

NOTICE!

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VOL. XII, NO. 4

OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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THE CIRCUS CONTEST.

Dear Juniors: Today in the center of the Junior page are four circus pictures grouped together. Well we want all the Juniors to write a circus story...

THE BULL CONTEST.

We hope all the Juniors will work in the bull contest which was announced last week. As we have extended the closing from Monday, September 25 to Friday, September 29...

THE SEPTEMBER CONTEST.

Three weeks have gone by since the big contest was announced. However as there still remains one week in which the Juniors can work in this contest we will reprint the rules again...

THE GREAT PEOPLE OF MY STATE.

In the beginning of this announcement we said the big contest would run through September and that we would give away four prizes...

ANOTHER CONTEST.

We also want the Juniors who think the new contest is too big to write on one of the following subjects: The Story of a Nickel, My Best Friend, A Pet Dog, Corn and Apples, Sweet Potatoes and Cotton, A Letter to Mother.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

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...

BEVEN 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.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was born February 22, 1732. Much of his childhood was spent on the Rappahannock river, nearly opposite the town of Fredericksburg.

Surprize in the Cherry Pie

Surprize in the Cherry Pie

"Mother, don't you think that if I'm going into the exhibit this fall I ought to begin learning how to cook pretty soon?"

"Yes, Helen, I do, for the summer will go by before you know it. What would you like to make first?"

"Oh, I think pies would be the nicest. I guess that's because you're so fond of them, dear. But they are not very easy things to begin with. I should think gingerbread or cookies or rice pudding would be better."

"No, I'd rather make a pie, mother. If you don't mind—a cherry pie like the one we had at grandma's last week, for I'm sure that would win a prize anywhere."

"Well, here are some cherries that need to be stoned. Suppose you begin with these. Only be very careful to get all the stones out, for it spoils a cherry pie to bite unexpectedly into a hard stone. Take the bowl over by the window where it is cool. And you'd better put on your apron, for the cherries are very juicy this year and you mustn't get anything on that pretty new gingham dress."

"All right, mother, but I don't see why you have to wear aprons if you cook. I hate them. Please, after you get the crust ready may I put in the cherries and do all the rest?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry and get them stoned." "I will, mother. See, I've got a lot done already."

Then Helen sat down by the window that looked out onto the smooth green lawn and the vegetable garden beyond. Her little fingers worked very fast at their task, but her eyes would wander from one thing to another, both inside the house and out.

"Oh, that will be fine, mother! What shall I do first?" "Well, here are some cherries that need to be stoned. Suppose you begin with these. Only be very careful to get all the stones out, for it spoils a cherry pie to bite unexpectedly into a hard stone. Take the bowl over by the window where it is cool. And you'd better put on your apron, for the cherries are very juicy this year and you mustn't get anything on that pretty new gingham dress."

"All right, mother, but I don't see why you have to wear aprons if you cook. I hate them. Please, after you get the crust ready may I put in the cherries and do all the rest?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry and get them stoned."

Subjects for the New Junior Contest



Irene Walters Likes the Farm; Also "Prudence Says So"

Dear Juniors: As I have not written to the Courier Junior for so long a time I thought I would write about our farm. We moved here April 15, 1918, and we have a pig, a cow, a horse and a buggy and about a hundred chickens.

Hazel Tells All About the Farm

Dear Juniors: I thought I would tell you about the farm. I have eighteen little ducks and seven little geese and I have two dogs, one named Skip and one named Trislie. We have seven cows and five calves.

Helen Ray Writes a Most Interesting Story About Her Ancestors

Dear Juniors: I have never written to the Courier Junior before, but now I will write about my ancestors. The first one I know about is from Scotland, to America before the French-Indian war, and settled in Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

Beavers, and How Hard They Work

The beaver is a well paid large animal. It is about three feet in length and weighs forty or fifty pounds. Its fur is a kind of a grayish brown. A beaver cannot bear to live alone. He is very happy when a large number of beavers are close at hand.

Jean Millet

Jean Millet was a great French painter. His father and mother were poor peasants. When Jean's father and mother would go out in to the fields and work, they heard the bell or angelus which folded their hands and prayed. Some of his paintings are "Water Carriers," "The Cleaners," and the best one is the "Angelus."

Mary Gonterman Tells an Unusual Story; Happenings Occurred Near Batavia in 1860

Dear Juniors: As I have not written for a long time I will tell you an unusual story which happened a few miles from my home in the spring of 1860.

One Saturday while T. B. Barnett was fishing in Cedar Creek one and one-half miles north of Batavia he discovered in a state of nudity, the dead body of a woman, a little girl about six years old and a boy aged about twelve years. The woman and the girl had drifted partly under some roots of a tree that had fallen in the creek.

The sheriff and coroner, the county judge, William K. Alexander offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers and sent out the following description:

A woman and two children were murdered on Friday evening last, and the bodies thrown into Cedar Creek about nine miles west of Fairfield. The murderer is supposed to be about six feet high, of ordinary weight, dark complexion, without whiskers, and when seen on Friday afternoon, was unshaven and was wearing a half worn Lehigh hat and dirty white shirt; he was without a coat or vest. He was driving two yoke of oxen to a wagon, which was old, with a dirty mullin cover. From the track where the bodies were carried to the creek it was supposed that there were two persons concerned in the murder. An additional reward was raised by subscription among the citizens of Fairfield. Sheriff Robb started at once for Batavia, where he learned that an old man and a little boy with an ox team, answering to the description given in the hand bill issued by the judge, had been seen on the road on the day of the murder near where the bodies had been found.

The little fellow told the sheriff that his name was William Willis. The dead woman was his mother, but he did not see her killed; he awoke in the night and saw her lying in the wagon dead, with a large gash in her head. He saw Kephart kill his sister and sister-in-law; they had awakened when his mother was killed and jumped out of the wagon and Kephart had some trouble to catch them as they ran under and around the wagon to keep out of his reach.

The boy first remembered seeing Kephart in Muscatine, Ia., when he came to move the family south. His father's name was William Willis. It was ascertained that Kephart and the Willis family lived in Cherokee county, Missouri, for a time where he kept a grocery and sold whisky to the Indians. In the spring of 1860 he started for Iowa. The boy further stated that his mother whose name was Jane Willis, and his brother and sister, Joseph and Maria, aged 12 and 6 years, were killed near Eddyville, Ia., and that the bodies had been hauled at the distance of thirty miles.

Kephart was at one time a preacher in the church of the United Brethren, and at the time of the murder had a certificate or license to preach with him. He was the father of nine children and lived in Washington county, Iowa. When they bound him with rope and took him to jail he got a piece of the rope he was bound with and tried to hang himself in his cell, but the sheriff cut the rope.

On Thursday morning after the murderer was secured, a large body of well armed men, on horseback, in wagons, and on foot marched into Fairfield and proceeded directly to the jail, surrounded it and called for the murderer. The lynchers were from Wapello and Jefferson counties, Fairfield being opposed to their mode of procedure. The judge talked to the crowd and tried to satisfy them, to give the prisoner a fair trial, but they cried louder for the doors to be opened.

The mob procured posts as their battering ram against everything that stood between them and their victim. Down came the barred door and the prisoner was seized by four men who carried him off to a wagon under guard. The wagon containing the prisoner stopped at nearly every house on the road in order that all might see the fiendish murderer. He was so faint from the trip that buckets of water were thrown over him. When they arrived within a distance of thirty miles, there also gathered 1,200 people along the road from Fairfield.

They were murdered because they would not tell where their money was and he kept this one little boy thinking he would make him tell where the money was hidden but he did not do so until Kephart was arrested, then he told them that the money was hidden in a keg of soap grease, amounting to \$428. This amount, the wagon and oxen were kept for the benefit of the living boy. This boy was taken care of by the people of Fairfield and grew to manhood and afterward went west and is an officer on one of the boats on the western coast.

Mary Gonterman, Batavia, Ia., R. No. 3. A Practical Love Potion. A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love potion. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and set him to eat it." The young wife did so and her husband loved her ever after.

The Wonderful Basket

"Uncle Ned, please tell me a story." "I've got one, Pussy."

"That was just a little speck. Please tell me a nice, long one." "Run away, that's a dear! I want to read."

"But I want a story." "I'm tired." "You ain't as tired as my papa. He works all day at the bank, but he never says 'Run away!' He always tells me stories."

"If I'll tell you one more story, will you promise to run away and not bother me any more?" "If you'll tell me two, three—"

"Not another word, Miss! I'll tell you one story and one only, if you'll promise." "Well, I promise." "All right."

"A great girl like you? I'm too tired." "I want to sit in your lap!" "Come along! come along! There now, shut up that mouth tight! Don't ask a single question or I can't tell the story."

"Once there was a wonderful basket. It was made as big as the world. And it was full of—of crabs! And they were all—jumping!" "What for?" "Because they were so happy. I say, Now, not another word. Didn't I say 'Keep that little mouth shut'?"

"Well, the crabs got happier and happier, and at last one jumped out." "Where did he jump?" "Out, guess! Didn't I say 'out'? Now you just listen. It's going to get exciting. Then another jumped out and another jumped out and another—"

"I don't like that story! Tell me 'bout'—"

"You keep still, Pussy, and hear this lovely story. It's going to get exciting and exciting. Then another jumped out, and another jumped out and another—"

"I want to go and play." "Play, when I'm telling you such a fine story? Why, you couldn't be so impolite. Just listen—then another jumped out and another jumped out, and—"

"Wasn't it really wonderful how they all got to jumping? Then another jumped out." "I want a drink of water."

"By and by when we have finished this beautiful story. And another jumped out, and another jumped out! Then another." "I feel sick!"

"Too bad—too bad! So did the crabs jump with joyful excitement! Well another jumped out and another jumped out, then—"

"Edward!" "Grandma stood in the doorway. She saw her son mumble something in a great hurry, while Pussy sat on his lap, her two hands firmly clasped in her uncle's. Pussy's cheeks were very red and a big tear glistened on either one."

"Edward, have you made that blessed child cry? Aren't you ashamed?" Then Uncle Ned put his lips to Pussy's ear and whispered— "Then they all jumped out!"

beaver left his hut quickly, and swam to the dam to see what was wrong. As soon as he saw the channel that had been dug he struck four loud blows with his tail and every beaver in the village left his bed and rushed out in the hole and mud and stones were hurled at the dam, when they reached the dam and saw the large hole in it they took counsel as to what they should do. Then the head beaver gave orders to the rest and all went to the bank to get sticks and mud.

When they had gathered together as much as they could carry, they formed in line and marched with their loads to the dam. The sticks were thrown into the hole and mud and stones were packed upon them. They worked hard and in a short time the dam was as good as ever. Then one of the old beavers struck two blows with his tail, and in a few minutes all were in bed and asleep again.

Nettie Miller, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Ardash Meader Tells of Her Trip to Chicago and to St. Joseph, Mich.

Dear Juniors: I will write about my trip to Michigan with my mother and sister and I left here on Sunday night August 20, 1918 on No. 12 at 1:30 for Chicago. We got to Chicago at 8 o'clock in the morning. We got on the steamer called 'The City of St. Joseph' and rode 49 miles across Lake Michigan. We landed in St. Joseph, there we took the interurban car and went to Eau Claire, Mich.

Then we took an automobile to my mamma's cousin's. They have two dogs, eight cats and four geese, and all eat out of the same dish peacefully. We stayed there four days and then we took an auto and went to another cousin's near Benton Harbor, Mich. They have a large fruit farm. I had all the peaches I wanted to eat. We stayed there two days and then we went in an automobile to Benton Harbor and went through the House of David. I saw birds and other kinds of animals. Then we took the train for Chicago and stayed there all day and we went in a big fish market and saw all kinds of fish and live crabs. Then we took the train at 5:30 for Ottumwa and got here at 12 o'clock at night.

Ardash Meader, age 10, 805 West 3d St., Ottumwa, Ia.

JEAN MILLET

Jean Millet was a great French painter. His father and mother were poor peasants. When Jean's father and mother would go out in to the fields and work, they heard the bell or angelus which folded their hands and prayed. Some of his paintings are "Water Carriers," "The Cleaners," and the best one is the "Angelus."

Madeline Johnson, Ottumwa, Ia.