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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE COURIER JUNIOR

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VOL. XII, NO. 8 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR
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CONTEST PROVING POPULAR.

Dear Juniors: The Halloween contest, announced last week, seems to be very popular. Judging from the many Juniors who are selecting a scents-a-bal for a prize, somebody's mother, or sister is going to have a nice gift. Well as there are ten days still left for the Juniors to work in the contest we will reprint the announcement appearing last week:

Do you all realize that we will be celebrating Halloween in a little less than two weeks. In fact to be very exact, two weeks from last Tuesday. Well, we always have a fine big contest for the Halloween Junior page. Two new ideas popped up in our mind today and both were prompted by something we read, one in a Junior's letter and one in an advertisement in the Big Courier. The Junior said: "I would like a doll for a prize so I can give it to my sister for a Christmas present." The advertisement in the Big Courier said: "Scents-a-bal, or perfume pendant." You know by wearing a scents-a-bal one carries a beautiful perfume around all the time. The perfume is kept in a gold ball, enameled in colors and can be worn on a ribbon around the neck.

Well by this time you Junior readers are probably wondering what connection there is between Halloween, getting a prize so as to keep it for for a Christmas gift for sister, and a scents-a-bal. Well among the prizes we will give for the best story in the following Halloween contest will be a scents-a-ball and the winner can keep it for a birthday or a Christmas gift for mother or sister:

HALLOWEEN IN 1915.
HALLOWEEN IN THE CITY.
HALLOWEEN IN THE COUNTRY.

The writers can select other prizes besides a scents-a-bal from the following: Halloween candy (real however); Halloween souvenirs, book, school supplies, doll, a knife or a football.

THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY CONTEST.

As the James Whitcomb Riley contest 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 28, 1916.

We will try and describe the picture which gave us the suggestion for the James Whitcomb Riley contest: In the center 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 Aunt 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.

THE PRIZE WINNER.

Willie Ruggles is awarded a prize today. Willie's unusual story is about a brave man.

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 retold 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.

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 as 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.

The Chambers

Tabby, the staid old mother cat, was a great pet and liked to lie under the kitchen stove with her four kittens all day long.

It was warm, bright weather, and mother thought Tabby and her family might as well stay out on the porch; so she fixed a warm, soft box of wool for them to lie in. But they never stayed in it long at a time.

"Put the kittens in their box and let them have a nap," said mother to the little girls when they were tired of playing with their pets.

This they did, but before ten minutes they were under the stove.

"We put the kittens in their box, truly, mother," the children protested.

Mother was at work among her flowers one morning when the maid opened the outside kitchen door and drove out the whole crowd, Tabby and her four kittens.

"Now stay out, you witch family!" she said.

Old Tabby went straight to a dwarf apple tree growing near the shed and up into its low branches, the kittens all following in an eager procession, their gay ribbons flying in the breeze. A grapevine was trained over that end of the shed, and its branches were mingled with those of the apple tree.

Tabby climbed up on and into the vine branches and then into the open shed chamber window, the kittens at her heels. Then they had only to come down the back stairs to the door at the foot, which opened into the kitchen and had a hole cut out in one corner on purpose to let cats through.

Mother watched the last kitten in at the window, then went into the kitchen and found the little family just settling down by the stove. She put them out again and called the children to see the kittens climb. They laughed and laughed at the funny roundabout way of reaching the kitchen.

Ethel Allen's Story of a Nickel

Dear Juniors:

I am writing you "The Story of a Nickel." It was my birthday and my Uncle Jack had given me a nickel. I clasped it tight in my hand and lay back in my chair looking at the different words and the date on the nickel. I noticed it was very old because it was dated 1845.

All at once the nickel began talking. It began by jumping out of my hand and setting on the arm of my chair.

"Dear little boy, do not hold me so tight and I will tell you the story of my life.

The first thing I can remember is being lifted from a very dark place by some men and put in a box wtih many other nickels. I stayed in the box for about a week when one day I was taken out and given to a ragged man whom I discovered was a miser. Everyone said any one who possessed me would have bad luck because I was called 'the doomed nickel.' The miser took me home and put me in a hole in the wall of his house, but that night he was robbed and I was taken wtih the rest of his money. I traveled for a long time and then was given to the robber's captain as part of his booty. The captain gave me to his little girl but I was doomed to give everybody bad luck and that night the captain's men mutined and murdered him and his family.

"This time I fell into the grass where your Uncle Jack found me. If you do not wish to have bad luck you had better spend me immediately."

The voice of the nickel ceased and I discovered I had been asleep and dreaming. I still have that old nickel and I have made a vow never to part with it.

Ethel Allen, age 12,
Agency, Ia., R. No. 1.

Robert Kreiner Tells About His Vacation Trip to Chicago

Dear Juniors:

I spent my vacation in Chicago. We were seven miles from the center of Chicago. We arrived on Saturday. On Sunday morning we went to Hamilton park. I had lots of fun there. In the afternoon we went to Lincoln park.

There we saw the zoo. Then we went over to Lake Michigan. It was real windy and the waves were high. It was so cold that men wore their overcoats while driving cars on the Lake drive. Monday we went to Jackson park and went in bathing. Thursday we went to the Indiana beach and went in bathing. That night we went on a boat named Theodore Roosevelt. We went out so far we could see nothing but the light of the lighthouses. Friday we went to Galesburg but it was so hot there that we came home Sunday night.

Robert Kreiner, age 10,
518 Camille St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Story of a Nickel — By Mildred Melody

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write a true story about a nickel.

One time when my papa had a drug store a little girl came into the store to buy a nickel's worth of candy and the nickel she gave him had two big notches in it, but my papa didn't want to disappoint the little girl so he took it anyway and gave her the candy. He put the nickel in the cash register and it was left in there for over a year. One night the store was robbed and all the money was stolen. When the policeman came to find out about the robbers my papa told him about the nickel having the two notches in it, and that it was gone wtih the rest of the money. About a month later a man was brought into police court for doing something wrong and when they searched him they found this nickel that had the notches in it. Then they knew who had been in the store.

The nickel my papa thought wasn't any good was of some use after all.

Mildred Melody, age 8,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

CHARLES E. HUGHES AND GRANDCHILDREN

Will Writer of This Story Send in Her Name? We Lost It

Dear Juniors:

This is the first time I have ever written to the Courier Junior. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I will write about an unusual story:

Once there was a little prince who was very unhappy. All the wealth in the country would not make him happy. One day he saw two little children playing a way down the road. He sat and strained his eyes until they had gone home. He thought he'd go down and see them, so when the nurse had left he ran down the stairs and through the palace yard to where the children were. They were very glad to see him. The girl showed him some cakes she had made and taught him how to make them.

He enjoyed it very much. This was the happiest time of his life. It soon began to get dark. When he got home they were looking for him.

He told him mother and each day he goes down and plays with them.

He had better health than usual, and was very contented with the poor and often took them home with him. So one day there was a great surprise for the poor children. There was a large and beautiful home for which the little prince had begged his father to have built for them.

As my letter is getting long I will have to close and write more next time.

(Name was lost.)

"What I Did on My Vacation" — By Irene E. Johnson of Chillicothe

During vacation the 24th of August a crowd of us went to the county farm. There were twenty-four in number.

When we got there the manager took us through the building.

It is a fine place, so many nice buildings. We took our dinner and ate out in the lawn.

We left there about 4 o'clock. It was four miles out there. When we got back to town we stayed a little while and got back home before 6 o'clock. We all went in autos and certainly had a fine time.

The fair was going on at Albia at that time.

The next day papa, mamma and I went up there. I visited up there until Tuesday while mamma went to the fair in Des Moines. So I stayed from Thursday until Tuesday morning.

Mamma went in the car with her sister. We had a very nice trip.

Two of my cousins came home with me and stayed until Sunday morning and went home on the train.

Part of my vacation I took music lessons.

I would like to hear from the other Juniors.

I hope to see mwy letter in print.

Irene E. Johnson, age 14,
Chillicothe, Iowa.

A Pet Dog — By E. D. Warner of Bidwell

Dear Juniors:

May I join your contest about a pet dog?

Once I had a pet dog whose name was Sport. He was just a pup. He and I had many pleasant times together. One day I lost a button off my coat and the next day he found it and came bringing it up to the house and laid it on the porch. He would go and jump in the creek and swim when it was warm weather.

When papa and my brothers were making hay he was with them and he went under the wagon and laid down under the wheel and when the wagon started up the wheel ran over him and killed him.

I have five cats now and their names are Spot, Blackie, Tab, Fuff and Tom. They catch lots of mice.

E. D. Warner, age 8,
Bidwell, Iowa.

I am going to schol now. My teacher's name is Besse Fish. I like my teacher. I am in the third reader and I like to go to school. I go to school at Christianburg.

Pearl Warner,
Bidwell, Iowa.

Alice Miller of Batavia Tells Story About a Watch Dog

This is the first time I have ever written so I will write a story about a watch dog.

His name was Sandy. His master and mistress lived in a forest.

Sandy was very good to watch the cattle and horses.

When his master and mistress went away he stayed at home.

When they came home he would run to meet them. He would take care of the little chickens. Sometimes when they got lost from their mother Sandy would go and look for them.

Whatever he was doing he would go every day into the tall grass and find them. He would take them in his mouth and drop them gently on the ground by their mother.

He loved his master and mistress very much and they were very fond of him.

Alice Miller, age 13.
Batavia, Ia., R. 2.

Gipsy and Jimmy—By Willa Stevens

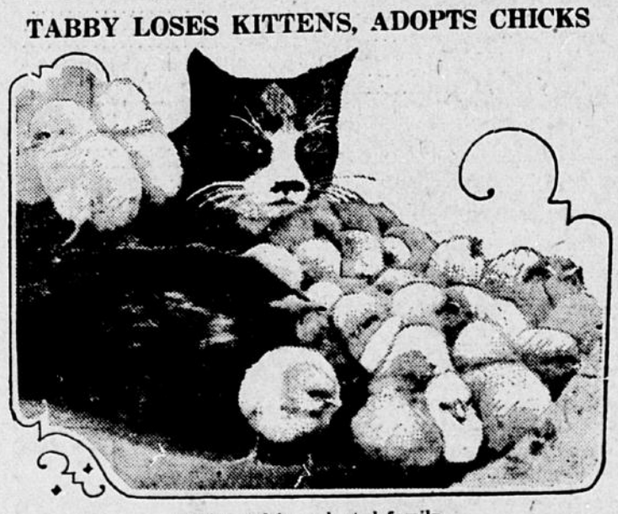
As this is the first time I have ever written to the Courier Junior page I thought I would write about Gipsy and Jimmy.

Once upon a time there was two little dogs. One day they went floating on some logs. The logs turned over and over.

And the dogs got wet and went home shivering.

Lela May Stevens, age 7,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

TABBY LOSES KITTENS, ADOPTS CHICKS



Tabby and her adopted family.

To cats, or rather to the ordinary run of cats, a chicken is a dainty and a toothsome morsel. The two do not fraternize as a rule. However, nature plays queer pranks at times, as the photograph proves.

A Boy And His Dog

Priscilla Leonard.

Jim Taylor was only fourteen, but he was the man of the family. His mother washes dishes in a restaurant, and Jim sold papers, and between the two they managed to have a home down on Carver street, and keep the twins, Harvey and Harry, in school. It was hard work sometimes, especially once when Jim was run over by an automobile and hurt in the leg. It gave him a limp, and put him behind with the rent because he was a week in the hospital.

Just after that he found Tim. Tim was limping, too—a footsore, starved, pitiful puppy, of indescribable mongrel breed. One ear stood up, the other lopped over grotesquely; one eye was encircled by a dark blotch; his wobbly legs were knock-kneed, and an enormous tail, entirely out of proportion, put the finishing touch on his absurd make up. Tim was a doomed outcast until Jim looked on him.

"Lame things have a hard time," Jim said. His own leg was aching as he stood selling his papers. "Here, pup!" and Tim came eagerly. "Gee whiz, but you're a skinny one! Looks as if you hadn't had a meal since you were born.'

Tim wagged his tremendous tail in full assent. He had forgotten what a good meal looked like; but that night, after he had finished the scraps, his little body was as tight as a drum, and he was blissfully happy. "If he eats that much every day," said Mrs. Taylor, "we can't keep him, Jimmie."

"But he's lame, mother—who'd take him except us?" said Jim, in a tone that touched his mother's heart; and henceforth Tim's footing was secure.

The twins took to Tim enthusiastically, and spent their leisure time teaching him tricks. Tim could learn anything and liked it. He was very much in earnest, but the more earnest he grew the more irresistibly comic he became. "Sure, he's better than the clown at the circus," said Mrs. Moriarty, their next door neighbor in the tenement.

Tim took a deep interest in selling papers and soon Jim discovered that the dog could be of great use. Sitting on his haunches, with a paper in his mouth, Tim made an instant appeal to the passersby. Jim had a good corner near the station and his sales began to mount from the day that he first made Tim his assistant.

Nothing could make Tim drop a paper—no, not even if another dog came by. He was as loyal as he was clever—and ugly. For there was no getting around Tim's looks. No matter how well fed and happy he might be, he would always have the same grotesque body and ridiculous head. Though his footsore lameness soon ceased, his "four legs were worse than any limp," as Harvey admitted.

Harvey taught him till he could jump through a hoop, his tail making an unforgettable curve; he could sit up in a chair, he could read the paper in a series of barks, he could play dead, he could shoulder a gun or smoke a pipe, he could march to a tune, he would roll over and over at the word of command, he could fetch and carry, play hide and seek; but to see him sitting up at the corner with the papers in his mouth, helping his master was to see him at the climax of accomplishment, for he rolled his eyes inquiringly at the public in a way that no clown ever surpassed.

One hot summer day Tim made the hit of his life, for he rolled his eyes desperately at a touring car with a tall man and a pretty girl in it.

"Oh, stop, Paul, please!" cried the girl. "Just look at that dog!"

"He's the seventeenth, Dot—what's the use?" said the tall man. But he stopped, and the girl flew over and patted Tim, and bought a paper. Tim's tail thumped on the pavement as if he were a Great Dane.

"Oh, what a tail!" cried the girl, "and that blotch over the eye—and the ears! Is he for sale?"

"No'm," said Jim. "He's my dog."

"Oh," said the girl, "he's just what I've been looking for. You see, I'm in the movies, and I have a scenario that calls for a dog like yours—only yours is really better than my idea of one. Couldn't you sell him—for a high price? I'd give you fifty dollars."

"No'm," said Jim. "Tim isn't for sale," but his voice trembled. It could not be true that any one in her senses would pay fifty dollars for him!

"Seventy-five, then?" said the girl, tapping her foot, impatiently. She was not exactly pretty but she had big brown eyes and dimples.

"No'm, I couldn't sell Tim—not for any money."

"Listen, son," said the tall man. Don't you go to the movies?"

"No, sir," said Jim. "The twins do, but I haven't the time."

"Well, if you did go, you'd know this lady. She plays in all the fine films. It's an honor to have her ask for your dog. He'd be taken care of like a king."

"We can take just as good care of Tim as anybody could," said Jim stoutly. "After she was done with him, he'd be back on the streets."

Tim thumped his tail heavily.

"He's a bird, sure enough," said the tall man. "Say, son, will you rent him to us for a week? We have a place near the city where the big film companys' studios are. How would twenty a week strike you?"

Jim thought a minute. His life as a newspaper boy had not given him much trust in promises from strangers, and Tim was the apple of his eye.

"Tim can't go without me," he said. "Harvey might take him but Harvey's in school. I can't afford to lose my stand at this corner, either, for any twenty dollars. So I guess not, mister."

The man and his wife talked together in whispers. Then she turned on Jim with her prettiest smile.

"How much would you take for you and your dog to come and stay with us for a week? Then, if the film turned out well, it might be a month. Please do come, to oblige me, won't you?"

Jim considered. After that smile, he liked her. "Well, you see'm, I have to make sure of the rent ahead. I couldn't risk it at less than thirty dollars for the week. But Tim has lots of tricks; he's a real wise dog, and he'd do his best."

"Thirty—all right," said the tall man, and with that he took a roll of bills out of his pocket, counted out three crisp ten dollar bills, and handed them to Jim. "We'll be back at this corner in an hour," he said, "and take you with us, then, for a week."

Jim could hardly believe his eyes as the car sped up the street, leaving him there with the money. But he had no time to wonder. He hurried home, packed a few clothes in a bundle, went to the restaurant to tell his mother and give her the money, and then a bright thought coming to him, sought out a comrade, a beginner in the news line, and rented the corner to him for a week for fifty cents.

Punctual to the minute, the motor car came and Jim and Tim were packed in on the back seat. "Put the robe round you both," said Mrs. Henderson. "You mustn't take cold, for you'll have a lot to do."

"Me and Tim don't take cold," said Jim. "We have a lot to do all the time, for the early papers and the late extras keep us going. Tim never gets tired."

"Tell me some more about what Tim does," said Mrs. Henderson. "If I put him in a scenario I must use all his best points, you know."

So Jim talked about Tim—an inexhaustible subject. Incidentally the twins and his mother, and the restaurant and the street corner, and the rent and his accident and lameness, and how his father had died, came in. Mrs. Henderson became interested, for she was kind hearted and before the car drew up in front of her pleasant bungalow Jim had made a good friend.

Tim seemed to resolve to do his best for the little lady and he won golden opinions that afternoon. "Why, he enters right into it," said Mrs. Henderson, and Henderson declared the dog was "great—just born for the films." Unutterably earnest and unutterably comical, Tim took position after position and "registered" it at the word of command.

"Say, where'd did you get that pup?" said the head man strolling in. "That tail is grafted on, and no mistake, but it's fine. There's more than one film in that dog—he's a winner!"

Jim and Tim didn't understand, but they worked their hardest. It did not seem to Jim that Mrs. Henderson would ever get thirty dollars out of pictures of Tim, but he was determined to give her every ounce of energy there was in both his dog and himself. There was a veritable menagerie of animals, and all sorts of people working and playing to make the films. One of the comedy clowns took a great fancy to Tim. "When does your contract with the Hendersons run out?" he asked. "I'll take you on for six weeks, for I've got some ideas for that dog."

Jim reported this to Mrs. Henderson. "Well, I like that!" she said. "Give up Tim to that man? No, indeed, we'll not hear of that. I've been thinking about your mother, Jim—she must miss you. Suppose we go over in the car tomorrow and see her."

Jim was afraid to answer for fear he would choke. He knew how he had lain awake nights and missed her. Only Tim's presence had kept him up. When the car reached home, he limped upstairs as fast as most people could have walked and hugged his mother while Tim capered in rapture about the twins.

"So this is the whole family," said Mrs. Henderson. "Now, Mrs. Taylor, I've had your boy a week and he's a good boy. He and Tim can find plenty to do in the films, right along. Why don't you move over to the studios? You live in three rooms here and you can get a whole house over there for the same money. There's a good school for the twins. As for your work, I'll guarantee to find you something just as good. But I don't see that you'll need to work as long as Jim and Tim have engagements. I'm paying thirty this week and I'll pay it right along for some time, for Tim puts a new idea into my head every day, he's so remarkable!"

She smiled at Jim's mother with her famous dimples and conquered as usual.

"I can't thank you enough," said Mrs. Taylor. "I'm sure we'd be glad to move and have a house of our own again. It's been a long, hard time. When Jimmie brought the dog home I was not for keeping him because we hadn't more than enough for ourselves—and now look at what's come of it!"

"Say, can't I go in the movies with Tim sometimes? I taught him all his tricks and I can teach him lots more," piped up Harvey.

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Henderson. "We'll put you all in with Tim, the whole family, and call it—let me see—'A Boy and his Dog.' We can register a lot of pathos in it too, as well as the funny scenes. It's make a hit!" She was right as any one can testify who has seen that favorite film move an audience to laughter and tears.

James Whitcomb Riley—By Florence Peters

James Whitcomb Riley was a very fine poet. I like to read his poems because they are poems which we children like to read. I like to read "The Boss Girls" and other sketches.

Riley said that he was never alone because his childhood days were always wtih him. He loved to be in the field, the woods and go to the swimming hole in the summer time.

When he would go to the woods he would make poems about the squirrels and the other things that one finds in the woods.

He also loved to go to the swimming hole. When he would get out of the water first the boys would laugh at him. And besides they would throw mud at him.

Then he would tie knots in their shirts and wishing that their mothers would find out that they had been in swimming.

Riley did not go to college. He was surprised when he found that he could play on so many instruments.

Riley was not very old when he died. He would have been 63 the 7th of October 1916, but he died July 28, 1916.

Riley was born in 1863. When he was a young man he was a sign painter and was popular as well.

Florence Peters, age 11.
Keosauqua, Iowa.

"Cherries" — By Pearl Ross of Kirkville

Dear Juniors:

Cherries are a kind of fruit raised in the temperate zone. The cherries are grown in the United States. If the climate was not warm the cherries would not get ripe very fast I don't think.

The cherries grow on trees. The size of cherries are about the size of the hazelnut. The names of different kinds of cherries are May cherries, color bright red, white cherries, dark red cherries and black cherries. The shape of the cherries are almost round. The peeling of the cherries is thin like tissue paper.

The inside of the cherry is composed of pulp and seed. The skin is very tender.

The pulp of the cherries is the part which we eat. It is very soft and juicy. Most cherries are sweet and some are very bitter if they are eaten before they are very ripe. The cherry has a seed in it.

The cherry is used for food. They can be used either cooked or uncooked. Some ways of fixing the cherry is to make a syrup out of sugar, then drop your cherries into it and let them cook. One can make preserves out of cherries. One can make pies out of cherries also.

Pearl Ross,
Kirkville, Ia., Box 28.

Irene Edwards Writes a Poem for Her Sunday School Paper

Dear Juniors:

I will write you a letter. I wrote a long time ago. So I will write again. I am going to write a poem that I got in the Stepping Stones. That is our Sunday school paper and it begins like this:

He isn't very handsome because he is so old.
He's dressed up quite old fashioned but he's just as good as gold.
I am not acquainted with him
I never saw the man,
I have only got his picture, but he is my Uncle Sam.
I am sure he'd come and see me, but I know he hasn't time.
Some day I will visit him, this Uncle Sam of mine.
I'll tell him I'm a saint, and wish he was one too.
Of course he'd laugh at me at first
But if he waits till I'm through, I'll tell him of the godliest gospel plan
And every saint will be so glad when they baptize my Uncle Sam.

Irene Edwards,
1033 West Main street, Ottumwa, Ia.

The Story of a Brave Man — By Willie Ruggles

Many years ago when this country was being settled up there was a man by the name of Bill Wotkon who always went by the name of "Old Bill."

He could outrun any of the Indian braves and outwit the old chief at any time or in any way. He was born in Georgia in the year of 1750. He was a sure shot for his aim was true and his hand was steady. He could jump farther than any man in history. He could run like a deer, creep like a tiger and spring like a wildcat. Old Bill generally depended on his good quick feet to escape the Indians.

But now he was getting old and he could not run so fast. And one day when the Indians got after him they gained on him every minute. So he put forth all his strength to get away from them, but they still gained on him. Old Bill ran to the mountains and getting behind rocks and ridges he kept out of their sight, but they were so close he could hear the shouts of the angry braves. Before him were three caves. One had a spider web spun from the top to bottom. The bottom strings were fastened to a stick. Here is my chance, thought old Bill, as he spied the web. So gently pulling the web aside he crept inside and pulled the stick back without breaking the web. When the braves came up Bill heard the leader say "One go in this cave, one in this one," and when he saw the one with the web he said "He is not in there for no man could go in there wtihout breaking that web." So they went home disappointed and left Old Bill to come out when he pleased.

Willie Ruggles, age 14,
Packwood, Ia., R. No. 1.

I Ran Away

I ran away.
I climbed the garden wall,
And ran into the day;
It was so big and wide
I couldn't play.
I don't know why,
But I was quite afraid—
Just God and I
Alone in the daylight.
I was afraid He couldn't
See me from the sky,
I felt so small.

I couldn't play at all.
The wild flowers
Were different from ours.
And then, some way or other,
I grew afraid of God—
I wanted mother.

—Katharine Howard.