

**THE BOSS GIRL, A
CHRISTMAS STORY
AND OTHER SKETCHES**

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The boss girl, a Christmas story and other sketches by James Whitcomb Riley

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

**THE BOSS GIRL, A
CHRISTMAS STORY
AND OTHER SKETCHES**

CHARACTER SKETCHES

THE BOSS GIRL

A CHRISTMAS STORY

AND

OTHER SKETCHES

BY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE," ETC.

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THE BOSS GIRL.

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

*He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.*

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

*I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—*

*The Anthem stilled—the angels leaving there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
"God bless us Every One!"*

THE BOSS GIRL.

ONE week ago this Christmas day, in the little back office that adjoins the counting-room of the Daily Journal, I sat in genial conversation with two friends. I do not now recall the theme of our discussion, but the general trend of it—suggested, doubtless, by the busy scene upon the streets—I remember most distinctly, savored of the mellowing influences of the coming holidays, with perhaps an acrid tang of irony as we dwelt upon the great needs of the poor at such a time, and the chariness with which the hand of opulence was wont to dole out alms. But for all that we were merry, and as from time to time our glances fell upon the ever-shifting scene outside, our hearts grew warmer, and within the eyes the old dreams glimmered into fuller dawn. It was during a lull of conversation, and while the philanthropic mind, perchance, was wandering amid the outer throng, and doubtless quoting to itself "Whene'er I take my walks abroad," that our privacy was abruptly broken into by