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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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VOL. XI, NO. 40 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

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

A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Dear Juniors: One of the most important holidays of the year is Memorial day, a day on which the graves of the soldiers are decorated with beautiful flowers. We want all the Juniors to write about Memorial or Decoration day. The writer of the best story will receive a basket of beautiful flowers for Decoration day purposes, if the recipient cares to use them in this way. The following outline will help the writers:

1. The date of Memorial day.
2. How the day is observed.
3. Why the soldiers should be honored.
4. The origin of Memorial day.
5. How last Memorial day was observed in your town. If there was a procession, describe it.
6. How the living soldiers are cared for.

Did any of your ancestors take part in the war. If so tell some anecdote about them. This contest closes May 29.

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 unusual feature of the ancestor story 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.

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.

Opal Melvin Tells How Her Grandmother Went to Sleep and Frightened the Family

Dear Juniors:

Once there was a little girl who was about ten years old. Her papa told her to run over to her aunt's house after something. When she got there they were not at home, so she sat down on the step and was going to wait for them, but it got dark. So she went in the house and went to bed and she went to sleep. About 10 o'clock they came home and started to go to bed and there was Mary(for that was her name.) They woke her up and asked her how she got there. Then she told them the whole story.

She stayed the rest of the night and went home in the morning. That little girl was my grandma.

Opal Melvin, age 12,
Hale, Mo.

Ancel Leo Hull Helps His Papa Milk the Cows; Feeds Them, Too

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write a letter to the Junior page as I have never written before. I am ten years old. My birthday is June 7. I help my papa milk the cows, feed and water the horses, feed the hogs, harness the horses and hitch them up. I can plow, disc and harrow in the field.

Papa has twenty-two little pigs, three little calves, seven head of horses and fourteen head of cattle. For pets I have a dog named Teddy, and a cat named Spot.

Ancel Leo Hull, age 10,
Douds-Leando, Ia., R. No. 3.

George Washington By a Richland Junior

George Washington was born in a plain, old fashioned house in West Moreland county, Virginia on the 22d day of February, 1732.

He was sent to what was called an "old field school." The county school houses in Virginia at that time were built in fields too much worn out to grow anything.

George had an elder brother named Lawrence and as the custom in those days, the land was left to the oldest son. So Lawrence was sent to England to be educated.

When he returned with many a strange story to tell, George was very proud of him, and Lawrence was equally pleased wtih his little brother.

When George was a small boy in school he began to think much of soldiers life, and to drill the boys in school. There was many a battle fought among the tuffs of broom straw in the old field, and in these George was captain.

George was very much of an athlete. It was said of him that he could throw farther, run faster, and was a very powerful wrestler.

He was so just that his schoolmates used to bring their quarrels for him to settle.

When Washington was eleven years old his father died, but his mother took pains to bring him up with many ideas. George wrote over one hundred "rules for behavior in company," because he wanted to be a gentleman in every way.

He stayed at school until he was sixteen years old. A great deal of the northern part of Virginia belonged to Lord Fairfax. He was a wealthy man.

George had studied his books of surveying very carefully, for when he was but sixteen years old he accepted the offer of Lord Fairfax to survey his land over beyond the Blue Ridge mountains.

While George was surveying he slept most of the time out under the sky, by a camp fire, with a little hay, straw or fodder for a bed.

George was a good surveyor, and received large pay for his work, earning from seven to twenty-one dollars a day at a time when things were much cheaper than they are now.

When Washington was but nineteen years old the governor of Virginia made him a major of militia. The people of Virginia were looking for trouble with the French, as they were getting on English ground. So Washington was sent to warn the French that they were on the English ground. But the French had no notion of giving up their forts to the English. When Washington was returning home he came very near being killed by their Indian guide. He shot at Washington in the dark, but missed him. Then Washington and Gist, the man who was with him, caught the Indian before he could reload his gun. Gist wanted to kill him, but Washington thought best to let him go. They now traveled night and day till they came to the Alleghaney river. The river was full of floating ice and they tried to cross on a raft. Washington was pushing the raft with a pole when the ice caught it and knocked him off into the river. So they had to spend the night on an island in the river, and walked ashore in the morning on the ice.

In 1755 troops were sent from England under General Braddock. Braddock was a brave man and one who thought he could not learn anything. He laughed at the lank, American soldiers who cut a sorry figure alongside the English with their bright red uniforms and fine drill. He thought they were of no use. But on July 9, 1755 he found out different. As they were marching through the woods they were attacked by the French and Indians. The woods was full of the Indians' war whoops, but the English could not see them and did not know what to do. Washington and his men got behind stumps and trees and returned the fire, in Indian style. But Braddock would not take his advice, and kept his men in line until he fell mortally wounded. Washington tried to rally the men, but they fled back to the settlement.

This war was closed in 1763. Washington returned to his home at Mount Vernon and was married to Mrs. Martha Curtis, a widow, and lived quietly for some time.

But later when the English parliament tried to collect a tax from the American people they rebelled. They declared that as long as they elected no mmber to the parliament, that it was taxation without representation. They agreed to wear nothing made of English goods, nor to drink their tea. This was what caused Boston to become a great teapot, for they emptied a cargo of English tea into Boston harbor.

There was a meeting called in 1774 and each colony sent a man. Washington was a member of this meeting, which they called a "congress." They sent letters to the king of England demanding that they be granted the same liberties as his subjects in England. But the king would not grant them, and this led to the revolutionary war which was declared on April 19, 1775.

Washington was again chosen to command the army. They endured great hardships during the war. Their winter in Valley Forge was very severe but Washington prayed to God to protect and lead them to the victory.

This war last for several years and after its close a new constitution was adopted and Washington was elected president.

He took the oath of office on April 30, 1789. He was elected the second time but refused to be elected for a third term, and returend to his home at Mt. Vernon where he died in 1799. He was rightly called "the father of our country.'

Mildred Hannah, age 10,
Richland, Iowa.

THE GOAT COMES FIRST.

Switzerland is the only country in the world where the goat is placed ahead of all other animals, and even of human beings. If a boy plagues a goat, he can be fined and sent to jail. If a person meets a goat on a path and drives him aside, he can be arrested. If a goat enters the yard of a person not his owner, and is hit with a club or stone, the person guilty of the offense must pay thirty cents. If a railroad train sees a goat on a track, the train must halt until the animal can be coaxed to remove himself. There's many a boy in America who wishes he were a goat in Switzerland.—Weekly Witness.

How Little Bear Learned to Swim

Last summer, Little Bear went on a long journey with his father and mother. The three bears had a beautiful time travelling through the big forest until they reached the banks of a deep, swift river. Then there was trouble, for Little Bear could not swim, nor did he wish to learn how to swim; he said he was afraid of the water.

"Father Bear can carry me over the river," he suggested.

"Nonsense!" replied big aFther Bear in gruff tones. "Nonsense, my son! You are old enough and strong enough to learn to swim. I will not carry you across the stream; neither shall your mother."

Just then there came Father Otter, swimming like a seal, and twisting and turning in the water like a fish.

"Perhaps the good otter will teach Little Bear to swim," Mother Bear said, and then called to him.

"It is the easiest thing in the world to teach a little bear to swim," answered Father Otter. "Just throw him in!" And away he went, laughing over his shoulder.

"He must be joking," observed Mother Bear quickly, because she was afraid that Father Bear would toss Little Bear into the river, and she did not like the idea.

At that moment Mother Otter came swimming down the river with her children. One of them climbed upon her shoulders and stared solemnly at Little Bear on the river-bank.

"Good morning!" said Mother Bear.

"Good morning!" answered Mother Otter.

"Your children are fine swimmers," added Mother Bear.

"Certainly," answered Mother Otter. "Every one of them knows that our people have been famous swimmers for centuries."

"I suppose, then," ventured Mother Bear, "that your children were born swimmers. You probably had trouble in keeping them out of the water when they were babies."

Mother Otter laughed. "The trouble was to get them into the water," she said, "because the silly little things were afraid. All young otters are afraid of the water and have to be put into it by force."

"You do not mean it!" exclaimed Mother Bear, wtih great amazement in her tones.

"Indeed I do," replied Mother Otter. "We had to push every one of our children into the water. Does Little Bear know how to swim?"

"No," answered Mother Bear, shaking her head, "he is afraid to try."

"Duck him," advised Mother Otter, "duck him. There is no other way to teach a little bear to swim."

And away she went, down the stream, intending to overtake Father Otter.

The little Otters kept looking back, hoping to see Father Bear toss Little Bear into the river; but Mother Bear begged him not to teach Little Bear to swim that day, and so the little Otters missed the fun.

That night the three bears camped beside the deep, swift river. After Little Bear was cuddled down in his bed of leaves and springy boughs, Mother Bear made Father Bear promise not to toss Little Bear into the river unless Little Bear said he wanted him to.

The next morning Father Bear was sorry that he had made the promise, because an honest looking polecat who came across the stream and went into the woods told Father Bear and Mother Bear that the largest, sweetest blackberries in the forest wefe ripe on the other shore.

"And now," whispered Mother Bear to Father Bear, "now aren't you sorry that you told him that we wouldn't carry him over?"

"Sure enough I am," agreed Father Bear; and then he laughed at the joke on himself.

"Well," suggested Mother Bear at last, "I shall coax Little Bear to let you toss him gently into the river, and I shall catch him if he finds he cannot swim."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Father Bear, and stopped laughing. "While you coax," he said, "I shall go for a walk."

Coaxing did not do any good. When Little Bear saw his father wander away, he told his father that he did not feel like going into the water that morning; he hoped she would please excuse him. And so she excused him.

Soon Father Bear came back, smiling and happy. "I have found a bridge," said he. "An old log has fallen across the river a little way upstream, where, on the other side, blackberries are almost as big as duck's eggs. Little Bear can walk across on the log."

"All right, I'll do it," promised Little Bear, and gladly followed his father until the three bears reached the bridge.

But while Little Bear was skipping joyfully over the log, trying to reach the opposite bank before his father and mother could swim across, the log turned over and sent Little Bear head first into the river. Fortunately, he knew enough to keep his mouth shut, and in a little while he bobbed up, shaking his head to get the water out of his eyes and his ears and paddling like a duck. That was all there was to it, because, ever after, Little Bear could swim.

Mother Bear believes to this day that Father Bear knew that the log would roll over. She believes it because, whenever any one asks him, he says nothing, but just laughs.—Frances Margaret Fox in Youth's Companion.

Mary Martha Hill Thinks Evelyn Lundberg's Ancestor Story Fine

Dear Evelyn Lundberg:

I am a Courier Junior. About a year ago I wrote a story about my great grandfather, Martin Varner, and got the prize. I saw your ancestor story about your great grandmother and thought it fine. I hope you win a prize. Our school was out the 19th of this month.

We had the Missouri Drummers association this week. We did not have a pretty day for it. It was raining today so I did not get to march in the parade. As my letter is getting long I will close. Write to me soon.

Mary Martha Hill, age 9,
320 E. Carpenter St., Moberly, Mo.

Grandfather York Was Born in Yorktown in 1828—Split Rails, Too

Dear Juniors:

After being home just one week and being rested from my trip I will write and thank you very much for my prize, having just received it today. It sure was nice and I expect much pleasure with it, and will send you some of our southern views some day.

I want to tell you about my Grandfather York, as I see some very interesting ancestor stories.

My Grandfather York was born in Yorktown, Va., in the year 1828. His life was similar to that of Abraham Lincoln, as writing materials were very scarce in those days. He had very little opportunity of getting an education. Though at the age of 16 he could read all literature and write a neat hand. I have often heard my grandmother tell how he would talk of splitting rails when a boy. Later when the Mexican war broke out he joined the army, as so many are doing today. My grandmother was just a school girl then, ten years old.

My grandfather's name was James Lafayette York. My grandmother's name was Annie Louise Blaine before she was married, which was in 1858 on Christmas day.

My grandfather was then overseer on a plantation down in Mississippi. All he did was to ride and boss the slaves, of which there were about 150. He had many "ups and downs. He was shot twice in the arm while on the plantation.

Then in a few years the civil war broke out. He was made commander-general. He was wounded in the foot, but returned home safe and lived until October 12, 1909.

We now live just two and one-half miles from his old home, at Millington, Tenn.

Annie Lou Elam,
Millington, Tenn.

Three Troy Pupils Write Interesting Letters

Dear Grandma:

I got your letter yesterday, in the afternoon. I was very glad to hear from you. I am going to answer your letter through the Courier Junior.

I hope you are having good luck with your little chickens. What are Francis and Jim doing these days? I have been going to school. I am in the fifth grade. Two of my schoolmates came down to see me last Sunday. We went fishing down to Chequest Creek and caught fifteen fish. We got back in the afternoon.

When are you coming down? I am coming up to stay with you two weeks after school is out.

Frank Martin, age 13,
Troy, Iowa.

Dear Alice:

I am going to write to you through the Junior. Are you still going to school at Troy? I am still at Boise.

We went to the mountains today. We took our dinner with us and fished, and climbed the mountains so I am very tired this evening.

I think I will stay here all summer, but I surely would like to be home for the dedication of the Troy consolidated school. What is your grade going to give the last day of school? I am going to start to school next fall. Will you be glad when school is out?

The children here are having the scarlet fever. I have had it and am well again. That is why I have not written for so long.

Emily Casady, age 11,
Selma Iowa.

Dear Vera Hendricks:

I am going to school now and I like it fine. My teacher's name is Miss Roberts. What is your teacher's name?

We have reading writing arithmetic, spelling, geography, drawing and language here at this school.

Miss Roberts had a screech owl in the room yesterday.

I am in the fifth grade.

Miss Roberts teaches the fourth and fifth grades.

There is going to be a dedication or home coming for the students of the old Troy academy here in Troy.

The fourth grade is writing a composition about the tadpole now.

I am writing this letter in school.

We have an organ in our room.

There are twenty-seven children in my room.

Minnie May Duffield, age 11,
Troy, Iowa.

Bernard Kammerick Writes on George Washington

Dear Juniors:

As this is my first letter to the Junior page I thought I would write about George Washington.

He was born on the 22d day of February and he died in the year 1799. While he was only a boy he was given a hatchet for a present and his father had many acres of cherries.

One day George went out and cut down one of his father's cherry trees with his hatchet.

His father asked who done it and he said he did.

George Washington was a good man all his life.

Bernard Kamerick,
723 W. Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

In Children's Eyes

The look I see in some sweet child's fair face
Stirs in my soul the hope that all things pure
Dreamed of by saints and angels shall endure!
As untrod snow that whitens each bare space,
And, melting, leaves behind it no faint trace,
Yet keeps in silence all the promise sure
Of bud and leaf that answer to spring's lure,
On craig and peak and every desert place.—
So shall the glance of utter purity
That shines upon a world by sin defiled
Hold in its innocence the surety
Of Heaven's white light, which unto eyes exiled
Seemed but the figment of a fantasy.—
Until through children's eyes God looked and smiled!

Dorothy Gallagher Tells of the National Zoological Park at Washington

Dear Juniors:

I lived in Washington, D. C., for three years. I saw many interesting things.

I visited the National Zoological park a number of times. I will tell you about the birds that I saw there. Some were in large cages made of wire net built in the park. They were high enough for large trees to grow in. At night the birds roosted in the trees. There were ponds of water in some of them for thte birds to bathe in and to drink. There were large macaws, some were dark blue, some were red, black and yellow and pink, and yellow.

Out in the pond there are many white ducks and cranes. My little sister calls them boats because they float around on the water.

The eagles are in large pens to themselves. There are rods stretched across the cages. They put their meat on this.

If they were not in pens to themselves they would destroy the other small birds.

They try to make the cages as near like the natural home of the birds as they can.

The peacock makes a loud screeching noise. Visitors are not allowed to feed the birds. In the park there is a large building called the bird house. Inside the house there are dozens of cages containing a great many other birds. Many of these are brought from foreign countries. The peacock is allowed to go around through the park. Not being kept in cages all of the time. He is very proud of his tail of many colors.

Dorothy Gallagher, age 10,
115 S. Fellows Ave., Ottumwa.

Avon Says the Union and Dunville Schools Have Their Programs Together

Dear Juniors:

I have written a few letters and received some pretty cards from the Courier Junior, and I thought I would write again. I am twelve years old. My birthday is the thirtieth of August. I have two sisters. Their names are Lovell and Mabel. I attend the Union school, district No. 6. I am in the eighth grade. My studies are reading, agriculture, history, arithmetic, grammar, physiology, geography, orthography, music and penmanship. There are nineteen scholars in our school, six boys and thirteen girls. Our school began the first Monday in April, with Grace Whited as teacher. We like her very well. Our school will be out the second day of June. The Union and Dunville schools are going to have their program together.

Avon Florence Ware, age 13,
Bloomfield, Ia., R. No. 1.

Helen Frost's Cat is Snookums; He Is Eight Months Old and Weighs Eight Pounds

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write a letter as I have never written before. I am going to write about my cat.

His name is Snookums. He is eight months old. He likes to sleep in the day time. He is grey with dark gray stripes. He weighs about eight pounds. He likes to eat meat, bread, potatoes, popcorn and milk Soon we are going to get another kitten. His name is to be Buster.

Helen Frost, age 11,
320 North Holt, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Bernice Mae Noe Goes to the Reed School; Likes Her Teacher

Dear Juniors:

This is the first time I have written. I go to the Reed school. My teacher's name is Vina Davis. We like her very well. We live in Eddyville. I have two brothers and one little baby sister.

Their names are Roy Lewis and Bessie. Papa takes the Ottumwa Courier. I like to read "Bringing up Father," Petey Dink and the children's evening stories.

We have sixteen head of horses and three little colts and five head of cattle and two little calves.

Our school was out on Friday.

We have one hundred and twenty acres of land.

My birthday is on the 17th of June. My older brother's birthday is October 10. My younger brother is four years old. We have about forty-three little chickens. We have two hens sitting on duck eggs.

I am in the fourth reader. My oldst brother goes to school. He is in the third reader.

Bernis Mae Noe, age 9,
Eddyville, Ia., R. 3.

School Composition — The Button — By Clarence Jackson

Dear Juniors:

As this is my first time to write to the Junior I thought I would send one of my school compositions.

I was once a shell in the river. I was picked up by some men who took me to a factory where I was made into a button. Then I was sold to a merchant with a number of my mates. Then I was put in a box and kept for a long time. When I was taken out and put on a nice suit of clothes. I stayed there a long time, and I was lost off. A little boy found me. He put me in his pocket and took me home with him. He kept me to play with until his mother told him that she must have me to put on his coat. One day his mother went to wash his coat and she broke me. Then I was thrown away and that was the last of me.

Clarence Jackson, age 10,
Birmingham, Iowa.

Patty's Penny

Oh, the beauty of that store window. Patty Price stood before it with her brown eyes round with anticipation of good things to come. Her bare toes burrowed into the sand and stones without feeling their hardness, her two short braids quivering with excitement, and one little brown hand clasped tightly the penny that was to purchase so much happiness.

What should it be? One thing she knew—it was to be candy, for it was so long since she had tasted any that her mouth watered for it. From the chocolate sticks, so tempting in their rich brownness, her eyes turned to the gayly colored papers of peppermint and wintergreen lozenges, and then strayed on to brighten into determination as she saw a box of colored candy marbles, such beautiful marbles, and six for one cent! "Two for each of us," said Patty to herself, for she was a generous little soul, and always remembered little brother and sister at home.

So intent was she on her choice that she did not hear the sound of wheels, nor did she see her good friend, the rural postman, jump from his delivery wagon with the big mail-bag in his hand. But he saw her, and his jolly face broadened into a smile as he said:

"Hulloa, Patty! Going to buy Miss Brown out?"

She turned, smiling brightly, and answered, "Hulloa, Mr. Rice."

Then she went up to him, and slipped one hand confidingly into the big one held out to her, saying, "See what I found this morning," and, opening the other hand, displayed the moist treasure within.

"Why, let's see that penny, Patty," said the postman, with a twinkle in his bright eye. "Why, that looks just like the one I lost yesterday afternoon!"

Then it was Mr. Rice's penny, and not hers at all! Poor Patty! her heart seemed to sink right down into her feet, it was such a disappointment. Well, one thing certain, she wouldn't enjoy buying candy right under his very eyes with a penny that he had said was his. So she slipped away while the postman went on into the office, never thinking again of his joking words.

She would go and ask mother if she ought to give it back to him. Mother always knew what it was best to do. So in haste she came into the room where her mother sat mending little garments in all stages of dilapidation, and, with words tumbling over one another in their hurry, and with some tears, finally made herself understand.

Mrs. Price put her arm around Patty, and drew her close, while her other worn hand gently smoothed the roughened hair.

"Mother knows it's hard to give it up, dear, when you have so few pennies to spend for yourself, and she's sorry for her little girl. But mother knows, too, that you will be a brave girl and give the penny to Mr. Rice as he comes along. There he comes up the street now!"

Patty gave her mother a kiss, wiped some tears away, and hurried out to the gate where Mr. Rice spied her standing as he came driving along. He saw her little outstretched hand, and, as he reined up his horse, heard her childish voice, "Here's your penny," Mr. Rice."

For the first time he remembered his words at the office.

"Why, Patty, child," he began, "did you think I really mean that that was the penny I lost? Bless your heart, I lost my penny in a village ten miles away. Now run right off and spend that one quick before any one else claims it." And with a hearty laugh and a "get up there" to his old horse he drove off.

Mrs. Price, watching from the window, smiled and said, "I guess it's all right," as she saw Patty's flying feet disappearing down the street, and a little later she was sure, for Patty burst in vehemently, demanding: "Where's Ruth and Bennie? I've got something for them."

Then with a big hug for her mother: "He was just joking mother, and I didn't have to give it to him at all. But I'm glad I did what you told me to do for I feel lots better inside."

And mother said "I knew you would."

Zeda Daniels' Great Uncle Had a Very Narrow Escape

Dear Juniors:

I am a little girl ten years old. I have never written to the Courier Junior before, so I thought I would write about my great grandfather.

About 1856 when my grandfather was a little boy, the wolves were very thick. My great grandfather lived in an old log house. And when the wolves would get very hungry they would come to the house. One night they came very close to the house of my great grandfather. And he got up and shot one and took it in the house and put it on the wood pile. Then he went back to bed.

A while after he went to bed he was awakened by something crawling on the floor. He got up, thinking that he had not killed the wolf. He reached to get a stick of wood to hit the wolf. When he started to stoop down to hit it he punched his eye out on the knob that was on the back of the chair. It was not the wolf that was on the floor, but it was my great uncle. He had got up in his sleep and was crawling on the floor. My great grandfather always said after that if it had not been for punching his eye out he would have killed my great uncle.

My great grandfather's name was H. L. McKinney.

Zeda Danels, age 10,
Hedrick, Iowa.

Florence Johnson, Kristina's Sister, Writes to Her Her Father

Dear Papa:

How are you? I am all right. Edna and I got to Des Moines about 5:30 Friday evening. I suppose mamma, Karl and Velma are all right. How many little chickens has mamma got? Have you got your plowing done? Edna and I are going to stay in Des Moines about two weeks.

Did you go to church Sunday? Edna and I did. We went to see the state capitol and climbed to the top.

Did you go to the spelling contest? It rained quite a little Saturday here.

Florence Johnson, age 8,
Fairfield, Ia., R. 8.

The Boy Who Forgot to Wash His Face

This boy forgot, very often, to wash his face. There were a number of children at his house, who had to have their faces washed for them, so the mother could not attend to his. He had a fine little washcloth of his own that his grandmother had knitted, but he often forgot to use it.

This special morning the child ate jam for breakfast. He was very untidy indeed, for there was jam on his blouse and on the tip of his nose and on his mouth when he finished breakfast. But he never remembered to use his washcloth, and he jumped down from the table and ran outdoors to play.

Just outside the door, on a tree in the garden, hung the child's yellow canary in a pretty gilt cage. The bird was very tame. When the child whistled and put his finger in the cage, the yellow canary was taking a bath. It had a white saucer full of crystal water, and it dipped its little body down and in and lifted up its head with the drops shining on its feathers like diamonds in a gold setting.

So that child went farther on, until he came to his pussy cat sitting in the path. She had nearly always followed the child, running after a string and ball which he carried in his pocket for her to play with. This morning the pussy cat would not so much as look at the child. She was very busy indeed washing the milk from her face. She did not even purr when the child stroked her furry back.

So the child went still farther on, until he came to the pond at the end of the garden where the ducks lived. His pockets were full of bits of bread for the ducks. He often tossed their breakfast out into the water, and the ducks swam to him and gobbled up the crumbs in their bills and quacked "Thank you." Today the ducks did not seem to see their breakfast. Away across at the other end of the pond they were dipping their glossy sides down in the water, until all the child could see was the tips of their pointed tails. Then they lifted themselves out of the water and shook a shower of drops from their green feathers. The ducks were taking their morning baths.

"I wonder why no one will play with me?" thought the child.

Then he looked down in the mirror of the pond and he saw that he had not washed his face.

"Why, perhaps it is because I am dirty," he said.

And the child ran home to use his grandmother's wash cloth.

The Two Roberts Children of Troy Write to The Junior

Dear Juniors:

I saw in the Courier Junior where you wanted the boys to write about their work. So I thought I would write you before I go to school.

I get some wood. I get the horses up and feed them. I help with the cows and calves. Then I go to school.

When I get home from school I gather the eggs, feed the hogs and chickens. On Saturday I hoe in the garden till I get tired. I go to the field and plow or harrow, sometimes cut trees.

Edwin Roberts, age 12.

Dear Friend Bessie:

I saw your letter in the Junior page so I thought I would write to you.

I suppose you like your new home in Montana fine by this time. What are you doing this spring? I am still going to school. We have three more weeks. They are going to dedicate the new school house the first and the second of June. The high school will give a play the second night. The people that used to go to the old academy are going to give some talks. They have a band hired. They are building on a big time. Our school house is a two story building with a basement underneath. There are three school rooms and a library on the first floor and three school rooms and a laboratory on the second floor. The domestic science room, boiler room, furnace room and auditorium are in the basement. We have a bubbling fountain on each floor. It sure is fine. The children from the country are hauled to school in closed wagons. There are seven wagons, Walter drives one. There are nineteen riding in our wagon.

Lena Roberts, age 10,
Troy, Iowa.

Violet Wilkinson's Grandmother Lights Fire in the Oven

Dear Juniors:

When my grandmother came to this country from England she had a funny experience with a cook stove. In the old country they used fire places to cook with. Nobody had ever told her how to build a fire in a cook stove. So she put the kindling and paper in the oven and lit it. She went out of the room and when she came back the room was full of smoke. She was so afraid that the house was on fire that she called the neighbors and they came to see was the matter. Then they found out that she had built the fire in the wrong place. She soon learned how to build a fire in a cook stove.

Violet Wilkinson, age 12,
209 Grand Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Irene Edwards Has Gone to School in Many Places

Dear Juniors:

I have never written before. I thought I would write. I have been to Kansas City and Ottumwa, Iowa, and Oskaloosa.

My last vacation mamma and I went to Oklahoma and visited Yates. Mr. Yates is a priest in the Latter Day Saint church.

I am 11 years old and in the junior grade in the Latter Day Saints church. I am in the fourth grade at the Hedrick school.

I have been to the Fairview school two years ago and to the Woodland school in Kansas City and to the Hedrick school in Oklahoma and to the Rutledge school in Ottumwa.

Irene Edwards,
329 Taft Ave., Ottumwa, Ia.