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THE COURIER JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

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EDITOR: MATILDA DEVEREAUX

THREE PRIZE WINNERS.

Dear Juniors: Today we have two remarkable ancestor stories and a splendid patriotic story. The writer of the latter, Vera Roberts, is advising cakeless, cookieless and fruitless days to help win the war as well as the lightless nights, wheatless, porkless and meatless days we already have. The three judges are all very proud of this Junior girl, and hope that other Juniors will pattern after Vera. The ancestor stories are very remarkable ones, and the judges are very proud, too, of Margaret and Gertrude. They say they are very glad to pass on to the work of the relatives of Peter Stuyvesant and M. Lowrie. Of course these three Juniors were awarded prizes.

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:

- Patriotic Duties of Today.
- 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, knitting needles 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.
- Pet Dog.
- Corn and Apples.
- Sweet Potatoes and Cotton.
- A Letter.
- Select prizes from among the following: Game, flag, football, 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 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 number or farming to have a box sent in their parents' names.

Margaret Gates—One of Her Ancestors Was Peter Stuyvesant, Governor-General of New Amsterdam.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl, 8 years old. I have never written to the Courier Junior before.

I was reading this morning about one of my ancestors who lived 300 years ago and I thought I would write and tell you something about him.

His name was Peter Stuyvesant. He was born in Holland in 1602. His father was a minister and brought Peter up in a very strict manner. He studied Latin and when he was an old man he was very proud of his knowledge. After he left school he became a soldier.

He performed duties as a soldier quicker and better than some of his comrades and was given command over a Dutch colony in the West Indies. He lost a leg in an attack on St. Martin. He had to return to Holland.

As soon as he was well he was sent as governor-general to New Amsterdam. He came to New Amsterdam in 1647 and ruled the colony until 1664, when it was captured by the English.

He did much for the benefit of the colony. He tried to help the Indians and forbade the sale of drink to them. He forbade Sabbath breaking and tried in every way to improve the colony.

Peter Stuyvesant lived on his farm eight years after the colony was given to the English. The English changed the name of New Amsterdam to New York. He died in New York City in 1682. He was buried in the graveyard on the corner of Stuyvesant street and Second avenue.

One of his direct descendants was Mrs. Susannah Lyon. Her great granddaughter was Martha Ford, who married Morgan L. Hulett. Their daughter Many Ann is my Grandmother Gates who lives at 113 South Willard street.

Mary Margaret Gates, Age 8, R. R. 3, Box 67, Blakesburg, Iowa.

Gilbert Warden—Likes the Farm, Where There Is "Fun and Joy."

My Dear Juniors:
As I am writing I thought I would write about the farm, where I have lived eleven years. I live in the city of Eldon now. The farm is the place for fun and joy. You have little chores to do. In the fall you can go and gather nuts and have lots of fun and in the winter you can go skating on the ponds and rivers. You can slide down hill on the snow and snowball the snow fort.

As I have not written to the Courier Junior before I will not write very much.

Gilbert Warden,
Eldon, Iowa.

The Fate of Don

"O mamsey, mamsey," exclaimed little Fanny, running to her mother with an apronful of eggs, "Biddy Blackfoot stole her nest in the rocky canon, and here are ten eggs. Can't we sell them to help keep Don?"

The mother patted the cheeks of her little seven-year-old daughter and quietly took the eggs and put them away just as her other two children, William and Alice, the ten-year-old twins, came rushing in.

"O mother, we have thought of a way to earn money to save poor Don," breathlessly called William, and with much excitement, and both children speaking at once, they told her of their new formed plan. Mrs. Weston was an indulgent mother, so she did not discourage them, and that night passersby who took notice saw a rudely printed placard on the gate at the roadside, which bore this inscription: "Flowers and Fresh Bread For Sale."

Two years before, Mr. Weston had been killed in an accident, and since then the mother and little ones had struggled bravely to make a living. Their home was a little log cabin in the Salmon river canon in Idaho. The ranch extended back into the foothills, where there was ample pasture for stock, but the rich bottom land on the river was limited to a few acres. However, by careful economy, Mrs. Weston had been able to keep her little flock clothed and fed, and as this year gave every promise of a bountiful harvest, the Westons had purchased a fine Jersey cow and had succeeded in paying for her, all but ten dollars. That last payment would be due in two weeks. With the fine garden, back of the house and the good hay crop in the meadow, Mr. Brown might feel sure that he would get the remainder of his pay before the summer was over, but he was not a man to wait for his money. Moreover, he had offered to square the account by taking Don, their beautiful two-year-old collie. Mrs. Weston, although very fond of their faithful dog, having reared him from puppyhood, had decided that, as they had no sheep for him to care for, they must part with him rather than lose their cow and the money they had already paid for her.

That night the three children went out and looked over the row of rose bushes, which were now laden with beautiful blossoms. Hope is strong in early years and although the mother knew quite well that the many tourists who daily motored by would be interested in buying flowers, yet she could not discourage the effort of these little children. As to the bread, she had agreed to keep some fresh loaves always on hand for the next two weeks, and had promised the children that whatever they received from the sale of the bread they might lay aside to pay Mr. Brown.

The days passed quickly, and already ten days of the two weeks were gone. Only ninety cents had been taken in for bread and not a cent for flowers. Anxious little heads huddled together every evening, while Don ran in and out, capering and barking, seeming not to realize the trouble in the household, although he had been told many times.

The morning of the thirteenth day dawned clear and bright, but there was no sunshine in the little faces that met at the breakfast table. Tomorrow, if the ten dollars could not be paid to Mr. Brown, he was to take Don—Don who had been such a jolly companion and such a protector—oh, it was too dreadful to think about! The breakfast was hurriedly finished, for Mrs. Weston had promised to go to care for a sick neighbor through the day. She had just taken out of the oven six delicately browned loaves of bread, then after advising the children to be careful of fires and to remain near the house she departed.

The children ran to the garden and picked a dishful of raspberries, and then tidied the kitchen and washed the dishes. At noon they ate their luncheon, and then the three sat down in the doorway, a sad and lonely little group, while Don ran hither and thither, chasing rabbits and birds.

"Another auto coming," declared William. "Wish it would stop here and we could sell some bread."

"Huh," said wise little Alice, "you couldn't sell nine dollars' worth."

While they were discussing the matter, the car drew nearer and came to an abrupt stop. Looking at the sign on the gate, the man jumped out of the car and ran up the hill to the house.

"Hell, children!" he called. "Where is your mother? Do you think she would give some hungry travellers a bite to eat?"

Alice arose, and with all the dignity she could assume told him that their mother would not be home until 6 o'clock, but that perhaps they might give them something to eat, if they were not too particular.

"Not a bit of it," laughed Mr. Eaton. "My wife and little crippled daughter are weary and hungry, so (glancing into the clean little kitchen) if you will permit it, we will drive in."

Half an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton and their daughter Celeste were seated at the table, on which was a plate of flaky white bread, a dish of tempting raspberries, which it seems to me do grow so luxuriously nowhere as in the Salmon river country, a roll of yellow butter which Mrs. Weston had churned the day before, a pot of steaming coffee, that little Alice knew how to make just as well as her mother, and a pitcher of thick sweet cream.

After the refreshing luncheon and while the Eatons were resting in the cool, vine-shaded porch, Don came prancing in with a dead rabbit in his mouth. While the little crippled girl, Celeste, patted him, the Weston children told her of their bitter grief in the expected parting with him on the morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton exchanged sympathizing glances, and when, a little later, they were again ready to con-

tinuing their journey, Mr. Eaton handed out a ten-dollar bill to Alice. "I haven't any change," she said, "and the little meal wasn't worth much anyway."



Gladwyn Curran—"A Letter" Which Made a Little Girl and Her Papa Happy.

Dear Courier Juniors:
I am writing a story about "A Letter."

Once there was a poor man who lived all alone in a little old house. His name was John Martin. His wife had died recently and left him with a little girl. He had put in an application for work at a broom factory. If he got work there as he expected to, he would have to be away from home all day and as he did not have anyone to leave his little girl with, he had to put her in an orphan's home.

As he was starting to town one day he saw the mail carrier stop at his house. He had brought a letter. Mr. Martin grasped the letter eagerly, thinking it was an answer to his application. But it was bad news. His brother Paul, who was in a foreign country, was very ill and had sent for him to come. He knew his brother was poor, so he had sent him the money for his ticket.

Mr. Martin started at once, but when he got there his brother was dead. Paul Martin had left a large fortune and had willed it to his brother. Mr. Martin went home at once and took his little girl from the orphan's home and lived happily ever after.

Gladwyn Curran, Age 10, Eldon, Iowa.

Frances Boley—Tells What Her Grandma Did For the Red Cross.

Dear Juniors:
My Grandma Curtis belongs to the Red Cross at Birmingham, and I will tell you what she is doing. Grandma is knitting for the soldiers. She has knit two pairs of socks, a helmet, a sweater and nine mufflers. Her Grandma said that there was a little girl named Dorothy who came with her mamma to the Red Cross meetings, and she wanted to knit for soldier boys. Then she sat down by the table and snipped rag.

Birmingham held a Red Cross sale and the sale amounted to over \$300. There was a horse, a calf, a sheep, four hogs, corn, oats, potatoes, canned goods, vegetables, chickens and other things sold. During the sale an egg was sold and resold for \$29.75.

Grandma gave a crocheted bedspread to be sold for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. and it brought \$38. She also gave a crutched yoke.

Birmingham has several boys in the army and among them is my Uncle Clarence. The two barber shops donated all they took in on one day's work and grandma has not told us how much it was.

Frances Boley, Age 10, Fremont, Iowa, R. No. 2.

time their journey, Mr. Eaton handed out a ten-dollar bill to Alice. "I haven't any change," she said, "and the little meal wasn't worth much anyway."

"O never mind the change," replied Mr. Eaton, "for the rest here has been worth more than any money value."

"Oh, but mother would not want us to take so much," William expostulated.

"Well, well," laughed Mr. Eaton, with a smile at little Celeste, "didn't you know that we want some flowers, too?"

A few minutes later, Celeste sat in the car with her arms full of beautiful roses.

"They are not worth so much," Alice reflected, "but we shall never forget you. You have saved our Don to us," and happy tears came to her eyes.

As the car drove away, its occupants turned for a last look at the children and the picture of the three with their arms around the dog made the Eatons feel strongly the truth of this proverb: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Dicky Chick Tries to Swim

Mother Hen looked down at her youngest chick with a frown. "If you don't stop sulking, you shall not go with us to the wheatfield this afternoon," she said firmly.

The sulky chicken wiggled his little yellow feet in the warm, brown sand, and ruffled up his feathers, which was his way of pouting.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked one of his sisters. "You always make things so unpleasant with your grumbling and pouting! Here's a fat worm, if you're hungry," and she tossed him a big, juicy worm.

But the sulky chick was not hungry. He let the worm twist itself along until it almost got away into a hole in the earth; but just then old Daddy Rooster, with a loud crow, jumped from the barnyard fence and gulped the worm down himself.

"What's the matter down here?" he demanded in a loud voice, which made the little chickens shake, for Daddy Rooster, with his shining red comb and great, curling tail feathers, seemed very grand to them.

"Oh, Dicky Chick is sulky!" said Mother Hen. "He wants to go with the duck family on their picnic today to the old red bridge."

"He does, does he?" Daddy Rooster said after a moment's pause. "Well, we'll let him go this time."

"What?" cried Mother Hen. "We are going to the wheatfield."

Daddy Rooster chuckled to himself. "Well," he said at last, "ever since Dicky Chick was a little bit of a fellow with Neighbor Duck's family; so this time we'll let him go. Run along, chicken. You'll catch them before they get very far; they are slow walkers."

The little chicken, no longer sulky, was so excited that he forgot to thank Daddy Rooster and to say good-by to the others, but ran off with a gay chirping.

The little ducks made a great quacking when they saw him coming. Mother Duck seemed astonished to see him; but he told her that Daddy Rooster had said he could go, and so she let them all run on ahead, while she waddled slowly along in the rear.

Under the old red bridge ran a deep, slow-moving stream of cool water. It was a beautiful day, and the young ducks felt happy. As soon as they reached the brook they made a great clatter, and waded in and began to swim downstream, where the water was deep.

Little Dicky Chick did not hesitate. He was among the first that waded in. The cozy, moist mud felt pleasant to his feet at first; but as he went farther in, and the water wet his soft neck and tail, and he finally felt himself being carried along by the flow of the water, he began to be a little frightened.

But he was a plucky little fellow. He saw the little ducks round him diving and having a fine time. One of them in sport dived so close to him that the water covered him up entirely.

He felt his breath going, and the next he knew, a flat bill snapped his little bunch of tall feathers and lifted him out of the water. The next minute he was on Mrs. Duck's smooth, broad white back. He dug his little toes into her feathers and hung on with all his might.

Mrs. Duck scolded her family soundly for the little ducks were making all sorts of fun of their little plaminate; then she steered for the edge of the brook.

"Right beyond that fence," she said as she reached the bank and the little chick slid down. "Is the wheatfield, where your family are. Good-by!"

Little Dicky Chick, very much ashamed, thanked her, and made his way quickly to the wheatfield. As he crawled through a hole in the stone wall, the whole chicken family seemed to be looking for him, for they were all standing near him with their heads in the air.

Daddy Rooster made believe that he was much astonished. "Back so soon, Dicky Chick?"

"How's swimming?" asked one of Dicky's brothers teasingly.

But Dicky Chick only ran to his mother and wiggled his wet little body into her warm feathers, with just his feet peeping out. He had learned that he was a walking chicken, and not a swimming duck, and he never forgot the lesson of that spring morning—Elmer C. Mills, in Youth's Companion.

Margaret Findlay, Robert's Sister, Has Been Visiting In Des Moines.

Dear Juniors:
This is the first time I have written to the Courier Juniors.

I am 10 years old. My name is Margaret Findlay. I have two brothers. Their names are Robert and Ned Findlay.

I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Moore. She is a very good teacher.

I went to Des Moines last week and had a very good time.

I have two aunts, two uncles and four cousins living in Des Moines.

For Christmas I got a new coat, a little dresser, box of stationery, a handkerchief, box of pencils and a little barrette.

Margaret Findlay, Age 10, Box 527, Eldon, Iowa.

Stories "Fine." Children's Evening Stories "Fins."

Dear Juniors:
I have never written to this page before, but would like to join the Courier Juniors. I live on a farm near Eldon. My father takes The Courier and I like the children's evening stories fine.

I have seen Henry Schmitz's letter in the paper. He is my cousin.

Walter Schmitz, Age 6, Eldon, Iowa.

Gertrude Winslow—Writes True Story of a Distant Relative.

Dear Juniors:
I will write a true story about Walter M. Lowrie, a distant relative of my mother's people.

He was born in 1820. He graduated from Jefferson college at Princeton, New Jersey. In 1841 he was ordained for the ministry. His wish and intention for several years had been to spend his life as a missionary to the heathen. He had always believed that the work of missions was identical with that of the ministry, requiring the same talents and preparation.

At first he intended to go to western Africa as a missionary, but as the climate was unhealthy and he was not very strong, he decided to go to China.

The mission to China was then but commencing and was encompassed with many difficulties. That great empire was at that time closed against the Christian missionary and Singapore had been selected as a most suitable place where the language of China could be learned, translations made, schools established and other missionary work carried on. Quite a few other missionaries had preceded him to this field of work but had not been very successful. It was, however, with many misgivings and much reluctance at first that he decided to make the change.

After many delays he sailed January 19, 1842, on the ship Huntress. The journey across the ocean was beset with many dangers. Once during the journey there was a great wind storm. The ship drifted out of its course and they all thought they were lost, but finally found themselves on an island but did not know whether they were north or south of the course they were taking. But they were very thankful for their escape from the storm. If they had stayed in the open sea much longer they would have been lost entirely. As it was, their cargo was much damaged by the waves which sometimes rose above the ship. The missionary's books, which were very valuable, had to be dried in the sun in order to save them.

The island was uninhabited except for a few Indians who had a rude hut for shelter. They spoke the Spanish language and were friendly to the strangers.

They could see a strip of land in the far distance. When the storm subsided they proceeded on their journey and finally reached the port they were bound for.

After the missionary had mastered the Chinese language and had done successful missionary work at Ningpo, Shanghai and other Chinese towns, he and some other missionaries, while moved from one station to another, in which the journey had to be made by water. They were met and attacked by Chinese pirates who came on board their boat and murdered some and plundered the cargo, throwing some overboard, including Mr. Lowrie. They stood with a long pole with an iron hook on the end and kept him from swimming to the boat and he soon sank, which was a sad ending of his life.

Gertrude E. Winslow, Age 11, Box 171, Keosauqua, Iowa.

To the Editor:
This is a true story of the incidents of this man's life, written in a story of my own composition. I would like very much to see my letter in print.

Gertrude Winslow,
Keosauqua, Iowa.

Box 171

MY RED SHOES.

When I put on my black shoes, I'm just a common girl, And like to play with Jimmie, With my hair all out of curl.

But when I wear my red shoes, I feel so very grand— As if I were a Lady, With a Knight to kiss my hand.

I feel like saying "Pardon" Instead of just "Excuse," And curts'ing 'stead of bowing, When I wear my new red shoes.

I think of trains and pages, And "many a gallant band"— Of course it's very foolish, But perhaps you understand! —Louise McClay Horn, in Little Folks.

NARRAWA, New South Wales.—Gracious goodness! Think of letting a child play outside in January! Be calm, mothers, this is in Australia, in Narrawa, New South Wales, where the sun works the year 'round.

That child is happy and comfortable out there at the pump without a stitch of clothes on. He's used to the pump, used to the outdoors without a stitch of clothing. He is Master Wilson.

He is also the prettiest baby in Australia—so voted at the recent baby contest in which babies were entered from all over Australia. The curly-haired, chubby, little fellow is only fifteen months old and has lived out of doors almost all the time since infancy. He is regarded as typical of young Australia and a model for the rising generation.

