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All letters for this department must be addressed,
"Courier Junior,"
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VOL. 5 NO. 64 OTTUMWA IOWA NOVEMBER 1910. FOR THE CHILDREN

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

A THANKSGIVING CONTEST.

Dear Juniors.—Thanksgiving day will be celebrated Thursday, November 24, just two weeks from today, consequently we want some splendid stories in this contest. We want the Juniors to all work in this contest because for a reward we will give a beautiful sofa pillow already stamped, with silks to work it. This will make a nice Christmas gift for some Junior's mother. If a boy wins the prize, we will let him select his own gift. If you cannot think of a Thanksgiving subject, write on one of the following:

A PURITAN THANKSGIVING.
MILDRED'S THANKSGIVING.
THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMOTHER'S.
"OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER."

This contest closes Monday, November 21.

THE AUTHOR'S CONTEST.

This is such a splendid subject that we will give the tardy Juniors another chance by reprinting the subjects and the rules of the contest announced last week.

We think that this will be a good time to have a real hard contest, one that will require plenty of careful work. The prize will be the favorite book of the winner. We will not limit the writers to the number of words in their stories but we do not want them to make their essays too long. Write on one of the following subjects for the "Author's contest," which closes Monday, Nov. 14:

CHARLES DICKENS.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERY.
EDGAR ALLEN POE.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
MARK TWAIN.
LOUISE ALCOTT.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
"MY FAVORITE AUTHOR."

SOME SOUVENIR ALBUMS.

For the next two weeks we will give away some souvenir albums to the Juniors having thirty cards from the Junior, providing they write a nice letter or postal card story.

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

A PRIZE WINNER.

Mabel Skirvin wins the prize for the best story in the "Juniors' Subjects contest." The winner of the cat prize will be announced next week.

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 Carpenter

I thought I could saw, and I thought I could plane,
And I thought I was clever withnails,
And I mended a chair (though it's broken again),
And I once made a couple of bails.

But directly the carpenter came to our house
To put up some shelves in the hall,
And I sat by his side, just as still as a mouse,
I knew I knew nothing at all.

He measured each part with the greatest of care,
(A foot rule's a thing I don't use),
He labored to make the joints perfectly square,
And he always bored holes for the screws.

Now it's all very well to go hammering round,
And to look on a tool chest as fun;
But in future my carpenter work shall be sound,
And done once for all, if it's done.

—E. Lucas.

"Yonder Side The River"

Jack and Mabel Grey stood on the bank of a great, deep river, looking across to the other side with wistful eyes. They often stopped there on their way from school to look across the stream and to wonder about the people and scenes beyond. They had lived in the community only a short time, their father having bought a farm there three months previous to the opening of this story. And not once had Jack and Mabel been on the opposite of the river, for no bridge spanned it within ten miles of their home.

"Oh, how I should love to cross the river," sighed Mabel. "I think it must be like fairyland over there."

"Yes, see how blue and misty it is over those wooded hills," said Jack. "How beautiful it must be when one really gets quite into them."

"Maybe some day we shall go across," suggested Mabel. "Oh, if only there was a bridge over which we might walk to Fairyland!"

Then Jack and Mabel had to go their way, but they told each other of the many curious and beautiful things that they fancied were to be seen "yonder side the river."

Well, can you imagine the surprise of Jack and Mabel, when, one evening as they were returning hom from school, they saw many men with surveying instruments walking up and down on the river bank about half a mile from the very spot where they so often stopped to look across the stream to the blue and misty country beyond? And when Jack told his father about the men surveying the land about the river, he said, "Yes, a new road is to be cut through from the other side and a bridge built close to our farm. Then the farmers living on the other side can get to market without going away down the river to the bridge at Hall's Mill. It will increase the value of their land, too, this bridge being built for their use."

"But," faltered Jack, "isn't their land very, very valuable already? It looks so beautiful from this side the river."

Jack's father smiled. "Yes, distance lends enchantment, my son. But could you see the farms on the other side of the river you would not ask that question. Poor, rocky soil that is fit for little, I can tell you. I looked up and down both sides of the river before buying here. This side of the river is like Fairyland when compared with the opposite side."

But Jack, who had fancied so many beautiful farms on the other side, could not believe that his father had really seen the better places. Doubtless he had sought only the land adjacent to the river and had found the stony and barren soil there. But beyond —away among those misty blue hills, covered by splendid timber, the land must be fine and the farms like perfectly kept gardens. Anyway, so fancy had led Jack and Mabel to believe.

And during many weeks the men worked on the bridge and Jack and Mabel would stop on their way from school to watch them placing the great beams and iron rods and strong boards of the floor. And they counted the days till the bridge should be completed, and when they might go into the Fairyland beyond.

The official opening of the bridge was a gala day for the people of both sides of the river. Before the sun was an hour high in the heavens farmers' wagons, carts, carriages and buggies were lined up to cross the great bridge which had brought the families of opposite sides into close communication. Formerly the people living on opposite sides of the river had been as strangers, and few of them had been acquainted at all. But now neighborly intercourse would be possible and would bring much social happiness to the people on both sides of the stream.

And among all that crowd of farmers farmers' wives and farmers' children, few were so happy and excited as Jack and Mabel. Indeed, it was Mr. Grey's wagon that had first drawn up to the bridge on the morning of the "great opening" and the bridge men, dressed for the gala occasion, smiled and bowed to Jack and Mabel like old acquaintances, for they had become quite good friends during the building of the bridge. And before others came Jack was shown the bridge from buttresses to handrails ,one of the builders explaining it all to him.

When the crowd had assembled and the county commissioners, looking very important, told the workmen who were watching the entrance to the bridge, to open it for use, there was a great hurrah, and one by one the vehicles (crowded to their capacity) rolled slowly across the bridge, which seemed to open into other worlds.

As the day was very cool, the rejoicing farmers could not hold a picnic in the open and Mr. Grey invited them to come and make merry in his big new barn. The floor was swept clean for the crowd, table set and a fine old-style barn spread was soon enjoyed. Each good wife had brought a well-filled basket of provisions and the table was loaded with good things to eat. In the afternoon a dance was enjoyed by the young folks and even Jack and Mabel took a turn at the old Virginia reel. Oh, such fun as all the good folks had on the day of the official opening of the new bridge.

It was a Saturday, and all this happy time was held and late in the afternoon the crowd prepared to take their leave, for farm chores must be looked after.

"What a fine time we have had," declared one nice motherly-looking lady, speaking to Mrs. Grey. "And how delightfully you have entertained us in your comfortable house and immense barn. It is the nicest farm in these parts, Mrs. Grey. But, poor as ours is, I want you to pay me a visit soon and fetch along your lovely children. You know I have no little ones of my own and do love to have my friends' children come to pay me visits."

"Oh, how nice," exclaimed Mabel, who was a listener. Then she blushed a pretty red to think she had spoken so suddenly without being addressed. She was such a demure little maiden and raely spoke unless spoken to.

The lady from the other side of the river turned and put her hand on Mabel's shoulder. "Would you like to go home with me and remain till Sunday evening?" she asked in such sweet tones. "If you should like to go—and your mother could spare you—it would afford me great pleasure to take you along with me. My husband is as fond of children as I am, and we'd try to make you enjoy the time spent with us."

"Oh, how I should love to go!" cried Mabel. "And so would I," put in Jack, eagerly. He had come up in time to hear the lady's invitation to Mable.

So after a little talking and planning it was agreed that Jack and Mabel should accompany Mr. Brown (that was the good lady's name) to her home, which she told them was "away over on the hills, far from the river." And that was just what Jack and Mabel wanted. How they had longed and longed to see the country beyond the river, far away among the hills.

Mrs. Grey wrapped up Jack's and Mabel's nighties and gave them their combs and hair brushes and other little toilet accessories to carry along with them. And the children were quite happy, for it seemed like taking a long journey.

On the way to Mr. Brown's farm Jack and Mabel got well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Brown and enjoyed the conversation so much. And once at the farm Jack ran about helping Mr. Brown with his evening chores. Meanwhile Mabel was assisting Mrs. Brown in getting supper and was shown the three rooms of the house. While the place was cozy and as clean as a pin it was poor indeed when compared with the children's own home, which was a nice two-story stone house containing six big rooms. And Mr. Brown's barn, was only half the size of the Grey's barn, and his fields were on a hilside, rather poor in soil. And the country, which had been so beautiful at a distance, seemed common enough when brought so near to one, and Jack began to understand what his father meant when he said; "Distance lends enchantment." But Jack enjoyed every minute at the Brown's and so did Mabel. But they soon saw that their Fairyland of fancy was not on "yonder side of the river," but really at their own dear home.

"You see my dears," said Mrs. Brown. "We farmers of this side of the river have harder work to get a living from the soil than do you of the meadow lands across the stream. But we manage to be happy, and get all there is to be had by hard work and economy. Some day we hope to have such a house as your father has on his farm. It is so complete and beautiful.

"Yes and your father's whole farm reminds one of Faryland almost," laughed Mr. Brown. "His fields are so rich, his garden in such fine soil, that it seems mere play to till the place. It's one of the richest and prettiest places I have had the pleasure of seeing."

And on Sunday evening at Jack and Mabel rode homeward and looked across the river at their own pretty white stone house peeping through the trees all bright in their last autumnal leaves and saw the red barn in the rear and the dove house on its roof, and saw the great pasture filled with loitering cattle and the horses running in their lot, with the white pailing fence about the wellkept yard full of the last hollyhocks of the season and the arched gate—its autumn vines still covering it they grasped each other's hands and whispered, "there's real Fairyland—there at home." And so it was, too, and while they had always loved their home they saw it from a new point of view and began to love it more. "Thank goodness for that bridge," said Jack that evening as they sat around the supper table in their own home. "It brought us into Fairyland all right, but first we had to go away into what appeared from a distance to be so superior to our own surroundings and to be brought back from a distance to see it as the world —passing by—sees it. We've the finest home on the river, Daddy."

"And the finest boy and girl in the world," smiled Mrs. Grey. "For they are so pleased with their own home."

"And with their papa and mamma," put in Mabel, her mouth full of apple dumpling. "Ugh, it's good to be home again—in sure enough Fairyland."

"But we certainly had a fine time with Mr. and Mrs. Brown," exclaimed Jack.

"They are lovely neighbors, and now that we have the bridge we can invite them to our Fairyland often."

"Which we shall be happy to do, son," agreed Mr. Grey."

STORIES AND LETTERS.

MY CAT.

I once had a cat which was gray and white. It was not very large for its age. I once remember about when my cousin was down here on a visit. We played with the cats. My sister claimed one that was black and white. We let her claim one as long as she was here. One day it was raining. We played on the porch. We dressed our cats in doll dresses. My cousin's name is Mary Allen and my sister's name is Sybil. We had a fine time. My cat knew a few tricks. It was very pretty. I think one good subject for Junors to write about would be "How Paper is Made."

Blanche Wheaton, age 11,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 1.

HENRIETTA HAS MOVED TO BELLE PLAINE.

Dear Editor:

We have moved to Belle Plaine, Ia. We are running a moving picture and vaudeville show. It is called the "Nemo Theater Co." I will tell you about my journey this time and next time I will tell about my new home. We left Albia at 5:25 p. m. Friday and arrived at Des Moines about 8:30 p. m. to stay until Sunday. We went to our uncle's to stay. Saturday afternoon we went to the Lyric. My sister and I went to the Star and Unique theaters in the evening. Then Sunday morning we left Des Moines at 10:30 and arrived at Ames at 11:45 a. m. and changed trains for Belle Plaine. We arrived at Belle Plaine about 2:45 p. m. We like the town fine.

Henrietta Plaster,
Belle Plaine, Iowa.

WILLA GOES TO BLACK SCHOOL.

Dear Editor:

I live on a farm about a mile from Selma. I attend the Black school and am in the fifth grade. I attend the M. E. Sunday school at Selma. There is always lots of work to do on a farm and plenty of animals to pet. I like sheep and horses best. I think "Our School" would make a good subject for the Juniors to write about as most of them can write on that subject.

Willa Michael, age 14,
Selma, Ia., R. No. 2.

ELVA WRITES TO MABEL.

Miss Mabel Root, Otumwat, Ia.

Dear Junior Friend:— I will write you a letter to be in the Junior and would like you to answer it.

I have received a lot of very pretty cards from you and send you many thanks for them. I have just got through writing to Henrietta Plaster. She sent me a very pretty present for my birthday. I have received over 100 cards from Juniors and a lot of letters, too. How many cards have you received from Juniors.

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

JAMES WRITES TOMMY.

Tommy Plaster.

Dear Junior Friend: As I have never written before. I will write you a letter to be in the Junior. I am a little boy five years old, have black hair and black eyes. My sister Elva exchanges cards and letters with your sister Henrietta. I would like to exchange cards with you. For pets I have a little puppie and a kitten. I live in the country and like it very much. Did you have a good time Halloween? I did. I hope you will answer this in the Junior.

James Huffman, age 5,
Chillicothe, Ia., R. No. 5.

ADA GOES TO THE BETTERTON SCHOOL.

Dear Juniors:

I will write a short letter. I am a little girl ten years old. I go to the Betterton school house. I have one sister. Her name is Anna, and two brothers, Max and Alvy. My teacher's name is Miss Leta Price. I like her fine and my seatmate is Minnie O'Dean. My playmate are Wanda Hart, Mabel Hart, Minnie O'Dean and Addie Hart.

Ada Toops, age 10,
Agency, Ia., R. No. 1.

MAX GOES TO SCHOOL.

Dear Juniors:

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to the Betterton school. My teacher's name is Miss Leta Price. I like her fine. My seatmate is Johnny Riggs. He is five years old. My playmates are Lloyd Stiner, Lacey Canny, Teddy Canny, Johnny Riggs and Harold Stiner.

Max Toops, age 8,
Agency, Ia., R. No. 1.

FLOY WANTS TO EXCHANGE POSTALS.

Dear Editor:

I have not written to the Junior for a long time. So I thought I would write. I haven't heard from any of the Juniors for quite a long time. Our school was out Nov. 4. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Clell Fulton. I like him fine. My seatmate is Wessie Fulton. There are 14 pupils in our school. My schoolmates are Wessie Fulton, Golda Barger, Dessa Eaton, Helen Wright and my sister Blanch. I would like to exchange postal cards with any of the Juniors.

Floy E. Young, age 10,
Chariton, Ia., R. No. 7.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NICKEL.

On April the eighth I came from the mint at Philadelphia, Pa. I was to be circulated among the states along with other money. It happend that I came to Iowa and was put into the City Savings bank at Ottumwa. There I remained for a long time. But finally I was taken out by a lady who wanted to borrow money She put me in her pocket book and there I stayed, shut up in the dark lonesome place. I was glad to get out when the lady paid me out to a clerk of a dry goods store. I was put in the money register and then I was shut up inside of that, which I did not like very well either. But fortunately the clerk took me out with other money and took us all to the same bank I came from. I was not there very long when a man got me and gave me to his little girl. She kept me in her handkerchief box and there I stayed until this day.

Mabel Root, age 15,
312 North Court St., Ottumwa.

THE DIAMOND.

The diamond is the most valuable of stones. For many years India furnished the world's supply. In 1727 diamonds were found in Brazil and in 1867 they were found in South Africa, hence this has become the greatest diamond field of the world. Australia and North America also furnish diamonds but quite limited. The diamond stone is usually found in the sand or gravel along a river and is often of a dull lead color but when dressed out has brilliancy unequaled by any other stone, and no other stone will equal it for hardness. It is usually clear and transparent, yet very often it is colored. For many centuries the diamond stone has been the principal ornament for the crowns of kinds and queens as they are so brilliant and valuable the crowns are the most highly esteemed. The diamond is also used as sets for rings, broaches, and in many other ways but usually as an ornament in some form. One of the most valuable of diamonds was found by a native in the river Bogagem which was afterwards sold for 400,000. The largest diamond ever found in North America came from Manchester, Virginia.

Howard Rundell,
Ringsted, Iowa.

DEWEY A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Editor:

I have seen so many nice stories in the Courier Junior that I thought I would write.

I go to school now. My teacher's name is Miss Edith Harbor. I like her just fine. There are about eighteen or twenty scholars that go to my school. I go to the Star school. I study arithmetic, language, reading, and spelling.

Dewey Day Ault, age 11,
Floris, Ia., R. No. 2.

ANOTHER NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Junior:

As I have never written before I thought I would write. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Merle Greene. I study reading, history, arithmetic, grammar, physiology, geography and spelling. I live on a farm. We raise chickens, cattle, hogs and horses. My papa takes the Tri-Weekly Courier.

Almeda Redfern, age 10,
Hedrick, Ia., R. No. 6.

AGATHA HAS ONE SISTER AND FOUR BROTHERS.

Dear Juniors:

I will write a letter as this is the first time I have ever written to the Courer. I have half a mile to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss Anna Judge. I am in the seventh grade and I like to go to school. I take music lessons now. I have taken about five or six lessons.

I have one sister, four brothers and we live in the country about a mile and a half from Melrose.

Agatha Wallace, age 12,
Melrose, Iowa.

JEAN VERA'S SEATMATE.

Dear Editor:

This is the first time I have written. We take the Courier So I thought I would write. I am writing this at school. I like to read the Junior page. For pets I have two dogs. Their names are Spot and Bob. I have one sister and one brother. Their names are Ferne and Walter. I go to school. My teachers' name is Edna Jacobs. My seatmate is Jean Follman. There are 19 schoalrs go to my school.

Vera Parkhill, age 11,
Ollie, Iowa, R. No. 1.

COAL.

Coal is away down in the ground and men have to go away down in the ground and dig it out. The men put a cap on and they have a lamp on the cap so as to see how to dig the coal. Coal is used in a good many places if it was not for coal a good many little children would be very cold in the winter. Well I will close as my letter is getting long. I would like to receive some post cards.

Florence Rupe, age 6,
301½ N. Weller St., Ottumwa.

A WHITE CAT.

We once had a white cat. My grandma gave her to us. She was all white except a small black spot on her side and a black tail. We called her Whitie. When she was a little kitten her mother got poisoned and died. Whitie got sick too but we gave her some medicine and she got well.

One day when she was about two years old, while she was out hunting for mice, a snake bit her. Her jaw swelled up and we wondered what was the matter with her. After a while her jaw and throat swelled up so bad that she could not eat. We then found the sore on her jaw, but she was so far gone that we could not save her, and that same day she died.

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

A DESCRIPTION OF MY SCHOOL ROOM.

I go to school in the country. We have but one room. There are four windows on each side and one door facing the south.

There are several trees on each side of it and a good hitching rack around the yard.

There are eight framed pictures, two on the north and three on each side, and several maps and unframed pictures.

We have an organ on the east side of the platform and a bookcase on the west, and a desk in the middle.

There are 34 seats and five rows, but there are only twenty pupils.

The room is heated by a coal stove, standing in the center of the room. There are two benches on each side of the room and hooks on each side of the door to hang our wraps on. We have blinds to our windows and a large bell.

I am in the eighth grade and am a Daily Junior.

Blanche McClung, age 13.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

MY. CAT.

Dear Editor and Juniors:

As I have not written to you for a long time, I will write on the subject, "My Cat."

I have a cat. He is gray and is very nice. I call him "Teddy." I like cats very much, but I think the little kittens are the cutest. My sister, Elva has a little kitten. She calls it "Goldie."

I have received a very pretty card from the editor and send her many thanks.

Agnes G. Huffman, age 7,
R. F. D. No. 1, Chillicothe, Ia.

GOLD.

Dear Editor.—As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought I would try and write on the subject of gold.

Gold is a very useful mineral. It is used in making money, rings, bracelets and many other kinds of jewelry.

It is dug from the earth and is in rocks. The rocks crack and when it rains the water runs into the rock.

On the inside of the rocks it is so hot that it heats the water and causes the gold to melt, then it runs out on the rock and is mixed with the sand and is cooled in large lumps.

When this country was first settled by the white men, a man by the name of James Marshall was traveling through California. As he was walking along he noticed something bright. He stopped and picked it up. The news spread very rapidly that gold had been found in California.

As soon as the people heard it they left their homes and started for California in search of gold.

There being no railroads they had to go by water or in wagons and so did not travel very fast.

Some found gold and others did not find any at all. Gold is found in the western states and in the Rocky mountains.

Jessie Black, age 15.
Russell, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 2.

THE HISTORY OF A PIN.

My first recollection in life was when I was dug out of the ground by a colored man. Some zinc was then mixed with me. I was then passed between rollers which were to make me brittle. Then the rollers were loosened by heat and slow cooling several times until I had become a thin sheet of copper and zinc. When I had reached the required thickness I was passed through slitting rolls which sliced me up into rods one-eighth of an inch square. Then I was drawn into wire then one of my ends was made pointed so that it would go through a round hole in the steel draw plate. A pair of powerful nippers grasped the pointed end of the rod. I went through a round hole and came out a round wire. Then the wire was annealed, then drawn through another hole much smaller than the first. I was put into this hole again and again until I became the the proper shape. The metal though somewhat stiff, is too soft to spring out straight said the man. I was soon finished then I was sold to some store. From there I was sold to a very poor woman who took me home. I was given to one of the little girls to pick a splinter out of her hand. Then she put me in her dress and while drawing a bucket of water I fell in and thus ended my life.

Mary Palfreyman,
Lucas, Ia., R. No. 1.

GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES.

I think it is lots of fun to run and play in the leaves. We have fun at school when we see the leaves falling from the trees. We all run and see if we can catch them before they touch the ground. Then we will get a lot in our arms from the ground and throw them on each other. When I was about 12 years of age my sister Ethel and Pansy Moore and I all went to the Caldwell park and took our dinner. The leaves were all scattered everywhere and we would roll down hill. Sometimes we would hide in the leaves from each other and when they would go to look for us they would sometimes step on us. I would like to hear from the Juniors.

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

JAMES AND HIS FARM WORK.

James was a little boy nine years of age. He had always lived in town. One day his father said to him: "James how would you like to live on a farm?" James was delighted. They moved the first of March. When it was time James planted some potatoes and pumpkins and squashes and melons.

He soon learned how to ride horseback and to hitch the horses and to do other things. He was very proud the first day when they had some of his potatoes for dinner. On Halloween night he made a jack-o'-lantern and some other boys about his age went to people's houses and held the lantern to the windows and then they would throw corn on the windows. When he went to school he could not help so much but in the evenings he helped do the chores and to milk.

Louise Rickey, age 12,
Lucas, Iowa., R. No. 1.

GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES.

Little Maggie sat in the dreary cottage trying to sew on a ragged dress that looked as though it couldn't be mended. Just then she glanced out of the window and saw some children who were coming in the gate. They came in and it was 8 of her little friends whose names were Cora and Tom Brooks, Bernice and Malcom Storms, Sylvia and Margaret and Don Butler and Rose White. Maggie had fallen down stairs when small. It had caused her to be a cripple. Maggie and her mother were very poor and her mother sewed for a living. Her father had died when she was small. The children said: "Maggie, can you go with us to gather autumn leaves tomorrow?" Maggie said: "I do not know until mother comes." Just then Mrs. Morris came in. "Oh, Mrs. Morris," said the eager voices of the children, "May Maggie go with us tomorrow?" "Where?" said Mrs. Morris. "To gather autumn leaves," said Maggie. We will take her in a little wagon." "Yes, she may go," said her mother.

As the children were starting to go home Rose White told Mrs. Morris not to fix any dinner for Maggie as they would fix it all.

The next morning the children started. It was a very nice morning and the sun was shining brightly. Soon they were in the woods gathering leaves. The leaves were red and yellow and green and all were very pretty. But the girls though it was time to spread their lunch. Their lunch consisted of chicken, pickles, sandwiches, and cake and oranges and bananas. They gathered leaves all afternoon. When they went home they all declared they had a splendid time.

Grace Ragan,
Sigourney, Ia., R. No. 3.

AN ANT AND A BIRD.

There was a little black ant who lived in the woods. One day when the ant was walking along in the woods it fell in the little stream of water. There was a little bird in a tree close by and it dropped a leaf down in the water and the little ant crawled on it and swam to the shore. The ant said: "Thank you, little bird, very much. I will help you some of these days. So one day when a hunter was walking in the woods he saw the little bird in the tree and was going to shoot it. The ant bit the hunter on the ankle and he dropped his gun and went away. The bird said "Thank you little ant, very much for saving my life."

Jack Frye, age 7,
Eddyville, Ia.

GRACE'S PET KITTEN.

My pet kitten is gray and white. We have named her "Baby." It is a very sweet and mischievous cat. The older cat catches mice for the little one. We have a dog named Rex and whenever the dog comes around the kitten spits at him and Rex is afraid of her too.

I am 9 years old. I received several things for my birthday. I go to the Garfield school and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Norfolk.

Grace Nelson, age 9,
641 Center Ave., Ottumwa.

SOME POSTAL STORIES.

Dear Editor.—Not long ago you sent me five very pretty postals, but as I was busy with my school studies I didn't write about them.

One of them is a picture of "Bunker Hill Monument." It was built in 1824.

Another of the postals is a picture of the "Statue of Frederick the Great." It occupies a place in the grounds of the war college at Washington. In Berlin, Germany, there is a statue that is like the statue of Frederick the Great.

Another of the postals is a picture of the Morgan monument. This monument is in Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Fairy Bower" is another of the postals. On the back it says: "The Fairy Bower is a portion of the popular resort of Manly, situated seven miles from Sydney. The beach at Fairy Bower is separate from that of Manly and is very pretty. Oysters may be gathered on the rocks which fringe the shore at low tide." Along the shore of the river are some eucalyptus trees and the setting sun is shining through them.

The other one is a picture of Oxford St. Mary's spire.

All of these postals are very pretty and I thank you very much for them, likewise the Good Luck bank, which I think is very cute .

Your loving Junior,
Vida Wahle, age 12.
110 East Court St., Ottumwa.

WINIFRED'S HUNTING TRIP.

Dear Juniors.—I am going to write about my hunting trip. Last Saturday I went hunting with Ray, Clarence and Francis. We had bows and arrows and a dog. We had a good time. We went through the big meadow and then we went across the road, through another meadow and down the creek and up through a cornfield. Then we went through a grassy place. We saw a rabbit, too. Then down another creek we saw another rabbit and "Spot" started after it with me right behind him, running as fast as I could, but I could not go fast enough to catch it.

Then we came to a haystack, Clarence and I stopped to rest. Francis and Ray went on. They saw another rabbit. They came back and told Clarence and I to come and go with them.

Francis took a lunch and we went into a meadow and ate it. We had chicken, bread and potatoes. We were tired and hungry. It tasted awful good. We gave "Spot" a drink, then we went down the road to Ray's house. We played there until evening, then we went home. We had lots of fun.

I go to school every day. I like to go to school.

Winfred E. Wilson, age 9.
Blakesburg, Iowa.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

The first steamboat was built in New York. It was named the Clermont. When the people saw it they laughed and said that such a boat as that could never go.

For thousands of years boatmen had made their boats go by using sails or oars.

People had never seen such a boat as this. It seemed foolish to believe that a boat could move by using steam.

When the time came for Fulton to start his boat, people crowded around to see it start. The smoke began to roll out of the smoke stack. Everyone was sure that it would not go. At last the wheels began to turn, and sure enough, the boat was moving, faster and faster it went.

The people did not laugh any longer, but began to cheer. The little steamboat ran up to Albany. The people who lived on the river didn't know what to make of such a boat. Fulton's boat had passed many sailing vessels at night.

The people became frightened and ran into their cabins. They were afraid when they saw the smoke and heard the sound of the steam. It seemed dreadful to them.

The sailors went down stairs in the ships through fear.

Perhaps they thought it was a large sea monster which would eat them.

But there were many steamships on the sea afterward.

Isal Thorne.
2405 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles, Cal.

JACK AND HIS FARM WORK.

Jack White was a boy 17 years of age, having lived on a farm ever since he could remember. When he was small he learned to work on a farm.

This summer his father went away and his older brother was a college, so Jack had to do all the work himself. He planted his corn, potatoes, pumpkins and other things and tended them. In the summer everybody said he had the best crop they had seen.

He dug his potatoes and there was more than they had last year. He had to hire a man to help shuck the corn. There was more corn than was raised last year. It was now Halloween and Jack and his chum made jack-o'-lanterns and tick tacks and other things. When his father came back he brought Jack a pony for tending his crops. Jack is a young man now living with his father and mother trying to make them happy.

Ethel A. Dorr, age 13,
Belknap, Iowa.

FALL BIRDS.

First is the crow. As soon as it begins to be fall you can see the crows flying around and saying "Caw, Caw." They light in trees and then fly away and light on the ground and walk around hunting something to eat.

Next is the blackbird, which comes in droves. They is so many sometimes that they make a big black streak in the sky. One might call the wild ducks and the wild geese fall birds also as they begin to come south when it begins to get cold up north.

Frank Skirving,
Floris, Iowa.