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THE COURIER JUNIOR

OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

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VOL. XI, NO. 42

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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FLAG CONTEST CLOSING JUNE 12.

Dear Juniors:—We are receiving very interesting stories on Flag Day. As the contest announced last week does not close until Monday we will print the rules again: As Wednesday, June 14, is "Flag Day," we want all the Juniors to write a story about flag day. The writer of the best story will be presented with a beautiful flag. The following outline will help the writers: The date of Flag day. How the day is honored. The origin of Flag day. Read Caribelle Perkins' splendid story on Flag day.

A NEW CONTEST.

We want all the Juniors to write on one of the following subjects: Preparedness. The Consolidated School. The Greatest Summer Pleasure. Where I Would Like to Spend My Vacation. The Country in Summertime. The City in Summertime. Summer Pleasures. The Playgrounds. The writers can select their prizes from the following: A hammock, book, roller skates, croquet set, box of candy or a picnic basket. This contest opens today and closes Monday, June 13.

WANT LETTERS.

We want the Juniors to write some very interesting letters, "newy" 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. Irene Walters is awarded the 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 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 of a 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 it to 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.

The Lazy Lad — By Helen Ruckman

Once upon a time there was a boy who went to school and he was so slow that his schoolmates would not play with him. He always wrote his name thus: S. Low. To change S. Low into Slow was an easy trick. So Silas lost his name of Low for that of Slow. If his father told him to run and get a pair of water he lay on the floor until his father went to get it. So he never lost his name of Slow.

Helen Ruckman, age 7, Ottumwa, Ia., 714 W. Main St.

Ruth Hammersly Lives With Her Grandparents in Laddsdale

Dear Juniors: I am a little girl ten years old. My mother is dead and I make my home with my grandparents and have since I was two years old. I have one brother and one sister. We live on a farm and have three horses and one cow and two hogs. For pets I have three hens and one kitten and her name is Tabby. My dog's name is Sam. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Hattie Allen. I like her very much. Ruth Hammersly, age 10, Laddsdale, Iowa.

A Hard Thing For a Little Boy To Do

(Frances Margaret Fox.) Jimmy loved his little sister; but even so, he didn't like to take her out in her go-cart; even so, he did not wish to be seen taking care of that pink-and-white baby, especially on Saturday morning when his work was done and he was ready to play with the boys on the public playground around the corner. He had done his work well—his mother said so; he had straightened the room in the basement where he and his older brother had been making bird houses; he had swept the furnace room and carried the ashes into the alley and cleaned the walks—all that was boys' work. He thought that taking the baby out for an airing in her go-cart was girls' work, and if his big sisters were too busy that Saturday morning to go walking, why couldn't the baby play in the house until afternoon?

"Turn her loose in my room," he said to his mother, "and shut the door. She'll be good if she can have all my play things and can put the sissy thing she sees down to the floor, and then I'll straighten up!" "Why don't you want to take your dear little sister out in her go-cart this lovely morning, Jimmy, when you know that the sunshine and fresh air will do her much good, the childing?" "Of course I know that she is a darling all right," Jimmy admitted, as he helped the baby take uncertain steps from one chair to another. "But what's the use of that?" "You'd know if you'd ever been a boy," Jimmy grumbled. "Here, let go of my hair!" he advised baby, as she made a dive at his head with both hands and squirmed for joy. "Here, here, sit up, let up, or brother'll be bald-headed!"

"Now, mother," he continued, "babies are all right of course, and I feel like to meet his little sister, but she goes down when some one else is wheeling her. But if I take her out, the boys will laugh!" Jimmy's mother opened her mouth to say something, but changed her mind so quickly that, although Jimmy felt she was angry, he half smiled when he saw his mother's mouth open and close like a fish, and certain it is that he felt a bit ashamed, because he added:

"Of course the baby is all right; she is pretty and clean, and she doesn't cry! But, I tell you, it isn't any fun to have the boys all laughing at you!" "Jimmy, please bring me the baby's bonnet and coat, and the way his mother answered that, "I am sorry, but she must be out this morning, and you are the only one who can go with her. You are dragging her bonnet-strings," she added, as Jimmy obeyed ungraciously.

When the baby saw her bonnet and coat, she was so pleased she lost her balance, and down she sat, bobbing her head and saying, "Bye-bye-bye," and you may be sure that Jimmy was not cross to her; he was only cross about her. Mother looked troubled when her small son took the go-cart down the steps. "Bump-ety-bump! bump-ety-bump!" hard, but she smiled, "she saw how tenderly he carried the baby down those same steps, and how gently he snuggled her back against her pillow. If his tones were not joyful when he said, "Brother take her bye-bye," you may be sure that probably the reason she pulled his cap off and tossed it on the grass was because she wished to see him laugh while he buckled the go-cart strap so tight that, no matter how hard she bumped against it, she could not fall out.

When Jimmy turned toward the open window and inquired, "How long do I have to keep her out?" his mother answered: "Jimmy, I am ashamed of you! You behave as if taking your little sister out for a walk is the hardest thing a boy can do! You may bring her in the house when you make up your mind that you want to give her away!" "You may laugh at me," Jimmy said, "but I shall have to stay out with her forever and forever, walking up and down back streets!" "Jimmy's mother said no more, because she knew that Jimmy chose to stay out with her forever and forever, see him and laugh.

It happened that morning that Jimmy didn't have a chance to turn in the direction of a back street before he met three of his particular friends, whom he did not wish to see on their way to the playground; but before those little boys spoke to Jimmy, they began doing tricks to make the little sister laugh, and they crowded in front of her so they stopped the go-cart. "What are you taking her?" asked Bobbie Evans. "Nowhere, just out walking," answered Jimmy.

"Then bring her over to the playground and let her see us go down the slide," suggested Peter Brown. "And I'll be with her!" Mr. but she is a peach!" exclaimed Kenneth Barnes. This began one of that dear baby's happiest mornings, because when she reached the playground she discovered that all the children loved her, even the boys; big boys and little boys. Jimmy discovered the same fact, and baby allowed him to play with the boys to his heart's content; and that day she learned a new word; it was "boy!"

At eleven o'clock Jimmy suddenly remembered that half past ten was the baby's nap time. "Oh, I must get her home to mother!" he exclaimed. "I shouldn't have kept her out so long!" "Come home with her!" Mr. "Boy-boy for mother!" "Let me wheel her again," offered Kenneth Barnes. "It is time for me to go home, anyway. Don't tell the others, but I promised my mother that I would come home and do the dusting this Saturday."

"Isn't that girls' work?" demanded Jimmy, as he gladly allowed Kenneth to wheel the baby. "Mother says no," answered Kenneth. "She says that whatever a boy can do to make everything easier for his mother and sisters is man's work. Of course, though, I don't like to dust. Come home with her!" Mr. "Boy-boy for mother!" "Let me wheel her again," offered Kenneth Barnes. "It is time for me to go home, anyway. Don't tell the others, but I promised my mother that I would come home and do the dusting this Saturday."

HERE'S HEIR TO THE DUKE MILLIONS



Mrs. Angier B. Duke and her son Angier B., Jr. This is the first photograph which has been made of Mrs. Angier B. Duke and her son Angier, Jr. Mrs. Duke, who was formerly Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, was one of the leaders of the social set in that city and her wedding last year was a social event. Mr. Duke is the son of Benjamin B. Duke, head of the tobacco trust.

The Origin of Flag Day — The Wonderful Cradle—By Caribelle Perkins Frank Clark

Dear Juniors: The title of the story that I am writing is "The Origin of Flag Day." The first flag was made on June 14, 1777. It was made by Betsy Ross who lived on Arch street in Philadelphia. She was known far and near as a neat sewer.

One day George Washington and two other men went to see if she would make the first American flag. Mrs. Ross said that she would try. George Washington told her that it was a very simple thing to do. He drew an outline for her. Mrs. Ross set to work and it was not long until she had the first American flag made. It took her three days to make it.

There were thirteen stars in the flag to represent the thirteen colonies. There were seven red stripes and six white ones. The day she finished it was the fourteenth of June. When Washington saw it he was delighted with it. Every American is not only delighted with it, but he loves the dear old flag.

Every American boy and girl is proud of the flag. It stands for all that is good and dear to every American. It stands for liberty. It proclaims liberty for all. Every star and stripe stands for liberty. It stands for liberty of thought as well.

Caribelle Perkins, age 10, Bonaparte, Iowa.

Irene Walters Has Just Moved to a Farm Near Seibert, Colorado, Junior Writes His First Letter

Dear Juniors: As I have never written to the Courier Junior for so long a time I thought I would write about our farm. We just moved out here last month and we have a pig and a cow and fifty little chickens and have turkey and duck eggs. We are going to get a horse and buggy. I like to read the Junior page very well and I think Margie Hankins' letter about Decoration day was very nice. I have two sisters and three brothers. Their names are James, Martin, Robert, Elsie and Dofis. I like to read "Bringing Up Father," Petey Dink, Little Benny's Note Book and working the puzzle.

Irene Walter, age 11, Bidwell, Iowa.

Decoration Day at Batavia — By Mildred Koons

It has been so long since I have written to you that I thought I would write. So many of the children have won prizes so I thought I would try to win one. Decoration exercises were held here and the school children were in the parade. We carried flowers and flags and when the man played the bugle we dropped them on the old soldiers' graves. We ought to be proud of old soldiers because they fought for the flag.

My school is out and I am having a nice vacation. Mildred Koons, age 8, Batavia, Iowa.

In his own house!" "Come on over and play with her any time," was Jimmy's invitation, as he went whistling into the house, carrying his sleepy little sister, while that dear little sister patted his shoulder and said "boy, boy, boy!" "I know now what would be the hardest thing a boy could do," exclaimed Jimmy, as he dumped the baby in his mother's lap. "It would be to have to get along without her!" Straightway the baby said another new word, which made two new words in one day; she said "Good-bye!"

Vivian Hoyt Writes a Composition; Her Subject — Lincoln and Washington

I am a girl twelve years old and I thought I would write to you about Lincoln and George Washington. Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12 1809. His grandfather, Abraham, had moved from Virginia in 1781, while his father, Thomas, was in the army. His mother's name was Nancy Hanks, and was also a Virginian by birth. In 1809 Lincoln's father left his log hut in Virginia and settled in the forests of Indiana. In what is now Spencer county, Lincoln's mother had a good character, and she taught Lincoln and his sister Sarah to read and write. She taught him three maxims, never to swear, never to touch liquor and never to lie. He never forgot any of these. When he was president he said "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." She died when he was nine years old and a year later his father married again.

When Lincoln was 19 he made a trip to New Orleans in a flat boat as a hired man. When he came back his father moved to Macon county, Ill. When he was twenty-one he made another flat boat trip to New Orleans, sailing down the Sagamon, the Illinois and the Mississippi. He was a clerk in a store at New Salem, reading and studying such books as he could procure in his spare time. In 1832 he was captain of a company which served in the Black Hawk war and was popular because of his great strength and ability to tell more and better stories than any other man in the army. He was defeated for the state legislature in 1832 and he was then appointed postmaster of Salem. He married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Martha Custis.

On May 16, 1860 the republican national convention at Chicago nominated him for president. He was elected on November 6. He was re-elected in 1864 by an electoral vote of 212 to 21 against General McClellan, his opponent. Mr. Lincoln while attending a theater on April 14, 1865 was shot by John Wilkes Booth. He died the next morning. He was 6 feet 4 inches high, his hair and eyes were blue. He was a very good scholar at school. In 1775 Washington was an aide-de-camp to General Braddock. In 1774 he was a delegate to the first continental congress, which met in Philadelphia. He married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Martha Custis.

George Washington was the first president of the United States. He was born February 22, 1732. His parents were rich. He was a very good scholar at school. In 1755 Washington was an aide-de-camp to General Braddock. In 1774 he was a delegate to the first continental congress, which met in Philadelphia. He married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Martha Custis.

Washington had two horses shot from under him and four bullets passed through his clothing, but he was not injured.

Vivian Hoyt, age 12, Webster, Ia., Box 37.

Mabel Daniels' Grandfather Was a Captain in the Civil War

Dear Juniors: As I have never written before I thought I would write an ancestor story. My grandfather, Captain George W. Wycott was in the civil war and one day he and some men were invited to the white house to see Lincoln and Lincoln gave them a very interesting talk.

Mabel Daniels, age 10, Bentonsport, Iowa.

Lelia Fite Has Twin Sisters and Twin Brothers

Dear Juniors: This is the first time I have written to the Courier Junior. I like to read the Courier. I have twin sisters and twin brothers. My twin sisters names are Allene and Lorene and my twin brothers names are Robert and Russell. I have three sisters and two brothers. My brothers are ten months old. My sisters are four years old. I go to school. I like my teacher very well. I am in the third grade. My teachers name is Hattie Allen. For pets I have a pet lamb and a pet rabbit named Toodee. I stay at my Allie's and go to school. I am seven years old and Wilma is nine years old.

Lelia Fite, age 7, Eldon, Iowa.

Two Rabbits Are Pets of Alice Hart

Dear Juniors: This is the first time that I have written to the Junior. I go to school every day. I like my teacher. Her name is Hattie Allen. I have one brother named Charley. He is 11 years old. I have one sister named Ruth. She is 16 years old. I have some roses in my yard and some live-forevers.

Selma Alice Hart, age 9, Laddsdale, Iowa.

Charles Hart, a Laddsdale Junior, Writes First Time

Dear Juniors: This is the first time I have written to the Junior page. I have two sisters. Their names are Selma and Ruth. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hattie Allen. We lay games at school and our teacher plays with us. For pets I have two rabbits and one hen and a rooster. We have a dog. His name is Rover. We have a garden. Our lettuce and radishes are big enough to eat.

My age is 12 years. I am in the third grade. We are going to get some little chickens. I have a cat. Its name is Puss. There are bird nests in the tree in our yard. We gathered some flowers when they were blooming. Charles Hart, age 12, Laddsdale, Iowa.

Jerry's Bubble Party

"I'm going to have a party today," announced Jerry on the morning of his sixth birthday. Uncle Jimmy stared at him in surprise. He and Jerry were alone in the house. Jerry's mother and father had been called away to grandmother, who had been taken ill.

"I guess not," said Uncle Jimmy at last. "Who is to give the party for you? Not your Uncle Jimmy?" "I'll give it myself," said Jerry. "I've got the pipes from last year, and I'll have another soap-bubble party. But instead of a real pipe, without anything to eat," he ended wistfully.

Jerry invited his six best friends, and they all came, even though he told them there would be nothing to eat. They blew bubbles until Rosemary blew one as big as a five-cent balloon. Then they laid aside the pipes and went into the woods.

They had been gone only a few moments when they came running back. "Come quick, Uncle Jimmy," he called. "There's something in the tree that's trying to make soap bubbles, or else it's trying to burst itself!"

"Uncle Jimmy hurried back with the excited children. "There it is," whispered Jerry. "It was a grayish-brown object about three inches long, with a lumpy body and a pair of beautiful, bright eyes. Every other second its breast puffed out and it blew a little like a soap-bubble in shape at least. And all the while there was a shrill note thrown upon the air."

"Do you hear that noise?" asked Uncle Jimmy. "That is the tree-toad's song. And the soap-bubble is his chest expanding when he draws in a breath to sing."

"I didn't know toads sang!" "You're listening to one now, Rosemary," said Uncle Jimmy. "The tree-toad's song is about the first spring note heard in the woods. They beat the birds to it. Now if I know this fellow, I believe I can give you another treat, though it seems a shame to disturb him. Watch him and tell me if anything happens."

Uncle Jimmy stood on the stump of a tree and gently prodded Mr. Toad with the end of his finger. Instantly he stopped singing, the soap bubble chest became quiet, and after a moment's watchful waiting he hopped up the branch until he came to a shelter of green leaves. Not for a second did the eager eyes of the children leave him.

Suddenly Billy cried out. "He's changed his clothes!" "Sure enough he was wearing a green suit!" "He changes to match his surroundings," explained Uncle Jimmy. "When his brown coat did not hide him on the limb of the tree, he hurried to the leaves and took on their color. He thinks he is hidden now. And he won't sing for a while, either. So let's go back to the house. I believe I smell a birthday cake, and who knows but there might be some roses made out of pink ice-cream to eat with it!"

"Oh, oh!" cried seven voices. "It's a real treat, after all!" shouted Jerry. "And I've had a special singer at my party. Just the way mother has at some of hers!"

Rosa Bailey, age 12, Unionville, Iowa.

A Bear Story—By Maybelle Austin

Once upon a time there lived a little boy, his father and his mother. There were not many people who lived around them for they lived in a deep forest. One day his father was walking in the forest when he saw a mother bear and three cubs. The mother bear was showing the cubs how to eat the bark off of the young trees. The mother bear had not seen him yet when there sounded a loud crack and looking around he saw a hunter carrying a gun and game bag. The mother bear fled with a loud cry. The shot had killed her. All the baby bears cried out in fright. The man felt sorry for them, so he took them home and gave them to the little boy. He took care of the man raised them up. He named one Jim, another Jack and the third Mehoven.

One morning Jim had run away and could not be found, and his brothers Jack and Mehoven were very lonesome without him. Not long after Jim had run away a man came through the forest with a trained bear. He made the bear dance and play on the fiddle. The man then asked to stay all night. The next morning Jack and the trained bear had run away. Mehoven was the only little bear left. He was very lonesome now. Not long after this he ran away. The little owner hoped Mehoven would come back. But he never did.

Maybelle Austin, age 11, Agency, Iowa.

A CONTRARY CLOCK

I'm out of patience with our clock. Although I like his old "tick-tock" He always seems to tease me so. When I must practice, he's so slow. An hour's long as half a day. And when at last I go to play, He hurries time along so fast— The little hours go flying past! I wish our clock would fly his wings, When I must practice scales and thirds. Then when his playtime, I'd like best To have him stop awhile and rest.