

THE COURIER JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

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Ottumwa, Iowa.

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EDITOR MATILDA DEVEREAUX

THREE PRIZE WINNERS.

Dear Juniors: The three judges who pass on the work of The Courier Juniors and who decide to whom the prizes must be awarded, say that the Red Cross prize goes to Dorothy Lynn Gates, and the other two prizes to Clarence Stewart and Emmett Fellows. Several of the Juniors working in the various contests forgot to tell how old they were. We must always know the ages of the Juniors. The three prize winners complied with all the seven rules.

CONTEST 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: 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 subjects are 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 his or her name appeared in this paper, it is because the wrong address was given us. When we are given wrong addresses, 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.

Glenn Stewart—How Billykins Saved the Train.

Little Billykins sat by the window in his father's cottage looking at the big drops of rain as they fell on stones in the yard and as they ran down the window pane.

His father had sent for a beautiful express wagon for Billykins.

Billykins had planned to get to the station that afternoon to see the wagon. It was there. But the rain had checked his plans.

That evening the expressman drove up to the door and unloaded a bright colored express wagon.

Billykins was glad to see the wagon and his mother brought it in so he could play with it. His mother said he could go out with it the next day.

The next morning he awoke bright and early and having taken his express wagon went down to the railroad where he knew he could find some stones to put on his wagon. As Billykins rounded a curve he saw a mass of dirt and rocks on the track. No trains had passed and so nobody knew it was there but Billykins and he did not think of a train being wrecked there and so set to work throwing stones.

After while he heard a shrill whistle and he knew it was a train. His wagon had too many heavy rocks on it for him to pull off the track, and to take the rocks out of his wagon and then pull it off would be too late, for the train was coming on the side of the track he was on. And so he knew no other way to save his wagon than to run the track and stop the stones.

At last the engineer saw him and stopped the train and growled "Why do you stop the train?"

Billykins answered, "I can't get my express wagon off the track down there and the curve."

The engineer went to help him get it off. And when he got in sight of the pile of rocks he said "My boy, you have saved the train. The stones have stopped the train. Then the engineer pulled his express wagon off the track. And then he picked Billykins up and set him on his shoulder and hurried back to the train. They were three stones for Billykins. Then the men set to work and dug the mass of dirt and rocks from the track.

Then the engineer took Billykins and his express wagon to Billykins' home and when the engineer got there he found Billykins' father in the yard and told him how Billykins had saved the train. After the engineer had gone Billykins' mother came and asked "What has Billykins saved?"

"Saved my express wagon," said Billykins, the hero.

Glenn Stewart, Age 11,
Eldon, Iowa, Box No. 80.

Dorothy Clossen — "I Am Writing About Our Pup."

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written before I will try and write about our pup. We call him Ted. He is a nice, large, brown Collie. He is about seven months old. We think he weighs about fifty pounds. He goes to the cornfield with papa most every day. Sometimes when papa crosses an ear of corn over the wagon he will pick it up and bring it around to him. He also snucks an ear occasionally with his teeth and paws. He loves to come in the house.

In the morning after papa gets the fire kindled he lets him in and opens the stair door. Ted comes just a bouncing upstairs and leaps upon the bed, rolls and scratches around until he has us in his arms. Sometimes we send him after the horses. She scares the chickens out of the yard.

Dorothy Clossen, Age 10,
Packwood, Ia., R. No. 2.

Skipjack

Joseph opened his eyes and stared bewildered at the white cloth tent roof over his head. Where was he, and what smelled so sweet right under his head?

Then his eyes shone happily. Why, of course!—camping out—camping out at last, for the first time in his little seven years—and hadn't he always known just how it would be, because mother used to go camping with her mother and father every summer, beginning at two, and here he was seven!—and hadn't she told him just how sweet the fir bough bed would smell under his head when he went to sleep?

But though he had tried and tried to pretend it all, he never could begin to pretend so sweet as this.

The night before, he and mother had cut the boughs themselves, with his own new camp hatchet, and had piled up a high, springy bed. With some thick blankets over it, no one ever had had so comfy a bed; and he had tumbled into his fragrant nest, and that was all he knew till just now, when he opened his eyes and saw the tent roof, instead of his own ceiling, and smelled the sweet fir boughs.

He looked across the tent. Mother and daddy had gone; and was it a fire he heard crackling outside, and daddy whistling? That must be bacon he smelled!

Out he fled, in a fever of impatience, just as the corner of the tent flap was lifted up and mother peeped cautiously in. He was about to slip out the morning when she put her finger on her lip, and crossing quickly to him, drew him to the tent door, whispering: "Keep quiet, and see that cunning, cunning chipmunk out there on the log where we put our wash basin and pail of water last night. He doesn't know what to make of that shiny tin basin, does he? See how he whisks his tail, and tries to find out what is on his log—and yet he doesn't dare touch it!"

"Oh, mother, isn't he funny? See him now! He sat right up and folded his hands on his stomach, and chattered to himself about it!" chuckled Joseph, gleefully, under his breath.

That was Joseph's first glimpse of Skipjack, as he promptly named his little chipmunk friend.

"We'll be very friendly and quiet with him," advised mother, "and perhaps he may grow friendly with us." So in a few days, when the camp provisions needed replenishing, and daddy had to tramp to the nearest little mountain town to get more, Joseph begged, "You won't forget plenty of peanuts for Skipjack, will you, daddy?"

Daddy promised, and brought such a big bag that even Joseph was satisfied.

"Let's put two or three out on the wash basin log, and then he'll be pleased and come again, and we'll watch for him and give him some more every time and see if we can't get more tame."

Sure enough, Skipjack, who seemed overwhelmed with curiosity in regard to the wash basin log and soap dishes that now decorated his own favorite log, soon appeared—and could it be a peanut?

He cocked his little shiny black eye at it, whisked his tail very fast, sat on his little hind legs and looked again, finally seized one peanut, stuffed it in his cheek, gave a flying leap to the ground, another flying leap up the trunk of the nearest pine tree, raced to the topmost branches, in spirals round the trunk, down again, in the same excitement, and finally scampered off and popped down into one of his many convenient holes.

Joseph and mother and daddy, watching, but concealed behind some bushes, were convulsed with merriment. After that, Joseph kept the old wash basin log as a tempting feast, till frisking little Skipjack had all fear of the basins, pails and soap boxes, and scampered over them all, and didn't mind even if they clattered a little. At first, the least clatter was enough to send him tearing off the log and up the highest tree.

One day Daddy brought a fresh supply from town, and Joseph, finding an empty lard pail with a cover, put the peanuts in that, and banged the cover on tight.

"Now they are safe, even if he gets very friendly," he remarked, "and I'll put the pail in my corner of the tent."

Next morning, when he went to get some nuts, being reminded by Skipjack, who sat out in the sunshine on the wash basin log, chattering impatiently, he found the cover off and the pail empty.

"Why, mother, did you or daddy take Skipjack's peanuts?" called Joseph.

No, they had neither one seen them. But who could have taken every single peanut, and right in the tent, too? There wasn't anybody who could possibly have opened the pail except mother or daddy or himself. Then his eyes opened very wide and he gasped!

"Mother! Daddy! You don't suppose Skipjack took them himself, do you? He has little hands, you know—but he couldn't, could he; and he wouldn't dare walk right over me when I was asleep, to get them, would he?"

Daddy gave a low, ruminate whistle. "The scamp! I wonder if he did! But if he has made off with a whole business of peanuts he certainly had no business to sit up on that log now and claim to be starving! Listen to his chattering!—as if he had been starved a month! I'll tell you, Joseph, I'm going into Edgewood again today, and I'll bring another supply of rations for Mr. Skipjack, and we'll spy on him!"

Joseph was all impatience till daddy came back. He had his lard pail ready and he and daddy put a few peanuts in it and set it out on the log; and then, with mother, hid themselves to watch and kept very, very still.

Presently Skipjack frisked up on the log, his nose so close to the bark, smelling for peanuts, that he almost bumped into the pail; and Joseph, in hiding, clapped his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

In his astonishment Skipjack sat up very straight and whisked his tail very fast, then hopped off the log, then

WHAT pleasure for the school teacher if all school girls were as daintily clad as these. The frock seen at the left is made of blue serge and is most simple in style. The skirt is pleated and the button and braid effect on the waist is the only trimming, yet the little frock has an unmistakably refined touch. The waist worn by the girl at the right is made of rose-colored crepe de chine, hand smocked with edging of baby Irish crochet around the collar.



hopped up again, apparently looked very hard in all directions to make sure no one would detect him, and then set industriously to work to open the pail.

The cover was on tight, and the pail was tall, but Skipjack was persevering. Using his little front paws like hands, and pushing with his little black nose, he had the cover almost off, when off rolled the pail with a great clatter to the ground.

Such an unexpected interruption sent Skipjack chattering to the top of his pine tree, and Joseph threw himself flat on the ground and pressed both hands hard on his mouth. But presently Skipjack was back, very indignant, and more than ever bent on getting that cover off—and yes—bang!

—there it went, and Skipjack had the pail on its side, stuffed a peanut into each cheek, took a third one between his teeth and scampered gaily for his hole.

"Well!" said daddy. "I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Oh, daddy, isn't he the smartest, cunningest Skipjack!" Joseph shouted with long pent-up laughter.

"I'll take a hand in this game now, too," said daddy, "and we'll see how much the little scamp does know!"

He took the pail, put a few nuts inside, put the cover on tight as before, then stood the pail bottom side up on the log; and once more they all went into hiding.

Soon Skipjack reappeared, always wary, but intent on finding his peanuts. He spied the pail at once, and immediately set to work. But where was the part that came off? He chattered very wrathfully; then in a sudden flash he seemed to solve the problem. The pail was pushed over, cover off, and peanuts carried off as before.

"I'm his friend now," laughed daddy, "and he can have all the peanuts he wants this summer!"

"But he doesn't eat them, does he?" asked Joseph. "He can't eat all he carries off!"

"No, he has various storehouses—the holes you see him pop down—and he eats some, and puts away the rest for winter. He'll have a very comfortable time next winter, won't he?"

"But what does he do when people don't come and camp near him and give him peanuts?"

"Oh, there are pine nuts, you know, and hazelnuts, but he seems to prefer peanuts," doesn't he? Or maybe he is lazy and thinks it's easier to have peanuts handed out to him, all ready to store than it is to scrimpish all through the woods after his own winter supplies."

All that summer Joseph and mother and daddy grew more and more intimate with bright, furry little Skipjack, and he apparently trusted them more and more daily, till at the end of the summer he considered himself one of the family, and would dart up on Joseph's shoulder, or into his pocket after peanuts—but only if Joseph would keep still. He never learned quite to trust any sudden movement.

When it came time to pack up to go home, poor little Joseph was almost in tears, but not quite, because, you see, he was "seven-going on eight."

"Never mind, dear," comforted mother; "we all know he has plenty of peanuts for all winter—more than a dozen Skipjacks could possibly eat—and he will sleep in his holes, and wake up and eat the peanuts you gave him, and next winter you can think about him all curled up snug and warm underground, with lots and lots of peanuts around him, all ready to eat whenever he wakes up. We have all had such a good time here that you know we are coming back next summer, and we'll bring a flour sack full of peanuts with us, and put some out on the wash basin log just the first minute we get back; and I'm sure little Skipjack will whisk right out of one of his holes to see us, and after he has sat up on his little hind legs and folded

his hands over his little fat, furry tummy, and looked at us very hard to make sure it is really we, his own old friends, you'll find he will soon be just as friendly as ever. Surely Joseph, you wouldn't want to take him with you! Think how very, very unhappy he would be in a tiny cage when he has been used to scampering up great trees and over logs and down holes. I hope you'll never, never want to cage any happy, lid thing, dear," she added wistfully.

"No, mother, I couldn't bear to make him unhappy; and if we are coming back sure pop next summer, why, it's all right!" Joseph looked almost happy again.

"Sure pop," laughed back mother, "with a hug, aren't you, daddy? Next summer we'll bring a camera and take Mr. Skipjack's picture; and maybe we'll find something else to make friends with, too."

"I dot!" Joseph was all interest.

"I dot!" Joseph mused mother, "but you know how Farmer Griffin's chickens have been disappearing all summer, and yet nobody has seen the thief, though they find plenty of his footprints, and we might get on friendly enough terms with that old covote, at least to see him."

Jessie Colvin—History of the Red Cross.

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to the Junior, I thought I would like to write to you about the Red Cross. It was formed in 1861, under the leadership of Miss Clara Barton, on the lines similar to those of the organization of relief established by Miss Florence Nightingale during the Crimean war in 1853-1856. In the Civil War Miss Barton did splendid service. In the Spanish-American War, the Red Cross worked great. It was vastly improved and enlarged at every point, supported by liberal and constantly financial aid and hosts of noble men and women all over the country. Its cause is the cause of humanity—to care for the wounded and the suffering on every battle field. Honorable Woodrow Wilson President of the United States is at the head. Ex. President W. H. Taft and a host of leading men and women are working hard for it. Foreign countries recognize and respect it. It gives aid to the sick, and wounded. To provide the bare necessities of life to the homeless—in debt, wretched, sweaters and how sending spare a dollar should join at once and become an active member. People generally in this country have only the faintest idea as to what Red Cross means to the men and women who help them in hospital and medical army equipment. Comfort kits, writing paper, pens, tobacco, tooth brushes, jams, jellies and sweetmeats are sent by the Red Cross.

In all sorts of ways the Red Cross help the war and soldier boys. Boys and girls can help too. The girls can knit socks, mufflers caps, sweaters, trousers and how sending them papers and books to read. It will close as may letter is getting long, hoping to see my letter in print. I am your Junior friend.

Jessie Colvin, Age 13,
410 Pine St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Joe Miller—How The Boats Go Through the Keokuk Dam.

Dear Editor:

I am going to tell you about the Keokuk dam. When a boat is about to go through the locks from above or down the river, the water is raised level with the water above. The boat is then let into the locks and the upper gates are closed. Then the water in the locks gradually goes down or out until it is level with the water below. The lower gates are opened and the boat goes down the river.

When a boat is going up the river, it first enters the locks, the lower gates are closed. The water in the locks is raised to the level of the river above, then the boat steams up the river.

There is a power house in the middle of the Mississippi. There are three stories above the water and three below. It raises and lowers the locks. I saw two boats go through and it is very instructive.

Joe W. Miller,
1019 West Sherman St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Pearl Holden—Story Of the Pilgrims.

Dear Juniors:

Many years ago there were no white people in this country. Only the Indian lived here. There were no towns, no gardens, no farms. There were only great forests and mountains and prairies, over which wild animals and Indians roamed.

After a while, however, there came a little band of brave men with their wives and children, to make homes in this new land. They were called Pilgrims. These people had been almost driven away from their homes in England because they wished to worship the Lord in a different way from other people there. The Pilgrims wanted to live where they could be free, so they came to America, sailing over the ocean in the good ship Mayflower.

One cold day in December, just before Christmas, they landed here. They did not have much to eat or wear, and there were no houses built to shelter them from the snow. But they thanked the Lord for bringing them safely over the stormy sea and they went bravely to work to make their log cabins. Of course they suffered a great deal from cold and hunger and many of them grew ill and died. When spring came not more than half of them were left.

The Indians did not harm the poor Pilgrims. One of the red men, Squanto, came often to visit the white men and to teach them how to plant their corn. After a while Chief Massasoit also came with his warriors. He, too, treated the white people kindly.

The Pilgrims worked hard all that summer. When autumn came their gardens and fields gave them a good harvest of corn, pumpkins, beans and other things to eat.

How do you suppose the Pilgrims felt? In what way did they thank the Lord? They set apart a day for thanksgiving, on which they fasted and prayed and praised God for his goodness. After their services were over they had a feast. To this first Thanksgiving dinner the Indian friends were invited, and they came, Chief Massasoit and ninety of his band, to help out the dinner. The Indians brought several deer they had killed. The white hunters came in with wild turkeys and ducks and the fishermen brought fish and clams.

What did the gardens give for the dinner?

Pearl Holden.

Thelma Naomi Johnson—The Red Cross.

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write you a few lines to let you know I still read the Courier Junior page.

I have not written to the Junior page for a long time. I am going to tell you what I think about the Red Cross.

I think it is a good society. I think everyone who is able should belong to it, for the Red Cross has raised millions and millions of dollars for the benefit of our country and for the soldiers who are fighting for our country in the trenches. I have no brother or sister to give to Uncle Sam to fight at the front, but I have several cousins and I can be saving on the food bill.

We had a Red Cross sale here in Agency. The amount received was about \$650. Everything from a handkerchief to a load of hay was on sale. I think they did excellent work for such a small town.

It is terrible to think about this war. We should all be saving. When we don't know who is going to win this war, Uncle Sam or Kaiser Bill. But I stay in hopes that it may be America first of all that may win. We all know if Germany wins we will all suffer from autocracy.

Had he any brother?"

"Yes, sir, one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

"Come along, follow me," said the stranger. "I am going to see a person who says his name is Charles Bailey of Kingston near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indebted whom you say you are, I have a deed and has left an immense fortune which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

They went by the coach, saw the pretended Charles Bailey and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity and told him that he had advertised for him in the Providence Standard and that he had a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half penny or even had credit for a candle, he might have redeemed his name for years. But he trusted God, who never said "Seek ye my face," in vain.

Minnie Evans,
R. F. D. 1,
Libertyville, Iowa.

Milford Brady—A New Junior Tells of a Pet Dog.

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to the Courier Junior before I thought that I would write a story about "My Pet Dog."

Last year a little black and white puppy came to our house and would not go away, so I had permission from my mother to keep him. He was a rat terrier. I named him Jack, but he didn't seem to like that name, so I called him Sport. I took a box and made Sport a bed. He stayed with me for about a year and then disappeared and we could never find him after that. So ended my pet dog.

Milford Brady, Age 10,
313 East Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Hazel Evans—A New Junior Writes About Her Pet Dog.

Dear Juniors:

This is my first letter to the Junior page and I thought I would join in the circle, along with the other girls and boys.

I am a little girl 12 years old. I am going to write about "My Pet Dog."

His name is Curly. He is as black as a crow. He can do several cute tricks. He can shake hands with you and when he gets hungry he will come to the kitchen door and bark until you give him something to eat.

Hazel Evans, Age 12,
R. F. D. 1,
Libertyville, Iowa.

George Wright—His Cousin Is Stationed at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Dear Juniors:

I will write you a letter to put in the Junior page.

I have a cousin Leland Simmons in the coast artillery stationed at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. He enlisted at Peoria, Ill., and was sent from there to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and from there to New York City. While in New York City he saw Charis Chaplin walking on the street. From New York City he was sent to Honolulu, where he is at present. He has been in the service nearly two years.

George Wright,
Box 52,
Eldon, Iowa.

Opal Utterback—Great Grandmother Chased By Pet Deer.

Dear Juniors:

This is the second time I have written to the Junior page, I enjoy reading it very much. I thought I would write about my ancestors.

I have a grandma and grandpa and a great, great aunt. My aunt is making us a visit now.

One day my great grandma started to go to the mill. They had a pet deer and while she was going the deer took after her and she saved her life by running on ice. When the deer ran on the ice his legs spread out and the woman got home.

Opal Utterback,
Box 52,
Eldon, Iowa.

Minnie Evans—School Composition—"Respect For the Sabbath Rewarded."

Dear Juniors:

I am an old Junior friend and I thought I would send in one of my school compositions, "Respect For the Sabbath Rewarded."

In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was on the way to his morning's employment he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath school.

At length he took courage and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work and worship God. He replied that he would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to give up his trade for a more God, as the more he reflected the more his duty became apparent.

He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half penny to buy a candle, and was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

When shaved, he said: "There must be something extraordinary in your history which I have not now time to hear. Here is a half crown for you. When I return I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?"

"Charles Bailey," said the astonished barber.

"Charles Bailey?" echoed the stranger. "Charles Bailey? By your dialect you are from the west."

"Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton."

"What was your father's name?"

"Richard."

"Had he any brother?"

"Yes, sir, one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

"Come along, follow me," said the stranger. "I am going to see a person who says his name is Charles Bailey of Kingston near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indebted whom you say you are, I have a deed and has left an immense fortune which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

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Minnie Evans,
R. F. D. 1,
Libertyville, Iowa.

Emmett Fellows—Pet Dog Kills Three Opossums; Hides Net \$2.05.

Dear Juniors:

I am 12 years old and am in the seventh grade at school. I am going to tell you about my pet dog.

One day a man in a wagon stopped at our house. He had a little black dog, no bigger than a kitten. I asked him if he wanted to sell him. He said he did, so I bought him. I named him Rover. I fed him milk from a pan and he was soon fat as a pig.

I killed a rabbit one day for him and he sure did like it. He has wanted to hunt rabbits ever since.

Last summer when we went hunting Rover found a little hole with something in it. I got the spade and dug into a den of weasels. We got ten of them. Rover likes to fight an opossum. This winter he killed three opossums and a muskrat, besides lots of rabbits.

I shipped my opossum hides and they brought \$2.05.

Rover is a good swimmer and a good wader. If he sees anyone hurting us children he will jump on the back of the one who is hurting us and bite them. Rover likes to chase the pigs and chickens.

Emmett Fellows, Age 12,
Route 2,
Douds, Iowa.

Cleora Sample—A Ground Hog Story.

I thought I would write you a story about a ground hog. There is an old saying about the ground hog. It is the second day of February it comes out of its hole and looks around. If the day is bright and he sees his shadow he retreats to his burrow for six weeks; then we have a late spring. If the day is cloudy and his shadow is not to be seen, he stays outside the hole and there is an early spring. And I, for one, hope he does not see his shadow.

Cleora Sample, Age 18,
144 North Moore St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

WHAT PUSSY SAID.

Bessie with her kitten
Sitting on her knee:
"Pussy, dear, now won't you
Try to talk with me?"

Now I'll ask a question.
Answer, Pussy, do!
Who's the one you love best?
Pussy said, "Me!"

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