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Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. XI, NO. 38

OTTUMWA, WAPELO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
Ottumwa, Iowa
EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

ANNOUNCE WINNERS NEXT WEEK.

Dear Juniors:—We have many interesting letters on the clean up subject and we will announce the prize winner's name next week. However, the prize winners' ten blooming geraniums will be sent out Tuesday, first geranium planting day.

A BOY SCOUT CONTEST.
We have decided to ask the boy scouts to write stories about their work, etc. The best story will entitle the writer to a boy scout knife. This contest closes Saturday, May 20.

MEMORIAL DAY.
We want many of the Juniors to write about Decoration or Memorial day. The writer of the best story will receive a beautiful basket of flowers, to be used on Decoration day. This contest closes Saturday, May 27.

PRIZES NOT ACKNOWLEDGED.
We would like to hear from two Juniors (A. L. E. and C. I.) who have not yet acknowledged their prizes.

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.
Erma Kellogg gets the letter prize.

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 fables 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.

To Evelyn Lundberg is awarded the prize this week.

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 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.

Effie Rill Knows How to Clean Up Properly

Dear Courier Junior: When cleaning up time is here we first clean the out-building and nail on the loose boards, repairing the buildings and walks where they need it.

We take the brush and every piece of rubbish and burn it.

We then rake the dead leaves and grass and burn it too.

After we have done this a little paint would do some good.

If we have no place for plants and flowers in the garden we spade up some ground and set out plants and sow some seeds.

If we have no garden at all we might sow some lettuce, radishes, onions, and different kinds of vegetable seeds.

Effie Rill, age 10,
Agency, Iowa.

Elfrieda Hall Says Miss Wideman, Her Teacher, Is a Good One

Dear Juniors:—I am a little girl eight years old, and I live in Blakesburg.

My mamma takes the Daily Courier and I love to read the Junior page.

Old Guard Dimes

Go To Marjorie

VETERANS QUOTE BIBLE IN PRAISING CHILD AS LEADER IN PATRIOTISM.

The New York Tribune: The Old Guard made its annual parade day and dinner a practical demonstration for preparedness by getting behind Marjorie's battleship fund last night, with speeches, spirit and money. It was the eloquence of Bernard Wall that was chosen for the purpose getting the members to pour out their dimes and he succeeded to the tune of \$26.50.

Mr. Wall said that the Old Guard is the one patriotic military order that disdains the theoretical in patriotism, believing in practical application. He then went on to pay this tribute to Marjorie:

"In the Bible it says, 'And a little child shall lead them.' It appears that a little child is leading the van in practical preparedness. Oft children let wisdom slip from their mouths which is a premonition. The instinctive fear of the child may mean much. We know this child to have sized up a situation about which there isn't any room for argument."

"She went to the front to remedy it like a child. It was patriotic fervor and the spirit of helpfulness that made her place her dime at the disposal of Uncle Sam. That dime has grown to nearly 200,000."

"Nat Willis at the Hippodrome said he'd bought many a schooner for a nickel, but he'd sooner buy an interest in the battleship for a dime. Yes, it is the individual interest of each giver of a dime in building up a sentiment among the kiddies, propagating the spirit of patriotism. And we, the foremost patriotic body of the land, should encourage the spirit of sacrificial giving on the part of young Americans by giving something ourselves. Let each of us spill a dime or two on the salver when it comes around to the glory of the flag and this our fatherland."

Then the shower of dimes began and lasted pretty much throughout the evening. Company A, Captain Edward H. Snyder, led the list of the unit contributors with \$7.50. The staff of the commandant, Col. Ardolph L. Kline, gave \$5 jointly, while Co. C, through Guardsman E. Uermeyer, gave \$2.20 and the commissary department \$2. From individual givers came \$9.80 more.

Boosters Must Get Busy.
The Marjorie Street Battleship fund, started by Arline Patton and fostered by The Courier Junior, did not grow any this week. When The Junior went to press last week the fund was \$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 Taylor, Edwin William Platt, Elmer Platt, Verna Platt, Darle Derby, Kleta 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, Beulah Binks, Mazie Arelingdale, Miss Catherine Ramsell, teacher at the Adams school, Donald Pickett, Paul Clifford Pickett, Gerald Lee, Gretchen Grotz, Robert McLaughlin, John Gray, Edward Wayne Songer, Paul Canner, the Misses Marie, Helen, Ruth and Gretchen Silvers, two unknowns, Elmer Gillen and the Messrs. Johnson, Poundstone, Mayes and Merritt.

Dottie Hunter's Grandpas and Grandmas Are All Living

Dear Juniors:
How are you all? I am fine and dandy. I thought I would write and tell you about my ancestors.

I have two grandpas and two grandmas. My Grandpa and Grandma Hunter have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Grandma's name is Sarah E. and grandpa's is John. Grandma is 75 and grandpa is 73 years of age.

Grandma was born in Indiana. The family moved to Kentucky but when the civil war broke out they came to Iowa.

Grandpa was a native of Virginia. His parents then came to Iowa where grandpa and grandma were married.

Eight children were born to them, of whom four survive as follows: Johnny, Will, Lillie and Laris.

Dottie Hunter, age 13,
Blakesburg, Iowa.

Mabel Waggoner Says She Likes to Crochet and Do Tatting, Too

Dear Editor:
I want to thank you for the book I received. I have read it and liked it very much. It was the first prize I ever received except just a souvenir.

I love to read and have read many good books.

I like to crochet and do tatting. I received a prize on my tatting last fall at the fair.

I also take music lessons. I have taken two terms. The first term I took I received the prize for learning the most pieces of any of the teacher's pupils.

Mabel Waggoner, age 14,
Bloomfield, Ia., R. No. 5.

SINGS HIS WAY TO FREEDOM IN MEXICO



Harry Joline.

Little Harry Joline of Philadelphia, Pa., is only four years old, but when he and his parents were imprisoned by Villistas in Mexico at the time of the Columbus raid, he won freedom for the family by his beautiful singing. The lad captivated the fierce bandits who released his father and mother and saw them safely to the border.

The Mission of a Little White Apron — By Alice M. Adair

Dear Juniors:
I have never written to the Junior page before, so I will write a clean up story. At a certain school the little girls took domestic science. One day they washed, starched and ironed each a little white apron and there was one little girl among them who looked very sad so when she got home her mother saw that she was sad. Then she looked at her and saw that she did not fit the apron because she was not very clean, so she immediately set to work and cleaned up the little girl, and on looking into the mirror she saw that she did not fit the little girl, so she soon had herself cleaned up. Then she looked out of the window and saw her husband coming up the path so she soon had him clean himself up. Then on looking out of the window he saw that the fence was lying down on the ground and a board had blown off the barn so before the next evening he had the whole place fixed up. Within a month they had elected a new mayor and new officers of the small city which was not far from them which all came from the little white apron.

Alice M. Adair, age 11,
Frederic, Ia., Box 27.

Rose Larkin's Papa Takes Milk to Town in His Overland

Dear Juniors:
As I have never written for a long time I thought I would write. I am four feet and six inches tall and am ten years old. My hair is light brown. My eyes are also brown. I weigh about seventy four pounds. I am light complexioned.

I live on a farm of 106 acres about three miles from Chariton. My father is a dairyman and milks about twenty cows. We have about a half dozen small calves. Our cows are Holsteins.

My father has an Overland automobile. He takes milk to town in it. I went to school every day this term. My teacher's name was Miss Gae Millen. I was promoted to the six grade. I have not missed a day of school. My teacher gave me a book for not missing. Our school was out the 21st of April. My birthday was the 22d.

Rose Larkin, age 10,
Chariton, Ia., R. No. 6.

Edith Lindquist Would Like to Be a Railroad Man; But She Cannot

Courier Junior:
My name is Edith Lindquist and I have a twin sister named Edna. I have just quit school but I am not too old to write to the Courier Junior.

I have two little pigs and a pet bull dog named Esther.

I live on South Cass street. I would be pleased to hear from any of the Courier Junior boys and girls.

My papa is a railroad man and if I were a boy, when I grow up I would work on the railroad, too.

Well, this is about all. I hope to hear from some of the Courier Junior boys and girls.

Edith Lindquist,
118 South Cass St. Ottumwa, Iowa.

In An Automobile

When Lynn's mother saw him come racing down the street and fling himself through the gate and up the front steps, she knew that something had happened.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted. "I am going to have a ride in it this afternoon."

"She did not need to be told what 'it' was. There was only one automobile in the whole town, and Lynn's dearest wish for two months had been to 'try how it felt to be in it.'"

"Now I am going to know, Mr. Duncan has invited me."

"Why did he invite you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, just because he did. Maybe he knew how much I'd like to go, and he remembered when he was a boy and wished something very hard."

"Does he know what you live?"

"Yes. He asked me. He is coming for me at three o'clock. Won't it be fine for the automobile to be standing right outside our gate?"

"After dinner Lynn was impatient to get dressed and be ready. By two o'clock he had his best clothes on, and then, you see, he had to be very careful not to 'get mussed and be vindictive' under my coat to try to keep him warm, but he shivered the whole way home."

Harry still talked, but Lynn did not hear a word that he said. He understood now why Mr. Duncan had invited him.

"But he did invite me. I didn't try to get him to; he just did. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't help it. He said something about his dog. But I didn't understand it."

He wished that Harry would go on away. He mustn't be sitting there when Mr. Duncan came.

Suddenly a voice spoke out plainly from somewhere deep down under Lynn's Sunday jacket. It was a very scornful voice.

"Of course you couldn't help it when you don't understand, but now you do, and you can just as well as not. If you pretend to be another boy from yourself, that is cheating. If you take Harry's ride that is stealing."

Lynn jumped up from the curbstone and took Harry by the arm.

"Go right home," he shouted to him. "and get dressed! Hurry! There'll be plenty of time if you hurry. It was you that Mr. Duncan wanted to take in his automobile. He made a mistake between us. That's all. When I grow up I am going to have sense enough to tell boys apart."

When Harry got the idea, he held back a little. But Lynn was determined. "It's yours. It was meant for you. I am not going to take it from you. You wouldn't. You know you wouldn't. Would you?"

"This was why, when the big cream colored automobile stopped at Lynn's gate, Mr. Duncan found two boys standing on the curb."

Lynn explained. "I asked him up, did I?" said Mr. Duncan, screwing his eyes into twinkling slits as he looked from one boy to the other. "You are not just alike, after all. I suppose your mothers can tell you easily. Well, get in. The machine is big enough for you both."

"So I didn't lose a thing by it," Lynn told his mother afterward.

But you gained something," she said. "Yes," agreed Lynn.

Belknap Junior Visits Her Grandpa and Grandma One Sunday

Dear Juniors: As I have never written before thought I would write.

My sister Leota has written several times. I go to school every day and like my teacher fine.

We spent Saturday and Sunday at our Grandpa Burrr's in the country.

Will close, from
Wannetta Bell, age 5,
Belknap, Iowa.

LITTLE SISTER ON A HOT DAY



Edith Lindquist.

WILL BE KING OF SPAIN SOME DAY



Crown Prince Alphonse of Spain.

This is a new picture of the little prince who, if he lives, will some day be ruler of Spain. Although only nine years old, the prince has earned for himself a reputation as an outdoor enthusiast and promises to outdo his father as a royal sportsman.

Evelyn Lundberg Tells a Thrilling Story About an Ancestor

In a pretty pasture in Sweden my great grandmother was sitting on a rock knitting and at the same time watching the cattle. She was very busy at her work, when she looked up and saw a bear coming toward her and it was limping. It was so close to her that she could not run.

The bear put his paw in her lap and she saw a large thorn in it. As she always carried a pocket knife with her, she took it out and got the thorn out very easily. He gave her a kind look and walked away.

Later in the evening the bear came back to my grandmother with a ham. He laid it by her feet and watched her. The ham was very dirty because he had had it buried in the ground. She took it home just to please him. He then walked away.

This is a true story.
Evelyn Lundberg, age 11,
130 South Iowa Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Erma Kellogg Sends Dime to Marjorie Sterrett's Battleship Fund

The Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Ia., Dear Juniors: This was our last day of school. We had planned a picnic in the woods, but it was so cold that we held it in the school house.

Our school boys have organized a five and drum band and in the afternoon we formed in marching order and marched through the streets of Abingdon. It was fun for us to march to the drum beat.

We did not mind the cold wind. Some of my schoolmates wished that we were marching to Mexico to hunt for Villa. It is hard for us to learn to turn military corners.

We have six fives, three snare drums and one bass drum. Some of the visitors at school marched with us.

We were to have a basket ball game this evening but the ball was punctured and we could not repair it in time to play.

We had lunch, oranges, bananas and apples. My classmates and I were promoted to the fifth grade.

I think we had a very good time on a bad day.

I am sending a dime to Marjorie Sterrett's battleship fund.
Erma Kellogg, age 8,
Abingdon, Iowa.

Elda Roberts of Frederic Writes to Her Friend Mary

Dear Juniors:
As I have been reading the Courier Junior page I thought I would write a letter.

Frederic, Iowa,
April 30, 1916.

Dear Friend Mary:
I received your letter some time ago and was glad to hear from you.

How are you this rainy day? We are all well. We did not get to go to church today for it is raining so hard.

What have you been doing these days? I have been going to school. It was out Friday. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Dalzy Thompson. I like her very much.

Have you any little chickens? We have 100 and the eggs haven't all hatched yet. We are going to set some more hens.

Have you got your house cleaning done yet? We have.
Your friend,
Elda Roberts, Age 12.
R. 1. Box 78.

A Mis Mated Team

When I was a little girl we spent the summer in the Michigan woods. Our camp was not far from Lake Michigan in an old apple orchard. We had three tents beside the roomy shanty of clean, sweet smelling pine boards and it seemed good to be away from hot, dirty Chicago for vacation.

I had carried my beloved white kitten from the city, in my arms all the way. We had not been in the country a week before my brother, two years older than I, became the proud owner of a black and white rabbit. I named it Cuddledown to which he agreed for want of something better, though he said it was a sissy name.

The kitten and the rabbit became good friends, both going where they pleased, as the rabbit did not try to leave the grassy orchard.

One day my brother suggested the plan of making a race track and racing his rabbit against my kitten. Harvey was eight years old and I naturally saw no reason to think we could not have a fine race.

He made a circular race course, I was to furnish the harnesses. I made a collar for each out of tape and fastened two long lines to it. We decided that they fitted well and so began the race.

I took Kitty. He took Cuddledown. We lined them up and counted—"One—two—three—Go."

But they did not go at all. At last I got the cat started, and away we went, aying.

When I looked back, exultant, I found my brother's patience had given out and he had started to run, dragging his poor steed after him.

I forgot about the race and the kitten and flew back to my brother, snatching the reins from his hands in a perfect whirlwind of indignation.

But in a minute I saw how funny it was and sat down on the ground with the rabbit in my arms and laughed until Harvey laughed, too.

We decided that the race would never succeed, but we thought we might hitch them together to the little wagon on my brother had made for my kitten. The harnesses were not so simple this time, but finally we had the tugs fastened and I flourished a little switch. We both shouted, "Giddap!"

Cuddledown hopped, Kitty ran. Both became frightened at the wagon at their heels and tore over the ground in great haste. I dropped the reins.

In a minute kitten and rabbit were out of our sight, but bits of harness and broken pieces of the wagon we had plenty.

"Poo! Of course a girl can't drive!" I tossed my head and said crossly: "That's all you know about it. Men have runaways."

Our father came up just then. He heard my scornful answer and saw enough of the wreck to guess what had happened. He chuckled softly and said: "Yes, Junie, they do. But don't forget that it is better to lose control of your team than of your temper."

I went to find my pets. Cuddledown was nibbling clover. Kitty was lying in the sunshine close by, and Harvey was already hard at work making a better wagon for sister.

James Glotfelty Writes About His Home Place and School

Dear Juniors:—I am writing you a story about our farm and school.

We have four cows, two calves. We have six horses, two colts. We have sixty acres of land. We live near county line school. We have twenty-eight scholars at our school.

I'm in the fourth reader. I will soon be in the fifth reader. I have four class mates. There are only seven boys and twenty-one girls. Our teacher's name is Helen Goehring.

James Glotfelty.

Estella's Grandfather Was a Shepherd in Scotland, His Birthplace

Dear Juniors:
My grandfather was born in Scotland, then came to America and for a while lived near Ames afterwards moving here. He died when my father was 17 about 25 years ago. We live near the home place. Grandfather was a shepherd in Scotland. There were three girls and five boys in the family. They are all living but one girl. My father takes the Ottumwa Courier. We girls like to read the Junior page and can hardly wait until it comes.

My birthday is June 6. I will be 12 years old. The Juniors whose birthdays are in June, will you please write to me?

Estella Burnett, age 11,
Bonaparte, Iowa.

Irene Traul Says All the Children Like Mrs. Keyhoe's Stories

Dear Juniors:
I wish to thank the editor for my splendid prize. I had not written for a long time when Mrs. Harry Keyhoe gave us a talk on Indians. Then when I decided to write a story, I think that Mrs. Keyhoe's stories are very interesting. I also know that others think they are too. I am now in the eighth grade. I have for studies English, grammar, history, mathematics, drawing, composition, spelling, music, writing, physiology and current events. We just have current events on Fridays, and physiology. I read the Courier through and like it very much, especially the Junior.

Irene Traul, age 11,
North St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

When Tommy Toad Blossomed

(Minnie L. Upton.)
Tommy Toad awoke one bright morning. He yawned. He blinked his beautiful eyes. He stretched first one leg and then the other. No, not the other, but another and another and another!

"Where am I?" asked Tommy, of himself. "Himmmmmm—why—eeeee! I'm in my house, of course. I remember now. The flies and the bugs and the worms all went away, and I had a dreadfully hollow feeling. But soon I became so cold that all I could think about was getting warm. So I came into my house, in, and then I grew so sleepy that I forgot all about being hungry or cold; that's the last I remember."

Tommy yawned and blinked and stretched some more. Suddenly he stopped and stuck up his funny nose.

"What's that I smell?" asked he, of himself. "Himmmmmm—why—eeeee! It's spring! Nothing else in the world smells like spring. How long I must have slept! Now I must make up for lost time."

He started to climb out—stiffly and slowly. Suddenly he stood still, and tipped his head to one side.

"What's that I hear? Why—eeeee! It's old Mrs. Robin! I remember that funny little crack in her top note. Now I hear old Pa Robin, too. I must have overslept dreadfully! Now if it had been Billy Bluebird, it mightn't be so bad. But those old Robins! I must hurry!"

Up and up he climbed, growing sprier and sprier at every step. Soon he stood on his own graystone doorstep, puffing and blinking. Oh, but the sky was blue, and the sun was bright! Close by his doorstep some crocuses lifted up their shining heads a little farther away the daffy-down-dilly family were just beginning to bring out their precious stores of gold. Daddy Robin and Mother Robin were bustling about, looking at the remains of their last year's nest, and deciding not to use it, but to work hard and have a beautiful, brand-new one. They looked very gay and bright themselves—perfectly spick-and-span. Everything around sparkled, or shone, or looked fresh and clean.

Tommy Toad looked down at his coat sleeves. They were positively shabby! He looked down at his shirt front. Dingy—so dingy! He craned his neck, so as to peek over his shoulder at his coat.

"Disgraceful!" cried Tommy Toad. "And it feels uncomfortable, too—stiff and queerish. Himmmmmm—let me see. Did I feel like this last spring? Himmmmmm—yes. I did. I'm sure I did. What did I do? Himmmmmm—oh, I remember now! Of course! Here goes!"

When Tommy Toad began to wiggle and wiggle, and stretch, and twist, and in a few minutes what do you think happened? Why, that rusty coat sparkled a little bit, then a lot, then from one end to the other. Then it began to peel off. Tommy Toad tugged at it with his stout little hands—oh, how he tugged—and soon he pulled right off over his head. Then what do you suppose he did with it? Well, perhaps he thought it would never do to leave such a dusty, rusty-looking thing around, where everything was so fresh and bright, so he ate it up! Yes, he did, and under it what do you suppose there was? Why, a lovely new suit, and it fitted beautifully. It was just as bright and fresh as the crocuses, and the daffy-down-dillys, and Daddy and Mother Robin!

"Just like last spring!" chuckled Tommy Toad.

Just then his little friend Elizabeth came running out to the garden. He was swallowing the last bit. "I got it down, with a funny gulp, and sat staring at her with very bright, new looking eyes.

Elizabeth hopped right up and down.

"O mother!" she called. "Come—come quick! Tommy Toad is blossoming!"

Atlanta, Mo., Junior Seems to Like All The Courier Feature Stories

Dear Juniors: This is the first time I have written to the Juniors.

I thought I would write. My papa takes The Ottumwa Daily Courier. I like to read the stories and letters