

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

# The Courier Junior

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

VOL. 5 NO. 60

OTTUMWA IOWA OCTOBER 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN

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

ALL JUNIOR SUBJECTS NEXT.

Dear Juniors: The subjects for the next contest will be suggestions by the Juniors. While we already have several excellent subjects, sent in by the Juniors, still we want more. In order to increase the Juniors' interest in this contest we will give a "God Luck" bank in return for every subject sent in by the Juniors before Wednesday morning, Oct. 19.

Many of the Juniors are sending in very interesting stories on the subjects announced last week. As the contest does not close until Oct. 17 we will publish the subjects and rules of the contest again:

We think the precious things that are found in the earth would furnish splendid ideas for a Junior contest. We think that the Juniors can write excellent short stories on one of the following subjects, telling where copper etc. are found and their uses as well:

- COPPER.
  - COAL.
  - DIAMONDS.
  - GEMSTONES.
  - IRON ORE.
  - AMETHYSTS.
- Perhaps the Juniors can think of many more valuable things found in the earth and combining them with the above subjects write some splendid stories:

The prizes can be selected from the following articles: An umbrella, a sweater, a sofa pillow, a book, or a brass stamping outfit.

**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 postals sent out this week will receive a big souvenir album as a prize. Of course all the writers will get postals.

**HOLLOWEEN TRINKETS.**

We will still send souvenir cards for all letters appearing in the Junior. Write some short stories on the following subjects if you wish to get halloween trinkets:

- GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES.
- THE FALL BIRDS.
- A FROSTY MORNING.
- JAMES AND HIS FARM WORK.

**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 separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address the envelope to Editor Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## The Boy On The Place

I coat and a hat and a bat and a ball, With other things littering parlor and hall; There's toys by the dozen about on the floor, While tables and sofas are crowded with more.

It is easy to tell, without seeing his face, There's a riotous boy on the place.

There's plenty of work for the dustier and broom, For juvenile earmarks adorn every room; Chairs turned topsy-turvy, with curtains awry, And books in disorder which should be laid by.

By quiet arrangement there isn't a trace; It proves there's a riotous boy on the place.

A yell and a squeal and a whoop and an hello, In anxious inquiry, "Where did that shoe go?"

A shout and a giggle, a shout and a cry, A sob or a smile or a tremulous sigh, A challenge to run the intruder a race, All shows there's a riotous boy on the place.

A rush and a slam and a bounce and a jump, A push and a struggle, a fall and a bump, A laugh quite as jolly as that of St. Nick— Perhaps 'tis a Harry, a Joe or a Dick; In any event, there is seen in the case, The marks of a riotous boy on the place.

A bedroom with one little cot by the wall, And in it a slumbering figure so small; Clothes strewn all around with indifferent hand, Their wearer now romping in Lullaby land; Fair sunny curls framing a flushed, rosy face— Thank God for the riotous boy on the place! —E. A. Brininstool, in Los Angeles Express.

## Lena's "Spook."

Lena was the eldest of three children. She was 14, her brother Benny was 11 and her sister Gertrude—always called Gerlie—was seven. Lena was a real "little mother" to Benny and Gerlie during her mother's absence from home which occurred often for she was frequently called to her aged mother's sick bed.

The day on which this story opens Lena's mother, Mrs. Johnson, received a message from her own mother which read: "Come at once. Your mother very ill." So she called to Lena, saying: "Daughter, your dear old granny is very sick and I must hasten to her bedside. I shall be gone for several days unless granny gets better very rapidly. You must look after Benny and Gerlie in your usual good way. I hope papa will be home before night. If he comes, you know he thought he might be obliged to remain in town over tomorrow in order to attend to all his business. If he doesn't return, you and the children would better go over to the Browns' to stay tonight. I have promised Mrs. Healy (Mrs. Healy was the woman of all work in the Johnson house) that she might go home on evenings. You know her brother's child is ill and Mrs. Healy assists his mother in nursing it."

"I shall look after Benny and Gerlie as usual. We'll be at school each morning on time. I'll ask papa to call me very early. Mrs. Healy has so much to do that she can't possibly attend to dressing Gerlie and getting our luncheon up for us. I'll perform those little duties. And, if papa doesn't come this evening, I'll take Benny and Gerlie over to the Browns'. Mrs. Brown is always so cordial and declares she just loves to have us all three come to stop over night with her."

"Yes, she's a splendid neighbor and a lovely woman," said Mr. Johnson. "I know she really does enjoy having you and Benny and Gerlie visit her when papa is away. Therefore, if you don't hesitate to send you there on occasions. And now I must get off. John has the buggy at the door for me. I'm glad John is still with us. He's so trustworthy." (John was the young farm hand employed by Mr. Johnson.)

And so Mrs. Johnson, kissing her three lovely children, got into the farm buggy and was hurriedly driven to the little railroad station a mile distant. On the way the farm hand, John, asked permission to leave the farm that evening after supper. There was to be a big wedding in the community where his parents resided, and John wished to attend it. He promised Mrs. Johnson that he would be home by dawn on the following morning. "I'll be there in time to do the feeding and milking, ma'am," he promised. And on occasion of peering out under the window shade. And she was always a low chair close beside the window, rewarded by the same sight, the long swinging object being swung against the wall. Owing to the darkness she could barely distinguish the object.

After a long and horrible hour of suspense the rain suddenly ceased and the clouds swept across the sky and the moon came out. Then Lena saw something that she had never seen before. She noticed during the storm had seemingly disappeared. But while she was wondering up the walk came John afoot. She ran to admit him and he soon explained his long absence. "You see, Miss Lena," he said, "I unhitched old Davey to let him rest while I went to the station store to get myself a new hat to wear to the wedding. And I've hunted the whole country about the station for him and don't find him. So home I have come and I drenched to the bone. And I had no wedding to go to, either."

"That's too bad, John," sympathized Lena. Then she began to tell him that her father had not yet returned from town when the noise began outside the house. Lena hurriedly told John of how that same mysterious noise had kept her afraid and nervous all evening. "And I can see something strange, too, John," she whispered. "Well, no spook, no spook here that can make me tremble in my boots," loudly boasted good John. And out he went to the lilac bush. Lena stood beside the window looking boldly out. Since John's return her fear had flown away.

"Ah, ha, so it's you, you old sinner!" cried John. And he led from shelter of the lilac bushes old Davey, dripping with rain. "Ah, Miss Lena, it was the critter's tail as he switched it that made the noise."

"The joke is on me," laughed Lena. "And now I can see perfectly plain that it was his long tail that swung out against the house. Well, my spook lasses candy and popcorn for him. "We daren't start afoot now, brother," explained Lena. "It's sprinkling, and will be pouring soon. See how dark it is growing? We couldn't reach the Browns' before pitch darkness would be everywhere. And going over a dirt road in a pouring rain would be pretty hard for little legs like Benny's and Gerlie's."

"But mamma said for us to go to Mrs. Brown's," urged Gerlie. "Yes, but she said for John to carry us there in the buggy," explained Lena. "We must wait for him. I'm uneasy about his delay, too. I fear something must have happened."

"Maybe old Davey runned away," suggested Gerlie. "Old Davey," was the buggy horse that John had driven to the station that afternoon. "Oh, dearie, old Davey wouldn't run away on any account," Lena laughed.

"He's as safe as a horse could be. Then the rain began pouring and the night settled in as black as ink. Before time for the sun to be already set the clouds had hidden its light and night was upon that part of the world an hour too soon. Lena tried to be brave hearted and lighted several candles. Her mother always warned her against the use of lamps during her absence.

The rain became more and more severe, the wind raising to make matters worse. The clock soon pointed to seven and still John did not return home. Lena tried to keep her little sister and brother occupied so as to prevent their becoming frightened over being alone in the big house, so far from other human habitation. But with every fresh clap of thunder Benny or Gerlie would creep close to Lena's side and whisper their fears.

"I wish we could go to Mrs. Brown's," whimpered Gerlie. "I wish we could go to Mrs. Brown's," whimpered Gerlie. "I wish we could go to Mrs. Brown's," whimpered Gerlie. "I wish we could go to Mrs. Brown's," whimpered Gerlie.

"And I wish John would come," said Lena mentally. But like all little children, Benny and Gerlie soon became sleepy. Then all fear vanished and they lay on the big couch in the living room in deep slumber. Lena decided to let them remain there for a time at least. She dreaded going to the big silent room upstairs, where the roar of the wind and rain would cause her loneliness to increase.

About nine o'clock Lena awoke the little ones and led them up to their little beds. Then she returned to the living room, still hoping to hear some sound of the buggy wheels in the yard. But the time went on and on, and no living mortal put in an appearance. Lena was growing impatient and cautiously she went about to repair to her room, having decided that remaining up could do no possible good, when a strange noise fell upon her ear. She listened intently. The noise was near to one of the windows and sounded as though some object were being tossed hither and thither against the wall of the house. Lena, always a brave girl, went to the window and cautiously peered out beneath the shade which she had drawn after lighting the candles. To her horror she saw a long dark object swing out from behind the great bunch of lilac bushes which grew beside the window. The object—whatever it was—struck against the house. It was this which Lena had heard for several minutes. She drew back her heart beating and cautiously she looked out. There is a little anthracite coal region in north eastern Pennsylvania about Wilkesbarre and Scranton, two hundred miles from New York City and about one hundred and twenty miles from Philadelphia. Anthracite coal as it comes out of the mines contains great quantities of stone, slate and dust. Coal is used in factories, engines, and almost everywhere.

We had several mines in the vicinity of Lucas, which took out from three to four hundred tons of coal each day. Pennsylvania ranks first among the states in the production of coal. Yours truly, Lillie Hall, age 12. Lucas, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 2.

## "A GOOD LUCK JUNIOR."

Dear Editor: As I have not written for some time I will write about a "Good Luck" Junior. I am not the "Good Luck" Junior but it is my cousin.

My brother, cousin and myself were walking around the campground near Birmingham when my cousin stopped and picked up some pieces of money. In all there was a total of one dollar and seventy cents.

And last Saturday while he was walking to town he saw a piece of money, picking it up it was an old fashioned one cent piece.

It was about the size of a quarter. It was dated 1844 making the piece 66 years old.

As my story is getting long I will close.

Your Junior friend, Malcolm Tont, age 14. Birmingham, Iowa.

## A NUTTING PARTY.

Dear Editor: Once there was 14 girls and boys going to look for nuts. They went in the morning and took their dinner with them. Their names were Grace Neatoner, Olive, Florence and Arthur Crab, Pearl Huffman, Buzz Neatoner, Ethel Huffman, Jeannette and Mike Coyne, Henrietta Plaster, Pansy Moore, Cecelia and Agnes Huffman and myself. We started at 8 o'clock and came home at 5 o'clock. We gathered a lot of nuts in the morning and at noon we ate our dinner. For dinner we had cake, buns, meat, pie, candy, jelly, bread, fruit and many other things. After dinner we ate a lot of nuts and by 1:30 p. m. we started to look for more nuts. We found several different kinds of nuts. By 2:30 o'clock we had all we could carry home, so we began to play games. We played hide and go seek, horse, blackman, fruit basket and many other games. By half past four we started home, bidding each other good bye. Then Jennie and Ray Brown came over to play. This is an imaginary story.

Elva Huffman, age 14. Chillicothe, Ia.

## IRON ORE.

Iron is in the rocks. It is dug out of the ground the same as coal. It is first dug out of the ground, then it is put in smelters or blast furnaces in which the iron is taken out of the rock.

When they fill the furnaces they put first a layer of coke and then a layer of ore and so on until it is filled. The coke is then set on fire at the bottom of the furnace. The molten iron drawn from the smelter, flows into troughs which are through sand, where it cools and form short bars called pigs. The iron in this form is called pig iron. Must of the pig iron is changed to steel.

And then it is heated white hot and

board with rawhide bound around it and the men make most of the women do all the work.

Some of the Indians do some farming while others do not.

Most of them have land and all of the children have land too but the government won't let them have any more land.

Each one gets about one hundred and sixty acres in one tract. They get so much money every three months from the government. I will close for this time.

From a Junior, Master Oda Lawson, age 13. Carnegie, Oklahoma.

## THOMAS A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors: As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I will write now.

I am a little boy 9 years old. I go to the Melrose school, and am in the second grade in the first year.

My teacher's name is Sister Antoinette. I like her very well. There are forty pupils in our room.

Well as my letter is getting long I will close.

Your Daily Junior friend, Thomas Mullin, age 9. Melrose, Iowa.

## "COAL"

Dear Editor: As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write on the subject "coal."

Coal, coal oil and natural gas with respect to one another might be called cousins. It is thought that all were lived in much the same way. Men lived for thousands of years upon the earth before they learned that coal was the first coal found in America was near Ottawa, Ill. It was found by Father Hennepin a French explorer.

The first coal mines worked in the United States were not far from Richmond, Virginia. This coal was discovered by a boy who was digging. Coal is of different kinds. Bituminous or soft coal can be broken without trouble, and some kinds of it burn so easily that a lump can be lighted with a match.

Anthracite coal is almost as hard as stone, and is very difficult to break. It was a long time after soft coal was used before people knew that anthracite coal would burn. Still anthracite coal now forms a large part of the fuel of the United States. There is a little anthracite coal region in north eastern Pennsylvania about Wilkesbarre and Scranton, two hundred miles from New York City and about one hundred and twenty miles from Philadelphia.

Anthracite coal as it comes out of the mines contains great quantities of stone, slate and dust. Coal is used in factories, engines, and almost everywhere.

We had several mines in the vicinity of Lucas, which took out from three to four hundred tons of coal each day. Pennsylvania ranks first among the states in the production of coal. Yours truly, Lillie Hall, age 12. Lucas, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 2.

## "A GOOD LUCK JUNIOR."

Dear Editor: As I have not written for some time I will write about a "Good Luck" Junior. I am not the "Good Luck" Junior but it is my cousin.

My brother, cousin and myself were walking around the campground near Birmingham when my cousin stopped and picked up some pieces of money. In all there was a total of one dollar and seventy cents.

And last Saturday while he was walking to town he saw a piece of money, picking it up it was an old fashioned one cent piece.

It was about the size of a quarter. It was dated 1844 making the piece 66 years old.

As my story is getting long I will close.

Your Junior friend, Malcolm Tont, age 14. Birmingham, Iowa.

## A NUTTING PARTY.

Dear Editor: Once there was 14 girls and boys going to look for nuts. They went in the morning and took their dinner with them. Their names were Grace Neatoner, Olive, Florence and Arthur Crab, Pearl Huffman, Buzz Neatoner, Ethel Huffman, Jeannette and Mike Coyne, Henrietta Plaster, Pansy Moore, Cecelia and Agnes Huffman and myself. We started at 8 o'clock and came home at 5 o'clock. We gathered a lot of nuts in the morning and at noon we ate our dinner. For dinner we had cake, buns, meat, pie, candy, jelly, bread, fruit and many other things. After dinner we ate a lot of nuts and by 1:30 p. m. we started to look for more nuts. We found several different kinds of nuts. By 2:30 o'clock we had all we could carry home, so we began to play games. We played hide and go seek, horse, blackman, fruit basket and many other games. By half past four we started home, bidding each other good bye. Then Jennie and Ray Brown came over to play. This is an imaginary story.

Elva Huffman, age 14. Chillicothe, Ia.

rolled into rails, sheets or into heavy bars, some of it being used in making ships, some in making buildings, railway tracks, bridges, tools and machinery.

Years ago much of the iron ore was mined in Pennsylvania but now most of it comes from the southern shores of Lake Superior. A great deal is also mined in Alabama. There is hardly any thing of today which is not made out of iron or steel.

Earl Curtis, age 13. Ottumwa, Ia. R. No. 2.

## ELVA LIKES HER CARDS.

Dear Editor: I want to thank you for the pretty cards you sent me. My two sisters Agnes and Bernice also send you thanks.

My birthday is October 6, today, I am now 14 years old. I am going to have a birthday card shower. I would like to hear from Maude and Mabel Skirvin.

Elva Huffman, age 14. Chillicothe, Ia. R. No. 1.

## MINNIE WRITES TO JULIETTE.

Miss Juliette Eisenfels, 401 West Park avenue, Ottumwa Ia.

Dear Junior Friend: I am a girl 13 years of age. I live on a farm 2 1/2 miles northwest of Eldon. I have near the Betterton school house where I go to school. I am in the eighth grade. I study arithmetic, reading, geography, history, grammar and spelling. My teacher's name is Miss Letta Price and I like her fine. My seatmate is Ruth O'Dean. There are nineteen scholars that go to our school.

Do you go to school? How many post cards have you. I have almost 75. Five being from the Courier Junior. Have you ever received any cards from the Junior? I have never exchanged cards with any of the Juniors but would like to. Are you a Daily Junior or a Tri-Weekly? I am a Tri-Weekly Junior.

I would be glad to have you answer this through the Junior.

Minnie Canny, age 13. Agency, Iowa. F. D. No. 1 Box 26.

## FLORENCE'S PAPA IS MAKING MOLASSES.

Dear Junior friends—I thought I would write once more.

I am going to school. My teacher's name is Miss Lizzie Gleser.

I like her very much for a teacher. I am in the fifth reader. I study arithmetic, language, spelling, geography, history and physiology.

We live on a farm about eight miles from Unionville and ten miles from Blakesburg.

We have one little colt and two little horses.

My papa is making molasses. Please remember me as a Junior friend.

Florence Ellison. R. R. No. 1, Unionville, Iowa.

## MARION ANSWERS WINIFRED'S LETTER.

Friend Winifred—I thought that I would answer your letter that you wrote to me through the Junior page.

Our school has been going on for a month. My father teaches the school. My studies are writing, singing, arithmetic, physiology, grammar, geography and spelling.

I live about one hundred and fifty yards from the school house. Our farm is 80 acres and is about six miles northeast of Ottumwa and about 2 1/2 miles north of Dahlgene.

I have been to Rutledge, which is a pretty town. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad goes through the town. We call it the cut off.

Your Junior friend, Marion Mincks, aged 11. R. R. No. 3, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## GOOD LUCK STORIES.

Dear Juniors: Ottumwa has almost two good luck stories. One of them is the Moline Pump company. The other good luck story is the interurban to run between Iowa City and Ottumwa. Ottumwa raised \$100,000 and furnishes 12 miles of the right of way. It would mean a great deal to Ottumwa to get the interurban as it will be sure to make an increase in the population.

Winfred Hunter, age 13. R. F. D. No. 1, Blakesburg, Ia.

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH A JUNIOR.

I will write and tell the Juniors about my funny experience with a Junior friend.

Oda Lawson wrote to the Junior page and said he would like to exchange postals. I sent a card and received an answer. I sent my Junior correspondence on request. Since then we have been writing letters. The cards were always signed "Oda" and some were not signed at all. I took it for granted that I was writing to a girl and therefore addressed the letters "Miss." About a week ago I received a letter with the whole name signed. He is a boy. I suppose he thought it funny to receive mail addressed "Miss." How would you feel if you should get mail addressed the opposite gender of what you really are?

I must not forget to state that I have sixty Junior correspondents now.

Henrietta Plaster, aged 12. Albia, Iowa.

## THE NUTTING PARTY.

Dear Courier and Juniors: I wrote to eleven of my Junior friends and we planned to meet at a certain place so we could go nutting together. We were all there. They were as follows: Vida Wallie, Wilda Conger, Mary Palfreyman, Grace Billa Hanks, Hattie Allen, Leona Davis, Aley

Davis, Irene Goudy, Mildred Hall, Edna Cary, Lela Shaffer and myself. We were together and ready to start at 1:30. We walked slowly, but got to the woods about 2 o'clock. We soon commenced nutting and did not stop till about 3:30 and then went to the station and went on the train and went home. We all had a very nice time and wished to meet again. Of course this an imaginary story. I will answer any postal cards I receive from the Juniors.

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

## COAL.

Coal is a mineral dug out of the ground. The greatest coal region is in Pennsylvania and Alabama. There are the hard and soft coal. The hard coal is the best and it is found mostly in the eastern states.

Coal is used for many purposes. We could hardly get along without any coal in our country. Coal is shipped from one place to another. There is hardly any coal to be found in Minnesota. We burn coal. There are a few small coal mines around here.

Eva Leeson, Chillicothe, Iowa.

## TWO CLUBS IN EVA'S ROOMS.

Dear Editor: As I have written to the Courier Junior once before I will write again. I have received a post card from the Courier Junior. It was a view card of the Niagara Falls.

I go to school. I am in the sixth grade. My studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, physiology, grammar, music, spelling and history. My teacher's name is Mr. Tway. We have two clubs in our room which are Times and croquet. My sister and I belong to croquet. We have lots of fun playing.

Eva M. Leeson, age 11. Chillicothe, Iowa.

## ALBIA'S GOOD LUCK.

On the eighth of December, 1907 Albia's first interurban car run from Albia to Riverville and from Riverville to Hocking. Since then they have been running one car from Albia through Riverville to Hocking. On special busy days they run two cars. It goes from Albia and back in one half hour.

In the same year, (1907) the interurban was run from the Central depot to the business part of Albia. On the eighth day of December, 1908, one year after the interurban was run from Albia to Hiteman, interurban has been a great success. Interurban they have run two cars to Hiteman. It takes on-half hour to go from Albia to Hiteman.

It is predicted that in 1911 the interurban will run to Buxton. We all hope that Albia may have success in this undertaking. We also hope that Albia may send out more interurbans.

Henrietta Plaster, age 12. S. D. St., Albia, Iowa.

## WASHINGTON, THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

George Washington was born in Virginia on the 22d day of February, in the year of 1732.

He went to school to a man by the name of Hobby. He went to the old field school.

George used to play and he was always captain.

But this play captain soon became a real captain and could run so swiftly and was a powerful wrestler.

The boys would always bring their quarrels for him to settle.

When George was a little boy his father gave him a bright new hatchet for his birthday and George was very proud of it.

He had chopped a stick in two and then he thought he would chop something else and so he went into the garden and chopped down his father's favorite cherry tree and when Mr. Washington was looking at his trees he saw that the little tree was chopped down.

He knew that it was little George who had done the mischief, and he hid and went right to the house and little George met him at the door and his father said who had dared to cut down my favorite cherry tree?

When George's father said that tears came into the little fellow's eyes and he said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

His father then said: "My boy, you did wrong in cutting it down, but I would rather lose a thousand cherry trees than to have my little boy tell a lie."

When George was ten or eleven years old his father died and his mother took many pains in bringing him up to be a manly boy.

When he grew older he wrote over one hundred rules for behavior in company.

George wanted to go to sea but his mother wanted him to stay with her so he did not go to sea.

George's handwriting was very neat. He must have studied surveying very carefully for he was only a boy when he went over beyond the Blue Ridge and surveyed some of the wild land of Lord Fairfax.

He crossed many wild mountains and rode through many swollen streams.

He slept on a little hay, straw or fodder by a camp fire.

Once the straw which he was sleeping on caught fire and he might have burned if one of the party had not wakened him in time. The food of people was the flesh of wild turkey and other game.

Washington led this life for several years. He was married to Mrs. Martha Curtis.

third reader, I exchange cards with Johnny Skirvin and I have received cards from Walter Trout and from Arthur Cary. My birthday is Oct. 16. I would like to receive cards from some of the Juniors. I will answer all I receive.

Darrel L. Conger, age 6. Fairfield, Ia. R. No. 1.

## ROY A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Editor: As I have never written before I will write. I go to school now. I go to Elm Grove school. My teacher's name is Miss Sontag. I like her fine. I am in the fourth reader and my sister Jennie is too. I sit with my sister Jennie Brown. My playmates are Arthur Crab, Tom Larkin, Willie Larkin and Ethel Huffman.

Roy Brown, Chillicothe, Ia. R. No. 2.

## JENNIE WRITES TO ELVA.

Miss Elva Hoffman, Chillicothe, Ia. Dear Elva, I have a good idea of how to write you a letter through the Junior I will do