

NOTICE!

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

NOTICE!

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

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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

ONE LINK TO ONE JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors: We feel that several of the Juniors working in the composition contest announced recently have misunderstood the prize offer. While we said we would offer two friendship links each week during September we meant that the two best compositions each week would entitle the two writers to the prizes, one to each Junior.

Here is the exact wording of the announcement:

"Now that school has commenced we want the Juniors to become interested again in school compositions. Each week during the month of September we will award two friendship links to the two Juniors sending in the best compositions."

We do not want the Juniors working in the contest to be disappointed consequently we make this explanation. We are receiving many excellent compositions. We hope many more of the Juniors will work in this contest. The closing time will be Thursday, September 30, at midnight:

TO CONTINUE CONTEST.

We are receiving so many wonderfully interesting stories in the "Something Remarkable" contest that we have decided to run the contest indefinitely. So many of the "Senior" readers of the Junior expressed regret that we were thinking of closing it up.

The Courier Junior's idea of the contest follows:

We want the Juniors to write about some of their ancestors (which means your parents, grandparents, great grandparents, etc.). We will ask the Juniors to write nice short stories telling something remarkable or unusual about their ancestors.

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 box of candy, foot ball, roller skates, book or knife.

Anna Pauline Hayes is awarded the prize this week.

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 set of letter paper and envelopes, a book or a knife.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

We still want more Liberty Bell stories. We hope some of our Juniors will see it in California and tell us all about it.

The writers in the Liberty Bell contest can select their prizes from among the following: A football, box of candy, roller skates or a book.

Donald Pickett is awarded the prize this week.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

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

We do wish the Juniors would acknowledge their prizes.

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 falling 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 your own work.
5. Number your pages.
6. Always state the name of a prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address envelope to The Courier Junior.

Kristina Johnson's School Composition — A True Story

Dear Juniors: As I have not written for a long time I thought I would send in a school composition. The title is "A True Story."

I am a black and white kitten and they call me Blackie. I was born in a basket in a pleasant woodshed.

There I lived very happily with my brothers and sisters until one day, a hard day that I shall never forget, I heard a harsh, deep, hoarse voice. "There are too many of those kittens; I shall have to get rid of some of them."

So saying he picked me up and jumped into a buggy standing close by. He took me out along a lonesome timber road and threw me out to starve. There I was hungry and helpless for several days.

At last two kind-hearted little girls found me and took me home to their little brother who is very fond of me. I get fresh milk night and morning and occasionally a mouse which my little friends catch in a trap for me. I have grown so large that I don't think my own dear mother was "There are too many of those kittens; I shall have to get rid of some of them."

Kristina Johnson, age 11.

Seeing The World

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison rocked pleasantly on the porch, regarding the revolutions of their son, who with his friend Archibald Gidding battled furiously upon the front lawn.

"Yah, my turn," cried Tommy from beneath a fierce battery.

"Tisn't either."

"Well, I'll get it then." He leaped forward, wrenching the weapon from the attacking army and forcing him back under cover of a shredded umbrella, which served as the tent of the defending force. The weapon itself was no more than a garden hose, wielded with practiced dexterity by each side in turn. Thus, after being thoroughly drenched, the pursuer gave way to become the pursued. What transformations might be made in the armies of the world if their commanders could but watch the military tactics of these two!

"Let's quit," said Tom, suddenly. A sudden distaste for the game had come over him. His guest, though somewhat wroth at being requested to cease while he wielded the weapon, realized that he was no more than a guest, knowing that in his host's code (as indeed it would have been in his own) "guest" signified "the fellow who has to do what I want."

As a consequence he followed obediently behind his lord until they reached the point commanding the best outlook over the water, where they threw themselves down on the grass, and, having selected each a palatable grass-blade, reclined happily. A slight pressure upon the left side of Thomas, recumbent, recalled the new knife, presented by his friend.

"That's a bird," murmured the shrewd owner, as he considered its sharp blades with a judicious eye. "I'm glad I asked you out, Arch. What shall we do in the morning?"

Arch felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

"Um," said that personage. "Well—I'd rather hike. You can see more of the world that way, you know."

"The world?"

"Yep, of course, the world. We'll go up the railroad track with knapsacks on our backs, like tramps—we'll take fish poles and catch fish, and I'll show you the cave. They had a real Indian conference here once. Maybe we'll see a woodchuck. Your mother gave you some money, didn't she? And we'll end up in Arnelia. Maybe we can sell the fish there."

"What fish?" demanded the incautious private, who wished to have some voice in the decision.

"Why, the ones we catch, you know. We'll go to Arnelia, sell the fish—Tommy eyed him sternly—"but lunch, and catch the afternoon train back."

Tom continued to paint artistic pictures of the next day's adventure with a masterly touch until his mother's voice from the porch inquired dubiously, "Boys, are you in bed?"

A hasty scamper toward the back door answered her promptly in the negative. After the army had successfully raided the larder and consumed their booty, the general, while transferring last vestiges of grape-juice from his mouth to his sleeve, remarked sagaciously that they'd "better run for the sheets so's to be ready early."

The following morning Archie, who had been summoned peremptorily to consciousness by the solicitous devotion of a mosquito, sat up in bed to take cognizance of the weather, the time of day, and the whereabouts of his chief. The magic powers of sleep had restored to Tommy all his cherublike expression. What a boon this did not guess. Often when Mrs. Morrison came to summon him on an already late breakfast or to accuse him of some marauding act her heart hesitated within her at sight of that innocent appearing figure, with its soft tousled hair, low-lying lashes, and pillowed arms. "How could such a sweet lamb ever have been in my jelly closet?" she would ask her practical self, sternly. "You're as cruel as a Hans Andersen stepmother!" The facts themselves slunk away beneath these scathing denunciations. Later in the day she berated her weakness soundly, though she usually repeated it.

However, the keen eye of Master Archibald Gidding was fascinated by none of this beauty. "Looks like a blooming baby," was his mental reflection.

"Tom, are you awake?" he demanded tentatively. From the motionless figure came a somnolent grunt, sounding to Arch contemptuous. He became less circumspect.

"Hi, Tommie Morrison, stick-in-the-mud, get up!"

The last words rose in a resounding crescendo, causing a revolution of arms and legs and blankets which terrified their perpetrator to a safer distance.

"Who yelled at me?" demanded Tommie in a voice that told from what depths of slumber he had been roused.

"Er—that is, I thought—"

"Oh, it was you, was it, Archibald Gidding? Well, you just wait." Then, as nonchalantly as though nothing had passed between them, "What time is it?"

"I don't know," came in an apologetic mumble from the other end of the room.

"You don't know, and yet you dare disturb a fellow's sleep. Well, you just tiptoe downstairs and look at the hall clock."

Archie departed submissively. Long practice had proven to him that silent action was the least likely to offend his host's variable humors. After his insubordination he felt that the more

Three Remarkable Girl Swimmers



FLORENCE MCLAUGHLIN
BEATRICE WHITLAM
JOSEPHINE HOSE

Here are three little girls who have interested audiences over the country this summer by their remarkable feats in the water. Any one of them, and the youngest is less than five years of age, can swim better than most of the boys who think they know all about the water.

Florence McLaughlin of Philadelphia is only eleven, but she not only throws heavy men in the jiu jitsu style of wrestling, but she swam ten miles in the Delaware river in 3 hours and 20 minutes. She is also a fancy diver and has performed feats of life saving.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Beatrice Whitlam of Philadelphia, five years, swam 220 yards in 13 minutes. This is not a record, but it is probably the best record any child anywhere near her age ever made.

Josephine Hose of St. Louis competed in a two mile swim in the Mississippi river against full grown women and was among the leaders at the finish.

"I don't see a reason why any healthy child of their years cannot be taught to duplicate their feats," said L. DeB. Handley, America's chief authority on swimming.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

Archie felt the magnanimity of this question deeply—it required meditation and debated inwardly between an all-day paddle and a walking trip. Finally he deferred the matter to his superior officer.

A Wonderful Penny — Maggie Watts' School Composition

Dear Juniors: I am an old Junior and thought I would write a school composition about a wonderful penny.

It was a wonderful penny and a copper penny from fresh mint, lay side by side on the counter of a bank. The proud gold guinea said to the copper penny: "Get out of my way; you are made of brown copper only, and I am gilded gold. Nobody will care as much for you. But when I go into the world everybody will want me."

So one day an old miser came into the bank and the gold guinea was paid out to him. He put it in a little bag and his way. He carried it home and put it into a chest in the cellar. He was afraid it was not safe there, so he took it out and buried it in the earth. After a while the banker saw a little boy help a poor woman who had fallen down. He opened the door and calling the boy, gave him the new penny, which he carried home. He told his little sister how he had got it. She was so well pleased with it that he gave it to her; he ran out into the garden to show it to her mamma.

An old lame beggar came along and she gave it to him and told how she got it. He walked on down to the baker's shop and was going to buy a roll, when an old man came up with a pilgrim's staff in his hand. The pilgrim was selling pictures of the city of Jerusalem in order to get money to ransom his brother who had been taken prisoner by the Turks. The lame beggar gave him the bright penny and told him the story the little girl had told him. The baker saw the kind act of the beggar and gave him more rolls than the coin would have bought. The pilgrim set out for Constantinople and as soon as he arrived at that city he went to the Turkish governor and offered him all the money he had gathered along the river against full grown women and was among the leaders at the finish.

The emperor fastened it with a gold chain to the hilt of his favorite sword. He showed the coin and told the strange story. The governor noting his master's interest gave him the penny. The emperor fastened it with a gold chain to the hilt of his favorite sword. He showed the coin and told the strange story. The governor noting his master's interest gave him the penny.

When the war was over the governor went to his master, the emperor. They talked together. The governor told how the penny had saved him from death. He showed the coin and told the strange story. The governor noting his master's interest gave him the penny.

When the emperor had the penny put in his crown, the diamonds and other jewels which adorned it.

To the great ruler the penny seemed the brightest gem of all, for when he looked at it he was reminded of the good deeds it had done. So you see, it was not the gold guinea but the copper penny that was set at last in a royal crown.

Maggie Watts,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 7.

Veda Helen Bartholomew Lives to Visit Her Grandmother

Dear Junior: It is vacation and I am down to grandma's.

I came Wednesday evening, June 9. After I had rested a while I went out in the strawberry patch and picked some for supper.

On Thursday Grandma and I picked cherries in the afternoon.

Friday I picked cherries in the morning and then I helped Grandma seed and can them. In the afternoon we had company and had a fine time.

Saturday I went to town in the afternoon and went back again at night. While I was there Grandma and I went down in the woods and hunted June berries.

I am always glad when I can go to Grandma's.

Veda Helen Bartholomew,
Age 12, R. F. D. 2,
Kearsauqua, Iowa.

Irene Foutch Writes Her First Letter to The Junior

Dear Courier Junior: This is my first letter to The Courier Junior.

I have two sisters and three brothers. I was eleven years old today. My school commences after Labor day.

They had to build another room on our school, there were so many came there. All of us were up to my uncle's today to help thresh. We had a good time.

We were getting ready to go to town tonight, but it commenced to rain and we could not go.

Well as my letter is getting long, I will close.

Irene Foutch, age 11,
Route 1, Chariton, Iowa.

Donald Pickett Tells About the Liberty Bell, Which He Saw in Des Moines

Dear Juniors: During my visit in Des Moines this summer I saw the Liberty Bell. When the people heard the bell was coming through Des Moines many people went to view it.

It was in Des Moines three hours and thirty-five minutes. We could see the crack in the bell very plainly. A little Jewish girl made a wreath and brought it down to decorate the bell. Doing this she was allowed to sit by the bell all evening.

It was estimated that seventy-five thousand people viewed the bell while it was in Des Moines. Many people handed the guard coins and rings and many other trinkets to touch the bell so that they could say they had something that had touched the famous Liberty Bell.

The Liberty Bell was in England in 1751 and was brought to America in 1752. In being taken from the ship it met with an accident which spoiled its tone and it was recast in Philadelphia in 1753. Soon after defects were discovered, it had lost its tone. The second recast has lasted up to this day.

The Liberty Bell rang for the declaration of Independence in Philadelphia July 4, 1776.

The Liberty Bell has traveled to New Orleans, world's fair in Chicago, then to Atlanta, then to Charleston, then to St. Louis and is now at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, Calif. The bell has an incurable disease that can not be cured. The bell is supported by jacks.

It was one hundred and twenty-three years old before it was called the Liberty Bell.

Donald Pickett, age 11,
118 South Ash St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Reba Lewis Writes Composition About Visiting in South in 1790

Dear Juniors: This is one of my school compositions about visiting the south in 1790 and living in the north.

We started at a little town in the north. We had to go to the inn the day before the coach started and get our tickets and be back in the morning at 3 o'clock ready to go.

When it was time to go they would bring up a big coach with six horses hitched to it. The coach was just a big box set on wheels. It had a top on it. It had eight big posts set up and a roof made on top of it. They had big benches on the side to sit on. It took us a long time to go. We got stuck in the mud. Sometimes we had to get out and help the driver pull the coach out of the mud. We changed horses at different stations and stayed all night. When we got here we could see great big logs. They look very queer to us.

One day we went and saw the negroes at work in the cotton fields. The negroes had lots of little children. They treat the negroes very cruelly. They whip them with big whips. They work hard and their fields are very big. It is very sight to see the negroes by hundreds at work. The people have big houses that own the slaves. They make the slaves do all their work and if they do not do it right they whip them very hard.

Reba Lewis,
Albia, Iowa, R. No. 3.

Why Mr. Billy-Goat's Tail Is Short — By Flora Alma Humble

They tell me, remarked Mr. Rabbit suddenly, that Mr. Billy Goat, who used to eat meat, hangs around the stable doors and eats straw for a living. That's what Mr. Thimble-fingers says, and he ought to know.

I suppose Billy is still bob-tail. I remember the day it was bobbed off. Tell us about it, says Mr. Rabbit, Well, Mr. Dog were walking arm in arm along the road. They were laughing and talking and all of a sudden a big rain came up. Mr. Billy Goat was mighty sorry that he left his parasol at home, for his horns would be apt to rust. And Mr. Dog shook his self and did not mind the rain for when he got wet the fleas would quit biting. Mr. Billy Goat hurried along. Mr. Dog kept up. Then they came to the front of Mr. Wolf's house and Mr. Billy Goat had on his high heel shoes.

He made a great noise and Mr. Wolf opened the door and looked out, and saw what it was an owl, come in. Hallo, but as you are here you may come in, but the dog shook his head and so Mr. Goat shook his horns. They thanked him kindly. Mr. Wolf took down his middle and began to play his level best. He thought the Billy Goat would begin to dance until he would get tired. Then he would get to have him for dinner and so Mr. Billy Goat never danced and Mr. Wolf put up his middle and and Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy Goat and Mr. Wolf's broom fell and tripped him and Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy Goat ran until they came to the creek and the Billy Goat said how will we get across the creek. I can not swim, a stroke. So Mr. Billy Goat said he would have to bid him good bye. So Mr. Dog looked around on the ground and found some grass weed, yan weed and tan weed, and rubbed together and squeezed drop on his horns and he turned to a white rock. Mr. Dog leaped into the creek and swam across. Mr. Wolf came to creek and it made tears come in his eyes. The water was so deep. The dog said, you've drowned Mr. Billy Goat. Did you do that? Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy Goat were on a rock and threw it at him. It fell near Mr. Dog and it fell off. It happened to be Mr. Billy Goat's tail. Every since then he had a bob tail.

Flora Alma Humble, age 11,
Agency, Iowa, R. No. 2.

Anna Pauline Hayes on Her Great Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hoglan

Dear Juniors: I will just write a few lines about my great grandparents. They were Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hoglan. Grandpa Hoglan was born in Newcomers Town, Ohio, December 26, 1825. He was married to Mary A. Vansickle. In 1849 they came to Linn county, Iowa. They came through Ottumwa and camped on Soap creek for a day or two. They settled on a farm on the banks of the Cedar river, where they lived for more than fifty years, and raised a family of eleven children. All of them are living except the oldest child. She lived to be 61 years of age. They came to Iowa when there were but very few people in the west. They were the last of the old settlers to go as all the people who were their neighbors in the early days were dead and gone.

Mamma tells me how she had heard them tell how they had to do when they were young and I am glad I did not live then for they did not have the luxuries of life, not even the necessities we now have.

My great grandmother would spin the yarn and weave the cloth to make their clothing, weave their carpets, and make soap. She worked very hard and made beautiful things and saved them all her life and when they were real old people their house caught on fire and burned up all they had, or nearly so, and I think that was real sad.

My great grandmother died June 6, 1910 and great grandfather died September 26, 1913. My brother had a great great grandmother but she died several years before I was born. All my grandparents are dead but one Grandma. Mamma's father, Grandpa Brown, died in July, 1914. He was a soldier of the civil war. He came to Iowa from Indiana with his parents in 1854 and in 1862 he enlisted in Co. A, Thirty-first infantry, and served to the close of the war, 1865. At the time of his death there were only six of his regiment living and they acted as pall bearers at his funeral. When I heard him tell of the battles he was in it made me afraid to hear people speak of war or read of it in the papers.

My grandma lives near Cedar Rapids. We go to visit her once a year.

Anna Pauline Hayes, age 8,
207 North McLean St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Mabel Young, a New Junior, Tells of Her Trip From Spokane

Dear Juniors: I am a new Junior. I will tell about my trip back from Spokane, Wash. I was out there three years. We came back Dec. 21. We were four days on the train. It was a fine trip. There are nice places, some big mountains too. We came through some long tunnels. In one of them we were coming through the rocks fell on the train and they stopped the train a few minutes. It did no damage. Some were scared though.

I went to the parks a good deal and saw the animals. There were some big bears.

Well as my letter is getting long, I will close hoping to see my letter in print.

Mabel Young, age 13,
Highland Center, Ia.

Helen Bown Spends Summer in Keota; Visits the Buffalo Farm

Dear Juniors: I will tell about my visit to Keota, Iowa. It was in June. When we had our June vacation I went to Keota to visit my grandmother. I thought I could never visit her. I thought I could never visit her. I thought I could never visit her. I thought I could never visit her.

Well, I kept going and looked out the window all the time till at last I got there and the first thing I saw was my grandma waiting for me. Then we went up to the hotel and then I got washed and dressed and we went down to dinner and that afternoon we went down town and I saw it wasn't a very big town. While I was there I went down to Buffalo farm and saw some animals and stayed until September.

Helen Bown, age 10,
309 E. 4th St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Irene Traul Pretends She Is a Bird Writing in an Oak Tree

Dear Mrs. Robin: How are you feeling? I am fine. I have a new home. It has a wide veranda and four pretty rooms. I have them decorated with blossoms. There is a very nice little boy who lives right next to me. He often scatters crumbs for me. He had my name printed on my house for me. I will print it for you. G. Twitters. There is an old man that people call a professor living near me. He studies birds and especially lally sparrows. There are cats living near me. They do not bother me though because the little boy whose name is Frank told them they must not bother me. They are nice cats. I hope you will come and visit me soon. We will have a nice little afternoon chat. Bring your book called "Hints on Housekeeping." I would like to read it. Give Mr. Robin my regards.

Respect, Yours,
G. Twitters.
Miss Irene Traul, age 11,
North St., Ottumwa, Ia.