



Newsboy CLUB

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.

This month we should honor and give special attention to all mothers. In your case, it may be an actual mother, or it may be your sister, or daughter who has mothered a child and knows the heartache of being neglected. Wives too, I believe should be entitled to some special attention. We have eight-day clocks; why not an eight-day week, by adding "Wivesday." Alger loved his mother very much and paid special attention to her. Even in his stories, the many heroes were always devoted to their mothers.

Love for our mothers and wives, even if expressed with a negative approach can be appreciated. Here is an example: Wife called out of town, leaving husband to shift for himself. After three days, he sends her this greeting, "Having a hard time, wish you were here."

Enclosed with this newsletter is a photograph of the dwelling at 88 Beach Street, Revere, Mass. Authorities there claim it to be the birthplace of Horatio Alger Jr. These photographs were made possible by a negative furnished by the Revere Journal. Printing, courtesy of WAYSIDE PRESS, and distribution by the NEWSBOY.

Orders for the Gardner book received during the month of April were from:

- Max Goldberg
- Richard Lundsted
- Austin Windsor
- Carl Winterrose

Because of book binding requirements, the orders received during March were sent to Gardner for autographing, and those copies will be the first to be distributed. The April quota, plus any other orders will be autographed by Gardner after the books have been bound and will be mailed direct from New York City. Mr. Butler, speaking for the WAYSIDE PRESS states that this special service to NEWSBOY SUBSCRIBERS will be discontinued after May 31st. So, please hurry and get your special requests in before the offer expires.

The following 10 people have been named to receive the annual Horatio Alger Awards for 1964: Gene Autry; Charles Bates; Pearl S. Buck; Carl P. Collins; T. Jack Foster; R. Ellis Johnson; Nathaniel Leverone; Dr. J.C. Warner; Herbert J. Watt and Minoru Yamasaki.

My thanks for your many clippings in this respect. Perhaps someday our own NEWSBOY Awards will make the national headlines.

THE CARE AND READING OF BOOKS

By Bates E. Clarke (Age 83½) (S-76)

Those gorgeous and intriguing book jackets that cover every new publication these days are usually the deciding factor at the book shop sales. In a recent book list, I saw an item advertized "as new in dust jacket, \$20.00" and the same also new, but without the jacket at \$12.50. That would make the paper wrapper worth \$7.50! Did you ever see a shelf of these new books, once a colorful background in the living room, but now unsightly in their torn, yellowed and ragged jackets? Irrevocable! Before handling a new book, the jacket should be laid aside and replaced only after reading. When the book leaves the book shop it is termed a "mint" copy and should remain thus. That too common practice of writing the owner's name on the fly leaf is a habit carried over from from childhood's school book days and it is a mild form of vandalism along with the application of bookplates or clippings pasted in. So, most "first editions" of merit, if handled with the same collector's care given to old stamps and coins, will increase in value as the books go "out of print," otherwise, these same copies soon will be listed merely "Ex Lib," disgraced and undesirable.

Editor's note: Bates was for many years, proprietor of a local successful bookstore. Although now retired, he still retains his own personal library of hundreds of well-cared-for volumes on many subjects. "It is strange," he says, "that I had never run across the Alger books in all my days in the bookstore." I can understand that since he handled only "new books" in his bookshop, the "first edition" Alger books were already out-of-print in his bookshop days; but I cannot understand Bates as a boy in his teens, without a library of Alger books. I'll go along with Bates on the care of books and add my own comments about turned leaves, in lieu of bookmarks, and lying open books face-down. Irene Gurman has some thoughts along these lines too. Most of her volumes lie flat on their back with the spine exposed for identification purposes. Most are covered with a transparent plastic cover or bag.

IHLING BROTHERS EVERARD CO. of Kalamazoo but nationally known as book binders since 1869 will have exclusive Kalamazoo County rights to sell the Ralph Gardner Biography and Bibliography of Horatio Alger. All of my Alger books and other related Alger items will be on display in their windows to promote the sale and for educational purposes of the public who pass by.

There are no new subscriptions to report for the month of April, and our activities are relatively quiet out there in Alger-land, judging from your correspondence. On the home front, Raviler, (S-77) and I are making plans for the big BOOK SALE to be held in my garage on Saturday & Sunday, May 23rd and 24th. There will be no Alger books offered for sale; in fact my own library of Alger books will no doubt be on display at IHLING BROS. EVERARD CO. at that time. Raviler has some of good quality, but can be obtained only by exchange for Michigan items. Raviler has an experienced book-hunter's instinct and can spot a desirable Alger item at twenty paces.

The items offered at this sale are mostly Raviler's property and is definitely not not junk, but an accumulation of interesting subjects--if the right party shows up. There will perhaps be 1,000 volumes offered; Raviler is narrowing down his book hunting to only Alger and MICHIGAN items, and will save only the MICHIGAN items. My interest, in addition to Alger, has spread to local Kalamazoo historical items. I am interested in old post cards, catalogs, newspaper clippings, and antique Kalamazoo-made products as well as books.

Recently I obtained a nice copy of Edna Ferber's autobiography, "A Peculiar Treasure" and among other photographs, there is one of her birthplace in Kalamazoo. After some reference work, I did some leg work and thought I had located it; I even made some false reports that I had, but upon closer examination, found that I was wrong.

The publishing of Alger's short stories on page three and four of the Newsletter are now assured, at least for a very good start. I have item #1; Salls, (S-20) offers the loan of item #2. Sanford, (S-32) has already sent item #3, and Gilbert Westgard, (S-24) has already sent items #4, 5, 6 & 7.

- No. 1 A Snowball Fight, And What Came Of It.
- No. 2 The Double Elopement.
- No. 3 How Johnny Bought a Sewing-Machine.
- No. 4 Kathleen's Trials.
- No. 5 The King And Abbot.
- No. 6 John Beckwith's Reverses.
- No. 7 Mr. Wilton's Office Boy.

Due to the variation in length, these stories will begin on page three and overflow if necessary, onto page four. Items #6 & 7 may have to be run in two issues. Item three, which Sanford sent is published in OUR YOUNG FOLKS magazine for August 1866, published by TICKNOR AND FIELDS of Boston. Sanford sends this item in time to be used in my window display. Stanley Pachon, (S-87) sends three items for display purposes: BEADLE'S BOYS LIBRARY, THE 5 CENT WEEKLY LIBRARY and BOB BROOKS LIBRARY and also two story papers: BOY'S HOME WEEKLY which contains FACING THE WORLD, and the BRAVE AND BOLD publication which contains THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CHECK. My sincere thanks; for your thoughtful cooperation.

Pachon also sent me a copy of the April 12th HERITAGE EDITION in commemoration of Tercentenary Anniversary of Historic South Jersey, 1664-1964; This is a very interesting addition to my dormant Daily Newspaper collection. Pachon works for the Bethlehem Steel Mills and has this to say about Bethlehem: "It was settled in 1741 by the Moravians and named for the famous city in Palestine."

Time is growing near for the purchase of a wreath for Alger's grave. If you want to be represented, send a small donation to Max Goldberg, 728 Worcester Street, Natick, Mass. 01762 or to me. Max observed a birthday on May 1st, quietly but not entirely forgotten. Max has done more than his share in promoting the welfare of this newsletter.

Plans by my wife and I to tour the New England States and stops along the way, are slowly taking shape. We shall perhaps leave June 15th, taking the southern route and return by the northern route. We will not be stopping at the World's Fair. We hope to be home again before the big Holiday rush on July 4th. The July story supplement and the short story will be prepared in advance and the details of our trip will be revealed on pages one and two.

Austin Windsor, (S-23) at this writing is in Providence, R.I. on a business trip pertaining to poultry. He hopes to write a book on the subject some day and wants to buy or swap for a small printing press.

A friend of mine who collects old Michigan Auto licenses, needs a 1910, 1911 and 1912 plate or sets. They were porcelainized then, he states. He will pay \$5.00 each. He will also buy the 1908 and 1909 plates, but hastens to add that they were made of leather and were no doubt, hard to preserve.

Some of you will soon have your new Gardner book and I'm predicting that the weeds will be neglected, in your garden, until you have finished it and evaluated each and every Alger book in your personal library. Remember, Ralph invites your comments, as his severest critics. Write direct to him, 135 Central Park West, New York City, 10023

Ken Butler, (WAYSIDE PRESS) I predict is a pretty busy man right now, with the first mailings about to be released, and while you are passing out the bouquets, I am sure that he deserves a blossom or two. We can all contribute to his relief and decrease his worries by plugging the book every chance that we get.

The RAGGED DICK FUND is stagnant this month with nothing coming in and nothing going out, however, we are always looking for a way to assist financially some worthy boy who, in our opinion qualifies as a typical Alger hero. We did have one iron in the fire, but it did not materialize. If you want to contribute to the Newsletter to be used in this respect, it will be welcome.

Poor Flint! The Algerton bully, is forced to study, will he also be forced to live on his weekly allowance? His easy income has been cut off when our hero Carey interceded in defense of little Chester.

ANNALS of the HARVARD CLASS OF 1852
by Grace Williamson Edes (Cambridge 1922)

HORATIO ALGER, JUNIOR

"Nothing so difficult as the beginning" is the apt quotation from "Don Juan", with which Horatio Alger prefaces his short autobiographical sketch in the Class Book of the first twenty years of his life. He proceeds with a brief dissertation on the advantages and disadvantages of being the first scholar, alphabetically speaking, of his class, and although his rhetoric is in slightly pompous, schoolboy vein, it shows promise of his pleasant later style as a popular story writer.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born 13 January, 1832, in Chelsea, Massachusetts. His parents were Horatio and Olive Augusta (Fenno) Alger, his father graduating from Harvard College in the distinguished Class of 1825 and from Harvard Divinity School in 1829. He was a Unitarian Clergyman, and at the time of Horatio's birth was settled over the old church in the part of Chelsea which is now Revere, and is known as the First Unitarian Church of Revere.

Horatio was a delicate boy, (Alger was the the smallest member of the Class, being but 5 feet, 2 inches in height, although perfectly formed and proportioned.) and was not taught even the alphabet until he was six years old, but once started on the path of learning he made rapid progress and began to study Latin and algebra at the age of eight; for two years the greater part of his education was conducted at home and he browsed at will through the paternal library, his selection of books varying from Josephus's "History of the Jews" and works on theology to the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" and "Jack the Giant-Killer." He was sent to the Chelsea Grammar School when he was ten, and he gives a rather graphic picture of that seat of learning: "I remember the schoolhouse, a square brick building, whose walls the storms of more than a century had beaten without producing any decided effect.. Through panes encrusted with accumulated dirt of many years, the light streamed in upon a scene which might have furnished employment for the pencil of Hogarth-- The room displayed long rows of desk and bench: the former stained and streaked with blots and trickles of dried ink, lumbered with maps and slates, and well thumbed books, and carved with rough initials."

His studies at the grammar school were chiefly in English, and he remained there about eighteen months. When he was thirteen, his father left Chelsea and in December, 1844, the family moved to Marlborough. There, at Gates Academy, of which Obadiah Wheelock Albee, a graduate of Brown University in 1832 was then principal, Alger fitted for college. He finished his preparatory studies in 1847 and passed the intervening year before he entered in somewhat desultory reading and the study of modern languages.

He and Denny underwent the ordeal of the entrance examinations together and Alger was selected to fill the office of President's Freshman (a member of the Freshman Class who performs the official errands of the President, for which he receives the same compensation as the Parietal Freshman ---about forty dollars per annum---and the rent of his room). Horatio received a Detur in his Sophomore year and in his Junior year took the first Bowdoin prize of forty dollars for a dissertation on "Athens in the Time of Socrates," the Bowdoin prize of fifteen dollars for a Greek prize composition, and again in the Senior year a prize for Greek composition.

In the Exhibition of October, 1851, he gave a Greek version from "Lacy's Address in Behalf of the Greeks," and in the Exhibition of October 1857, a Dissertation on "The Poetry of the Troubadors." He was Class Odist on Class Day, graduating eighth in his class, and was awarded the English Oration at Commencement. He was also a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and while in college belonged to the Institute of 1770, and the Natural History Society.

During the ensuing year he lived with his parents at Marlborough, teaching and writing. In the Boston Evening Transcript of April, 1853, he published a short poem called "A Chant of Life" which shows deep religious feeling. He entered the Cambridge Divinity School in September, 1853, but left in the following November to become Assistant Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, then under the management of the Messrs. Hale. He remained there until May; in June he assumed the position of teacher in E.W. Green's Boarding School for boys at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and was there for nearly two years, until 1856, when he took charge of the Academy at Deerfield, Massachusetts, and was principal there during the summer; on leaving there he was a private tutor in Boston until September, 1857, when he once more entered the Divinity School, graduating in 1860. In the meantime he had published two small volumes, one anonymously, and had been a regular contributor to one weekly Boston paper for seven years and to another for nine months. His writings consisted chiefly of poems and stories which appeared in Harper's and Putnam's magazines, and in less well-known periodicals.

On the fifth of September, 1860, with a cousin and his classmate Vinal, Mr. Alger sailed for Europe. They took a hurried trip through Great Britain and Ireland, and passed five or six weeks on the continent, and while there Mr. Alger was selected by the United States Government for the honor of bearing despatched from Rome to Naples. During his absence he contributed a series of European letters to the New York Daily Sun and sent several letters also to the Transcript and other newspapers. In April, 1861, he came home and thereafter preached regularly, supplying the pulpit at Dover until December, when he established himself at Cambridge as a private tutor, declining a call which he received in 1862, to take charge of the Unitarian Society at Alton, Illinois.

In December 1864, he was settled over the Unitarian parish at Brewster, Massachusetts, and remained there for two years, but meanwhile he continued his literary work, writing stirring war songs which achieved popularity, and in 1864 publishing "Frank's Campaign," a book for boys, the first of the long series of juvenile stories which were to make him the idol of the boys of his day. "Frank's Campaign" was followed by "Paul Prescott's Charge," published like its predecessor by A.K. Loring of Boston.

On resigning from his pastorate at Brewster, in 1866, Mr. Alger moved to New York. There he continued to fit young men for college, his chief interest lying always in the classical courses, and there he also became increasingly absorbed in studying the habits and customs of street Arabs. His genial manner, ready sympathy, and generous aid made him beloved by all the ragged urchins to whom he soon became a familiar and favorite figure, as he sauntered along the docks and through their especial haunts. One of his proteges once said, "Mr. Alger could raise a regiment of boys in New York alone who would fight for him to the death." As a result of his experiences among the young ragamuffins of the city, Mr. Alger, in 1869, brought out a serial, in a magazine, *The Student and Schoolmate*, a story called "Ragged Dick." He had no expectation of publishing it in book form, but his vivid portrayal of life among the poor and friendless touched every heart and created a sensation throughout the entire country.

A.K. Loring, the publisher, immediately made him a liberal offer for a series of six volumes on a similar subject, and the "Ragged Dick Series" was the result. The popularity of the books far exceeded all expectation for the simple stories appealed not to children only, but to the lovers of children as well. The "Tattered Tom Series" followed, then came "Brave and Bold," and after Alger's trip to the Pacific Coast, in 1877, "The Pacific Series."

He twice visited Colorado in search of material, and in addition to his many stories and two volumes of poetry he published biographies of Garfield, Webster and Lincoln. The "Life of Garfield" was written in thirteen days to satisfy the haste of the publishers. Mr. Casali, the editor of *L' Eco d' Italia*, the organ of the New York Italians, asked Alger to write a story dealing with the nefarious traffic of the Italian padrones who were accustomed to lease boys from their parents in southern Italy and subject them to cruel treatment in their desire for gain. Mr. Casali having furnished him with full details Alger wrote "Phil the Fiddler," the tale of an Italian musician, and no greater proof of his power as a writer can be given than the fact that within six months from the time the book appeared, the cruelties of the padrones had been exposed by the leading New York papers and the system had been effectually abolished not only in New York but in all

the large cities of America.

The following poem was published in the *Golden Argosy* of October, 1885, and gives a pleasant touch of the heartfelt patriotism which was one of his chief characteristics: THE PRIMARY SCHOOL (poem omitted)

This is not the place for a criticism of Mr. Alger's literary ability, nor for questioning the permanence of his fame, but of the topographical value of his work as regards the New York of his day there can be no question. In the *New York Tribune* for 28 January, 1917, there appeared an interesting article wherein the author, Mr. Harold M. Harvey, touches gently and somewhat sadly on the fact that the Alger books which the former generation loved so well are no longer to be found in the Library catalogues, and goes on to enumerate some of the true and graphic descriptions which Mr. Alger gave of New York landmarks, streets and houses as they existed in 1866 and for many years thereafter in the days when "Ragged Dick" was considered an undying book, and its successors were at the height of their popularity.

Alger revisited Europe in 1873, accompanied by his family, and in 1879 made the journey to the Pacific coast and the two later trips to Colorado, which have been already mentioned. He never married, but although he was not to know the joy of fatherhood he found much happiness in the constant society of boys of all ages by whom he loved to be surrounded. Two, especially, he looked upon almost as his own, and a favorite niece he considered his adopted daughter. His generosity and kindness toward his young friends were untiring. In one of his letters we find a casual mention of some fortunate lad whom he was taking on a trip through the mountains and again we learn of two young fellows whom he had been establishing in business in a Maine town. The genial warm-heartedness which endeared him to his boyish friends made him equally beloved among his contemporaries, and his sunny nature and youthful sympathies kept him perennially young, so much so, indeed, that even members of his own family when asked his age were apt in good faith to deny him the full measure of his years, and to credit him with a decade less than was his by right.

(poem omitted)

When Mr. Alger graduated from college at the mature age of twenty he wrote in the Class Book that his four years in Cambridge had been the happiest of his life. His letters to the Class Secretary, Mr. Denny, show that his interest and affection for his classmates never waned. For the fortieth anniversary he wrote a poem which may be found in the account of the reunion of 1892. He was accustomed to pass three quarters of the year in New York, but during the summer months he was usually to be found at the family home in South Natick. He had been in failing health for several years, but was able to continue his usual avocations until about eighteen months before his death. He died at the house of his sister, Mrs. O.A. Cheney, in South Natick, July eighteenth, 1899.

Carey whistled to express his amazement. Mrs. Churchill and Ethel too, were astonished; their faces were void of any expression which might register the climax of their personal feelings. Like a flash of lightning, mixed feelings of hope and despair registered on Ethel's face as she blurted out --- "There's your Alger fortune! Right in the Squire's own cellar!"

"Michael, are you sure?" his mother inquired.

"Well, we didn't actually see any money, we saw just the full white cloth bags."

"Michael, did you and Chester tell the other boys about this?" asked Carey.

"No, we only talked about it between ourselves," he replied.

"This will make the village gossip's tongues wag," said Ethel.

"I think," began Carey, "that we had all better remain quiet about this, for after all, it's the Squire's secret. We stumbled on to this information by accident. It was not intended that we should know."

"Carey is right, children," said Mrs. Churchill, "Not a word of this to anyone. Hold your tongues, even if it hurts."

"Michael," said Carey, "I would like to have you come with me to Chester's home; will you come along?"

"Mother?" asked Michael, inquiringly.

"Yes," she replied, "Do as your brother suggests."

Michael needed no further invitation; since information on the discovery was known only to Chester and himself; he revealed some pride in his expression as a possessor of secret information. Carey too, was sworn to secrecy at the request of Mr. Harris and Mr. Jamieson, in matters pertaining to the Squire and his son Mortimer. In a few minutes under the cover of darkness, Carey and Michael walked the short distance to Chester's home and announced themselves with a friendly knock on the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Lester, I am Carey Churchill, and this is my brother Michael.

"Of course! Won't you come in?" she invited. "And how is your mother?"

"Mother is well, thank you, and I trust that you are in good health?"

"Yes, Chester and I have no reason to complain of our health, and the good Lord has provided for Chester and I since Mr. Lester has been gone. How are you folks making out?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Carey, courteously, not wishing to call attention to his own affairs. "I suppose you know why we are here."

Chester dropped his head to conceal his facial expression of embarrassment.

"Well, isn't it just a friendly call?" she inquired, sensing a reason for alarm. "Is there anything wrong?"

Carey sensed a difficult situation. "Do not be alarmed. Mrs. Lester," he began, "I can only guess that Chester has not yet confided in you, but I am sure that

he had every good intention, and I am here to assist. It seems that Chester and Michael have accidentally come across some information regarding Squire Campbell."

"Yes! Yes! Please go on!" encouraged Mrs. Lester.

Carey with the aid of Chester and Michael, related the story of the discovery of the money bags.

"Well, I declare!" gasped Mrs. Lester.

"I think it best that we do not reveal this information. I think Chester showed very good judgement, in being reluctant to talk about it, even to you, Mrs. Lester."

"It is a relief to know," sighed Mrs. Lester, "that Chester has done no wrong."

"But --- there is another matter," continued Carey.

"Oh?" she inquired, curiously.

"Yes," continued Carey, "Flint has been charging the school children rental for the use of his personal playground equipment."

Chester again hung his head.

"Chester has contributed nickels and dimes to this fund, but I supposed it went to the school treasury," his mother replied defensively.

Again, Carey, with the aid of Chester, explained Flint's demands in detail, much to the surprise of Mrs. Lester.

"---and there is still another matter in which Flint has inflicted his demands upon Chester," added Carey.

"The brute! The overgrown bully!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester, "What more could he ask, I wonder?"

"Flint has been extorting protection money from Chester---"

"Protection --- from what?"

Chester showed signs of extreme embarrassment and was ill at ease.

"Since he has no father, or older brothers, Flint promises protection from the harm of the older boys."

"Is this true, Chester?"

Chester nodded his head.

"More nickels and dimes, I suppose," she responded, not knowing the real truth, and expecting Chester to nod his head again, she was perplexed to see him shake his head revealing a negative answer to her question.

"Then in what manner have you managed to make these payments?" she asked, suspecting the worst.

Carey waited for Chester to answer, but Chester did not answer.

"Chester, answer me!" demanded his mother, losing control of her motherly affection for her only son.

"Perhaps I can make it easier for him," interrupted Carey, "whatever Chester has done, he has done it in desperation, and without the advise of counsel, he needs our assurance, more than condemnation."

"You are right," she admitted.

"Chester," stated Carey, "I am sure that your mother will understand, when she knows the truth, and I give you my assurance that Flint will no longer have the power to hold you in bondage. Tomorrow, I shall personally put an end to Flint's demands upon you."

"Yes, my son, I am sorry for my hasty exasperation, and you may be assured of my understanding love and confidence."

Chester was at the point of tears for the shame of his actions, but brightened, with the assurance of an understanding mother, however, he remained with his head bowed as he revealed the awful truth, "I have been taking money from the fruit jar in the cellar," he admitted, flinging himself into his mother's open arms.

"There, there," she comforted, "and is there any left?"

The nature of this question made his answer come much easier than he expected.

"Oh yes, mother, I have only taken a few dollars."

"It seems then," interrupted Carey, "that we can stop Mr. Flint in time to save most of your life savings. The situation isn't as bad as it might have been."

Mrs. Lester explained that the silver dollars were all that was left of her late husband's savings, except for the money she had received from his life insurance. She thanked Carey for calling this dreadful situation to her attention; and with mother and son united in confidence again, Carey and Michael bid them good night.

"Carey," said Carl, the next morning at the post office, "here is a package for you."

"For me?" asked Carey, "I was not expecting any package."

"Pardon my curiosity," added Carl, "but I notice that it is from Judge Dixon."

It was a small package and very securely wrapped which Carey eagerly removed with excited interest. "A gold watch!" exclaimed Carey, "and in a hunting case! And look at this fancy engraving! It's Susie! There is her name inscribed below!" Carey opened the case which revealed a fancy dial with a sweep second hand. "Isn't it just dandy, Mr. Harris?, and look at this inscription inside, TO CAREY - FROM JOHN B. DIXON."

Carl displayed his own watch for comparison rather enviously and agreed that Carey had a very fine watch, and to Carey's additional surprise, he discovered that in the tissue paper wrappings, was a gold chain to match, with a pendant which could be used if desired. Although it was still early, Mr. Jamieson came in and was shown the watch and chain.

"I knew it was coming," he stated, "but I didn't want to spoil the surprise."

"I knew about it too," added Carl, "this explains the reason for no immediate reward and the delay is only due to the time required for engraving."

"I am very proud of it," beamed Carey.

"Have you any report to make, Carey, about the silver dollars?" asked Carl.

"Yes," Carey said, as he carefully wound his watch and set the dial; he then related the entire incident to them and they both agreed that he had been very fortunate in solving the mystery.

"Then the 1834 dollars that Flint has been passing can be definitely identified as having come from the Lester family," stated Mr. Jamieson.

"As a result of extortion," added Carl.

"Of course," he replied, "I wonder if Flint has any of them left."

"Chester claims that he took only a few dollars, and Flint has presented four of them here; he may have more. I shall try and determine this fact today, and ask Flint to return them," Carey said.

"Will you demand return of the stamps, Mr. Harris?" asked Mr. Jamieson.

"I will speak to his father at my first opportunity," Carl replied.

"Do you suppose that the Squire has found the Alger fortune?" inquired Carey.

"If it is not the Alger fortune, then I am curious to know just where it came from," answered Carl, "however, Carey, you do not need to concern yourself about this. Mr. Jamieson and I will proceed along this line. You may consider your investigation closed."

"What have you got there?" asked Flint of Carey, as they met at the school.

"Do you mean my new watch?" asked Carey proudly.

"Is that what it is?" returned Flint, "I didn't know old Hornaby stocked dollar watches; I had to send away to Buffalo for mine," he added, displaying a silver open faced watch.

"Would you like to examine it," invited Carey, holding the watch in his hand carefully at the chains length.

"Is it yours?" asked Flint, unwilling to believe his eyes.

"Yes," answered Carey, opening the case, "see, here is my name inscribed upon it."

"How much did it cost?" asked Flint, enviously.

"It is a gift, Flint," he answered, "I have no idea how much it cost."

"Then it can't amount to much," he replied, now willing to drop the subject.

"Believe what you will," invited Carey, also willing to drop the subject, "Flint, there is another subject which I must discuss with you."

"What about?" he inquired, suspiciously.

"It's about little Chester Lester."

"What has he been whining to you about."

"His mother has learned that you have been extorting money from him."

Flint's face colored as he spoke, "For charging for the use of my game equipment?"

"It is understandable that you should charge for its usage, but why invoke the penalty upon little Chester? That is bad enough, but this extortion for protection must stop at once!"

"He needs protection!"

"He doesn't need your protection. I will supply it when needed, and without charge."

"I'll murder the little tattletale!"

"If you so much as lay a hand upon him, you will answer to me, Mortimer Campbell, and furthermore, you will be expected to return whatever you have left of the money taken by extortion!"

"I've spent it," he replied nervously.

"And some of it for government stamps! Flint, this may be a serious crime. You had better think this over, Flint."