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All letters for this department must be addressed:
Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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VOL. XII, NO. 6

OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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MATILDA DEVEREAUX

HONORS FOR A COLLEGE JUNIOR.

Dear Juniors: Today we have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the Junior an article on "The Development of the Coal Industry in Iowa," by Helen Rowe a grown up Junior. Helen is now attending the Iowa state university. She graduated from the Ottumwa high school with the 1916 class and was the valedictorian. Of course you all know that when a graduate delivers the valedictory address she (or he) stands highest in the class. Helen's composition is published in a special pamphlet issued by the state department of public instruction on Iowa day which will be celebrated Friday, Oct. 20. Any Junior can procure this little booklet by calling at the offices of the county superintendent of schools or by writing to the department of public instruction of schools at the Des Moines capitol building. Albert M. Devoy is the state superintendent of public instruction.



A FORMER COURIER JUNIOR.
Helen's article appears in another column. We also found Helen's picture. However it does not look exactly as she looks now, but it is a good likeness of her when she wrote compositions for The Junior.

THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY CONTEST.

Last week we announced a new contest and as it does not close until Oct. 31 we will reprint the rules again.
Today we saw a beautiful picture. And the picture suggested the subject for a new contest—James Whitcomb Riley. You all will remember that Mr. Riley was one of America's greatest poets, and that he died Saturday night, July 29, 1916.
We will try and describe the picture which gave us the suggestion for the contest. It is a splendid likeness of the poet. And surrounding it are several illustrations (pictures) of seven of his poems, among them being: "The Old Swimmin' Hole"; "That Old Sweetheart of Mine"; "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and Out to Old Mary's."
Well, we want all the Juniors, big and little, to write compositions, using for their subjects, James Whitcomb Riley, or American poets. The prizes will be a collection of Mr. Riley's poems, the judges making the selection after reading the compositions. The ages of the writers, of course, will determine the collection of poems most suitable. We would like to offer one of these very beautiful Riley pictures, but so far we have been unable to secure any more copies. This contest will run all through the month of October. However, we will print some of the compositions each week.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The prize winners in the contests closed Sept. 30 are: Audrey Orman, Mary Louise Brown, Helen Rice, Louise Solomon, Mary Gontman, Margaret Boushield, Olive Morrow and Mildred Hamilton. Virginia Rice is awarded the prize for the best circus story.

OTHER SUBJECTS.

We all want the Juniors to send in school compositions and other stories besides the ones on the subjects we suggest. Sometimes children can write better compositions when choosing their own subjects. We especially want letters and ancestor stories. To encourage originality and variety in the Juniors' work the following list is given:
School compositions.
Ancestor stories.
Interesting letters.
Book reviews.
Unusual stories.
Current events.
Soldier stories related by veterans and regold by Juniors.

Select prizes from among the following: Bluebird pin, friendship link, book, box of letter paper, doll, box of school supplies, box of candy, knife, football, etc.

ANOTHER CONTEST.

We also want the Juniors who think the other subjects are too hard to write on one of the following subjects:
The Story of a Nickel.
My Best Friend.
A Pet Dog.
Corn and Apples.
Sweet Potatoes and Cotton.
A letter.

A Pair of Sinners

"Say, Aunt Nabby, mayn't I go? All the boys are going, and I never, never saw a circus in all my born days!" Little Nat's face was tremulous with eagerness, and even Aunt Nabby's stout old heart weakened before the pleading in those big brown eyes. "I'll take my own money and I'll be just as good!" pursued Nat. "It isn't the money, Nattie," began Aunt Nabby, slowly, "it's just as soon as not let you have it—but you see you're the minister's boy, and the minister's family has to set an example."
"But every one else's boy is going," persisted Nat. "All the deacons' children. Why can't a minister's boy go?" "It's different," replied Aunt Nabby. "But why?" urged Nat. "If it's wicked for a minister's boy to go, why isn't it for a deacon's boy?" "It isn't exactly—wicked," went on Aunt Nabby, "it's just worldly, and a minister's family must not be conformed to the world."
"But I don't want to," wailed Nat. "It's just hard 'nuff tryin' to be good. I want to go to the circus like every one else, I do!" "It's no use talking," said Aunt Nabby, firmly.
Nat was silent for a moment, then said pensively: "Aunt Nabby, couldn't I sin just this time? I'd just as soon have a whipping, or go to bed without my supper, or pile wood, or—anything if I can only go to the circus."
"Nathanael Dean!" exclaimed Aunt Nabby, almost explosively. "You just stop teasin'. What can't be can't be. You can see the procession come into town—all the lions, elephants, and tigers—but you can't go to the circus."
"I don't want to see the animals," wailed Nat. "I've seen 'em once, and the lion looks like an old door-mat. I want to see the ladies walk on the wire and ride bareback and jump through the hoops, I do! I want to see the Queen of the East attended by her band of Beauteous and Renowned Dancing Girls!"
"Stop jestin' there," interrupted Aunt Nabby, sternly. "A minister's son talkin' about dancin'! You can't go and don't you bother your pa askin', for it won't be any use."
Aunt Nabby's tones were fiercer than her feelings. Down deep she could not help deploring the fact that even a seven-year-old mite of a minister's son must set an example for godly living.
Nat ran away to the barn and hid in his favorite nook in the loft, where the first ingathering of scented hay and the soft breeze of the summer breeze came pleasantly through the great upper door. There he cried and cried until his poor little head ached with a dull throbbing pain, but the pain in his heart was greater. He was sure he didn't want any other father but the thoughtful-eyed one in the study below, busy with the Sunday's sermon. But he did dare wish that that same father hadn't felt called upon to preach the gospel.
The sound of the supper awoke the little man from the sleep which had followed the tempest of tears. He stumbled down the ladder and entered the house, to be captured by Aunt Nabby.
"Brother Mason's come to spend a few days," she said, "an' you jest put on a clean blouse and let me comb that curly wig an' be sure you wash up clean."
Aunt Nabby's tones were energetic, but there was a certain rough kindness which made itself felt. Perhaps her down-deep feelings had been troubled during the afternoon "cleaning-up."
Nat's heart was lighter, for he loved "Brother Mason" and looked forward to his visits. The Rev. James Mason was a supernumerary minister of nearly eighty, who still went about on his Father's business, preaching in country schools and farm houses, and doing service, as occasion and strength permitted, where other ministers were too busy or indifferent to go. He had a mild, beautiful old face crowned with silvery hair. Nat thought he must be like the apostles, and his child heart always opened to the dear old saint's loving ways. So he ran eagerly into the parlor and hugged Brother Mason almost as happily as if no circus existed.
The next morning nearly all Downing rose with the sun and trudged a

Select prizes from among the following: Box of candy, football, roller skates, doll, knife or book.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

We do wish the Juniors would acknowledge their prizes.
If any Junior has ever failed to receive a prize after his or her name appeared in this paper, it is because the wrong address has been given us. When we say wrong address we especially refer to incomplete addresses. All city Juniors should put their street number and all Juniors living in the country should put their box number or failing to have a box send in their parents' names.
We send our prizes within one week after the names of the winners are published.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

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

LEADING A BLIND BRITISH SOLDIER



Visitors at one of the homes in England for blind soldiers lead them out on the beach to paddle. This photograph shows a little girl who is acting as the guide for one of the men who lost his sight in the trenches.

mile or so out among the farms to meet the circus and escort it into town.
Nat woke about six and heard the commotion from the Common, where the big tent was being pitched. He had no inclination to run down and see—he found it easier to shut away each tantalizing sight and sound.
Aunt Nabby was a diplomat. She announced at the breakfast table that her cousin Sarah's niece's twins at Hilltop were sick and she meant to spend the day there and relieve their weary mother.
"You men had better go fishing," she concluded benevolently. "They say there's a master lot of trout in South Run, and yer dinner's all put up on the kitchen table."
So nine o'clock saw the old white horse jogging over the hills. Aunt Nabby with Nat beside her, did the driving, while father and Brother Mason discussed Free Will on the back seat.
By and by they dropped Aunt Nabby at Cousin Sarah's, took her place and drove them miles into the woods.
"Goin' to the circus, Bub?" he inquired genially.
"No," replied Nat, briefly, and wincing a little.
"Didn't you want'er?"
"Yes, I did."
"Then why didn't ye go? Every one round here's goin' tomorrow when it gets to Burrill Centre. I'm goin' if I walk every step."
Nat hesitated, then said boldly but with a certain dignity: "You see I can't go because I'm a minister's son. Ministers' families must set an example for godly living, Aunt Nabby says."
"Je-hosaphat!" declared Ike, after a prolonged start, but there was a world of kindness in his eyes.
If there had been no circus, Nat would have enjoyed that day with unfeigned delight. The woods were full of constant surprises. Once they saw a white owl blinking on a blasted pine, again a deer's antlers rose above the underbrush. Nat watched a gorgeous scarlet bird bathe in a little pool while his duller mate hovered in the thicket. And the brook was at its best and sang and shouted over its stones. Nat even caught a dear little speckled beauty—his very first trout, and he experienced that thrill of all successful anglers from Isaak Walton down. Ike, too, had a series of remarkable adventures to relate which made Nat feel that he was almost the bravest gentleman of his acquaintance.
Yes, Aunt Nabby's scheme was a complete success—almost. But there were times when a shadow fell. The noise of South Run gave way to the roar of an applauding crowd. He no longer saw the sun-flecked woods, but two airy figures balancing on a wire, and the clown's jokes tripped up over even Ike's most hair-breadth escapes.
They reached home by nine, plucking up Aunt Nabby on the way. The circus was still in full blast. Nat saw its lights although Aunt Nabby skillfully approached the parsonage by a back road, and he heard its music as he undressed. The next morning before sunrise, the circus was on its way to Burrill Centre.
Brother Mason looked kindly at the small boy across the breakfast table. "Business calls me to West Townley today," he remarked, and I'm wondering if Brother Dean can spare a certain Nathanael to be my companion."
"Why, of course, of course," said Aunt Nabby, briskly. "I'll be just the thing for Nattie. I'm sure Brother

Mason is very kind."
"Would you like to go, Son?" inquired father.
"Yes, please," replied Nat, with brightening eyes.
So Nat had another holiday, driving through the pleasant valley with dear Brother Mason. They reached West Townley and despatched their errands, then had dinner at the hotel.
West Townley was something of a place, so the dinner was good, and joy of joys—Brother Mason inquired quite casually for ice cream! But some one could run across to the ice cream saloon and get—well, should it be strawberry or vanilla? Nat was so overcome he could not decide, whereupon Brother Mason proposed that he have both.
Dinner was finished in a whirl of emotions, and at its close they climbed into the carriage and began the homeward journey. By and by they came to a place where two roads met, and Brother Mason calmly turned into the left-hand one, which said plain as plain could run across to the board "Burrill Center, 3 miles."
Nat was astonished and after a little said modestly, "Are you sure this is the right road, Brother Mason, emphatically."
"Sure, Son!" replied Brother Mason, emphatically.
A mile or so farther on Nat ventured timidly, "I didn't know we could get to Downing this way."
"Didn't you?" said Brother Mason, with twinkling eyes.
Later still they drove into Burrill Centre, and Nat saw the big circus tent looming up before him. He glanced at Brother Mason apprehensively, but the dear old face wore its usual look of placid calm. What was going to happen?

Brother Mason put up the horse at the hotel, then, taking Nat's hand, walked down to the circus grounds as easily as if it had been a daily custom.
Nat's head whirled and he could scarcely believe his eyes. Brother Mason laid down some money at a window and received two pink tickets; then they went inside.
"We'll need peanuts," he remarked briskly, "and pink popcorn." He halted at a vendor, and soon a big bag, distended each side pocket of the ministerial coat.
"Like lemonade, Son?"
Nat nodded, his heart too full for speech.
Well, they visited all the animals and fed them, then they entered the Ring, for the performance was about to begin. They saw the grand entry, the feats of the acrobats and wire-walkers, the antics of the clown and the thrilling, hair-breadth performances of this and that Signor or Signora of "world-wide celebrity."
Many onlookers noticed the white-haired man and the shouting curly-haired lad at his side. There were smiles and nods of recognition, for Brother Mason's scattered sheep were present in great numbers; those who were too poor to raise a quarter for Gospel Hymns still had managed in some way to get to the circus.
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