

# THE HORATIO ALGER

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A Newsletter



# Newsboy CLUB

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5868 PILGRIM

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Published monthly for the benefit of our Subscribers, Readers, Collectors and Dealers of books written by Horatio Alger Jr. Prepared and distributed at the expense of Forrest Campbell, Editor and the support of paid subscribers. Upon request, the newsletter will be sent to our new friends, three months free. A Non-profit Organization.

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Greetings! Friends; Let's talk Alger. But first, let us remember that this month, we honor our Mothers; Which in many cases is none other than our wives. The lady who should stand beside every successful man when praise is handed out. The lady who not only stands behind you with her support, but will stand up for you and in front of you as protection. The lady who stands for a lot as far as her husband is concerned. Let's give due credit this month to our wives and our Mothers; I believe that Alger could have been much more successful, if he had only had a wife!

The big news this month is the 1963 Horatio Alger Award Winners, so designated by the American Schools and Colleges Association in recognition of achievement from humble beginnings. In case you did not see the list published in your home town paper, I take great pleasure in repeating the list and give further recognition to:

Charles R. Anthony, Oklahoma City; John Bowles, Los Angeles; Bernard Castro, President of Castro Convertible Crp., Albert Dorne, Westport, Conn. Titus Haffa, Chicago; Wayne A. Johnston, Chicago; Dr. Abner Vernon Mc Call, Waco, Texas; George O. Nodyne, New York City; John W. Rollins, Wilmington; R. Perry Shorts, Saginaw, Mich., and W. Clement Stone, Chicago;

These gentlemen may or may not have been inspired by our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr. and his famous 'Rags to Riches' series of novels, but by their own initiative and individualism, they have been able proverbially to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. It would be nice to know. I shall make an attempt to contact them. Perhaps you can help me locate them.

Another item of interest comes from Harry and Mildred Newell, operators of the ATWOOD TREASURE COVE, Stone Ridge, N.Y. They enclosed a clipping which announces the demolition of a building on William Street near Park Row which once housed the famous Newsboys Lodging House. This brings up an interesting discussion. Was there more than one location? there must have been. The Lodging House is often mentioned in the Alger stories with locations given. The article, DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT which we carry in part and which began in the March issue, tells of the loft of the old Sun bldg. which was then located on the corner of Frankfort and

Nassau, near Park Row. A still further location is mentioned in this article of Duane and Chambers. In my copy of King's Handbook of New York City, a picture of the building is shown to be located at Duane and William. I am quite sure that Alger has often mentioned Fulton Street as one of the locations. One thing is for sure, most of the activities in the Alger stories were centered around the Bowery and City Hall Park.

I appreciate receipt of such clippings from the subscribers. It all adds to the interesting reading found in the newsletter. Milton Salls, Herkimer Home, Little Falls N.Y. is currently my most dependable correspondent. His helpfulness is appreciated. Occasionally, I cannot conform to requests. I have been reminded often that due to the size of the newsletter and supplement story, it is difficult to find binders of the same size to preserve the sheets. I am thankful that you have a desire to preserve them but a change now to a different size, in my humble opinion, would not be good. It would leave me with a lot of unused stock of paper, some which is already printed, and you would still have a binder problem for the odd size sheets of the present size. The Binder problem may be solved by using Scrap-book covers or your own ingenuity.

Ed Mattson of Baltimore, urges me to allow space for a Swappers Column. If the majority of the subscribers want this space allowed, I could be persuaded, however I am currently meeting this need by supplying names and addresses of our subscribers. Each subscriber is a potential market for your surplus books.

George Sätman of Quakertown urges me to list authentic book titles and has sent me a list from an authentic source. The lists are of course a matter of public record. Only the individual's personal comments and opinion would add to our search for authentic information. With this in mind I will begin a list which will also give the Hero's name and if the story has been published by any other name. This list will be started in this issue.

No new deposits have been added to the RAGGED DICK FUND which remains at \$12.00

No books have been offered to the REVERE PUBLIC LIBRARY. If you have an Alger book in good condition which you would like to donate in the name of the NEWSBOY CLUB, write to me for the details. PLEASE!

Only one new subscription came in during the entire month of April:

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

No. 69 Mr. Leonard A. Sharrott  
1039 Grassmere Terrace,  
Far Rockaway 91, New York

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

No. 32 Ernest P. Sanford  
9724 Admiralty Drive,  
Silver Springs, Maryland

No. 24 Gilbert K. Westgard, II  
Swiss Mission Pilatusstrasse II  
Zurich 7/32 Switzerland

BY STATES - continued from last month

Mrs. Jehny Breedveld, Staff Writer  
% The Revere Journal  
327 Broadway  
Revere 51, Massachusetts

Mr. Earl Reynolds  
47 High Street,  
Thorndyke, Massachusetts

Mrs. Virginia M. Viera  
38 West Street,  
Millville, Massachusetts

Mr. Harry M. Boniece  
8340 Marlowe Avenue,  
Detroit 28, Michigan

Mr. Robert Buchta  
29209 Everett,  
Southfield, Michigan

Mr. Harold C. Farmer  
123 East Elm Street,  
Lansing 10, Michigan

Mr. Dave Findlay  
759 North Maple Grove,  
Hudson, Michigan

Mr. Max Friedman  
732 Douglas Avenue,  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mrs. Irene Gurman  
23498 Parklawn  
Oak Park 37, Michigan

Mrs. Charlene Harkins  
1804 West C Avenue, R6  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

MICHIGAN TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH along with Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire and possibly New Jersey. If you will be included, please send up to date information.

Mr. Sharrot, (S-69) deals in stamps and coins and I believe he will exchange for Alger books. After one copy of the newsletter in the three month free trial offer, he subscribed. Welcome aboard!!

Mr. Sanford moves from Washington, so we have no more representation there. We will miss our Washington Correspondent.

Westgard, II (although I have not heard directly from Gilbert, much to my disappointment, I did receive his change of address from his folks. I am of the opinion that Gilbert has been reassigned. Zurich is the largest city in Switzerland and is located along the banks of the beautiful Zurich Zee. We are all anxious to hear from you, Elder!

Mrs. Jenny Breedveld was my first friendly contact in the city of Revere, Massachusetts. Our search for the birthplace of our hero, Horatio Alger aroused her interest in their No. 1 Son and we are very fortunate in having such wonderful support at the home base.

Mr. Earl Reynolds' subscription came to us by way of Mrs Gurman who was Associate Editor at the time. Thanks to Irene and we are anxiously awaiting comments from you, Earl. How many titles? Any new luck?

Mrs. Viera is over due for a letter. She is interested in most all juvenile books. she has quite a large stock and will swap or trade. Why don't you send a copy of your want list to her.

Mr. Boniece was one of the earliest subscribers and I should add, one of the most loyal. You are also overdue, Harry!

Robert Buchta has the honor of being our youngest collector. He was age 14 when he subscribed, possibly age 15 by now. He has not announced his birthdate. He has quite a large collection of all juvenile books. We had the opportunity to meet at the home of Mrs. Gurman last summer. I have him recorded on movie film when he and I were dickering over an Alger book. He drives a hard bargain, that Bob!

Mr. Farmer heard of us through the Dime Novel Round-up membership. He very graciously subscribed to help us out. Are our efforts to entertain you, worthwhile, Harold? Please let us hear from you.

Dave Findlay is our only contender for the title of the youngest collector in our group. At the last report, he was age 15. This matter has never been cleared up and is unreported. How about it Dave and Bob? Dave also has quite a large collection which includes a number of Street & Smith paper back editions.

Mr. Friedman's collection is growing and the interest in the story supplement has spread to Mrs. Friedman. I understand she anxiously awaits each new chapter with aroused interest.

Mrs. Gurman is not new in any collection group. You name it, She can tell you about it. She needs no introduction. She is considered an expert among all collectors. It has been my privilege to profit from her experience. Thanks Irene!

Mrs. Hawkins is new to Alger. She reads Alger now when time will permit. In addition to printing the supplement story, The Young Postmaster, she is a mother of two children and in general, an asset to her local community. We are very fortunate!

Horatio Alger, Jr. wrote a few of his stories, using pen-names. Why? I have only the opinion of others. I do not have any of his books using pen-names. The two names which are credited to him are:

Arthur Hamilton and  
Arthur Lee Putnam

The number of stories and the number of titles credited to him which were published in book form, either paper-back or hard-back will vary since certain stories have been published with at least two different titles.

Listed below are the various titles with notations of how they can be identified:

ABNER HOLDEN'S BOUND BOY

Hero- Herbert Mason; Same story as:  
Try and Trust

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Hero- Abraham Lincoln; Same story as:  
The Backwoods Boy

ADRIFT IN NEW YORK

Hero- Florence and/or Dodger; Same story as:  
(none reported)

ADRIFT IN THE CITY

Hero- Oliver Conrad; Same story as:  
Oliver, The Outcast

A.D.T. 79 (Putnam)

Hero- Mark Mason; Same story as:  
Mark Mason - Mark Mason's Triumph and  
Mark Mason's Victory and The Trials and  
Triumphs of Mark, Mason

ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY

Same story as Number 91 and Adventures  
of a Telegraph Boy.

Hero- (Name not available)

ADVENTURES OF A TELEGRAPH BOY

Hero- (Name not available)  
Same story as: Adventures of a New York  
Telegraph Boy and Number 91

ANDY GORDON

Hero- Andy Gordon; Same story as:  
Forging ahead

ANDY GRANT'S PLUCK

Hero- Andy Grant; Same story as:  
(none reported)

BACKWOODS BOY, THE (A reissue title)

Hero- Abraham Lincoln; Same story as:  
Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy.

BAD LOT, A (A reissue title)

Hero- Bernard Brooks; Same story as:  
Bernard Brooks' Adventures

BEN BARCLAY'S COURAGE

Hero- Ben Barclay; Same story as:  
The Store Boy

Continued next month. Remember, I am not an authority. In preparing this list, I merely wish to enlighten you as to the various heroes and stories with two or more titles.

The new character, Judge John B. Dixon as revealed in the enclosed chapter V was conceived and named on the spur of the moment by myself. In other words I am making up most of the details of the story as I go along. This detail, however, is an important one which will be found in many of the Alger stories. Judge Dixon no doubt feels that he is very much indebted to our hero, Carey and will perhaps, come to the rescue of our hero at least once, that justice might prevail and protect the innocent.

Titles of popular songs familiar in the era of the story were solicited and furnished by Miss Martha Harris, (S-5) a loyal reader and Librarian of the Cunningham (Tenn.) high school.

Each chapter is proof-read, corrected and cut to size before cutting a stencil. Then Charlene again proofreads it and makes last minute corrections, if possible. Therefore some mistakes are allowed to go uncorrected. Usually the first draft of the story is much too long to fit in the available space allotted for the supplement. This means that detailed descriptions usually have to be cut out and often rephrased to eliminate unnecessary words.

Recently I raised your hopes with a promise of illustrations by Betty Lacey. The illustrations can be reproduced but a problem does arise. A fourth sheet enclosed in an envelope would be overweight for one 5¢ stamp and an additional stamp would be required. The cost of mailing then would be prohibitive. There is a possible answer. The weight of paper that I am using is known as 20 pound. Now if I change to 16 pound paper, I just might be able to enclose an extra sheet occasionally which of course would be used specifically for illustrations.

The story is expected to run for 36 chapters or three years in the making. The supplement is mailed only to paid subscribers. The story is the property of the paid subscribers. If at the end of this year the number of subscribers total 100 or less, the newsletter reverts to a hobby basis and only those on record may claim ownership of the story supplement and only if said subscribers request continuation of the newsletter and supplement. The purpose of this action, being that I do not want to send the newsletter and supplement free of charge to disinterested people.

In the next chapter (VI General Delivery) Carey opens up the Post Office with limited hours and among mixed feelings of the townspeople. Many expressed a sincere desire that he might be allowed to continue. Many expressed unconcern and tolerance. Many expressed doubt, even to downright assurance that the Squire would not permit him to remain in the office. Even Judge Dixon expressed his deep concern, however he did not treat the matter lightly but promised to do what he could. We know what is expected of the Squire by the stranger. Read what happens in the next chapter!

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT by Mrs. Helen Campbell, (Published 1892) Chapter IV NEW YORK NEWSBOYS, continued, (quote).

"But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand."

Deep dejection among the boys, who looked at each other blankly.

"Well now, suppose we have a night school and learn to write," the Superintendent ventured.

"All right, sir," sounded from a dozen of the most unruly. Soon the evening school began, and the tired little fellows struggling with their copy-books and readers, -- learning, however, with surprising success. Already they had been taught to sing together in the evening, generally preparing for the ceremony by taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves, but no mention had yet been made of any Sunday meeting. A great public funeral produced a profound impression upon them and the Superintendent for the first time read them a little from the Bible. They were astonished at what they heard. The Golden Rule they declared to be impossible for "fellers that got stuck and short and had to live."

Miracles from Holy Writ created no surprise, and they found great satisfaction in learning that a being like Jesus Christ was homeless and belonged to the working classes. Whatever gentle elements were in them seemed to find expression in their singing. "There's Rest for the Weary" was a great favorite with these untiring little workers, and "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother", they sang with deepest pathos, as if they imagined themselves wandering alone through a great city by night till some friendly light shone out for them. The early days of those "Boys' Meetings" were stormy. The boys, as is well known, are exceedingly sharp and keen, and somewhat given to chaff. Unhappy was the experience of and daring missionary who ventured to question these youthful inquirers. How to break up their special vice of money-wasting was the next problem, and this was accomplished by opening a savings bank and letting the boys vote as to how long it should remain closed. The small daily deposits accumulated in such degree as to amaze their owners; The liberal interest allowed pleased them and stimulated economy, and thus was formed the habit of saving which is now regarded by all of them as part of the business. Often three hundred dollars and more are deposited in a month, and this has done much to break up the habit of buying policy-tickets, though that remains a constant temptation.

The old building soon proved inadequate, and another one was taken at 49 and 51 Park Place, which was retained for many years. Its Superintendent had been in the British army in the Crimea, and was a man of excellent discipline but generous in feeling and a "good provider." The house was kept clean as a man-of-war's deck, and no boy ever left the table hungry. His wife was equally valuable, and many a man, once a newsboy, looks back to both

as the closest friends his youth ever knew. In 1869 and 1870 8,835 different boys were entered. Many of them found good homes through the agency of the Children's Aid Society; Some found places for themselves; and some drifted away no one knows where, too deeply tainted with the vices of street life for reclamation. In this same year the lads themselves paid \$3,349 toward expenses. What sort of home is it that their money helps to provide? The present one, with its familiar sign, "NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE," on the corner of Duane and Chambers Street, is planned like the old one on Park Place. The cleanliness is perfect, for in all the years since its founding no case of contagious disease has occurred among the boys. The first story is rented for use as shops. The next has a large dining-room where nearly two hundred boys can sit down at table; A kitchen, laundry, store-room, servant's room, and rooms for the family of the superintendent. The next story is partitioned off into a school-room, Gymnasium, and bath and wash-rooms, all fully supplied with cold and hot water, a steam boiler below providing both the latter and the means of heating the rooms. The two upper stories are large and roomy dormitories, each furnished with from fifty to one hundred beds or berths, arranged like a ship's bunks, over each other. The beds have spring mattresses of wire and are supplied with white cotton sheets and plenty of comforters. For these beds the boys pay six cents a night each, including supper. For ten cents a boy may hire a private room, which consists of a square space curtained off from the vulgar gaze and supplied with a bed and a locker. The private rooms are always full, no matter what the population of the dormitories may be, showing that the newsboy shares the weakness of his more fortunate brothers.

Up to midnight the little lodgers are welcome to enter the house, but later than that they are not admitted. Once in, he is expected after supper to attend the night school and remain until the end of the session; and once outside the door after the hour of closing he must make the best of a night in the streets. Confident of his ability to take care of himself, he resents the slightest encroachment upon his freedom. The discipline of the lodging-house, therefore, does not seek to impose any more restraints upon him than those which are absolutely necessary. He goes and comes as he pleases, except that if he accepts the hospitality of the lodging-house he must abide by the rules and regulations.

Supper is served at seven o'clock and is usually well patronized, especially on Mondays and Thursdays, which are pork-and-beans days. Every boy has his bed-number, which corresponds with the number of the locker in which he keeps his clothes. When he is ready to retire he applies to the superintendent's assistant who sits besides the keyboard.-----  
TO BE CONTINUED IN THE JUNE ISSUE

Pete led them south along the road which was unoccupied except for themselves. The landscape was glittering with stately trees whose foliage was tinted with a riot of fall colors. This fresh beauty as compared with the past monotony of summer greens was refreshing, inspiring and generated in them an eagerness to release and express their jubilant spirits.

"Anyone care to recite a bit of poetry?" asked Pete, hopefully.

"Or burst out into song?" added Ethel.

"Would you mind, Carey, if we gave voice to our thoughts of gayety?" inquired Patience, cautiously.

"It will be all right," said Carey, nodding, "if we use good judgement in our choice."

"How about - 'Hand Me Down My Walking Cane' - as a prelude to our medley." suggested Patience.

Pete voiced his approval by leading off with the others joining in and much to their delight, the harmony of their combined voices kindled a desire to continue. Several tunes were aired and each was interspersed with exuberant palaver in selecting only those which were familiar and agreeable to all which included an occasional hymn and patriotic songs. Allowing the girls to catch their breath, the boys alternated with quotations from famous orations and familiar lines of poetry. One song which they all seemed to enjoy, was - Oh, Dem Golden Slippers - a tune popular among the young people.

They had now reached a bridge over the stream which flowed into the mill pond. Parallel to the stream, a country road extended into the village of Algerton.

"Let's follow the stream from here," suggested Pete, leading them down the bank to the edge of the stream, "until we come to the mill pond, then we will return to the road." They were standing at the edge of the stream in the shadow of the bridge when they heard a vehicle approaching. It thundered across the bridge without stopping. The loose planks of the bridge trembled and sifted down dirt upon those below the bridge.

"That's Flint, of course, obviously trying to impress us with his dashing steed." said Pete.

"The Squire should see this." said Ethel, "He never works his favorite mare faster than a gentle trot."

"Anyone care to change horses in the middle of the stream?" quipped Carey.

No one seemed eager to hail a ride with Flint, so they proceeded along their own chosen route. Flint, having located them and determined their direction of travel, now proceeded to patrol up and down the parallel road.

"We are being watched." advised Pete.

"And not only from the road," added Carey, "See that vulture gliding above us?"

The sight of the big bird made the girls

uneasy and they edged closer to the boys. "What do you suppose he is after?" inquired Pete.

"Something is in trouble, or perhaps dead, and he is waiting for us to leave." answered Carey. "He won't attack us." said Carey, speaking to the girls.

"Flint is running that mare half to death," added Ethel, "Perhaps the old buzzard is waiting for the horse to drop!"

"Well," stated Pete, "We are forced to retreat to the road here, unless we climb Squire Campbell's fence which encloses the mill pond."

"It's posted with 'No Trespassing' signs." stated Carey.

"And Flint is patrolling besides." added Ethel.

"We should respect his orders and stay out." added Carey.

"Carey!" shouted Pete, "Look out there in the pond!"

Carey turned, and instantly said, "That is what the vulture has been watching and waiting for!"

"What is it?" asked Pete.

"Don't know yet." answered Carey, "But whatever it is, it's in trouble." as he climbed the high rail fence.

"Carey!" screamed Patience, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure." responded Carey, as he landed on the other side of the fence.

"I say there!" came Flint's voice from the road, "Stop! You are trespassing!"

Carey did not stop. He quickly removed his sweater, shirt, shoes and stockings, then turned to Pete at his side.

"Better stay here, Pete, if I get in trouble, I'll call you." Then Carey dived into the water.

"I say there!" shouted Flint, who was now racing toward the fence. "Come back, I say!"

The sound of a shot was heard and it appeared to come from Flint's direction. It attracted the attention of all. Even Carey in the water, looked back, then he turned and continued on his way. The girls and Pete looked at Flint, but Flint also looked behind him. Then another shot was heard. This time it appeared to come from the other side of the road.

As Carey neared the disturbance in the water, he discovered that it was a dog who was trying desperately to tread water and to keep his head above water. Carey could hear him whimper as he neared the exhausted animal. Carey decided at once that the dog was trapped or ensnared in some manner.

"Steady, boy!" encouraged Carey, "I'm here to help you!"

The frightened dog looked grateful enough, but continued to whine and thrash about. Carey found at once that the dog was wearing a collar, which he examined as best he could, without exciting the dog, and found that a leash was attached and the leash was caught on some object.

Several people had been attracted to the scene by the shots and shouting and the abandoned horse and rig on the road. The horse had been driven hard and was quite willing to stop and rest.

Carey pulled on the leash, hoping to release it, but it would not budge. He examined the collar with his fingers and discovered that he could unhook the leash. Instantly the dog realized that he had been freed, and weak as he was, he made good progress toward the nearest shore, with Carey swimming at his side.

A shout of applause was heard from the people on shore when they realized that the dog had been freed and would be saved. Carey watched over the dog anxiously, expecting any minute that he would have to give assistance. Carey himself, was becoming fatigued from the exciting adventure. The water had been deep, but they had now reached shallow water and the dog pulled himself up on land with wobbly legs and fell, overcome with fatigue. Carey himself, was exhausted and willingly sank beside the dog.

"Stay where you are!" ordered Pete, for the cheering crowd was about to swarm over the fence.

"I wonder whose dog it is?" inquired a voice in the crowd.

"What happened, Carey?" asked another.

"I am responsible for the dog," volunteered a voice with the unexpected answer.

The inquiries, Carey ignored, as he was still lying prostrate on the ground and breathing hard, but he searched with his eyes, without moving, for the person who claimed responsibility for the dog. Carey's sweeping glance at the faces in the crowd - some familiar - some not, met with an unfamiliar face which was nodding a confirmation of the remarks. Carey did not know the man. The man, with only a smile, was able to show and register his gratefulness and appreciation, but kept his position with the others, waiting for permission from Pete who was standing guard, to attend his dog. Pete observed the nodding stranger and bade him come, to his dog. The man instantly hurdled the fence and sank beside his dog, showing much affection.

"Feel like talking now, my friend?" asked the stranger, addressing Carey.

Carey nodded and said weakly, "I think so. At least I will try."

"I already know who you are. The people here, have told me." said the stranger, "I am Judge John B. Dixon of Albany; I am here for the pheasant season and I am staying with my friend, farmer Brown, across the road. Do you know him?"

Carey nodded.

"The dog's name is Susie. Farmer Brown trusted me with her so that we might get acquainted before the season opens tomorrow. Susie is a pointer and a very valuable bird dog. You have done farmer Brown and myself a great service in rescuing her. Quite by accident, I lost my grip on her leash and since I was not

familiar to her, she would not obey my command to come back to me.

"I heard shots, didn't I?" asked Carey.

"Yes, I returned to the farmhouse and notified farmer Brown who said that she would return upon hearing shots. Then he fired two shots and we heard shouting over here and saw the rig standing in the road and I came over to investigate and discovered what had happened. Susie must have waded up the stream and through the opening in the fence. She perhaps was attracted by some low flying bird. Just what did you find out there?" asked the judge, pointing to the center of the pond.

"Her leash had become snagged on some submerged object. I could not release it, but was able to unfasten the leash from her collar. The rest, you probably know. I'm sorry, I guess the leash is lost forever."

"Never mind the leash. That's a trifling matter, my boy! You have performed an heroic act and and a proven friend, indeed. But for this unfortunate incident, I might never have known you. Money alone is not sufficient reward; I want you to always consider me a very close friend..."

"You people and your dog had better be vacating our property! You not only have trespassed, but now you are loitering!" said Flint, with a voice of authority.

"And who are you, my little man?" asked the Judge, looking up into the eyes of Flint. The Judge had been talking quietly with Carey and Pete and the Judge's identity had not been revealed to Flint, stationed on the opposite side of the fence.

"I am Mortimer Campbell, the son of Squire Mortimer Campbell of Algerton and this is our property and legally posted. You will find out that my father and I are not so 'little' as you might think. You had better report to my father in the morning, before we prefer charges against all three of you!"

"Young man, you have the law on your side, but I do not believe that there is a court of justice in our great land who would uphold your rights--under the circumstances. You may tell your father, if he wishes to prefer charges, he will find me at farmer Brown's home, and tell him that if there are any damages to his land, his pond or his fence, I shall willingly pay any reasonable claim against myself or either of these young men. Do you wish to take our names?"

"I recognize these two minors. They probably will get probation and remanded to the custody of a parent, but I didn't get your name, mister?"

"You may tell your father that you were conversing with Judge John B. Dixon, representing the state of New York and my court is in Albany. Here is my card."

Flint gave no indication of recognition that the Judge might be on a level or above that of his father in importance. However, he left, even before the restricted land had been vacated. The crowd began to disperse and of course this turn of events caused an abrupt ending of an otherwise delightfully planned color tour.