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Ottumwa, Iowa."

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VOL. 5 NO. 41

OTTUMWA IOWA MAY 1910.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Courier Junior
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MATILDA DEVEREAUX,
EDITOR.

A COMET STORY.

Dear Juniors.—Now that we have passed safely through the tail of the comet, we would like to have a few comet stories, just short ones. We want this contest to close Monday, May 30, and the prizes will be the same as are offered in the \$1 contest.

MY ONE DOLLAR JOURNEY.

Just to help the tardy Juniors along we will reprint the rules for "My One Dollar Journey," or "How Far I Went and What I Saw for One Dollar." We want the Juniors to write essays containing not more than 300 words. The prizes we have been offering in the recent contests, a croquet set, solid silver spoon, book or a brooch, will be the prizes for this contest.

The closing day of the contest will be Monday, May 23.

THE SOUVENIR CARDS.

We want the Juniors to continue to write nice letters. The Juniors show a great improvement in their letter writing.

We will give a surprise prize at the end of May to the Junior who writes the best letter, as well as send souvenir cards whenever their stories or letters appear.

LOIS IS SICK AGAIN.

One of our dear little Albia Juniors, Lois Griffin, is sick again. We all hope she will soon be well.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

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

THE FUN COLUMN.

Here are a few of the contributions received for the "Fun Column" this week:

One day last fall Mrs. Wiley, our nearest neighbor was over to our house and my sister was there. They were talking about coats, and one of them said that Johnny's coat was getting too little for him.

"No he not," he said, "it's not any littler than it was when I got it."

Now this is a true story for my own brother said it.

Maude Skirvin, age 12, R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Ia.

When my brother was a little boy and went to Sunday school his card read: "The wicked flee when no man persueth." He forgot what was on his card and when the teacher asked him to say his verse he said, "The wicked flee when no man persueth."

Little Mabel Johnson found some rhubarb and she asked her mamma what it was. Her mamma told her and after while Mabel says, "Mamma, I want some barbershop."

When my sister was little she was pinching my brother and he said, "Oh, quit pinching me." She says, "I can unpinch you."

Iona Hancock.

A pretty Irish girl fresh from the country was in a street car for the first time in her life. She had blue eyes, yellow hair, red lips and white skin. The conductor on passing her said, "Your fare, miss." The girl blushed and bit her lip. "Your fare, miss," he repeated. "Shure and what if I be," she said. "Ye musn't be repeating it like that." (The girl thought he meant fair.)

Henrietta Plaster,

501 S. Main St., Albia, Ia.

Once a little boy who lived in Ottumwa went out in the country to visit his grandmother. While he was there his uncle plowed and planted corn with an old fashioned hand planter. When the little boy went home he told his papa that they plowed the ground and then shucked it. His papa said, "Arthur, what are you talking about." And the little boy said, "Haven't you see these shucker boxes?"

Ivy A. Baker, age 9,

Belknap, Iowa.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber?

One has shavers to raise; the other has razors to shave.

When is a young lady not a young lady?

When she is a sweet tart (sweet heart).

Elmer Lazenby, age 12,

Hillsboro, Iowa.

The late Altemus, the well known Philadelpha publisher disliked trusts and foresaw trouble from them. At a journalists' dinner in Philadelphia Mr. Altemus said of trusts:

"They remind me in their cupidity of a boy I once knew. This boy's mother ran into the nursery one afternoon and said:

"Jimmy, what's the matter with your little brother?" "He's crying," the boy answered, "because I'm eat-

ing my stick of candy and won't give him any."

"Is his own candy finished?" "Yes, mamma, and he cried while I was eating that, too."

"Nellie," said the teacher, "you may tell me how to make a maltese cross."

"Step on its tail," answered Nellie promptly.

Loren Lazenby, age 9,

Hillsboro, Iowa.

TAIL OF A FROG

Oh, the elegant Mr. and Mrs. B. Frog,

Well known in the Potter's Pond

"swim,"

Dwell in a locality very select,

In apartments exceedingly trim

And prim

In apartments exceedingly trim.

Both cultured and polished was Mr. B. Frog,

And his wife was as cultured as he

(Twas known far and wide to the

Potter's Pond frogs)

How renowned was her family tree,

Dear me!

How renowned was her family tree.)

Now, the frogs had a son, Master Tad-

pole by name,

The pride of his parents, but oh,

So wayward they found it a difficult

task

To rear him the way he should go,

Just so;

To rear him the way he should go,

Just so!

In the slimmest pools he could always

be found,

Where those rude little Crawfishes

played,

A family shunned by all Potter's Pond

folk,

And of which even you are afraid,

'Tis said;

Of which even you are afraid.

It seemed that all pleadings and scold-

ings were vain,

For company vile was his bent;

And mischief was brewing, 'twas safe

to predict,

Wherever the young scapegrace

went;

His bent,

Was mischief wherever he went.

One day Master Tadpole was sent by

Mamma

On an errand important to go.

All dressed in his prettiest suit, and

his tail

Adorned with a beautiful bow.

Heigh ho!

Adorned with a beautiful bow.

"Now, Tadpole, please hurry," his good

Mamma pleaded

"And don't tarry long by the way.

Be back in an hour, not later than

that!"

And Tad promised sure to obey.

That day,

He promised her sure to obey.

But night was approaching ere Tadpole

appeared.

And, oh, in the sorriest plight—

All covered with mud from his head to

his toes

A truly most piteous sight.

That's right;

A truly most piteous sight.

His father grew stern as he viewed

him all o'er.

"Now, Tadpole," quoth he, "I must

know

The reason of this, sir"; and poor

Mamma cried.

"Oh, Tad! what's become of your

bow?

Oh! Oh!

Pray what has become of your bow?

And Tadpole, abashed, kept his eye on

the ground

To pity him you cannot fail;

For not only had vanished his beauti-

ful bow

But he'd parted likewise with his

tail.

Vale, Vale!

And this is the last of the tale.

The Boys and

the Circus

The boys were as happy as young

mortals can be. A circus was coming

to town. Everywhere—the few

billboards of the village, on sides of

barns, on untenanted old houses and

on fences—were the great advertising

paper sheets, showing pictures of

acrobats, elephants, trick monkeys,

trained, bareback riders and chariot

races. And every evening after school

the boys would stop before these huge

signs and read the exciting and attractive

announcements of the wonderful

feats to be performed in the "Enor-

mous Two-Ring Circus."

"I tell you kids," said Harry Long,

"It will be a day to remember. It will

be our first circus, and we must all

give it a hearty welcome."

"Yes, we'll go out to meet the train,"

said Scotty Smith. "You know it has

to stop at the Junction and on a

switch. We might get aboard and ride

in with the rest of the animals."

Everybody laughed at Scotty's re-

mark about the "rest of the animals,"

and then Gus Graham remarked:

"Birds of a feather flock together,"

and "Water seeks its own level, you

know."

"That's all right," nodded Scotty.

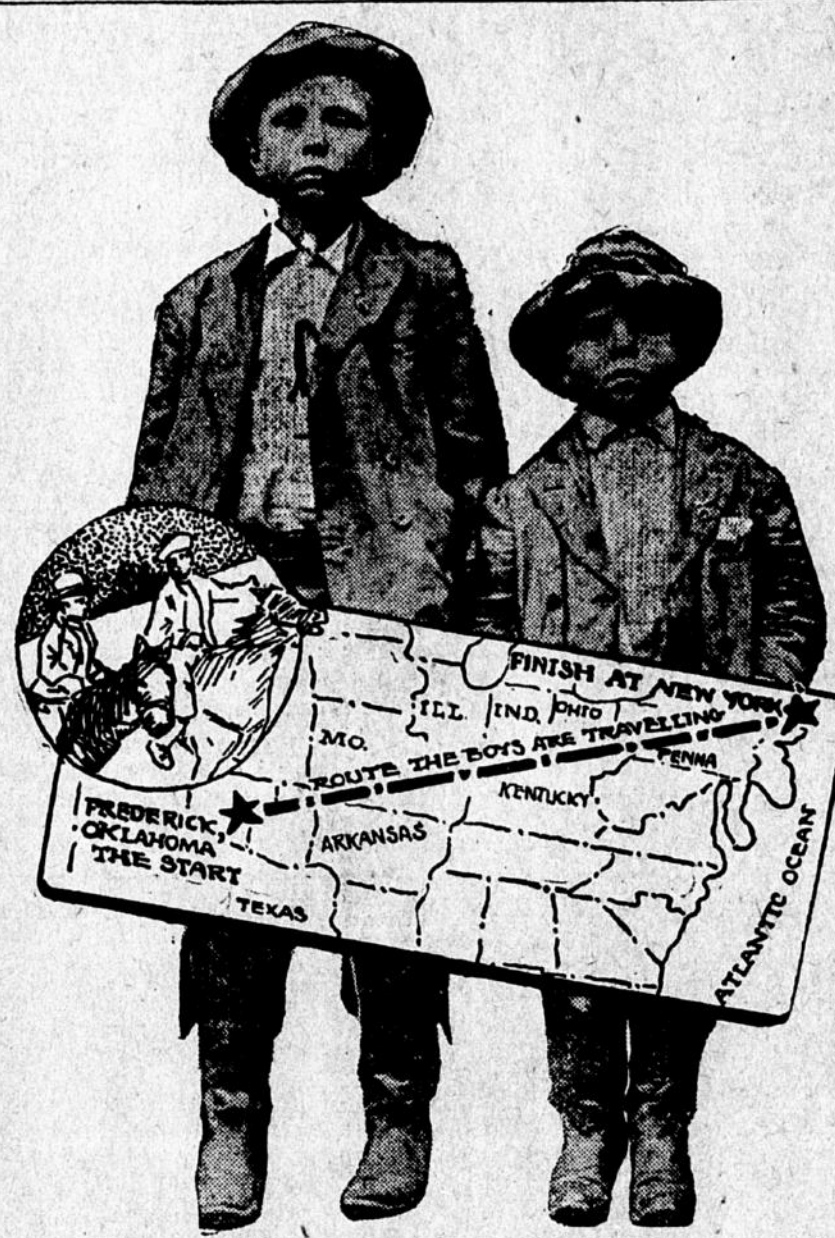
"But I bet I'll get on the circus train

and ride into town with the show.

Don't you think I can do it?"

"Oh, you may ride on the bumpers,"

Oklahoma Boys on 2,000 Mile Ride to Greet Colonel Roosevelt



Louis and Temple Abernathy, sons of United States Marshal Abernathy of Oklahoma. Picture was taken in Cincinnati during their trip.

Cincinnati, May 19.—The two small sons of United States Marshal John Abernathy, who are making a 2,000 mile horseback journey from Guthrie, Oklahoma, to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt, are now several days out of this city. Despite bad weather they are making rapid progress, and expect to reach New York long before the express-train arrives.

The boys are Temple, aged six, and Louis, ten. They have journeyed over the whole south alone and are the pride of the southwest. They left Oklahoma City April 15, arriving in St. Louis 10 days later. They passed

through here in a happy mood. They had no maps and trust to people along the way to direct them properly.

Marshal Abernathy and Colonel Roosevelt are close friends. Abernathy won fame as a wolf catcher by "catching them alive." He has no fear of them, but they soon began to avoid him.

Abernathy intended going abroad with Roosevelt.

The boys have been receiving royal welcome at all points along the route. There will be a celebration of a large part of Oklahoma when they return to Guthrie. It is expected that the return trip will also be made on horseback.

turned a curve round a hill and was out of view.

"Gee!" muttered Scotty, "that was a bad break for me. The boys will be down the track a piece waiting to see me pass! Then they'll know something has happened, for I called out to Harry as I was passing his house this morning, telling him I was off to the Junction."

The distance between the town and the Junction was very much longer going than it had been coming, so Scotty found out to his disappointment. But he stalked on through the heat, walking the ties.

Thus, commencing with himself, Scotty hurried toward the following railroad tracks. The circus train had pulled into town within a few minutes after leaving the Junction, and here was Scotty, still four miles from town! And the boys! Of course, they were at the circus grounds, watching the circus cars unloading, and the tent being erected. Oh, what a dunce he had been to try to steal that ride—just to show off before the boys!

At last Scotty came into sight of the town, and in hearing of it at the same time. The parade was on. He could hear the bands playing, and the fire crackers shooting, for the boys always used fire crackers on every available occasion. And what could be more deserving of fire crackers than a circus? Scotty, very tired and overheated after his ten miles of walking, entered the business street to see the parade turn from it into a side street, from where it would proceed to the tents at the outskirts of town. And so he had missed the parade! Well, he must not cry over spilt milk. So he hastened his steps, following in the direction of the parade, intending to overtake it at the tents.

But just as Scotty was turning a corner a cry greeted his ears. A chorus of voices familiar to him called out: "Hello, Scotty. We didn't see you on the circus train, though we met the train three miles out from town." Scotty turned to see his friends, the boys. Of course, he was somewhat embarrassed over not having been able to make good his boast about riding into town on the circus care, but what was his amazement when Gus said: "If you had stayed back with us, Scotty, you'd have ridden into town on the train—in the manager's car, too. We were walking down the tracks to meet the train and as it approached we stepped off to one side and waved our flags and cried out: 'Three cheers for Bates and Brown's Circus!' And the manager happened to see us, and it pleased him so much that he had the engineer slow down the train and invited us to jump aboard, which we

did. And see—" and Gus took from his pocket a "complimentary ticket" to the circus for that afternoon. "He gave each of us kids one," he explained.

Scotty's face fell. He had been trying to "show off" and had lost the ride in the circus manager's car, beside falling to get a "comp" for the show that afternoon. But he would get into the tent without paying; he meant to do that all right. And when he boasted to Harry and Gus of his intention they only smiled. "Did you try to steal a ride on the train?" they asked him. Scotty's face and manner told the truth to them, though Scotty tried to evade the question and turned the subject.

At the circus grounds the Boys watched the "Free Outside Performance," then visited two or three side shows, after which they returned to their respective homes for dinner. At 2 o'clock they again assembled at the circus grounds and Gus and Harry, with three or four others of the Boys, had their "comps" and passed into the tent. Scotty, without a ticket, watched his opportunity to creep under the tent. Although he had the money in his pocket to pay for his admission he wanted to show the Boys that he could "make good," as he called "meeting" his way into the circus. So, after the Boys said to him, "We'll see you after the show," he replied: "You'll see me inside the tent within five minutes, too, and within the time specified by him. He saw a place unwatched by the circus 'routiers' and made for it. Lying down flat on his stomach he lifted the edge of the tent and crawled in. Hardly he entered the partly filled tent when his eyes spied his friends, seated a few feet above the place where he had entered. He whistled to them and they understood him. But before they could warn him a great red-headed circus "routier" had Scotty by the nape of the neck and was thrusting him out from beneath the tent. "Ah, you rascal, you are the same bum I threw from the train this morning. Let me lay hands on you again today and I'll have you juggled. Clear out of here!"

Of course the Boys had to laugh in spite of themselves over Scotty's quick exit and Gus declared that it was cheaper in the end to pay one's way—or come as a guest of the management—than to attempt to "deadbeat it." And Scotty, too much humiliated to be seen in the circus, hurried home, crept to his own room and went to bed to think over the disappointing experiences of the day.

When the circus comes to town I'll stick with the boys," he declared. "And I'll never try to steal another ride on a train, nor attempt to creep under the circus tent. I'll pay my way and see the show like an honest kid. Anyway, I've been a boaster and bragger and am now suffering the penalty. How the boys will laugh at me. And I've missed the parade and the show, too. Gee, but this has been a bad day for me, not speaking of the 10 miles I had to walk."

A Junior friend,

Maude Skirvin, age 12,

R. F. D. No. 2, Floris, Iowa.

READS NEIGHBOR'S COURIER JUNIOR.

Dear Editor:

I am a little girl twelve years old living on a farm of about 400 acres. We do not take the Courier but our nearest neighbor does and I read the Junior page every time I get a chance.

My school is out now and I am glad of it but I'll be glad when school commences for I expect to go to school in town this fall. My last teacher's name was Miss Hannah M. Kirtman.

I have three brothers and one sister. Their names are Glen, Marvin, John and Edith. I like to go down hunting and I find several different kinds of them. Violets are my favorite flowers.

We have twenty-five horses. We have twelve cats and one dog. I have a Bantam hen, I did have a rooster but he died.

I go to Sunday school at the Methodist church. I don't miss much, only when the weather is bad.

I have written once before and received a post card for which I thank the editor very much. I enjoy reading the letters the Juniors write and I also like to read the fun column.

I don't know what we'll do without fruit this year but I suppose we will get accustomed to it after while.

I live near a creek and I like to go fishing but I don't often catch anything.

Sarah Hargrove, age 12,

R. F. D. No. 3, Milton, Iowa.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE STORY.

Dear Editor:

I received a beautiful postal from the Courier Junior, and want to think you for it.

It is the picture of the Hoofbeats-kantoor, or General Post Office of Rotterdam, Holland. This building is a capacious and handsome building. In the building are found the headquarters of the postal and telegraph business of the town.

It is situated on the side of the Blaak, adjoining it being the Exchange, a fine building. It was designed by Van der Werff and constructed of sandstone in the year 1722.

In the foreground there is a harbor in which there are three large sized boats at anchor. On the whole the picture is very beautiful, and very beautifully colored.

Deademona Eisenbeis, age 15,

401 W. Park Avenue, Ottumwa, Iowa

BEULAH LIKES THE FARM.

I am a little girl and live out on a farm. I like to live on a farm better than in a city. I have one little brother, his name is Dale.

Beulah Ware, age 10,

R. F. D. No. 1, Floris, Iowa.

LULA'S SCHOOL WILL BE OUT IN ONE MORE WEEK.

Dear Editor:

I will try and write a letter. Our school will be out in one more week. Mamma has eighty-two little chickens and one little gosling.

We have four little lambs, they are awfully cute.