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VOL. 5 NO. 57 OTTUMWA IOWA SEPTEMBER 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

WANT TWENTY-FOUR "GOOD LUCK" JUNIORS.

Dear Juniors.—We have twenty-four "Good Luck" banks ,each capable of holding ten dimes, to give to twenty-four "Good Luck" Juniors. We can hear you say, "What are 'Good Luck' Juniors?" Well, that is what we want you to tell us. We want you all to work in this contest and tell some "Good Luck" stories, either about yourselves, relatives, friends, or even about the country or city in which the writers live. For instance, just now Ottumwa has almost two "Good Luck" stories, but we will let some of the Juniors tell what they are. This contest will open now and the closing day will depend upon the number of "Good Luck" stories we receive by next Thursday, which may be the closing day, so let all the Juniors go to work at once. The "Good Luck" banks can be worn on a little chain or pin and are the shape of a padlock.

THE TRIP CONTEST.

For the benefit of the tardy Juniors, we will again publish the rules of last week's contest, because it does not close until Monday, Sept. 26:

This week we will use the two subjects sent in by the Juniors for a big contest, and we hope that the writers will be more careful in their composition than many of them were in the recent contest, "A Trip Around the World." The new subjects follow:

"A TRIP TO THE MOON."
"A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA."

We will not say how many words you must use, but we want you to put the number at the top of your story. We like brief stories best. We will give a surprise prize for the best story and it will be something that you all will like.

BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR CARDS HERE.

We have finally received the beautiful souvenir cards that we have been expecting for some months. The Junior that writes the best story on the postals sent out this week will receive a big souvenir album as a prize. Of course all the writers will get postals.

We will still send souvenir cards for all stories or letters appearing in the Junior. Write some short stories on the following subjects if you do not wish to write a letter:

A PARROT.
A GOLDFISH.
A SEPTEMBER RIDE.

We have another nice may story today:

We have another nice map story today. We would like a nice story about Daniel Webster.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire is a state that is a good deal wider at the bottom than it is at the top. It is a very old state and has a great many schools in it. It has furnished a great many great men to this country, one of which was Daniel Webster. In the northern part of the state is Mt. Washington, which is quite a good sized mountain when compared with other mountains in the eastern part of the country. New Hampshire is one of the New England states. People from any of these states are called Yankees.

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 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.

"Chums."

Early in the fall the Westons returned to town, for their son, Archie, must enter school. They had been spending the summer on their farm, where Archie had enjoyed every day during the long heated term. On his father's land was a fine old "swimming hole," where Archie often went to have a cooling dip. And with him always went old Roxie, his fine big dog. And once, when Archie ventured into water too deep for him and became so frightened that he called for help, old Roxie swam to his assistance, and, taking him by the collar, drew him to the bank. From that day Archie and Roxie became real chums. And Archie looked after Roxie's welfare as though he were a brother instead of a mere dog. Had not dear old Roxie saved his life? And could a human do more than that?

On the day that the Westons returned to town Archie took a sad farewell of Roxie, for his father had said that town was no place for a dog. And so the family, seated in their automobile, turned down the lane leading toward town. Roxie, in charge of the farm's caretaker, barked after them mournfully. The caretaker held him by a strap which was fastened to a strong collar about his neck; otherwise the old doggie would have followed his departing chum away. But as sad a heart was in the automobile as was on the farm, for Archie really shed tears when a turn in the lane hid the farmhouse from view and he could no longer look back and wave lovingly to his old friend.

Mrs. Weston sympathized fully with her son and said: "I know it is hard to part from a friend, though that friend be a dog. He is a noble animal and will miss you as much as you miss him. But he'll have much to entertain himself with during the winter and when vacation again rolls 'round you'll find him the same dear old chum."

"Yes," said Mr. Weston, "a dog has very deep affection. One might say of a dear old dog, that he is truly a disinterested friend, for he loves you in spite of your station in life. I have seen a dog devoted to a poor, dirty old tramp. All a dog asks is companionship. He doesn't investigate your purse or your social position."

"And old Roxie is the noblest of his kind'," declared Archie. "He seems to be possessed of real human intelligence and emotions. The day he came to me in the pond—when I thought I was drowning—he looked such sympathy from his dear old eyes; and once we were on the bank he stood right by me, rubbing the water from my hands and face with his warm, soft tongue, just as you, mamma dear, would have stroked me with your hands. He showed such depth of feeling; he's not a common dog.

After the automobile had disappeared from view the caretaker loosened Roxie from the strap, saying: "You'll be lonely, old friend, for a while. Archie was a pretty good pal of yours, wasn't he?" Then away he went to the stable to look after some farm chores, leaving Roxie to his own thoughts. And what those thoughts were no one had any way of knowing, but they must have been of his departing master, for he stood at the entrance to the lane, looking longingly down the road over which the great automobile had disappeared.

After remaining there for fifteen minutes or more, Roxie turned about and went to his kennel. But the plate of food just placed there by the caretaker's good wife was left untouched. He lay down his head between his paws, and would not even notice the chickens as they ran about him, though it had always been his duty to keep the fowls from the house yard. But on this day they scratched about in the blue grass at their heart's desire and old Roxie paid not the slightest heed to them.

An hour after the departure of the Westons for town, Roxie suddenly lifted his head, looked quickly about him, and, seeing that he was unobserved, got up and ran off down the lane in the direction the automobile had taken. On and on he ran till he came to cross roads some five miles from the farm house. There he stood, looking first one way and then another. It was evident that he did not know which road to follow. But after some mental debate he decided on one of the roads and ran on again. He continued his journey until near dusk, when his legs and back became so weary that further travel was out of the question till after he had rested. He saw a farm house nearby and entered the grounds. Another dog came to meet him and made friends with him at once. By means of dog language Roxie told of his weariness and made a request for a drink and the farm dog led him to a trough of clear cold water. There Roxie refreshed himself. And instead of romping about with his good host, he stretched himself on the soft grass beneath a spreading tree and went to sleep. Somehow he realized that if he were to continue his journey he must gather strength through sleep.

An hour later one of the harm hands saw Roxie there, and called to him. Roxie jumped up and ran, wagging his tail, to the man whose voice had been kind. The man gave him something to eat, which was welcome to Roxie, as he had not eaten since the early morning. After his meal he felt refreshed and resumed his journey, going off down the road at a brisk trot. He continued to travel till late that night, when he came to the edge of the town, a great, bustling place filled with busy people. He was somewhat astonished at the noises, and the number of people, for he had spent his life in the country. But he was not faint of heart and kept on down a street into which the country road had led him.

But that night poor, disappointed Roxie slept in an old outhouse behind a large building. In the morning he started out agresh in quest of his young master. All day he searched about the streets, and was very lucky not to be taken up by the dog catchers. Many persons stopped to look at him and to remark: "What a beautiful dog!" or "What a splendid fellow!"

Another night found Roxie still homeless and hungry. He became almost discouraged, but determined to keep up spirits a little longer. If he had been able to read the town papers he would have seen in the "Lost Column" his own name given and a very detailed description of himself there, with a reward of $50 offered for his return to his master, Archie Weston, 25 West Ash street, city. But not being able to read, Roxie did not know that he was being hunted for with the same zeal with which he was hunting for his master.

On the day that Roxie left home the caretaker discovered his absence and visited all the adjoining farms in quest of him. At one place he found that Roxie had stopped there late in the evening to rest, and that he had been given his supper. From there he had been seen to trot southward.

This information gave the caretaker a clew to Roxie's intention to follow his master. Sa he wired the news to Mr. Weston, and he in turn inserted the advertisement in the "Lost Column."

It was on the third day after leaving the farm that Roxie was taken into custody by a policeman who had read the reward offered for a dog of Roxie's description, and when the officer whistled and called "Roxie" the poor fellow wagged his tail in a friendly way and advanced to the uniformed man. And within a little while he found himself at the door leading to a very pretty house. When the door opened in response to the officer's ring whom should the happy dog see but Archie. And the greeting between boy and dog was really touching. "Ah, and so you followed me to town, you dear old chum!" cried Archie. "Well, we'll not send you back to the farm, my good friend. Papa has promised that we may build a kennel in the rear of the house, and that you may spend the winter with us. Ah, you will become a regular city dog, won't you, Roxie?"

And Roxie, happier than ever before in his life, wagged "Yes, my dear master. I shall stay near you and watch over you always. Your home is the place for your old chum, Roxie."

And from that day Roxie accompanied Archie to school every morning, returning home from there, and patiently waiting till 4 o'clock, when he would bound off to meet his master as he came from school. And they were even better chums than when in the country, for in the great, busy town they seemed to need each other more.

STORIES—LETTERS.

SOME BIRDS I KNOW.

Where I live there is an elm tree and up among its branches a male and female bird used to reside. They had a nice warm nest which was lined with lots of hair, string and cloth, or anything that they thought was strong enough to hold their little ones.

One day we looked in the nest and there were three little spotted eggs. There was one night when I heard a strange noise, one that no one but a bird can make. The tone was mingled with pain, anxiety and fear. Pretty soon I heard a piercing scream and then I heard no more. "Oh, Hazel!" I cried to my sister, "the cat has gotten a bird, I know, and I shouldn't wonder if it was a catbird." Hazel sprang toward the door and I followed with the broom. Before that I had looked out of the window and seen a cat moving around the house. I hastened to where it was and there was a plump catbird in its mouth. I was holding the bird and trying to get the bird out of its mouth. I loosened my hold after a while and with a spring it was out of my hand. I ran to see where it went to and saw that it ran under the porch. I poked the broom under the porch but couldn't hit the cat. It was very unfortunate that that bird happened to be the mother. The male bird for several days after mourned and cried, but it stayed on the nest.

Another time I know when I was out to Aunt Esther's, a bird kept flying around my head, and looking up I saw a cat climbing down the tree with a young bird in its mouth.

I often mock the bluejays and they answer me.

My sister Hazel told me about a girl friend who told her about one day when she was out in the orchard she saw the most peculiar thing. A bird was in a tree and there was a snake hidden in the grass close by. Some way it was charming the bird, moving its head in certain directions. A cat spied the bird and the snake, and crouching behind the tree it watched the movements of the charmer, then lifting its paw, it charmed the snake so that it couldn't move. The bird was then released from the influence of the snake and flew away before the cat could seize it for its dinner.

Vida Wahle, aged 12.
110 East Court St., Ottumwa, Ia.

CAROLINE FORGOT TO PUT HER FRIEND'S ADDRESS ON LETTER.

Dear Junior Friend: Received your card the 12th and was glad to hear from you. How many brothers and sisters have you.

I have one sister and no brothers. My grandpa lives in Chariton. I go to see him quite often.

I am 10 years old. My birthday is the 16th of January.

I have 141 post cards 10 from the Courier and five from Juniors.

I have got a doll buggy from the Courier also a puzzle, post cards, a doll, and stationery, popcorn and fan.

It is hot today but the nights are cool. I have a pet kitty. How many pets have you?

I have a play house out in the barn. Well as my letter is getting long I will close.

A Junior Friend,
Miss Caroline Lout,
425 Ottumwa St, Ottumwa, Ia.

SOME OF THE BIRDS I KNOW.

I know the names of many different birds.

I will first name the meadow lark, which is about as big at a robin. They are gray with a yellow breast. They build their nests in the grass. Then there is the blue bird which is very pretty. The canaries are pretty little birds too. There are some yellow ones and some that are yellow with black on. They can sing very pretty. The mocking bird can mock any bird or at least will try.

In the summer time almost every summer evening you can hear the Whip-poor-wills. A quail or a Bob white.

Next comes the black bird which is generally all black but some times they have red on one of their wings. They are always called red winged black birds.

Now comes the jay bird which you can hear almost every day.

His calls are "jay, jay.' He is a pretty mean bird.

Next the crow which says caw, caw. The oriole and red birds are pretty birds. Well I will now tell you of the hawk. He flies around and catches chickens.

The brown thrush is a pretty bird. They are brown birds.

In the spring time you can always hear the pee wee. They say pee wee. I have never yet seen one that I know of but have heard lots of them.

A cat bird is a dark bird but is not black. It sounds something like a cat. There is the barn swallow that always builds their nests in barns.

The sparrows are mean birds. There is no body that likes them. The wise old owl sleeps all day and stays awake at night.

The wren, the humming bird the wood-pecker I will not tell you about as I will make my letter to long to tell about all I know.

Wishing the Junior page much success. I remain as ever.

A Daily Junior
Mabel Skirvin, aged 12.
Floris, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 2.

JOSEPHINE'S PAPA HAS BEEN IN HOSPITAL.

Dear Editor and Juniors: I have not written to the Juniors since I came home from Ottumwa, but I was too busy getting ready for school, to write to any one. I have not had time to write to hardly any of the Juniors, but I will soon write to them again.

I had a very delightful time while I was in Ottumwa, and at the Juniors picnic. I think the editor was just lovely to us, and I know all the other Juniors think so too.

We have a new brick school house. The seats were not in it Sept. 6 so school was postponed until Monday Sept. 12.

My papa was in the Ottumwa hospital. I will answer Leona Vest's nice letter, and Hedvey Carlson's card soon, Your Junior friend,

Josephine L. Norton, age, 14.
Melrose, Iowa.

HAZEL'S BANTAM DIED.

Dear Editor and Juniors: This is the second time I have written

My one bantam died and one of our neighbors is going to give me two more

Papa give me a little white pig and mamma give me a white hen for pets.

My birthday was July 11 I was 11

Iwould like to exchange postal cards with some of the Juniors.

I will close for this time.

Hazel Dorthy aged 11.
Blakesburg, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 1.

HAZEL'S GOOD WISHES

I am going to write again as I have written twice. I received a card from the editor Courier Junior and also one from Vida Wahle and thank them both for them. They were both very pretty. I am going to school now. I commenced Sept. 5th. The teacher's name is Miss Flora Tobb. I like her very well.

There are twenty-four scholars at our school. I like to read the Junior page very much.

Well I will close with all good wishes to the Juniors and Editor.

Hazel Hatfield.
Chariton, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 3.

VERA'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Editor:

I have never written to the Courier Junior before. I will tell how I spent my vacation on the farm.

We live on my grandpa's farm. It is a farm of 260 acres. I have no sisters or brothers so I help papa and mamma both. I ride the horse to pull up the hay. I rode the horse for two other men beside my papa. I help my mamma wash and I help milk. I have a Jersey cow. Her name is Bessie. There is a creek that runs through my grandpa's place. I like to go fishing but the creek is too low now.

I like to go to school I have a mile and a half to go. I went seven months without missing a day.

Vera Emanuel, age 11,
Bloomfield, Ia., R. No. 7.

FLORENCE LIKES TO PLAY.

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write you a little letter. It is the first one I have ever written. I have three brothers and one sister at home. My brothers names are Earl, Michael and Carl. My sisters' name is Blanche. I go to the Franklin school. I have 33 chickens of my own. I have 50 postal cards. My litle brother is going to school now. I like to play.

Florence McNerney, age 10,
1503 E. Main St., Ottumwa, Ia.

MYRON HAS NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS.

Dear Juniors:

My birthday is May 20. I am 10 years old. I go to High Point school. I am in the seventh grade. My papa takes the Daily Courier. I like to read the Junior leters. For pets I have a cat, colt, three lambs and some chickents. I have no sisters or brothers. I live four miles southwest of Ottumwa and one mile southeast of the Bear Creek mines. I have 115 post cards. I received one from the editor.

Myron Van Fossan, age 10
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 4.

GLADYS' CAT.

Dear Editor:

I have a little cat. It is gray.

Mamma has 160 little chickens. I have 78 post cards. We have four little ducks. I am a little Junior girl.

Gladys Sickle, age 11,
Oakley, Ia., R. No. 1.

FINDS HER COUSIN THROUGH JUNIOR.

Dear Editor:

I have never written before so I will try to write this time. We take the Ottumwa Courier and I like to read the Junior page very much. I go to school and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Sophia Strohmon and I like her fine. My seatmate is Nina Gilliland. I like the Junior page because I had not heard from my cousin Fern Thornton for several years and as she wrote to the Junior page I found out that she was in Boise, Idaho.

Frace Ragan, age 10,
Lancaster, Ia., R. No. 3.

OUR VACATION.

The 26th of August our family started for a little vacation trip. We started about 4:50. We had a very pleasant ride, only that it was chilly. At about 6 o'clock we ate a lunch. The next morning we landed at Hampshire, Ill. My cousin met us at the train. We had a real nice visit. Aunt Kezia taught me how to hemstitch two different kinds of stitches. We went to my cousin's farm and had a fine time.

In Hampshire they have a corn canning factory. We went through it. First is the huskers. How fast they do husk. They husk at the rate of 45 to 46 bushels a day, working from 7 in the morning until 7 at night. In another room is a big sort of a tub where they cut it off. It then runs into cans by machinery, then sealed down and put on trucks. It is then taken into a room and cooked. When cooled it is crated and shipped to many different places.

The milk canning factory is another nice factory, but I will not stop to describe it.

In a few days we went to Elgin. We saw the big watch factory for which Elgin is noted. Elgin is quite a little larger than Ottumwa. We were in the big Star theater. It is a nice one One afternoon all of us went to Lord's park. There is a lake their that is used only for the pleasure of those who want to row a row boat. In the big pavilion are stuffed animals of almost all American kind. Some of the stuffed heads are elk, goats, moose, musk, ox, seal, Irish fossil elk with imemnse big horns and the bison. The whole stuffed animals are the sea lion, also the carcass of his head, mountain lion, musk ox, moose, seal, porcupine, coyote, Hudson bay seal, jack rabbit, mink, Buffalo, Alaskan mountain sheep, wild cat and Rocky mountain sheep. There was also a jaw of a man eating shark with 200 saw teeth. The fowls were Colorado Condor, owls, sand hill crane, stork, blue heron and flamigo and all kinds of birds that we see around here.

Out doors was a big glass case full of fish of all kinds.

The live animals were as follows: monkeys, wild hogs, alligators, raccoons, coyotes, wolves, black bears, possums, goats, American elks, deer, Buffalo and other animals. There was also a white crow and some bald eagles.

We went to Wing park. There we went over many beautiful drives and saw many beautiful flowers. There was golf grounds as big as the one out at the Country club, and a fine public bathing pool and Dressing rooms.

Laura Nanes,
1323 N. Wapello St., Ottumwa, Ia.

THE PARROT.

The many colored parrots of South America and New Zealand include a great variety of birds, all of which have very strong beaks and claws, admirably adopted for climbing about the trees in which they live in their native lands. They all feed on seeds and fruits, except one kind in New Zealand, which lives on insects and animal refuse. Sometimes they attack live sheep. Several kinds of parrots are very tame when kept in captivity. Almost every boy and girl has seen a parrot. One of my friends has a parrot that can talk, whistle and sing almost as good as any one. He says "Mack wants to go to bed," and lots of other words. He calls me Mabel most of the time. He is a Panama and is of a dark green with red and yellow feathers, also blue and black.

LaRue Downing, age 11
Selma, Iowa.

HENRIETTA WRITES TO THREE FRIENDS.

Miss Eunice Gibbs, Miss Elva Huffmann and Miss Mary Palfreyman.

Dear Juniors:

As all of you girls have asked me to write you a letter and have it printed in the Junior page I thought I would write them all together in one letter. I am always writing to the Junior, so I wrote them all in one.

How many cards have you girls got? I have about six hundred and fifty. I am twelve years old. How old are you, Eunice? I know the ages of you other girls. On my last birthday mamma let me have a pary of twelve girls. I was presented with a pair of silk gloves, a pair of hair bows, five yards in each bow; about twelve pretty handkerchiefs, a pair of roller skates, a pair of shoes, a new dress, and a bunch of birthday cards. Have any of you had any parties? I think all of you write to Josephine and Frances Norton, don't you? I don't know whether Eunice or Mary write to Mabel Root or not, but I know Elva does. I was visiting at her house this vacation. I have had the pleasure of visiting a few hours with Elva but I have never met Mary or Eunice, although I would like very much to do so.

I am going to Ottumwa next Saturday, Sept. 24, but as I am going on business I don't think I will be able to vist very much.

Have all of you started to school? I have. I am in the eighth grade, grant building. My studies are arithmetic, grammar, spelling, reading, history, drawing, painting, sewing and writing. We were to take cooking but as school has just started we may take it yet.

Well girls as my letter is getting long I will close. Hoping to hear from all of you soon, I remain.

Henrietta Plaster, age 12,
Albia, Ia., South D St.

LOIS WRITES TO LELA.

Miss Lela Saum.

Dear Friend:—I received your nice letter about two weeks ago and was very glad to get it. I am going to school now and I am having quite a nice time. I have about 200 post cards. I correspond with a great many Juniors. They are as follows: Maude and Mabel Skirvin, Josephine and Frances Norton, Lois Hentz, Pearl and Olive Lemly, Juliet Eisenbeis, Forest Weber, Leslie Dunning, Wilda Conger, Caroline Tout, Wessie Fulton, Jessie Seaburg, Blanch Byrum, Blanch and Floy Young, Cordie Rector, Rollie Morrow, Hanna Sandahl, Jennette Coyne, Teresa Miller, Thelma Seaburg, Hildred Warder, Roxie Wood, Lula Sickle and you. I think I write to quite a few, don't you? And there is some more, too I think. My birthday is Dec. 17. We live on the main Blakesburg road. I wish you would come and see me. I have lived here all my life. We never have moved once.

Louis Griffin,
Albia, Ia., R. No. 7.

RHODA'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Editor:

As I have never written before I will do so now. Our school began Sept. 5. Our teacher's name is Miss Gallagher. I think she is a fine teacher. I like to go to school. I study reading, arithmetic, physiology, history, grammar, geography, and spelling. I sit with Mae Schmetz. There are 30 pupils in school. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier and I love to read the Junior page.

I live one mile and a half from Eddyville. I know two of the Juniors, June and Lucy Lafferty.

I have taken music lassons over a year and I like to play. My music teacher is Miss Madonna Scott. I am going to start in my third music book in about two weeks.

I go horse back riding quite often. I like to ride. I would like to exchange post cards with any of the Juniors.

Rhoda May Bennett, age 9,
Eddyville, Ia., R. No. 3.

A BABY'S LETTER.

Dear Editor:

I have seen a few little baby letters in the Junior so I am having my sister write for me. I would write if I could but I am only two years old. I would like to hear from some of the little babies. I will answer the cards if they will write to me. I have blue eyes and blonde hair.

Bernice Huffman, age 2,
Chillicothe, Ia.

AGNES HAS A FEW DOLLS.

Dear Editor:

I am a little girl 7 years old. I have never written before, so I thought I would write. I go to school and I am in the first reader. My schoolmate is Loretta Larkin. I have a new teacher this term and I like her very much. I have a few dolls and I just love to play with them. I would like to exchange postals with the Juniors.

Agnes Huffman, age 7,
Chillicothe, Ia.

A SEPTEMBER RIDE.

Bernice was a little girl who lived in Chicago, Ill. She had big blue eyes and golden curls and was 6 years old. Her uncle was going to take her an auto ride one day and she could hardly wait until it was time to go. She was looking down the street when she saw him coming. When he reached her home she got in and away they went for their ride. They first went to Lincoln park. They had a very nice time there. He then went to one of the big stores and bought her some nice things. Then he took her out in the country and back. She was very busy telling her mamma what a nice September ride her uncle had given her that day.

Elva Mae Huffman, age 13,
Chillicothe, Ia.

GLADY'S FIRST LETTER TO THE JUNIOR.

Dear Junior:

I have never written to the Courier Junior so I thought I would try to write a letter.

I enjoy reading the letters in the Courier Junior. I have one sister Her name is Florence. We just moved to the farm March 21. We lived in town for ten years and then moved to the country. I like to live in the country better than I do in town. For pets we have one doy and two kittens. The dog's name is Joe and the cats' names are Fan and Poll. I have a little cousin about 18 months old and I think he is very cute. His name is Claude.

Gladys E. Foster, age 11,
Kirkville, Iowa.

INA WASHES THE DISHES.

Dear Juniors:

I am a little girl ten years old. This is my second letter. My birthday is in July. I got a dime, a kitten and a pair of red stockings and some red hair ribbons. I am in the fourth grade at Curtis school. I have a big brother. I was out in the country until school began. I wash the dishes for mamma. I go to Sunday school every Sunday.

My grandpa and grandma take the Courier. I like to look over the Courier Junior. I would like to have a post card of the Pharos' horses.

Ina Hampshire, age 10,
512 Allen St., Des Moines, Ia.

MARION HEARS FROM WINFRED.

Marion Minicks, Ottumwa, Ia.,

Dear Junior Friend:

I live on a farm of 180 acres six miles southeast of Blakesburg. I have about three-quarters of a mile to go to school. We have a new school house. Our teacher is Ora Lowe. Last school I studied physiology, geography grammar, spelling, algebra, physical geography, arithmetic and writing. How far do you live from the school house. I have 15 post cards from the Courier Junior. Do you like to read? I do. I have fourteen of Alger's books. I have three books from the Courier Junior. Will close for this time asking you to write me through the Junior page.

Winfred Hunter, agte 13,
Blakesburg, Iowa.

PEARL'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear Editor.—I live just a little ways from the school house. I have not missed a day. My teacher's name is Miss Larmer. I like her real well. I am in the fourth grade. There are about twenty scholars in my room.

My birthday is November 23 and I will be ten years old.

I would like to exchange cards with the Juniors.

We live about twenty miles from Ottumwa. Papa and mamma often go there to trade.

I like to read the Junior page.

Pearl Clark, aged 9.
Abingdon, Iowa.

PUMPKINS.

The pumpkin seeds are sometimes put in the planter, but that is not a very good way. The best way is to plant the corn and when it is up, go and plant the pumpkin seeds in the hill of corn, and when the corn is plowed the pumpkins can be plowed also.

I know of three kinds of pumpkins—Yankee, sweet and the cow pumpkins. We raise the cow and sweet pumpkins. I know what they are good for, but don't know whether the Yankee is good for cooking purposes, but I suppose they are.

The cow pumpkins are good to feed cows and many people feed them to their hogs.

On Halloween they are used for jack-o'-lanterns and make much fun for the children and grownups, too.

Mamma made one Halloween and cut the ears, eyes, and nose out, all but at the top and popped it out and when it was lighted it looked funny.

The sweet pumpkins are used for making pies. They are very good. Pape likes them best of all.

I remain your friend

Mabel Gantz, aged 12.
Rural Route No. 2, Batavia, Ia.

VERA'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear Junior.—I will write and tell you when my birthday is. I was born at Richland, Iowa, June 10, 1898, and when I was almost two years old we moved to Blakesburg, and then we lived there until I was four years old and then we moved to Libertyville, and we lived there until I was nine years old, and then papa bought a farm near Richland and it is the one we are living on now. We are not going to move this spring. I am now twelve years old.

Vera Casady, aged 11.
R. F. D. No. 1, Richland, Ia.

THE HAWK AND THE KITTENS.

One bright, sunny spring morning a family of kittens were playing about the door of a barn. The mother was lying down and watching the playful tricks of her happy kittens, and a large hawk, which had been searching all morning for his breakfast, saw them, and like an arrow he darted upon one of the kittens. The mother saw the danger of her little one and sprang at once upon the hawk and a long and fierce battle was fought, but at last the hawk was killed, though the mother cat had lost one eye and was covered with blood, but she just ran to her kitten and licked its wounds.

Cora E. Matherly, aged 14.
R. F. D. No. 1, Union Mills, Ia.

A LETTER FROM HAZEL.

Dear Editor and Juniors.—As I have not written to the Junior page I will write now.

I live about seven miles from Chariton.

For pets I have two ponies, a pug dog and some cats. I have some chickens and ducks.

I like to live in the country. I have never stayed in town very long at one time

My grandfather lives one mile from Chariton and I go out and stay a while with them every summer.

I stay about two or three days at a time.

I have 365 postal cards. I have a cousin that has over 750 postal cards. She is about nineteen years old.

Two years ago last Christmas I went out to Kansas. I had a nice time.

Hazel Hatfield, aged 12.
Chariton, Iowa.

CLARA HAS A CAT AND A DOG.

Dear Editor:

This is the first letter I have ever written to the Junior page. For pets I have a cat and a dog. The dog's name is Ruby, and the cat's name is Malty. I like to read the letters in the Courier Junior. My school mates are Lee and Ruth Hempshill. We have seven little calves and 15 little pigs.

Clara Schilling, age 8,
Oakley, Ia., R. No. 1.

OUR NEW FRIEND, IVA LORAINE FOWLER.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I live on a farm of 160 acres. I like to live on the farm. We live one mile and a quarter from school. Our school commenced the first of September. I have a pet cat named Bunny and also have a pet hen. I like to read the children's page. I have a pig. It is a white one. Some of the good things that grow in California are bananas, raisins, figs nad oranges.

Iva Loraine Foster, age 9,
Chariton, Ia., R. No. 5.

MARY WANTS TO EXCHANGE CARDS.

Dear Editor:

As I have never written to the Junior I will try and write. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier. I enjoy the Junior letters very much. I am going to school now. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Sylvester, Walter and Charlotta. would be glad to exchange post cards with any of the Juniors.

Mary O'Bryan, age 11,
Melrose, Ioaw, R. No. 2