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Dorothy Margaret Simpson on Memorial Day

Dear Juniors: Dorothy Simpson is the prize winner in the Memorial Day contest. This little girl complied with all the seven rules of the Junior.

Dear Juniors: Long ago they did not have this beautiful but sad day. But when the great civil war of America began...

Usually on Memorial Day great crowds gather at the different cemeteries to listen to lectures of old soldiers and noble men.

The soldiers march to the cemetery with the band. They shoot over the graves of dead soldiers.

Also school children march and decorate the soldiers graves.

Dorothy Margaret Simpson, age 8, 129 Grand Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

The judges also award prizes to Minnie Howells and Gordon Lee for their excellent work.

THRIFT STAMPS FOR PRIZES.

During the month of June we are going to give Thrift Stamps or knitting needles for prizes.

The Red Cross Drive, Thrift Stamp, What I Will Do This Vacation, War Savings Stamps, Liberty Bonds, The Red Cross, A Soldier in France, What We Are Doing for the Soldier, How to Win the War, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Our Presidents, Patriotic Duties of Today, School competitions, Ancestor stories, Interesting letters, Book reviews, Unusual stories, Soldier stories related by veterans and retold by Juniors.

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.

- SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIOR: 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 entries. 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.

Lilly Brody—"Send Us Food And More Food."

Dear Juniors: "Send us food, and then more food." is the cry of war-torn Europe.

The war in Europe is playing havoc with farming operations there. Millions of acres of Europe's farm lands are idle and will probably remain idle for years after the conclusion of the conflict.

The millions of acres of our country that are now producing crops are being used for the production of munitions.

Observe wheatless and meatless days and save your money so as to buy War Savings Stamps.

Lilly Brody, age 13, 518 E. Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Velma Harding—Had Four Great Uncles In Civil War.

Dear Juniors: I had four great uncles in the civil war.

One of them said it had been raining and where they stopped to camp the ground was wet.

Another said that he had a horse shot from under him. The horse fell on him and hurt his hip.

Velma Harding, age 10, 2224 Calvin St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

When Peter Came to Carey's

When Peter came, dandelions had to go. Before his arrival it seemed as if two dandelions grew on the lawn where one had grown before.

They named their little brown pet after Peter, brother of Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail.

"He likes dandelions and clover to eat best of anything," Sammy explained to the twins.

The first thing Peter did on reaching his new home was wrinkle his nose and wrinkle his nose, until father, mother and the twins shouted with laughter.

"It's a sign he is hungry," observed Thomas, "and mamma says we can't go to market nor to the city limits for green stuff for him until Saturday.

"I'll go get him a big dandelion plant," offered William, and straight he ran to the pantry bed where back against the wire fence grew thrifty dandelions in rich, brown soil.

The minute Peter saw that dandelion plant he took one end of the longest leaf in his mouth and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, without stopping for breath, until he chewed it all up, or down, to the root; then he snipped the stem, wrinkled his nose a second time, and without lifting his head began chewing another dandelion leaf.

In less time than it would take to tell, Peter had eaten the entire dandelion plant in that same businesslike fashion.

Grandfather is thinking or rather dreaming of the boys of '61, with whom he once marched. The picture of grandfather's veterans is just above his head.



Daisy Louderback—"Many Ways For Us To Earn Thrift Stamps."

Dear Juniors: We are engaged in a terrible war and we must win it.

There are lots of ways in which we can earn money to buy Thrift stamps. This summer we can pick strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries.

My mother said she wanted me to help her can fruit this summer and she will pay me for it.

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Daisy Louderback, age 13, 1731 East Mabel street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Vera Roberts—Would Like To Have A Red Cross Party, Too.

Dear Juniors: The story that appeared in the paper (Elizabeth's Surprise Present) gave me a sudden thought that nearly made me say "oh" too.

This is it. I would like to have a party like Elizabeth's. Of course I would expect the Red Cross hospital.

Ever since I can remember I have had a birthday party but the last two years.

In 1916 I had a most beautiful cake but no party. I don't think I will have any this year either.

Vera Roberts, age 12, 321 Church St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Minnie Howells—"How To Win The War."

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

The government wants us to save, if only a penny at a time, because it is by such saving that we can win this war.

When you have twenty-five cents you can buy a twenty-five cent Thrift Stamp. When you have sixteen of these stamps you can exchange them for a War Savings Certificate.

These stamps are sold by the treasury department under the authority of an act passed by congress.

During March War Savings Stamps sold for \$1.14 with one cent additional each month, and on and after January 1, 1923 after 10 days notice the government will redeem all stamps amounting to \$5 each.

We do not have enough food, clothing, coal and ammunition to carry on the war. We need more of these things and the only way to get them is to use less of these and less of other necessary things.

We have the biggest job that America has ever faced. It is so big that none of us has a very clear idea of its size.

There were good-bys and good-bys, till the carriage turned the corner, and then Bessie ran off to the barn.

Bessie, running back, lifted the cover wonderfully. There was a beautiful new doll, exactly like Marguerite except that her eyes were blue and Marguerite's were brown.

Minnie Howells, age 13, 108 N. Moore St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Madaline Pohlson—How To Win The War.

Dear Juniors: My subject for today is "How to Win The War."

We can win the war very easily if everyone is willing to help.

Miss Ditch Talks to Children Through The Junior

Miss May Ditch and her assistant librarians will visit all the schools next week, and will see that each pupil receives a graded list of books for summer reading.

The reading list for the first and second grades follows:

- Adelborg—Clean Peter and the children of Grubbiya. Denton—Why the chimera rang. Bannerman—Little Black Sambo. Bigham—Stories of Mother Goose village. Blaisdell—Boy Blue and his friends. Blaisdell—Child life in tale and fable. Brooke—Johnny Crow's party. Burgess—Goops and how to be them. Caldecott—Hey-diddle-diddle picture book. Caldecott—House that Jack built. Cox—Brownies; their book. Craig—Kindergarten bible stories. Crank—Bow-wow and Mem-mew. Crane—Mother Hubbard. Denton—Red talk and wild folk. Dodge—Baby days. Dodge—New baby world. Field—Eugene Field reader. Francis—Book of cheerful cats and other animals. Greenaway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Hazard—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hopli, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

DOLL COUSINS

"May I go down to the other house, mother, and play with the little girl there? She's just as big as I am, and her name's Bessie."

"How d'you know?" interrupted Ned.

"Cause she told me. She was standing by the stone wall, seeing our trunks come, and we told each other our names. An' I told her our father had bought this land, an' built this house for us to live here summers, an' she said she lives here all the time, an' her father takes care of our father's land."

"Yes, I know, dear, that you're not rude, but I want you to be particularly careful. I want you to promise not to say or do anything that can hurt her feelings."

"Oh, mother Bell!" "Yes, I know, dear, that you're not rude, but I want you to be particularly careful. I want you to promise not to say or do anything that can hurt her feelings."

"I'll promise, mother," answered Ruth, earnestly, little thinking how soon she would be put to the test.

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The Camping Trip

Bert and Horace wanted to camping. They had said so at a do-entimes each day since their arrival at grandfather's farm for a long summer vacation.

"I don't wonder the boys feel as they do. I always wanted to camping when I was a little girl. I don't see any reason, father, why you couldn't put up a tent under the apple tree by the brook, he boys could take Fido with them, protection."

"Why, of course I will, if you really want to go," grandfather answered, as soon as he found that grandmother meant it.

The boys were delighted and divided their time between watching grandfather put up the tent and angling around the kitchen, where grandmother was making cookies and biscuits.

"I guess there's enough that you two days, if not longer," she remarked, as she spread a white napkin over the top of the basket before she put the covers on.

"You cannot imagine twopopper boys than Bert and Horace when they started off bright and early next morning."

"We'll be back day after tomorrow, I think," Bert called out, as they started along the path that led through the orchard.

"All right," laughed grandmother. "Be sure you cover up well at night, and let me know if you need another blanket—oh, excuse me, I forgot you would be too far away to let me know."

"The house seemed very homesome after the boys had gone. At dinner time they wondered how the campers were enjoying their first meal."

"Are you sure they're not too warm enough for them?" grandmother asked anxiously.

"The afternoon was unusually quiet, with no small boys and no about the place. Grandmother and grandfather both sighed as they sat down to their lonely supper."

"Dearie me," began grandmother, "I never should have urged them going if I had realized how much we would miss them."

"She had hardly finished here she heard the sound of a dog barking joyously."

"Why, there's Fido," she cried. "Can anything have happened?"—and here are the boys, she went on, as her two grandsons appeared in the doorway.

Bert and Horace looked at each other and then at their grandmother. They saw that their grandmother had the empty basket.

"We ate everything up," announced Horace, "so we thought we might as well come home."

"Ate everything that was in that basket!" gasped grandmother.

Bert and Horace nodded. It was terribly good, too, added Bert. "You don't know how hungry it makes you to go camping,"—Hungry Louie Berry, in Sunday School Times.

Eva Elizabeth Yenger—The Origin of Decoration Day.

Dear Juniors: The origin of Decoration Day has been credited to the north, especially to General John A. Logan.

The south has the first right to it. During the civil war there was an organization known as the Soldiers' Aid Society whose work was to care for the sick and wounded and send medical supplies to the front.

The society had among its membership a young woman whose name was Lizzie Rutherford, who in January 1866 asked a friend to go with her to the help put order some of the graves of the confederates that had been sadly neglected.

While they were busy about this their loving task, Miss Rutherford remarked that a good plan would be now that the war was over, if the Soldiers' Aid society would keep up the organization and care for the soldiers' graves in their neighborhood.

This was done with the result that not only did it arrange to set aside a day for the care of the soldier graves in its own cemetery, but letters were written to similar organizations throughout the south asking them to join with the Columbus society in its plan.

The 30th day of May is for the purpose of strewing with flowers of comrades who died in defense of the country.

No form of ceremony is prescribed but posts and comrades will of their own way arrange fitting services and testimonials of respect for them.

Collie Pup on Cremer Farm Mothers Little Pig

It is a common occurrence to see a hen mothering a gosling or duckling and occasionally one of the lower animals will mother a piglet of another species. The hen is quite naturally a mother of another type of fowl because the deceit is practiced by the parent that sets the hen, but a real freak in kind hearted motherhood is to be found on the L. R. Cremer farm near Batavia.

That is, the piglet was a runt when driven from its own mother by its little brothers and sisters, but is a runt no longer.

It happened that when Mrs. Collie's large family arrived, conservation was being practiced on the Cremer farm and one good dog was as many as any was room for.

Mrs. Collie seeing the plight of the little pig, extended her motherly instinct far enough to take pity on the baby porker and took it to her heart as a substitute for her own puppies.

When the people went visiting they had to be sure to stop at the house of the baby porker, thanks to the good natured Collie.

Hazel Smith—George Washington. Dear Juniors: As I have not written to the Courier Junior for a long time I thought I would write about our first president, George Washington.

George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732. He lived in the country. There were no large towns or cities.

When the people went visiting they had to be sure to stop at the house of the baby porker, thanks to the good natured Collie.

He did not have any boys or girls to play with, only his brothers and sisters, but they had lots of fun with the birds, flowers and squirrels.

When he was eleven his father died leaving his mother to take care of all of the children.

One day he and his brothers were walking in the field when one of the boys called to George and told him he was afraid to ride a colt.

George went to the colt and got on in the corner of the field and put a saddle and bridle on him and George got on. The colt did not like his young rider and he reared and plunged but he could not throw him off.

He went to school and learned reading, writing and arithmetic. He was a very good boy and his mother would help him along when he got big.

When he was eleven his father died leaving his mother to take care of all of the children.

He decided he wanted to be a sailor so his brother Laurence said he might. He got ready to go and his mother began to cry. "Do not go," she said. "I stayed with his mother."

Washington was commander in the French and Indian war and general of all the American armies in the revolution.

The people wanted some one to rule them, so they asked Washington to be their president. He was president for eight years. He did not get to be home in Mt. Vernon and died there in 1799.

He is often called the father of our country. He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Hazel Smith, age 13, Blakesburg, Iowa.

Francis Ryan—"How To Win The War."

Dear Juniors: My subject for today is "How to Win The War."

Win the war is an expression that appeals to every man, woman and child in the United States.

People can make war gardens and truck gardens. Children should buy War Savings stamps, and Thrift stamps, while their fathers buy Liberty Bonds.

Women must use all sorts of substitutes and so must the bakers. There are lots of jobs for boys and girls. They should work hard and save their money for War Savings and Thrift stamps.

We must cultivate all our ground to raise food for our soldiers and allies.

We must all make acts of self sacrifice such as not going to a fancy picture show, and not spending all our money for candy and ice cream and not buy so much candy and gum, for it will help win the war.

Francis Ryan, Ottumwa, Iowa. 345 McLean street.

Lawrence Mooney—What The Red Cross Does For The Soldiers.

Dear Juniors: If it wasn't for the Red Cross when die on the battlefield, so you see we ought to save food and money.

We ought to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds.

I heard that the Germans were cutting off the feet, hands, legs and noses. The old Kaiser wanted to rule the world. But we do not want him to, and he's not going to.

Seven-year-old Evadna agreed to a plan to help break her of the habit of sucking her thumb.

Edna Noland—Tells Of The Red Cross In Udell. Dear Juniors: I have read your letters so many times that I thought I would write a letter. For playthings I have the dolls and one doll bed. I have lots of fun with them.

The Red Cross in Udell: We have a senior and a junior Red Cross in our town. Janet Wilson, the state representative of Centerville, was talking about the Red Cross at the teacher's meeting Saturday. She told us things how to make. All of the children in our room have joined. I will answer all letters that the Juniors send me.