

NOTICE

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

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OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

VOL. X, NO. 51

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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SOMETHING REMARKABLE.

Dear Juniors: Today we have a more than "Something Remarkable" story. It is really thrilling. And the story, Helen Davis, a Russell Junior is awarded the prize. We hope all the Juniors will work in this contest after they read Helen's story.

We want the Juniors to write about some of their ancestors (which means your parents, grandparents, great grandparents, etc.) Well we think this is a good time to have such a contest. We will ask the Juniors to write nice short stories telling something remarkable or unusual about their ancestors. This contest will run for several weeks.

We want the Juniors who write in this contest to tell us the names of their remarkable ancestors.

The writers can select their prizes from among the following: A picnic basket, hammock, box of candy, big flag, roller skates, book or knife.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

An Ottumwa Junior, Celestine Lutz, who is visiting in St. Joseph, Mo., with her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Cody, a former Ottumwan, saw the Liberty Bell. Celestine is awarded the prize too.

Other Liberty Bell stories and the winner's name will appear from week to week. We hope more of the Juniors after reading Celestine's story will write about the Liberty Bell. The writers can select their prizes from among the following: A big flag, box of candy, roller skates or a book.

SHORT STORIES.

The Juniors can also write short stories on the following subjects: Kindness to Animals. 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 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 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.

FORGET THEIR AGES.

Recently several Juniors have forfeited their right to prizes because they forgot to tell us their ages. Read over the seven rules published every week.

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.

Velma McCullin's Composition - Helen Patterson and the Indians

Dear Juniors: One holiday Helen Patterson's mother and father went to the village. There were no people within ten miles, Helen's brother had been called away to fight the Indians. Helen felt afraid. She had never been left alone. She told her mother she would not be afraid but she was. She spun on the spinning wheel to spend her time. Within a few hours a tribe of Indians came and captured her but never got to destroy the house because a man just came to see if Helen was all right. But one man alone could not get Helen away from the Indians, but he told her father. He got some more men and they found her by seeing pieces of her dress. The Indians tied her with a rope. Helen remembered the knife in her pocket. She managed to cut the rope and got away. She met her father and men within a few miles. She told them the story her father and some soldiers captured the Indians the next day.

Velma McCullin, age 12, Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Story of a Large Stone

Once there was a king who took great delight in teaching his people good habits. "Bad luck comes only to the lazy and the careless," said he; "but to the busy workers God gives the good things of this life." One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace and watched to see what the people who passed that way would do.

Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer named Peter came along with his heavy ox cart loaded with corn. "Oh, these lazy people!" he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it."

Then came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked. A gay feather was stuck in his hat, and a big sword hung at his side. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone, but stumbled over it and fell flat into the dust.

"Silly drones!" he said. "To have no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road!"

An hour later there came down the road six merchants, with their goods on pack-horses, going to the market to be sold in the village. When they reached the stone the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall.

"Did any one ever see the like of this?" said "There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but that is too lazy to move it."

And so the stone lay there for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to move.

Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. Old Peter, the farmer, was there; and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope that the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has around him," said Peter.

And then the sound of a horn was heard, and the king was seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, got down from his horse, and said: "My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you; and yet every one has left it just where it is, and has not taken the trouble to move it out of the way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round, hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it. These were the words: "For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the box, and told it upside down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then every one wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going around it.

Helen Foster Writes a True Story About Herself

Dear Juniors: I have written the Courier Junior a true story about myself. When I was seven years old I lived at West Grove in the old brick house. The cellar was under the house and the door was in the house and I got mad and went and opened the cellar door. I fell in and broke some jars and cut my right arm. It cut some veins. Papa held my arm above the cut until the doctor came. So I was saved. The doctor put some wire in it and I got mad and went and have it taken out, he told me if I would hold still he would give me a package of chewing gum. So I held still and he gave me a package of chewing gum. They bandaged him for it. My arm is all right now.

Helen Foster, age 10, Bellnap, Iowa.

Helen Davis Tells Juniors About Her Remarkable Ancestors

Dear Juniors: As you wanted the Juniors to write about their ancestors I thought I would write about my Grandmamma Mowery. She was born in Harrison county, Indiana, in 1823. Her parents' name was Mauck. When grandma was about eight years old she went to live with her father as her mother was poor and couldn't take care of all her children. Grandma lived with her sister until she was twenty years old. Then she married George Mowery. They had thirteen children. Five of them are dead.

Once when grandma was living in a log cabin she heard a noise. She looked up and saw a rattle snake crawling out of a crack between the logs. She got the log and killed him.

One day as grandma was moving a house a log rolled on his limb and broke it. The doctors went to take the limb off. They gave him chloroform and it killed him. He died in a faint. After his death grandma went to live with her son and keep house for him. She lived with him five years and then she went to Black Hills, Dakota. She stayed there a while with her daughter. From there she went to Hot Springs, Ark., and from there to Colorado. Since then she has just been visiting around. She is 87 years old and is very spry. She is piecing a quilt for me.

Helen Davis, age 11, Russell, Ia., R. No. 1.

Lavinna McFadden Writes on Clean Homes

To have a clean home you must keep your floors clean and help to keep the bed clothes clean by being clean when you go to bed. Then keep your dishes clean and not set them back and let them go. Girls can help by keeping the dishes and floors clean. Boys can help by keeping the yard clean. This includes the cans and trash.

Lavinna McFadden, 415 S. Moore St., Ottumwa, Ia.

A Courier Junior Waiting Her Turn at the Drinking Fountain



Celestine Lutz of Ottumwa Sees the Liberty Bell in St. Joseph, Mo.

Dear Juniors: I am going to write on a subject which I hope will interest all the Juniors. The title is "Liberty Bell."

The Liberty Bell was made at London in 1752 by order of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. It was cracked in Philadelphia in 1752 and was cracked by the clapper when it was being tested. The bell was recast by Pass and Stow of Philadelphia. The cost of the second casting was \$62,305.50 or about \$603.

On July 8, 1776 it was rung when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. It being the 139th anniversary on July 8, 1915, when it was brought to St. Joseph, Mo.

In 1777 when Philadelphia was about to be invaded the bell was taken to Allentown, Pa. It was rung many times. Some of the occasions were at the death of Washington, when Lafayette visited America, at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and it rang for the last time on July 8, 1835 at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States supreme court.

The Liberty Bell was taken to New Orleans in 1855, to Charleston, S. C., in 1862, to Boston on the 128th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill in 1903 and to St. Louis in 1904. It weighs 2080 lbs. It measures 12 feet around the edges and 7 feet 6 inches around the crown. The clapper is 3 feet 2 inches long.

The mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., Elliott Marshall, is a great grand-son of Chief Justice John Marshall. Within the bell is a "spider" made of iron hooks that come down and clamp the edges and are held tight to a strong spring inside. The clapper which is a small bell made in England is chained fast to the "spider."

When the bell reached the Panama exposition it was removed from the car, attached to the original wooden beam and placed on a frame that allowed it to be wheeled into a vault every night.

My home is in Ottumwa but I am spending the summer with my grandmother Mrs. Mary Cody. We visited the Liberty Bell while it was being shown in St. Joseph on Thursday evening from 6:25 to 11 o'clock.

While the bell was in St. Joseph the thirty-one guards were shown over the city and later taken to a dinner at the Country club. Between 80,000 and 100,000 people visited the bell, including a number of out of town people.

Upon his arrival in this city whistles blew, bells rang, people cheered and in all it was very patriotic celebration. Celestine Lutz, age 12, 2600 Sacramento St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Corda Hargesheimer Has a Pet Duck

Dear Friend Louise: I received your letter through the Courier Junior and was glad to hear from you. When your letter came I was in Oklahoma visiting Caroline. Mamma had the paper put away for me.

Where did you go the Fourth of July? I went to church in the forenoon and I stayed at home in the afternoon. The Roy, Irene, Edith and I went goose-berrying one afternoon and we got quite a few gooseberries.

As my letter is getting long I will close so good by. Corda Hargesheimer, age 11, Eddyville, Ia., R. 2.

The Little Boy and His Father - Composition By Harold Turk

Dear Juniors: I will write you one of my school essays about the little boy and his father. Once upon a time there was a little boy and his father. They were calling across the ocean. It was an interesting voyage to the little boy. He sat where he could watch the waves dash against the ship and see a whale once in a while.

The size of a whale and his length is seventy-five to one hundred feet long. He sometimes upsets small ships and vessels. Whenever a whale wants food he goes through a large launch of herring and gets about forty barrels for a meal.

Whenever a ship gets a long distance from land there is a bird flying around the ship. The name of this bird is the sea gull. I will tell you the reason why he is hunting food. What the people on the ship throws out this bird gets to eat. He sometimes follows ships hundreds of miles and hovers around them until they are almost to land. That is the way he gets his food.

They completed their voyage in seven or eight days. After two or three days the boy became tired and seasick and when they came to land they were glad to get off.

Harold Turk, age 11, Eldon, Ia., R. 2.

A Bright Little Dog

There are imitations everywhere, but the dog whose doings are recorded in Popular Science News was possibly one of the best canine mimics on record. His name was Scott, and he was a puppy newly introduced into a certain rich family circle. In a neighboring house lived Rabb, a dog that had grown up on an age of dignity and responsibility.

At first the older dog ignored the puppy, which in appearance was almost an exact picture of himself. Then the attendant on Rabb's every movement. They ate together, slept together, and hunted together.

They were also as one in barking at passing teams. Now barking at teams with rattles and clatters was a challenge no high-spirited dog could resist. It gave Rabb an opportunity to show his young friend how close to a flying horse cart it is possible to run with impunity. Alas for his pride! He ran a inch too near, or the cart swerved slightly, and the wheel passed over one of Rabb's paws. Although the injury was scientifically treated, Rabb was ever held the injured paw suspended.

Scott noticed Rabb's changed method of locomotion, and, like the thorough courier he was, immediately adopted the new gait. He was so clever in his imitation that it was difficult to tell which was the lame from necessity, and which limped because he thought it desirable and graceful. Close observation, however, showed that Scott's shapely paw lacked the helpless member of the other dog's wounded member, and that the saucy cock of his ears was at variance with the mournful hang of Rabb's.

Scott was a consistent cheat, always heaving the same paw that Rabb did, and never forgetting his voluntary lameness, except on occasions of great excitement, when he was in too great a hurry, having four legs, to confine himself to the use of three.

Neta Burtlow Writes to Her Cousin Deete

Dear Juniors: I am writing to my cousin Deete: Dear Cousin: I will answer your letter I got Saturday. Do you still drive old Baldy? Mamma has got all her cherries canned. She had thirteen gallons. Has your mamma got any cherries canned? We celebrated her Saturday. You ought to have been here. We had a fine time. I rode on the merry-go-round. I had a fine time. I saw the push ball game.

Neta Burtlow, age 11, Hedrick, Ia., R. 5.

George Washington - By Ruth Aurora Davis

George Washington was born February 22, 1732 near Bridge Creek, Westmoreland county, Va. He went to school at the common school, and then to college, but was a surveyor in early life. When only sixteen years old he went into the forests of Virginia to survey some land belonging to Lord Fairfax. He was asked to undertake a much more difficult and dangerous journey.

At the time the Great Woods as the land beyond the Ohio river was then called, was claimed by both the English and French. The English and the French both tried to gain the friendship of the Indians. The governor of Virginia sent a message to the French stating that the land belonged to the English and that the French had no right to build their forts upon it. The person to be sent was to make his way for miles and miles through great forests.

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Captain Wild Goose

Captain Wild Goose is an old gander. In the spring he and his company into the water and starts to fly north with them.

He wears a black cap. His coat is light brown trimmed with black. His trousers are white and gray. His boots are black. You are sure to know him by the white spot on each cheek.

As he goes through Skyland at the head of his flock he calls back, "Honk!" as if he says "How are you coming?" Then each pair in turn calls back "Honk!"

If the day is bright and sunny he takes his band up quite high and they go very fast. If it is dark and looks like rain he goes lower and flies slow down. Sometimes he loses his way and has to rest a while on the ground until the clouds go away.

On his way to his summer vacation, if he hears another flock of geese honk, he will turn out of his way to visit them. This is not a wise thing to do, for the calling geese may be in a cage, called a decoy, and somewhere near is a man with a gun ready to kill Captain Wild Goose.

His summer home is among the marshes and lonely ponds of Newfoundland. While there he never flies, but if he is surprised he ducks down in the water and leaves only his bill sticking up. He can run faster than a man on the marshes.

He lives on wild berries and the seeds of grasses. When the snow and frost come, then he takes his birds and all their little ones which have been born in the summer and flies south with them. The journey is a long one, and makes them very tired and thin, but they soon begin to get rested and fat enough to make good eating. This is how Captain Wild Goose lives.

Lizzie Jones on Kindness to Animals

Every one ought to be kind to animals. Because the animals do everybody some good.

One day as I was going to school I saw a man whipping one of his horses because it did not back up to a door. The horse was so poor that it is a wonder it could stand up.

One day I saw another man beating his cow because she would not come to him when he called her. He got his dog after her and the dog bit places on the cow's sides until she bled.

Another time when I was coming from school there was a little kitten in the road and a boy came out of a house and kicked it so hard that it hurt its back and legs. I think if that boy had been served the same way I would have been a little more careful about kicking animals.

Once when I was going to town there were two children who had a dog and they had two strings around his neck, and each one was pulling the string. There was a woman who was kind and she said "Why don't you children let the dog loose and let him go home? If you don't you will choke him to death."

The little girl said "Oh, that don't hurt him." And just then the boy heard a great noise and found myself lying on the ground near my shattered home. I was put into a car and taken to the top. I was put into a wagon and taken to a place where the rock and dirt which surrounded me was taken off. I was made into a dollar. I was taken to the bank. A few days later a rough looking man came in and borrowed me. I was put in his pocket which was very dark. I see found a hole and I crawled out. I found a man and bought some articles at a grocery store. The grocer that evening went to the bank and put some of my companions and me back in our old home, the bank.

Paul T. Paton, 611 E. Court Ave., Chariton, Ia.

Autobiography of a Silver Dollar - By Paul Paton

I was lying in my home in the cold ground when something sharp hit me. Then they put a white stick under me and lit the string attached to it. Then I heard a great noise and found myself lying on the ground near my shattered home. I was put into a car and taken to the top. I was put into a wagon and taken to a place where the rock and dirt which surrounded me was taken off. I was made into a dollar. I was taken to the bank. A few days later a rough looking man came in and borrowed me. I was put in his pocket which was very dark. I see found a hole and I crawled out. I found a man and bought some articles at a grocery store. The grocer that evening went to the bank and put some of my companions and me back in our old home, the bank.

Paul T. Paton, 611 E. Court Ave., Chariton, Ia.

Three Former Presidents - By Marian Simmons

Dear Juniors: I am going to write about the three presidents who lived in Abrahams Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and died in Washington, April 15, 1865. His ancestors, it is supposed, having immigrated to America with the Pilgrims in 1630. Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth while at Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., on the evening of April 14, 1865; his death occurring the following day.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732. At his father's death, in 1743, he inherited a portion of the family inheritance, which as years went on, came to be of considerable value. In fact, the struggle with poverty often incident to the lives of great men, was unknown to him. Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Curtis, a wealthy widow, and retiring upon his estate at Mount Vernon, devoted himself to the care of his property which during the latter part of his life, consisted of about eight thousand acres. The number of slaves, including the "dower negroes" was not far from 250. Yet owners of slaves in his correspondent showed was in all respects a kind and indulgent master.

A closing incident of this fine urbanity marked the occurrence of his death Dec. 14, 1799. "I feel myself going" he said to his attendants. "I thank you for your attentions but I pray you will take no more troubles about me."

William McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull county, O., on February 26, 1847. He was an advance agent of prosperity.

Marian Simmons, age 12, 119 N. Ransom St., Ottumwa, Ia.

The Toy Boat - By Felicia Zenor

Once there was a little boy who lived by a little pond and he had a toy boat and a ship. The boat was about two inches high and the ship 6 inches high and two inches deep.

One day he took his boat, filled it with coal and got his ship and went down to the pond. He tied the boat on the back end of the ship and put the ship and boat on the water.

He had a stick which he pushed the ship with to make it go. In it were a blackbird and an owl. The owl was on the low branch. He was asleep. The blackbird watched him. On a stone were two frogs. There were eight fish in the pond. Near by are some spring flowers. I think it was spring because the boys had no coats on.

Felicia Zenor, age 10, 420 N. Milner, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Helen Derby Writes Letter to Her Mother

Dear Mamma: How are you. I am fine. What have you been doing? I am very lonely. Edna is getting along real well. We have about 350 little chickens and two pet lambs and a little pet pig and a little colt and five little kittens and 3 little calves and their names are Dot, Spot and Beauty.

Our school is out. Sister Edna started to school in Abbia. She is in the 7th grade. I am in the fourth grade. I went to Sunday school last Sunday. When are you coming home? I would like to see you.

A Spider's Home

"What all our new clock?" said father one day, as he came home from his work and found mother just putting on the potato kettle in order to get dinner. "It is twelve o'clock now, and our clock is a whole half-hour of the right time."

"I don't know," said mother; "it has always kept very good time until now."