

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

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VOL. XI, NO. 37

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

**MANY ACKNOWLEDGE PRIZES.**  
Dear Juniors: Last week on this page we asked why some of the Juniors fail to acknowledge their prizes. We are happy to say that several of the tardy Juniors read the notice and "acted" at once. However, there are still several prize winners silent. We always want the Juniors to let us know when their prizes fail to reach them but we also want to know when they receive them. As the "Geranium" contest does not close until Tuesday, May 9, we will repeat the rules again:

**TEN BLOOMING GERANIUMS.**  
We hope all the Courier Juniors are interested in the clean up work going on everywhere. We will send the ten red geraniums (all in bloom) to the Junior writing the best clean up composition.

**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 Courier Junior is always glad when the Juniors send in unusual stories. The usual features of the ancestor stories is what appeals to the Courier and prompts it to continue the contest. The Juniors certainly send in splendid ancestor stories.

The writers can select their prizes from among the following: A box of candy, roller skates, book, friendship link, pin or knife.  
If Evelyn Miller is the prize winner.

**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.

**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 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.

**Marguerite Bloom Tells of Many Current Events**

Dear Juniors:  
I saw in the paper where you are having a current event contest. I thought I would try and see if I could get a prize. One wonderful thing is about the war over in the eastern continent. I hope that our country does not go into the war. But one can never tell what is going to happen next. Another is about President Wilson and Mrs. Galt getting married, which took place at the bride's home. There is one more thing I want to mention and it is that all the saloons in Iowa are closed. They closed January 1. I hope there will be a lot more closed at this time next year.  
I feel very sorry for the poor Belgians across the ocean who are starving.

**Nelda's Sister, a Little Housekeeper, Always Gets Her Ready for School**

Dear Juniors:  
This is the first time I have written to the Junior. I am ten years old. Have brown eyes, light hair and am three feet and four inches in height. I weigh ninety pounds.  
I go to the Douglas school. I am in the fourth grade. Miss Swanson is my teacher. I have not missed school once this year nor been late since school commenced.  
My mother is dead but my sister always gets me ready for school and keeps house for papa and my two sisters and one brother.  
Nelda Madegan, age 10,  
217 Mill St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

## Battleship Fund Is Growing

THE COURIER JUNIOR SENDS IN FIRST CHECK \$4.30—ARLINE PATTON FIRST BOOSTER.

The Marjorie Sterrett Battleship fund, started by Arline Patton, and fostered by The Courier Junior is certainly growing. When The Junior went to press last week the fund was only \$2.10. However, by Monday evening it had reached the proportions of \$4.30, so the Courier Junior Booster sent in a check for that amount to The New York Tribune, custodian of Marjorie Sterrett's Battleship fund.

The names of the contributors in Iowa and northern Missouri follow:  
Arline Patton, Doris, Tower, Edwin William Platt, Elmer Platt, Verna Platt, Earle Derby, Kieta Derby, Dorothy Mae MacManus, Eleanor Patricia MacManus, Erma Kellogg, Miss Emma Fielder, principal of the Adams school, two donors who do not want their names published right now, Buelah Blinks, Mazie Arehngdale, Miss Catherine Ramsell, teacher at the Adams school, Donald Pickett, Paul Clifford Pickett, Gerald Lee, Gretchen Grotz, Robert McLaughlin, John Canby, Edward Wayne Songer, Paul Greer, the Misses Marie, Helen, Ruth and Gretchen Silvers, two unknowns, Elmer Gillen and the Messrs. Johnson, Poundstone, Mayes and Merritt.

A few of the readers may not know just how the battleship fund was started.

Here is the way Marjorie started it: Three months ago a little school girl had an idea. She wanted another battleship for the United States navy. She sat down, wrote a letter to the New York Tribune and enclosed her entire available resources—one dime.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1916.  
To the Editor New York Tribune.  
Dear Sir—I read in your paper every morning a lot about preparedness. My grandpa and my great grandpa were soldiers. If I was a boy I would be a soldier too, but I am not, so I want to do what I can to help. Mama gives me a dime every week for helping her. I am sending you this week's dime to help build a battleship for Uncle Sam. I know a lot of other kids who would give their errand money if you would start a fund. I am thirteen years old and go to public school No. 9, Brooklyn.

Truly yours,  
Marjorie Sterrett.  
I am true blue American and I want to see Uncle Sam prepared to lick all creation like Paul Jones did.  
P. S.—Please call the battleship America.  
This is the letter that Marjorie Sterrett, a Brooklyn school girl, wrote to The New York Tribune.  
Col. Roosevelt Sends a Dollar.  
Three days later Marjorie received a three page letter from Theodore Roosevelt, written in his own handwriting, in answer to one which she had sent him. It contained \$1-forty cents (a dime apiece) for Gracie Roosevelt, Richard Derby II, Theodore Roosevelt III, and Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt.

"The other sixty cents," it explained, "are for my other six grandchildren. They are not born yet. If they are girls I think some of them will be named Edith, Alice, Ethel, Eleanor and Belle. If they are boys some of them will be named Kern, Archie, Quentin and Jonathan Edwards. Jonathan Edwards was an ancestor of their grandmother's, who lived in colonial times. He was a great preacher and a strong and good man."  
Today 200,000 persons, old and young, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, not only have welcomed Marjorie Sterrett's idea, but have responded spontaneously in sums from five cents to \$500. And the campaign has just got under way.

## How Alfred Sold His Tears

— By Lucretia Nichols

Dear Juniors:  
I have not written to the Junior page for a long time. I am going to tell you about how Alfred sold his tears.  
Once upon a time there were two boys, and they each went to market. Fred took a basket of potatoes. The merchant was well pleased with them. Besides paying him in money he gave Fred an orange and told him to be sure not to lose the money on the way home.  
Alfred, the youngest, wanted to go to market also. He took a jar of milk and on his way to the baker's he stumbled on a stone. The jar was broken and all the milk spilled.  
Alfred felt very sad about it. When he reached the end of the street he found Fred who had been waiting for him. Because he had spilled the milk he teased Alfred. He could run much faster than he could, and so he left to walk home alone. Pretty soon a man came by and seeing Alfred crying he stopped and asked him what was the matter. Alfred told him what the man said: "There is no use crying over spilled milk. Come and be like a man. I will buy the tears you have already shed." Besides giving Alfred enough money to pay for the milk for which he had spilled he gave him a twenty-five cent piece.  
When Alfred got home he found Fred crying. On the way home he had lost some of his money. Mama was surprised to find Alfred smiling when he came in. Fred had told her about his mishap in spilling the milk and she expected she would find him crying.  
Alfred told her how the stranger had been so kind to him. Papa said: "Who laughs best who laughs last."  
Lucretia Nichols, age 12,  
225 Myrtle St., Ottumwa, Ia.

## Gertrude Barnett Wants Some of the Juniors to Write to Her

Dear Juniors:  
I thought I would write to the Junior page. I have a brother and sister. Their names are Harold Lee, 2 years old, Estella Mamie, 11 years old. I like to read the Junior page very much. I went to the Fairview school, but it is out now. I am in the fourth grade.  
Gertrude Barnett, age 9,  
Bonaparte, Iowa.

## Lola Mae Rudd Only Missed Three Days of School

Dear Juniors:  
I thought I would write to the Junior page. I am eight years old. I go to Oak Grove school. My teacher's name is Nellie McConnell. I have two sisters and four brothers. My sisters names are Lucille and Martha. My brothers names are Walter, Earl, Dwight and Roscoe.  
I have twenty-four scholars in our school.  
I go to school every day; haven't missed but three days.  
Lola Mae Rudd, age 8,  
Belknap, Ia., R. 1.

## Three Coming Champions



Elizabeth Becker, aged thirteen. Cameron Coffey, aged four, high diver. Leo Handy, aged fifteen.

Here are three young swimmers the experts promise will become champions in the water when they grow up. Elizabeth Becker, aged thirteen, of Philadelphia, is already the equal of many full grown women swimmers, and lately she gave Miss Olga Dorfner a tussle to beat her at fifty yards. Cameron Coffey, a LOS Angeles youngster of four years, has done some diving high diving. He jumps from a height of twenty feet. Leo Handy is the best in the Brookline, Mass., high school. He has covered 100 yards in 56 4/5 seconds.

## Better Rural Road Improvement — By Eliza Willa Bartholomew

Dear Juniors:  
I am sending you one of my school compositions on "Better Rural Improvements."  
As I am sitting here in this old rickety school house, which has probably been here for sixty-five years, I wanted to know how nice it would be to go to a consolidated school.  
The school boards of schools do not take good care of the school or have as much interest in them as they should. Of course they get through the year, but they don't care for the children as being educated. They have long depended on the teacher to do everything even to the fixing of seats, splitting kindling and many other things too hard for her.  
The teachers nearly always have to ask and ask again for things they really need in the school work.  
The board should look after hygiene by seeing about the water supply and chalk troughs, janitor work, cutting of weeds, good stores and fuel and good warm houses.  
A covered stone mantle tank supplied with a faucet can be had for a dollar or two, and individual cups may be had at a small expense. Even this equipment will not keep itself clean.  
Many diseases are caught from drinking places and the chalk troughs require much work to keep all the dust from them as there is liable to be disease germs in them and probably in this way spreads many diseases.  
Consolidated schools help to keep the children from the city out of bad company.  
The teacher should know each child's home surroundings and his disposition before she can help him in his work.  
The consolidated schools are the chief agents for securing new and necessary buildings and equipment.  
For a boy or girl whose school days are being spent in a district school to visit a modern school room is enough to cause him to think society has degraded him.  
Eliza Willa Bartholomew, age 14,  
Keosauqua, Iowa.

## Wilma Fite's Pet Is a Dog, Named Toodle

Dear Juniors:  
This is the first time I have written to the Junior. I like to read the Junior page. I have a sister Lella. Lella and I go to school at Laddside. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Louise Glatfelter. I also have twin sisters and two brothers. My sisters are four years old and my brothers are seven months old. Their names are Allene Lorene and Robert and Russell.  
For pets I have a dog. His name is Toodle.  
I am in the third grade. My studies are reading, arithmetic, language and spelling. I am nine years old. My birthday comes in October. I live in the country.  
Wilma Fite, age 9,  
Eldon, Ia., R. No. 2.

## Squirrels — School Composition by Lacey Canny

Squirrels belong to the same animal family as rats, but they live in the ground, and others in hollow trees. There are many species of them. Some are gray, some reddish brown, and some black. The most common in this country is the red squirrel. They live mostly on nuts, although they often eat grain, birds eggs and fruit. Squirrels have beautiful bushy tails which are longer than their heads and bodies. These little animals are hunted with rifles and shotguns, but the rifle is preferred, as it carries only one ball. The hunter tries to shoot them through the head, so as not to destroy the meat.  
Lacey Canny, age 14,  
Eldon, Ia., R. No. 2.

## Clean Hands

Mother checked kitchen apron reached from Phoebe's chin to her toes, and she stood on a wooden stool as she washed the dishes. But even though she was such a little girl, her hands worked so quick in the warm suds, and the dishes were so clean as she placed them in the rinsing pan, that any one would have said: "Ah, this is not the first time that Phoebe has washed dishes for her mother. She has learned how by doing it very often." And as Phoebe worked she sang so merrily that any one would say, "Phoebe likes to help her mother, even though the work is dish-washing!" While she was still singing, the door opened and Mabel peeped in. Mabel was Aunt Mabel's little daughter and Phoebe's cousin.

"Oh, how can you sing when you wash that greasy pan?" "Eh, the mother she has washed dishes for her mother, and Mabel looked at her own pretty hands. "I will not wash dishes." "But today is Saturday, and Nora cannot do more than the baking and the shining. She needs help." Phoebe polished till the pan shone. "Well, I wouldn't do it," Mabel cried, and ran away.

When the dishes were all put away on the pantry shelf, the small hands did not look a little red; but do you think Phoebe cared for that when mother called "Thank you, Phoebe, dear; you have made the whole morning easier." She did not take the checked apron off for she knew that mother was hurrying to finish to polish the silver. It was a slow, tedious task, but mother had said to Nora, "I must try to do it."

Phoebe knew why. Uncle Matthew was coming to spend a whole week with mother. First of all she was the brother's mother loved so dearly and had not seen since he went away to a far country. In a short time the silver knives and forks and spoons were spread on the kitchen table, and how they began to shine! First a dab of powder on the soft chambray cloth, then round and round went Phoebe's fingers; not a dark stain escaped her notice.

Suddenly the door opened. "Look at your hands. They're as black as a piece of coal!" Mabel had come in. As she spoke she rolled her own dimpled hands in her white apron. "It'll all come off," laughed Phoebe. "Well, I wouldn't do that for any one else but you'd be ready to come out to play by this time."

It did take a good deal of scouring to take the stains away from the fingers when the bright silver was laid away in its place; but do you think Phoebe cared what she heard mother say to Nora: "See what the child has done! She is a little treasure."  
The clock on the kitchen mantel warned Nora that dinner time was coming, and she cried, "What shall I do? The vegetables are not ready. The baking and the extra work have made me late."

"I'll peel the potatoes, Nora. Let me." It was little Phoebe who spoke. "You, child! They'll stain your hands again!" "Oh, the stain will all come off." Soon Phoebe was seated on the low kitchen stool, with a pain in her lap almost as big as herself. Again Mabel popped her head through the kitchen doorway. "Well, you're the queerest girl!" she called.

"Queer girl, indeed!" snorted Nora. "Never a wee bit of help have ye given your mother and she as busy as Phoebe's!"  
Uncle Matthew came, and Phoebe soon found him to be as dear an uncle as mother had said. He had the strangest way of looking at one. Phoebe said to herself, "I believe he can almost see what I think." Of course this was not quite true, but certainly Uncle Matthew was very wise. He was so wise that it was not long before he understood just why Phoebe's mother was so happy and clean and why Mabel's mother sometimes seemed almost too tired to smile.

Both little cousins wondered when, the day before he went away, he caught their small hands in his big one; he said what he meant: Mabel's soft, dimpled, white ones, and Phoebe's roughened and red, with here and there a stain. Slowly he said:  
"Beautiful hands are those that do to work that is earnest and brave and true."  
Moment by moment the long day through.

"It's a big mistake to think that loving work makes them ugly, my dears." What are all you Juniors doing? I help gather the eggs, feed the chickens and wash the dishes.  
I saw two of my cousins letters in the Junior and was glad to see them.  
Reva Fern, age 9,  
Douds-Leandro, Iowa.

## My Three Masters — By Cleo Curtis, Who Writes Dog Might Say

One warm day in summer, I was taken away from my mother with whom I had been for six months, ever since my birth. I was handled carefully and was put in a basket which was covered with soft wool. It was very warm and I liked my new bed quite well. The man that came and got me, took me home to his little boy. I soon took up with the little boy who was very kind to me. I soon learned that his name was Burl Patterson and he called me Ruffles. I liked this name and always came to him when he called me. He taught me to jump through a hoop, knock on the door, get the cows and to leave little birds alone. Many times had I saw a cat trying to catch a bird when I had reproved of it and had the cat go skinking away. My master would praise me for this but all I could say was to bark and wag my tail. I remained in this home until one day when I went to the little village with my master I lost my way and soon got lost and I was back.

## Betty, Billy, Bruno and the Little Blue Bowl

(By Minnie L. Upton.)  
In a cozy-looking little brown house, out in the country, there is a round, cheerful looking little blue bowl, and it belongs to a very generous little girl named Betty — Betty Brown.

Betty's Grandmother Goldsmith brought the little blue bowl to her when she was a very little girl—brought it from far across the sea to the little home where Betty lives, with her father and mother and little brother Billy, and big, bouncing Bruno, the old Newfoundland.  
Betty always had her cereal in it at breakfast time, and her soup at noon, and her bread and milk at night. This little blue bowl has queer looking trees on it, and oddly dressed people, with funny caps, and their hair down their backs in braids, and there were blue bridges over blue water, and blue birds flying here and there. So you see it is, indeed, a very cheerful looking little bowl. It did not match the breakfast dishes, or the dinner dishes, or the tea dishes very well, but Betty was so sure that everything—cereal and soup and then bread and milk—tasted so much better in that bowl than in anything else that mother always let her use it. Betty is a very generous little girl, usually, but she did not like to let any one else use the little blue bowl—not even baby brother Billy, whom she loves so much that she is always ready to take care of him, even when the other girls want her to come and play. Yes, Betty was willing to lend anything but the little blue bowl.

On spring day, when Betty was nine years old and Billy was three, she was sitting on the edge of a brook that ran through the pasture and grew away down back of the house. Suddenly two downbirds flashed by, and flew out of sight among the trees. Betty was eager to see when they would be back, but she then she could tell where they would build their nest. So she told Billy to stay right on the big flat rock where the rock-ferns grew, and not go one bit nearer the brook. Then away she ran. She did not expect to be gone more than a minute; but the birds flew, and flew, and she followed on so eagerly that she forgot all about Billy till she heard him scream. Then she heard Bruno bark. But it sounded far away from the brook.

Oh, how fast she ran back over the knolls! It seemed to her that she would never get back to Billy! Finally she could see the big flat fern rock, and Billy! She ran toward the rock, which flowed deep and wide with spring rains. There, in the deepest place, many rods below the big rock, was Bruno, starting for shore, with Billy held high above his head.

"O Billy! O Bruno!" cried Betty; and that was all she could say. She took Billy in her arms, and she and Bruno ran all the way across the pasture to the house.

"O Billy! O Bruno!" cried mother; and that was all she could say. Billy was beginning to cry, which was a very good sign. Probably his thick coat had held him up so that his head was not under water, and Bruno had reached him just in time. Between them, Betty and her mother undressed Billy, and put him in a hot bath, and rubbed his chubby arms and legs, and coaxed him to drink hot broth, and soon was lying under the covers.  
"But, oh," sobbed Betty, "if it hadn't been for Bruno—dear, faithful Bruno!"  
Then, without saying a word to any one, she ran to the pantry, and soon she came out with her little blue bowl.

"Mother," she said, "I want Bruno to have it."  
So now Bruno drinks his warm milk in the precious little blue bowl, and Betty enjoys seeing him use it very, very much more than she ever enjoyed using it herself.  
One day a visitor from the city saw Bruno drinking his milk.  
"Why," she exclaimed, "how can you let a dog drink from such a valuable bowl? That bowl is worth fully five dollars!"  
"I didn't know it was worth so much," said Betty, "but it makes no difference. I wish it were worth ten times as much. Then it would be half good enough for dear old Bruno."  
"No, indeed!" said mother.  
When the visitor heard the story she agreed with them.

## Abraham Lincoln—By Vera Seba, a Sigourney Junior

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809 and died at Washington April 15, 1865. When he was seven years old his father moved to Indiana. They built a small house which was only closed on three sides. He had a very nice garden, and the weather. They had no chimney built in the house and when they built a fire it was built out in front of the house. Abraham never got much schooling but when he went to school he studied well when he got any books he read them over and over again. He once heard of a man who had a grammar and he walked eight miles to borrow it. When Abraham was twenty-one years old his parents moved to Illinois and he began to split rails after he had helped his father fix up the new home. He started to work in a country store. While working he began to study law. Soon after he was admitted to the bar he was elected to the Illinois State legislature. Next he served in the United States Congress. He gained national fame by the Lincoln-Douglas debates and was elected president of the United States in 1860. He was inaugurated March 4, 1861, and the southern states soon seceded.

Abraham Lincoln soon endeared himself to the union soldiers and they elected him president again in 1864. He was inaugurated March 4, 1865. On the night of April 14, 1865 while he was in a box in Ford's theater John Wilkes Booth slipped up behind him and shot him through the head. He died the next morning. He was buried in a cemetery at Springfield, Ill., which was his home.

Vera Seba, age 13,  
Sigourney, Ia., R. No. 1, Box 88.

## Jessie Pool Likes to Draw The Courier Puzzles

Dear Juniors:  
It has been a long time since I have written to the Courier Junior, but I will try to go any more this time. One of my little mates has the measles and mamma don't want me to get them. Papa has never had them. I go to district No. 5 White school house. Justita read the Courier letters, and I like to draw the puzzles.  
Jessie Pool, age 10,  
Birmingham, Ia., R. No. 1.

## THE WEATHER.

When I wake up and see the sun I clap my hands and say "What fun! I'll take my dollies out to play." I dearly love a sunny day.  
When I wake up and see the snow, I laugh again, for then I know there's sliding, coasting, skating, too. I love a snowy day, don't you?  
But when I wake and see the rain, Do you suppose that I complain? Indeed I don't for then, you see, Mamma read "Little Folks" to me.  
—May Ellis Nichols, in Little Folks

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"No, indeed!" said mother.  
When the visitor heard the story she agreed with them.

## Genevieve Miller has 75 Little Chickens; Also an Old Goose Setting

Dear Editor:  
Our school has been out a long time. I will be in the seventh grade next year. We have had seven or five little chickens and some goose eggs hatching. I have an old goose setting on five eggs. We milk fourteen cows and have fourteen calves.  
Genevieve Miller, age 11,  
Broken Bow, Nebr., G. S. R.

## Ia Evelyn Miller Tells What Happened to Her Mother, When Latter Was a Little Girl

Dear Juniors:  
One nice summer day in Kentucky a girl went after the cows. She got her stick and ran off in the pasture. The pasture was very green with its green grass and shady trees. In this pasture was a big tree. It drooped over like a weeping willow and was a nice shade tree for the cows and horses. Every one liked this tree. The girl stopped by the tree and looked up the hill and saw a large yellow thing rolling over and over in the grass. The girl was frightened and ran back of the tree. And the hoop snake rolled over and over until it struck the tree and got stuck there. The girl ran for her papa and he killed the snake. Afterwards the tree died for the hoop snake had killed it. The tree was very old. Her name was Rebecca Howell, then.  
Ia Evelyn Miller, age 13,  
Foster, Iowa, Box 114.