



*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 — 1899

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

# NEWSBOY

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

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
50<sup>th</sup>  
1961 — 2011  
ANNIVERSARY



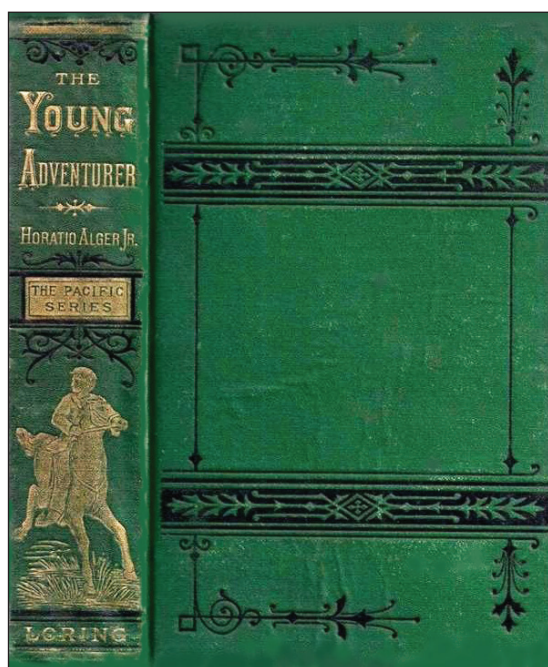
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## *2012 convention: An early glance*

-- See Page 3



## Reading Horatio Alger in Muncie

-- See Page 3

*An inspirational Alger story for the season:*

## Job Warner's Christmas

-- See Page 12

## President's column

The holiday season has sprung onto the scene with a bang. Holidays are no longer sacred as Black Friday has now been superseded by Pre-Black-Friday Thursday sales beginning Thanksgiving evening. Many stores did not even close for Thanksgiving. I am very thankful I do not work in retail! My wife actually drove an hour with her sister-in-law to stand in line for the sales beginning at midnight Friday morning. I wanted nothing to do with it; none of those stores carried antiquarian books!

Our Christmas trees are decorated, the lights shining brightly, and the stockings are hung from the mantel waiting to be filled on Christmas Eve. Sofia and Channing are both excited about Christmas. Sofia has already made her list for Santa and has no doubts that she will get everything on it. She also believes that it is really Mommy and Daddy who give her the gifts even though she enjoyed sitting on Santa and telling him all about her list. Recently, she had another opportunity to talk to Santa and she said that she didn't want to since "She had already told him what she wanted once and that should be enough." Channing really doesn't care much for the gifts and Santa, but he loves the lights, the music, and the festive spirit. Both children are doing well and definitely keep Wendy and me in peak shape trying to keep up with their shenanigans.

People say they will not change, but they change. I am pretty set in my ways, but even I can change. My employer, Hewlett-Packard, offered employees HP TouchPad tablet computers for a very low price and I bought one to experiment with. I love it! It will not replace my laptop, but it serves its purpose well. One of the first applications I tried was the Kindle e-book reader. A few of the current fiction authors I read have released short stories that are only available as e-books. I wanted to read these short e-books and I was pleasantly surprised. It is easy to read an e-book. The tablet sits in your lap nicely, pages can be turned with the flick of a finger, font size can be adjusted for optimum reading in your current position, pages can be bookmarked with the touch of a finger, and the book returns to the marked page when accessed. I am hooked. I have downloaded well over a hundred free e-books, mostly classics, but some boy's books including Alger and Stratemeyer. It is a hassle-free way to

(Continued on Page 4)

## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

*To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive & Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes. Our members conduct research and provide scholarship on the life of Horatio Alger, Jr., his works and influence on the culture of America. The Horatio Alger Society embraces collectors and enthusiasts of all juvenile literature, including boys' and girls' series, pulps and dime novels.*

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Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255**.

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**Newsboy** ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047. E-mail: [hasnewsboy@aol.com](mailto:hasnewsboy@aol.com)

## *Dash to DeKalb III:* An early glance at 2012 convention

By Lynne M. Thomas  
Head, Rare Books and Special Collections  
Northern Illinois University Libraries

Scheduled for May 3-6, 2012, in beautiful DeKalb, Illinois, the Horatio Alger Society's annual convention, "Dash to DeKalb III," returns once more to the home of the Horatio Alger Society Collections, for good times, good friends, and great books.



Our hotel room block is in the newly renovated Holmes Student Center hotel in the center of campus, with a nightly rate of \$65 for attendees. To reserve your room by credit card, call (815) 753-1444 and ask for the Horatio Alger Convention rate.

While we are still organizing schedules and speakers right now, we will be having the annual auction and other events in newly renovated meeting space in the Holmes Student Center, along with plenty of time to explore the



**Altgeld Hall, dating to 1899 with a full modernization completed in 2004, is the oldest building on the NIU campus in DeKalb, Illinois.**

H.A.S. collections at Founders Memorial Library, just a short walk away.

Friday night's group dinner will be held at Nat's on Maple in Sycamore, which features "Trendy Comfort Food." Be sure to try the fried pickles! Our Saturday evening annual banquet, with guest speaker, will be held once again in the Sky Room of the Holmes Student Center, affording a fantastic view of the DeKalb area.

We look forward to seeing you this May in DeKalb!

## Reading Horatio Alger in Muncie

By Carol Nackenoff (PF-921)

The *New York Times Book Review* section for November 27, 2011, concludes with an essay sure to be of interest to Alger fans. Anne Trubek's piece, "What Muncie Read," was prompted by the relatively recent discovery of several unmarked boxes of library records from the Muncie, Indiana, Public Library. Ledgers and notebooks identified books checked out and the patrons who checked them out from 11/1891 to 12/1902 (with a short gap when the library may have burned the records during a smallpox epidemic). A caption under an image of one ledger page reads: "One of every 20 books checked out from the Muncie public library from 1891 to 1902 was written by Horatio Alger."

Frank Felsenstein, Reed D. Voran Honors Distinguished Professor in Humanities and Professor of English at Ball State University, was preparing for a new class on the History of the Book when he stum-

bled across these boxes of records. He and colleague James Connolly, a historian at Ball State University who is Director of Ball State's Center for Middletown Studies and a specialist on late 19th and early 20th century America, started cataloguing these records. They subsequently received a National Endowment of Humanities award to complete the database for "What Middletown Read" and to collaborate on a book that is tentatively titled *What Middletown Read: Print Culture and Cosmopolitanism in an American City*.

The records for "What Middletown Read" have now been catalogued, with additional information on patrons imported from census data, and earlier this year, the database was posted at [www.bsu.edu/libraries/wmr/](http://www.bsu.edu/libraries/wmr/). As a bonus, the site also links to the Main Street Public Library Database, which reproduces the collection records for five Midwestern public libraries from 1890 to 1970. Given how thrilled I was to find diary evidence about someone reading/reacting to

(Continued on Page 5)

## Editor's notebook

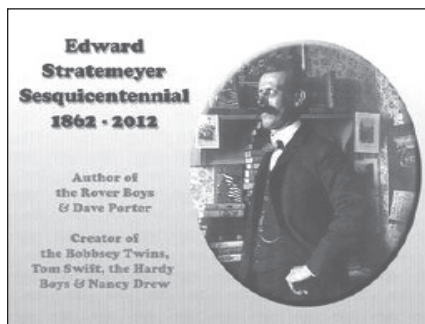
This year has gone by very quickly, with the holidays nearly here. That means we're getting closer to our annual convention, which will be at Northern Illinois University in DeKalb on May 3-6, 2012. Our host, Lynne Thomas, offers a brief look at the convention on Page 3, and she is planning a more comprehensive preview for the next issue, along with the convention registration form. If you want to reserve your room early (the nightly rate is only \$65 plus tax), simply phone the number found on Page 3 and mention that the reservation is for the Horatio Alger Society convention.

I hope the three **Letters to the Editor** appearing on Pages 8-11 will encourage other Partic'lar Friends to write. My address (both regular and e-mail) is at the bottom of Page 2. I found the topics of these letters interesting, with many of the inscriptions found in Alger books appropriate for the holidays. Also, you can read about Bart Nyberg's discovery of a dead-on replication between a 1931 air mail postage cachet and the illustration from the endpapers for the **Ted Scott Flying Stories**, along with Cary Sternick's discovery of a geographic anomaly in Alger's *From Canal Boy to President*. So, if you have any interesting tidbits regarding Alger or series books in general, please feel free to write. All letters are subject to evaluation for content and editing for space, if necessary.

**A calendar for Stratemeyer fans:** James D. Keeline (PF-898), who has been

working on a major biography of Edward Stratemeyer, is offering a 2012 color calendar in honor of the 150th anniversary of Stratemeyer's birth. It's easy to order online by going to the publisher's website at [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com). When you get to the Lulu home page, enter **24 Palmer Street** in the search window and all the items created by Keeline and his wife, Kim, will appear. In addition to the calendar (\$19.99), there is the full-color *Tom Swift Guide to Life* (\$20 paperback and \$40 hardcover), plus the five paperback Tom Swift "Keds book" reproductions

(Continued on Page 7)



## President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

read while travelling or when you are stuck shopping with your wife. Just find the nearest Starbucks, sit down with a coffee, and read a book, newspaper, or blog, or surf the Web all from the single, small tablet that weighs less than a book and is comparable in size.

The tablet and e-books will not change the love I have for collecting books, for holding real books in my hands while reading them. However, those books I have for reading only or those classics that I do not have the room or desire to collect, but still enjoy reading will all fit nicely in my tablet, freeing up shelf space for the books I really want to collect. I am a changed man and it alarms me. How can we instill a love for "real" books in our children, when digital media is what they will grow up with in school and at home? Music is downloaded in digital format and stored digitally. So are videos and books. My children know what CDs, DVDs, and books are, but will my grandchildren? My daughter already listens to digital books and watches online videos. She currently has no concept of the technology behind digital media, but she knows the difference between the stories she has on physical media and the stories that are stored on Mommy's or Daddy's computers. And she places no priority on owning the physical media as long as she can access the content at will. In the near-future, physical media will disappear and will be replaced by cloud-based (Internet) storage accessible from any digital device. Physical books themselves will become like vinyl records, artifacts of a previous age.

The positive side to digital media is the ability to integrate words, images, audio, and video into a literary collage. I envision advancement in the art of digital literature, the ability to turn the written word into an immersion experience that enhances the emotions the author intends us to experience when we read the words.

This brings us to bookstores and libraries. Bookstores will remain for the hard-core bibliophile; however, most will become social gathering places where people can drink coffee, access the Internet, and discuss topics of interest. You may laugh at this, but consider that if we continue down the current path, people will have no real reason to leave their home. They can socialize through social media, buy any necessities or indulgences online, and work from home. You laugh again, but I could easily live this way if I was single! Therefore, there will be a need for places where people can socialize (in a different environment than a bar or club).

As for libraries, they will soon be digital repositories

(Continued on Page 7)

# Reading Horatio Alger in Muncie

(Continued from Page 3)

Alger at the American Antiquarian Society while I was researching *The Fictional Republic*, this database would have been a gold mine for me had it been available 20 years or so ago. As is, it will probably have to be a gold mine for someone else.

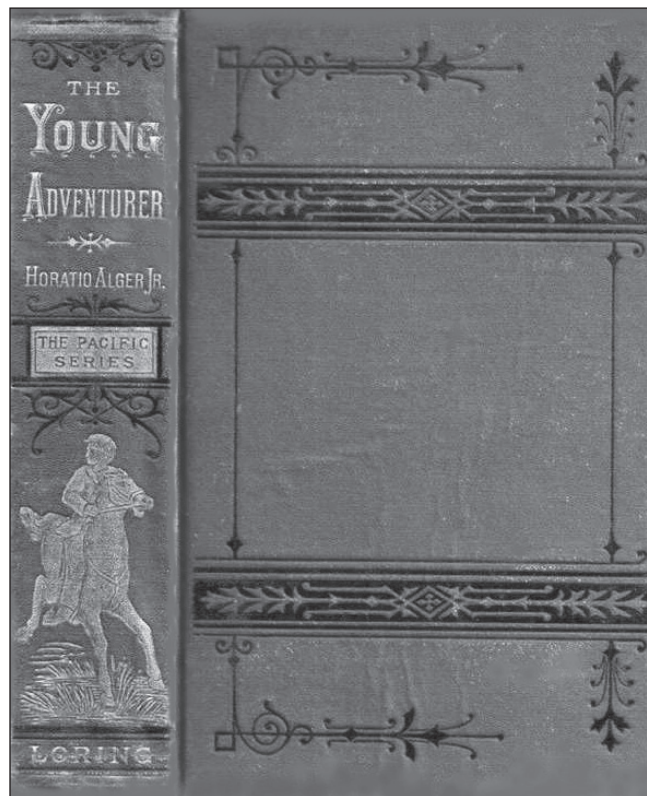
I did spend a few minutes with the database (OK, I admit, it was addictive and I kept going back to look at more things); once I got my feet wet, I found it easy enough to use. For instance, the library lists twelve Alger titles with accession date of 12/30/1891 with place of publication as Philadelphia and Cincinnati (name of publisher not given).

These include the following titles with number of times checked out in parentheses): *Paul, the Peddler* (198); *Tattered Tom* (286); *Phil, the Fiddler* (270); *Slow and Sure* (264); *The Young Adventurer* (422); *Young Explorer* (237); *Ben's Nugget* (324); *The Young Miner* (297); *Ragged Dick* (285); *Fame and Fortune* (157); *Mark, the Match Boy* (118); *Rough and Ready* (201); *Ben, the Luggage Boy* (140); and *Rufus and Rose* (40).

What accounts for the apparent popularity of the *The Young Adventurer*, or the relative unpopularity of *Rufus and Rose*? Some of these titles were clearly available earlier, or perhaps were read as serializations (*Ragged Dick* shows up in the library in 1875). Boys and girls both checked out these books, although female patrons seem to be somewhat more in evidence for titles such as *Tattered Tom* and *Rufus and Rose*, with female characters at center stage. Several African-American males checked out Alger titles. Many titles were turned around quickly — in one to three days. Were there word-of-mouth recommendations that could be hypothesized from where patrons lived (addresses provided) or where they worked?

For any title one can get the name of patrons who checked the book out, usually something about them or their families from the census (including their occupation and census skill level) and then you can look at what else each individual checked out. Often, they read at least some more Algers, but one can attempt to characterize the type of materials they read (assuming they read what they checked out).

Muncie is not just any small city. Sociologists Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd famously studied Muncie (population around 38,000 at the time) as a



**The *Young Adventurer*, published by Loring in 1878, was the most popular Alger story as revealed by a study of the reading habits of young public library patrons in Muncie, Indiana, between 1891 and 1902.**

typical American town in *Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture* (1929) and subsequently in *Middletown in Transition* (1937). Muncie grew rapidly after the discovery of natural gas in the 1880s, and its population was predominantly white with many engaged in industrial pursuits. In *Middletown*, the Lynds portrayed a small city that was quick to embrace technological changes but very slow to modify traditions, culture, or beliefs.

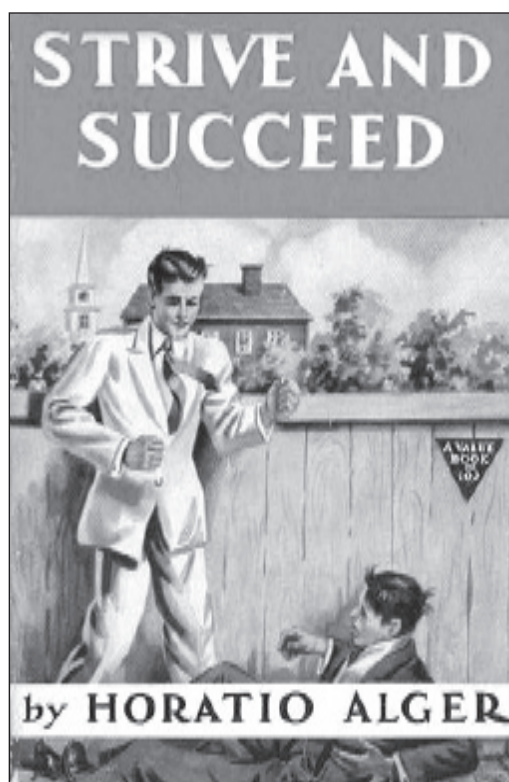
Trubek's essay makes clear that most Americans of the time were reading fluff rather than highbrow literature, even if we can differentiate reading habits by class and gender. Horatio Alger was the most popular individual author by far in the Muncie records of the period, and fiction was the overwhelming preference of library patrons. If the Lynds were correct, the reading habits of Muncie's library patrons would be expected to mirror many other small cities and towns in America at the time.

There is a blog spot on the "What Muncie Reads" project at <http://whatmiddletownread.wordpress.com/>. You should be able to access Trubek's essay at: [http://www.nytimes.com/2011/11/27/books/review/what-muncie-read.html?\\_r=1&scp=1&sq=what%20muncie%20read&st=cse](http://www.nytimes.com/2011/11/27/books/review/what-muncie-read.html?_r=1&scp=1&sq=what%20muncie%20read&st=cse)

# Strive and Succeed Award

*The Horatio Alger Society appreciates the generosity of its members in donating to the H.A.S. **Strive and Succeed Award** fund. The **Strive and Succeed Award** is presented each spring at the annual convention to a deserving high school senior to help defray his or her college expenses. The following Partic'lar Friends made contributions during calendar year 2011:*

John D. Arnold (PF-1042)  
Thomas A. Bayless (PF-294)  
Lyle F. Buchwitz (PF-1065)  
Donald Choate (PF-608)  
Richard E. Durnbaugh (PF-530)  
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William D. Russell (PF-549)  
E.M. Sanchez-Saavedra (PF-788)  
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Arthur W. Smitter (PF-952)  
Dean C. Steele (PF-661)  
Joseph K. Strang (PF-1090)  
Lee Switzer (PF-882)  
Clyde E. Willis (PF-119)  
Carl E. Wulff (PF-900)  
Arthur P. Young (PF-941)

## ***H.A.S. sustaining members:***

Robert G. Collmer (PF-866)  
Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)  
Jeff Looney (PF-903)  
Carol Nackenoff (PF-921)  
Arthur W. Smitter (PF-952)

*If you have recently made a **Strive and Succeed Award** donation and your name does not appear on this list, we will publish your donation as being made in calendar year 2012.*

## President's column

(Continued from Page 4)

or at least providers of access to the digital repositories where patrons can browse digital media, check it out for a time, or perform research accessing vast digital repositories that are economically not available to a single user. There is talk of libraries adding tech shops where knowledge remains the product, but it is obtained through building do-it-yourself projects such as digital kits, mechanical assemblies, and prototype fabrication. You can access an in-depth article on this concept at <http://blog.makezine.com/archive/2011/03/is-it-time-to-rebuild-retool-public-libraries-and-make-techshops.html>.

I believe this concept has merit. I have participated in a couple of maker fairs where attendees work alone or as a team to assemble [and hack] electronic kits. As an electrical engineer, this was child's play, but most of the people I was working with were tech savvy, but had no electronic experience. While they learned some basics, I reinforced the knowledge I possessed and had a great time. This concept is comparable to the robot clubs present in many high schools today.

I believe we can all agree that the future will definitely change literary media as we know it today. From stone, clay, and wood tablets to papyrus scrolls, and finally the codex (the book format in existence since the 2nd or 3rd century), the media used for written communications has continued to change. The use of digital media for written communication started in the 1980s with the early word processors, accelerated during the 1990s as the PC became mainstream along with the Internet and e-mail, and reached critical mass during the first decade of the 21st century. I believe digital media technology

will continue to change at a rapid pace and ultimately we will be forced to accept the change and transition to the new formats. I welcome your comments regarding any of my comments on these issues.

On another note, the family of Bob Williman, an H.A.S. member who passed away quite a few years ago, approached the Society regarding selling Bob's Alger collection. Due to his nearby location, Ed Mattson (PF-067), met with the family and is selling many of the Bob's Alger books on eBay. This is a consignment sale with a percentage going to the H.A.S. I appreciate the time and effort Ed has given to help this family and the Horatio Alger Society.

I am looking forward to the Christmas holiday and the New Year and I hope you are also. Enjoy your family and friends, give more than you expect to receive, take pleasure in the holiday feasts, and don't make any resolutions you know you will break. I will close with words from the chorus of Amy Grant's song "Grown-Up Christmas List":

No more lives torn apart,  
That wars would never start,  
And time would heal our hearts.  
And everyone would have a friend,  
And right would always win,  
And love would never end.  
This is my grown-up Christmas List.  
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Your Partic'lar Friend,  
Bob Sipes (PF-1067)  
1004 School St.  
Shelbyville, IN 46176  
Phone: (317) 398-0754  
E-mail: [doogie@lightbound.com](mailto:doogie@lightbound.com)

## Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 4)

for just \$10 apiece. These books were created for the Keelines' centennial Tom Swift convention held in San Diego in 2010, and I can vouch for their quality (I plan to order a second set). In addition to the two original Keds titles, *Tom Swift and his Motor Cycle* and *Tom Swift and his Motor Boat*, the set includes the remainder of the 1910 "breeder" set: *Tom Swift and his Air Ship*, *Tom Swift and his Submarine Boat* and *Tom Swift and his Electric Runabout*. Each book contains the full texts of the originals, and Keeline writes a postscript article concerning the legacy of the Tom Swift series.

**Greetings from Norman Rockwell:** This year's holiday message (on Page 16) includes a reproduction of an illustration by the noted American artist Norman Rockwell (1894-1978), which he did as a cover subject for the Dec. 16, 1939, issue of **The Saturday Evening Post**. The work is titled "Extra Good Boys and Girls."

Over 47 years, Rockwell created 322 **Post** covers as well as doing work for **Look**, **Life** and **Literary Digest**. He also was the illustrator for several boys' series books for D. Appleton & Co., most notably Ralph Henry Barbour's three-volume **Purple Pennant Series**, in 1915-16. Rockwell was also a cover artist for **Boys' Life**, the *Boy Scout Handbook* and he did many illustrations for the annual Boy Scout calendar between 1925 and 1976.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bill Gowen  
Horatio Alger Society  
23726 N. Overhill Dr.  
Lake Zurich, IL 60047

Dear Bill:

Trusting that you are well in health and spirits.

It is not often now that articles directly related to Alger books appear in **Newsboy**. Hopefully, you will include this one.

It is about inscriptions made over a century ago on the blank page cover of Alger books in my collection.

Such a review is sure to bring nostalgia to current Algerites. Perhaps it will re-create the joys that the initial recipients of the book had upon receiving same.

Perhaps others in our society will be tempted to do the same and share the delight it brought to those whose inscriptions are noted herein.

Best wishes,  
Angelo Sylvester (PF-928)  
2929 2nd Ave., Apt. 20-S  
New York, NY 10029

## Inscriptions in Alger books

(from the collection of Angelo Sylvester)

### M.A. Donohue editions

Harry Vane

Try & Trust

Andy Gordon

Paul the Peddler

A Couson's Conspiracy

The Young Acrobat

Try and Trust

Paul Prescott's Charge

### Inscription

Chadwick Hansen

*They were Harold's but  
they are now Billy's*

*Master W. Lynn Wadsworth  
Clark Mills N.Y.*

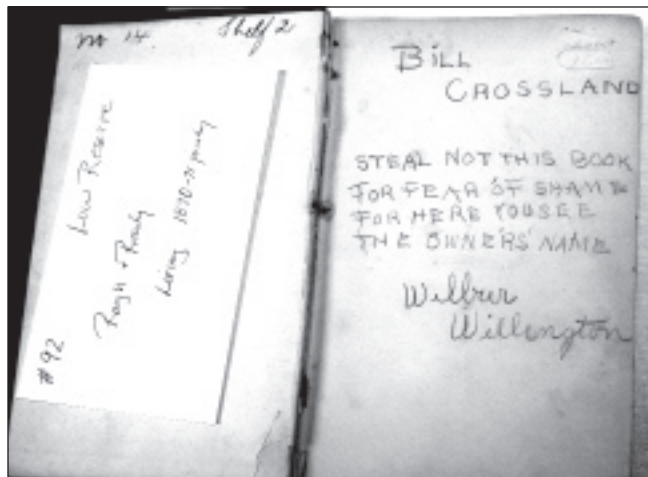
*Milo Wilcoten  
Macedon, N.Y.*

*Merry Xmas to Gordon  
from Manley*

*Earnest Reasoner  
May 27 — '10*

*Velma and Florence  
Spencer on their last trip  
to Middletown, Jan. 9, 1900*

*A Merry Christmas to Lloyd  
from Rudolph and Lila  
Dec. 25, 1917*



**In relation to Angelo Sylvester's accompanying list of Alger book inscriptions, this fascinating note was found in a copy of Alger's *Rough and Ready* sold at the 2011 fund-raising auction in Canton, Ohio.**

Photo by Barry Schoenborn

Joe's Luck

The Young Actrobat

Five Hundred Dollars

Do and Dare

Grit the Young Boatman

### Grosset & Dunlap editions

Nelson, the Newsboy

Randy on the River

Young Captain Jack

The Young Book Agent

### Anderson edition

From Canal Boy to President

Forest T. Luke  
Bannister, Mich.

Redy

Laurence

*To William dietrich from your  
teacher Mrs Hummel  
Dec. 24, 1914*

*Richard Smith from Kathleen  
Seaburg 1941. Richard, this is  
not a new book, but I thought  
you might like to have it to  
remember the fun we had  
reading these stories together.*

### Inscription

Winfield from Harry

Marvin Bouton Library No. 103

*Merry Xmas — Presented to  
Forrest by his sister Beulah  
Dec. 25, 1918*

*Maurice Ballew Owner 1936  
Pass on to Herbert Pearce,  
Jasper, Emmet Thurman,  
Joseph Hendrix, Elizabeth  
Hendrix*

### Inscription

*Best wishes Asa Tabel  
Dec. 25, '89*

|                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Frank Fowler, the Cash Boy  | <i>Julia Smith</i>                     |
| Bob Burton                  | <i>Mabel Hewett</i>                    |
|                             | <i>R.R. #4, Sandusky, Ohio</i>         |
| Struggling Upward           | <i>Walter H. Klaus</i>                 |
| Hector's Inheritance        | <i>C.V.S.</i>                          |
| Shifting for Himself        | <i>Merry Xmas to Alfred</i>            |
| Herbert Carter's Legacy     | <i>Marguerite Morrow Xmas</i>          |
| <i>1908</i>                 |  |
| Frank's Campaign            | <i>Alton Burrill from Aunt Jennie</i>  |
| Bernard Brooks' Adventure   | <i>Xmas 1912 from Aunt Mabel</i>       |
| Phil; the Fiddler           | <i>Ralph Schaller from Aunt Bertha</i> |
| Shifting for Himself        | <i>L. Eloise Hyde</i>                  |
| The Young Salesman          | <i>H.A.S.</i>                          |
| Robert Coverdale's Struggle | <i>Property of Fred B. Babef</i>       |
| Driven from Home            | <i>Marson Sheldon</i>                  |
| Tom, the Bootblack          | <i>Marson from Mamma</i>               |
|                             | <i>Dec. 25, 1906</i>                   |
| Mark Mason's Victory        | <i>A Merry Christmas</i>               |
|                             | <i>to Julian Gersheimer</i>            |

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

During the past year I have developed an interest in aerophilately. This is the collecting of airmail covers (envelopes) that have been marked with a cachet for a specific air event. These covers include first flights, air shows and races, and first day of issue envelopes. While sorting through some purchases, one cover jumped out at me as being very familiar.

And sure enough, the cachet on the envelope is exactly the same as the one on the Ted Scott endpapers (below). With one exception, that is. Under the familiar Ryan-type monoplane emerging from the clouds, is a title bar for the air event — the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, air races, which were held Sept. 11, 12 and 13, 1931.

The obvious question, which may very well be unanswerable, is who created this illustration? Most Ted Scott collectors, if they thought of this at all, probably considered this the work of J. Clemens Gretta (real last name Gretter), who had recently taken over the illustration of both The



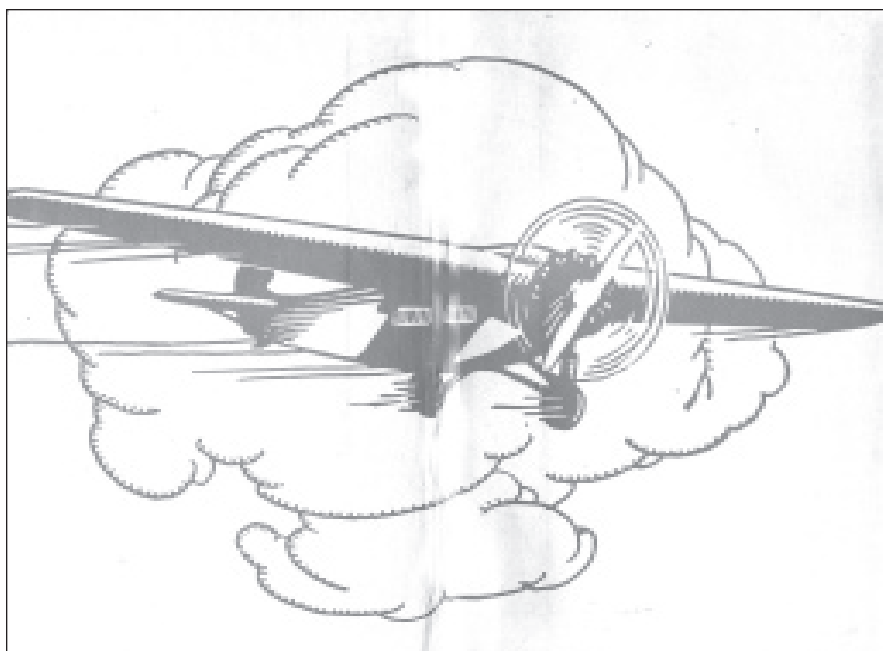
Hardy Boys and the Ted Scott series. While the Hardy Boys endpapers are signed, the Ted Scott illustration is not. Gretter (1904-1988) also drew and signed the endpapers for the reissues of the first seven Air Combat Stories for G&D. While that illustration, a group of World War I aircraft, is competently drawn and contains some like elements, one cannot say that the same hand was responsible for Ted Scott. It is possible, of course, but not certain.

The illustration first appears on the Sioux Falls cachet at least eight months before it is added to the

endpapers of the Ted Scott series. Cachets for postal use produced before 1940 were almost always the result of some local artist being tapped for the job. Few records were kept, and I have been unable to find any for this event. Indeed, the air show itself seems to have been held in 1930 and 1931, the only two years for which I have located postal covers. It then must have made its way east to New York, where someone at Grosset & Dunlap saw the illustration, and then adapted it for the books. The title bar is definitely part of the original rubber stamp; I have several and the measurements between the illustration and title bar are exactly the same for all copies. Whoever adapted the illustration for publication, by enlarging and cleaning off a few extraneous cloud feathers, simply did not copy the title bar.

And so, from my interest in civil aeronautics between the wars, I am led back to my series book collection. I cannot recall anyone having mentioned this fact before. Ted Scott collectors, get down to your local stamp dealers and start digging through those covers!

Sincerely,  
Bart J. Nyberg (PF-879)  
4657 Mason St.  
Omaha, NE 68106



Hi Bill:

I came across an interesting error in an Alger book, and I thought it might be of interest to your readers.

The error relates to Alger and geography.

As many of you know, I am diligently working on a comprehensive upgrade of my 19th century bibliography of juvenile series books. While I was finishing up the publishing history of the 10-volume **Rollo's Tour of Europe Series**, I came across an interesting Alger connection.

In the book *From Canal Boy to President* (John R. Anderson & Co., 1881) on Page 38 (below), Alger briefly discusses boats, canals and locks. He refers the reader to a Jacob Abbott book for more information. Although since 1881 there have been many changes in national borders throughout the world, I am totally convinced that Cleveland, Ohio, and Lake Erie were never part of Europe. **Rollo's Tour of Europe Series** really is just a tour of Europe. Abbott never intended to trick his readers. The places Rollo visits in this series are On the Atlantic, Paris, Switzerland, London, On the Rhine, Scotland, Geneva, Holland, Naples and Rome.

Actually, the book that Alger meant to name was *Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels—Erie Canal*. This is the

second book in the six-book series titled **Marco Paul's Adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge** (first editions all printed in 1843). The Marco Paul Series preceded the Rollo's Travels. First editions of the latter series are dated 1853-1858. The Marco Paul Series was printed by four publishers between 1843 and the 1880s: T.H. Carter, B.B. Mussey, Wm. J. Reynolds and Harper & Brothers. The protagonist Marco had adventures in the Northeast.

For more information about this series, go to <http://bookofbibliomaven.blogspot.com/> and search for Marco.

The books in **Marco Paul's Adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge** series are:

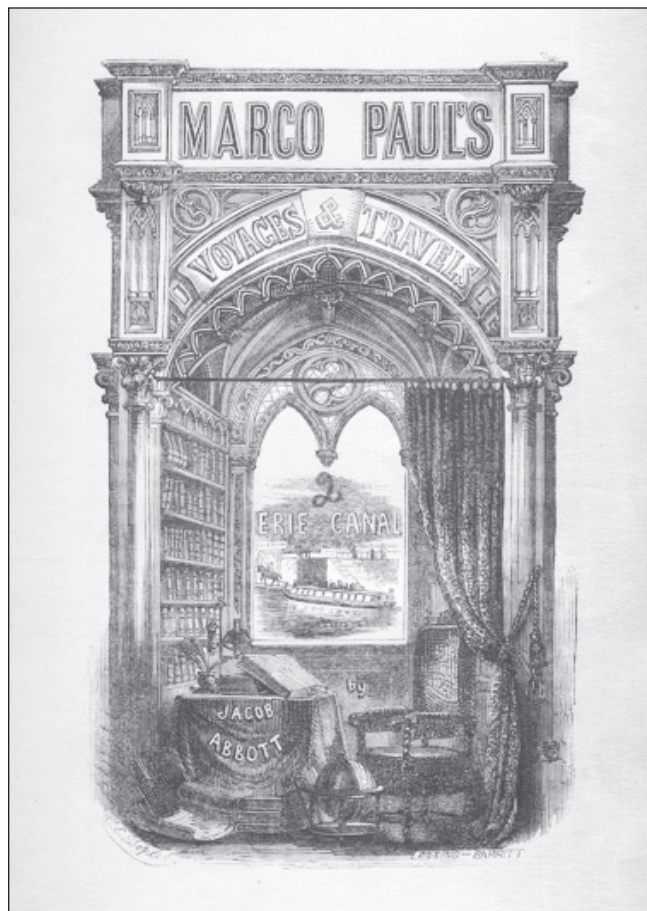
1. In the City of New York
2. On the Erie Canal
3. In the Forests of Maine
4. In Vermont
5. In the City of Boston
6. At the Springfield Armory

Sincerely,  
Cary Sternick (PF-933)  
26 Chestnut Hill Ct.  
The Woodlands, TX 77380

dry, and in others the water would overflow. For this reason at intervals locks are constructed, composed of brief sections of the canal barricaded at each end by gates. When a boat is going down, the near gates are thrown open and the boat enters the lock, the water rushing in till a level is secured; then the upper gates are closed, fastening the boat in the lock. Next the lower gates are opened, the water in the lock seeks the lower level of the other section of the canal, and the boat moves out of the lock, the water subsiding gradually beneath it. Next, the lower gates are closed, and the boat proceeds on its way. It will easily be understood, when the case is reversed, and the boat is going up, how after being admitted into the lock it will be lifted up to the higher level when the upper gates are thrown open.

If any of my young readers find it difficult to understand my explanation, I advise them to read Jacob Abbot's excellent book, "Rollo on the Erie Canal," where the whole matter is lucidly explained.

Railroads were not at that time as common as now, and the canal was of much more importance



# Job Warner's Christmas

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

**T**he day before Christmas was drawing to a close. Cold gray clouds drifted off to the eastward, and a snow storm seemed imminent. But in spite of threatening clouds gay throngs crowded the thoroughfares. The shop windows were brilliant with articles of every conceivable variety adapted for Christmas gifts. So the human tide ebbed and flowed, surging into shops, taxing to the utmost the attention of overworked clerks, and receded with pleasant surprises destined on the following morning to make many households happy.

In front of a large window, brilliantly illuminated, stood an elderly man, somewhat under the middle stature. Job Warner was scarcely fifty; but sedentary habits and long stooping over a desk had bowed his form, and given him the appearance of being several years older than he actually was. For twenty-five years he had been assistant book-keeper in the counting-room of Bentley and Co., importers of dry-goods and wholesale jobbers. His excellent business capacity would have secured him promotion to the post of chief book-keeper, but his own humility and absence of pretension had unconsciously influenced his employers to accept him at his own valuation. So, while the firm had prospered, and made money by hundreds of thousands, Job Warner still continued to be assistant book-keeper on a modest salary of seven hundred dollars. With a family becoming daily more expensive, the little book-keeper had found it hard work to make both ends meet. He was compelled to live in very poor and incommodious lodgings, and practice humble acts of self-denial, all which he bore with a meek and uncomplaining spirit, with which he was doubtless credited in that better world, where, we trust, all the inequalities of this life will be made up.

The last year had been rather a trying one to Job Warner. The enhanced price of early every article which is included under the head of Necessaries had made a rigid economy needful.

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*This story was first published in the December 1863 issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, and it made its only previous appearance in Newsboy in the December 1975 issue. Alger scholar Gary Scharnhorst selected "Job Warner's Christmas" for inclusion in his book, The Lost Tales of Horatio Alger (Bar Harbor, Maine: The Acadia Publishing Co., 1989). In his introduction, Scharnhorst describes the story as being "modeled upon Dickens' A Christmas Carol."*

Months ago the family had given up using sugar, and butter was only used on Sundays. Frugality had become a rule, and was meekly submitted to as a necessary condition of life. But, in spite of his habitual self-denial, the worthy book-keeper was stirred with an impulse to extravagance on this day. In the window before him bloomed a large doll — quite a queen she must have been in the realm of dolls — royally attired in a purple silk dress and a bonnet of the latest style. The eyes of the good book-keeper were fixed in admiration upon this beautiful doll-vision. There was a household pet at home — little Effie — whom the possession of that doll would exalt to the seventh heaven of happiness. True, such a royal lady might spurn the idea of entering so humble a home, and her silks might seem out of place in contrast with the calicoes and gingham with which Effie and her mother were contented. But when these considerations suggested themselves to Job Warner he triumphantly answered, "Is there any thing too good for Effie?"

Yes, we have found out the little book-keeper's weakness. He no sooner thought of little Effie's bright eyes dancing with delight than his habitual prudence forsook him. With an air of desperate resolution he entered the brilliant shop, and, timidly pushing his way among the well-dressed crowds surrounding the counter, asked with an apologetic cough the price of her Royal Highness in the window

The clerk looked a little surprised at such a question from a man of so humble appearance, and answered, in a short, quick tone, "Five dollars, Sir. Will you take it?"

Five dollars! Job was startled at the price, and answered in an abashed tone that he would not decide just yet.

Outside, he again looked longingly at the doll. Effie would be so delighted with it — but then five dollars! He reckoned up what a number of articles might be purchased for five dollars, and shook his head reluctantly. Mrs. Warner would think he had quite taken leave of his senses. Of course, he must give up all thoughts of it. But no! A daring suggestion occurred to him. Might he not apply to Mr. Bentley for an increase of salary? There had been a general raising of salaries elsewhere. That he knew. His old friend Timothy Fogg had his raised six months ago; but somehow Job had never succeeded in summoning up courage to make such a request of his employer. He was not sure, in his humility, whether he was worth any more than seven hundred dollars a year. But his love for Little Effie gave him unwonted boldness. With an increase of salary he could buy this magnificent doll for her, and afford his oldest boy a course of lessons in drawing, for which he had a strong taste. Yes, he would ask to have his salary raised that very night. A little matter of business had detained Mr. John Bentley, the head of the firm, in his office, so that he would be sure to find him on returning thither.

Mr. Bentley was seated in his office glancing over some papers. He was a large, portly man, a little pompous in manner; and a glance from his gray eyes always confused the worthy

book-keeper, who, long as he had known him, had never got to feel quite at ease in his company. Job had an indistinct idea that his employer was immensely superior to him in every way, and looked up to him with distant reverence.

John Bentley lifted his eyebrows in surprise as Job shuffled in at the door, his hat under his arm, with an air of nervous trepidation, which the consciousness of his errand inspired.

"Have you forgotten any thing, Warner?" demanded Mr. Bentley, in a clear, commanding tone.

"No, Sir, Mr. Bentley; or rather, I should say, yes," stammered the book-keeper. "There was a little matter which I wished to speak to you about. But I should not wish to take up your time, if you are busy, Sir, and I will wait till some other occasion."

"If you can say what you have to say in five minutes, Warner, go on," returned his employer.

"It was about an increase of salary, Mr. Bentley," said he, plunging into his subject and talking fast to keep his courage up. "Prices have been rising of late so much that I find it very difficult to maintain a wife and four children on seven hundred dollars a year. I do, indeed, Sir. If you would be kind enough to add a hundred, or even fifty, I would thank you gratefully, Sir."

"An increase of salary, eh, Warner? Seven hundred dollars used to be considered a very fair salary. Of course some get much more. But you know, Warner, that you are not a first-class man of business. You do your work very satisfactorily, but —"

"I know what you would say, Mr. Bentley," interrupted Job, humbly. "I know my abilities are small, but I try to be faithful. I hope I have always been faithful to the best of my poor abilities."

"Yes, Warner, you have. Don't think I have any complaint to make; but as to an increase of salary, that requires consideration. Probably the high prices will not always last, and in the meantime you can be more economical."

More economical! And this, to Job, who had been a close economist all his life. However, he did not venture to reply, but, bowing humbly, withdrew. A minute later, his employer, who had got through with the business which detained him, put on his overcoat and followed. On his way back Job paused again before the window which had so great an attraction for him. Again he thought how much little Effie would like it. But he felt satisfied, from Mr. Bentley's manner, that there was little hope of an increase of income, and without that such an outlay would be unpardonable extravagance.

"No," he half sighed, "I must give up the idea of buying it, and little Effie must be content with something less expensive."

Mr. John Bentley was close behind and heard this speech. "So he wanted to buy that piece of finery," thought he. "No wonder he demanded an increase of salary."

The two men continued to walk in the same direction, Job,

of course, unconscious of Mr. Bentley's proximity. Suddenly from the darkness of a side street emerged a little girl, a very picture of wretchedness, with ragged dress, pinched and famished-looking features, and feet bare, notwithstanding the inclement season. She looked up piteously in the face of Job Warner.

"I am very cold and hungry," she murmured.

"Poor child! Poor child!" ejaculated Job, compassionately. "Have you no home?"

"No; mother died last week, and since then I have lived in the streets."

"Have you had any thing to eat today?"

"Yes, Sir, a cracker."

"Only a cracker," repeated Job, pitifully. "And your poor feet are bare. How cold you must be!"

"Yes, Sir, I am very cold," said the little girl, shivering.

"And where do you expect to pass the night?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In a doorway, but they drove me off this morning. I wish mother were alive again." The poor child burst into tears, sobbing convulsively.

"Don't cry, my dear!" said Job, soothingly. Don't cry. You shall come home with me, and I will let you sleep in a warm bed and give you something to eat. I am poor, my child, but not so poor as you, thank God! I had intended to buy some little presents for my children, but they will be better pleased if I spend the money in making you comfortable. Take my hand, and we shall soon be at home."

During this colloquy John Bentley withdrew into a doorway. He had felt some curiosity to learn how his book-keeper would deal with this claim upon his bounty. There was something in the straightforward simplicity and kind heart of Job that touched him, and made him feel not a little compunction for his own bearing in the interview which had just taken place between them.

"He is about to deprive his children of their Christmas presents for the sake of succoring that poor little outcast," said John Bentley to himself. "He has a noble heart, poor fellow! and he shall be no loser by it. After all, seven hundred dollars must be quite insufficient in these times. I will see what I can do for him."

It was the merchant's better nature that spoke. He was not naturally a selfish man, only inconsiderate. Now that his benevolent impulses were excited, he would not rest till they were embodied in action. Honest Job! Never hast thou done a better night's work than this. Thy kindness to the little outcast shall be richly recompensed.

With the little girl's hand firmly clasped in his, Job paused before the door of a small wooden tenement, and turning the knob softly entered.

"Why, Job, how late you are!" said a kind motherly woman,

*(Continued on Page 14)*

# Job Warner's Christmas

*(Continued from Page 13)*

advancing to meet him, "and — merciful goodness! who have you there?"

"A poor child, Mary, without father or mother, who was wandering barefoot and hungry through the streets. I couldn't help bringing her home, could I? Think if it had been little Effie!"

"You did quite right, Job. Poor little thing! How thin she is! Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Oh, so hungry and cold. May I warm myself by your fire, ma'am?"

"Bless me, child, I ought to have thought of it before. Yes, go and sit down on the cricket; and will bring you some bread and milk."

While the little girl's wants were being satisfied, Mrs. Warner said, "Well, Job, what have you got for the children?"

"I didn't get any thing, Mary. I was just going to get some little things when this poor child came up. I thought maybe we might be willing to keep her a week or so and fit her out with some better clothes, and I am afraid we can't afford to do that and buy presents for the children too. Do you think they would be willing to do without them for this year?"

"I am sure they will; but as all have hung up their stockings, I must tell them to-night so that they need not be disappointed in the morning."

The considerate mother went up stairs and acquainted the children that their father had brought home a poor little girl who had no father nor mother, and asked if for her sake they would be willing to give up their Christmas presents. This appeal went to the children's hearts. They were also delighted with the idea of a new play-fellow, and in bright anticipations of the morrow lost sight entirely of the stockings that were destined to remain unfilled.

"What did the children say?" asked Job, a little uneasily.

"Dear children!" said Mrs. Warner, wiping her eyes with motherly affection and pride. "They took it like little angels. They are very anxious to see the little girl. I do believe they will regard her as the best Christmas present they could have."

"I wish we could do something more than keep her for a few days," said Job thoughtfully.

"So do I. If you only had a little larger salary, Job, it might be done. Why don't you ask for more?"

"I did tonight, Mary."

"And what did Mr. Bentley say?" inquired Mrs. Warner, eagerly.

"He advised me to economize."

"As if you hadn't been doing it all your life," exclaimed his wife, indignantly. "Little he knows what economy is!"

"Hush, Mary," said Job, half-frightened. "Of course he can't

understand how hard a time we have to get along."

"No, but he ought to inquire. What harm would it do him to give you an extra hundred dollars?"

"I suppose he could afford it," said Job; "but perhaps he doesn't think I am worth any more. As he said, seven hundred dollars used to be considered a fair salary."

"So he refused your application."

"Well, no, not exactly. He said he would take it into consideration. But I am sure from his tone that I have nothing to expect. We must get along as well as we can through the hard times, and perhaps things will improve by-and-by."

"What a thoroughly good man you are, Job!" said Mrs. Warner, looking affectionately at her husband, who was dear to her in spite of his shabby coat.

"Of course I hav'n't got a good wife," he answered, cheerfully; "I won't call myself poor as long aa I have you, Mary."

There were few happier or more thankful hearts than those of the shabby book-keeper and his good wife, despite their enforced self-denial and numerous privations. Their souls were filled with a calm and serene trust that the same kind Providence which had guarded and guided them hitherto would continue its beneficent care and protection. Mrs. Warner took up her knitting, and Job, opening the well-used Bible, proceeded to adjust his spectacles, preparatory to reading a chapter, when he was interrupted by quick, sharp, decisive knock on the outer door.

Taking a tallow-candle from the table, Job went to the door and opened it. The wind caused his candle to flicker, so that he did not at first recognize the visitor. When he did his heart gave a sudden bound, and in his surprise he nearly let fall the light.

It was his employer — Mr. John Bentley — who stood before him.

"Well, Warner, may I come in?" inquired the merchant, with an unwonted kindness in his tone.

"To be sure, Mr. Bentley, Sir; I shall be most happy if you will condescend to enter my poor dwelling. It isn't suitable for such a visitor. But you are heartily welcome, Sir. This way, if you please."

Mrs. Warner looked up as her husband reentered the room. Her surprise was little less than his when Mr. Bentley was introduced.

"Mary, this is Mr. Bentley, my respected employer, who has condescended to honor us with a visit. I am sorry we have no better place to receive him in."

"No apologies, Warner," said Mr. Bentley, pleasantly, throwing aside his usual pompous manner. "I didn't expect you could live like a prince on seven hundred dollars. Mrs. Warner, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Your husband has served our house long and faithfully, and I trust will continue long in our employ. I am glad he has so much to make his home pleasant."

No one knew better how to pay a compliment gracefully than John Bentley, and Mrs. Warner bowed in gratification, reiterating the assurance of their pleasure in receiving him. The allusion to her husband's continued services dissipated an apprehension to which Mr. Bentley's unexpected visit had given rise, that he might be about to lose his situation.

"I have called, Warner, on a little business," proceeded Mr. Bentley. "You spoke to me to-night about having your salary raised."

"Yes, Sir," said Job, humbly; "I thought afterward that I might be a little presumptuous in supposing my services to be worth more than seven hundred dollars; but indeed, Sir, it requires a great deal of economy to make both ends meet. I was thinking more of that than of my own qualifications, I suppose. As you said, Sir —"

"Never mind what I said, Warner," interrupted the merchant, smiling.

"Your application was made unexpectedly, and I spoke without consideration. I have thought over what you said, and decided that your application was just and proper. Prices have advanced considerably, as a little investigation has satisfied me. Therefore I have concluded to grant your request. What increase of salary do you ask?"

"I thought of asking for a hundred dollars more," said Job, timidly; "but if you think that is too much, I should be satisfied and grateful if you could let me have fifty."

"Do you think you could get along on fifty?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Yes, Sir — with economy, of course. I always expect to practice economy; and I have a good wife, who knows how to make the most of a little."

"That I can readily believe," said the merchant, politely. "You may consider your salary raised, then, Warner," he proceeded; "and as you have been able to get along on seven hundred dollars, I hope you will be able to afford yourself some additional comforts on a thousand."

"A thousand!" repeated Job and his wife, simultaneously.

"Yes, my good friends," said Mr. Bentley; "I have decided that my assistant book-keeper is fully worth that sum to the firm, and it is my wish to pay those whom I employ what they are justly entitled to."

"How can I ever thank you, Sir?" exclaimed Job, rising and seizing his employer's hand. "I shall consider myself rich with such an income. Mary, did you understand? I am to have a thousand dollars."

"Sir, you are very kind," said Mary, simply. "I need not thank you. Your own heart will tell you how much happiness you have conferred upon us."

"I understand and appreciate what you say," said Mr. Bentley, kindly. "But Warner," he continued, "there is another matter about which I wish to speak to you. There is a young girl in whom I feel an interest, who is unfortunate enough to stand

alone in the world, without father or mother. I have thought that if you and Mrs. Warner would be willing to receive her as one of your family, and bring her up in the same careful manner as your own children, it would be an excellent arrangement for her, while I would take care that you lost nothing by your kindness."

"We shall be most happy to oblige you, Sir," said Mrs. Warner; "but would our plain style of living suit the young lady? We shall, to be sure, be able to afford a better home."

"I don't think the young lady will find any fault with your housekeeping, Mrs. Warner," said the merchant, "especially as she has probably never been accustomed to living as well as she would with you."

Mrs. Warner looked mystified.

Mr. Bentley smiled.

"The young lady is already in your house," he explained. "In fact, it is the friendless little orphan whom your husband encountered to-night and brought home."

Mrs. Warner's face lighted up with pleasure.

"We will undertake the charge gladly," she answered, "and should have done so if you had not spoken of it. Is it not so, Job?"

"Yes, Mary, it occurred to me as soon as Mr. Bentley spoke of raising my salary."

"And you would really have undertaken such a charge at your own expense?" said Mr. Bentley, wonderingly. "Would it have been just to your own children to diminish their comforts for the sake of doing a charitable action?"

"We shall not be able to leave our children money," said Mrs. Warner, simply, "but we hope to train them up to deeds of kindness. There's a great deal of suffering in the world, Sir. We ought to do our part toward relieving it."

"I honor you, Mrs. Warner, for your unselfish benevolence," returned Mr. Bentley, warmly; "but in this case I shall claim to do my part. I shall allow you two hundred dollars a year for taking charge of this child. You will, of course, require a larger and more commodious home, and will, I hope, be enabled to afford your children such advantages as they may require to prepare them to act their parts in the world."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Job, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears. "Why, that will make twelve hundred! Mr. Bentley, Sir, I hope you will believe me to be grateful. You have so loaded me with benefits that I don't know how to thank you."

"And I am under obligations to you, Warner, also," said Mr. Bentley. "Prosperity had begun to harden my heart. At any rate, it had made me thoughtless of the multitudes who are struggling with ills which my wealth could alleviate. To-night I was an unseen witness of your kindness to the poor girl who crossed your path. I felt rebuked by the contrast between your conduct and mine, and I resolved, God helping me, to become

*(Continued on Page 16)*

*Best wishes  
for a happy  
and healthy  
holiday season!*



## Job Warner's Christmas

*(Continued from Page 15)*

hereafter a better steward of His bounty.”

“Indeed, Mr. Bentley, you think too much of the little I did,” said Job, modestly.

“Let me keep my own opinion as to that, Warner. By-the-way, it may be well for me to pay the first quarter of our little charge in advance. Here are fifty dollars. At the expiration of six months you may draw upon me for a similar amount. Before leave you let me take the liberty to suggest that the shops are not yet closed, and you will still have an opportunity of providing Christmas gifts for your children.”

“So I shall. Thank you, Mr. Bentley, for kindly reminding me. Effie shall have her doll, after all. Such a doll!” he explained, eagerly, turning toward his wife. “She is as fine as a royal princess — but not too good for Effie.”

“By all means let Effie have her doll,” said Mr. Bentley,

smiling. “I must bid you good-night, Mrs. Warner, but when you have moved I will look in upon you again, and shall hope to make the acquaintance of Effie and her doll.”

Job Warner was absent an hour. When he returned he was fairly loaded down with gifts. I can not undertake to enumerate them. Enough that prominent among them was Effie’s stately present. Can the friendly reader imagine the delight of the children the next morning?

Seldom has Christmas dawned on a happier household. Effie was in a perfect ecstasy of delight! Nor was the little outcast forgotten. When her rags were stripped off and she was attired in thick, warm clothing, she seemed suddenly to have been lifted into Paradise. When the transports of the children had partially subsided, Job drew toward him the old Bible, and opening it at the second chapter of St. Luke’s gospel, read reverently the account there given of the first Christmas-day. Just as he concluded the bells rang out a merry peal, and to the little house-hold seemed with vibrant voices to proclaim, “Glory to God in the highest, land on earth peace, good-will to men!”