

# The Courier Junior

OTTUMWA IOWA SEPTEMBER 1910.

VOL. 5 NO. 55

FOR THE CHILDREN.

## NOTICE.

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

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

## SOME SHORT STORIES.

Dear Juniors: Our second map story appears today and we think it contains several subjects for some splendid short stories, real short stories. We can see at least six subjects that will prove most interesting. We will let the Juniors pick the subjects for themselves. In exchange for the stories we will send some beautiful souvenir cards of Virginia. Read the following story very carefully:

### The Map of Virginia.

Virginia is generally the same color as California, and is a fine old state. It looks like a camel lying down with his head to the west. Look at the humps on him. The James river comes down through Virginia and empties into the Chesapeake bay. Just at the mouth of the river is what is called Hampton Roads, which is not a road at all, but is all water. In other words, it's a road for boats. That is where the Monitor and Merrimack fought, Portsmouth, Old Point Comfort, Hampton, Newport News and two or three other very old towns are all right in a bunch there. That is a very historic part of it. Get your map and look at it. Quite a way up from the mouth of the James river is the capital, Richmond. Big steamers go up the river to Richmond. Virginia is one of the original thirteen states.

### THE SOUVENIR CARDS.

We will still send souvenir cards for all stories or letters appearing in the Junior.

### BIG CONTEST NEXT WEEK.

We will announce the subject for another big contest next week, and the names of the prize winners in the contest, "A Trip Around the World."

### 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 to 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.

### SOME GOOD THINGS THAT GROW IN CALIFORNIA.

Of all the good things that grow in California I will mention some: grapes, plums, apricots, oranges, lemons, wheat, barley, sugar beets, live stock and lumber.

Hedvig I. Carlsson, age 13,  
1015 Locust St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Some of the good things that grow in California are: peaches, pears, plums, apricots, lemons, apricots, grapes, lumber, vegetables, beets and wheat.

Ivar Carlsson, age 9,  
1015 Locust St., Ottumwa, Ia.

There are a great many things that are good to eat grown in California. Wine-grapes and raisins are the leading products. There is lots of wheat raised out of which flour is ground and you make bread out of flour. California produces lots of best sugar. All sorts of fruits are grown including oranges, lemons, peaches and plums. Apricots are also grown. Apples, plums, pears and other fruits are canned and preserved. They have some salmon fisheries along the coast.

Vida Wahle, age 12,  
110 E. Court St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Some of the fruits that grow in California are oranges, grapes, lemons, peaches, plums, pineapples, peaches, plums and grapes are grown there. I think they are all very good.

Blakesburg, Ia., R. No. 3.

## Good Night And Good Morning

A fair little girl sat under a tree, Sewing as long as her eyes could see; Then smoothed her work and folded it right.

And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head, Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed, She said, as she watched their curious flight, "Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed, The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road, All seeming to say with a quiet delight, "Good little girl, good night, good night!"

For she knew he had God's own time to keep All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head; The violets courted and went to bed, And good little Lucy tied up her hair; And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay, She knew nothing more till again it was day; And all things said to the beautiful sun, "Good morning, good morning! our work is begun."

—Lord Houghton.

## Newsboy Pat And His Reward

Patrick Danby had never known what it was to have a good home. He had been born in the slums of New York city, and when but three years old his father had met with a fatal accident while working in a street tunnel, and was carried from the scene of accident to the Charity hospital, from there to the cemetery.

And then came the "lug of war" for poor little widow Danby, mother of Patrick, commonly known as Pat. And until Pat was seven years old the living little mother kept him in school by the labor of her hands. Then her health began to fail and she was obliged to send Pat on the street to sell papers, for she could no longer fight the battle of bread-earning and rent-paying alone.

So the two worked together, Pat and the little mother, till Pat reached 12 years of age. One evening, after a day of intense heat, when the great city seemed on fire, Pat's mother was carried from the box factory where she worked, to the same Charity hospital, where her husband had breathed his last. And there, too, the poor, overworked widow passed from the battle of life, and Pat stood alone beside the plain black coffin in which the city buried her.

Then little Patrick knew what it meant to be on the streets, for he could not pay the rent for the one room in which he and his mother had lived since the father's death. Till that day they had known the comforts of a two-room apartment, and had at least not wanted for food. For Pat's paper business did not bring in enough profit to pay room rent and coal bills and the price of food. So on the third day after his mother's death, Pat, broken-hearted and alone, sold to a second-hand dealer the few house furnishings, his mother's only possessions, and with the paltry dollars they brought, stepped out to face the world.

The first few nights he slept in a convenient park, but after that the policeman became more strict concerning the park laws and drove the homeless from the shelter of trees and the restful benches when a certain hour close to midnight arrived. To be sure, one might sit on the benches in the park, even after that fatal hour, but one might not sleep there. And Pat knew that he could not work all day and sit up all night, open-eyed. And if he dared to fall asleep sitting on a bench he was in danger of dropping into a reclining posture. Then beware, for a dog would come a "top" and nip at Pat's feet would ache for hours afterward from contact with the officer's club.

So on the fourth night after his mother's death Pat wandered to the outskirts of the city where some of the vacant lots, filled with great boulders and occasional trees gave him sweet security from the ever-to-be-fearing "cop." And there Pat crept into a nook and slept the rest of the weary and overworked child. And when he awoke in the morning a bird was singing right over his head. The city far below him was awakening with a dull roar, and the sun was sending signals of his approach in the form of long brilliant rays which shot far into the heavens. Pat lay still and listened to the bird's song and watched the sun's approach, then, awaking to the reality of life, he arose and wondered where he would find his breakfast. His papers would be ready for him soon, but—he must go away into the very heart of the city to get them. And then would follow the mad rush to sell them. How he hated the thought of the city noise and heat on this beautiful morning after a taste of quiet and sweet peace. Then an idea came to him. He would leave the city; go away—anywhere so as to be outside its noise, heat, misery.

He turned his face toward the Hudson river, within a stone's throw of where he had slept through the night. And across the broad, turbulent stream, he could see the iron-like side of the Palisades. Ah, to go over there! To wander on and on through the deep forest which seemed to cover the land that loomed above the rocky banks of the river. Never had Pat seen the country. His life had been spent in the "East Side," squatter of the city where gaud and crime and misery and hate and fear hovered over all there. Once his mother had saved enough money to take him to Coney Island, but the day had been a failure, for both Pat and the mother went hungry all day, not having the price of a meal in any of the many restaurants along the beach. And not one of the hundreds of show places could they enter for the want of the necessary price of admission. So from that day, they had decided to stay at home and spend their spare dime in

some cheap ice cream parlor or restaurant of a Sunday afternoon.

And so the years had passed and Pat knew nothing of life, away from the East Side. But there he had learned many, many things that should have been spared him. And now, on the glorious August morning which was broadening into day about him, he turned from the old life of the streets towards a life in the country. Not that he had any fixed notion of how he was going to get on. But he was alone in the world, and had no one to guide or advise him. So he followed out his own impulses. And his heart said "Go to the country where you may see the sunrise each morning, and where you may breathe the grass and trees wet with dew, and your ears may drink in the songs of birds."

Half a mile below the spot where he had passed the night was a ferry pier, and for the price of five cents, Pat could reach the other side of the river, could go into another world!

He counted his money—seventeen cents in all, tied up in a green rag—and quickly set out. He would not scotch about breakfast. He could find something to eat "over in Jersey." So he hurried down the river, reaching the pier just as a ferry boat was about to pull out. He was soon on deck, standing by the rail and looking into the rolling waters beneath him. Oh, how glorious to really ride on a boat!

Once on the Jersey shore, Pat looked about him in uncertainty. Where should he go? There were refreshment stands about, and he walked into one and bought his breakfast. Which was a glass of ice cream soda. Then he left the group of houses and followed a shaded road. It led him up a steep hill, beyond the Palisades and into a farming country.

After walking for about an hour Pat became very tired and sat beside the road to rest. Small towns were scattered about him, seeming to spring up from among the green trees. Sitting there, he began to make some plan for the future, for he couldn't live on "fresh air" and "country scenes" alone. He decided he must get to work in some way. Well, he would wait—

But at the moment along came an automobile, speeding over the road. When within a short distance of Pat the machine skidded and was thrown across the road, striking with heavy force against a huge tree. The occupants, a chauffeur, a lady and a little boy, about Pat's own size were thrown to the ground. Pat ran quickly to where the three persons lay seemingly dead, for all were stunned to unconsciousness. Pat stooped beside the lady. She was white and frail. Then he ran to a small pond that glistened a hundred feet away, and filled his hat with water. This he dashed over the lady's face.

Pat was rewarded by seeing the lady open her eyes. Then she sat up and rubbed her face. Consciousness returned and she asked of Pat what had happened. Pat explained what had occurred. Then the lady turned her attention to the child who was beginning to move about. The chauffeur regained consciousness and got to his feet, staggering like a drunken man. But Pat was relieved to find that none of the three persons was badly hurt; they were merely jolted up a bit and had been stunned from the severe fall to the hard ground.

Pat continued to fetch water to the lady, and she in turn washed the dust from the boy's face and gave some of the water to the chauffeur, who was too much shaken up to walk to the pond.

After a few minutes' consultation, the lady and the chauffeur asked Pat to go to the nearest village and bring some assistance to them. Pat was only too glad to make himself of use to the lovely and gracious lady who smiled so kindly into his face.

Soon Pat had brought a physician and a conveyance and driver from the village, and the lady and child were overtaken and inured save from the severe jolt of the fall. But the chauffeur sustained a sprained arm and bruised shoulder. But the physician soon had him in condition to get into the carriage with the lady and the boy. When all were ready to start the lady said to Pat: "Come, jump into my carriage. Here's room beside my son Frankie and myself. We'll take you home. You have been so kind to us that I wish to repay you in some way." Confessed Pat, his pale face flushing from shame at his avowed poverty. "I'm—I'm just lookin' for work somewhere—anywhere—so as it takes me out of the city. Thank you ma'am."

But the lady's interest in Pat was roused, and she insisted on his entering the carriage and sitting beside herself and son. When the lady had heard his story she took his thin little hand and said: "I have a place for you at my house—a big place in the country. You shall have both schooling and work, my boy. And I'm sure you will repay us for anything we give you. You are a hero, if a newsboy from the slums."

And from that day Pat's life broadened and became useful and happy, for he was a second son to the kind lady whom he had so willingly assisted on the day of the automobile accident.

### STORIES—LETTERS

#### A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

We will start from Ottumwa and travel westward on the train. Our first stopping place will be Denver. In Denver we will climb Pike's Peak, visit the large valley called the Garden of the Gods, and the great health resort near Colorado Springs. We shall now travel westward to Salt Lake City, which is the most important city in Utah. We shall visit the large temples and tabernacles here,

and also the Great Salt lake. From Salt Lake City we shall go north to Yellowstone park. Yellowstone park is a national park, which contains hundreds of geysers, hot springs, beautiful lakes, canyons, great falls and lofty mountain peaks. We shall now go westward to Portland, Oregon. We shall visit the large fisheries, fruit farms and lumber mills here.

Now we will go south to San Francisco, which is the largest city on the Pacific coast. Here we shall see the large redwood trees which are the largest in the world. We shall also visit the large fruit farms and the large California bay is a beautiful scene. We are now going to cross the Pacific ocean in a steamboat. While crossing the ocean we will stop at the Hawaiian islands for provisions. There are many volcanoes on these islands. Next we will stop at Australia for a day or two. Here we will visit the large sheep farms and gold mines. We shall make a ship from Australia. We shall now go down to China. Here we shall visit the potteries, places where they raise silk worms and rice fields. The next country we will stop at is Italy. Here we shall visit the Vatican, the pope's palace; St. Peter's church and the famous ruins. From Italy we shall go to France. Here we shall see the River Seine and the famous paintings in the art galleries. Our next stopping place is Berlin, Germany. Here we can see the royal palace and gardens, the famous Rhine river, and the old ruins. We shall now travel over the Netherlands and across the Red sea to London, England. London is the largest city in the world. Here we may visit the house of commons, and Edinburgh castle. There is a tower bridge over the Thames river, which is very famous. From London we will now travel through the Strait of Gibraltar to Egypt in Africa. Here we shall see the Nile river, pyramids, tombs and monuments of ancient times. From Egypt we shall cross the Great Sahara desert until we come to the coast. Then we shall take a steamboat for the United States. After a few days we land at Boston, which is a large seaport, then we take the train for Washington, D. C. here we are going to visit the white house, the government buildings. Now we will take a train for Niagara Falls and at the same time we can visit the second largest city in the world, which is New York. Then we will travel westward to Chicago and then home to Ottumwa.

Your Courier Junior Friend,  
Hedvig I. Carlsson, age 13,  
1015 Locust street,  
Ottumwa, Ia.

#### MARY'S MAMMA IS DEAD.

Dear Juniors: I am a little girl eleven years old. This is my first letter. I live on a farm like to country school. I have three brothers and two sisters. Their names are Elmer, Oscar, Eugene, Myra and Grace. My mamma is dead and my sister keeps house for us. She is seventeen years old. I met a nice girl on the street car the other day who asked me to write. I have forgotten her name. I would like to exchange post cards with the Juniors. I will answer all I get.

Mary Hartsock,  
R. F. D. No. 6, Albia, Ia.

#### TOMMY WANTS POSTALS TOO.

Dear Juniors: As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought I would like to write. I am a little boy 5 years old. I will be six Oct. 19. I am too small to write so my sister is writing for me. I have two sisters and one brother. I send you cards with Bernice Knedler Oliver and one card from Bernice of Bloomfield, Ia. I would like to exchange cards with some more Juniors.

Tommy Plaster, age 5,  
Albia, Iowa, South D. St.

#### ELVA HAS MANY CORRESPONDENTS.

Dear Editor: I will write and tell you about my Junior correspondents. I have received about fifty cards from Juniors. I exchange cards with the following Juniors: Henrietta Plaster, Josephine and Frances Norton, Blanche Sullivan, Maggie Oliver, Mabel Root, Lillie Myers, Josephine Oliver, Wilda Conger, Leona Vest, and I have received a few cards from Maude Skirvin, Juliette and Dedeona Eisenbeis, Walter Trout, Edna Shimp, Ruth Foster, Eunice Gibbs and I write letters to Josephine Norton, Henrietta Plaster and Mabel Root. I have received one letter from Knedler Oliver and one card from Bernice Stansberry. I was very glad to see on the Junior page that I won the short story prize. I would like a story book for a prize.

#### SUMMER VACATION ON A FARM.

One summer in the year of 1906 I lived on Ottumwa at 413 South Willard street. I went to the Agassiz school. When my school was out I went home with my aunt who lived about a month and a half. They lived on a large farm about two miles from Union.

When cherries were ripe I helped to pick the hands were so scarce out there. I played with my cousin and every Saturday night we went to the band concert. We just had a fine time. We went to the Fourth was on Wednesday and my grandma and grandpa came on Tuesday before, and they went to the celebration with us. We took our dinners. My aunt fixed fried chickens, pies, cake, salad and many other things for our dinner. We had lemonade and ice cream and after dinner we went to the speaking. In the evening when we were getting ready to start home my uncle put flags and many other ornaments on the horses. Then he got into the car and we went home. I was terribly tired and we had to stop for shelter and when my grandma and grandpa started home I went with them. I stayed there until my aunt and grandpa came after me. My grandma and grandpa lived near Newton, Ia. I went every night with my uncle after the cows. We went on horse, I helped to pick the hives as they could not find hands. He made two large hay stacks and we had our pictures taken by the stacks. That summer I learned to play the organ. My aunt taught me. I went to church almost every Sunday with my uncle. I helped grandpa work in the garden. I fed the chickens and ducks for her. I fed the horses for grandpa and went to the mail box every day for them. When my mamma and papa came after me I was going to the train to meet them, but my aunt and I went over to a neighbor's and did not get home in time.

Lillie Myers,  
Albia, Ia., R. No. 4.

#### THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Dear Editor: The contrast is great between summer and winter in the beautiful peninsula of Scandinavia "the land of the midnight Sun." In December, in the far north a sunless sky hangs over the country, for the days of continuous sunshine in summer, there are as many without the sun, appearing above the horizon in winter. During that time, even at the end of December, which is the darkest period when the weather is clear one can read from 11 p. m. to 1 a. m. without artificial light, but if it is cloudy or snow is falling lamps must be used. At times all nature seems to be in a deep repose; the brook is silent, and the streams are frozen, long crystal icicles hang from the mountains sides

and ravines. Day after day the atmosphere is so still that not a breath of wind seems to pass over the hills, but suddenly these periods of repose are succeeded by dark and threatening skies and violent tempests. On the Norwegian coast, fearful and terrific storms lash the sea with fury, and the snow from the mountains is swept away in huge drifts hiding almost everything.

Norwegian railway traveling is very slow. In three hours just a distance of forty-two miles can be covered. The inhabitants are fresh looking, healthy and strong. Coarse fare, early rising, and plenty of work in the open air seems to agree with them.

The industrious habits of the farmers of Norway are very striking. Everything is done with precision of clock-work. On many of the farms a bell placed on one of the buildings, calls the hands to or from work. They rise at 4 o'clock in the winter and summer. After breakfast the orders for the day, and everything is done accordingly.

The people of Scandinavia always unite to welcome the stranger who lands among them and happy days, spent there by travelers, will never be forgotten.

Your Junior friend,  
Dedeona Eisenbeis, age 15,  
Ottumwa, Iowa.

#### MARY'S MAMMA IS DEAD.

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Tommy Plaster, age 5,  
Albia, Iowa, South D. St.

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Dear Editor: I will write and tell you about my Junior correspondents. I have received about fifty cards from Juniors. I exchange cards with the following Juniors: Henrietta Plaster, Josephine and Frances Norton, Blanche Sullivan, Maggie Oliver, Mabel Root, Lillie Myers, Josephine Oliver, Wilda Conger, Leona Vest, and I have received a few cards from Maude Skirvin, Juliette and Dedeona Eisenbeis, Walter Trout, Edna Shimp, Ruth Foster, Eunice Gibbs and I write letters to Josephine Norton, Henrietta Plaster and Mabel Root. I have received one letter from Knedler Oliver and one card from Bernice Stansberry. I was very glad to see on the Junior page that I won the short story prize. I would like a story book for a prize.

I think Henrietta Plaster must be a very important Junior with her Junior correspondence. I have received one letter and a lot of very pretty postals from her. I would like to exchange postals with Hattie M. Allen and Jeanie Noland. I have sent the editor one card and have received six pretty ones from her.

Elva Mae Huffman, age 13,  
R. No. 1, Chillicothe, Iowa.

#### HENRIETTA'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD ON POSTALS.

First I went to Ottumwa. I saw the court house. It is a very large building and has a clock in the top of it. I saw the Post office and Y. M. C. A. buildings. They are both large buildings. I was up near the Adams school and hospital. I was in the city park and saw the gun captured by Admiral Dewey. Across the road from the park is the public library. I also saw the Episcopal church and high school. They are very large buildings.

I next went to Des Moines, and saw the capitol building. I suppose I don't need to describe that, because everybody knows how that looks. I saw the barracks and Ft. Des Moines. Ft. Des Moines is a long building, with a very few trees near it. I was in the Ingersoll park. There are very many flowers there. I was in the governor's room in the capitol building. On his desk were many written documents. His chair was by the desk. The room is located in the southeast end of the building. It contains many handsome pieces of furniture and magnificent oil paintings of prominent citizens of the state.

I next went to Iowa Falls. I saw the First National bank. It occupies the corner of Stevens St. and Washington Ave. I saw the Palisado park boat landing. It is a very pretty place.

I went from Iowa Falls to Cedar Rapids. I saw the union passenger station. It is a pretty place with a lane leading to it. I saw the American Cereal Mills. They are very large mills and the Cedar river runs by it. Cedar Rapids is noted for its breakfast foods.

I next went to Chicago. I saw Washington's monument. It is a large monument with a horse and Washington on it. I saw the Montgomery and Ward building. It is one of the largest commercial buildings in Lincoln park. I saw the Chicago Tribune building. It is a very large building. I had a pleasant time while in Chicago.

I went to Springfield next. I saw the capitol building. It is very pretty. I saw the Horticultural building. It is

very picturesque with the state fair grounds near it.

I next went to Rock Island arsenal. I saw the Punch bowl. It is very pretty. The Punch bowl is water in the shape of a bowl. That is how it gets its name. I saw the old prison hospital. It is a very old place.

Next I went to Minneapolis Minn. I saw the Y. M. C. A. building. It is a large building built of stone.

I next went to Topeka Kan., I got off at the Rock Island depot, and went to the state house. The state house is very pretty.

I visited St. Joseph, Mo., next. I first went to the court house, then I went to the home of Jesse James the noted outlaw. His home is located on the outskirts of St. Joe.

From St. Joe. I went to Yellowstone National park. I first went to "Old Faithful" geyser. It is a very grand view. I next went to Hot Springs, a place for invalids.

I next went to Meridan, Cal. I went to Mt. Tallac, and Lake Tahoe. I next went to the Orange groves.

I next went to Wales, Ireland, Scotland and England. They are better known as "The British Isles." I saw many old ruins of old castles there. I visited London the largest city in the world.

I next went to France. I visited Paris the third largest city in the world. I went to Holland, and saw many funny costumes there. I went to Genoa and Venice. I saw the famous art galleries in Venice. I went to Switzerland. I saw the Alps while there. They are very picturesque.

The funniest thing of all was the Arab Barber. He is dressed in a striped skirt and waist. He has a small table on which he makes his hair with his feet in the air. He has this way until the barber cuts his hair.

I went to China and Japan. I saw the tea growing and saw them threshing rice in Japan. The little Japanese girls feed silk worms.

I went to Africa and saw many pyramids in Egypt. These are very interesting things. They are built of stone and in them were put the kings and queens. There is one of these called the Sphinx. It is a large man's head.

I went to Australia but did not see anything very interesting there. I returned home after my long journey. As we were nearing the shore of U. S. we all sang "America," and gave three cheers for the red white and blue.

I would rather live in the U. S. than any of the other places.

Your Junior Friend,  
Miss Henrietta Plaster, age 12,  
Albia, Ia., S. D. St.

#### HENRIETTA ANSWERS NEVA.

Miss Neva Espy, Darbyville, Ia.  
Dear Junior Friend: I read your letter to me in the Junior and thought I would answer it. I am dark-eyed, and have dark hair. I am about 5 feet 3 inches tall. How tall are you? Do you know Hilma McDonald? She wrote me a letter, but I didn't get to answer it right away. Do you exchange cards with very many Juniors? I exchange cards with fifty-six. I believe that you will get more letters from my Junior correspondence. Every time I write I tell about my Junior correspondence. Have you any sisters or brothers? I have one sister, one nine years old, and two brothers, one nine years old and the other five.

Henrietta Plaster,  
Albia, Ia., South D. St.

#### ELVA TO JEANNETTE.

Miss Jeannette Coyne, Chillicothe, Ia.  
Dear Junior Friend: As you told me to write you in a letter, and send it to the Junior, I will do so. Do you like our new teacher? I do. I think she is very nice. Have you any cards from Knedler Oliver, Lillie Myers, Josephine and Frances Norton. Well Jeannette I would like for you to answer my letter in the Junior.

Elva Mae Huffman, age 13,  
Chillicothe, Ia., R. No. 1.

#### GENEVIEVE LIKES MARY'S LETTER.

Mary Palfreyman.  
Dear Friend: I read your letter in the Courier Junior and thought it was very nice and I decided that I should like to write you. How are you? I am 12 years old. My birthday is in May, the 31st day. Will you be glad when school starts? What grade are you in? I am in the seventh grade. Do you live in the country or town? I live about two miles from the Albia square. What grade is your sister in? Have you got your ring yet? I hope you will like it. This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. Write me a letter in the Junior page.

Genevieve Raymond,  
Albia, Ia.

#### VIDA HEARS FROM JUANITA.

Miss Vida Wahle, Ottumwa, Ia.  
Dear Junior Friend: I received the pretty post card you sent me and will answer it soon.

When does your school commence? I don't know when mine will or who will be the teacher. Our last teacher's name was Harry Christy and I liked him. He gave us a souvenir the last day of school. I live real close to some of the Juniors. Effie and Ruth Hale and Mabel and Maude Skirvin. Maude and Mabel Skirvin live about two miles from us. Although I have never met them I feel that I would almost know them if I would see them, and would like to exchange post cards with them. He gave us a souvenir of a mile from the Hale girls, and go to school with them. What did you do during your vacation? I helped drive the cows to the pasture and take care of little brother Frederick who is two months old. I would like to exchange post cards with any of the Juniors.

Juanita Bevel,  
R. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

#### ETHEL INTERESTED IN JUNIORS.

Dear Editor:

I have written before but I want to tell you I am very much interested in

the Courier Juniors. I live a quarter of a mile from Agency. The Agency school began last Monday. I have two sisters. Their names are Anna and Florence. Anna will be 18 years old the 23d of October and Florence will be 3 years old the 6th of October. Anna is in Missouri staying with grandmother and grandfather. I was down to see her the 6th of August and got back home August 26. I had a good time down there.

Edith Jones, age 12,  
Agency, Ia.

#### EVA MAY'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Editor: As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought I would write. I am a little girl 11 years old and grandma now. My grandpa takes the Courier and I live to read the Junior letters and stories very much. I am eleven years old. My school began last Monday. My teacher's name is Mr. Tway. My sister Grace is coming home this week. She is visiting my mamma at Osceola.

Eva May Lesson, age 11,  
Chillicothe, Ia.

#### A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

I started from New York one morning in May on a steamer bound for Ireland. It took us six days to get there. We had a very pleasant voyage. We steamed into Galway Bay and landed at Galway. I spent a day there taking in the sights. Then I went on the train to Dublin. There I saw many things of interest. I had many more places to go, but did not stay very long in Ireland, but I went on over to England.