

# THE HORATIO ALGER

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Subscribers 65

March 1963

A Newsletter



# Newsboy CLUB

Subscription \$2.00 annually

5868 PILGRIM

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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

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We are enjoying a steady growth in circulation of the newsletter and continued interest in its contents, yet we must not ignore evidence of growing pains. The policy that we shall attempt to follow is in the adjustment stage and so the rules may require changing from time to time to fit our needs. It is very easy to show one's ignorance and it is also easy to ignore and forget one's obligation to pass out words of appreciation--- I extend my humble apology publicly to Mrs. Gurman for her sincere efforts, but unrewarded as Associate Editor. Altho I am her senior in point of age, I am her junior in point of knowledge regarding Alger and collecting. Mrs. Gurman served me due and timely notice that she wished to be released from the assignment and reluctantly, I am forced to accept. My personal thanks for a job well done, Irene! I have never claimed to be an authority on Horatio Alger and his books. It has been my hope however, that through the medium of this newsletter and with the association and contacts with other interested Alger Fans, we can debunk many of the circulated 'Old wives tales' and learn of the truth. Also, I do not make any claim to perfection, nor do I have the 'Kings English' at my command. I have never excelled in anything. I was an average student except in Botany. My teacher failed me in that subject and I deserved it. Altho I am scotch by descent and as my name implies, I am not generally known to be tightfisted nor do I feel that I am a money-grabber. Lest I should be so accused, I am proposing a policy change: All subscriptions (paid, contributing, life and otherwise obligated) will expire on December 31 of this year, (1963) This will mean an extension for some. The Newsletter will be continued of course, but will be on a hobby basis. The Newsletter began as a hobby and eventually was mailed to over 400 Readers. This of course could not continue without assistance, hence the subscription fee. If subscriptions do not go beyond 100 subscribers by December 31, It will become a hobby of mine and financed by me. If the subscriptions reach 101 or better, then I shall accept some financial help. Any subscriber on record as of December 31, of this year (1963) will be eligible for extended free subscription, if requested. It will not be mailed to you against your wishes. The serial story, "THE YOUNG POSTMASTER" will continue to be a free supplement until concluded.

For the benefit of our new subscribers, it will be necessary occasionally to explain our projects that we have started. (1) Since our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr. was born in Revere, Massachusetts, we have offered our services (this means we need your participation and cooperation) in attempting to stock the Revere Public Library with a complete set (one of a kind) of Alger's published books. In order that the Library will receive no unsolicited books, Duplicates are not desired, Please check with me regarding title and condition before you mail. The books should be donated in the name of the Horatio Alger NEWSBOY Club.

Project No. 2 On the 10th of August, 1962 I opened an account in the name of RAGGED DICK in the INDUSTRIAL STATE BANK of Kalamazoo in the amount of \$1.00 (Suggested donation is \$1.00) The purpose of this fund is to aid or assist some deserving boy of the Hero type of our choice. In this regard, it came to our attention about two months ago that a disastrous fire in Philadelphia destroyed the homes of many families in the low rent and low income district. Altho our fund was small, Mrs. Smeltzer who lives in the suburban area was named to ascertain if such an eligible boy could be located. Mrs Smeltzer accepted the responsibility but could not locate any one boy with which we might deal directly. We could have contributed to any number of local organizations who were familiar with the financial need. Donations which were sent to Mrs. Smeltzer have been deposited in the RAGGED DICK fund. The Donations since last mention are as follows:

December 3, 1962 Balance	\$ 7.00
Donation No. 7	1.00
Donation No. 8	1.00
Donation No. 9	<u>3.00</u>
Total	\$12.00

Lt. Harry P. Jenkins of the Kalamazoo Police Department who contributed material which was solicited and used in the February issue, has accepted an appointment as Chief of Police in Elk Grove Village, in the suburbs of Chicagoland and just west of O'Hare Field. The Lt. will take over his assignment sometime this month and will be close to two of our subscribers, Betty Lacey and Gilbert Westgard, II. Too many times, home talent is not appreciated until it has been recognized and discovered away from home. Our loss is Elk Grove's gain. Best Wishes Harry!

The list of paid subscribers is growing and we are branching out; We proudly add to our list of states, the state of Alaska! We now have 26 states and the District of Columbia.



## NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

- No. 60 Mr. A.F. Manley  
57 Lakeland Dr. N.E. Atlanta 5, Ga.
- No. 61 Mrs. Harry (Marjorie) Larson  
308 Kensington Ave. Astoria, Oregon
- No. 62 Mr. H.J. Flannery  
6133 N. Kenmore, Chicago 26, Ill.
- No. 63 Gladys O. Judson  
Chestnut Hill Rd., Montague, Mass.
- No. 64 Mr. David B. Carlson  
Box 3 Dillingham, Alaska
- No. 65 Mrs. James (Charlene) Hawkins  
1804 West C Ave., R6, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## BY STATES - continued from last month:

- Mr. F.M. Claggett  
1636 Pearl St., Jacksonville 6, Fla.
- Mr. Kenneth B. Butler  
1325 Burlington Rd., Mendota, Ill.
- Prof. John G. Cawelti  
5528 Blackstone, Chicago 37, Ill.
- Mrs. Don (Betty) Lacey  
14349 Lawndale, Midlothian, Ill.
- Mr. Gilbert K. Vestgard, II  
1433 N. Hoffman Ave., Park Ridge, Ill.
- Mr. Ivan Wilson  
Mechanicsburg, Illinois
- Mr. Austin Windsor  
230 Minnie St., Godfrey, Illinois

Please note that new subscribers No. 60, 62 and 64 could have been listed under states but would have been a duplication

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THESE PEOPLE

Mr. A.F. Manley comes to us by way of George Setman's recommendation. He bought--sight unseen or you might say-- a pig in a poke. He believes that he has read all of Alger's paper-backs, as a boy, 45 years ago.

Mrs. Larson was one of the first to show an interest in a newsletter; This month marks the first anniversary of our contacts. She suffered a long and painful siege from a tumor on the inside of the back of her right (writing) hand. Surgery and treatments were expensive too. She has recovered physically and is slowly recovering financially, however she has paid her subscription fee and has enjoyed the newsletters in the interim.

Mr. Flannery is also a 'pig in a poke' subscriber. While vacationing in Boston three years ago, he also visited the grave of our hero in Glenwood Cemetery, at South Natick, Mass. He also visited the Library and the Museum ( I wasn't aware of the museum when I was there). He states that the aged (93) lady in

charge had lived next door to the Alger home and knew both Horatio and his father and had talked with them many times. (for the benefit of our new subscribers our subscriber, Max Goldberg operated the PINK SPINNING WHEEL in Natick and is currently doing research work for this newsletter, however, his secretary Miss Belle Epstein, reports that Max has been ill and has been reluctantly unable to participate.)

David Carlson also comes to us by way of George Setman. After reading one copy of the newsletter, he subscribed (We now cover our great nation from Alaska to the Gulf, Florida and Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Mass. to Calif. but there are a lot of gaps in between) David sent me a copy of his list of 65 Alger titles and of course wants more. He states that his parents were immigrants from Sweden but he was born in South Dakota 58 years ago. He was a High School History Instructor there until the depression of the 30's and then went to Alaska where he could eventually have resumed teaching which he did not choose to do. Altho Dillingham is located on the Bering Sea, David claims that the climate is perhaps no different than our northern states.

Charlene Hawkins reproduces the story "THE YOUNG POSTMASTER" from the stencil which I cut. Although only in her mid 20's and mother of two boys, she and her husband have acquired (perhaps forced) an interest in our newsletter. Although she and my wife and my proofreaders and critics, neither can tell you how the story will end. Your guess is as good as theirs. Charlene is a busy person at home, in the Community, her church and has a variety of interest. A busy person can always find time for one more worth while project. We appreciate a job well done, Charlene!

W.M. Claggett, (Bill) is a Dealer in Out-of-Print publications, He specializes, I believe in the Dime Novel variety, He is an old time (No. 15) member of the HAPPY HOUR BROTHERHOOD and their official paper is called the DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP. Bill says Alger books in his area are very scarce, but he has a few that he is keeping for himself.

Ken Butler, a former home town boy (Kalamazoo) was my first inspiration to get in touch with other Alger collectors, It was on Thanks giving day, 1961. Ken will be one of the Directors of the Glidden Tour of Antique Automobiles this summer in the Finger Lakes and Niagara Falls area of New York State. You might send me a postal from Algerton, Ken! Ken also starred in a Mendota production of "BOY MEETS GIRL" recently. Ken played the part of C. Elliot Friday. (here again is a busy person who finds time for a worthwhile project).

Professor John G. Cawelti recently permitted us to reprint in the NEWSBOY his copyrighted article "PORTRAIT OF A NEWSBOY". It was concluded in the January issue. We would like to hear more of you, Professor!



ITEMS OF INTEREST continued

Betty Lacey is another person with a variety of interests, but not too busy to take on another interesting hobby and project. In addition to her husband, Don, she has two children, Randall and Linda. Randall, age 13 has shown to be talented on the banjo and guitar and was chosen the best when auditioned on their local "Talanted Teen" show. His goal is to compete in the finals, state-wide at Chicago's Mc Cormick Place during the annual Trade Fair. More about Linda, age 8, later. Among other interests and accomplishments of Betty, it has been discovered that she is an artist with a pencil or paint brush. I have sent her old photographs of actual people (before the turn of the century) whom I had selected as images of the characters in the story, "THE YOUNG POSTMASTER". I requested her to try and capture their features and facial expressions on a stencil. She has sent proofs and if the stencils will reproduce satisfactorily, we will have a pleasant surprise for the next edition.

Gilbert Westgard is continually scouting for books of a juvenile nature to add to his enormous collection. He has been very helpful in supplying leads for background material for the story.

Ivan Wilson and Austin Windsor are among those absent in my mail this month.

Not so with Miss Martha Harris of Cunningham, Tenn. She writes: "My late father was Postmaster here at Cunningham for 36 years. He passed away in 1950. He loved his work and I learned to love his work too. I am delighted that you are writing a story of the post-office...I have only one suggestion to make. Please don't let the Squire take over the post-office permanently. I don't believe that you will." (No Martha, I wouldn't want--and I wouldn't dare to drag the P.O. through the mud. In chapter three, please note that I have used the name Harris. You may deny any relationship at the present but if you ever wish to change your mind, as the story unfolds, I shall be pleased to have you recognize and accept the character for what he really is.)

The Steiner's of Berkeley Springs, West Virginia were forced to abandon their annual wintering in Florida, due to Ellis' health. Under doctor's care he is recovering nicely. 'Him and his volumes' of information and time on his hands has cracked the case. He has figured out the way the story will end. Jean has an attic full of books and a kitchen full of old fashioned potato mashers. She has room for one more if you have an odd one. Up in her attic, she ran across a copy of Pilgrim's Progress. Interested?

BULLETIN FROM TODAY'S MAIL, MARCH 4th

Gilbert Westgard, II has just informed me that he has recently been ordained

as an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints and has been called to serve as a missionary for two and one half years in Switzerland. He will deliver a farewell testimonial at the Mormon Church in Wilmette, 4:30 P.M. March 17th with open-house at his home, following. We have been invited to attend. I lived for a short time in a Swiss Settlement in southern Wisconsin and acquired a taste for Swiss cheese and was pretty good at yodeling--until my voice changed. I'm betting that Gilbert has 'promised to climb the highest mountain' and his sweetheart has prescribed the Matterhorn! Bon Voyage, Gilbert!

Due to the sincere desire to serve the readers of this newsletter, Gilbert has put forth, before he leaves, a tremendous effort, perhaps burned some midnight oil to make it possible to bring you for your reading pleasure, Chapter 4 of the book entitled DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT by Mrs. Helen Campbell, published in 1892 Chapter four, deals with NEW YORK NEWSBOYS - WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME FROM, AND HOW THEY LIVE--THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY. To my knowledge, Mrs. Helen Campbell is not related to me, however I am not disclaiming any possibilities. This Article, and it is definitely not fiction, begins on page four and will run serially until concluded. There is enough material for at least six issues. Please bear in mind that this Article was written in 1892 or sooner and the city as described, the home of the street Arabs, perhaps has undergone a tremendous change. Perhaps at least one familiar object remains-- Brooklyn Bridge. Today, visitors are attracted to 'Times Square' in upper Manhattan, but yesterday (1892) the street Arabs were more at home around the 'Bowery'.

In Chapter III of the Young Postmaster, we reveal the name of the 'Stranger' which was suggested by Ken Butler, however his true identity is short lived since he chooses to appear incognito before the people of Algerton. In chapter IV, "A SUNDAY IN ALGERTON" perhaps several new characters will be introduced as friends of the Churchill children. but especially we will introduce Belinda Lacey, who is 8 years of age and a chosen friend of Michael Churchill. Belinda's friends call her Linda for short and this name has intentionally been selected in honor of a young lady of the same name who resides in Midlothian, Illinois.

In Kalamazoo, on Saturday and Sunday, August 17 & 18th there is scheduled an Air Show, perhaps of National importance, since Balloonist Don Piccard of Sioux Falls, South Dakota is planning a 4½ mile ascension during the Air Show. These balloons are supposed to be as high as a six-story building. There will be three events, Target landing, Distance and Altitude. This would be an opportune time for you Alger Fans to meet here and get acquainted. My back yard has no grandstand seats but the show will be only two miles away on the surface. Upwards, the sky is the limit.



## DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT

By Mrs. Helen Campbell, Published 1892  
Chapter IV NEW YORK NEWSBOYS (quote)

How shall one condense into one chapter the story of an army of newsboys in which each individual represents a case not only of "survival of the fittest," but of an experience that would fill a volume? They are the growth of but a generation or two, since only the modern newspaper and its needs could require the services of this numberless host. Out of the thousands of homeless children roaming the streets as lawless as the wind, only those with some sense of honor could be chosen, yet what honor could be found in boys born in the slums and knowing vice as a close companion from babyhood up?

This question answered itself long ago, as many a social problem has done. The fact that no papers could be had by them save as paid for on the spot, and that a certain code of morals was the first necessity for any work at all, developed such conscience as lay in embryo, and brought about the tacitly understood rules that have long governed the small heathen who supply this prime need of the business man, - the morning and evening papers.

Most of us have never bothered ourselves about how the newsboy lives. We know that he exists. We are too apt to regard him only as a necessary evil. What is his daily life? What becomes of him? Does he ever grow up to man's estate, or are his inches never increased?

Though it is by no means true that all newsboys are wanderers, yet most of those seen in New York streets have no homes. Out from the alleys and by-ways of the slums pours this stream of child humanity, an army of happy barbarians, for they are happy in spite of privations that seem enough to crush the spirit of the bravest. Comparatively few in number before the war, they increased manyfold with the demand of that period, and swarm now at every point where a sale is probable. Naturally only the brightest among them prospered. They began as "street rats," -- the old name of the police for them, -- and pilfered and gnawed at all social foundations with the recklessness and energy of their prototypes. Their life was of the hardest. Driven out from their dens in the tenement districts, where most of them were born, to beg or steal as need might be, they slept in boxes, or under stairways, and sometimes in hay barges in coldest nights of winter. Two of them were known to have slept for an entire winter in the iron tube of a bridge and two others in a burned-out safe in Wall Street. Sometimes they slipped into the cabin of a ferry-boat. Old boilers were a favorite refuge, but first and chief, then and now, came the steam gratings, where at any time of night or day in winter one may find a

crowd of shivering urchins warming half-frozen fingers and toes, or curled up in a heap snatching such sleep as is to be had under adverse circumstances.

Watch a group of this nature. Their faces are old from constant exposure as well as from the struggle for existence. Their thin clothes fluttering in the wind afford small protection against winter's cold, and are made up of contributions from all sources, often rescued from the ragpicker and cut down to meet requirements. Shoes are of the same order, but worn only in winter, the toes even then looking stockingless, from gaping holes stopped sometimes by rags wound about the feet. Kicked and cuffed by every ruffian they meet, ordered about by the police, creeping into doorways as winter storms rage, they lose no atom of cheer, and shame the prosperous passer-by who gives them small thought save as a nuisance to be tolerated. They are pertinacious little chaps who spring up at every crossing, almost at every hour of the day and night, and thrust a paper under your nose. They run to every fire, and are present wherever a horse falls down, or a street car gets into trouble, or a brawl is in process. They are the boys who play toss-penny in the sun in the City Hall Park, who play baseball by electric light, who rob the push-cart of the Italian banana-seller, who can scent a "copper" a block away, and who always have a plentiful supply of crocodile tears when caught in the act.

The tiny fellow who flies across your path with a bundle of papers under his arm found out, almost before he ceased to be a baby, that life is very earnest, and he knows that upon his success in disposing of his stock in trade depends his supper and a warm bed for the night. Though so young he has had as many hard knocks as are crowded into the lives of a good many folks twice his age. He is every inch a philosopher, too, for he accepts bad fortune with stoical indifference.

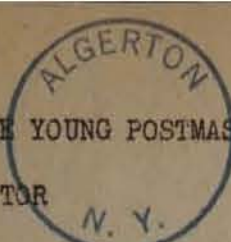
Homeless boys may be divided into two classes, -- the street arab and the gutter-snipe. The newsboy may be found in both these classes. As a street arab he is strong, sturdy, self-reliant, full of fight, always ready to take his own part, as well as the gutter-snipe, who naturally looks to him for protection. Gutter-snipe is the name which has been given to the more weakly street arab, the little fellow who, though scarcely more than a baby, is frequently left by the brutalized parents at the mercy of any fate, no matter what. This little chap generally roams around until he finds some courageous street arab, scarcely bigger than himself, perhaps to fight his battles and put him in the way of making a living, which is generally done by selling papers. In time the gutter-snipe becomes himself a full-fledged arab with a large clientele, two hard and ready fists, and a horde of dependent and grateful snipes.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE APRIL EDITION



## CHAPTER III THE SQUIRE HAS A VISITOR

BY FORREST CAMPBELL



"A man to see me?" questioned the Squire of his son, Mortimer.

"Yes, father, he is a stranger to me; he wouldn't give his name."

"How long has he been here?" the Squire asked, nervously.

"About half an hour, he insisted on being allowed to wait."

"Very well, my son," said the Squire as he slowly and quietly drew open the sliding doors to the drawing-room, "You may go to your room, and see that we are not disturbed."

The Squire stepped through the opening and quietly closed the doors behind him. He stood silently while his searching eyes surveyed the room and discovered the man standing in front of the fireplace with his back turned to the Squire and seemed to be looking into the fire. He could not place the man, either in present or the past. He had tried desperately to forget the past, but he had not been successful. Occasionally vivid memories visited him and tormented him. The stranger seemed to be enjoying the warmth and cheerfulness of the fire on this wet fall evening and seemed to intentionally permit the Squire to fret and ponder upon the reason for his being there. The Squire wiped his beaded brow, cleared his throat as a warning of his presence and was the first to speak.

"You have the advantage of me, sir. I cannot place you. Are you sure you wish to speak with me?"

The stranger appeared to be at ease and seemed reluctant to turn from the fire. He spoke with the confidence of having the situation well in hand.

"You are Squire Campbell?"

"Yes sir."

"I am not Marley's ghost, but I am from your past."

"Then who are you sir?"

"My name would mean nothing to you. I am here because Jack sent me."

"Jack? Who is Jack? Is this your only introduction to my past?"

"I could add more if you really care to go into it, but perhaps it will not be necessary — you had a nickname which specifically identifies you with a certain group —"

"And this nickname is—?"

"Skin."

The Squire flinched. The awful truth had been definitely established. This man had some connection with his past. It would be useless to ignore it further.

"And you sir, are—?"

"You may call me Dirk."

"Dirk? Dirk what?"

"Dirk Bledsoe is as good as any name."

"Where is Jack?"

"That must remain a secret, between Jack and me."

The Squire well remembered, at their final and hasty parting, it was decided that for their individual security, it would be best to separate with their destination unannounced.

"What does Jack want?"

"He wants nothing. It is I who asks a favor."

"How did you find me?"

"Jack was the brains of your former partnership, remember?"

"Why should I be expected to grant you a favor?"

"I was a silent partner and took orders only from Jack." "Jack could not help me. He learned of your whereabouts and sent me here."

"How was it that he learned of me?"

"You are a celebrity, Squire."

"You believe that I can help you?"

"Yes."

"How."

"Take me in as a partner."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I will sing!"

Beads of perspiration were again forming upon the Squire's brow and it was quite evident that Dirk had made his point sufficiently enough that the Squire would submit to his request, unreasonable as it was.

"Is this blackmail?" asked the Squire.

"I have heard of such a thing. If the shoe fits, put it on. All I want is to be taken care of, as I was promised."

"You expect me to settle Jack's debts?"

"Perhaps I am playing both ends."

"Nothing is ever settled by blackmail, there is usually no end—"

"If you are thinking of a cash settlement, Skin—"

"Don't say that!"

"What else do you answer to besides Squire?"

"What's the matter with Squire?"

"Oh, come on! Do you expect me to bow too?"

"If you expect me to be useful to you, you cannot afford to arouse suspicion."

"I see. When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"How long would you last here? If you were to expose me."

"I suppose we would go down together."

"Now I believe that we understand each other, Dirk."

"I believe we do, Squire. Now as I was about to say— I'll want more than a cash settlement, Squire. I'll want to be set up as a junior partner, or by myself, where I can take it easy."

"You will have to give me a little time to think."

"Take all the time you want. That is if you want to support me. I'll be on your expense account in the meantime."

"Where are you going to stay?"

"Here."

"Here?"



"Why not? Are we not old friends, Squire? Must we be separated?"

"But how can I account for your sudden and unexpected appearance?"

"Must you account to someone? I thought you were in control here."

"Well, we don't want to arouse undue suspicion."

"Should people be suspicious of old friends, Squire?"

"Would you be willing to stay in a rooming house?"

"Look, Squire -- I need help, remember? Will you be footing the bill?"

"All right! But you should be able to do something to satisfy curious inquiries. What can you do, temporarily?"

"Do I have to work?"

"Perhaps you would like to replace the president of our bank, Monday morning?"

"All right! Set me up in anything you have open. I'll work a little."

There was an awkward silence. The Squire was pondering upon some difficult thought. He smoothed down his mustache with thumb and forefinger which terminated at the corners of his mouth. He pressed his lower lip together and opened his mouth.

"Well, Squire?"

"Do you know anything about the post office, Dirk?"

"Do I know anything about the Post office? Washington can answer that one for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that they know me in Washington. I was relieved of duty some time ago."

"Then you are familiar with its operation?"

"I am. Are you trying to tell me that there is an opening here?"

"Yes, there is an opening here."

Dirk whistled, with a look of surprise.

"That would be a natural! Of course I would have to change my name. Remember, they know me in Washington. Let's see, How about Carl Harris?"

"It won't be quite that easy, Dirk."

"Why not? Don't you have the power to recommend me?"

"Perhaps, but if I went against public sentiment--"

"Excuse me, I thought you were in control here."

"I have no control whatever, over the post office."

"What seems to be the obstacle?"

"Right now, public sentiment and a boy."

"A boy?"

"Yes. In time, I believe I could have maneuvered in. Right now, public sentiment is strong for the defense of the boy."

"We had better strike while the iron is hot. Send in my recommendation, now. We can hire the boy to do the work."

"You may be right, Dirk."

"Better start calling me Carl, remember? Carl Harris."

"I suppose so---Carl."

"One thing though---

"What is that, Carl?"

"If I get the nod; You are not to try and cut in."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't look nice. The authorities wouldn't like it."

"So I've been told."

"Then you will get a letter off right away?"

"yes."

"Remember, until then, I'll be on your expense account."

"I'll remember."

"One thing more, strangers probably are expected to pay in advance at the rooming house, Squire."

"Here is twenty dollars. Keep out of sight until I get in touch with you."

"All right, Squire, good night!"

The Squire sat down at his desk and tried to compose thoughts for a letter of recommendation. He could not cast aside the thoughts of the change of events. He might have to step down, or aside, to make room for another. It began to look that way. It was conceivable that he would lose control entirely, as long as the threat of the revelation of his past, hung over his head. He must be more cautious than ever. He must plan defenses. But how? The answer would not come. Wearied and despondent over his loss of power, he decided one thing. He must pay the piper and the first payment was now due--a letter of recommendation for a stranger who was forcing his approval. He forcefully picked up his pen and began to write. Several attempts were rejected, wadded and discarded. He just could not bring himself to bow to the demands put upon him. Each of his attempts were weak and feeble. He was not using the aggressive approach. He arose and opened a wall cabinet. He selected a decanter labeled 'Nerve Tonic' and took two doses. He moved to the fireplace and gazed into the fire. He paced the floor. He examined the drawn drapes. He peeked out--Rain. He sighed and his tenseness withered. His clenched fists relaxed. His hands fell beside him, palms open. Resigned, steady and determined, he retraced his steps to his desk and began to write.

Gentlemen:

In order that we might fill the vacancy created by the death of our beloved citizen, Thornton Churchill, Postmaster of Algerton, New York in an efficient and business-like manner, it is my honor and privilege to represent the good people of our Village in recommending to you for this vacancy, a loyal citizen second only to the departed himself and one who has proven himself capable, the best man available here, Carl Harris.

Respectfully submitted,

Mortimer S. Campbell, Esq.

The Squire affixed his seal, addressed an envelope, inserted the letter, sealed it and put on a stamp. He tossed it upon his desk, retired to an easy chair and sank into it with the palms of his hands supporting his head.

(to be continued next month)