

NOTICE!

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OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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A HALLOWEEN CONTEST. Dear Juniors: Do you all realize that we will be celebrating Halloween in a little more than two weeks. In fact to be very exact, two weeks from next Tuesday. Well, we always have a fine contest for the Halloween Junior page. Two new ideas popped up in our mind today and both were prompted by something we read, one in a Junior's letter and one in an advertisement in the Big Courier. The Junior said: "I would like a doll for a prize so I can give it to my sister for a Christmas present." The advertisement in the Big Courier said: "Scents-a-bal, or perfume pendant." You know wearing a scents-a-bal one carries a beautiful perfume around all the time. The perfume is kept in a gold ball, enameled in colors and can be worn on a ribbon around the neck. It is a beautiful ornament. Here is a picture of a scents-a-bal, attached to a chain. Ours will be on a ribbon.



Well by this time you Junior readers are probably wondering what connection there is between Halloween, getting a prize so as to keep it for a Christmas gift for sister, and a scents-a-bal. Well among the prizes we will give for the best story in the following Halloween contest will be a scents-a-bal. The winner can keep it for a birthday or a Christmas gift for mother or sister.

HALLOWEEN IN 1915. HALLOWEEN IN THE CITY. HALLOWEEN IN THE COUNTRY. The writers can select other prizes besides a scents-a-bal from the following: Halloween candy (real however); Halloween souvenirs, book, school supplies, doll, a knife or a football.

THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY CONTEST. As the James Whitcomb Riley contest does not close until Oct. 31 we will reprint the rules again: Today we saw a beautiful picture, and the picture suggested the subject for a new contest—James Whitcomb Riley. You all will remember that Mr. Riley was one of America's greatest poets and that he died Saturday night, 1916.

We will try and describe the picture which gave us the suggestion for the James Whitcomb Riley contest: In the center is a splendid likeness of the poet. And surrounding it are several illustrations (pictures) of seven of his poems, among them being: The Old Swain's Love; That Old Sweetheart of Mine; When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and Out to Old Aunt Mary's. Well, we want all the Juniors, big and little, to write compositions, using their subjects, James Whitcomb Riley, or American poets. The prizes will be a collection of Mr. Riley's poems, the judges making the selection after reading the compositions. The ages of the writers, of course, will determine the collection of poems most suitable.

A PRIZE WINNER. June Gonterman has written a wonderful story about her ancestors so the prizes awarded her a prize.

OTHER SUBJECTS. We all want the Juniors to send in school compositions and other stories, besides the ones on the subjects we suggest. Sometimes children can write better compositions when choosing their own subjects. We especially want letters and ancestor stories to encourage originality and variety in the Juniors' work the following list given: School compositions. Ancestor stories. Interesting letters. Book reviews. Unusual stories. Current events. Soldier stories related by veterans and retold by Juniors. Select prizes from among the following: Bluebird, pin, friendship link, book, box of letter paper, doll, box of school supplies, box of candy, knife, football, etc.

ANOTHER CONTEST. We also want the Juniors who like the other subjects are too hard 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. Select prizes from among the following:

The Story of Temp Wick — By Flora Alma Humble

Dear Juniors: I thought I would tell you a story. It is my school composition. Once upon a time a place near Morris town, known as the Wick farm. And their daughter's name was Temp who owned a very fine horse. She was not afraid to ride him. It was her delight to ride him over the road and through the woods of the country. She was not afraid of horses. When she was a little child, she was not afraid to ride by herself.

So one fine afternoon Temp went out riding. She went far and wide. As she was about a mile from her home she met some soldiers. Two of them stepped in front of her and called for her to stop. And she did so. Two of the soldiers took hold of her bridle and were looking at her horse and talking about him as if they were going to trade or buy him. They said they wanted all the good horses. She said that she did not want to dispose of him.

And they said that if they were going to take her home that they ought to be willing to give up their horses. Temp did not want them to rob her of him and to get away from the soldiers she gave her horse a sharp cut with the whip. He dashed through the soldiers and before the soldiers could think of anything she was away. They did not give up the chase. Two or three of them fired guns and thought it would frighten her and make her stop. She did not. She went right on like a deer with a hunter after her. She knew that if she took him in the woods and tied him to a tree they would know he was a very short distance away by her coming back on foot. She would not take him to the barn for there was no one to keep them from going to the barn.

She took him into the house. She took him into the kitchen, then through the parlor and into a lower room that was a guest chamber. There was a single window. They kept the shutter shut all the time as it was not used. And it was dark. The horse followed like company would. Temp stood by her horse in that dark room. The door was closed. When the soldiers reached the farm they examined the out houses, the barn, the woods, far and near, but no horse was found. They did not think of the horse being in the house. Temp was afraid to go to the barn and get out and say for him. She gave him biscuit and soft bread. The horse was very fond of bread.

When the army rode away none of them rode on that fine horse they saw Temp on. When they were about to lay their hands on him she had flown away like a bee from under a school boy's hat. When they had gone Temp took the horse back to the barn and put him in his stall. Flora Alma Humble, Birmingham, Iowa, R. No. 1.

Clara Louise Lambert Saw a Wedding and Circus All in One Day

Dear Mother: I am going to tell you all about the wedding and circus which I saw all in one day.

One of the Garfield teachers was married and all of us were invited to the wedding. About fifty children, including myself, met on the school house steps at 7:30 o'clock. Then we marched two by two into the church to see our hat. When they had looked very pretty and they had fine music. I liked the wedding. The show ground was right back of our school and at recess we all went over. I saw lions, tigers, bears, and five camels and a little baby camel. I went into the tent and saw a zebra. We went to the circus every time we could. Aunt Helen said it was a "topsy turvy day," but I thought it was fine.

Clara Louise Lambert, age 7, 520 N. Green St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Benton J. Story Has Great Love for James Whitcomb Riley

Dear Friends: I call you a friend because I feel great affection towards you for you have great love for Riley and I have too.

When I was of the age of four I was to learn the best story to say at church. But I was sick the day I was to say it. I said at five o'clock a banquet of the O. O. F. I have said it two times and the people around here still are much pleased when anyone says it. He is very highly honored around here. I have read some of his poems over time after time and it was just as new as it was the first time I read it. At his death I felt like it was the death of my friend I had seen every day of my life.

Benton J. Story, Keosauqua, Iowa.

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, 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. We send our prizes within one week after the names of the winners are published.

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.

PRETTY DAUGHTER OF RED SOX OWNER THROWS FIRST BALL IN THE BIG SERIES



Miss Dorothy Lannin, the pretty little daughter of President Joseph J. Lannin, Red Sox owner, had the most important feminine role in the big games this fall.

June Elizabeth Gonterman Olive Strands Writes a "Biography" of a Nickel

Dear Juniors: Our ancestors of revolutionary fame are the Balls and Starks, Gontermans and Casa.

The relationship of the Gontermans to Mary Ball Washington, mother of George Washington, the father of our country, has been handed down through the several generations but to which branch of the great family belongs the Balls who married the Gontermans and Starks has never been fully traced. Our family is connected with many of the noted families of early days, being direct descendants of the Balls and Starks of revolutionary fame.

The Ball family in America originated from two brothers who came from England to America in the year 1650, one settling in Virginia and the other in New Jersey. The Virginia Ball, Colonel William Ball, later became great grandfather of Mary Ball Washington, mother of George Washington and the New Jersey Ball, her great great uncle. From these two brothers grew two branches of the Ball family, Caleb Ball, the once great financier of New York, belonged to the New Jersey branch.

My great great grandfather was Jacob Gonterman who married Hannah Stark. Hannah Stark's mother was a Ball and Jacob had Hannah Gonterman's son Caleb Ball Gonterman was my great grandfather and Caleb Ball Gonterman married Elizabeth Miller and their son Jacob Miller Gonterman was my grandfather. I also have a great uncle Caleb Ball Gonterman who was the eldest son of Caleb Ball Gonterman Sr. born Aug. 20 1787, and was given the name Ball for Hannah Stark's mother, Caleb being a name much used in the Ball family. The second son John Stark was named for Hannah Stark's father born Sept. 14, 1800. The third son Jacob Cass G. born Aug. 20 1803 and given the name Cass for Jacob Gonterman's mother.

I expect you have read of the Starks and Balls in history and can tell more than I can at present.

Martha Washington's maiden name was Martha Dandridge whom George Washington met when he took dinner on his way to Cambridge in 1758, and they were married in 1759. She was a widow. Her name was Custis and she had two children when they were married.

I believe this is all I can tell at present about my ancestors.

June Elizabeth Gonterman, age 10, Batavia, Iowa.

Harold Jones on a Wyoming School at Alva

Dear Juniors: I will tell you a story of my school in Alva Wyoming. My school house is about one block from the stores.

There are fifteen pupils in my school. We have a man teacher. We all like him fine. I am in the fifth grade this year. This is our third week of school. There is a boy who lives about three miles up the road from here. He comes past here every morning. I go and come from school with him. We carry our dinners every day and we put it on a table together and we all help ourselves. At noon and recess we play six chips or wood tag. We children are divided so the boys play on one side of the yard and the girls on the other side.

Harold Jones, age 11, Alva, Wyoming.

Across the Hills

Who in the wild hills strays, These late October days, A gift receives Upon his shoulders laid— A cloak of rich brocade (Yet all unwoven) the maple leaves.

How a Little Boy Became a "Big Boy"

"Mother, the other fellows don't have their kid brothers a-tagging around all the time. Jim Sturgis gets some fellow to hold on to his, and then he runs off." Edwin looked scornfully down at six-year-old Lawrence, who was trying so hard to be a big boy.

"I'm glad you don't treat your little brother that way," mother said. "I should be very much ashamed of you if you did." Edwin's face turned red. He had never asked another boy to hold his chubby little Lawrence, it is true, but he ran away and left him ever so many times! Jim thought that was "being smart," but Edwin felt sure mother would not agree with Jim.

"Did you know I was the fastest runner in school?" asked Edwin, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "No," answered mother, "but I need a boy who can run fast. Father's new hat blew down into Abbott's Gully in the storm last night. He didn't have time to get it on his way to the shop this morning, so he asked me to send one of you boys after it this noon. I think a boy who can run fast will have time to get that hat before one o'clock."

"All right, I'll get it!" and Edwin pulled on his coat. A way the ran with his longest strides, turning now and then to make sure that mother and Lawrence were watching him from the window. When he reached the center of the bridge that spans Abbott's Gully, he peered over the railing, looking this way and that. He crossed to the other side, and peered again. He saw ice, snow, slush, leafless bushes, and trees, but nothing that could be father's good hat, so he turned about and ran for home.

"Back so soon!" exclaimed mother. "Why, you've been gone only twenty minutes! But where's the hat?" "It isn't there," promptly answered Edwin. "I guess somebody stole it, or maybe the wind blew it away." As soon as school was out that afternoon all the big boys started off together. Lawrence and some of the other small boys wanted to follow, but Jim Sturgis called back, "All you kids get along out of this," and they dared not disobey Jim!

Lawrence, dragging his sled behind him, was trudging home all by himself when he remembered father's good hat, which he still felt was down in that gully, just waiting for some one to come and find it, and he made up his mind to try what he could do. Lawrence was so short that his chin barely touched the railing over which Edwin had looked so easily, so he went around to the end and leaned over as far as his arm would reach.

"Can't see it," he said to himself, "but I guess it's there, all right. I'm going to be sure." Then he lay flat on his sled, and went shooting down over the snow and ice. The sled did not stop at the foot of the hill, but went part way up the other side of the gully, and then slid back and tumbled poor Lawrence into a clump of bushes. Some of them scratched his face, but he did not cry, not he! He might be a little boy, but he was no baby.

Scrambling to his feet, he began to look about for the missing hat, and before very long his bright eyes spied it, wedged between the trunks of two young trees. "Away down under the bridge, where I couldn't have seen it at all, even if I'd been big enough to look over the railing," laughed he, as he pulled the hat from its hiding-place and punched it into shape. To climb out of the gully without again denting that hat, or for a moment losing his hold on the sled rope, was not easy for a plump boy of six. Several times he stumbled, and once he fell flat, but finally hat, sled and boy all reached the top of the hill.

"Where have you been?" asked Edwin, as the little brother appeared in the sitting room doorway, his face happy under the scratches, and both hands held behind him. "Down in the gully after the hat!" cried Lawrence. "And here it is!" "Thank you, Lawrence, smiled mother. "Once I had just one big boy, but now I have two, big, long boy, and a big, strong boy." Edwin said nothing then. He just kept his eyes on his book and looked very sheepish indeed. But that night when the light was blown out and he was sure mother had closed the door into the sitting-room, he whispered, "Say, Bub, how'd you like to be one of the big fellows?" "I'd like it!" answered Lawrence, eagerly. "I don't believe the others will mind if I ask 'em," Edwin assured him with the lordly air of the nine-year-old. "And I'll do it tomorrow, sure pop."

When Jimmy Flew

Jimmy was just an ordinary, wide awake, curiosity satisfying boy, with a very inventive mind. In the short term of years that had elapsed since he started on the road to learning, three things that were of much interest to him had been born into the world. They were the automobile, the motorcycle and the aeroplane. Upon wireless telegraphy he had not bestowed more than a passing thought, for as he forcibly expressed it, "it didn't get you nowhere."

Of the first mentioned three he desired to make for himself one of each, and in reality had made an automobile that went haltingly and uncertainly down the road for distances varying from a few feet to half a mile. Upon its completion Jimmy was the king of his gang for ten days—just ten days and no longer. He was coasting down the long hill in front of his father's home one day when the machine became unmanageable and ran away. On the bridge it struck a cow, breaking her leg so she had to be killed for beef. The automobile, with Jimmy at the wheel, then jumped the balustrade, landing in the water upside down, and had it not been for ready assistance Jimmy would have been drowned.

Jimmy was just at that age when he was easily frightened at something of no consequence, yet would, with perfect equanimity, climb to the top of a forty foot windmill tower while the wheel was turning in a perfect gale and wonder why his parents became so excited and ordered him down forthwith. It took more than an automobile accident to dampen his inventive spirit, so he took up the manufacture of a motorcycle with renewed enthusiasm. In it, however, he found more than his match and had to give up the project. His father's withdrawing all his assistance after his former accident no doubt was the controlling factor in the failure. The making of an aeroplane was never considered very seriously by Jimmy, as he had never seen one outside of books, but he got close enough to see how the thing was made.

This explains why Jimmy's heart throbbed with excitement when he learned that there was to be an aeroplane fight at the forthcoming celebration, and he became more excited than ever a few days before the much looked for date when a force of men appeared in the field alongside his father's orchard and were soon erecting the canvas hangar that was to house the machine. Jimmy was at the spot post haste and dodged the steps of the workmen from morning until night, carrying bolts, wire, or anything that their slightest wish signified they needed. Jimmy absorbed the erection of that biplane as a sponge absorbs water.

He was a very likely boy, and the men took a great fancy to him, explaining everything in detail, and when the last nut had been tightly fastened, the last wire drawn tight until it fairly sang, the machine was pushed into the open. Jimmy placed in the seat and a picture taken of the youthful aviator. While he sat there the young man who operated the machine showed him how the aeroplane was guided and how the various planes were manipulated.

"Say, when a fellow has to use both feet and both hands and his back, he does not have very much time for anything else, does he?" Jimmy asked wonderingly. "No time to look at the landscape, that's sure," his instructor replied. The aviator and his mechanicians were seated a few feet away, eating dinner; Jimmy was sitting in the machine, trying to explain to Bud Wilkins and Jerry Smith just how the thing flew, when Bud, in a spirit of fun, gave the paddles a whirl. Immediately there was a sputter that grew rapidly into a roar. Before Jimmy or the men were aware of what had happened, the machine was bounding along over the field.

The frightened boy just had one fleeting glimpse of the men as they jumped to their feet in a futile attempt to catch the machine and then he saw the frightened face of his mother as he sped past the house. As he turned to look back he unknowingly raised the planes and barely cleared the high hedge at the end of the field. Higher and higher he went. The whole country seemed to be one large green carpet; golden spots, showing where the oats had been cut made the cornfields a greener hue by contrast, while here and there a tin roof was betrayed by flashing the rays of the sun up into his face.

By the time he had realized his position Jimmy attempted to lower his planes to keep from going any higher. He did it so suddenly that he nearly turned over. He turned half around in his seat to see how far he had gone and the machine shot around in a sharp turn, canting at an angle that was positively dangerous. "I'm on my way back, anyhow," he muttered, between his chattering teeth. "If I ever get down all right I'll be some big chief," he continued, not without a certain exultation, in spite of his perilous position, as he watched the country below him passing like some huge kaleidoscope. The motor made such a roar that he could hardly think, yet he revelled in its smoothness and easy running, boy though he was.

He was almost over the town again and as he sped by there were innumerable black specks in the open spaces and in the streets, mere cracks between the rows of buildings. He looked for his own home, but was almost past before he noticed a smoke coming from an open field and rightly guessed that they were signalling him, so he could land safely. "Good thing," he thought. "The whole works down there look as level as a floor from up here. But how am I going to get down?" he yelled. He would have to turn again, and as he really did not know whether he had made the turn before with his right hand or his left foot, or his left hand or his right foot, or his back, he was not a bit easy, and his altitude made him chary about experimenting. But there was one thing sure,—he must turn soon, for he was approaching the big woods where a safe landing would be impossible. He racked his brain trying to remember some of the instructions the aviator had given him, but could not call many of them to mind. After several gradual dips and rises he finally started on the return trip. As he squared away confidence came to him and he thought of Bud and wondered how he felt. The last glimpse Jimmy had of Bud was the latter being caught in the back of the neck by a guy wire and turned over and over like a tumbler at the circus. It would have been real funny if he had not been so scared. Jimmy was becoming more composed with each passing minute, and when he came in sight of the field and the hangar he lowered the planes and came gradually to earth. He did not know how to shut off the power, however, and sped past the terrified men and his frenzied parents like a shot, going with all speed toward a deep ravine that lay diagonally across the field. Machine and boy went to the bottom in a crumpled heap. When Jimmy came to consciousness some time later, he was in bed in his own room, and his father was bending over him solicitously. "Young man, this is the last time I am going to call you for breakfast. You roll out now, or we'll go to the parade without you." It was then that Jimmy flew.

Mildred Hamilton's Trip to Fairfield to Attend the Old Settlers' Reunion

We had vacation two days Sept. 27 and 28 and we went to the old settlers' reunion at Fairfield. It was very cold, and the roads were bad, but we had the right kind of a car and kept chugging right along. We left home at 9 o'clock and were eating dinner at my aunt's table when the clock struck 11.

After dinner we went down town to see the sights. We just got there in time to see the business men's parade. There was a car with a large Elk's head on it. And at 2 o'clock they had a parade of the town and all the country schools in Jefferson county. There was wagon trimmed in pink, green and yellow and white. There was Burlington band and an Ottumwa band. They had a man who was a very good singer. There was a fire department. The patrol got a lot of men and showed how they did with the real drunk men. There was a ferris wheel and a merry go round. They had platforms on each corner where they did all kinds of stunts. It was the most pleasant trip I have had this year.

Mildred Hamilton, age 9, Milton, Iowa.

The Story of a Nickel — By John W. Skirvin

The first I can remember of myself I was a new nickel. I was wrapped up with a lot of other nickels in a paper. A man came in to the bank and had a check cashed. I was given to him with some other money. He took me to his home and gave me to his little boy. The little boy's name was Tommy. Tommy put me in his pocket and the next day he bought some candy. Then a man came and bought some candy and I was part of the change he received. He was crossing the street and he lost me.

An old man was crossing the street at the same time and he saw me fall and picked me up and took me to the man, but the latter told him to keep me. The old man has had me for a long time and he says he is never going to spend me. This is all I know about myself unless something happens to me. John W. Skirvin, age 12, Agency, Iowa.

The Face of a Little Child — By Margaret Haley

Many books could be written on how to care for little children. Girls and boys do you ever think when you trip along to school how much sunshine you carry with you. With books in hand and bright smile on your face, the sober man who passes you catches the gleam on your bright honest face. The woman who is discouraged takes new heart again and lifts up her heavy load and goes her way.

Once a bright sunny faced little fellow lifted his face up to be kissed. He used to watch his father down the steps and out the door and say "Be brave, papa, be brave." Don't you think that those words followed after him when he felt like giving up? The world can't get along without you. This is one of my school compositions. Margaret Haley, Melrose, Iowa.

EDWIN LANDSEER

Edwin Landseer was born in 1802 in London. He was a wealthy and healthy boy. When he was but five years old he sketched the "Sleeping Dog." He also painted the "Save," "Benevolence" and "Shooting the Horse" and "Bringing Home the Deer." He painted over 100 pictures for the queen. He died when he was but seventy years in 1873. Adolph Swanson, Ottumwa, Iowa.

whole works down there look as level as a floor from up here. But how am I going to get down?" he yelled. He would have to turn again, and as he really did not know whether he had made the turn before with his right hand or his left foot, or his left hand or his right foot, or his back, he was not a bit easy, and his altitude made him chary about experimenting. But there was one thing sure,—he must turn soon, for he was approaching the big woods where a safe landing would be impossible. He racked his brain trying to remember some of the instructions the aviator had given him, but could not call many of them to mind. After several gradual dips and rises he finally started on the return trip. As he squared away confidence came to him and he thought of Bud and wondered how he felt. The last glimpse Jimmy had of Bud was the latter being caught in the back of the neck by a guy wire and turned over and over like a tumbler at the circus. It would have been real funny if he had not been so scared. Jimmy was becoming more composed with each passing minute, and when he came in sight of the field and the hangar he lowered the planes and came gradually to earth. He did not know how to shut off the power, however, and sped past the terrified men and his frenzied parents like a shot, going with all speed toward a deep ravine that lay diagonally across the field. Machine and boy went to the bottom in a crumpled heap. When Jimmy came to consciousness some time later, he was in bed in his own room, and his father was bending over him solicitously. "Young man, this is the last time I am going to call you for breakfast. You roll out now, or we'll go to the parade without you." It was then that Jimmy flew.