

THE COURIER JUNIOR

DEPARTMENT

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Courier Junior Department,
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Ottumwa, Iowa
EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

"A HOME-COMING" CONTEST.
Dear Juniors: This seems to be "Homecoming Time," and we want all the Juniors to write "Homecoming" compositions. The big "Homecoming" week, has announced the "Homecoming" at Agency and one at Competine. We want all the Juniors who attend these "Homecomings," or any other "Homecomings," to send in splendid stories about them. The contest opens today and closes Sept. 1. The award will be a surprise.

COURIER JUNIOR PENNANTS.
The Courier Junior has decided to have some beautiful pennants made and the colors will be gold and blue. Of course the pennants are for the Juniors, but the Juniors must work hard to win one. We have decided to award four pennants to the four Juniors writing the four best stories on one of the following subjects:
"THE MOST INTERESTING STORY I EVER HEARD,"
"THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE,"
"MY BEST FRIEND."
This contest closes Sept. 1. The pennant will be of gold color and the lettering, "The Ottumwa Courier Jr. Club," in blue.

MANY SUBJECTS.
We want the Juniors to write short stories on the following subjects:
Midsummer day in Sweden.
The birthplace of my parents.
Summer pleasures.
The good roads near my home.
Why I like my home (city or country).
What makes a city grow.
A successful boy or girl farmer.
The improvements in my city.
The bathing beach.
The girls and boys' corn club.
The Laddie boys' and girls' club.
The country beautiful.
School compositions.
Ancestor stories.
Interesting letters.
Unusual stories.
Current events.
Soldier stories related by veterans and retold by Juniors.
The garden of kindness.
Kind hearts.
The cheer-giver.
Her best gift.
A motorcycle trip.
Fifty miles in an auto and what I saw.
The Hotel Ottumwa.
My soldier brother.

This contest will run all through the month of August but a prize winner will be chosen each week. The writers can select their prizes from among the following articles: A character doll, letter paper, knife, ball bat, roller skates, full picnic basket, flag, book, box of candy; or knitting needles.

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 a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address envelope to The Courier.

Mary Hill of Utah—Story of Two Little Friends.

Dear Juniors:
As I have never written to the Courier Juniors before I thought I would write about "The Two Little Friends."
Once upon a time there were two little boys, whose names were Mackie and Dannie. One was lame, his name was Dannie, and he was crippled and had to walk on crutches. He had to stay in the hospital all the time. He couldn't go out and play with the other little boys. He used to sit by the window and watch the other little boys play in the street. Dannie used to say to his mamma, "I wish I could go out and play with the other little boys." Mackie used to come over and play with Dannie. Dannie and Mackie were good friends. Mackie would come over to Dannie's place and tell Dannie a story about the circus that he went to in a holiday.
May Hill, age 17.
Sandy City, Utah.

Mildred Hoff Lives On a Farm; Her Papa is a Preacher.

Dear Juniors:
This is the first time I have ever written. My papa has taken the Courier for a long time. I love to read The Courier Junior so I thought I would write. I have four brothers and one sister. I have a little brother three months old and one two years old. I go to the Ash Grove school. I like the town schools the best. We have a contest in our Sunday school at Pleasant Valley and Floris. We are living on the farm this year. Papa is a preacher.
We had a Children's day program at Pleasant Valley. It was held out in the church yard. There was a great crowd. My little sister spoke a piece. She is four years old. My oldest brother is nine.
Mildred Hoff, age 9.
Drakesville, Iowa.

The Boy Who Was Ready

The boys' line was perfect. With heads erect, chins tucked in, and backs as stiff and straight as broomsticks they turned a splendid square corner and filed triumphantly into Room Five. Sunshine Miss Fay did not smile at her faithful little pupils, however. Her dimples were all ironed out, the twinkle in her eyes had vanished, and the worst sign of all, there was a genuine cross-frown between her eyes!
"How many boys are ready for something hard?" she demanded.
"Twenty-four hands flew up." (There were just twenty-four boys in the school.)
"Good!" exclaimed Miss Fay. "We can't play in Mr. Foster's field any more, boys. The principal got a letter from him last night. Now I want you boys to remind the little fellows to stay in the schoolyard. I haven't forgotten how you stopped the snow-balling last winter, and I shall count on you to help me."
The boys of Room Five tried to smile back loyally, but it was hard work. There wasn't a playground near the school, but for years the boys had spent their recesses in Mr. Foster's field, which was big enough for two baseball diamonds with room to spare for other games.

Everybody was unhappy the first recess. The children were crowded in their own yard, and all they could do was to sit or stand around. Phil Rice, Bob Lowe, Tom Whitney, and several other boys sat on the steps and looked longingly at the woods in the distance.
"Let's go to walk tonight right after school," proposed Phil.
"Let's," agreed everybody in the group.

Phil, Bob, Tom and Jamie were the first boys out that night. They waited a moment for Chester, who always mixed the "e" and "i" in receive. As soon as he had written it ten times in yellow chalk on the blackboard he joined them, and the little troop started off.

They followed Parker's brook for half a mile. Phil gathered specimens of any flower he didn't know, and Bob picked an armful of black alder berries for the painting lesson next day. Tom tried to catch a fish with his hands and tumbled in head first. He was used to duckings and laughed the loudest of all.

Suddenly Phil stood still. His head was thrown back and he sniffed the air like a hound. "I smell smoke," he announced. The others shook their heads. But Phil stood his ground. "It's up in Mr. Foster's woods. Let's run up and see."
"Don't bother," argued Chester. "If we go up there we won't have time to go through the cave."
"Mr. Foster is as mean as dirt," sputtered Tom, "and I'm not going on his land for one."

Phil didn't say a word but sniffed the air again and started to make his way through the tangle of vines and bushes. The other boys looked at him a moment and then followed on. It was hard climbing. The bank was steep and the way was obstructed by a growth of briars and brambles.
Phil kept on doggedly and the others kept on after him. They stopped a minute at the summit to get their breath, but Phil's eyes shone like lamps. "There it is," he shouted; "come on, boys!"
It was only a little fire, but it was burning brightly. In a few minutes it would have been beyond the boys' control. Now they ground it under their heels, and soon the bright flames were conquered and only a heap of black ashes remained.

"Good for you," said a gruff old voice, and Mr. Foster came in sight. "I smelled that fire a mile away, but my legs aren't as good as my nose. I thought the woods would be gone when I came."
He looked at the boys keenly. "I didn't know boys were so useful." He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a shabby old purse.
"We don't want any money," Phil said promptly, "but we'd like the right to play ball in your lot again."
"You've earned it," said the old man. He scribbled a few words on his pad and gave it to Phil. "Give this to your teacher tomorrow." So at the next recess all the boys of the school got together. "Hurrah for the boys of Room Five!" they shouted.

Every boy cheered until he was obliged to stop for breath, and then Chester climbed the fence and waved his hands. "Three cheers for the boy who was ready and saw his chance," he shouted.

So the boys started cheering all over again until Phil sensibly reminded them that recess would be over and the new football untried.

A BIRD TANGLE.
It boasts no grandeur, this wild place of ours;
It was not made for palaces or kings;
It has no jewels but the wayside flowers;
Nor gold, save that which every sunset brings.

A myrtle carpet beneath our feet,
And from that smutch-bush among the trees
There comes a song. O robin, were the sweet
Wild strains of Pan half so divine as these?
Among the clovers bending before
Our steps, a mother bird chants joyously.
A tiny nest, three speckled eggs, what more
Is needed to complete her melody?
A little corner of this world of ours,
Where we may be away from other things;
Be boon companions of the summer flowers,
And learn to love our little friends with wings.
—Mary B. Boynton.

MME. Pellequer, a French school teacher, is one of the war's heroines and a woman of whom all France is proud. Many articles have appeared in Paris journals telling how she cared for her entire class in a French village during the German occupation. Before the war she was schoolmistress at Maucourt, Oise, and her husband was schoolmaster at Baugie, twin villages.
When the Boches invaded France M. Pellequer hastened to join the colors and in time became a lieutenant. His wife could not abandon her pupils. She remained to face the invaders, even hiding wounded French soldiers in the cellar of her home at the risk of her life. She gathered both her own and her husband's pupils in her little school and remained at her post for thirty months.
Besides Mme. Pellequer took charge of the municipal affairs both at Maucourt and Baugie, practically becoming mayor of the two villages.
When the French recaptured the villages in March of this year, Mme. Pellequer was carried away by the Germans as a hostage. She managed to escape just in time to warn the French that the Boches had prepared a huge mine under the town hall, and by her warning a catastrophe was averted.



Ruth M. Galloway—Her Best Gift.

"Little Lora" was twelve years of age. Her small stature won for her the name of "Little Lora." Her mother was a small, frail widow with a family of three children to support by sewing. Lora was her mother's only help. She washed dishes, swept floors and made beds. Her small brother and baby sister took most of her spare time. She rarely ever had a chance for play, as did the other girls of her age.
One warm afternoon she returned from an errand in great excitement. "Oh, mother," she cried, "there's a man down town telling about the Red Cross society. He is asking people to donate money. Can't we give some. You know there's that money Uncle Will gave us. We could give some of that."
"I'm afraid we can't dear. I'll need to use that soon," replied her mother. "Just be a brave girl. You can help your country in your own way."
Lora turned away to hide the tears that would come.

The next morning the man came around, soliciting from the people. He reached Lora's home and was shown into the room where Lora's mother was sewing.
The talked for a while about the war, the soldiers, and the Red Cross. Lora heard the baby begin to cry and she went into the next room to get him. While she was gone her mother told of her disappointment in not being able to give to the Red Cross. Then she told of the faithfulness with which she took care of her brother and baby sister and her help to her mother.
When Lora had quieted the baby she returned to the sewing room. The Red Cross man was just taking leave of Lora's mother. He turned to Lora and laying his hand on her head, he said:
"Your love and your help to your mother is all you can give now, little maid. But be brave; your country needs little girls like you. And don't forget, love is the best gift that can be given."
Ruth M. Galloway,
Seymour, Iowa.

Bertha Frances Parker Writes On Her Grandmother's Birthday.

Dear Juniors:
I thought I would write a letter as I have never written before. I am a little girl 9 years old. Will be 10 the 23d of this month.
I live in the country on the Bloomfield and Ottumwa road.
Our school will commence in about a month.
I have two brothers. Their names are Harry and Earl. Harry is fifteen and Earl is 7.
This (August 8) is my grandma's birthday. She is 79 years old. She lives in Belknap.
Papa found a little axe five years ago and gave it to me. I traded it to my cousin for an old hen and she raised some little chickens. I have one yet and she has got ten little chickens. They are pretty good size. And I have a pet. It is blind. Papa does not take The Courier but my aunt takes it and lets me read the letters. I like to read them.
Bertha Frances Parker,
Floris, Ia., R. No. 2, Box 56.

Helen Ruchman—The Bathing Beach.

Dear Juniors:
As I have not written to the page for a long time I will write about my brother.
My brother, John Foster enlisted in the army in June. He had gone to Minnesota to work. About a month ago we got a letter from him and he said he had enlisted. He said it was his last chance and he didn't want to be drafted.
He enlisted in Madella, Minn., and from there went to Winona, Minn., to a training camp. He was still there when we heard from him last. He said he was going to Fort Snelling, Minn., next and from there to New Mexico. He is 23 years old.
Helen Mae Foster, age 12,
Belknap, Iowa.

Anti-Hate

A school boy out in Denver, Col., is trying to form an Anti-Hate league among all the school children of this country.
"It occurred to me the other night," he writes, "that it might be possible for the school children to be of as great service to the nation during the war as an army or navy."
"I have written the Social Settlement boys, urging them to form a chapter of an American Anti-Hate league. I believe such an organization to be in accord with the American ideal, and if it becomes national, would go a great way toward preventing the destruction due to hate. If all during the waging of a war, boys and girls the country over, were refusing to permit themselves to hate the people of Germany, wouldn't it be a fine thing for the preservation of our national purpose and for the thinkers themselves?"
The answer to these questions is of course "Yes," and "Yes!" and "Yes!" If this plan succeeds, it will be one of the best things that have come out of the war, but for our country now and in the future.
The children of Germany are taught, we hear, to learn prayers of hate, to sing hymns of hate, to fill their hearts with hate. If that is so, and we hope it isn't, nothing that all the allied armies—ourselves included—can do to Germany is half so bad as what they have done to themselves—nothing that will do them such lasting injury. "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" and seed that one sows is only a wee tiny thing in comparison with the harvest that comes out of it. We seem sometimes to forget that. But even a little sowing of hate will result in an appalling harvest of moral and spiritual degeneration. Fancy, then, a whole nation's being taught to hate!
The physical results of war we cannot now avoid. We are "in" and "in" to the finish," but we can spare ourselves and our beloved country the greater calamity. In order to fight well it is not necessary to hate one's enemy. In fact, some of the bravest English soldiers are said to welcome the time when they return to the trenches after a trip to London, "because we are not so bitter and full of hate out there. We fight the Boche because it's in the day's work, not because we hate him."
Not "hate the enemy" then but "hate the very thought of hate, and love the thought of love"—that's the bravest, best thing to say. When that becomes the watchword of our boys and girls, our men and women in the making, we shall have gained already the biggest victory ever won by any nation in the world.
All hail, then, to the Anti-Hate league. All hail and Godspeed! Let us all join—boys and girls, men and women! We can do no better service for our country—Winifred Arnold.

Lola Irene Ritter—A Peep Behind the Scenes.

Dear Juniors:
As I have never written to you for some time I will write a story about "A Peep Behind the Scenes."
Once upon a time there was a little girl named Rosalie. Her father owned a big show and her mother was very, very ill. They packed up their things and started. They traveled on and on till they got to a big town. They got there about noon.
So they put up their tent and started the show that night. When they were about ready for the show to commence Rosalie's father came to the door and told Rosalie to get ready for her part in the show. Rosalie did not like to leave her mother alone, but she got ready.
When the show was over Rosalie went right home, but her mother was not dead. So the next day her mother told her that the Good Shepherd had found her and was going to take her away. Tears came in the poor little girl's eyes.
In a few days her mother died. Rosalie had only her father to care for her. Her mother had written a letter before she died and told Rosalie to take it to Aunt Lucy. Rosalie heard that her father was married again. Rosalie ran off and gave the letter to her Aunt Lucy. She wanted Lucy to take care of Rosalie the rest of her life. So she had a good home with her Aunt Lucy ever after.
Lola Irene Ritter.

Helen Mae Foster—My Soldier Brother, John Foster.

Dear Juniors:
I am going to write about the bathing beach.
One day my father came home and said that the bathing beach was open. So that Sunday we went over to the bathing beach. We went at 1 o'clock and did not come home until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.
The next day my mother took me and my brother down town and bought us each a bathing suit. Every Sunday that summer we went to the bathing beach.
Helen Ruchman, age 9,
714 West Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Elsie Peck—A Composition Without a Name.

Dear Juniors:
As I have not written for some time I thought I would write a composition.
"Oh, dear," sighed Betty, "and I haven't done one thing as I remember."
On the blackboard was written in her teacher's beautiful writing: "Language—write composition on how you spent your vacation; prize offered for the best composition."
"Clara has been in Florida. Lola to California and Beatrice to Washington, D. C. I've hardly been of the place only to go to some of those summer resorts." "Beatrice ought to have a very interesting story for us," said the teacher, which made Betty lose all hopes of getting the prize.
"Why I've raised two dozen chickens, tended my very own little cat, besides doing most of the housework for mother who was sick most of the time. Father didn't have money enough to go to some of those summer resorts." thought Betty who wrote it down immediately.
The teacher gave a nod of satisfaction to Beatrice who had read a very interesting story. Betty was next. Should she read her story before all those rich little girls; would they laugh?
Will power prevailed; she arose and in clear accents read her story.
"Children," said the teacher, "Beatrice's story was good, but Betty has beat you all. She has accomplished three times as much. It's recess time, books away; Betty, here is your prize." Betty received a box of fine chocolates. Betty was not selfish so it was passed to all at recess. And then some was taken home to her parents.
Elsie Peck, age 12,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mary Keefe—Her Best Gift.

Dear Juniors:
I thought I would write about "Her Best Gift."
There was a very poor family living in the very heart of Chicago. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The boy was eight years old and his name was Billy, the girl was eleven and her name was Martha.
The father was ill and mother could not make all the living for the children. Martha and Billy ran errands to make ten or fifteen cents. Their mother worked at a factory.
A rich little girl came past their home while Martha and Billy were sitting on the steps. Her mother was with her. She stopped when she saw Martha. "She asked 'where do you live?'" Martha answered, "I live upstairs." The little girl, about to cry went on. She was wishing so much to have Martha come and play with her.
Not long after a large package came for Martha. Her mother did not know about Martha's meeting with the little girl. Martha tore open the package and found a large blue doll with a five dollar bill beside it. Martha showed it to her parents and Billy. They were overjoyed. Martha had very good times with the doll and the five dollar bill bought stockings, shoes and different things for the winter.
This was "her best gift." I will close.
Mary Keefe, age 11,
425 East 4th St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Marie and Florence Hening of Floris Write Letters.

Dear Juniors:
I thought I would write a few lines. My grandma was born in Ohio in 1848. She is 70 years old now. When she was four years old they came to Iowa. They found a large package open and found a large blue doll with a five dollar bill beside it. Martha showed it to her parents and Billy. They were overjoyed. Martha had very good times with the doll and the five dollar bill bought stockings, shoes and different things for the winter.
This was "her best gift." I will close.
Marie Hening, age 11,
Floris, Ia., R. No. 3.

Dear Juniors:
As I have never written to the Junior before I thought I would write about our pet horse. Her name is Pet and she is three years old. She will eat pile or bread and bogs for more.
We drive her double and single. She is a great pet and we all love her.
I have a little mule colt. It is so pretty.
I have one sister. Her name is Louise. She is 4 years old.
Well as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see it in print.
Ethel Short, age 8,
Blakesburg, Ia. R. 3.

The Home Instinct in Birds

The home instinct in birds and their seeming attachment to localities give a human touch to the study of the feathered tribe.
In a bird house set up by a family of my acquaintance a pair of bluebirds built a nest. After the little ones had flown, the birds disappeared. Nothing more was seen of them until time for the autumn flight to the south. One October day a little company of bluebirds was seen to alight on the bird-house, and one by one they went in to inspect it, as if wishing to nestle again under the old roof before taking their long journey.
One summer a pair of robins built their nest in an apple-tree in my door yard using for the foundation the ruins of an old nest.
At my boyhood home, in a very old barn—the massive beams were hewed by hand, before the days of sawmills—from my earliest recollection there has been a swallow's nest upon a rafter. Every spring when the swallows returned that old nest was repaired, relined with feathers, and occupied.
The last time I visited my old home I heard the twitter of young chimney-swallows in a nest in the same old chimney where this sound had first come to my bird consciousness years ago. It is a fair inference that the chimney-swifts will make that chimney their home as long as it stands. That same summer, while I was wandering about familiar scenes by stream and woodland, I wondered if the phoebe-bird still built along the stream where years ago its nest could be found as surely as April was followed by May. I jumped across the brook and looking up, under the eaves of roots and moss that overhung the bank of shale I found the nest from which the young had lately flown.

Whether the bluebirds that inspected that birdhouse were the ones to which it had been home earlier in the season cannot be proved, but doubtless they were; and the robins that built upon the ruins of the last year's nest were the ones that had built it the year before, or perhaps one of the young ones reared there had brought its mate back to the site of the old nest.
I could easily believe that the lineal descendants of the swallows which years before had plastered that first nest upon the rafter in the peak of the old barn were the ones I saw flying in and out of the open door. Then, too, I think that not only because they were chimney-swallows did the chirping in the chimney sound familiar, but because they had inherited that particular twitter from the birds that years before had first caused my boyhood mind to wonder. It was not only a good place for a phoebe's nest, but phoebe-birds built at that particular spot along the bank of shale because by an inherited instinct and an acquired attachment it was home.
This homing instinct will explain the case of many sociable birds, as when purple martins occupy a colony house year after year, and year after year, and the redwings return to the same cat-tail marsh, and the marsh-trens build their summer villages in the reeds on the border of a pond. If my interpretation is correct, the spring migration means more than a long journey. It is home-coming.

Vera McKee—The Good Fairy.

Dear Juniors: I have never written to the Junior page before, so I thought I would send you one of my compositions.
There once lived an old woman, who was very poor. So one day this old woman went out in the woods to get some wood.
She heard something in the brush so she looked around and she saw a fairy.
"I hear you have been sick," said the fairy. "Yes, indeed," answered the old woman. "But it didn't amount to much."
"Here," said the good fairy, "take this home and when you are hungry just say, 'Fill my table with good things to eat.' So in a little while the table was full of good things to eat."
The old woman always had things to eat and had money and nice clothes and lived happily ever after with the help of the good fairy.
Vera McKee, age 9,
120 North Walnut Avenue,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

Hazel E. Flood—A New Junior Who Lives at Webster.

Dear Juniors:
This is the first time that I have ever written to the Courier Junior. I live in the country.
I think that Iowa is a very beautiful country.
I live near Webster, Iowa.
I read the Courier Junior stories.
I go to the Webster consolidated schools.
I was in the fifth grade last year and passed into the sixth grade for next year.
Hazel E. Flood,
Webster, Iowa.

Vivian Sadie Young—Birthplace of Her Parents.

Dear Juniors:
I have never written before so I thought I would write about the birthplace of my parents.
My mamma was born in Illinois. Her parents came to Fremont, Iowa when she was four years old. There was only a store and a few houses then.
My papa was born in Illinois. His parents came to Iowa and moved on a farm north of Ottumwa when he was two years old.
Vivian Sadie Young,
Vivian Sadie Young, age 11,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. 3.

Loretta M. Cort—The Birthplace of Her Parents.

Dear Juniors:
I am a little rustic maid and live in the country. I am 14 years old and am in the eighth grade at school.
I am going to write about the birthplace of my parents. My father was born three miles west of Batavia and my mother was born twenty miles from Berlin, Germany.
I think this war is a sad thing and hope it will soon end. I am five feet and four inches tall and weigh 120 pounds.
I have brown hair and brown eyes.
Loretta McCort,
R. F. D. 1, Batavia, Iowa.

Dear Mother:
I arrived safe and on time. The journey did not seem long as I was much interested in watching the things along the road as I went by.
I arrived at the station and my Aunt Grace was not there. But in a few minutes she came and we were soon chatting over the road to her house. Her home is in town. I like to go there and visit my Aunt Grace.
Maurine Fuhs, age 11,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 8.

Beatrice Pardun Is Spending Her Vacation in The Country.

Dear Juniors:
I am a little girl 10 years old. I am spending my vacation in the country. I gather eggs, feed chickens, wipe dishes and see the hogs.
I have brown hair, blue eyes and weight about 75 lbs.
I am having a fine time in the country.
I am in the fourth grade at school.
Beatrice Pardun,
Batavia, Iowa.

Zenetta Storm—My Three Best Friends.

Dear Juniors:
This is my second letter to the Junior page.
I read the interesting stories you print.
My three best friends are mamma, papa and brother. I am 13 years old. They are all kind and good to me.
I have eighteen little guinea pigs.
Well I guess I will quit for this time and write again.
Zenetta Storm, age 13,
Batavia, Iowa, R. 3.

Rosco Beghtol—My Soldier Brother.

As I have never written before I will write about my soldier brother, Fred. He worked at Philadelphia, Pa. He went from there to Grafton, West Va. There he enlisted in Co. A First Infantry W. Va. He is 18 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, has dark hair and blue eyes.
Rosco Beghtol, age 12,
Eldon, Ia., R. 1.

Mary Hill of Utah—Story of Two Little Friends.

Dear Juniors:
As I have never written to the Courier Juniors before I thought I would write about "The Two Little Friends."
Once upon a time there were two little boys, whose names were Mackie and Dannie. One was lame, his name was Dannie, and he was crippled and had to walk on crutches. He had to stay in the hospital all the time. He couldn't go out and play with the other little boys. He used to sit by the window and watch the other little boys play in the street. Dannie used to say to his mamma, "I wish I could go out and play with the other little boys." Mackie used to come over and play with Dannie. Dannie and Mackie were good friends. Mackie would come over to Dannie's place and tell Dannie a story about the circus that he went to in a holiday.
May Hill, age 17,
Sandy City, Utah.

Mildred Hoff Lives On a Farm; Her Papa is a Preacher.

Dear Juniors:
This is the first time I have ever written. My papa has taken the Courier for a long time. I love to read The Courier Junior so I thought I would write. I have four brothers and one sister. I have a little brother three months old and one two years old. I go to the Ash Grove school. I like the town schools the best. We have a contest in our Sunday school at Pleasant Valley and Floris. We are living on the farm this year. Papa is a preacher.
We had a Children's day program at Pleasant Valley. It was held out in the church yard. There was a great crowd. My little sister spoke a piece. She is four years old. My oldest brother is nine.
Mildred Hoff, age 9,
Drakesville, Iowa.

Ruth M. Galloway—Her Best Gift.

"Little Lora" was twelve years of age. Her small stature won for her the name of "Little Lora." Her mother was a small, frail widow with a family of three children to support by sewing. Lora was her mother's only help. She washed dishes, swept floors and made beds. Her small brother and baby sister took most of her spare time. She rarely ever had a chance for play, as did the other girls of her age.
One warm afternoon she returned from an errand in great excitement. "Oh, mother," she cried, "there's a man down town telling about the Red Cross society. He is asking people to donate money. Can't we give some. You know there's that money Uncle Will gave us. We could give some of that."
"I'm afraid we can't dear. I'll need to use that soon," replied her mother. "Just be a brave girl. You can help your country in your own way."
Lora turned away to hide the tears that would come.

The next morning the man came around, soliciting from the people. He reached Lora's home and was shown into the room where Lora's mother was sewing.
The talked for a while about the war, the soldiers, and the Red Cross. Lora heard the baby begin to cry and she went into the next room to get him. While she was gone her mother told of her disappointment in not being able to give to the Red Cross. Then she told of the faithfulness with which she took care of her brother and baby sister and her help to her mother.
When Lora had quieted the baby she returned to the sewing room. The Red Cross man was just taking leave of Lora's mother. He turned to Lora and laying his hand on her head, he said:
"Your love and your help to your mother is all you can give now, little maid. But be brave; your country needs little girls like you. And don't forget, love is the best gift that can be given."
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