

NOTICE

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THE COURIER JUNIOR

OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

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FOR THE CHILDREN

VOL. XII, NO. 1

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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THE LAST WEEK.

Dear Juniors: Thursday, August 31, 1916, is the closest of the great alphabet contest. The tardy Juniors, if they did not read the alphabet stories published the first two weeks of the contest, can read Agnes Hornick's story today, and join the contest if they so desire.

The contest will close next Thursday and the following week the prize winning stories will be published. This week we want the Juniors to write about persons, cities, events, animals, etc., beginning with W, X, Y, Z. The writers may select their prizes from among the following: A doll, book of candy, roller skates, knife, blue ribbon, pin, pretty plate, Victrola record, box or box of letter paper.

TIMELY TOPICS.

We want the Juniors to write on some timely topics and we have selected the following ones as the most timely: The Play Grounds, The Country Beautiful, My Best Friend, The State Fair, The Good Roads, My state in the autumn.

The writers can select their prizes from the following articles: Box of candy, roller skates, Victrola record, box of letter paper, book or a blue ribbon. 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 we wish 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 or 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 we wish 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 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 in 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. Opal Melvin is the prize winner.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

We do wish the Juniors would acknowledge their prizes. If any Juniors have 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.

WE SEND OUR PRIZES WITHIN TWO WEEKS AFTER THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS ARE PUBLISHED.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he. "Whatever the weather may be, it's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear. That's makin' the sun shine every-where; An' the world of gloom is a world of glee. Wild the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree, An' the fruit on the stem of the bough," says he. "Whatever the weather may be," says he. "Whatever the weather may be!" "Whatever the weather may be," says he. "Whatever the weather may be, ye can bring the spring, wid its green an' gold. An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold; An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face. As ye sit at yer heart, like an owl fire-place. An' (oast the toes of yer sow), says he. "Whatever the weather may be," says he. "Whatever the weather may be!" James Whitcomb Riley.

Mary Green Has Three Sisters and One Brother

Dear Juniors: As this is the first letter I have written to you I will write about my school. My name is Mary Green. I live on May street in Ottumwa, Iowa. I go to the Franklin school. My teacher's name is Miss Seymour. The lessons I have are the following: Arithmetic, spelling, writing, reading, and drawing. I have two little sisters who go to school with me. They are both in the first room. Their names are Agnes Green and Nora Green. Nora is five years of age. Agnes is eight and I am ten. Then I have a brother sixteen years of age. His name is Joe Green and also I have a little sister Elizabeth who is only seven months of age. My schooling, teacher and lessons please me very much. Mary Green, 602 E. May St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

When Shakespeare Was a Boy

(Louise Manning Hodgkins.)

Millions of boys lived between the years of 1564 and 1616 and their names are long forgotten. There is one boy of this period who has not been forgotten for an hour. Following the Stratford march, his name has been in the London traditions, and the wording of his will, his life story might be compressed into a single paragraph; yet every large library on either shore of the sea, has in its shelves a book which would show a long shelf of books merely about Shakespeare. Like his own Mark Antony he was "a child of the time" and wrote his own life both in and between the years of his thirty and forty plays, more than a hundred and fifty sonnets, and a few other poems.

If one wonders what the boy could have been who made this man, his picture of youth and courtly attentions to the sport of his day are a fair answer to the question. The lads of his time played games and played truant. So doubtless did the boy William. The Elizabethan folk liked nothing so much as to hear of a boy who was a prodigy. Elizabethan folk liked nothing so much as to hear of a boy who was a prodigy. Elizabethan folk liked nothing so much as to hear of a boy who was a prodigy.

Who has not played "hide and seek" or "hoop and hide," Hamlet reproaches his mother for preferring his uncle to her nobler husband, and tells her she plays "hoodman blind," a game we all know under the name of "blind-man's buff." "Handy dandy," may not sound quite familiar to us, but "button, button, who's got the button?" is only its modern name. "Loggats" is more than once mentioned in the plays and is unquestionably but another form of "ring" or "log" as the grave-digger's scene says: "Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em?" Prisoners' base, baseball, and football were the games of Shakespeare's day. Dromio tells Adriana in "Comedy of Errors," if he is to be used "like a football" she must case him in leather; while Kent in "King Lear" calls Othello "a rascal of a knave."

Morris is a well known game to us as a parlor table amusement, but Shakespeare must have played it on the greensward, the table out in the field. When Titania and Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are laughing over the fact that James I. forbade football, declaring it was "meet for laming than for making abill and his people to be able an durable."

The "nimble morris prancing" is yet a popular game in rural England. Ourselves, in our day, have seen the arms have gone entirely out, and were it attempted the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would soon have the boy in hand who, like a human chess piece, has been used to do a little on the stage. Even at that time guns of clumsy make were in use for more than a century, and Falstaff says of his cowardly "food-for-powder" recruits that they are worse than a struck fool or a hurt duck at the sound of the gun's report.

Wrestling is for all time, but in Elizabethan days it had a boxing quality so pugilistic that Le Beau in "As You Like It" says of the boys who do that they lost much sport in missing a wrestling match. Touchstone observes in his ironic fashion "It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was good sport for ladies"; but archery was fine sport for them, and its refinement and skill is often revived. So anxious was the Court to have expert archers that a man of twenty-four was not permitted to shoot at less than two hundred and twenty yards while an expert would take twice the number.

Bear-baiting was the circus of Elizabethan days and court; clergy and people flocked to the Bear Gardens. Complaint was entered against the persons for hunting through the service not to be late at the amusement and more than once the town Bible was pawned or even sold to provide funds for the cruel pastime. It is to be remembered that the few and the few of the Bible in the sixteenth century and earlier. When Luther was a grown man he had his first sight of a Bible. When Elizabeth would entertain her royal sister Mary, Kenilworth she played a game more than a dozen times for the ring, and as the theater threatened to supersede the dates set must not conflict. The serious Commonwealth gave his sport the playhouse sport of shining, as "The Merry Monarch" to be stopped only by an act of Parliament early in the nineteenth century.

Shakespeare often mentions the sport of fishing, as "The pleasant angling is to see the fish. Cut with her golden oars the silver stream. And greedily devour the treacherous bait"; but fishing belongs to all times and peoples. Shakespeare must have been fond of dogs, for he let them run in and out of his plays as freely as a word. There is Silver in "The Taming of the Shrew" of whom his master says, "I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds, and Shallow in "Merry Wives" remarks of Zerk's dog, "He's a good dog and a fair dog; can there more be said?" But Launce's dog Crab, who leaves much to be desired in manners, and was "the sourest-natured dog that ever was in a house," is a good stone for heart, who would not shed a tear at leaving home, is the wise dog of Shakespeare's dogs, by the wagging of whose tail opinions were to be formed.

Shakespeare loved a good horse and has given many a word-picture of a noble steed; but here is his thoroughbred of Elizabeth's time so excellent that a dealer in horses might well commit the lines as a matter of business: "Round-backed, short-jointed, fetlocks broad and long. "Round-backed, short-jointed, fetlocks broad and long. High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong.

The Whispering Footprints

"Eddy, O Eddy! Where are you?"

"Here, mother, came a shrill little voice from the back yard. "Come here, Eddy. I want you to do something for me." Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the room and stood by his mother's sewing table, she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter?"

"Now, there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but wandering about the room.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window. "What did you call me for mother?" She had wanted him to run down to the village post office to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke. "I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because he thinks I know better than you ought to do and ought not to do than you have been in the apple cellar and that you went through the coal room?"

"Do you think you talk only with your lips?" interrupted his mother. "What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar and that you went through the coal room?" "I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly. "Look behind you?"

The little boy turned, and there between him and the door were five dusty footprints on the white matting. His mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile. "Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere?" she asked. "And, oh, my little boy, the marks that sin leaves are on your heart, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrong doing."

"Won't they come out?" asked Eddy. He meant the footprints on the matting. "But his mother was thinking about those other marks when she said: "You must ask God to forgive you, Eddy, and to take away your guilt and make you hate sin, which leaves such ugly footprints on your life."

And then for a punishment and for a reminder mother kept the footprints on the sitting room floor that whole day, so that Eddy might see them and remember how every wrong he did left dark stains in his little heart.—Selected.

The Plaid Dress

"I want a new, warm, plaid dress," said the little girl. "The days are colder and the frost will soon be here." "And the kind old shepherd lived in the sheepfold near the meadow brook heard and bleated to the shepherd: "The little girl wants a new plaid dress. I will give you wool."

So the shepherd led the kind old sheep to the brook and called to the shepherds: "The little girl wants a new plaid dress and the sheep will give his wool." "Then we will bring our shears and cut off the wool," said the shepherds. When the soft wool was sheared from the kind old sheep, the shepherds called to the carders: "The little girl wants a new dress, and we have cut and washed it, and we are spinning it into straight and soft," said the carders. And as they held up the wool, carded straight and soft, they called to the spinners, "The little girl wants a new dress, and the sheep has given his wool, and we have carded it."

"Then we will spin the wool into thread," said the spinners. "Whir, whir, how fast the spinning wheels turned, singing all the time: "The little girl wants a new dress, and the sheep has given its wool, and the shears have cut and washed the wool, and we are spinning it into thread."

"Then we will dye it into beautiful colors," said the dyers, who came and dipped the woolen threads into bright colors, red and blue and green and brown. "As they spread it out to dry the dyers said: "The little girl wants a new dress and the sheep has given its wool, and the shears have cut and washed the wool, and the carders have carded it, and the spinning wheels have spun it into thread, and we have dyed it beautiful colors."

"Then we will make it into cloth," said the weavers. "Clickety clack, clickety clack," went the looms, as the colored thread was woven in and out and made into beautiful plaid cloth. And the little girl's mother cut and stitched a warm cool dress for the little girl. It was a very beautiful plaid dress, and its gay, bright colors were ever so becoming to the little girl. She was very, very careful of it, and she loved to wear it, because her friends, the sheep, the shears, the carders, the spinning wheels, the dyers and the weavers had put so much work and kindness into the cloth from which it was made.

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide; Look what a horse should have, he did not lack. Many were the celebrations for honoring the tercentenary of the master dramatist—plays, pageants, medal contests, masques, Shakespeare gardens and masquerades; but why not add to them Shakespeare Field Days for the boys and girls, where sports of Shakespeare's time were the only ones entered. Elizabethan costumes, would give color and character.

THINKS WOMEN SHOULD HAVE VOICE IN MAKING LAWS THAT AFFECT CHILDREN



Mrs. Guldford Dudley and her two children.

Mrs. Guldford Dudley, leader of the Tennessee suffragists, is one of the "suffrage mothers" who will attend the emergency-called convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association at Atlantic City. Mrs. Dudley believes that it is high time that women had a voice in the making of the laws that affect children and the home. She will take a prominent part in deciding the next steps to be taken by the national suffragists to hasten nation-wide suffrage for women.

Bobbie's Pictures

Bobbie came and leaned against his brother's knee. "Mother brought me these picture papers," he said. "I should like to have little Ted see them. I promised that he should see all the pictures that I have. See how they are! Will they come out like that every time?"

"It is easier to transfer pictures from rough paper, like newspaper and the kind most of the magazines are printed on," said Will, "but if you rub on plenty of paraffin you can transfer a picture of any kind."

"Now," said Bobbie, "I can send our best pictures to Ted, and I need not care if they are burned." Marjorie Holley, age 11, 109 South Union St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Agnes Hornick Writes in the Alphabet Contest

This is my second time to write to the Courier Junior. San Francisco is a large city of California. It is a beautiful city. It lies on the peninsula between San Francisco bay and the Pacific ocean. It is a large manufacturing city. Thelma is the name of my friend. She has blue eyes and curly hair. Thelma lives on a farm not far from my home. We have many good times together. Thelma is thirteen years old. She goes to school and is in the seventh grade.

Utah is one of the states belonging to the United States. Its capital is Salt Lake City and it is on the Great Salt Lake. Utah is one of the great lead producing states. Flour and beet sugar are manufactured here. Utah was settled by a band of people called Mormons. Virginia is a beautiful state belonging to the United States. There are valuable coal and iron mines in Virginia. They raise lots of tobacco there. Richmond is its capital. United States navy yard is located near Virginia. Agnes Hornick, age 12, Dudley, Ia. R. 1.

Apples — By Louise Gookin of Ottumwa

I thought I would write about apples. Here are the names of some of the apples: Grimes' Golden, Roman Stem, Maiden Blush, Sheep Nose, Strawberry, Ben Davis, Jonathan, Early Duchess, Sweet Apple, Summer Queen, Red June, Russet, Whitney, Northwestern, Wine-sap, Greenings, Northern Spy, Rabbo and Crab.

Apples are useful for making vinegar, cider, apple pies, apple butter, preserves, apple tarts and apple dumplings. They are also good to eat raw. Farmers who ship their apples to other parts of the country can get a lot of money. Louise Gookin, 117 S. Elm St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Marjorie Holly Prefers Country to the Hot City

Some persons prefer the dreadful hot city to the cool refreshing country, but I do not see how they can, when the country is so beautiful, especially in spring and fall.

What is beautiful in the city was made by man, while in the country is beautiful is grown by Mother Nature. Spring in the country is a most beautiful sight to behold. All of Mother Nature's flock are returning to their forsaken homes. The violets and other purple violets which in the spring so bright and charming are now drooping their modest heads and giving up to the coming winter. In the city there is no natural beauty except in the suburbs where the tall stately trees are dressing their baby leaves in scarlet and gold. The country in summer and winter is also beautiful but nothing compared with spring and fall.

Marjorie Holley, age 11, 109 South Union St., Ottumwa, Ia.

A Legend — By Helen Criswell of This City

Once as Alexander the Great and some of his soldiers were riding through an underground passageway they noticed that when their horses hoofs struck the pebbles that sparkled from them. A few of the soldiers leaned over and picked some of these pebbles up. They thought that they would examine them when they got into the light.

While the soldiers wondered what these strange words could mean they suddenly the end of the underground passage. They took their pebbles out of their pockets and behold, they were not pebbles but very costly jewels. There were diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Then the soldiers understood the meaning of the strange words. He who gathered some pebbles are sorry that they did not gather more and he who gathers no pebbles at all is more sorry because he has none. Helen Criswell, age 10, 410 S. Willard St., Ottumwa, Ia.

The Story of My Ancestors — By Edna Kopsiker

I have never written to the Courier Junior but once. This time I am going to write about my ancestors. My great-grandfather and grandmother came across the ocean with nine children. All of them that came across were seafolk. They came from Ireland. When they came to Iowa there were no fences nor roads. They just went across the fields wherever they wanted to go. They lived by Pekin, Iowa. They could angle pretty near from there to Ottumwa or Fairfield. There were no bridges. They had to ford the streams. There used to be great blizzards come up and the cattle would wander off on the prairie and they would lay down and freeze to death. This is the difference between now and fifty years ago. Edna Kopsiker, age 11, Hedrick, Iowa, R. H. No. 2.

An Orchard of Apples; Owner Cleared \$1,000, Says Mabel Walker

Dear Juniors: This is my first letter to you and I hope to see it published. I am going to write about the orchard of apples I saw when I went to the country. In this orchard there were all kinds of apples. These are some of them: Different kinds of crabs, Yellow Transparent, Duchesne, Early Harvest, which were summer apples. The fall apples were: Grimes' Golden, Wealthy, Man-apple, Maiden Blush, Summer Queen.

The winter apples were: Snow Apple, Ben Davis, Jonathan, Northern Spies, Iowa Pippins and Janets. This man cleared about \$1,000 on his apples last year because it was a good apple year. The people made money on their apples by shipping them to other towns and coming to town and selling them. This man has a big basement full of forty bushels of apples at it.

I saw several acres of apples but there was one especially pretty with an assortment of apples in it. Apples are a healthy food for any one. Like apples, especially especially papa. We eat quite a few of them. Apples are used for many purposes in cooking, baking, preserving and for jelly. Mabel Walker, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Opal Melvin Tells of Her Auto Trip to Indiana

I saw that you want some newsy letters so I thought I would write a letter about our trip to Indiana. We went in our Oakland car. We started Sunday July 30. Started in the morning at 4 o'clock and drove 226 miles the first day. Crossed the Mississippi river at Hannibal, Mo., on a bridge. We were going to see my aunt who lived at Hannibal, Mo. We stayed at the Hotel.

We stopped in Springfield, Ill. We went through the capitol building, the supreme court building and the arsenal building. We went through the museum and we all thought it was the greatest museum we ever saw. When we got to my aunt's it was about 7 o'clock. The next day we went to see some caves, the Hammers and Donelson caves. We stayed at my aunt's four or five days. Then we started for home. We came through Terre Haute and Decatur; crossed the Mississippi river on a big ferry. We saw a big steamboat on the river. We saw a man who had just killed a large diamond rattlesnake with ten rattles. He gave us the snake and helped pave skin it. We tanned the hide and stuffed it with sawdust and have it as a real eye saw.

We got home about 5 o'clock that evening and we all thought we had a fine trip. Opal Melvin, age 13, Hale, Mo., R. 1.

Helen N. Criswell Writes Composition, "The Quick Reply"

I am going to send in a composition. I have written several other letters to the Courier Junior, but only one of them has ever been published. The name of the story is "The Quick Reply."

One day a wealthy man arrived at Boston. He owned some land there and he wanted to see about selling it. As he got off the train a dirty faced ragged boy ran up to him. The boy said "Mornin' paper, sir, two cents apiece." The millionaire bought one. He handed the boy a five cent piece. While the boy was getting the change out of his pocket the man said "You keep the three cents and buy a cake of soap and wash your face with it."

By the time the boy had got the change and as he handed it to the man he said "Here you take it and buy a book of politeness." The man went away very much ashamed, while the people smiled at the little boy's quick reply. Helen N. Criswell, age 12, 201 S. Schuyler St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Daisy Lauderback Tells of Her Visit in the Country

I thought I would write to the Courier Junior and tell you about my visit in the country. I went to Lacona up to my grandparents' school. My grandpa went by myself. I got off at Lucas. My uncle Jim was there to meet me. It was about ten miles to their house. I went on Saturday and the next day went to Sunday school about five or six miles from their house. I like to ride to church. It was children's night at their church and I got to see the program. It was good.

I helped to milk. I liked to milk. I can milk pretty good. And I gathered the eggs. We got twenty to thirty eggs a day. When time came to shock oats I helped shock. My cousin is ten years old. He can do nearly as much as a man. I go to Washington school, an' their names are Dwayne and Waldo. I like to live in the country fine. At night I would tell ghost stories, and they would get scared. They would want to go in the house. Daisy Lauderback, 1731 Mabel St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Harry's Aunt Writes Letter; Not Old Enough Yet to Write

Dear Juniors: As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought I would write a letter now. My aunt is writing this for me, as I am not old enough to write yet. I have one brother and a sister. Their names are Irene and Carl. I live at Kirksville, Mo., with my mamma and papa. I go to Washington school, an' staying at my grandpa's now. I have been here ever since the Fourth of July and I am going to go to school down here. I like to live out in the country. Grandpa lives on a farm of 27 acres I like to go fishing and wading. Harry Kansallik, Dudley, Ia., R. 1.

Two Great Men — But the Name of the Writer Got Misplaced

I thought I would write about the two great and noble men, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Washington was a very noble son. He was good and honest and he never told a lie. His father got him a hatchet one Christmas. He was very fond of it. He would shave up wood with it. He went out in the garden and he saw his father's beautiful cherry tree. He went up very close to it and chopped it down. His father came out into the garden and he said "Who chopped down my cherry tree?" And then George said "It was I father; I cannot tell a lie. I chopped it down with my little hatchet and then his father said I would rather not have my boy tell a lie. George Washington also was the commander of the revolutionary war. He was very young but he could be depended upon. He was a great general but not fond of fighting, but he made peace for the country as soon as possible after the war. The people made him their president to look after their country. It was said of him, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When Abraham Lincoln was a little boy he was very poor. But yet he was honest. He hadn't much chance to get an education but he was eager to learn. He studied hard what few books he had and made the best of every opportunity. Once a kind neighbor of his lent him a book.

Abe lived in a log cabin, not at all like our houses. It was made of mud and logs. He had hardly time to even peek in the leaves of his book. Sometimes in the morning he would lay in bed and read, and then his father would call him. One morning when he awoke to get his book where he kept it between the logs it was all covered with snow and so was his bed. It had snowed all over it. He laid it down on the floor and he was glad to get it. When he got dressed he took the book in his hand and ran over to his neighbor's and looking straight into his face with clear and honest eyes he said, the book was spotted with a hole. He worked for it. I will do anything you want me to do said Abe. Will you mill fodder corn. Yes, said Abe. So he worked very hard and became the president of the United States.

[This Junior's name got lost.]

George Washington — By Roland Fitzgerald

George Washington was born February 22, 1732. He died December 15, 1799 at the age of 67 years, 9 months and 23 days. He served in the English army in the struggle for the independence of America between France and England. He also served in the revolutionary war. In the French and Indian war he was with Braddock when Braddock received his death wound. In the revolutionary war he was in camp with his soldiers one day in the dead of winter. As the morning was cold he had put on a long overcoat which hid his uniform. At one place he saw a corporal and his men building a breastwork of logs. The men were just about to lift a heavy log upon the breastwork when Washington came up. The log was so heavy and the breastwork so high that the men could not see over the top of the logs. Then Washington ran up and with his strong arms gave them the help which they so much needed. When Washington asked why the corporal did not take hold and aid, he help the men who he heard of, the corporal replied that he was corporal. The Washington replied that he was general, and the next time he had a log too heavy for his men to lift to send for him. Roland Fitzgerald, Floris Ia., R. No. 2.

Fern Phillips Has Two Sisters and Three Brothers

As I have never written to the Courier Junior I thought I would write a letter now. I have two sisters and three brothers. My brothers' names are Lester, Leo and Clem and my sisters' names are Verle and Ethel. I go to Elm Grove school. Our school will begin the fourth of September. I am a little girl 9 years old. I have dark hair and dark eyes. Fern Phillips, Birmingham, Ia., R. L.

Irene Clossen Writes Interestingly of Her Grandfather

Dear Juniors: As I have never written before I will write about my grandpa. He was born in Tennessee May 22, 1830. He came to Iowa when he was but a little boy of fifteen years. In the year of 1845, he split rails for his father for fifty cents a hundred. They settled in Keokuk county where land was selling for twelve and one-half cents per acre. I believe my grandpa is the oldest mail carrier living. He began to carry mail in the year of 1850. He carried the mail on horseback from Oskaloosa to Wapello, the county seat of Louisa county. At first he could carry all the mail in one overcoat pocket. In later years he carried the stage coach, carrying the mail and passengers both. Grandpa is a great violinist. He is a tall and hearty old man, now past eighty-six years old. Irene Clossen, age 11, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Dale Clark, a Pupil at the Walnut Grove School — His Teacher, Miss Seaburg

Dear Juniors: It has been so long since I have written to the Courier Junior, so I thought I would write. I go to Walnut Grove school, and my teacher's name is Mamel Seaburg. I am in the fifth grade and my studies are reading, history, arithmetic, physiology, language, geography, and spelling. I do not like physiology very well. Dale Clark, Ottumwa, Iowa, R. R.