

NOTICE
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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. X, NO. 34

OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

Published by
THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
Ottumwa, Iowa
MATILDA DEVEREAUX
EDITOR

BIRD CONTEST CLOSES.

Dear Juniors: The bird contest closes today. The judges still have many stories to read over before they make their final decision. However, the winners will receive their bird houses by Monday and their names will be published in the next week's Junior. As the good roads contest does not close until Saturday, we will reprint the rules again.

In place of an Easter story contest this year we have decided to have a "Good Roads Contest," closing Easter Saturday, April 3. We want all the Juniors to tell us the benefits of good roads everywhere. The writer of the best story will receive an Easter box of candy and all the other writers beautiful Easter cards.

COMPOSITIONS WANTED.

We invite all the Juniors to send in school compositions each week. The writers can select prizes from among the following articles: 10 packages of flower or garden seeds, roller skates, book, souvenir spoon, a beautiful doll, knife, work basket, box of candy, letter paper, marbles or string of beads.

WANT LETTERS.

We want the Juniors to write some very interesting letters, "newsy" letters. Some of the Juniors can write to their parents. Other Juniors might write as though they were visiting some big city. The reward for the best letter will be a fountain pen or a box of letter paper and envelopes.

SEND OUT POST CARDS.

We are sending out post cards to all the Juniors after their letters or stories are published.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

We send out prizes within two weeks after the names of the winners are published.

If any Junior has ever failed to receive a prize after his or her name appeared in this paper it is because the wrong address had been given us. When we say wrong address we especially refer to incorrect addresses. All city Juniors should put their street number and all Juniors living in the country should put their box number or failing to have a box send in their parents' names.

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. Do not copy stories or poetry and send us as your own work.
5. Number your pages.
6. Always state choice of a prize on a separate piece of paper with name and address in full.
7. Address envelope to The Courier Junior.

While Eastern Anthems Ring

Because the air is sweet and gay
With fragrant flowers on Easter day
Because the bells from steeples high
To chiming bells make glad reply
Because the world new life receives
My stricken heart again believes,
And in the triumph of the King
E'en gruesome death hath lost its sting

Because the skies are softly blue
My soul should find its faith anew.
Because the winds have balmy grown
The winter's discontent hath flown.
Because of chanted words of praise
My voice long-silent now I raise.
Life's grown a doubly precious thing
The while the Easter anthems ring.

Eva Says a World Without Birds Would Be "Sad and Dreary"

Dear Editor:
I thought I would write a composition about birds. The hummingbird's nest is about as large as a half dollar.

The outside is the color of the apple limb. The inside is soft and white like cotton. When the hummingbird is young they are about the size of a honey bee. Some materials used in building the nests are leaves, grass, mud, feathers, hair, wags, yarn, strings and many other things.

The robins, phoebes and swallows use mud in building their nests.

For this reason pans of mud should be put out for them.

If the woodpecker leaves its nest, bluebirds, tree swallows, owls and red birds will build in it.

The oriole weaves a nest and hangs it from a branch of a tree.

About the middle of March red winged blackbirds, flickers and purple finches may be seen on their northward migration. Bluebirds and song sparrows fly north in small numbers this month.

During the latter part of the month meadow larks, phoebes and vesper-sparrows begin to come.

The pine finches, horned larks, snow hunting and shrikes go north.

Bluebirds, robins and some sparrows winter in the middle states to the Gulf coast, and many insectivorous birds winter in the West Indies and South America.

Birds that are weak winged, such as wrens and thrushes migrate by night and rest and eat during the day.

Robins, swallows and other bold birds migrate in the day time.

If it were not for the birds this would be a sad and dreary world.

Eva Howard, age 11,
Belknap, Iowa.

The Little Towns Fountain

By Rose Brooks.

On a warm summer day Gordon Hunter sat on the front seat of the new automobile, which his mother drove so happily, and the two chatted contentedly as the low, shining car slid quietly under the cool, overhanging elms that lined the winding street of the pleasant suburb.

"Let's keep in the shade," said Mrs. Hunter, "and just ride anywhere where we can keep cool, till we hear the train whistle; then we'll fly for the station, for Daddy. Shall we?"

"I'm pretty thirsty," answered Gordon. "I'll tell you—let's drive down to the fountain by the town hall, and I'll get a drink—and then we can watch the horses. I love to."

"All right," agreed his mother, as she turned the car and headed it for the main street of the little town.

In front of the town hall was a large elm, casting an oasis of shade in the long block of glaring pavement.

"We'll be out of the way of the teams, here," Mrs. Hunter said as she drew the car close to the curb, "and we'll sit in the shade and watch the horses till the train comes."

Gordon jumped out and put his mouth over the bubbling stream of water in the square compartment of the stone fountain reserved for thirsty people. A little stone frog carved on the edge of the fountain rim seemed almost, from his expression, to share Gordon's satisfaction in his cool drink.

Lower down were two compartments, also with ever-bubbling, fresh, cool water for tired, hot, thirsty dogs and even as Gordon drank, a thirsty little terrier, dusty of face, and with his red tongue hanging out, trotted across the town hall, straight for the cool water.

"Good, isn't it?" said Gordon, giving the dusty little dog a friendly pat. "My, I feel better!" he sighed as he climbed in again by his mother. "I know just how a horse feels when he comes up to that fountain and sticks his nose in for a drink—or a tired little dog. Suppose it feels the same, doesn't it, mother, if you are a boy or a beast?"

"I suppose it does," smiled his mother. "See, here comes a team of horses, pulling that heavy load of lumber." The great horses tugged with outstretched necks as they saw the water, and, coming up to the fountain, thrust their dusty noses deep in the bubbling pools. Noisily they sucked in long swallows, till finally, with satisfied eyes, they lifted dripping noses and clanked their cooled bits comfortably before starting again on their patient way. By this time, three other horses were awaiting their turn—two a driving horse with shining coat and daintily lifted feet, who sniffed daintily at each of the three bubbling pools before deciding out of which one to take a fastidious drink. Next came a fat old rogue of a grocery horse, who drank greedily and noisily, then with loose, flapping lips tried to play in the water, in order that he might stand still and enjoy the shade.

"Come on, Captain! You know you've finished, you old rascal," called the grocery boy, and comfortable old Captain moved willy nilly into the glare of the hot, paved street, loath to take up his unending rounds.

More horses, more little panting dogs, more tired men, more warm, romping children—all stopped thankfully in the shade of the old elm, drank the clear, cool water, and went their ways refreshed.

Gordon was fascinated, as always, and Mrs. Hunter's eyes were soft and happy.

"Who gave this town the fountain, mother?" suddenly asked Gordon.

"Don't you know, dear?" The old man who lives on the slope, next to the Town Hall. He can see the fountain from his windows. Sometimes I've seen him standing at that long window, watching the many drinkers, who are always enjoying his gift to them."

"Is he nice, mother?"

"Don't you think he must be a good man, Gordon, to have thought of giving cool drinks to so many people, besides all the tired little dogs, and patient, hard-working horses? Just to have thought to have cool water where any thirsty creature in this warm, dusty town knows where to find it seems not a little thing to me. Think how many times you run here for a drink!" Then think of all the other little boys who come, besides the never-ending procession of animals.

"I'd never thought about his being kind," admitted Gordon. "I've just always been glad to get a drink. How do you suppose he knew how it felt to be so thirsty—so thirsty that he didn't want other people to get thirsty?" the boy's inquisitive mind probed.

"I don't know that," smiled Mrs. Hunter. "Maybe he was once a miner in one of the western deserts, where water is the chiefest treasure, or perhaps just out of a kind heart he thought of this simple but very real and useful way to give comfort to all tired, thirsty people or animals who might pass his way."

"Ah, there's the whistle! Now we must fly! Good-by, fountain, we'll come often to watch you!" she called gaily as the car sped toward the station.

"Mother,"—Gordon's voice was more serious than usual—"mother, has every town a nice, cool, shady fountain?"

"No, son; I wish every little town did have one, don't you?"



EASTER

Easter has come a lily said,
As she scattered the leaves from her
wintery bed.
So brush the tears from your grieving
eyes,
And smile at the blue of the bending
skies,
Gather my bloom for the chancel rail
And give to the springtime, a glad, all
hall!
But my heart still bled for its newly
dead
And "Easter is naught to me," I said.



Easter has come, a robin sang,
Through tree and arbor his challenge
rang.
I northward flew, for I knew you wept
And sad and lonely a vigil kept.
Listen the message that now I bring:
Winter is past and this is spring.
"But I lonely bide since my loved one
died.
And Easter is naught to me," I cried.

Easter is come, a child voice spoke
And something deep in my soul awoke.
Christ is risen, the joy bells ring;
Death is conquered and He is King.
Hope is springing and joy is born
And tears are treason on Easter morn.
"She is not dead, but risen instead
Easter is God's own pledge," I said.



Louise Nelson Tells More About the Birds

The wren is a small bird which I know by its song. It is smaller than the sparrow although there is a resemblance in color. We have two wren houses at our home. One has been up for several years. Every summer we have a family of wrens. They often wake us up early in the morning by their sweet songs.

I know the red-headed woodpecker by its coat of white, red and black. I have often heard the story of "How the Woodpecker Got Its Coat." It is very interesting.

The robin is a mischievous bird, although he is good for catching insects and bugs that harm the trees. I think the few cherries he eats is no more than pay for his work. I know the bird by his reddish-orange vest.

I know the bluebird by his coat of blue. He often sits on the telephone wires and sings his songs.

The bluejay is a naughty bird. They are large birds, although not quite the size of a pigeon.

Most all of us know the sparrow so I will not say much of him.

We must protect our feathered friends for they are very helpful.

Louise Nelson, Age 11,
517 Camille St. Ottumwa, Ia.

Sparrows Build a Nest in a Little Hen House Old Junior, Tells About the Robin

Dear Juniors:
I will tell you about some little sparrows in the hen house. They built their nest in the roof. As I was gathering the eggs I saw a little bird go in a hole under the roof so I got upon the roof and put my hand in and I caught a little sparrow. And I held it and put my other hand in and found four little sparrows. I did not handle them for fear they would die. I took the mother bird in the house and she was quivering. I got some crumbs and fed her and she ate them.

Then I took her out doors and carried her around a little bit. Then I opened my hand. She stood still a moment as she did not know she was free, then she flew.

The next day I saw the sparrow take some worms to her little babies. I love all kinds of birds.

Ina Vandorf, age 11,
Heymour, Iowa.

A little girl known to the New York Times was introduced to the new baby. Up to this time, her interest had been chiefly in dolls. When this real live baby was put into her arms, the five-year old surveyed it with a critical eye. "Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse. "Yes," replied the little girl, hesitatingly, "it's nice; but its head's loose."

Dear Juniors:
I will tell you what I know about the robin.

Out north there was a man and a little boy.

There was seldom any fire and these people had made a fire out in the woods.

Soon the man fell asleep and the boy was trying very hard to stay awake.

Soon the boy fell asleep, too.

A bear looked out from his cave.

The bear came out and pounced upon the fire.

Robin Redbreast saw the bear and waited till he was gone.

It was just a tiny flame left.

So Robin took his wing and fanned and fanned with his wing till the fire grew larger and larger.

So that is why the robin has a red breast.

I will close now.

Ruth Gillen, aged 8,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses. She had seen a man finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot.

The Hummingbird — By Ellsworth Giltner

The hummingbird are found in America and islands near it. They are many kinds of hummingbirds, but only one kind found in the eastern states. This kind of hummingbird is the ruby throated hummingbird. It is called the ruby throated hummingbird because of a bright red throat worn by the male. The patch is red in some lights. One instant you see it black and the next instant it flashes like a coal of fire. The bird has a beautiful green back.

Everybody knows the hummingbird. They stay mostly about the flowers in the evening time. When the frost comes the hummingbird goes south and stays in Florida all winter. He does not reach the northern states until about the middle of May.

Many persons think that the hummingbird lives on his wings and never rests. The hummingbird spends little of its time on the wing. They are so small that when you are looking for them you may overlook them. Most people never notice them only when the buzz of their wings attract attention.

It is a very pretty sight to see a hummingbird over a blossom. Their movements are made with lightning quickness for so small a bird. The hummingbird nest is built out on the end of a limb. They are very careful to get their nest in the shade. They generally put their nest in an apple or pear orchard.

The mother bird is likely to betray where the nest is by buzzing about the head of anybody who comes near it. The nest is shaped like a child's tea set cup. The walls of the nest are thick. The birds always lay two white eggs. The young birds stay in the nest about three weeks till they are perfectly able to fly when the mother bird feeds her little ones she sticks her bill down the little bird's throat. The only note of music the birds have is a little squeak which it utters when anybody comes near. Hummingbirds sometimes fly into open windows and are caught. They became tame almost at once. It is impossible to keep them alive in captivity.

It is a wonder to think so little a bird could fly to South America in the winter and the next summer find its way back.

Hummingbird mothers keep close watch over their young and seldom get out of the sight of them. Every summer one comes to my house.

Ellsworth Giltner, Age 11,
Agency, Iowa.

Veonne Williams on the Wyoming Birds

Dear Juniors:
I thought I would write about some of the birds I am familiar with.

The downy woodpecker inhabits groves and orchards in south Atlantic and Gulf states. The male has a small patch of red on the back of his head, while the female has none. Their wings are black, dotted with white, and they have a white breast and throat. This kind is very tame and will allow a close approach before flying. They stay in orchards and open places during the summer and in winter will sometimes come near the windows to be fed. They live on insects, grubs and larvae. You can often see them sitting on a dead branch or tapping for worms and insects. Their nests are made in holes in trees and the four to six white eggs are laid on the wood.

The tufted titmouse is found in the southern states, breeding north from the Gulf to Illinois, New York and other states. The head is crested, forehead black with brown flanks and white breast. They lay their eggs in nests of down and feathers in hollow stumps. They hold to twigs in all kinds of positions and crawl about trunks peeping into crevices of bark for insects. The titmouse is common about the farms and near the edge of large cities.

The chickadees are one of our most popular birds because of their good nature, even in cold weather. They stay about the farms and large cities, showing they are rather tame. The nests are in hollow stumps or birch shrubs. The eggs are white, speckled with reddish brown.

The male of the white breasted nuthatch has a crown of bluish black with chestnut under tail and white throat. The female has a gray crown. Their tails are short and squared, tipped with black. They are fond of crawling head first down among the branches and tree trunks. Their call is a "yank-yank" and a repeated "ya-ya." They build their nests in hollow trunks, lining them with leaves and feathers. The eggs are white, spotted with reddish brown. Their food is of grubs and insects which they pry from under the bark on the trees.

Among the most common birds I see is the red-winged blackbird. These birds are black with scarlet and white shoulders. They are to be seen flying in flocks across the fields, alighting on the ground to pick up worms that bother the corn and other grains. They build their nests of twigs and grasses in sage bushes on the ground where they lay three to five eggs, bluish white with black around the large end.

In the early mornings of summer you are sometimes awakened by the blackbirds or sage thrasher, which is similar to the mockingbird. The thrasher builds its nest of bark strips, coarse grass and twigs in the sage brush. They lay from three to four eggs of greenish blue spotted with reddish brown. Their food is worms, sage leaves and grass seed mostly the last two.

Arthusa Veonne Williams, Age 15,
Box 614, Douglas, Wyo.
Fairview Ranch.

Thelma Davis, a Keosauqua Junior, Saw Jay Bird Chasing Red Bird

Dear Juniors: I thought I would write another story about birds.

Birds are very nice. They sing all summer long. The English sparrow and jay birds are among the meanest birds we have. The blue jay eats other birds' eggs, and kills their young ones.

Last winter I saw a jay bird chasing a red bird. The blue jay and English sparrow stays all winter long. Last winter their was a blue jay's young one on the ground and I was passing by it and the mother came flying around my head. She was afraid I would hurt her little one. When I came back the little bird was lying in the roadside dead.

Last summer there were some English sparrows built their nests in our yard. I don't like the English sparrows, because they rob the other birds' nests.

The wrens are one of our smallest and best friends. They build their nests in holes of houses. If you take a tin can and make a hole in it about the size of a quarter of a dollar, the wrens will build in it.

No one should kill the wren. It does no harm to anyone. If anybody kills the wren they ought to be charged twenty-five dollars fine. I like to set water out in the yard for the birds and watch them bathe. The wren sings so sweetly. Every summer a wren builds its home in a hole where I enjoy to hear it sing.

The robin is a pretty bird. It sometimes stays all winter. If it doesn't stay all winter it goes south where its warm. The robin eats insects. They also eat part of the cherries. In summer the robins wake nearly everybody up. There was a robin built its nest in our maple tree. It sang all summer long. The robin hops, but some other birds walk or run. The robin is a bird with black back and an orange breast. In the sun their feathers shine. The mother robin is not quite so pretty as the father. She feeds her young ones bugs and worms and so forth.

The blue bird is a nice bird. It does no harm. It eats bugs and beetles and grasshoppers. It is looking for a nest now. They want one that is big so an English sparrow cannot get in. If we see an English sparrow in the nest we should drive them away.

Lela Davis,
Keosauqua, Iowa.

Ellen Shondel on "Killing Six Birds at One Shot"

Dear Editor:—Last week I told what I knew about birds and it was I who sent the drawing of a dove.

Now I will send a school composition about "Killing Six Birds at One Shot."

Once there lived a boy that was a good marksman. When he was in the house he was thinking what a good shot he could have at the clock on a picture or something like that. One day when he was walking in the woods he saw a mother bird sitting on a fence. He took aim and fired. It broke her wing and she tried to go to her nest. She hopped and hobbled till she got to the tree where her nest was but she could not fly up to her little ones. When they chirped she would chirp back to them and sometime in the night she died.

The next day the little ones slept and then they would wake up and chirp till they got tired and then go back to sleep. That night the five little birds died, one after another, for their father was dead and they had no one to bring them food.

So that boy had killed six birds at one shot for he killed the mother and her five little ones.

Boys ought not to shoot at birds for they cannot give back their life. It is all right to be a good marksman, but the boy that is a good marksman ought to shoot at something that has no life, a piece of paper tacked on a tree out where there is no danger of hitting stock or some one who is a better mark than the little birds.

Now boys never shoot at the birds for you might kill six at one shot.

Ella Shandel,
Selma, Iowa, Route No. 1.

Chaney, Okla., Junior on Two Mocking Birds Nesting Near Father's Barn

Dear Courier Juniors:
My papa takes the Ottumwa Courier so I thought I would write you a story about two mocking birds that had a nest in a tree near our barn last year.

The male bird would fly on our house about 4 o'clock in the morning and singing until he woke us up. He would try to make a noise like everything he heard try to make a noise like the dog did when he barked, whistle or sing like any other bird. That is why he is called the mockingbird. We hunted a long time for their nest before we found it. It had four little eggs in it. We didn't look at the nest for about two weeks, then one day papa said to me and my little sister Maudie: "Let us go and see the birds' nest."

When we looked in it there was four little birds in it. We slipped away as fast as we could and the old mother bird flew back to her nest to see if we had hurt her little birds. Every day after that we could see the old birds bringing bugs and worms to the nest and they would bring lots of them. We thought we would make a cage and put them in to have them for our own, but one day when we went to the nest they were gone and the nest was empty.

We felt so bad about it we went and told mamma, but she said, never mind, they will come back next summer and build a nest for us ever hurt them. I think they get so many bugs and worms that they are a blessing.

Everett M. Wright, age 9,
Chaney, Okla., R. No. 2.