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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. X, NO. 38 OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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

CLEAN UP THE YARD.

Dear Juniors: We hope the Juniors everywhere are doing what the Ottumwa Juniors are doing—cleaning up the back yards. We are interested in this "Clean Up" movement and we want everybody else to be. We wish all the Juniors would write some compositions about the "Spring Clean Up."

We will not announce any particular time for a closing but the workers can select their prizes from the following: A fancy basket, plate, ball, knife or book.

COMPOSITIONS AND BOOK REVIEWS.

We invite all the Juniors to send in school compositions and book reviews 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 box of letter paper and envelopes, a book or a knife.

Harriet Louise Dale is awarded the letter prize.

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 has been given us. When we say wrong address we especially refer to incomplete 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 as 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.

The Work-Box People

By Ella F. Mosby.

"We go through all our work,"
The needles proudly cry.
'But not until you're pushed,"
Is the thimble's apt reply.

"Ours is a strong attachment,"
Whisper hook and eye together.
"Yet you need us to secure you,"
Hum the threads, like windy weather.

They all reproached the scissors,
But the scissors didn't care.
'Twas his trade to cut acquaintance,
And he did it with an air!

Gayly jesting thus, and boasting,
Work-box people all at play!
Silence, all! it is the mistress
Coming from across the way.

The Artist — By Bertha Bishop, a Selma Junior

Once upon a time there lived a poor widow. Her name was Mrs. Bird. She had three children, Tommy, Alice and Margaret. Tommy and Alice were the only ones who went to school.

Mrs. Bird had to work for other people for a living. She would wash for people or do anything they wanted done. She got enough work to get enough pay so that she could keep her children in school. Tommy had a talent for drawing.

One day Mrs. Bird's mother came to see them. She was an old lady and the children all liked her because she always gave them peppermints.

One night after school while Mrs. Bird was away working and the children's grandma was getting supper Tommy got some charcoal and drew a bench before the door and began drawing his grandma. He thought she was not looking and that he would surprise her, but she noticed they were all so quiet and tiptoed up to them and saw him drawing. When he had it done she told him he surely would be an artist when he grew up. This made him feel proud and he practiced drawing every evening after school. So, when he did grow up he surely was an artist and had a big office of his very own. Then his mother quit working for other people and they moved into a great big house and all lived happily ever after.

Bertha Bishop, Age 12.
Belmer St. Eldon, Iowa.

The Children's Library Room

"We must have a children's room for our library," said the trustees. "But where shall we have it?" was the question. Some one said, "Perhaps the stock-room upstairs could be fitted up for it." So it was agreed, and one of the trustees, an efficient business man, who himself had one of the best private libraries in the state, was placed in charge of making the entire library in a beautiful city of New England thoroughly up-to-date. Since the library had from its generous endowment an annual income of several thousand dollars, he could command the services of an expert New England architect, and pay for making the changes artistic as well as practical, so that all who visited this home of information in future would find there surroundings of beauty which are always a joy.

Down-stairs the best electric lights were installed. A fine great oak reading table, with leather covered arm chairs and settees took the place of the old furniture. Walls were retinted. A splendid great hand-carved thoroughly equipped oak desk was placed in a cozy little room for those readers who love to write by themselves, surrounded by an abundance of reference books and periodicals.

On the shelf, over which a tablet had been placed to the memory of one of the donors of the library, in the renovated reading room, was put a beautiful French clock with exquisite chiselled scroll decoration, while near the librarian's desk, standing daintily upon the card catalogue cabinet was another handsome clock with artistic round wood frame; and, apparently with cordial interest in all the downstairs readers, the strong, benevolent donors looked out from their fine portraits, some of which were made more "true to life" by an expert.

Then "The Children's Room"—that interests us most—upstairs was the object of especially careful planning and reconstruction. The old tables and the old chairs had their legs cut off to the right height for the use of the boys and girls; ventilating registers were fitted at intervals into the walls; the hot water radiators were located in suitable places. A twenty-four-pane skylight, protected by a strong canopy above, and three dormer windows on the front were built into the old stock-room, and these, with one window at the end, gave good light by day, and a great inverted bowl and two globes gave bright electric light at night. On the fine bookshelves at last rested the many treasures of wisdom and delight.

It was a great day for the boys and girls of this New England city when their room, so finely equipped, was opened. An earnest young lady graduate of the academy was in charge to greet them as they scampered up the two half-flights of stairs leading to the child's elysium. She had enthusiastic plans to take special thorough preparatory work in a library summer school the next season.

Hal was away in their mountain camp with father and mother that day, but when he came back and heard of the new children's room at the library, he went eagerly with his father to explore its attractions. Hal is quite an explorer. Has he not had father and grandpa make lists of every street in the city in which he has lived for only two years?

Among all the magazines upon the tables he liked Little Folks best, for he had been a "subscriber," but he thought he would soon love St. Nicholas as well.

The many books and magazines might have been bewildering, but he did not seem to mind any more than he minded the variety of trees in the woods around the summer camp in the White Hills of New Hampshire, for Hal seems at home in the midst of the manys of this wonderful world.

His father left him in this—to him—new kingdom. Back and forth he walked, taking here and there a book from the shelves and delving into its picture beauties and looking over the bright magazines on the low tables.

By and by the children's librarian asks:

"Wouldn't you like to take home a book?"

"Oh, yes," says Hal. "And what shall it be?"

"Do you like stories about out-of-doors?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, here we have, I think," said she, "just what you will enjoy, and, just as they do downstairs for big folks, I will give you your own library card to keep. When you have read this book through you may come back and get another one on this same card."

Now that card was a very little, light, simple thing. It was six inches long and three and one-quarter inches wide. It did not weigh an ounce, but it was Hal's passport to paradise. With that ticket any library day he could enter that great kingdom of thought and fancy which extends to all places under the sun and beyond the sun, even to where kings and queens and princes and princesses have their great conclaves, wear their royal robes and do their great deeds; where the far-away stars twinkle and brighten the blue sky; where the fairies take their tiny friends to magic palaces and find for them treasures better than gold, and fun jollier than "going to Jerusalem."

He can find there what those funny little midgets do—the brownies, the sprites, the elves, the pixies, and the kewpies; and then what wonderful things nature's real creatures do—the birds, the rabbits, the squirrels, the foxes, the conveys, the beavers, the gophers, the fishes, and all the rest from tiny beetle to giant elephant, as well as about real boy and girl and men and women heroes, and what they think and do and discover.

The first book Hal took out on his first card was "Out Door Land," and he loved it, for it brought him pictures and accounts of the odd and entertaining actions taking place around and about. In two days he had read it through. His age was seven.

The first card was the magic ticket to a world's fair bigger than anybody has ever been able fully to explore.

Let us glance at some of the great departments and select one or two exhibits from each that Hal or any other New England boy might, in the course of many visits to a good library, be able to enjoy and profit by.

There might be chosen his favorite book of pastimes; in the department of biography he would come to love such an exhibit as that of Abraham Rihbany; in history, the books of President Woodrow Wilson; in poetry, the verses of Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson: field blossoms, "How to Know the Wild Flowers"; animal life, "Our Four-handed Folks"; geology, "Stories of Rocks and Minerals"; "Trees Every Child Should Know"; of treasures under the earth's surface, "The Story of the Mine"; in travel, "Little People of Everywhere"; in exploration, "The First Across the Continent," or "The Heart of the Antarctic"; in the realm of the sky, "The Friendly Stars"; in industry, "Silk and its Manufacture"; in music, "Songs Every Child Should Know"; in aesthetics, "Stories of Art and Artists"; in doing right, "Ethics for Young People"; in religion, "The Golden Book."

These are just sample exhibits of the great world's fair of information open more than three hundred days every year; and Hal's card admits him, free of charge, on any or all those days. Every time he goes it is thanksgiving day, because he finds something fascinating and so gets better acquainted with his steadfast friends, the books.

U. S. EDUCATION BUREAU IN CAMPAIGN FOR CITY GARDENING; SCHOOLS URGED TO AID CHILDREN IN RAISING VEGETABLES

School children of Washington learning gardening; Commissioner Claxton.

Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. commissioner of education, thinks that every back yard in every large city in the country should produce fruit and garden vegetables for the home.

"Experiments already made by the bureau of education show that with proper direction an average child between the ages of six and twenty can produce on an eighth of an acre from $50 to $100 worth of vegetables," said Dr. Claxton. "A third of the children in the city schools might easily produce $300,000,000 a year."

In order to get the co-operation of school authorities, he has organized a board of specialists to visit those interested in home garden work. It is the purpose of the bureau to help the cities, help the home owners and convert unsightly back yards into truck gardens. The members of the board are now touring various sections of the country to gather data upon which to base a campaign to carry out the program of home gardening for town children.

Harriett Louise Dale's Grandfather Has Taken Courier for 30 Years

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write you a letter.

My school was out the twenty-sixth day of March. I have to walk a mile and a quarter.

Since school was out I have been taking music lessons. My music teacher's name is Miss Logan.

I like to read The Courier Junior. My grandpa has taken The Courier for over thirty years. This is the second time I have written to the Junior.

My studies in school are reading, arithmetic, language, history, physiology, geography, spelling and writing.

We have twenty-eight little chickens and ten old hens.

Harriet Louise Dale, Age 11.
Route 4. Russell, Iowa.

Birds of Paradise — School Composition By Leola Snyder

Birds of Paradise belong to a family of birds found chiefly in New Guinea, northern Australia, and adjacent islands.

The family is somewhat related to the crow. They are different in size Some are no larger than a sparrow. They have magnificent plumage, particularly that on the tail and wing. Their shoulder tuffs are somtimes several times the length of the body.

They are of rich colors as crimson, steel green, orange, scarlet and red. They live chiefly on berries, seeds and insects. Their nests are built of sticks, and are made like the pigeon's nests.

This is one of my school compositions.

Leola Snyder,
Ottumwa, Ia., Route No. 7.

A Brave Girl — By Myrtle Clark of Hedrick

Once upon a time there was a girl whose name was Mary McKinley. She was 15 years old and she had come fifty miles from home to spend a few weeks with her cousins, Raymond, agel 9, and Roy, aged 13, and her Aunt Nancy and Uncle Ned Hart. Raymond and Roy Hart were great teasers. They called Mary a coward because she was afraid of the dark.

The day before that which I am telling about Uncle Ned had received a large of money in banknotes. The day after he received it he was going to take it to town, but that morning a neighbor, Mr. Brown, came over and said, "Mr. Hart, can your wife come over to my house? My wife has suddenly taken sick."

"Certainly, Mr. Brown, she can come, but I will have to take her," said Mr. Hart, after he had spoken to his wife.

So Uncle Ned and Aunt Nancy went away and left Raymond, Roy and Mary alone in the house.

After the folks had been gone awhile Raymond and Roy coaxed Mary to read a story to them. She got an interesting story and began to read. She had read awhile when she heard something that sounded like somebody walking. She stopped and was convinced. The boys heard it also, for their faces were pale. She motioned them to be quiet and began reading again.

She had long, wavy dark hair. She took this down and reached back and got the banknotes and did them up in her hair. All this time she had been reading to Raymond and Roy. She Scarcely had it pinned up again when the door opened and two big men walked into the room and demanded the money which they knew her uncle had received the day before. She gave the boys a warning glance as she said bravely, "Uncle Ned said he was going to take it to the bank today, and he and Aunt Nancy have gone.

"Maybe you think I am going to let you fool me, but that is easier said than done," one of the men replied.

"You can search if you want to," said Mary.

"Of course we can," replied the other one.

They began to search, but of course found nothing. Then they apologized for their rudeness and went away, telling her to be careful, that they had a partner outside to protect them. Mary shook a warning finger at the boys. "They might not be gone yet," she whispered, "they may only be trying to get us to say something about it."

When Mr. and Mrs. Hart came home they were full of praise for Mary.

"Oh, I'll never say you are a coward again," Raymond told her. "Never again," added Roy.

Mary declared she had done only her duty. After this she was the pet of Uncle Ned, Aunt Nancy, Raymond and Roy.

I would like to exchange postcards with some of the juniors.

Myrle Clark, aged 12.
Hedrick, Iowa.

P. S.—I once read a story something like this, but I thougt I would write it anyway. I never could write stories about birds

School Composition, Mary and Her Dog, Penny — By Neva Minard

Dear Juniors:—Here is a school composition.

It is about Mary and her dog, Penny.

Mary Smith lived in the country. She lived way back from the road. There was no little girl for her to play with so she was very lonely. Mary had several dolls. She had one that was fifteen inches high. Its name was Belinda. She played with her biggest doll most of the time.

But after a while Mary grew very lonely. So Mr. and Mrs. Smith decided to get Mary a little terrier dog. Then they sent for it. When the little dog came, Mary was very glad. She named the dog Penny.

One day Mary was playing with her doll, Belinda, when her mother called her in to supper. She did not bring her doll with her.

The next morning two dogs found Belinda. They began to pull her to pieces. Penny was in the house looking out of the window. When he saw them he sprang out the door and took after the two dogs. They ran away and Penny took the doll to Mary. One arm and one leg was pulled off but Mary's mother sewed them on again.

Neva Minard, Age 9.
Shelbina, Mo., Route No. 2.

A Cheerful Face — School Composition By Fae Littleton

Dear Editor:

I will send the Junior page one of my school compositions, as I would like to win a prize. The name of it is "A Cheerful Face."

A cheerful face is next to the sunlight of heaven because heaven is full of happiness and cheerfulness and when anyone is full of cheerfulness they nearly always look happy and they help to make others so. There is no mistake in any one who is cheerful, because they always have bright eyes, cloudless brows, and always have a sunny smile and greeting for every one whom they meet.

This story means for every one to be cheerful and happy and they help to make others the same.

A cheerful face in the household can help to brighten the home by making others in the household enjoy their home and lighten their burdens of sadness and sorrow.

If we are always bright and cheerful at school our schoolmates will always like to be with us. We can brighten their faces, and if we are kind to our teachers they will be kind to us.

A Junior,
Fae Littleton, aged 14.
Chariton, Ia., 313 North 13th street.

ROSCOE A NEW JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors: This is my first letter to the Courier Junior. I am ten years old. I have two big brothers at home and four sisters. I go to school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Ethel Rouke. I like her fine. I hope to see my letter in print. I will close.

Roscoe McCarroll,
Agency, Iowa.

Livonia, Mo., Junior Writes About Admiral George Dewey

Now I am going to tell you of a hero you will like. His name is George Dewey. He was born in Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, the next day after Christmas in the year 1837.

His father, a good man was a village physician and everbody loved and trusted him. George was a manly little fellow and his father called him his "little hero." When he was seventeen years old his father sent him to the United States naval academy at Annapolis and at the end of four years George graduated. When he was just twenty-one and though there were sixty young men in his class, he was only fourth place from the head. This shows he was a thorough student and among all his studies he stood best in seamanship. As a midshipman, George went to sea for two years and traveled in many parts of the world. When he was in Jerusalem he remembered his good old Christian grandfather by sending him a walking cane made of olive wood as a memento of the holy city. The old man prized the cane so much that when he came to die he had it put by his side to make him think of his absent grandson of whom he spoke in words of tender love.

When the great civil war broke out in 1861 George was twenty-three years old, and he was put on the warship, Mississippi as lieutenant.

One night the ships were trying to slip by Fort Philip and Fort Jackson in passing up the Mississippi river.

The night was very dark and all the lights were put out, so that gunners from the shore could not see them.

The big ship steamed in slow and stately procession along the river in the inky blackness of the night. Presently, when the Mississippi was just opposite the forts, they began to spit long streams of fire, and the shrilling shells came flying at them.

It was a terrible time. George was standing on the bridge directing the ships' movements.

"Do you know the channel, Dewey?" shouted the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied the young lieutenant, firmly.

Then the ships began to shoot back at the forts and the fight grew more terrible. So near together were the enemies that they yelled at each other as they fought. On sped the Mississippi so close to the glare that the enemies' guns lit up the deck as light as day.

Every time the boats belched forth their valume of fire there was Dewey standing bravely on the bridge. The big shot and shell flying past and very near blew him over with their breath. When the darkness came his comrades thought sure they would never see him again but at the next flash there he stood and he guided his ship safely through it all and gave his orders calmly as if he were on a dress parade.

And when the forts were passed he came down as unexcited as if there had been no battle, though his face and hands were black with smoke and powder.

Some time after this Rear Admiral Farragut saw Dr. Dewey in New York and seized him by the hand and made the old man's heart glad by saying: "Sir, your son George is a brave and worthy officer. He has an honorable record and some day will make his own mark. This was a high compliment for a young man of twenty-four.

But in about a year George Dewey did something braver still.

They were passing Port Hudson where the Mississippi river is shallow and full of shoals. George's ship the Mississippi, struck right in front of the forts and they could not pull her off the bar. She was riddled with cannon shot, being hit two hundred and fifty times in thirty minutes. They tried in vain to get the boat away.

Lieutenant Dewey went twice in an open skiff to one of the other ships for assistance, with the shot and shell raining round him. At last they saw it was no use so Lieutenant Dewey sent all the men ashore in boats. Dewey and Capt. Smith remained on the ship and Dewey's coat tail was shot away and so was his hat.

They keep setting the ship on fire so the enemy could not get it. Finally Smith and Dewey rowed to the shore in a little boat. The fire reached the Mississippi's powder magazine and it was blown to pieces. After the civil war Dewey continued to serve his country.

He was captain of several warships. In 1896 he was made commodore and in January, 1898 he was sent to Hong Kong, China to take charge of the American fleets at that place. He was there when our war with Spain for the freedom of Cuba began in April of that year. He was commanded to go to Manila, a large city in the Philippines and destroy the Spanish fleet there. He promptly obeyed this order. He reached Manila bay and entered it on a very dark night before the Spanish Admiral Montojo knew it the American fleet was all lined up ready for battle with several big warships. Olympia facing the Spanish fleet with eleven vessels. "Keep cool and obey all orders," was Dewey's signal to all his men. Then he commanded them to fire.

The fighting commenced at once and was terrible.

After the battle was over they found that eleven Spanish vessels valued at many millions of dollars had been sunk and one thousand Spanish soldiers killed and wounded during six hours terrible battle. Then comes the memorable part of it all. How many ships American ships were lost? Not one. Only six men wounded. Such another battle never happened before. Dewey did his work well and bravely that is why he is a hero.

Grace Fletcher,
Livonia, Mo.

Cecily's Express Package

"Cecily," said her father, one May afternoon, "there's an express package for you out front on the lawn."

"For me?" cried Cecily, beginning to smile; for all afternoon she had been wishing for something to amuse her.

She bounded away, almost treading on Kitty Clover, who was enjoying a dust bath on the drive.

"Why, where is it?" she asked, after searching lawn and porch, parlor and hall.

She ran to the gate, thinking that perhaps her father had left it there, to be brought to the house in a wheelbarrow.

But no, there was no box at the gate.

"I can't find it, father," she announced, appearing in the garden, where Mr. Carter was at work on the strawberries. "I've hunted everywhere. You're just fooling me."

Her father laughed, a twinkle in his eye.

"Mother," he called, "come and help Cecily find her package."

By and by both Cecily and her mother returned to the garden.

"Really, Henry," said Mrs. Carter, "there is no package."

"It's plain that I have the best eyes of the family." And he left his berries and led the way to the lawn. He stopped just under a great maple shading the lawn. "There!" he said, and pointed upward.

From the limb above them hung a bird's nest, shaped like a long pouch, and fastened tight to the limb with stout horsehairs.

The wind was swaying it to and fro, and above it fluttered two birds, one glossy black on the head, throat, and upper part of the back, its wings edged wth white, and all under the breast and about the tail orange color shading to flame; the other, yellowish olive, with dark brown wings and quills margined with white.

"O father!" cried Cecily, and "O Henry!" cried her mother.

For dangling by a string which was woven into the nest was an express tag labelled "Miss Cecily Carter, Pewee Valley, Ky."

"I remember dropping that tag when I opened Cecily's present from Aunt Mabel," explained Mrs. Carter. "We looked at the things on the porch, you remember."

"And those darling orioles have just put it on that nest, and now it's my very own!" And Cecily jumped up and down in her glee.

"Nobody ever had such an express package before in all their lives, did they, father?"

"I think not Cecily. Keep your eye on it now, and see what will come out of it." And she did.

From an upper window she could look directly down upon the nest, and by the help of her mother's opera glasses she discovered that the package was far from empty. The mouth of the nest, however, was partly closed for fear of hawks, and she could not count the eggs. They were whitish and marked with scrawls of dark brown. Day after day she watched, until at last the nest was filled with white orioles.

"Father," she said one day, "a father bird has to work as hard as a real father—harder, too; for those baby birds just swallow from morning till night. They eat grubs and worms, flies and caterpillars; and today I saw mother oriole give one of them a cocoon. The moment she touches the edge of the nest, their mouths go open like traps."

"Mother, that was the very finest express package I ever saw—more things came out of it."

Why Willows Weep — By Mary Aileen Bates

A long time ago there lived an old women who had an only son. She was very fond of him. One day he went out fishing in a little boat. His mother told him not to venture out in the deep water but as soon as he got out to sea, where the best fish were he forgot all his mother's warnings and went much farther than he had intended to. Then a storm came up. Next morning a neighbor brought the sad news to the boy's mothers, who by the way was a widow, and with more cause for grief than most other women, that the boy was drowned. The mother grieved very much. In fact, she was so sad and miserable, that when people came to comfort her she talked about her troubles so much that they were glad to go back home again. At last, one of the gods said to her, "You like to make yourself sad and miserable. I shall change you to a willow tree, which shall always weep and droop," He did and that is how we got the first "Weeping Willow."

Mary Aileen Bates, age 11
Bloomfeld, Iowa.
Care of L. H. Bates.

SAIL BOAT IN POND.

Dear Editor:

Fred and Alice were going to make a boat apiece and sail it in the pond. So they both made a boat and went to sail them.

They both tied a long string on their boats and then put them in the pond to sail Fred.'s boat went under the water and he pulled on the string and it broke. Alice's boat was sailing in the water when the string slipped out of her hand, and it went out in the middle of the pond and she could not get it. Their mother went out to see if she could get them, but they were so far out that she could not get them. So they thought they would go and play with the cats.

This is a story I made up myself.

Many thanks for the puzzle post card you sent me.

Russel Smith, age 11.
Dudley, Iowa, Route No. 1, Box 64.