

DEAR FRIEND,—As it draws near Christmas, my thoughts are back to my old days when I was under your care in the Boys' Home. I did not realize how good you were to me at the time, but as I grow older I hardly know how to return thanks for the goodness in securing good places for David and I through your kindness, and the interest you took in us. We shall be brothers as long as we live. I have seen the rest of our family, with the exception of Johnnie. The last we heard of him, he was in Rochester. I was there, but could not find him. Both Aleck and Willie are in Elizabeth, New Jersey, both steady, good workers. I suppose you know David is over here now, and is getting along well. He is working for the Edison Electric Light Co. here; he has charge of the stock room. His wages comes to ten dollars and a half a week. We intend going into business for ourselves some day. I am still conductor on the "street cars." I get from \$10 to \$12 a week, but it is a hard job on the system, working nights and mornings, and, worst of all, Sundays. I am now in hopes of getting a job in the Armour Packing Co. now building her; it is a fine one. The manager is a Scotchman, and he is going to give me the first chance. David goes to the Y.M.C.A. night school. I shall be his companion. I have been all through New York and other big cities, which I never expected to see. I will have to close, as it is near working time. We both join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Give Miss McKay and the boys our best regards, wishing them the same. You will receive one of our pictures, with this letter, as a slight token of our thanks.

Your sincere friend,

G. R. A."

Another boy, one of several from whom similar letters have been received, writes:

"DEAR ———: I received a letter from you about