

THE HORATIO ALGER



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Newsboy CLUB

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Subscribers 36

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A newsletter

Published monthly for the benefit of people interested in Horatio Alger, Jr., Edited and published by Forrest Campbell. Research by Max Goldberg and Gilbert Westgard, II Sample copy upon request. Offer expires December 31, 1963 A non-profit Organization.

SIX NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND ONE NEW STATE HAS been added for a total of 29 states. One new title has been added to my collection (Randy of the River) for a total of 104. My thanks for the birthday greetings that I received this past month. I was especially surprised and pleased with local remembrances. My wife made me a NEWSBOY plaque to hang on our front door and Charlene (S-65) surprised me with a spread eagle which also is displayed above our front door. "She is a student in a ceramics class and her ability is now in evidence above our front door. An eagle of this type is displayed above the door of Alger's birthplace in Revere. You should have no trouble in locating us with these items marking the spot, plus a partially completed white picket fence enclosing our yard. Our I-94 exit is between mile posts 79 and 80. Drop in soon.

OUR NEW POLICY WILL EXTEND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS indefinitely and without cost, after December 31, of this year. If you have already renewed your subscription for another year, you may request a refund or transfer it to the RAGGED DICK FUND. In effect, the subscription fee has been a "pay once" plan. The renewed subscriptions will be financed by me as my personal hobby, but, YOU MUST REQUEST THIS EXTENSION. The purpose of this request is simply that I do not hear from some of you. I have no desire to pay postage on newsletters and story supplements which go into your wastebaskets unread. NO JANUARY NEWSLETTERS WILL BE MAILED WITHOUT YOUR REQUEST. I reserve the right to admit one new subscriber from each new state until all fifty states are represented. Otherwise, no new subscriptions are solicited after December 31. REQUEST YOUR EXTENSION before December 31, 1963.

A NEW BOOK HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN WHICH YOU might be interested. Shirley Conlon, (S-21) has informed me that the October 5th issue of SATURDAY REVIEW carries this announcement about books coming out in November: FROM RAGS TO RICHES: Horatio Alger, Jr. and the American Dream, by John Tebbel. (Macmillan). A biography of this country's most successful writer of boys' books. Illustrated. I have not had the opportunity to review the book and of course I cannot recommend it. Perhaps you will soon find it in your local library.

Volume 1, number 1 of a new magazine called THE KALAMAZOO MAGAZINE has been released here. It is supposed to be

similar to the well-known NEW YORKER magazine. I believed that the first edition of this magazine would be of interest to some of you who live in other states and I was able to get the names of 12 of our subscribers on their sample copy mailing list. If you are interested and were missed, perhaps I can secure a spare, or you can borrow mine.

OUR THANKS AGAIN TO SHIRLEY CONLON WHO submitted the name of the NEWSBOY to the Editor-Publisher of a new publication called THE BOOKLOVER'S ANSWER, Address: One West Main Street, Webster, New York. Mr. R. J. Hussey, Editor and publisher, has mailed me a free sample copy of the Sept. - Oct. issue. It is published bi-monthly. The current issue is popularly known as TBA #7, being the 7th issue. I understand free copies of the first edition are still available. All material is copyrighted but I guess it wouldn't hurt anything to say that our own SHIRLEY CONLON has an article in TBA #7 entitled: PEN NAMES. Among other familiar names, I discovered that our own Louis Foley, (S-79) had bought advertising space. I have read TBA #7 and I like what I read.

The Brattle Book Shop of Boston has been swept by fire and the damages have been estimated at a half million dollars. I have asked Gilbert (S-24) if he can furnish more details. There may be a fire sale! Down in Virginia, Dr. Reid S. Fulton, a retired university professor of Emory has two farms stocked with about a million books and even more in warehouses somewhere in New York City. Don't rush, for there will be quite a line-up.

The RAGGED DICK FUND designed to assist some worthy boy of our choice, is slowly growing. Donations are announced without embarrassment or fanfare.

DONATION NO. 16 \$2.00 Total \$48.00

When this fund reaches \$50.00 I will announce another trustee to assist me in the administration of the fund.

Stocking the library in Revere (Alger's birthplace) has slowed to an embarrassing halt. Our aim was to furnish one volume of each known title to the library in the name of our NEWSBOY group. Just one book from each subscriber is all that is expected. Upon request, I will inform you of titles already donated and you may then mail direct to the library in our name.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE

Mr. Alexis A. Fraus, (S-81)
Kalamazoo Public Museum,
215 South Rose Street,
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mr. C. Calvin Noell, (S-82)
P.O. Box No. 705
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mrs. Donald (Lorraine) Trumble, (S-83)
521 Egleston Avenue,
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49001

Mr. Frederick L. Marigold, (S-84)
1029 Miller Street,
Port Huron, Michigan

Mr. Willis Eagen, (S-85)
3904 Ottawa
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mr. Dale R. Hill, (S-86)
900 West Abrindo, Apt. 202A
Pueblo, Colorado

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mr. Judson S. Berry, (S-14)
3801 West 41st Street,
Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 57106

Mr. Forrest Campbell, Editor
HORATIO ALGER NEWSBOY CLUB
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mrs. Anton (Mildred) Van Ry (S-31)
Star Route Box No. 176
Aberdeen, Washington

Elder Gilbert K. Westgard, (S-24)
15 Vinter Hill Circle
Somerville, Massachusetts 02145
PLEASE FURNISH ZIP CODE NUMBER WHEN YOU
WRITE!

Sioux Falls is just a few miles north of
Canton where Judson (S-14) used to live.
He promised to send details later.

Our street name (for location) has been
changed now for some time, from Pilgrim
to Heath. In as much as the phone direct-
ory and our letterheads show Pilgrim, the
corner street sign shows Heath Street and
has caused some confusion to people who
try to locate us. You may continue to
direct mail to Pilgrim but look for Heath
on the sign post.

The Van Ry's have moved back to their or-
iginal address. There's just no place like
HOME, SWEET HOME!

It was to be expected that Gilbert would
be moving around a bit on his Church as-
signment, but he feels that he will be
stationed in Somerville for quite some
time. He is within a short distance of
Harvard, an area rich with Alger histor-
ical background. What more could a young
man, enthusiastic about Alger, ask for? He
is thrilled beyond words to express him-
self. I envy you, Gilbert! When at home,
Gilbert resided with his folks in Park
Ridge, Illinois.

Mr. Fraus is Curator of the Kalamazoo
Public Museum. His subscription comes by
way of C. Calvin Noell, also on the Staff
of the Museum. His interest in Alger has
been renewed and he now has accumulated
a couple of books.

Mr. C. Calvin Noell is Registrar at the
museum and our acquaintance began when I
answered his advertisement for books for
sale. My inquiry about Alger sparked his
interest and already he has about a dozen
Alger books. Cal, as we have come to know
him, has boundless energy, a wonderful
wife (Virginia) and twin boys under two
years of age. Cal claims to have over 8000
books in his personal library and Virginia,
not to be outdone has well over a hundred,
herself. Cal's books are listed system-
atically on a card file and any volume can
be found with hardly any trouble, while
Virginia catalogs her volumes by the color
of the covers. Virginia, the mother of
twins, had this to say in regard to the fa-
mous Fischer quintuplets, "With the nails
on fifty little fingers and fifty little
toes to clip and trim, I do not envy their
mother." Cal is also a collector of coins,
stamps and of all things--- cornerstones!
I could go on but suffice to say that Cal
and Virginia are two wonderful people. I
don't expect you to believe it. I don't
think Ripley would, but I have met them
and I believe it!

Mrs. Trumble can't say no! She belongs to
almost every worth-while Society, Club and
project on the local level and some on a
national level. Don and Lorraine belong to
a local movie Club of which we are also
members. Don devotes much of his spare
time to movie making. The Trumbles have
acquired a couple of Alger titles.

Willis Eagen has a small collection of
Oliver Optic books, but could take 'em or
leave 'em. He did have a book on Michi-
gana which was desired by Raviler, (S-77).
We loaded the Eagens (Alma & Bill) and the
Michigana book in the car and drove to
Raviler's home, 30 miles away in Athens,
Michigan. After the exchange for more Op-
tic books, George invited me to bring his
48 Alger books home to dispose of at tar-
gain prices among the local collectors.
Upon arriving at home and after spreading
the books on the living-room floor, Willis
made the mistake of fondling them. It was
love at first sight! He took one of each
and in the twinkling of an eye, he was the
proud owner of 33 Alger books and a sub-
scription to the Newsletter. To use Willis'
own words, "I can't afford to pass up this
opportunity. Look at all the leg work I
have saved myself!" You know, he's right!

Dale Hill is the son of Mrs. Marion Mc-
Alevey, (S-70). Marion subscribed for her
son and in doing so, enabled me to add an-
other state to our mailing list. Dale has
lived in Colorado for some time and is in-
terested in books in general and a lover
of Art. According to his mother, he has a
partnership in an art studio in Pueblo.

Due to the demand of sample copies of the
newsletter, my supply is fast becoming ex-
hausted. I have tried to reserve copies
for a potential 100 subscribers.

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued from last month:

ROLLING STONE, A 1902
 Hero - Wren Winter
 Same story as: Wren Winter's Triumph

ROUGH AND READY 1869
 Hero - Rufus (This story has a sequel)
 Same story as: (none reported)

RUFUS AND ROSE 1870
 Hero - Rufus Rushton (A sequel to Rough and Ready.) Same story as: (none reported)

RUPERT'S AMBITION 1899
 Hero - Rupert Rollins
 Same story as: (none reported)

SAM'S CHANCE 1876
 Hero - Sam Barker (A sequel to "The Young Outlaw". Same story as: (none reported)

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE 1875
 Hero - None (this is not a full length story) Same story as: (none reported)

SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF 1876
 Hero - Gilbert Greyson
 Same story as: (none reported)

SILAS SNOBDEN'S OFFICE BOY (?)
 Hero -
 Same story as: (none reported)

SINK OR SWIM 1870
 Hero - Harry Raymond
 Same story as: (none reported)

SLOW AND SURE 1872
 Hero - Paul Hoffman (a sequel to "Paul the Peddler" & Phil the Fiddler.
 Same story as: (none reported)

STORE BOY, THE 1887
 Hero - Ben Barclay
 Same story as: (none reported)

STRIVE AND SUCCEED 1872
 Hero - Walter Conrad (a sequel to "Strong and Steady." Same story as: none reported.

STRIVING FOR FORTUNE 1901
 Hero - Walter Griffith
 Same story as: (none reported)

STRONG AND STEADY 1871
 Hero - Walter Conrad (This story has a sequel (Strive and Succeed) Same story as: (none reported)

STRUGGLING UPWARD 1890
 Hero - Luke Larkin
 Same story as: (none reported)

TATTERED TOM 1871
 Hero - Jane Lindsay
 Same story as; (none reported)

TELEGRAPH BOY, THE 1879
 Hero - Frank Kavanagh
 Same story as: The District Telegraph Boy.

At the conclusion of each month's newsletter, I wonder what I shall have to write about for the next issue, but your news contributions have always kept me more than supplied.

Mr. Praus of the local museum, having learned of my local interest in Alger and our newsletter, has invited me to lecture on Alger. Naturally, I have accepted the invitation. Mr. Praus has secured the auditorium of the downtown Library for 3 P.M. Sunday, November 24th. He is making all of the preliminary arrangements and publicity. He says that he cannot guarantee a large attendance for this type of a lecture will be unprecedented and will also depend upon local weather conditions. Preliminary arrangements include press releases and a short TV appearance preceding the lecture. The lecture will be of about 30 minutes duration with a question and answer period. The lecture will be divided into three parts. (1) A short biography of Horatio Alger, Jr. (2) A short bibliography, and (3) The current interest in Alger, including our newsletter. Admission will be free, of course. My 104 Alger books will be on display and other interesting items pertaining to Horatio Alger Jr. With the assistance of Cal running my projector, I will show scenes of Horatio's birthplace and the monument in Glenwood Cemetery at South Natick, Massachusetts. I will have available for free distribution, souvenir editions of the very first edition of our newsletter. You are all welcome and I hope you can arrange to attend. Especially those of you in Michigan and the nearby states. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all meet under such conditions! Virginia has promised to be in attendance in the front row--with a twin under each arm.

It is nice to have friends like Mr. Praus, Cal, Virginia, George, Ken, Ralph, Max, Gilbert, in fact if I had the room, I would name you all with pride and I must not forget my understanding wife, for without her approval, this hobby would not be possible!

The plot thickens in the story supplement which is designed to keep you all in suspense. Is the stranger no longer a stranger? Is he a friend or foe to our hero? Will Carey be suspected of thievery? Will he be accused by Flint? Where are the silver dollars coming from? Where is Alger's second home which was supposed to have been built somewhere in Algerton? Will Carey be able to meet the mortgage payment which will be due on November 15th (in the story, that is)? If so, where will he get the money? You had better be worrying about this, for Carey is not!

I write these story supplements one chapter each month. I have none in reserve. Carey's future has not yet been foretold. I carry the outline and the outcome in my head, safe from the inquiring eyes of the public.

I have told Gilbert of my bad habit of referring to this publication as my newsletter. I have promised to try and break this selfish habit. It is ours! Yours and mine. If there be any credits, they are yours. If there be any errors, they are mine

Correction - The Store Boy was reissued as Ben Barclay's Courage. Additions and corrections solicited and appreciated.
 CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

HORATIUS - THE SCHOLAR or HORATIO AT HARVARD This material supported by research done by Max Goldberg and Gilbert Westgard, subscribers.

The first born of Horatio and Olive Alger was christened after his proud father who desired more than anything else, that his first born should follow in his footsteps. Horatio the father, was a minister and at the age of 24 he married Olive Augusta Fenno, age 23 who came from a prominent family in North Chelsea, now known as Revere, Mass., at the time of their marriage on March 31 Of 1831, and less than a year later on Friday, January 13th, of 1832, Horatio was born and his first home was located at 83 Beach street, in North Chelsea. This home supposedly has survived the ravages of time, however it is conceivable that with the passing of almost 132 years, some repairs and remodeling must have been done.

The home is currently owned and occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Gallant and according to Mrs. Jenny Breedveld, subscriber and staff writer for the Revere Journal, the home is being preserved in Early-American atmosphere. There is a huge brick fireplace. An original wide-plank floor is concealed beneath the present flooring. Exposed beams with pegs instead of nails offer proof of its authenticity. It is with a selfish desire that I suggest this home may some day be purchased and made a shrine in honor of Horatio Alger, Jr., the champion of boys.

The Fenno family were presumed to be regarded as prominent people and respected for a street which crosses Beach street near Alger's birthplace has been named in their honor. All of the Alger children were supposedly born in this home.

The birth date of Horatio has been erroneously recorded in popular reference books which are available to the public and has been quoted and requoted down through the years and has never been questioned or disputed to my knowledge until the present decade. Our own Max Goldberg is currently doing research work in our behalf and points to seven sources of documented evidence that January 13, 1832 is correct.

The second born of the Alger family was born on November 19, 1833 and was named after her mother Olive Augusta. Horatio's first brother was born on March 11, 1836 and was named James. His second sister, Annie was born October 24, 1840 and his second brother, Frank, the youngest child of the Alger family was born August 21, 1842. Little research has been done so far in behalf of his brothers and sisters except for vital statistics. Annie was the first of the family to die at the early age of 29 in 1870. His brother Frank and his mother, age 71 died in the year of 1878. His father died at the age of 75 in 1881 and a coincidence that he died on November 6th which was also the date of his birth.

His brother James lived until 1884 and Horatio died July 18, 1899 and his sister Olive outlived them all. She lived to be 83 and died in the year of 1916.

I am sure that he loved his brothers and sisters equally well but perhaps sought comfort, advice and financial assistance from Olive who aided him in preparing at least one manuscript which he called **SEEKING HIS FORTUNE**, which is a group of twenty-two one act plays in dialogue according to Dr. Enslin. A very rare book.

When Horatio was 12 years old, the family moved to Marlboro, Mass. Horatio was presumed to be chubby and overweight and by the choice of his father, he was more of a student than an athlete. His father was very strict in his discipline and was determined that Horatio must become a minister. Horatio always treated his father with respect but perhaps avoided unnecessary contacts with him as much as possible.

He enrolled at Harvard in the year of 1848 and graduated in 1852. Gilbert says that he was considered a brilliant scholar and graduated eighth in a class of 88 students with an A.B. Degree.

Although Horatio never married, he did have a sweetheart while attending Harvard. Her name was Patience Stires and this might have blossomed into a perfectly normal romance but was opposed by his father and due to his parental influence over his son, he was successful in stamping out the last spark with determination that his son would become a minister. This was only one of the many blocks that went into the wall. The barrier between father and son.

Gilbert, after a very detailed search of Harvard records, has been able to pinpoint the residence of Horatio while attending Harvard. (1843-49 Holworthy Hall), (1849-50 Stoughton Hall), (1850-51 Hollis Hall), and (1851-52 back to Holworthy Hall). At some time while a student at Harvard, he (Horatio) visited the poet, Longfellow. In a letter to Longfellow, dated Dec. 16, 1875, Horatio wrote "—Years since, when at college, I remember calling upon you with a classmate and I shall not soon forget the kindness with which you received the two inexperienced boys whose visit might have been regarded by many as an intrusion—" In another letter, Gilbert continues, his (Horatio) philosophy and reason for writing was expressed in the following note penned on March 16, 1894 (To whom, Gilbert does not say) Dear Sir: An author's compensation consists less in the checks he receives from his publishers than in the evidences of appreciation afforded by such letters as yours. Few adopt the literary profession as a means of gaining a livelihood. The true author finds his greatest pleasure in his work. (Hear! Hear!) I'll buy that!

Next month with the assistance of Max and Gilbert, we shall hear about **HOLY HORATIO**.



"From the East somewhere, perhaps Massachusetts," she replied.

"Did he come over on the Mayflower and land on Plymouth Rock?" asked Michael.

"Perhaps not, more than likely he was born here. I don't suppose he has been dead more than twenty or thirty years."

"That reminds me," interrupted Carey, "there is a cornerstone in the foundation of the ice house and on the flat exposed surface the chiseled inscription, ALGER - 1832 can be easily read."

"They say," added Ethel, "that the ice house rests upon a part of the foundation of Alger's first log cabin home."

"I can believe that," replied Carey, "for that stone alone must weigh about five hundred pounds."

"And that is only part of it," continued Ethel, "they say that the flat surface is where the stone was split and the rest of the stone has never been located."

"What became of the log cabin?" asked Michael.

"It was torn down when they built the ice house," answered Ethel.

"Did he live there all his life then?" inquired Michael.

"No," replied Ethel, "He eventually bartered and sold land to other settlers and built a better home for himself."

"Where is that house?" asked Michael.

"If you can find the other half of the cornerstone, then you may have found his second home," replied Ethel.

"Did he have still others then?" asked Michael.

"Well, he built the Squire's house, you know," she replied, "but he died before he could move into it."

"Was he rich then?" asked Michael.

"He was believed to be, however, after he died, his new house remained empty for many years. The village finally became the legal owner and later sold it to the Squire, for he was the only one who could afford such a nice house," she replied.

"Did the village become the legal owner of all his money too?" inquired Michael.

"I guess he didn't believe in banks," said Ethel, "they say that he converted all of his bank deposits into silver dollars just before the Civil War and buried them, and that was about the time that he was building the Squire's house."

"Then perhaps the Squire has discovered the buried money," suggested Michael.

"Well, I for one, am going to bury my head in my pillow," remarked Carey.

"Yes, son," remarked Mrs. Churchill, "with your added responsibilities at the post office, you need more rest."

"I wish I could help," added Ethel.

"At the post office?" asked Carey.

"Yes, I think it would be fun."

"Just because you have fun playing post office, is no reason---"

"Oh, fiddle faddle!"

At sunrise the next morning, Carey left the house and hurried to the post office. From force of habit, he tried the door and was surprised to find it unlocked. With a gasp, he flung open the door and

"Good morning, Mr. Harris, what brings you out so early in the morning?"

"Good morning, Carey. Well you see I couldn't balance my cash and verify my inventory of stamps last night, so I came early before today's business begins, to try and balance my books."

"Have you discovered your error?"

"No."

"Perhaps it was my error, before you took over, Mr. Harris."

"No, the books were in perfect balance when I took over the sales of stamps."

"Then it must have happened yesterday."

"Yes, I am sure of that."

"How much is the difference?"

"I am two dollars short."

"Do you suspect me? Mr. Harris."

"I have no reason to suspect you, Carey."

"A two dollar shortage is equivalent to one full sheet of two cent stamps. Did you sell any full sheets yesterday?"

"Yes, I did, now that you mention it, I remember selling a sheet of two cent stamps to young Campbell---what is it you call him?"

"Do you mean Flint?"

"Yes, it was Flint."

"Could two sheets have stuck together? Mr. Harris."

"Yes, it's possible."

"Shall you ask him about it?"

"Will it be necessary? Perhaps he will report it, if that is what happened."

"Yes, perhaps he will," said Carey, "I suppose he purchased them for his father?"

"Yes, at least he asked to have them charged to his father's account. Has it been customary for the Squire to buy on credit?"

"No, sir; No one has credit here," said Carey, "then if you charged them---"

"But I didn't, reluctantly, he paid for them with two silver dollars."

"Two silver dollars?"

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Well, oddly enough, last night at home, we were discussing the possibility of a hoard of silver dollars being hidden somewhere around Algerton."

"I see, then do you suppose that the Squire has another hoard of money beside what he has in the local bank?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mr. Harris, I didn't mean to imply that the Squire had a hidden hoard of money, but that he or Flint may have found one."

"Well," said Carl, willing to change the subject, "we shall let the matter drop for the time and I shall make up the shortage from my allowance, if necessary."

"Mr. Harris."

"Yes, Carey."

"Have you decided how we shall share the stamp sales allowance?"

"I am sure that we can split the allowance evenly---that is if I don't lose any more stamps, as I seem to have done."

Carey had been processing the mail for delivery and several people had arrived and were waiting for the windows to open.

Carey could see that of all people to be present, Flint was lingering in the rear of the lobby. Flint finally took his place at the end of the line of people who were waiting for their mail.

"You may give me our mail, Mister postmaster," said Flint, in a demanding tone.

"Do you have a note from your father, Flint?" asked Carey, seriously.

Flint turned red with rage as he spoke,

"I'm as old as you are! How old to I have to be, to be recognized as an individual? You had better learn to respect my demands. If it wasn't for my father, neither one of you two would be here. Do I have to report you again for refusing to obey my commands!" shouted Flint.

Carey looked at Carl, wondering what was meant by the remark 'if it wasn't for my father' and he could see that Carl too, was a bit embarrassed.

"Flint," said Carey, "You know as well as I that you are not to receive your father's mail without consent."

"All right," said Flint, now willing to change the subject, "you may give me a full sheet of two cent stamps."

"The stamp window is the next window, Flint," advised Carey.

"What's the matter, doesn't he trust you with money," said Flint.

"Stamps are no longer in my department," said Carey, coloring a little.

"Then you may sell me a full sheet of two cent stamps my good man," said Flint, addressing Carl.

Carl selected a full sheet and inspected them carefully, then passed them over to Flint in exchange for two silver dollars which he dropped into the till.

Flint also carefully inspected the sheet as he turned his back, then he hesitated and turned back to the window.

"I wanted the new Columbus stamps; I am saving them."

"Certainly, sir," said Carl, making the exchange after a thorough examination.

Flint grasped the sheet of stamps with searching eyes; Once more after turning his back, he inspected them more closely. He hesitated, but walked out folding the stamps and stuffing them into his pocket.

"Do you suspect him now? Mr. Harris," asked Carey.

"It's too early yet to form an opinion, but it certainly seemed as though he was hopeful of receiving two sheets with the expectancy of a gambler. Since it happened once, it might happen again."

"Do you suppose he really intends to save them?" asked Carey.

"The Columbus stamps, yes. The common stamps purchased yesterday were supposed to be for his father."

"What would he do with one hundred common stamps?"

"He might use them, sell them or try to return them."

"Should we accept the return of them?"

"No, all sales are final, except for a reasonable excuse."

"What would be a reasonable excuse?"

"Unusable, through no fault of his own; There is one other thing he might do with them."

"What is that? Carl."

"Give them away."

"Give them away?"

"Yes, a deliberate premeditated plant. You may find them in your possession soon Carey, if so, you will understand what I mean."

"But why would he do that? What could he possibly gain?"

"You would be accused of theft and he would gain your defamation."

"But nothing has been reported stolen or missing."

"He will wait for the right opportunity. He may even set the stage himself."

"But why do you tell me all of this? How can you know that this may happen?"

"I do not know that it will happen, but it may happen and I tell you so you will be on your guard. Let me say that I am older than you and have had more experience and I have been taught to outwit the other fellow."

"But Squire Campbell is a friend of yours. Would you accuse and prosecute the son of a friend?"

"I can truthfully say that I had never met the Squire until the night when I came to town. Schools have the right of discipline. Parents have the right of respect, while the rest of us have only the recourse of law—"

At this moment, Mr. Jamieson came in and interrupted the conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Harris, and you Carey. Is there any mail for me?"

"Yes," said Carey, after greeting him in unison with Carl, "Here you are."

"If you are on your way to school now, Carey, I should like to walk along with you, for I must speak with you."

"Yes, Mr. Jamieson, I should be leaving now. I'll be back right after school, Mr. Harris," said Carey, as he left.

"Now Carey," said Mr. Jamieson, as they left the building, "I was unable to see any papers in the Squire's possession yesterday. I am afraid that it will be up to us to prove your equity. Do you think you might have any receipts to show in evidence of previous payments?"

"I am reasonably sure that such items can be found, for my father was a very careful and business-like man."

"But remember that your father was dealing with a master, and you know that the Squire loves a dollar more than his own son."

"But he admits that we have an equity, by threatening to take ownership when we default in the payments."

"Admissions and promises are worthless without honor. Written agreements are none too good when dealing with men like the Squire, Carey."

"But the Squire goes to our church! He couldn't—"

"Remember the scripture. Remember what Judas did for twenty pieces of silver? Our actions are always better proof of our intentions than mere words and promises, my boy."

"Then I guess the policy adopted by Mr. Harris, may be right."

"How is that? Carey."

"Mr. Harris says that he has been taught to outwit the other fellow, if necessary."