



Newsboy CLUB

Vol. 2 No. 2

Subscribers 76

August 1963

A newsletter

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Subscription \$2.00 annually 49002

Published monthly for the benefit of 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.

August! The month in which almost every enterprise in which I am connected, has a picnic. So keep your picnic basket loaded and ready to go, You might even stock it with that Alger book which you have not found the time to read. Vacation trips too, are the order of the day. Perhaps you will visit the home of your early childhood as I did a year or so ago. It was in August and a sweltering day as I walked across the almost barren pasture land on the way to our favorite old swimming hole. I remembered, how years ago, after a hard rain in the night, I knew that the creek would be up and the old swimming hole would be full again. I remembered the little stream at the bottom of the ravine and the welcome cool shade and the whip-poor-wills overhead. Upon arrival, I was rudely awakened with disappointment, for no longer was there deep shade from the scattered trees, no longer did the W-p-w call and no longer did the stream resound with rushing waters. Those were the good old days for me. Our youth of today will some day remember the good old days in which we now find no pleasure. So be young, act young. Plan things for today and tomorrow that you will fondly remember in the near future.

The big news which happened during the past month is the return of Gilbert Westgard and we have added another state to our mailing list.

Gilbert has been on a mission for his church in Switzerland but has been re-assigned to the good old U.S.A. and he is very pleased with his present location in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The state of Arkansas has been added and this is a total of 27 states including Alaska. Michigan has the most subscribers and of course Kalamazoo has the most from any one community, which only reflects my personal campaign to arouse interest in Horatio Alger. You can do the same and it perhaps would be to your advantage if you did for the activities of one may inspire the other. I am pleased to have four interested subscribers in my local area but I am also pleased when I get an inquiry from a new state, like Arkansas. Collecting states to me is as thrilling as finding a new Alger title which I do not have in my collection.

I have just added a new title (IN SEARCH OF TREASURE) to my collection, for a total of 102 different titles. This addition was obtained by the efforts of a friend who currently has no interest in Alger and believes that he is immune and has carelessly exposed himself to the Alger bug. I meet such interesting people. I never look upon them as competitors, from whom I must conceal my true identity and interest, but with a sincere desire to do unto others as I would like to be done by. I have been informed of an unscrupulous dealer in the state of Indiana. The dealer and the customer in this case are neither subscribers. A sort of better business bureau would be helpful but I rarely hear of such dealers. One person has a barnfull of uncataloged books—knows that he has some, but doesn't know exactly where. This is the type of find that makes you glad to be alive, makes you want to live forever—at least until you have had the privilege to explore such possibilities. A lady eager to submit for my amazement has a collection of over 400 elephants, from pea-size to figurine size. I was fortunate, I selected two which were attached to a Willkie campaign button with bunting. Another lady has 3800 salt and pepper pieces...but these are not subscribers—at least not yet. Another has a 1931 Graham Sedan and an old style Edison phonograph with morningglory horn and 53 cylinder records, still another has a collection of mantle clocks with pendulums and pandemonium breaks loose when they strike.

I have been requested by the bank in which the RAGGED DICK fund is on deposit to furnish a social security number for him. However, when informed that this was a Fund and not an individual, they said it would be exempt and eligible for a non-profit classification. There is \$14.00 on deposit and no interest will accrue until the balance on deposit reaches \$20.00

Stocking the Public Library at Revere, Mass. with Horatio Alger books has come to a standstill. We have donated in the name of this newsletter, less than 10 books. If you wish to donate a book, consult me first so that there will be no duplications.

I am toying with the idea of issuing each of you a hunting license authorized by our credentials and identifying you as a registered Alger collector. Yes, Gilbert, I too, am glad to be a citizen of the good old USA—and Michigan—and especially, Kalamazoo

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Elder Gilbert K. Westgard, II (S-24)
 NEW ENGLAND MISSION
 1430 Massachusetts Avenue,
 Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Mr. Harold Morrison, (S-72)
 P.O. Box No. 324
 Baldwin, Michigan 49304

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE

Margaret Gemignani, (S-73)
 67 Windemere Road,
 Rochester, New York 14610

Mr. John F. Sullivan, (S-74)
 2202 Burlington Road,
 Ottawa, Illinois

Mr. Oscar E. Chambers, (S-75)
 P.O. Box 1079 Station A.
 Fort Smith, Arkansas

Mr. Bates E. Clark, (S-76)
 3623 Douglas Avenue,
 Kalamazoo, Michigan

BY STATES - continued from last month

Mrs. Garnet T. Barnes, (S-68)
 3820 Martha Avenue,
 Toledo 12, Ohio

Mr. Paul J. Schmidt, Sr., (S-56)
 1447 South Main Street,
 Akron 1, Ohio

Mrs. C.E. (Helen) Smith, (S-54)
 2633 Middlesex Drive,
 Toledo 6, Ohio

Mrs. Harry (Marjorie) Larson, (S-61)
 308 Kensington Avenue,
 Astoria, Oregon

Mr. George L. Setman, III (S-7)
 364 Milford Square Road,
 Quakertown, Pa.

Mrs. C.H. (Peg) Smeltzer, (S-28)
 290 Bickley Road,
 Glenside, Pa.

Mrs. Smeltzer has been an interested reader and one of our most loyal supporters since the first edition came out. Glenside is in the suburban area of Philadelphia.

I received a letter also during July from our friend Dr. Morton S. Enslin which arrived too late for insertion in the July newsletter. He states that if you have any first editions which you do not especially desire to keep and would be just as happy with a good reprint, he is willing to trade and pay the difference.

Next month I hope to be able to make additional comments regarding our subscribers from South Dakota, Tennessee and Vermont. Won't you subscribers from these states please cooperate and give us the latest information. Please.

Needless to say that Gilbert was thrilled beyond words to be reassigned to the U.S.A. and especially in the area, to use Gilbert's own words, "where our hero was raised and died in". Gilbert has found a more suitable binder for the newsletter for \$1.19 It is identified as ACCOGRIP and you may be able to find it in your local stores.

Harold has been busy at hunting since re-locating. He says the library still stocks Alger books and knows where there are fifty more. He adds that there is another Alger collector in the area who insists upon remaining anonymous and claims to have all but 15 titles.

Margaret currently reads Alger stories and enjoys the newsletter and story supplement very much. I have no information on her list of titles or if she has any duplicates.

John is an old friend who would have subscribed sooner, but experienced some financial difficulties, which we were not aware of until his subscription came in. He also collects Leo Edwards, P.K. Fitzhugh and E.R. Burnoughs. His area is the setting for the Leo Edwards stories.

Oscar is a former and currently an avid reader and admirer of Horatio Alger. He has about 250 books, many of which are duplicates. He prefers first editions but is interested in reprints if in better condition than his own. He says that it is a pleasure to be associated with people who enjoy and believe in Horatio Alger...Alger's recipe for success will still hold good today...

Bates is about 83 years young and looks better than I do. He has no Algers as yet, but interested. He has many sought-after volumes in first editions in other areas of interest and is especially interested in early American literature, before 1900. If you feel old at your tender age, write to Bates for his recipe. He has some Currier & Ives originals and a very charming home.

Mrs. Barnes has expressed her sincere interest in the Alger stories and the newsletter. I have no other information.

Mr. Schmidt, I believe is trying to build up a set of reprints for reading purposes.

Mrs. Smith has read the newsletter from the very first edition. Not much information--supposed to be a relative of Charlie Weaver (?).

Mrs. Larson has had to have additional surgery on her right (write) hand, but her handwriting looks good again now. "Harry and I both enjoy reading the Young Postmaster", she says. Her 17 year old son, Don, recently won gallons of ice cream in a local contest. She also has a daughter Harriet and Mrs. Larson will soon become a grandmother and is practicing one-handed diapering, currently.

Most everyone knows of Setman, the original founder of the Horatio Alger Club, even before the newsletter came into existence. He will issue you an honorary membership card if you are a current subscriber.

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued
from last month:

FROM FARM BOY TO SENATOR 1882
Hero - (I have no information)

FROM FARM TO FORTUNE 1905
Hero - Nat Nason; Same story as;
(none reported)

GRANDFATHER BALDWIN'S THANKSGIVING 1875
Hero - (I have no information)

GRIT (a reprint)
Hero - Grit; Same story as The Young
Boatman

HARRY VANE (a reprint)
Hero - Harry Vane; Same story as In A
New World; A sequel to Facing The World.

HECTOR'S INHERITANCE 1885
Hero - Hector Roscoe; Same story as:
(none reported)

HELEN FORD 1866
Hero - Helen Ford; Same story as:
(none reported)

HELPING HIMSELF 1886
Hero - Grant Thornton; Same story as:
(none reported)

HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY 1875
Hero - Herbert Carter; Same story as:
(none reported)

IN A NEW WORLD 1893
Hero - Harry Vane Same story as: Harry
Vane; A sequel to Facing The World

IN SEARCH OF TREASURE 1907
Hero - Guy Fenwick; Same story as;
(none reported)

JACK'S WARD 1875
Hero - Jack Harding; Same story as:
Similar to Timothy Crump's Ward

JACOB MARLOVE'S SECRET (a reprint)
Hero - Bert Barton; Same story as:
Five Hundred Dollars

JED, THE POORHOUSE BOY 1900
Hero - Jed Gilman or Sir Robert Fenwick
Same story as: none reported

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY 1904
Hero - Jerry Robertson; Same story as:
(none reported)

JOE'S LUCK 1887
Hero - Joseph Mason; Same story as:
(none reported)

JOE, THE HOTEL BOY 1906
Hero - (I have no information)

JULIUS 1874
Hero - Julius Taylor; Same story as:
(none reported) A sequel to Slow And Sure

Continued next month - Please notify me
of any additions or corrections to be made

Have you wondered why some of these titles show publication dates even after Alger's death in 1899? It is believed that although some stories were completed and assigned to a publisher, they were not copyrighted until the book was ready for publication. Still others were supposed to have been finished or completed by another writer and eleven of them carry the acknowledgement of Arthur M. Winfield which was a pen-name for Edward Stratemeyer.

If you have read a number of Algers and are concious of a similarity of pattern, try reading Helen Ford for a change of pace. At one time I had several unread Algers and although I had started reading Helen Ford, I found that it was not able to hold my interest, and I would lay it aside in favor of a more exciting or inviting title, and not until I had exhausted my supply of unread titles did I force myself to read Helen Ford, however after I discovered that this particular style of Alger's was an outright retreat from the usual pattern, I really became interested and was able to complete it. The story has three threads to follow, (1) Our hero, Helen; her father and his invention, the model of a flying machine. (2) The repentant father of Mr. Ford and his designing nephew and (3) the shyster lawyer and his diversion of loyalty from one client to another. All threads are drawn together satisfactorily in the end and our hero supposedly lived happily everafter, however the results of the model flying machine were never explained. Alger disposed of the, 'yet to be perfected' model by having it stolen

When you go looking for Alger books, I suggest that you leave your high-powered magnifying glass at home. People will 'smell a rat' if you act or look suspicious. Sincerity and honesty will open doors for you, while a 'take him before he takes me' attitude will get you nowhere.

A friend of mine wants anything published in the 16th, 17th, 18th, or 19th century and it does not have to be in english. This party will pay a fair price.

Although I must have read DO AND DARE some time ago, my memory was somewhat shaken when I discovered that the opening plot is about the Post Office. I swear that I had completely forgotten this plot when I selected the plot of the current story supplement, The Young Postmaster. If there seems to be a similarity of pattern, I will only be running true-to-form.

Squire Campbell seems about to obtain the results he needs in the selection of a postmaster. Again, I had to extend the courtesy of 'equal time' to Mr. Jamieson, Judge Dixon and John Domer who is not obligated to the Squire in any way and is as honest as the day is long. he is not a gossip-monger nor a cold-water thrower; He just calls 'em as he see's 'em. He is a good true American and a loyal supporter to any rightful cause, let the chips fall where they may. I promise, one more chapter will complete the town-hall meeting episode to everyone's satisfaction.

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

PART 6

"If ye want to be snoozers, an' bummers, an' policy-players, an' Peter-Funk min, why ye'll hang up yer caps an' stay round the groggeries; But if ye want to be min to make yer mark in the country ye'll get up steam an' go ahead, an' there's lots on the prairies waiting for the likes o' ye. Well, I'll now come off the stump. I'm booked for the West in the next company from the Lodging-House. I hear they have big school-houses there, an' a place for me in the winter time. I've made up me mind to be somebody, an' you'll find me on a farm in the West an' I hope yees will come to see me soon. I thank ye, boys, for yer patient attintion. I can't say no more at present, boys. Good bye."

The newsboys' lodging-houses are like ancient cities of refuge to these little fellows, and yet there are cases which the lodging-houses never reach.

"Recently," said a gentleman, "I found a tiny fellow playing a solitary game of marbles in a remote corner of the City Hall Corridors. His little legs were very thin, and dark circles under his big gray eyes intensified the chalk-like pallor of his cheeks. He looked up when he became aware that some one was watching him, but resumes his game of solitare as soon as he saw he had nothing to fear from the intruder. What are you doing here, my little fellow?" I asked.

The mite hastily gathered up all his marbles and stowed them very carefully away in his capacious trousers pocket. Then he backed up against the wall and surveyed me doubtfully. I repeated my question, --this time more gently, so as to reassure him.

"I'm waitin' fur Jack de Robber," he piped, and then, as he began to gain confidence, seeing no signs of "swipes" about me, he added, "Him as brings de Telies (Dailies) every day."

"And you sell the papers?"

"I sells 'em for Jack," he promptly answered.

I was glad when I looked at the lad's attire, that he was protected for the time being by the comparative warmth of the corridor. Outdoors it was cold and blustering. Still I resolved to wait and see "Jack de Robber." Shortly after three o'clock a short chunky boy with a shock of black hair hustled through the door and made in the direction of my pale little friend. He was struggling with a big mass of papers and was issuing orders in a rather peremptory tone to his diminutive lieutenant.

"Do you know this little boy?" I asked.

"Jack de Robber" gave me a look which was not reassuring. "Does I naw him? Of corse I naws him. What de ----!"

"Why don't you send him home to his mother; he's neither big enough nor strong enough to sell papers?"

At this Jack gave utterance to an oath too utterly original for reproduction; then he said, "Dat ere kid ain't got no mammy; I looks after dat kid meself."

I slipped a coin into Jack's hand and urged him to tell me the whole story. He dropped his heap of papers, tested the coin with his teeth, slid it into his pocket, and began:-

"Blokies is allus axin' 'bout dat ere kid, but you is de fust one what ever raised de ante. Dat ere kid don't naw no more 'bout his mammy'n me. Cause why? Cause he ain't never had no mammy." Here Jack paused, as if determined to go no further, but another coin gave wings to his words. "Dat ere kid," he resumed, "Ain't got no more sand'n a John Chinee. He'd be kilt ony fur me. He can't come along de Row or up de alley widout gitin' his face broke. So I gives him papers to sell an' looks arter him meself."

I asked Jack where the "Kid" and himself slept.

"I ain't givin' dat away," said he, "ony taint no lodgin'-house where you has to git up early in the mawnin'. De 'Kid' an' me likes to sleep late."

The 'Kid', however, was now eager to be off with his papers, and without another word the protector and protege sped into the street, filling the air with their shrill cries.

This is one case of a class which the lodging-houses do not reach, and other instances might be given. One little fellow of six years makes a practice of frequenting the lobby of one of the big hotels after dark. As soon as the streets become deserted, and the market for his papers ceases to flourish, he pushes open the heavy swinging doors of the hotel and proceeds to cuddle his cold little body to one of the heaters. No employe has ever shown any disposition to dispossess the tiny newsboy. His shrill voice re-echoes through the stately recesses of the hall whenever he thinks he sees a possible customer, but although on more than one occasion irate officials have come rushing forth to exterminate the offender, one and all have paused dismayed before the absurd proportions and wonderful self-possession of the little waif.

The Brawny porter took the boy in hand one night and said with forced gruffness;

"Look here, young feller, what do you come in here fur?"

"I dunno," said the morsel.

"Where do you live?"

"I dunno."

The boy, however, finally admitted that he had a home, but obstinately refused to say where it was. When he left the hotel he was followed. He was a most lonely little specimen of humanity. He spoke to no other boys and was accosted by none. In the end he went to sleep in one of the dark corners of a newspaper counting-room.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE -- PAGE FOUR AVAILABLE TO SUBSCRIBER-CONTRIBUTORS IN THE OCTOBER EDITION. PLEASE RESERVE NOW.

CHAPTER VIII STALEMATED, ACCORDING TO PLAN BY FORREST CAMPBELL

Once more the ovation got out of control as Mr. Jamieson reached the climax in his delivery on the nomination of our hero, Carey Churchill. Miss Fisher, in her highly nervous state of mind, had a bad case of the jitters and would intermittently rap her gavel several times and then look appealingly at the Squire, for instruction and assistance. The Squire sensed her inability to control the situation and rose to his feet without moving away from his chair and raised both arms into the air above his head. This action was an accepted practice at all village meetings to halt excessive ovations in fairness to the opposition and there was a marked evidence of its effectiveness. The Squire had spoken not a word and not until the last murmur from the auditorium died away, did he turn and bow to Miss Fisher who had given up and had sat down.

"Madam Chairman," began the Squire, "I would like to speak on the---"

Miss Fisher quickly resumed her rightful position as chairman and too hastily anticipated the Squire's remarks. She rapped for order and spoke with renewed confidence. "The Chair recognizes Squire Campbell for the purpose of supporting the nom---did you say supporting, Squire Campbell?" she said, suspecting an error.

"No, I only wish to speak on the nomination, Madam Chairman."

"Very well, the Chair recognizes Squire Campbell," continued Miss Fisher, a bit flustered, "He wishes to speak."

"This is indeed most embarrassing," began the Squire, "That I should be asked to compete with a minor. Certainly you are not serious, Mr. Jamieson? Not only is he a mere child, but he has not yet learned a sense of responsibility, only yesterday, I am told by my son Mortimer, that he willfully violated my personal rights by trespassing upon my private property and the act of aggression was committed even after a warning from my son, whose direct order he refused to obey. This violation might have gone unreported, had it not been for the loyalty of my son who was present---"

The Squire was interrupted by Miss Fisher, who was forced to arise and rap for order since at least a dozen men were on their feet, wishing to be heard.

"You are all out of order," stated Miss Fisher, "The Squire, has the floor and is entitled to be heard."

All but two of the men sat down again, at least they had gained their objective of stopping the Squire's uncomplimentary remarks. Miss Fisher recognized Mr. Jamieson as one of the two still standing and she continued her plea for order.

"Mr. Jamieson---and you Sir, you are out of order. Will you please sit down?"

Mr. Jamieson held the floor, but waited respectfully until the other gentleman had sat down, then he began.

Madam Chairman, I was questioned by the Squire, he questioned my sincerity in nominating a minor. I ask that the Squire yeild the floor for my answer as I do not wish the charges to go unchallenged."

Miss Fisher turned to the Squire for instruction. The Squire had remained standing and had intended to continue, but sat down and in doing so, acknowledged his own parliamentary breach of etiquette.

"The Squire yeilds the floor to Mr. Jamieson," stated Miss Fisher.

"Gentlemen, had I permitted this question to go unanswered, it would have been an admission of my insincerity. Now I know that Carey Churchill is a minor in the eyes of legal proceedings, yet you and I as law abiding citizens expect some degree of responsibility from them and when such responsibility is accepted, then morally we should accept them as adults. I might ask the same question of the Squire, 'Certainly you are not serious' in accepting the nomination when there are cases of distress and poverty in our midst? But I won't. I withdraw the question, for I believe that you are sincere in your desire to control another of our village functions. Squire Campbell, you have implied that the nomination of Carey Churchill is a bit ridiculous from a legal standpoint. I hereby charge that although your nomination is legally acceptable, morally, your nomination is not justified."

Although Mr. Jamieson had not intended to conclude his remarks, the resulting ovation convinced him that he had made his point and so he sat down and immediately went into conference with Judge Dixon.

Miss Fisher was rapping for order and again showed evidence of having lost control and appealed to the Squire for assistance. The Squire rose to his feet again and soon the tumult subsided, except that a man had just arose and was waiting to be heard.

"You are out of order Sir, will you please be seated," asked Miss Fisher.

"Madam Chairman, charges regarding the character of Carey Churchill have been made. Will you permit him to speak in his own defense?"

"Carey Churchill, who has been identified as a minor is not entitled to a voice at this meeting," stated Miss Fisher.

"Then I request the right to defend him as his legal counsel and morally, a friend, and I wish to speak in his behalf at this time."

"I do not recognize you, Sir. You are not from our community."

"My residence is of no concern. My client has free choice of counsel."

"Please state your name, Sir."

"My name is Judge John B. Dixon, representing the State of New York. My residence and my chambers are in Albany."

"Judge John B. Dixon?" she gasped.

Miss Fisher looked to the Squire for instruction, since she was taken by surprise by the importance of the man to whom she had been speaking. The Squire himself was unprepared for the occasion and only after an awkward silence from the platform, did he collect his thoughts and was able to nod a cue of permission to Miss Fisher.

"The Chair recognizes Judge John B. Dixon, who wishes to speak in the defense of his client, Carey Churchill."

The judge was aware of the fact that since he was a stranger to the community, all eyes would be upon him and all ears tuned to what he would have to say. Squire Campbell had not been informed of the presence of any strangers in the auditorium and it made him a bit uneasy. The judge paused gracefully, allowing all in the auditorium to observe his calmness and only after a well-timed silence, did he begin to speak.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not asked for the privilege of speaking to you to influence you in your choice of a postmaster. My only interest is that justice might be served. It is true that my young client has been mentioned as a choice, but he has also been mentioned in a most disrespectful way. He has been charged with a lack of responsibility and it is only because of this charge that I will attempt to defend him. Carey Churchill, in the eyes of the laws of this State, is a minor chronologically, since he is only sixteen years of age, yet he has had adulthood forced upon him as you know, by the death of his father. He did not seek this responsibility, neither did he wish it to come about in the manner in which it did. But he has willingly accepted the responsibility of adulthood and has volunteered the next few years to provide for the welfare of his family and its financial burdens at a time when he might be continuing his education. Madam Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is tragic I say, for the responsibilities of adulthood to be placed upon anyone who is unprepared for it, yet I say that my client has made this transition with a courageous determination in a very short period of time and with such evidence as was shown yesterday afternoon when it became his duty to make a very important decision, one which meant the saving of a life or respecting the civil rights of a property owner---

The people present in the auditorium knew that the judge was referring to Carey's heroic act of saving the life of a dog which belonged to farmer Brown who had loaned the dog to Judge Dixon and the people could not withhold the enthusiasm contained within them any longer for the decision which Carey made, his heroic attempt and the successful results. The judge allowed a courteous acknowledgment of applause and then quickly succeeded in restoring order and silence.

"It seems, Squire Campbell, that you have not been properly advised by your son as to just what took place yesterday. It is true that Carey did not come to you directly and confess the violation of trespassing upon your private property,

however, I accepted the responsibility of his violation and so advised your son. Squire Campbell, if you wish a full and true account of the violation and the events taking place which led to it, I shall be glad to make a public statement here and now."

The Squire was uncomfortable and welcomed the opportunity of a choice between public and private debate. He mopped his brow and with a sweep of his hand he indicated a choice of a private debate.

"Then in conclusion," continued the judge, "And in further defense of Carey, he does not seem to be the flag-waving type of hero, who in reporting his minor infraction of the law, would care to call attention to his heroic efforts. His quick decision to commit a violation in order to lend assistance which was urgently needed, showed great judicial qualities in spite of his seemingly irresponsible action and was unquestionably justified. Thank you Madam Chairman."

Before the judge could sit down, another ovation was begun. Miss Fisher was on her feet and the judge rose again and soon was able to restore order and courteously nodded to the people and then to Miss Fisher.

"Are there any further nominations?" asked Miss Fisher, "Are there any further nominations?"

"Madam Chairman."

"State your name and be recognized."

"Name's Domer, John Domer's my name."

"The Chair recognizes John Domer for the purpose of---, did you wish to make a nomination, Mr. Domer?"

"I'd like ta, if somebody'd take it. I reckon you could call me John Doe 's fur 's 'at goes, 'cause what I'm goin' t'say I reckon ary one of us 'd say if'n we had the chanc't. I cal'late we'd all like t'serve as a public servant in some capacity 'n get paid a leetle extry at the same time, but we just ain't got the time t' do two things t' once. I wouldn't be gainin' a thing t' quit what I'm a doin' 'a go t' post office'n, 'nother thing, I read in the paper recently 't our president 's callin' 'pon us t' s'port our gove'ment, 'stead of the gove'ment s'portin' us---

"What Paper was that, John?"

"Why that new Paper, there in Buffalo, 't just j'ined together. The Star-Enquirer, I think 't was, 'course these remarks 'twas' made long afor Coxey's march t' Washin'ton, but the President keeps 'mindin' us of 't ever' once't 'n a while. Now I c'd use the extry money awright, but I c'dn't spare the time--- If anybody who needs the money an's got the time to devote to't, then let'um volunteer an' I'll secon' the motion."

"Now John, I'm not volunteering, but I just want to say---doesn't our Congressman have something to say about this vacancy?" asked an unidentified voice.

"If yer askin' me, there Jim," answered Mr. Domer, "I read in the paper that he is galavantin' off down 'n Cuba, tryin' t' get the facts 'bout what's goin' on down there. Don't matter tho' reckon the Squire 'll know what to do."