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VOL. 5 NO. 59

OTTUMWA IOWA OCTOBER 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN

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

PRECIOUS THINGS THAT ARE IN THE EARTH.

Dear Juniors: We think the precious things that are found in the earth would furnish splendid subjects for a Junior contest. We think that the Juniors can write excellent short stories on one of the following subjects, telling where they are found and their uses as well: COPPER. COAL. DIAMONDS. GARNETS. IRON ORE. AMETHYSTS.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

Two Juniors, Juliette Eisenbeis and Howard Russell are awarded prizes by the judges in the trip contest. The "Good Luck" Juniors will receive their prizes at once. Those living in Ottumwa can call at the office without further notice.

BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR POSTALS.

We are quite pleased with the nice postal stories sent in by the Juniors to whom we sent souvenir cards lately. The Junior writing the best story on the postal 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 letters appearing in the Junior. Write some short stories on the following subjects if you do not wish to write a letter: Turnips. Quinces. Pumpkins. Fall Strawberries. Cabbages.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts is a state you must read all you can about. It is one of the most historic of all the states. The first battles of the Revolution were fought in Massachusetts near Boston. Massachusetts runs away into the ocean and Cape Cod looks like a big fish rook. Massachusetts is not as big a state as Iowa, but it has more people, and it is one of the original thirteen states. Harvard college is in Massachusetts. Ask your older brother what city it is in.

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.

THE PIPE AND THE SOAP-BUBBLE

"I am little," the soap-bubble said, "just now; Oh, yes, I am small, I know; This is what it said to the penny pipe; "But watch and see me grow."

"Now look! and reflected in me you'll see The windows, the chairs, and door. I'm a whole little world; did you ever know Such a wonderful thing before?"

"And only look at my colors bright, Crimson and green and blue. You could hardly hope such a lovely thing Would ever stay here with you."

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried; "I am going now; good-bye! I shall float and float away from here. Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float—" But, puff! the bubble broke. The pipe near the nursery floor Never looked nor spoke, but went on with its work, And blew a great many more.

WHEN THE NUTTING PARTY GOT LOST

One fine Saturday morning David and Nellie Grant, Sally Jones and Minnie and Puggins Waite started to the woods, nutting. The road led through a beautiful country of broad meadows and fine uplands, and as the little party of five rambled along, taking their time, they found much to enjoy. David was the oldest of the party and Puggins (which was a nickname) was the youngest. David was

fourteen and Puggins seven. The girls ranged between nine and thirteen. All were happy and light-hearted.

David being the "big" boy, led the way. And having been through the woods before, knew them fairly well. The girls and Puggins were making their first journey into the unknown, and had many great expectations regarding their adventures while hunting for nuts.

"The woods are full of chestnuts and walnuts, and occasionally hickory nuts," informed David. "We can gather enough to fill our bags and leave bushels under the trees." "But the bags will be too heavy, if full, to carry," said Sally.

"Oh, I can carry a whole bushel," boasted little Puggins. "I'm strong like a giant, am I?" And he doubled up his arms to display muscle just as he had seen David and other "big" boys do. Every one laughed at Puggins and his sister told him not to "crow till he was out of the woods," which saying had to be explained at length to the little chap. When made clear to him he said: "Aw, I don't crow; I whistles!" Whereupon every one laughed again.

And so on and on the nutting party went, gathering an occasional blossom to fasten in the hats or finding "weed gum" on certain kinds of bushes which they all relished very much. Indeed, Puggins got his mouth so full of this sticky, strongly flavored wax that he found it difficult to articulate.

After quite a long walk the children reached the woods. A heavy mist which covered a long range of low hills and adjacent valleys. A fine stream flowed lengthwise, the forest dividing it into halves, one east and the other west of the river. David felt sure of his ground and took a path leading directly to the river. Reaching the stream they found a foot-bridge which had been built to accommodate the farmers in the vicinity.

The children began gathering nuts, which covered the ground on both sides of the bridge, and crossed and recrossed the bridge so often that after a while they could not remember which side of the stream they belonged on. The east bank resembled the west bank, the same kinds of trees growing on either side.

David was the first to think of the situation. "Which side did we come from?" he asked, standing on the bridge and looking both ways. Then the girls began to wonder also.

"From that side," And little Puggins pointed to one of the banks. "I saw that tree—the one with the fork—as we came up to the bridge." "But no one agreed with Puggins. "I don't think you know when you say that tree first," laughed Minnie. Puggins' sister "It looks to me as though we came from the other side. I do guess that is west. And we came east, you know."

"Well," said David, a bit troubled over the dilemma, "if the sun were shining as it was when we started out this morning, I could soon tell our way. But the day has become gray, with no prospect of sun. And neither will we have stars or a moon tonight," he observed.

"Oh, Davey!" cried his sister in horror. "Why do you speak of what we are likely to see tonight? We must be at home long before evening."

"If," smiled David, "his smile was not a happy one. He looked a bit disturbed. "Well," he observed, philosophically, "we'd best go filling our bags with nuts. After we have all we want we'll consider the subject of discovering the points of the compass."

"They set to work again, for they had only partly filled the bags. After the three largest children had their bags full—or nearly so—David said they'd better be off toward home. "Now, kiddies," he said, "I'd advise you to remain here till I go round and feel my way. You can keep me informed of your whereabouts by signaling or calling out every little while. I'll go in fifteen minutes by watch. If I do not then come to the meadow through which we entered the woods, I'll come back here and go in the opposite direction."

"I've got a better plan for your finding your way back to us," said Minnie Waite. "Here are a lot of old papers that were wrapped about our luncheon. They'll leave tiny bits along your path. Then you can return without any trouble."

"And if the paper doesn't last till the end, blaze your way," suggested Sally Jones. "Not bad ideas," agreed David. "I'll put both into execution. The paper one first, for it is quicker. Then, if need be, I'll resort to blazing the trees along my trail."

"Quite like the American Indian," laughed Nellie. Then, as David set off with his paper in his hands, Puggins asked what "blazing" a tree meant. Sally and Minnie explained it to him and he was much interested. "But the little band of children left in the big forest, beside the footbridge, were very much worried, and Puggins, baby-like, began to fret to be at home with mamma again. He whispered to Minnie, who was hugging him to her as they sat on the grass under the big trees, "if we should die here in the forest, would the birds come and cover us with leaves, or would a good fairy come and touch us with her wand and bring us to life, and put us into a chariot and carry us home, where mamma and papa would be waiting for us with ice cream and hot ginger cake?"

Minnie and Sally had to laugh at Puggins' double question. Nellie did not hear it, for she had gone across the bridge to look about for signs of a foot-path which they had come over into the woods.

"Well, brother dear, I can't say which would happen," replied Minnie. "But I

don't think we'll get to the dying point like the babes in the wood. You see, none of us are babies—unless it's you Puggins."

Puggins shook his head emphatically. "Nope, sister, I'm not a baby," he declared. "I'm Mamma's man. I'd think you'd know." But just at this point a sound came which startled the children—evidently a man, and maybe a tramp—was whistling at no great distance off. And whoever the whistler was he was drawing nearer and nearer to the bridge. Minnie looked at Sally; Sally looked at Minnie. Then they both looked at Puggins. And Nellie, hearing the same lip music, returned instantly to the other children. "Wonder who he can be?" she asked with some apprehension. "David should not have left us thus exposed to chance tramps or—or—escaped convicts."

"Maby it's an Injun," hoarsely whispered Puggins, his eyes as big as saucers. "An' maybe he'll kill us and eat us up."

"Oh, silly kid," said Sally. "Don't you know, Puggins, that there are no Indians any more? They're just like us—white and dressed in clothes, and they live in houses and eat food. No, it may be a tramp."

But the little group of frightened children were soon relieved to see a fine, big boy, a bag slung over his shoulder, approaching the opposite end of the foot bridge. And when he saw them he bowed and said: "Out gathering nuts, eh? Well, there are plenty and spare."

"Yes, we've got all the nuts we want, thank you," said Nellie. "But the thing we want most is to know the points of the compass. For instance, which way is west?"

"Right over there," and the boy pointed towards the direction taken by David. "Why do you ask? Are you lost in the wood?" And he laughed merrily. "Come, I'll guide you out of the depths of the enchanted forest."

"We can't see that it's enchanted," laughed Minnie. "We have found it too realistic. One gets lost only in real woods, not enchanted ones."

"I guess you are right," the big boy declared. "But are you from town? Yes! Why, isn't that lucky? I am from town, too. I'm on my way home now and shall be glad of your company. I'm Jack Young, the son of your mamma, my brother David speak of you often," cried Nellie. "I mean David Grant. He's my brother. And he's gone now to find a road out of the woods. He went in that direction," and she designated the way David had gone.

"Ah, I see; gone to find a northwest passage, so to speak," said Jack gallily. "Well, there he comes now. See him through the thicket yonder!" "And sure enough David had found his way back by the pieces of paper he had sprinkled along the way going. And he was mighty glad to find his old school friend, Jack Young, there. Jack could lead them out of the wilderness to the Land of Home and Supper.

An hour later six tired little travelers bebehed their home town over one hill, and they knew that anxious parents and a good warm supper awaited them.

"And we'll tell of being lost in the wood," whispered Puggins to his sister so that Jack could not hear, Jack might laugh at him.

STORIES AND LETTERS.

BENNIE A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Editor: I have seen so many nice letters in the Courier Junior that I am going to write one. I go to school now. My teacher is Myrtle Hardy. I like her 'ust fine. There are about fourteen or fifteen scholars in school. I go to the Livingston school. Sarah Snow and I with the same family I do, and we go to school together. I study history, arithmetic, grammar, physiology, and government, physical geography and spelling.

MARY WANTS TO EXCHANGE POSTALS.

Dear Editor: I have never written to the Courier Junior I do so now. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier and I love to read the Junior page. I want my sister Imogene to write to me. I thought I would write. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Gallinger. I like her very much. I study reading, arithmetic, physiology, history, grammar, geography and spelling. I like to go to school. My seatmate is Rhoda Bennett.

I live on a farm four miles from Eddyville. It is two miles from home to the school house. I have one little sister but she is not old enough to go to school. She will be four years old in December. There were thirty pupils in our school today. I have company to walk with all the way to school. I would like to exchange postals with the Juniors. I will close for this time.

May Schmitz, age 12. Eddyville, Ia., R. No. 3.

JEANETTE WRITES TO LOIS.

Miss Lois Griffin. Dear Friend:—You sent me a card quite a while ago and told me to write a letter and I will do so. I am going to school now. I like my teacher fine. I am in the 6th grade. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, grammar and geography. I sit with my sister Imogene. My playmates are Christena Wagner, Jenny Brown, Elva and Ethel Huffman, Aggie Larkin. I guess I will close for this time.

Jeanette Coyne, Chillicothe, Ia., R. No. 1.

"GOOD LUCK."

Dear Editor: I will write about two good lucks of Ottumwa which are the Moline

Pump factory. My papa said he thought they are fine as he has two of them. Another good luck is the interurban, which is to touch eight cities. Anna Palfreyman, age 10, R. F. D. No. 1, Lucas, Iowa.

GOOD LUCK.

I thought I had extra good luck when I received the Courier Junior stating that I would get a pair of roller skates for writing to the Courier Junior. After a while I got a card from the editor saying that my skates had been sent. As a neighbor boy was going to town, I told him to ask at the depot and see if my skates were there. They were there and he brought them home. Of course I was tickled and put them on right away. I fell down right away. That was not quite as good luck. I have had much fun with my skates, and they are as good now as they were when I got them.

My friend Mary Palfreyman, had good luck in getting the prize which was a ring for it is so pretty. It has an opal in it. It fits her fine and she is very proud of it. She got it last week. I have had pretty good luck finding things. I found two good knives, a five dollar bill, a dollar bill, three dimes, three nickels, four or five pennies, a quarter, a half dollar, a good barrette and some hair pins. Of all these I could not find an owner for anything except the half dollar.

I have also had good luck in school as I have been promoted every year since I started to school. I didn't start until I was past seven on account of sickness. I am now in the eighth grade. I also got second prize, which was 50 cents for the second best button holes at the Lucas County fair.

Well, I guess this is enough good luck, so will close.

Beatrice Rickey, age 13, R. F. D. No. 1, Lucas, Iowa.

GOOD LUCK.

Dear Editor: I have never written but once before to the Courier Junior and as I would like to have a "good luck" bank I thought I would try and win one. One day two years ago last September my mamma, my two sisters, Willa and Betrice and I, my aunt and cousin Josephine started to drive up to the Eldon. After we reached the fair mamma stopped at the poultry house, as she had some chickens there on exhibit. After she had fed and watered them she came back and we drove down to the hog and sheep barns.

When we got down there mamma said covered her watch was gone. We all went back to the poultry house and looked all around for it. Dinner time came and we had not yet found the watch. After dinner mamma and papa went to the secretary's office to have it announced. The secretary heard them talking before they came in the door and asked them what it was they had lost. Mamma told him it was her watch, and she told her to describe it. She did so and he said he had a watch that had an old lady had brought to him and said she had found it.

It turned out to be mamma's watch and papa hunted up the old lady and gave her \$5. I think it was good luck for mamma that she found her watch and good luck for the old lady for she got the \$5.

Edna Michael, age 12, R. F. D. No. 2, Selma, Ia.

TWO GOOD LUCK STORIES.

When mother was a girl about fifteen years of age, she went to a country school. Her teacher was a gentleman of about thirty years.

Mother always had a taste for drawing. One day the teacher surprised the older class of boys and girls by saying, "I have been very much pleased with this class in drawing, therefore I am going to give a prize of five dollars for the best picture that this class can draw." The teacher himself could draw real well and so could the class of boys and girls. Well, they all went to work that very evening. Mother couldn't draw features of people very well, so she drew a scene. The teacher had said that the pictures could be original or taken from other pictures. Mother painted a winter scene. Away off in the distance was a church all lighted up. There were people in sleighs and on foot just going toward the church. There were also fire and evergreen trees by the wayside. The teacher was very much impressed by the picture. When the day came for the teacher to select the best picture, he selected mother's. He said that she could be an artist if she wanted to. And mother won the five dollars. That is good luck, I think, don't you?

You often hear people exclaim, "Just my luck!" I remember one day it seemed as if everything went wrong. But the day was not going to end that way. As I was going to school in the afternoon, I noticed a pin. I picked it up and pinned it on the lapel of my jacket, wondering if any good luck was coming to me on this day. Imagine my surprise when just before school let out my teacher told me to stay after school my few minutes. I did, and what do you think she wanted me to stay for? She said she was going to promote me into the next room.

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

A GOOD LUCK STORY.

I was going across a field one day when I was coming home from school, and looked down and saw a quarter. I picked it up and went home. One of our neighbor ladies said she lost a quarter out of her pocketbook. I asked her where she lost it and she told me she thought she lost it in the field.

I gave it to her and she gave me four cents.

Another time I was coming home from school, I looked down and saw a brooch lying beside the walk. Some of my girl friends were with me, but they did not happen to find it. I took it home but nobody called for it and I kept it. The pin to fasten it was broken off. My father fixed a pin on it and I took a set out of a ring and put it in. It was gold and I kept it a long time. One night I went with my mother and lost it.

Ottumwa's two good luck stories are the interurban and the Moline Pump Co. is moving here. It is going to be built by the Wabash railroad in South Ottumwa.

Nellie Hadden, aged 13, 1040 Orchard St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

GOOD LUCK.

Once upon a time, as I was coming home from down town, I saw a little boy with a big black pocketbook in his hand. He was trying to find the owner of the pocketbook and he asked every lady and girl if it belonged to them. He asked me if it belonged to me and if I knew whose it was. But I said it didn't belong to me. Just then a lady came running up to the boy and she examined it. She said it was hers and she asked him where he found it, and he told her the lady said "thank you" and asked him what he would like to have for his reward.

The boy said, "nothing," and started to go, but the lady opened her pocketbook and gave the boy fifty cents for his reward, and they departed.

Yours truly, Mabel Root, aged 15, 312 North Court St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

GOOD LUCK.

Dear Editor:—As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write on the subject "Good Luck." One day as my friend, Ella Dow, who lives in New York, was walking up Broadway she found a diamond ring. She then took it home. Her father put an ad about it in the paper. In about a week a lady came and asked for the ring as it was hers. The lady said her name was Mrs. Carter. She asked who found the ring. Ella told her that she was the one that found the ring. The lady gave Ella \$5 and was very glad.

A Junior, Twila Lorne Downard, Stockport, Iowa.

GOOD LUCK.

What I consider good luck is to find a friend, a true friend that you can trust. If you find a friend what more do you want? Why I will tell you what you want is a reputation and a character. Some people are lucky in finding money. Is money the only thing? It is when you have not got any.

What are signs of good luck. Why the wishbone and the horse shoe, and a pin if you pick a pin up and the front is towards you why you have good luck if not dull luck.

The D. I. of Douds has had good luck in improving the town. My uncle was walking along the road and where a horse hoof had indented the earth was a \$5.00 bill. After inquiring he found that no one had lost it so it was his.

Alden Doud, age 13, Douds-Leandro, Iowa.

HOW WE AMUSE OURSELVES ON RAINY DAYS.

Well, as for how you Juniors amuse yourselves on rainy days I cannot say, but my rainy days are spent mostly in the greatest pleasure to me that life can afford. I live good books and good papers. Give me all the good papers and good books I can read and on rainy days will not be dark and gloomy, but will glide by without one vain regret and my rainy day will be spent as happy as if it was bright and sunny.

A few of the books I have read and their authors are "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London; "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell; "Kind Hearts," by Mrs. J. F. B. Smith; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," by Douglas W. Jerrold; "Tempest and Sunshine," "English Orphans" and several others. My favorite author is Louisa M. Alcott.

Another good healthy amusement is to take my little brothers and sisters and go for a walk in the cool waters of a few days. We found the city to be a beautiful one of 4,355 inhabitants.

Leona and I then started on the fifth of July. Our next stop was at Omaha, Nebraska. Only having a few hours to spend in the city we did not see much of it, but found it to be a very large and pretty city. We then came by Pike's Peak, stopping there a few days. We took a camping outfit consisting of tent, bedding, food, etc., and with the aid of our burrows spent several days on the mountain, which we enjoyed very much. There is a beautiful park at the foot of the mountain called the Garden of the Gods. We then went by the way of the Salt Lake City, Utah, stopping there a few days. We found the city to be a Mormon city with 52,531 inhabitants. We visited the Desert Woolen mills in Salt Lake City which employ 60 operators. We also visited the city of Provo covering 2,500 square miles and extreme depth of 60 feet and the elevation of 4,200 feet and on the 15th of July we landed in San Francisco. We then spent a week taking in the sights

of San Francisco which were too numerous to mention.

San Francisco is the metropolis of the Pacific coast, the population being 342,782. On the 23rd of July we started for San Pedro. San Pedro has a nice harbor. Great cargoes of lumber, coal, and sugar are unloaded there daily. We went aboard a large vessel at San Pedro and had a delightful trip across to the island Santa Catalina. It was a perfect day and we saw many flying fish. Catalina island is twenty-nine miles from San Pedro. When we arrived one of the first sights we saw were little boys diving for money. It was wonderful how quick they got it and they never failed. Santa Catalina island is very mountainous. It is 22 miles long and 7 miles wide and is owned by private parties who live on the island. There is a beach called Moonstone beach and at low tide beautiful moonstones can be found there.

We came home through the Gila desert in the southern part of Arizona and saw many sights, too numerous to mention, and landed home on the first day of September ready to start to school the fifth.

Retta Ruark, age 13, Farmington, Ia., R. No. 3.

MARY HAS A LITTLE NEPHEW.

Dear Editor: As I have not written for quite a while I will now try and write. It is very hot here and I think the farmers would like to have a good rain. I have a little nephew, but he is not named yet. I was visiting my cousin and had a fine time.

I got the card, Manlia Jewett sent me which she had written to me to exchange cards with the Juniors. Mary E. Tweedy, age 11, Fairfield, Ia., R. No. 7.

STELLA'S CHICKENS ARE WHITE

Dear Editor: I thought I would write you a letter. I have eight chickens. My chickens are white. I like to feed them. My chickens are pets. My aunt Nellie was here from Texas last October and brought me a big doll with a silk dress and black hat and pink slippers and she also brought me a trunk and doll clothes. I go to the Jefferson school. I am in the fifth room. My teacher is Miss Cline. I like to read the Junior paper. My papa takes the Daily Courier.

Stella Dale, 228 S. Davis St., Ottumwa, Ia.

JESSIE LIKES HORSEBACK RIDING.

Dear Juniors: I think horseback riding is very much fun. I ride after school every evening. Sometimes I ride to town to get things for mamma. The horse I ride is spotted. Sometimes I ride a Shetland pony. I have exchanged post cards with Old Leander and would glad to exchange cards with more of the Juniors.

Jessie Hoffman, Libertyville, Ia., R. No. 1.

EDITH'S MAY PARTY.

"Mother" said little Edith, may I have a May party? Yes dear this very day said mamma. She invited several of her little friends. They were as follows: Edith, Frank, James, Marion and Grace. They took Ned the old donkey and went into the woods and came to a brook there were some little fish in it. They had their lunch near the brook. They played hide and seek and gathered flowers such a good time as they had. Frank made a swing on a big tree. They are going for nuts when they are ripe wouldn't you like to be with them.

Floris Ia. Bessie Smith, age 13.

INA HAS BEEN OUT CAMPING.

Editor Junior: I am a little girl I am ten years old. This is my third letter. Thanks for the post card you sent me. I have been out camping. I enjoyed it very much. I watched the men as they stacked the hay in stacks. First they cut it down, and put it out in the sun to dry. After it was dry I watched them put it in stacks. I lived in a tent. I had a swing out under the tree.

A blue jay nest was just above where my swing was. There was fields of corn, wheat, oats and alfalfa. There were chickens, cows and horses. There was a family near where we camped had a jersey cow and we got such good milk. There was cream on the milk nearly an inch thick. In the evening I could go out and look and see the sun set and it looked like it was clothed in a garment of silver and gold.

It was a pretty sight. As it happened we were on in the orchard or we could have seen the sun. At night the katydids sang, the frogs trilled and the big moon came up like a ball of fire. The name of the country road was Beaver avenue. They were paving a boulevard for automobiles. The air was fresher than it was in town. It was dusty in town, but it was muddy out in the country where we was.

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

THE MOST INTERESTING EVENT OF MY VACATION.

Our picnic that we had at the boat house is the most interesting event of my vacation. My aunt Anna, my sister and brother, a little boy that works for my aunt, and I, all went on Monday afternoon, July 11. We took our suppers with us. As soon as we rested my aunt showed us everything in the boat house. There is a large dancing hall, ladies' and men's rooms and a kitchen. There are lots of seats and swings on the porch.

After that we went rowing. My brother, sister, aunt and I, all went in one boat, and the other little boy went in a boat by himself. My brother rowed us. We went two miles up the river. As first we were ahead of the other little boy, but as he was alone in a single boat he soon got ahead of

us. Every time when he meant to say "row" he would say "oar" or else "roar." We teased him, and he never did get it right; he always forgot.

Then when we returned we realized that we were hungry so we made some lemonade and drank some of it and ate some candy. We then went rowing two or three times up and down the river. I can row pretty well. By the time we were tired rowing it was almost supper time. We then played the piano and danced (or rather I tried to). About 5 o'clock we went out on the porch and read, and my aunt embroidered. Then we fixed supper. We had lemonade, veal loaf, buns, fudge, vanilla wafers, sweet pickles, deviled eggs, bananas, peaches and apricots. After supper we went out in a boat a little ways up the river and watched a lady and her father swim. As it was then almost 7 o'clock, we got ready to go home. We all agreed that we certainly spent a pleasant afternoon.

Deedemona Eisenbeis, age 15, 401 W. Park Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

WASHINGTON THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

George Washington was born at Bridge Creek, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on February 22, 1732. His father was an old time Virginia planter and lived in an old time Virginia house. George was known to be a boy that could not tell a lie. One day his father brought him a little hatchet. He went out to try it. He came to a cherry tree and chopped it down. His father saw it and called him. George, he said, did you do this? He said, father I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet. His father died when he was eleven years old. He went to a school taught by the sexton of the parish and was taught no other language than English. He was an excellent student, and a thoughtful lad. When he was fifteen he had copied out over one hundred good rules of behavior and good morals. There was no doubt he tried to follow many of them. He held a position as public surveyor and for three years he was major in the militia. He served in the French and Indiana and Revolutionary wars. He fell heir to his brother's large estates including Mount Vernon, which was afterwards his home. He became a most successful planter of Virginia. He owned slaves, but never sold one. Before the close of the war, he was married to Martha Curtis. He was the first president and was elected in 1789. He was re-elected in 1792. He was chosen unanimously. The new government began on April 30, 1789. He died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. He was a brave and good man, was said to be the first war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow countrymen.

Oliver McReynolds, age 11, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Ia.

CORA GOES TO SCHOOL IN KEOSAUQUA.