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# The Courier Junior

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VOL. 5 NO. 75

OTTUMWA IOWA JANUARY 1911.

FOR THE CHILDREN

**The Courier Junior**  
Published by  
**THE COURIER PRINTING CO.,**  
OTTUMWA, IOWA.  
**MATILDA DEVEREAUX,**  
EDITOR.

GOOD STORIES COMING IN.

Dear Juniors: We are in receipt of so many good stories in the contest announced last week that we will again print the rules as the contest does not close until Monday, Jan. 30: Many birthdays of noted men are soon to be celebrated, so we think the following subjects will bring forth excellent efforts from the Juniors: "BIRTHDAYS OF GREAT MEN," "DEEDS OF MARTYRED PRESIDENTS," Juniors not caring to write on the above subjects can select one of the following for their stories: "AN IMAGINARY TRIP IN AN AIRSHIP," "VALENTINE DAY."

The prizes for this contest will be one of the following articles: A book, ring, spoon, picture or a plate.

SOME PRETTY VALENTINES.

All Juniors writing either letters or short stories between now and Feb. 12 will receive a valentine. We want the Juniors to select their own subjects for the short stories.

THE PAPER DOLLS.

We will send out the paper dolls Friday. They were delayed enroute to the office.

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. Always sign your name in full and state your age.
4. Number your pages.
5. Do not copy stories or poetry and send us as your own work.
6. Always state choice of a prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address the envelope to Editor, Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## Be Kind

Be kind to the unfortunate  
For you can't judge his life;  
His path has never been smooth like yours,  
But full of toll and strife.

Be kind to the unfortunate  
Whose life knows naught that's sweet;  
For poverty, discouragement  
May lead astray his feet.

Be kind to the unfortunate;  
Give him a brother's care—  
A helping hand, a friendly smile—  
When you meet him anywhere.

Be kind to the unfortunate;  
He's low and yearning high;  
And a reward will justly earn  
From the Great God in the sky.

## A NEWSBOY HERO

The Newtonville boys had a fine coasting place. It was down a steep hillside, and away from the business thoroughfares of the town. There every evening might be seen from one dozen to one hundred boys with their sleds, enjoying the fine winter pastime of sliding down the long hill, to walk deliberately up it again. And with them were their sisters and girl friends, and an occasional mother or "big" sister to see that they did not run into danger. One evening when a fine heavy and solid snow lay on the ground the children turned out in force to enjoy it. The hillside was dotted black with them, and their gay shouts and merry laughter could be heard a long way off.

"The children are having a fine time tonight, son," said old "Granny" Rich. She was speaking to her grandson, Scotty Rich, a pale faced chap of 12. Scotty was a newsboy and lived with his aged and widowed grandmother. His parents were dead.

"Yep, Granny," said Scotty. "Wish I had a coaster. Thought I'd make enough on extras this winter to have one. But it seems extras don't sell so well as I'd planned. Funny how men won't buy an extra. Think they get it all in the next mornin' daily, I reckon."

"Yes, an' times are close this winter," explained Granny. "I had set my heart on your havin' lots at night, but times are too hard. You see, I get only this small pension from the government because I'm an old soldier's widow. But it ain't enough to keep you and me, you see. So, we have to take all you can earn sellin' papers, son, to keep the wolf from the door. But after this year, maybe you'll do better. You're learnin' lots at night school, son, and you'll be fitted to get into business of your own maybe. I often see you with a fine news stand down at the Railroad hotel where you'll get a big patronage."

"That's come with time, Granny," said Scotty, hopefully. "I'll be ready to quit school in a year or two. Then I'll hustle a job that'll bring us—you and me, Granny—a good livin'."

Then the happy shouts through the walls of the coasters came through the walls and windows of the little wooden building occupied by old Mrs. Rich and her grandson. And the old lady resumed: "As I was sayin', Scotty, the youngsters are havin' a fine time

on the hill. Oh, I wish I had your grandpa's knack for doing things, I'd take that old wooden box out in the shed and make you a sled. He could 'ave done it, an' well, too. Oh, he was a great man, son!"

"And a great soldier," added Scotty. And his eyes raised to a cheap crayon portrait on the wall. It was of his prime, "Grandpa" looks every inch a general. "Scotty said, 'Wish I could do something great—something brave like he did.'"

Granny sighed, "but grandpa had to pay dearly for his bravery," she said, shaking her head slowly. "He was a brave soldier—a fine officer after he was made captain. Ah, he did his duty for his country!"

"Yes, Granny, he died for it," said Scotty. "He couldn't have done more."

Then Scotty went to the woodshed to cut kindling for morning use. As he was pulling about among some broken boxes his eye fell on a big packing box that his grandmother had kept for some future use. "Ah," said Scotty, "that's the box Granny said a coaster—a little bobbed—could be made from. Wonder if I could make one? Believe I'll try."

A little later Scotty was busy in the kitchen, Granny watching him and giving suggestions concerning his work. He had borrowed from a neighbor a saw, hatchet and plane, and with the addition of his strong pocket knife and a few nails soon had a very good "home made" sled, with wooden runners, of course. But the runners were nice and smooth, and put together securely. It was not Scotty's first carpenter work. He had built kitchen shelves and benches and window seats for old "Granny." So he knew how to use the tools and nails to good advantage.

"Now a piece of that old clothesline will do for the front," said "Granny." And he went into the cellar and cut from a looped-up clothesline five feet of rope to tie to the front of Scotty's sled.

When all was done, the sled ready for use, Scotty looked at the clock. "Too late to try it tonight, 'Granny." It's half-past 10. Who could believe that I have been three hours making that sled? Well, hours do fly when one is preparing for a good time," he said.

"Yes, son, and I hope you'll have many a pleasant hour on that hillside with that little home made sled," said the dear old grandmother. "And now we'll go to bed. You must get up early in the morning, you know."

"Yes, must sell all my morning papers, getting ready for any afternoon extras," said Scotty.

The next day was Saturday and Scotty had no night school to attend. So he got through with his chores and went out to the coasting hill to enjoy an hour with his new sled. Hardly had he appeared, however, when the other children, who had fine steel framed coasters to ride on, began to laugh at him and to ridicule his "home made" sled. "Look at it!" cried one boy. "Say, it must have come out of the ark! Gee, it will go like a washtub! Just about as clumsy!"

Then a roar of laughter went up at Scotty's expense. His face reddened, but he was not a coward, and dragged his sled to the top of the hill, preparatory to coasting down. The children stood in groups, discussing him and his "funny looking old home made sled." But Scotty did not pay any heed to their thrusts, and took a comfortable position on the sled and started down the hill. At the same time a very fine sled started, also; seated on it was the boy who had cried out to him so insultingly just a minute before. They ran almost neck and neck toward the bottom of the hill, Scotty turning a deaf ear to the boy's rude and unfriendly taunts about his sled.

When about one hundred feet from the bottom of the coasting hill, where the sleds found a good landing place on an untraveled road, a craze horse hitched to a four-wheeled dray dashed round the corner and made toward the very spot that Scotty and his tormentor would reach within the space of a few moments. Scotty was sitting upright on his sled and knew that he could manage to miss the runaway horse and dray. But the boy who raced beside him was lying face downward on his coaster, and evidently was too busy taunting Scotty to notice the danger that threatened him. Scotty had no time to think. His first impulse was carried out instantly. He threw himself from his sled—which was a few feet from the boy's sled and slightly in advance of it—just in time to stop the sled's progress and to grasp the boy in his arms. The two rolled over two or three times in the snow and their sleds went on toward the bottom of the slippery slide.

When Scotty seized his racing opponent, the fellow tried fighting him off. "What are you about, you numbskull!" he bellowed in Scotty's face. "I'll give you what you deserve for this—if you call it a joke."

But the watching crowd on top of the hill were cheering wildly, and after two or three brief seconds, when Scotty and his companion-in-arms stopped rolling and sat up the latter heard such cries as "Good for the News Kid! He saved Bert's life! Good for the chap with the bum sled!"

Rubbing his face the boy, whose name was Bert looked injuriously at Scotty. Scotty pointed a finger toward the bottom of the slide. "Look out at our sleds," he said. "And see that runaway horse going down the street? He ran over your coaster just now. Good thing you weren't on it."

It took Bert some minutes to understand it all. Then truth dawned in his mind. He stood looking at Scotty shame in his face. "Gee," he said at last, "I was a pup, wasn't I? Was poking fun at you at the very minute you

saved my life. Say—I don't know what to say—I'm so ashamed of myself. I've been a fool—a big-headed fool. But—where is your sled, old man?"

"There, unhurt," said Scotty. "It stopped soon after I tumbled off. Its wooden runners don't go like steel runners, you see."

"Say—will you shake my hand?" And Bert held out a hand to Scotty. And he'll not ask you to forgive my conduct—that would be too much. But—as sure as my name is Bert Jackson—I'll show you that I know how to repay a good turn. Come—let's go to the top of the hill. My, but that horse is going some, isn't he? And both boys looked after the poor, crazed runaway horse.

When they reached the top of the hill Bert took Scotty's arm and, bowing to his rich and finely dressed comrades, said: "Here's a hero—a brick of a kid, girls and boys, and he'll be going to become one of—if he will. Three cheers for the Newsboy who is big-hearted enough to save a fool's life, a fool who hopes to repay his great service in some way?"

Scotty felt a bit abashed. Playing the hero was not in his line, but he could not get away from the girls and boys who swarmed—50 in number—about him. Each one wanted to shake his hand and to say something nice to him. So, blushing like a girl, Scotty stood there, wishing he could break away and run home to his dear old "Granny."

The next day three boys, Bert leading them, tapped at the door to Scotty's home. When "Granny" admitted them Bert dragged in behind him a fine coaster, one that any boy might be happy to own. And he bore a letter from his father to Scotty, asking him to call at his office on a little matter of business.

"You see, ma'am, this little present (designating the coaster) is for Scotty, your grandson. I know it is a trifling thing, but I haven't any other way of expressing my gratitude to him. But in the years that are to come I want to be a friend to your grandson—a friend he may call upon in any sort of pinch or trouble. And—papa has a proposition to make to him."

And Bert's father's proposition was a very good one. He proposed that Scotty and his grandmother move into one of his pretty residences, where half the house should be set aside for their use and the remaining rooms let to another tenant. Scotty's grandmother should be caretaker, thus paying their rent in looking after the place. Scotty was to attend school, along with Bert, and work on Saturdays—certain hours—for Bert's father, who was a wealthy merchant.

"Well, well, son, that home-made sled just carried you right into good luck," laughed good old "Granny" a few days after they had moved into their new quarters. "And you don't have to sell papers any more, but can go to school and learn all about books and business. Oh, I am so thankful things have turned out in this way for my fine boy."

And it meant to prove myself worthy of Bert and his father's kindness to me," declared Scotty. "I only saved Bert from sliding under that runaway horse's feet. And just see what they—Bert and his father are doing for you and me, Granny."

"Dear, unconceited boy," smiled "Granny."

Then they sat down to supper to talk it all over.

## STORIES AND LETTERS.

**LEONA LIKES TO READ BOOKS.**

I thought I would write and tell you about the books I have been reading. I have read and wrote review stories on nine different books and studied the rest of my studies in about three weeks. I have received 7 certificates on the library books at school and I have received my other two yet and with my large certificate it makes three for me to get yet. When we get six small ones we are to get one large one from the superintendent. I received a nice letter from Frances and Josephine Norton, two of our Junior friends of Melrose, Ia., and I received a nice card from Florence Skirvin, Henrietta Plaster and Mabel Root, three other very ill at the Ottumwa hospital but she is home now and able to be up all the time. I will close for this time, hoping to receive a postal from the editor.

Leona Vest, age 14,  
Ottumwa, Ia., R. No. 6.

**FRANCES WAS DISAPPOINTED.**

Dear Editor:  
As I wrote to the Junior page once before and much disappointed when I did not see it in print, and I would like to see this one in print. I go to school to the Melrose public school. My teacher's name is Sister Burdett. I like her pretty well. I am in the fourth grade. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, language, geography, physiology and arithmetic.

I would like to exchange cards with any of the Juniors.

Frances Mullin, age 10,  
Melrose, Iowa.

**ELIZABETH LIKES THE JUNIOR.**

Dear Editor:  
I am a little girl 12 years old. I like to read the letters in the Courier Junior. I go to school. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mabel Bishop. I like to go to school. We have twenty-three scholars at our school. I have two sisters and three brothers. Their names are Lionel, Milo and Harry and Elsie and Helen.

Elizabeth Collins,  
Libertyville, Iowa.

**JULY.**

July is the seventh month of the year. It has thirty-one days. In the Roman year it bore the name of Quintilis as originally it was the fifth month. Its change of name to Julius

was in honor of Julius Caesar, who was born on the twelfth of the month.

Julia Sheehan,  
East Fourth St., Ottumwa, Ia.

**MY RED CAP.**

My red cap is a treasure. I look upon it with loving eyes. Grandma's loving hands knitted it for me when I was 6 years old. Now I am 10, but the red cap still lies in my trunk. Every time I see it I think of grandma and how proud I was of it. I shall never forget my little red cap, although most everybody else has forgotten it.

Helen Melvin, age 10,  
318 N. Marion St., Ottumwa, Ia.

**FEBRUARY.**

February is a cold, dry month, being one of the winter months. It is the second month in the year. On February 14, comes St. Valentine's day. We give and receive valentines then. Then on the twelfth of February comes Abraham Lincoln's birthday. He was the sixteenth president of the United States.

Then on Feb. 22, just ten days after Lincoln's birthday, one of the greatest men in the world and the first president of the United States has his birthday celebrated all over the United States. He is George Washington. February has only twenty-eight days in it except every four years when it is a leap year and then it has twenty-nine. For the last two or three years we have moved in February. February is one of the school months.

Maudie Skirvin, age 12,  
R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

**MILLARD LIKES TEACHER.**

Dear Editor:  
I go to school and I go to school. The name of my school is Franklin. My teacher's name is Miss G'Malley. She is a good teacher. I like her very much. Sunday is the nicest day in the week.

Millard Young, age 8,  
1503 East Main St., Ottumwa.

**FEBRUARY.**

In California, February is a beautiful month. The orange trees are a beautiful sight with their green glossy foliage and the golden fruit. The pepper trees are also a pretty sight with their bright red berries and lacy green leaves and on the desert there are beautiful wild flowers in bloom. The Scarlet Engler has a long stalk which is about two or three feet in height and the stalk has just small leaves and the flowers are like pairs running all the way up the stalk. They are red. The wild forget-me-not is much like the old fashioned forget-me-not here only much larger and carser. There are also baby blue eyes, ground pinks, lady tips and many other things.

About the second week in February we started for the east and the scenery through the mountains was grand. The big rocks, some of them looked like statues of human beings, and their adobe houses. When we reached Kansas, we saw a very different sight from the California. The bare trees and dead grass and snow on the ground and the thermometer down to 5 degrees above zero.

Ruth Massey, aged 11,  
Fairfield, Ia.

**THEODOSIA VISITING HER GRAND FATHER.**

Dear Editor:  
My grandfather takes the Courier so that is how I came to write. I take great pleasure in reading the Junior page. My grandpa and grandma live in Bloomfield, Ia., but come to San Antonio to spend the winter. This winter they brought mamma and I along with them. I enclose a little story which I have written and if I see this in print I will be glad to write again. I want to know how I can belong to the Junior so I can write for a prize.

Theodosia Wahl, age 9,  
528 W. Myrtle St., San Antonio, Tex.

(Theodosia can read the Junior rules and the contest rules each week.—Ed.)

**FEBRUARY.**

February is the shortest month in the year, and is generally the coldest. It has only twenty-eight days. Every four years is called a leap year when it has 29 days. It is the second month of the year.

It has more special days than any other. There is groundhog's day, Feb. 2. He comes out of the ground and if he sees his shadow we will have more winter, and if he don't we will not. Lincoln's birthday comes next. It is February 12. He was the sixteenth president of the United States and he freed the slaves. Valentine's day is the fourteenth. It is a festival celebrated that day. It was established in England, France and Scotland. It is not celebrated now as it used to be. It is more for children now, while it used to be celebrated by young men and girls. It was established about the 15th century.

George Washington's birthday comes next. He was the first president of the United States. He is also called the father of his country. Longfellow's birthday is on Feb. 27. He was one of America's greatest poets.

Mildred Adams, age 10,  
Seymour, Iowa.

**ROSA'S BIRTHDAY WASHINGTON'S**

Dear Editor:  
As I have never written to you before I will write a few lines tonight. I haven't time to write in the day for I go to school every day that is nice. I am in the seventh grade and I study reading, writing, arithmetic, physiol-

ogy, grammar, spelling, geography and music. I am going to study history next term. We have thirty-one pupils enrolled. We have a seven months term and we have only ten more weeks. My teacher's name is Mae Cain. I like her just fine. We had a week's vacation Christmas. I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a blue scarf, muller, four pretty handkerchiefs, six post cards and a blue velvet pin cushion, a cream pitcher, sugar bowl and a candy dish. Oranges and seventy-five cents. My birthday is the 22nd of February, the same date on which George Washington was born. Last year I got twenty-one post cards for my birthday. I have four sisters and three brothers. Two of my sisters are married and one of my brothers is married and he lives in Glenwood, Ia. We live five miles from a town called Loyla. We do most of our trading at Loyla for it is closer to where we live. I like to coast down hill when there is snow on the ground. I take my sled to school when there is enough snow on the ground to coast. Last winter we had enough snow on the ground to have a good many sleigh rides. I had quite a bit of fun at school last winter coasting down hill. One of my schoolmates came home with me one night last week. We had lots of fun. I am going home with one of my friends one night next week if it is nice and not too cold. I like to read the Junior letters very much.

Rosa McGarry, age 14,  
Loyla, Iowa, R. No. 1.

**JANUARY.**

January is the first month of the year, consisting of thirty-one days. It was by the Romans held sacred to Janus, ancient Latin divinity, the porter of the gods after whom the first month was named. The Roman year originally began with March and consisted of only ten months. Numa is said to have added January and February.

Catherine Hahn,  
417 Birch street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**EDNA WRITES TO EDNA.**

Miss Edna Cary:  
Dear Friend:—I received your letter through the Junior page. Was glad to hear from you. How are you? I am fine and dandy. Have you had the measles yet? I have not and do not want them. Do you receive letters from Elva Huffman? I exchange post cards with her occasionally and also Wilda Conger, but I have not heard from Walda for a long time and I do not know what her address is as she has moved. I received your post card some time ago and was glad to hear from you. Many thanks for it. Will send you a card later. Have you ever received a prize from the editor? I have never won a prize. I guess I never wrote a story and sent it to the editor though. What did you get for your birthday and also Christmas? I got some post cards, handkerchiefs, nickles and many other things.

Edna Shimp, age 14,  
Chariton, Ia., R. No. 4.

**DECEMBER.**

I like December because we can make snow balls and snow men, and snow comes then. I like December because Christmas comes then. And we can play fox and goose and go riding in a bob-sled and play lots of other games.

We take the Daily Courier.

Margaret McMullin, age 10,  
Route No. 8, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**NELLIE'S CANARY AND THE SPARROW.**

Dear Editor: I once had a canary bird. It sang so loud I put it out of doors. I placed it up in a big tree in front of the house. One day a sparrow came up and sat on the cage. It kept up a twitter with the canary. He flew away and brought back a green leaf and dropped it into the cage and the canary ate it up. He did this several times that day. They got to be such friends the canary would open his mouth for what the sparrow brought him.

The sparrow would sit on the cage and listen to the canary sing. The sparrow used to come to the cage every day and bring a worm or a leaf. When the winter came on I took the cage in the house and the sparrow did not come to the cage any more.

Nellie Kutch, age 11,  
Bunch, Iowa.

**JUNE.**

I am going to write about June. I like it best because my birthday is in June, and it is also the month of roses and weddings. June is the sixth month of the year. Everything is green and the flowers are always in bloom then. It is the month when the children have their exercises for missionary work. The children recite pices, sing songs, etc. The longest days of the year are in June.

Sybil Viola Wheaton, age 8.

**MILDRED A NEW JUNIOR.**

Dear Editor: I am a new Junior. I am 12 years old. I am in the 6th grade, quarter 4 at school. We have been living on the corner of Davis and Vine street, but now we have moved on a farm.

For pets I have two dogs, a cat, a colt, and a calf. I have two sets of paper dolls. One of their names is Miss Prudence and the other is Dottie Dimples.

One doll has a party dress a afternoon dress, a play dress, and a dress to wear to town, a coat with furs, and hats to match each dress and coat.

The other has a school dress, a town dress, a party dress, and an afternoon dress, a coat, with hats to match each.

I like them real well, but do not play with them much. I have a brother Edwin, 9 years old, two sisters Francis 4 years, and Katie May 10 months old. Well as my letter is getting long for the first time I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.

From a Junior,  
Mildred Styre, age 12  
Ottumwa, Iowa, R. R. No. 6.

**FERN LIVES IN SOUTH DAKOTA.**

Dear Juniors: I am 12 years old. I live in South Dakota 23 miles from the capital, which is Pierre. I live in the spring from Cantril, Iowa. I like to live out here—right! I herded our cattle this summer, until school began. We have killed 53 rattlesnakes I killed six of them.

They fight sometimes.

There are a lot of prairie dogs out here they live in a deep hole in the ground, and when you pass they bark at you, they eat hay and store it in their hole for winter.

We go to school now our teacher's name is Jennie Shepherd. I like her. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, history, grammar, physiology, geography.

My grandma and grandpa Young live close to Ottumwa they get their mail at Florida.

Well, my letter is getting long I will close so good-bye.

Fern Stephenson,  
Lacy, South Dakota.

**APRIL.**

I will write in the January contest about April. April is the second month of spring. It is the fourth month of the year. The trees start to leaf in this month. The farmers sow their oats in April. The grass starts to grow in this month. Farmers start to plow for corn in this month. My birthday is in the month of April. April fool's day comes on the first day of April. Opal Locke, age 9,  
Hedrick, Iowa.

**MARIE VISITED HER PAPA'S HOMESTEAD.**

Dear Juniors: I will write and tell what I got for Christmas. I got two dolls, a doll telescope, a rubber ball, a handkerchief, a string of beads, a pair of gloves, a plaid hair ribbon, an one dollar, and a lot of candy and nuts.

I spent Christmas with my papa on a homestead. Mamma and I live in town during school time. We had a blizzard when we went to see papa.

We have a dog and his name is Jack. He is as cute as a cat can be. Sometimes when we go for a ride in the afternoon he will stand and watch us out of sight and when we come back he will wait till we stop and then he will run and bark. He is very playful.

Your Junior  
Marie Dible, age 11,  
105 Monroe St., Colorado City, Colo.

**JUNE.**

June is the sixth month on our calendar. June used to have twenty-six days, but it is said that Romulus added four. Numa didn't want it that way so she took one away. Then Julius Caesar again made it thirty days and it has ever since remained unaltered.

Grace Sheehan,  
East Fourth street, Ottumwa, Ia.

**RUTH SAYS HER LETTER DID NOT APPEAR.**

Dear Editor: This is the second letter I have written. I wrote once before, but it happened that it did not appear in the Courier Junior. Maybe I did not follow the rules.

One day after Christmas a little girl named Hattie came up to my house and asked me what I got for Christmas. I told her I got two dolls. One of them was a comical doll, named Leo. The other one, a baby doll that cries when you hit it and when you turn it over. She asked me what else I got. I told her I got a ribbon-rack, some goods for an apron, a ring, a locket, a bib, and two little booklets. Both of them were the same. My brother and I got a game of 48 pins and a game of table croquet.

Your Junior friend,  
Ruth Perkins, age 10,  
Ottumwa, Iowa, R. R. No. 7.

**JOHN'S GUN.**

John was a boy 10 years old. He wanted a gun very badly. One day he was out playing when a carriage stopped at their door and a tall man got out. Then a boy about the size of John stepped out, in his hand he held two guns.

"Hello, Cousin John," cried the boy. "See what I have for you."

John stood still looking at them in amazement.

Then the man said: "I am your Uncle Ned, and this is your Cousin Gerald."

John uttered an exclamation of surprise: "And is the gun really mine?"

"Yes," said his uncle, "it is yours."

Just then Mrs. Burton came to the door.

"Why, hello Ned," she said, "how glad I am to see you. Come into the house."

They went into the house and were soon engaged in a conversation. But John was engaged in admiring his gun. He wanted to go hunting right away.

So the next day Mrs. Burton was up early fixing a lunch for the boys to take with them. So about 9 o'clock Ned and John put their guns over their shoulders and started for the woods. They had a very pleasant day in the woods and wished they could go every day.

Olive Lemley,  
Melrose, Ia.

**EDNA WRITES TO ELVA.**

Miss Elva Huffman:  
Dear Junior Friend: How are you? I am fine and dandy. As I have not heard from you for so long I thought I would write to you. What did you get for Christmas? I got 7 post cards, 2 handkerchiefs, a muller, an auto hood and many other things. Do you ever hear from Wilda Conger? I have not heard from her for a long time. When is your birthday? Are you 14 or 15?

You told me that I have forgotten. I will be 15 the 24th of July. I would like to have a post card show on my birthday. I will answer all post cards received if the Juniors will sign their names. Will Elva you answer my letter through the Junior.

Miss Edna Shimp, age 14,  
Chariton, Ia., R. No. 4.

**RUTH SAYS SHE IS LONELY.**

Dear Courier Junior: I thought I would write to you, I do not feel very well today and I did not go to school I have not been tardy but I have been absent a few days. I have written to the Courier before and I got a beautiful post card. I thank you very much for sending it. My teacher's name is Belle Sigler. She boards at our house.

I have no brothers or sisters and I get awfully lonesome and I would rather have a little brother or sister. Well I will close.

Ruth Dean, age 9,  
Eldon, Ia., R. R. No. 2.

**BLANCHE'S FIRST LETTER.**

Dear Editor:  
This is the first time I have ever written to the Junior. We had a nice Christmas. We played games.

I was run over by a wagon and had my leg broken. I had to stay out of school six weeks. I have four brothers at home and one sister. We go to school every day. I like to go on a trip on time on the train. I like to play but it is too cold to play out doors. I haven't much time to play.

Blanche McInerney, age 9,  
1503 E. Main St., Ottumwa, Ia.

**THE SNOW FAMILY.**

"Oh, what a bad Saturday it is," said Elsie. "We won't have any fun."

"Yes, we will sister. We will make a snow man," said Alice, a little older than Elsie.

"Oh, Alice, you can think of anything. Let's go eat breakfast right now," said Elsie.

They started out together and began the task. They put on old clothes and when their papa came he told the children there was some poor people out in the yard. The children laughed and said: "They are only snow people."

Margaret Murray, age 11,  
514 West Second street, Ottumwa.

**FRANCES MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS LESS THAN 2 YEARS.**

Dear Junior: I thought I would write a few lines to the Junior.

I am a girl about 15 years old. I am 4 feet and 3 inches tall. I go to school every day. The 29th of April is my birthday. My father lives in Kansas City, Mo. I went to Kansas City and was there a year.

I just got back three weeks ago. I love to read the Junior very much. I was born in 1898 and lacked one month of being two years old when my mother died. I have stayed with my grand parents all the rest of my life. I go to the Irving school and in the 5th grade.

This is the first time I have written of the Junior. My playmates names are Helen Shaw, Ruby Claudine King, Gladys Jennings, Rophine and Olive.

Grandpa's 67 years of age and grandma 63 years of age.

Well I will close for this time,

Frances King,  
Ottumwa, Iowa, 809 Church St.

**JULIAN WAS SURPRISED.**

Dear Editor: I was so surprised today when I read in the Courier Junior that I had won a prize. I did not think I could win a prize so I did not name what I would like to get. I have ice and roller skates so you can send me what you want to, and I thank you very much. I will write another letter someday.

Your friend,  
Julian Manchester Garrott,  
Battlev Creek, Mich.

**JANUARY.**

On the twentieth day of January, 1834 our martyred president, William McKinley was born.

He was first a sturdy young school boy. He was a bright chap and learned very quickly. His next step in life was a young school teacher. Then as the war fever grew worse he decided it was his duty to protect his country and enlisted in the army. After nobly filling his place as a soldier, he became a skillful lawyer. His first election was in 1876 as congressman, and he served that office four years. He was next elected governor of Ohio and served four years. His next election was as president of the United States. He married early in his life to a young girl named Ida Saxton. He did not care to serve a second term for the presidency, but the people insisted and he was elected the second term. President McKinley's assassination was a surprise and shock to the whole community. His assassin was a foreigner by the name of Leon Czolgosz. A high priestess by the name of Emma Goldman, influenced the assassin to shoot President McKinley by saying, "Thousands of men die every day, why should there be any fuss made about this man?"

A colored man by the name of James B. Parker, prevented the foreigner from shooting the third time at the president. Dr. P. M. Rixey was the family doctor who worked very steadily to help the president, but failed. Miss Grace Mackenzie was the nurse who was with the president during his last hours.

Detective Geary caught the president in his arms when he was shot. He was much grieved for by thousands of people, especially by Mrs. McKinley.

Irene Taylor,  
R. F. D. No. 4, La Plata, Mo.