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Courier Junior Department,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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Ottumwa, Iowa
EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 16.

Dear Juniors: As the flag contest does not close until Monday, April 16, we will reprint the rules published last week:

We are going to award one big flag to the Junior who writes the shortest and best composition on "Patriotism." We will also give away twenty lapel flags to the twenty Juniors writing the next best stories on "Patriotism." You know a lapel flag is one that can be fastened on one's waist or coat.

SEVEN 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 is 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 or a knife.

ANOTHER CONTEST.

We also want the Juniors who think the other contest is too hard 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.

Select prizes from among the following: Box of candy, football, roller skates, doll, knife or book.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

We do wish the Juniors would acknowledge their prizes.

If any Junior has ever failed to receive a prize after it is announced in this column, 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 and address in full.
7. Address envelope to The Courier, a separate piece of paper, with name

## Paul Zimmerman Says America Has Great Question

America has a great question up against her. War or not war. Anarchists selling themselves to Germany for a few dollars. Gold before country. This should never be. Why do they do it? How can they do it? It is done, at least. Men come from countries in Europe, make a fortune and then turn against her. Not only foreigners, but anarchists are in this. Anarchists are a clan of people believing in no government. How can they do it?

At present Germany is sending out submarines, sinking passenger ships without warning. Fourteen were sunk last week. How many this week? Yesterday the papers have the report of United States armed ship sunk. Is this not acts of war. Congress has met to decide war. The nation as a whole is preparing for war.

The farmers are putting their land in crops. Ford has said he would give U. S. his factory in case of war. He is the kind of a patriot to have. The guard has been called. The nation is preparing for war. What use are the guard? They are to guard the bridges, the factories, etc. against the anarchist — the man sold for gold to another country. I tell you half of this war problem is to subdue anarchists.

I am not only writing this for the prize, but to show people what the government has before her. Possibly Japan will go against her, and Mexico. I cannot express my thoughts in words.

If you want to know the result of being an anarchist and found out, read "The Man Without a Country." In all I think you agree with me that patriotism is what a person needs.

I am a new one in this club. I am thirteen years old. We do not get the paper but one of our friends does.

Paul Zimmerman, age 13.
Sunnyside, Winfield, Iowa, R. 3.

## Marjorie Bowen's Composition — Cotton

Courier Junior:

I received the doll O. K. and was very glad to get it. I thank you very much for the nice prize you gave me. My little sister, Esther, likes to play with it, and so do I.

Did you get my other story about cotton?

Esther goes to school now. Her teacher's name is Miss Briggs. She likes her very much.

Marjorie Bowen, age 10.
Chillicothe, Iowa, R. F. D. 1.

## *Bob's April Fool*

This is the true story of how our Bob April-fooled Uncle Ted. Bob isn't a boy, as you might think from the name. He's a little fox terrier, with one brown ear and a brown tip to his tail. Bob is a very bright dog. We think he's the brightest dog in town, but I'll tell you the story and you can judge for yourself.

Uncle Ted is a lawyer. Maybe that's the reason he's so hard to fool. Anyway, we three boys each tried it and none of us could catch him. When I say "we three" I mean Joe and Jimmie and myself. I'm Jack. Uncle Ted calls us "the Three Jays," because he says we chatter so. Uncle Ted likes to tease, but we don't mind, for he's the jolliest kind of an uncle. Mother says that's because he hasn't forgotten what it means to be a boy. Some men do forget, she says.

But about our jokes! I tried mine first. Uncle Ted always eats an orange for his breakfast. April Fool morning I picked out a nice big one and cut it in two, scraped out the inside and put the empty halves together so carefully that you could hardly see where they came together. I put it at Uncle Ted's place as Nora always does, then we boys waited.

When Uncle Ted came in he said good morning to us, then he unfolded his napkin and took up his fruit knife. We boys were watching all this time. Then he laid down the knife and took out his watch.

"I'm a little late," he said. "Please bring my cereal, Nora. I think I won't have any fruit this morning."

His face was just as sober, only his eyes were dancing. Then he passed the plate over to me, holding it very carefully.

"You'd better try it, Jack," he said. "It looks like a juicy one."

"I guess I'll have a banana," I said; then everybody laughed and Joe hollered out —

"April Fool yourself, Jack!"

He needn't have been so quick to laugh at me, for he had no better luck himself. As it was Saturday we didn't have to go to school. Along about 10 o'clock, when we were sure Uncle Ted would be in the office, Joe went over to the telephone in the hall. Jimmie and I stood right by him to see how he would come out. He was going to pretend he was Miss Lucy Gray calling up Uncle Ted. He had been practising so that his voice sounded almost like a girl's.

He called, "1250, please."

Sure enough, Uncle Ted answered.

"Is this Mr. Burroughs?" said Joe.

He started in all right, but just at the end, his voice went up in a kind of comical squeak. He said afterwards that it was because Jimmie and I laughed, but I think it was because he was excited.

We heard Uncle Ted say: "Yes. This is Mr. Burroughs. How are you, Joe? Pleasant day for the first of April, isn't it?" And before Joe could say another word, he had hung up the receiver.

Jimmie and I danced up and down and yelled "April Fool! April Fool!" Joe didn't like it very well. It's strange how much different you feel when the joke is on you than when it's on other people. Mother says that's human nature.

Jimmie is only four, so we had to plan something simple for him. This was it. The Courier boy comes about half-past five every night, just after Uncle Ted gets up from the office. Jimmie usually runs out into the hall to get the paper, for he likes Petey Evans, the boy who brings it. We planned to have Jimmie bring in a week-old Courier.

It all happened just right. Uncle Ted had settled himself in a big chair before the fireplace. Nora had turned on the lights but hadn't pulled down the curtains yet, because, though you couldn't see to read inside, it was still quite light out of doors. The bell rang and we heard the boy call out "Courier!" Jimmie went to the door, and in a minute he came running in with a paper that we had left on the hall rack.

He went up to Uncle Ted and said in his cunning little voice, "Here's your paper, Uncle Ted."

Uncle Ted started to hold out his hand. It looked almost as if he were going to be caught at last, and we had our mouths all open to say "April Fool." I think he was kind of sorry to disappoint Jimmie, but he looked at Joe and me, then he said—

"Thanks, old man, but I read the paper coming up on the car."

Then he picked up Jimmie and swung him to his shoulder. Joe and I made a dive for them both and we had a regular frolic.

After a time we settled down. Jimmie lay on the rug, and Joe and I curled up at opposite ends of the big settle by the fireplace. Uncle Ted lay back in his chair, with his legs stretched out to the fire — Uncle Ted's legs are pretty long.

Suddenly Bob trotted in from the kitchen, where Nora had been giving him his supper early. Bob has a particular chair in every room, and in the living room it happened to be the one Uncle Ted was sitting in. Bob came up in front of him, sat down on his hind legs and looked at him appealingly, then he wagged his tail, but Uncle Ted didn't stir. Then Bob gave a little whine, but still Uncle Ted paid no attention. At last Bob gave it up and went over to the hearth rug, where he snuggled up to Jimmie. Every once in a while he would look up kind of wistfully at Uncle Ted.

Suddenly he jumped up and seemed to be listening to something, then he gave a sharp little bark and made a bee-line for the window. He put his front paws on the sill and began to bark furiously. He barked and barked and barked and barked. Jimmie ran to the window to see what the matter was. Finally Joe and I both got up and Uncle Ted followed us.

"What in creation is he barking at?" he said. "It must be Ross Johnson's bulldog."

When we had all reached the window, all at once, Bob dropped down, turned like a flash, and before any one of us could say "Jack Robinson" he was across the room and up in Uncle Ted's chair. We all stared for a minute, then Joe sang out —

"Why he was just April-fooling Uncle Ted."

Then we all clapped our hands and yelled "April Fool!" as loud as we could.

Uncle Ted laughed louder than any of us. "The little tyke!" he said. "Well, he beat you boys, anyhow."

But we didn't care, because Uncle Ted had been fooled, and we were beginning to be afraid he wouldn't be.

Bob just twisted around and put his head down on his paws just as he always does, then he opened one eye kind of slow-like and winked at Uncle Ted. He really did. We all saw him.

Uncle Ted laughed again and said to Jimmie:

"Jimmiekins, run out into the hall and bring in a package you'll find in my overcoat. There's no April-fool about that."

There wasn't, either, for it was a box of candy, the kind mother lets us eat. We all had some, even Bob, for he likes candy, too.

## Mr. Speaker, His Daughter and Granddaughter

JAMES M. THOMSON.

All Washington is as pleased as Speaker Clark over his new grandson, for his daughter Genevieve, now Mrs. James M. Thomson of New Orleans, was one of the most popular young women of Capital society. In the Baltimore convention of 1912 the speaker's daughter was in the forefront of the fight for his nomination for the presidency. Though only 18 years old at the time she was a real force among the speaker's friends. When she married the New Orleans publisher every member of the house of representatives and most officials in Washington wished her well. Just before Speaker Clark was re-elected the other day he had returned from a visit to New Orleans, where this photograph was taken.

## Valeda Katherine Barkley Knows All About Cotton

Dear Juniors — This is my second letter that I have written to the Courier Junior.

I will try to tell about a little worm that lives in cotton.

It is about an inch and a half long. Its color is green with light yellow stripes and black dots along the back. It has sixteen legs.

The mother moth lays her eggs on the under side of the tender leaves. The little worm is very small at first. But they grow very rapidly after reaching its full size.

The worm lives fifteen or twenty days. Then it makes a little bed of a leaf of the cotton and silk which comes out of its body.

It sleeps for about ten or twelve days and bursting open its little bed it comes out a moth. It is an inch long and has two pairs of wings.

These worms destroy a great many cotton plants. Some times they build fires in the fields to catch these little moths. The little moths will fly around the fire until they are badly burned They will die. Sometimes large plates spread with molasses and vinegar are put in the fields. They catch a good many of them in this way. It only takes a little cold to kill them.

Some years there are so many of these worms that the planters have to use great care in order to have a good cotton plant.

Valeda Katherine Barkley, age 8 years.
Chillicothe, Iowa.

## Helen Funk's Story Title Is "Something Lost"

Dear Juniors; I am going to write a story of which the title is, "Something Lost."

Marian and William were two children, brother and sister. One stormy afternoon they were building houses with their blocks. William got mad at Marian and knocked the house down. Mama was in the next room but didn't pay any attention to them. At the supper table she said, "William when you were playing today you lost something." William began to look in his pockets. "My knife isn't gone, my handkerchief isn't gone. What was it mamma?" "You just think a minute." William thought, but couldn't think what he lost. Mamma said, "When you were playing with Marian this afternoon didn't you lose your temper" William looked ashamed but said he did.

Your friend,
Helen Funk.
Ottumwa Iowa.

## Donald Brown on Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit

Dear Junior:

I am going to write a story about Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit, which I made up myself.

One fine morning Brother Fox met Brother Rabbit coming hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip down the lane to Farmer Grey's.

"How do you do, Brother Fox," said Brother Rabbit. "It is a very fine day," he continued, "won't you come along to Farmer Grey's cabbage patch with me?"

"I think I might as well go along with you," said Brother Fox, "as I have nothing to do."

Now Brother Fox was always trying to get the best of Brother Rabbit, but Brother Rabbit always came out on top.

Brother Fox had a plan up his sleeve, so that is why he consented to go along. This was Brother Fox's plan: While Brother Rabbit was gathering cabbage leaves he would let Farmer Grey's hounds see him. The hounds would chase him and he would head straight for the cabbage patch. Poor Brother Rabbit would be scared to death and run away, for he would think the hounds were after him instead of Brother Fox.

At last Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox arrived at the cabbage patch. While Brother Rabbit was getting cabbage leaves Brother Fox slipped quietly away. But he was mistaken when he thought Brother Rabbit did not see him out of the corner of his eye. When Brother Fox got to the cabbage patch with the hounds after him there was no Brother Rabbit there. Whew! But Brother Fox was mad! He had a long ways to run home. Besides he was afraid that the hounds might find out where his home was.

The next day Brother Fox met Brother Rabbit.

"How did you like the chase the hounds gave you yesterday, Brother Fox," said Brother Rabbitt, and he rolled over and laughed.

Brother Fox was madder than ever and was more determined to get the best of Brother Rabbit some day.

Donald Brown, age 10.
501 South Moore street, Ottumwa, Ia.

## Katie Miller Says She Always Reads the Courier Jr.

Dear Juniors — As I have not written for sometime, I thought I would write. My sister has written to this page, and received a prize. Her prize was roller skates.

I am twelve years old. My birthday is the eighth of November. I go to school. The name of my school is Cedar. They built a new school house this fall. It is very nice. Our teacher's name is Miss Lois H. Glass. She is reading a book about Tom Sawyer to us.

We have several ponies. I always read the Junior page. I think the letters are very interesting. Well as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.

Katie Miller, age 12.
Hedrick, Iowa R. R. No. 1.

## Katie Ward Has Missed Only One and One-half Days

Dear Editor:

I got my prize, and think it is very nice. I thank you very much for it. I saw my letter in print.

I am going to school now. My teacher's name is Mary Coady. I like her fine. There are twenty-two pupils going to our school.

My two best friends are Alice Kirkendoll and Deverle Scott. Last year our teacher's name was Michael Heffron. I saw letters from three of his pupils at the Morris school. I like to go to school. I am in the fifth grade and have missed one and one-half days this year.

Well, I guess I will close. I thank you very much for the nice Easter box.

Katie M. Ward.
Melrose, Iowa, R. No. 5.

## *Ruff's Adventure*

"What is the matter, Ruff? Come, come little dog, you must not let yourself get so angry. You are old enough to take better care of that temper of yours."

Max, the sheep dog, had been lying half asleep on the barn floor; but he sat up now as Ruff threw himself down beside him.

"It's a shame!" cried the little gray dog. "The Brown Brothers have stolen all the bones I had hidden away."

Max did not look up at once. He did not even look surprised. Instead of doing either of these things, he yawned — a slow, sleepy yawn.

"You may tell that story to the hens," said he at last. "Perhaps they are stupid enough to believe you. No one else will."

"But it's true," said Ruff.

"You saw the Brown Brothers take the bones, did you?" Max asked.

"No," said little Ruff, slowly. "I didn't see them do it, but but they are the only ones who know my hiding-place. No one else could be the thief."

"Be careful, Ruff! You may be a thief yourself," said Max, sharply.

"I—a thief?" Ruff could not say another word. He had known very little when he came to the farm, but even then he would have been ashamed to tell a lie or to take what was not his own.

"Which would be worse," Max went on, "to steal a bone from me or from Father Hound, who is too lame to run after you?"

"It would be worse to steal it from him," said Ruff. "But I never did such a thing."

"Why would it be worse?" said Max.

"Because he could not help himself," said Ruff, after thinking a minute.

"That's right," said Max. "It is a mean thing to take away from the helpless what belongs to them."

"The Brown Brothers have a very good name," Max went on. "That means that we feel sure they would not steal anything. But you are trying to take away that good name, which is worth more to them than all the bones in the world. Do you think that is the right thing to do, Ruff?"

"But I'm sure"—began the little dog.

Just then Carl came up from the garden with a pail on his arm.

"Well, Ruff," said he, "I have taken those old bones you had hidden in the garden to pound up for my vines. I'll give you some more today with meat on them.

Ruff looked at Carl and at the sky and at the trees. He did not wish to look at Max.

Max let his fore feet slide forward and dropped his curly head upon his paws again.

"It was a mistake, little dog," said he. "We all make mistakes sometimes. Don't make this one again, that's all." — From the Jones Second Reader.

## Marjorie Williamson--Bobby Out of School on Account of Mumps

Bobby was out of school for the first time for he had the mumps. He played with his toys until he was tired of them so he lay down in front of the fireplace. While he was watching the flames he saw a little rabbit peek around the log.

"What' the matter?" said the rabbit.

"Oh, I have the mumps and the children at school are having such a nice time and I'm not," said Bobby Crossly.

"Never mind that," the rabbit the scene seemed to change. The log in the fireplace became a log in the woods. Bobby noticed that there were some violets growing around it and birds were twittering in the trees above.

"Come with me," said the rabbit.

Bobby followed him to a bank where some more pretty violets were growing and spring beauties were coming up. Then they came to a tree where some robins were building their nest. Bobby watched the birds make their nest and saw how happy they were and listened to their singing.

It was such a bright day that they raced up and down the hills. Bobby was disappointed when he heard his mother say, "Come Bobby supper is ready. Why what a nice nap you have had!"

In a few days Bobby was well again and could go back to school.

Not long after that spring came and he could go to the real woods and pick violets and spring beauties and watched birds make their nests.

Marjorie Williamson,
201 West Park Ave.,
Ottumwa, Iowa. Age 9 years.

## Chester Curtis' Subject, "My Pet Dog"

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to the Courier Junior before. I thought I would write on the subject, "My Pet Dog."

Once upon a time we got a little puppy from one of our neighbors. He was very small then, but soon grew to be very large.

We called our dog Sport, and he was very fond of playing with us children. He would chase after us, getting our caps and mittens.

He was also fond of hunting with us buys. He would catch about as many rabbits and squirrels as we boys with two guns.

As he grew older he would not play with us children.

He lived to be very old. Finally we had to kill him, ending his gentle life.

Chester Curtis, age 13.
Batavia, Iowa, R. F. D. No. 1.

## Evelyn Gates on Emily Dodge and the Indians

Dear Courier Junior:

This is the first time I have ever written to the Courier Junior and so I will write a story about Emily Dodge.

Emily Dodge's parents had just moved out west in a little two roomed cottage. There were Indians out there and Emily Dodge was afraid of them.

Her father owned a mine out there. Emily was 14 years old.

One winter day Emily wrote a letter to her friend who lived in the city. She told her that she would be very lonely as there were no little girls for her to play with. There were Indian girls her age but she was afraid of them, although her father and mother told her that the Indians would not hurt her. But she was afraid of them anyway, no matter what her parents told her.

When she had finished her letter she asked her mother if she thought it would snow before she could get back from the postoffice. It was eight miles to the postoice. Emily dressed real warm and then mounted her pony whose name was Star Face. Then she said: "Mother, I think I can be back by noon, but if I am a little late don't worry as there is nothing to hurt me." But as she spoke she shuddered when she thought of the Indians. Then she added: "Father says the overseer's baby is sick and I may stop there a little while." Then she was off.

On her way to the postoffice she stopped to see the overseer's baby and found it well and bright as ever. Soon she reached the postoffice, mailed the letter and then started for home. She had not gone far, however, when she noticed that it was getting very dark. The wind cut her face and she bent low to shelter herself and said: "Star Face, I cannot see to guide you but I trust you."

It began to snow and kept getting colder and colder. Emily's face and hands grew stiff, then she began to slide from Star Face's back. Star Face, too, seemed to become suddenly drowsy and he looked down at Emily's fallen form in the snow. She was white. Soon the pony fell.

When she awoke Emily found herself in an Indian wigwam and she shuddered. An Indian girl about her own age bent over her. The first thing Emily asked was "Where is Star Face?" The Indian girl explained that her father had found Emily and the horse lying in the snow and that Star Face was in a stall, very much at home. Then the Indian girl left her and Emily thought that they were going to keep her and make her father pay a ransom, but this idea was soon taken out of her head, as an Indian guide had her horse ready and when Emily was bundled up again the Indian guide was ready to take her home.

She turned in the saddle and said to the little Indian girl, "You have been very kind to me and tomorrow I will come over and see you."

On her way home Emily thought, "I said I would be lonely, but I have found a playmate."

When she reached home her mother had not been worried at all, as she thought she had been at the overseer's all the time, but she was very glad that the Indians had found her.

Evelyn Gatewood, Age 14.

## Hildred Brown and Five Little Rabbits

Dear Courier Junior:

As our teacher has been having us write so many compositions, I thought I would write one for the Junior.

One bright day last summer as Johnny was out playing and enjoying himself by watching the squirrels run around and play, all at once he heard a voice say, "Johnny, Johnny, dear, come here." He went in the house and his mother said: "Do you want to take your five little rabbits and go to the woods?"

Johnny answered, "Sure," and he was so tickled that he could hardly get his wraps on.

When he got ready he started off and finaly reached the woods. He sat down by a large oak tree and lined his little rabbits in a row. He looked around and saw a little bluebird coming toward him with its little mouth open. He began to get scared, but the bird flew to a tree nearby. The boy thought that maybe it was taking food to its little ones. So he did not pay any attention to the bird and began to try to fix his little rabbits around again. He got them fixed, that is, he thought he did, but one of them had crept around behind him. He got them all to begin singing while he kept time. All at once he felt something tickling him and he thought it was that little bird because he had not missed the rabbit. He turned around to see what it was but the rabbit had crept behind a bush. So Johnny and the rabbits went on with the music.

"Ha, ha!" cried Johnny, "where is our little white rabbit?"

"I don't know," aid one.

"I don't know,' said another.

So Johnny got scared and began to hunt for him and went away off into the woods looking for him.

While Johnny was gone the little rabbit crept out and began to keep time while the others sang.

After a while the little boy came back and saw all his rabbits safe. By that time it was 4 o'clock, so Johnny went home and told his mother what a good time he had and how he got fooled.

Hildred Brown, Age 13.
Douds-Leando, Iowa.

Two Washington youngsters were visiting their father's country place in Virginia. One of them observed: "Marie, I don't see how cows can eat grass. Do you?"

Mary considered, and then replied: "I suppose it's like this: When the cows are young, the mother cow keeps saying to her children, 'if you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie'."—Exchange.

## Ethel Hough Writes Composition on the Cotton Industry

Dear Juniors:

Since I have never written before, I thought I would write a little bit.

My subject is on The Cotton Industry of the New England States.

Over a hundred years ago, some skilled men invented some machines for spinning and weaving cotton goods. Many people were coming over to this country, but England would not let any person bring over machines or patterns.

In the year 1789 Samuel Slater came over to this country and he remembered how to make machines. He made one and started the cotton industry in Rhode Island where he settled. Most of the cotton used came from the southern states. It is pressed and put into bales 300 pounds in weight and sent to the New England port. Underwear, stockings, and ribbons are manufactured. Many women and girls are engaged in these cotton mills. New Bedford, Lowell, Manchester, Pawtucket are the chief cities for cotton goods.

Textile schools have been made along the Fall river and at Lowell, Mass., to prepare skillful workers.

Ethel Hough, Age 12.
210 Clayton Ave. Ottumwa, Iowa.

## Olga McWilliams on the Boston Tea Party

Dear Juniors — This is the story of the Boston Tea party. Before the revolutionary war the people from England came to America. They worked hard to make themselves homes. The king of England said that he was going to make them pay him a tax on stamps. The people of Boston and other cities were very angry and asked the king not to pass such an unjust law. But the king would anyway. The law did not work as well as the king thought it would. So he put an end to it. Of course the people were glad to see the last of it. They thought perhaps the king will treat us better. But in two or three years the king passed another law for them to pay him a tax on tea. So the American people stopped drinking it. The king thought that he could make them take it. So he sent over ships loaded with tea. Some of the ships went to Charleston, others came to Boston. The Charleston people unloaded them but they stored them away in cellars and it was soon spoiled by the dampness. They could keep them from landing for twenty days. The people of Boston went to the Old South church to think of a way to drive them back. They couldn't drive them back but they did do something else. One dark night while the ships were lying in the wharf an Indian warwhoop was heard and thirty or forty savages jumped on board the ships and soon the tea was floating around in the ocean. Where did the savages come from? The truth is they were not Indians at all. They were Boston men who meant to destroy the ships.

Olga McWilliams, age 10,
North English, Iowa.

## Icel Robert — Our Easter Vacation

Dear Courier Junior:

This is the first time I have written to the Courier Junior. I am going to write about our vacation.

We are having an Easter vacation this week and I am glad we are because when it is raining out of doors you can sit at the window and watch it rain.

It goes pit-a-pat-a-pat on the tin roof and it is fun to listen to it.

Mamma is dead and papa is in South Dakota. I live with my uncle and aunt.

When you are barefooted you can have lots of fun to have the mud between your toes.

I have a little sister. She is 3 years old. She likes to bother when you want to play and do not want her. When we want her she won't come and when we don't want her she will come.

Icel Roberts, Age 10,
805 Jay St. Ottumwa, Iowa.

Icel's Brother.

Dear Juniors:

I am a little boy 7 years old.
I got all A's on my report card.
We are having vacation this week.
I live with my aunt and uncle. My papa is in South Dakota. My mamma is dead.
I have a little sister 3 years old.
I have a big sister 10 years old.

Harold Roberts,
805 Jay St. Ottumwa, Iowa.

## Ruth Zimmerman — Story of a Nickel

Dear Juniors:

I will write a story of a nickel.

I was made in Denver, Colorado. Three other nickels and I were the first Buffalo nickels to be made.

We were taken to a bank at New York City, where a man by the name of Mr. Hunt worked.

Mr. Hunt said he would like to have one of these nickels for his daughter, Ella, so he took me to her.

Ella was very proud to be one of the first persons in town to have one.

But as she thought of Mary Mitchell she wished she might give it to Mary, for Mary was poor and she had heard Mary say she would like a nickel to get her an Easter basket, so Ella gave me to her.

I was glad for I knew Mary would be happy now and she could get an Easter basket.

She carried me up to the store with great care. She got her basket and went home, happy.

Mr. James, the storekeeper, bought some popcorn from Mr. Brown, and I was given to him.

Mr. Brown knew Mary Mitchell and gave me back to her, although no one knows it.

Ruth Zimmerman, age 10
Winfield, Ia., Sunnyside Farm, R. 3.