

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

BOBBY'S NEWSPAPER BY JOHN BENNETT.

BOBBY DORAN had never seen his grandfather. What the trouble was Bobby never knew; but his father and his grandfather had quarreled before he was born, and had never spoken since.

"It must be very lonesome for him without any little boy of his own," said Bobby, one morning, as his father was buttoning up his jacket for him, for Bobby's mother was dead. She had died when Bobby was yet a baby, so that he did not remember very much about her.

"Lonesome?" said Bobby's father, shrugging his shoulders. "For whom? Father Doran? Oh, I think not. He's not the lonesome kind. He would feel crowded with six rooms empty in the house, and a back yard thrown in."

The Dorans had no back yard—that is, none worth speaking about. They lived in three rooms, the half of a flat in the city, on a block in a side street where all the houses were exactly like one another before and behind, and had no side yards between them.

Bobby's father would not let him go up on the roof nor out in the street to play, for Bobby was not strong, and the river wind on the housetops was very damp and cold, while the street was an endless procession of rattling wagons from morning until night.

For that matter, the procession was an all-night affair as well, for business is never ended in the city; and Bobby's father often came home in the evening utterly worn out with work, too tired to talk to Bobby, and too blue to do anything but to sit by the fire and shut his eyes, while Bobby borrowed his long lead-pencil and made pictures on all the scraps of paper that he could find.

A week was a long, monotonous round of days with Bobby Doran.

But when Sunday came things livened up, for then his father was free, and when the weather was fine would take him to ride on the elevated railroad down to see the shipping in the harbor, or up to where the high bridge was, or out to walk in one of the great uptown parks, where often they spent the whole long day together, looking at the wild beasts in the zoo, watching the peacocks strutting in the grass, the nimble squirrels, the sheep in the pasture, the handsome horses and carriages in the drive, the bicyclers, the flowers, the blue sky, and the trees. Once Bobby rode on the merry-go-round, but the whirl of it made him dizzy, and he liked the patient, homely, long-eared little donkeys better, or the goat-carts on the Mall, where the brass band played.

But the drives in the goat-carts grew fewer as time went by, and the rides on the little donkeys came to an end.

"Why can't I have any more rides, papa?" asked Bobby, sorrowfully.

"Because I have not the pennies to spare. Robin, my man," said his father, looking quite cheerful all at once, and laughing as if it were a huge joke. "You are getting to be such a tremendous fellow now, and have such an enormous appetite, that it takes all my magnificent salary to keep you in provender."

"What's provender?" asked Bobby, doubtfully. "Is it that bitter stuff I drink in the morning? If that's what takes the money, I'd just as soon not have any more of it. I can do without that."

Bobby's father laughed. "No," said he; "that's not provender; that's nutriment. Provender is pork and beans."

"But you and Bridget eat the pork and beans."

"Why, to be sure. We must have something to eat, and pork and beans are very satisfying confectionery."

That night Bobby thought until he had four wrinkles in his brow. Suddenly he looked up from where he sat beside the fire, with his hands clasped around his knees. "Papa," said he, "I am going to make some money."

"I hope you will, my boy, and that you will not be so poor a business man as I."

"But you're grown up," said Bobby, "and that's different. I am going to make some now."

"Oh, you are?" exclaimed his father. "Are you going to begin immediately?"

"Well, no; not right away—to-morrow morning."

"Humph!" said Mr. Doran. "To-morrow morning is not so very far off. How are you going to do it?"

"I am going to editor a newspaper," Bobby answered with slow precision. "A newspaper makes money."

"Sometimes."

"Well, this is going to be one of the times."

"What will you call it?" "The Great American Spread Eagle."

"No, sir. It is named the 'Violet.'"

"The 'Violet'?" Ah! Within a green and shady nook a modest violet grew. I'm afraid a modest violet will have a pretty rough time trying to be a newspaper. How came you to think of that?"

"Why, you used to buy a bunch of violets every Sunday morning when we went walking, you know, and leave them up there."

Mr. Doran was very quiet for a moment, and then he said softly: "That is a very good name. The robins and the violets come together in the spring."

Next morning Bobby was exceedingly busy when his father went downtown. "Hallo! Robin, my man, where are you? It's time to say good-by," called out Mr. Doran from the elevator landing.

"Good-by, good-by!" cried Bobby, charging out into the lobby; "I'm editing my newspaper. May I go down to the street to sell it?"

"What are your orders about going out into the street, Robin?"

"Oh, I don't mean out in the street, papa; just to the steps at the door. I will not go off the steps; and Joseph will bring me up in the elevator—won't you, Joseph?"

"Well, I should say I would!" replied the ebony Joseph, grinning whitely; "a dozen times, if you like."

Mr. Doran looked down into the eager face. "All right, Mr. Editor, this once," said he; "keep an eye on him, Joe."

Bobby went back to his paper.

The first thing was the heading, so he printed that in large, bold capitals.

Then Bobby began in earnest:

Once there was a little boy. His name was Tom.

Once he was left a lone, and was told not to go off of the porch. So his mother came home, and took him out to take a walk in the woods.

When Tom sat down to pick little flowers in the grass he heard a sound that sounded like some wolves running to catch him. The mother and the boy ran as fast as they could.

And after they went home they lived happy ever-after.

Bobby drew a great breath. He could almost hear the "wolves" running to catch that little boy; but "they lived happy ever after," he said to himself, half aloud; "so it was n't so very dreadful. I must n't make it too dreadful or folks won't buy it." Then at the bottom of the page he drew some very charming flowers with some colored pencils he had saved with most jealous care since Christmas. "Now," said he, "I'll go down and sell it."

The first man passed without so much as looking at him.

A dirty boy with a blue coat and a red-striped cap

buy one every morning. Mind you, I don't promise to pay this for them every time; and with that he was gone, and Bobby was standing on the step with half a dollar in his hand, staring like a little owl.

"There, papa," said he, that night; "there's some money," and he laid the half-dollar proudly on the table. The old gentleman said he would take one every day, but not pay so much as that every time. I will just make as much as I can, and help to keep us in providence."

His father laughed, but in the middle of his laughing, choked, and threw his arms around the boy. "Oh,



"PLEASE DON'T BOTHER, BRIDGET, I'M BUSY MAKING A PAPER!"

came slowly by, reading a folded pamphlet.

"Don't you want to buy a paper?" asked Bobby.

"Paper? What paper?" said the boy.

"My paper—the 'Violet,'" said Bobby.

"The which?"

"The 'Violet.' I make it all myself."

"Oh, get off the earth!" said the boy, and went on slowly down the street.

Half a dozen others passed before he summoned courage enough to speak up. The wind was blowing keenly down the narrow street, pent in by the tall buildings on the other side, and the men who came hurrying up from the elevated station to their business places in the thoroughfare beyond, held to their hats and morning papers with both hands. As one passed by, a fold of his paper caught the wind and was whirled under the horse's hoofs and the wheels in the dirty street. He was a very stern-looking, dignified old gentleman with iron-grey hair and a smooth-shaven face.

"Good morning!" said Bobby, taking off his hat. "I'm sorry it went away. Do you want to buy another?"

The old gentleman merely turned his head. "No," said he; "I don't." Then he turned sharply all the way around and looked at the small boy perched in the corner of the steps.

"It is a very good paper, sir," said Bobby, confidently.

"It is a good paper, is it?" the old gentleman asked quizzically.

"Yes, sir; I think it is a good paper. I made it all myself!"

"That's not so bad, either," said the old gentleman, musingly. "A man ought to think that the things he makes himself are pretty good."

"But there are mistakes sometimes," said Bobby.

The old man looked at him sharply, and flushed a little under the boy's frank gaze. "Yes," said he; "there are mistakes. Don't make any and you'll be a happy man."

"Oh, I'm going to be happy," Bobby replied, "when I make lots of money."

"Don't do it," said the old gentleman, suddenly, shutting his stern lips together over his words; "that's the first and the worst mistake of all. I know—for I made it myself." He smiled cynically. "What's the price of your paper?"

Bobby was nonplussed. A paper should have a price, to be sure. He had not thought of that. "Whatever you think a real good paper is worth, sir," said he, doubtfully; "I never made any before."

"So, this is the first, hey? Why did you make this one?"

"To make some money for papa," cheerily. "It takes all of his magnificent salary to keep us in providence. He told me it did."

The old gentleman began to laugh.

"Here," said he, "just put this in your pocket, son. I'll take your paper. If you'll make them, I will

Robin, Robin, my brave little man, you'll keep your old daddy in Providence and the trust in it, after all. But I'd rather you would not sell the papers in the street. We're not so bad off as that yet," and he smiled a trifle sadly.

"Oh," said Bobby, "but I promised to make him one every day! I must make to-morrow's paper—I said I would."

So he sat down and wrote:

Once there was a small little boy, his father was a bad man and sent him out to the woods to get lost. The little boy's name was Johnny. Johnny was three years old, his father thought that he was not alive, but all this time he had been taking little walks, but some people took him to their homes, they liked him very much, one day he was taking a little walk with a friend of his, but who do you think he saw walking from the house he did once live in, he saw his father, his father soon knew that he was his little boy that he had lost in the woods, and his father took him to the house and the boy was there for two days, but the next day the father killed Johnny, and the father cried after he had killed the little boy, and after that time the father got sicker, but the father died soon, and they lived happy ever after.

"That is rather a small paper, Robin," observed Mr. Doran, patting the small boy's curly head. "Had n't you better get out a supplement with the latest news from the war?"

"All right," said Bobby, and wrote:

SUPLAMENTE.

In olden times there was a war betwixt the English men and betwixt the ameracons. This war began by the English men trying to kill the ameracons. George Washington was the jennrell of this time in the war.

The war lasted eight years, many men were killed in that war. Soon George was killed and the ameracons were nearly beeten and starved. Because they did not get any food. But at last the English were beeten and surrendered to jennrell Washington and that is the end of the war and they lived happy ever after.

He was on the front steps bright and early in the morning. At nine o'clock the express came down, and soon among the pushing men he saw the tall old gentleman.

"Well, sir, is the paper out yet?" asked his single customer, smiling.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby, promptly. "I promised you it would be, you know."

"Oh, you always keep your promises, do you?" Bobby hung his head. "No, sir."

The old gentleman smiled a bitter smile. "That's the way of the world; don't follow it, son; you'll get nothing but trouble and regret out of it."

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"I told Bridget I would take my medicine this morning," said Bobby, slowly, "and then I puffed it in the scuttle—it is so bitter, you know."

The grim look upon the old gentleman's face was altered to a smile. "You are not the only one who would like to pour his medicine into the scuttle and forget; and you're lucky that you can."

"But papa will be ashamed of my pluck. He says it is what a man ought to do, to do what he should whether he wants to or not; and that if you make a promise, keep it, or else don't make it at all."

"Your father is a most remarkably wise and virtuous man," said the old gentleman, smiling a trifle unpleasantly with the upper corner of his mouth, as he laid a quarter in Bobby's hand. "There was not a great deal of news in yesterday's edition." Bobby's face fell. "It was very good what there was of it, but there was not very much of it."

"Oh, but they all lived happy ever after, sir!" said Bobby, eagerly, "and surely that's something. They all lived happy ever after."

The old gentleman stared at him again. "What is the name of this remarkable father of yours, son?" he asked.

"My papa's name is John Doran, sir," answered Bobby. He's a—"

But the old gentleman had whirled upon his heel, and was a dozen paces up the street, hurrying into the crowd.

"I'll have to make him another paper, papa," said Bobby, that night, "for he did not take the one I had, he was in such a hurry; and now it is old, and Joseph crumpled it. He left a quarter for it, so you'll let me make another for him, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Doran. "Never take money for goods that you don't deliver. That is not honest business."

So Bobby made a paper with an illuminated background—a yellow sun, with a multitude of orange rays, rising from a brick-red sea across two purple hills, with amazing grass along their crests.

But in the morning, when he waited upon the steps, the old gentleman went up the other side of the street and did not look across. "Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" cried Bobby, running into the hall. "He went right past and never came at all. Do take it after him. See, Joseph! There he goes: the tall old gentleman with the white hair and the stiff back. He will take it."

And he did.

The old gentleman looked at the slip of paper in his hands. His desk was piled deep with letters that must be answered, and with matters most imperative. But the yellow sun and the childish scrawl seemed to fascinate him. Then he threw them both together into the waste-basket, and with a bitter frown began to read the letters on the desk. Yet he fidgeted uneasily. "There's no fool like an old fool," he said, and, stooping, picked the yellow sun and the purple hills out of the waste-basket again and spread the paper on his desk. Bobby's story was in his best hand—a queer lot of curls and quavers. This was how it ran:

Once there was a man who had a little boy, they lived at a place where there was no mama, so the boy

And they did.

And when Bobby's father came home that night, there was a large envelope upon his table containing Bobby's paper with the yellow sun and the purple hills, and a note in a firm business hand:

My SON JOHN: Read this story that your boy has written; let bygones be bygones; forgive and forget an old man's mistakes, and come home. There are six rooms and a back yard; and by the time the boy gets here there will be a billy-goat. Come home, both of you, for I am very 'loansom'; and, please God, John, we'll all 'live happy ever after.'

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was loansom and went away. Where he could find a little boy of his own for company, so the man was very angry at him and he shut the door in and said you can't come in, so they went away and there was no mama there. The little boy's father was too busy to get another, so the new little boy was loansom too and it was very loansom there, but the other father was loansom too and next week he said come home, there is six rooms and a back yard and a billy-goat; and they lived happy ever after.

He laid the paper down on his desk. "Thomas," he called sharply, "if Henderson comes about that Chicago deal, tell him that I am not in."

Then he sat in his chair looking steadfastly at the paper on his desk with Bobby's scrawl and the flaming yellow sunrise.

"Jamison," he called again, not quite so sharply as before, "you will please to answer all these letters on the desk for me; you know the business and what it needs."

Then he took a pen himself, and began to write a letter. But as fast as he wrote one he tore it to pieces and threw it on the floor. But the sixth one he finished, folded up, and placed in an envelope, and sealed it.

"Jamison," said he, very quietly, "I am going home."

"Yes, sir." The private secretary did his best to look as if he were not surprised, but his effort failed. "When will you be back, sir?"

"I do not know," said the old gentleman, smiling very oddly.

The private secretary stared.

And what is more, Jamison," said the old gentleman, placidly, with a mistiness creeping down into the corners of his eyes, "between you and me and the gate-post, I don't care a picayune when I come back."

The private secretary gasped.

"There is going to be a new partner in this firm, Jamison."

"A new—new partner?" stammered the private secretary, holding fast to the arms of his revolving chair. "Why, Mr. Doran, did I understand you? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, Jamison," said the old gentleman, turning around to face his private secretary, "that I am tired of being sole and only proprietor of this firm of John Doran, Sr., and that after Monday morning next the firm name in this house will be 'John Doran & Son,' and that I am going out now to find the son."

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