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

The Courier Junior

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

VOL. X, NO. 43 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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

THREE PRIZE WINNERS TOAY.

Dear Juniors: Three Juniors are awarded prizes today, Lucile Armstrong in the "True Story About Myself Contest," Margaret Craven, "Vacation at Grandpa's," and Elizabeth Bartholomew in the composition.

We are so pleased with results of the contest announced last week that we have decided to reprint the rules again and continue the contest. The rules are:

"A TRUE STORY ABOUT MYSELF CONTEST."

We feel sure that all the Juniors know some interesting little episode about themselves that will make an interesting story.

Select prizes from among the following articles: Book, knife, ball and bat, big flag, doll, box of candy or roller skates.

The Juniors can also write short stories on the following subjects:

Kindness to Animals.
When the Elephant Ran Away.
Cleaning Up the Schools and Homes.
A Summer Trip.
Vacation at Grandpa's.
Vacation at Grandma's.

Select prizes from among the following articles: A big flag, box of candy, ball bat, roller skates, knife, book or a doll.

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

We invite all the Juniors to send in school compositions each week. The writers can select prizes from among the following articles: Roller skates, book, souvenir spoon, a beautiful doll, knife, work basket, box of candy, letter paper or a baseball.

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 city. The reward for the best letter will be a box of letter paper and envelopes, a book, or a knife.

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 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.

A Small Boy's Problem

I wonder how I'd like it,
And I wonder who I'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else,
And somebody else was me!
I wonder, I just wonder,
What boy I'd like to be —
Supposing I didn't like him
When I found that he was me!
— St. Nicholas.

Wanda Davis, Awarded the Punctuality Button; Thanks County Superintendent

Dear Juniors:

As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write and tell you about my school. It was out last Friday.

I went the whole term without missing a day or being tardy. The year before I missed one day on account of being sick.

And today I received a button and on it was printed public school punctuality award. I think it is very nice. The county superintendent sent it and I thank her very much.

I went to Bladensburg school. Our teacher's name was Miss Dickenson.

We had a picnic and program the last day.

Wanda Davis, age 11,
Batavia, Ia.

Neta Burtlow Was Promoted to the Fifth Grade

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to you before I am very much interested in the Junior page. My school was out the 21st of May. I was promoted to the fifth grade in the third room. We have nine months of school and three months' vacation.

Neta Burtlow, age 11,
Hedrick, Ia., R. 6.

A Queer Playhouse

Bess and Judy had had a busy morning, decorating the little house they had built under the trees. The big boy next door had helped them in the making of the house, which was shaped like a cone or an Indian's wigwam, round at the base and coming to a point at the top. It was built of long, dry, slender branches, the little twigs meeting and interlocking to form a support for autumn leaves and carefully cut strips of moss. Have you children ever made such a house? It is great fun, and I would advise you to try it if you never have and you will enjoy it as much as Bess and Judy did.

"Aren't these clam-shells pretty?" Judy asked. "We'll play they're our best set of dishes, our blue-banded set, and this is our common, everyday set," and she pointed to a collection of cracked and nicked china which had been the cook's contribution to their housekeeping.

"Yes, it's all so nice," Bess said with a big sigh of happiness.

"Where'll we put the peacock feather Judy inquired. "Over the doorway?"

"Yes, that'll be a nice place for it!"

"Well! Well! Well!" There was Uncle Jack stooping his tall form to peer in at the doorway. "I didn't expect to find two little bower birds on this side of the water; no, I didn't."

"What do you mean, Uncle Jack?" Judy and Bess both wriggled through the low doorway, to come out into the open where they could talk comfortably to this nice uncle who had come home only the week before from a long stay in Australia.

"What do you mean by bower-birds? Judy asked with a happy little smile, for it sounded as if a story was coming.

"Well," Uncle Jack said, and settled himself comfortably on the grass, "out in Australia there are some very queer birds that make playhouses and fit them up with bright colored things for ornaments, just as you children are doing. They are called bower birds because they build in this way, and they belong to the bird of Paradise family, though their feathers are dark and plain, and not beautiful like the bird of Paradise we know from pictures and out at the Zoo. Perhaps if they wore bright feathers themselves they would not take such trouble to collect pretty things for their playhouses."

"But Uncle Jack, what do you mean by playhouses — their nests.

"No, they build a different kind of nest to bring up the young birds in. These bowers seem to be built just for pleasure. First the bower birds clear a space in the forest till the ground is clear and clean as your lawn is after John goes over it with his rake. When they have made this nice and clean they begin on the playhouse. It is really a little hut made of slender twigs, very much like this playhouse of yours. It looks like a wee wigwam. After the birds finish their bower they set to work to decorate it. They hunt everywhere for bright feathers, and shells, and broken bits of glass, or anything else that is bright and shiny. Sometimes they fly a long way to get such objects, and once back at their bower they spend a great deal of time arranging and rearranging their bric-a-brac. When their pretty things grow worn or faded they put new ones in their places. They have even been known to pick up pieces of jewelry belonging to people who live near, and it is not at all uncommon for women who have lost some of their treasures to go out into the woods and hunt through the bowers to see if they can find them."

"My! How funny!" said Judy. "And how big are these bowers?"

"I have seen different sizes," replied Uncle Jack. "Some species build them five or six feet high—others are smaller. About the queerest kind of bower-bird is one found in New Guinea, and called the gardener-bird. He makes a cone about a foot and a half high out of moss, and then a few inches outside of this he goes to work to plant tall, straight twigs, to make a hut surrounding this moss cone. He leaves a doorway on each side of this outer hut. These birds always choose twigs from an orchid which stays alive and goes on blooming for a long time, so it is a real 'bower.' The bird also scatters flowers of different kinds over the floor of the bower and on the cleared space outside of it."

"It sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it, Uncle Jack?" Bess said. "I wish we could go to Australia and see them."

"I'll tell you what you can do, without taking such a long journey," Uncle Jack answered. "Some day I'll take you to the Smithsonian institute at Washington, and you shall see some stuffed bower-birds in one of the glass cases, and their bower filled with shells and bright feathers, just such as I have seen many times in Australia."

Abraham Lincoln — School Composition — By Mary Williams

Once there was a little boy whose name was Abraham Lincoln. He was a poor boy. But he was very fond of reading good books. And did not have time to read except at night. One day he borrowed a book about George Washington and one night he put the book in the corner of the wall, and what do you think—when he reached out to get the book it had snowed during the night and the book was wet and soiled. He arose, dressed and took the book to its owner.

The owner of the book said if he would pull corn fodder for three days he could have the book for his own. It was very cold but he did not mind that because he would get to keep the book. He always said that the soiled book helped him to become president of the United States.

Mary Williams, age 11,
Stockport, Ia., Box 13.

Just the Picture of Two Little Juniors

Florence M'Michael, a New Junior, Writes on "Hidden Gold"

Dear Juniors:

As this is the first time I have written I will send one of my school compositions. I am nine years old. I go to the Hedrick school and I am in the fifth grade. The subject of my composition is Hidden Gold.

Once in sunny Italy there lived a farmer who had three sons. The farmer lived on an olive orchard.

Years rolled by. The farmer was getting old and feeble. His end was about to come. Then he called his sons to him and said: "There is gold hidden in the orchard." The sons wanted to know more. But the farmer turned a deaf ear to their question.

Soon afterward the farmer died. The sons went out and dug up every inch of the soil in the orchard but they found no gold.

One said "Some one must have stolen the gold. The second said "We have done our work for nothing." The third said "Our father's wits must have been wandering when he said that."

That spring the olive trees all blossomed. That summer all the blossoms turned to olives. Purchasers came and bought the olives. Soon the family chest was full of gold. They said that "what our father said was true."

Florence McMichael,
417 N. Clay St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Juanita's Pet Pig is Called "Betsy"

Dear Juniors:—I am a little girl nine years old. This is my first letter.

Dear Cousin Clara:—I thought I would write you a few lines as there is no school. I wish you would come down and stay a week and we would have a god time. How is Uncle Ben?

Joe and I have four pet lambs, and Juanita has a pet pig. She calls her pig Betsy.

I want to go to church next Sunday.

Mamma made some ice cream last night. We will make some more when you come down. I guess I will close.

Jessie Cleola Pool, Age 9.
Birmingham, Iowa.

Lena Wiley Says the Cardinal Sings "What Cheer," "What Cheer"

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write a composition about the cardinal.

The cardinal is a very pretty red bird. It is almost as large as a robin. It eats fruit, berries, seeds and insects.

Its song is a loud, clear and joyful whistle. It sits in the tree and sings, "What Cheer, What Cheer" to me. Then it closes its song by singing, "Cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer."

The cardinaal builds a frail nest, not a strong one like the robins. It makes its nest of twigs in a bush or thicket. Its eggs are greenish blue with reddish brown spots.

I like the cardinal because it stays with us all the year round.

Lena Wiley, age 10,
Keosauqua, Iowa.

Frances Ellen's Pets Thirteen Little Chickens

Dear Juniors:

As this is the second time I have written I will write a newsy letter. We have six horses and two little colts. The colts names are Pet and Topsy. The horses names are Jim, Daisy, Queen, Lou, Bees and Dolly.

For pets I have thirteen little chickens and one hen. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters names are Freda and Lois. My brothers names are Willie and Ernest. I have two dolls and one doll head.

Frances Ellen Fouts, age 8,
Drakesville, Ia., R. 1.

Lucile Armstrong Tells of the Narrow Escape She Had

Dear Juniors:

As I saw in the Courier Junior you were going to have a "True Story About Myself" contest I thought I would write a story:

When I was about five years old my father was pumping water with a team and I was running around behind the tongue and somehow, but I don't remember, I got caught and was twisted up and was hurt so bad it almost killed me. I will tell you how it was: Papa would hitch the horse up and then go on with his work, so when I got fast there was no one there to stop the horse, so I just kept getting squeezed tighter all the time and when mamma saw me she came as fast as she could and stopped the horse, and then took me in the house and called the doctor, and I'm all right now. Mamma says she cannot bear to think about it.

Lucile Armstrong, age 10,
Fairfield, Iowa.

Dorothy Cook on the Last Day of Her School

Dear Juniors:—I will write about my school.

My school was out the 2nd of March. We had a big dinner the last day and we had a big program. We had forty-three pieces, four dialogues and three songs. There was a large crowd there.

We had dinner first and after dinner we spoke pieces and had dialogues and sang songs. I guess our program was about two hours' long. We had fine music too. Irwin Shepard played the organ and Wardie Hawkins played the violin.

After our program and music we came home and Miss David Eakins, Miss Nellie Heckart and Glen Albright came down to our house and stayed until time for church at night and went to church at Midway.

This is the end of that day. So as my letter is getting long I will close.

Dorothy Cook, Age 13.
Belknap, Iowa.

Craig L. Coy's Grandma Makes Best Doughnuts and Cookies

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write a story about my vacation at grandmother's.

After my school was out in May, 1914, mamma said I could go to grandma's and stay a month.

My grandma lived a Sigourney and about three miles from town. I had to go on the train and it takes an hour to make the trip.

Grandpa met me at the depot and it was noon when we got to grandma's.

I ate a big dinner and then I took a romp with the dogs and then I swung a while in the swing.

After I got tired of playing I thought I would help grandma gather in the eggs and feed the chickens. She has so many chickens and I like to make the old hens mad.

She has an old gobbler and he will take after you if you torment him. I got grandma some chips and then I helped grandpa water the horses and then we had supper and after supper they milked seven cows.

I like to drink the warm milk.

I tell you its great fun to visit at grandma's because she lets you do as you please and makes the best doughnuts and cookies you ever ate. My cousins who live in town came out while I was there and we had great times. I never got lonesome. I was sorry I had to come home but then I can go back again before long, so that isn't so bad.

Craig L. Coy,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. 6.

Former Wapello Co. Junior Writes From Milton, Her New Home

Dear Editor and Juniors:—As it has been a long time since I have writen to the Junior page, I thought I would do so now.

We haven't been in Milton so very long, moved the fourth of March. We used to live out in the country, from Eldon, then moved to Bentonsport, and then to Milton.

My papa has a garage and four autos and a store building.

Milton has a nice school. My school was out the 21st of May. The first and second rooms had a picnic We were going to go to the fair grounds but it rained, so we remained at the school house and had a good time any way.

My teachers' names were Miss Smelser and Miss Criol. I liked them both fine.

My studies were reading, arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, music, agriculture, language and manual training.

I was promoted up to the third grade for next term and my brother Max, was promoted up to the sixth grade. My letter is pretty long so must quit.

Your Junior friend,
Alvy Toops, Age 7.
Milton, Iowa.

Queen City, Mo., Junior Tells of a Long Automobile Trip

Dear Juniors:

I am a little girl nine years old and live in Queen City, Mo. I love to go to school. I have nine months of school. It was out the 16th of May. I will write about a summer trip. Two years ago I went to Independence, Kans., in the automobile. From Queen City to Independence, Mo., we had very rough roads.

We stayed all night at Kansas City. I do not remember any more until we got into Independence. When we first got there almost every girl and boy asked us where we came from. Not very long after that when I got better acquainted Dorothy King (her mother is a neighbor of Aunt Myrtle) invited me to her birthday party. A week after that we went home.

Bernice Eloise Roberts,
Queen City, Mo.

Elizabeth Bartholomew Tells of an Automobile Library

Dear Editor:

This being the first time I have written to the Courier Junior I will write on one of my school compositions.

The most useful automobile in Washington county, Maryland, is one that serves as a library for the cabin dwellers who are too hard worked to seek a library themselves.

For several years a lady named Miss Mary L. Titcomb of Hagerstown who thought of this idea, carried literature to the out of way places in a sort of cupboard on wheels drawn by a horse. But this outfit was too small and was very hard for the horse to get up such steep hills.

So when a train ran over the wagon and left nothing but splinters, an automobile was provided with a special library body, and books are now taken to the people by this means.

Elizabeth Bartholomew, age 14,
Bentonsport, Iowa.

Ted Lynn Drove His Pony Twenty Miles One Day

Dear Editor:

I am a little boy 9 years old. I go to school at No. 7 Benton township. My teacher's name is Miss Elsie Stroud.

I have a little black pony. His name is Dandy, and he is one. He weighs 410 pounds, is thirty-seven inches high. I have a pony buggy, harness, saddle, and riding bridle for him. I ride or drive him to school whenever the weather or roads are fit.

I live 4½ miles west of Hedrick, and I drive my pony to town alone. I drove him twenty miles one day. It was pretty hot and it was too much for him.

Ted Lynn, age 9,
Hedrick, Ia., R. 5.

Vacation at Margaret Craven's Grandpa's

Dear Juniors:

I have never written you a letter so I thought I would write you about our vacation at grandpa's. One day in March our school was closed on account of scarlet fever. Mamma, my brother and I went to grandpa's. Grandpa lives in Alden, Iowa. His house is just above the river. One day my brother, some of my cousins and I went down to the river. It had ice on it, and my brother went out on the ice. He went out too far and fell in. I pulled him out and then went to tell mamma that he had fallen in. She was very scared because I had not told her that I had him out. We did not tell my grandma because she was sick in bed.

Margaret Craven, age 12,
Milton, Iowa.

Lorena Christina Christy Gets Sixty Post Cards on Birthday

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write, as I have never written before.

My birthday is July 21. Last year I got 60 post cards and one handkerchief. I have a dog named Teddy and he will shake hands with me. I have a calf and a pig. My calf is black and white spotted and my pig is black. I have one brother. His name is Eugene.

Lovena Christina Christy, age 9,
Floris, Iowa.

The Life of Washington — By Lula McCarroll

Dear Juniors:

On the bank of the Patomic river in the state of Virginia, there once stood a little wooden farm house. It had a deep sloping roof. One day in February 1732 there came a little baby boy to this house whose name was George Washington. He had two half brothers. Their names were Lawrence and Augustine. One fine morning in spring when George was about three years old some leaves were burning near the house. A spark flew and lit on the roof and was burning. Little George saw the fire and run in to tell his mother. His father was not at home. Mrs. Washington and the children went to carrying ou the furniture. They could not put the fire out. In a few minutes the house was burned to ashes. Several miles away on the Rappahanock river Mr. Washington owned another plantation. He moved to this plantation instead of building a new house. The new house in which he moved was much like the old one. They had no carpet in the house and very little furniture. But to be sure they had plenty to eat. The children had no play toys. Mr. and Mrs. Washington wished their children to be true and brave. George learned it was a sin to tell a lie. When George was eight years old he was given a pony. Its name was Hero.

Lula McCarroll, age 12,
Agency, Iowa.

Iva S. Traul Is Happy Over Her Junior Prize

Dear Editor:

I received my prize and I thank you very much for it. They are very nice. I also thank you for the post cards; they are very pretty.

We have about 350 little chickens and two little colts.

There are some little wrens around our house. There are robins, brown thrushes, red headed wood packers and blue birds, are building in trees close to our house.

I do not think anybody ought to kill the birds. They sing such beautiful songs.

I think the wrens are such beautiful singers.

The blue jays, hawks and crows kill other birds and rob the nests.

The little humming birds are here now.

A robin tried to build her nest on our wagon but it fell down as fast as she built it. Then she built a nest out of mud and it is still there. I have seen many kinds of birds this spring.

Iva G. Traul, age 13,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 9.

Inez Patten Writes in the "True Story About Myself" Contest

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write a story about myself. We lived on a farm about a quarter of a mile from town. I was two years old. Grandma lived a quarter of a mile from where we did.

Mamma was ironing and as she had invited us over for dinner that day, mamma sent my sister Reva and I on over.

When she finished her ironing she came over and was just about there when she heard grandma say "I wonder where she is." Mamma hurried over to see what was the matter and found I was gone. She searched everywhere but could not find me. Some of the neighbors found out I was gone and helped mamma hunt for me. A man started out in a buggy. When he had gone a little ways he saw a man riding horse back and who had found me about a mile from grandma's house.

Inez Patten, age 11,
Keosauqua, Iowa.

Blanche Travis Lawson, a New Junior, Writes About Her Little Rabbit

Dear Juniors:

This is my first story to the Junior. I thought I would write and tell you about our little rabbit. This is a true story.

Once upon a time my two brothers went to get some strawberries. Well, they started last Wednesday to get strawberries. They went about a half mile and as they were picking strawberries they saw a little rabbit sitting in the grass. One of my brothers grabbed it and they got the rest of the strawberries and started home. They put the berries down and went out and made a cage for the rabbit and they put the rabbit in the cage, and came in and I cleaned the strawberries and we had them for supper. We fed the rabbit every day and it is a little tiny one.

We are going to keep it for a pet this summer and next winter I think we will eat it. But maybe we will not.

We have a good cage for it and the boys are out with it now.

Blanche Travis Lawson,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

Ula Kitterman Writes All the News to Her Grandpa

Dear Grandpa:—I thought I would write you a few lines and send it to the Courier Juniors for you.

We have one hundred little chicks now. I take care of them for mamma has so much other work to do.

We have two little calves. Our garden looks nice. Papa and the boys will get through planting corn this week if it don't rain any more.

I expect to spend some of my vacation up to my uncle's this summer. He lives in Des Moines. They have one little girl. Her name is Mildred. She and I will have a fine time. I could tell you lots more but my letter is getting long. I will close. Come down when you can.

Ula Kitterman, Age 10.
Ottumwa, Iowa, Route No. 9.

How The Boys Camped Out

Pound, pound, thump, thump! A little camp was being made in the hemlock grove half-way up the hill, while two excited little boys watched the preparations and did their best to help. What joy to sleep on a bed of fragrant, springy boughs, while the cool night wind blew round them! They could hardly wait for the time to come.

You see, father and Uncle Frank had just returned from a camping trip in the Adirondacks, and as soon as Dick and his boy friend Tom White, heard the delightful experiences they were most anxious to have a camp of their own, and sleep in the big out-of-doors, far away from any cottage. Mother herself made them some warm woolen sleeping bags, that were to be drawn up to the sunburned necks, leaving out only the curly heads.

That same evening Uncle Frank walked to the camp with the little boys, to see that they were comfortably fixed for the night. He spread the spicy boughs evenly, gave a final pat to the folly bags, and, blowing out the lantern, left them with only the bright, far-off stars to watch over two happy little lads.

Presently something stirred lightly the green carpet; a soft sound broke the stillness not unlike a baby brook singing over the pebbles. Then it became a plain purr, and behold! there were three campers. It was the black kitten, which had followed Uncle Frank from the cottage, and now settled down very comfortably between the sleeping bags, not meaning, evidently, to desert his two goods friends.

Did they lie awake long, listening to the noises of the wood? I think not, for the very first thing they know it was daylight, and the east was brightening with the glory of sunrise. They straightway hurried to their separate cottages, where they awakened their sleepy friends to tell them they had slept splendidly, and want to spend "most every night" out of doors.

Sure enough, the very next evening, soon after sunset, two little figures might have been seen making their way up the hill toward the woods.

"Pooh!" said Dick, in a very big voice "I don't care if Uncle Frank couldn't come with us tonight. I guess we know everything about camping by this time."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom, as he strode along, swinging his lantern. "I'm sure there aren't any strange animals in these woods."

"Tom," continued Dick, boldly, "it takes a good deal to frighten me. You couldn't tell me a story that would make me afraid. When I was eight, last summer, I wouldn't have come way up here to sleep. You see, I'm nine now."

Longer grew the shadows. The lights began to twinkle in the cottages at the foot of the hill. The little camp became strangely quiet; it had grown quite dark. In the silence the two boys crept into their sleeping bags. Queer how different the camp looked by night! In the bright sunshine this morning it seemed so very near home; now there was such a long, dark space between their friends and themselves.

"I keep thinking, Tom,' said Dick, "about that book I had for Christmas, 'Wild Animals I Have Known,—some kind of frightening stories in there. Do you own that book?"

No answer from the little form at his side. Tom had fallen asleep, to dream, perhaps, of wild animals he did not want to know. Oh, would he himself ever go to sleep? Dick shut his brown eyes tightly and listened to the lonely murmur of the wind in the trees. What strange cracklings came from the deeper woods above them! O for the sociable black pussy!

Well, it would be morning very soon. They must have been in bed hours already. What was his mother doing? Perhaps thinking of her little boy—perhaps. A strange choking feeling came into Dick's throat. He turned and shook Tom vigorously.

"Tom," he said in an uncertain voice, "Tom, I don't feel good, I don't. I've got a queer pain in my chest, and when I have it I must always see my mother."

"Is it very bad?" asked Tom's sleepy voice.

"Awful!" in a horse whisper. "I'm going home."

"So am I then," chimed in the other bold camper. Hastily pulling off the sleeping bags and pulling on sweaters, they lighted the big tin lantern, and were soon stumbling over sticks and stones on their homeward way. They separated at the grassy lane, Tom turning in, and Dick, minus the lantern, keeping on down to his cottage.

Softly opening the front door, he entered the hall. But what did this mean? The living room was lighted! Was baby sick? And there sat mother, reading by the open fire, looking dearer than ever in her pretty white gown.

"Why, my little camper! she exclaimed. "Home again?" And Dick, with both sturdy arms around her, told her all.

O wise mother! O understanding mother! How comforting to a small son to learn that she had been thinking and wishing for him just at the time that he had been thinking and wishing for her! It was well that he came back to this lonely little mother of his.

Just as she tucked him up in his own soft bed Dick opened drowsy eyes to ask:

"And isn't it most morning, mother?" And smiling, mother answered:

"No, dear, no. It's nearly nine o'clock."—Alix Thorn.

Viola's Pets One White Rock Chicken, Eleven Kittens, Three Cats, Two Dogs and One Colt

Dear Editor:

My school was out May 14. We had a picnic the last day of school in our school yard. My teacher's name was Dorothy Miller. I liked her fine.

My studies were arithmetic, reading, grammar, geography, spelling, history, physiology. My school mates were Opal Willard, Lela and Avis Osterfoss, Margaret Emery and Mattie Handy. There were thirty-six in my school.

For pets I have a White Rock chicken, eleven kittens and three old cats and two dogs and one little colt. Her name is Queen.

Viola Graham, age 10,
Hedrick, Ia., R. 1.