

Vol. 1 No. 12

Subscribers 71

June 1963

A Newsletter



Newsboy CLUB

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Subscription \$2.00 annually

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.

June is bustin' out all over, but before we become completely engulfed in it's splendor, let's pause for a moment to honor the dead in our literary and military worlds. To my knowledge, there was no wreath placed upon Horatio Alger's grave in our behalf. A few years ago, my wife and I had the opportunity to view the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We were there only a few minutes, but the very impressive scene of the soldier doing sentry duty at the tomb was enough to remain a lifetime in our memories. The sentry, dressed with extreme care, marches about a distance of 30 feet in front of the tomb, looking neither right nor left. At each terminal, quite like a mechanical man, he does a 'bout face and the sharp crack of his heels when they come together, can be heard throughout the cemetery, otherwise quiet in deep reverence.

Although it was a tough decision to make, my wife and I decided to stay home this year instead of taking our usual trip. We had a tremendous desire to visit the new friends we have made but have never seen, but this desire was overcome by the urge to stay home and do the things that we had never quite found the time to do. We did find however, as an occasional change of pace from the tedious monotony of humdrum work, that we could have a lot of fun and pleasure right around home, by taking short trips and visiting interesting places. We picked up one subscription in this manner and at another place where antiques were usually displayed, we found that it had been re-opened under new management with all new merchandise, HOW'S THAT AGAIN? Well, you know what I mean, don't you? New antiques (?) that doesn't sound right, either. How would you say it? We did find Alger books almost everywhere we went, which usually turned out to be the common titles and the cheaper reprints. One dear old lady said, as she looked at the date (1909), "It doesn't matter about the titles or the publisher, this here book is over 50 years old." The moral of this bit of experience is, if you want to fill in some of the gaps and add to your collection, it can be done in your own neighborhood, perhaps, but it will require a bit of effort on your part. You will have to take your search direct to the people and ask questions. Be persistent. It pays off.

Among our recent visits, we occasionally included a gift shop and it was there that I was introduced to the fascinating world of ceramic figurines. I was especially delighted in the beautiful and expert workmanship of the B. Hummel wares, (made in Germany). I have often hoped that I could someday find a likeness or the image of our newsboy as shown in our heading. I feel that now I am at least one step closer in this direction. In case you are wondering where you might have seen this newsboy before. You may have seen it on the cover of an Alger book published by Hurst & Co.

With this issue, we are now winding up the first year of this publication. We have made much progress and many friends. Our future depends upon you as well as me. The newsletter needs your continued support as a source of material and even opinions and last but not least, we need you as a reader. Westgard suggests that he could become our foreign correspondent. Lacey is our illustrator and we will be seeing samples of her ability in this field soon. Setman's cooperation is grouping us all into one common membership. Goldberg's research work is providing truths in the life of our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr., and supporting them with documented evidence. And I hasten to add that the list of Alger titles as published by our own Dr. Morton S. Enslin in the Antiquarian Bookman (July 6-13, 1959) has been adopted as our one and only authentic reference. Our projects are of a worthy nature, but have become stagnant. They need a master's touch to keep them moving. I refer to: (1) THE RAGGED DICK FUND, designed to assist some unfortunate youth of our choice. (2) ALGER BOOKS FOR THE REVERE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Revere is of course the location of Alger's birthplace and we have encouraged the Librarian, Mrs. Mildred Stowell, to accept our gifts of Alger books for posterity. (3) OUR STORY SUPPLEMENT, "The Young Postmaster" an Alger-type story with a setting in New York State in 1894. For background, material and names, I give much credit to Butler, Steiner, Harris and Westgard and to many others in general, too numerous to mention, I give credit for the success of this first year of publication.

Mr. Max Goldberg, proprietor of The Pink Spinning Wheel in Natick, Mass. (an Antiques shop) has been doing research work for the NEWSBOY and offers documented

proof that our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr. was born on Friday, January 13, 1832 and he offers proof from seven references which include the following: Harvard Class of 1852; New England Historic Genealogical Society; Monument in Glenwood cemetery, South Natick; Chelsea Vital Records (of 1850) establishes the year of his birth as 1832. Our grateful thanks, Max! In addition to his historical research and antique shop, Max says his other interests are CIVIL WAR and ORIENTAL ART. Among other items, Max sent me a much desired WILLKIE button.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

No. 70 Mrs. Marion Mc Alevy
8469 West Michigan Avenue, R8
Kalamazoo, Michigan

No. 71 Miss Georgia Lee Naylor
25 North Prindle Avenue,
Arlington Heights, Ill.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

No. 31 Mrs. Anton (Mildred) Van Ry
2617 R Avenue,
Anacortes, Washington

BY STATES - continued from last month

Mrs. Marion Mc Alevy (same as above)
ANTIQUÉ & RUMMAGE HOUSE
8469 West Michigan Avenue, R8
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mr. Paul B. Ray
421 South Main Street,
Plainwell, Michigan

Mr. Alvin P. Rezelman
828 West Oregon Street,
Lapeer, Michigan

Mr. Donald F. Wilkins
3031 North Wilson,
Royal Oak, Michigan

Mr. Don Wallace
1254 Edmund,
St Paul 4, Minnesota

Mr. Robert Coyle
3515 Mohawk
Lincoln, Nebraska

Mr. James D. Burns
153 Chestnut Street,
Nashua, New Hampshire

The states of NEW JERSEY and NEW YORK will follow in the next issue. If you are from these states, please send the latest information regarding yourself and your collection.

Before passing on to those listed above, I wish to mention that I have personally met Mr. Farmer of Lansing, however, it was a bad time for a social call as his wife had just come home with a broken leg. Mr. Farmer's other interest in book collecting is MAYNE REID. I have now met 12 of our subscribers personally and I hope that in some way, you will be next!

Mrs. Mc Alevy has been a loyal reader of the newsletter right from the start and is interested in our project and Alger's books. She and her husband operate the local ANTIQUE & RUMMAGE HOUSE and assisted me last summer in supplying hard to find items for my TURN OF THE CENTURY display of Alger books. In the next issue she hopes to furnish details regarding a department store in southern Illinois which had been closed for 70 years and was recently re-opened and all merchandise offered for sale to close or settle an estate. After spending a day in Mrs. Mc Alevy's ANTIQUE & RUMMAGE HOUSE you would leave with a feeling that now you had seen just about everything!

Miss Naylor is our newest subscriber. She professes an interest in the newsletter and Alger. She might well be our youngest Miss Newsboy. One doesn't ask a lady her age if one is tactful, however, HILDEGARDE has written a book, OVER 50, SO WHAT?

Anton & Mildred Van Ry have moved but only for a short distance, which reminds me that our telephone number was also changed, but only a little. The new correct number is shown at the top of the front page.

Mr. Ray is in the real estate business and attends many of the auction sales in this area. Through this medium, his fondness for books has enlarged his personal library and stock of books to enormous proportions. His wife is an invalid (at last report) resulting from an accident.

Mr. Rezelman teaches advanced algebra in the Lapeer Senior High School. His other interests are stamps and blue delft and Danish Christmas plates, but he says his most prized collection is his 3 daughters age 5, 4, & 2 as of last November 19th. I have not heard from him since the date mentioned and am uninformed if he has added to his collection or not.

Mr. Wilkins was one of the early subscribers and supporters of the newsletter and professes to received enjoyment from it. I would like to meet you, Donald, at least hear from you more often.

Mr. Wallace is a Police Lieutenant and is especially interested in doing research work on Alger's many publishers and the various editions. Some of his research on Loring was printed (in part) in our January issue by our associate editor, Irene Gurman. Mrs. Gurman also added comments regarding Loring, which accompanied Wallace's research notes.

Mr. Coyle, although not a dyed in the wool Alger collector, does have some books and I suppose has his own source to draw from. He is a coin collector and anxious to exchange his Algers for your rare coins. How about buffalo nickels, Robert? I don't see many any more and I am saving all I can get my hands on.

Mr. Burns is a loyal reader of the newsletter and looks forward to each monthly issue. The editor also looks forward to letters from the readers. Often in vain!

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued
from last month:

BEN BRUCE 1901
Hero- Ben Bruce; Same story as:
(none reported)

BEN LOGAN'S TRIUMPH (Winfield) 1908
Hero- Ben Logan; Same story as:
(none reported)

BEN'S NUGGET 1882
Hero- Ben Stanton; Same story as:
A continuation of THE YOUNG EXPLORER

BEN, THE LUGGAGE BOY 1870
Hero- Ben Brandon; Same story as:
(none reported)

BERNARD BROOKS' ADVENTURES 1903
Hero- Bernard Brooks; Same story as:
A Bad Lot

BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS VISION 1856
Hero- (name not available)
Same story as: (none reported)

BOB BURTON 1888
Hero- Bob Burton; Same story as:
Bob Burton's Luck

BOTH SIDES OF THE CONTINENT (a reprint)
Hero- Mark Stanton; Same story as:
Mark Stanton

BOUND TO RISE 1873
Hero- Harry Walton; Same story as:
Live and Learn. Bound to Rise is fol-
lowed by Risen from the Ranks

BOY'S FORTUNE, A 1898
Hero- Ben Baker; Same story as:
(none reported)

BRAVE AND BOLD 1874
Hero- Robert Rushton; Same story as:
(none reported)

CASH BOY, THE (a reprint)
Hero- Frank Fowler; Same story as:
Frank Fowler

CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE 1867
Hero- Charlie Codman; Same story as:
(none reported)

CHESTER RAND 1903
Hero- Chester Rand; Same story as:
(none reported)

COUSIN'S CONSPIRACY, A (a reprint)
Hero- Ernest Ray; Same story as:
The Young Bank Messenger

DAN, THE DETECTIVE 1884
Hero- Dan Mordaunt; Same story as:
Dan, the Newsboy

DAN, THE NEWSBOY (a reprint)
Hero- Dan Mordaunt; Same story as:
Dan, the Detective

Continued next month. I have decided to
separate the reprints from the first
editions which are shown with the date
of publication. The names of unknown
heros are solicited if you know them.

The passing of Pope John, XXIII has just
been announced to the world, as I go to
press. I am sure that our world is now a
better place to live and that there is a
better understanding between men because
of him.

What has been judged perhaps the worst
accident reported during this Memorial
Day week-end, has happened near one of
the exits of Highway I-94 which is less
than two miles away. Five colored people
from Chicago and a local young man were
killed when the velocity of the young man's
car and poor judgement of the colored
driver in making a left turn caused a (T)
formation impact. The colored driver had
gotten off the route when he became con-
fused with the roadside directions.

Gilbert Westgard says that binders for
the newsletter can be obtained. He sug-
gests a Dealer in Salt Lake City, but I
am sure that you can find what you need
in your local stationer's shop. For those
who have read JULIUS, THE STREET BOY, he
suggests that you review pages 50-53 of
GROUCHO AND ME. Gilbert writes about twice
a month and my letters to him by first
class mail (11¢) takes about 19 days.
He prefers to use air mail (Helvetia 65)
which takes only about 4 days and the
cost is comparable with our own rates.
He closes with these remarks: "Best wishes
to you and all the readers of the Newsboy."

ARE WE SIMPLY ALGER STORY COLLECTORS?

We put so much stress upon the publisher
when dealing with others, that I believe
we should also learn more about the pub-
lisher. Mr. Wallace is doing research in
this field and perhaps he will be willing
to share with us, his findings. Most of
us know that A.K. Loring was Alger's first
publisher and followed by Ogilvie, Ander-
son, Porter & Coates, Street & Smith,
Burt, Munsey, U.S. Book, Penn, H.T. Coates,
Mershon, Thompson & Thomas, Stitt and
Cupples & Leon in the first edition field.
As copyrights expired, original plates
were bought or new plates were made and
nearly everyone got into the act of pub-
lishing reprints. Some of the best of re-
prints were published by Winston, Grossett
& Dunlap and Hurst & Co. But it would be
interesting to know the details and the
facts. Will you help us, Don?

COMMENTS ON THE STORY SUPPLEMENT - The Young Postmaster:

The story supplement is available of
course only to paid subscribers and there
are enough copies available to supply over
200 subscribers back to chapter 1 or Jan-
uary, 1963. The story is expected to be
concluded with the printing of the 36th
chapter or December, 1965. Only one chap-
ter is prepared each month.

In the next chapter, THE SQUIRE CALLS A
MEETING, the selection of a postmaster
will be named and approved by the towns-
people. We know from a previous chapter,
that the die had already been cast, but
the good people of Algerton have been
hornswoggled into their choice of Dirk
Bledsoe, alias Carl Harris as a darkhorse.
READ ALL ABOUT IT IN CHAPTER VII

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

PART 4

The lodger gives his number and is handed the key of his locker, in which he bestows all his clothing but his shirt and trousers. He then mounts to the dormitory, and after carefully secreting his shirt and trousers under his mattress is ready for the sleep of childhood. The boys are wakened at different hours. Some of them rise as early as two o'clock and go down town to the newspaper offices for their stock in trade. Others rise between that hour and five o'clock. All hands, however, are routed out at seven. The boys may enjoy instruction in the rudimentary branches every night from half-past seven until nine o'clock, with the exception of Sundays, when devotional services are held and addresses made by well-known citizens.

A large majority of the boys who frequent the lodging-houses are waifs pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. Generally they have no name, or if they ever had one have preferred to convert it into something short and practically descriptive. As a rule they are known by nicknames and nothing else, and in speaking of one another they generally do so by these names. As a rule these names indicate some personal peculiarity or characteristic. On a recent visit to a Newsboys' Lodging House pains were taken to learn the names of a group of boys who were holding an animated conversation. It was a representative group. A very thin little fellow was called "Skinny"; another boy with light hair and complexion, being nearly as blond as an albino, was known only as "Whitey." When "Slobbery Jack" was asked how he came by his name, "Bumlets," who appeared to be chief spokesman of the party, exclaimed, "When he eats he scatters all down hisself." "Yaller" was the name given to an Italian boy of soft brown complexion. Near him stood "Kelly the Rake," who owned but one sleeve to his jacket. In newsboy parlance a "rake" is a boy who will appropriate to his own use anything he can lay his hands on. No one could give an explanation of "Snoddy's" name nor what it meant, -- it was a thorough mystery to even the savants in newsboy parlance. In the crowd was "The Snitcher," -- "a fellow w'at tattles," said Bumlets, contemptuously, and nearby stood the "King of Crapshooters." "A crap-shooter," said Bumlets, "is a fellow w'ats fond of playin' toss-penny, throwin' dice, an' goin' to policy shops." The "King of Bums" was a tall and rather good-looking lad, who, no doubt, had come honestly by his name. The "Snipe Shooter" was guilty of smoking cigar-stubs picked out of the gutter, a habit known among the boys as "snipe-shooting." "Hoppy," a little lame boy; "Pie-eater," a boy very fond of pie; "Dutchy," a German lad; "Smoke," a colored boy;

"Sheeney," "Skittery," "Bag of Bones," "one Lung Pete," and "Scotty," were in the same group; and so was "Jake the Oyster," a tender-hearted boy who was spoken of by the others as "a reg'lar soft puddin'."

Some boys were proud of the fact that they "carried the banner," i. e., were in the habit of sleeping out doors at night. Only the bitterest cold of winter drove them to seek the shelter and warmth of the lodging house. An empty barrel or dry goods box; deserted hallways, dark alleys, or the rear of buildings were the only sleeping places these boys had at night from early spring to mid-winter.

The sixty thousand dollars required for fitting up the building was raised in part by private subscription and in part by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars from the Excise fund, by the Legislature, it being regarded as just that those who do most to form drunkards should be forced to aid in the expense of the care of drunkards' children. This fund grew slowly, but by good investment was increased to eighty thousand dollars, and with this the permanent home of the newsboys in this part of the city has been assured. It is their school, church, intelligence-office, and hotel.

Here the homeless street boy, instead of drifting into thieves' dens and the haunts of criminals and roughs, is brought into a clean, healthy, well warmed and lighted building where he finds room for amusement, instruction, and religious training, and where good meals, a comfortable bed, and plenty of washing and bathing conveniences are furnished at a low price. The boy is not pauperized, but feels that he is in his own hotel and supporting himself. Some are loaned money to begin business with; others are sent to places in the city or far away in the country. The whole class are partly redeemed and educated by these simple influences. The pauper is scarcely ever known to have come out of these houses, and self-help is the first lesson learned.

Since the foundation of the first Newsboys' Lodging House in 1854, the various homes have sheltered nearly two hundred and fifty thousand different boys at a total expense of about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount contributed by the lads themselves during these years is nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Multitudes have been sent to good homes in the west. To awaken the demand for these children, thousand of circulars were sent out, through the city weeklies and the rural newspapers, to the country districts. Hundred of applications poured in at once from the farmers, especially from the west. At first an effort was made to meet individual applications by sending just the kind of boy wanted. Each applicant wanted a "perfect boy," without any of the taints of earthly depravity.

PART V TO BE CONTINUED IN THE JULY ISSUE

CHAPTER VI GENERAL DELIVERY

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

The Monday dawn came bright and clear, and before the sun had cast a single shadow, Carey had eaten a simple breakfast at home and travelled the short distance to the post office, and after making a quick investigation of the premises, he unlocked the door. The accumulation of mail since Friday night was not large but would require an extra effort in sorting in order to be ready before the first patron of the day made an appearance.

Carey's plans for the day would limit his stay at the post office until 8:30 at which time he would resume his school studies until 3:15 and then reopen the post office again until 6:00 P.M.

Carey surveyed the situation while slipping into a blue denim apron, black sleeve protectors and white canvas gloves to protect his hands and clothing from the grime of the mail pouches and sacks which must be opened and dumped. Then there was the accumulation of letters in the drop box to be postmarked, bundled and placed in the outgoing mail pouch in readiness for the early morning mail train. This task was not usually completed, however, until the actual whistle of the mail train was heard, which allows late mailers to make last minute connections. The incoming bundles and packages which were few were lined up on a work table and arranged in alphabetical order. The bundles of letters were placed upon the ledge of a large cabinet which was divided into about 200 compartments. Each separation was labeled with a family name and arranged in alphabetical order. Carey completed his sorting about 7:15 and unlocked the covering of the general delivery window and noted that he already had a few patrons waiting.

Since Carey was acquainted with most everyone in the area, it was not necessary for him to ask their names, but recognized them on sight and had their mail waiting for them as they approached the window. It was customary, however, to pass the time of day which occasionally became too lengthy, much to the disgust of the patron next in line. This morning, however, was unique, since Carey was in charge and which prompted sympathetic remarks and well wishes. Let us listen in:

"Good morning, Carey, needless to say that I am sorry to hear about your father."

"Thank you, Mr. Lyle."

"Will you continue in your father's place?" he inquired.

"Until I am relieved," said Carey.

"What would your mother do then? I think you should be allowed to stay."

"Thank you, Mr. Lyle, I should be glad to be allowed to stay. Next please."

"Good morning, young man, will you look and see if there is any mail for Miss Fisher, please."

"Good morning, Miss Fisher, I am sorry, but there is nothing for you."

"Young man, you haven't looked; How can you be sure that there is nothing for me?"

"Because I have just completed sorting the mail and I remember that there was nothing for you at all, Miss Fisher."

"Well!" she replied with a gasp, "You might at least look! Perhaps you have been careless. Let me see all the mail in the 'F' separations."

"I cannot," replied Carey, "I—"

"Well, I never!" she gasped, "Public servants, refusing to cooperate. I will—"

"Miss Fisher, allow me to continue, I have no mail in the 'F' separations, therefore, there is none to show you."

"Then perhaps you have misplaced it. I always get a letter on Monday morning."

"Perhaps you will, when the morning mail comes in at 8:00 o'clock, Miss Fisher."

"Then I shall wait."

"Please be seated, while you are waiting Miss Fisher. Next!"

"Good morning, Carey, please convey to your mother, our sympathy and our concern for your future."

"Thank you, Mr. Baxter, we appreciate your thoughtfulness. Next please."

"Good morning, Carey, I expected to see the Squire or his agent in your place this morning. Has the Squire taken over yet?"

"No, Mr. Hall, the Squire shall not take over, unless I am relieved by Washington."

"Well, I don't hold much hope for you, boy. No man is allowed to block the Squire's steam roller tactics."

"Thank you for your concern. Next!"

A steady stream of patrons with mixed hopes, views and opinions kept Carey busy until he heard the whistle of the mail train. He closed the general delivery window, gathered up the outgoing mail, placed it in a mail pouch and hurried out to meet the mail car which had just stopped. He received a small pouch in return and hurried back. He sorted the mail for delivery before opening the window again. Miss Fisher was first in line.

"Well, young man, have you found my letter yet?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss Fisher, it has just arrived."

"I don't believe father ever opened the window before the morning mail arrived. I am forced to open earlier, because I must close at 8:30 and go to school. Next!"

"Good morning, Carey, Patience has told me of your heroic performance of yesterday and I congratulate you for your quick thinking."

"Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Jamieson, I am sure that anyone would have done the same. Don't you think so?"

"I am afraid that many of us do not have what it takes to volunteer on such short notice. I am sure that your heroic deed will not go unrewarded."

"I have already been sufficiently thanked and I wish no further reward. Please excuse me, I must hurry along."

"Oh yes, you must be going to school, and when will you open again?"

"I hope to open again at 3:30, right after school. Next please."

"Good morning, son, so the office will be closed most all day, will it? How long will we have to put up with this?"

"I am sorry if the limited hours will inconvenience you, Mr. Simpson. Perhaps some arrangement can be worked out if necessity demands it."

"Well, just let me have my mail. I wouldn't have been here this early if I could have received my mail on Saturday."

"There is no mail for you, Mr. Simpson, I am sorry about Saturday, but out of respect to my father——"

"I have heard tell, that the mail must go through, but I guess that only applies to responsible adults, maybe."

"I shall try to serve you to the best of my ability, Mr. Simpson. Next please."

"Good morning, Carey, please convey our best wishes and sympathy to your mother."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams, for your sincere concern, and I am sure that we all appreciate the many kind words expressed in our behalf."

"I am sure that we can all tolerate limited hours under the circumstances and I hope that you will be able to work out some kind of system which will be suitable to the people and the postal authorities."

"Thank you again, Mr. Adams. Next!"

Carey was able to serve all who were present and had a few minutes to spare, before it was necessary to leave for school, so he prepared a small sign which read as follows: CLOSED - OPEN AGAIN AT 3:30 P.M. which he placed in the window of the front entrance, locked up and hurried off to school.

Carey arrived at school shortly before the bell and a small reception of his classmates were waiting for him with words of congratulations for his rescue of the dog, the day before. Carey felt ill at ease and was literally saved by the bell, except that he was forcefully transported into the building upon the shoulders of his friends. Flint, who lived just across the street, anticipated such an action and deliberately waited until this demonstration broke up. Then he followed slowly and awkwardly behind them.

In each morning class, a moment of recognition, honoring Carey and his heroic performance was given by the teacher. The students were invited to stand in unison to honor Carey. Only a few did not do so. These few looked to Flint for approval and in as much as Flint did not arise, they also remained seated, but only because of their obligated loyalty to Flint. When the morning classes were completed, the Principal asked Carey to step into his office.

"Carey, I want to commend you for your act of bravery and extend my sympathy to you and your mother."

"Thank you very much, and I shall convey your sympathy to my mother."

"I also wish to acknowledge that as you now have an added burden and new responsibilities, I shall make allowances for your absences if necessary and will help you in any way that I can, Carey."

"Thank you again, and I hope it will not be necessary to grant me special privileges, Mr. Borden."

As Carey left the building, Flint was waiting with a small group of his

obligated friends. Flint stepped out and appeared to prevent Carey's escape, which he had no intention of doing.

"So you are now a hero! I hope that you have not forgotten that you are also a trespasser. Have you reported to my father yet?" sneered Flint.

"No, but your father must have heard the report by this time. You may offer my apologies for disregarding his rights under the circumstances——"

"I have no intention of pleading your case. Your failure to report will only point up your negligence and lack of responsibility." said Flint, as he looked to his friends for support and approval of his chosen words. His friends having no choice, voiced their support.

"Very well then, Flint, if your father prefers to press charges, I shall not deny my guilt. I am obligated to keep the post office open as much as I can——"

"Perhaps you will be relieved of your obligation soon. It seems that your future depends upon the will of my father."

"Correction, Flint, my future depends upon the will of our Father." said Carey, reverently.

Flint had no answer for this remark and stepped aside in submission and permitted Carey to pass without further comment.

At the afternoon classes, Carey again was honored with a standing ovation by most of his classmates. At the end of the afternoon period, Carey left his friends, who were lingering on the school grounds, so that he might reopen the post office. He reopened on schedule as promised and only a few were waiting. Again, the feelings toward limited hours were mixed with approval and disapproval. Pete Bates stopped in on his way home from the school grounds about 4:30 and appeared to be out of breath with excitement.

"Carey, have you seen the sign posted out in front? They are all over town!"

"No Pete, I haven't. What do they say?"

"The Squire is calling a meeting tonight to select a new postmaster!"

"Well," responded Carey, calmly, "I suppose he has a right to do that."

"Will you attend this meeting, Carey?"

"I should like to, that is, if I am permitted to do so."

"Here comes Judge Dixon." said Pete,

"Yes, he is coming in. Hello Judge Dixon."

"Hello boys, and you, Carey, I see you have recovered from your dangerous adventure of yesterday."

"Oh yes, but in spite of my exhaustion, I must say that Susie put up a better fight for survival than I. How is she?"

"Well, due to her exhaustion and exposure, we confined her to quarters today. I was invited to hunt with a neighbor of Mr. Brown, who also has a dog."

"Carey, added the Judge, I have had time today, to learn more of your personal problems and perhaps I can help."

"Have you seen the signs posted around town?" asked Pete.

"About the meeting called for tonight?"

"Yes,"

"Yes, and I have heard some comments, I plan to attend this meeting and I want to hear your story, Carey."