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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. IX, NO. 31

OTTUMWA COURIER,

MARCH 1914

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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MATILDA DEVEREAUX
EDITOR

Dear Juniors: We want all the Juniors to write on the following subject: "The best place to live, country or city," and why. When the writers send in their stories we want them to select their article they would like for prizes. This contest opens today and closes Monday, March 16.

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

Arveda Halberg is awarded the composition prize this week.

We want more Juniors to send in some of their school compositions. We will give a beautiful doll, knife, book, roller, skates for the best composition.

We hope that many more of the Juniors will write letters. We will offer a surprise prize for the best letter and all the Juniors can work for it.

WILL SEND POST CARDS.

Whenever the Juniors write short stories or nice letters they will receive post cards, the latter being sent out when the letters and stories are published.

ABOUT PRIZES.

If the Courier Juniors have ever failed to receive prizes when the winner's name was published we want to be told about it right away. We also want all of our prizes acknowledged. We send out prizes within two weeks after the winner's name is announced.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

1. Use one side of the paper only.
2. Write neatly and legibly, using ink or 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 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.

The Way to be Strong

I never have to warm my nose
Or keep hot soapstones near my toes.
Or wrap up warm in furry clothes
To keep myself from getting froze.

When other little children wheeze
And bust their buttons when they sneeze—
I stand right in the biggest breeze
Just like the aborigines.

Because I have a healthy skin
From wearing everything that's thin;
My legs are bare and tough as gin
And people look at me and grin.

But I just grin straight back and say,
"I bet you wish that you could play
Out in the snow the live-long day
As though it were the month of May."

New York—By David Riley, a New Junior

Dear Juniors:—As I have never written before I thought I would write one of my school compositions about New York.

New York is situated on Manhattan Island at the mouth of the Hudson river. It is the largest city in the western hemisphere and contains four and one half million people. More than a thousand trains arrive and leave New York each day. The traffic is so great that it requires roads both above and below the ground. They also have elevated railroads upon which cars fly on tracks supported on posts. The streets are very crowded. There are policemen stationed everywhere, for it takes ten thousand such men to keep order there.

New York has the largest and best harbors of the world. Trinity church is there. It is one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in the United States. It is built of brown stone and surrounded by a large church yard in which are the tombstones of many famous American heroes. Among them are Robert Fulton who invented the first steam boat, and Capt. James Lawrence who was a hero of Chesapeake frigate, also other heroes whom I have not mentioned as my story is getting long.

Daisy Riley, Age 14.
Faron, Iowa.

THE CHILDREN AT CROSS ROADS SCHOOL.

Dear Editor: I have never written before, so I thought I would write.
I go to school at Cross Roads. My teacher's name is Xela Swinney. I like her fine. There are nine pupils in my school. The girls' names are Beulah Ware, Emma Patterson, Pauline Martin and the boys are Bryan Foster, Dale Martin, Dwight Bryan and my two brothers, Leo and Vernon Simmons and I. I have one little brother too small to go to school. His name is Roscoe Simmons. He is only three years of age.
I love to read the Junior page. This is all for this time.
Alta Faye Simmons,
Belknap, Iowa.

How the Rain and Wind and Snow Helped

"How cold it is!" said Tiny Hare, as he sat near the edge of the wood one day.

"Good-night, Tiny Hare," called many of the insects that had sung night and day all the Long Warm Time.

"Where art you going?" asked Tiny Hare.

"To bed," said the little creatures. "We shall sleep in the earth or under the bark till the Long Warm Time comes again. We have to go to bed first, because we are the wo ones."

Next day the bats flew past, and many little furry animals of the wood ran by Tiny Hare as he played in the field.

"Where are you going?" called Tiny Hare; and they cried, "We are going into caves and hollow trees to take the long nap."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tiny Hare, "nobody will be left."

Next day dear, wee, baby Tiny Hare, hiding in the bushes, saw the bears making their beds, and the beavers in the streams plastering their mud houses.

"What are you doing?" cried Tiny Hare.

"We are making the beds for our long sleep," they said drowsily, and soon wood and field grew very quiet.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear," cried Tiny Hare, "how lonely it is!" and he ran to his home of sticks and leaves in the briar patch.

"What are you doing?" cried Tiny Hare.

"I am cold and sleepy," said Tiny Hare.

"Eat your supper, and lie by me all the dark, dark Dark," said kind Mamma Hare.

"No; you will wake me when the light time comes. I wish to sleep all the Long Cold Time."

"Who ever heard of such a thing for a hare?" said Mamma Hare.

"I wish to," said Tiny Hare. "I wish to sleep in a tree."

"A hare cannot climb a tree. Come, eat your supper and sleep in my warm fur," said Mamma Hare.

"No," said Tiny Hare. "I wish to sleep weeks and weeks, and I will find a tree that I can climb, and that dear wee, naughty baby Tiny Hare ran away into the woods all alone."

He tried to climb a tree, but he could not. He looked and looked for a tree with a hollow near the ground, but he did not find one. By and by Dark came. How cold it was!

"I'll sleep here," said Tiny Hare, and he ran into a snug hole in the ground.

"Good! I wish a rabbit for tea," said the old weasel who lived there, and he put out his sharp claws.

How Tiny Hare did run! How afraid he was! The dark, dark Dark had come, and he could not see his paw before his face; but he ran and he ran, till the old weasel lost him in the bushes.

"Here's my bed at last!" cried Tiny Hare, as he came to a hole under a rock. The Moon was rising, and oh, she was sad for baby hare!

"I'll help him," said the Moon, and she shone brightly into the hole. There lay a snake with bright eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Tiny Hare in fear, and he ran away through the woods.

By and by he found a tree trunk that slanted from the ground. Tiny Hare ran up the long trunk, and jumped into a snug round nest, lined with the warmest, softest fur and milkweed silk.

"This is my bed. It must be," he said, and snuggled down to sleep.

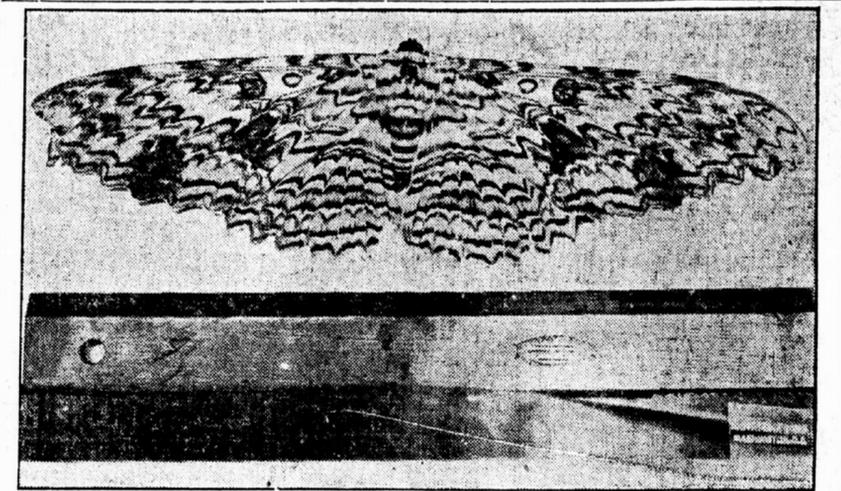
Home came the flying squirrel whose bed it was.

"Well!" said he, "get out of my bed at once."

"This is my bed," said Tiny Hare.

Then the flying squirrel became so angry that he flew from tree to tree, scolding all the time.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY IN COLLECTION AT NATIONAL MUSEUM; MEASURES ELEVEN INCHES FROM TIP TO TIP



Deeds of Kindness — By Madeline Sheridan

Dear Juniors:—I will write one of my school compositions. The name of it is "Deeds of Kindness."

One day as two little boys were walking along the road, they overtook a woman carrying a large basket of apples.

The boys thought the woman looked very pale and tired, so they said: "Are you going to town? If you are, we will carry your basket."

"Thank you," replied the woman, "you are very kind. You see I am weak and ill." Then she told them that she was a widow and had a lame son to support.

She lived in a cottage three miles away and was going to market to sell the apples which grew on the only tree in her little garden. She wanted the money to pay her rent.

"We are going the same way you are," said the boys, "let us have the basket," and they took hold of it, one on each side, and trudged along with merry hearts.

The poor widow looked glad, and said that she hoped their mother would not be angry with them.

"Oh, no," they replied, "our mother has taught us to be kind to every lady, and to be useful in any way that we can."

She then offered to give them a few of the ripest apples for their trouble. "No, thank you," said they. "We do not want any pay for what we have done."

When the widow got home, she told her lame son what had happened on the road, and they were both made happier the day by the kindness of the two boys.

Madeline Sheridan, Age 12.
405 S. Benton St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Frances Trowbridge on One Day's Outing

Dear Juniors: I thought I would write a story one day's outing.

One warm day in the summer a lot of us thought we would go out for a day's outing. There was Mr. and Mrs. Dunham and Inez, my mother and father, and my little sister and brother and myself, Nora Reardon and Mrs. Smith and little daughter and Mrs. Grace and Mabel and Florence Trowbridge. None of us lived very far from the river so we thought we might as well go down the river. So we started out about 9 o'clock in the morning. We went down the river about two miles. Then we found a good place so we went down and spread out some comforts. It was then about 10 o'clock.

We took wienies to boil and my father had some away some place to fish and we did not have any matches to start a fire with. Very soon we heard a wagon coming and my mother went and asked the man if he had any matches. He said, no, but if there were any children down there they could go home with him and he would give them some matches.

So Alice and Inez went. It was not very long till they came back. Then we soon had dinner. After dinner all except my mother and Mrs. Dunham took off our shoes and stockings and went wading when my father came for his dinner. After he ate he came down in the water where we were. He said the water was not very deep and asked us if we wanted to go across. So we all said yes. We all got hold of hands and went across. We went very slow and it took us quite a long time to go across. After we came back we tracked muscles, Nora and I went off by ourselves. When we had so many muscles we could not carry any more. So I saw an old kettle. We went over and was going to pick it up and we saw a snake under it. So we went to the shore and put on our shoes and stockings and went home. We were all tired and glad to get home.

Frances Trowbridge, age 11.
Eldon, Iowa.

HAROLD WRITES AGAIN.

Dear Editor: As I haven't written to the Courier Junior for a long time I will write now. I go to school every day and my teacher's name is Hazel Kendrick. I have two brothers and one sister. My brothers' names are Orville and James and my sister's name is Dorothy. My cousin Effie Hale is here now. She is going to stay three or four days. There are eleven pupils in my school. It will be out in two weeks.

Harold Hancock,
Florin, Ia., R. No. 2.

Daniel Webster Pleads for the Woodchuck — By Eugene Beck

On a farm among the hills of New Hampshire there once lived a boy whose name was Daniel Webster. He was a tiny fellow, with jet black hair and eyes so dark that nobody who once saw them could ever forget them.

He was not strong enough to work on the farm, so he spent most of his time in playing in the woods and learning and knowing the trees and the flowers and the harmless creatures that lived among them. But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read, and he read so well that nobody ever got tired of listening to him.

The neighbors, when driving past, would call for Daniel. "Let us take him to school," they would say. "He is a real scholar."

One day he was reading a book about the woodchuck. He had heard that the woodchuck was a very good thing and was doing a lot of good for the farmers. He was very interested in the woodchuck and he decided to catch one.

He had been so interested watching the melons and the boys that I had forgotten that there were horses and a driver in the case. I turned quickly around, my attention being drawn by a loud "whoa." There was the driver hitching up the horses to the wagon. The wagon in the meantime had been set by willing hands.

Naturally he did not think of his melons for he was too excited. But when all was in order, he was amazed to find no melons there. Such a look as he had. He certainly was angry.

His anger soon was gone however, for the boys came back and each paid for the melons he had taken.

So the runaway was really a very good thing as no damage was done to either horses or wagon, and the owner was well paid for the melons and had no trouble in selling them.

Arveda Halberg, Age 13.
604 Spring St., Ottumwa, Iowa.
P. S.—This is one of my school compositions.

Ila Miller Writes a New Year's Story

Dear Juniors: I thought I would write a New Year's story.

Once there was a girl of 10. Her name was Fovey. She didn't have any papa nor mamma, but she stayed with her Aunt Primrose and Uncle Walter, who were awful kind to her. One day she went to Aunt Primrose and said "Aunt Primrose, I didn't get you anything for Christmas, and I want to get you a New Year's present."

She went outdoors. She went to a little store and asked for some presents. The clerk got out a ring and pin and a fur hat and a lot of other costly things.

"How much is that fur hat, sir?" said Roxey, and the clerk said in a kind voice, "that hat is \$5, but if you want the things I got out for you some and she showed her a necktie. She took it and on the way home she saw in the snow a baby in a basket. She took it home and said to herself she would give it to Aunt Primrose.

In the middle of the night she put the necktie on a chair for Uncle Walter and put the baby on a chair for Aunt Primrose, and in the morning when she got up she had a great surprise. She saw on the chair a big doll. And she had a greater surprise coming yet. She went out and saw a pony and sleigh. She ran and kissed her Uncle Walter. Aunt Primrose was not up yet. When she saw the baby she ran and kissed Roxey. And on cold winter moonlight nights they would always have good times sleigh riding. Roxey named the baby L-Roy.

Ila Miller, age 11.
Foster, Iowa.

A Lonely Child Made Happy — By Marie Murphy

There was once a little girl named Grace Carter and her parents were very poor but she was always unhappy and wanted a companion. Her parents tried to please her by getting everything she wanted, but she was never satisfied.

They took her abroad one summer and on board was a lady with a little girl about the same age as Grace who was also looking for a companion. These little girls became fast friends and were always together until they landed when they had to be separated.

Grace and her parents traveled through foreign countries for six months seeing many beautiful sights and then returned home to New York, feeling glad that they had been able to please Grace. As her father remarked that he had never seen her smile only when they were abroad and though it must have been the little companion while on the steamer.

Next evening when she was sitting next to her father he said "What do you want for your birthday?" she readily answered "A companion." That night her father and mother talked about it. Her father said they must get a companion for Grace but her mother did not agree with him.

Early next morning a telegram came telling them of the death of Mrs. Carter's sister, who also had a little girl. That evening her parents left for Chicago (the home of her aunt) arriving there two days later. They stopped in Chicago a week and then returned home, bringing Grace's cousin Marion Smith with them. Grace was very happy at the thought of having a companion and her father treated them just the same as if they were sisters. Thus two little girls were made happy instead of one.

Marie Murphy,
501 W. 2nd St., Ottumwa, Iowa.
P. S.—This is one of my school compositions.

A Runaway — By Arveda Halberg

To the Editor:—A crowd had gathered at the corner. Of course I was curious and down the street I ran. I had run but a little way when I saw an overturned wagon. I knew at once there must have been a runaway.

A runaway sure it was, not only the horses were running away, but the contents of the wagon were rolling down hill. Can you guess what the contents were? Watermelons.

The watermelons landed at the foot of the hill, but only to remain an instant, for there were boys who were so fond of melons, could not resist the temptation. They each took one and were off.

I had been so interested watching the melons and the boys that I had forgotten that there were horses and a driver in the case. I turned quickly around, my attention being drawn by a loud "whoa." There was the driver hitching up the horses to the wagon. The wagon in the meantime had been set by willing hands.

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Ila Miller, age 11.
Foster, Iowa.

LEONA LIKES SCHOOL.

Dear Juniors: I am a girl ten years old. I go to the Watson school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Nina Newman.

I am in the fourth reader. There are but seven scholars in my school. I will name my playmates: Edna Derby, Ellen Sleeth, my sister, Helen Derby, Luella Piper, Dorothy McClellon and Warren McClellon. I like my teacher fine. She is the best teacher I ever had.

Leona Sleeth, age 10.
Albia, Iowa, R. No. 7.

GRETA'S BIRTHDAY MARCH 13.

Dear Juniors: I am a little girl 10 years old. My birthday is the 13th of March. I go to school every day. My teacher is Miss Bees. I like her fine. There are seventeen pupils in my school. One of my friends is Fern Reed. We have a fine time together. I have one brother. His name is Albie. He is 17 years old. I like to read the Courier Junior page.

Greta Long, age 10.
Pittsburg, Iowa.

A Trip Through Asia — By Doris Gray

Dear Editor: While I was in Asia I went to a hotel for lunch. The meal consisted of rice with sugar, wheat bread and tea. Some preferred coffee. The tables were of fir which had come from Siberia. At some of the tables sat women who wore silk gowns. Others of the women wore cotton clothing.

There was a tree which I saw in China, Japan and other countries. I was told this tree grew in large numbers in China and Japan. I was told also that the leaves were used in feeding silk worms. It was the mulberry tree.

We crossed the mountains and west of them fruit was very cheap. Among the cheapest were dates and figs. We crossed the Red Sea where there were large coffee farms on the coast.

We went to the Malay peninsula where there were large farms of grain such as millet and wheat.

While in India we watched the girls feed silkworms. After awhile they put some cocoon into hot water which killed the silk worms. They would then unwind the silk and weave it into thread.

I purchased a bag which was made of jute, while in India. At the hotel there were mats made of jute, on the floor. There was a sick man at the hotel and the medicine given him was made from the opium poppy.

Among the things we saw in the East Indies were pepper, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and other spices. After noticing the different plants, we began to watch the animals. We had beef for dinner one day so we knew cattle were kept there. While in northern Asia we saw animals which made us think of home.

We went north to visit the yellow people and had several rides behind reindeer. While we were riding one time we saw some wild deer.

The reindeer is used by the people of the far north as the horse is used here. This animal is fast and can carry heavy loads. The flesh of the reindeer is used for food.

One day while in the forest we saw elk. We also saw many fur bearing animals such as the beaver, otter, sable and ermine.

We then went to the highland of Asia and saw a yak. The skin of the yak is used for clothing. The flesh is also used. The yak is of great use to the people.

These animals were seen in the colder part and now I am going to tell about some we saw in southern Asia.

On the large islands southeast of Asia is found a large ape, known as the orang-utang.

The most useful animals of India, Indo-China and Malay peninsula are zebu and buffalo. The zebu is a kind of cattle with a hump on its shoulder. They can travel all day at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

The people said there were wild elephants in the forests but we did not see any. We saw the tame ones in the villages. It is called the catlike tiger. This animal eats small animals and is very strong.

The one horned rhinoceros belongs in the swamps of the hot part of Asia. These are the animals and plants we saw on our trip through Asia.

Doris Gray, age 12.
Albia, Iowa.

A Remedy That Failed—By Verna Juanita Piatt

I will write one of my compositions: A remedy that failed.

I don't see why Charlie cries so much," said mamma. "I do," said uncle Ned. "It's because of his curls. He looks so much like a girl that he thinks he must act like a girl." And Charlie listened. Soon you might have heard pater, pater, as a little boy mounted the stairs one step at a time, and two feet on each step. Then you might have heard a scrape, scrape, as somebody felt through mamma's big work-basket. Then a big chair was pulled up before the mirror, and somebody with short legs puffed and blew and struggled to mount it.

Then click, click, snip, snip, went the shears, and the light curls dropped one by one to the floor, leaving the funniest little chopped head you ever saw. "Now," said Charlie, in a satisfied tone, "this little boy will never cry again. But he did; can you tell why? Because his mamma whipped him for spoiling her poor little girl looks of Charlie."

Verna Juanita Piatt, age 14.
Moulton, Iowa, R. R. No. 3.

A Batavia Junior, Marjorie Burr, Moves to Beckwith

Dear Editor Junior: It has been quite a while since I wrote to the Courier Junior. I like to read the Courier's letters very well.

I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Nellie Ogden.

My studies are reading, arithmetic, grammar, music, writing and spelling.

We have sixteen pupils in our school. My playmates are, Irene Davis, Elsie Green, Cecil Green, Luella Ogden and Florence McCormick.

I have one brother. His name is Carl Burr. I go to a country school. I would rather go to a country school than a town school.

We moved from Batavia to Beckwith. Beckwith is five miles east of Fairfield. Well as my letter is getting long I will close hoping to see my letter in print.

Marjorie Burr, age 9.
Fairfield, Ia., R. R. No. 4.

Elsie's Kind Father — By Kate Cochran

One night as a man was sitting at the sick bedside of his little daughter Elsie he heard a low knock at the door and following it a loud thud. He went not going to open the door as they lived in the woods where there were many wild animals, such as wolves and cats. But after a while he heard low moans.

Elsie was frightened for she thought it was some wild animal although she was 14 years old. He looked over at her thinking she would be asleep and he could go to bed but she was wide awake. With some struggling efforts to get up he heard her say in a frightened tone, "What is that, papa?"

"I think it is some wild animal out there, but I am going to see," said he as he rose from his chair, and moved toward the door.

"Oh! papa, don't. That animal will eat you and I will be left here to die alone," screamed Elsie.

"But, Elsie, it is some human being and I am going to see," answered the man, as he opened the door and stepped out, but there lay a dark form on the porch. The man started toward it and heard it mutter, "Oh! God, help me to find some place to get help!"

The man knew by his voice it was a child and stooping down he picked it up and carried it into the house.

Elsie screamed with delight when she saw the girl and said, "Now, I shall have some one to play with."

"Hush! Elsie," said her father, "I shall have to give this little girl something to bring her to." He managed to push some medicine between the closed lips which quivered once in a while as if to speak.

After a while the girl rose up in the bed in which she had laid her and said, "Where am I? Have they saved Jim, and mother?"

"Listen little girl, you are safe but where have you come from," said the man.

"We started from home to go to Uncle Jerry's across the river in a boat and Jim, my big brother, dropped an oar and I stooped over the side of the boat to grab it when the boat went over."

"Could Jim swim?" queried the man.

"Yes, Jim