

NEW YEARS ADDRESS.



THE CARRIERS FAIRY TALES

CARRIERS' TALES.

Veracious Stories Related by the Boys Who Deliver Your Papers.

By CURTIS DUNHAM.

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Good Friends, who wait our comin' in the mornin' or at night, And never wait in vain ('cause we believe in startin' right), don't you, what the Carrier Boys will do When they have families to support the same as some of you?



The most of us are growin' mighty fast, as you can tell By sizin' up our jackets and our pants- loons as well. It's gettin' pretty serious when in a year or two The Carriers will have families to support the same as you.

So this New Year we offer you our Carriers' Fairy Tales. Please buy some extra copies for your friends, 'cause rapid sales And mod'rate profits suit us best—of course you'll see us through, Since we will soon have families to support the same as you!

WHERE AND WHEN THESE TRUTHFUL TALES WERE TOLD.

We call them Fairy Tales, 'cause day or night We told them by a dim and flickering light Down in the darkest corner of the room Behind the Press; and sometimes in the gloom, 't seemed like little Elves and Gnomes crept out

To gather what our chat was all about. And so, forgetting often where we were, Too interested in some Tale to stir



Or note the flight of time, a sudden clack And clank of flying wheels would start us back To earth, and "Fold your papers!" that command Would end the spell and banish fairyland. 'Twas there we sat and told these Tales, and when The Press warmed to its noisy task, 'twas then The Carriers' daily toil began.

THE SNOWBALLS WERE FROZEN.

An Unbiased Tale of the Battle of Simpson's Field.

This tale was volunteered by one, As you'll perceive, who saw the fun, And who for reasons that are plain Won't care to see the like again.

You have all been told That our warriors bold, To their extreme concern, Were forced to yield On Simpson's field— But why you have yet to learn.

The rival force Had pursued a course Very much to be deplored; And talked so loud



This upstart crowd They could not be ignored. So Captain Jim Surrounded him With soldiers true and tried, While Captain Jack And his rude pack Responded full of pride.

Their chance looked slim To Captain Jim, For they numbered only ten, While we set out To put them to rout With a dozen gallant men.

We had our way, And New Year's day Was named for the final charge; Near Simpson's field The foes were concealed, And Simpson's field was large.

But larger yet To our regret, We found was Simpson's heart; In his cattle stalls They stored snowballs, Which doomed us from the start.

Our warriors bold Behind the fold For sheep were all arrayed, And knowing naught Of the foe's dark plot, Were not a whit dismayed.



A frosty night, To their delight, Embarrassed us somewhat; But a midday thaw Dispelled that flaw, And furnished us with shot. Oh, who can say That on that day Our valor was in doubt? When blow for blow With spheres of snow We charged them all about!

We charged them down Below the town, And charged them up again; In the cattle sheds They hid their heads, So fierce the frozen rain.

Then, with a shout For their redoubt We started on a run— To learn, alas! How it came to pass The fight had just begun!

Our captain thought The foe was caught Within that cattle shed; To storm it well With shot and shell At his command we sped.



"Have at them, then, My gallant men!" Our leader bithely cried. "Nor shall nor shot Defends the spot Where these poltroons now hide!"

As soft as clay The snow now lay Beneath the noontday sun; It made us smile To think the while Our foemen they had none.

But oh! how soon We changed our tune That fateful New Year's day! Those frozen balls, Stored in the stalls, Were not at all like play.

Our lesson was bought With the first onslaught, For the volley that laid us low, With painful thumps, And blue black bumps, Was a volley of frozen snow.

On Simpson's field We were forced to yield, Our twelve men to their ten; And now you know Why this was so. But let them try again!

AB'M LINC'M JONES.

The Diverting Tale of a Small Darky and a Large Watermelon.

No Carrier quite so small and dark Has ever made so fine a mark As this same Ab'm Linc'm Jones. He's three feet six in height, and owns A route that pays so very well He dresses like a howling swell. A single fault his friends bewail, And you'll observe that in this tale— The tale of Ab'm Linc'm Jones:



Oh, down by de ribber on the sandy groun', Wha' de melons grow so big, Dar's a high bo'd fence built all aroun'— But dat don' stop dis nig.

On top ob de fence wha' dey cotch yo' chin An' spikes dat make yo' smile, An' de bo'ds so close skelters can't git in— But dat don' stop dis chile.

De gate am locked like de big hen roost Nex' do' to de cullud chu'ch— Golly, folks dat's waitin' for to be int'duced Don't know dis darky much! De boss am waitin' 'v' de ol' shot gun, An' a b'ar trap watch for yo'; De folks dat's spectin' to see some fun Don' know dis chile for sho'.

Yo' nebbor kin scar' cullud man dat way, Dem melons am too sweet; De big b'ar trap an' de gun come to stay— Nebbor min'; dis chile done eat! An' how he get in, yo' like to know? Jes' come erlong wiv me By de side ob de fence wha' de thick brush grow— De boss he nebbor see.



Dar's wha' yo' kin fin' de tunnel dat leads To de watermelon patch; An' dar yo' kin eat and spit out de seeds 'Till yo' heah de gate unlatch. Golly, den yo' scoot like a possum up a tree. For de boss am after yo'! Scoot-back f'rew de tunnel befo' he kin see, Jes' as fas' as yo' kin go!

Right dar am de spot dis chile almos' Don g'ib hisself away. Fu's time didn't know how long, ob co'se, Was bes' for him to stay. Oh, de stars nebbor shine like dat befo'— (No moon yo' see dat night) De watermelons all dead ripe, an' so Jes' took de bigges' in sight.

Stick de knife in de center an' heah him crack! Dis melon couldn't wait no mo', So juicy an' red an' de seeds so black. His time hab come for sho'! Dig out de middle an' swallow him quick An' keep yo' eye on de gate, So de boss when he come for to make yo' sick Be shual to come too late.

Fu's half ob de melon done tickle dis chile Like nebbor he tickled befo'; So he tackle de las', keepin watch all de while, For to take de hint to go. An' jes' as he swallow de las' big bite An' done spit out de seed, De boss he see by de gate wiv a light— Golly, dat was all he need!



Sho' cut for de tunnel, mos' scar'd to death, De las' jump am a slide, An' got to de fence clean out ob breath Wiv all dat melon inside! Oh, den wha' trouble hab struck dis nig— He couldn't get f'rew at all! Yo' see de watermelon was so big An' de darky am so small!

But de boss nebbor catch dis chile dat way, 'Case he been dar befo'; Jes' scoot for de place dat melon lay As fas' as he kin go, An' git inside ob de empty skint! (Dat am a fac' indeed; When de darky scoop dat melon in He done spit out de seed!)

De boss come erlong, but nebbor kin tell Somebody done eat his fill, An' de bigges' watermelon am an empty shell, Dis darky keep so still. Oh, down by de ribber on de sandy groun' Wha' de melons grow so big, Dar's a high bo'd fence built all aroun', But dat don' stop dis nig!

THEY GOT NO SCALPS.

The Harrowing Tale of Five Injun Fighters.

The "Injun Fighter" took the floor, And told a tale oft told before; If you read on quite to the end Its moral you will comprehend.



In me you see a boy, With leisure to employ Upon the game Of circulating news, And editorial views On the same.

It used to seem like work Which I was glad to shirk— This carrier job; But now to me it's play, And, as I learned today, Also to Bob.

I'm very glad to find Bob in that state of mind, For it was he Who led that "bravest band Of Injun fighters in the land"— Including me.

That's what you called us when We straggled home again, Ambition gone; But when we started out To put the fiends to rout You cheered us on.

To me and all the rest Said Bob, "On to the west Where fame awaits! Let future song and story Cover us with glory. Onward mates!"



Toward the setting sun, Each with his little gun And powder horn, Grim faces five we turned; For Injun scalps we yearned That April morn.

Of loove hadn't any, Three dollars to a penny We're cashed; And this we marched along With our martial song Allabashed. Two ds of finest weather Held ob hand, together One trail; A frigidrizzling rain Then chnged our joy to pain, An' we turned tail.

Alas! wat had we done? Each by his little gun And othering more; Wherev' we applied, For a chance to get inside They shut the door.

"Show us the scalps," they said, "Of Injus that are dead Because of you, And then we'll let you in And stuff you to the chin." What could we do?

Thus we wep rid with sneers, And warm'd with cruel jeers Or heartless smiles, As homew'd worn and sore We crept f'rom door Those wry miles.

From that day I've now resigned, Quite satisf'd to find A road theme Through chrling news, And editor's news 'On the s'ce.

WHY HE DESSED WELL.

The Sentimental like of the Carrier Die.

He liked our compar' and we Were willing that t' Dude should be A listener, but morban that We would not grant Said we: "That's flat. You and your kind ere made to fill The world with beauty, and until Our tongues get verticed indeed Your silence will beil we need." It happened though that soon a tale Turned out so stupid fat and stale Pat vowed, "Not e'er t' Dude, be had, Cu'd tell a sthory twice as bad." "Good! Let him try," we all replied, And thus the Carrier lude complied:

Over the hill a "sub' of mine, (No matter who) Is father to one—and he's divine— I mean to woo.

You may laugh if yo' like—you are al- ways rude— But your laugh later on will be more sub- dued. For there's triumph head for the "Carrier Dude."



Annie's her name, all she is a prize; But her father's got Besides her a dog of enormous size That should be shot! However, quite friendly he's growing to be (I wear good clothes an' am clean, you see), And even her father istaking to me.

It happened this way: I had stopped to talk To Annie tiere, When her father came quietly up the walk, Began to swear, And declared that no dude with nothing to do, Whose chief delight was a toothpick shoe, Could talk to his daughter—not if he knew!

The bundle of papers beneath my arm Then spoke for me In a manner that quieted my alarm. "Ah, now I see," Her father remarked, "I judged you wrong; To that idle crowd you don't belong, But pay your way as you go along."

Now here's a lesson for some of you: This millionaire, Who works all day as hard as we do, Said to me there: "My boy, let them jeer if they please: your plan Is the best, and gladly I'll help you when I can— Good taste in dress always helps make the man."



I'll take the old man at his word some day. And then you'll see The millionaire give his daughter away— Away to me! Will you still be rude? Or remind each other in tones subdued What a long headed chap was that "Carrier Dude?"

THE CARRIERS' PARASITE.

An Admonitory Tale Addressed to a Nuisance. A parasite vine on the oak tree feeds, And the oak has no redress; But the parasite boy who his tale reads Will take the hint, I guess. If he don't We won't Give him a chance.

To miss The bits Of a lively dance! This dance will be in the form of a jig. And the tune will make him jump; For a good thick stick on the back of the prig Will raise tall many a lump. With each wish He'll wish He was miles away; Black and blue Through and through He will go and stay!

He loafs all the year, this parasite boy, And jeers at the carriers' toil; And the carriers' harvest hails with joy. For he makes their reward his spoil. He'd as lief Be a thief As an honest man; Make him work, Not shirk, Is now our plan.



These Carriers' Tales, on New Year's day, Will meet with a ready sale; And the harvest is ours this time, we say. For the parasite's schemes will fail. They will see That he Is a rank outsider, And will put Their foot On the greedy spider!

Let the carriers' parasite read as he runs, And remember what he has read; We are mad this time and have trained our guns On the spot where he hides his head— If he don't We won't Give him a chance To miss The bliss Of a lively dance!

HOW CY WON FORTUNE.

A Mourful Tale of What Might Have Been.

An ancient Carrier Boy was he (For he confessed to thirty three), And we nicknamed him Lonesome Joe. His solemn looks impressed us so. He seemed to nurse some vain regret; Though often urged he never yet Had condescended to relate Just why he quarreled with his fate. At last he changed his mind one day, And thus he gave himself away:



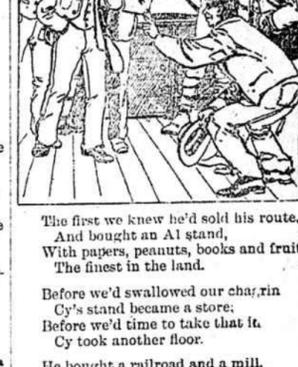
A genteel little chap was Cy, Unlike the most of us, For he was never known to lie, Or ever heard to cuss.

He always was so neat and nice We called him "Sissy"—why, He wouldn't smoke at any price, And chew—he'd rather die!

We laughed—he didn't care a rap; And now we fume and fuss To see the way this genteel chap Has got the laugh on us.

Cy wouldn't throw the dice, or play With cards, or raise a row; His principles were all O.K.— Just as his checks are now.

We might have had our check books, too, And credit quite as good. But we remained a shiftless crew While Cy kept sawing wood.



The first we knew he'd sold his route, And bought an A1 stand, With papers, peanuts, books and fruit, The finest in the land. Before we'd swallowed our char, rin Cy's stand became a store; Before we'd time to take that it, Cy took another floor. He bought a railroad and a mill, And built a big hotel; I tell you, boys, say what you will, This genteel chap was—well, The rest you know as well as I, And repetition cloy; This paper now belongs to Cy, And we're his Carrier Boys!