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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. XI, NO. 26 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR
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EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

NAMES WERE LOST.

Dear Juniors: Last week the names of the two prize winners were lost somewhere. We did not find it out until too late to make the correction. However, we will tell you all their names today. One was Alice G. Conner and the other Clifford Irelan.

In the valentine contest, Helen Corrigan won the prize last week and Felicia Zenor this week.

Jennie Hedges is awarded the ancestor prize because she wrote such a nice story about he rgreat grandfather, and Mary Keefe, the composition prize because she selected February for her subject.

We have reserved the Washington stories for next week. There is still a little time for some of the "tardy" Juniors to write in the contest which does not close until Feb. 22.

Select prizes, first and second choice, from among the following articles: Souvenir spoon, book, fountain pen, small camera, writing pad, box of school supplies or roller skates.

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

We want more school compositions. Remember, we give one friendship link, engraved, to the writer of the best composition. The boys can have a knife, book, or friendship link.

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, a friendship link or a knife.

ANCESTOR STORIES.

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.

The writers can select their prizes from among the following: A box of candy, roller skates, book, friendship link, pine or knife.

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 of 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 ligibly, 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.

"THE HELPLESS BIRDS."

On day Mr. Lincoln and several other lawyers were traveling on horseback along a country road.

As they passed a large tree there under the tree lay two little helpless robins. The y had fallen out of their nest. The mother bird was flying around the tree crying out with pain. Mr. Lincoln tried to pass on without noticing them but he could not. His heart ached, he felt so sorry for the little birds.

After he had gone quite a ways he suddenly turned his horse and rode back to the tree as fast as he could. One of the men Lincoln had been riding with looked back but Lincoln was not there. He then said, "Where is Lincoln?" Another man answered, "The last I saw of him he had two birds in his hands hunting their nest." Just then Lincoln came riding up. He said: "If I had not saved those two little birds I could not have slept well tonight. Their cries would have wrung in my ears."

Wando Long, age 8
Box 386, Russell, Iowa.

February — A Composition By Mary Keefe

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write you a composition. It is almost February. I have written to the Juniors two times. I like to write to you very much. My composition is not very long.

February is the shortest month of the year. It has the birthdays of two of the greatest men the United States has ever known, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

I like February because we can go sliding. My birthday is in February. It is on the 16th. I like school very much. And I hope the rest of you Juniors like school. There are forty-one pupils in my room at school. There are twenty in the B class and twenty-one in the A class.

Mary Keefe, age 9,
425 East 4th St., Ottumwa.

Saint Valentine On Stilts

Oh, how it snowed! "The worst storm of the season," Uncle Ben declared as he stamped the snow from his feet at the door.

Ruth's face wore a disconsolate look as she flattened her nose against the window pane in a vain attempt to discover the postman's horse coming up the street.

It was indeed unfortunate to have such a furious storm set in on the day before Saint Valentine's day. Judith looked about ready to cry as her mother said she didn't see how it was possible for the rural delivery team to plough through the drifts that had piled up during the night.

"Perhaps the postman will leave his horse at the postoffice and use stilts; I have seen it done," Uncle Ben remarked.

"A postman on stilts! Why, Uncle Ben, who ever heard of such a thing!" exploded Cameron.

"I have just said that I have seen such a postman," Uncle Ben replied. "It is a common thing to use stilts in certain sections of France. These postmen grow to be very expert on their stilts and can get over the ground quite rapidly with them."

"How do they carry their mail?" queried Judith.

"In a large bag slung over one shoulder. They carry a long cane in one hand with which to steady themselves; for their stilts are somewhat crude affairs strapped to their legs just above their knees, with notches for their feet to rest upon."

"What a lark it must be for the postman!" burst forth Cameron. "Most as good as snowshoeing," he declared.

The anxious watch for the rural delivery team still continued. Although the gale seemed to be somewhat abating, no attempt had yet been made to break out the roads, which remained an unbroken blanket of white.

The street upon which the Meredith lived was rather unfrequented, and it was useless for the children to think of sending their valentines around as long as the mail service had disappointed them.

Suddenly Cameron slipped quietly out of the room. Ruth and Judith continued to fondle their valentines, vainly hoping that Mr. Peters and old John might at the very last minute be seen ploughing their way through the snow as they had done so many times before.

Just as Ruth was craning her neck for the hundredth time, it seemed, the sitting room door was flung open, and a startlingly tall figure stood grinning just outside. Too tall to enter, the figure on stilts bowed and grimaced and said in a voice copied from their obliging letter carrier: "Anything for the mail, young misses? Any valentines, for instances, that you'd like to send off?"

"Cameron Meredith, what have you been doing?" Judith fairly flung the question at her brother in her astonishment.

"Oh, rummaging around in the attic. Don't you remember the summer that I wandered around on some stilts that Uncle Ben made for me after he got home from abroad? I wonder I hadn't thought of them when he first mentioned that old French postman."

"Well, what are you going to do—race around the house on them? There isn't much prospect of your getting anywhere else with them, just now," Judith retorted.

"I'm going to mail your valentines, if you'll allow me to," Cameron fired back.

"Oh, Cameron, do you think you could?"

Judith had instantly dropped her flippant tone. If her valentines could only reach their destination, stilts or anything else might get them there, she thought.

"Of course I can. What's to prevent?"

"Mother might object. You know you had a fall that summer, and hurt your head," cautioned Ruth.

"Oh, well, that was because I was careless. Besides, you can't hurt your head in snow," Cameron confidently asserted.

When consulted, Mrs. Meredith consented, and Cameron started forth with his mail bag, slung by a strap over his shoulder.

A passer-by on a day like this was sure to attract attention. Faces alive with curiosity adorned many a window when a couple of tall sticks surmounted by a boy were seen ploughing through the snow, and when this unusual apparition stopped at a gate and strode boldly up the walk and knocked at the door, why, then curiosity was at fever pitch.

"It's Cameron Meredith, sure as you live!" Clara Hicks asserted. "I'll bet he is carrying around Ruth's and Judith's valentines!" she cried, rushing to the door.

Cameron had learned so well the art of stilt-walking during that long summer of practice that it was readily taken up again. From house to house he plodded until his stock of valentines was exhausted. But for every one taken from the bag he was given one to put into it, so that it was as full when he got home as it had been when he started out.

It was by far the most interesting rural delivery outfit that had ever been seen in that section of the country. The children in the houses round about all declared that they had never before enjoyed a Saint Valentine's day as they had this one, when Cameron Meredith mounted stilts and played letter carrier.

A Story of a Valentine—By Felicia Zenor

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write a story as I have not written for a long time. The title of my story is "A Story of a Valentine."

Long ago there lived a priest named Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrying and was always ready to give help to any one who was in need. Valentine dearly loved children and those who went to him for clothes or food were never turned away.

After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words that were sure to come whenever sorrow or joy entered their homes. Even the little children would say, when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a little letter today."

But after a time no more letters were received and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then every one said that such a good and kind man ought to be called a saint. And from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people began to celebrate his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called valentines.

Saint Valentine's day is the fourteenth of February. This is all I can think of.

Felicia Zenor, age 11,
420 N. Milner St., Ottumwa.

Jennie Hedge's Great Grandfather Was a Very Industrious Man

Dear Juniors:

I will write to you about my Great Grandpa Hedges. His name was Alfred Hedges. He came to the United States from near Sheffield, England, when he was 18 years old. He had twenty-one brothers and sister. Two of his brothers came over with him. However, they soon separated and he never heard of them again.

There were great storms on the ocean and it took them a long time on the way over here.

While in England he worked at watching rooks, birds almost like crows, keeping them from the wheat fields so they would not destroy the crops. He also pulled weeds out of the fields and carried them out in baskets and sometimes he took care of some of the fine horses over there.

When he got over here he worked at anything he could get to do. Then he was married and traveled all over the north and west in a covered wagon looking for a home and then he went to work for a man near Hedrick in Keokuk county. In a little while he got a chance to buy twenty acres of timber there, on which he built a house and cleared off the timber and farmed. He was always very industrious and bought more land from time to time until, when he died at the age of 67, he owned about 300 acres.

Jennie Hedges, Age 9.
Agency, Ia.

Russell Hoffman Writes of the Two Presidents, Too

Dear Juniors:

I have not written to you for a long time. I see that the editor wants stories of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. So I will write one.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809. When he was seven years old his father moved from Kentucky. They moved to southwestern Indiana, which was then a wild country. Abe lived in a house of the roughest sort known to back woods people. It had three sides of logs. The other side was left open entirely to the weather. These wreched shelters were called "half faced camp." These were not as good as some Indian wigwams.

Abe Lincoln sometimes attended the backwoods schools. They boys of the school had to chop and bring in wood for th efire. The schoolmasters were generally harsh men who managed their pupils with large beech switches which were used in driving cattle. Abe held it all out and he became one of the best known presidents in the United States. He was chosen president in 1860. He was assassinated on the 14th of April 1865. He was shot as he sat in a theater. A man came in the back way, locked the door and then shot Lincoln. He leaped from the box in which Lincoln was sitting. In doing so he broke his leg but there was a horse at the door of the theater. He leaped on it and rode off. Soldiers pursued him to a barn. They set the barn on fire to drive him out, but he stood his ground and one of the union soldiers shot him. The death of Lincoln was not only lamented in the United States, but all over Europe where he was known for his goodness of heart.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia February 22, 1732. He was sent to a school called "Old Field school."

George Washington's teacher was named Hobby. In that day all the land was left to the oldest son, to the custom of England, for then Virginia was an English colony. As George's brother Lawrence was going to have all the land and to be the great man of the family he was sent to England for his education. When Lawrence returned from England he had many interesting stories to tell George of England. When Lawrence went away as captain in a regiment raise din America for service in the English army against Spain in the West Indies, George began to drill the boys in Tobbies school. George soon grew to be a tall man. He went through many hardships. He went through the revolutionary war and died at Mount Vernon in 1799.

Russell Hoffman, age 11,
1010 Locust St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Norma Daniels

This young girl is a sophomore at Ames and has just been voted one of the most beautiful among fifteen of her college mates. Her home is in Eldon. Many of the Juniors are well acquainted with her because she was once a member of the Courier Jr. family.

This is the picture of Norma when she first commenced to write letters to the Courier Junior. All the Juniors will be glad to see her. This cut, or picture, happened to be carefully put away in the Courier Junior's cabinet of pictures.

Last Hours

"I say goodnight and go upstairs,
And then undress and say my prayers
Beside my bed, and then jump in it;
And then—the very nextest minute—
The morning sun comes in to peep
At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep,
But seems to me," said little Ted,
"It's not worth while to go to bed."
—Sidney Dayre.

Lost Boy in Film Play

His mother believes this is little Jimmie Glass, who mysteriously disappeared from Greely, Pa., May 12, 1915, but she is not any nearer finding him than before she saw his face and figure on the film. She was invited to see a production of "Judy Forgot" in New York City the other day, because those who had seen the pictures thought the boy resembled photographs of Jimmie sent out months ago. "I am sure it is he," said the mother, whose home is now at 13 Lienau Place, Jersey City. The film pictures were taken in New York City. But the company did not keep a record of the child's name. A woman offered him as an actor for the pictures and took him off when they were finished.

Abraham Lincoln — By Stella Dale

Dear Juniors:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky April 12, 1809. When he was eight years old his parents moved to Indiana. They had no wagons, so all their household goods were carried on two horses. At night they slept on the ground under the trees. It was only fifty or sixty miles from the old home to the new one, but it took several days to make the trip.

The boy was tall and very strong for his age. He helped his father do all kinds of work. He knew how to handle an axe and shoot with a gun.

It was in November when they reached their new home without shelter for the mother and little sister.

Abraham and his father soon made a camp of poles covered with leaves and branches. Three sides were enclosed; on the fourth side the fire was kept burning all the time. A big kettle hung over the fire which was used for cooking. This camp was their new home in Indiana.

The mother's strength gave away before spring. Thomas and his father worked very hard cutting logs to make a new house and cleared the land to farm in the spring. They hunted and trapped for their winter's meat.

In the spring they built a new log house, then began farming. His mother died and her last words were "My boy, I shall very soon leave you; I know you will always be kind and good to your sister and brother; try to live as I have taught you and to love your heavenly father." Then she fell asleep never to awake again. It was almost a year before he could get a preacher to preach his mother's funeral. Long afterwards he became the sixteenth president of the United States. When he was called great he said "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother."

Stella Dale, age 10,
Ottumwa, Ia.

Hazel Adams Writes Biography of Abraham Lincoln

Dear Juniors:—As I have never written to the Junior page before. I thought I would write the biography of Abraham Lincoln.

He was born at Nolin Creek, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. His father's name was Thomas and his mother's maiden name was Nancey Hanks. His profession in his late life was law but in his early life he was a farmer. His father was a farmer and could neither read nor write.

On Nov. 4, 1842, he was married to Mary Todd at Lexington, Ky. She was born at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 13, 1818. They had four children and they were all boys.

His term of office as president was from March 4, 1861 to April 15, 1865, when he was assassinated by Booth.

He died at Washington, D. C., at the age of 56 years. He was buried at Oak Ridge cemetery, Springfield, Ill.

Hazel Adams, Age 12.
Richland, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 4.

The Courier Junior's Suffragette, Isabell Forsylthe, Talks to Vader Hunter

Dear Juniors:

As the editor asks me to discuss the matter of woman suffrage with Vader Hunter I will endeavor to do so.

It should not take all the time for home duties. Generally most women have the afternoon to sit and crochet or embroider. Why should they not help the government with their spare time? Here when the people voted for our new school house women did not march up to the polls for themen were gallant enough to take the women to and from the polls in their autos. There were 244 women voted for and nine against our school. This proved that women will vote for the best interests of the community. Women properly associate with men in business so why should not they meet at the polls? Six million adults in the United States cannot read or write. Should such men vote when educated women are not allowed that privilege?

The law allows women to hold property and why should they not help make the laws under which they and their children live?

She is the intellecual equal and moral superior of man. She is a believer in purity of homes and because of this belief she is a safe person to say who shall govern the community which is made up of many homes. Women's ideas of right and justice are superior to men. Her entrance into politics would mean cleaner politics.

A student of Ames took dinner with us Saturday and he said he heard Helen Keller lecture in Des Moines Friday night and some one in the audience asked her if she believed in woman suffrage and she said yes. Then some one said: "Don't you think men are capable of managing affairs?" She said "they haven't so far."

The Flying Squadron held three meetings here yesterday under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. They were working for temperance. Collard, Evans and Cosson were the speakers. They are trying to see that the laws enacted by the last general assembly are kept on the statute boks and that women suffrage will come to pass. They are determined to win.

You do not think it ladylike for women to march up to the polls and vote. If I faced a table of dirty dishes it might be more ladylike to go back and sit with folded hands, but it would be more womanly to march right up, wade in and clean things up. So it is in politics—See?

Isabelle Forsyth, age 13,
Mystic, Ia., Box 307.

Why We Send Valentines—By Luella Wood

Many years ago there lived a priest named Valentine. He lived in a small village and as he was a good, kind man everyone in the village loved him. He had a kind word for all and many tired wanderers found rest by his fireside. Cheering and encouraging many downhearted ones he lived a patient, peaceful and pleasant life.

Whenever he heard of a sick person in the village he went to see them.

At last he become so aged that he could no longer walk. And how the people did miss him. But all the time he had been busy thinking how he could again serve them. Finally he thought of this plan. He sent them messages of love. And this kind deed which he did for the people gave him much happiness.

He did this for several years but one day the people heard that he was dead. They wanted to do something to honor him and as his birthday was on the fourteenth day of February they decided that on that day they would send messages called valentines, to their friends. And this was the beginning of our custom of sending valentines.

Luella B. Wood, age 12.
Moulton, Iowa.

Pets — A School Composition — By Margaret Walker

Dear Courier Junior:—I thought I would send in one of my school compositions, about pets.

One summer day Henry and Fanny went out in the woods to get a squirrel or a rabbit for a pet.

As they were walking along Fanny said, "Oh, Henry, look up in that pretty cottonwood tree. What kind of an animal is that?" asked Fanny.

Henry laughed and said, "Why, that is a little squirrel, the very thing we want."

Just then it went into a hole in the tree. Henry said, "I will climb the tree after it."

He got it without much trouble then they brought it home with them.

Henry said, "What will we name it?"

Then Fanny said, "Let us name him Bob."

Bob was its name from then on. Their little neighbor playmates thought a great deal of it, too. They would come over quite often to play with Bob.

Henry made Bob a house to stay in at night and he got to run about in the tree at day.

When he got hungry he would go to the woods and eat hickory nuts and acorns and talk to the other squirrels and the bees and birds that go singing by.

Then Bob would go down to the creek and wash his face in the water with his paws. When it would get along toward evening Bob would come home to play with Henry and Fanny for he likes to run and jump with them.

When it gets dark Bob goes and washes his face then he will go to his house and gets into the little bed which Henry made.

To make Bob's house Henry took a big box and put three rooms in it.

One room had a bed of straw and leaves for the squirrel to sleep on. One was a little room for Bob to eat in. They had a piece of wood all hollowed out to put Bob's food in, and the largest room was for Bob to play in.

Every morning and evening the squirrel found his wooden bowel full of food. To thank them he would run and jump around them.

Soon after that their parents gave them a pig and a little pup. And their Aunt Mary gave them some little chickens for they helped so much.

They liked to work very well.

They called their dog Rex. Rex was a little spotted dog. One day when Henry and Fanny were at school the dog and squirrel thought they would have some fun, so they went out in the woods and the dog would chase the squirrel up a tree.

They got out in the woods so far that the dog didn't know his way back.

He howled around all that day. When the children came home from school they missed him. They set out to hunt for him. They heard him barking and howling. He was glad to see them and he never ran away any more. Rex would drive up the cows.

Well, I will close for this time.

Margaret Walker, Age 11.
Stockport, Ia., R. R. No. 2.

Genevieve Miller's School Is One Mile and a Half From Her Home

Dear Juniors:

As I haven't written to the Courier Junior for a long time I thought I would write.

I go to school every day that I can. I am in the sixth grade. I have seven studies. They are arithmetic, reading, grammar, physiology, geography, spelling and writing. I like grammar best of all. My teacher's name is Edna Francis. I like her very much.

We live a mile and a half from school. We are going to have a basket social February 14. There are fourteen pupils who go to our school. There is no one in my class.

I live eight miles south of Broken Bow.

Genevieve Miller, Age 11.
Broken Bow, Neb.
Georgetown Star route.

Irma Crawford Writes Her Letter to the Juniors on Lincoln's Birthday Anniversary

Dear Juniors: This is the birthday of Lincoln, one of our great men. He would be one hundred and seven years old, were he living today. I think he would see a great change in the north and south of today, don't you?

I am in the ninth grade, and am carrying five studies besides music. I like all of my studies this year, but perhaps Latin and English better than the others. In English we are studying Scott's "Ivanhoe" for classic work. I like the story fine. I certainly admire Rebecca, the Jewess, because of her bravery and self control and I like her for her kindness of heart. I also admire Ivanhoe, who risked so much.

Before taking up "Ivanhoe," we studied "Poe's Poems and Tales." I didn't care much for them, however, as they were so imaginative. I like something which could be real, but which isn't. I also like best the stories written in third person form.

I like to read, but I haven't much time to read outside of school. But in vacation I read most of the time. Some of my favorite authors are: Annie Fellows Johnson, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Gene Stratton Porter, Zane Grey, Harold MacGrath, Rex Beach, Meade, Montgomery, McCutcheon and Thomas Dixon. I am now reading the third book of the "Nancy Lee" series.

I find that one of the Ottumwa basket ball teams defeated our team last night. But the E. H. S. team is alright just the same, and perhaps it will turn the tables some day. At least, I hope so.

I suppose most of you have gone sleighing or sledding the last two or three weeks. We "freshies" went last Wednesday night, in a bob sled. We certainly had a good time, and no "upset" like a bunch which went the night before.

Last Sunday afternoon three of us girls walked to Laddsdale and back. We were glad to leave Eldon and glad to get back to it. We arrived here at 6:10 and were real tired, but not at all sorry that we had gone. I like to walk out into the country— the farther the better.

Well, perhaps I'd better close now, and study my botany. We will have a test in it Monday morning, and I presume most of you understand what that means.

Sincerely, a junior friend.

Irmah Crawford, age 14,
Eldon, Iowa.

How Mr. Lincoln Helped the Birds — By Wanda Long

Dear Juniors: This is the first letter I have ever written to The Courier Junior, so I think I will write about Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln was a kind, good and an honest man. He always told the truth. He never told a lie. He helped free the slaves. The war was called the civil war. Mr. Lincoln was the sixteenth president of the United States. I am sending a school composition on Mr. Lincoln.

Thelma Langdon Advises Juniors to Be Like Lincoln

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write about Lincoln. We celebrate Abraham Lincoln's birthday the twelfth of February. Lincoln was born in Kentucky. He was a very poor boy and he split rails for his living and many a time borrowed a book from the man he worked for and read by the light of the fireplace and did his lessons on an old shovel because he had no paper and pencil like we have at our schools now. Lincoln liked to read about great men such as Columbus and Washington.

One day Lincoln borrowed a book from the man he worked for and at night he put it between the logs of the house and it rained and snowed on it all night. Then when Abraham saw that it was all spoiled he was so sorry because he had no money to pay for it. So he thought he would work to pay for the book. So Lincoln told the man about the book and said he was willing to work to pay for it.

Lincoln had to sleep on straw and then they had no floors in the house and it was very cold on staw on that kind of a floor.

Lincoln was very kind to all dumb animals. One day when he was going to school he saw some boys throwing stones at a poor crippled turtle. Lincoln went up to the boys and said "You boys ought to be ashamed to treat a poor crippled turtle in this manner," and he put the turtle in the brook and then went on to school, feeling lots happier because he helped the turtle.

Another time he bought a new suit and was riding but on his way he heard a queer noise. He looked around and there was a pig struggling in a large mud puddle and could not get away. Lincoln thought of his new suit and said "I might get my suit dirty, so he rode on. He thought how hard the pig was trying to get out of the mud and he rode back, tied his horse, and got in the mud to help the pig out. His suit was ruined but he felt much happier than before because he helped the pig. Lincoln was a very kind man and I wish all of the Juniors would try to be like Lincoln. Lincoln moved to Illinois and in 1860 he was elected president. He was again elected president in 1864. In April 1865 he went to an opera in Washington D. C. and was shot by John Booth and this man was followed to a barn and was shot for killing Lincoln.

Everybody mourned his death, and after him Andrew Johnson was president.

Thelma Langdon, age 12.
215 N. Green St., Ottumwa, Ia.