

newsboy



Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devoted
to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



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Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



"SMASH YER BAGGAGE, MUM?"

The above picture is taken from Ben the Luggage Boy by Horatio Alger Jr. which was deposited for copyright on May 11, 1870. by Loring.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January and July, and is distributed free to Society member. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$5.00.

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, or the American Hero Era, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Please use membership roster for mailing address of our officers.

Notes from members.....

Otto Wilt, PF-132 found an autographed copy of Horatio Alger Jr. THE \$500 CHECK. It was autographed as follows:

To my young friend Karl W. Perkins of Chicopee, Mass. With the best wished of Horatio Alger Jr. 223 West 34th. 81 New York April 15, 1892.

Just below in different hand writing is: And with best wishes of his Cousin Walter.

The book is in good condition and a real find.

Frank Eisenberg, PF-229 had 8 of his jokes accepted by the Laugh In people and won prizes worth \$450.00. Frank is leaving for Europe soon and will be away for three weeks. On his last trip Frank bought a copy - 1st. Ed. - of Nuggett Finders, printed in England, from Ned Hall, PF-245. Frank now has 106 titles.

Frank Eisenberg, PF-229, has written an Alger type story using all of Alger's titles. It is very interesting and if you would like a copy drop Frank a line. Frank also reports he now has 103 Alger titles.

Gladys Judson, PF-063 reports that at the college in Chestnut Hill, Montague, Mass. they are using two Alger titles in one English novel course. They represent turn of the century novels.

Welcome to New Members

PF-303 Edward W. Edwards
9 Jefferson Rd.
Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583
(Jean) T-37

Ed heard of us thru Ralph Gardnew and is interested in collecting and reading all titles.

PF-304 Charles Schneider
359 Beldon Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60614
T-2

Charles was a visitor at Ken Butler's "Time Was Museum" when he learned about the HAS. His interest in Alger is reading and collecting. Charles also collects

CON'T ON PAGE 8

MORE ALGER PHILOSOPHY AND FAMILIAR NAMES

Let us not forget that Horatio's destiny was guided and directed into the field of the ministry by his father, and so it should not be surprising that he emerged as a teacher instead of a preacher. He preferred to teach the younger generation as opposed to his elders, and he preferred to reach them in large numbers by way of the written word instead of by the way of a captive audience and the spoken word.

It is not surprising that he injected "gems of wisdom" into his stories right at the proper place when the young reader wanted to do everything in his power to be like the "hero" he was reading about.

Perhaps one of the most potent gems of wisdom designed for his young readers is his philosophy on compassion. The following quote can be found in the story of Fame & Fortune, chapter 23:

"There are many boys, and men too, who, like Micky Maguire, have never had a fair chance in life. Let us remember that, when we judge them, and not be too hasty to condemn. Let us consider also whether it is not in our power to give someone the chance that may redeem him."

Just imagine the power of the Alger influence on the young readers who have been set-up with a situation where it would be only human to condemn, but manfully to forgive. There are several situations of this kind to be found in the Alger stories, and the Alger hero always forgives.

It must be remembered that Micky Maguire was a street vagabond without any principles whatsoever, and it was a natural thing for him to try to outsmart everyone he could. Now Ragged Dick had this to say of his partic'lar friend Micky in an earlier chapter (#20) of the same story.

"I haven't any ill will against Micky. If I ever can do him a good turn I will. I've been luckier than

he and most of my old companions. I'm going to do all I can to help them along. There's good in them if you can only bring it out."

And when our hero made it clear to Micky that he harbored no ill will against him, Micky experienced a desire to improve his character, and this led to his eventual reformation.

Alger was telling his readers that if a little compassion could create miracles, the reader also could do likewise.

It doesn't take an alliteration of names to have the qualifications of an Alger hero according to his formula. In fact I am of the opinion that Alger realized the fallacy of identifying his heroes with alliterative names for fear that he might give the impression that unless you had such a name you could never hope to be an Alger hero.

Take for example the name of Micky Maguire. It suggests that it takes more than an alliterative name to be hero material. In order to become one of the "good guys" all that Micky had going for him was an alliterative name, otherwise he had to start building character from scratch. The name didn't help much. It didn't keep him from being detained on Plackwell's Island on several occasions.

By the same token Alger had to be extremely careful in assigning names to the "bad guys" such as outlaws, tramps and other persons of low character for fear of offending living persons, and the best he could do for these characters was to assign them an alliterative name on occasions.

I believe that Alger himself liked to be identified with his stories and had assigned certain characters with names which had his own initials, such as Horace Ames, a storekeeper who lives 20 miles from Boston. See The Young Bank Messenger, chapter 27.

The query regarding Margaret J. Preston has no connection with Alger pseudonyms, since she was a living person. (PF-000)
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THE SHOWER IS O'ER.

The shower is o'er, along the hills
The mists and vapors lie;
And music comes from the leaping hills,
As they go dancing by.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

JOHN BOLTON was the only lawyer in the town of Huntville, and as the people of that municipality, though not numerous, were given to being litigious, he contrived to make a good income, and, by the time he was forty, was in easy circumstances. He built a good house and furnished it tastefully, but as yet there was no Mrs. Bolton. Not that Mr. Bolton had any fancy as to the superiority of the single over the married state. On the contrary he avowed his intention of marrying some time in case he could find some eligible lady who could bring him wealth.

abroad, and the landlord had many inquiries addressed to him which he did not answer for the best of reasons, because he could not. He was far from admitting the real cause, however, but insinuated with a significant wink that the lady had requested him not to divulge the information she had seen fit to give him. Early the next morning the bell in room No. one—the apartment appropriated to the new guest—rang violently. The summons was at once attended to, and a servant sent up to ascertain the lady's wishes. She had not yet arisen, and declared that she was sick, requesting that a physician should be sent for. Dr. Hunter, the village physician, not often having a patient of such consequence, was determined to make the most of the case which had been thrown in his way. Accordingly, though he could not for the life of him discover that anything was the matter with the lady, notwithstanding her numerous complaints, he assumed a grave air and assured her that it was well he had been sent for in time, that she was in a critical state, and that it was needful that she should have repose, and above all not undertake to get up before he sanctioned it.

ly as possible alike, and not being willing that one should have a much larger amount than another, as thereby ill feelings might be engendered. "Any further items?" inquired Mr. Bolton, looking up from his writing. "No, sir. You may conclude the will in the regular way, and then summon two witnesses to witness my signature." The landlord and his wife were called upon to serve in this capacity. Miss Warner slipped into the lawyer's hand a very liberal fee, and he left the room, expressing the hope that her illness might prove less serious than she had supposed. "I have strong hopes of recovery," she replied, "but still, Mr. Bolton, it is as well to be prepared for the worst."



NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

Mr. Poffington flatters himself he is creating a sensation.—(Perhaps he is.) "You see, Mr. Bolton, I am modest in my neighborhood, and I don't like to draw attention to myself. My only ambition is to be thought of as a benefactor to the poor. I might be speculating upon the benefit they would derive from my death, this, I say, would do me more harm than good. Therefore, I should indeed be obliged if you would favor me now and then with your society. It would help to relieve the tedium of sickness." Mr. Bolton was delighted with the permission thus accorded, and became every moment more impressed in favor of Miss Warner. The landlord and his wife began to question the lawyer eagerly in respect to the items of the will, but Mr. Bolton did not seem disposed to gratify their curiosity. "She requested me to keep it a profound secret," said he, shaking his head. "I suppose she is quite rich," said the landlord, interrogatively. "I don't know that I am violating any confidence," said the lawyer, "in admitting that you are correct in this surmise. So much I will say, but as a man of honor I must keep the rest to myself."

"But not unwelcome. Say that it is not," he exclaimed, eagerly. "Then I will frankly admit that it is not unwelcome." "And you will grant my suit?" "Yes." If Bolton had really loved her he could scarcely have been more gratified. He was certainly about to make a very advantageous match. He exerted all his powers of persuasion to induce Miss Warner to consent to an early marriage. She interposed no serious objections, and a fortnight from that day Miss Edith Warner became Mrs. Edith Bolton. We will suppose that the honeymoon has passed. "May I inquire, my love," asked Mr. Bolton, "in what way your money is invested?" "I have three hundred dollars in the Bank."

"That is a mere trifle. And the rest?" "That is all I have." "All!" exclaimed the lawyer in consternation, "but your will—the twenty-five thousand dollars you bequeathed to your brother Edward, in trust for his children?" "O," said she, carelessly, "that was all done in jest. I wanted something to amuse my hours of sickness." "In jest!" said Bolton, in dismay. "Certainly." "Why, this is infamous. You had no right so to trifle with me." "Didn't I pay you well for your trouble in drawing up the will?" asked his wife coldly. I need not detail the scene that followed. Mrs. Bolton met her husband's violent reproaches with imperturbable composure, and he was finally obliged to retire from the field with the humiliating consciousness that his matrimonial speculation had proved a decided failure, and that man's wit may at times be found unable to withstand a "Woman's Stratagem."

This brief narrative of circumstances so humiliating to that theory which is based upon the assumed mental superiority of the sex, is a most useful lesson to "those whom" (as the insurance policies say) "it may concern."

FATE OF THE APOSTLES. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired. Thomas was run through the body by a lance near Malabar, in the East Indies. Jude was shot to death with arrows. Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Persia. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. Peter was crucified with his head downwards. Paul, the last and chief of the apostles, also died by violence.

REMEMBER. The following description of the personal appearance of the great French demagogue is from a work by Count de Vigay. It must be confessed he was no beauty: "He was then in his 36th year; his face was crumpled between the forehead and the chin, as though two hands had tried forcibly to unite them over the nose. The skin was of a papery paleness—dead, and as if plastered—moreover, deeply indented with the hail of the small-pox. Neither blood nor bile circulated. His little eyes, dull and heavy, never looked one in the face, and a perpetual disagreeable winking lessened them yet more whenever they chanced not to be quite hidden by his green spectacles. His pinched and wrinkled mouth was convulsively contracted by a sort of grimace, whence Mirabeau likened him to a cat who had just drunk vinegar. His air was spruce, pompous and full of pretensions. His fingers, shoulders and neck were incessantly and involuntarily twitched, twisted and shaken by little spasms or nervous irritation. He was dressed from early morning, and never did I catch him in dishabille."

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK. In the action off Calleo, Lord Dundonnald tells us in his narrative, "My little boy had a narrow escape. When the firing commenced, I had placed my boy in the after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As I could not ascend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the seamen had made for him, was busying himself with carrying powder to the gunners. While thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky man's brains in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief—for, believing him killed, I was spell-bound with agony—he ran up to me, exclaiming, 'I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me; Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy.' I ordered him to be carried below; but resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deck during the action."

Mirth's Melange.

A gentleman some sixty miles below New Orleans was accosted by a stranger—"Sir, have you any money about you?" "Yes," was the reply, "I always make it a point to carry some with me, more or less." "Well," rejoined the stranger, "I wish to go across the river; the fare is ten cents. Would you please to accommodate me with that sum?" The gentleman putting on a look of well affected surprise, exclaimed, "Sir, do you mean to say that you haven't ten cents?" "Yes sir, I haven't a cent," rejoined the stranger. "Well," responded the gentleman, "if you haven't a cent it'll make a confounded little difference which side of the river you are," and coolly left the stranger to his own reflection. At Meyerbeer's, at the Opera Comique, the feuilletonists are poking all sorts of fun. They say the goats which are to be introduced on the stage—a fair damsel who falls into a stream while crossing a bridge driving them—proved refractory during the rehearsal; they were pretty and white, but stupid, and balked the bridge! At last, however, the stage manager thought of a way, and carrots have accomplished what a regiment of sappers and miners would have failed to achieve. A bunch of the largest, freshest, finest carrots is held conspicuously in the wing opposite to the bridge, and the four-footed creatures run towards it as soon as their conductress lets them loose by tumbling into the water! The late king of Prussia once sent to an aide-camp, Colonel Malachowski, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent you?" "Exceedingly, sire," replied the colonel, "I read it with such interest, that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes!" King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat upon his head, while his majesty walked complacently behind him, with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor with great humility thus addressed him: "Sir, I hope your majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself I should never be able to rule them." A store-keeper in Australia, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign—expecting of course, it would be an enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on the relations of the sun and moon was, to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions. By a considerable bribe, he obtained a translation in English, and found it to be as follows: "Don't buy anything here—storekeeper a rogue." At a festival, a pretty miss waited upon an editor with a pie-plate of antique manufacture, in the centre of which he espied the following interesting couplet: "O sweet Miss Is the price of this." This excited his feelings, and as soon as an opportunity offered himself he complimented the lady to his wife, and pointing his finger to the line, said: "Four pay is ready whenever you present your bill." Tom Clarke of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long; some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he wished. Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is the Duke of C-u-cum-ber-land." A Minikin three feet and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six feet four. "Come, fellow, hold up your head; higher, fellow!" "Yes, sir." "Higher, fellow, higher." "What—so, sir?" "Yes, fellow." "Must I always remain so?" "Yes, fellow, to be sure." "Why, then, good-by, colonel, for I never shall see you again." The New York Tribune says an actor in Georgia, in the course of a play, kissed the wife of a brother actor once oftener than the authorized version of the play required, and was thereupon severely whipped by the outraged husband. Having been a "star" before, and now being provided with the "stripes," he thinks he is entitled to represent the flag of his country. A country paper once said: "E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing hen-roosts. If he does not desist, we shall publish his name." This is equal to the minister at a camp-meeting who said, "If the lady with the blue hair, red hair, and cross-eyes, doesn't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation." The Buffalo Republic tells this story: "It is said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after he went to the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce his text, 'My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil.'" There is a blind man on Pont Neuf, in Paris, who has a placard on his neck which reads as follows: "Give to-day, for God will return it to-morrow." A joker recently suspended another over it which read, "I am an old humpag, and proprietor of five houses. Give all your money to the poor cripple opposite."

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LAST WORDS.

LAST WORDS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

DEAR Charlie," breathed a soldier, —
 "O, comrade, true and tried,
 Who in the heat of battle
 Pressed closely to my side;
 I feel that I am stricken,
 My life is ebbing fast;
 I fain would have you with me,
 Dear Charlie, till the last.

"It seems so sudden, Charlie;
 To think to-morrow's sun
 Will look upon me lifeless,
 And I not twenty-one!
 I little dreamed this morning
 'T would bring my last campaign;
 God's ways are not as our ways,
 And I will not complain.

"There's one at home, dear Charlie,
 Will mourn for me, when dead,
 Whose heart — it is a mother's —
 Can scarce be comforted.

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LAST WORDS.

And if, in that far country
 Which I am going to,
 Our earthly ties may enter,
 I'll there my love renew.

"Come nearer, closer, Charlie;
 My head I fain would rest,
It must be for the last time,
 Upon your faithful breast.
 Dear friend, I cannot tell you
 How in my heart I feel
 The depth of your devotion, —
 Your friendship strong as steel.

"We've watched and camped together
 In sunshine and in rain;
 We've shared the toils and perils
 Of more than one campaign;
 And when my tired feet faltered
 Beneath the noontide heat,
 Your words sustained my courage, —
 Gave new strength to my feet.

"And once, — 't was at Antietam, —
 Pressed hard by thronging foes,
 I almost sank exhausted
 Beneath their cruel blows, —

LAST WORDS.

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You'll write and tell her, Charlie,
 With my dear love, that I
 Fought bravely as a soldier should,
 And died as he should die.

"And you will tell her, Charlie,
 She must not grieve too much;
 Our country claims our young lives,
 For she has need of such.
 And where is he would falter,
 Or turn ignobly back,
 When Duty's voice cries 'Forward!'
 And Honor lights the track?

"And there's another, Charlie,
 (His voice became more low,)
 When thoughts of *her* come o'er me,
 It makes it hard to go.
 This locket in my bosom,
 She gave me just before
 I left my native village,
 For the fearful scenes of war.

"Give her this message, Charlie,
 Sent with my dying breath:
 To her and to my banner,
 I'm 'faithful unto death.'

LAST WORDS.

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When you, dear friend, undaunted,
 With headlong courage threw
 Your *heart* into the contest,
 And safely brought me through.

"My words are weak, dear Charlie,
 My breath is growing scant;
 Your hand upon my heart — there,
 Can you not hear me pant?
 Your thoughts I know will wander
 Sometimes to where I lie:
 How dark it grows! True comrade
 And faithful friend, good-by!"

A moment, and he lay there
 A statue pale and calm,
 His youthful head reclining
 Upon his comrade's arm.
 His limbs upon the greensward
 Were stretched in careless grace,
 And by the fitful moon was seen
 A smile upon his face.

By Jack Bales

NEW YORK CITY DURING THE TIME OF
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF 1888

It was Sunday, March 11, 1888. The weather had been mild the last few days, and everyone in New York City was looking forward to spring. Therefore, when the weather report said that the day would be rainy, everyone expected it to be just a normal, light, spring rain. How wrong they were.

The rain was not just a "spring shower" by any means. As the day wore on, the rain worsened, and streets and sidewalks were flooded. Then it began to freeze, and by 5:00 p.m., a layer of ice covered everything.

Late that night the rain turned to sleet, and finally, the sleet changed to snow. The Great Blizzard had begun.

The snowfall was heaviest in western Massachusetts (twenty feet of it covered the town of Pittsfield). But the storm was most devastating in New York City, even though record falls did not occur. On March 12 and 13, the total was only about twenty inches. However, the snow drifts reached to the second story of houses, and in some places the snow was higher.

When New Yorkers arose Monday morning, most of them were just annoyed at the snow falling outside their window. Few were alarmed. After all, they figured, blizzards occurred in the western states, not in New York City. Therefore, the day began as it usually did. Besides, there was a depression in 1888, and all who had jobs did not want to miss work.

But the people's apathy soon vanished when they realized the

greatness of the storm. Trains ceased to run, and some people froze to death in the blizzard. Other people were killed or injured by toppling chimneys and cornices.

When children reached school, they were almost immediately sent back home. Since the teachers sent them forth in groups that were organized in order of the children's proximity to each other, no deaths occurred, as the children helped one another trudge the way home. It was not so with some adults however. Some city employees that were dismissed early fell under the weather's fierceness.

Scalpers were out in full force during the blizzard. Over shoes that usually cost \$3.00 sold for \$10.00. Sandwiches went for \$5.00 and coffee for \$1.00. Hotel keepers also took advantage of the situation. By 5:00 p.m. a room which normally rented for \$2.50 a night (including breakfast) rose to \$6.00 a night (no breakfast).

Monday night found pickpockets plying their trade. Police had assigned men to watch in hotels for known "dips," and when they were caught, were kicked out into the storm, which was a worse punishment than arresting the thief and letting him sleep in a warm cell.

As might be imagined, the city's firemen had a terrible ordeal when it came to putting out fires in the snow. Many fire alarm boxes were out of order, and when the men were notified of a fire, the equipment occasionally had to be dragged partway to the blaze. Fire hydrants had to have the ice chopped away, and usually, the building could seldom be saved.

COLLECTOR'S CROSSWORD
BY HERB L. RISTEEN

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12			
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30	31	32				33	34	35	36
37						38			
39							40		

ACROSS

- 1 "Frank Merriwell's ---"
- 5 Juvenile fiction hero (with 31 down)
- 10 American Indians
- 12 Bird's abode
- 13 Creator of 5 across
- 15 Hebrew measure
- 16 Imperial domain
- 20 "---te and Waste" (Optic)
- 23 Horatio Alger title: 2 wds.
- 26 Blackbird
- 27 Not uniform
- 28 Celebes ox
- 30 G.A. Henry title: 2 wds.
- 37 French painter
- 38 Singer Ford
- 39 Accumulate
- 40 Jerry --- Series

DOWN

- 1 "--- Miserables"
- 2 "Herbert C---er's Legacy" (Alger)
- 3 "Tom Swift and his Big ---igible"
- 4 "Lost of ---" (Alger)
- 5 Identical
- 6 Smaller
- 7 Wrathful

- 8 "Frank Merriwell's Sports A---ld"
- 9 Dave Por--- Series
- 11 "The --- Boy" (Alger)
- 14 Novelist Hough ("The Covered Wagon")
- 16 "---m Storm, the Wolfer" (Castlemon)
- 17 "Little ---" (Alcott)
- 18 Greek letter
- 19 "Wa--- and Hope" (Alger)
- 20 Humble abode
- 21 Behave
- 22 "Tom Swift and his Racer"
- 24 Room
- 25 "S---w and sure"
- 28 Periods
- 29 Insect eggs
- 30 Candle-nut tree
- 31 See 5 across
- 32 "From C---l Boy to President" (Alger)
- 33 "A Struggle for a F---une" (Castlemon)

- 34 ---animo (with one mind)
- 35 The Pony ---er Boys
- 36 Man's nickname

CON'T FROM PAGE 7

The poor especially suffered during the blizzard. Free coal was given to them by P. M. Wilson, a New York City millionaire realtor.
(To be concluded next issue)

SOURCE: Werstein, Irving. The Blizzard of '88.

NEXT: The storm wanes on Tuesday, March 13, and a phenomenal event occurs.

CON'T FROM PAGE 2

antique toys. He is 10 years old and a student in Chicago.

Change of address:

PF-296 Dr. William Kenworthy Jr.
High Street
Atglen, Pa. 19310

"What one knows is, in youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn."

Henry Brooks Adams (1838-1918)