



Newsboy CLUB

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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April 1964

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

The earth-shattering news from our United States this month comes from our 49th state Alaska, but there is no need to be concerned about our own David B. Carlson of Dillingham. He is safe and suffered no harm from the effects.

properly be rated as a worthy Alger type boy I will call your attention to him with a full history of his troubles, all well looked into before I do.

Sincerely yours,
David B. Carlson (S-64)

Fortunately, there was considerable distance between Dillingham and Anchorage which was the focal point of the earthquake. Nonetheless, I was concerned for our subscribers, and donators to the RAGGED DICK FUND, if we could be of financial assistance up to fifty dollars. I wrote to David immediately and here is his reply:

Although this case is not closed, it is not likely that we will find a recipient for our RAGGED DICK grant for 1964 as a result of this recent earthquake.

RAGGED DICK FUND

Donation No. 34 \$2.00 Total \$83.34

March 31, 1964
Dillingham, Alaska

Dear Forrest:

Resulting from our publishing the names of subscribers who have over 100 Alger titles in their personal collections, Mr. Edward G. Levy, (S-04) hastens to inform us that he has 106 titles. So we are pleased to add his name to this list. Ed has been wintering in Palm Beach but is about due to return to his permanent home in New Haven, Connecticut. Our apologies, Ed, for the oversight, and welcome aboard the 100 Club. I will be glad to give honorable mention to any subscriber who has over ninety and anxious to go over the top. Perhaps we could even help you, so send us your want lists. I hear of cheap editions almost every day, but almost always, no new titles for me. Ed Mattson, (S-67), says that he had over 100 titles but has sold some to supplement the additional expense of buying a new home.

I received your letter of March 29, and I must say it is very thoughtful of you to think of giving a grant of possibly \$50.00 to some Alger-hero type boy who might have to become breadwinner for a family as a direct result of the recent earthquake.

I have no doubt there are boys of this kind, and most likely plenty of them, in the harder hit areas such as Anchorage, Kodiak and Seward, but that is a long way from here and I do not know any of them.

We did not suffer any damage or loss in my area. We knew of the quake all right but no harm was done. We did not have any tidal wave either. That is what did the most damage in Seward, Kodiak and Valdez, which are built on ground not far above sea level.

The quake came about 5:30 our time, and I had just come home from work. I was just beginning to read the mail when the house started to rock gently; about the same as when a person is in a boat. It lasted about a minute or perhaps a little longer. An empty rocking chair began rocking by itself, and I, not being much of a believer in ghosts, looked around further. The open doors were swinging, and we have a wall clock driven by weights, which began clinking its weights together. All this soon quit and I looked around for damage, such as cracked chimneys, etc., but did not find any.

I was honored early in April with a visit from Kenneth Butler, We talked Alger the first evening and reminisced the second evening about Kalamazoo which is his hometown. It is Ken's desire to someday walk the fifty mile right-of-way of a now abandoned short line railroad which once served the lake resort region out of Kalamazoo. He hastened to add that he would have a station wagon close by with supplies. He would then write a book from the material that he gathered. No doubt there would be a chapter on how to ease the suffering of sore feet.

Ken says the Gardner book is making fine progress and I gathered that before another newsletter is mailed out, you should have your Gardner book in your possession. I have seen about 90 percent of the book (in book form) before binding, and I am very pleased with the contents and the craftsmanship of the work put into it. The dust jacket is very attractive,

Anyhow, I commend you for your thoughts and if I should see someone who might

and a gold watch on a chain forms the first "O" in the word HORATIO in the title, which, Gardner says, is significant of a typical award usually given to Alger heroes for some meritorious deed, which makes the rich boy jealous, because he has only a silver watch. Gardner invites the criticism of the NEWSBOY subscribers after reading his book, quote, "as they probably know more about Horatio than do most professional book reviewers and literary critics---I'd also be most eager to know of press comments NEWSBOY readers send you on my book, as they are all over the country, they'll possibly come across a lot that I'll miss." There is perhaps more expense to the sales promotion of a newly published book than the uninformed realizes. I am amazed at the sales ammunition that will be mailed out to prospective dealers and collectors. I can see little left for the publisher and the author but the glory. We, the NEWSBOY subscribers will have our copies, I am certain, well in advance of the general public. I am also certain that you will be more than pleased after you have read and enjoyed the contents---and then, you will still have an autographed copy which is your special privilege as a NEWSBOY subscriber. If you have not yet sent in your special order blank---there is still time. Be sure to make your check out to WAYSIDE PRESS but send to me for authorization, for this is a privilege no others will receive.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE:

Mr. Richard L. Lundsted, (S-97)
31 Dorothy Avenue,
Holden, Massachusetts

Mr. Lundsted comes to us via the TBA, as a result of publicity given us in the current TBA 8/9 issue. We hope to learn more of his activities pertaining to books and his interest in Horatio Alger.

My humble apology to those of you who have faithfully written to me but have received no reply. It is definitely not spring fever. My enthusiasm to serve you can be compared with a certain famous man who once said, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" I need your letters, your comments, criticism, clippings, ideas, all of it. I would have nothing to report if it were not for your material; So far my problem has been which material to use. It's a nice problem! I have been asked to run short Alger stories on page four, and I have agreed, because I like the idea. I will have to be supplied with the stories though, as I have only one and have been offered only one.

The editor of the Revere Journal was very helpful to us in sending a negative of a picture of Alger's birthplace in Revere, Massachusetts. The Journal also sent me a clipping from their February 20th edition in which they present this picture and a supporting story about the current interest in their favorite son. I asked that surplus copies of this edition be reserved for our subscribers.

The cost may be about 25¢ to cover cost of mailing. If you request a copy, be sure to mention the NEWSBOY AND STATE your subscriber number.

We have less than one dollar on hand to purchase a wreath to place on our hero's grave on Memorial day. You may send 25¢ for this purpose to either myself or Max Goldberg, 728 Worcester Street, Natick, Massachusetts

The names of those subscribers who have sent in orders for the Gardner book so far are: (alphabetically)

Forrest Campbell	(2)
David B. Carlson	
Oscar E. Chambers	(2)
W.M. (Bill) Claggett	
Bates E. Clarke	
Max Friedman	
Irene Gurman	
Clara E. Gwynne	
Martha Harris	
Les. Langlois	
Marjorie Larson	
Edward G. Levy	
Edward Mattson	
Harold Mc Cuen	
Calvin Noell	
Stanley Pachon	(2)
Alexis Praus	
George F. Raviler	
Milton R. Salls	
Ernest P. Sanford	
Ruth E. Seese	
George L. Setman	
John Sullivan	
Ivan Wilson	

If you want more than one book, it is not too late to reorder. Better do it now than be sorry later. Please give instructions how the extra copies should be autographed.

I am planning to offer my collection for display purposes to a local book store or department, not only to promote the sales but get a little publicity for myself. Perhaps you may want to do the same in your home town.

The gag-address that I suggested last month, produced only minor results; I received one piece addressed to Mr. Horatio Alger, one to Timothy Crump's Ward, and one to THE SLOW AND SURE CARRIER. If there were others, I did not receive them.

Regarding the short biography of Alger as recorded in the Dictionary of American Biography, which I referred to last month, I read the complete two column biography and found two errors which thousands of people have no doubt accepted as gospel truth: First, they use the year 1834 instead of 1832; second, they refer to Tattered Tom as a boy instead of a girl. They admit using Mayes for reference material, however they obtained some information from the Annals of the Harvard Class of 1852. They say that Alger was recorded in "Who's Who for the years 1899 and 1900. While I had the book open, I scanned their reference to William Taylor Adams, (Oliver Optic), and they give him credit for 126 stories.

I have received a clipping, courtesy of Bates Clarke, (S-76) about John Tebbel's new book, *From Rags to Riches: Horatio Alger, Jr.*, and *The American Dream*, which was reviewed by Prof. Fink, Newark State College, and he makes a statement about our hero, which is of general interest, regardless of the author. Quote: "Any person who wants to know his country, should get acquainted with Horatio Alger. It is dangerous to ignore a man whose ideas hang on so stubbornly." Unquote.

The first clipping which mentions Ralph Gardner's new biography of Alger, comes to me from Harold Mc Cuen, (S-76) which was found in a very recent Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. The clipping reminds us that this year marks the first centennial of Alger's first published book for boys. The title being "Frank's Campaign" which was published by Loring in the year of 1864.

Calvin Noell, (S-82) sends me a four page reproduction of material which originated in the *Kansas City Star*, January 19, 1934 which was supplied to him by an information service. The compiler of this material was not identified except that he (or she) quotes Mayes for most of the material. Mayes, or not, the compiler records a human interest event which brands our hero with having a sense of humor. One of Alger's self-styled epitaphs reads as follows: "Here lies Horatio Alger, Jr. Well, what of it?"

Ed Mattson sends pictures of street scenes in New York City during the year of 1894, which were recently reprinted in the *New York Sunday News*. The City Sanitation Department men were known as White wings because of their white duck uniforms. Winter snow was removed from the streets in two-wheel horse drawn carts. The typical New York Policeman was robust, mustached, and wore the hard derby-type police helmet. The lower east side was cluttered with outdoor food markets or sidewalk stands. Street peddlers with their shops on wheels. The old Apple lady and the Organ Grinder and of course the shoe shine boys and the corner NEWSBOY.

Ken Butler is going to reproduce pictures from my Alger birth place negative and you may all find one enclosed with your next newsletter.

John Sullivan, (S-74) has lived in Ottawa along the Illinois river long enough to "Drop anchor" and become attached to it. But now it's "Anchors away" for he is now doing youth work in Chicago and at the end of this school term, he'll be moving.

The Raviler (S-77) home (and garage) is so full of books, that they're going to have to buy more room, ---or less books. I've suggested a garage sale at my house perhaps on Saturday, May 30th. George is a push-over for a book bargain, but he is trying to kick the habit. He admits himself, that he is worse than a pack-rat. He does have a lot of BS (Best Sellers).

PERHAPS THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!---

In my quest for books, I try to leave no stone unturned, so learning of a former book publisher and book binder that has been doing business in Kalamazoo for the past 95 years, I inquired of IHLING BROS. EVERARD CO. if they might have any books left over from their former book publishing business. I was informed that they did, and was introduced to the title, *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF NELSON DINGLEY, JR.* which they published in 1902. The unsold remainder of these books consist of 50 volumes, still like new after these 62 years. The volume approx. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "X10" weighs about 5 lbs. with over 500 pages has a blue jacket with gold lettering on face and spine and gilt edge on top, and is illustrated. Nelson Dingley, Jr., I found was a former editor of the *Lewiston (Maine) Journal*, Governor of Maine and Congressman. His life span parallels closely with our hero since he also was born in 1832 and died in 1899. His biography was written by his son, Edward Nelson Dingley. But why, I wondered, was the book about a Maine Statesman, published in Kalamazoo? Being a student of early Kalamazoo history, I went for the reference books. I found what I was looking for. Dingley, being a former editor, wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, so he bought out a publishing firm here, and set his son up in business. He began publishing an evening newspaper called the *Kalamazoo Evening Telegraph* before the turn of the century. When his father died, he took his manuscript to the most successful Book Publishers in Western Michigan, namely IHLing Bros Everard Co. but the story does not end there. E.N.D. as he autographs the final page of the book, went on to be Legislator for this district and got a street here named after him. His interest in the newspaper field ended early in this century. Believe it or not, Ken Butler says he used to sell these papers on our street corners. Some of the paper receptacles are still on some of the older houses---where I deliver mail. Bates Clark says he remembers E.N.D. very well. MORAL: this is the way that you are going to find the remainder of those much sought after TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD books. Just keep plugging away at it. You will turn up something---just like I did. Oh, Yes, These Dingley books are still available at IHLING BROS EVERARD CO. and for only \$4.50 each. I've got mine and Sanford, (S-32) has got his. There is still plenty left for you and your political science student friends and neighbors.

ABOUT THE STORY SUPPLEMENT:

In a chapter soon to come, Carey's little brother becomes interested in music, this episode will be written for me by Johnson, (S-80) and the soon to come Algebra test will be directed by Rezelman, (S-55). The Squire is very anxious to get rid of Carey because of his knowledge of the hidden money. The school becomes damaged by a mysterious fire, Flint disappears, Carey sent out west while the school damage is being repaired. The paths of Flint and Carey cross of all places---in Kalamazoo when a locomotive on the C.K. & S. is derailed on the Michigan Central tracks. Carey discovers Flint coming out of a saloon and ---that's all, brother!

THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE AS DESCRIBED BY CHARLES LORING BRACE Part 4

Submitted by Gilbert K. Westgard, II

Under their united charge, the Lodging-House has attained a success such as it never enjoyed before. The qualities, by which they have influenced a number of street-boys, and managed them so many years, without once a disturbance and with increasing good feeling from the children, are the most hearty kindness, and at the same time, the most exact justice of dealing and the severest discipline. During the years, for instance, 1864-1865, they have had under their charge more than six thousand different boys from five to fifteen years of age, following all possible street-trades: A number greater probably than in all the Asylums in the City together. Yet there has hardly been an instance of disorder or complaint; everything has proceeded quietly, silently, and with good order, the children constantly improving, and being transferred to good places.

The usefulness of the Lodging-House has also been greatly increased during the last few years, by the constant devotion to its interests of the new President of the Society, Wm. A. Booth, Esq., who holds the place of the late Judge Mason. This gentleman devotes the great experience and the admirable judgement, gained during a long business life, to the interests of humanity, so that often almost his whole time is spent for the good of others. By his influence, the Lodging-House has been enlarged and improved, so that now it can accommodate 150 lodgers -- the large audience-room also being much extended. Mr. Booth also takes charge, every alternate Sunday evening, of the religious meeting, which, during the last two or three years, has been increasingly orderly and impressive.

Our Lodging-House has a very plain and simple appearance, and we have often wished that we could have more commodious quarters; but in every charity it is desirable that as little as possible should be expended on the unessentials, and our Society has always made it a principle to invest no funds in real estate, but entirely in the work.

From the beginning I have made it a great point to secure in the Lodging-Rooms, good ventilation; and, by a simple system of shafts to the roof, we have attained such purity of air in our bedrooms, as can hardly be found in any hospital or asylum of the city. The great height of the building, also favors the health of the Lodging-Rooms -- they being open to air and sun -- so that for ten years the number on our sick list has been so small as scarcely to be worth mentioning. By a liberal use of water and good "housekeeping," we are kept wonderfully free from vermin. (One of the boys is hired as a barber, and shaves some of the heads closely!) Of course so many hundreds of wild fun-loving boys,

floating in from every quarter of the City, many of them mere street-vagrants, need a strong hand. This, Mr. O'Connor holds. His punishments are mainly fines, and occasionally something more severe, as a warning. The slightest want of justice, or an excessive harshness, would send these little rovers back to their wandering, Arab-like life. On the other hand, any failure in discipline would make the place intolerable to everyone.

The great peculiarity of the New York Newsboys' Lodging House, as distinguished from similar European institutions, is the payment demanded from the lodgers. This is five cents for lodging, three cents for supper, and one cent for use of lockers. The object of this is to cultivate the feeling of independence and self-respect in these children, and to aid in the support of the Charity. They value the place more from paying for it, and do not contract the vices of the paupers. I had always feared that we could not combine the system of half-pay and half-charity; that is, that some should be required to pay and others to be received free. We have done so, however, for years. The Superintendent acquires great tact in discerning who are truly impoverished and unlucky, and who are lazy or deceitful. Possibly, the public opinion among the boys themselves, help him in obtaining pay from so many. In 1865-1866 there were paid toward the expenses of the establishment, \$2,127.44.

Another peculiar feature is the constant effort to get the boys away to "situations" in the country. It is this great opportunity for emigration which has led us to discourage the formation of "Shoe-Black Brigades" and the like, inasmuch as such movements tend to keep the street-children in the city. During the past year, we have kept a record of the nativity, age, parentage, and ability to read and write, of every boy entering the Lodging-House, with the following result, to wit: NATIVITY, U.S. 3,631; Ireland, 2,635; England, 335; Germany, 341; Scotland, 129; Canada, 49; France, 42; Wales, 19; Italy, 15; Switzerland, 10; Poland, 5; At Sea, 3; Colored, 12;

Ages: 5 yrs. 6; 6 yrs. 8; 7 yrs. 18; 8 yrs. 32; 9 yrs. 115; 10 yrs. 461; 11 yrs. 463; 12 yrs. 681; 13 yrs. 1,765; 14 yrs. 1,977; 15 yrs. 1,044; 16 yrs. 483; 17 yrs. 147; 18 yrs. 45; 19 yrs. 11; Total 7,256

LITERACY

Able to read and write	3,679
Able to read	1,937
Unable to read or write	640
Total	<u>7,256</u>

PARENTAGE

Orphans	2,590
Half-orphans	3,455
Both parents living	1,211
Total	<u>7,256</u>

CREDITS: Charles Scgibner & Co. (286)

Suffice to say that Flint was unable to break down Carey's determination to refuse aid in the form of cheating. His offer of money in any amount he found was useless. He showed evidence of his bitterness, which changed to fright as he thought of the consequences. There was no one else that he could depend upon to supply the correct answers to the algebra test. His cronies were of no use to him in this respect. He had anticipated receiving the highest marks of the class. This he knew that only Carey could help him attain. Flint turned his steps homeward, a picture of defeat, which was most always the case in any contest with Carey. Carey needed money, honest money, but Flint found that his money would not buy Carey's services. Flint did not understand. There was little time left. Study seemed the only course available to him. Carey had offered to coach him, but this would be a public admission of his ignorance.

Carey stood alone, victor of the situation, but without glory. He felt sorry for Flint. He wished that Flint would accept his offer to help with his studies. Carey realized that he and Flint were examples of a well known phrase "when an immovable object meets an irresistible force", perhaps Mr. Weeks, their algebra teacher could bring them together. He decided that he would consult Mr. Weeks about the matter on the following day.

Carey's thoughts and planning of his investigation of the silver dollars had been interrupted, but not without some gain. He noted that there was a possibility of Flint receiving money from little Chester and perhaps others, in the form of rental or extortion. This new development, however, was interfering with his reasoning. He could not concentrate. He decided to dismiss both subjects from his mind for the time, and turned his steps homeward.

After the evening meal, and with the chores completed, the family gathered around the table in the dining room, illuminated with one lamp in the center of the table. The children were reviewing their lessons for tomorrow, and Mrs. Churchill was doing some mending.

"Mother," asked Carey, "Are you enjoying your work at the Jamieson's?"

"Yes, my son, it is not tiresome; it is pleasant to have someone to talk with, and Mr. Jamieson thinks it best that I make the most of my time instead of feeling sorry for myself here at home during the day when I am alone."

"I was offered some part-time work, myself," remarked Carey, smiling.

"But you have no time for part-time work, do you?" asked his mother, taking him seriously.

"Did Flint offer to hire you again?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, but I have a standing invitation to hire out as his stable-boy. I could start any time."

"When do you plan to start?" asked Ethel, teasing him.

"But he has given me a better offer!"

"Do tell!" invited Ethel, "his ambition can be measured quite accurately by his weekly allowance."

"He wants me to supply him with the correct answers to our algebra test on Friday."

"Carey! You wouldn't!" exclaimed his mother, instantly.

"No, mother, of course not; I was not tempted in the least."

"His weekly allowance is becoming his downfall," added Ethel.

"Whatever it is, it cannot be enough to supply his needs," Michael added.

"How is that?" asked Carey, curiously.

"He makes the boys pay rental for the use of his playground equipment."

"Do you contribute to this?" asked Carey.

"No, but Flint has found out who can supply the money that he needs—"

"And who is that?" asked Carey, curiously.

"It's Chester," answered Michael.

"How is it that he can supply the money?" asked Carey.

"I'm not sure, sometimes he can't, and Flint threatens punishment."

"I suspected that this afternoon," said Carey, "aren't you and Chester good friends?"

"We were," answered Michael, "but Flint has discouraged our friendship. He doesn't want Chester to associate with me."

"I see, then you are excluded because of Flint," replied Carey.

"Actually because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yes, because you are my brother, he—"

"I see," cut in Carey, "It's a form of retaliation, an unfair, and an unjust kind."

"In effect," added Ethel, "Flint is punishing Michael, because he cannot punish you."

"A sort of reprisal," added Carey.

"Carey, do you think Michael is in danger of being harmed?" asked Mrs. Churchill.

"He wouldn't dare touch me," said Michael.

"If he did, would you tell me," asked Carey, hopefully.

"I'd scratch his eyes out myself," responded Ethel, defensively.

"Yes, I would, but Chester does not dare to say anything—"

"Because he has no one to protect him, is that it?" asked Carey, quickly.

"Yes, he has no brothers or sisters, and his father has been dead for several years, and he has only his mother for advice and protection."

"How long has Chester's father been dead, mother?" asked Carey.

"I think he died in 1886; Yes, I am sure of it."

"How old is Chester, Michael?" asked Carey.

"He is about my age; He is nine."

"I wonder how Chester can afford to pay Flint for the rental of playground equipment," pondered Carey.

"It's not only for that. Flint makes him pay for what he calls protection," he added.

"And why does Chester want protection?"

"He doesn't want it, but Flint says since he has no father, he needs protection."

"But how can Chester afford to pay for

this protection that is forced upon him?"

"I don't know; Somehow he manages to keep Flint satisfied. If he can't pay, then Flint is mean to him." answered Michael.

"I will speak to Chester's mother tomorrow, and offer to help Chester.

We must take leave of the little family as they prepare to retire for the night.

Wednesday dawned and promised to be a full day for Carey with his added responsibility and his own personal projects of assisting Flint with his schooling and arranging for the defense of Chester. At the close of the algebra class period, when the students had left the room, Carey addressed Mr. Weeks.

"Yes, Carey, what is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Weeks, I am aware that Flint needs help with his algebra, but he refuses all offers to assist him."

"I am also aware of it Carey; he gets the same personal attention that the rest of my pupils get. He would get more if he would respond to my own personal offers."

"I am concerned about his chances of passing Friday's test. He could pull down the entire class average, as well as his own," Carey added.

"And his failure to pass the test would not be complimentary to my ability as an instructor," added Mr. Weeks, "Do you have any suggestions Carey?"

"I was thinking that the team-effort theory from the field of sports might be applied to the class-room -- If Flint could be urged to cooperate with the class--"

"A wonderful suggestion; You have given me an idea Carey, perhaps tomorrow we can put your theory into practice."

At the end of the school day, Carey promptly reported at the post office to perform the necessary duties that were expected of him and then Carl released him for the balance of the day. Carey turned his steps toward the school playground. He found Michael stationed across the road from the playground; he was not participating in the sport; he was just a spectator. There was a game of baseball in progress and Carey noted that Chester was stationed in the field nearest the road. Flint was not present. A crack of a bat was heard which indicated a solid hard hit. Carey saw the ball sail high over Chester's head and strike a tree in the Squire's yard and then it bounded lively toward the house; it had lost much of its momentum as it struck a basement window, then fell to the ground within reach of the players. Michael, offering his assistance in fielding the ball, arrived at the broken window at the same time as Chester. They both examined the damage for a moment before leaving. Not knowing what to do, the progress of the game halted. Carey had seen the entire play and offered his counsel.

"Of course you must report this to the Squire," Carey suggested, "and offer to pay for the damage. Who will volunteer?"

No one responded to his inquiry, so Carey continued, "Very well," he said,

smiling, "Since I saw the entire play, with your permission, I shall make the report and offer payment for damages."

There was a shout of approval from the boys who showed admiration for Carey in their facial expressions.

"Thank you boys, for your confidence; You may return to the playground now and start some other game. I shall return Flint's ball, and offer it as evidence."

Several of the boys, having discovered a new champion in Carey, danced gleefully around him, and then dispersed promptly and orderly. Carey ascended the steps to the Squire's front door and knocked. The Squire himself answered.

"Mortimer does not wish to be disturbed, he is studying, my child," announced the Squire, surmising the nature of the call.

"I have not come to inquire of Mortimer, sir, I have come to make a report."

"Then you bring me a message from our postmaster, I presume," suggested the Squire.

"No, sir, I--"

"Then what can be so important, that you should bother me child?"

"I wish to report that one of your basement windows has been broken from a game of ball, sir."

"Is this the ball?"

"Yes, sir, I--"

"Then I shall keep it until the repairs have been paid for."

"Your window shall be repaired, or the damages paid for, as you wish, sir, but the ball belongs to Mortimer."

"How can that be? He is in his room. Did he loan you his ball?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you happen to have it?"

"I understand that he rents it to the boys, sir."

"Are you the one who broke the window?"

"No, sir, but all the boys will assume the responsibility and pay the damages."

"If the ball belongs to Mortimer, then what do you offer as security until the damages are paid?"

"I give you my word, sir."

"Humph; What window was it?"

"The one nearest the porch, sir."

"Oh, dear! No! Not that one! Did you enter the window to retrieve the ball?"

"No, sir, the ball did not enter the basement. It fell back upon the ground."

"Very well, my child," replied the Squire, looking relieved, "the window must be repaired at once."

"May I give you any assistance, Squire Campbell?" asked Carey.

"No! No! Begone! I must attend to this myself," he replied, nervously.

Later, at home, Carey and Michael were reviewing the incident and Carey concluded that he ought to go over and consult with Chester's mother.

"Then perhaps you should know what Chester and I saw through the broken window," remarked Michael.

"What did you see?" asked Carey, inquiringly, remembering the Squire's concern.

"Piles of full money bags!" he cried.