

THE HORATIO ALGER



Newsboy CLUB

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Subscribers 68

April 1963

A Newsletter

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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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.

News items for publication should be in my hands on the last day of each month if publication is expected in the succeeding month. Except for the story supplement and reprinted material, not a single word is cut on the stencil until the mail for the last day of the month has been received. In some instances, bulletins may be inserted while the newsletter is in process. On the other hand, news items with time value attached, which are received too late, may never get printed unless specially requested.

The winter season left in a hurry, here in Michigan, causing an epidemic of spring fever. It has kept me away from my desk (out-doors) for several days now. My incoming mail has slackened as well as the outgoing, and I can only assume that there is an epidemic in your neighborhood too.

I took advantage of my opportunity to visit with Gilbert Westgard, II before he left on his mission to Switzerland. The visit was educational and entertaining as well as social. I learned a few things about the Mormon Faith. Gilbert will be paying his own expenses during the next two and one half years while he is on this mission. He leaves his enormous library behind, (I have taken more luggage on an over-night stay than Gilbert is taking for the duration. Upon his return, he will be free to resume a normal life. Gilbert has a brochure from the Temple which is located in Salt Lake City and it lists the signatures of many famous people who have visited the Tabernacle there. Among them is the signature of our hero Horatio Alger, Jr. who visited there and signed the guest book on February 15, 1877 and according to Gilbert, it was then that Horatio gathered material which he later used in such books as The Young Adventurer, 1878; The Western Boy, 1878; The Young Miner, 1879; and The Young Explorer. There are different opinions as to Horatio's actual birth-date. Gilbert, from his personal volumes of reference books containing information about Horatio, will say 1832 while others in authority will quote 1834. Some historians who claim to have seen the birth certificate will say Jan. 15th which fell on Sunday. I personally point to the record on the monument at his graveside which is clear to anyone who might be interested enough to look, and January 13th is recorded. (Did they

have such public documents as birth certificates as early as 1832?) In my mother and father's generation (1860) the only records available were the records in the family bible which was usually accepted as the best information available. I personally have two copies of my own and there are errors on both which only proves that to err is humanly possible.

Nothing new to report on the RAGGED DICK FUND, the balance remains at \$12.00 No Horatio Alger, Jr. Books have been offered for the Revere Public Library. My Film library of our friends interested in Horatio Alger has never been requested. I have shown the film only to friends who visited here or where we have visited with friends. These films are 8mm and in color. Scenes include Horatio's birthplace in Revere, Massachusetts and his burial place in Glenwood Cemetery, South Natick, Massachusetts. Our vacation period extends from May 11 thru June 7th. Of course we must be home during the first seven days of June to get out the newsletter. HAVE CAMERA - WILL TRAVEL also WILL POSE AND REPOSE. On your vacation trip, plan to include Kalamazoo in your travels, We are just off the Expressway, I-94 and don't forget the Airshow, August 17-18 when the famous balloonist, Don Piccard will compete with others in an attempted 4 1/2 mile ascension. Our back yard will be reserved free for subscribers (It's on the level). This show will be live and can be seen over the Campbell fence network. Ken Butler however will be getting his show on the road, this summer (I do not know the exact date) with his Glidden Tour of Antique cars in the Finger Lakes region of New York State.

An after-thought worth mentioning, Gilbert will be 20 years of age on September 4, 1963 and of course will be in Switzerland at the time. The first class postage rate is only 11¢ for the first ounce. If you are a stamp collector, perhaps you would like to have some of those Switzerland postage stamps which Gilbert would put on the letters that he sends you. He leaves at home an Alger library of 94 titles and an enormous amount of Edward Stratemeyer books written under his various pen-names. Gilbert obtained for me at a Chicago outlet before he left, an excellent copy of Kings Handbook of New York City, (1892) It vividly describes the old 'Bowery' and also describes 'Five Points' (often mentioned in Alger's stories) with it's 'Dens of Iniquity'. Dickens also has mentioned

this district in his published writings after his personal visit in 1841. Gilbert will continue to receive the newsletter as usual. His new address:

Elder Gilbert K. Westgard, II
Leimenstrasse 49
Basel, Switzerland (postage 11¢)

We have added three new subscribers, however no new states have been added. The newsletter is going to subscribers in 26 states and the District of Columbia. Here are the new subscribers:

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

No. 66 Mr. Francis E. Lavender
38 Amherst Street,
West Springfield, Massachusetts.

No. 67 Mr. Edward C. Mattson, Jr.
Box 5002
Baltimore 20, Maryland.

No. 68 Mrs. Garnet T. Barnes
3820 Martha Avenue,
Toledo 12, Ohio

BY STATES - Continued from last month

Mr. Don Beck
1828 Ida Avenue,
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Mrs. Blanche G. Lloyd
471 $\frac{1}{2}$ North Grant,
West Lafayette, Indiana

Mr. Harold Poore
5116 Jaysue Street,
Anderson, Indiana

Mr. Charlton Havard Lyons, Sr.
Suite 1500 Beck Bldg.,
Shreveport, Louisiana

Mr. Edward C. Mattson, Jr.
Box 5002
Baltimore 20, Maryland

Mrs. Ruth E. Seese,
4520 Highland Avenue,
Bethesda 14, Maryland

Mr. Charles L. Clapp
980 Furnace Brook Parkway (winter
Quincy 69, Massachusetts address)
General Delivery (summer
White Horse Beach, Massachusetts address)

Mr. Max Goldberg
728 Worcester Street,
Natick, Massachusetts

Gladys O. Judson
Chestnut Hill Road,
Montague, Massachusetts

Mr. Francis E. Lavender
38 Amherst Street,
West Springfield, Massachusetts

Mr. Edvard T. Le Blanc
87 School Street,
Fall River Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Mrs. Barnes, subscriber No. 68, is not new to our group, she has been a member of the Quakertown Club for some time and has been a reader of the newsletter since last July by virtue of her Club membership. She is now a paid subscriber.

Mr. Don Beck - Although collecting is only a hobby with him, he has a variety of interests. His letterhead reads: Everything for the Collector. He has a stock of Alger books, Guns, Coins, Antiques and political Pins. (I have misplaced my Willkie button again, Don!)

Mrs. Blanche G. Lloyd writes that she has 14 Alger titles and also some Henty's. She says Alger seems to be scarce in her town. Her address (471 $\frac{1}{2}$) implies that she lives in a crowded neighborhood where numbers are at a premium. Kalamazoo once boasted of an area so crowded (this area recently dismantled and rebuilt) that we actually had addresses using $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$. (no reflection intended, Mrs. Lloyd, such addresses often signify upper, rear, side and basement apartments.

Mr. Harold Poore and his charming wife are captured on my movie film when they visited here last summer. Harold collects most all of the popular juvenile books, especially Stratemeyer. They are quite extensive travelers. They perhaps have visited 48 of our states. Will you make Alaska and Hawaii this summer, Harold?

Mr. Lyons learned of us by way of the Van Allen Bradley syndicated column. Would be pleased to hear more from you C.H.!

Mr. Ed Mattson is 24 years old, a Baltimore police officer and as a hobby, deals in books, especially juvenile, such as Rover Boys and is an avid Horatio Alger Jr. Fan. Ed says he majored in journalism while in school and has offered his services.

Mrs. Ruth Seese enjoys Alger collecting and is the proud owner of 67 different Alger titles. She has some duplicates and will trade. She thought she had read them all, as a girl, but continues to find titles which are new to her.

Mr. Charles Clapp is continually searching for new titles. He has a total of 77 and occasionally finds interesting items and has sent me an Alger poem entitled "Carving a Name" which I will print when space is available.

Mr. Max Goldberg has been reported ill and I have not heard from him for some time. He has from time to time contributed interesting facts and photos valuable to those of us who are interested in authentic historical facts regarding the life of our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr.,

Gladys O. Judson is the proud owner of a first edition of "From Canal Boy to President" plus a few others. I am trying to encourage her to start a collection of her own. I will volunteer one of my reprint duplicates for the postage. Interested?

Mr. Francis E. Lavender is another new subscriber, but already has 76 different titles and 20 duplicates, he is interested in trading for something he doesn't already have. He also has a second hobby of collecting old victrola records and has over 5000 at the present time.

Mr. Edward T. LeBlanc is editor of the Dime Novel Round-up and has at least 236 subscribers to his publication. Many of the subscribers to this newsletter are also subscribers of the Round-up. If you think you might be interested, I am sure that Ed will gladly send you a few samples for your enjoyment. The Round-up accepts paid advertising.

Notice: The subscribers from Massachusetts who have not been mentioned in this issue, and a part of those from the state of Michigan will be mentioned next month. I would appreciate hearing from you so that I will have up to date information for publication.

Bulletin: Subscription No. 69 came in after the deadline (April 3rd) from: Lawrence A. Sharrott, 1039 Grassmere Terrace, Far Rockaway 91, New York. This subscription will be officially recognized in the next issue.

I still have a small supply of the second printing of the very first newsletter and I will be glad to fill requests for as long as they last. Vol. 1 No. 1 tells of our visit to Revere, Massachusetts, in search of Horatio Alger's birthplace. Also of our visit to South Natick and Glenwood Cemetery where Horatio is buried on a burial plot owned by his sister, Mrs. Amos P. (Olive) Cheney. Only a headstone marks Horatio's grave (perhaps we should honor his memory with a wreath on memorial day.). There is of course, a six foot monument on which is inscribed family names and dates.

Those of you who have been reading about the typhoid epidemic in Zermatt, Switzerland and are concerned about the welfare of Gilbert, relax. The cities of Zermatt and Basel are at least 100 miles apart, (as the crow flies). Zermatt is in the extreme southern part and lies in the morning shadow of the Matterhorn, while Basel is in the extreme northern part and very close to the eastern border of France and the southern border of Germany. I will await further authentic information from Gilbert, himself.

For the benefit of our new readers, I am a postal employee, I carry the U.S. Mail. It is a residential foot route. The route number is known as #30. I do not accept paid advertising. I do not need the money, nor do I want to go into business. I prefer to keep the newsletter on a hobby basis. There are plenty of medium in which you can advertise. Let's keep it a newsletter, with subscribers participating with one letter to me each month as your obligation. Then I'll do the rest! Okay?

COMMENTS ON THE STORY SUPPLEMENT: The Young Postmaster is intentionally an Alger-type story and although it is written in 1963, I am attempting to capture an 1894 atmosphere. I need your help and I solicit your monthly comments. For example, I need to know what music and songs were popular in that year. I believe that although we have made tremendous advances in architecture, transportation and home appliances and furnishings, human nature has not changed. We can isolate it and attempt to control it but we cannot change it. I do believe that our early American dialect has been preserved but isolated within their local boundaries, however our slang, lingo or jargon, if you please is constantly changing. Here, for example is one of my problems: The expression, "Twenty-three skiddoo", Did it originate before or after the period of which I am writing? Here is another example: When I was small, 1905-1915 there were fixtures that hung from the porch ceiling, and consisted primarily of thin glass which was suspended on flexible cords, sometimes perhaps adorned with beautiful designs, and they swayed in the breeze and made a tinkling musical sound which was pleasing to the ear. This is one of the pleasant memories of my early childhood. What did we call them, then? The present day terminology is 'wind chimes', but that doesn't sound right to me. Can you help me? In Chapter IV, the name of Pete Bates was suggested by Jean Steiner and the name of Patience was suggested by Ken Butler. Chapter IV is a Sunday scene which is necessary to color the locality and our characters. The Sunday scene extends into the next chapter, entitled "A Friend in Need", in which our hero, Carey, performs the usual and expected act of heroism which is present in most all Alger stories. Yes, the pattern will be the same as all Alger stories (why change it?) but I believe the details will be original and interesting. An act of heroism is necessary not only to show the 'cut of his cloth' but to have (we would say, today) an 'ace in the hole' or a friend, in his time of need. In the next chapter, the color-tour hike takes our hero and his friends along the boundaries of Squire Campbell's property, which is posted with 'No Trespassing' signs. Carey is forced to trespass in order that he might perform his act of heroism. Would you? Of course he is observed by Flint, the Squire's son who has been patrolling the expedition from his carriage on a nearby road. Flint considers himself a superior rival for the attentions of Miss Patience. Flint does not intend to overlook this opportunity to discredit our hero and apprehends him in the act of violating the 'rights' of his father. This, is a 'pretty kettle of fish', but is necessary to keep the story interesting. A story usually has more than one thread and Horatio usually kept at least two or three going. A sort of 'meanwhile, back at the ranch' type of thing. Perhaps the only thing unlike Alger's writings will be the surprise ending which I plan to conceal from you as long as I can. If you have a theory, let me know, perhaps your ending would be better than mine!

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

This is the evolution of the newsboy wherever he be found. Some of them bring up in penal institutions and reformatories, and no wonder. Their mornings are too apt to be spent in pitching pennies or frequenting policy-shops. They are passionately devoted to the theatre and they will cheerfully give up a prospect of a warm bed for the night for an evening in some cheap playhouse. Their applause is always discriminating. They despise humbug, whether in real life or on the mimic stage. The cheap morality current in Bowery plays, where the villain always meets his just deserts, gives them a certain standard which is as high as can well be when one lives among fighters, stealers, gamblers, and swearers. After squandering his earnings for an evening's entertainment of this sort, a convenient doorway or sidewalk grating, through whose bars an occasional breath of warm air is wafted from underground furnaces in winter, are often the only places he has to sleep.

This is the boy who is the veritable street arab, the newsboy pure and simple. You can see him early any morning hugging some warm corner or huddled into some dark passage, waiting for the moment when the papers shall be ready for distribution. Their light-heartedness is a miracle. Merry as clowns, flashing back repartee to any joker, keen and quick to take points, they manage their small affairs with a wisdom one would believe impossible. Their views of life have come from association with "flashmen" of every order, with pugilists, pickpockets, cockfighters, and all the habitues of pot-houses or bucket-shops. Yet Charles L. Brace of the Children's Aid Society, who knew them best and did most for them, wrote:

"The newsboy has his code. He will not get drunk; he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonorable to sell papers on their beat, and, if they come on his, he administers summary justice by 'punching.' He is generous to a fault and will always divide his last sixpence with a poorer boy. Life is a strife with him, and money its reward; and as bankruptcy means to a street boy a night on doorsteps without any supper, he is sharp and reckless if he can only earn or get enough to keep him above water. His temptations are to cheat, steal and lie. His religion is vague. One boy, who said he 'didn't live nowhere', said he had heard of God, and 'the boys thought it kind o' lucky' to say over something to Him which one of them had learned, when they were sleeping out in boxes."

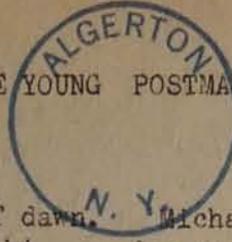
Almost forty years ago these were the conditions for hundreds as they are today for thousands, though philanthropy has fought every step of the way, as industrial schools, lodging-houses, and Homes

bear witness. Chief among these rank the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses, in many respects the most unique sight to be seen in New York. A thousand difficulties hedged about the way of those who first sought to make life easier for this class, not the least of which were how not to assail too roughly their established opinions and habits, nor to touch their sturdy independence. They had a terror of Sunday-schools, believing them only a sort of trap to let them suddenly into the House of Refuge or some equally detested place. Even when the right sort of superintendent had been found, and a loft had been secured in the old "Sun" building and fitted up as a lodging-room, the small skeptics regarded the movement with great suspicion and contempt. It was in March, 1854, that the new quarters were opened. A good bed, a bath, a supper, the first two for six cents, the last for four, was evidently a fact, but behind this fact what dark design might not lurk! They formed their own theory at once. The superintendent was to their mind undoubtedly a street-preacher, and had laid this elaborate trap to get them into the House of Refuge. They accepted his invitation for a single night, which they concluded would be better than "bummin'," that is, sleeping out; but they planned to turn it into a general scrimmage in the schoolroom after they had cut off the gas, and end with a fine row in the bedroom.

Never was there a blander or more benevolent reception of such programme. Gas-pipes were guarded; the ringleaders were sent down to the lower floor, where an officer was in waiting; and up in the bedroom, when the first boots flew from a little fellow's bed across the room, he found himself suddenly snaked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. Mysteriously it dawned upon them all that authority reigned here and was getting even with them, and they finally settled down to sleep, suspicious still, but half believing good might be meant. The night went on, broken now and then by ejaculations from the new tenants. "My eyes! Ain't these soft beds!" "I say Jim! This is better'n bummin' ain't it?" "Hi, Pat! It's most as good as a steam gratin', an' not a cop to poke you up!"

A morning wash and a good breakfast completed the conversion. One and all they went out sounding the praises of the "Fulton Lodge," which soon became a boy's hotel, one loft being known to them as the Astor House. Often the boys clubbed together to pay the fee for the boy who wanted to try it and had no pennies saved, and each one came at last to look upon the place as in degree his private property. No word as to school had yet been spoken, but one evening the Superintendent said: "Boys, there was a gentleman here this morning who wanted an office-boy at three dollars a week." "My eyes! Let me go, sir!" and "Me, me, sir!" came in loud voice from scores of excited boys.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE MAY EDITION)



The rain ended with the coming of dawn. The Sunday morning sunrise was bright and clear. The recent rain had revived and freshened the grass to a beautiful green. The roads were pocked with pools of water. The morning air was still and peaceful and somewhat exhilarating. It was however, slowly coming to life with the twittering of the birds; The call of the cows to the area farm folk. The barking of dogs; The neigh and whinney of the horses and the crowing of the cocks. It was in general a pleasant and refreshing morning. Smoke began to curl from the chimneys of the Algerton homes as fires were started in the kitchen ranges in preparation for a leisure Sunday morning breakfast. It was so in the Churchill home as Carey, our hero, assumed command of the household and laid the fire in the kitchen stove. Ethel was the next to appear, since she felt that she also must assist by accepting new responsibilities.

"Good morning, Sis, did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I finally went to sleep, and do you know, Carey, I have a feeling that everything is going to be all right."

"Of course it is. Look at that sunrise. Isn't that a good omen of better things to come?"

"It's always the darkest before the dawn. Did you notice, there was no moon last night."

"Of course not. The rain clouds have just been swept away."

"I'll start breakfast for mother. What did father usually do on Sunday morning, Carey?"

"Well, he spent quite a bit of time, just trying to get you up---"

Because of this remark, Carey got a broom tossed at him as he retreated toward the door. Now having possession of the broom, he was reminded of another responsibility which he should assume and he proceeded to sweep the wet leaves from the paths and wooden walks. His attention was attracted upward and he discovered a beautiful rainbow. He called to Ethel.

"Isn't that beautiful, Sis? I wish mother and Michael could see it."

Ethel viewed the glorious sight in the west from the back stoop and said, "Mother says it is a promise of some kind."

"Yes, but not the kind of promise that you would make to your beau--"

"Oh, fiddle faddle!"

Carey was a fun loving boy and seldom let an opportunity go by when he could tease his sister. Ethel returned to her kitchen duties and Carey called through the doorway that he was going to check on things at the post office. Although there was no work performed on Sunday, it was routine duty to see that things were as they should be.

Michael was the next to appear. On week-day mornings it was necessary to drag him from his bed; But this morning, perhaps due to circumstances, he was quite aware that he must assume some responsibility, and perform certain tasks about the house willingly and cheerfully. His appearance in the kitchen was unexpected and greeted his sister in quite unlike the usual manner. The expression on his determined face was as understandable as an open book. Ethel knew without asking, what he was thinking. Which was: "Now you don't have to ask me, I know what I can do to help." In Algerton homes, such as the Churchill's were able to afford, most toilet preparations were made in the kitchen, such as freshening up each morning. After Michael had made such preparations, he carried their water-supply bucket to the well-pump in the yard and brought in a fresh supply of water; Then brought in more wood for the kitchen stove, and proceeded to polish his shoes as well as the shoes for the rest of the family. Carey soon returned and all sat down to a tempting breakfast which consisted of Tea, sweet milk, oven-toasted bread with butter and crab-apple jelly, oatmeal and boiled eggs.

Just about everyone was in church this Sunday morning. Even the Squire and his son Mortimer were there. Although Mortimer's presence was insisted upon, he did take advantage of the occasion by overdressing, to reveal to all concerned that no one was quite his equal in style and quality. He especially wanted to impress one young lady of near his own age, Patience Jamieson and perhaps the most eligible for his attentions since she was the daughter of the village lawyer, Alfred Jamieson and second in importance only to his father, the Squire. For this reason, Mortimer readily consented to attend the Sunday morning worship services. Otherwise he preferred to be seen promenading about town.

After the service, Carey found Patience outside and invited her to spend the afternoon with him and some friends who were going on a color-tour hike in the country. Flint also had designs upon her attentions and ignored Carey by turning his back to him as he addressed his remarks to Patience but loud enough for all to hear.

"Miss Patience, I'm taking my father's carriage on a color-tour this afternoon and I want you to accompany me."

"Thank you Flint, but I have just accepted an invitation to join Carey and some friends, this afternoon."

"I didn't know Carey or his friends had a carriage. What will you use, a dray-wagon?" asked Flint, turning to Carey.

"No," said Carey, "I am going on a hike. Won't you join us?"

Now Flint would like to be invited, just to be in the presence of Patience, but not under these circumstances. He bit his lip, spurned Carey's invitation and turned back to Patience.

"But hiking is so tiring. Who wants to walk, when they can ride?"

"Hiking can also be such great fun." returned Patience, "Then you won't join us, Flint?"

"Never mind, I have some other friends who will be quite anxious to ride with me."

"I'm sorry, Flint, please ask me another time."

This was a humiliating rejection to Mortimer, especially since Carey would profit by it. He was not gentleman enough to accept the fact that previous commitments should be honored. The plans of others were unimportant and of no concern to him. Without due respect of wishing them a pleasant afternoon, he turned on his heel as if someone was demanding his attention and walked away, joining another group, yet uninvited. After plans for the hike were completed, Carey escorted his family homeward. As they walked along the boardwalk, Carey's eyes became focused upon various initials chalked on the walk, poles and buildings. He had noticed these many times without concern, but since he suspected that he could identify some of them, they seemed to deserve a comment.

"Can anyone tell me whose initials those are." motioning toward a building.

"Which initials do you mean, Carey." asked Ethel.

"These." and he pointed out a certain pair which read, MC & BL.

Michael's face reddened but no comment was forthcoming. He slowed his pace and intentionally hung back, choosing to remain silent and not take part in the current conversation. Ethel sensed the means of adding to Michael's embarrassment and she gave voice to her thoughts.

"I do believe our own little brother is trying to attract someone's attention by way of the billboards!"

Michael suddenly spurted ahead until he was out of earshot. He did not want to be drawn into the discussion.

"Children, don't tease." said Mrs. Churchill, lowering her voice, "I suppose those are meant for Michael and Linda Lacey." she said smiling.

"That's my guess," said Ethel, "Of course the B is for Belinda. Most every one calls her Linda, though."

"Well don't tease your little brother, We are all in a very difficult readjustment period you know." said their mother.

"Just trying to be helpful, mother." said Carey, "Our thoughts unconsciously dwell on the past, you know."

Carey offered his hand to Michael and Michael took it, showing his delight.

"Who is that man across the street by the post office, Carey?" asked Mrs. Churchill, "Anyone we know?"

"I believe he is the man I met last night. He inquired for a hotel, and he seemed to know of the Campbell's. He is a stranger to me. Perhaps he is here and waiting for the hunting season which begins tomorrow morning."

We know that Dirk Bledsoe, alias Carl Harris was not in Algerton for the purpose of hunting, although the idea had occurred to him. He decided that if the Squire could furnish him with a gun, he might as well engage in the sport.

After the Churchill's had finished their Sunday dinner, Ethel and Carey cleaned up the kitchen and put things away. Pete Bates who lived just a short distance away arrived and anxious to start. Ethel and Carey joined him and they set out to pick up Patience who lived a short distance south of the school and diagonally across from Squire Campbell's stately mansion.

"Pete, I want to thank you for bringing us that basket last night. We all appreciate it very much." said Carey.

"You're welcome. Of course mother prepared the basket. It was her idea. I just carried it over, that's all. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"He certainly did!" said Ethel, "There's nothing wrong with his appetite. Except his eyes are bigger than his stomach. Michael and I did manage to gather a few crumbs."

"Well I'm a growing boy and don't need to watch my waistline." Carey responded.

Ethel gave no answer, thinking it best to let the matter drop. They were passing the Campbell's home and tethered on the drive at the carriage entrance was a fine young horse adorned in the finest of harness and showed evidence that he had been freshly groomed and the carriage was sparkling and free of grime from the night before. Of course the Squire kept a man to care for the stable. He also kept another man busy as caretaker of the house and grounds. A widow who lived on the opposite side of the village acted as housekeeper and cook for the Squire and his son. The south side of the village was more or less restricted to those who could afford a better than average standard of living. It had often been referred to as the cultured section.

Carey noticed the waiting carriage and remarked, "My Kingdom for a horse!"

"We know you are a scholar in Shakespearean verse." said Ethel, "I believe you envy Flint and his father!"

"No I don't," said Carey, "Flint has just about everything, but he doesn't have a sister---like I do."

"Well, this is a switch," said Ethel, "From digs to compliments. Thank you kind Sir!"

Although the Jamieson residence was on the cultured side of the village, it was not of equal quality to that of the Campbell mansion. Mr. Jamieson did not have a stable and when transportation was required in his profession, he rented a horse and carriage from the local livery. Patience joined the group, having changed from her Sunday finery to garments more suitable for hiking.

"Now which way shall we go? Who is the leader of this expedition?" asked Patience.

"I nominate Pete Bates!" stated Carey.

"Agreed!" chimed in Ethel and Patience.

"I accept!" said Pete, "Come on, lets go."