

All letters for this department must be addressed to: Courier Junior Department, Ottumwa, Iowa.

All letters for this department must be addressed to: Courier Junior Department, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

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

Dorothy Margaret Simpson on Memorial Day

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

Long ago they did not have this beautiful but sad day. But when the great civil war of America began, and so many of our soldiers were killed, one great thought of a plan.

And this plan was to make the graves better and to put flowers on the graves on a certain day.

And many people blessed him for thinking of this great day. So the people named this great day Memorial day. The United States should especially observe this year because of the great world war.

Usually on Memorial day great crowds gather at the different cemeteries to listen to lectures of old soldiers and noble men. And they sing beautiful national anthems.

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.

We also decorate the graves of our friends and relatives.

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 Thrift Stamps will "feed" the soldiers and the knitting needles will keep them "warm." Stories on any one of the following subjects will be passed on by the judges:

The Red Cross Drive. Thrift Stamps. 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 compositions. Ancestor stories. Interesting letters. Book reviews. Unusual stories. Soldier stories related by veterans and retold by Juniors. A letter.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES. We do wish the Juniors would acknowledge their prizes.

If any Junior has ever failed to receive a prize or piece of 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 box number or failing to have a box send in their parents' names.

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 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.

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

Dear Juniors: "Send us food, and then more food." is the cry of war-torn Europe. All authorities who have studied the war conditions say that food will win the war; that the side which can the longest continue to feed its fighting forces and its civilian population will be the ultimate victor.

The war in Europe is playing havoc with farming over there. Millions of acres of European farm lands are idle and will probably remain idle for years after the conclusion of the conflict. This condition puts it up to America to produce food enough for all and also to help the war-torn lands.

Another way in which the war is being conserved is by observing meatless days and saving 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. They went to a man's rail pile and carried rails and laid them flat side up for a bed. They also used brush for a bed.

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

One of them was taken prisoner. He was in Andersonville. He said that they were not treated very well.

Velma Harding, age 10, 518 E. Main 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 Peter is a young rabbit purchased by the Carey twins, Thomas and William, for forty hard-earned cents.

Mr. Carey, the twins' father, was far more interested in getting rid of dandelions than in acquiring a new pet. That was why he told the boys they might buy a rabbit after they had earned the necessary money by digging dandelions from the lawn at one cent a root.

The boys worked, and worked, and worked, before they presented forty dandelion roots for payment.

"And it doesn't look as if there were a dandelion missing from the lawn!" their father exclaimed in disappointed tones when the boys walked down the street to Sammy Cooper's house to buy the rabbit.

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, "and when you see him wrinking up his nose like that, it's a sign he is hungry."

The first thing Peter did on reaching his new home was to 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 almost wished we lived in the country!"

"I'll go get him a big dandelion plant!" offered William; and straight he ran to the pansy bed where back against the wire fence grew thrifty dandelions in rich, brown soil. Those dandelions, as William knew, had shared water with the pansies when the hose was being used in the evening, and their leaves were crisp and fresh.

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 off the stem, wrinkled his nose a second time, and without lifting his head began chewing another dandelion leaf. That time he bit the leaf off near the root and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

"Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, 'Fine day, boys,' Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Without waiting to say in rabbit talk, "Fine day, boys," Peter straightway began on the point of another leaf, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, and chewed, until the tip of the leaf disappeared down his wiggly throat.

Miss Ditch Talks to Children Through The Junior

Miss May Ditch and her assistant librarians will visit at the schools next week, and will see that each pupil receives a graded list of books for summer reading. Each child reading ten of the books will be placed on the honor roll in the Courier Junior next fall. In some cases credit will be given by the teachers for this additional reading.

The reading list for the first and second grades follows: This list is simply suggestive. Lists for grades above may also be found useful in these grades.

Adelborg—Clean Peter and the children of Grubbyles. Alden—Why the chimes rang. Bannerman—Little Black Sambo. Bigham—Stories of Mother Goose village. Blaisdell—Boy Blue and his friends. Blaisdell—Child life in tale and fable. Brooks—Johnny Core's par. Burgess—Goops and how to be them. Caldecott—Hey-diddle-diddle picture book. Caldecott—House that Jack built. Greenway—Their book. Cragin—Kindergarten bible stories. Craik—Bow-wow and Mem-mew. Crane—Mother Hubbard. Deming—Red folk and wild folk. Dodge—Baby days. Dodge—New baby world. Field—Eugene Field reader. Francis—Book of cheerful cats and other animals. Greenway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Greensway—Mother Goose. Grover—Overall boys. Grover—Sunbonnet girls. Haaren—Rhymes and fables. Haaren—Three years with the poets. Jewett—Hop, the cliff dweller. Lang—Cinderella. Lang—Jack, the giant killer. Lang—Snowman and other stories. Lucia—Peter and Polly in summer.

Collie Pup on Creamer Farm Mothers Little Pig

It is a common occurrence to see a hen mothering a gosling or duckling and occasionally one of the lower and main will mother a waif of another species. The hen is quite naturally mother of another type of fowl because the deceit is practiced by the one that sets the hen, but a real kind and hearty motherhood is to be found on the Little Creamer farm near Batavia. There one may see a Collie dog bereft of her puppies sucking runt pig.

That is, the piglets were a runt when driven from their own mother by their little brothers and sisters, but is a runt no longer.

It happened that when Mrs. Collier's large family arrived, conservation was being practiced on the Creamer farm and one good dog was as many as the room for Mrs. Foster's China was presented a litter of little squabblers, had one youngster so weak that it was unable to get its share of the tinned lactogen and its little piglets were too numerous and stronger, that the runt was a chance to get its meals when were about.

Mrs. Collier seeing the piglets and the little pig, extended her hand to the baby porker and took it to her heart as a substitute for her own puppies. Today, the former runt of the collie is no longer compelled to run from its brothers and sisters, but instead has imbibed enough of the spirit of its foster mother to become a leader among the baby piglets, thanks to the good natured Collie.

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 go on horseback because they did not have any carriages, buggies or automobiles.

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 strawberries. He had a pony named Hero which he loved better than any of his playmates.

He went to school and learned reading, writing and arithmetic, besides mother told him stories, which would help him along when he got to school.

When he was eleven his father left him his mother to take care of the children.

One day he and his brothers were walking in the field when he saw boys called to George and told him to be afraid to ride a colt. Col George was not afraid of anything he saw and the rest of the boys got the colt in the corner of the field and let it die and bridle on him and George rode on. The colt did not like his young rider so he reared and plunged, but he could not throw him off. The colt jumped high in the air and burst a blood vessel and fell to the ground dead. He went in the house and told his mother. She was very angry at first, but she told him she was glad her little son told the truth.

He decided he wanted to be a soldier so his brother Laurence said he might. He got ready to go and his mother began to cry. "Don't go," she said. He stayed with his mother.

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

The people wanted some one to be their president. He was president eight years. He returned to his home in Mt. Vernon and died in 1799.

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

Hazel Smith, age 12, 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 so many picture shows, nor spend all our money for sodas and iced drinks and not buy so much candy and gum, for it will help win the war. It sometimes makes you sick from eating so much and is not nourishing food.

Francis Ryan, 345 McLean street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

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

Dear Juniors: If it wasn't for the Red Cross when our soldiers get shot or when they die on the battlefield, so you see we ought to save food and money. We ought to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds.

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

Lawrence Mooney, 905 Queen Ann Ave., Ottumwa, Ia.

Edna Nolan—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 three 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 superintendent of Centerville, was talking about the Red Cross at the teacher's meeting Saturday. She told us things to do to make. All of the children in our room have joined. I will answer all letters that the Juniors send me.

Edna Nolan, age 11, Udell, 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. We should be very saving with our food, and to remember that there are very many people who have not even a crust of bread to eat, and are dying from starvation.

The Camping Trip

Bert and Horace wanted to go camping. They had said so at least a dozentimes each day since their arrival at grandfather's farm for the long summer vacation. Grandfather laughed at them and asked if they would like to take his gun and go up in the mountains to hunt bears; but one day grandfather said:

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

"Why, of course I will, if they 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 lingering around the kitchen where grandmother was making cookies and biscuits. She packed them in a large basket and put in several red-checked apples and some doughnuts.

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

You cannot imagine two happier boys than Bert and Horace when they started off bright and early the 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. "We'll not come back before that time because we want to make it seem as if we were a long way off."

"All right," laughed grandmother. "Be sure you cover up warm tonight, and let me know if you need another blanket—oh, excuse me, I forgot you would be too far away to let me know. Good-bye."

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

"Are you sure that tent will be warm enough for them?" grandmother asked anxiously.

The afternoon was unusually quiet, with no small boys and no dog 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 their going if I had realized how much we would miss them."

"I hardly finished before she heard the sound of a dog barking joyously.

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

Bert and Horace looked at each other and laughed. They gave their grandmother the empty basket.

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

"At 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