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Courier Junior Department,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR
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THE COURIER JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Published by
THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
Ottumwa, Iowa
EDITOR
MATILDA DEVEREAUX

A NEW CONTEST.

Dear Juniors: In today's Courier, Jr., you will find a wonderful story called "The Magic Spectacles." The leading thought in the story is "Opportunities." Now, we want all the Juniors to read this story carefully and then write compositions on "Opportunity." Those wishing to write in this contest, but using another subject, can make their selection from among the following:

"MY HAPPIEST MEMORY"
"THE RACE."
"THE GOAL."
"MY AMBITIONS."
"OUR PRESIDENT."
"MY ANCESTORS."
"THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY."
"THE FLAG."
"LETTERS."

This contest will open today and close Wednesday, October 31. The writers can select their prizes from among the following articles: Ten pins, (8½ inches high) and balls, knife, book, doll, souvenir spoon, book of patriotic songs, candy or school supplies.

A HALOWEEN CONTEST.

Dear Juniors: Halloween prizes will be awarded to the three Juniors sending in the three best stories on the following subjects, each Junior, however, is only required to write on one of the subjects:

"HALLOWEEN."
"THE FALL HARVEST."
"MY MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCE."
"MY HAPPIEST DAY."

The contest closes Friday, October 26.

SCHOOL WORK.

The Courier Junior is awarding two prizes today for school compositions. And the Juniors winning these prizes are Thelma Hildebrand and Hannah Blanch Miller. Several other Juniors wrote interesting as well as excellent compositions, but failed to comply with all the seven rules. You know that all the Juniors' work is carefully read by three judges. Two Juniors just signed their names, forgetting to state their ages or their addresses. However, we want these two Juniors to try again and to observe all the following seven rules carefully:

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.

Now that school is opened once more, we want to invite all the Juniors to send in school compositions each week. The writers can select prizes from among the following articles: Ten pins, book, knife, work basket, box of candy, letter paper or string of beads.

EDITH MAY ROUSH, PRIZE WINNER.

In the contest closing Saturday, October 13, and called the "Comfort Kit Contest," the three judges have awarded the prize to Edith May Roush. Consequently, Edith May will soon receive a comfort kit for her soldier brother, Harvey Roush. Edith May's little essay is re-printed again today:

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write about my soldier brother. His name is Harvey Roush. He joined Company G in April and was sent to Des Moines to be examined. He passed the medical examination all right and was in camp at Des Moines a while. He was then sent back to Ottumwa and was in Camp Andrew about a month. When he was vaccinated they gave him a furlough and he came home. He told us all about the drilling and everything.

After he went back in camp papa went over to see him. They were out on a hike when he went, but Harvey was on kitchen duty so he wasn't out. Papa saw them when they came in from their hike. He said they sure were a fine bunch of boys. Harvey thought he was going next to Deming, N. M., but they were drafted into the regular army and orders came for them to go to Des Moines. He was there about three weeks and then they went to Long Island. There were five train loads of them. He wrote us about his trip. He said he was 100 hours on the way. He saw many beautiful things too numerous for me to tell. He said he is getting fat and that the army life agreed with him. He is now in Camp Mills, but will soon cross the water to France. He don't know when orders will come to go.

Well, I thought I would write, as my brother, who soon will be in France, once lived in Ottumwa. He worked in John Morrell's packing house for five years and his old friends would like to hear a little about him.

My grandfather served in the civil war. He now resides in Marshalltown.

I hope my brother and everyone else's brother will return safely home again.

Edith May Roush, age 14,
Drakesville, Iowa.

Bertha Orman Has Four Brothers and Two Sisters.

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write a few lines. I have never written before. I like to go to school.

I have four brothers and two sisters, Raymond, Roy, Emery and Vernon, Edith and Elizabeth.

I am in the fourth reader.

Hoping to see my letter in print I will close.

Bertha M. Orman, age 11,
Floris, Iowa, R. No. 2.

The Magic Spectacles

Winifred Arnold.

Once upon a time there was a girl who never had any Opportunities. Other girls had chances to travel, or to become wonderfully educated, or to do something heroic for their country, or to give away a great deal of money, or even to earn some—but she had none at all. She lived in a small town where the schools weren't particularly good; and she was too young to go abroad and nurse the soldiers; and her father hadn't much money to give her, for he was a poor country minister—and worst of all, how could she earn any? No, certainly if there was ever a girl who had no opportunities, she was the one.

She was sitting one day on a fallen tree by the roadside, weeping about this, when a little old woman came along. She was brown and wrinkled and bent; but her eyes were kindly and her smile was sweet and sympathetic, so when she stopped and asked what was the matter, the girl told her all her troubles.

"Dear me, dear me," said the old woman then." No opportunities at all? That certainly is sad. Why I thought everybody had some. Are you sure you know them when you see them, my dear?"

The girl was indignant at the mere suggestion of such an idea. "Why, of course I do!" she cried. "Anybody knows an Opportunity when she sees one. The trouble with me is that I never have any to see."

"Well," said the old woman, and she smiled very pleasantly as she spoke, "I have here a pair of spectacles that I think are perfectly wonderful for seeing Opportunities. Would you not be willing just to slip them on and try them out while we walk down the street together? I'm curious to see whether they are good for everybody, or whether it's just my imagination."

"Oh, certainly, if it would be any favor to you," said the girl politely, and she slipped the spectacles into place and off they started.

It wasn't three minutes before she was clutching the old woman's arm in great excitement.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "See that man over there! There's a perfectly fine opportunity standing right beside him and he's looking over its head and doesn't see it at all. I must run and tell him."

But the man smiled patronizingly as he shook the girl's hand off his arm.

"My dear young lady," said he, "Opportunities are like angels. They come down from heaven and we know them by their wonderful shining wings. Don't distract my mind, please. I can't stop to look at you. I must keep my eyes turned upward." Even as he spoke, his own Opportunity slipped back into the ground, whence it had come.

"Men are so stupid," sighed the girl, as she went on. "Now if that had been a girl, I know she would—Oh, look, there's Eva Martin! She's my friend who longs to be wonderfully educated, just as I do; and there's the Opportunity sitting right beside her. Oh, why should Eva have that grand chance when I have none?"

But suddenly the golden Opportunity rose and began to move away. Forgetting her selfishness, the girl sprang eagerly forward.

"Oh, quick, Eva!" she cried, "there's your opportunity just going. Catch it quickly, do! It's your chance to have a wonderful education."

But Eva only smiled languidly. "Don't be excited about nothing, my dear," said she. "That's no Opportunity. That's the same old chance I've had all my life—to graduate at the school here, and read all of grandpa's great big library full of books, and perhaps take a correspondence course or so, and travel a little. You run along and catch it, if you think it's so wonderful."

"It isn't my Opportunity," said the girl. "It's yours, you know. I"—

But before she had finished speaking, a bright-eyed young foreign girl ran out of a side alley and grasped the vanishing Opportunity with both hands.

"Oh, joy! oh, joy!" cried she, in broken English. "At last my chance to get an education, it have come. A night school it ees to start. Daytimes I can work and nights I can study."

"Oh, is that all?" said the girl, turning away in disappointment. "I thought it really amounted to something."

"It ees my beeg Opportunity," smiled the little foreigner, clasping it fondly as she turned away.

"Oh, of course for people like that"—began the girl; and then she caught sight of another friend, a girl who was seated on her own veranda steps, gazing sadly down the walk before her.

"Oh, if I were only rich!" she moaned. "Only rich people have a chance in this world. Oh, if I could only go away from here, so that I could find an Opportunity to cultivate my talents! I could be famous, I know."

"But look, May!" cried the Girl, running up the walk. "You don't need money, or to go away. There's your Opportunity standing right there in front of you with a pen in its hand. It's a fine one."

"Oh, yes," answered May. "That's what they're always saying: 'Write about your home and the things you know about.' What I want to do is to describe big things and come to be famous. There's no Opportunity here; I must go away for that."

Just then May's brother came out of the house. "What's all this I hear?" he said. "Opportunities right here on our front lawn? Nonsense, May, don't you believe it. It's only rich people who have the Opportunities in this world."

"Oh, no, it isn't," cried the Girl, eagerly. "As I was coming up the street I saw at least half a dozen 'Opportunities for Poor Boys.' Come on with me and I'll show you."

May's brother laughed. "Well, if you see any more you just head them this way," he said. "I'll sit right here and be ready to welcome them when they come."

"I will, too," laughed May. "Send the 'Opportunities for Poor Girls' to me."

"Oh, there aren's any for Poor Girls," said the Girl—"unless they have talents like you"; and she went sadly away down the street.

By this time she had given up speaking to people about the things she saw, but as she walked along she grew more and more disgusted at people's stupidity.

There was the Man, for instance, who was wandering up and down, looking for guide-posts in the road to Success; and there in his own empty little shop Success was waiting for him.

Others would get near enough to Opportunity to look her over, even to talk about her timidly behind her back; but they were never quite sure enough to seize her before she was gone.

So they walked through the whole town—the Girl and the brown, bent figure beside her—and half the time the Girl was exclaiming over the wonderful number of Opportunities that she saw, and the other half over the blindness of the people to whom they belonged.

"It's queer you haven't found one for yourself yet, you who can see," said her companion at last.

"Oh," said the Girl, "I've been looking all my life, you know. For others, there are plenty, but not for me."

"Have you looked everywhere?" ask the Old Woman, in a queer voice.

Suddenly the Girl turned, and for the first time since she had worn the magic spectacles she looked carefully at the figure beside her; and there, hidden under the old brown cloak of Every Day and the wrinkled mask of Homely Labor, she suddenly recognized the shining face and form of the most glorious Opportunity of all—the Opportunity to do a wonderful service for her country; and crowded beneath the cloak there were growing up Opportunities to travel, and to learn, and to earn money, and to give what is better than maney.

Even as she recognized this and flung her arms about the smiling figure the other people came running up.

"What a greedy girl!" they cried. "She has taken for herself the only Opportunity that there is anywhere about!"

The Girl only smiled as she held out the magic spectacles toward them. "The world is full of Opportunities," she said. "There are some for all of you; but you must learn to look under the cloak and the mask."

TWO of the luckiest and happiest youngsters in the country at present are Clarence Rowland, Jr., and John McCarty, the white sox mascots. They have regular big league uniforms to wear and they have the best sort of seats for the big games. There's hardly a boy of their age in any town that doesn't envy them.

Katherine Shank—"My Visit To Uncle Fred's."

Dear Juniors:

As I have not written for some time, I thought I would wrtie and tell you about my visit to Uncle Fred's and Aunt Agnes.'

They are both married and live in the same home.

Aunt Agnes and her husband and little baby have part of the house and Uncle Fred and Aunt Ethel the rest.

On Friday morning September 28 we started north, it being 8 o'clock, and arrived at DeWitt at 6 in the evening. We started from Agency and went northeast to Davenport and then north. We went in papa's car and it is a Ford too.

There were six of us, papa, mamma, my sister Elizabeth, Uncle Irwin and Grandma Shank. We took our dinners and ate along the road.

We saw a beautiful country, fine crops, lots of cattle and hogs. We girls saw many things which we shall always remember, but best of all was getting to see our relations, and that sweet baby. They call her Iola.

We stayed until Sunday morning, coming back the same way we went. It did not seem nearly so far, but the wind nearly blew us out of the car. We ate our dinner picnic fashion. Just this side of Muscatine we saw fields of sweet potatoes, peppers, melons and cabbage. Grandma bought some sweet potatoes.

We got home Sunday night at 8 o'clock and went right to bed. We girls had to go to school next day. We like our teacher fine. His name is Carol Kerfoot. She took the whole school to the county institute.

Well I have written enough for this time.

Katherine Shank, age 10,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 7.

Ada Dixon—Splendid Composition On Rubber

Dear Juniors:

This is the first time I have written to you. I am going to write about rubber.

When the explorers came to South America they found the Indians playing with balls made of crude rubber. The Indians also had made shoes and buttons out of rubber. The name of rubber was finally given to the English.

And the English people found that it would erase pencil marks and they called it India rubber because the first rubber used in England came from India.

The rubber trees grow best in low, wet ground, and under shade. The rubber collectors cut their way through the dense forests and tap the trees. They say the dripping from the rubber tree is white just like milk. This is taken to a camp where it is thickened in the smoke and heat of the palm nuts. It is then crude rubber.

The United States, Great Britain, and Germany are the countries that lead in the consumption of rubber.

The crude rubber is changed by various processes, especially by mixing with sulphur, so that it will stretch when cold and stick when hot.

It is also made into hard rubber, such as is used in combs.

Rubber is used for erasers, in garments and footwear, for insulation of electric wires, for hose, dental and surgical goods, mats, cushions, toys, paints, for balls of many kinds and for carriage and automobile tires.

By taking care in tapping the trees and by increasing the number of rubber plantations, the world can always have enough rubber.

Ada Dixon, age 12.

Hannah Blanch Miller—Excellent Composition, The First American Flag.

Dear Juniors:

I thought you would like to hear one of my school compositions, so I am sending you the story of "The First American Flag."

In the revolutionary war, 1776, an artist painted a flag which George Washington had overseas. Then Washington, Mr. Ross and another man took it to the home of Betsy Ross where she took a piece of red flannel cloth, an old blue army coat and a soldier's white shirt and sewed all together and made a flag.

The men were going to have a six-pointed star, but Betsy Ross suggested a five-pointed star, so the flag has a five-pointed star.

There were then thirteen states, so they decided to have thirteen stars and stripes. They were going to add a star and stripe for every new state, but saw it would make too many stripes, so they just added a star for a state.

The red of the flag is for bravery, the blue is the star from heaven and the white is purity.

The flag has fought in the revolutionary war, the civil war, the Spanish-American war and the Mexican war. Today the flag has gone to Europe to do its part in the European war.

Hannah Blanche Miller, age 11,
Fairvew school, Eldon, Iowa.

HER GRANDFATHER.

Dear Junior:

I thought I would write about my grandpa, Edgar K. Spears.

Grandpa was born June 3, 1847, in Canterbury, East Kent, England.

At the age of 4 years he came with his mother and a brother to America and first lived in Albany, N. Y. From there they removed to Oakland county, Michigan. At the age of 18 he enlisted in the Union army, and after three years' service he came to Iowa, first locating in Winnishiek county.

Here, in 1878, he was married to Miss Martha Knowler. To them were born nine children, five daughters and four sons, al lof whom are living.

He enlisted January 6, 1865, at the age of 18 years, in Company B, 19th regiment, and was transferred to Company B, 28th regiment, U. S. A., in which he completed his three years' service.

He died at his home near Delta on Thursday, July 2, 1903, and if he had lived he would be 70 years old.

Estell McBride, age 11,
R. 1, Agency, Ia.

The Pattern in the Heart

Shelah was a little girl who grew up in the Far East. She could remember that when she was very small indeed that they lived in a large brown tent, and that a wide cloth was hung over the door at night.

The time came when Shelah moved into a white house, built very low, with thick walls and tiny windows. It stood near the house of her uncle, who owned a large date-tree.

Shelah's father had a large brown camel, on which he often took long journeys. Her mother prepared the dates and bread for their meals and made their loose white clothing.

Every day, too, she would sit and weave before a great loom strung with threads that ran up and down, through which she drew other threads of lovely colors. As she worked, the rug that she was weaving grew heavy and long beneath her hands, and a beautiful pattern showed upon the finished surface.

"Let me weave, mother," Shelah said one day; but her mother smilingly turned her away, saying,—

"You don't know the pattern."

After that time Shelah watched her mother work, thinking that with care she could learn the pattern; but all of the threads seemed to be arranged differently.

"Lend me your pattern, mother," she begged. "I wish to weave."

"Some day you will, little daughter" replied her mother, "but you are too small now. I have no pattern except the beautiful one I hold in my heart."

Shelah thought a great deal about her mother's words. That there could be a pattern in her heart seemed to the child a very strange thing.

When the nightingale sang sweetly from the tree near her window at night, Shelah listened breathlessly. "She is singing from the pattern in her heart," she thought. "What a lovely pattern it must be!"

Her father often spoke of the difficulties of his desert trips and of the faithful camel's endurance.

"His is a rude, rough pattern," thought Shelah, "but strong and well-woven, like the rug."

There came a time when Shelah had no mother or father, but only the uncle who lived next door and owned the date tree; and he sold the date tree and with the money from the sale took Shelah across the ocean to America.

Shelah brought with her the rug that she had seen her mother weave, for she knew that it was not only beautiful but lasting. Generations of other children might yet walk upon its rich colors.

In the new country she went to school, and there found a friend, a little American girl named Rosina.

One day Rosina said: "Shelah, how is it that you always look so neat and know your lessons so well? You do better than most girls who have always lived in this country."

"I know not," replied Shelah, "unless it is because of the pattern within my heart."

"What is that?" asked Rosina. "I do not understand."

Then Shelah told her of her mother's rug and the hidden pattern in her heart, from which had come its beauty.

"Some day," she said, "I shall try to make a rug like my mother's, but first I try to hold only a beautiful pattern in my heart. It is because of the pattern that I study hard."

"How fine!" exclaimed Rosina. "I am so glad you told me! I intend to try to hold a pretty pattern in my heart, too, and some day you must show me the beautiful rug that your mother made."—Harriett Ives, in The Youth's Companion.

THE HOUSE INSIDE.

I have a house inside of me.
A house that people never see;
It has a door through which none pass
And windows, but they're not of glass.

"Where do you live?" ask folks I meet
And then I say, "On such-a-street;"
But still I know what's really me
Lives in a house folks never see.

Sometimes I like to go inside,
And hide and hide and hide,
And doctor up my wounded pride
When I've been treated rough outside.

And sometimes, when I've been to blame,
I go indoors and blush for shame;
And get my mind in better frame,
And get my tongue and temper tame.

I meet my heavenly Father there;
For He stoops down to hear my prayer
To sooth my brow and cure my care
And make me brave to do and dare.

Then after I have been made strong,
And have things right that were all wrong,
I come outside where I belong,
To sing a new and happy song.

Then I can hear the people say,
"You're bright and bonnie, good and gay,"
And it's because I feel that way,—
But they don't know the price I pay.

You have a house inside of you,
Where you may fight your battles, too,
And God will tell you what to do
And make your heart both kind and true.

ior Tells of His Pet Rabbits.

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to you. I thought I would wrtie about my pets. I have two rabbits. They are brown and white. They eat corn and grass. One of them had its leg broken but it is about well now. They like to run and jump. I had two gold fish and they both died. One of them had a big silky tail. His name was Silky, and the other one's name was Goldy. As my letter is getting long I will close.

Frank Bowers, age 11,
Floris, Ia., R. No. 2.

Dorothy Bartmess—First Time She Wrties to The Junior and Her Subject, "The Race."

Dear Juniors: This is the first time I have ever written to The Courier Junior. I am going to write on "The Race."

Once a very poor farmer's son was hunting in the wood not very far from his home.

He killed a deer which belonged to the king. But he did not know that it was the king's. The king heard the shot. He sent his guards out in the wood to see what had caused the shot.

The guards found the poor lad examining the broken leg, which the shot had gone through.

The guards took him in front of the king. The king said: "If you can defeat my only child, Princess Rose, in a race, I shall let you live in the palace here, and besides you may marry my daughter."

The lad replied: "I shall try to defeat Princess Rose. But what if she defeats me?"

"If my daughter defeats you, you shall be locked up in prison here for the rest of your days."

The race was decided. They were to have it the next day, which was Friday.

So on the following day great crowds of people were pushing and jamming to see the race. At last the race was ready to begin. The goal was set a mile and one-half away. The king sat upon his throne, hoping and wishing that his daughter would defeat the lad.

The king gave the signal and off they started. Three-fourths of a mile, now one mile, now closer and closer. At last the princess dashed ahead of the lad, then he dashed ahead of her just in time to reach the goal.

So ever after the prince (as we may call him now) lived in the palace and besides had the beautiful Princess Rose for his wife.

Ever after the prince shot when he wanted to.

Well, as my story is getting long, I will close. I hope to see my letter in print. We take The Courier and I always turn to the Junior page first.

Dorothy Bartmess, age 10,
145 South Elm St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Sammy Karner—A New Junior Has Four Pets.

Dear Junior:

This is my first letter. I thought I would write about our pets.

For pets we have a dog and three cats.

Our dog's name is Shep.

He will chase the cows for us. He is a good dog.

He will go into brush piles after rabbits.

He will try to climb trees after squirrels.

Our cats' names are Bluie and Tommy. The other one has no name.

As my letter is getting long I will close.

Sammie Karsner, age 8,
Floris, Ia., R. 2, Box 21.

Robert Hines—His First Letter Is a Very Newsy One.

Dear Junior:

This is my first letter.
I am eight years old.
I am in the third grade.
I go to St. Patrick's school at Georgetown.
We run a grocery store and a farm.
I have a pony. His name is Billy, and a pet dog, named Maxie.
I am very fond of him.
We have ducks and chickens.
We go in our car. It is three miles.

Robert Hines,
Melrose, Ia., R. 5.

HOW GORDON KEPT SHOP.

When General Gordon first went to the Soudan, he found that the native chiefs knew nothing about money or its use. All the European traders who had visited the country up to that time had paid the chiefs with a handful of beads, or a few pieces of calico, for any work which they had done, and the chiefs prized the beads and calico far more than copper or silver coins.

Now General Gordon was not quite satisfied to do merely as other people had done. He thought it was time these grown-up children learned to buy and sell with the help of money. But, as the people themselves wanted none of his money, he was puzzled how to teach them the use of it.

At length he hit upon a rather clever plan. He made a number of little piles or lots of beads, wire and other things which they valued, and which they usually received as the pay for their labors. But, when payday arrived, he gave each man a small coin, equal to an English penny in value. When each man had received his pay, General Gordon, playing at keeping shop, offered to exchange one of his piles of beads or wire for each coin. The men soon saw what was wanted, and thus learned the use of money. Then Gordon put before them other things of greater value, and told them how many coins he would take for each. When the men saw what things were to be bought by saving up a few coins, they refused to buy any more beads. "No," they said, "we will keep the money till we get more, and can buy more expensive things."—Chatterbox.

Little Paul, aged four, was watching the kindling of an open fire in the fire place for the first time. When the flames commenced to mount and the wood began to crackle with the heat, Paul exclaimed, after a moment's reflection, "I know what makes it noisy, daddy; it's the fire hitting against the stones isn't it?"

Harry Park—How Two Boys Made a Fortune.

Dear Junior:

Freckles and Jaybird were two boys who camped out in the woods for they had no home.

They lived by catching fish and then selling them to the town up the stream.

One day Freckles came bursting into camp waving a newspaper.

"What's the matter?" asked Jaybird. Freckles was so out of wind that at first he could only gasp for air. Then he said:

"This paper says that a Mr. Jackson has, while picking clams, discovered a large and perfct pearl, and it is worth very much money, and has started in the business. We could do the same."

"I suppose we could," said Jaybird as if he was not interested. He did not think any could be found.

Freckles hurried up dinner. And soon had the boats ready for some clams. The boys then filled both boats with them and then started to open them and look for pearls. When Jaybird found a small pearl he bcame interested.

They kept this up and by nightfall they had about six pearls.

This was continued for a month until they had a little box full.

Then they broke camp and went to Missouri where they sold the pearls and had enough money to buy them each a farm. Whe other people learned of this they did the same thing and bought themselves what they wished.

Harry Park.

Thelma Hildebrand—An Interesting School Composition, Coffee.

Dear Juniors:

I will send a school composition on coffee. Coffee is grown in South America. It is grown in Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil. The latter raises two-thirds of the world's supply.

The coffee plant grows in warm countries. The plant grows to a height of 14 feet to 18 feet, but when cultivated it is pruned to 6 or 8 feet.

A beautiful red berry which contains the coffee beans grows on the coffee tree.

When the coffee bean is gothered the pulp and the inner and outer skins which surround it is separated from the bean. The plant needs high, well-drained and rich soil.

Santos is the principle coffee port of South America. Coffee is shipped from Santos to the northern hemisphere.

The United States uses more coffee than any other country.

Thelma Hildebrand, age 10,
1613 W. Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Nina Elsie Schertz—"My Grandmother McCoy."

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write about my Grandfather McCoy whose birthday is the eleventh of October.

She was born in Marion county, Indiana, in 1847.

She with her parents moved to Iowa when she was only one year old. She lived near Competine until she was married.

Grandma and her husband moved to a farm four miles north of Ottumwa. They had seven children. One child is dead.

Grandpa died 36 years ago. Grandma lives in Ottumwa now.

I like to go to grandma's house. I have such good times there.

Nina Elsie Schertz, age 11,
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 1, Box 165.

THIS is a group of United States soldiers. They are all pointing toward something. It may be an airplane, a submarine or a company of troops they see.