



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

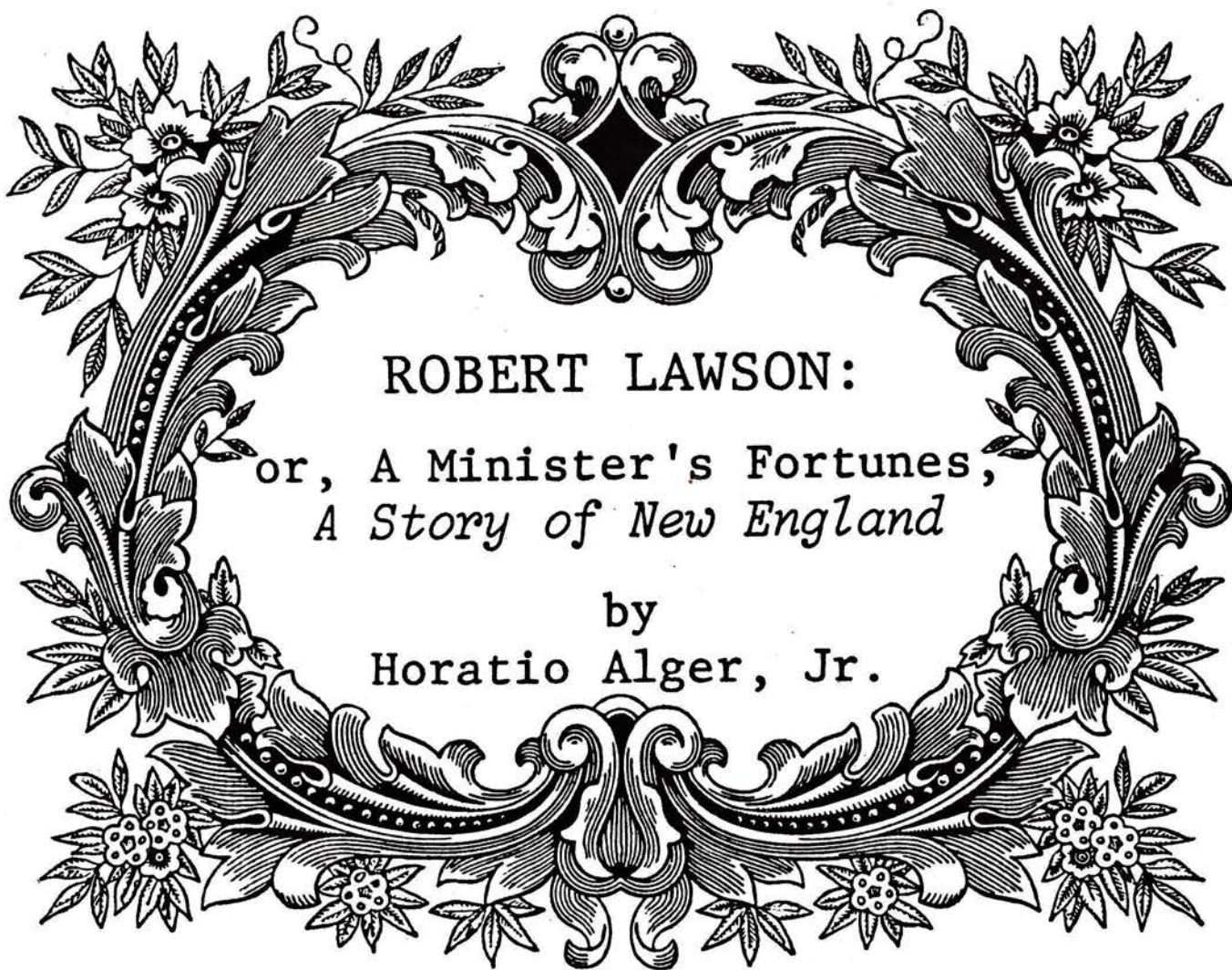
1832 - 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXV

January-February, 1987

Number 4




ROBERT LAWSON:

or, A Minister's Fortunes,
A Story of New England

by
Horatio Alger, Jr.

(The above story begins on page 5.)



President's Column

By Jim Ryberg

On behalf of the officers and directors of The Horatio Alger Society, I'd like to wish you a happy and prosperous 1987. May you soon find that scarce or elusive title that until now was unobtainable.

To open the new year, Editor Gilbert K. Westgard II has reprinted Alger's "Robert Lawson" for the first time. Until now, the only way to read this short story was to find a copy of TRUE FLAG, the March 25, 1854 issue, which printed the story under the pseudonym of Charles F. Preston.

Membership news includes the purchasing of a mint copy of TOM THE BOOTBLACK, in a Burt edition, for just \$2.00 by Percy Dean. Our Vice-President, George Owens, is putting the final touches on "The Monticello Meeting," which looks like it will be another memorable convention.

Not long ago I journeyed to New England for the Boston Book Fair. As usual, the Alger titles were notably absent. However, a trip down to Fall River, Massachusetts, to Eddie LeBlanc's home, was an exciting experience for me when I saw that the third floor of his wonderful, historically registered home was filled with boys' series, dime novels, and literally thousands of fine items for sale. Eddie followed his father's collecting interests, and is the owner of two gener-

ations of materials collected by experts. Eddie and his brother provided delightful hospitality, and I left the home after having purchased two boxes of materials. Needless to say, Eddie is a prime source of choice treasures for your collections.

On the same trip I stopped by Morris Olsen's, where I picked up several Hurst miniature Alger volumes. Morris also has dozens of first editions, if you are collecting in that field.

In other collecting categories, The Gene Stratton Porter Memorial Society, Inc., Rte. 1, Box 364, Rome City, IN 46784, has a newsletter. Membership is \$5.00, or \$50 for a life membership. Also, a friend dropped me a note that if you send your name, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, you can be placed on the Harrison Fisher Society mailing list. The address is: P. O. Box 81868, San Diego, CA 92138.

So as 1986 comes to an end, I wish you a wonderful new year. A suggested resolution is to become more active in your Society...we need new members, so sign up a friend in '87.

Jim

* * *

Word has been received of the sudden death, on October 16, of Elizabeth Sawyer, wife of our former Society President Bob Sawyer.

Bob wrote that she "was having problems with angina attacks, so we put her in the hospital for tests. She was in about 10 days, and had a heart attack...We were most thankful that she only had a few days of misery. It was so sudden that I am still stunned."

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY - To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed Hero Ideals in countless millions of young Americans. Founded by Forrest Campbell and Kenneth B. Butler. OFFICERS: President, Jim Ryberg, 4627 Wild Indigo, Suite 605, Houston, TX 77027; Vice-president, George Owens; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, John Juvinall, Owen Cobb, Bob Sawyer, Edward T. LeBlanc, Glenn Corcoran, Bill Leitner, Bill McCord, Jim Thorp, Gene Hafner; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett, Max Goldberg. NEWSBOY, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership Applications, Renewals, Changes of Address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page, \$9.00; column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill St., Gahanna, OH 43230. THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current definitive authority on Alger's works. Send contributions for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S.W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33435. *****

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBER

PF-786 Kate Thedwall
1719 40th St. Ct.
Moline, IL 61265

Kate presently owns just twenty Algers, so send her your list of duplicates that you'd like to sell. Mrs. Thedwall is a high school teacher, and tells us she is interested in Alger's long lasting appeal. She is 34 years old, and her husband's name is Rick. In a few weeks she hopes to visit our co-founder, Ken Butler, in Mendota, which is only about 100 miles from Moline. She learned of us by a listing in the Directory of U. S. Societies.

* * *



This January marks the 155th anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger, Jr. We observe this anniversary by printing the above photograph of Ken Butler placing a floral tribute on Horatio's grave in the Glenwood Cemetery, in South Natick, Massachusetts. This is the same photograph mentioned by Roy Wendell in the May-June, 1986, Newsboy, on page 2.

The picture may have been taken in 1969. If anyone can recognize the five people standing behind Ken, please inform the Editor, and their names will appear in a future issue.

For those who would like to visit the grave, it is in the south-west corner of the cemetery.

* * *

Jack Schorr, PF-342, has some matched sets of Alger books, and also some first editions. These are in good to very good condition. He wants to trade them for a set of Frank Merriwells in the brown or green editions, published by Street & Smith, Federal Book Company, and McKay. He will also trade for Dave Porter books, by Edward Stratemeyer, in the cream edition. If you want to trade, call Jack at 714-772-6015, or write to him at 853 S. Lemon St., Anaheim, CA 92805. He is a good fellow to deal with.

* * *



WHO IS THIS ALGER HERO?

What is his name, and occupation? If you can answer the last part of the question, you'll have the title of one of the more popular Alger books published by A. L. Burt. Give up? The answer, and our hero's signature appear on page 4.

Louise Kent-Boyd, PF-721, writes: "I wouldn't let pass a chance to say a few kind lines about Jack Bales. I'm enclosing words in a form which makes it able to be presented to Jack himself, once you glean the contents for Newsboy. (I know you will be tempted to alter the spelling of "honour" but I ask that you let this bit of Canadianism remain as a favour to me.)

"Dear Jack,

"I never met you personally but a tremendous amount of correspondence has passed between our two addresses over the past three years, and one gets to know a great deal about another, via the mails. From such a standpoint, this is how I perceive you, our Retired Editor:

J - just an ordinary guy
A - as humble as you are noteworthy
C - constantly willing to help,
K - kind and considerate

B - beyond "the point of duty"
A - as
L - loved Editor, now beloved
E - Editor Emeritus, of our
S - Society's newsletter

It all adds up to 'Jack Bales' .. and it's an honour to honour you, Jack."

* * *

Peter C. Walther, PF-548, writes: "I recall an incident some years ago in which my friend Jack Dizer handed me a Xeroxed newspaper article from a Boston Herald of 1896 with the information that it was sent courtesy of Jack Bales who knew he had a friend engaged on Oliver Optic research, and 'Would he be interested in it?' From that point on it seemed a nodding acquaintance bloomed into a ripening friendship, and as I came to know him better I was enabled to respect his talent and very considerable expertise.

"We have carried on a long and mutually agreeably epistolary friendship. Every letter is a delight and one that I treasure. His editorial handling of Newsboy

was professional in every area, and his youthful enthusiasm coupled with a dash of panache made it exciting and informative reading for Alger scholar or casual reader alike. No one can fault him for the hundreds of hours of dedication which was his editorial lot but accord him his due, the ultimate labor of which was the fine Alger biography authored with Gary Scharnhorst. In all matters Optical he has been supportive and helpful in every conceivable way, and I wish him happiness and all success as he pursues other literary interests.

"I still haven't met Jack, but some day I hope that will be rectified if only to accord him thanks for the favor of so many months ago. His inscription to me in his book closed with the words, 'With best wishes and much respect.' Well, turnabout is fair play, is it not? It is you who leave Newsboy with the respect of us all, garnered with the encomiums of your many friends, but none so sincere as Peter C. Walther."

* * *

Bernard Biberdorf, PF-524, writes: "I would like to express my appreciation for the many years Jack Bales served as Editor of Newsboy. His diligence, persistence and writing ability made for a good and interesting publication. We wish him well in his future endeavors."

* * *

Paul Palmer

The Alger hero pictured on page 3 is Paul Palmer, whose adventures are recorded in The Train Boy. Other than James A. Garfield, the hero of From Canal Boy to President, Paul appears to be the only one with a mustache! Is this Alger hero putting on (h)airs?

* * *

Ralph D. Gardner, PF-053, sent in an ad offering a Hurst edition of The Young Miner, signed by Chuck Yeager, Horatio Alger Award winner, priced at \$50.

ROBERT LAWSON:
or, A Minister's Fortunes,
A Story of New England

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year.
—Goldsmith.

Robert Lawson had passed successfully through a three years' course of preparation for the ministry, and was now looking about him for a settlement. His father, a mechanic in limited circumstances, had aided and encouraged him in his studies as much as was consistent with his duty to his other children; but this proving quite inadequate to defray all his expenses, Robert found himself at the termination of his studies involved in debt to the amount of four hundred dollars—no very large sum in itself, perhaps, but assuming rather a formidable magnitude when it is to be paid out of the annual savings from the spring stipend of a country clergyman.

But the young man's heart was full of hopeful confidence. He was looking forward eagerly and courageously to a life of usefulness and honorable activity.

It was with a glow of pardonable pride that the Lawsons, on the Sunday after Robert's graduation, as they sat in their wonted pew in the village church, beheld Robert occupying the pulpit from which as a boy he had so often heard the solemn yet benevolent voice of the old and beloved pastor, as he spoke of the incentives to virtue which were offered for our encouragement, of life and immortality, and of the goodness of our Father in Heaven who has prepared for us "a house with many mansions."

Robert Lawson was a young man of good talents naturally, and these had been faithfully trained and cultivated by a severe course of study. He was ambitious, and was willing to labor. What wonder then that Mrs. Lawson should whisper to her husband:—

"Really, husband, I think our Robert

has beaten Parson White all hollow. I don't believe he could write such a sermon if he should try."

Mrs. Lawson was not alone in her opinion. It was the opinion of all that Robert had done well—remarkably well, and commendation and congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters.

It was two or three days afterwards when Robert Lawson received a call from a rough-looking man, who, without preface, proceeded to unfold his errand.

"You're Mr. Lawson, the minister, I reckon?"

"You are quite right."

"My name's Blunt—Jeremiah Blunt. I'm one of the parish committee of the church in Craneville. We've been without a minister for the last two months, and haven't fixed on anybody yet. Some of them heard of you, and want to hear you preach. So Deacon Grimsby told me I'd better call and engage you for three Sundays."

Being without a previous engagement, Robert acceded to this proposal, though he knew nothing personally of Craneville, or the church there. It was a small town—for the most part agricultural. This was the sum of his knowledge in respect to it. But as we, the writer, happen to be a little better acquainted touching this point, we will favor the reader with it "in advance of the mail."

Craneville was rather a pretty town, despite its most unpoetic name. The soil was good, as the plentiful harvests and thrifty orchards with their wealth of luscious autumnal fruit peeping out from the shelter of leafy branches clearly evinced. The old farm-houses, large on the ground but of humble height, looked comfortable and substantial, not at all like the frail but more ambitious tenements of the present day, which a moderate wind is enough to shake to their foundations.

The church was one of those old-fashioned edifices, with no pretensions to

architectural beauty, such as our fathers are used to rear. A high tower, built porch-like in front and projecting from the main structure, formed a prominent part of the church. Clustered around it were some dozen buildings, including the village store, which likewise served as the post-office. a blacksmith's shop, which, like Longfellow's, stood "under a spreading chestnut-tree," faced it on the opposite side of the street. Besides these, there were some eight or ten dwelling-houses and a Town Hall, which made up the village of Craneville.

I cannot say as much for the people as for the place. Poets and novelists may discourse of the virtue and simplicity which, forsaking the crowded city and bustling town, make their abode in the country. After all, human nature is the same in town and country, and malice and envy and bad feeling are no more indigent to the one than the other. The community at Craneville were not without their full share of these prevailing faults. But without speaking further on this point at present, we will leave the reader to form his conclusions from the course of subsequent events.

At the close of Mr. Lawson's engagement, he received a unanimous invitation to settle in Craneville. A certain freshness of style and youthful enthusiasm which characterized his pulpit efforts, and which, by the way, compared most favorably with those of the previous minister, who, though a very good man, was dreadfully prosy, had won the favor of all, especially the younger portion of the parish. It was therefore with a degree of harmony and unanimity quite unparalleled in the history of the church at Craneville that this invitation was extended.

It was not a very brilliant offer to be sure—five hundred dollars a year—but the committee assured the young minister that this was one hundred more than they had ever before paid. Having no other place in prospect, and being pleased with the appearance of the place (with the society he had not yet had an opportunity to become acquainted) the young minister,

with the advice of his friends, returned an affirmative answer to the invitation, and an early day was appointed for his ordination. Everything looked bright in prospect, and the heart of the young minister glowed with gratitude as his eye rested on the pleasant spot which he was soon to call home.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when the young minister looked forth from his chamber window with a calm and thoughtful brow at the quiet village which lay bathed in the regal splendor of the morning sunshine. It was the morning of the day on which he was to be ordained.

"Henceforth," thought he, "the spiritual welfare of this village is to be entrusted to my charge—to the charge of one who is without experience, but, thank God! not without an earnest desire to advance it in everything which concerns its highest interests."

All Craneville was astir at an early hour. In a city or large town where the sources of excitements are abundant and scattered on every side, an ordination creates scarcely a ripple in the current of social life. But here it was quite different. The theatre—the concert-room—the opera, were known only by report at Craneville. With the crowded ball-room and the brilliant assembly they had nothing to do. To them, therefore, it was natural that an occasion of this sort should be one of great interest.

The old-fashioned church was crowded to its utmost capacity—would that this could be said of it every Sabbath—to hear the simple yet affecting ceremonies by which a young man was to be set apart in the service of God. The choir, who had been rehearsing for the last three weeks, that they might not do discredit to the occasion, performed the hymns which had been selected in what was considered very fine style. Our friend Jeremiah Blunt, whose skill as a musician ranked very high at Craneville, added the accompaniment of the bass-viol to the voices of the singers. At length the benediction was pronounced, and the audi-

ence dispersed.

Robert Lawson, after the council had been hospitably entertained, and one by one withdrawn, retired to a quiet grove where he might commune with his own thoughts without risk of disturbance. He was not in the mood for companionship. He wished for a while to pause and ponder on the responsibilities which he had undertaken.

When he returned to his boarding-house, it was with a cheerful brow and a lightened heart. He felt his own weakness, but he knew where to seek for strength.

In the evening Deacon Mason called at the door. He couldn't stop a minute, he said, but Miss Mason, his wife, had asked him to leave a bundle for the minister, as he rode by.

Wondering what it could contain, he unrolled the bundle and discovered to his gratification and surprise, half a dozen shirts, and the same number of pairs of stockings. They were accompanied by the following note:—

"Will our pastor accept the accompanying articles, made at the Sewing Circle, as a very slight and inadequate testimonial of the esteem and affection which the ladies of the congregation entertain for him, and as an earnest of the harmonious relation in which they hope always to stand to him? May the thought of them cheer him in his hours of heaviness, and rekindle his zeal, if perchance it is dampened by the weight of care and responsibility."

This gift proved highly acceptable to Robert, not only for its intrinsic value but also for the kind feelings by which it was dictated. He was ready to exclaim in the words of Scripture, "Surely my lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

The new minister boarded at the house of the Widow Clarke, a very notable woman, excellent in all that appertains to the mysteries of the kitchen. Her

pumpkin-pies were unrivalled—she had the reputation of making the best butter in the village—and no one could tell better than she when a joint was done to a turn. Independent of her reputation as a cook, she had gained a notoriety of a slightly different kind, that of being the greatest gossip in the village. She was very fond of talking when she could secure a good listener, and volunteered to give her new boarder information respecting most of the people of whom he had undertaken the charge.

Mr. Lawson displayed to her the present he had just received. "Is it not very kind and thoughtful in them?" said he.

"Well," said she, drily, "I must say they've done better than I ever expected they would. But wait a little and see whether they will do it again. It's all very well for once, but I'm afraid they will think it won't bear repeating."

"Why, no; it would be too much to expect such presents often," said the minister, endeavoring to blunt the edge of her rather disparaging remarks.

"You wouldn't think," pursued Mrs. Clarke, "from the way they write that there was ever anything unpleasant to be met with in the Sewing Circle, and yet it's my belief that there isn't a circle in the State that has done so much quarreling, first and last, as this one. In the first place, they couldn't decide what to do with their money after they got it. Some wanted to give it to the Missionary Society—and others thought that 'charity ought to begin at home,' and that it would be better to appropriate it to repairing the vestry. Then, as to the price of the work, they fixed the price of stockings knit in the society at two shillings a pair, whereupon Sally Burbank (the old maid that lives at Deacon Mason's, a sort of cousin I believe,) declared she wasn't going to knit her fingers to the bone for any such paltry sum. The society held out for some time, but Sally made such a fuss that they were obliged to give up at last, and the consequence is that they don't have any stockings to knit. It's my belief that

if it were not for that you wouldn't have got your present of stockings at any rate."

The dreams of the young minister were rather rudely broken in upon by conversation of this kind, in which Mrs. Clarke chiefly dealt. She had such a way of exposing the weakest side of every person she spoke of, that one, who relied infallibly on her information, must needs form a very unfavorable opinion of the state of society in Craneville.

Luckily for Mr. Lawson he was not disposed to take upon trust all that he heard. He had, what his hostess most needed, a fund of Christian charity which led him to extenuate when he could not help crediting.

Such was the state of affairs at Craneville, and such the situation of the minister for the first three months of his settlement. There is another leaf in his experience that remains to be told, and to it we shall devote a portion of our next chapter.

Robert Lawson, as he sat in his study, after hours spent in patient study and meditation, could not help avowing to himself that he felt a void—a want of something, he scarcely knew what. Finally this ill-defined want assumed shape. He grew weary of being alone. He wished to have one who could sympathize with him in his toils, cooperate with him in carrying out his plans, and soothe and cheer him in his hours of relaxation. In a word, he felt that he needed a wife.

With the word came up a vision of a sunny-haired child—a favorite cousin—with whom, in his childish days he used to walk hand-in-hand to the village school, constituting himself as her defender against the taunts or rudeness any could have the heart to heap upon one so innocent and winning in her ways.

He recalled the pleasant Saturday afternoons—the Paradise of schoolboydom—when with Ellen's hand first clasped in his he wandered into the woods to hunt

the squirrel, or plunder the chestnut trees of their bountiful supply of tempting fruit; or when, perhaps, he would row his cousin across the little lake near the village in a small skiff, which was the only navigable vessel to be found upon its waters.

These youthful memories returned with all their ancient force, and the love of his boyhood's days seemed to be revived.

"Would Ellen," thought he, "could I expect her to leave her home for the onerous and often thankless office of a minister's wife? Would it not be selfish to ask her?"

But he did ask her, nevertheless, and Ellen, in whom the old memories had not yet died away, courageously consented to become his help-meet, the sharer in his joys and sorrows.

The ceremony was performed after a very short courtship at Robert's earnest request; he plead, and not without a show of reason, that he was solitary and sometimes apt to be despondent, and, that he needed just such a light-hearted little fairy as Ellen was, to enliven him.

When it was known that the minister was engaged and shortly to be married, it awakened a great interest in the minds of all his congregation. The young ladies wondered whether the bride elect was pretty—the old ladies, whether she was a good housekeeper—the men wondered whether she would take an interest in the parish—and all agreed in being very curious to see her.

It was an embarrassing moment for Ellen, when, leaning on her husband's arm, she walked up the centre aisle for the first time to her appointed seat in the minister's pew. She was conscious that all eyes were fixed upon her, and her only resource was to keep her own fixed upon the ground.

The newly-married couple moved into a small cottage owned by Deacon Goodwin who kept the village store. There were but four rooms in it, but it required a large

sum to furnish even these—large, I mean, for Robert's circumstances. These were respectively appropriated as kitchen, parlor and sitting-room in one, bed-chamber, and study. An extra bedstead was also placed in the study, that they might, on occasion, accommodate a friend or visitor over night. Certainly it was not a large or splendid home, in any sense, yet as Robert gazed in the glowing grate which diffused its cheerful warmth through the little sitting-room, he realized a sense of comfort—nay, of domestic happiness, to which he had long been a stranger.

"Dear Ellen," said he, "I believe we shall live happily in our little cottage. With our trust in God and in each other we cannot fail to do so. People may jest," he continued, in a lighter tone, "about love in a cottage; yet I think it not so chimerical after all."

A bright smile, full of hope and confiding affection was Ellen's only reply, but it was accepted as sufficient.

Of course the parish were very desirous of becoming acquainted with the minister's wife. As calling on each family would occupy too long a time, it was thought best that Ellen should attend the next meeting of the Sewing Circle, which chanced to come on the week succeeding her arrival in Craneville.

The meeting was full beyond all precedent. Every member was present. Ellen entered the room with a feeling of embarrassment which was increased by the fact that she was unacquainted with most who were present. Mrs. Mason, the deacon's wife, took it upon her to carry her round the room, giving a separate introduction to every lady present. Of course the result was, that she got them all mixed up so that she could not recollect any. However, she veiled her embarrassment as well as she was able, and performed her part with a quiet dignity which won upon all, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss Sally Burbank, who, to confess the truth, had had some idea of setting her cap for the minister herself.

Towards the close of the meeting Mrs. Mason arose and said that she had thus far held the place of President of the circle, not from choice, but rather because there was no one else to take the office, but that now she thought it proper to resign it, since there was another lady present—Mrs. Lawson—on whom it might better be bestowed.

In spite of Ellen's remonstrances she was elected to the office of President—a situation, it may be observed, of which the distinction is but a poor compensation for the trials which it carries with it.

"Ought I not to feel flattered," said her husband, laughingly, as they were returning homeward, "to have my wife elevated to a post of so much dignity as the President or Presidentess (which is it?) of the Craneville Sewing Circle?"

"And which, you may add, was the very farthest thing from her desires. I believe," she continued, "I have made an unfortunate mistake. You know how hastily I was introduced to the ladies present, and how almost impossible it was for me to retain any distinct recollection of their names. It so happened that Miss Burbank sat by me. I very innocently supposed she was Mrs. Goodwin, and, as I thought, very politely inquired how her husband and children were. She turned round as if she thought I was bantering her, and snapped out that 'she hadn't the honor of being married, or having any children.'"

Mr. Lawson laughed heartily. "Why, Ellen, she is a confirmed old maid; I rather suspect, less from choice than from necessity."

We must here assume the privilege of a story-writer, and advance the reader some ten years from the time of Robert Lawson's ordination, pausing only to take a retrospective glance at the chief changes and events by which those years were marked.

Robert had lost some of his youthful

freshness. Life did not now wear to him the same bright tints as it had at his entrance upon its responsibilities. He had become more sedate—more dignified. He had shared in its disappointments, as well as participated in its joys. Four young beings had awakened into life within the walls of the humble parsonage, which had been enlarged by the addition of three rooms, but of those four, one while on the threshold of existence had been advanced to a higher life in a fairer world.

Ellen, too, was changed. The blushing and timid girl had expanded into the dignified and self-possessed matron. She no longer shrank with a feeling of reluctance from presiding over the stated meetings of the Sewing Circle, nor, so far as her domestic duties permitted, of engaging in any work by which she might benefit and improve others.

The children—there were three of them—were bright and promising. Henry, the eldest, inherited his father's turn of mind. He was studious and quiet, and would often withdraw from the noisy plays of his school-companions, to indulge in the greater delight of reading interesting or instructive works from his father's library. He had just commenced the study of Latin, and his father entertained a strong desire to prepare him for college, but was deterred by the thought that the necessary expenses attending a collegiate course were far beyond the capacity of his scanty income to afford. Charles was in many respects unlike his brother. Though quick enough to learn when he chose to apply himself, he took much greater interest in the mysteries of the play-ground than of the school-room. He was now seven. Edith, the youngest, a delicate blossom which at one time it was feared would not be able to weather the storms of life, was a pretty girl of five, who inherited to the full the diffidence by which her mother had in early life been distinguished.

Craneville, too! Ten years in rolling by had not failed to set its mark upon the village embosomed among the hills. The village had increased to twice its

former size. The manufacture of shoes had been introduced into the quiet agricultural town, and in the summer-time the singing of the birds in the leafy orchards was interrupted by the less harmonious sounds of active labor, as they came floating out upon the air from the numerous shops. The people, too, were changed. Ten years' preaching had not been thrown away utterly. They were more harmonious in their views than they had been. The religious society was stronger in numbers, and the audiences which weekly filled the village church seemed more interested in the purpose for which they came. Yet the people of Craneville, though they had certainly improved, were still far enough off from the standard of righteousness. Their failings were yet many in number.

In one respect they were obstinately blind. Though they had increased in material prosperity to such a degree that the five hundred dollars at which they at first fixed the salary of their pastor, and which was at the time difficult to raise, had now become comparatively easy, no one thought of suggesting any addition to it, although they could not fail to see that the addition of three members to the minister's household must occasion a considerable additional expense. They would not see the shadow of care which occasionally overspread the countenance of their pastor, when but for their remissness he would have been light of heart.

Among the changes that had taken place in the village, I had forgotten to mention the introduction of a new family—the Evelyns, who had removed from Boston to seek in the country a life of less bustle, but more true enjoyment. Mr. Evelyn was a retired merchant. His efforts to acquire wealth had been blessed with success, and although still in the prime of life, having no desire to seek wealth for its own sake, he left behind him the cares of business, when he was satisfied that he had obtained an ample competence. The Evelyns had selected a beautiful location just out of the village, on which they had erected a tasteful and elegant mansion, which was soon

regarded, architecturally, as the pride of the village.

The poor had cause to bless the hour when they became residents of the town. Timely gifts were not wanting from the ready hand of Mrs. Evelyn, in whom charity seemed a second nature. The Evelyns and the minister's family soon became on terms of the most intimate friendship. Mr. Evelyn, who was a man of intelligence and cultivation, naturally sought the companionship of Mr. Lawson, in whom he was more sure of finding a similarity of tastes and opinions than in the doctor or lawyer, for Craneville boasted a representative of each of the three professions.

Such was the condition of Craneville at the time to which I have advanced the reader. Let me introduce him to the sitting-room of the parsonage where the family were seated around a large table, each busied in his or her special employment.

Henry was seated at the table, intently poring over a copy of Andrews' Latin Lessons—a book which has proved a bugbear to many a youthful candidate for a collegiate course. Charles was busied in whittling out the model of a vessel, from a piece of wood which he held in his hand. Edith was seated in a little chair at her mother's feet, holding in her lap and fondling a pet Maltese kitten, which, by the unanimous consent of the family was allowed the freedom of the house. Mrs. Lawson, like a diligent housewife as she really was, was engaged in repairing a jacket of Henry's, which he was to wear to school on the coming day.

Last but not least, Mr. Lawson was looking with troubled brow over the year's accounts—for the old year was drawing to a close. Apparently the examination did not prove satisfactory, for his face wore an anxious look, which deepened in intensity as he drew gradually nearer the completion of his task.

At length he threw down the accounts, and began to pace the room with disordered and uneven steps.

"What troubles you tonight, Robert?" asked Mrs. Lawson. "You look disturbed."

"I feel so," was the reply. "I have been examining, tonight, our accounts for the last year, and I find, as I anticipated, that, notwithstanding the rigid economy with which we have lived, I have exceeded my income by fifty dollars. It is too bad that they should pay me but a paltry five hundred dollars, when they might give seven hundred and not feel it. I don't know where we should have been, Ellen, but for the five hundred dollars which your father bequeathed us. And now all that has gone to supply the deficiencies produced by the penuriousness of the people."

"They certainly are able to give more," remarked Mrs. Lawson. "I wonder they do not see that five hundred dollars is too small to provide for a family like ours in the manner in which we are expected to live."

"And yet," said her husband, a little bitterly, "there are some who imagine it is an ample sum, and that I might, if I chose, lay up money on it. It was only yesterday that Grimes, the blacksmith, intimated that I must be very extravagant if I spent it all on my family expenses."

"They cannot comprehend that a minister's expenses are naturally increased by his position—that it requires him and his family to dress better than they would if, for instance, they were engaged in mechanical employment—that they are called upon to exercise a freer hospitality—that his expenses for books and stationery must be considerable, and that his riding on exchanges forms no unimportant item. Could all be made to comprehend these things, I believe there would be more sympathy and consideration manifested for the clergyman's family."

"Perhaps you are right, Ellen, and doubtless much of this indifference does arise from thoughtlessness, but not all. Besides, to make the matter worse, they do not pay the salary till the end of the year, so that for want of ready money I am obliged to run up bills at the stores,

and of course the merchant or trader charges more where he does not receive his money till the end of the year, than he does to cash customers. I am convinced that if the salary were paid quarterly it would reach farther by fifty dollars than it does at present."

"What can be done?" asked his wife, anxiously. "Of course we cannot go on so, plunging every year deeper and deeper into debt until at last we are so involved that we are unable to extricate ourselves."

"I must see some of the leading men," said Mr. Lawson, "and frankly represent my difficulties to them. I shall tell them that it is impossible for me to continue thus, and that if the parish wish to retain me, something must be done to relieve me from my embarrassments."

Just then the conversation was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell.

Mr. Lawson took a lamp from the table and went to the door. He found John, the servant of the Evelyns, who had a wagon waiting at the gate.

John touched his hat, an indication that he was not country-bred, and said:—

"Sir, Mr. Evelyn has sent me with a few articles as presents for you, if you will be kind enough to accept them. As some of them are heavy, I must ask you to help me take them from the wagon."

Mr. Lawson gladly complied with this request. The articles proved to be a barrel of flour, two barrels of apples, a turkey and chickens, and a firkin of butter. Accompanying this truly valuable gift was a note from Mrs. Evelyn. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Lawson, Dear Sir:—As day after tomorrow will be Christmas Day, a day consecrated to the giving and receiving of gifts, my husband and myself have given ourselves the pleasure of sending a few articles to our pastor as a token of esteem for his character, and gratitude for his services. We regret that the

bulk of some of the articles prevent our employing the aid of Saint Nicholas in transmitting them, but hope that John will prove a worthy substitute. We close with the kind wishes appropriate to the season. "Gertrude Evelyn."

When Mr. Lawson returned to the sitting-room, after seeing the presents carefully stored away, it was with a lighter heart than that with which he left it.

As for Charles, who was immoderately fond of apples, he was quite noisy in his delight. Indeed he was urgent for the immediate opening of the barrel, but his father told him that as an exercise of self-denial he would let him wait till the next day. Charles looked as if he did not relish the virtue of self-denial at all.

"Ah!" said Ellen, "if all our parishioners were like the Evelyns, we should fare better. But the wish is a vain one. It is fortunate that our Christmas present is so valuable, for no one else will think of us."

Ellen was wrong. They did receive another present, and from an unexpected quarter. An old lady, who was in but poor circumstances, begged the minister's acceptance of a pair of stockings which she had knit for his use.

"I know it is not much," said she, apologetically. "I wish I had something better to give, but you must not judge my friendship by the value of the gift."

Mr. Lawson was deeply touched with this little present. He thanked Mrs. Bent warmly, and assured her that he should value her present very highly. "I am going to an ordination a fortnight from today, and I will honor the occasion by wearing your gift then for the first time."

Mrs. Bent was very much pleased by the kind manner in which her gift had been received, and felt amply rewarded for the time and labor she had spent in preparing it.

Mr. Lawson felt encouraged by these proofs of esteem, but they did not deter him from the course which he had determined upon. He felt it an act of justice to his creditors to free himself from a position in which he would be under the necessity of incurring obligations which he could not repay.

Before closing this chapter I must introduce a circumstance of a different character from those mentioned above.

As Mr. Lawson was sawing wood in the yard on the morning succeeding Christmas Day, he was suddenly accosted by a farmer, Locke, by name, who had the reputation of being exceedingly close-fisted. He had driven up to the gate with a load of wood which he proceeded to throw off into the yard.

"As cold weather's come on pretty severe," said he, to the minister, "I thought I'd bring you a load of wood."

"You are very kind indeed," returned Mr. Lawson, who supposed of course, as he had not authorized its being brought, that it was intended as a gift. "It's a cold day; won't you step in and take a cup of coffee? It's about time for breakfast to be ready."

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the farmer, who had just pitched off the last log, "there's nothing like a cup of coffee to warm one up in this cold weather."

Mr. Locke went in and made a hearty breakfast. Mr. Lawson felt particularly well pleased, for he would have expected a present from any man in the parish, sooner than from Locke. He felt that he had done the man injustice, and he appeased his conscience by showing him particular attention.

"Ellen," said he, pointing out into the yard, "see what a fine load of wood Mr. Locke has brought us."

"Oh, about the wood," said the visitor, pausing between two mouthfuls, "I think you'll find there's a cord of it. The

common price now is six dollars a cord. My parish tax comes to five dollars and a half, and as money's rather scarce, I thought I might as well pay it in wood as any way. So, if you'll pay me a half dollar, that will make us just square."

Mr. Lawson was too much confounded to reply. He mechanically drew the required coin from his pocket and handed it to his visitor, who took it with great nonchalance, and, observing that he believed he must be in a hurry, went out to take charge of his team.

"Well," said Ellen, "if that isn't a piece of bare-faced imposition, I'd like to know what is. I thought it was a tenth wonder of the world if Stingy Locke, as they call him, should give you a load of wood. And to think of charging, as he has, at least a dollar beyond the regular price!"

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" said the minister, as he left the room.

It may be remarked here that he had purchased his winter's stock of fuel a month or more earlier, so that this additional load would have to lay over till the next winter. Meanwhile he would be paying an unfair price for it, and would be deprived of the use of so much ready money when the salary became due.

When it was known in the village that Mr. Lawson desired an increase of salary, it created something of a sensation. Various were the remarks that were made on the occasion.

"It's my opinion," said one, "that our minister's getting to be aristocratic. He isn't content to live like other folks. I've heard say that he has a silver cream-pitcher on his table regularly at breakfast and tea. People that can afford to live like that can get along well enough, if they only think so."

It was true the minister's family were extravagant enough to use a silver cream-pitcher, and the severe censor might have learned, if he had taken the trouble to

inquire, that it was a gift from Ellen's father, an heirloom in the family, and that it was used constantly, not from motives of ostentation, but from a desire to perpetuate his memory.

Mr. Henderson, a wealthy manufacturer, whose expenses were not less than twelve hundred dollars a year, thought it very strange that the minister couldn't live on five hundred dollars a year.

"There's something wrong about it, depend upon that. Perhaps his wife's a bad manager. There's nothing like being economical," was the sagacious comment of another.

He might have added, "There's nothing so hard as to be economical upon nothing."

However, it was found necessary to take some action upon the matter. A parish meeting was called to consider the minister's request. It was generally decided that they were unable to raise the salary. "It weighed very heavily upon them already," so they said.

In view of this it was proposed to give the minister a donation visit. Here everyone would have an opportunity to give what he or she chose, and no doubt the result would be quite as beneficial to the minister as if they had added a hundred dollars to his salary. This compromise seemed to take wonderfully with the meeting. Nothing was talked of but the donation visit, which was expected to come off within a few weeks.

When Mr. Lawson heard of the visit which it was intended to make him, he shook his head doubtfully, being not at all sanguine as to the benefit which would accrue to him thereupon. He was fain to veil his apprehensions, however, in the garb of silence, so enthusiastic was everybody else. Everybody, except the minister's family and the Evelyns, who had been in favor of the increase of salary, but stood aloof from the present movement, thought that the Horn of Good Fortune, full to overflowing, was about to be poured into the minister's lap. He awaited the issue very quietly. Not so

the parish. All the ladies were astir, but it must be confessed that their chief employment seemed rather to be inquiring what others intended to give than providing gifts of their own.

A fortnight afterwards, Mr. Lawson received information from Mrs. Clarke, his old hostess, who was one of the prime movers on this occasion, that the parish intended to make him a donation visit on the next Thursday evening.

The house was to be thrown open to all. Further than that, no preparation was needful, since they would bring their own provisions.

On the appointed evening, the minister's house was well lighted in every room, so that it presented quite a festive appearance as one approached it. By-and-by visitors began to collect. The first lady who entered, brought with her a large pail filled with doughnuts. These were placed on the table for immediate consumption—doughnuts not being an article that will last long. The next visitor brought a couple of sheets and a pair of pillow-cases, a gift of rather more substantial value than the one that preceded it. The next arrival consisted of pies and two loaves of bread. These were placed beside the doughnuts. Next came a boot manufacturer with a huge pair of cowhide boots, which he explained to Mr. Lawson were intended to be worn in rough weather. Judging from their rough appearance they were very appropriate for such a purpose. By the way, the boots proved to be two sizes larger than the minister usually wore.

Next came a large piece of ham contributed by the butcher. This was laid away in the storeroom. Miss Burbank, the school-teacher, brought a sampler worked in worsted which she had executed with her own hands—an article which could be considered neither useful nor ornamental.

Mrs. Henderson contributed a second-hand great coat, which her son John had worn till it was nearly worn out, and which she suggested would do nicely for

Master Charles. That young gentleman, who heard the suggestion, very ungratefully turned up his nose, a proceeding which luckily escaped Mrs. Henderson's notice. One young lady brought a needle-book for Mrs. Lawson, another a work-bag. Several brought sweet-meats for the children—very good in themselves, no doubt, but it would be extremely difficult to discover in what manner such gifts were to supply the deficiency in the minister's salary.

Most of the articles presented were articles of food, and these in great part of a perishable nature. Articles already cooked, could serve little purpose but to entertain the company with. Then there were some dozen joints of meat, a part of which must either be sold or given away. Articles of real value, and such as would keep, for example, butter, tea, sugar, etc., were seldom thought of.

Of the remaining donations, a goodly number consisted of little fancy articles—such as pin-cushions, needle-books, work-bags, etc., which could just as well have been dispensed with. One lady brought a collection of old tracts; her benevolent motives might have been questioned, had she not been a member of the church, and a lady of professed piety.

Among the really useful articles presented, for there were some of this character, was a pair of nice blankets, a hearth-rug, a shawl for Mrs. Lawson, half a dozen shirts for her husband, a pair of glass lamps, a piece of cotton cloth from the store, and sufficient broadcloth to make up into a suit for Mr. Lawson.

When all the articles were brought in, the collation was served, or rather every one helped himself to what he thought proper. Unfortunately there was such a pressure upon the table, from the heavy articles which covered it, that all at once it gave way and precipitated the contents upon the carpet. The lamps which were burning on the table were precipitated with it to the floor, and the oil flowed in streams over the parlor carpet. Of course a scene of confusion followed instantly. In less than three

minutes the scene of the disaster was abandoned. This accident effectually damped the gaiety of the visitors who could not but notice the clouded expression which rested on the features of the pastor and his wife.

At an earlier hour than was anticipated the party withdrew. The anticipated donation visit which was to realize the ten-fold wants of the minister's family was over, and what was the result?

On the one side was the scanty list of articles of real utility, most of which I have enumerated above. On the other there was a spoiled carpet, nearly new; at all events, it was the best in the house.

As Mr. and Mrs. Lawson surveyed the wreck which their parlor exhibited after the departure of the throng, which had but lately occupied it, what wonder if they were filled with despondency.

"It would have been better for us if we had never had it," said the former. "For my part, I was opposed to the scheme from the beginning, but it was forced upon us, and here is the result."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Lawson, suddenly, "why the Evelyns were not here? It is very singular that they of all others should be absent."

"They did wisely," said her husband; "I only wish that the rest had followed their example."

Still both the minister and his wife did think it a little singular that not a member of the family had made their appearance during the evening. They puzzled themselves with conjectures, but were unable to solve the mystery.

After endeavoring, but ineffectually, to restore some degree of order from chaos, they retired to bed weary and dispirited.

When Mr. Lawson made his appearance in public the next day, he was embarrassed by the numerous congratulations given him

on the success of the visit which he had received the evening before.

"It must have netted you considerable," said Deacon Goodwin.

Mr. Lawson replied:—

"Would you like to know, deacon, how much it netted me?" he inquired.

"Yes, I should," said the deacon, with considerable curiosity.

"Then I can tell you. My wife and I have made a little estimate of the profit and loss. We find that the articles of real utility presented, amount, at a fair appraisement, to forty dollars. On the other hand our parlor carpet, which cost me twenty-five dollars, two years since, is completely ruined. You can judge for yourself what was our gain."

The deacon suddenly had business in another part of the store, which occupied him till the minister was gone.

A parishioner who had a note against Mr. Lawson called upon him in the course of the morning. He presumed, he said, that Mr. Lawson would be able to pay him, though the note had not yet reached its maturity, after the donations which he had received the evening before. It was with difficulty that he was made to comprehend that the minister's purse was not any fuller in consequence of this event than before.

On the whole, such were the exaggerated ideas entertained by the people in regard to the benefits which had accrued to him from the donation visit, that both the minister and his wife began to wish most heartily that it had never taken place.

When Mr. Lawson returned to his house in the afternoon he found Mr. Evelyn had just called in to see him.

After a little unimportant conversation, that gentleman remarked: "No doubt you were surprised that none of our family were present at the donation visit last

evening."

Mr. Lawson confessed that he was somewhat surprised at their absence.

"The truth is," continued Mr. Evelyn, "I never was much in favor of what are called donation visits. I don't think in most cases that they accomplish the purpose for which they are designed. It would have been much better in my opinion to raise your salary, as you requested, than to employ such a substitute. However, when it was determined, I resolved to contribute my part; but it is much more agreeable to my feelings, as I doubt not it will be to yours, to give what I have to offer in private."

Here Mr. Evelyn handed the minister a check, which he glanced at and found it to be for the sum of fifty dollars.

"Mr. Evelyn," was his grateful response, "this is unexpected liberality. I am very largely indebted to you for this munificent gift. If you knew of how much service it will be to me, you would feel that it was not ill-bestowed."

"Of that I am very certain," said Mr. Evelyn, warmly grasping his hand. "But I have heard nothing of the donation visit. You must give me an account of it."

Mr. Lawson invited his visitor into the next room, in which most of the articles presented had been placed.

"You see," said he, smiling, and pointing out the department of fancy articles, among which were included thirteen book-marks, seven pin-cushions, and other articles of a similar character too numerous to mention, "that we are well supplied with such as these."

"It might be well," was the laughing response, "to hold a private fair and dispose of some of these superfluous articles. But seriously it is something worse than thoughtlessness for people to bring such things as these to a donation visit, which is designed to eke out a scanty salary. Of what possible use do they think these will be to you?"

"I have something else to show you," said Mr. Lawson, leading the way into the parlor. "Here is another fruit of the donation visit."

"This is really too bad," was the sympathizing reply. "But what do you intend to do? It will never do to accept such a paltry equivalent in place of an increase of salary. My advice is to renew your application. You have many friends, who will not be willing to lose you for the sake of saving a few dollars."

"That is what I had determined upon when you came in. Your noble gift alters the case somewhat."

"Do not mention that. Do not let them know of it. Let it remain a private matter between you and me, or else you will find a donation visit repeated next year. I am confident that if they find you are resolute, they will grant your request."

Mr. Evelyn's advice seemed sound, and the minister determined to adopt it, and leave the issue in the hands of the parish.

Through Mr. Lawson's instrumentality another parish meeting was called, at which he arose and made the following statement:—

"Brethren and friends:—You all know that I applied to you some three weeks since for an increase of salary, alleging that five hundred dollars was insufficient to defray my annual expenses. You demurred at this, and proposed in lieu of it to give me a donation visit. Doubtless you supposed at the time that this would answer the purpose. I yielded to your wishes, but with reluctance, for I had but little faith in them.

"The donation visit has been paid, and the issue of it has demonstrated that my view of the case was the correct one. After deducting the cost of a carpet which was entirely ruined on the occasion, the value of articles of real utility presented to me, amounts to somewhere near fifteen dollars. And I may be

permitted to say that even instead of these, as some will not come in use for some time, the money would have been of much more value to me. I do not wish to undervalue your gifts. I am grateful for them; but I am now making a plain statement of facts.

"Some of you, I am aware, have expressed your surprise that I cannot live on five hundred dollars a year. In reply to this, let me say that I believe not one among you has exercised a stricter economy during the last year than myself. Yet what is the result? I find myself at the beginning of the year fifty dollars in debt. I need not enlarge on the fact that a minister's expenses are, from his position, at least one-fourth larger than they would be otherwise. You can readily understand this when you consider the matter, or if not, you will take it on my word.

"You may ask, why, if this be the case, I have not been compelled to ask for an increase of salary before. I answer that during the first years of my settlement, my family was smaller than at present. Again, some six years since, by the death of my father-in-law, my wife received a legacy of five hundred dollars. A portion of this was applied to clear away previous liabilities; the remainder has gone to supply the deficiency of my salary since. I have now no reserved fund to fall back upon. My expenses increase, instead of diminishing; I cannot use greater economy than I have done, and I feel it due to myself, as an honest man, to abandon a position in which I shall be obliged to contract liabilities which it would be out of my power to liquidate, unless some means shall be adopted which will enable me to do so.

"A word more. Among the objections urged at the last meeting to voting an increase of salary, it was stated that you were unable to raise a larger sum. Let me speak briefly upon this point. When I came here ten years since, you were a feeble congregation, not united in yourselves, and the sum you paid me was, I suppose, somewhat burdensome to you. How stands the matter now? The parish

numbers twice the number of tax-payers it did at that time, and the average wealth of each is, I should judge, considerably more. Business has prospered with you, and fortune has favored you. And yet, in view of all this, you declare that you are unable to pay more than you did ten years since, when you were almost struggling for existence.

"And now I have come before you with the choice of two alternatives. If you see fit to add one hundred dollars to my salary, I will still remain with you, and still labor for you as I have done, more efficiently, I trust, when, no longer cramped by the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, my mind is not distracted and turned aside from the duties and meditations which should occupy me. The other alternative is conveyed in this letter of resignation which I have prepared, and which I am ready to present in case you do not see fit to consider my proposition favorably. Should such be the case, I shall go forth from among you, to seek another field of labor, with no feelings of bitterness, but with the trust that you may be prospered in all things.

"It will not be without feelings of deep emotion that I shall take my leave of you. I cannot forget that here I was first set apart and consecrated to the sacred office. I cannot forget that I have formed firm friendships and lasting intimacies among you—that here I have gathered around me a happy household in whom is my chief happiness. I cannot forget," he added, with emotion, "that in yonder churchyard lies the youngest of my flock, whom God in his infinite providence has transplanted to a higher sphere. But if it is destined that I shall take leave of this familiar place, and sever the many pleasant ties which bind me to it, I shall not shrink from the trial, but shall follow where the path of duty leads me."

Mr. Lawson sat down amid a general silence. Many had been affected to tears by his remarks, and all felt that he had spoken to them words of sincerity and truth.

In the midst of the general stillness Mr. Evelyn arose, and engaged, if the parish should see fit to raise fifty dollars additional, that he would make up the sum to one hundred. This proposition seemed to decide the matter. A member of the parish upon this made a motion that the parish should add fifty dollars to the sum already paid, and it was unanimously passed.

The business of the meeting being thus satisfactorily adjusted, it was dissolved. Immediately Mr. Lawson was surrounded by his friends and parishioners, who shook him warmly by the hand, and congratulated themselves that he was still to remain with them. Mr. Lawson was deeply affected. He had not till then been conscious how much his affections were bound to the people to whom he had for many years "ministered in spiritual things."

Among those who came forward to greet him was Mr. Evelyn. The pastor thanked him with an expressive look for his repeated acts of kindness. "I feel," said he, in a low voice, "that it is to you that this moment of happiness is due. How can I thank you sufficiently?"

Mr. Evelyn waived all claims to thanks, and proposed a walk home with the clergyman, as he had a little business to speak to him about.

"I am glad," said he, "that they have raised your salary, though even now it is too small for their ability to give. It will still be impossible for you to lay up anything."

"That I do not expect," said Mr. Lawson. "If I have enough to live comfortably, it will be all I require."

"Still if you should be sick, it would be a serious misfortune to you. I have a proposition to make to you. A friend of mine, a Boston merchant, is desirous of having his son prepared for college, somewhere in the country, where his health will be improved by the fresh country air and rambles in the woods. He has but just commenced the work of preparation, so that three years will be re-

quired to fit him. He is willing to pay three hundred dollars a year. Will you take him?"

Mr. Lawson assented most gladly to a proposition which was likely to prove so advantageous to himself, and once more thanked Mr. Evelyn warmly for the interest which he manifested in his welfare.

The minister retired at night with a lighter heart than he had carried for many years. The cloud of his difficulties seemed vanishing away, and the bright sun of prosperity seemed to gild his prospects with its hopeful beams.

And here we leave him, confident that his great good fortune, for so it seemed to him, will but incite him to new effort and increased activity.

Friendly reader, the simple tale which I have just narrated to you is no fiction. Would that it were! I have not, I confess, had any particular person in view, while relating it, for it applies to a large class of ministers who are at this very day toiling on, beneath the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, which have their rise in insufficient salaries. Did this evil proceed, as I grant it does sometimes, from inability on the part of the parish to provide suitably for the minister's support, it might be deplored though it could not be remedied. But in most cases this is not the fact. But too often it arises from an ill-judged parsimony on the part of the parish. Would it not be well for them to consider and apply the words of our Saviour, "Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Happy are those clergymen who have a parishioner like Mr. Evelyn, who is able to comprehend his difficulties and willing to relieve them.

* * *

Can we believe that Horatio hadn't "any particular person in view," when we read the following letters from his father? No wonder Horatio used a pen-name!

Chelsea Nov. 5, 1838

To the members of the first religious society in Chelsea, Christian Brethren & Friends,

One of the conditions of my settlement as minister of this parish was that the connexion should be dissolved by either party who might desire its dissolution, giving three months' notice of that wish & intention to the other. In conformity with that condition, I hereby notify you that at the close of three months from this date, I shall resign the ministerial office, which I have held for more than nine years in this place.

The reason of my taking this step is readily & cheerfully given. On some accounts my situation here has been quite pleasant & desirable. I have esteemed it quite an advantage to be so near to Boston & Cambridge, so near to public libraries, — & connected with such a ministerial association as that of Boston and the vicinity. But this advantage has been attended with great disadvantages. All the expenses of living (excepting house-rent) are as great here as in the city. But while my brethren in the city are receiving from fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars a year, I have only six hundred. I find this sum quite inadequate to the wants of my family. Those wants are more likely to increase than to diminish; and I feel that my duty to my family requires me to seek some place where my income will better correspond with my expenses. I do not take this step hastily or without due consideration. For more than two years past it has been with me a subject of frequent thought. I have felt for some time past that I was making a sacrifice in staying here. I have been repeatedly assured by my friends out of town, and especially by my brethren in the ministry that without being less useful, I might do much better in a pecuniary point of view elsewhere than here. Moreover, it would not be consistent with my ideas of integrity to remain in a situation where I must incur expenses without any adequate means to defray them.

Such, plainly & briefly, is my reason for leaving you. And when to that is added the conviction I feel that I can do more good somewhere else than I have done or am likely to do here, I cannot hesitate a moment as to what is my duty. I entertain a grateful sense of the uniform kindness with which I have been treated by a large majority of the parish, and I shall not carry away with me any unkind feelings towards any individual. I shall always rejoice in hearing of your prosperity, and I heartily commend you to God & to the word of his grace which is able to build you up & give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

With great regard I am
Your Christian friend & Pastor
Horatio Alger

* * *

Chelsea Nov. 11, 1843

To the Standing Committee of the First Parish in Chelsea.

Gentlemen,

I wish through you to make the following communication to the Society.

I have recently received a proposal to spend a few months in preaching as a missionary at the South. A fair field for usefulness seems to be opened there which it is desirable should be occupied. I am disposed to accept the proposal; and I accordingly respectfully ask leave of absence for six months after the first Sunday in December next. In regard to the supply of the pulpit, I am desirous of being relieved of any duty in regard to it, and I, in return, will discharge the Parish from any pecuniary obligation to me for the same period.

If, however, it should seem to the Parish that, instead of a temporary absence, the welfare of the society requires, or would be promoted by a dissolution of the connexion subsisting between us as Pastor and People, I shall, of course, acquiesce in that arrangement.

With the best wishes for your prosperity temporal and spiritual, I remain

Your friend and Pastor,
Horatio Alger

* * *

Chelsea April 3, 1844

To the members of the first Religious Society in Chelsea.

Brethren,

The time seems to have arrived, in the Providence of God, when it is expedient that the connexion subsisting between us for the last fourteen years and a half as minister and people should be dissolved. In the original contract between us it was stipulated that three months notice should be given by either party wishing a dissolution of the connexion. This condition was made for mutual convenience. No such notice has now been given or received by me. But I know that no such delay is desired by you, and as for myself, I cheerfully waive my right, and put wholly out of view all consideration of personal convenience, and hereby resign to you from this day all charge of the pulpit and all connexion with you as a minister.

I cannot take this step without returning my heartfelt thanks to those among you whose faithful friendship and many kindnesses have cheered me amid many trying and disheartening circumstances and whose kind regard, I will state, I hope, be my privilege to retain. I now take my leave of you, brethren, with the sincere hope & prayer that under other ministrations you will be more prosperous as individuals & as a society than you have been under mine.

With Christian regard yours &c
Horatio Alger

* * *

Letters of Nov. 11, 1843, and April 3, 1844, appear by courtesy of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, and that of Nov. 5, 1838, by D. James Ryberg.

A BACKGROUND SOURCE LOCATED
by Gilbert K. Westgard II

In the Preface to The Telegraph Boy Alger states:

The class of boys described in the present volume was called into existence only a few years since, but they are already so numerous that one can scarcely ride down town by any conveyance without having one for a fellow-passenger. Most of them reside with their parents and have comfortable homes, but a few, like the hero of this story, are wholly dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. The variety of errands on which they are employed, and their curious experiences, are by no means exaggerated in the present story. In its preparation the author has been assisted by an excellent sketch published perhaps a year since in the "New York Tribune."

This statement was dated September 1, 1879, and an examination of published indexes of the newspaper for the year preceding showed only a single article on the features of the District Telegraph Co. It appeared on Monday, February 17, 1879.

Reading this sketch along with Alger's novel reveals how he was able to expand and make use of some of the incidents he found in the article. It follows.

DISTRICT TELEGRAPH BOYS

Features of the Messenger Service

Peculiar and varied errands on which boys are sent—acting as escorts to ladies and bringing home tipsy husbands—statistics of the work done in the holiday season.

The great majority of persons are probably not aware of the many and varied uses to which the District Telegraph system is put by all classes. The company employs at present about 600 boys, who are paid an average of \$3 a week. There were scores of boys from all parts of the city and vicinity in the company's main

office Saturday—boys who were anxious to get situations. The superintendent of messengers, Mr. Gregory, was asking them curious questions to test their knowledge of the city and their general education. None under fourteen years of age were accepted. When they are received they are taught the rules of the company, how to behave and what to do under all circumstances, and when this preliminary training, which usually last ten days or more, is over, they are employed in active service. The amount of work done by these 600 boys may be inferred from the fact that the messenger receipts average about \$800 a day. The greatest demand for the boys is during the holidays, and the dullest period is during a portion of the Summer. The boys answer summonses, at all hours from 4,682 boxes, which are in dwelling-houses, and on the corners of blocks, in all parts of the city. In some blocks in the upper part of the city nearly every house has an alarm box by which a messenger may be summoned for any purpose in less than five minutes.

The uses to which these hundreds of boys are put appear to reveal many curious phases of character. There are many young men, too, who are employed by the company for various purposes. Of late there has arisen a demand for escorts to places of amusement, and from one house to another. In the former case the address of the person applying for the attendant is taken, and word is telegraphed to the central office for an escort. The one who answers the summons is given the address and a letter of introduction, and accompanies the applicant to whatever theatre she desires. The escort pays for the car-fares and tickets from money that his newly-made friend has given him. He attends her back to the hotel and receives \$2 for his services.

This custom of employing escorts has become a regular practice, and appears to be growing in favor. One evening recently there were eight ladies at six different theatres, including Booth's during the Kellogg opera season, whose escorts were furnished "to order." The men employed for escort duty are carefully selected, and in the majority of cases they

are in the service of the telegraph company during the day. As a rule the demand for these disguised messengers comes from married women, widows and maiden ladies of mature years. Not infrequently two women apply for one escort. It is said that the daughter of a prominent professional man and of a well-known clergyman are among those who take advantage of this curious custom. Many of the women who apply for these attendants are strangers to the city, ignorant of the situation of the theatres.

Men, however, as well as women, employ escorts for various purposes. Many, in fact most of the men, too, who require the services of the messengers are strangers, who wish for guides to show them the "sights." The new Post Office and other public buildings are the places which the majority of the country visitors desire to visit. It is said that one old gentleman from the country who has been repeatedly "fleeced" by gamblers, keeps a good guide by his side every hour while he is in the city. These guides appear with or without uniforms according to the fancy of the applicant. Most of them are experienced men who understand human nature, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the city. The charges for guides vary from 35 to 75 cents an hour.

Another use that is made of the District Telegraph messengers to attend children, particularly girls, to and from school. About seventy-five children are at present called for in the morning at their homes and in the afternoon at their schools by messenger boys. It is said that there is one mother who will not allow any of her children to leave the vicinity of the house unless accompanied by a messenger-boy in uniform. Recently she has taken a particular liking to one messenger, and employs him altogether on this special "nurse detail," as it is called. The boys are also required as "night nurses" and "night watchers." The practice, however, of hiring the messengers to watch patients afflicted with contagious diseases has been forbidden by the company.

Cases are not unknown where a messenger

has been summoned and sent in search of a missing husband, who was supposed to be at one of his favorite haunts. It is related that in one instance a messenger started out with a complete list of the places in which the truant was likely to be found, and at last discovered him. But he was unable to persuade him to come home, and so reported. It is not an uncommon thing for a messenger to be sent home with an intoxicated person. In one instance of this kind recently, a man was labelled and sent home, and when the messenger gave him up he obtained a receipt for "one drunken man." Messenger-boys and men are also extensively employed as detectives for various purposes. Some of the small boys are said to be very clever at this work, and on account of their comparatively small size they are able to mingle with men and to observe much without attracting notice. It is said that a lady engaged two of the shrewdest of the young men in the employ of the company for this purpose, paying them double rates and receiving their reports daily. It is also stated that in a recent divorce case, a messenger boy was detailed to watch the child for whom the parents were contending. The nurse, however, observing that she was watched, resigned her position because she could not meet a certain male friend of hers without having the fact reported. On the other hand, instances have been known where nurses hired messenger-boys to take care of the children in their charge while they enjoyed a flirtation around the square or park.

Special messengers, or men or boys in plain clothes, are assigned to special duty as "spotters" of suspected clerks in stores, and they are said to have done excellent work. In fact, detective duty appears to be peculiarly adapted to those in the messenger service.

Another use which has been found for messenger-boys is the paying by proxy of New Year's calls. In one sense, too, they may be said to receive calls oftentimes. Many gentlemen have lately adopted the custom of sending their cards to their friends on the first day of the new year, instead of calling in person. With

many ladies, also, the practice has grown up of receiving cards by a messenger-boy hired for the purpose, or of securing a boy for New Year's day to attend the door and announce the visitors. Messengers delivered 5,960 cards from gentlemen, and a great many houses were supplied with boys as doorkeepers on last New Year's day. On Christmas eve over 600 boys were carrying Christmas gifts from one point to another, and on Thanksgiving day almost one-half of the entire force resolved itself into a committee of turkey-carriers. Messengers are also employed as ushers at fashionable weddings, and as "managers" of the arrangements for carriages on such occasions.

The books of the company show the services for which the boys have been required, and many laughable records are to be seen. One boy was detailed to take care of a lady's poodle, for which he was paid 30 cents an hour. An escort was required to attend to the theatre a lady whose husband was to "come later." A young man was once telegraphed for in order to bring a bumptious servant to terms. During political campaigns the boys are employed extensively to distribute documents. Car-drivers, and indeed all classes of people who have to get up very early in the morning, are peculiarly dependent upon the messenger-boy system. The books also show that the messenger-boys have been used to order dinners, to buy all kinds of liquors, to do shopping for women, to pay bills of all amounts, and even to borrow umbrellas. Not infrequently boys are sent to pawn-brokers' shops with articles.

BOOK MART

Offered by Bernard Biberdorf, PF-524,
5739 Winston Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46226.
Phone 317 546-7393.

Adrift in New York	World	EX	\$5.00
Adrift in New York	Hurst	F	3.00
Adrift in New York	Donohue	F	3.00
Andy Grant's Pluck	Donohue	G	4.00
Bound to Rise	Hurst	EX	6.00
Brave and Bold	Hurst	G	5.00

Cash Boy	Hurst	G	\$6.00
Chester Rand	Burt	EX	12.00
Driven From Home	Hurst	F	5.00
Driven From Home	Donohue	F-	2.00
Erie Train Boy	Hurst	F-	2.50
Errand Boy	Burt	F	10.00
Errand Boy	Burt	VG	10.00
Facing the World	World	G	4.00
Facing the World	Donohue	F-	4.00
Frank Fowler	Burt	G-	11.00
Frm Farm Boy to Senatrs&S	VG		20.00
Grit the Young Boatman	Donohue	VG	8.00
Grit the Young Boatman	Donohue	EX	12.00
Helping Himself	Burt	EX	12.00
Herbert Carter's Lgcy	NY Book	F	3.00
In a New World	Media	EX	7.00
Jack's Ward	Burt	P	2.00
Joe's Luck	NY Book	G+	4.00
Joe's Luck	Burt	EX	12.00
Julius the Street Boy	Donohue	F-	4.00
Julius the Street Boy	NY Book	VG	5.00
Julius the Street Boy	Donohue	F-	3.00
Lester's Luck	Winston	G	8.00
Lester's Luck	Winston	F+	8.00
Luke Walton	Hurst	F	4.00
Making His Way	NY Book	EX	5.00
Only an Irish Boy	Hurst	VG	7.00
Paul The Peddler	NY Book	EX	5.00
Shifting For Himself	Donohue	EX	7.00
Sink or Swim	Donohue	F	4.00
Sink or Swim	NY Book	VG	5.00
Strive and Succeed	Value	VG	3.00
Strong and Steady	Donohue	EX+	7.00
Struggling Upward	Hurst	VG	7.00
Struggling Upward	Hurst	G	4.00
Tin Box	Donohue	F	4.00
Tom Temple's Career	Burt	VG	12.00
Tom The Bootblack	Donohue	P	2.00
Tony The Tramp	NY Book	EX	5.00
Try and Trust	NY Book	F	3.00
Young Acrobat	Donohue	G	6.00
Young Explorer	Burt	VG	8.00
Young Outlaw	Burt	EX	9.00
Young Miner	Winston	EX	9.00
Young Miner	Hurst	G	5.00

Postage: 75¢ for first book, 25¢ each additional book.

* * *

TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD
(Westgard Edition - Numbered and Signed)
Only 19 individual copies remain! \$24.00 each. G. K. Westgard II, PF-024, 1001 SW. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33435.

JUNIORS

From Student-Life at Harvard

By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

The Junior year used to be a pleasant resting-place between the grinding work required of the Sophomores and the spirited effort which the Seniors are wont to put forth; the pleasantest by far of the four,—"the loafing year," as Haskill had said. It was at this point in the curriculum that elective studies first made their appearance, affording, to a limited degree, an opportunity for the individual tastes of different men to follow out an inclination for classics, or mathematics, or the sciences. It not unfrequently used to happen that the choice of electives gave a man a very considerable amount of leisure. There might be three days in the week with only two recitations, possibly one or two days with only one. Therefore it is, that there is less to chronicle of those easy, idle days, and that there used to be fewer distinctive features of this year than of any other.

A group of our Juniors had gathered, one noon early in the term, under the broad elms in front of Hollis Hall, and were in right merry mood. Longstreet was talking, laughing, and gesticulating, as was his wont when well pleased. He and Sam had just come from their recitation in elective Greek; and he was telling the company what a funny time they had had there.

"You see, fellows, it is just the very best elective of all: there is no trouble of preparing a lesson. We trot out our 'ponies' in the recitation-room, right under old Sophy's nose, and squirt every time; and the 'Athenian' is perfectly satisfied. If he propounds any conundrum about the construction, (as he doesn't often,) give a good guess, and you are all right. There isn't a man of us all that ever pretended to know anything about Greek, except Wentworth; and Sophy deads him regularly."

"That's so!" said Sam, glumly. "The less you know, the better you get on with him. He is down on 'my Syntax,' and fairly scowls at you when you give a rule out of it. I believe I'll petition to change my elective."

"He's just been roughing Wentworth," continued Longstreet, gleefully. "He had him up today, and the young man made a splendid squirt; had dug it all out with lexicon and grammar. But old Sophy looked glum enough. 'Why did they use aorist optative in this place, Mr. Wentworth?' " said Longstreet, mimicking to the life the broken English of the professor. "Sam got off a learned disquisition, inspired by 'my Syntax,' that would have covered him with glory last year. We all lay back, and grinned and winked at each other, for we knew what was coming; and you had better believe the old fellow looked black. 'No! no! NO!—Mr. Williamson;' and Sam sat down, mad enough too. Well, Williamson knows some Greek: so he gave a rule, and Sophy deaded him; and saw me laughing, and called me up. 'Mr. Longstreet, why did they use the aorist optative here?' You see, I had heard all about the old fellow's dodges: so I merely looked wise, and said I supposed it was because they wanted to. 'Right!' said he; and he nodded most benigantly at me. 'It was because they did, because they wanted to. Very right.' "

Of course everybody laughed at this original way of teaching Greek syntax.

"Tell them the rest of it," said Sam: "don't stop there."

"Yes, by Jove! the rest of it is the best of it," said Longstreet, in no wise disconcerted. "I was for sitting down while I was in luck; but Sophy told me to go

on with the translation: so I squirted out of a pony leaf in my book till he stopped me. The word 'lion' occurred in the text. 'Mr. Longstreet,' said he, and the old cove's eyes twinkled, 'how came there to be lions in the Peloponnesus?'

"That was a poser. 'I suppose they must have swum across from Africa,' I said.

"'No,' and he shook his head ominously.

"'Perhaps they came around by the way of Asia Minor and the Straits.'

"'No,' with a blacker look than before.

"'Then they must have escaped from a menagerie.'

"'No,' and he looked like a small thundercloud. Well, I gave it up.

"'There were no lions in the Peloponnesus.' He had me there, didn't he?"

This old professor, a native Greek,—"the Athenian," as they used to call him in distinction from the younger Greek professor, who was known as "the new Athenian,"—used to be one of the institutions of the college. Deservedly a great favorite with the students, he was at the same time the most peculiar of college officials. He was a queer-looking old fellow, short of stature, with curling, iron-gray hair, long, grizzled beard, and piercing eyes. He invariably appeared in a short blue cloak and tight-fitting blue cap. He lived entirely in his room in Holworthy, devoting every hour of time that could be spared from his duties to his dictionary. They used in Sam's day to tell many funny stories about him, and many which bore witness to his goodness of heart and friendly disposition toward the student. A few years, and his place will know him no more; but he will never be forgotten.

By this stage of the curriculum, the different sets of men in a class can be readily distinguished from each other. There are the "digs," less known and esteemed, and caring less for aught save study, than any others. There are the "scrubs," whose numerous ranks contain some of the best and most talented members of the class. It is hard to tell just what makes a man a scrub at Harvard. It is not the lack of money altogether, for some very poor students are sometimes very much liked by their classmates; though probably no man who had an abundance of money, and spent it freely, was ever considered a scrub. Nor does it depend on scholarship, for a scrub may be the first or the last man in the class; nor on refinement altogether, for some of the roughest specimens of the student are sometimes the most popular. In very many cases,—in most, perhaps,—where a man is counted a scrub, it is his misfortune rather than his fault. He in some way makes an unfavorable impression at the outset; and then it goes wrong with him all through the four years. There was Haskill, a thoroughly good fellow. One who knew him well could not help liking him. But he came to Cambridge from the far West; he brought with him no letters of introduction; his manners were peculiar, his speech idiomatic, his dress plain. At the outset, he was set down as a scrubby fellow; and nobody cared to know him. He never belonged to any college society; he never belonged to any "set;" he never saw the inside of a Cambridge drawing-room, or enjoyed the first social privilege during his college life, until Mrs. Wentworth took him to her heart, and invited him to her house, after which the Thornes permitted him to call. There used to be scores of such cases in every class; doubtless there are now. Perhaps the professors did their whole duty when they heard the hour's recitation, and marked the men fairly. Perhaps they could not with reason be called upon to introduce the rabble of college boys to their families. But the exclusiveness that was invariably manifested by these gentlemen in Sam's day bore hard on many a young fellow away from home and friends.

Then there are the "boating set," and the "ball men," and the "good livers," and the "society men," and the "botanists," and the "naturalists:" in short, if a man had any accomplishment to perfect, or any fancy to please, the Junior year used to be the time in which of all others he might carry out his plans.

There is quite a new set on the river at this time,—quiet, gentlemanly fellows, who take the old "lap." or a discarded shell, and pull in a complacent, dignified way, as only Juniors can. The Delta resounded, every one of the mellow autumn days, with the crack of the bat as the ball went whizzing through the air. How happy these Juniors are! They could never play ball before as much as they desired; but now they can practise to their hearts' content. If one falls in with a pair of students miles away from Cambridge, tramping through woods and over fields, collecting specimens of plants or minerals or insects, they are sure to be Juniors,—complacent, dignified, happy Juniors. At least, it used to be so in those days.

One bright Saturday morning, in the fall, a large crowd was collected in front of Hollis; a cushion was placed in a certain window in the second story of the old hall; and a sleek-looking young fellow, with a glossy silk hat and an independent air, nonchalantly seated himself thereon, facing the crowd below. When comfortably settled, his hat waved in the air; and the short, sharp cheers for the respective classes of undergraduates rang out, and broke the stillness of the morning.

"What's that?" asked one Freshman of another, as they tumbled down the steps of University Hall.

"Mock parts," returned the knowing youth. "Come along; they are bully. We are just in time: they've not begun yet." They broke into a most undignified run, and swelled the crowd just in time to join in the abortive cheers for their own class, which is roughed on this occasion as much as may be; a general howl arising and drowning their often undecided "Rah, Rah, Rah!"

Lyman was reading in his cool, self-possessed way, the humorous description of the procession of "part" men and others which are supposed to be en route for the hall where the exercises of Junior exhibition were to commence on their arrival. The narrator hit off local customs and personal peculiarities, stopping gravely, as some well-aimed shaft of wit or sarcasm struck its mark, till the noise of the clapping of hands and the pealing laughter subsided: then, as the grotesquely ridiculous procession entered the hall, Lyman read over one after another the "mock parts," or supposed subjects on which the imaginary orators were to hold forth for the edification of the audience.

This reading of mock parts used to be one of the very best incidents of the year. If a man had at any time, during the two years and two months of the college life, made himself conspicuous in any way, he was sure to hear of it at mock parts, in a way that was certain to amuse and gratify the three hundred auditors who were present, listening with eager ears, rather than himself. A part, or perhaps half a dozen of them, would be read over his name; a familiar quotation, a well-known line of poetry, a few suggestive words, calling up the particular incident in an unmistakable way; his good actions, his folly, his vices, his conceit; an awkward predicament of the time gone, an unfortunate name, a Quixotic idea, an absurd pretension,—nothing escaped the censorship of mock parts. For the most part, this was good-naturedly given and taken. The parts were sent in to the committee, none knowing whence they came, and were read unless too bad.

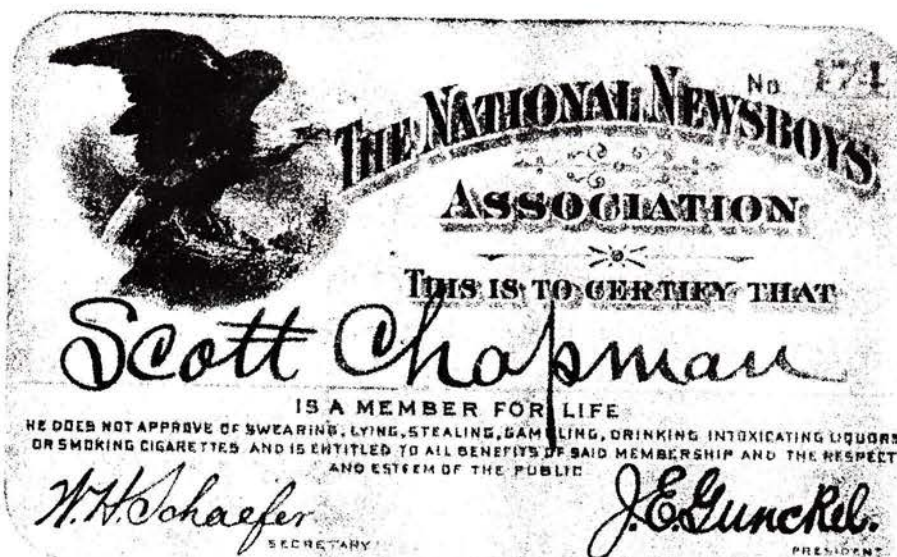
Huntingdon had had an unfortunate and ludicrous adventure with an irate Freshman who had boasted that he would not be hazed the previous year, and had dragged the unwilling and confounded Huntingdon, whose arm he had caught, splashing and floundering into the water in which he was being dunked. How could it be

expected that the incident should escape notice at such a time as this? Fully one third of the parts—one half that had been handed in, the committee said—were with reference to this matter; and every possible change was rung upon it. Of course all the Sophs. present were noisy in their demonstrations when part after part was read, hitting off this midnight adventure. They could understand the joke here if they could not in most of the other cases, and made up for their enforced silence. Who could blame them? It was their turn now.

There was quite a little knot of Juniors too, Huntingdon's own classmates, who were especially delighted at these parts, and hooted and huzzaed and clapped their hands, whenever one of them was read, in a very marked manner. Many of the class forebore, for after the first four or five there was little to laugh at; but this particular group seemed bound to be very highly pleased at this incident. It was plain enough to anyone of the three hundred gathered under the window of Hollis Hall that morning, whether tutor or professional student or goody or undergraduate, that Mr. Walter Huntingdon was being most decidedly roughed. Some men said it was too bad,—some of the more considerate; but for the most part the class didn't care, except that it was something to talk about for two or three days.

The Faculty had seen fit to assign Sam a Greek version for Junior exhibition, which was to come along presently. The young man had climbed to the fifth place on the rank-list for last year, to the satisfaction of his friends at home; and he ought to have been well pleased with his year's grind.

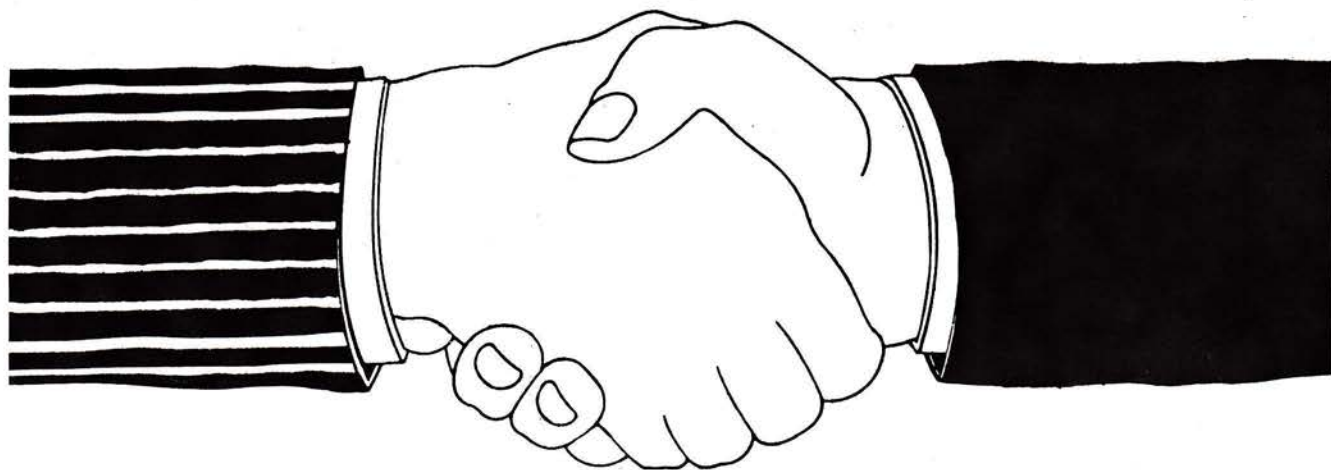
The first term drew to its close; the winter vacation slipped quietly away; there was a gathering in the old halls at the second term; and soon the happy spring season came on once more. The river showed signs of life, as the ice, breaking up, floated off; and the boats ventured out. The ball men were in the field before the ground had fairly hardened. Then came the verdure and leafy glory of the spring and early summer, then the hot weather, the digging for the annuals; Class Day, and at last the Juniors were Seniors.



J. E. GUNKEL AND SOME OF THE NEWSBOYS

Front and back of a card owned by Paul F. Miller, PF-351. He writes: "I'm afraid it is post-World War I, maybe the 1920s. But I can't find out anything about it. I bought it from a dealer in Columbus, Ohio." Can any Partic'lar Friend furnish any information? Send information to the Editor, and we can all be enlightened in a future issue of NEWSBOY. Also, does anyone know Scott Chapman?

MEET OLD FRIENDS - MAKE NEW FRIENDS
AT THE MONTICELLO MEETING



CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

APRIL 30 - MAY 3

Don't miss it!

This is our Twenty-third Annual Convention!

SEND ITEMS FOR OUR ANNUAL AUCTION TO OUR HOST:

GEORGE W. OWENS
108 JEFFERSON DRIVE, WEST
PALMYRA, VA 22963
PHONE: 804 589-3612