VOL. 5, NO. 111.

OTTUMWA, IOWA,

FOR THE CHILDREN

-Ottumwa, Iowa.

Published by

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

A JUNIOR'S DIARY.

Dear Juniors.-We have a very in teresting big contest to announce today, one that we hope will attract the attention of all the Juniors.

If the little Juniors do not exactly understand what a diary is, their mammas will tell them. The dictionary says, "A diary is a register of daily events. A daily record." want these events to be something in which the writer has a part. Write a nice little story about each day. The prize will be a blank diary book, beautifully bound, a big doll, an umbrella or a raincoat. The writers can select their own prize from the above ar-

on one of the following:

"DON'T BE A QUITTER." "THE INDIANS. "WHAT HAPPENED IN SEPTEM-

TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE." "THE BOY SCOUTS."

HOW TO GET A POST CARD.

Remember, either a nice letter or the following subjects will make a her on her birthday. "A SICK JUNIOR."

"A POLITE JUNIOR." "MY PET PONY."

AVIS HAS BEEN SICK.

Avis McCoy writes the following We hope the Juniors will give her a beautiful.

post card shower. Dear Editor.—I am a little girl ten years old. I have been out of school since April.

twenty-second of June. It was my birthday, I got 24 cards. I would be very glad to receive

can not go to school. My papa has been dead over four

long I will close for this time. Avis C. McCoy, age 10. 410 S. Ransom St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

We wish that little John Flogins

DO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE PRIZES. We have sent out some splendid prizes recently, but some of the Juniors have failed to acknowledge the

receipt of them. SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

Use one side of the paper only. ink or a sharp lead pencil.

3. Always sign your name in full and state your age. Wumber your pages.

Do not copy stories or poetry dus as your own work. 6. Always state choice of a prize on. separate piece of paper, with 7. Address the envelope to Editor Courier Junior, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Harry's Airship

Harry built an airship To sail up in the sky; He meant to sail "on high." He told his little sister

He worked all morning on it; He worked all afternoon: He said he wished to finish His wondrous airship soon.

When done, he climbed aboard it, And cried to Sister, dear: "Look out, I think I'm rising! You mustn't come too near."

But not an inch budged airship: In vain young Harry tried: He coaxed, he pushed, he lifted! Then sprang he out and cried:

"Well, just stay there, old airship! "I'd not sail, anyway. I'd rather play with Sister;

And on the safe earth stay."

Princess Primrose Gives A Party

Princess Primrose's real name was Marie Cross. But whenever Marie played at being a grown-up lady, just about in sacred history, is not a called herself Princess Primrose. (It deed, it might be called a fourth rate was Marie's papa who gave her the river, for a straight line drawn from

name).

One afternoon in the early fall she decided to have a play-party. So she its source to its mouth would only about my vacation trip. I was so anxious to get out of Ottumwa and visit the river's actual length measures somewhere. My papa received a card asked mamma to please call over the about 250 miles. From these figures it from his nephew saying his brother telephone to Auntie Helen and ask if will be seen that the river is very was sick. So we all decided to go. The Cousin Betty and Cousin Junit might winding. It is said that within the dis. folks lived in Bluffs, Ill. We started come over to a reception given by tance of a few miles the stream flows for Bluffs, August 21. We went across

"I'd almost forgotton. You see, eBtty as the Mississippi, the Volga, and is Lady Pink and Junie is Little Miss many such others. Consequently its aunts and cousins."

said:

children?"

trude at home.' tell you that Fido and Perchie were it to be clear and blue. But such is little doggies, and belonged to Betty not the case. It carries mud, leaves, aslyum and the blind aslyum and the If the Juniors do not care to write and Junie. And that Grace and Ger- twigs and other debris. But its banks old people's home. They have a good

same two little maids. So Marie-or we'd best call her Princess Primrose for the rest of the ful little body of water in appear. saw many animals and pretty flowers. afternoon—began getting things ready ance, but it is sometimes greatly dis. It also had a large pavilion, and an for the party. She ran to her play turbed by storms of violence. It is artificial lake runs through this park room and got her two dolls dressed them in their chairs and told them these very mountains are the cause of Well I guess I will come to a close in their best frocks. Then she put not to stir till the company arrived. And then she set the table in the middle of the room, putting out her wind which sweep down upon the sea wilttle story will entitle the writer to best dishes and glassware. She had in the form of sudden squalls. One one of the beautiful post cards the sure-enough silver spoons and knives may start out for a morning's sail Junior sends out each week. One of and forks which mamma had given

After the table was set for the pary, Princess Primrose hurried down ently drop from the clear sky, so sudstairs and mamma combed her hair denly does it come upon the water. all over, although it had already been combed twice that day—once before breakfast and once before luncheon. And mamma tied in the loveliest blue ribbon, making it into a huge bow full of interesting ruins and poor Connecticut. on the left side. Princess Primrose dwellings for the inhabitants of to-And that is what her on the shores of Galilee.

mamma said. for the party she went out to the the Jordan pour, is only 47 miles long season, front porch and waited for Lady Pink and about 10 miles wide. So far as I had a post card shower on the and Little Miss Maple. She didn't scientists are able to discover, the have to wait long, for pretty soon she sea has no outlet, and the volumes beheld the two little girls coming of water emptied into it by the ever-down the street. Each little guest flowing Jordan must be taken up by cards from any of the Juniors that carried a doll in one arm and led a evaporation. The waters of the sea would send them. I have been sick and dog with the hand belonging to the are salt and bitter from the many other arm. So when Princess Prim- mineral substances, and are nauserose ran down to meet them they could ating to the stomach. In Roman times Well as my letter & getting not shake hands. But they put out this body of water was called Astheir little red lips and kissed the phalt Lake, for it contained then as mer. I think it is a very pretty bird. princess, declaring they were so glad now, large quantities of bitumen. The that she was giving a reception.

ception to a tea party," explained would write and tell us how many Princess Primrose. "I thought we postals he received on his birthday. might have more to eat. You know one hasn't much to eat at a reception.

"Oh, that's so," cried Lady Pink. And Little Miss Maple said, "Yes, I like a tea best. Shall we have honey cake?"

Then they went into the house and mamma had to kiss each little guest and pat each little doggie on the head Use one side of the paper only. Write neatly and legibly, using led the guests upstairs to the play-And such a party they did room.

have! Fido and Perchie had chairs at the table, for the little ladies played they were ladies, too. Fido was carpenter. After Philip's father had like to exchange post cards with any called Mrs. Pickles and Perchie was gone to his work, Philip would take of the Juniors. Hoping to see this in called Mrs. Snouty. And the dolls-Gertrude, Grace, Lucy and Katherine, (the last two were Marie's dolls) were seated at the table also. That made rather a large party.

After all were seated, Princess ed a quarter. Primrose touched a little bell she had at her plate and up came the cook, good, fat, jolly old Aunt Nan, a colored servant who had been in the was too poor to summon a doctor. family of Princess Primrose ever since the princess was born. And she brought a plate of such nice little sandwiches and another plate of fresh honey-cake, something the guests just tion. Philip and his father lived in a loved. And there were glasses of little room in the garret of an old emonade and some salted almonds house. and a pretty box of home made candy. And so the party went along, all enjoying themselves. Fido — Mrs. of Philip's getting worse, Mr. Pickles, you know—got unruly once, DeFrance sacrificed his own coat and Pickles, you know-got unruly once, but a little box on her long ears from Lady Pink made her sit and behave. (Poor Fido had been given a boydog's name, and it had seemed to make her mischievous like a sure-keep soul and body together, Mr. enough boy-dog.)

At five o'clock the party broke up, and the guests went home declaring they had enjoyed themselves very, very much.

"How nicely the children behaved," remarked Princess Primrose. "Yes, they have been well-trained, you know," replied Lady Pink. Then they all shook hands and days.

The River Jordan A Most Interesting Stream

The Jordan river, talked so much like mamma and Auntie Helen, she stream of great width or length. In-

Maple. Do ask them to come right waters flow very swiftly. It finds. We then went to Jacksonville, Ill., away, mamma."

Mamma turned to call out to Marie: shrines. It ends at the lowest, hot-

Fido and Perchie and Grace and Ger- "Ha-Yarden." But before the party begins, I must Jordan, one would naturally imagine patients. and it is exceedingly picturesque.

the disturbing elements. Deep gorges this time. between them afford flerce currents of seeing only a calm, perfect sea about him, and when but a quarter of a mile from shore a storm will appar-

abound with fish, and the natives fish

Arabs who live on its shores call it "But I've changed it from a re- Bahr Lut-The Sea of Lot.

STORIES and LETTERS

PHILIP.

Little Ph'lip DeFrance was the son of William DeFrance wno used to he a has some cows standing in some wat-Philip's mother died, his father and he too, I thank you very much for it. settled in New York City.

DeFrance earned their living by peddling goods and he also was a poor carpenter. After Philip's father had like to exchange post cards with any his violin down on the street corners and play the songs that his father had so carefully taught him. Sometimes Philip earned as much as a whole dollar and at other times he only receiv

It was on one cold day that Philip took sick. His father didn't know what was the matter with him, for he Things were getting serious so Mr. DeFrance called a doctor. The doctor that he must have very close atten-The wind would whistle through the cracks of the door and windows and also the floor. For fear spread it over Philip. He also put an the wind. In spite of the fact that DeFrance had gotten a few flowers in a wood and had placed them in the being able to sit up in bed. After a few weeks, Philip was able to go out doors, but he never went down on the street corners to play his violin cold

> Vida Wahle, Age 13. 110 E. Court St., Ottumwa, Iowa

LEO'S BROTHER FORGOT TO SIGN HIS NAME.

Dear Juniors:-I have never written Courier Juniors. I have three brothers and four sisters. Their names are Leo, Lloyd, Robert, Imogene, Nomah, Irene and Grace. My birthday was July 7, I was 12 vears old.

This Junior forgot to sign his name Route No. 1, Box 37.

ETHEL'S VACATION TRIP. Dear Juniors:- I want to tell you

and Junie. But—don't you think I banks. kuk. We arrived safe. Uncle George would better call them by their play The fall of the Jordan river is most is better. I had a fine time. Illinois remarkable, being 3,000 feet. This is is well supplied with peaches, apples "Oh, yes, mamma," laughed Marie, greater than the fall of such rivers and plums. Peaches sell at 50 cents

mamma went to the phone in mon, whose highest peak is 9,380 feet. and trees on both sides of the street. the hall and called up Auntie Helen and asked if Lady Pink and Little of Mt. Hermon supply the Jordan.

Miss Maple might attend a reception

About 35 miles from its source the beautiful place. These insane pathat afternoon at the home of Prin-cess Primrose. And Auntie Helen and here the river seems lost, but selves. The men play ball; they also finds itself again to wind on and on have a pool room. Every Sunday the ay, one that we hope will attract the subject will be

"Oh, certainly. And please express till it empties into the Dead Sea. To the big subject will be

A JUNIOR'S DIARY OF A WEEK'S thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks to Princess Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks the primrose for the Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks the primrose for the Primrose for the Jordan begins among the clean, fresh thanks the primrose for t kind invitation. The ladies will be breezes and shaded groves and bub- are curable for a walk in the grounds. over directly. Shall they bring their bling springs of the mountainside Some of the women sew. There are where the old nature gods had their pianos for them to play on and libraries for them to read. It is nice "Shall Lady Pink and Little Miss Matest, dreariest spot on the whole earth. inside they have long halls which ple bring along their children, dar. It is nowhere a navigable stream. The have waxed floors with strips of car-Jews hardly ever referred to it as the pet down the middle and in these halls "Oh, yes, mamma," cried Marie. Jordan river. It was just "that are chairs and rocking chairs and "I'd feel terribly sorry if they left which goes down"-the descender- planes and on both sides of the halls are small bed rooms. The windows From the many stories told of the are all barred. There are about 2,000

I also went to the deaf and dumb on the above subject they can write trude were dolls belonging to the are attractive with flowers and trees, many colleges in Jacksonville. I visit. ed many parks. I went to Nichols The Sea of Galilee is a most peace park. This is an amusement park. 1 so walled in by mountains that it and young folks go rowing. On the seems to lie in a snug cradle, but lake are pond lilies, swans and ducks.

Ethel Meier. Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Dear Courier Junior: I thought I vould write a letter to the Junior page, as I have never written before And I hope this one will be accepted The waters of both sea and river Well , I will write on the Blue Bird. The blue bird is an early spring bird. there as they did in the days of our Some of them pass the winter in shel-Saviour. The ancient city of Tiberias, tered places as far north as southern

It appears very early in the spring, nice letter, although she has been sick. looked the true princess, so noble and day, is the only one now to be seen and in New England begins nesting in April. By the middle of the month mamma said.

The Dead Sea, into which the about five bluish-white eggs are laid.

After Princess Primrose was ready murky and swiftly flowing waters of Two or three broods are reared in a

The blue bird is about the size of an rich sky blue above, and of a reddish and play with Audrey. chestnut on the throat and breast. It is of a happy social disposition, and builds its nest in orchards and near houses, and will take a deserted woodpecker's nest, or a hole in a fence post. It eats insects and spiders in the sumshout the blue bird, I will close, to the Courier Junior. hoping this will be suitable. I remain your friend.

Anna Smith. HELEN, AN APPRECIATIVE LIT-

TLE JUNIOR. Dear Editor: I received your postal card the other day. It was pretty. It

professor over in Germany. After er. There is a mountain in the water can e over to America to live. They I go to school every day. I like to go very well. My teacher's name is William DeFrance was passionately Miss Millen. I think she is fine. My fond of music and so was Philip. Mr. studies are: Reading, arithmetic, geography, writinf, grammar, and spelling. I am in the fifth grade. I should

> print I will close, A Junior friend, Helen Larkin, age 9. Chariton, Ia., R. F. D. No. 6.

A FRIEND.

I went to see a friend of mine last Sunday and we played blackman. We ate grapes and drank cider. We had lots of fun and she came home with me. We got up the cows and then we said that Philip had la grippe and played house for an hour. Then it was come and feed the chickens and hunt the eggs, and then it was night. Goldie Butler, age 10, Hedrick, Ia., R. No. 1.

ANOTHER GRATEFUL JUNIOR.

I will write a few lines and thank old rug against the door to drive back you for the nice drinking cup you sent me. I like it ever so much and hope Marie Kneeler does to. I was surprized to find out I got one, but I am glad I

Pearl and Olive Lemley, Thompson, Beatrice and Louise Rickey Olive and Adrain Holt and my sister window to brighten up the room. Olive and Adrain Holt and my sister Philip steadily gained strength and one day he delighted his father by We had an entertainment and ice cream social at the school house recently. Will close for this time. Mary Palfreyman,

ROBERT HAS 250 GOATS.

Lucas, Ia.

Dear Juniors: I have written to the Juniors before

We have 250 goacs out here on the farm now. We have the goats for eating brush. They are mostly Angoras.

I have a small camera. It takes 2½x 214 pictures. We are going to the pas-ture this afternoon and try and take pull." Robert T. McMinn, age 10, Byler's Mill, Mo.

HENRIETTA LIKES HER BOOK.

Dear Editor and Juniors: I wish to thank you for my nice book, It is certainly fine and I am more than pleased with it.

I will endeavor to tell the Juniors

rincess Primrose. Mamma said, east, west, north and south, but that the Mississippi river at Burlington, about it.

Why, of cause, my darling, I shall it rarely varies in its course of dozen the Illinois river at Beardstown, Ill., Texas." It is written by Annie John.

GOING TO THE WELL.

get some water. When she got to the house her mother said, "Did you get the water, Mary?" "No," she said, "I broke the pump." "How did you do that?" "Oh, I was mad because Annie wanted me to common and in the evening when it came time to go, they left, declaring they had never had a better time and as the family stood on the porch listening to the last faint jingle Annie wanted me to come over and I of sleigh bells, Mr. Davis said: knew you would let me, but I am very sorry I did not see that woman watching me when I did it." So her mother sent her up to bed Corydon, Ia., R. F. D. No. 3.

without any dinner.
Hattie Hinds, Age 10. Ottumwa, la., Route No. 6. ERMA CARVED HER NAME ON POMPEIL'S ROCK.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Courier I am going to tell you of my trip to Pompeii's Pillar.

We took our dinners and spent the large rock Pompeli's Pillar is a nearly one hundred feet high and cov-It is close to the Yellowstone river. Large pieces of rock have broke off and It was discovered by Clark when Clark and Lewis made their trip to

the northwest. Clark had a cook by the name Pompeii who was very sick while camping at this place. And this large rock was named Pompeii's Pillar. There are many names carved on this rock. My uncle, mamma and all the

and carved our names Erma Hix, age 10. Ballantine, Mont.

EVA A BUSY JUNIOR. As I have never written before I thought I would write. I go to the Hardy school. My teacher's name is

Miss Buena Kennedy.

I have two sisters and one brother. My seat mate is Florence Swift. My sisters names are Hazel, age 13 and Audrey, 20 months. My brother's name is John. He has been sick for nine months. He is not

able to go to school. When I come home from school I go and get the cows and help milk and English robin, its feathers are of a carry in the wood and wipe the dishes Eva Flagin, age 8, Ploomfield, Ia.

DESCRIBES A BIRTHDAY RUTH

As I have not written but once be-Well as I don't know anything else fore I thought I would write a letter I will tell what a good time I had at

a birthday surprise. On Sunday August 13, 1911. There were between 84 and 90 people there. we had everything good to eat such as pie, cake, chicken, apples and ice cream and everything else I imagine. The men and boys played base ball. About 4 o'clock the people began to go to their homes all saying they had had

a good time. Ruth Mabel Grant, age 11, Floris, Ia., R. No. 1.

OPAL A NEW JUNIOR. Dear Editor: This is my first letter to Courier

Junior. I am a little girl 9 years old.

For pets I have a dog, cat any a My dog's name is Shep and the pon's name is Deacon.

My school began the first Monday in September.

My teacher's name is Pluma Town-My birthday is the 18th of January. My papa takes the Daily Courier. I ilke to read the Junior page.

PEARL'S A NEW JUNIOR.

Opal Grant, age 7

Dear Editor:—I have never written to the Courier Junior before. My name is Pearl Stump. I live on South Ransom street, Ottumwa, Iowa. I have two brothers, Harold and Floyd. I go to the Jefferson school.

My teacher's name is Flora Gaily. like her fine. Papa takes the Daily Courier and enjoy reading the Junior page. As this letter is getting long I wi close for this time. Pearl Stump, Age 11.

402 South Ransom St., Ottumwa, Iowa. A HARVEST FESTIVAL.

On a bright, sunny day in November, the entire Davis family were bending their backs over the long corn rows, busily engaged in husking the longed. ears of corn. They had ween working at this (the father, mother and two daughters) ever since the first of Nothe parents were very tired.

On this afternoon they were gathering in the last load, which would fill her real well. I have written to the Juniors below and I thought I would write again.

I am going to school now. I only have six months old school out here in the country. It starts in September and ends in February.

I have written to the Juniors below ing in the last load, which would like the apet dog. His name is Noble. That was his mother's name. We got him at Albia. I have six rabbits, some the country. It starts in September and ends in February. "Guess there ain't no use of worry-

in' about starvin' this winter, is there, Gary?" he asked, with a complacent face. "There's the cellar, the mow and see you are not as old as I am. the cribs full, and the turnips yet to

we have a harvest festival." "Yes, let's do, Dad," said Irene, who and tell me about yourself. I would was the younger and jollier of the like to see you.

would have one to please them. Then have quite a ways to go if you live in they baked, stewed and mixed until the the country.

THE COURIER JUNIOR 'phone an invitation to Cousins Betty feet, forever keeping its original and the Des Moines river below Keo-ston, the author of "The Little Colland Scissors," etc. | bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and Junie. But—don't you think I banks. | Indian runners. | banks. | Indian runners. | Indian runn onel," "The Giant Scissors," etc.
I cannot go into details about the story as to do so would take up a whole column in the Junior page.
But it is a fine story and one that I wish all the Juniors could read.
Henrietta Plaster, age 13,
Cskaloosa, Ia. 211 S. Market.

and all" (as Sir Walter Scott says) came to enjoy the day with their relations. The forencon was passed by the chatting of men and women almost drowned amid the laughter and games of the young people. Then they were ushered into the large, old-fashmost drowned amid the laughter and 1302 East Main St., Ottumwa, Ia. ioned dining room, where the table stood, loaded with good things to eat. Little Mary was going to the well to The afternoon was spent as pleasantly "This has certainly been a grand

year.' Mildred M. Walker, age 11.

CARLO MY BEST FRIEND.

Once upon a time a number of boys and girls went nutting in the woods We went to a great large pasture full of nuts. We gathered nuts till twelve

clock then we ate dinner. We began to gather again about half past one. We began to feel tired about four o'clock, so we thought we would like to go wadding. We soon found large pond. Among the boys and girls was one of my sisters and we did not want her to go. But soon ers about one-half an acre of ground. after we were wadding awhile we missed her. We all got very scared and looked for her. We had a dog with us named Carlo. Soon we saw Carlo running very fast to the other end of the pond. He brought her out

> After that I always thought Carlo my best friend. He was always treated with kindness for being so brave. Helen Thoma,

Batavia, Ia., Route 3. RUTH WANTS A BIRTHDAY POST AL SHOWER.

Dear Editor and Juniors:- I haven't written to the Junior page for a long ime, so I thought I would write again. I like to read the Junior letters. I go to school and my teacher's

like her fine. I study reading, writing, arthmetic, speling, georgraphy, grammar, phys-

name is Harry Smith. I like him fine

ology. For pets I have got one dog, three cats and I have eight dolls, one Teddy bear, one set of dishes, table and tove. I have a fine time. October the 9th is my birthday. I will be nine years old. I would like

to receive some post cards from my Junior friends. I will answer all receive As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

Ruth Hutchings, Age 8. Bloomfield, Ia., Route No. 5

HER COUSIN THROUGH THE JUNIOR. Dear Editor and Juniors: -As I have some time I will now write. I think the Juniors are improving in the story writing. I am going to send Elva Huffman, a postal card today. My birthday will be the 29th of Oc-

tober and I will be 14 years old. have two sisters older than myself their names are Sylvia and Pearl. I am going to school. I am in the eighth grade. I do not study reading now. I like to go to school. I am going to Chariton this afternoon, if it don't get too rainy. We drive the ponies to town most of the time, but are going to drive the work horses today as we will have a heavy load. My

ponies' names are Dick and Twi I wish my cousin, Glenn Hatfield, would write me a letter through the Courier Junior

I like to read the stories the boys and girls write to the Junior page. Well as my letter is getting long, l must close, hoping the Junior page

much success. Hazel Hatfield, Age 13. Chariton, Ia., Route No. 3.

FOREST WRITES TO JOHN FLOGINS.

Master John Flogins, Bloomfield, Ia Dear Little Friend: I read your letter in the Junior page spell once, but not as long as you have

them are from Junior boys and girls. I have been a Junior for a long time. I was about the first boy that be-

I have received a lot of nice prizes vember, and the children together with the fifth grade, third quarter. My I go to the Franklin school. I am in teacher's name is Miss Doller. I like

> horses and I like to ride them. Do you live on a farm? We live in town.

like to go to the country. I was 11 years old last June 2. Well John I hope you received a lot of nice cards for your birthday and "Sa, father," said Evelyn, "S'pose hope you are improving so you will soon be well and then you can write

Do you go to Sunday school? I go So father and mother talked it over every Sunday. I go to the Presbyterian that night, and decided that, as the and I only have two blocks to go and girls had been so faithful to help, they the same to go to school. I expect you

From your Junior friend, Forest Weber.

MY PET DOG.

My pet dog was a part bull dog. I got him of John Frey, while pape as on the mail route. I could do most anything with him,

If I rode to school he would follow My cousin taught him to pull things One night she shut him in the barn but he got out and came home.

Last summer he went away and never came back. I waited a long time for him to come back. But he never came. He was eight years old when he dis-

appeared. Well, as my letter is ger ting long, I will close. Twila Downard, Age 12,

Stockport, Iowa.

CHARLES A HAPPY BOY.

Charles was a very happy boy. He lived with his parents in a large house in the country. His father was pretty well off and he being the only child he was humored very much. His father never went to town but what he brought him something and sometimes Charles went with him.

Charles' father owned about thirty head of horses and Charles owned a black and white spotted pony. He had a pony cart all painted yellow and a set of harness for it. Charles knew how to hitch up by himself.

One day his father said, "Charles. hitch up the pony and let's drive over to town this afternoon." Charles was very much surprised but nevertheless he did as he was told. He was more surprised still when his father bought him a brand new saddle and bridle. He was very much pleased over them and thanked his father. He had other things besides his pony

sled, a watch and French harp and many other things. He went to the public school in the country two miles from his father's neuse and when it was bad ,rainy weather he would drive or ride his pony. I think Charles must have been

and cart among which were a kite, a

happy boy. Murrel Watson, Age 16. Hillsboro, Iowa.

LOST IN THE WOODS. Grace, Ruth, Mary, John, Harold and Clarence were going to have a picnic. Friday came and the children started to the woods with baskets of nice things to eat. Besides their baskets of things to eat they had their Indian

suits. They were going to play Indian. They had an awfully good time till it-HAZEL WANTS TO HEAR FROM started to rain. They got under a great

big tree and stayed there. It stopped raining and they ate their dinner. There was fruit cake, sandwiches, jelly, apples and everything not written to the Courier Junior for that makes a picnic nice. After the dishes were put away they played games and had lots of fun that way, after which it was time to go home, and so they started, but started the wrong way. They soon saw it was not the right way so they turned around and went a few steps to the east and they did not know which way to go. After while their father came and

took them home. I thank the Juniors for the post cards they have sent me. Caroline Tout, age 11.

425 Ottumwa St., Ottumwa Iowa. THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

The British East India Co., unable to find a market for its teas, begged par-liament to permit them to make exports free of duty to America, where tea had long been smuggled from Hoiland. The king refused. He said "There must always be one tax to keep up the right, and as such I approve of the tea

The actual duty on the tea was trifling, only three pence a pound, but the Americans regarded the measure as a cunning device for establishing a precedent whereby money could be ex-torted from them for the support of a standing army in the colonies. They therefore resolved not to purchase a pound of the taxed tea. The citizens of Charleston, New York, Boston and Philadelphia took measures to prevent and was sorry you have been sick as the landing or sale of the "pernicious that is not very pleasant. I had a sick spell once but not as long as you have." The first tea ships arrived at Boston in the autumn of 1773. The been. I was sick only six weeks. I had prepared in the autumn of 1713. The people assembled in town meeting and prepared in the interest of the ships with only sick spell I ever had.

I sent you a card Did you reactive the immediate return of the ships with their cargoes. The governor, as an of-I sent you a card. Did you receive ficer of the crown, refused to take it? I have about 700 cards. A lot of such action. A mass meeting was held. in the Old South meeting house to consider what final decision should be taken. In the evening a message was received from the governor declining to permit any of the tea ships to go back until they were unloaded. Samfrom the Junior and have been to two uel Adams then rose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to serve the country." His words served as a signal for immediate action. A war whoop was heard, and a party of cit-izens disguised as Indians and armed with hatchets rushed down to the wharf, boarded the ships, and breakwharf, boarded the ships, and breaking open the chests of tea emptied
their contents into the harbor. The
next morning a shining bank of tea
leaves cast up by the tide on the south
shore showed how thoroughly the
"Mohawks" had done their work.
Lillian Wimp,
Pulaski, Ia., R. No. 3.

MADELINE'S NICE STORY.

Dear Juniors:-I thought I would write a story about a summer's vacation.

Once there was a little boy named

Frank. His school was out the first of May. He asked his mamma if he could go to his grandma's she said yes. Lo he got ready to go. He liked to be in the country. He hunted eggs, picked berries and helped