of paper dolls. I do not get the paper dolls out of the Ladies Home Journal. I get a fashion sheet from one of the stores and look through it and see if there is any little girls or boys with their arms ont from their dresses or suits.

Then I get some pretty wall paper and make some patterns and then draw dresses out of the dainty color wall paper. We put a paper back on the dolls to make them stiff, and it makes them just as good as the Ladies Home Journal paper dolls.

Well I will stop for this time.

Eva Wood, age 11.
301 6th St, Ottumwa, Iowa.

HELEN'S MAMA HAS OVER THREE HUNDRED CHICKENS.

Dear Editor: I have not written for a long time so I will write a few lines.

I live on a farm near Agency. I go to schol at Agency. I have a mile and three quarters to walk to school.

I will be in the fifth grade this fall. My studies are as follows: reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, language, geography, music and drawing.

We have over three hundred little chickens. Last week my uncle Will from Chicago came and he and I went fishing and caught two fish.

I am a Daily Junior. Well I will close for this time.

Helen Sirles, age 10.
Agency, Iowa, R. R. No. 1.

VIOLA HAD AN O. Z. GO-RACER.

Dear Editor: I am only a little girl two and a half years old but I would like to see my letter in print and get a postal card. I had several dolls but broke them all.

I broke all of them but two and then broke them not long ago.

My birthday is November fourth.

The other day my papa bought me an O. Z. Go-racer. I have nice times riding in it. I have about ten postal cards.

Your little Junior friend,
Viola McCarrel, age 2.
Leo Avenue, Ottumwa, Iowa.

MARY TELLS OF CATTLE BRANDING.

Dear Juniors: As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write.

Our school will begin the 22nd of this month.

Yesterday my friend Marie Chabo my sister Irene and myself went over to one of our neighbor's to watch them brand and ride a bronco.

It was the first time I had seen them brand and it seemed cruel to burn the horses and cattle the way they did. After they got through branding some of us girls and boys went for a ride.

When we returned mamma, papa, my aunt, my brother and other sister who had went over in the buggy had gone home so we were left behind.

For pets I have a colt, two saddle ponies and two calves.

As my letter is getting long I will close.

I would like to exchange post cards with any of the Juniors.

Your Junior friend,
Mary Sutherland, age 12.
Gillette, Wyo.

THE MOST INTERESTING EVENT OF MY VACATION.

Dear Editor: My mamma, my little brother and I went to Madison, Wisconsin, to visit my grandpa. Mamma used to live in Wisconsin.

We left Hedrick, Ia., about 2:30 o'clock in the morning. We went thruogh a part of Illinois and crossed the Mississippi at Savanna. It was about 3 p. m. when we reached Madison. Grandpa was at the depot to meet us, we spent the rest of the evening and the next day visiting.

Saturday we went through the university. I do not remember how many stories high it was, but we went up ever so many flights of marble stairs. We came down on the elevator. We saw a lot of old keep sakes that had been removed from the capitol at the time of the fire. We saw Daniel Webster's carriage. We were in the capitol grounds and was somewhat disappointed because we did not get to go through the capitol, but on account of its being partially destroyed by fire it was not considered safe and they would not allow any one in.

We went out in the country to visit mamma's uncle. We visited the place where mamma lived when she was a little girl, and the next Sunday we went to church where mamma used to go when she was about my age.

After we went back to Madison, my aunt and cousin, who live near Endeavor, Wisconsin, came to grandpa's. The next Sunday we all went down and spent the day with one of mamma's cousins. We went on the street car, but walked back and came around by one of the lakes. The next day we left Madison about 9 a. m. and reached Hedrick, about 10 o'clock at night.

Wilda Conger, age 13,
Fairfield, Ia.,
R. R. No. 1.

IVAN WRITES ON A RAINY DAY.

Dear Editor: I will write a few lines this rainy day. We had a very hard rain last night. It has been very dry here until recently, but are well soaked up now.

We have our threshing all done. We got through before the rains. Blew the straw from forty acres of oats into the farm mow.

We are plowing for wheat. I plow with a three-horse plow.

I think boys of twelve are ahead of girls of twelve.

Boys can plow corn and husk corn, plow wheat and oats ground and harrow it.

Boys can get the horses out of the pasture and hitch them up for their mother or sisters so they can take the butter and eggs to town themselves. I have not seen any girl of twelve plowing yet.

Ivan Callen, aged 12.
David City, Neb.

HALLIE LIKES JUNIOR.

Dear Editor and Juniors: As I have not written before I thought I would now write. I enjoy reading the Junior page very much.

Our school will begin in about two weeks. I like to go to school.

We are going to thresh next week if it don't rain.

I like to cook for threshers.

Do any of the Juniors like to read? I do.

I think the Ottumwa Courier is a very good newspaper.

Your friend,
Hallie Carter, aged 12.
North English, Ia., Box 107.

SOME BIRDS I KNOW.

Well, this is a lovely morning; just what the birds like to see. I hear a blue jay calling his mate out in our tree. I love the birds and I never killed one in my life and when they fall out of their nest I try to put them back. About two weeks ago there was a little bluejay sitting on our porch and we brought it in the house a while and I saw the old bird flying around, so I took and put it out on the fence and the old bird would fly and chirp all the time to it and wanted it to fly, but it was afraid, so I just put it up in the tree and it kept jumping from one branch to another until it finally reached the nest in the top of the tree, and then the birds kept still after they had it safe in the tree.

There are two robins, I think they must be the same two every year, that almost live in our yard. They are not a bit afraid and we throw out bread and they come real close to the door.

I have never had a bird, only I have some pigeons. I like them and I think the pure white ones are the prettiest.

There are lots of slarrows around our barn and they fly in and out the pigeon boxes. They build their nests almost anywhere under the roofs.

When I was out in Kansas I saw a lot of meadow larks and quails.

I think the little bluebird is pretty but we don't see them very often and the large blackbirds don't seem to be around like they were, but they stay around the country more.

I think the birds like the woods, and in town there is more danger of them getting killed.

There was a knot hole in our house one time and there was a little wren that built her nest in it. They are a real small bird.

Then there is the crow and the owl. They are real large birds. I saw a pet crow once. They are very bold birds.

Forest Weber, aged 10.
1305 East Main St.,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

LELA WRITES TO LOIS.

Miss Lois Griffin, Albia, Iowa.

Dear Junior friend: I received your most kind and welcome letter and will now try and answer it. I read a great many letters in the Courier Junior that are written to you.

I have moved since I wrote to you the other time. I now live three miles southeast of Blakesburg.

Our school will begin in two weeks. My sister Goldie and I walk a mile to school. My studies at school are history, reading, arithmetic, grammar, physiology, geography and spelling.

When I go to Sunday school I go to Union chapel.

I have been a Courier Junior over a year. I have thirty cards from the Courier Junior and seven prizes, which are: A book, a brooch, box of stationery, sofa pillow top, Santa Claus pin cushion, zig saw puzzle and a silver spoon.

I correspond with the following Juniors: Maud Skirvin, Mabel Skirvin, Juliette Eisenbeis, Roxie Wood, Maud Squire, Ethel Huffman and you. I have not written very many letters to the Junior this summer. I have 105 post cards in all. How many have you? When is your birthday? Mine is Dec. 8. I will be thirteen my next birthday.

I went to an Old Settlers' reunion at Unionville, Thursday, August 26.

Do you live on the main road going into Albia? I would like to go to Albia, as I have never been there.

How long have you lived in that country? Last year was my first year in the country. I would rather live in the country than in town.

We haven't any dog. There are three cats here, but we don't pet them.

My youngest sister has two pet chickens.. We have 250 young chickens and 23 young turkeys.

You asked me if I had a good time the Fourth. I was at Unionville, but they did not celebrate there.

Please answer through the Courier Junior.

From your Junior friend,
Lela Saum, aged 12.
Rural Route No. 1.
Blakesburg, Iowa.

THE MOST INTERESTING EVENTS OF MY VACATION.

On Saturday May 14, took place one of the most interesting events of my vacation when my brother-in-law, my sister Ethel and baby May came to our house. I had a good time playing with little May when she was here but she was not here long enough as they were here only one day.

I went over to Ethel's in just two weeks after she was here. I had a pretty good time while I was there. I was there a little over two weeks. I came home Tuesday June 14 with my father and brothers Frank and Johnny as they were there that day.

I will tell you another interesting event which happened July 9th when my cousins Mrs. Carl Orman and Mamie Maning came to visit us. I was very glad to see them as I had not seen them for a long time. They came on Saturday evening and went home on Monday morning July 11th. Well this is all I know of "The Most Interesting Events of My Vacation."

publican party passed and become re-

R. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.
Mabel Skirvin, age 13,

CORA A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors:

This is my first letter to the Junor page. I live on a farm of 160 acres near Bentonsport. We can see the river and railroad and also what is known as the devil's backbone, or the bluff. It is where they got rock to build the capitol at Des Moines the first time.

I like to go to the river. I spent the afternoon recently at the river. My chum and several other friends were there. We waded a while and then went boat riding. I would rather boat ride than wade if I have a good oarsman and a good boat.

I wish some of the Juniors would come and visit me. I would take them up on the bluff.

I have several pets. I have a colt, a pet sheep, a Shepherd dog, and four cats. I also own a pig but it is not a pet. I have only one sister and she is staying with my aunt now, who has been sick. She is coming home soon to stay a day or two. I would like to exchange postals with some of the Juniors. I like views the best.

Cora D. Watts, age 14.
Bentonsport, Ia.

CORA'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Editor:

As I have never written before, I will write a leter to the Courier Junior. Our school will start in September. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Sigler. I go to the Cleveland school. I live on a farm. We have two horses and four cows. I like to milk. We have three hundred chickens. I have four sisters and two brothers. We have a big swing. I like to swing. My papa does not take the Courier but my grandma does. My grandma lives near us. I stay with her at nights. She has a little bird. It is a linnet bird. I like to take care of it.

Cora Easton, age 10,
Eldon, Ia. R. R. No. 2.

"NEWELL," A NEW TOWN.

Dear Editor:

This year was an awfully dry year, with scarcely any rain. We planted wheat, oats, corn and millet and nothing but the wheat did any good and we cut it for feed. We also had a nice garden and potato patch but they are not amounting to much. We had a mess of new potatoes the other day. We have a new railroad town within six miles of us. There is a depot there now and trains are running. It is called "Newell." It seems more like home now for when we came out here we were 25 miles from a railroad town. There are lots of cattle being shipped out of here now. The land is being taken up fast, so there is not enough range for the cattle. I don't know whether we will have any school this winter or not. We haven't any school house built yet.

Ethel Evans,
Horse Creek, Butte Co., S. D.

MABEL WRITES AGAIN.

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write again as I have not written for a long time. For pets I have a dog and six little chickens. The dog's name is Rover. Our school begins the first of September. I will be glad when school commences because I have lots of fun at school. I have received some cards from two of the Juniors, Henrietta Plaster and Blanch Sullivan. My birthday is the first of April. We have two little calves. Their names are Daisy and Cherry. My papa takes the Courier and I enjoying reading the Junior page.

Mabel Brown,
Eddyville, Ia., R. No. 3.

CECELIA LOVES TO WRITE LETTERS.

Dear Juniors:

This will make the third time that I have written to the Junior page. I was glad to see my last letter in print. I just love to write to the paper. I am a little girl 9 years old, have blue yes and black hair. I have three dolls. Their names are Goldie, Mae and Bernice. My sisters Elva and Ethel and I are going to take our dolls and go to our friend's house next Sunday and have a nice time with them. I just love to play with dolls. I have a doll trunk that I keep their clothes in.

Cecelia Huffman, age 9,
R. No. 1, Chillicothe, Ia.