



Newsboy

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Editor: Forrest Campbell - Adult membership \$5.00 Junior membership \$3.00 (Fiscal year)

THE MILWAUKEE EVENT MAY 20-21-22nd

Partic'lar Friends of Horatio Alger Jr. will meet in the city of the "Pretzel Benders" on the date mentioned above. From the few responses received, it was clearly indicated that the month of May was the preferred choice. Others who replied, indicated that the date was not an important factor to them. Our hosts, Les and Bertie have announced their intentions to retire from the Health Food Enterprises they are now operating in January, and their personal mail should then be directed to their home at 175 N. Elmridge, Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005. If necessary to contact by telephone, their number is 414-782-7246.

Our Headquarters and Meeting room will be in the Sands Motel, which is in the immediate area. The cost of rooms are: Single, \$8.50 to \$12.50; Double, \$13.00. There are a number of other motels in the same area. Tours of interest will include The Milwaukee Public Library where Gardner Dalton donation of Alger books will be on exhibit, A Famous Milwaukee Brewery, The new glass domed Horticultural Conservatory in Mitchell Park, and the new War Memorial Center on North Lincoln Memorial Drive. A feature of interest to all will be the picnic in the Langlois spacious back-yard, with a variety of games and numerous prizes.

ANNIVERSARIES

January 13th will be another anniversary of Horatio's birthday. The post cards you sent me last January are still on display with my Alger exhibit at the Kalamazoo Public Museum. I suggest you do the same this year for Leslie Langlois to be displayed with the Dalton exhibit in the Milwaukee Public Library. Please use commemorative cards with the message on the front side.

The recent Thanksgiving day was the fourth anniversary of the day when two Alger collectors got together; Butler and myself. On this day, the newsletter was conceived as a medium to serve all people who were interested in Horatio Alger.

Kenneth Butler informs me that in 1966 The LAYSIDE PRESS will observe its 25th Anniversary. Our congratulations, and appreciation for services rendered to our group above and beyond their usual duties!

PRESIDENTIAL PONDERINGS

NIFTY GAVEL — Your president has been given custody for the year of a splendid gavel and rapping block, which Jack Row of Clarion, Iowa, had especially made and has presented to the Society. It is made of alternating laminated layers of contrasting woods, Iowa Maple and Ohio Osage, and beautifully turned. A brass plate mounted on it carries the inscription of "Horatio Alger Society". The gavel block was retrieved by Jack from an old roll top desk which he acquired. The Society is grateful for this thoughtful contribution, and I shall first wield it, with pleasure, late next spring when I call to order the second annual get-together at Milwaukee.

SOCIETY ROSTER — Too late for this year, but an excellent suggestion has been made that I would favor adopting in 1966, that the membership roster show other collecting interests of members, in addition to Alger. It is thought that in this way members may be on the alert and help fellow members in their other pursuits. Though we hope that Alger heads the list, it is surely true that most of us do collect books, literature, and other items of Americana, in addition to Alger. Splendid idea, and we appreciate suggestions. In addition, it might be valuable and interesting to list vocation or profession.

NEWSBOY AWARD PLAQUE — Given annually to the writer whose current published material, in book or periodical form, has done the most to interpret Horatio Alger Jr., his works, his influence during his life and times, or his contribution towards painting the American Dream. Be thinking about this. What candidate or candidates would you nominate? Later, our committee on making this award will be asking for formal nominations. Be ready with your selections for the committee's consideration.

SOCIETY BY-LAWS — Carl Hartmann and Forrest Campbell were appointed last May as a committee to draw up Society by-laws for study and adoption at our next annual meeting. They have done a lot of notable study and work. A second draft now reposes on the desk of your president. Nothing but praise for their work, of which you will hear more in detail later. Meantime we are operating according to customary "common law" practices. (Presidential Ponderings continued page 2)

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-137 Leo F. Moore T-122
2420 N. Bristol St.
Santa Ana, California 92706

PF-138 T.H. Chrischilles T- 10
P.O. Box No. 562
Algona, Iowa

Partic'lar Friends will remember Leo when he resided in Atlantic, Iowa a few years ago. He was a member of the original Horatio Alger "Club" of Quakertown, Pa. After receiving our current Society literature from Kenneth Butler, he applied for membership direct to Mrs. Lloyd. Leo is a dealer in juvenile books as well as a collector of Alger. He has a number of duplicates. Perhaps we shall see some of them listed in our BOOK MART soon.

T.H. comes to us by way of Jack Row. Having been born in 1889 he may be our oldest member. He was an avid reader of Alger, when a boy and has now renewed his interest. He is President of the Algona Public Library. He has bought Gardner's book and a number of Alger reprints for the Library. His hobby is writing, such as the Elbert Hubbard type of philosophy, and stories about his travels. When he has completed reading Gardner's book he intends to write some guest columns about Alger for the "Kossuth County Advance", in Algona.

HOW MANY ALGER STORIES ARE THERE? continued from last month: This interesting subject has led to some interesting side-lights. Jack Row says he is doing some research on reissue titles and hopes to have a new list soon which will be available to all members. Ken Butler reports that: "The paperback novels by Alger, published by Street & Smith, totaled 104 titles. This Firm began its production in 1897 and continued for 35 years. Early paperbacks sold at a dime, later raised to 15¢ each. Two of these, 'Striving For Fortune' and 'Tom Brace' are first editions. The first appeared serially in Golden Argosy as 'Walter Griffith' and it was issued in 1901 by S&S in paperback form. 'Tom Brace' following serialization in Argosy, appeared as Medal Library No. 122, S&S, in 1901, says Gardner." The subject of Publishers and their heirs is an interesting one. I have personally noted that certain editions published by A.L. Burt are identical, except in quality, with Superior publications. From King's Handbook of New York, 1892, I find a chapter on Journalism & Publishing, pages 565-592. On page 590 I read that the John W. Lovell Company was founded in 1878 and in 1890 The United States Book Company was the outgrowth of the former Lovell Company and 20 other smaller publishers. In such instances, plates and copyrights are acquired, hence similarity and general confusion to the uninformed dealer or Alger collector.

(continued on page 3)

PRESIDENTIAL PONDERINGS continued --

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER -- Delayed deliberately. Renewals and new memberships were coming in so numerously as November dawned, we delayed so as to make the roster as complete and current as possible. When we speak of "renewals" we have reference to membership applications accompanied by \$5 due from those who formerly had qualified to receive Newsboy by reason of donation to Ragged Dick Fund. We have continued to honor those, which now lapse, however, following this issue unless converted to Society membership. We want to have all of you with us. We have much in store.

LIVES THERE A MAN by the name of Horatio Alger? Thank you, many of you, for looking and for reporting. Members Edward Golden, Jack Row, Blanche Lloyd, and Max Goldberg all report investigation. Max found a Commandant James Alger of the Coast Guard. He was not related, but suggested inquiry from General James Alger, in Panama. Edward Golden checked, along with Greater Manhattan, some counties in New Jersey, and in Connecticut. No matter whether our contemporary Horatio Alger is related. We seek to find if there is anyone, anywhere, carrying that name.

HOBBY IS GROWING -- Ralph Gardner sent us a recent issue of Antiquarian Bookman with many listings marked where Alger books are wanted. He interprets this as upgrowth of interest in "our hero". I agree. I used to scan the ads in AB and practically never saw an ad where Alger was sought. It gives me an inferiority complex. This current issue surely shows a marked change; possibly a trend. There must be scores of Alger enthusiasts "out there" whom we have not learned about, or who have not heard of us. Help us locate them. Help us get them as members.

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Ken Butler

Your President, the other officers, and your Editor wish you all, Holiday Greetings, and a Prosperous New Year!

RANDOM REPORTINGS

Your Editor, PF-000 has recently acquired Striving for fortune, for a total of 121 titles. -- Jack Row now has 109 titles, and is now concentrating on The Young Book Agent. Beth Row modestly reports that she too rode the 'High Wheeler' in Mendota last May, and she has slides and movies to prove it. -- Risteen reports 102 titles. -- An Alger display has been on exhibition at the recent World's Fair in New York City. -- Alla T. Ford, PF-129, refers you to her published article, "The Joys of Collecting Children's Books" in TBA #14, July-August 1965 edition. -- We discover quite by accident that Keith H. Thompson, PF-035, and David J. Thompson, PF-112, are brothers! Gilbert Westgard reports finding a first edition of "A Rolling Stone" among non-Alger material in a Chicago Bookstore. at \$2.50 (continued on page 3)

HOW MANY ALGER STORIES ARE THERE? continued from page one: Paul House, PF-099, (see his change of address) writes that he has just acquired a Vickery & Hill edition of "The Five Hundred Dollar Check", "That is the only one of their publications I have seen", he writes. (I have yet to see my first one, Paul). This may be an indication of rarity for this reprint publisher. Paul has a copy of HELEN FORD with WINSTON named as publisher on the Spine, and the title page credits HENRY T. COATES. Is it possible then, that WINSTON was the successor to HENRY T. COATES?

Herbert Risteen, PF-104 (T-102) writes: "I would like to see opinions from various collectors in NEWSBOY as to the total sales of Alger books. In my opinion, after giving the matter preliminary research, I believe that such estimates as two hundred million etc. are extremely farfetched and contrary to fact. From what I can deduce total sales of Alger books probably did not exceed ten million. By way of proof I quote from the preface of JERRY THE BACKWOODS BOY, as follows. 'During the past thirty years over three million copies of Mr. Alger's books have been sold.' My copy of JERRY THE BACKWOODS BOY is a Grosset & Dunlap reprint dating about 1908 I think, as this title was copyrighted by Mershon in 1904.

Thirty years would extend back to 1878. Now Alger's books didn't really move much until RAGGED DICK in 1868. In the ten years between 1868 and 1878 the books certainly didn't sell more than a million copies at the outside due to our small national population at that period and also because of the high price of the Loring Algers, many of them \$1.25 per copy. That was a lot of money in those pioneer times, and it seems incredible that sales during that era could have reached into the millions.

As I see it, the great bulk of the Alger books were sold in the period from 1905 to 1915 when Donohue, N.Y. Book and other publishers turned them out extensively in very cheap editions. But it is not safe to assume that total sales in this decade exceeded five million at the most. I am going to do some further research in this field, but meanwhile I would like to see comments of other collectors in the Newsboy."

(Risteen's address is: P.O. Box No. 161, Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913. Herb has had several juveniles published himself, and currently composes cross-word puzzles, which may be featured in your Sunday newspaper).

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Paul L. House, PF-099
4837 Richardt Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46226

Plan for the MILWAUKEE EVENT May 20-22nd.

T-102

RANDOM REPORTINGS: continued -

FLASH!!! (From Jack Row, PF-101) Jack has been informed that one of our most recent members, Louis S. Vosburgh, PF-130 died late in August. Louis was 70 years old, and ironically, his membership was not listed until the September Issue of this newsletter. He leaves a son, Louis Jr., and among material things--some 65 Alger books. Jack also writes that he is now the proud owner of 111 titles, and that he has written up a new member from Texas.

Secretary Emeritus George Setman has been ill and hospitalized, but he claims he is feeling much better now.

BOOK MART

Your Editor, PF-000 offers: (Group "A")
F19JCW, F23JCW, F82SUP, F95MAD, F98ALB,
F104MAD, F135MAD, F126FML, F137H&C,
F142MAD, F186MAD, F188NYB, F190NYB.

(Group B) F12MAD, G30H&C, F30H&C,
G23H&C, F35MAD, G45MAD, F70ALB, G98VPC
G103NYB, F123H&C, G137H&C, G148MAD,
G165NYB, F177MAD.

(Note: Group A & B are not my property. send your inquiries to me. I will forward)

PF-001 (Max Friedman, 732 Douglas Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007, offers:
G147NYB, G148NYB, G150NYB, G171MAC,
G178JCW, G185MAC.

Your President, PF-006 offers: P45ALB,
F165H&C, F177H&C, G188MAD.

PF-101 (Jack Row, Box 101, Clarion, Iowa, 50525, offers: E119G&D, G183G&D.

(Note: If you have duplicates, won't you please share them in our BOOK MART with some of our less fortunate Society members?) The code for condition is as follows: E, Excellent; G, Good; F, Fair; P, Poor. For a partial list of publisher codes, see page 4 of the September newsletter. For the complete list of Alger book publishers, see Gardner's book, pages 361-362 & 363. Please note MAC above which is the code for MacLellan. Any first editions offered will be underlined.

In January the current story supplement will be replaced with news items from our Regional Directors. It is believed that all eleven regions will be assigned by then.

It has been suggested that we select a recipient for our RAGGED DICK AWARD from the Milwaukee area. We hope to meet the recipient and make a personal presentation of our award to the winner. It has also been suggested that we select a new name for this award. We are open to suggestions.

Would you like to be host to the 1967 Alger Meet? Is there any desire for Regional Meetings? Your editor solicits your comments, opinions, suggestions, and new ideas, for publication purposes.

ARE MY BOYS REAL? By Horatio Alger Jr.
(From LADIES HOME JOURNAL November 1890)

The idea is suggested that young people will be interested to learn whether the boy characters in my books are taken from real life. I answer in general terms that I have always preferred to introduce real boys into my stories, and have done so in many instances where it has been possible for me to find a character suited to a plot.

The first street-boy with whom I became acquainted in New York was Johnny Nolan, a young boot-black, who made daily calls at the office of one of my friends whose office, in 1867, was on Spruce street, on the site now occupied by the "Tribune" building. My conversations with him gave me my first knowledge of New York street-boys and their mode of life. My interest was excited, and led me a few months later to undertake the story of "Ragged Dick", in which Johnny figures. I have described him as he was--a good natured but lazy boy, without enterprise or ambition. I gave Johnny a copy of the book when it appeared, and he was quite proud at figuring in print. The original of "Micky Maguire" was Paddy Shea, a tough character, who lived not far from the City Hall, and generally passed the summer at "the island". "Ragged Dick" was a real name, but I never knew the boy who bore it.

I met the hero of "Rough and Ready" at the Newsboys' lodge, in the upper part of the old "Sun" building. "Ben, The Luggage Boy", I met at the same place, and the story of that name substantially accords with his. The boys who made for themselves a home beneath one of the piers, were known to Superintendent O'Connor, and he arranged for me an interview with one of them. I had conversations with many street-boys while writing "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom" series, and derived from many of them sketches of character and incidents.

When I was preparing to write "The District Telegraph Boy", I sent for a boy who had served in that capacity for nearly two years, and used some of the incidents he supplied to me. "Phil the Fiddler", was a real Italian boy. I obtained the picture which appears in the book, from a Broadway photographer, to whom he sat for it. Mr. Casale, then editor of an Italian semi-weekly paper in New York, furnished me with many of the incidents.

Some of the characters in "The Young Circus Rider" are still living, in particular Charlie Davis, who left home at an early age and accompanied a circus to Australia. In "Frank's Campaign", the boys forming the military company commanded by Frank Frost, were all real boys, and all, with one exception, are living today. The colored boy, little Pomp, in the same story, was intended

as a male counterpart to Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy".

I have, by request, given to many of my characters the real names of young friends and acquaintances without necessarily making them portraits. Some of my books and serial stories were suggested in part by incidents in the lives of young persons whom I knew. I am now writing for a juvenile publication a story called "The Erie Train Boy". Fred, the hero, served in that capacity last summer, securing the position through me.

I am often indebted for characters and incidents to paragraphs in the daily press. Whenever I find one that seems available, I follow the example of Charles Reade, and cut it out for future reference. I have probably written seventy-five juvenile books and serials, and I have no hesitation in saying that it would have been quite impossible for me to write half the number if I had not drawn in large part my characters and material from real life. The story of "Joe's Luck", located in California, was written in San Francisco. Years afterwards the name of the book was given to a mine in southern Africa, of which a picture appeared in the "London Illustrated News". In like manner I went to Chicago in October 1887, to obtain material for a story just published in book-form, called "Luke Walton; or, The Chicago Newsboy".

I have, of course, introduced a large number of adult characters in my various stories. Many of these are special studies from life. I hold that a novelist, or writer of fiction, is best situated in a large city, where he has an opportunity to study life in many phases, and come in contact with a large variety of types of character. The experience of prominent American and foreign novelists, notably of Charles Dickens, will bear me out in this statement. THE END.

(Editor's note: We are indebted to Gilbert Westgard for the research and availability of this material.)

The Alger-type story supplement, THE YOUNG POSTMASTER is concluded with this issue of the newsletter. Although I have taken three years to do it, writing one chapter each month, the task was not a difficult one. I maintain that I need only to bend an ear, and listen in to what took place some seventy years ago. Some of our earlier members do share in the naming of the location and characters. Westgard provided the name of Algerton. Butler provided the name of our hero; Jean Steiner provided the name of "Flint" and "Skin", while Butler and Steiner both suggested the name of Mortimer. The name of Harris honors the father of Martha Harris, who was a former postmaster. The name Dirk Bledsoe was suggested by Butler. Other minor roles were also named by Steiner and Butler. The characters of Jack B. Trade and Constable Smith were my own creations, as well as the villain, Squire Campbell. Hope you enjoyed it.



The Judge's face registered some degree of skepticism on hearing this tale of fantasy of theirs. He looked at his watch; then spoke.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock. We may have time to make an investigation before the Squire arrives—if we hurry."

"It appears to be a mighty heavy stone," said Mr. Jamieson, "we'll need something more than brute strength."

Carey supplied timbers and stove wood from the wood shed; and with considerable effort they were able to prop up the porch and slide the heavy stone from its resting place. The stone had covered an opening of almost equal size, and it was formed by layers of smaller stones. The contents were an amazing sight. To the very top of the opening tarnished silver dollars could be seen. The Judge's skepticism quickly changed. The effect on the Churchill family ranged from shouts of jubilation to tears of joy. The Judge recommended removal of the coins to determine the extent of the treasure. The children provided buckets, sacks, and boxes. After several containers were filled it was discovered that the balance of the treasure was in gold coins. Upon examination they were all found to be twenty dollar gold pieces. Michael's estimate of a million dollars was not questioned by the Judge but his opinion, which he kept to himself, was closer to fifty thousand.

The Judge looked at his watch again. It was approaching the noon hour and so the containers of coins were hurriedly placed in the kitchen. The project of replacing the stone and repairing the steps was deferred until later. With last minute instructions, should the Squire arrive before he returned, the Judge went home with Mr. Jamieson for lunch and the Churchill family prepared a hasty lunch for themselves. They had just finished eating when a knock was heard at the front door.

"That must be the Squire," announced Carey, "you know what to do now, mother?"

"Yes, I believe so," she said, as she, with Ethel and Michael went to the door.

"Good afternoon, Squire Campbell," she greeted, with a despondent look on her face, "it's a pleasant day."

"Good afternoon, my dear lady," he replied, "yes, it is a pleasant day, and a happy one for me; for I have heard that my boy has been found, and is on his way home."

"That is good news. I am glad to hear it, but," she added, changing the subject, "Ethel has broken her arm, and—"

"How unfortunate," he responded, with apparent concern, "then perhaps this prevented you from calling at my home this morning."

"Calling at your home?" she asked, inquisitively.

"Yes; in case you have forgotten, you

were supposed to bring me your annual payment on the mortgage before noon today."

"Oh! yes, during the excitement, I did forget. But I have the money for you, Mr. Campbell."

"You have? Where did you get it? I mean, I thought you wouldn't be able to meet the payment."

"I was able to borrow a sufficient amount to meet the payment from a friend. Ethel, will you bring my purse from the bedroom please," she replied.

"Just a moment," interrupted the Squire, "ahem, your time was up at noon; you have defaulted. The entire amount is now due and payable, or I shall have to foreclose the mortgage. Who will pay this for you?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Churchill.

"I ask you again, Mrs. Churchill; who will pay this for you?"

"I will!" shouted Carey, entering the room from the kitchen.

"You are here?" cried the Squire, taken by surprise, and rising to his feet.

"Yes, I am here, and it seems I am just in time; doesn't it?" he replied, smiling.

"But—I thought you—how did you get—where did you come from?" returned the Squire, fully perplexed.

"I arrived on the morning train; and I am prepared to make the total payment on your mortgage, Squire Campbell. Now, how will you have it; in gold, or silver?"

"In gold?" asked the Squire, "Where did you get—did you find the—?"

"The Alger fortune? Yes," supplied Carey, "We found it in the nick of time."

"But it is too late. You have defaulted. If you have discovered the fortune on the premises; it is mine. All mine."

"Oh," said Carey, trying to look dejected, "then you expect to claim it?"

"Yes, I do claim it," replied the Squire, relieved, "who will stop me?"

"I will!" said Judge Dixon, stepping into the room from the kitchen, "You will find your payment in the mail at the post office; and it is postmarked as of twelve noon, today."

"But, I must foreclose. I have the right. I'll go to court."

"I advise you not to do so; and I must warn you that if you accept this payment by mail, it will be another charge against you; another federal charge of obtaining money under false pretenses."

"Another federal charge? What do you mean? Who could prove such a charge?"

"I intend to try," said Mr. Jamieson, entering the room, with Jack handcuffed to him.

"Where did you—who is this man with you?" asked the Squire, perspiring.

"Hello, Skin," greeted Jack.

"Who is he talking to?" asked the Squire, pretending.

"To you," said Mr. Jamieson, "Mortimer Skinner Campbell, his former partner."

"I don't know this man. I'm being framed," cried the Squire.

"It's no use. The jig is up, Skin," replied Jack.

"Then Dirk squealed did he?" returned the Squire.

"Dirk?" questioned Jack, "Who's Dirk?"

"Why, the man you sent to me."

"I didn't send any man to you, Skin. What did you say his name was?"

"Dirk. Dirk Bledsoe;" repeated the Squire, "don't you remember him?"

"Never heard of him," replied Jack, then asked, "Where is he now?"

"Why, he's acting as our postmaster, the scoundrel. He's as guilty as we are; he threatened to expose me if I didn't take care of him. It was blackmail. He's an imposter; he calls himself Carl Harris; better go after him gentlemen, before he gets away."

"Here I am, Skin," said Carl, or Dirk, or whatever his name might be, as he stepped into the room from the kitchen.

"There he is! There's Dirk! The jig is up Dirk. Grab him, gentlemen, before he gets away."

The man made no move to escape. Neither did Mr. Jamieson, or the Judge make an effort to grab him. The Squire looked bewildered.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Skin," said the man who had been known as Carl Harris, "I am really Carl Harris, special investigator for the Post Office Department. I was assigned here to bring you and your former partner Jack B. Trade together, and charge you jointly with fraud; using the United States Mail to do so. The specific charges will be presented in a federal court in due time; of course you know what the charges are."

"Curses," exclaimed the Squire, as we have been accustomed to address him, "you fooled me, and you tricked me; you didn't know where to find Jack after all."

"No, Skin, we needn't address you as Squire any longer," said Mr. Harris, "I didn't know where to find Jack, but thanks to you, and your plot to send Carey away, which I submitted to with some regret, you led us to his hideout. My apologies to Carey for subjecting him to such a dangerous assignment. I had great confidence in you, Carey, though I will readily admit I was worried at times. Your assignment seemed the only way to bring these culprits together. Your clever way in getting the message to us was remarkable strategy."

"That message?" asked Carey.

"Why, the postal card we received from Clyde. It was only through the postmark that we were able to determine your location. A clever piece of work."

"But I didn't mail it," said Carey, "I must have lost it in Clyde."

"Oh," replied Mr. Harris, "then you had a guardian angel; anyway, your rescuers here, tell me of your cool headedness while captive, and your act of bravery in the capture of Jack is enough to qualify you for the reward of a thousand dollars for events leading to the arrest of these two law breakers."

The faces of the Judge, Mr. Jamieson, and the Churchill family beamed with delight upon hearing this announcement, but Jack and Skin only scowled at the outcome of their predicament.

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed Carey, "Why now we will be able to save our home!"

"Don't forget, you are already wealthy, having found the Alger fortune on your own premises," reminded the Judge.

"But is it really ours? The Squire——"

"Don't worry about what Skin said; I doubt if he will ever try to collect the remainder of the mortgage; or claim the Alger fortune," interrupted the Judge, then added, "The way I see it, after the Department claims their share of his estate, the rest will be returned to the good people of Algerton, since they too, have suffered because of his wickedness."

"That's the way I see it too," agreed Mr. Jamieson.

"I'll recommend your suggestion to the Department too," added Mr. Harris.

"Then you're not really our postmaster," inquired Carey, of Mr. Harris.

"No, my boy; but I hope to leave the office in good hands. I have a reliable person in mind whom I shall recommend to the people here."

"Who will you recommend?" asked Carey.

"Your mother, my boy."

"My mother?" exclaimed Carey.

Mrs. Churchill beamed with pleasure.

"You, mother?" asked Carey.

"Yes, my son."

"You see, Carey," added Mr. Harris, "under my direction, your mother has been receiving business training from Mr. Jamieson, however, until last night, she did not know that the offer of the postmastership would be offered to her."

The Churchill children gathered around their mother, embraced her, and smothered her with affection.

"Oh, mother; now may I be your assistant sometimes?" asked Ethel.

"On what grounds do you think you could qualify as an assistant?" asked Carey.

"Oh; I just know I could help out in some way," beamed Ethel.

"How come? Just because you are accustomed to playing postoffice with the boys?" asked Carey, backing off with a smile.

"Oh, fiddle faddle!"

The Squire, alias Skin, as he came to be known in Algerton, was sent away with Jack, and their trial resulted in a long term in prison. The people of Algerton unanimously approved of the appointment of Mrs. Churchill as their postmaster. After the estate of our former Squire was settled, his home was put up for sale and Mrs. Churchill was the highest bidder. After the coins in the Alger fortune were counted, it was discovered that it resulted in something over fifty thousand dollars. Flint, as he is openly addressed now, without fear of reprimand from his father, still has his own room, but of course it is now the property of the Churchill Family.

Flint and Carey will be going off to college soon. Michael is now receiving advanced lessons on the violin. Ethel is assisting her mother in the postoffice, and they will all not soon forget the days when Carey was The Young Postmaster.

THE END.