

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

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VOL. 5, NO. 105.

OTTUMWA,

FOR THE CHILDREN

## THE COURIER JUNIOR

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MATILDA DEVEREAUX,  
EDITOR.

### MISS MABEL OLIVER GETS WATCH.

Dear Juniors: After reading all the stories for the new watch contest which opened Thursday Aug. 10, and closed August 21, we have decided the watch will go to Mabel M. Oliver of Selma.

You have all written such good stories that it has been very hard to decide, but we hope you will all agree with the judges this time, and all try for the next contest.

### TWO ALUMINUM CUPS.

Ethel Hartwick of Moulton and Anna Palfreyman of Lucas each get a drinking cup this week. There are two cups left for Juniors who write nice stories on the following subjects: AIR SHIPS. A HUSKING BEE.

### 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 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.

### Junior Returns Home.

Miss Henrietta Pfister, of Oska-loosa, returned home this morning after a few days visit at the home of Miss Albertina Parks 1100 North Elm street. Henrietta is a Courier Junior girl and attended the Junior picnic.

## The Five Little Chickens

Said the first little chicken, with a queer little squirm,  
"I wish I could find a fat little worm."  
Said the next little chicken, with an odd little sigh,  
"I wish I could find a fat little fly."  
Said the third little chicken, with a sharp little squeal,  
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."  
Said the fourth little chicken, with a small sigh of grief,  
"I wish I could find a green little leaf."  
Said the fifth little chicken, with a faint little moan,  
"I wish I could find a wee gravel stone."  
"Now, see here," said the mother from the old garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast, just come out here and scratch."

—Anonymous.

## The Legend of The Seed

Once upon a time the earth was so very young and the people upon it so pure and good that they could hear the morning stars as they sang together. It was during the Golden Age, as it is now called, that one morning in the early springtime a little group of girls were playing together and gathering wild flowers.

One of these girls was named Proserpina. She was the merriest of them all, though her dress was of the plainest brown. Her little feet danced everywhere and her little fingers seemed to touch the flowers as lightly as the butterfly that flitted by her.

Carelessly she danced close to a green opening in the ground. Looking down she saw a yellow daffodil growing on the edge. Leaning over to pick it, she felt herself caught by her dress, and the next minute felt herself sailing far down into the earth through the great crevice. She was in a chariot drawn by black horses, which were driven by a driver who seemed to be both deaf and dumb. He neither answered when she pleaded with him to take her back, nor even seemed to hear her.

The girls who were left gathering wild flowers had missed Proserpina almost the moment she was out of sight, but no one knew what had happened.

"Come back, come back!" the girls called, but no answer came up from the great opening or from the forest near them. Only Echo marked their cry of "Proserpina, oh, Proserpina, come back!"

"She has vanished," the girls whispered. "I always felt as though she had wings beneath that plain brown dress she wore," said one.

"But who can tell Queen Ceres, her mother?" they asked one another.

No one could go alone, so they all went together to Queen Ceres and told her what had happened.

The good queen wept bitterly. That day she laid aside her regal robes and began her search for Proserpina. Up and down the world went this royal mother seeking for her lost daughter. At last she came to the land of King

Celeus. When Ceres reached his land she was so ragged and poor that she was glad to earn money by taking care of the king's little son. As nurse to the little prince, Queen Ceres was almost comforted.

Because she was the goddess of the wheat and the fruits, the crops upon the land of King Celeus, while she was there, were very wonderful. In the land near Mount Etna, where Proserpina had been lost, no rain fell and no corn nor apples grew.

June sent Iris down to earth to beg of Ceres to give rain to the suffering people of her own home. Ceres said no rain should fall till Proserpina came back to her mother. One day as Ceres was weeping by a fountain her tears fell into the spring water, and, as they did so, she heard a silver voice:

"Why do you grieve, Queen Ceres?" said the water sprite or nymph.

"Proserpina, my beautiful daughter, is gone from me," said Ceres. "I have sought everywhere on the earth for her. I cannot find my daughter."

"Listen to me," said the voice from the fountain. "I have seen her. She is not on the earth; she is in the earth. She is in the palace of King Pluto, who rules below. I saw her as I ran with a river through Pluto's kingdom. She longs to come back to you."

Queen Ceres was like a stone for a long time after she heard the story told by the murmuring waters of the fountain.

Proserpina alive and longing for her! It did not seem true, but she would know soon. Taking back the little prince to his mother, she hid herself in a forest, called for her chariot, and when it came, drove straight to the top of Mount Olympus, where Jupiter sat on his shining throne.

She begged of him to command his brother Pluto to return her daughter to her.

"It is granted on one condition; that is, that Proserpina has never tasted food nor drink since she has been beneath the earth."

Mercury, the wing-footed messenger and Flora, the goddess of Spring, sought the center of the earth to bring back Proserpina to Ceres.

Pluto loved his stolen prize as much as Queen Ceres did, and being unhappy because she refused to eat, succeeded at last in making her taste one of the beautiful pomegranates that are both food and drink.

Even while she was tasting it Mercury and Flora stood at Pluto's gate with the command to return her to Ceres.

What was to be done? Mercury quick-witted as well as quick-footed, decided that if she dwelt with Ceres for half the year and with Pluto the other half, Jupiter's commands would be satisfied. This proved to be as Jupiter wished.

So, arrayed in shining green, Proserpina swiftly set out with Flora and Mercury to find Queen Ceres. Ceres saw her the minute her bright head appeared above the brown earth and knew her through her disguise. You remember when Proserpina was taken away she wore a plain brown suit.

They lived together, the mother and daughter, through the bright spring days and the warm summer weather. When autumn came Proserpina donned her brown suit and Pluto claimed her. There, in his underground realm, she reigns all the cold winter months. She is happy now because Queen Ceres is happy. The mother knows that when spring breathes over the earth again Proserpina will come back to her.

Can you guess who Proserpina is? You have seen her a thousand times. Yes, and when you see her next you will say how strange that the Greeks could tell such a story of only a little seed.

## Where the Frogs Came From

You see the sun every bright day, don't you?

And you see the moon every moon-shiny night?

Now, listen, and I'll tell you a story about their mother. No, not about their mother, but about the mother of the god of the sun, and of the goddess of the moon, whose names were Apollo and Diana.

It is about Apollo's and Diana's mother this story is to be told. Once when they were little twin babies their mother was in great trouble. She had to wander around and around, and get food and drink wherever she could find them.

One day she went to a pond for water, for the people in the houses were cross and would not give her any.

And just think of it! These people carelessly about nothing their green coats and white vests, ran down to the pond ahead of her, jumped in and stirred the water so that it was black with mud.

And they called out, "Come and drink, Latona! Come and drink water pure and sweet, Latona!"

This the cruel people did until Latona and her babies were so tired and thirsty they could wait no longer. "Why do you abuse us?" she said: "You have plenty of water in your wells. Can you not see how these poor babies reach out their hands to you?"

But the rude people were jealous of the beautiful woman and her lovely twins, and only stirred the water till it was blacker, and cried the more, till they were fairly hoarse:

"Come and drink! Come and drink!"

Latona put her two babies down on the warm grass. Then she looked straight into the blue sky, and raising her hands, said:

"May you never quit that pond in

all your lives, neither you nor your children."

The story is that Jupiter heard her, and that these cruel people never came out of the water again. They grew very small; their green coats and white vests turned into skin and their children were today the same kind of suits their parents wore that day they waded into the pool. Though they have the whole pond to themselves, they croak away until their mouths have grown wide and ugly, as mockingly as did their forefathers at Latona.

"Come and drink!" But who wants to drink out of a frog pond?

Little heathen boys, who believed this story, used to pelt frogs with stones, and there are some boys now who act just like those foolish little heathen.

## STORIES and LETTERS

### THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

Dear Editor:—As I have not written for a long while I thought I would write on the subject "The Boston Tea Party."

This was the most famous tea party ever held in this country. You will be surprised when you learn how much tea was used up in a single evening. The verse of revolt, she therefore removed all the taxes, except upon tea. That was to show the Americans she did not mean to give up the right to tax them.

She fixed it so that even with the tax added the tea cost less than in England. But the Americans were very indignant over the trick. When the tea reached New York and Philadelphia the people would not allow it to be landed, and the ships carried it back to England. At Boston the people tried to send the ships back, but the governor of the colony would not let them go.

On the night of December 16, 1773, a party of fifty men, painted and dressed like Indians, made their way through the streets of Boston to where the vessels, laden with tea, were lying at the wharf.

A large crowd followed for they saw mischief was afoot. When the disguised men reached the harbor, they went on board the ships, and began bringing up the chests of tea. As fast as they were placed on deck, other "Indians" broke them open and emptied their contents into the sea. They kept it up until three hundred and forty chests of tea, all on board, were destroyed. While throwing overboard the tea, they did not call each other by their right names; a great many in the crowd knew who they were, yet all were their friends, and no one was betrayed.

The crowd on the wharf were so quiet that the noise of ripping open the tea chests could be plainly heard. Having finished their work the "Indians" sprang down from the vessels and went to their homes, and the town became as quiet as on a Sabbath day. This event is known in history as the "Boston Tea Party."

The next morning the news of what had been done spread like wildfire among all the neighboring villages, and a messenger was sent on a fleet horse to tell the story to the colonists of New York and Philadelphia. There was great rejoicing and satisfaction over the bold act throughout the country.

Mabel M. Oliver, Age 13, Selma, Iowa, Route 1, Box 64.

### CHARLIE A HAPPY BOY.

Dear Editor:—Charlie was a poor boy and his mother, sister and himself lived alone. His father died when he was eight years old and now he was his own old.

He had often tried to get a place to work, but could never find one, but one day he said to himself, "I will go to the telegraph office." He inquired and the clerk said yes, so he had a job at last.

So he worked a week and then he got fifty cents a day. On day he took a message to the bank. Just as he had given the message a robber came in. In his hand he carried some money. He went to the clerk and said, "Give me some money, or I'll blow this up." The clerk was old and faint. Charlie had taken it all in and snatched the explosive from the burglar and ran to the police office. The police was soon there and took the burglar. Mr. Brown, for that was the clerk's name, soon recovered. Charlie went back to his work.

A man came to Charlie's house and knocked. Charlie's mother came to the door. He asked if she had Charlie's picture. She said yes, so she asked him what he wanted it for. He said, "I have not time to tell you; it will be in the paper. You can buy one and it will there."

So she sent Edith out and got it. Charlie bought one, too, and was much surprised to see his picture in the paper and went home and his mother told him all about it. As he was passing the bank Mr. Brown came out and gave him a thousand dollars. He went home and told his mother. Then in a week they moved into a nice house and he got a good position. Anna Palfreyman, Lucas, Iowa, Route No. 1.

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

Dear Editor:—Henry was a little boy ten years old. He was up bright and early to get his work done. So he could go to the woods to hunt birds. He did not harm the nest. He just wanted to know where they were. He already knew of one nest. When he first looked into it there were four little eggs, but now there are little birds in the nest. But today Henry

went farther in the woods than he had ever been.

He saw birds but no nests. So he started to go home. Alas, he could not find his way out. He set down on a log he was so hungry, oh, if he had only brought some cake. He heard a buzzing sound. It came from a bee. It was his father's bee, nobody around had bees. It seemed to say, follow me. Henry followed the bee out of the woods. There was his house before him.

His mother was standing in the door waiting for him. She said, "Henry, where have you been?" Henry told his story of being lost in the woods. Opal Locke, Age 10, Hedrick, Ia., Route No. 1.

### BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Dear Editor: I thought I would write and tell you what little I know about the Battle of Bunker Hill June 17, 1775.

On a narrow peninsula to the north of Boston, and separated from it by a sheet of water half a mile wide, was the village of Charlestown, behind it were two small hills. The nearer of the two to Charlestown was Bunker hill. Just beyond it was Bunker hill. The possession of the British ships which lay at anchor was of much importance.

When the Americans learned of Howe's intention to fortify the hills, they sent a force of about twelve thousand men under Colonel Prescott, on the night of June sixteenth, to take possession of Bunker hill. In mistake Prescott passed Bunker hill, and went to Breed's hill, and before dawn they had thrown up a large earthwork. When daylight appeared so it could be seen the British opened fire from their ships. But the Americans were not afraid, and kept working on, and by noon had a line of intrenchments reaching from the earthwork down the hill toward the water.

Howe chose to send twenty-five thousand men over in boats from Boston, land them at the foot of the hill, and go straight up its side toward the Americans on its summit. The Americans were told not to fire till they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes, and they obeyed.

The first shot came from their line till the British were within a few feet. Then the Americans fired and when the smoke blew away the British were running down the hill. The officers sent their men up the hill a second time. The Americans were bidden not to waste their powder, but when the British got close enough the Americans fired, and the British ran again. When they were brought back for the third attack, the Americans had no powder, so they fought with gun-stocks and stones. The results of this battle were two fold.

Ora Miller, Age 14, Batavia, Ia., R. R. No. 1.

VIDA WRITES TO MARY.

Miss Mary Palfreyman, Lucas, Ia.

Dear Junior Friend: I will soon be here before we know it. It seems like this vacation has wings and tries to fly away from me, but still I'll be glad when school begins again for I have had a pretty long rest. I will go to high school at Christmas.

I will be fourteen years old November 29th. I received a card from you quite a while ago and I hope you received my postal. I have over two hundred postal about thirty from the editor. I have received about twenty-five cards from different Juniors. I have never lived on a farm, so we never had any chickens. I have stayed several months on the farm at Aunt Ester's and Uncle Chris', when I was a real little girl.

I have two sisters older than I am. I don't like to look at most of the funny papers because they are too funny. I have never been through Lucas, Iowa, but would like to.

I drew that story which you spoke about from my imagination. I am afraid that if I ever heard a burglar in our home I would let the silver go and hide, without shooting him.

I am taking lessons on my mandolin. I hope that this vacation has been pleasant for you. I enjoyed the letter you wrote to me through the Junior. I have fun much. I certainly enjoyed the chautauqua this year. I liked Mr. Gell's lecture on "A Giant Through Pigmy Land."

A new jail is being built in our city now and it is showing signs of being almost finished. I have enjoyed all of your stories and letters that you have written to the Junior page.

The clock is telling me that it is time to put up my pen, so I will say good bye.

Vida Wahl, age 13, 110 E. Court St., Ottumwa.

### A MODERN TEA PARTY.

Dear Editor and Juniors: When mamma and I went to Boston last summer, we were at my uncle's house to visit for a few days. And my cousin Mary told me she would make a tea party while we was there for her. I have never had a tea party before but she had a garden of her own, and she had all kinds of vegetables in it. So Mary thought she would sell some of it to earn some money that she could make a tea party.

So Mary sold cabbage, tomatoes and watermelons, etc., and some fruit and she earned five dollars. And then Mary asked her mother if she could have a party after she earned some money, and her mother said she could if she would make it nice and invite all her friends and cousins. Mary said she would, and then we both hurried up, and in the evening we made ice cream and a cake etc.

In the afternoon when Mary went to invite her friends mamma and I made the ice cream and baked a cake. In a little while after Mary came home the crowd began to gather up at Mary's

house. When they all come up we played games, and ate the ice cream etc. Every body said they enjoyed the party very much so far.

But the funniest thing was, we were all playing outside and there was a broken chair in the house, and two of Mary's friends went into the house and one of them sat down on that broken chair, and pretty soon we all heard such a noise at the house, and we were all frightened and we ran to the house to see what was the matter. So when we got to the house we saw that the girl with the broken chair fell to the floor. So we were all laughing at her, and she was ashamed of herself. After it was getting late in the evening the crowd all went home, but they all said they had a fine time. My mother and my aunt said it was a very nice party.

Annie Drish, age 12, East Pleasant Plain, Ia., R. R. 1.

### BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLIES.

Butterflies are the most beautiful creatures of nature. The most simple ones which we see everyday average about sixty-two in number. Early in the spring we are sometimes startled to see a large, dark butterfly flitting carelessly about in the woods. It is our earliest butterfly and is called the "Mourning Cloak." It has sometimes been seen as early as March.

The "Spring Azure" is another one of delicate violet colors. It is a tiny creature which is often seen near springs or brooks.

Just before the civil war there was introduced into this country a white butterfly known in Europe to feed upon cabbage and turnips. It was first seen at Quebec in 1860 and was found in New York in 1868. It spread more toward the east and north than towards the south and west. By 1867 it had reached Halifax N. S. but was then known in New England only at the extreme north. Later it developed and the whole eastern United States was invaded. Now it has developed over the whole country. It is called the "Cabbage Butterfly."

The "Zebra Swallow Tail" is one of our most elegant butterflies. It is found in the southern states east of the Mississippi. Its wings are black marked with blood red spot on the inner margin of the hind wings. The delicate marks threading the surface of the wings give this butterfly the name of "Hairstreak." It is found in most parts of the United States and occasionally in Canada.

The "American Copper" is so called because of the hot fiery looks and the copper color of its wings. It would excel all others in beauty if it were of a larger size.

The "Monarch" or "Milkweed Butterfly" is one of our most interesting insects. It is large in size. The expanse of the wings being about four inches. A deep orange red is the ground color and on both wings is a margin of black dotted with white, while the veins forming a framework are all traced in black and on the top of the fore wings is a deep black band. They are seen on plum trees and lilac bushes in the spring.

If the "Monarch" is a beautiful butterfly the "Painted Lady" excels it in beauty. It has almost the same colors with the exception of a few peacock-eye markings.

The "Black Swallow Tail" is usually seen in the vegetable gardens. It has black wings with series of yellow spots. Between the wings are dustings of blueish colors.

The "Silver Spotted Hesperid" is found in the Pacific states and is the largest of the "Skippers." It has brown wings with yellow markings with a large silver white mark of irregular shape crossing the middle of the back and wings.

The "Baltimore" is found in secluded places such as swamps and bogs. It is of medium size with black wings which have a series of yellow spots. It is found in northern United States.

In the markings the "Wandered" differs from all other butterflies. Dark brown and fulvous are the only colors. It is found in the Mississippi valley and the Rocky mountains.

The "Buckeye" is found in Cuba, Mexico and Haiti. It has wings of blackish brown color with orange patches with peacockeye marks.

Our largest butterfly is the "Orange Dog." It is of a striking appearance because of its contrasting colors which are fully displayed in its flight.

The "Pearl Crescent" is a common small butterfly. It is brown and is marked heavy with black and orange. It is found in the United States except the peninsula of Florida.

The "Silver Crescent" resembles the "Pearl Crescent" very closely except for size. It is larger and the colors are darker. It is found all over the northern states and Canada. These are only a few of our common butterflies. Others are the Orange Sulphur, the Northern Cloud Wing, the Mormon, the Little Wood Satyr, and the Long Dash. Butterflies have often been compared to flowers. They are like them in that each kind has its own season for appearing in the insect bloom. More than any other insect they attract the attention of the people. Much can be learned from these wayside wanderers seeking honey from the clover, the milkweed, and the goldenrod.

Miss Hedvic-Carlson, age 14, 1015 Locust St., Ottumwa, Ia.

### CHARLES A HAPPY BOY.

Dear Editor:—Charles was a very happy boy. He lived on a small farm with a nice house and barn on it and lived there with his mother, father and one little baby sister. Their farm was about two miles from town. He could not have everything he wanted but he was a light hearted boy, and he liked the flowers, woods and green fields, and he would get up in the morning before the sun

was up and go out in the green field and get flowers for his mother's dining table.

He went to Sunday school every Sunday and would stay for church. He delighted in going swimming and fishing in a pond near by. The neighbors called him Happy Charles because he was always singing and whistling. I think that all boys might be happy in such a home as this. Don't you?

Pearl Neff, Age 12, Iowa, Kansas.

### AN INDIAN POW-WOW.

Dear Juniors:—As we live about three miles from the Indian reservation, I will write and tell you about the Indian pow-wow which I attended. We had to go up on the Omaha Indian reservation about twelve miles to get to the pow-wow grounds.

They had a great many acres in the grounds and had it all fenced. It cost a dollar for each buggy to go in. The pow-wow resembled a Fourth of July celebration, only there were as many Indians as white people attended.

They had hundreds of tents and they were all on the top of some high hills.

Many of the Indians were dressed in blankets and carried the babies on boards.

There were Indians of all ages there from little babies to old gray haired men. Many of the older men had their hair braided with long pieces of fur braided in at the end, but the younger ones had their hair cut off like the white men. They were dressed in many different ways. Some had one feather in their hair while some had feathers in their hats.

The Indians come here from many different places during the pow-wow. Some came from the Sioux reservation up in the northern part of Nebraska and some came clear from Oklahoma. They had what they called a give-away then. They gave away 172 horses besides many other things.

After the give-away they had a regular old fashioned Indian dance.

The Indians that danced were dressed in buckskin suits trimmed in bells. Their head dress was made of feathers and their faces were painted with war paint. When they walked or danced they seemed to know just what step to take to make the bells ring just right.

They had a large drum which they called the McCall drum. The Indians that danced were from Oklahoma and seemed very proud.

They had a merry-go-round and many stands.

My cousin and I got some bead picture frames which the Indians had made. I had never seen very many Indians until I attended the pow-wow so it was quite a curiosity to me.

As my letter is getting long I will close.

Wilda Conger, Age 14, Lyons, Neb.

### HAS NEARLY 400 POST CARDS.

Misses Gladys and Goldie Cottrell, South Ottumwa, Ia.

Dear Chums: As you wanted me to write you a letter to be in the Courier Junior I will.

I am writing for a aluminum cup, but as I am in a hurry I don't expect to get one.

How are you both and how is Frances and Lillie?

When are you all coming out to see us again?

We always have so much fun when you kids come. How many postals have you girls? I have close to 400. They are all very nice. 25 of them are from the Editor of the Courier Junior, and about 200 are from Junior friends.

I hope you girls will answer this through the Junior page. I wrote a story to be in the Junior. The name of it is "Why are big Juniors lazy in summertime?"

I am also writing cards and letters today to Henrietta Pfister, Hannah Clark, Leona Vest and Maude and Mable Skirvin and a card to Hedvig Carlson. It keeps me busy to keep up with my Junior correspondence.

Are you girls going to write a letter to the Junior? I would be very glad to see your letter in the Junior. Did we have fun that night we were playing by the bridge with you and Anna Coughlin?

Today is Saturday and I want to hurry and get this written as they are going to town and my sister Stella keeps telling me to hurry and get ready to go. I will call you up when I get to town.

Well girls I will close and write Olive Crab a letter to be in the Junior.

Ever your Chum, Elva Huffman, age 14, Chillicothe, Ia., R. R. No. 1.

### PEARL'S REWARD.

Dear Juniors and Editor: One fine morning in June two sisters Ruth and Pearl were quarrelling which one of them could sweep the best. Pearl thought she could do it the best, so they wanted their papa to be the judge.

So the next morning Mr. Smith, the girls' papa, told Ruth to go and sweep his office. She was very much pleased with having her father's work, and she went at once and swept it, then she went into the room where her papa was reading and told him she had done it very neat.

And the next morning he told Pearl to go and sweep his office and while Pearl was lifting up a little box that stood in a corner to sweep under it she found two bright shining dollars. She ran quickly to her papa and said "Oh, papa look what you must have dropped while in your office."

Her papa said, "No Pearl, those two dollars are yours for sweeping under that box. If Ruth had swept under it she would have had the two dollars, but as you found them you can go

up town and buy what you please, but first go and show Ruth.

When Ruth saw the two dollars and heard Pearl's story she began to cry and said she would never again say she could sweep better than Pearl. Pearl went up town and with the two dollars bought herself a new hat that lasted her two summers.

From a Junior, Viola Schrader, Sigourney, Iowa, R. R. 4.</