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"Courier Junior,"  
"Ottumwa, Iowa."

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VOL. 5 NO. 22

OTTUMWA IOWA JANUARY 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

## The Courier Junior

Published by  
THE COURIER PRINTING CO.,  
OTTUMWA, IOWA.  
MATILDA DEVEREAUX,  
EDITOR.

### A NEW CONTEST NEXT WEEK.

Dear Juniors:—  
Our little readers are making a splendid beginning for 1910 by writing many excellent letters and stories. We will announce another new contest next week, and for the benefit of the tardy Juniors, we will reprint the rules and subject for the contest which closes Tuesday, Jan. 11.

"What will the Juniors do in 1910?" and "What the Juniors did in 1909" will furnish two splendid subjects for a new contest. We want all the Juniors—big and little—to work in this contest.

The prizes will be a box of lead pencils, a box of letter paper, a fountain pen and a pair of skates—roller or ice. In fact if the Juniors do not like our list of prizes, they can select their own.

### SOUVENIR POSTALS AGAIN.

We will send postals again to the Juniors who write nice little letters or short stories. We especially want to have good letters. We will give a surprise prize at the end of January to the Junior who writes the best letter. If you do not want to write letters you can write on one of the following subjects:

WHY JOHN OBEYED HIS PAPA.  
WHEN ROSE WAS A BAD GIRL.  
MY CUTE LITTLE KITTY.  
WINTER BIRDS.  
A SLEIGH RIDE.  
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

### SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS

1. Use one side of the paper only.
2. Write neatly and legibly, using ink or a sharp lead pencil.
3. Number your pages.
4. At the bottom of the last page, write your name, age and address.
5. Do not copy stories or poetry and send to us as your own work.
6. Always state choice of prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address the envelope to Editor, Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## That Happy Little Thought

A helpful little Happy Thought went hastening on its way.  
All in the early morning of a long and busy day.  
"I've neither hands, nor feet nor tongue," it mused, "but I'll not sorrow.  
For boys and girls are plentiful, and so I'll merely borrow."

Now little Nell was skipping by, to visit little Jane.  
Presto! the little Happy Thought was beaming in her brain.  
And so she turned and hurried back, and stayed at home instead.  
Reading, with merry, tripping tongue, to poor blind cousin Ned.

Off went the little Happy Thought and saw some idle feet  
Drumming their heels against the steps upon a quiet street.  
And soon these feet were carrying upon an errand hot.  
Their smiling owner, who had whined and said he'd "rather not."

If "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."  
Why, then a little Happy Thought can set them working, too.  
And, judging from a many things I notice every day,  
That helpful little Happy Thought is still upon its way.

Minnie Leona Upton in January St. Nicholas.

## The Junior Partner Leaves Home

There was not the least particle of use in the Senior partner's feeling badly about it, for, with all his skill, he could do nothing to stop it. But it was hard to stand by and see the changes in the Junior Partner go on. The Senior Partner tried to shut his eyes and then not believe them—as we always do when we are brought face to face with something which we would like to prevent and cannot. But, day by day, the truth forced itself upon him. And the General Manager felt it more keenly than he. They noticed the difference first in the over-flowing of the legs and arms, so that no lap could contain them; then came a hissing hole where the front teeth had been; the whole body and even the mind became affected. There could be no doubt about it; the Junior Partner was growing!

But while they felt keenly the slipping away of the sweet little round, warm Junior Partner, with his round face and his round eyes and his round legs and his round hands and his wobbly talk, they found that the coming Junior Partner, the long Junior Partner, was a pretty lovely sort of a fellow, after all. Different, of course, very different. So different that he seemed to be another chap who had gradually come into the family just to try to make up to them for what they were losing. And he did first rate. He knew a thing or two about

"making himself solid," did the new Junior Partner.  
The long Junior Partner made himself solid as a rock.

And he did not do it by being so awfully good, either. Not at all. He had his own ideas about that, especially when he found that life was not just a kiss, a cuddle, and play. Finally he felt that he could stand it no longer. It was nothing but "kindlings" and "wipe your feet" and "lessons" and "eat nicely" and "don't interrupt" and "wash your face" and "sit up straight" and "errands" and "hurry now" and "where have you been?"—till he became desperate. He stamped in to the General Manager.

"Mama," he stormed, "I am going away just tonight and here he is! 'Very well. You'd better take some things with you. You will need them.' So the Junior Partner began savagely to collect what he wished to take; the harmonica, the rubber ball, the red slippers, the game, the paint-box, and a lot more. There was a good deal to choose from, for of course he could not take everything. His movements became slower and slower as he laid aside one thing after another; but he kept stiffly on. Finally, he had a queer-shaped bundle rolled in the pink pajamas, with one sleeve hanging. Then he moved very slowly indeed. His lip almost trembled.

He must rest before starting out. Such a troubled and worn little face and such a limp and silent little figure! Such a difficult scowl to keep! The General Manager found it hard to keep her arms off. But the Junior Partner was watching her out of the corner of his eye.

"Won't you miss—won't you miss your little boy?"  
"Oh, I suppose so," said the General Manager, carelessly, but feeling more sorry than she seemed.

The Junior Partner lingered to give her chance to say that she was sorry and to beg him not to go. He waited a long time. Leaving home was not what he had thought. Finally he pulled himself together and moved toward the door, with tousled, yellow, faithful Rags close to his heels.

"Well, good-by," he said, sadly. "Good-by." cheerfully from the General Manager. But when they kissed it was as hard for one as for the other to keep it up. "Will you not wait and say good-by to Daddy?"  
"Oh, no!" couldn't do that. I could not go if I did."

The door closed—very slowly. The General Manager watched the forlorn little figure moving slowly but bravely down the street, Rags licking the drooping hand, until the rather mournful pair were lost in the gathering dusk.

The Senior Partner came in. "Where is my partner?" he asked, as usual.  
"He has gone away. He will not live here any more."

"How long has he been gone?"  
"Just four minutes."

When they sat down to dinner and there were only the two, and no Junior Partner to eat fast and talk with his mouth full and do all those horrid things, they were not a bit delighted. Funny, wasn't it?

They did not eat much and they did not talk much and they did not say anything very much but listen and look slyly at the clock. And even the clock seemed not to get on very well. The General Manager would not let the Senior Partner know that she was thinking of something that began with, What if?—And the Senior Partner would not let the General Manager know that he was thinking of something that began with, What if?—But each knew what the other was thinking of.

After a long, long time, as much as twenty-seven minutes, they heard a scratching and whining at the door. When the General Manager opened it Rags darted in, barking and leaping and wagging himself all over. The General Manager stepped quickly out. In the shadow, flattened against the house was the little figure with the queer-shaped bundle. The General Manager sprang to the Junior Partner and the Junior Partner sprang to the General Manager. The bundle was dropped and such hugging and kissing, with a tear for each, as they came into the house. Then the Senior Partner had to be hugged and kissed and to do some hugging and kissing on his own account—of course this took a lot of time. And in the midst of the laughing and the talking and the joy in backs, Rags, dragging the pink pajamas and spilling out the rubber ball, the paint-box, the harmonica, and the other things all over the floor of the front hall.—Dr. John C. Shepps in January St. Nicholas.

Miss Sena Maxwell, age 14, Kilbourne, Iowa.

## HAZEL HAD A GOOD TIME CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

Dear Juniors:—  
I will write to you and tell you something that I think will interest you all.

I am well and hope all of you are the same.  
I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick. I think she is a good teacher. Santa brought me a toilet box with a celluloid looking glass and a gold gilt white comb and a cake of toilet soap, two yards of white hair ribbon with holly stamped on it, a white scarf, a pink handkerchief box, candy, nuts, dates, oranges, figs, raisins and handkerchiefs, a picture with a chain on it and many other nice things.

I had a good time Christmas and New Year's. My cousin was here with us to play and we had a good time. I love to go to school when it is nice weather. I have some dolls to play with and I play with my sister Ella and brother Arnold. We have a good time in the summer time when school is out.

Hazel Vest, age 9, R. F. D. No. 6, Ottumwa, Ia.

## ARNOLD TELLS WHAT SANTA BROUGHT HIM.

Dear Juniors:—  
I will write you a letter to let you know that I am getting along fine and dandy. I hope all you little Juniors are having a good time. I had a good time this Christmas. My cousin was

Courier Junior. I have a good many from my relations and friends. I thank the editor for the card sent to me. I will ask the editor to send me another pretty post card. I will be 4 years old July 17, 1910. I remain  
Your little friend,  
Ella Vest,  
R. F. D. No. 6,  
Ottumwa, Iowa.

## ELIZABETH'S GIFTS.

Dear Courier Junior:—  
I got a big doll for Christmas and a little rocking chair. I got a drawing slate, and I got three new dresses. I got a pair of kid gloves and a cup and saucer on the Christmas tree. I got a little kimona and furs for my big doll and we had candy and fruit. I did not hang my stockings up this year.

Elizabeth Millisack, age 8, 719 W. Main St., Ottumwa, Ia.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrims first lived in England. The king or queen of England tried to make all the people believe in the same religion, but the Pilgrims didn't want to, so they built a church of their own. They were put in prison as a punishment.

They then went to Leyden in Holland, and they lived there for twelve years. Then their children started talking the Dutch language, so that wouldn't do.

They then decided to go to the newly discovered land that Columbus had discovered, or as we say, North America. So they set sail in one little boat, called "The Mayflower."

William Bradford and Miles Standish were two of the men that went with them.

They landed in North America, December 26, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty.

When they got there they found nothing but Indians and wild animals and snow was on the ground.

They had such good crops the next year that they held a Thanksgiving in order to thank God.

Teresa Miller, age 11, 311 S. Richard Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## DELBERT BOOSTS AVERY.

Editor Junior:—  
This is my first letter for the Courier. Please do not expect too much of me this time.

I live in Avery, a small town on the C. B. & Q. R. R. located seven miles east of Albia. There is three stores, two butcher shops, one livery barn, one blacksmith shop, a fine large two story school house and one church building and an opera house. Avery is a mining camp and has about 600 inhabitants. The White Ash Coal Co. is making some very extensive improvements and when completed will be a credit to our little village and a source of revenue to the company. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I have three cats and a pony. The pony's name is Salvador and he is a beauty and when I get him broke to ride I am coming to Ottumwa and let him see the street cars.

This is all for the first time.  
Delbert Montgomery, age 11, Avery, Iowa.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear Editor:—  
I am going to tell you about Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky Feb. 12, 1809. His parents were very poor. It was impossible for him to go to school very much. He would often go several miles to some of his neighbors to get a book to read. On Nov. 4, 1842 he was married to Miss Mary Todd, and on March 4, 1861 he was elected president of the United States and was re-elected president in 1864. One night he and his wife went to Ford's theater and shortly after 10 o'clock a man by the name of Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln. He was carried to an adjoining house where he soon died. This was April 14, 1865. Thus ended the life of a great and good man.

Miss Sena Maxwell, age 14, Kilbourne, Iowa.

## HAZEL HAD A GOOD TIME CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

Dear Juniors:—  
I will write to you and tell you something that I think will interest you all.

I am well and hope all of you are the same.  
I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick. I think she is a good teacher. Santa brought me a toilet box with a celluloid looking glass and a gold gilt white comb and a cake of toilet soap, two yards of white hair ribbon with holly stamped on it, a white scarf, a pink handkerchief box, candy, nuts, dates, oranges, figs, raisins and handkerchiefs, a picture with a chain on it and many other nice things.

I had a good time Christmas and New Year's. My cousin was here with us to play and we had a good time. I love to go to school when it is nice weather. I have some dolls to play with and I play with my sister Ella and brother Arnold. We have a good time in the summer time when school is out.

Hazel Vest, age 9, R. F. D. No. 6, Ottumwa, Ia.

## ARNOLD TELLS WHAT SANTA BROUGHT HIM.

Dear Juniors:—  
I will write you a letter to let you know that I am getting along fine and dandy. I hope all you little Juniors are having a good time. I had a good time this Christmas. My cousin was

out from town to play with me. I had a good time. Santa brought me a little automobile that winds up like a top, an automobile with a little man in it, a little harp, a knife with a white handle and with two blades, a cup and saucer, a little glass, a jumping jack, a pair of mittens, a coat, candy, dates, figs, nuts, apples, raisins and many other things. I go to school and enjoy it very much. I live about eight miles southwest of Ottumwa on R. F. D. No. 6. I live with my papa and mamma and three sisters. I received two postals from the editor and I wish to thank him for it and I will ask to please send me another post card. For pets I have some kittens, a dog and a good many playthings.

My teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick and I think she is a nice teacher. We had one week of vacation between Christmas and New Year's.

Arnold Vest, age 6, R. F. D. No. 6, Ottumwa, Ia.

## LEONA WRITES A NICE LETTER.

Dear Editor and Juniors:—  
I will write you all a letter. I hope you will think it interesting, although it is hard to write a letter to suit you all, for there are so many Juniors. I will take it a pleasant task to write to you all.

I am having a vacation in school. I am trying to have a good time for I don't think we will have a vacation this term again. Our school was out Friday, Dec. 24, 1909, and began Jan. 3, 1910.

I hope all the Juniors had a good time in their vacation.

My teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Hazel, Ella and Arnold. Hazel, Arnold and I go to school but Ella doesn't. She is too small to go.

I will tell you some of the things I received for Christmas. I received a blue handkerchief box, a toilet box containing a comb with golden leaf on the back, a celluloid looking glass, a cake of toilet soap, four handkerchiefs, 2 yards of white hair ribbon with holly on it, a pretty picture with glass over it and a chain on it, a good many postal cards, a pretty little butterfly pin, dates, figs, raisins, candy, oranges and a white head scarf and many other pretty things that I won't mention. I spent Christmas and New Year's at home, but we had company and I also had a nice time.

For some reason I don't hear from a good many of my Junior friends that I have been writing to. I don't know if it is that I owe them an answer, or else it is that they owe me an answer. But if any of the Juniors know that I owe them an answer, if they will let me know I will answer them as soon as I can. I have some very pretty post cards from my Junior friends and thank them very much for them. I don't think that I owe any of my Junior friends an answer, but as I said before I will answer them if they will let me know that I owe them.

I am your Junior friend,  
Leona Vest, age 13, R. R. No. 6, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## RUBY HAS MOVED.

Dear Junior:—  
I have never written to the Junior before, so I thought I would write. We have just moved. I like the place pretty well. We have been having a vacation for two weeks. I am going to start to school on Monday. I think there are about fifty go.

Yours truly,  
Ruby Hart, age 8, Hedrick, Iowa.

## BERTHA'S PET A KITTY.

I am a little girl about four years old. My papa takes the Ottumwa Courier. He likes it very much.  
My pet is a little kitty. My friend gave it to me last spring.

I will close.  
Bertha Chase,  
R. F. D. No. 7, Bloomfield, Iowa.

## GOLDIE LIKES TO READ LETTERS

Dear Editor:—  
As I have written once before I will write again. I like to read your little Junior letters. I have four pet ginsies and two pet chickens.

From your little Junior,  
Goldie Hull, age 11, Douds-Leandro, Ia.

## OPAL LIVES IN THE COUNTRY.

Dear Juniors:—  
This is my first letter to the Juniors, so I thought I would write a few lines. I have one brother and one sister. I live in the country.

My papa takes the Ottumwa Courier. I will close for this time.  
Yours truly,  
Opau Arnold, age 11, R. F. D. No. 8, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## ZULA'S MAMA WAS SICK.

Dear Editor:—  
My Aunt Ettie from Ottumwa has been visiting the past week with us. And my mama has been sick for a week. I have five pet banties. Two of them are small. I go to school every day.

From your little Junior,  
Zula Hull,  
R. F. D. No. 2, Douds-Leandro, Ia.

## JUNE HAS THREE CATS.

Dear Editor:—  
It has been quite a while since I have written to the Courier Junior.

For pets I have three cats, a dog and one duck. I call it Violet, and

two dolls; their names are Marguerite and Hattie.  
June Jackson, age 6, R. F. D. No. 2, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## EDNA'S FIRST LETTER TO THE JUNIOR.

This is the first letter I have ever written to the Junior. My papa takes the Ottumwa Tri-Weekly Courier. I am always glad when the Saturday paper comes, because I like to read the letters and stories on the Junior page. I am five feet tall. I go to the Germany school. My teacher's name is Joe Plotts. I have two miles and a quarter to walk to school. My studies are history, arithmetic, grammar, geography and spelling. History is my favorite study. I go to Sunday school and church when the weather is nice, but I have so far to go that when the weather is bad I don't get to go. I go to the Bethel church and Sunday school. I have two brothers that go to school and Sunday school with me. I would like to exchange post cards with some of the Junior's friends.

Well, as I have never written before, maybe I had better close soon. I hope I'll see my letter in print soon.

Your Junior friend,  
Edna Shimp, age 13, R. F. D. No. 2, Russell, Iowa.

## JESSIE'S COUSIN LIVES WHERE THERE IS SNOW ALL THE TIME.

I have a little cousin who spends the winter up north, where there is snow almost all the time. Her name is Ruth. Every morning as soon as the morning mists have rolled away her brother, Jack, takes her for a sleigh ride. They have the prettiest and gentlest little pony that ever lived—or at least they think so. It would be hard, however, for her to go alone, for she might lose her way. But Jack is always ready to go with her. He knows every inch of the mountains and with his stout shoes and strong stick he guides her safely along the narrow path and winding passes. Tourists sometimes do lose their way and have to spend the night out in the cold without any shelter.

A Junior,  
Bessie Smith, age 12, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

All the boys in the neighborhood wonder why Jack's rabbits and dogs are so tame and good to him. If they could see what pains he takes to give them food and water and good houses and beds, perhaps they would not wonder so. Jack lets no dog or cat come near his rabbits to frighten them. To be sure he has his dog in the yard, but he is so well trained that he would as soon think of biting his kind master as of worrying his rabbits. In fact the rabbits play about the dog without the least fear. This is what I call kindness to animals. Jack is my little cousin.

A Junior,  
Belle Smith, age 10, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

## WHAT SANTA LEFT AT LELA'S.

Dear Juniors:—  
Santa Claus came to our house and he brought many nice presents. He brought me a nice large doll and cab. The doll has brown eyes and dark hair. It is forty inches high. My little sister Avis got a dining room set for her doll. Brother Roy got a toy watch. We all got many other things, too.

Lela Osterfoss, age 8, Hedrick, Iowa.

## JAMES WALKS ONE MILE TO SCHOOL.

Dear Juniors:—  
I thought I would write a letter as I have not written for a long time. I do not go to school now for my eyes are so weak I can't read very well. My brother James goes to school now. He has to walk one mile to school. My mamma's cousin, Isaac Anderson from Seattle, Wash., was here visiting and he took some pictures and I learned to make them. I thought it would be hard to learn to make pictures but it is not at all hard to learn and I think it is very easy.

Elsie Glandon,  
R. F. D. No. 3, Box 103 Sigourney.

## A COON HUNT.

Editor Junior:—  
I thought I would write to the Courier again as I have not written for a long time.

Well, I go to school now, and I like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Clara Kleinschmidt and I like her real well. There are only six scholars going to school here. I go one mile to school. I will tell you about my coon hunt. My uncle George Harmon and Uncle Albert Glandon and my papa and I went coon hunting. We did not catch any coons, but we camped on the river and built a large fire and had lots of fun.

James Glandon, age 11, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 103 Sigourney.

## ISOL AND THE PUZZLE.

Dear Editor:—  
I received the puzzle and at last succeeded in putting it together. I will describe it. Some sheep are standing together looking at a bench with some books and a towel on it. A box with some bottles in it is sitting on the ground before the bench. A dog with a rabbit in its mouth is sitting near. A small house on one

side of the dog. I think it is very pretty. One piece is missing. I am sorry, for it spoiled the picture. I am going to school now. We have a new school house. My playmate is Blanche Shields.  
Isol Hendrickson,  
R. F. D. No. 2, Ottumwa, Ia.

## PICCOLA'S CHRISTMAS.

Once upon a time across the ocean in France, there were some people who had a little girl whose name was Piccola. Piccola's father and mother were very poor. One night the little girl and her mother were sitting by the large fireplace watching the great logs burn. It was four o'clock when Christmas and Piccola's mother spoke and said: "My dear little daughter, we are so poor that I am afraid that Santa Claus will forget us." "Well mother," said Piccola, "I don't think we will forget us because you know that Santa Claus is good to everybody that is good."

Well Christmas eve came at last and Piccola took off her little wooden shoes and put them in front of the large fire place. She was so happy and very glad because she thought that Santa Claus would not come to her house.

Well Santa Claus did come to Piccola's house and what do you think he brought her? He brought her a little bird and put it in her wooden shoe. In the morning when she woke up she found the little bird. She was so happy that she jumped up and down for joy because Piccola dearly loved birds.

The little bird was cold, wet, and hungry. She fed it and put it in a warm cloth. Piccola thought so much of her little bird that she always fed it before she ate a bite. Piccola kept the little bird all winter and in the spring when it got warm enough she let it go. The little bird lived happily ever since.

Carman Harlan,  
109 Sheffield St., Ottumwa, Ia.

## ALL ABOUT CAROLINE.

Dear Editor:—  
As I have not written to the Junior for some time I thought I would write you a letter. I hope all the Juniors had a nice time Christmas. I had a nice time. I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a book, an apron, some hair ribbons, a needle and pin cushion, a pair of hairpins, a pair of mittens, a handkerchief bag and some candy. The name of my book is "The Coming of Caroline."

The little girl's name was Caroline. Her papa and mamma died and gave Caroline to a neighbor woman. This woman was to take Caroline to her aunt. But this woman was bad and she sent Caroline to a neighbor woman. At last she took Caroline and set her on her aunt's door step.

Now Caroline's aunt did not know she had a little niece, so when she found Caroline she thought she was a waif girl. But she took her in the house and warmed and fed her. She got to liking Caroline and told her she could stay and live with her. Then this bad woman came and she kidnapped Caroline, not because she looked bad, but she wanted some money. This woman had not told Caroline or her aunt that they were relations. So they did not know it but she was a wicked woman and she was awful sorry that she was gone and tried to find her. At last she found her, and found out that Caroline was her niece. She took Caroline home and they were both very happy.

Mae Shaffer,  
Douds-Leandro, Ia.

## ONLY FIVE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

Dear Editor:—  
I thought I would write a letter to the Courier Junior. I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a post card album, a collar pin, a box of chocolates, a paper weight, a book and several post cards. We went to the Christmas tree at Leandro Christmas eve and had a nice time.

I go to school now. My school is half out. We are going to have a program the last day. I hope all the Juniors had a nice time Christmas. I am in one. The name of it is "Three Applicants." It has been so cold this week that just five girls came to school. I did not belong to the Christmas Stocking club but was glad to hear what a success it was. I wonder if all the Juniors like to coast. I like to pretty well, but I haven't coasted much this winter. I saw one of my schoolmate's letter to the Junior. Her name was Goldie Hull. I have 105 post cards and about 17 of them are from the Courier Junior.

Lela Shaffer,  
Douds-Leandro, Ia.

## SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Editor:—  
I will write about Santa Claus. He lives up at the north pole. He comes around at Christmas and gives good little boys and girls nice presents. He drives reindeers. He makes them go fast so he won't get cold. He wears a red fur cap, coat and pants. He is a good old fellow because he brings me around nice presents. Christmas is the day that Christ was born.

Iva Webb,  
Cantril, Iowa.

## MARY'S NICE LETTER.

Dear Junior:—  
I thought I would write you a letter as Christmas is over. I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a locket and chain, a hair ribbon and six handkerchiefs. Sunday school pin a plate and a sack of candy. We had a Christmas tree up at our church. We take the Ottumwa Courier. I like to read the Junior page. I have written once or twice before.

Mary Gorman,  
Batavia, Ia.

## THE BIG SNOW.

Dear Juniors:—  
My grandpa Richmond takes the Junior. I like to read the stories from the other little children. I am staying with my grandpa. As this is my first letter I will write and tell you about a big snow we have had. There are big snow drifts every where and we

had to shovel it off the walks. My school is out now. I am in the third reader. Santa Claus brought me a doll, a box of writing paper, a new dress, a pair of stockings and a new coat.  
Florence Butcher,  
Melrose, Ia.

## WHAT I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS.

Dear Editor:—  
This is my first letter to the Junior