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 Courier Junior,
 Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. 5 NO. 84

OTTUMWA IOWA MARCH 1911.

FOR THE CHILDREN

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

WILLIAM ENTITLED TO A PRIZE.

Dear Juniors:—We feel sure that you all will want William Ruark to have a prize after you read his excellent story, entitled "What I Expect to Be When I Am a Man." This story got last week but it was not William's fault. It was some one's fault in the Courier office. However, we can tell from his story that he is a manly little boy.

CONTEST CLOSING APRIL 5.

We are receiving some nice stories on the subjects announced last week and as the contest does not close until April 5 we will print the rules and subjects again.

We had so many splendid features in the special edition that we want all the Juniors to write down their opinions and make nice stories for a big contest. We will not tell you all how to do it, as we prefer the Juniors to choose what they like best themselves. Some good subjects might be:

"MY OPINION OF THE SPECIAL EDITION."

"WHAT I LIKE BEST IN THE SPECIAL EDITION."

We want these stories to be short. When we say short stories, we mean for the writers to use about 500 words. This number of words will fill a space of about ten inches. Shorter stories, well told and well written, will please us better.

The writers can select their prize from the following articles: A signet ring, a souvenir spoon or a pair of roller skates.

HOPE JUNIORS RECEIVED SOUVENIRS.

We mailed a great many beautiful paper dolls last Saturday, also some souvenir post cards. We hope the Juniors received them.

We will send out until April 9, post cards and paper dolls to all the Juniors the week we receive their letters or stories, consequently the writers will be rewarded for their efforts right away. We want plenty of good letters and some short stories on the following subjects:

SPRING GAMES.
AN EASTER PARTY.
MY EASTER DRESS.
THE ROBIN.
FEEDING THE BIRDS.
THE MEADOW LARK.

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.

The Birds Are Welcome

They come from southern orchards, And deeps of eastern wood, They come from city highways, In crescent crown and hood. They flit and fly and flutter, But ere the month is o'er They'll gather for the summer About my cabin door.

The cowbird and the plover, The thrush with crimson breast, The grebes, along the lakeside, The blackbirds to their nest, The dainty, gray song-sparrow, The nuthatch, close beside, The catbird and the grackle, Each with me comes to bide.

The killdeer and the bluebird, The fish-crows and the terns, The cuckoo, thief of lodgings, Each for the home nest yearns. They fly o'er trackless meadows, The grosbeak, waxwing, jay, The tufted tit, the goldfinch, Come northward, day by day.

To each I give a welcome, Their songs shall blend in one, The March wind bears my greeting, "Peace till the year is done. My woods your sheltered haven, Your tables spread anew, D songsters from the Southland, God's angels sing in you."

—L. M. Thornton, in Youth's Companion.

A Bear And A Fairy

Old Bruno sat sunning himself at the mouth of his cave. He had enjoyed a good supper of honey and herbs, and was now sitting in the last shafts of sun that came from the evening sun. "Almost nightfall," mused old Bruno. But the shades of night

did not frighten him in the least. Indeed, he enjoyed them. He had just come out of his long winter's sleep, and enjoyed everything in the big outside world.

"Well," he tapped one paw with the other, "it's fine to be a great black bear like myself. Goodness me, how people do fear me. They'll run miles and miles to get out of my sight. And they don't know that I'm not such a powerful fellow, after all. Even a bobcat can make me hide myself behind the bushes. I look pretty fierce, but when put to the test, I'd rather run than fight."

Thus musing, Bruno sat as the last rays of the evening sun dazzled his eyes. Then, after the red ball had dropped behind the crest of the mountain, he got up and went leisurely off down the path which led to a fine spring of cold sweet water.

And while Bruno was going in the direction of the spring, there were two other creatures making in the same direction. But they were not bears, nor were they bobcats, the enemies of Bruno. They were little creatures in human form, a dear little girl of seven and a dear little girl of six. And they were hurrying along in the gathering darkness, hand in hand, their eyes full of fastfellow tears, and their mouths all agape.

It was in the early afternoon of the day that Tad and Bab had wandered away from their home in the village at the foot of the mountain. Their mother had permitted them to go to play with some neighboring children, Penny and Benny Shivers. And Penny and Benny had persuaded Tad and Bab to take a long, long walk to hunt for spring flowers.

After they had gone quite a way round a long foothill, Penny and Benny had grown tired and had returned to their home, which was in sight. But Tad and Bab were anxious to find some blossoms before returning to their home, so had gone on and on, and pretty soon, when they too became very tired, and wished to retrace their steps, they did not know which direction to take. So, as is always the case with children who are lost, they took the wrong course. And so they went on and on, up a long hill, then down it, then up another steeper and greater one. And so the evening shadows began to fall, and still Tad and Bab were not in sight of their front gate with the vine growing over it.

And so they began to cry softly, as hand in hand, they went along. "Oh, I want mamma," wailed poor little Bab. "Oh, I want mamma, too," wailed little Tad. Then they went together.

After a long, long time they came to a strange, wild path in the woods. It did not look like a path made by human feet. It looked as though it might have been made by the soft paws of wild creatures. And so it had. Old Bruno's paws had helped in making that path.

After following the path for some time Tad and Bab came to a clear, cool spring. The rising moon—which had come early to chase away the sun—was peeping at herself in it. And Tad saw a slimy little snake creeping close to the water's edge. This gave him an extra fright, but he was too thoughtful to speak of it to Bab. She was his baby sister, you know, and he felt that he must protect her.

But just as the tiny snake had hidden itself from sight there was the sound of heavy, soft paws coming on the path. In another instant Tad and Bab saw a huge black creature coming toward them, coming down the steep path. Old Bruno saw them at the same instant and his eye glowed wickedly. "Infants!" he muttered to himself. "I can kill them with one stroke of my paw."

"But you'll not kill them," said a voice just above Bruno's head. "You'll catch them on your back, come—follow my instructions." Then the fairy—for the voice came from a sure-enough fairy in a tree—came to earth and approached Tad and Bab. As children and fairies always know each other on sight, it did not take Tad and Bab long to agree to do anything that their good friend, the fairy, told them to. "Come, you old black bear," repeated the fairy, "lend your strength to carry these children home."

And Bruno, like all wild creatures and children, loved fairies, even though he was a very fierce fellow, and he came willingly forward and stooped low so that Tad and Bab might mount upon his broad back. And the fairy flying above his head made him go at a very lively gait, and before long the little ones came in sight of the village and their own home.

At the outskirts of the village the fairy had them dismount and pointing toward their house, said: "Now, there is no danger of your becoming lost again. You can see even your own gate, and the moonlight is as day-light. Goodby, and never, never, run away in search of wild blossoms again. Next time a fairy might not rescue you, and a bear would certainly make quick work of killing you."

Then the fairy was gone. Also Old Bruno was fast disappearing up the mountain path. And then the children heard their mother's and father's voices calling to them. And they ran home as fast as they could, and when they told their story their parents shook their heads, saying to one another: "The darlings have been asleep in the meadow and have dreamt that a fairy and a bear brought them home."

But Tad and Bab knew; and the fairy knew; and Old Bruno, sitting in his cave that night, knew. And he marvelled most of all.

STORIES AND LETTERS.

WHAT I EXPECT TO BE WHEN I AM A MAN.

When I become a man I wish to be a great man.

George Washington, the father of

our country, was once a boy the same as I am, and what kind of a boy was he? A kind hearted, truthful, honest boy. He proved his truthfulness by the use of his little hatchet. When he became a man he was a truthful, honest man, and he was a great man.

Abraham Lincoln—good old honest Abe—was once a boy the same as I am. What kind of a boy was he? Kind hearted, truthful, honest boy. When he became a man he was a truthful, honest man, and he was a great man.

Then if I remain a truthful, honest boy, I will grow up to be a kind hearted, truthful, honest man. Will I be a great man? For what is greater than a good, honest man.

William Ruark, age 8.
 R. R. No. 2, Farmington, Ia.

BERTHA WANTS HER POST CARDS ANSWERED.

Dear Editor:—As I have not written to the Courier Junior for some time, I thought I would write.

I received my post card for my verse and thank the editor very much for it.

I go to school now. My teacher's name is Frances Marmon, and we all like her. My school will be out in June.

I have been wondering why Maude and Mabel Skirvin do not answer mine and Retta's post cards.

My birthday is May 24. I will be 12 years old.

My brother Willie is writing to the Junior. This is the second time he has written.

I will close hoping the Junior much success.

I remain,
 Bertha Ruark, age 11.
 R. F. D. No. 3, Farmington, Iowa.

WHY JACK WAS LATE FOR HIS SCHOOL.

Jack was a little boy ten years old. He was a very obedient little boy. He did not like to go to school very well. It was in September and school had just begun.

His mamma told him to hurry and get ready or he would be late for school. He said he did not care. He walked along the road. He was late, and after that he always did what he was told.

A Junior friend,
 Mary L. Kirkpatrick, age 12.
 Albion, Neb.

BERTHA HAS A PET COLL.

Dear Juniors:—I am a little girl five years old.

I have been going to school.

I have a coll. His name is Barney.

We have five horses. Their names are Prince, Jim, Lady, Albert and Nellie.

I have a dog. His name is Sheep. My sister and I drive to school. Our teacher's name is Madge Graden. I like her very much.

Bertha Mildred Kirkpatrick, age 5.

ELEANOR WANTS TO EXCHANGE POST CARDS.

Dear Editor:—I wish to write and thank the editor for the pretty post card I received.

I would like to enter the April contest.

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

Yours truly,
 Eleanor Nickel, age 13.
 Albia, Iowa.

MABEL IS SICK: SISTER WRITES FOR HER.

Dear Editor:—I have not written to the Courier Junior for some time. I am sick and my sister is writing this for me.

We have twelve little chickens. We are going to raise some ducks this year, but it is too cold to set them now.

My school has been out for two weeks, but it will begin April 3.

I have had my hair cut off since I got sick. My sister has had the mumps but it is not time for me to take them yet.

Mabel Miller, age 10.
 Chariton, Iowa, R. R. No. 3.

THE GOOD THINGS IN MY STATE.

The state I live in is Iowa. Its capital is Des Moines. It is on the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers.

Besides Des Moines, there are Sioux City, Dubuque, Council Bluffs, Keokuk and other cities.

The principal industry is agriculture. The Iowa farmers raise grain, hay, fruit, potatoes and vegetables, besides horses, cattle, hogs and sheep.

There are many lakes in the northern part of Iowa. There is some timber in Iowa, but it is being cut off.

Iowa is bounded on the east and west by rivers and many of their branches are in Iowa. Some of them contain fish. The largest of them is the Des Moines.

The climate of Iowa is warm in summer and cold in winter and it is generally moist.

There are many railroads in Iowa, and you can go to any part of Iowa in a short time.

There are coal mines in most all parts of the state; lead near Dubuque, gypsum near Fort Dodge and limestone in all parts of the state.

A Junior friend,
 Louis Rickley, age 10.
 R. R. No. 1, Lucas, Iowa.

WHAT BOYS LIKE TO DO.

O, my, there are so many things that boys like to do, but the best thing they like to do is to go to school every day, and Sunday school every Sunday and mind their father and mother and be kind to everybody and learn to be smart boys so they will be good men.

A boy as soon as it is warm likes

to play marbles. I just love to play and see the nice spring days come, and then it will be time to go to flower hunting and go to picnics and play ball. Most boys like to ride horses. I do and I often ride to go them to water and some of the other boys go along. We like to go fishing and bring home a nice large fish for mamma to fry, and go swimming but I don't know how to swim and never took my class out for a good time and he took us all in swimming and boat riding and we all liked it fine.

Most boys like to earn money and like to buy different things. I have my own money. I earn working on Saturdays and I am never broke. I think where you make your own money you don't like to spend it. I think boys like to work better than girls. I am always ready to make a nickel. Some boys like to write to the Courier Junior. I see quiet a few take interest in the page. I have several cards from Junior boys and I like to get them and they tell me about their pets.

I never saw a boy yet who didn't like to see a circus come to town. I like to play soldier and I remember when I was much smaller than I am now. I always wanted to play show. We would fix a tent out of any old thing we could get, and have our pets for wild animals, have a parade and beat on old pans for music.

But best of all I think boys like to grow to be men and get to be 21 so they can vote.

Forest Weber, age 10.
 1305 East Main street.

"OTTUMWA AND HER WAYS."

Ottumwa has four good railroads so it is easy to get in to, and good place to stay, for "Ottumwa's ways are ways that say." She has beautiful streets with lovely views. A nice city park where we listen to the band concerts; a grand new postoffice, police mail carriers, a new jail, many fine churches of all kinds.

Ottumwa has street cars which look little, but go fast.

Fifteen candy factories, which employ many girls and make fine candy for little girls to eat.

Cigar factories which give work to lots of men and girls, and make fine cigars for men to smoke.

The big packing house employs many men and makes the finest ham and bacon.

The big Dahn factory exports farm implements to many places, she has big dry goods stores, she has clothing stores where you can buy everything, and good banks where I like to spend my money.

The sisters are having a fine academy built. The new water company is putting in a big filter to clean all the mud out of the water.

Ottumwa's high school building is as fine as any in the state, and there are a lot of up to date schools. The court house is just grand, and the town clock tells everybody what time it is.

Best of all is the beautiful library. A lovely place for big folks to read and read, and for the little ones to enjoy entertaining stories.

The climate is good in winter for it makes skating and skating, and in summer it is just right.

Mamma says "Ottumwa's ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths are paths of peace."

Geraldine Lenore Linderman, age 9.
 451 North Jefferson street,
 Ottumwa, Iowa.

CECIL HAS A POSTAL SHOWER.

Dear Juniors:—I wish to thank you all for the beautiful birthday cards you sent me. I received fifteen in all. I received one from my aunt Leona Harryman and one from Grandma Harryman and one from my cousins Harvey, Dewey and Joe Harryman and one from Miss Idaella, Mac and Leola Shaffer and one from Mrs. Hick and one from Leroy Harward and one from Delta Holcomb, and one from Flavia Harward and one from Miss Josephine Anson, and one from Mary May Plowman and one from Grandma Perry and one from Nellie Baird, also one from my papa and mamma and brother Bruce.

Cecil W. Harryman, age 10.
 Doude-Leardo, Ia., R. F. D. No. 2.

"THE GOOD THINGS IN MY STATE."

Iowa is a beautiful state. We enjoy the winters very much. In winter it is cold enough to freeze ice so that we can go skating.

And it shows so we can go sleigh riding.

And we like spring for we are glad to see the trees bloom and bear their fruit.

And to see the young stock playing on the green grass.

In summer we enjoy taking care of our young chickens, and our garden, and mellow patch. We also like to see the flowers bloom. The men are glad so that they can put in their crops of corn, oats, millet and other grains.

In the fall we enjoy thrashing our grain and gathering our corn. We are glad when our apples, peaches, pears, and plums are put away for our winter use. We put up as much as five hundred quarts some years.

This is my first letter to the Junior. I will be twelve years old the 11 of April. I live on a farm of eighty acres. We have four horses and nine cows. We have the Buff Lehigh chickens. We sell eggs for setting. Our hogs are the thoroughbred Poland Chinas. We live 4 1/2 miles south of town. We have a nice home, and lots of shade to play under. For shade we have maples and evergreens. We use maple for making our syrup.

And I go to a country school. I make from six to eight gallons a year. I have just one brother his name is Sam in the 6th and 7th grade. We have fine schools in the country and in town.

So when Margaret and her folks

town. We attend the M. E. church and they have a nice pipe organ.

Ha. J. Morrett,
 Chariton, Iowa, R. R. No. 3.

BRUCE LIKES HIS TEACHER.

Dear Juniors:—I have not written for some time. My school was out last Friday. We had three months of school. My teacher's name was Mr. Weldon Hissom. I like him pretty well. I have one brother, his name is Ceal. I believe I will close for this time.

Bruce L. Harryman, age 11.
 Doude-Leardo, Ia., R. F. D. No. 2.

WHY JACK WAS LATE FOR SCHOOL.

There was once a little boy whose name was Jack. He went to school every day for he lived just one mile from the school house. The teacher was going to give prizes to those who were neither absent nor tardy and Jack was very happy for he was one of them.

One morning about a week before school was out Jack slept a little later than usual and as he was afraid he would be late he decided to go across the timber which separated his home from the school house. When he was about half way across what did he see coming toward him but a great big bear. He wasn't scared very much but he knew he could not go around the bear and that would make him late for school. So he climbed up a tree and was there about an hour when his father came along with his gun (as he was going out hunting), and killed the bear.

The teacher was wondering what had become of Jack, but just then he came running in the school house all out of breath, and explained to her what had made him late. As he was not tardy after that and the teacher didn't count him, so, then he got the prize, which was a book about bears.

Ruth Goltz, age 12.
 R. F. D. No. 2, Russell, Iowa.

MILDRED'S FIRST LETTER.

Dear Juniors:—As this is my first letter I thought I would write to the Junior.

My school was out March 10. My teacher's name was Blanch Songer and we liked her fine.

I have two brothers. Their names are Verne and Lowell. Verne is 12 and Lowell is 8.

Last summer I took music lessons from my aunt Ruth Linn. I rode our pony to take my music lessons. Our pony's name is Bessie.

Mildred I. Reed, age 10.
 R. F. D. No. 1, Bloomfield, Ia.

THE GOOD THINGS IN MY STATE.

Dear Editor:—In our state are plenty of good things. We have good churches and public schools. We have good grain, fruit and vegetables. The farmers raise good stock too. Our state is good to grow corn in and it is good for coal and lead. It is one of the leading agricultural states and is among the first in dairy products. It has lots of lumber, also is among the first in poultry raising.

Mary Pearl Beans, age 11.
 Pulaski, Iowa.

MARY VISITING HER GRANDPA FOLEY.

Dear Editor and Juniors:—As I have not written to the Junior for some time I thought I would write. I am staying up at Grandpa Foley's now. I am having a fine time. Our winter term of school was out Jan. 23 and it was to start again in April but they voted against it and it will not start until September.

I have been up at Foley's a week and I may stay another week.

I have taken one term of music lessons on the piano and I can play a good bit now.

I have one sister, Charlotte, and two brothers, Sylvester and Walter, and one baby sister four months old. Her name is Florence and I think she is very nice. I mind her most of the time.

I think I will go to Ottumwa in the spring, and I would like to meet some of the Juniors.

Mary V. O'Bryan, age 12
 Melrose, Iowa.

LOUIS.

There is a little girl named Louis Goodman, who moved into our neighborhood. I was over to see her one evening, and last week she was over to play with me one afternoon.

She has a little dog which she dresses up and puts in her doll bed, and it will be still and go to sleep.

One day Louis and her brother put a string of sleigh bells on the dog, which frightened it very badly.

Our school begins the first Monday in April. Louis has a pony which she will ride or drive to school.

Louis is a nice little girl and will soon have many friends in her new home.

Belle Rail,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Birmingham, Ia.

MARY'S REWARD.

Mary and Margaret were two sisters Mary was 12 years old and Margaret was 10 years.

One day the two girls father and mother were going to town, Margaret wanted to go along, but her mother said "no Mary you and Margaret stay at home and have your work done and supper ready for us."

Mary was willing to stay at home but Margaret was not, so after a great deal of coaxing her mother said "well Margaret if Mary is willing to stay at home alone you may go along."

So Margaret ran and asked Mary and she said "yes you may go along and I will stay at home."

So when Margaret and her folks

got to town they did their shopping and then started for home, when they got there Mary had supper all ready for them.

After supper Mary's mother untied a little package and gave it to Mary and to her surprise there was a pretty ring with green and white sets, the very thing that Mary had wanted for ever so long.

After that Margaret never wanted to go to town so badly again and became a better little girl. This was Mary's reward.

Viola Schrader,
 Sigourney, Ia., R. R. No. 4.

MARGARET.

Margaret was a little girl 10 years old. She did not have any brothers or sisters to play with, but she had a doll she called Alice. She had it for a long time and was very fond of it.

One day her little friend Helen Green came over to see her. She could only stay an hour so Margaret took out her big doll to show Helen. Helen thought it was a real baby but she took it and played with it. She was playing with it when all at once she dropped it and broke its head all to pieces.

Mrs. Brown was working at some sewing when all at once she heard somebody crying, so she put down her work and went up into Margaret's play room. There she found the two little girls crying. In Helen's hands there was the body of the doll and on the floor were the pieces of the broken doll's head. Mrs. Brown went up to them and asked them what the matter was then. They told her all about it; Helen dried her eyes and she said I am so sorry I broke your poor doll. Now you haven't got any and she began to cry with all her might again. Mrs. Brown told her not to cry any more for she was going to town soon and would get a new head for it.

The little girls were very happy and they played till the hour was gone and then Helen went home and Margaret bid her good by and told her to come again and she said she would.

Yours truly,
 Bessie Kerkove, age 10,
 Webster, Ia., R. R. No. 1.

IVAN WANTS TO EXCHANGE POST CARDS.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy 8 years old and live in the country. For pets I have a little dog named Fido, but he ran away the day before yesterday and