



# Newsboy CLUB

Vol. 2 No. 9  
March 1964  
A newsletter

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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. Kenneth B. Butler, Ragged Dick Fund Trustee. Organized July 1962. A non-profit Organ. \*\*\*\*\*

Ah! The sign of spring is in the air!  
Balmy breezes results in coughs & sneezin'  
Soon the first robin; Then a pair----as  
Mother Nature heralds the matin' season.  
....with my apologies

Being a postman, I once reminded a very dear old lady that although she had addressed the postal card, she had failed to write a message on the reverse side. With a twinkle in her eye, she informed me that she had had nothing to say! And to one of our subscribers who is known to have a sense of humor, I recently composed a letter which could only be read the hard way; with the use of a mirror. The letters that I get are always meant to be cheerful, informative and sometimes humorous and most always legible, but sometimes I have a feeling that "If I could only turn up the volume a little."

I once sent a letter to Kenneth Butler, (well known in Mendota as an Antique Car Buff) and for an address I used only the picture of an antique car..and he received it! Two of my letters last October went astray. Since they were addressed to the NEWSBOY they were delivered to our local newspaper. I got them with hardly any delay and now I am just conceited enough to believe that almost any reference to Alger or any of his many book titles would be associated with me at our office. If you care to join in an experiment with me, send me a postal addressed The Slow & Sure Carrier.

**RAGGED DICK FUND**

Donation No. 33 \$2.00 Total \$81.34

Our canceled check to the Tippitt Family in the amount of \$10.00 has now been returned and without comment from the family. We understand that there was a tremendous volume of mail and perhaps most of it didn't get beyond the Dallas Police Dept which was disappointing to us since our Grant was accompanied with a special recognition of Allen Tippitt as a typical Alger hero.

Ernest Sanford and I, it was learned recently, competad by mail for a hard to locate Alger title which was advertised in a national publication. Now I suppose we will be doing the Gaston & Alphonse bit until we decide who is most eligible and entitled to the honor. After you, my dear Ernest! I'll work the other side of the street.

I recently received the current issue of THE BOOKLOVER'S ANSWER (TBA 8/9) and was pleasantly surprised to find some complimentary publicity regarding our newsletter in the SCRAPBOOK column. I have informed the Editor-Publisher, R.J. Hussey, that I would honor and accept any and all subscriptions which originated from this source. The mailing address of this delightful and very attractive publication is: Box 157, Webster, New York.

Considerable explanation should be made regarding the Stanley Pachon's list of Alger titles to be found in old volumes of Golden Argosy which I presented in the last newsletter. While the reference numbers were thought to be correct and adequate, I should have explained the code which is used. Golden Argosy began publication on December 9, 1882 as a weekly, and continued as such until April, 1894 during which time, each issue was identified with a whole number. The last whole number to be used was #590. During this period of 11 years plus, they were further identified as Volumes 1 through 17. Beginning with April, 1894 the publication was issued monthly and Volume 18 represented a six month period No's. 1-6 etc. I trust that with this explanation, I have not confused you still more.

Sanford sends this information regarding STUDENT & SCHOOLMATE taken from Volume XXIII No..1 January 1869 ----"OUR DESK" "The Student and Young Tutor was commenced in November 1846 by N.A. Calkins and J.S. Denman; In November 1848 the title of 'YOUNG TUTOR' was dropped and 'THE STUDENT, A FAMILY MAGAZINE AND SCHOOL READER' edited by N.A. Calkins, Esq.; continued till Nov. 1855 when it was united with the "SCHOOLMATE" which was established in 1852 and the united work took the name of "THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE." In the month of January 1858 "FORRESTER'S BOYS AND GIRLS MAGAZINE" which was established in Jan. 1848 was, after a separate existence of ten years, merged into the "STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE." For some years the title of our magazine, as presented upon its title page was, "THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, AND FORRESTER'S BOYS AND GIRLS MAGAZINE, A READER FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES." It still continues to be these three united magazines and under its abbreviated title embraces all the prominent features of the separate publications, renewing its youth from year to year, that it may still retain its place as the best as well as the cheapest of all juvenile magazines before the public.



STUDENT & SCHOOLMATE statement continued:

"We risk nothing in claiming for Mr. Alger the first rank as a writer for youth and giving a most attractive story without resorting to the sensational incidents which, while exciting, cannot but leave a bad impression upon the minds of the young."

Newsboy Editor's Note: William Taylor Adams, more popularly known as Oliver Optic was once the Editor of STUDENT & SCHOOLMATE and recognized the ability of Horatio Alger as a juvenile writer, gave him encouragement and assisted him in publishing much of his story material. We would like to receive further authentic facts in this regard.

#### NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

Mr. Harold McCuen, (S-96)  
60 Sherman Avenue,  
Mansfield, Ohio 44906

Harold's subscription came as a result of the newsletter publicity in the current TBA 8/9. Very little more than his name and address accompanied his subscription application so I requested information which could be used in his introduction. He complied with my request, perhaps more so than any other subscriber ever did! Now I am sure that Harold is a modest person and it is unnecessary to introduce himself in Mansfield, but since I asked, I find that we have with us now, a very enthusiastic and ambitious person and it gives me great pleasure to mention some of his interests, activities and achievements. Born in Butler, Ohio (when?), His wife's name is Anne; Education - Ashland College & Univ. of Wash. Seattle: The Cleveland Playhouse; Member of Evan. United Brethern; Elks, Eagles, Mansfield Music Study Club, (president, 1949-51); Buckeye Hobby Club, (president 1954-56) & (1961-64). Antiquarian Club; Ohio Genealogical Society. Richland County Historical Society; Nat'l Fed. Music Clubs, (life member); Ohio Fed. Music Clubs; Manuscript Society; Amer. Ass'n Mental Deficiency; Amer. Nat'l Theatre Academy; Nat'l Children's Theatre Conference. Amer. Educational Theatre Ass'n; Mansfield Comm. Players Board of Gvnrs; Winner of Helen Bacon Best Acting Award, Season 1951-52; Mansfield Fine Arts Guild; Ohio Ass'n Teachers of Mentally Ret'd Children, P. Pres. 1956-58; Served USO, World War II (entertainment & music thpy.) author, Creative Arts for the Mentally Retarded, Story of Tea-Leaf Lustre Ironstone; (Coauthor, Director, Mansfield Children's Theatre, 1935 to date. Director, School for Mentally Retarded Children, 1952-61; Now on faculty of Clearfork Valley School in Special Education (Butler, Ohio); Listed in Who is Who in Ohio 1961. Hobbies: Collecting antiques, autographs, records, ink wells, early children's books, and Fore-edge books, early toys, miniature books. Now doing research on play - Drummer Boy of Shelob & its author A.F. Nave (?) ---and Minstrels!

P.S. I have three shows in rehearsal - plus Teaching. My Children's Theatre will open its 30th Summer Season in June! A Great Life! Details later---Hal.

Newsboy Editor's Note: And I have been bragging that I was busy.

More and more clippings continue to show-up regarding John Tebbel's book "FROM RAGS TO RICHES. So far, there has been no indication as to how the sales are doing. It is evident that constant publicity and advertising are necessary. Some reviewers are liberal in their opinion of his new book and at the same time hinting at a duplication of Mayes previous biography. Other reviewers, regardless of the biographer, have little regard for Alger as a writer. They condemn the method in which an Alger hero attains success. They hold the contention that although the Alger hero is kind, industrious and wise that only because of a stroke of luck do they attain success. Personally, I see a contrast in Alger's characters; One is shiftless, one is industrious. Isn't it only natural that we expect the industrious hero to succeed? One reviewer offers his personal views about Alger--"All that anyone will ever need to know about Alger is contained in the two-column notice of him contributed by Ernest Sutherland Bates to the widely-available Dictionary of American Biography." I must read this reference to see if they have the first important fact right; Alger's birthdate.

Here is the list of Newsboy Subscribers who is known to have over 100 Alger titles.

Robert Buchta	Milton Salls
Kenneth Butler	Keith H. Thompson
Forrest Campbell	Gilbert Westgard
Morton S. Enslin	
Ralph Gardner	
Irene Gurman	

There may be more, I hope so. If I have not published you name, it is because you have not kept me informed. There are still others who deserve honorable mention, even though they have not reached this figure, they may be close to it, and we would like to know about it. There are still others who may not have 100 titles or more in book form, but could qualify in other ways and deserve to be heard. Let's hear from you.

An inquiry has been received regarding the Alger titles CAST UPON THE BREAKERS and SILAS SNOBEN'S OFFICE BOY. It appears that these titles were never published in book form and it was suggested that I get an opinion from our publisher-subscriber, Kenneth Butler, (S-06), on the possibility. Mr. Butler replies, with a business point-of-view, that it would be unwise, since the market for juvenile fiction (of this type) is an unknown quantity at this time. Mr. Butler reserves the right to reverse his opinion when this unknown quantity becomes a known fact. It would be too much of a risk at this time. BE SURE TO READ PAGE THREE FOR AN EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT!



BULLETIN: A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!

A believable and acceptable biography of the life of our hero, Horatio Alger, Jr. and a bibliography of his published works is now about to become a reality. This book, which collectors and dealers can depend upon for accuracy has been written by our own Ralph D. Gardner and published by our own Kenneth B. Butler, President of the WAYSIDE PRESS, Mendota, Illinois.

Here is the Publisher's statement:

A fascinating and authoritative book on the life and writings of Horatio Alger, written by the noted book collector and Alger authority, Ralph D. Gardner, is scheduled for release this spring. The book will be 508 pages, cloth bound, and illustrated. It is the product of the book division of WAYSIDE PRESS, Mendota, Illinois.

HORATIO ALGER, OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA is the title of the volume. There are 29 chapters dealing with the life and experiences of Alger. It is the moving, but true and authentic story of that writer's great career, not embroidered or embellished by make-believe exploits.

Ralph Gardner, the author, has been 27 years collecting and developing the material from which he has written this stirring account of the life and works of America's all-time best-selling author.

A complete section of the book is devoted to a most interesting analysis and assessment of Alger's writing style, story and character development. His impact on American life is strikingly recounted. A third section of the book deals with the trials and triumphs of an Alger collector... the complexities, the disillusionments, the rewards and drama of the hobby.

The final section of the book is a complete, painstaking 104-page bibliography of all the novels, short stories and poems written by Alger in his long and productive career. This will be an invaluable aid to collectors, librarians, and booksellers. This section tells how to identify valuable first editions, describes facts and oddities concerning each title, and gives current market values of each first edition. Included is a complete list of all the publishing houses who have, over the years, issued Alger titles, either in first editions or in reprint form.

The hefty, 508-page volume contains four sections of illustrations, including hitherto unpublished photographs of Alger and his family, and numerous engravings from his original stories. One group of illustrations will be in full color. The cloth cover is gold stamped. A colorful dust jacket will give the volume attractive sales appeal in bookstores.

Gardner's book records on its pages the chronicles of Alger's friendship with Louisa May Alcott, Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, P.T. Barnum, John L. Sullivan, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, artists, writers, notorious outlaws and political big-wigs, tattered street-boys and the upper crust of New York Society.

True Alger collectors will appreciate Gardner's accurate, detailed job of research and writing. He sets the record straight. He debunks the fictionalized, romanticized, imaginary exploits of Alger which luridly characterized certain previous works about this author.

Yet Gardner's story is colorful, moving. Since he discovered Alger during a summer in Maine when he was a boy of thirteen, Gardner has collected every book the legendary author ever wrote, virtually all in original editions.

Ralph Gardner for fourteen years was a staff writer on the New York Times, assigned to bureaus at Paris and Frankfurt, as well, as the city desk in New York. He is now president of Ralph D. Gardner Advertising, New York. He does occasional book reviews and writes on subjects ranging from foreign travel to early American literature. This is his first book.

The book is to sell at \$5.95. Advance orders with remittance in that amount will bring the book postpaid immediately on issuance. Send to Book division, WAYSIDE PRESS, Mendota, Illinois.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: I have been furnished random galley proofs as evidence of the progress being made, and at the same time, sample the flavor of the style of writing that Mr. Gardner is using. Naturally, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the narrations, but I am pleased to say that it is believable and written in a manner that we easily see portrayed of ourselves, our parents, our children and our friends, in a nineteenth century setting. Styles and material things may change with the passing centuries, but our emotions and our human nature almost never do.

An exclusive offer is being made to the subscribers of this newsletter. The author, Ralph Gardner (S-53) will personally autograph a specially numbered series for us. This series will be the first off the presses and there will be no extra charge. Use the special order blank enclosed for your convenience. Order as many as you like. If extra copies are desired as gifts, please print or type additional instructions and addresses on reverse side of the order blank. Issue your check or money order to WAYSIDE PRESS, but mail to me with the order blank for this special service. I will not receive any special consideration for my services. I have already paid for my book. You must be a NEWSBOY subscriber to be eligible for the specially numbered series and autographed copies. ....The Editor



THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE AS DESCRIBED  
BY CHARLES LORING BRACE Part 3

Submitted by Gilbert K. Vestgard, II

Of these meetings, I cannot express my feelings more strongly than in the following passage from the Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society, for 1864:

"There is something unspeakably solemn and affecting in the crowded and attentive meetings of the boys, of a Sunday evening, and the thought that you speak for a few minutes on the high themes of Eternity, to a young audience who tomorrow will be battling with misery, temptation and sin in every shape and form, and to whom your words may be the last they ever hear, of either friendly sympathy or warning."

The effects on the boys, of this constant patient religious instruction, we know to have been most happy. Some have acknowledged it, living, and have shown better lives. Others have spoken of it in the hospitals, and on their death-beds, or have written their gratitude from the battle-field, on so many hundreds of which these lads have bravely fought. On one occasion, a boy who had fallen into thieving habits, was so much struck with shame, after one of these meetings, that he called the Superintendent aside and confessed his offences, and gave up his dark-lantern, his wrench and pocket-pistol, with other tools of his nefarious business. He was subsequently put into a good place, and became an honest boy.

Mr. Tracy, though full of kindness to the unfortunate, was a strict disciplinarian, as was necessary with these children; and, what was absolutely indispensable to the success of the enterprise, he took care that the most rigid exactness should characterize all his dealings with them. Gradually thus, step by step, he began to gain an influence over them. Individual boys became more clean and less ragged; they swore less and gambled less; there was less fighting and quarreling among them; cheating diminished, and stealing almost ceased. They learned to read and write; many kept up daily prayer, and listened with great apparent devoutness in the meetings. More and more, traits of generosity and kindness appeared in them, which were carefully cherished by us. Following out the plan of the Children's Aid Society, they were scattered over the whole country, some taking places with farmers, others in factories, others in shops, on rail-roads and in telegraph offices. They generally succeeded; their shrewdness and quickness, with the self-reliance they had acquired in their rough life, made them very efficient in whatever they undertook. Our object was generally to get them out of street-trades, such as boot-blackening and paper-selling, for these if continued too long, lead to an idle vagrant life. and in America, innumerable occupations are open to all who will enter them.

Yet even those who remained in the City, grew up honest and steady young men — sometimes even showing an earnest life of religious purpose. Their kindness which these boys showed one another, (more and more) as they remained under our charge, was one of the most encouraging features of the work to us.

Boys coming in without a penny, ragged and dirty, and vermin covered orphans who did not even know their own names, (they were generally known to one another by slang names such as the following: "Mickety," "Roundhearts," "Horace Greely," "Wandering Jew," "Fat Jack," "Pickle Nose," "Cranky Jim," "Dodge-me-John," "Tickle-me-foot," "Know-Nothing Mike," "O'Neil the Great," "Professor," and innumerable others.) have not unfrequently been clothed and started in business by the others. No story of misfortune was ever presented to them without its calling forth a generous response, and "material aid." They contributed from their small earnings to the "Mount Vernon Fund," to the Kansas sufferers, to those who lost in certain severe fires in the city, to the Sanitary Commission and many other worthy objects. With all the change and improvement which have been beheld in hundreds of these children, since the Lodging-House was opened, it must not be supposed that any very wonderful change can be seen in the externals of the class. That is, the newsboys, as a class, are continually filled up by new boys who are turned adrift or made orphans, or in some way become homeless. The new members, in the beginning, look as ragged and miserable as any of the former ones used to do; but, when they have been a short time in the business, they do not turn out thieves and vagabonds, as their predecessors did, but with their savings, they are enabled to enter new places, or are sent to situations by the Society. The few old Newsboys who have remained in the Lodging-House, are (with single exceptions) as respectable lads as can be found.

Mr. Tracy remained at the head of the Lodging-House till 1856. At this time the Children's Aid Society had begun to employ him in a new and broader field, as their Western Agent in taking out their large parties of children to the west. It was a place of much responsibility, requiring great tact and a spirit of true devotion to humanity. The numbers at the Lodging-House fell off in his repeated and necessary absences, until it became needful to appoint a new Superintendent, Mr. C.C. Wiegand. Mr. W., by his activity in searching the markets and docks, soon gathered in more even than the old numbers. He also introduced various improvements, especially a new table of statistics of the lodgers. A prolonged effort of his to break up the theatre-going of the boys, by introducing private theatricals among them, did not succeed. On his departure for California in 1858, to take an office in the Mint, Mr. C. O'Connor, who had served in the Crimean army, was appointed Superintendent, and Mrs. O'Connor Matron.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE APRIL ISSUE, FOLLOWED IN MAY WITH -ANNALS OF CLASS OF 1852



## CHAPTER XV CAREY PLAYS DETECTIVE

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

We shall leave the Squire and his son Mortimer here, to continue their conversation in private. It is embarrassing to be questioned in this manner and the Squire may obtain better results if we allow him absolute secrecy. Suffice to say that Mortimer did return to school that afternoon, and apparently received no punishment. We turn our attention to Carey and find him at the dinner table with his family.

"Well, mother, how are you getting along at the Jamieson's?" asked Carey.

"Well, while I was there yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Jamieson just visited mostly, and showed me some of her old clothes and asked me if I thought they were worth mending."

"Do you think the work will be difficult and perhaps tire you too much?"

"No, in fact I don't feel that they will have too much work to be done. I think it is a 'Good Samaritan' act, more than anything else."

"Well, it's nice to have good friends; Mr. Jamieson wants to consult with me after school on a confidential matter."

"I'm glad to have a son who is capable of handling our affairs, it is a comfort."

"I hear Pete Bates calling," said Carey, "will you excuse me mother?"

"Of course; you may go, my son."

With Carey's responsibilities as head of their household, he was no longer able to spend time with Pete as had been customary, and their walks to and from school were about the extent of their association together. Pete had remained loyal to Carey and the two of them had shared many happy hours together. Flint sometimes showed evidence of irritation with expressions of bitterness because Pete would not patronize his style of friendship. It provoked Flint that Pete preferred Carey's company rather than his. Flint would have preferred to see Carey walk alone and unescorted, with the entire group of boys at his own heels, but this, Flint had not succeeded in doing. Many of the smaller boys would have preferred to claim Carey as their idol, and go to him for advice, but nearly all were bullied into associating with Flint or suffer the consequences. On the way to school Carey and Pete overtook a youngster about Michael's age and who was no doubt in Michael's class.

"Hi there, Chester," greeted Carey, "If you will slow up a bit, Michael will be along soon."

The boy gave a faint smile of recognition which quickly changed to an expression of fear and he hastened on instead.

"Now that's odd," stated Pete, "are not Chester and Michael friends?"

"I thought they were," answered Carey, "I'll speak to Michael about it."

"Carey, are you prepared for our mid-semester algebra test next Friday?"

"I've been pretty fortunate so far, but I never feel that I am fully prepared. You are not worried are you?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," he replied, "I think old Weeks was looking right at me when he referred to our proficiencies being compared with daylight and darkness."

"I don't think you have a thing to worry about," Carey said encouragingly, "I've heard you recite."

"Well, I'm no nine o'clock scholar like you," replied Pete, with a complimentary smile.

"If it should come to a contest," said Carey, "I shouldn't want to be competing against you for the highest honors."

We leave the two friends here to decide the issue between themselves. This high degree of loyalty between friends is seldom surpassed. Carey, remembering his appointment with Mr. Jamieson, reported promptly at the post office after school, but found that Mr. Jamieson had not yet arrived.

"Mr. Harris," said Carey, "I was supposed to meet Mr. Jamieson here; Is there any message?"

"There is no message," he replied, "perhaps he has been detained. He has been a busy man lately and has no doubt, neglected his duties."

"Here he is now!" said Carey, as Mr. Jamieson entered the door.

"Yes," he replied, hearing Carey's remark, "I am late, but I rather expected that you would be on time. I was consulting with your mother. She is employed at my home you know."

"Yes, I know, somehow it doesn't seem right for her to—"

"Don't worry, don't let it bother you. We are not slave drivers," he interrupted.

"Very well, Mr. Jamieson," he replied.

"Now Carey," began Mr. Jamieson, "You know about the shortage here, and the silver dollars used by Flint to pay for his purchases of postage stamps, don't you?"

"I believe so sir," he answered, looking inquiringly at Mr. Harris.

"It's all right Carey," assured Carl, "Mr. Jamieson has been informed of what has taken place."

"Oh!" replied Carey, relaxing from his tenseness.

"Yes," added Mr. Jamieson, "and I have been retained by Mr. Harris to try and clear up this matter."

"I see," answered Carey.

"Mr. Harris and I think the silver dollars may have been stolen, and we are concerned about where the money is coming from. We are reasonably sure that they were not obtained from the bank and they are not old enough to be from the alleged Alger treasure."

"Then you think that—"

"We don't know what to think, Carey," interrupted Mr. Jamieson, "and we want you to help us in our investigation."

"But I—"

"Mr. Harris will release you from your duties as often as you can be spared."



"But, what am I to do?"

"We want you to do a little detective work," answered Mr. Jamieson, "and since Flint has introduced the dollars, perhaps the search should start with him."

"Then I am to try and find where the dollars are coming from?" asked Carey.

"Exactly," answered Carl, "and this is confidential, you must not divulge your mission to anyone, not even your own family, or your best friend."

"I see," replied Carey, "This sounds like an interesting assignment. When do I start?"

"I shall need you here in the mornings of course," added Carl, "and in the afternoon, long enough to distribute the afternoon train mail."

"Train mail!" Carey exclaimed, "I had almost forgotten about that. Excuse me gentlemen, I have work to do."

"Carey!" cut in Mr. Jamieson, "I won't disturb you any more, but before I go, I just want to add that I shall want a daily report of your progress."

"Yes, sir."

It did not take Carey long to distribute the afternoon accumulation of mail, but Carl could see that Carey's new assignment was weighing heavily upon his mind.

"You may take the rest of the afternoon off Carey," invited Carl, "You will need time for concentration to formulate your new plans."

"Thank you Mr. Harris, I agree that I will need time for uninterrupted concentration, I must be sure of what I do, so I will not expose my purpose."

"Leave everything here to me, except the distribution of mail. In that respect, you are indispensable."

Carey halted outside the post office, he decided that he would not be able to concentrate at home while Ethel and Michael were home, and they would be curious too, as to why he would be coming home at an early hour. He turned his steps toward the school and pondered the enormity of the situation. The assignment was a bit frightening too. How could he explain his new freedom without resorting to falsehoods? How do real investigators and detectives conceal their true identity and missions? As near as he could determine, avoiding the issues and evading the questions were the answers. Perhaps evading a question by asking one himself. That's it! He would try that, if the occasion arose; but he must be quick, do not falter. That's it! Fast talking is the characteristic of an evasive person. Could he do it? I should like to try, he thought. But be careful now! One mistake is too many! He was now at the school grounds; some of the boys were still there, booting a soccer ball around the grounds.

"Well, Postal Boy, do your duties call for you to patrol the school grounds?"

"Yes, --er No!" said Carey excitedly, for he was startled with surprise when he discovered Flint behind him. Careful now, he thought, my facial expressions

are on exhibition, "Why do you ask," he added, recovering his presence of mind.

"Well, because you are not at the post office! Must our Government pay you to walk the streets?"

The assignment was not going to be an easy one; Carey could see that. Of course Flint was a difficult person to deal with, and extremely peculiar, or adept at repelling diplomatic relations. His questions were designed to incite irritation and fan the flame of temper. Carey, however, had a high boiling point, and was slow to anger. It is true that each one irritated the other. It was the nature of each to attempt to bring out his own characteristics in the other. Carey waited silently for a moment before giving a reply.

"You needn't worry, Flint, I've been given the rest of the afternoon off."

"If you're looking for work, I can put you to work in our stable."

"That is kind of you Flint, I could use some extra money; but no thank you, I---"

"Beggars should not be choosers---then perhaps you've come to play with the little boys; there's some of them still here."

"Chester!" Flint called, "Chester! come here with my ball! Come here, I say!"

The small boys ceased their game and relinquished the ball to Chester who immediately trotted over to where Flint was standing. Flint went to meet him so as to converse with Chester out of range of Carey's hearing. Carey, somewhat interested in what was taking place, could see that it was evident that Flint was demanding payment for the use of the ball. It appeared from what Carey could see, that Chester was unable to pay and Flint, showing that he meant business, caught Chester's arm, twisted it, causing Chester to turn to relieve the pain which he knew would come from it. Flint released his hold which may have been just a threat of future punishment. Chester straightened out his arm, hesitated slightly while he nursed his arm with his other hand, then ran away across the school grounds. Flint returned to Carey, showing no shame for his actions.

"Sooner or later," said Flint, "He'll be trotting at my heels---if he knows what's good for him."

"Do you expect me to trot at your heels, Flint?"

"You will! You will, unless you want to be a lone wolf---and a pauper!"

"You mean---you want to buy my friendship?"

"Yes, I'll pay you for certain services," he said, while displaying a silver dollar.

"How would you have me serve you Flint?"

"You can supply me with the correct answers to the algebra test on Friday."

"I'll be glad to coach you Flint, if you need help."

"I don't have time for home study periods, besides, it isn't necessary."

"Studying isn't necessary?" asked Carey.

"Not for me; I'll pay you to study for me."

"I couldn't do that, Flint; No amount of money could induce me to encourage you to cheat."