



Newsboy CLUB

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Published monthly for the benefit of people interested in Horatio Alger, Jr., Edited and published by Forrest Campbell. Research by Max Goldberg and Gilbert Westgard, II Kenneth Butler, Ragged Dick Fund Trustee. Organized July 1962. A non-profit Organ.

In addition to being Leap Year, this also is the year when we honor our favorite sons----and daughters by nominating them for the presidency. Let's call upon our favorite daughters to stand and be recognized and squelch those who might say, "Sit down, you're rocking the boat" or, "Her place is at home, rocking the cradle."

Gilbert has informed me that he has been released from his church mission and can now be reached at his home in Park Ridge. He has not announced his future plans and you are perhaps as anxious to know as I.

My wife and I are making plans to take a trip east during our vacation period which will be June 14-30th. We plan to see as many of you as we can in the time allowed.

Mrs. Jenny Breedveld, (S-43) is no longer writing for the Revere Journal. She has accepted an assignment in Boston and recently returned from a trip to Europe.

Roy Wendell, (S-90) lives in Medford only a few miles from Revere and he has supplied me with four pictures of the house at 88 Beach street, taken with his polaroid camera. They are excellent views and I am willing to share three of them, first come, first served. We plan to take more pictures when we are in the east, and more will be available after we return. The description, for the benefit of those who cannot wait, is: a two-story rectangular, with an attic under a high pitched roof. The front view of the second story shows five evenly spaced full windows with shutters. The horizontal siding is painted a beautiful shade of red with white trimmings. On the first floor, there are two full windows on each side of the front entrance which protrudes out, and over the door is the spread eagle supporting the American banner. The front yard is enclosed with an ornamental white wooden fence. The building and premises show evidence of pride and care taken by the present owner and occupant. It is neat and trim and a credit to the neighborhood.

Carl Winterrose, (S-91) of Springfield, Illinois, sends me clippings of his retirement ten years ago from the local Bell Telephone Co. He is enjoying his retirement and I gather that there has never been a dull moment, so far. He has many interests and many friends across our great nation to keep in touch with. This state has sired some great and even famous men, one of which we honor this

month, and I intend to read the story of his life this month--as written by our hero. I had the pleasure in 1958 to hear Hon. John W. Chapman, Lt. Gov. of Illinois while in Springfield, attending a convention there. His address was entitled, "Prisoners are people, too" which stemmed from his previous connection with the Illinois Parole Board. We all cannot become President, but we can be loved and admired for what we are. My wife and I were just remarking that we cannot remember just what he said, but we agree that the way he said it is what left such a lasting impression upon us., which reminds me of a paragraph from Lincoln's Gettysburg address, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

The following books have been donated to the Revere Public Library by Mrs. Irene Gurman, our former Associate Editor:

Donation No.	Title
21	Bound to Rise
22	Herbert Carter's Legacy
23	Making his Way

One of Irene's many interests besides Alger and raising two teen-age boys, is collecting books pertaining to General Custer and the indian wars. Max (S-01) has found for her an excellent copy of "Boots and Saddles" written by Mrs. Custer. Our collecting interests do change--at least expand, for I have become interested in local history, having become acquainted with two area historians, Cal Noell and George Raviler.

Our good friend Robert Johnson, (S-80) has sent me a copy of "The Torch is Passed." I find it very interesting and also valuable as an historical item. The (AP) photos are identical to what we first saw in our own home-town papers, plus many that were not used. In return for Robert's kindness, I am preparing for him a roll of 8mm movie film showing some of our pride and joys from the local scene.

Mrs. Smeltzer's (S-28) 14 page article on quilts is now back in my file and available for loan. She suggested an Alger quilt and my wife is enthused with the idea; Anyone wishing to donate a scrap of cloth to go into it, may do so. It is shameful to see once beautiful quilts, now used for padding around items of furniture when loaded onto a moving van.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

Mrs. Clara E. Gwynne, (S-94)
71 College Street,
Battle Creek, Michigan 49017

Mr. Paul M. Liner, (S-95)
P.O. Box No. 56
Seneca, South Carolina

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Gilbert K. Westgard, II (S-24)
1433 North Hoffman,
Park Ridge, Illinois, 60068

Mrs. Gwynne is not a new acquaintance to me and is something more than a friend, you see, her sister married my brother; Her mother died recently at the age of 87 and we met in a funeral home after an absence of too many years. It seems to have become a way of life, that former acquaintances are renewed when attending funerals and weddings, and to go to church only on Christmas and Easter Sunday...and so, two more Alger Fans have met and joined forces. Mrs. Gwynne has been interested in Alger for more years than she would like to admit, and has many stored away and uncataloged, but they will be coming out into the open and no doubt she will have some duplicates to share or trade, and is especially interested in building up her own library. Although Mrs. Gwynne's interest in Alger is bubbling over with enthusiasm, she does have the responsibility of raising four grandchildren.

With Paul's subscription, we add another state to our list for a total of 31 states. Paul is very much interested in our group and anxious for someone to offer him some Alger books for sale. He prefers reprints and of the cheaper variety. Many of us started out in this very same manner, Paul, then we become interested in better volumes for display purposes, then we become Publisher conscious and soon a push-over for any and all of Alger's books. Soon, all of South Carolina will be knocking at your door as the only local authority. Could be!

Gilbert is home again! I am glad to have him so close at hand and I am optimistic about his future plans regarding Alger. Before he left Massachusetts, he sent me material from the ANNALS OF THE HARVARD CLASS OF 1852 which will be reprinted in this newsletter soon. This will be about as authentic as a person could ask for, not having been altered or reproduced for 112 years. Being only 20 years old, Gilbert has his future before him and I predict great things for both him and the future of our group. He has served the newsletter far beyond the call of duty and we appreciate it. To our local subscribers, if Gilbert suddenly appears in our local area, I will inform you. I would like for you to meet him. If you do, you will be glad. If you can resist his enthusiasm without it rubbing off a little on you, then there's no hope for you! If interested, send me your telephone number.

Our cancelled check issued to the Tippitt Family still has not been returned. The interest earned on our RAGGED DICK FUND has been posted for the current accounting period at the bank and is shown below:

RAGGED DICK FUND

Donation No.31	\$2.00	Total	\$ 77.00
32	2.00		79.00

Earned Interest	.34		79.34
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Kenneth Butler, Trustee of the fund is spending a few days in the east in behalf of his antique car interests and especially in Connecticut, with his son and family. Marjorie Larson, (S-61) reports "Have my hand splinted again with a bigger than ever tumor to be removed. Don't be surprised at a long silence." You have our prayers, Marjorie; in case you have mislaid her address, it's 308 Kensington, Astoria, Oregon. Milton Salls reports that he has just read Tebbel's new book, FROM RAGS TO RICHES: Horatio Alger and the American Dream. Total price, mailed, \$5.30; Before you buy, check with your local Library; If they do not have it, perhaps they have it on order. Milton quotes from Tebbel's book: "Horatio's curious old fashioned books are surely teetering on the brink of oblivion." unquote Milton further remarks: "I am working on a letter to the author, pointing out some of his errors." unquote. and also this remark: "A local college professor of English, requires his students to acquaint themselves with the writing style of the last century." (rephrased). "In fact, one of his students wrote a term paper on Alger." unquote. A similar situation took place in Kalamazoo (this is a college and university town) recently. I loaned my copy of Ragged Dick for reference material. It was returned well shaken, so it must have been thoroughly read, but the interest was short lived. The term paper on Alger awakened only for a moment, the new generation's interest in the nineteenth century's best sellers.

Charles Clapp, (S-13) reports that he is now retired as of Dec. 31, 1963 and has more time now for his search for Alger items and capturing historical places pertaining to Alger with his Slide Camera. Eddie Smart, (S-88) employee of the Daily Kennebec Journal and only 28 days my Junior, reports that he was recently laid up with a broken heel. Hope you are well & healed by now, Eddie....and lest we forget, there is George Setman, working quietly behind the scenes, plugging for our group in every way that he can; I am sure that (S-95) is a result of his efforts. George thinks that like him, I must have come from Penn. Dutch stock. "Stubborn Dutch, they call us." He wants newsletter advertising; I don't. He is ambitious; I'm not. He is in business; I'm not. I don't want to make a profit—it would mean records to be kept and reports to be made. There are advertising mediums that need your business. I don't; I just want your attention; Lend me your ears and eyes. I am happy at free lance writing and I am not a good business man—like Alger?

Did Alger smoke? His heroes didn't. What were his politics? Anybody know?

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - Continued:

YOUNG ACROBAT, THE	1888	Andy Grant's Pluck	V- 20 N 01-06
Hero - Kit Watson		Bob Burton	208-223
Same story as: Kit Watson's Triumph		Chester Rand	508-520
YOUNG ADVENTURER, THE	1878	Cousin's Conspiracy, A	V- 22 N 01-05
Hero - Tom Nelson		Dean Dunham	298-310
Same story as: (none reported)		Debt of Honor	456-469
YOUNG BANK MESSENGER, THE	1898	Digging for Gold	430-442
Hero - Ernest Ray		Do and Dare	01-12
Same story as "A Cousin's Conspiracy"		Driven from Home	357-363
YOUNG BOATMAN, THE	1892	(title change) Odds Against Him	364-369
Hero - Harry Morris (Grit)		Erie Train Boy	370-382
Same story as: Grit		Facing the World	125-139
YOUNG BOOK AGENT, THE	1905	\$500;	316-329
Hero - Frank Hardy		Hector's Inheritance	24-35
Same story as: (none reported)		Helping Himself	104-121
YOUNG CAPTAIN JACK	1901	In a New World	150-165
Hero - Jack Stanton, alias Jack Ruthven		Island Treasure	V- 18 N 01-05
Same story as: (none reported)		Jed, The Poorhouse Boy	485-499
YOUNG CIRCUS RIDER, THE	1883	Lester's Luck	560-571
Hero - Robert Richmond, alias Robert Rudd		Luke Walton	264-277
Same story as: (none reported)		Odds Against him (see above)	
YOUNG EXPLORER, THE	1830	Rupert's Ambition	577-588
Hero - Ben Stanton		Store Boy, The	50-66
Same story as: (a sequel to "Ben's Nugget")		Struggling Upward	171-185
YOUNG MINER, THE	1879	Tom Turner's Legacy	391-405
Hero - Tom Nelson		Victor Vane	539-551
Same story as: (a sequel to YOUNG ADVENTURER)		Walter Sherwood's Probation	409-422
YOUNG MUSICIAN, THE	1906	Work and Win	70-84
Hero - Philip Gray		Young Acrobat, The	233-246
Same story as: (none reported)		Young Salesman, The	V- 19 N 01-05
YOUNG OUTLAW, THE	1875	BY ALGER'S PEN-NAME Arthur Hamilton	
Hero - Sam Barker		Child of Fortune (Helen Ford)	154-172
Same story as: (Sam's Chance is a sequel)		BY ALGER'S PEN-NAME Arthur Lee Putnam	
YOUNG SALESMAN, THE	1896	A. D. T. 79	492-505
Hero - Scott Walton		Bad Lot, A	568-581
Same story as: (none reported)		Ben Bruce	523-536
YOUNG POSTMASTER, THE	1963-1965	Cast Upon the Breakers (see note)	547-559
Hero - Carey Churchill		Ned Newton	227-252
Same story as: (none, so far)		New York Boy, A	282-295
		Number 91	179-199
		Rolling Stone, A From 586 to V- 18 N 03	
		Silas Snobden's Office Boy	365-377
		Tom Brace	325-338
		Tom Tracy	199-214
		Walter Griffith	255-267

Note: Cast upon the Breakers was never published in book form.

This completes the alphabetical listing of Alger titles; Please permit me to enter my story, The Young Postmaster as an Alger type story. If Winfield can do it eleven times, please permit me one time.

To those of you who may have a first edition of YOUNG CAPTAIN JACK (Mershon), I would like to compare my copy with yours for "point" identification. One page 222, (chapter (XXVII) line 20; The last word in the line is misspelled (wsa) in my copy. How about yours? I have a Q&D reprint edition which appears to be from the same plates, for the error is present.

Max Goldberg, (S-08) reports that he has seen an announcement that Frank Gruber's entire Alger collection, complete with his first edition copy of TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD, was offered for sale for only a mere \$7,500. For further details, see Max.

Justice cannot be done in the small space available here to Stanley's thorough and detailed research in compiling Alger's stories which were published in serial form. Without his previous efforts, this brief report would not be possible. If further detail or description is desired, I am confident that Stanley can supply it.

Stanley has pointed out to me a portion of the January issue which should be corrected: It is the subscribers that have a wider field of interest, rather than the DNR which caters to collectors of Dime Novels, and the Dime novels contained the Alger stories rather than the DNR itself. Stanley has sent me for examination, a 1911 edition of BOY'S HOME WEEKLY and a 1904 edition of BRAVE and BOLD. They are weekly story papers. Sold for 5¢ and each contains a complete Alger story.

THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE AS DESCRIBED
BY CHARLES LORING BRACE Part 2

Submitted by Gilbert K. Westgard, II

Those who had come merely "to make a row," left in disgust, and the others passed a quiet evening, and they were greatly delighted with the luxury of plenty of cold water in the bath. When they "turned in," the superintendent could hear their exclamations of satisfaction. "Better than bumming -- hey, Jim?" "Rather warmer than the soft side of a plank, ain't it?" "Did ye niver see a bed afore?" and the like. The next day several said they couldn't sleep, the beds were so soft! During the night there was "larking" going on in the stairways by the outsiders: The gas-burner was twisted off, which might have been followed by serious consequences if Mr. Tracy, expecting this, had not provided a cut-off in the inside.

The next evening, more came in to take beds. The superintendent talked pleasantly and instructively to them, and the boys, feeling that the keeping of order depended on themselves, were very quiet. They seemed to enjoy the lodging room very much, but one thing they could not understand, and were continually "speering" after -- What all this was for? Some whispered, "It's a House-O'-Refuge trap!" another, "I know -- it's worse 'an that -- it's a Sunday-school trap."

After a time, Mr. Tracy introduced the Lord's Prayer, which the little audience joined in heartily. One lad, in some doubt, came up afterwards, and asked, "I say, Mr. Tracy, was that a Protestant or a Catholic prayer?" "Well, my boy," he replied, "I believe all Christian churches hold to that prayer!" He was unfolding, on one occasion, the Golden Rule, "You must do unto others, as you would have them do unto you!" They seemed very much surprised. "Is it really in the Bible, Mr. Tracy?" and one added, rather despairingly, "But suppose you're short, and couldn't?" (i. e., suppose you have no money, and cannot help other boys.) On another occasion, Mr. T. relates the result of one of his lectures as follows:

"This evening, while a number of them were telling each other what they had for supper, I undertook to reason with them about their diet, -- that they should avoid some of the nice things which they had mentioned, and live more upon plainer food, as that was healthier and cheaper; that they should allow their reason, instead of their appetite, to control them in the selection of their food. 'Ah, Sir,' said one boy, 'when a feller is hungry, and has a good hot dinner smokin' before him, it's no time to reason; and I have made up my mind that those ruffled-shirt 'quills' (clerks) shan't eat up all the good things, nohow!' I concluded to drop the matter for the present, and took another subject."

Their especial vices, Mr. T. soon found

to be their wasting of money and their gambling. Some of the more active boys earned sometimes from \$3 to \$5 a day with the sale of "Extras", and the smaller averaged 75 cents. Yet every penny went for follies -- theatres, cards, dice, policy-tickets, and games with pennies, while the lads themselves remained ragged and poor. To correct these habits, he introduced innocent games, such as checkers, backgammon and others; and he contrived, what has since been a great blessing to hundreds of street-boys, the "Newsboys' Bank." This was simply a table with a drawer divided into separate little compartments, each with a slit in the lid, into which the boys dropped their pennies; Each box being numbered and reserved for a depositor. The drawer was carefully locked, and, after an experience of one or two forays on it from petty thieves who crept in with others, it was fastened to the floor, and the under-part lined with tin.

The Superintendent, following his usual plan, called the lads together for a meeting, told them the object of the Bank, which was to make them save their money, and put it to vote how long it should be kept locked. They voted for two months, and thus, for all this time, the depositors could not get at their savings. Some repented and wanted their money, but the rule was rigid. At the end of the period, the Bank was opened in the presence of all the lodgers, with much ceremony, and the separate deposits were made known, amid an immense deal of "chaffing" from one another. The depositors were amazed at the amount of their savings; the increase seemed to awaken in them the instinct of property, and they at once determined to deposit the amounts in the City Savings Banks, or to buy clothes with them. Very little was spent foolishly. This simple contrivance has done more to break up the gambling and extravagant habits of the class, than any other one influence.

The Superintendent now pays a large interest on deposits, and our Trustees have offered prizes to the lads who save the most. During the present year (1865), the savings in Bank of the boys will amount to about \$250 a month, beside what is deposited in the City banks, or invested continually in business.

Finding some of the lodgers eager to learn to write, the Superintendent quietly opened an informal evening-school for them, inducing several gentlemen of the city to come in occasionally, and lecture or give lessons. All this, however, had to be managed very cautiously, lest we should make the Lodging-House a "bore" to the boys.

We chanced upon our religious meetings something in this wise. The boys had attended on a Sunday some public funeral, which impressed them much, and, while talking together earnestly over the matter, Mr. T. suggested that they should hear a chapter read, and have a prayer. They assented, and a meeting was held, from which has arisen the long course of religious meetings held since for the newsboys.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ISSUE

CHAPTER XIV FLINT GETS THE THIRD DEGREE

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

"Yes," replied Mr. Drummond, "but only up to fifty dollars."

"I see," said Mr. Jamieson, anxious to get at his investigation without exciting undue alarm, "can such withdrawals be made in silver dollars?"

"It would be unusual," answered the clerk with an inquiring look, "why do you ask?"

"I was curious as to their popularity; do you have many calls for silver dollars?"

"There is very little demand; the last bag of dollars that we received is still unopened."

"I see," he replied with a puzzled look, "then you have none in your cash till?"

"No, sir, they are in the safe."

"Could I see a sample of them, please?"

"I'll see if Mr. West has opened the safe this morning," he said as he walked over to it, "yes, it is open; would you step through the gate please; the bag is heavy, you know."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Jamieson with a feeling of honor, to be admitted behind the counter, "May I examine one, please?"

"Here you are; shiny aren't they?"

"Yes, and in a way, they are beautiful; it is a shame that they are much too heavy to carry around."

"Of course they were minted this year."

"That's right, the date reads 1894, but there is no mint marking to identify—"

"The identification on the bag reads Philadelphia," added Mr. Drummond, "although our coin shipments come from New York City, I believe all of our bags are labeled Philadelphia."

"Well, this has been very interesting; I'll try to see Mr. West another time; thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Drummond."

"You are welcome, Mr. Jamieson."

Mr. Jamieson hastily retraced his steps to the post office, knowing that the trail left by the Squire was getting cold, but he was of the opinion that it was more important at the moment to converse with Mr. Harris. Carl was still alone when he entered and was sucking on a corn cob pipe.

"Mr. Harris, do you still have those silver dollars?"

"Yes, I still have them; no one wants to carry around all that weight; what's up?"

"Let's see the date on them."

"Is that important?" asked Carl, spreading them out on the counter and turning them over with the date side up.

"They're all dated 1884!" exclaimed Mr. Jamieson.

"Is that unusual?" asked Carl, looking perplexed.

Mr. Jamieson then explained to Carl that Flint did not seem to be involved in any transactions at the bank, and they both agreed that Flint's source of supply of silver dollars was at present, still a mystery.

"These dollars have been in storage," remarked Carl, examining them closely.

"How do you determine that," asked Mr. Jamieson, picking up one.

"They show no evidence of wear, and being ten years old, they should if they have been in circulation."

"That's right," responded Mr. Jamieson, rubbing one on his sleeve, "and notice the luster coming out after a little buffing. Do you suppose this means that—"

"That Flint has uncovered a hoard of silver dollars which may belong to the Squire. I don't suppose you have had a chance to—"

"No, and to attempt to trail him now, would be useless; but one source of supply has been eliminated at least."

"How is that?"

"These dollars were minted in 1884."

"So?"

"Well, this man Alger has been dead since 1874, and if there is such a hoard somewhere—"

"I see what you mean; it could not have contained any coins newer than 1874."

"Yes, and some of them could be 15 years older than that."

"What will be your next move?" asked Carl.

"Well, I will keep the Squire under a little closer surveillance, but I cannot spend all of my time at it, as I do have other responsibilities."

"Couldn't you deputize Carey to do some of the investigation work for you?"

"An excellent idea; he could keep me posted on any suspicious activities of the Squire."

"It was just a suggestion."

"But can you spare him?"

"His free time is at your command; I'll get along somehow."

"Then I will speak to him this afternoon, but I must get home now—"

"Oh, ah—Mr. Jamieson—"

"Yes?"

"Since you are my legal counsel in this matter—there's a few things that I have not told you; I believe that I should."

"Well naturally; counsel is entitled to the truth."

Since the testimony was confidential and meant only for the ears of counsel, we cannot record their personal conversation.

"And the Judge knows of this?" asked Mr. Jamieson, after hearing the testimony.

"Yes. The Judge is a very intelligent person. The night that I received the approval of the townspeople, the Judge questioned me in private, and I could not conceal my true identity or purpose from him. The Judge is very shrewd in this respect."

"Does Carey know about this?"

"Not a word; and neither does his mother."

"Well, this clears up a point or two in my mind, of course I will treat it as confidential."

"Thanks, because if I were exposed, I would have to leave."

Mr. Jamieson soon left the post office and headed toward home. Since the Squire lived across the road from his home, it

would be a simple matter to occasionally observe the Squire's actions. The children were just leaving the school building as he passed by. Carey came down the steps with Flint at his heels. Carey could always count on Flint being close by if possible, to ridicule him at any opportunity.

"There is your escort again, Churchill," said Flint, "is that all he has to do?"

"I might as well dismiss him, Flint, I shan't need him since you are being such a faithful follower."

"Carey, may I speak with you for a moment," asked Mr. Jamieson.

"Certainly, Mr. Jamieson, what can I do for you?"

"Well, first you may dismiss your body guard," he said, looking at Flint.

"Flint, do you mind?" asked Carey.

Flint was about to make an issue of his right to be on the school grounds, but remained silent; he turned away and busied himself with loosening a stone from the sod with the toe of his shoe, trying desperately to hear the conversation.

"Carey, I must see you after school, this is very important--and confidential."

"Certainly, Mr. Jamieson, I shall first report to Mr. Harris and ask to be excused for a while."

"That will not be necessary, what I have to say to you can be told in the presence of Mr. Harris."

"Very well," said Carey, curiously.

"All right, Carey, after school then."

"Yes, sir," replied Carey courteously.

"What did he have to say to you, Churchill," asked Flint, brazenly.

"Flint, if Mr. Jamieson had wanted you to know, he would have invited you also."

Flint finally succeeded in loosening the stone, picked it up and looked for a target. A dog was trotting along behind a small boy on the opposite side of the road. The moving target was a challenge to Flint and he released the stone with all the force he could muster. Flint was a good shot, having much practice in this respect. The stone found its mark in the ribs of the dog who howled with pain.

"Flint, why are you so mean?"

"Dogs are always barking at me; I never allow them in my yard."

"Some day, Flint, you will meet your match in meanness, and I hope you are shown the same mercy."

"There is no one around here who can equal me in--"

"Meanness?" interrupted Carey, "isn't that what you meant to say, Flint?"

"Of course not, I'm far superior in many ways, but I don't claim to be the--"

The conversation was interrupted, much to Carey's relief, by the Squire calling for Flint to hurry along home. Carey had more important things to do anyway, than partake in such idle talk. Flint did not hurry as he was instructed; he was in no hurry to receive the reprimand which usually accompanied his father's commands. Upon the Squire's arrival at home, he had hurriedly made a detailed search of certain areas of the building.

Things seemed to be in order and undisturbed, but he wanted to make sure. He decided to question his son to determine if there was any evidence of unauthorized liberties about the house.

"My son, how old are you now?" he asked.

"Sixteen, father."

"Ah, yes, and I suppose you are beginning to covet the ways of manhood?"

"I don't quite understand you, sir."

"Of course; I shall come to the point; you resent having to associate with boys of your age and want to associate with older boys."

"I suppose so father."

"And have you acquired a taste for wine?"

"No, father."

"You know of course, of my wine cellar?"

"Yes, father."

"You have not attempted to enter it?"

"No, father."

"Very well, my son, under no circumstances, are you to enter it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"One thing more. Do you have any silver on you?"

"No, sir."

"How much is your allowance, my son?"

"Five dollars a week, sir."

"And you have no silver left from it?"

"I still have the five dollar bill that you gave me last Saturday, sir."

"I see, then perhaps your allowance is too large."

"No, sir, not of I am to associate with the older boys."

"Then how is it that you still have five dollars left?"

"I have been charging some items at the confectioner's, sir."

"I see, and do you owe more than you can pay?"

"No, sir."

"Then how much do you owe?"

"Three dollars, sir."

"You have consumed three dollars worth of confections since last Saturday?"

"No, sir. I have treated the older boys."

"Is this necessary?"

"Yes, sir, it's the easiest way to gain their favor, sir."

"And have they invited you to gamble?"

"To what, sir?"

"Never mind, my son, it is strictly an adult expression."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you borrow money from the older boys?"

"No, sir."

"Then do the older boys owe you money?"

"No, sir."

"Have you been saving any money from your allowance?"

"No, sir."

"I see. Then do you have an interest in postage stamps, perhaps?"

"Postage stamps, sir?"

"Yes, could it be that you have a school project which calls for the purchase of a large amount of postage stamps?"

"No, sir."

"Then, dash it all, boy, why are you buying stamps, and paying for them with silver? Where are you getting this silver, boy?"

"I would rather not say, sir!"