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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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VOL. XI. NO. 45 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR
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EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

CONTEST CLOSES MONDAY.

Dear Juniors: The closing day of the present contest will be Monday, July 3. For the sake of the "tardy" Juniors we will reprint the subjects again:

The First Fourth of July.
Why We Celebrate July 4.
How We Should Celebrate July 4.
The Country in Summertime.
The City in Summertime.
Summer pleasures.
The Playgrounds.

The writers can select their prizes from among the following:

A flag, hammock, book, roller skates, knife, croquet set, box of candy or a picnic basket.

The names of three prize winners are announced today: May Bell Austin, ancestor; Emanuel Bjork, an unusual story and Donald Brown in the contest closed last week. Donald's story was in last week's Courier Junior.

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.

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.

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 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.

The Soothsayers

Down in the meadow the daisies are growing,
Crowded as close as white sheep in their fold;
Down in the meadow are buttercups glowing,
Scattered like little bright pieces of gold:
And down in the meadow the children are going—
There's where a fortune may truly be told.
Daisies just know if your true love will smile—
Buttercups tell what is really worth while!

Grace Edwards Wesson in St. Nicholas.

Moberly Junior, Mary Martha Hill, Tells of Her Trip to New Orleans

Dear Juniors:

I have written once before about my Great Grandfather Martin Varner, so I thought I'd tell you of my trip to Louisiana.

I got on a train and left Moberly at 11:20 and reached St. Louis at 2:30, and then I got in a car and went to my cousin Nell's and stayed there till 4:30 and then went to the river. We got on a boat and went to New Orleans where I was met by my friend Mrs. MacDonnell (who formerly lived in Ottumwa.) And after a little shopping we got on a train for Lake Arthur. We reached it in a few hours and when I got there I could see the beautiful magnolia trees and orange trees were grand. As soon as we got home we ate our supper and then went across the lake where the rice and orange plantations are and we ate oranges and then went back in the boat and went to bed about 11:30. I slept with the birds singing.

I would like for some of the Juniors to write to me through the Courier Junior.

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

Why the Butterfly is Not a Flower

The bluebird came to the garden every day. He swung upon the low branch of a garden shrub and sang. It was the Little Girl who pointed him out. He came, I think, from the field where the Little Girl went to fill her pitcher at the spring.

That was a short way to fly, though it was a long way to walk from the garden across the long field where Queen-Anne's-lace grew in nodding white clusters. It was a long way to go even though the way was made gay with fitting yellow and white butterflies. But beyond the stone wall was the bluebird field where hundreds of bluebirds lived. One had only to climb over the stone wall and to sit down in the meadow beside the spring, when the whole field was alive with song and bluebirds. And I think that the bluebird who came to the garden had, no doubt, seen the Little Girl in the bluebird field and liked her. So every day he came to the garden where she played and sang a story to her. It may have been the magic of the sunlight that helped her understand the story.

"There he is!" she said. And while the breeze swayed the leaves on the branches where he perched, we listened to the story. It was about the garden and the flowers. It was about the butterflies in the field beyond the garden. It was about the fairies and the magic of the clovers. Here is the story that the bluebird sang—it is an old, old story. Perhaps it is a legend of the garden.

Once upon a time there lived in a garden a little grubby brown caterpillar, and all he did, from morning till night, was just to crawl among the flowers and wish that he could be a flower, too. "I don't want to be a little grubby brown caterpillar," he insisted. "Tell me how I can change myself into a flower."

He asked the shiny beetles—and they didn't know; he asked the curly black garden worms—and they didn't know; he asked the busy bees and the Solomon Spider—but none of them knew; and when he asked the bustling wise ants, they had no patience with such wishes and so they did not tell him, but turned their backs.

The hoppy toad and the snails on the garden path—they didn't know. The grasshopper—he didn't know. The snail—she didn't know at all. So the little grubby brown caterpillar decided to ask the flowers.

He crawled up on the stem of the red rose bush and asked her; but he had to crawl right down again, because she didn't know. He crawled up the stem of the carnation pink; but he had to crawl right down again, for she didn't know; and he had to crawl right down again after he'd been up the stem of the mignonette, for she didn't know, either!

Just after he had asked the holyhock and was sliding down her green stem, he ran bump into a little teeny-weeny elfman.

"O Elfman" cried the little grubby brown caterpillar, "can you tell me how I can change myself into a flower?"

And the little teeny-weeny elfman answered in a surprised and little teeny weeny voice, "Oh excuse me—no, I cannot. You'd better go to the Four-Leaf-Clover Fairy. Her throne is a red clover blossom in the buttercup field. She sits there wishing wishes all the time."

So the little grubby brown caterpillar said, "I thank you very much indeed," and he hurried as fast as his little feet could go straight to the buttercup field to find the Four-Leaf-Clover fairy.

She was sitting on her throne wishing wishes, of course, but she stopped long enough to say, "How do you do, little grubby brown caterpillar!" And the little grubby brown caterpillar replied that he did very ill and that he wanted to change himself into a flower.

The Four-Leaf-Clover Fairy said that it might not be as easy as it might seem to change him into a flower, but she offered to try. She told him he would first have to find a magic clover and bring to her so that she could wish him wishes with it.

So the litle grubby brown caterpillar hunted—and he hunted—and he hunted. (You know yourself how hard it is to find a four leaf clover when you want one, dearest). Well he hunted—and he hunted till finally after a long while, he found one—so all was well and he carried it back to the fairy."

"Now," said she, "you must work hard and weave yourself a wishing basket—but I can't tell you how to do that. You will have to think hard and when you have made your wishing basket, curl up and go to sleep to dream of waking up a flower. But one thing I must caution you about—when you wake you must remember that flowers are always quiet and still.

Don't move except as the flowers do when they are blow in their stems in the breeze.

And she promised to bring seven fairies with her and dance about him when the wishing-web was finished and he had gone to dream. That was the fairy spell—three times round and once more for luck. They were to dance about the little grubby brown caterpillar and wish him changed to a flower while he was dreaming.

So it all happened as it should, dearest; the little grubby brown caterpillar worked, and he worked—and he wished and he wished—and he made himself a warm little woven covering to lie down in and dream. (You have seen a caterpillar's wishing blanket ever so many times, though most people call it a "cocoon.") And the fairies came to dance their spell—three times round and once more for luck. The Four-Leaf Clover Fairy called, "One, two, three, all wish together!" And all the fairies wished that the little grubby brown caterpillar might be changed into a flower. But the funny thing about it was that they hadn't agreed beforehand just what kind of a flower to make him, so, when each wished, each thought of a different kind of flower from what the other seven were thinking about. One thought of the lily that is white; one thought of the dahlia that is brown; one thought of the purple violet, and another of the deep crimson poppy; one thought of the dull green mignonette, and another of the black and gold coreopsis; one thought of the bright yellow buttercup, and another of the sapphire blue of the gentian, and so the wishing magic was made.

After a while the little grubby brown caterpillar woke up in the wormth of the morning sunlight and he found that he was a little grubby brown caterpillar no longer, for he saw that he looked like a flower—though what flower he could not tell. He felt so happy that he forgot all about the fairy's warning and he jumped right up in the air for very joy. His petals that should have been flower petals became wings instead, and he went sailing away over the meadows, lighting now and then upon the flowers to find out which one he was most like. But he never found out, dearest! Even to this very day you will see the butterflies hovering over the flowers as he did. And the reason that there are so many different colors in the butterfly's wings is that the fairies forgot to agree upon one flower to make him like when they danced and wished the magic spell. This is a secret—and I'll tell you another. This is why the mischievous pansies in the garden bed always seem to be laughing. The little teeny-weeny elfman told them the joke and so they smile when the butterfly flits by. It was the fairies themselves who told me.—Patten Beard in The Bluebird's Garden, published by the Pilgrim's Press, Boston.

School Composition — Saved — By Mildred Jones

One wild night in March many years ago a girl sat in a fisherman's cottage awaiting the return of her father, who was out in his fisherman's boat.

It was very late, and Grace, the fisherman's daughter, was worrying about her father. The supper stood on the table untouched.

At last she could stand the suspense no longer, so she put on her heavy coat and cap and started on in search of him. At a distance she could see the dim lights of the light house. The sea was dashing up on the rocks, and the wind was blowing very hard.

She walked along the shore and came to an empty boat. She jumped in and started to row out in the deep water.

When she got quite a ways out she heard some one call. The voice was very faint and sounded far away. She rowed in the direction from which the voice came and it grew louder and louder. She found a lantern in her boat and she lit it.

She could see pieces of wood floating around and on one of the large pieces she could distinguish some men hanging. She rowed her boat around to where she could help them in to it and then rowed back home.

She gave the men some supper and after they were through they told her that the high wind drove the ship against some rocks and had dashed it to pieces. They said that if she had not rescued them they would have drowned. She was awarded a gold medal.

This is a school composition.

Mildred Jones, age 12.
1509 E. Main St., Ottumwa, olwa.

A Major General of Mexican War Brides

Yes, she married a national guardsman before he went off to the border, possibly to war with Mexico. She got her wedding finery in a hurry, but it was gorgeous. It was made of white satin with a chiffon and lace bodice, and was trimmed with beads.

Embanuel Bjork, Who Was Born in India, Has Had Thrilling Experiences

Dear Juniors:

This is the first time I have written to the Courier Junior:

I came from India, that large peninsula south of Asia. I was born there and have had a great deal of experiences. I will tell you an adventure which I had there.

When I was a baby only two years old I was sitting on the porch while my mother was having supper. Suddenly I saw a snake which was very poisonous gliding up the steps. I shouted out "Bohee Cata," "Boohee Cata," which was a word I used to say when something terrible happened. My father understood the word and came running to me. He kicked the snake away. Then he threw me in my mother's lap and ran for the doctor.

My mother pointed to many places and said "Are you bitten there?" Every place she pointed to I said "Yes."

Soon my father came panting with two doctors, a native one and an English one. The native one smiled broadly thinking of the lot of money he would get if he healed me. My father told him he didn't believe in his magic. His smile changed and he sulked out of the room. The English doctor examined me and found I wasn't bitten.

Emanuel Bjork, age 13,
1017 Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Ottumwa's Playgrounds — By Charles Barmash

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write you about Ottumwa's playgrounds.

About three years ago some women of Ottumwa who loved children formed a club for Ottumwa boys and girls. They have hired a supervisor for two years and have one again this summer.

Some parents think that children play enough in their own neighborhood, but children like to play games with a leader who teaches them to play fair and also to be generous by taking their turns and helping the litle folks with their games. The girls learn to crochet and sew from their industrial teacher. Tennis, volley ball, indoor baseball and all kinds of games are played by the children.

The playgrounds directors expect to make a playgrounds of the lot by the Des Moines river across the street from the south side park.

Charles Barmash, age 10,
424 E. Main St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Summer Pleasures — By Alice G. Conner

There are many nice and amusing things that people can do in summer.

Horseback riding is one of the greatest summer pleasures. It is healthy as well as amusing.

Picnicking is another great pleasure for summer. There is nothing I enjoy more than to take a well filled basket and a jolly bunch of girls and boys and go to the woods and spend the day.

There are many city children who never have the opportunity to enjoy a real picnic in the big homey woods.

Croquet, tennis, golf, and basket ball are nice summer games. It is good exercise for the muscles as well as a pleasure to play them.

In the summer time I can hardly stay in the house.

I sympathize with the children in the large cities who do not know the many pleasures of living in the country, especially in summer.

Taking pictures is another summer pleasure. There are so many interesting and beautiful things to take a picture of.

I have not forgotten about sending my picture to the Junior page. I will send it the next time I write.

I would like to exchange pictures with some of the Juniors.

Alice G. Conner, age 13.
Pulaski, Ia., R. No. 1.

An Old Soldier — By His Great Granddaughter, Mary Bell Austin

Dear Juniors:

I was surprized and pleased to see my story in print, and will write about my great grandfather, who was a soldier in the civil war, and marched in General Sherman's army from Atlanta to the sea.

He is eighty-three years old and says when he dies he wants to be buried in his badges and wrapped in the old army flag that they carried.

He lives in Corning, Iowa, with his oldest son.

Mamma says she has seen old soldiers weep while they sang "Marching Through Georgia."

When she was a little girl she lived at the home of a soldier who was shut in Libby prison, and helped dig the underground tunnel where so many men escaped, and how they dug with little pieces of tin and had to be so careful for the guards were very strict as the men were of no account to them. A pint of corn meal with worms in and a pint of dirty water was a man's ration for a day.

A man mamma used to know would laugh and say that it was a good thing that they did not feed them enough to make them fat, or if they had the men would never have been able to wiggle and worm out through that tiny rat hole of a tunnel.

May Bell Austin, age 11.
Agency, Ia., R. No. 1.

Stockport Junior Has a Pet Pig and a Pet Chicken

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write a few lines as I like to read the Courier Junior letters.

For pets I have a pet pig and a pet chicken. We have three calves and one colt. I hope I will read my letter.

Arah Laughlin, age 11.
Stockport, Iowa.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO.

"Don't want my hands and face washed," whimpered the Boy Who Did Not Want To, holding his hands before his face, spreading his fingers fanlike.

Mother came closer. "Why, that looks just like a little picket fence!" she exclaimed.

"What does?" asked the Little Boy, curiously.

Mother touched the grimy little fingers. "One little, two little, three little, four little, five little, six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little pickets," she counted. "Why that's quite a nice little fence. But I think it needs a new coat of paint."

Little Boy held the little fence farther from his face and regarded it thoughtfully. "Maybe it does," he said.

"But first," said mother, "we shall have to clean off the dust.

Little Boy giggled. Mother filled a bowl with splashy water and put in a cake of pinky white soap.

"I'll clean this side first," mother said, holding up the fuzzy washcloth and drawing it between each stiff little picket.

"Why, I don't believe the fence needs to be painted, after all," she said. "I'll just fix up these shiny ornaments at the top a little." So she cleaned his nails.

Little Boy giggled. "Play that again."

Mother studied his face thoughtfully. "Such a nice clean fence," she said. "I declare it makes the little house look kind of shabby. Don't you suppose we could just clean up the front door a little?"

"What door?" he asked.

Mother tapped his mouth. "I'll have to use a brush like the man had who came to clean our porch," she said, picking up toothbrush and paste. "There! Our front door is clean, at any rate, but it makes the walls and the windows look positively ashamed."

Little Boy laughed. "You may clean the walls and the windows if you like," he cried. So mother washed his rosy cheeks and blue eyes. Still she seemed downcast.

"Those dreadful side porches!" she said.

Little Boy clapped his hands to his ears.

"What will the little words think," continued mother, "when they have to go through such dirty porches?" Down came the hands and in a moment the "porches" shone like pink seashells.

Her eyes travelled to his neck next. "That awful basement," she cried.

Little Boy wriggled delightedly. "Take a brush to it," he suggested.

She shook her head. "I'll take this cloth."

"Is the dirt coming off?" he asked.

"Indeed it is! Now the house is all right but the slates on the roof. Do you think we could straighten them a little?" Little Boy nodded, and mother combed his dirty hair.

"Now!" she exclaimed, "the house is all bright as new, and here comes a snow storm." With talcum powder she dusted his hands and face, then she and Little Boy went to tea.—London Christian Life.

Horseback Riding — Buelah I. Ramey's Greatest Summer Pleasure

Dear Juniors:

As my cousin Alice G. Conner is writing you a letter and as I have written to the Junior page before I will tell you about my greatest summer pleasure, which is riding horseback.

I am never happier than when I am on a nice horse galloping over the smooth country road.

There are many children who have never been on a horse's back, but I hope all of the Juniors are lucky enough to get to ride on horseback.

I like to go after the cows on a horse and have it jump ditches. I never did fall off when riding and I rode many times and on many different horses.

I am staying at my cousin's house. It is about six and one-half miles south of Pulaski.

My cousin and I have one and one-fourth miles to go after the mail and some times we ride on a horse named Nellie.

My cousin and I go to Round Grove Sunday school every Sunday we can.

There are ten boys and four girls in our class. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Addie Brown. She is going to take our class on a picnic some nice Sunday.

I would like to exchange pictures with some of the Juniors.

Beulah I. Ramey, age 12,
Pulaski, Ia., R. No. 1.

The Country in Summertime —By Eva Elliott, a Blakesburg Junior

Dear Juniors:

I saw in the Junior page a contest and many subjects to write about. I thought I would write about the country in summer time.

We have lived on a farm at Blakesburg about two years. I like to live on a farm, especially in the summer time.

There are many flowers in the spring and summer but I like summer better, if it isn't too hot.

We are going to have a Children's Day program at Blakesburg next Sunday and as there are many large ferns on our place we are going to take some to help decorate the church.

We live one mile from town and we go quite often. We have many clubs and parties here.

Our club met at our house last Friday. We named it the F. E. M. There are fourteen that belong. We have a very good time.

I am going to Mt. Pleasant and Ottumwa to spend some of my vacation. I expect to have a good time.

I saw Hazel Goodman's composition on Glass and I thought it was very interesting.

Eva Elliott, age 12,
Blakesburg, Ia., R. 3.

The Consolidated Schools — By Cecil McMullin

Dear Juniors:

My subject is the consolidated school.

There are one hundred and fifty-five consolidated schools in Iowa. Most of them were built this year.

Most of the country schools are making no advancement in their school work and in order to advance they do it in this way.

In a consolidated school there are more pupils and so the people in the territory can afford to put in new improvements in the school room, such as manual training and domestic science.

These studies are very helpful and interesting to the pupils.

A consolidated school does not only benefit the children, but also helps the growth of wealth and population of the town or hamlet which it is built in.

Consolidation of schools is a question of today.

Cecil McMullin,
Kirkville, Ia., Box 96.

Arthur Frost of Udell on the Troy Consolidated School

Dear Junior:

This is my first letter to the Junior. I am going to write on consolidated schools. The consolidated school I go to has seven districts or twenty-nine sections. There are over 250 scholars and eight school wagons. It was built in 1914 and the building cost $13,000. There are six school rooms and seven others which are the professor's rooms, the recitation room, the coal and furnace rooms, the manual training and domestic science and the basement or playroom.

I am in the eighth grade. The school house is warm and comfortable and the people out of town are not late even if the wagon is.

Arthur Frost, age 12,
Udell, Iowa.

Children's Day—By Hildred Brown of Selma

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write a story about Children's Day. We had Children's day June 11. We had about forty children in our Sunday school. All took part in the program.

I have never written to the Junior page before, but thought I would like to join the contest.

Hildred Brown, age 12.
Selma, Iowa.

THE GINGHAM NEST.

"Mamma," said Edie, coming in from school, "our teacher wants each of us to bring her a piece of one of our school dresses to put into a quilt. Can't I give her a piece of this new gingham dress?"

"Yes, certainly," said mamma. "And I know of another place where some of your dress might be welcome—some very little btis."

"Where?"

"Mrs. Robin Redbreast is building a nest in the pine trees; and if you take this handful of clippings and scatter them about under the tree, she may be glad to weave them in."

Edie did so, and Mrs. Robin made good use of them. After the nest was done, Edie could look up and see the bits of red and blue, and she called it a "gingham nest."—Exchange.

The Nice New House of Mr. and Mrs. Mouse

(Minnie L. Upton.)

Dickie, my dear, do come here!" called Mrs. Mouse, excitedly.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse were looking around for a new house which Tabitha Catchemquick could not find so easily as she could their old one in the granary. They were determined to fool Tabitha this time.

Mr. Mouse had lagged behind to do a little looking all by himself, and he was not quite ready to come; so he called back, "Shall I come right away, or just any day?"

"Come right away, and do not stay!" answered Mrs. Mouse, very decidedly. "Here's something that we have been longing to see."

So, Mr. Mouse called back, "I'll come in a trice, as quick as three mice!"

When he reached the side of Mrs. Mouse he was glad he had hurried; for she had found a beautiful new knot-hole, low down in the door of a store-chamber where Tabitha Catchemquick could not come. The knot had just fallen out and rolled down the stairs.

Said Mr. Mouse: "What wonderful luck! Debby dear, you're a duck! I'll go in at once, or I'd be a great dunce!"

Mr. Mouse gallantly led his bright-eyed Debby through first, and then followed so quickly that he reached the floor at almost the same time that she did.

Mrs. Mouse straightened up first, and looked around. The chamber was full of such a number of things. There was an old spinning wheel, and an old melodeon, and a number of chairs, and three funny old trunks, and—but these things did not interest Mrs. Mouse. The thing that made her eyes sparkle was on the floor in a corner. It was big, and round, and yellow.

"A pumpkin, Dick! Oh, come quick!" she cried joyfully. Then they both scampered toward it, for they were very fond of pumpkins.

But, alas! Though this looked such a bright, fresh yellow, it seemed to be only the shell of a pumpkin, oh, so hard and dry! To tell you the truth—which Mr. and Mrs. Mouse never found out—it was just a big Hallowe'en Jack-o'-lantern, made of a sort of pastebcard called papier-mache. The eyes and teeth were gone, leaving great holes; but that side had been next the wall, so they had not seen it at first.

What Mr. and Mrs. Mouse did find out was that it was not good to eat. Just a very few bites told them that. It was most disappointing. But in a moment Mrs. Mouse brightened up.

"Never mind, Dickie pet! We know where to get a plenty of food that's healthful and good! This will make the best house ever was for a mouse! There'll be no draughts at all, and the children can't fall!"

"That is true! Good for you!" shouted Mr. Mouse.

They soon found some excelsior in a box, and some cotton wadding in a bag; and in the shortest time possible they had their little new house fixed up comfortable! When the little Mouse children came, soon afterward, they were just as cozy as could be.

When they were large enough to play hide-and-seek through the eyes and mouth of their house they had more fun than they knew what to do with. Truly, they did.

That was what they were doing one day when Jimmy, the boy who owned the Jack-o'-lantern, came up to get some fishing tackle. He had on rubber-soled shoes, and they did not hear him, as they were used to hearing people walking about down beneath them. Jimmy heard the funny little squeaking, and so, before opening the door, he peeped through the knot hole. Then he went and called his mother, and she came up softly, and peeped too. "The dear little things!" she said.

"Oh, mother, let's not tell Tabitha Catchemquick about them! They're so happy!" cried Jimmy.

So Mr. and Mrs. Dickie Mouse raised their family in peace and safety, and they never knew how often Jimmy and his mother came up to peep through the knot-hole to watch the children playing side-and-seek.

My Pet Pony — By Hazel Brown

Dear Junior:

I am eight years old and I thought I would write about my pet pony. Her name is Dovie. She is six years old. I have five sisters and one brother. My sisters names are Hildred, Leona, Helen, Mabel and Opal. My brother's name is Stanley. I will close.

Hazel Brown, age 8,
Selma, Iowa.

A New Courier Jr., Mercia Bjork, Was Born in India

Dear Juniors:

I am a little girl ten years old. I was born in India and have been in America only one year. I am in the fourth room at school, and I have a very nice teacher. Her name is Miss Julia Shuckrow. This is the first time I have written to the Courier Junior. I like to write to the Junior and read the funny parts in The Courier like "Bringing up Father," Petey Dink, Little Benny's Note Book and I like to draw the picture puzzle.

Mercia Bjork,
1017 Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Zenetta Storm Visits Her Friends, Marjorie and Lotta

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write to you. I was down to Collett to visit Willa and Marjorie Latta. I had a good time. We waded in the pond and made boats and sailed them. I had a good time. Dora and Bertha Brown are down visiting.

We have some little kittens.

Zenetta Storm,
Batavia, Iowa.