

newsboy



VOLUME 8, NO. 5

GUEST EDITOR:

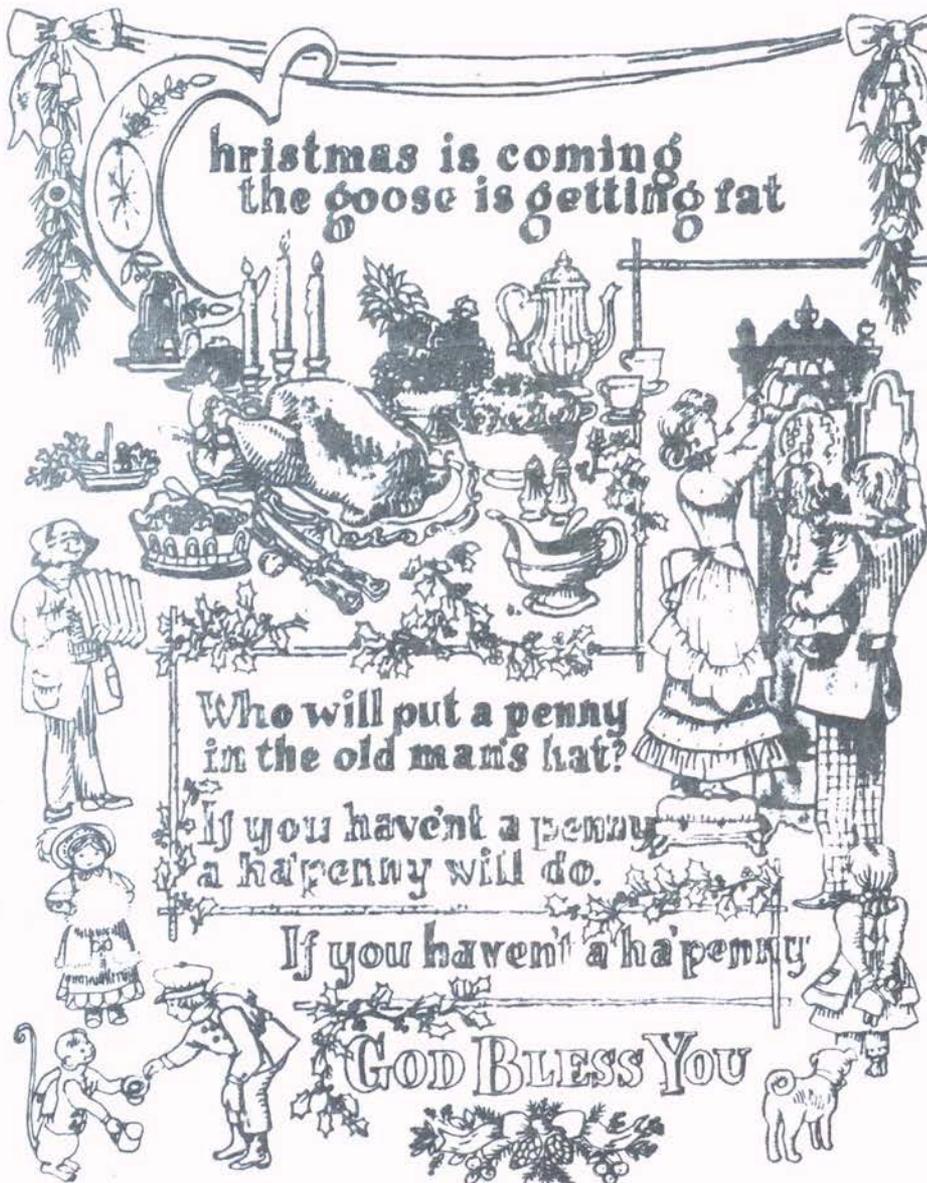
Carl Hartmann
4907 Allison
Lansing, Michigan 48910

DECEMBER, 1969

Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devoted
to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

PF-276

F. M. O'Brien
38 High Street
Portland, Maine 04101

Francis comes to us thru George C. Clark and is a dealer in old books. George wrote the following about Mr. O'Brien.

One of our most recent new members, F. M. O'Brien of 36 High Street, Portland, Maine, "Antiquarian Bookseller", is the owner of 100,000 books, many of them real antiques, singly and in sets; others modern and including up-to-date reference books and textbooks of secondary and college grade.

He has plenty of books to read, yet he has time to read an Alger original or reprint whenever they come his way.

And to add to his readmanship, he was recently given an author's copy of the "Illustrious Class of 1913, University of Maine" by George C. Clarke, the only class history ever produced by an alumnus of that fast-growing university (Founded under the Morrill Act in 1868). He writes "I am enjoying it very much as those mentioned were contemporaries of my mother's brother, Henry L. Crosby, Class of 1912".

O'BRIEN is doubtless the best known old books seller in Maine. He distributes his books from an antique, brick residential property on High Street, one of the Oldest all-brick buildings in the Pine Tree State, to which he has added a combined workshop and storage library. His offerings are catalogued and include 50,000 additional books stored on the family farm in Hiram, Maine. He not only bids on libraries when estates are being settled, but he equips large libraries on new college campuses. The University of Maine with four campuses just selected 50,000 books for its newest reference libraries. A Colby College professor of English who passed away recently left from 500 to 1,000 choice textbooks and reference books which O'Brien quickly acquired. He also conducts library appraisals for the use of probate authorities. With him books are both a vocation and an avocation. "Books", he says are "Storehouses of the world's knowledge".

PF-273 William G. Chase
925 East Cedar
Burbank, Calif. 91501

William has 47 Alger titles, with 6 first editions. He also has a copy of "Seeking His Fortune and Other Dialogues" by Horatio Alger Jr. and O. Augusta Cheney, 1875, Loring publisher in new mint condition.

William works in a book shop in Calif. and collects Charles Dickens and Samuel Johnson.

PF-274 Carl O. Thieme
3216 S. 56th Street
Milwaukee, Wis. 53219

Carl has 59 titles and is trying to get most of the Alger books in good condition. He also collects old childrens books and phonograph records from 1923 to 1930. Jazz and pop dance bands. Carl as a boy, used to read Alger, but never dreamed they would become scarce collectors items.

PF-275 Charles L. Messecar
1680 N.W. Murray Road
Portland, Oregon 97229

Charles collects juvenile books, Stratemeyer, Sabin, Altsheler and has collected old jazz records for 25 years. He has 30 titles now and prefers the better Porter & Coates and Henry T. Coates editions.

Charles writes: "Last fall I was in Boston and went over to South Natick. The pastor of Alger's old church took me all thru the old Alger home (the pastor lives there as you probably know) and then he took me thru the church. This was a very pleasant experience."

NEWSBOY

FROM OUR MEMBERS

Ralph Gardner reports a sales catalog composed of books from the library of Frederic Remington, the famous artist. Listed were "Joe's Luck" and 2 copies of "Tom the Bootblack".

#

From M. M. Davison, PF-263. Last Thursday, November 6, 1969, the Swann Action Galleries, N.Y. auctioned off a superb limited edition reprint (450 copies) "of Horatio Alger's "The Young Miner; or Tom Nelson in California" with early woodcut illustrations of western scenes. This limited edition was printed by the Book Club of California in 1965. This beautifully printed reprint is a choice collectors item. It sold for \$47.50.

#

Norman Hanson, PF-227 would like to see reprints of the hardest to obtain Algiers. Any suggestions? Norman is also rebuilding a 1932 4 cylinder Plymouth - if you have any spare parts lying around - let him know.

#

Milton Sall,s PF-020, reports that he has increased his collection to 135 titles with the addition recently of "The Young Boatman" and "Nothing to Do". Milton also tells us the on "Jeopardy" a noontime television show, the question was asked again "Who created the famous character "Ragged Dick". All three contestants missed the answer.

#

Ernest Sanford, PF-032, reports he now has 135 titles. As Ernest says, "they are not easy to come by though".

#

PF-259, John M. Lohn now has 96 titles, but is desperately trying to acquire the remaining ones he needs - so if you have any of the rare one for sale, John would be happy to hear from you.

#

PF-160, Mrs. Rohima Walter now has 89 Alger titles - only 11 more for the "100 Club".

GEORGE BLACKBURN PF-270 IS NOW UP TO 57 TITLES AND GOING STRONG. IF YOU HAVE ANY FOR SALE YOU MIGHT DROP HIM A LINE.

BOOK MART

- From Canal Boy to President - McKay - VG \$5.00
- Hector's Inheritance - Mershon - Good \$2.50
- Young Captain Jack - G & D - Fair-\$4.50
- Out for Business-Mershon-Very Good -\$10.00
- Fame and Fortune-Loring-Fair-\$12.50
- Try and Trust-Loring-Fair-\$11.50
- Ben the Luggage Boy-Loring-Fair-\$11.50
- Argosy - Vol. 7 - Contains Tom Brace by Arthur Lee Putnam and \$500 by Alger - Price - \$18.50

The above offered by:

Mr. Ernest P. Sanford
9724 Admiralty Drive
Silver Spring, Md. 20910

* * * * *

MATERIAL NEEDED!!!

We need research material on Alger. If you have information you would like to share with our members write it up now and send to ye old secretary Carl Hartmann. If you would like to do some research here are some suggestions. 1st edition titles - date and publisher. Ralph Gardners book, HORATIO ALGER or THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, gives us 1st edition publishers and dates but does not include the reprint titles. If you have a copy of ALGER STREET, The Poetry of Horatio Alger Jr. edited and arranged by PF-024, Gilber K. Westgard, you will find most of Alger's poetry, but how about the obscure poems in newspapers and magazines. If you know of any write it up for the NEWSBOY. Many of our new members and quite a few of our older members do not have as much information as they would like, so whatever you have - share.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

This is the subject of a new column to be written regularly by George C. Clark, Publicity Chairman.

It is my belief that we will all be happier, if we know each other, so do not be surprised if I ask you about your career for editing and publication.

I am opening the series on my own initiative by setting forth the life story of Ye Editor Carl T. Hartmann.

George C. Clark

Hartmann, PF-102 joined our society as a charter member in Mendota, Ill. and has managed to attend all of its conventions to date. He is 41 years old, married and has four boys. His oldest son, Tom is 18 and attending college and also works for the local TV station as floor director. He also has his own nighttime disc jockey show on a local radio station. Steve, aged 16, is in senior high, an Explorer Scout and collects stamps. Stan is 13 years old, is in junior high, collects coins and books by Thornton Burgess and is a Life Scout. John, the youngest, is 11. He also collects stamps and books by and on Charles Schultz (Peanuts). He is a 2nd class Scout. Jean, Hartmann's wife, collects Alcott and other books about New England. She also collects buttons.

One of these days, the family hopes to set up a book and buttons store. Hartmann attended Grand Rapids Junior College, Aquinas College and Western Michigan University. He is presently employed as office manager by Metal Machining Company, his 16th year in that capacity. He has been active as a Scouter, a Cubmaster for 10 years and at present on the Troop Committee. He is also active in church work. He works as advisor with the Lansing Community College to students taking the metal working trade courses. He has indulged a little in local politics.

Hartmann was on the committee which wrote the HAS By-laws and served as Vice-President and interim president just before Max Goldberg took over. Max appointed him Executive Secretary, his present assignment. When Forrest Campbell resigned as "Newsboy Editor" this position became an additional duty. (Editors note: Not for long I hope!)

* * * * *

BOOK MART

Ruperts Ambition - Coates - 1st Edition
Minor defects \$4.40

Jed the Poorhouse Boy - H. T. Coates -
Good \$3.20

Above offered by:

W. T. Thompson
Box 1741
Portland, Oregon 97207

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DON'T FORGET . . . THE 1970 CONVENTION
WILL BE HELD IN REVERE, MASS., JUNE 19,
20, 21

SIoux FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

1971

SOME ADVICE FROM AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD
ALGER COLLECTOR

BY JACK BALES PF 258

To those of you who have an Alger collection of a moderate or even a substantial number of books - do you have any really great acquisition, something you are really proud of? Do you own a lot of books, but do not know a great deal of information on Alger and his works? No? Well, permit me a member of the "younger generation", to pass on a few experiences that I have encountered and some things I have learned from my Alger collecting. This knowledge has helped me, and I believe it can benefit anyone, although a lot of people already know and use this information.

I have known for some time on a letter basis, a gentleman connected with a very large public library. He is an Alger collector, and is in fact indirectly responsible for my learning of the Horatio Alger Society. Although he does not belong to our Society, "I have sent him copies of the NEWSBOY hoping to persuade him to join. He hasn't, but we still remain good friends, even though we have never seen each other.

About a half a year ago, I received a letter from him. He said that a lady wrote him, saying that her husband passed away, and that she wanted to sell all the Alger books that were stored in her attic. These were books that were received by her husband when only a boy. My friend gave her my name, and a few days later I received a letter from her with a list of all the books she had, their publishers, and a request for me to give her a price for the books, if I wanted them.

I took the list and started to look through Ralph Gardner's HORATIO ALGER or the AMERICAN HERO ERA, looking to see if any of the books could be first editions. One can imagine my surprise when I came to "Wait and Win" - A. L. Burt. Therefore, I wrote her a letter, enclosing a copy of Ralph Gardner's description of the book as a first edition and telling her that her book might be one. I was hoping that the

old saying would prove true, that if I treated her right, she'd do the same for me, and wouldn't say that it was a first edition if it wasn't. I was not disappointed, for after all the letters were through being exchanged, and the money had switched hands, I was the proud possessor of an absolutely beautiful first edition of Wait and Win looking as good as the one pictured in Ralph Gardner's book, the cover being a bright blue.

Pure luck, a cynic may say. Maybe, but it's not an isolated incident, and it proves that nice guys do not always finish last. My friendliness to my library friend had reaped my reward.

At the Horatio Alger Society convention last July, it was a pleasure in meeting Mr. Herbert Risteen, PF-104. I did him a few favors, and it paid off, for thanks to him, I am now the delighted owner of a complete set of the Ragged Dick Series, with every book by Publishing Company Porter & Coates, and with every one exactly alike in format.

I have known since last January Mr. Forrest Campbell of Kalamazoo, our former Editor. We corresponded very frequently since that time, and I was privileged to meet him in July at the convention. Because of this friendship, Mr. Campbell met me at the train station in Kalamazoo at the beginning of the convention, showed me some of the buildings that he used in his play THE YOUNG POSTMASTER, drove me to the motel where the convention was to be held, introduced me to some of the people there, shared with me some of his knowledge of Alger, provided me with some needed Alger volumes, and at the convention's end, drove me back to the railroad station. How's that for courtesy? Pretty good, isn't it? Again, friendship reaps its reward.

While at the convention, I became good friends with every single HAS member there. And it paid off, for they all treated me as one of themselves, not "just a kid" who didn't deserve attention. I received valuable knowledge on Alger from Mr. Carl Hartmann and Mr. Les Langlois, information I had

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O F F I C E R S

NEWSBOY

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The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January and July, and is distributed free to Society members by our Executive Secretary, Carl Hartmann, from 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Mich. 48910.

Each individual membership begins with date of application. Junior membership, \$3.00 annually; adult membership, \$5.00 annually, to be paid in advance. Each new member receives a membership card, membership roster, and ten issues of the NEWSBOY.

An episode from THE BOY FROM THE BOWERY

Synopsis: The time, 1888; the place, City Hall portico, New York City; characters, a city dude and a pick-pocket. City dude swaggers away toward entrance inspecting his attire; hangs cane on his arm and flicks a spect of lint from his coat. Pick-pocket standing within ear shot busily engaged in reading a newspaper, accosts the city dude.

"Oh, I say there, Gov'ner!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?"

"Accept my apology; I thought you were Gov'ner Cleveland. A natural mistake. I can see now that you have no mustache; but you are dressed so much like the Gov'ner."

"I wasn't aware of the resemblance. Mebbe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. You're a fashion plate if I ever saw one. You see, I am the Men's Fashion Editor for the Times, and I had hoped to catch the Gov'ner for an interview. Possibly you are Mayor Hewitt's son, then?"

"No, but I am the sone of the vice-president of the Madison Square Bank."

"Of course! And your family is one of the four hundred?"

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps we are."

"Splendid! May I describe your apparel, sir, for our next edition?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"Wonderful, perhaps this afternoon you'll let us take your picture."

"You mean my picture will be in the papers?"

"Certainly. Just step over here in the sunlight where I can observe you better. There, this is much better. You look very distinguished. (Fussing with dude's jacket). Now turn around. I want to examine you from the back."

"Like this?"

"Yes, that's right. Now don't turn around; just look straight ahead. That's it. My, you have strong manly shoulders. (applies pressure to dude's right shoulder with one hand and lifts wallet with the other). There, that's about it. You may turn around now."

"I guess I am pretty well built".

"Yes, an excellent specimen of manhood. If you will excuse me, I must run over to the editorial rooms and write up my story. You may come over any time after lunch. Just ask for the men's fashion photographer."

(Introducing Perly Gates, our hero, or, The Boy From the Bowery)

"My picture is to appear in the ext edition of the Times, young man."

"How is that?"

"That man that just left was a reporter. The men's fashion editor of the Times."

"Then he is a personal friend of yours?"

"No, but he recognized as a young aristocrat."

"Did you get his name?"

"No."

"Did he ask yours?"

"No. Say, don't you believe me?"

"May I ask; do you still have your wallet?"

"Of course; Say! I believe it's gone!"

"I am not surprised. Did you carry much money on you?"

"Well, only twenty dollars." (rubbing shoulder)

"I'd hate to lose as much. Why are you rubbing your shoulder?"

"Why, he was feeling my manly shoulders and gripped a little too hard I guess." Com't page 7

An episode from THE BOY FROM THE BOWERY
(Continued)

"And while you felt that pain, you didn't feel him lift your wallet; is that it?"

"Say! You must be right! I didn't feel him do it."

"I told you they were clever didn't I?"

"Yes, I really didn't believe it could be done. It's hard to believe, but it's true."

"You were in a trance, sir. A sort of hypnosis and the power of suggestion. Flattery no doubt caused you to think no evil of man."

"Mebbe you're right; but I'll bet he couldn't do it again."

(From Act I, The Boy From the Bowery, written by Forrest Campbell, 1967 and premiered by Mansfield Children's Theatre)

* * * * *

THE CYNICAL YOUNGEST GENERATION

From "THE NATION" Feb. 17, 1932

The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger has passed uncelebrated in these columns. Apparently it passed equally unnoticed in a good many others, for the Children's Aid Society was moved by the general lack of excitement to investigate the state of Alger's fame in the ranks of the youngest generation, and has come to the conclusion that the man who was once by far the most popular writer for boys in America has fallen very low indeed.

Less than 20 per cent of the seven thousand members of New York's juvenile proletariat had ever heard of the author of "Tom the Bootblack"; only 14 per cent had read even one of his 119 published works; and not a single boy owned a single volume of the series, though about half of the seven thousand queried "have a book". What will be even more alarming to some is the fact that a considerable number dismissed

the theory of "work and win" as "a lot of bunk", and that only one youth could be found sufficiently conservative in his literary taste to boast that he had read every one of Alger's books. Doubtless he will grow up to be a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

We must confess, however, that our own melancholy as we contemplate this example of the transitoriness of literary fame is purely sentimental, and that it does not spring from any faith in either the aesthetic merits of the works themselves or in their capacity to elevate the moral standards of their readers. We once read all of them on which it was possible to lay our hands and we read them with a passionate loyalty, but it is hard even to remember what their charm was or why we did not simply read the same one over again as often as the need to read anything arose. The formula was invariable, and always involved, first, the rescue of the banker's daughter from a mad dog or a runaway horse, and then a false suspicion of theft which raised its ugly head against our hero. Alger is said to have been distressed all his life with the desire to do "serious work", but we know of one one who ever revealed less promise, and it is our considered belief that the literary value of his novels is about to near absolute zero as it is possible for anything composed in intelligible sentences to be.

Neither, for that matter, are we aware that our moral tone was stiffened, or that we would have been any more efficient in handling a mad dog than we would have been if we had spent all our time in the company of Old King Brady. Putting aside the nice ethical questions involved in the effort to evaluate the exact degree of moral beauty to be discovered in the general injunction "Be good so you can get rich," it is to be observed that all Alger's insistence upon the duty of thrift did not prevent him from being extremely improvident or from dying poor, and we are inclined to believe that the effect of his work could be pretty accurately measured by its effect upon him. If detective novels and gangster movies do the youth of the land no more harm than the Alger books did their

THE CYNICAL YOUNGEST GENERATION
(Continued)

fathers good, then the youngest generation is safe.

From the collection of Max Goldberg
* * * * *

PETER AND STEVEN

William DiCarlo of Revere, secretary of the 1970 Convention Committee, is the father of two very good boys. They are Peter, Age 9 and Steven, aged 8.

Peter is a cub scout, a Little Leaguer and a member of the Point of Pines Bowling League, reputedly an excellent scholar and lover of exciting juvenile books. He weighs 100 lbs.

Steven who is almost Peter's twin, is also a cub scout and a member of the Point of Pines Bowling League. He is a good student and shares Peter's books and enjoyment of reading them and, of course, let's his older brother read his books. He weighs only 70 lbs. but believes that he will tip the scales at Peter's 100 lbs. next year.

"Bill" who operates two of the best night clubs at Revere Beach, family affairs, which will be available at special rates plus an "early" variety show for our conventioners with no cover charge, and his wife are setting a good example for their two boys. There is no generation gap in that family.

"Bill" a popular Kiwanian and its 2nd vice-president in Revere, is building an Horatio Alger shelf for his two boys in their "advanced" playroom. Their present playroom is filled with toys and sports paraphanlia suited to their ages. The adjoining room will contain a framed Alger poster and the proposed bookshelf of well-preserved Alger books. "Bill" has only four right now but will buy a total of 25, arranged alphabetically. When either boy does something outstanding or wins honors in school or on the playing school, he will be given one of

of the books (his choice) and will record the date when it becomes his personal property on the inside of its cover.

The two boys will join the Junior Alger Society, when formed, as charter members.

Con't from page 5

SOME ADVICE FROM AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD
ALGER COLLECTOR (Continued)

never known before. Nice guys finish last? It seems that I came out ahead, doesn't it?

Of course, I'm not implying that anybody who doesn't own a rare Horatio Alger book or who doesn't know a lot about Alger is a hard boiled individual who can't get along with anybody. Furthermore, I do not even KNOW of any Alger collector who possesses the before mentioned characteristics. The only collectors I know personally are the ones who were at the convention in Kalamazoo, and they ALL possess attributes at the other end of the scale. In fact, this was written partly to show my appreciation to these people for their kindness. Also, I Hope that you do not infer from this article that I am an egocentric person who likes to tell everybody else how to run their lives. Nothing could be further from the truth!!! I'm just voicing my opinion that one is liable to RECEIVE a little more, if he gives a little more.

Therefore, in summing things up, just try to be pleasant in all your dealings with people, whether they are in regard to the buying and selling of Horatio Alger books or not. You'll make more friends and you'll find that people will be cooperative in helping you. After all, do you think that "Ragged Dick" would have achieved his success if he was surly to all his bootblacking customers? Think about it.

* * * * *

FROM THE COLLECTION OF PAST NEWSBOY
PRESIDENT MAX GOLDBERG-----

KIWANIS PROJECT TO MEMORIALIZE
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Nearly 70 years after his death, the work of Horatio Alger, Jr., Revere's most prominent native, goes on through others imbued with his concern and love for youth. It is most fitting that the work should go on right here in Revere where Alger's own life began.

As a result of a recommendation by Max Goldberg of Natick, president of the Horatio Alger Society, the Revere Kiwanis Club will undertake as its major project for youth in 1969, the establishment of a youth center as a memorial to Horatio Alger, Jr.

The recommendation came at a recent Kiwanis meeting when Goldberg was the guest speaker on the topic "Horatio Alger, Jr. and the Great American Dream."

Immediately named to the committee to organize the project were City Librarian John Keating, chairman, who suggested Goldberg's talk to the Kiwanians; former Mayor and present Ass't. City Solicitor Joseph W. DiCarlo; City Councilor William P. DiCarlo; ex-officio Kiwanis President Michael Zaccaria; and Kiwanis Historian "George C. Clarke.

Goldberg told the Revere Kiwanians that he and his associates hoped to perpetuate the ideas and ideals of Alger through an Alger revival and republication of the famous author's books.

The speaker also invited the club members to visit the grave of Alger in South Natick in mid-July when the society will hold a prayer exercise. Arrangements are already underway for an exchange of visits between the Natick and Revere-Chelsea Kiwanis Clubs under the direction of Revere Kiwanians Ralph Azccheo. The Natick club will feature Governor-elect Daniel Davis, one of their members as the speaker at Revere with Goldberg asked to supplement his remarks on the topic "Why an Alger Revival".

At the Grendale Cemetery in Natick, where the ashes of Alger are interred. Historian Clarke will be the speaker in July, with the Kiwanis Clubs of Revere Chelsea, Natick, Marlboro and Dover in attendance.

In his talk to the Revere Kiwanians, Goldberg traced Alger's life from his birthday on a Friday - the 13th - in January at 33 Beach Street, Revere, through school and college, in the ministry, as a writer and editor, a newspaperman, and author of 116 books on boys which benefited needy boys on the streets of New York in the 1880's and 1890's.

Alger was an honor student at Harvard University, graduating in 1852 ranking eighth in his class and composer of the class ode. He later wrote much poetry, including several war songs that were popular during the Civil War.

He found employment after graduation as a tutor and as a classroom teacher, eventually becoming the headmaster of the famous Deerfield Academy. He attended the Cambridge Divinity School at the insistence of his father, Rev. Horatio Alger, Sr., who served the North Chelsea Unitarian Church, now the Masonic Temple, and also was Revere's first postmaster when this area was known as North Chelsea.

Young Alger became a dropout from divinity school, really preferring teaching, but again he demurred to his father's wishes and returned to graduate. He served first in Brewster on Cape Cod as a clergyman and then at Dover, but later gave his full time to writing.

Alger's formula for success emphasized in his many books was "hard work, thrift, study and honesty". His first outstanding literary offering was "Ragged Dick" based on his observations of the life of the street boys of New York. Then came "Tattered Tom" which together with "Phil, the Peddler" caused public uproar and resulted in the first law against cruelty to children.

Alger died on July 18, 1899 at his sister's home in Natick.

(continued from p. 10)

"No, I am not afraid."

Little Phil turned to go out, and the merchant resumed his writing. He did not hear the door close, and it was only when the letter was finished that he was aware that the boy was gone. Then his heart smote him a little, for he was a kind-hearted man, and he has not failed to notice the boy's slender wardrobe.

"He must be very poor. It wouldn't have harmed me to give him half a dollar or so. I have no doubt he needs it." But the thought came too late, for Phil was half a mile away by this time.

Unfortunately the poor are too numerous in our large cities for the thought of one to remain long in the remembrance even of a kind-hearted man, so Mr. Ambrose continued his writing, and the day's business soon absorbed his attention, to the exclusion of everything else.

Little Phil made one more application, not wholly without good results. His application for a place was refused, but he was asked if he knew the way to Broad street.

There were few streets in the lower part of the city that Phil didn't know, and he answered in the affirmative.

"Here is a letter that I want delivered immediately," said the gentleman to whom he had applied. "Can you go at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"There isn't any money in it, so it wouldn't be worth your while to open it."

Little Phil's face flushed at the suspicion.

"If there was a thousand dollars," he said, "and I could take it just as well as not, I wouldn't do it."

"All right, I hope you wouldn't but you are a stranger to me, and I don't know whether you are honest or not."

"I'll carry the letter safe, sir."

"Very well. Here's fifteen cents to pay for your trouble."



"Thank you, sir. Is there any answer?"

"No."

Phil delivered the letter and as it was getting towards noon he went into a baker's shop and invested a part of his money in rolls. He bought besides a large, red apple, with which he hoped to tempt his mother's appetite. Provided with these, he went home.

It was a very tall tenement house, the home of some thirty families, where he lived. He had five flights of stairs to ascend. At the head of the fifth landing he opened the door of a back room, and entered.

"Is that you, Phil?" asked a

"Is that you, Phil?" asked a feeble voice from a bed.

"Yes, mother. How do you feel?"

"A little better, I think."

"Have you any appetite, mother? I've got some nice rolls here. If we only had a fire, I could toast some slices, but then we haven't got any butter."

"Never mind, Phil, I think I can eat one as it is."

Little Phil sat down by the bed, and the two ate their plain dinner. Mrs. Weston didn't feel quite equal to eating the apples, though she tasted it and pronounced it nice. She was not dangerously sick, but had an attack of rheumatism, which the lack of a fire and other home comforts had aggravated. Under more favorable circumstances she would have recovered before this.

"Isn't it cold out, Phil?" she asked. "Poor boy, you must suffer with your thin clothes."

"O, I'm tough, mother," said Phil, cheerfully. "I can stand it."

"I wonder when our trials will be over," sighed Mrs. Weston. "It's strange we don't hear from your father's friend in Calcutta. He would help us I know."

"What was his name, mother?"

"Thomas Howland. Your father helped him to the position by which he has acquired wealth, little dream-

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(Continued, p. 12)

ing that the time would come when his own family would need the necessities of life."

"When did you write Mr. Towland, mother?"

"Nearly a year ago. I hope he is not dead. If so, our last hope of earthly assistance is gone."

"Don't worry, mother, even if you don't hear from him," said Phil, manfully. "I will take care of you!"

"I'm ready for it," said Phil, stoutly. "Things don't look very bright, mother, but tomorrow is Christmas, and something may happen to make it merry. I'm going out this afternoon, and I'll try hard to earn a half dollar, so that we can have something good for dinner tomorrow."

Phil's bright and hopeful spirit was contagious, and insensibly his mother came to hope that something might happen by tomorrow that might make their prospects look more favorable.

Out into the cold streets little Phil went once more. He looked out eagerly for a job that would bring him the coveted half dollar. But hour after hour of the short afternoon passed, and still he remained idle. Six o'clock struck, and the long twilight had settled down upon the streets. The shop windows were ablaze with light. Little Phil paused before one of them, thinking how glad he would be if he could live as comfortably as the well-dressed people who were selecting presents for children inside. It was so cold outside that he thought he would venture in a moment to warm himself. There were so many customers that he thought he should be unnoticed in the throng. But a clerk espied him, and said, roughly, "Clear out of here, you young rascal; we can't have any of your thievish tricks in this store."

"I am no thief," said little Phil, indignantly.

"Then what are you here for," said



the clerk, with a sneer. "You did not come in to buy, I judge from your looks."

"No," said Phil, "I have no money."

"Then you came to steal."

"I didn't. I never stole in my life. I came because I was cold. I wanted to warm myself."

"Then go somewhere else and get warm," was the unfeeling reply. "If you stay here, I'll warm your jacket for you."

There was no appeal, and little Phil was about to obey the rough command, when a gentleman of middle age, who had listened in silence to the colloquy, said, "No, my little fellow, don't go out. Stay here til you are warm, and I will guarantee your honesty. The man that would drive you out such a cold night as this, deserves to be put out himself."

The clerk turned pale with rage, but did not venture to say anything as the gentleman had just bought several articles of value. As for Phil, he looked gratefully at his new friend, and said simply, "You are very kind, sir."

"Come here a minute," continued

"Come here a minute," continued the gentleman, "I wish to speak to you."

The gentleman drew a little aside from the throng of customers, and began to question Phil.

"You are very poor, are you not?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you parents living?"

"Only a mother, and she is sick."

"Where do you live?"

Phil told him.

"Do you have a fire?"

"No sir; we haven't money enough to buy any wood."

"It is so warm where I have been living that the poor never suffer from cold."

"Where is that, sir?" Phil ventured to inquire.

"In a city that perhaps you never heard of, many thousand miles away, Calcutta."

"Calcutta!" repeated Phil eager-

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ly. "Did you know Mr. Thomas Howland there?"

The gentleman looked very much surprised.

"What do you know of him?" he asked.

Then Phil told him all about the letter his mother had written to Mr. Howland, who was her husband's friend, and how she had been waiting patiently for an answer, that had never come.

"Is it possible that you are my friend Weston's son?" ejaculated the gentleman with evident emotion.

"Your friend!" exclaimed Phil, in surprise. "Did you know my father?"

"I am the very Thomas Howland you were inquiring for."

"O, how glad mother will be!" said Phil, his face lighting up with joy.

"Did you get her letter?"

"No, my boy; otherwise it should have been my first care to answer it. You must tell me again about your mother."

Phil told the whole story now, and to sympathizing ears. When he had finished, Mr. Howland said, "I am rich, Phil, and it is mainly due to your father, who gave me my first start in life. Remembering that, I will take care that your mother and you, shall never want again. And now suppose we plan a little Christmas surprise for your mother. "You must induce her to hang up her stocking, and let her find this in it in the morning. Later in the day I will call".

He took out a fifty dollar bill and handed it to Phil, with a dollar besides to use at once.

With joyful steps little Phil hurried homeward, stopping on the way to get a little tea, and sugar, and bread.

"What success, Phil?" asked Mrs. Weston, as he entered the little room.

"I've got money enough to buy these," said Phil, showing his parcels. "I'll go down to Mrs. Connor's room, and get leave to make some tea by her fire. I know it'll



do you good. I'll make some toast, too. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes, I think I should, Phil," she said.

Phil went down, and soon returned with a small teapot full of tea and some slices of toast which afforded a supper both enjoyed.

"I believe my appetite is coming back," said Mrs. Weston. "I feel better tonight than I have for some time."

"So do I," said Phil, smiling mysteriously. "I think, mother, that our troubles are over, and we shall get along hereafter."

"I hope so, Phil." But it was not in a very sanguine manner that she spoke.

"Mother," said Phil, a little later, "I want you to hang up your stocking tonight".

"What for?" asked Mrs. Weston surprised.

"Because it is Christmas eve, and you may get a present."

"I'm afraid there is little chance of that."

"But you'll let me hang up the stocking?"

"Certainly, my dear child, if you desire it."

It occurred to Mrs. Weston that possibly Phil might have bought her some trifle, and for this reason she consented to his request.

When his mother was fairly asleep, Phil got up and creeping to the nail on which his mother's stocking was suspended, slyly put therein the fifty dollar bill. In the morning he was early awake. Dressing himself, he went to his mother's room.

"Have you looked in your stocking yet, mother?" he asked.

"Not yet, Phil. You may bring it to me, but I think we shall find it as empty as when it was hung up."

Phil brought the stocking and his mother put in her hand. Her fingers closed upon something, and she drew it out.

"What does this mean?" she asked,

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GOD BLESS YOU

bewildered. "A fifty dollar bill! Is it good?"

"I'll bet it's good," said Phil, enjoying his "mother's" surprise.

"Didn't I tell you you'd find something?"

"But how came it there?"

Phil wouldn't tell at first, but finally he explained how it all came about, but as the reader knows all about this, we need not repeat.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Weston, fervently. "He has indeed sent me a friend in the hour of need."

"How mother," said Phil, "we will have a jolly Christmas dinner."

"I wish I was well enough to cook one."

"So do I, but your sickness won't prevent our having it. I know an eating-house close by where we can get some roast turkey and plum-pudding for two. About noon I'll take some dishes and go and get some."

Phil did as he had arranged, and by one o'clock the little table was spread in the middle of the room, with a nice Christmas dinner, such as might have tempted anybody's appetite. It was a great treat for Phil and his mother, neither of whom had eaten anything so good for many a long day. It was indeed a merry Christmas, and I know a great many fine houses here the day was not so happily spent as in that little, plain room, up four flights of stairs.

But it will be useless to look for Phil and his mother in that little room today. They have moved into much more comfortable quarters, and henceforth their comfort is assured by Mr. Norland, who is both able and willing to help his friend's widow and son. Little Phil no longer goes shivering about the streets but is warmly clad, and attends a good school, where I hope he is laying the foundation of a noble, useful manhood.



There are many little Phils in our towns and cities. Let us hope that God will send some of them a merry Christmas through the agency of these little hearts shall be touched by the noble spirit of charity, which the day shall fitly teach.

(The error of "five flights" and "four flights" of stairs is Algor's own, and I fit as it was writ December, 1867, "Student and Schoolmate". Trusting Algor will forgive Cliver optic and me, for not dropping the other shoe.) Contributed: I. Curran

May peace encircle the world



and men walk hand in hand



May the living Bond of Brotherhood



reach out from every land