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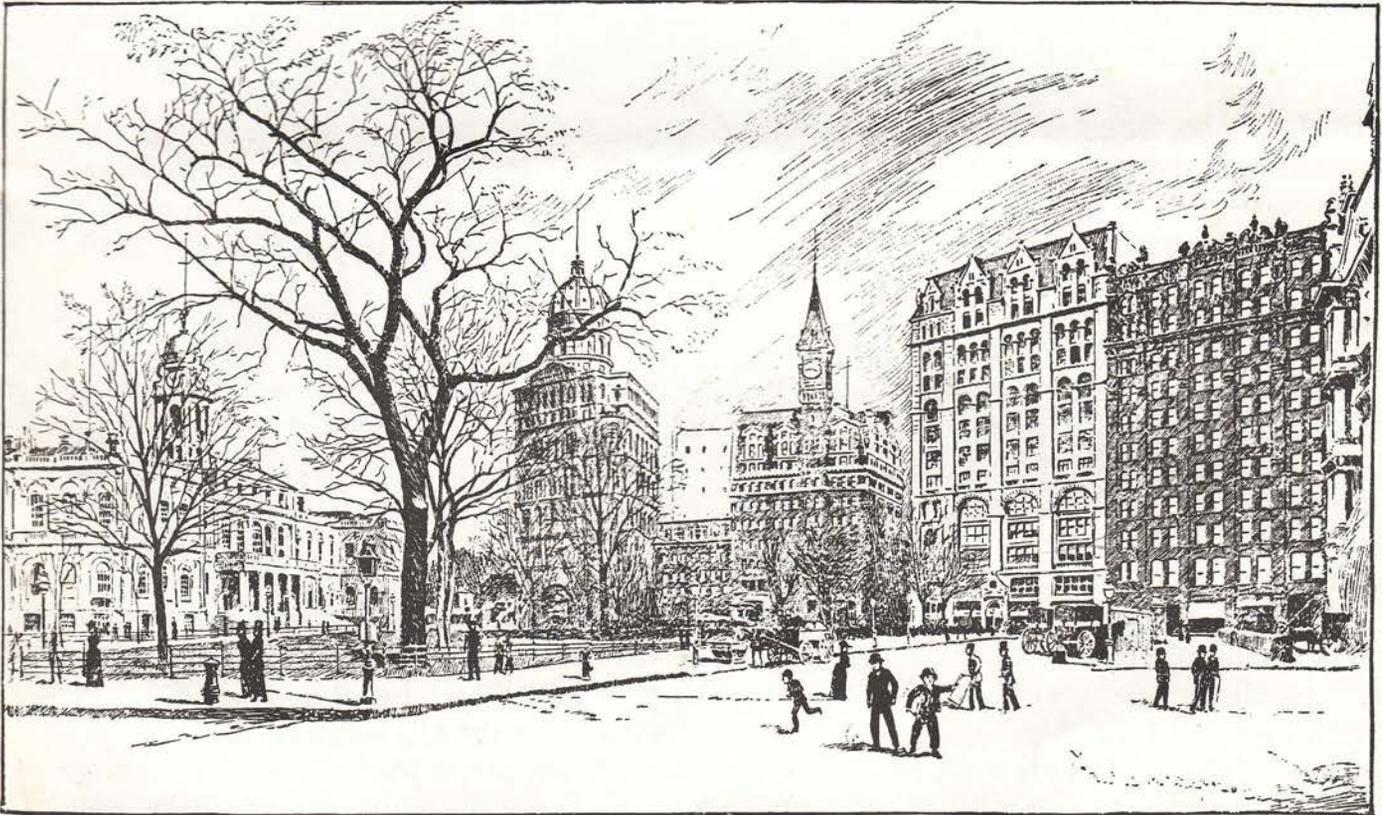
1832 - 1899

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

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THE CENTER OF NEW YORK JOURNALISM--SHOWING THE HOMES OF THE "WORLD," THE "SUN," THE "TRIBUNE," THE "MORNING JOURNAL,"
THE "TIMES," AND THE "PRESS."

Edward Stratemeyer and His Boys and Girls Series

By Terry A. Stillman

Reprinted from *AB Bookman's Weekly*, the national book trade magazine, November 9, 1987.

[Terry Stillman is the managing partner of Stillman Books, a general, secondhand bookstore in Vancouver, British Columbia, in Canada. He specialized in children's books and detective fiction before opening the general shop in 1981, and he continues those two specialties. — JLC]

A considerable amount of book collecting is prompted by a strong sense of nostalgia — often, the fond memories of youth. For those people who can remember anxiously awaiting the arrival of the *Boys' Own Annual* or its American equivalent *Chums*, it's a natural reaction to want to buy a volume when it turns up somewhere in your adult years. Once you've bought and perused one volume — or, perhaps, devoured it — it's so easy to go just a little out of your way to find another one, then another one. Soon, you may be diligently searching for the exact volume that you received for your 10th birthday and which started your interest and enthusiasm for that particular publication in the first place.

Or, perhaps you remember best the small shelf of classics in your bedroom. You recall the many enjoyable hours you spent immersed in *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, *Black Beauty*, *Heidi*, *Little Women*, and *Call of the Wild*. You may wish you'd kept all those childhood favorites, and, wouldn't it be great to have them again, the old editions with the beautiful illustrations. Maybe you could convince your children to read them!

Children's books just may be the most ardently and ambitiously sought-after classification of books. Those books that have

been lovingly written and illustrated for children can be a joy forever. This is particularly true of those many excellent stories and exquisite illustrations that emerged from the Golden Age of children's literature between 1900 and 1930. The collecting possibilities from this period alone are almost endless, and the many beautiful books created in this period have proven to be very popular with collectors for the last 20 years.

Also from this period, and extending into a somewhat later time, there emerged another type of children's book which, although far from being beautiful and admittedly lacking in literary merit, is suddenly being avidly collected by nostalgia-minded adults. These are the "series books" for boys and girls.

How many people could have grown up in North America in the 20th Century without being familiar with *The Hardy Boys*, *Nancy Drew*, *Tom Swift*, *The Dana Girls* and *The Bobbsey Twins*? These are just a few of the many series books published, but they are probably the best known overall. There's a good chance that you read some of the books in one or more of the series when you were between the ages of seven and 14. But, aside from the characters in the stories, how much do you really know about these series? If the urge to collect them again should strike you, there are some things you should know which will make collecting them much more interesting.

You may recall that both the *Nancy Drew Mystery Stories* and the *Dana Girls Mystery Stories* were written by Carolyn Keene. Laura Lee Hope wrote *The Bobbsey Twins*; Franklin W. Dixon wrote *The*

Hardy Boys; and the *Tom Swift* stories were written by Victor Appleton. But did you know that not one of these people actually existed? The authors' names were created at the same time as the series names and the names of the characters.

One man was behind the creation of all the above series, as well as dozens of other series. He was a man with too many ideas and not enough time to turn all his ideas into books himself. The man was Edward Stratemeyer and his solution to this dilemma was to start the Stratemeyer Syndicate in 1906.

Using ghost writers who worked from his story outlines, Stratemeyer was responsible for the publication of hundreds of titles under pseudonyms such as Carolyn Keene and Franklin W. Dixon. When he died in 1930, the Stratemeyer Syndicate continued under Edward Stratemeyer's daughter, Harriet S. Adams. When she died in 1982, the Syndicate's Library contained over 1,200 books either written or inspired by Edward Stratemeyer and his daughter.

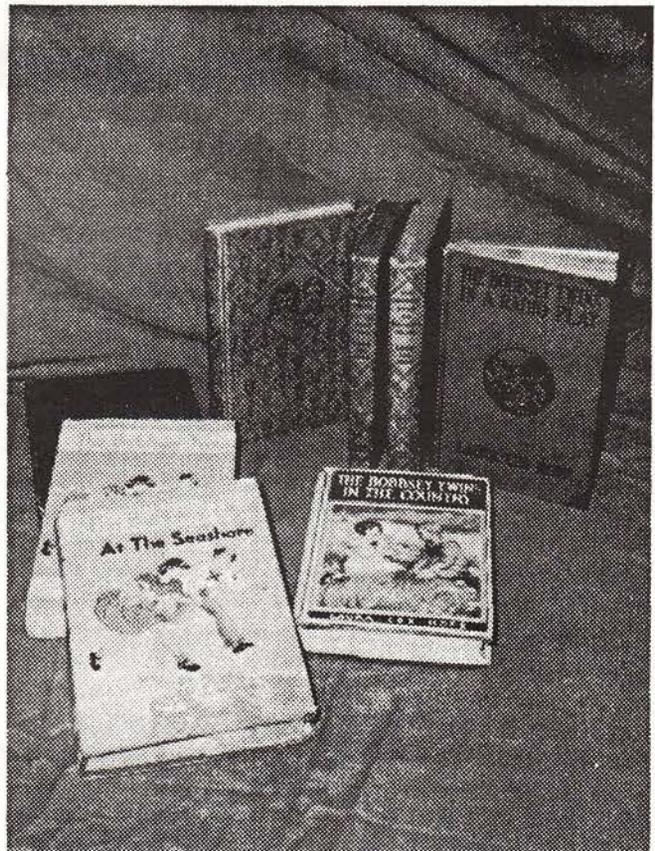
It's unlikely that even Edward Stratemeyer could have envisaged just how successful his brainchild would become when he started it all in 1906. But even then, Stratemeyer had already achieved a great measure of success as a writer of books and serials for magazines. He'd started the *Rover Boys* series in 1899 (a series that included 30 titles by 1926) and issued titles in the "Colonial" series, "Old Glory" series, "Frontier" series, "Pan-American" series and his "Popular" series. He'd completed a manuscript left incomplete at the time of William T. Adams' death (*An Undivided Union*, an Oliver Optic story, 1899), and he'd also completed 11 titles consigned to him by the estate of Horatio Alger, Jr. From this latter experience, came the idea for his syndicate.

As a writer, Stratemeyer had earned a

few dollars for completing books for the Alger estate — the estate got most of the profits from the books. Why not turn things around? He'd create the characters and write the plot outlines, then hire some writers to complete the stories, edit them himself and sell them to publishers.

He would insist on total ownership of the books; pay the writers a flat rate per book and never permit a writer to sign his own name to a book. He'd give the author a pseudonym, make sure it was copyrighted, and insist on a release of all rights to the manuscript. Writers were always destitute; they'd go for the idea without complaint.

To quote Leslie McFarlane, one of those



THE BOBBSEY TWINS series appeared in a number of printings, including a Goldsmith edition from the early 1940s, shown on the left, and two different Grosset & Dunlap editions.

hired writers, "The notion was epic in its simplicity — one of the great merchandising ideas in the history of American publishing. A stocky, nearsighted, incredibly imaginative man, in his own peculiar field, Stratemeyer had the soul of a sales genius."

Further, Stratemeyer intended to cut into the publishers' profits as well. He would electroplate the books himself, then lease, not sell, the plates.

Lastly, and of extreme importance, he would not make the mistake of creating an individual hero for each book. Think how much more successful Horatio Alger could have been had he written 10 or twenty books about the adventures of *Ragged Dick* instead of just one. No, Stratemeyer vowed to think only in terms of series.

As an additional refinement to his series plan, Stratemeyer had another excellent sales idea. It was one he'd used before with his *Rover Boys* series and he called it his "Breeder Technique."

He would give the plot outlines and character details for three books to a ghost writer, then issue these three titles simultaneously, each book promoting the other two titles in the new series.

So, in 1906, Edward Stratemeyer established the offices for his Syndicate in East Orange, New Jersey. He launched a new series, *The Motor Boys*, under the pseudonym Clarence Young and convinced Cupplies and Leon to publish the first three volumes (breeders) in hardcover at 50 cents each.

This was another revolutionary idea of Stratemeyer's. Hardcover sales of his *Rover Boys* series had been lagging at one dollar each. Perhaps boys didn't have quite enough pocket money to buy many dollar books. Why not make it on volume! The *Motor Boys* took off immediately and didn't slow down for nearly 20 years. The series eventually included 22 titles, went through 35 editions and sold five million

copies. The Stratemeyer Syndicate released five other new series in 1906 and was on its way to becoming the single biggest influence in American juvenile literature.

The *Jack Ranger* series followed in 1907, and in 1908, Stratemeyer turned his *Rover Boys* series over to Grosset & Dunlap from the Mershon Company. Grosset & Dunlap agreed to reprint the first 11 titles and add new ones, selling all the *Rover Boys* for 50 cents each. This series immediately began to match the astronomical sales figures of *The Motor Boys*.

Tom Swift, Boy Inventor

But the Golden Years of the Stratemeyer Syndicate were still to come. The first blockbuster series began in 1910 with the introduction of Tom Swift, a young inventor who lived with his father, Barton Swift, on the outskirts of the small town of Shopton in New York State. A description of our hero from a Grosset & Dunlap advertisement tells us that:

Tom Swift, known to millions of boys of this generation, is a bright ingenious youth, whose inventions, discoveries and thrilling adventures carry him to many strange places.

The first five titles in the series were published by Grosset & Dunlap in 1910 and boys across America were scrambling to get their hands on every book as soon as possible. Throughout the series, Tom Swift is continually on the cutting edge of new advancements and discoveries in the fields of transportation and communications. In his very informative book *Tom Swift & Company*, John Dizer explains, "In a sense, Tom was all of the rugged individualists of the time who dared to dream and plan the struggle and create."

Dizer states that Howard Garis (creator of Uncle Wiggily) did much contract writing for Edward Stratemeyer and apparently worked on about 36 of the original Tom Swift books. Volume 38, the last of the

hardcover books, was published in 1935, but two *Better Little Books* were issued in 1939 and 1941 by Whitman. The latter two stories were written by Harriet S. Adams, Stratemeyer's younger daughter, and by then, head of the Syndicate.

It is interesting to note that not all of the 38 original Tom Swift books published by Grosset & Dunlap are available in the familiar tan binding. This uniform binding was only used through number 35. The last three titles were printed only in orange bindings. Whitman seems to have reprinted nine to 11 titles and these were published in different sizes as well as several different colored bindings.

Deidre Johnson in her book *Stratemeyer Pseudonyms and Series Books* states that Whitman reprinted volumes 29-38 from the Grosset & Dunlap list and possibly volume six for a total of 11 titles. However, John Dizer relates that Andrew E. Svenson of the Stratemeyer Syndicate wrote him that Whitman reprinted volumes 6, 29-34, 36, 37, for a total of nine titles.

The *Tom Swift* series is said to have sold about 20 million copies under the pseudonym Victor Appleton and certainly reaped great financial gains for the Stratemeyer Syndicate.

In 1954, 13 years after the last Tom Swift title was published, the Syndicate started a new series based on the exploits of Tom Swift, Jr., then 18 years of age. Tom Swift, Sr. appeared in the series as a minor character. The Grosset & Dunlap advertisements announced:

Tom Swift — boy genius — outsmarts evil scientists, solves confounding mysteries, and builds incredible rocket ships, atomic energy plants, submarines, airplanes, robots, and mind-boggling inventions for the good of mankind.

Five "breeders" for the series were issued in 1954 and the series eventually included 33 hardcover titles, the last being released in 1971. These books were,

appropriately enough, authored by Victor Appleton, Jr., who, according to the dust jackets, was the nephew of Victor Appleton. In reality, the series represented the joint work of Harriet Adams and Andrew Svenson, Stratemeyer Syndicate partners, with the help of some half dozen different writers over the life of the series.

Many of the Tom Swift, Jr. adventures are still available today in hardcover. As well, Tempo Books reprinted several titles in paperback, beginning in 1973. In 1981, Wanderer Books (Simon & Schuster's paperback imprint) began issuing new titles in the Tom Swift, Jr. series.

The Bobbsey Twins

In 1913, the *Bobbsey Twins* were beginning to capture the hearts of American youngsters. A Grosset & Dunlap advertisement invited us to:

Meet Freddie, Flossie, Nan and Bert, the two sets of twins, as they go from one exciting adventure to another.

Chronologically, the *Bobbsey Twins* series began before the Tom Swift series; however, the series didn't really take off until after the publishing rights were transferred to Grosset & Dunlap. In 1904, Edward Stratemeyer wrote *The Bobbsey Twins, or, Merry Days Indoors and Out* (the only Bobbsey Twins book with a subtitle). Mershon Co. published the first volume and its sequel, *The Bobbsey Twins in the Country* in 1904. In 1907, Chatterton-Peck Co. published volume 3, *The Bobbsey Twins at the Seashore*.

In 1908, Grosset & Dunlap acquired the rights to the series and reprinted volumes 1, 2, and 3. It wasn't until 1913, however, that new titles were issued. *The Bobbsey Twins at School* and *The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge* were published that year and volume six followed in 1915. From that time onward, one or two titles appeared every year from Grosset & Dunlap until 1979 with the issuance of volume 72, *The Bobbsey Twins: The Coral Turtle Mystery*. Subsequent titles in the series have been

published in paperback by Wanderer Books.

The publishing history of *The Bobbsey Twins* series is indeed an impressive one. It has the most volumes, the most reprint publishers, the most title changes, the most revisions of a single volume, and the longest run of any Stratemeyer or Stratemeyer Syndicate series. The series has sold more than 50 million copies and has been translated into several languages, including Dutch and German.

In 1928, Grosset & Dunlap published a new and enlarged edition of the first Bobbsey Twins title. In 1940, Donohue, Saalfeld and Goldsmith were three publishers who issued reprints of the first three titles in the series. Whitman also issued volume one.

In 1950, Whitman reprinted the first three books, and Grosset & Dunlap issued revised editions of the same three volumes. In 1954, Whitman again reprinted volumes one, two and three, and by then the series had grown to 48 titles. At least 15 of these were written by Harriet S. Adams. Lillian Garis had also written many volumes, occasionally assisted by her husband Howard — he was already busy writing Tom Swift and Uncle Wiggily stories.

The Hardy Boys

Another writer who contributed substantially in the Stratemeyer publishing scheme was Canadian author, Leslie McFarlane. In the spring of 1926, McFarlane had just arrived in Springfield, Massachusetts, when he answered an ad in the trade journal *Editor and Publisher* for an experienced fiction writer who could work from a publisher's outlines. He was soon writing *Dave Fearless* books for Edward Stratemeyer under the name Roy Rockwood (author of the popular *Bomba, the Jungle Boy* series). These books were published as paper editions and McFarlane received \$100 a book. He completed

volumes 10, 11 and 12 in 1926 before Stratemeyer asked McFarlane to write the three breeders for a new series under the pseudonym Franklin W. Dixon. The first three titles of *The Hardy Boys* were published simultaneously in 1927. McFarlane eventually completed the stories for about 20 *Hardy Boys* adventures, receiving \$125 (later \$150) per book. His last involvement with the *Hardy Boys* was with *The Phantom Freighter*, published in 1947, but written in 1946 when McFarlane was on location in Nova Scotia, directing a documentary film for the National Film Board of Canada.

The first 11 volumes of *The Hardy Boys* were developed by Edward Stratemeyer before his death in May, 1930. When Stratemeyer died of pneumonia, his age matched the 68 pen names he had used during his lifetime, including 47 that had been Stratemeyer Syndicate house names. The Stratemeyer Syndicate continued *The Hardy Boys* series, with both Harriet Adams and Andrew Svenson becoming involved in the writing of later volumes.

Grosset & Dunlap published 58 *Hardy Boys* titles in hardcover for the Stratemeyer Syndicate, volume 58 being issued in 1979. Since then, Wanderer Books has published several more titles in paperback format. Worldwide, *The Hardy Boys* series has sold well over 50 million copies and volume one alone has sold nearly two million copies.

Nancy Drew

Before his death, Ed Stratemeyer created the first three titles in a new series. *The Nancy Drew Mystery Stories* soon became one of the top series on the market. Harriet S. Adams took over the writing of the Nancy Drew stories as Carolyn Keene and worked on all the stories up until her death in 1982. *Nancy Drew* grew to become the biggest-selling series for girls and worldwide sales exceed 60 million copies.

Grosset & Dunlap published the first

three titles of the *Nancy Drew* series in 1930 and issued the last hardcover, *The Thirteenth Pearl*, volume 56, in 1979. Since then, Wanderer Books has published several new titles in paperback format.

Because Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys were selling so well in the early 1930s, the Syndicate decided to combine the elements of both and created *The Dana Girls* series. Jean and Louise Dana attended Starhurst Boarding School and solved mysteries between classes. Grosset & Dunlap advertised this brand-new exciting series by Carolyn Keene with the following description:

Readers of Nancy Drew need no assurance that the adventures of resourceful Louise Dana and her irrepressible sister Jean are packed with thrills, excitement and mystery. Every girl will love these fascinating stories which tell how the Dana girls, like Nancy Drew herself, meet and match the challenge of each strange new mystery.

Harriet S. Adams asked Leslie McFarlane in 1934 to write three breeders for the new series. Although McFarlane did write these, as well as volume four, he soon begged off to let someone else continue the series. In his autobiography, *Ghost of the Hardy Boys*, McFarlane admitted to feeling foolish writing as Carolyn Keene and he was glad to put his Franklin W. Dixon cap on again. Harriet Adams wrote the remaining 30 titles of the Dana Girls.

Although it never came close to rivaling Nancy Drew in popularity and sales figures, *The Dana Girls* series was enough in demand to weather the tough publishing times of the Depression and World War II when many of the Stratemeyer series were dropped. By 1945, only five series survived: *The Bobbsey Twins*, *The Hardy Boys*, *Honey Bunch*, *Nancy Drew* and *The Dana Girls*.

The original publications of *The Dana Girls* had a greenish cloth binding with a

silhouette of two girls on the front cover and came with a colorful dust jacket. Between 1972 and 1975, the Dana Girls series was renumbered: the first 16 volumes and volume 18 were allowed to go out of print, while volumes 17 and 19 through 30 were reissued as volumes one through 13, in a slightly different series order. Volumes 31 to 34 appeared thus as volumes 14 through 17, the last volume, *The Witch's Omen*, being published in 1979.

With regard to *The Bobbsey Twins*, *The Hardy Boys* and the *Nancy Drew* series, mention must be made of revisions. In fact, the single most important consideration for buyers of these series today is that the reprints available in new bookstores, in many cases, are not the identical stories that you read as a child.

In the late 1950s, The Stratemeyer Syndicate began rewriting its three most popular and longest-running series. There was considerable editing and updating of the original texts, and, in some instances, the plots were altered and peripheral characters were changed or deleted. The length of the books was reduced by about one-fifth. The alterations involved nearly 100 titles and continued into the 1970s.

As mentioned previously, volumes one, two and three of *The Bobbsey Twins* were revised when reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap in 1950. Volume one, the only story issued with a subtitle, was published without the subtitle for the first time. In 1955, volumes six and 16 were revised, volume 10 in 1959, and five more volumes in 1960. Most of the first 25 titles were updated, and, in some cases, almost entirely rewritten. Even the 1950 editions of the first three books were revised again in 1961 and 1962.

The two pairs of Bobbsey twins jumped from ages four and eight to ages six and 12. The roles of some characters were altered; ethnic slurs, dated references and extraneous material were removed. Starting in 1960, the titles were often changed

too, often simply by adding the word "mystery" or "adventure" to the original title.

One of the most glaring rewrites concerns volume 17, *The Bobbsey Twins and Baby May*. The original story had the Bobbsey Twins discovering and caring for an abandoned infant. The revised story, retitled *The Bobbsey Twins Adventures with Baby May*, concerns a theft and a stolen elephant.

Not all of the earlier titles were updated; instead, like the Dana Girls series, a number of titles were allowed to go out of print. Out of the 72 volumes that Grosset & Dunlap had published by 1979, their 1979-80 catalogue listed only 49 titles as available: volumes 1-20, 24-25, 27 and 49-72. The 1985-86 *Books in Print* lists only 48 of these titles in print (plus 12 new paperback titles published by Wanderer Books).

The Syndicate began revising the earlier Hardy Boys stories in 1959 with the reissue of volumes one and two. When the revisions ended in 1973, 38 books had been updated and some altered substantially. A chart, "Dates of originals and rewrites," in the Spring 1981 issue of *The Mystery and Adventure Series Review* describes 15 of the first 24 revisions as "wholly different" from the original editions; another four as "drastically altered." Only eight of the entire 38 revisions are listed as "slightly altered."

At the end of his autobiography, Leslie McFarlane describes a scene between himself and Bob Stall, a young staff writer for *Weekend Magazine*. Their conversation took place in 1974 and McFarlane relates Stall's indignation at what the Stratemeyer Syndicate had done to the Hardy Boys stories he had grown up with. Parents and grandparents today who want their children and grandchildren to enjoy the books of their childhood may want to consider Bob Stall's comments:

I've compared all my original copies,

the ones I read when I was a kid, with all the new ones. They haven't just been streamlined. They've been gutted from beginning to end. Those old books were well written. They had words you could roll around in your mouth and taste. They had funny scenes. They had scenes you could wallow in. These new ones move faster, all right, but too fast. There's never a place to stop and linger. That's why the old ones were so great for a kid. They had flavor. And now the flavor is all gone.

Leslie McFarlane expressed his regret that all the humor which he had so fondly worked into the stories had almost disappeared, and his funniest character, Aunt Gertrude, had been relegated to a small supporting role.

Generally, the changes in the *Nancy Drew* stories were similar to those in the *Hardy Boys* and the *Bobbsey Twins*. The plots, characters and settings were updated and sometimes almost wholly altered. Beginning in 1959, with the publication of the revised versions of volumes one and two, 34 *Nancy Drew* titles were revised by 1977. *Nancy* herself became a little older in the revisions, aging from 16 to 18.

An example of a *Nancy Drew* story that underwent wholesale changes is volume two, *The Hidden Staircase*. A glance at page one of the two versions shows a completely different beginning; turning to the "Contents" page, 25 chapters in the early version compare to 21 chapters in the revised book, and not one chapter title is the same! The internal black-and-white illustrations also changed, as well as the endpapers; however, the dust jacket color illustration remained the same.

As a corresponding example, the same results can be obtained by comparing the original and revised versions of volume two, *The House on the Cliff* of the *Hardy Boys* series; except that a few of the original chapter headings were retained.

How do you differentiate the revisions

from the originals? As a general rule, the revised editions of *The Hardy Boys* and *Nancy Drew* books can be identified by the now familiar yellow (Nancy Drew) and blue (Hardy Boys) spines and pictorial front covers. However, the first few volumes that were revised from 1959 to 1963 were published in the same format as the earlier editions: blue cloth (Nancy Drew) or beige cloth (Hardy Boys) with a colorful dust jacket. To distinguish between the original and revised editions in these cases, it is necessary to look at the copyright page (reverse of title page) for the publisher's statement of revision.

In the Hardy Boys books, the message is:

In this new story, based on the original of the same title, Mr. Dixon has incorporated the most up-to-date methods used by police and private detectives.

The Nancy Drew books carry a shorter message:

This new story for today's readers is based on the original of the same title.

From a collector's point of view, the first 38 Hardy Boys titles and the first 34 Nancy Drew titles in their original format are highly coveted. And for someone who wants to give the books which they read as a child, buying the earlier editions is really the only true way of doing so. All 38 titles in the original Tom Swift series are long out of print and these books are very much in demand today.

Conversely, interest in the Tom Swift Jr. series (many of which are still in print) seems to be minimal. However, the early titles in this series, from 1954 to the early 1960s, were published in typical Grosset & Dunlap format — blue cloth with colorful and exciting "science fiction" type dust jacket — and they make a very handsome collection. This format gave way to an illustrated yellow binding. None of the Tom Swift Jr. stories seem to have undergone any revision in the new format.

By 1962, or 1963, which seems to be when Grosset & Dunlap switched over to the jacket-less format for their books, there were 55 (or 56) volumes of the *Bobbsey Twins* series printed in the old format: decorated greenish cloth binding with a drawing of a boy, girl and a dog on the front cover, plus colorful dust jacket. This should be a highly-sought-after series, particularly since 25 of these titles are now out-of-print.

Similarly with the *Dana Girls* series. The original 31 titles available in the old format with dust jacket make a very attractive set. The fact that 17 of these titles have been out-of-print since 1972 makes a collection of these early series editions even more desirable.

First Editions

As with many types of books, the first editions of series books command a premium price. Grosset & Dunlap did not indicate any of their publications to be first editions, nor did they date the title page. The only date is found on the copyright page and this copyright date was the same for many printings of each title. When the books were revised or illustrations changed, there sometimes appeared two copyright dates, or, the original copyright date was simply replaced by the new date.

The only way to determine if a series book from Grosset & Dunlap is a first edition is to check their list of titles in that series which is printed either on one of the first few pages or on the dust jacket. If the title of the book in question is the last title in the series list, then the book is considered to be the first edition. When that title was reprinted, one or more titles would follow it on the series list (i.e. all titles published since the first printing).

This method of determination is by no means foolproof. Sometimes, if the title of the book in question is second or third to last on the series list in that book, it could still be a first edition. This is because of

Grosset & Dunlap's long-time practice of issuing two or more titles simultaneously in a series (the "breeder technique"). For example: the first edition of *By the Light of the Study Lamp* in the Dana Girls series lists the second and third titles in the series, but since the three titles were released at the same time in 1934, all three books from that year are first editions, regardless of which title is last in the series list.

The other problem with this method of identification is encountered when you find what is obviously an early printing of one of the series books, but the dust jacket is missing and the book itself has no list of titles included. In this case, there is just no way of knowing whether that particular printing is a first, second, or seventh printing! Certain other points such as illustrations and endpapers may help you approximate the age of the book however. All this, of course, serves to make the collecting of Grosset & Dunlap first editions that much more challenging.

Over the years, *The Hardy Boys*, *Nancy Drew* and other Stratemeyer series books have been the subject of vehement criticisms by librarians and (overly?) concerned parent groups who have made the claim that these books are devoid of any literary merit and are therefore a waste of time and perhaps even a bad influence on little Johnny and Mary. Other groups defend the importance of these same series books in the process of generating an interest in reading in that steadily-growing segment of children who are reluctant readers — the theory being that once a child's imagination is captured by series books, he or she will gradually upgrade and broaden reading horizons.

This argument will probably perpetuate itself indefinitely, but it is not of much concern to the collector. The importance of the nostalgia factor precludes and far outweighs any discussion of literary merit. The Stratemeyer and other series books

will be collected simply because people want to have them again, or because they wanted the books as children and weren't able — for monetary or other reasons — to have them then. And, of course, as demand for these books increases, the prices escalate and other people jump into the fray strictly for investment purposes.

I think that we can rest assured that the old boys' and girls' series books (and particularly those churned out by the Edward Stratemeyer Syndicate) will be preserved for many generations of children to come.

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An Extract From:

"KEEP THE CHANGE."

A Sketch of The Life of a News Agent
With Details of Many Experiences
On and Off The Cars.

By R. R. Burke

1895

CHAPTER XII

FACTS ABOUT THE NEWS BUSINESS.

Among the queries asked of those connected with the news business, none occur oftener than the one: "Where do the boys in the service come from?"

They are for the most part poor boys, ranging in years from sixteen upward, many of them orphans, and hundreds of them have brothers and sisters depending on their efforts for support. These are among the most industrious agents. They have the greatest of incentives to work hard, and apply themselves with a zeal that is highly commendable. There are other boys who get into the business for the sake of novelty. Some of them are the sons of parents who could well afford to educate their children for professions. Such boys generally tire of "novelty," for, truth to tell, the life of an agent has little of this much sought after quality. Constant application is not compatible with the ideas of boys who fancy that news agents are bohemians, or free lances, with no cares and much joking with passengers.

Letters are received almost daily from boys living in the country, who express their wants emphatically, though often taking liberties with grammar that Lindley Murray would not have granted even poets. Here is a sample letter of this sort:

"Rhoades Crossing Dec. 14th, 1894.

"_____ News Company,

Dear Sirs i write you because i want to go to work write Away. Please let me know what train to come on, if i like the work my brother will want a job to

"Yours truly

"Tom Jones."

Boys of the Tom Jones variety have sufficient self confidence to carry them through life, whether ability accompanies it or not. But they are, generally

speaking, ill informed of the nature of the business which they wish to engage in, else they would compose their letters of application differently. In the first place, the news companies are not obliged to send to the backwoods for agents, the number being large at all times. And second, a deposit of from \$10 to \$25 is required of every boy that is assigned a run and given "a stock." This is done to protect the company in case the boy should prove dishonest either with his employers or in his dealings with a passenger. If a passenger is taken advantage of in any way, and reports the proceeding to the company, the boy is dealt with according to the offense. In case the offense is trivial, as, for instance, charging more than the usual price for an article, the boy is severely reprimanded. Should he continue to violate the rules of the company he is peremptorily dismissed, and enough of his deposit money retained to make good the claim of the passenger.

Travelers should know that there is a fixed price for every article sold on trains, and no one should pay more at one time than another. A report of an overcharge or other offense by an agent should at once be made to the conductor of the train, to whom the agent is responsible while on duty, or to the manager of the district office. The news companies investigate such charges without delay, and are always ready to protect their customers from dishonest employees.

The commissions earned by the agents vary, bright and industrious ones sometimes selling three times as many goods as others who have run on the same trains. The range is from six to fifteen dollars a week. Then a great deal depends upon the run and the volume of travel. Excursions never fail to put money into the pockets of the agents. People who go away on pleasure for a day or longer never do so with depleted purses. Everybody is familiar with the remark of the countryman who was on his way to a country fair, and stopped at a baker's stand to inquire the price of gingerbread. "Five cents a slice," replied the baker. "Goldarn it, give us three slices, and throw in a quart of peanuts; that's five cents more, eh? Twenty cents in all. Who cares for ex-

penses on fair day!"

So the faces of the boys brighten whenever an excursion is announced.

A report of the amount of sales is made to the manager of the home office by the agent at the end of each trip, no trip requiring a longer time than two days to make. The amount of goods sold is deducted from the amount issued, and the agent's commission placed to his credit.

There is a popular impression abroad that the profits of the news companies are very large. The fact is, they are comparatively small. The privilege of selling on the more important lines of railways is bid up by the companies that enter into competition to a figure that is a never-ending menace to dividends. It would surprise the public to know the enormous sums paid annually to the railway companies for this privilege. Then fruit spoils every day from handling. A passenger turns fruit over in his hands while deliberating what he shall buy, presses it with his fingers, thus causing decay, and then returns to the basket what he does not want. Perhaps a dozen other persons will do this with the same fruit. The consequence is that the agent returns sometimes half of the fruit that had been issued to him, so bruised and in process of decay that it is no longer saleable. This, of course, is a dead loss to the company. The profit on magazines and illustrated papers is next to nothing. No allowance is made by the publishers for unsold copies, and after the agents commission is paid there is little left.

Taken all in all, the income of a news company is smaller than that of the average of other corporations having a corresponding amount of capital involved.

The news agent of today differs greatly from the personification of "cheek" of twenty years ago. In those days it was esteemed a virtue to be presumptuous; and to snub passengers who disliked what they bought or the treatment they received at the hands of the agent, was a privilege that was pretty generally exercised. Uniforms were not worn then and the boys were for the most part untidy. There was no incentive to neatness of attire. Now a regulation blue suit must be bought and paid for by the boy himself. He must be clean and presentable when he reports for

duty, otherwise it is optional with the manager in charge of the office where he obtains his supplies whether he is allowed to make a trip that day. Slovenliness is never, under any circumstances, excusable. The boy whose inattention to dress is noticeable is not likely to be successful in any line of work that brings him into contact with the public.

In every way the boys and young men now employed as news agents are superior to those of former days. They are brighter and better adapted for a business life; and, moreover, it is rare nowadays that one is reported for dishonesty.

The effect of such a life on a boy's moral nature is not, in most cases, all that a theologian could desire. The boy frequently hears stories told by foul-mouthed passengers that are demoralizing. He is tempted in various ways to do wrong. He finds that there is a demand for obscene literature, which both the law and the rules of the company prohibit to be sold, but which those who buy such trash are willing to pay well for. If weak and avaricious he may procure the works of "soiled" authors and surreptitiously attempt to dispose of them. But as detectives are constantly in the service of the company and mingle with the passengers on trains, such an agent cannot long conceal his transactions; and as detection means that he must forfeit his position, there are fewer copies of such books sold on trains than might be expected.

And yet with all the wickedness that a boy sees in his daily contact with all sorts of people, he is at the same time receiving invaluable lessons in business, which, if applied judiciously, will enable him to cope with the shrewdest of the "Napoleons" of merchandising. And the boy with a good character as a foundation, and a will that is firm, need have no fear of his reputation ever being sullied by the associations of the news business; for he can say "no" when tempted and mean it.

An interest is taken by his employers in every train agent who shows that he is worthy of promotion. As fast as vacancies occur in the ranks of the men in charge of news stands at railway stations, some of those "on the road" are selected for the places. The agent who shows himself

capable as manager of one of these stands, and is honest and trustworthy, may rise still higher. Some of the men who now do the real work of managing the news companies began as train-boys.

A relief association for sick and disabled agents was organized a few years ago, and now has about 700 members. The association is one of the mutual benefit kind, with officers elected annually from among its members, who have successfully managed its affairs and placed it on a basis where it is the admiration of not only railway men, but of members of older relief and insurance associations as well. The boys never exhibited finer enterprise than when they perfected their relief association. It has been the means of giving financial aid to dozens of its members who have fallen sick, and of relieving widowed mothers whose burdens had increased through the deaths of some in the service of the company.

The monthly dues for each member are fifty cents. Ten dollars a month are paid during sickness.

Passes are issued to the news agents, and renewed monthly or quarterly. They are not transferable, and are good only for the periods for which they are made out. These facts are given for the information of such persons as may care to know what arrangements are made with the railway companies for the transportation of the boys. Fares are not paid in the regular way by the agents. The passes are a part of the contract with the railway company, and are not used by the agents for pleasure trips. Neither are an agent's expenses paid by the company at any time. He defrays his own expenses, sometimes out of the money belonging to the company, if the case is urgent, but the amount thus used is deducted from his commissions when a settlement is made.

An agent is not constantly at work. He has considerable leisure time to be employed as his fancy tends. His fancy not unfrequently turns to thoughts of love. There are many gallants among the uniformed boys on the trains; they see the same girls frequently, and it is as easy for them to "scrape an acquaintance" in some instances as it is to lift one's cap and smile, which is the usual method. A young woman in Columbus, Ohio, became

acquainted with one of the agents in this way. Soon she was enamored of him, but her parents objected to the match and forbade the young man to again see their daughter. This only made the couple the more determined, and an elopement was planned. The moon was shining the night that the lover called for his sweetheart, and silvery flecks of white fell upon the trellis overgrown with ivy vines. The shadows of the trees were spectral to him; and although the stillness of the garden in which he stood was like that of a cemetery, he fancied the occasional sighing of the trees was the deep breathing of the irate father trying to suppress his wrath. At the appointed time he saw his sweetheart come to the window of her room and look out. He stepped close to the house and spoke softly. His own words frightened him, and he trembled as he placed a ladder under the girl's bedroom window and motioned for her to descend. She came down the ladder with the agility of an old fireman, embraced her lover and asked if he had a cab in waiting. No, he had forgotten that in his hurry to reach the house; but he knew the keeper of a livery stable near by, and could soon procure one. They set off at a rapid walk as soon as they were away from the premises.

The next morning the parents waited breakfast a half hour longer than the usual time, but as the young lady did not make her appearance one of the servants was sent upstairs to ascertain the cause of her delay. The father was dumfounded and the mother fainted away when the servant returned with the word that no one was in the upper rooms. A note left on the girl's dresser explained the mystery. She had gone! Eloped! "Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the mother, "and with a news agent!"

The couple drove to a neighboring town, and from there took the first train for Cumberland, Maryland, where they were married. After a brief honeymoon the parents were notified of the whereabouts of their darling. She asked them in her letter to forgive her disobedience. It was not that she had ceased to revere them, she said, but because she loved Jim, oh, so fervently, that she had clandestinely met her lover night after night,

and finally ran away and was married to him. She would return to them on one condition—Jim should be accepted as her husband and their son. "He is such a dear good boy," she wrote, "that you cannot but admire him. And after you have known him as long as I have, you will not wonder that I was guilty of disobedience to you."

The parents reluctantly "accepted" Jim. The father had a mind to "except" him, but the mother said hers was the only way to effect a reconciliation, and the couple were requested to return and all would be forgiven. The young man's money was nearly all gone by the time he returned to Columbus, and as he had lost his position by going away without leave, he hardly knew how he should answer the father's questions, which he felt sure would embarrass him. If he were asked point blank how he proposed to support his wife he could not tell.

The former news agent found that it is not the most congenial thing imaginable to be allowed, under protest, to sit at the table of a father-in-law who despises his daughter's choice. He had met with no success in his search for employment, and this grieved him. Even if he should secure a position such as he had formerly held he could not provide the luxury for his wife that she had always been surrounded with, and his head grew heavy as these thoughts came into his mind. There was one of those ill-sorted marriages that are effected without foresight, the contracting parties not heeding the lessons of the divorce courts, not thinking of the future. The couple separated in five months from the night of the elopement. The husband left soon afterward for the West, and, I believe, never returned.

This bit of romance from real life will be remembered by many railway men of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania who were in the service at the time of the occurrence.

CONCLUSION.

The writer has about reached the end of his sketch. He is a friend of the boys on the road, and will be gratified if a single agent gathers from these pages a helpful suggestion. The writer is per-

sonally acquainted with hundreds of boys now in the service, and with hundreds of others who have drifted into other kinds of business, but of course it is impossible for anyone to know all the "butchers" in the universe. When he says that he is their friend, he means that his sympathies are with all news agents, and his best wishes go with them till the last one has made his final "run" and closed his account in this world.

* * *

THE PASSING OF THE TRAIN BOY.

By Robert J. Burdette

[The "Burlington Hawkeye" Man]

From: HAWKEYES, 1879

G. W. Carleton & Co.

New York

In the West the day was dying;
Wintry cloud ships near the sun,
In a sea of crimson lying,
Told the day was almost done.
On his couch of pain and weakness,
Pale and still the train boy lies;
Beams his face with placid meekness,
Glow with softened light his eyes.

"Comrades, on both sides surround me;"
And he brightens with a smile;
"In two long lines stand around me,
Make my couch the Pullman aisle."
Even as the wish he utters
Round they stand with wond'ring stares,
While in husky tones he mutters,
"Pears? Fresh California pears?"

Then they tumble to his fancies
And at passengers they play,
While they snarl with surly glances,
"Naw!" "Don't want no pears!" "Go
'way!"

Then they closer stand around him,
Bending low to hear him say,
As though in the car they found him—
"Peanuts? Roasted, fresh today!"

Then they hoot in wild derision,
And in answer to their scorn,
Loud he cries, with kindling vision,
"English walnuts? Fresh pop-corn?
All the latest and the best books?
Morning papers? *Journal*? *Times*?
Daily Hawkeye? Roasted chestnuts?
Don't be stingy with your dimes.

"New-laid figs? The best imported
Hand-made Abyssinian dates?
Train stops while you eat one; sorted
For the trade, in canvas crates."
Thus his strength comes back with chaff-
ing,
And his comrades dry their tears;
From death's jaws he leaps, and laughing,
Runs the train for fifty years.

* * *

An Extract from:
THE ERIE TRAIN BOY
By Horatio Alger, Jr.
1891

It is time to speak more particularly of Fred, who is the hero of this story. He was a pleasant-looking, but resolute and manly boy, of seventeen, who had now been for some months employed on the Erie road. He had lost a place which he formerly occupied in a store, on account of the failure of the man whom he served, and after some weeks of enforced leisure had obtained his present position. Train boys are required to deposit with the company ten dollars to protect their employer from possible loss, this sum to be returned at the end of their term of service. They are, besides, obliged to buy an official cap, such as those of my readers who have traveled on any line of railroad are familiar with. Fred had been prevented for some weeks from taking the place because he had not the money required as a deposit. At length a gentleman who had confidence in him went with him to the superintendent and supplied the sum, and this removing the last obstacle, Fred Fenton began his daily runs. He was paid by a twenty percent commission on sales. It was necessary, therefore, for him to take in five dollars in order to make one for himself. He had thus far managed to average about a dollar a day, and this, though small, was an essential help to his widowed mother with whom he lived.

* * *

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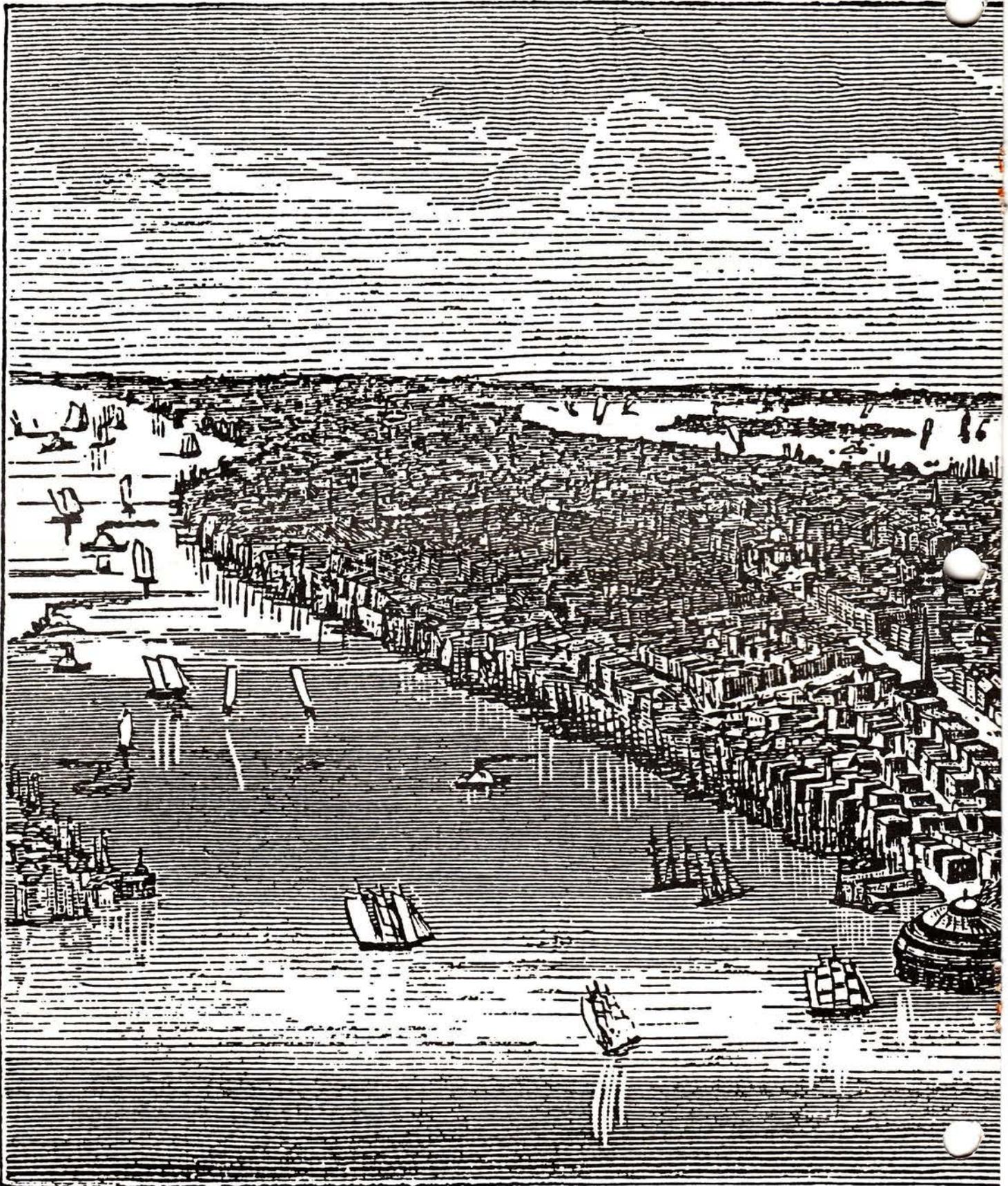
George also has nine souvenirs left from his convention, a boxed quill pen, which will be sent post-paid for \$6.50 each.

* * *

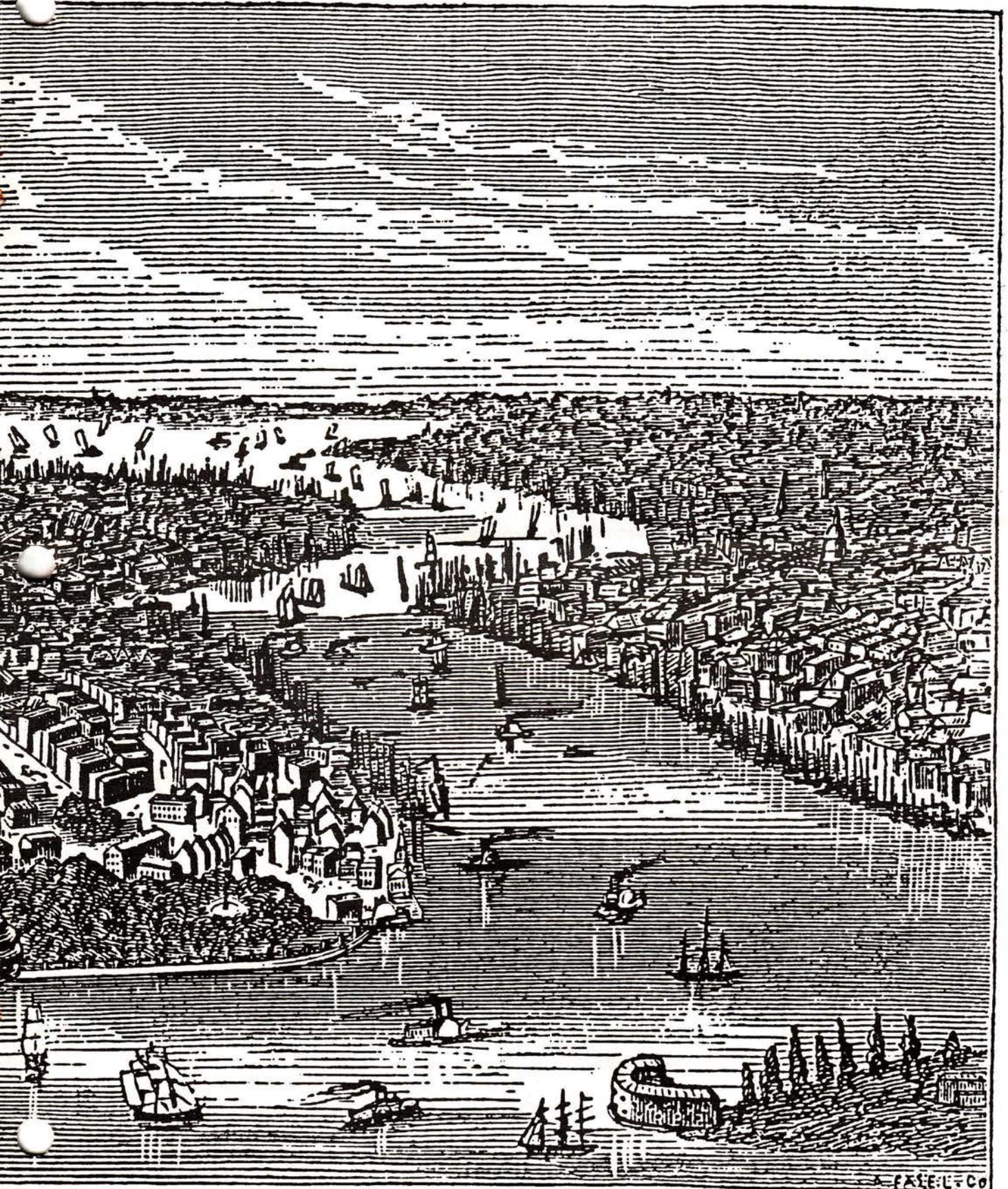
Thanks are extended to Rohima Walter, PF-160, and also Jack Bales, PF-258, for sending the material appearing on pages 138-146. Jacob L. Chernofsky, Editor and Publisher of *AB Bookman's Weekly*, kindly gave his permission to reprint this fine article.

* * *

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BIRDS-EYE VIEW



OF NEW YORK CITY

CASELL & CO

LOVE

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

DEACON GOODWIN and I were sorting apples at the door of the back shed, one lovely October afternoon; Baldwins, russets, greenings, Swaars, pippins, lay heaped on the little bit of turf, in gay masses of red, gold, and brown; the clumsy cart-body, tilted on end, poured out a stream of ruddy fruit, that should have fallen from nothing less picturesque than the horn of Ceres; and, far away, over the fennel and cabbages in the garden, over the green sward of the orchard, the wooded hillsides stretched their bright length on and on, till they were purple in the distance, though, nearer at hand, scarlet and orange maples, imperial crimson oaks, deep yellow birches, and purple dogwood boughs, mixed with dark spires of hemlock and pine, shone jewel-like, even through the smoky air of that hot autumn day. Sorting apples is not bad work, if only you have somebody to talk to; at least, that is my experience, though I was but a temporary farmer, and, it may be, more fond of a "crack" than I should have been had I always earned my bread under the fullest force of the curse. But Deacon Goodwin was a silent man, except at conference-meeting, where he harangued away with a power and glory that used up all his words for a week to come; moreover, his soul just now was vexed within him by "them boys," who had tilted all the apples into one heap, and how he was to discern, always and surely, between Baldwins and Spitzenbergs, Roxbury-russets and russet-sweets, puzzled his eyes and thoughts to the last degree; so that I, who had the easier task of putting the fair apples, from one heap at a time, into one of a row of clean barrels that stood, like the oil-jars in the Forty Thieves, ranged against a wall, and throwing the rejected fruit into a huge basket—I, who had time to talk, could not even extract a gruff "yes" or "no" from the deacon. I was glad enough to hear Aunt Huldah's ponderous step coming through the shed, and her hearty voice behind me:

"Father, I want them apples you a'n't a goin' to use, so's I can make sass to-day; 'ta'n't a goin' to do to put it off any longer, and Kate can't be pestered with it in the middle of her ironin,'

so I guess I'll have the apples, and buckle to at it myself. Where be they?"

"Well," replied the deacon, "Thomas has got 'em in the corn-basket. But I don't see jest how he's goin' to let you hev the basket to pare out on in there, when he's a usin' of it out here!"

"That's easy fixed," said aunty, never at a loss. "Thomas, you jest bring my old rocker out of the kitchen, and fetch along the pigs' pail, so I can give 'em their share, and I'll set right down here and do all my chores to once, while you're doin' yours."

"That's right, exactly, aunty!" said I, flinging a greening right into the barrel of Peck's Pleasants, in my relief at the prospect of some society. I firmly believe it is not good for man to be alone, in more senses than one!

"Well, I'd as lieves you should, Miss Good'in," chimed in her "old man." "That feller's a master hand to talk, and he's figgered away a good spell at it, all alone, till I guess he's about tuckered out, for I can't talk none; them pesky boys have mixed these apples till there a'n't no two alike in the hull heap!"

"Why, husband! do tell!" laughed aunty; and I went off for the chair and the pail according to orders. And while I go, let me take the opportunity to praise Aunt Huldah Goodwin, for she is one of a thousand—if, indeed, there be a thousand of her class left in these days of hyper-civilization, education, agitation, and the angels know what not of progress and the like stuff. Such a real, genial, healthy, hearty woman; such a simple, tender, expansive heart; such sturdy sense, such practical judgment; all with a vein of most unsuspected poetry running through it, that tempered her shrewd insight into men with the loveliest sunshine of charity, and kept her eyes as open to beauty of every nature as her heart was to kindness in all its forms. Not of her life-ful and mirthful kind come the array of moody and melancholy farmers' wives, who, year by year, swell the lists of insanity; no monotony of work pressed upon her steady brain till the fine fibres gave way; she would have her laugh as well as her labor, and the health that rounded her ample fig-

ure and tinged her somewhat wrinkled cheek with wintry red, helped both labor and laughter to endure the long strain of life. She was "Aunt Huldah" to the whole village, and I loved her as well as if she had a better right to the title, and I a better knowledge of her goodness than the brief experience of a summer's rustication under her roof afforded. However, here are the rocker and the pigs' pail.

"Set it right down there, Thomas, alongside of the steps, so's I can put my feet up and hold the pan even, and put the pail side of me; now, that's handy."

Hardly was Aunt Huldah settled in her chair and at work, before she called to her husband in a half-whisper: "Deacon! Deacon Good'in! a'n't that Mr. Masters coming down the lane? I declare if 'ta'n't!" added she, in a louder tone; and, pushing away pail and pan, she went forward to meet a tall, pale man, who came creeping along past the pickets by the aid of a cane, till suddenly arrested by that cheery voice--

"I want to know, Mr. Masters, if you've got out so far? come in, and set down."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Goodwin," said a somewhat querulous tone; "I must go to Miss Peabody's, to see about the singers for Thanksgiving, and Harriet's waiting there for me I expect; so I must crawl along."

"Well, I wish you would stop!" said Aunt Huldah.

"I wish I could, but I can't. Good-day," answered Mr. Masters; and as he turned away I could see he was blind. Aunt Huldah came back to her seat with a great sigh.

"Poor cretur! how he does miss Love," said she. I looked up at her rather inquiringly.

"Why, we all do that, don't we, aunty?"

"I declare if you didn't think I meant love with a little l! Law, child, I was thinkin' about his wife, she that was Love Brainerd; though it a'n't much odds, for if ever anybody was called pretty correct accordin' to their natur' she was; there was about as much love to her as there was in her name. She beat all that ever I see for livin' other people's lives, and doin' their work, and bearin' their pains. I don't know as she know'd herself

whether she was most Achsah Root, or Jim Whitman, or 'Lonzo Masters, or Love Brainerd. I guess she was least of the last!"

"Did she live here always? did you know her?" said I, eager to betray Aunt Huldah into telling a story, and privately rejoicing over the success of my scheme, as I saw her settle down more comfortably into her chair, and draw up the pan of apples further into her lap.

"Yes! she was born here; she'n her mother, the widder Brainerd, lived a piece up the Portland road quite a long spell when Love was small. I expect it was real lonesome over there nights, though the woods is pretty lively in daytime, what with one wild cretur' or 'nother; and there was Tumbling Brook come into the valley close by their house, and Rattlesnake Mountain riz up right behind 'em. But it was a good ways off from folks and meetin', and Miss Brainerd wasn't a very high-couraged woman. I guess she had some scary times there, though she staid because she owned the farm, and it was a good strip of medder-land after you got down the hillside where their house was, and the brook kept it wet in the dryest of times.

"So Love grew up there: she didn't have no children to be mates for her; she kept tight to her mother's apron-string, and if she played in the woods Miss Brainerd went along, 'cause the child was afraid. Fact is, I guess they both got pretty trembly while old Brainerd lived, for he did have the tremens like anything before he died, and acted more like fury. Well, Love she used to get a little schoolin', and more play; for she wa'n't a very stubbéd child: her cheeks was white, and her wide forehead was most too unnatural lookin'; but she did have a pair of clever eyes, that's a fact. I used to tell her she'd catched 'em of the squirrels, they was so kinder shy and soft: she didn't smile very often, to be sure, but when she did it was real sunshiny; and, take her all in all, she was a pretty personable child, only she was too scary. They lived up there till Love was twelve year old, and then Miss Brainerd she sold the farm and moved into the village jest as 'twas growin' up here; for you see there wa'n't any village here in old times, only two or three houses--this one where my grandfather used to

live, and one at each end of Sykes's bridge—and they called it South Taunton, 'cause it belonged to the town of Taunton. But nigh about thirty year ago, 'Squire Smith bought out Sykes's mill-privilege and set up a cotton-factory, and built houses for his hands, and a brick house for his own, and he wanted to call it Smithville; but Miss Smith she stuck out for an Ingin name; she wanted it called Pontoosuc, after the river: so they battled it a spell, and it wa'n't like to be any better than 'twas before, when home comes Malviny Smith from York. She always ruled to home, and she would have it called Cranberry, so Cranberry 'twas. So, as I was tellin', Miss Brainerd moved up here to take boarders, and be more sociable like, and send Love to the academy. My! what apples these be! jest as pithy as punkins, and tasted like pigweed. Father, what do you call these apples?"

"Them!" said the deacon, noway surprised at the interlude, and meditatively regarding the fruit in question. "Well, them's Good'in apples."

"I declare! it's the poorest thing of the name that ever I see," laughed Aunt Huldah.

"Well, aunty—about Love?" said I, half-impudent and half-afraid of losing the story.

"Oh, yes! I guess you're a master-hand for stories, a'n't you? What was I a tellin' on? Oh, I rec'lect. So Miss Brainerd she took a house back of Squire Smith's, and Love she went to the 'cademy. There she worked like a beaver; but somehow, from havin' lived always alone, and being naturally fearful and shy, she couldn't seem to fellowship with any of her mates; she'd only just study and sing; for she did sing the most like a brown-thrasher of anything I know that a'n't a bird. However, after she'd been two years there, and was goin' on fifteen, Achsah Root come from Taunton to board at Miss Brainerd's and go to school; for Shubael Sykes, that taught the 'cademy, had a great name for learnin', and Achsah's people were well-to-do, and they meant she should have the best of learnin'. Well, she was real handsome; her eyes, and her hair, and her teeth, was as bright as a new pin, and she had a neat little nose, and color like my pink hollyhock; but she wa'n't a real pretty girl for all that. She was as proud as a king-bird, and, though

she was real smart when she had a mind to be, it was as plain as a pike-staff that she thought first about Achsah Root, and after that, other folks could take their chance. Besides, she was pretty mighty, and I've always noticed that when folks set up their Ebenezer as if 'twa'n't never goin' to come down for anybody, it don't very often get so much as joggled. The children of this world are wise in their generation, the Scriptor says, and I guess she was one of 'em; so it come about that Love, who hadn't ever had anybody very near to her but her mother, now come right under Achsah's thumb, and why it was, nobody could tell, for never was two people so different.

"But such things come, like rain, on the just and the unjust, and the Lord orders it. Love followed Achsah, for all the world like a spaniel dog; she seemed as if she would breathe for her, she wasn't never tired if Achsah liked to walk; she always had time to do little jobs of sewing for her when she got tired or lazy; she walked her feet nigh about off, to get her flowers, or books, or anything she wanted; and if Achsah was sick there wa'n't no end to the things Love would do for her; she'd set up nights and wait on her days: I've known her bend over the bed-head to brush Achsah's hair till her own lips was as white as a sheet with pain; for she wasn't very sturdy, and it's hard work to stand bent over that way; and I've known her cold nights to be on her knees by the hour, rubbin' Achsah's feet cause she was so dreadful nervous she couldn't get sleep. Well! you might think Love would ha' got paid in her own coin, for it don't seem reasonable to b'lieve that one cretur' could do so much for another and not get some on't back again; but it a'n't so ordered in this world. Folks is obliged to love without help, pretty much as the angels do, and they that gets the most gives the least: it a'n't that the Scriptor means when it says, 'Give and it shall be given unto you.' I don't doubt but what Achsah liked Love pretty well, but it wasn't in her to love anybody such a sight better 'n herself. She liked to be waited on and cosseted, and jest so long as Love was workin' over her, and doin' for her, Achsah paid her off with pretty looks and words, so't the color would flush up into Love's

pale face, and her eyes would shine, and her soft little lips would tremble and pucker, and then Achsah 'd laugh, and tell her she was 'a dear little goose," but she never spared her none, for all that. Lovin' some folks is jest like pickin' chestnuts out of the burr—you keep a prickin' your fingers all the time, and the more you try and keep on, the more it pricks: some will stick to it till they get the chestnut, and then ten to one it's wormy—them that sticks to the burr is apt to be.

"However, loving Achsah so, seemed to kind of unlock Love's feelin's for other people; 'twas jest like openin' the race to a mill-dam; it seemed as if she couldn't help lovin' everybody, 'specially sick people and children. I've seen her settin' on her mother's steps with half a dozen children all over her, lettin' down her hair, kissin' her eyes, and cheeks, and mouth, ticklin' her throat, and all in such a gale, and all bawlin' after her when she had to go away. Then, when anybody took sick in the village, Love was always on hand, readin' to 'em, or sendin' flowers, or makin' porridge; and all with such pretty, kindly ways, it did folks more good to hear her speak than it did to have Miss Smith or Malviny send wine-jelly or soup; there's so much in ways. And I don't know but what that verse of Scripiter, I was speakin' of along back, did come to pass, after all, in a certain kind of a way; for everybody did love Love, only jest them she cared the most for. However, that's gettin' ahead of the story.

"Why, Thomas! there's a real fair apple; a Swaar, too! I guess you're gettin' too much talk. I'd better stop a spell; it's considerable of a chore to work and hear an old woman chatter too."

"Oh, don't stop, Aunt Huldah, don't! I shall be as careful—but I do want the story. I wish I had ever seen Love Brainerd."

"Well, if you want to see her, there's a d'queer'type of her down to Harri'k Case's, where she boarded, but it don't favor her much; it's like most all of them picturs, dreadful black lookin'. To be sure, it's her eyes, and her nose, and her mouth, and her handkerchief-pin, and a square collar I giv' her myself when she was married—but for all that, 'ta'n't Love; it hasn't got her real, livin' sweet look. I suppose it's like

her, for they say the sun don't lie; but I shouldn't never know it. So, about two years after Achsah Root come to Cranberry, her father died, and they found he'd giv' the farm, out an' out, to her step-mother, and left Achsah only a thousand dollars in the bank and a home forever and always in the old house; but that's a queer way to leave a home to anybody; for how are you goin' to tell what it means? If Love had it left to her to give anybody, it would have meant house, and board, and fire, and lights, and waitin' on jest like a real home; but Miss Root made it out different. She calculated it meant only Achsah's bed-room, and was goin' to charge for board and all that; so Achsah knew she meant to have her pull up stakes and go, for nobody could pay that out of the interest-money from a thousand dollars. We was all sorry for the child, but she didn't pine none—she was too proud. Miss Brainerd got her a place in the factory, and she come to Cranberry for good, boardin' where she always had; so Love was pretty nigh set up. Well, things went on much as they used to for a while, only the next winter Love exper'enced religion and joined the church. It didn't appear as if it made so much change in her as 'twould in most folks; but I expect it was more like a growth to the best part of her natur', and a leavin' off whatever there was in it contrary to grace—for it can't be denied she had naturally a high sperit; but now she grew more and more meek, and didn't never fret when her work was the hardest, but she appeared more and more sot upon Achsah, and oneasy enough about her speritual state, for she hadn't got no more religion than a poppy-head, as she showed plain enough by-and-by. Long about the spring-time, there come a young man from Colebrook—James Whitman by name—a second cousin of my husband's sister-in-law, to set up for an overseer in the factory. He boarded at our house, and appeared to be a likely feller enough—good lookin' and smart, and with real insinuat' ways, but he wa'n't very reliable. Well, Achsah was gone back to Taunton for a spell, her own aunt was weakly, and she'd sent for her to come and stay there with her for company, while her husband was gone out West. So one night I was goin' to Miss Brainerd's of an errand,

and the deacon he had the rheumatiz so bad that James step't along with me it was so dark, and jest as he got to the door, we heerd Love singin'. I declare it did beat all! I couldn't think of nothin' but a brown thrasher on top of a white birch, just singin' because it couldn't help it, and thinkin' of nothin' only feelin' the sun, and the piny smells, 'and the sweet summer wind. James was clean beat. 'Aunt Huldah,' says he, as spry as anything, 'I'll go in and wait for you: I'd jest as lieves.' 'Well,' sez I. I knew too much to say anything more. So we come in, and I made him acquainted with all the folks there was in the keepin'-room, and there was several boarders, but he sot right down 'longside of Love, and chippered away real brisk. 'Twas me that had to wait for him, I tell you! but finally I got up and went, and he had to. After that he found his way alone to Miss Brainerd's pretty often; and, though it didn't all turn out as it oughter—accordin' as we thought it oughter, at least—I do think he was about as fond of Love in them days as ever a young feller was of a girl, without stoppin' to think whether he was in pious earnest to marry her or not. The worst of it all was, that Love was as believin' as she was lovin'—she hadn't no kind of guile about her no more'n a baby; she thought folks meant all they said and all they did, for she was too true and faithful herself ever to mistrust other folks; and she hadn't lived long enough to find out the Scriptor fact, that all men are liars.

"It wa'n't strange, neither, when you come to think of it, that she should like Jim Whitman. He was a real likely young man to look at, and he was jest as good as pie to Love; he took her to walk off in the woods; he got her posies, and winter-greens, and red leaves, and all sorts o' fancies; he lent her books, and taught her new hymn-tunes; and, last of all, he got round her the cutest way a man can get round a woman—makin' of her talk religion to him, for he wa'n't a professor; and he made Love think she was doin' him lots of good, while all the time she, poor, dear, simple little soul, was takin' him deeper and deeper into her feelin's and her prayers, till, before she know'd it, she'd got to love him better even than Achsah.

"Now, folks say it a'n't accordin' to

natur' for a woman to do so, that it's unfeminine and all that. I want to know if it's any worse in a girl to love a man that gives her every chance to love him, except askin' her in words, than 'tis for her to begin straight off the minute he says 'snip,' when she ha'n't had no thoughts of him before? I tell you I'd give jest as much for such love as I would for a corn-sheller that'll go when you turn the crank and not before. Love Brainerd wa'n't no machine; and, if folks would only own it, there a'n't no woman worth havin' that a'n't like her about them things. It's women folks that keep that talk up, 'cause they don't want to own the truth to men; it's enough to marry 'em without havin' 'em jaw at you all the time for likin' 'em before you was asked. Well, folks said all over Cranberry that James and Love was keepin' company; but when they taxed her with it, she turned as red as a beet, and said 'twa'n't no such thing—he was a good friend of her'n, and she wished they wouldn't say no more about it. So, when they see it pestered her, they let it be, and b'lieved it all the more.

"In about six months, Achsah came back to Cranberry, and went to Miss Brainerd's again; and, of course, Love was dreadful glad to see her, the more that she hadn't never kept one of her thoughts from Achsah; and, though she'd writ as frequent as she could afford to, yet it wa'n't like a real talk. So Achsah had heerd enough about Jim Whitman to know what he was, before he come round as usual to spend the evenin'. At first he didn't appear to take to Achsah so much as I was afeard he would, for I knew how much more men folks think of looks than they do of actions; but somehow, though Love couldn't hold a candle to Achsah for beauty, she was really pleasanter to look at lately, for she'd got a little mite of red in her cheeks, and her eyes were as soft and bright as them two little ponds be under the Ridge, and her face looked so restful and happy, all the time with a smile comin' and goin' jest as if the clouds blowed over it the way they do on our medder lot of a June day. But Jim was polite to Achsah, and she was pretty mighty to him at first; she wa'n't never very simple in her ways; she'd fly round like a woodcock when you're close onto its nest,

so's to make folks come after her, and what with her good looks, and her wheedlin' ways, and her keepin' off at first, and then lettin' him get a chink, to see into her feelin's as 'twere, she got an even chance with Love in Whitman's idees before three months was gone by.

"Well! I see 'twas as good as over with Love, but I held my tongue, and Love she didn't see nothing. She heerd Achsah laugh at him behind his back and before his face, and she tried her best to make him like Achsah, because she loved 'em both; but he wouldn't give in, he'd tell her, jest as he told me, when I had a spell of talk with him, that Achsah didn't suit him—she was too proud and selfish for a woman—he liked her looks and her smartness, but he didn't love her near so well as he did Love, and nobody else did.

"I don't know what did ail Achsah; she was bound to turn his head, I b'lieve; she acted like a sperit, first on and then off, till he was fairly off the hooks, and finally acted as if he didn't know what he did do when she come near him. After a while, Love began to think some thoughts about it; but she was so good, she took herself to task for thinkin' such things, when they'd both said so much to the contrary so many times, so she stuck to her text, and spared no pains to set off Achsah to Jim, and him to her, as if some kind of possession was in her to make her own bed in a thorn-bush. At last, natur' was too strong for her, she couldn't help but see what was goin' on, and she grow'd thin as a shadder, and pale as a white-ash stick; everybody said she was in a decline, and she looked it, for certain, but still she kept about, her dear, sweet eyes lookin' as if the tears stood in them all the time, till they got past that, and looked as though they was dreened of all the life, and her lips sot in such a wishful, quiet, helpless kind of a way, I used to get my eyes full a lookin' at her 'crost the meetin'-house, for I was married to a good husband by that time, and was as happy as the day is long, and I had great feelin' for folks that wa'n't.

"Well, before long, Achsah Root comes to me, and says she:

"Miss Good'in, I'd like to have a little talk with you!"

"Very well," says I, 'it's a good time, Achsah—set right down—my

chores is all done up, and husband he's off in the wood-lot.'

"So, after a little spell, she sets to and asks me if I know'd anything about Jim Whitman's folks, and whether he was altogether reliable or not. Well, I hadn't nothin' to say against him, but I was chokin' to speak my mind to Achsah.

"So," says I, 'he is going to marry Love Brainerd. I think it's time; they've kept company so long, and Love is so bound up in him.'

"She did turn real red, 'Oh no, Miss Good'in!' says she, 'you mistake; the truth is, James Whitman offered to me last night, and, as I haven't any of my own people here, I came to you for a little advice.'

"Did you tell Love?" says I, as soon's I could speak steady.

"No, I haven't. I thought it was best not to say much about it till it was settled.'

"For once in my life, I did let my sperit take the bit between its teeth and set off. I was as mad as a hornet, and I had to sting. I riz right up from where I set, and flung my knittin' onto the stand—'Achsah Root!' says I, 'you've done a God-forsaken thing, and I don't see how you have got the face to tell on't. There's Love Brainerd's spent herself on you like a little dog, and you've stepped in and wheedled her out of the only thing she could begrudge you, and broke her heart. I don't say but what Jim Whitman's reliable enough for you—a man that don't know his own mind is plenty good enough for you to manage, and I wish you may get him! Poor, dear Love!' So, with that, I fetched a long breath, for I was like to cry, and, though Achsah looked poker and tongs at me, she spoke kind o' humble when I'd done, for I'd told her bare truth for once, and folks that a'n't used to it feel sort of stunned when it does perk up in their faces.

"Well!" says she. 'I can't help Love's liking him, Miss Good'in; if he likes me the best, and I like him, I don't see as I've done any wrong. I don't want to make him unhappy.'

"My soul! thinks I, I wonder if the cretur is a woman or an iceberg! So I spoke out loud—

"I've said my say, Achsah, and, if you can get round your own feelin's about right and wrong that way, you can't get round mine. If 'twas worth

battlin' it out with you, I'd ask you how things looked six months ago, betwixt him and her; but I know you've fenced off your lot, so I won't set no more thistles in it than there is now. I hope the Lord 'll forgive you, but I can't feel to yet.'

"So, with that, she says 'Good-night!' and the next day I heerd she was gone to Taunton, and, in about six weeks, Miss Brainerd brought me over a piece of the weddin' cake, for she hadn't suspected nothin'; she thought Love wouldn't never have him, 'cause he wasn't a professor, and Love never laid her troubles on her mother's shoulders. I couldn't taste that cake, though. I giv it to Rover, jest as soon as her back was turned.

"The next Sunday I see Love, was to church, lookin' as if death was writ on her face; her lips was set, and her eyes shiny, and she walked home with one of the boarders, talkin' and laughin' too loud for the Sabbath. I couldn't feel to speak with her, because my voice was shaky.

"I heerd she said she was well, but I got her over to my house one afternoon about a week after Achsah had come back and settled down t'other side of the mills, in Whitman's house he'd just built.

"I sent for Love to come and get some yeller gourd-seed, and when she come into the keepin'-room and I got hold of her, I knew by the feel of her hot and dry hand that she was in a slow fever, and I made her own up she was so the biggest part of the time. Well, I see she was near about heart-sick, so I sot down by her, and draw'd her head down onto my shoulder and kissed her. I expect she knew what I meant, for in less 'n a minute she begun to cry, great, hot, slow tears, and then a real thunder-shower—and I let her—I knew 'twould cool her, and she told me afterward them was the first tears she had cried. After a spell she stopped, and lifted up her head as weak as a baby, so I laid her down on the sofa, and got my knittin', and set down by her, and didn't say nothin', but I hummed an old hymn-tune till I see the steady look comin' back to her eyes; then sez I: 'Love, you set a great deal by children, don't you?'

"'Yes, I do, Miss Good'in,' says she; 'they're about all there is worth lovin', I think.'

"'Well,' sez I again, 'Miss Loomis is goin' to leave the little school; don't you think you'd feel better to take it? it ain't hard work, and there's singin' to do, and the children all love you; I guess you could have it over anybody else's head.'

"I see a little gleam a shinin' over her face.

"'You're very good to think of it,' sez she sorrowfully, 'but I don't think the school-committee would trust me.'

"'Yes, they will, though, Love, for I heerd Mr. Sykes recommendin' of you to-day. I spoke to him yesterday, though I said I didn't know as you'd be willin'.'

"So she riz up, and put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and we was good friends from that time forrard, always.

"Miss Loomis wa'n't to leave for a month or so, and I kep' Love with me all I could. I saw she was gettin' into a poor way; she didn't believe what anybody said; she mistrusted everybody's actions, and was as jealous of folks' words and looks as if the whole world was set to work to hate and deceive her. Poor child! it went to my soul to think how she'd eat the tree of knowledge, and puckered her mouth all up, and I did feel hard on them that giv' it to her, after all her lovin' ways to them! However, I knew 'twan't no use to row ag'inst the tide, so I said nothin', but I used to get her to drive me off when the deacon was too busy, over to Scran-ton, and Poleville, and round the woods, to all the sightly places there is round here; our old horse was real steady, and I'd take the baby, so then after a little I would give her the child to hold, sayin' my arms was tired, and I'd drive. I knew it was better than medicine to her when I see them little pink fingers curled round her'n, and the small face smilin' up into her eyes till she couldn't help to smile back again. Sometimes I'd lay it in an oneasy way, so she'd have to lift, and coax, and kiss it, and I knew when she'd got it hugged up to her, and had coo'ed 'it half asleep, so's she couldn't stir without wakin' it, that she would be content if we was drivin' all day.

"So, by help of grace, and her own lovin' heart, and time, and steady work, before she'd kept a quarter's school, I see she was gettin' some of the lines rubbed off her lonesome-lookin' fore-

head; and, after a year had gone by, she'd got to be more like Love Brainerd again than I'd ever thought she would be. However, I mistrusted that she couldn't never care for Achsah again, for I couldn't, I am sure—but Love was better than I. I don't know now how it first come about, but after a while I heerd she was over there now and then, and when Achsah's first baby was took sick Love watched it and nursed it till it wrastled through; and things looked as if there hadn't been no difference between 'em ever. Somehow I was all amazed, and I wanted to know how it was. I knew well enough how Achsah come round; she was clear selfish; she didn't care for nobody else, so long as all went pretty straight for her pleasure; but, just so soon as she was in trouble, she could be as good and lovin' as you please, and Jim Whitman was another of her sort; but Love's side on't puzzled me. So I says to her one day, as she was settin' on my door-step with my little Eben in her arms: 'Love,' says I, 'do you care for Achsah Whitman at all now?'

"'Yes, I do, Aunt Goodwin,' says Love, lookin' up at me with eyes as clear as Eben's, and as deep as a well—'I love her dearly.'

"'As much as ever?'

"'Yes, but not as well. I don't respect her, aunty, but I love her. I can't help it.'

"'Well,' says I, clear beat, 'I think that is grace!'

"'No it a'n't,' says Love; 'it is most all nature. I suppose it did help me to forgive her to think how God forgave me, but I loved her before, always.'

"Then there come a soft look into her eyes, and she kind of drooped 'em, and I see a bright little drop on her long eye-winkers—'And, aunty, I love her enough to be glad she is happy, any way.'

"Thinks I—'your mother gev you the right name'—but I said nothin'.

"About this time Alonzo Masters, a young man who'd taught singin' to Taunton, come over to Cranberry, to set up a school there. He was a pitiful cretur; for, when he was but a babe, he took the small-pox, and lost his eyesight for good; and, besides, he always enjoyed poor health after that; and now his mother, who'd always cared for him, had died, and he didn't want to stay to

Taunton no more, but come to Miss Brainerd's to board. There he tried to do for himself, but he made a poor hand at it, and Love, with her kindly, helpful ways, couldn't keep from waitin' on him no mor'n a brook can keep from runnin' down hill; besides, she took lessons of him, and he'd set and listen to her voice as if he was drinkin' it in, till he most forgot to teach her.

"Things went on so for quite a spell; and, as lookers-on see most of the game, I see pretty soon that he was hangin' on to Love for the breath of his life. He wa'n't never easy away from her. He fretted like a sick baby when she went off to school, and he kept waitin' for her by the door as steady as the hop-vine 'longside of him. One day I come along and stepped in to see Miss Brainerd; and, finding him alone on the door-sill, I set down for a bit of talk, and, just then, Achsah Whitman passed and nodded. She looked real well that day; and, after she got by, says I—

"'Well, you're real pretty, that's a fact!'

"'Who?' says he.

"'Miss Whitman—she that jest went past the door.'

"'Not anywhere as pretty as Love, though, Miss Goodwin,' says he, as peart as the primer, and kind of triumphant like.

"'Why, Mr. Masters!' says I, 'what makes you say so?'

"'Because I hear Love's voice, Miss Goodwin, 'and I know she must be lovely, she speaks so.'

"'Well, I declare, you're right,' says I; but I did pity the poor cretur, for I never thought Love would trust or care for a man again. However, I don't make nor mar in love-scrapes—I'd as soon try to help a bird build its nest—so I left things to Providence, and they got took care of as they generally do.

"About a month after that, Love come over to my house one night, and she got me out into the stoop, and put her head in my lap, and, says she, softly, but very plain—

"'Aunty, I'm going to marry Mr. Masters.'

"'Why, Love Brainerd!' says I, 'you don't tell me! My dear child, for mercy's sakes, do you know what you are a doin'? Do you love him as'—she broke right in—

" 'I know, aunty, but I never shall love anybody that way again; and I do feel so sorry for him—he's sick, and blind, and lonely. I wonder who would ever take care of him, if I should leave him alone? I feel as if God had sent him to me, and spoken about it.'

" 'But, Love, it's a dreadful thing to get such an idea into your head, if you don't love him. It a'n't right. You can't get away if once you marry him, think of that!'

" 'I don't want to get away, aunty. Nobody cares for him but me, and I should make him so happy. What am I good for but to spend and be spent for somebody? and who needs it more than he?'

" Well, I couldn't say no more—I felt kind of solemn. She was too near like the folks in the Revelations that was clothed in white garments, for me to trouble her thoughts with the wisdom of this world; so I stooped down and kissed her; and, when she went away, I couldn't feel to fret over it; for, if ever anybody was in the Lord's keepin', I knew she was.

" After a few months they was married, and it come about just as I didn't darst to hope it would. Love was the completest woman that ever I see, and, beginnin' with pity, she was as tender of 'Lonzo as if he'd been a little baby; and it a'n't in any real woman's heart, 'specially such a one as Love, to see anything hanging onto her for dear life without learnin' to love it. Beside, she was lonely enough before—she hadn't anybody to love her mor'n all the world put together—and she see Achsah Root flourishin' like a green bay-tree, so's she couldn't well help wonderin' why one should be taken and t'other left, and that cross was hard to bear, I expect, though

she didn't never say nothin'. But now she acted for all the world like my scarlet runner that Old Red trod across one day when the boys left the gate open, and crushed it down into the mud; and there it lay, kind of tuckered out, till one of the feelers got blowed against the pickets, and cotched hold, and lifted itself up, ring by ring, till the whole fencepost was red with its blows, and covered with the green leaves.

" Love loved him a sight better than ever she had loved Jim Whitman. He was a better man. His 'fictions had made him pious, and he was nigh about as good as a sick and fretted man can be, and he wa'n't never cross to Love nor peevish; he loved her a heap too much to hurt her, anyway. He thought she was most good enough to say his prayers to, and she wasn't never willin' to be out of his sight. So the Lord rewarded her in this world; for, though most folks didn't think 'twas any reward, I knew it was the nearest to heaven to her to be loved so, and to love back again.

" They lived there to Miss Brainerd's twenty year, she bein' his eyes and life, and he bein' like her heart, till she took sick, last fall, of a low fever, and died. I was with her the last night, and he too.

" I did wish he could 'a seen those eyes. They looked after him as if the Lord had touched 'em, so's they could speak when she couldn't. She died a lookin' at him so, with both her hands in his'n, and he sot there six hours after she was gone to glory, and I guess she went right off.

" Tom, give me some more apples! Where in creation is my silk handkerchief? I declare! I thought I hed done cryin' for Love Brainerd!"

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NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF NEW-YORK.

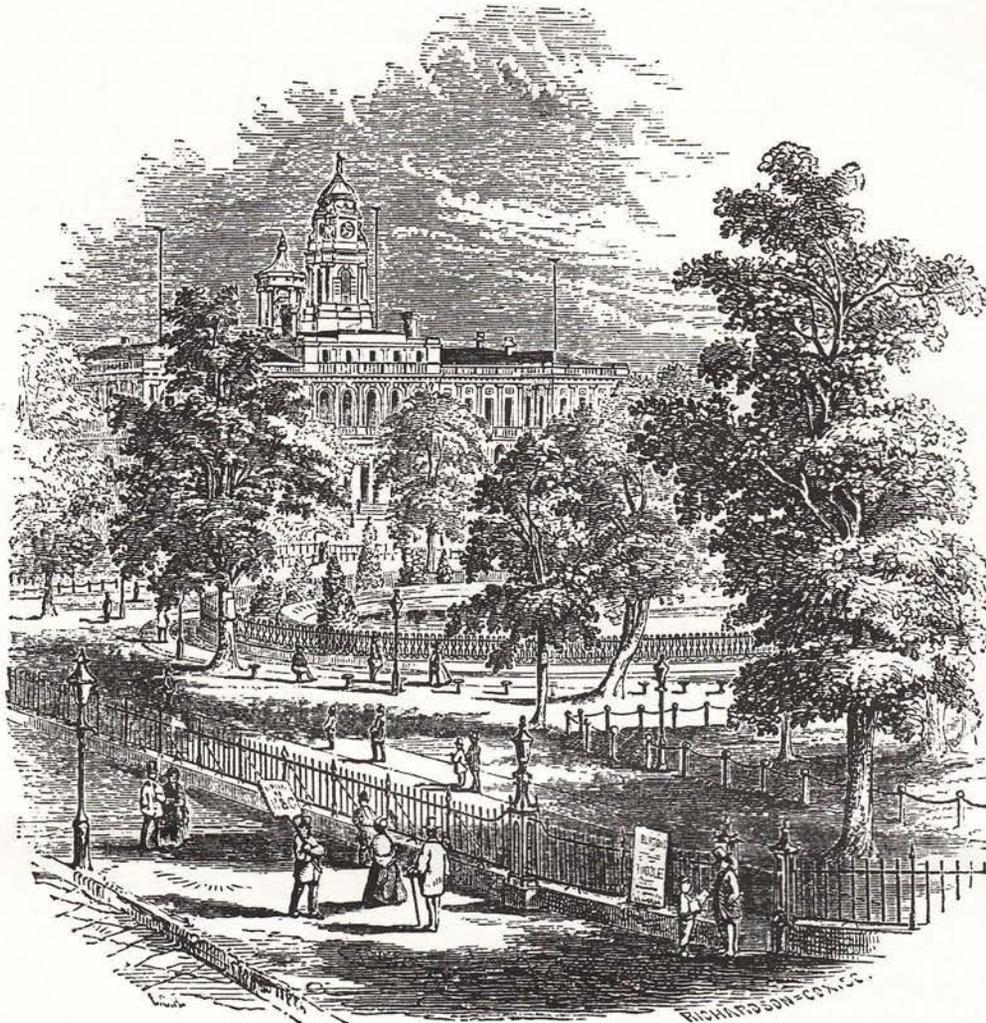
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End View of City Hall.

NEW-YORK has not much to boast of in the splendor of its public buildings, numerous and extensive as they are, with the exception of the City Hall, which is an architectural wonder; not intrinsi-

cally, but relatively, standing as it has, until within a few years past, a marble oasis surrounded by a desert of bricks and mortar. The marvel of it is that such a building could have been built at all in the infancy and poverty of the city, and that it should have stood nearly fifty years without exerting the slightest influence upon the tastes of our people who were continually building and rebuilding. It was only another proof that education in taste, as in morals and science, must be progressive, and that a community must learn their alphabet in art, as well as in letters, before they can learn to read and understand the productions of enlightened minds. We know when the City Hall was built, and by whom, but how it was, why there should have been such an outbreak of taste and public liberality just then, so disproportioned to the exigencies of the times, without antecedents or followers, has always been to us a subject of especial marvel. Even at the present day, when the wealth and popula-



City Hall.

tion of the city have increased ten-fold, the new public buildings are comparatively mean and barbarous. There stands the beautiful City Hall, with an offspring of hideous Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic structures, without a lineament of the graceful features or elegant form of their progenitor. It is marvellous that the city fathers should have passed in and out of the City Hall day by day for half a century, and never have been imbued with a feeling of love for the beautiful edifice which was their official home, nor have imparted something of its grace and elegance to the new structures which they erected for municipal uses. But such, unfortunately, is the fact; and the City Hall remains a splendid exception to the tasteless and uninformed character of the other civic buildings of the metropolis of the New World. But, something of the wonder which the existence of such a building as the City Hall excites, subsides when

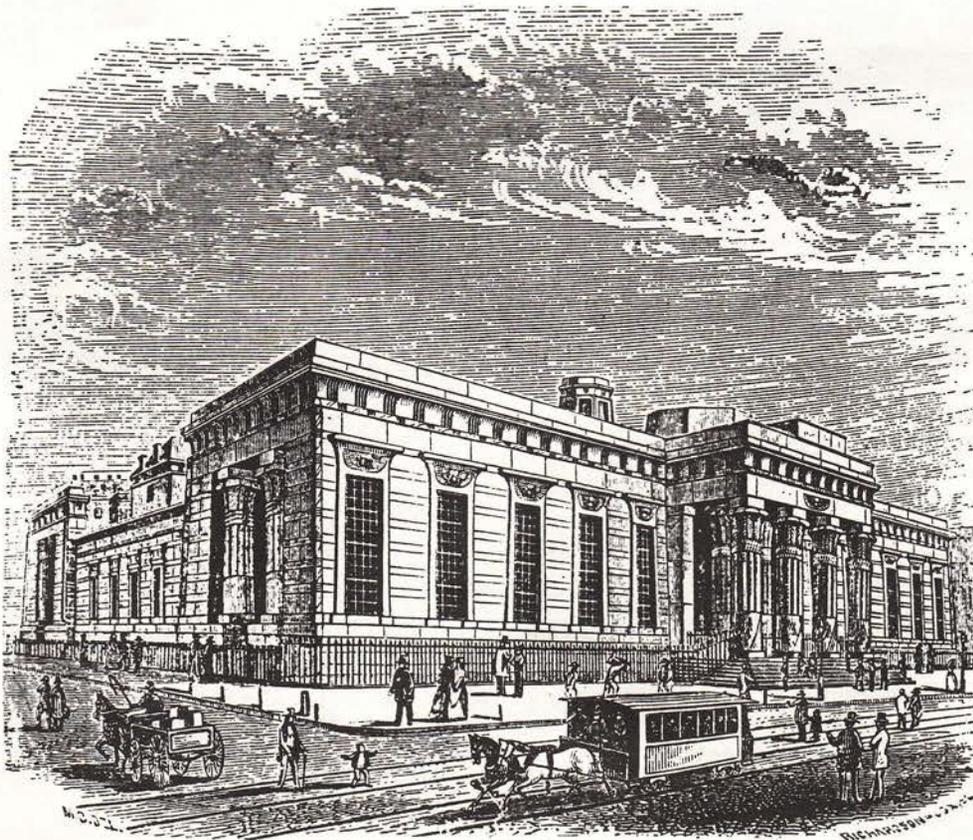
we find that it was during the mayoralty of such enlightened men as Edward Livingston and De Witt Clinton, that the building was planned and completed. The corner stone was laid in September 1803, and it was nearly ten years in building. The front and two ends are of white marble, but the rear is of a very fine dark brown sandstone, not used, as has been ignorantly supposed, because its back was to the then rural districts, for the builders of the City Hall were not so cramped in their ideas as to imagine that New-York would never extend itself higher up than the Park; but for the same reason that Cologne Cathedral is unornamented on its northern side, because it lies always in shadow, and the warm tint of the stone is more suitable to its aspect than the cold glitter of white marble would be. Let any one look at the City Hall with this thought in his mind, and the brown stone of the rear will no longer look incongruous or improper.

Though we can make this apology for the rear of the City Hall, which is as beautiful as the southern front, we have none to offer for its rusticated, brown stone basement, nor for its awkward wooden belfry, which has been recently added. The names of the architects were Macomb and Mangin, and as they left no other evidences of their genius, the City Hall must be regarded as an inspiration.

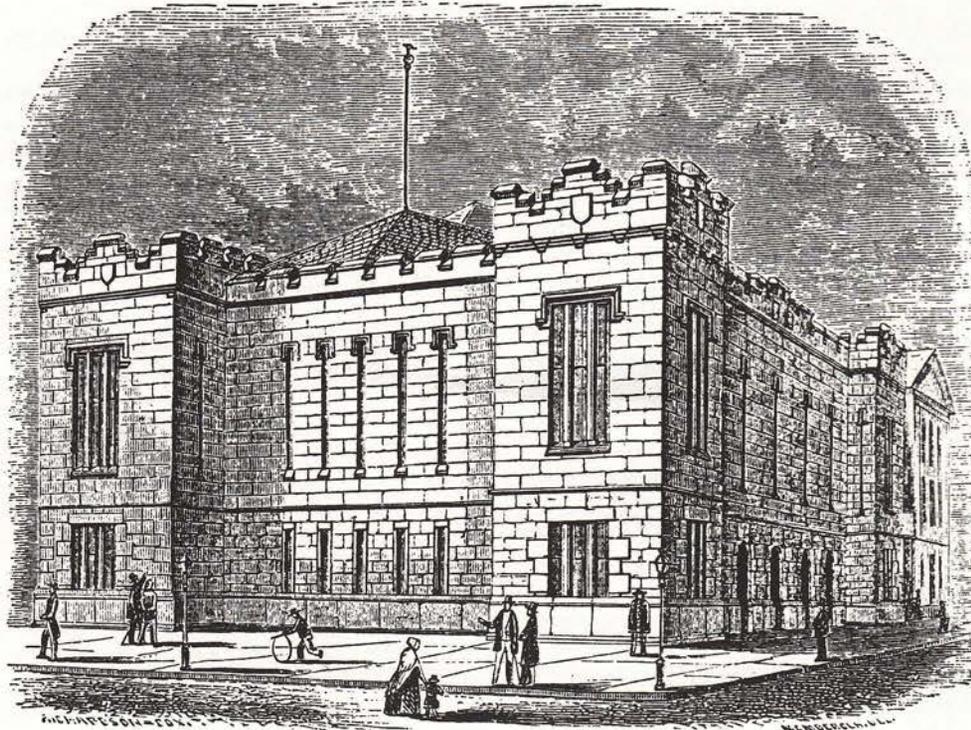
But, the City Hall of New-York is an exceptional institution in more respects than its architectural exterior, and as respects all other public buildings in the Union. It is in this Hall that has been commenced a permanent gallery of historical art, which, even at the present time is of great value; but, to our posterity, it will prove a precious treasure; in it are preserved the portraits of all the governors of the State, and of the mayors of the city; they are hung in the noble suite of apartments known as the Governor's Room, and in other parts of the building are the portraits of many of our eminent men and military heroes. This plan of preserving the portraits of the chief magistrates of the State and city, is one which should be imitated, not only by the nation, but by each of the States and cities; it would be a cheap way of encouraging art,

and establishing galleries of incalculable value in a historical point of view.

In the Governor's Room are full length portraits of the twelve governors of the State, from Lewis down to Fish, including Tompkins, Clinton, Van Buren, Marcy, Seward and Young; two of them are by Trumbull, and the rest by Catlin, Vanderlyn, Inman, Weir, Page, Elliott, Gray, and Hicks; there are, also, the portraits, *en buste*, of twenty-two mayors, and full lengths of Presidents Washington, Monroe, Jackson, and Taylor; Lafayette by S. F. B. Morse, General Monckton by the same artist; and Generals McComb, Brown, Scott, and Swift; Commodores Perry, Decatur, and Bainbridge; there are also original portraits of Columbus, Governor Stuyvesant, Bolivar, Hendrick Hudson, and Paez, General Williams, and of Mr. Valentine, who has been many years clerk of the Common Council. In the Chamber of the Board of Aldermen, a very beautiful apartment, are full length portraits of Washington and George Clinton, painted by Trumbull, and of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, by Weimar; in the chamber of the Assistant Aldermen, a department of the city government which has been abolished by the new Charter, are full lengths of Commodores Hull and



City Prison.



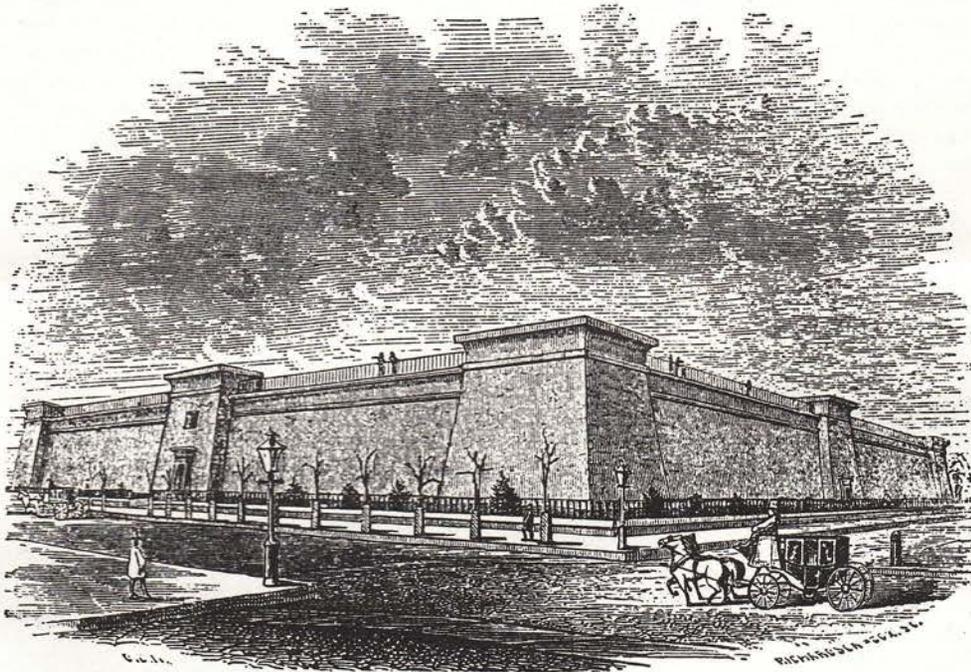
Lower Arsenal.

McDonough by Jarvis; in room No. 8 is a half-length portrait of the renowned High-Constable, Jacob Hays, and, in the Mayor's Office is a half-length portrait, painted by Mooney, of Achmet Ben Ahmed, the captain of the Imaum of Muscat's frigate, which visited New-York about ten years since. In the Governor's Room there are marble busts of De Witt Clinton and Henry Clay, in the chamber of the Board of Aldermen there are busts of John Jay and Chief Justice Marshall, and in other parts of the Hall there are busts of Thomas Addis Emmet, and Chancellor Kent, and marble tablets in honor of several distinguished members of the New-York bar. Until within a few years past there was a noble banqueting room in the City Hall, where the city feasts used to be held on occasions of high public festivals, such as the Fourth of July, when the Mayor presided at the feasts surrounded by the Aldermen and their distinguished guests, and mighty bowls of punch were quaffed, and enormous tureens of turtle soup eaten for the good of the city. But these civic feasts have fallen into disuse, and the magnificent apartment, with its crimson curtains, has been made into two mean-looking court rooms, by a dingy partition. In one of the rooms is kept the City Library, the mere existence of which is hardly known

to the majority of our citizens. But it contains many valuable books, and a very choice collection of rare engravings and interesting works of art, which were presented to the city through the agency of Mons. Vattemare by Louis Philippe of France, and other foreign rulers. The Law Library of the New-York bar is in one of the lower apartments of the Hall, but it is only accessible to members. The famous "tea-room," where the Aldermen used to feast at the public cost, is a rather dingy apartment in the occupancy of the keeper of the Hall, the tea-room expenses having been denied by law. The tea-room was so called on the lucus a non lucendo principle, for the potations most indulged in, in that convivial apartment, were mostly champagne and brandy. The City Hall was sufficiently spacious to afford offices for all the municipal business of the city, besides rooms for the United States Courts, but it is now insufficient for the accommodation of the municipal offices alone, and, besides appropriating the entire extent of the old Alms House in the rear, a spacious Hall has been erected in which the newly organized Council under the reformed charter will hold its sessions; at the east end of the Hall is the Hall of Records, the old debtor's prison modernized with porches and columns. The buildings used for municipal offices, which are

clustered together in the rear of the City Hall, are of a very miscellaneous character, and appear to have been dropped down by accident, or to have been placed there temporarily with a view to some future arrangement. One of them, as we have mentioned, was, originally, an alms house, erected before external ornaments were considered as essentials to that class of public buildings; another is a circular house, which was originally put up for the exhibition of a panorama; another was a rough stone building, in which poor debtors used to be incarcerated for the crime of poverty, but it has been stuccoed, and pedimented, and pillared in the style of a Greek temple, while there are two new edifices, both constructed of brown freestone, but, to keep up the general

confusion, made of unequal dimensions, and as little in harmony as possible. Not far above the public buildings in the Park, is the City Prison, commonly called the Tombs, from the sepulchral style of its architecture. It occupies an entire square, with its principal front on Centre-street, as represented in the engraving. The ponderous and gloomy character of Egyptian architecture harmonizes esthetically with the purposes of a prison, but it is both barbarous and costly, and there is no good reason for erecting in the midst of a city an object which has such a nightmarish influence on its neighborhood. The ground on which the City Prison stands was once a swamp, its cells are damp and unwholesome, and the whole interior is dark and dismal; it is con-



Croton Reservoir, 42d Street.

structed of huge blocks of granite, which are oppressive to look upon, and must have a chilling effect upon the nervous system of passengers through Centre-street, who have within them undivulged crimes; in it is held the Court of Sessions, and all public executions take place in one of its courts.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Egyptian Tombs is another building equally gloomy in appearance, but of a different style of architecture, if such a word can be applied to a building that is devoid of style.

The New Armory, or down-town Arsenal, stands on the corner of White and Elm streets, with a frontage of one hundred and thirty-one feet, by eighty-four feet. It is built of a dark blue granite,

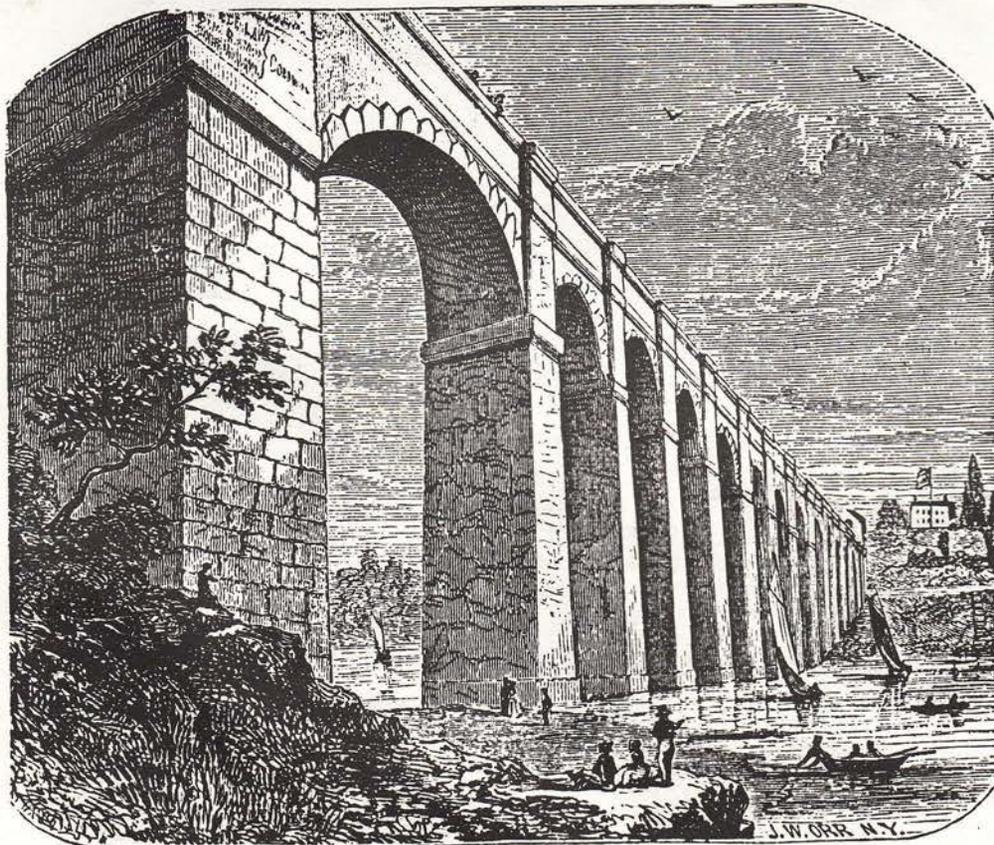
with square-headed, narrow windows, a battlemented parapet, and flanked by square towers. It is employed as a receptacle for the ordnance of the first division of the State Artillery, the lower story being appropriated for a gun room, and the second floor for a drill room. It is wholly devoid of ornament, but is substantial, and, if it should ever be needed as a place of refuge it could resist a very strong force. But, we imagine that its capacity as a fortress will never be tested by a siege. On the roof is a telegraph pole intended to communicate by signals with the State arsenal further up town.

But the greater number of the buildings belonging to the city are not to be found in the streets and avenues; the hospitals, prisons, alms-houses, and nurseries, are

built upon the beautiful little islands in the East River, whose green slopes rise from the rapid current, near Hell Gate. On Blackwell's Island, the largest of the group, are the Penitentiary, the Lunatic Asylum and the City Alms Houses; on Ward's Island are the extensive hospitals for diseased immigrants; and on Randall's Island the nurseries for the city orphans.

One of the most prominent of the structures belonging to the city is the Croton Reservoir, between 40th and 42d streets, which is sufficiently familiar to all the visitors to the Crystal Palace. This immense granite structure, built as solidly and likely to endure as long as the pyramids, is the beaker out of which a population not much below a million drink their daily draughts; it is the great fountain of health and comfort to the entire population of our mighty metropolis, whence their fountains and hydrants are daily supplied. It seems scarcely possible that such a reservoir, vast as it is, should contain a sufficient quantity of water to feed the almost innumerable drains that are constantly running from it. But this Egyptian reservoir on Murray

Hill, which looks so vast, holds but twenty millions of gallons of water; a mere punch bowl, compared with the receiving reservoir lying between 79th and 86th streets, covering an area of thirty-five acres, and containing one hundred and fifty millions of gallons, while this, again, is but a wine cooler in comparison with the first reservoir at the Croton River, forty miles distant, among the breezy hills of Westchester, which is five miles long. These immense reservoirs are trifling when compared with the whole aqueduct, which is forty miles in length, and, by the side of which all aqueducts of ancient and modern times are dwarfed. The most impressive and majestic of the visible parts of this splendid work is the High Bridge across the Harlem River. This aqueduct bridge is the most magnificent structure which New-York can boast of; it is 1450 feet in length, and 114 feet above the level of high water; through this lofty artery flows the daily life of nearly a million of inhabitants, and it is appalling to think of the consequences of an accident to so important an agent in supplying the daily needs of so vast a population.



High Bridge.