

THE HORATIO ALGER



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A newsletter

5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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Autographed copies of the new BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY of HORATIO ALGER, written by RALPH D. GARDNER and published by the WAYSIDE PRESS, are now in the hands of 29 Newsboy subscribers. The final subscriber to go on record before the expiration of the established time limit is:

Keith H. Thompson

Keith had been on an assignment in Europe and the order blank had escaped his personal attention. Keith also tells me that he and his wife are expecting another "Happy Event" in July and have already been looking at larger houses. His 17 mo. old boy, Nathan, it seems will surely follow in his father's footsteps, for recently Nathan accompanied his father into a bookstore and, according to Keith led him to a section where he found a Leather clad copy of No. 91.

Comments on the Gardner book, coming my way so far have all included praise for the book. I am very happy to recommend it as the best book published in its field. The workmanship and design of the book is a compliment to the publisher, WAYSIDE PRESS.

One error in the bibliography has been pointed out to Ralph by Raviler, (S-77) who owns a copy of GRAND'THER BALLWIN'S THANKSGIVING, and in checking his copy with the description given, discovered that the description states "BUSHEL" OF WHEAT instead of "SHEAF" OF WHEAT. Only a holder of this rare copy could have discovered this error. Thanks, George.

Upon short notice, I made local arrangements to appear on our TV broadcast on June 1st., to plug Gardner's new book, and upon invitation, Gilbert Westgard, (S-24) also appeared with me. At this time, Gilbert made a pre-publication announcement for the first time anywhere, of his new book, ALGER STREET, A Collection of Poetry written by Horatio Alger, which will be released soon. Further details will be published in the July issue. I have known of this for some time and believe me, it has been very hard to keep still about it!

While here, Gilbert met three subscribers who were reasonably close by and available, Eagen, (S-85); Praus, (S-81); and Friedman, (S-01). Max now has another first to his credit, since he was the very first to order one of Gilbert's ALGER STREET. Gilbert will be 21 on Sept. 4th and has an amazing collection of interesting Alger items

More about

THE CARE AND READING OF BOOKS

By Bates E. Clarke (S-76)

No one would think that the gentle act of reading a book could present any problem in the care of the volume, yet the hazard is there, and it is a curious phenomenon too. It is that unexpected interruption, when the relaxed reader suddenly is forced to cease his reading, even in the very middle of a sentence! Imagine that! So common a situation, you say, it's nothing at all. But it is something just the same—for the first impulse is to stretch the book face downward on its open pages—a cruel treatment. Of course the careful reader will reach for the nearest object to mark the place—quick! —anything will do; and you would be surprised what librarians say they find in returned books—well, just about everything from a dried fish to twenty dollar bills! So be prepared by cutting several strips of white paper, keeping them handy for book marks. Now, it is obvious that common newsprint for this, or any other reason, acts like poison when left in books. That clipping will surely deface the page. Many a fine book has revealed the tell-tale brown offset of woodpulp and chemical; everything inserted should be viewed with suspicion. I have a copy of Kokoro by Lafcadio Hearn, published in 1896. It is like new, and a collector's item. Once a lady received the book for Christmas on that year. She removed the tissue wrappings which were tied with the customary ribbon and attached card. Then casually placing ribbon and card between the pages; I think the book was forgotten in the excitement, for after the Holiday, the copy went on the bookshelves along with her extensive library. For 57 long years "Kokoro" remained there unopened and unread, until the library was sold in 1953; Yes, the ribbon was still in the book, and so was the indelible imprint of it, pretty bow and all.

Mr. Clarke has a background of many years of experience as a bookseller. Perhaps he can tell us something about proper book storage. Ed Mattson, (S-67) of Baltimore, writes that upon moving into his newly constructed home, he stored his books, including 86 Alger titles (17 first editions) temporarily in his basement and after a heavy spring rain, came home to find a foot of water in the basement. We too, Ed, have had similar experiences. It's the fresh fill, Ed. It soaks up water like a sponge. You have our sympathy, believe me!

With this issue, the newsletter is now two years old and we are celebrating our second birthday. I was recently contacted by the Gale Research Company of Detroit, for detailed information about our Newsletter. They want to mention us in their next edition of ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASSOCIATIONS. Kenneth Butler suggests that now may be the correct time to change our name and he recommends THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY. I like the suggestion and the recommendation, and I would like to hear of your viewpoint. We would need a director to head the Society. I think the plan has wonderful possibilities. I have about a three month supply of NEWSBOY Mastheads, so, shall we figure on October for the changeover?

My Horatio Alger book exhibit attracted a lot of attention, according to Edward Ihling, Pres. of IHLING BROS. EVERARD CO., and my suggestion has sparked others to do likewise. Kenneth Butler is currently exhibiting his collection of 132 volumes in the Public Library at Mendota, Ill., and presented the library with a complimentary copy of Gardner's new book. Mr. Edward G. Levy of New Haven, Conn., has just informed me that his 105 volume collection, plus other rare Alger items are now on exhibit at Brandeis University Rare Book Library. Ed is very anxious to add as many other rare items as he can obtain, especially samples of the publication, YOUNG ISRAEL. Westgard plans to display his 110 volumes of all different stories, in the local library soon to plug his soon to be released ALGER STREET.

Max Goldberg got me on the phone recently, because he was concerned about our safety, when hearing of the recent tornado in Michigan. At this time, he revealed to me that the placing of a wreath on Alger's grave on Memorial day, would be postponed, with my permission, until the next anniversary of his death which is July 18th. At this time, Max has plans for a local graveside ceremony. I am pleased with this arrangement. I wish it were possible for me to be there.

Ralph Gardner is literally in 'the clouds' these days with our pre-publication praise coming in daily. Ralph also adds that in Marlborough, Mass., they are planning on a 100th anniversary of the Famous Alger Hero (Ragged Dick?) and the local congressman is receptive to the suggestion of an Horatio Alger commemorative stamp. Since I am a postal employee, I had hopefully visioned the possibility of it being done someday.

Roy Vendell of Medford Mass. recently sent me a NEWSBOY figurine, and just what I had been hoping to find. I am very pleased with it. My thanks, Roy!

Michael's introduction to 'music' in the current chapter of THE YOUNG POSTMASTER, was written by Robert Johnson, (S-80).

While away, we can be reached at Ernest Sanford's, 9724 Admiralty, Silver Spring, Md., until the 16th and Max Goldberg's, Natick, Mass until the 22nd.

For some time I have been wondering if certain prominent figures in our government ever read any of the Alger stories, and if so; did these books leave any lasting impression upon them. The following replies to my inquiries, provide us with some answers to the above questions, and also tell of their concern for the youth of today who may be lacking the vital spark of independent initiative which all of Horatio's young heroes possessed to some degree.

"As a boy and a young man, I was an ardent reader of the Horatio Alger books. I have repeatedly and publicly stated that it should be a 'must' with parents to have their children, particularly boys growing up, read the Horatio Alger books. I have found my reading of these books to be most constructive and influential in my lifetime. I cannot too strongly urge the youth of our country to read the Horatio Alger books." (John W. McCormack, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives.)

"I have read most of Alger's books. They did impress me on the importance of hard work and thrift. However, it is true there is hardly room at the top for all the Match Boys and so forth." (Paul H. Douglas, U.S. Senator from Illinois.)

"I believe I read every Horatio Alger book which was ever written and probably the one that made the deepest impression and sticks with me even now is the one that either bore the title or belabored the theme of sticking to your bush. It began with the story of a group going forth to gather wild blackberries and while most of the group scampered from bush to bush and finally came up with a very small quantity of berries, our hero stuck to his business until every berry was in his pail and then went on to another. At the end of the day he had a real harvest. It is really too bad that the Horatio Alger books are not the vogue for the youngsters of today because they could have a real influence on the youth of America in our time and generation." (Everett M. Dirksen, U.S. Senator from Illinois.)

"The Governor has asked me to thank you very much for your recent letter and to reply as follows: He did read and enjoy the Horatio Alger books when he was a boy. He feels that the Alger determination to 'strive and succeed' is part of the American spirit and lives on undiminished in modern times. Perhaps in the 20th century this drive takes on different forms as our national frontiers change and diversify. In areas of our nation where the Alger spirit seems forgotten, we must remember that with increased population and a complex technology, opportunities for employment and advancement are not what they once were. Such areas, however, are the exception rather than the rule." (Jack L. Conmy, Press Sec'y to Gov. Scranton, of Pennsylvania)

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An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Milton R. Salls, (S-20)

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT by Horatio Alger Jr.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house,—such as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility,—lived Philip Manson and his sister, Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of forty, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other, till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fullness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Manson family. There was the more reason to think so, since they took care to commend an unmarried life, not only by example but by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making lady; "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my whole house topsy-turvy by the introduction of a wife."

"But by-and-by, when you grow older, you will feel the need of a wife more than at present."

"No," said Philip, conclusively, "I have a sister who is devoted to me, and while she lives I shall need no other."

As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she never would make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for no other earthly purposes than to burden themselves with cares and toil from morning till night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser. Her brother and she had always lived together peaceably and happily, and she did not think she could make any change for the better. Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Esther's, that in adopting this opinion she was only making a virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there was no chance of improving it. But Esther did not hear these remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself upon house-keeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon, just after Esther Manson had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door.

Somewhat surprised by a caller at this unusual hour, she answered the summons. She was a little apprehensive that it was a neighbor who had of late proved to be very troublesome from her habit of borrowing articles, and owing, it is to be presumed, to an habitual forgetfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that if it is Mrs. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something that I have not got."

She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expecting gaze—a gentleman of forty five, carefully, nay elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Wellfleet? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it, judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon the trouble I have occasioned you," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Esther, a little fluttered by a deference to which she had not been accustomed.

Two days afterwards, Esther heard that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been purchased by a stranger, named Bigelow. She at once conjectured and rightly, that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Manson received another visit from the same gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Manson," he commenced (it seems he had ascertained her name). "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust time will remove this objection. You must know," he added, smiling "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who, though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not yet been arranged, I would esteem it a real service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door, ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitatingly "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I should prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," said Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request.

It was not without a little consciousness of the singularity of her position, that Esther found herself riding by the side of a gentleman with whom she had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words in the course of her life. The distance, however, was but short, and she had little time for reflection. On arriving at her place of destination, she found the chief part of the business accomplished.

Alger short story continued from page -3-

The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the rooms after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted; he, moreover, asked her advice as to the proper place in which to hang several fine pictures that he had picked up in the course of his European travels. This was accorded with some hesitation.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied without showing his newfound acquaintance all over the house, from kitchen to garret. When all was completed, he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and landed her at her own door just five minutes before her brother came in. Esther was rather glad of this, as she was a little suspicious that her brother would consider her adventure rather a Quixotic one. To avoid comment, she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, on some slight pretext or other, but it always chanced to be at a time when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly, as he sat by the fire one evening, "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?"

"I--I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropping half-a-dozen stitches from the stocking which she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage--at least, in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this little demonstration, "but it may be different with Mr. Bigelow. He has no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see--there is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No, I don't think she would suit him at all!" said Esther, with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little about housekeeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther, in her usual tone, "but I--I hardly think she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

From the conversation we have recorded above, the reader will obtain some insight into the character of Esther's feelings toward Mr. Bigelow. She would hardly confess it to herself, but as a matter of fact, her ideas of marriage had suffered a material change within a brief period.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued his visits. Oftentimes he would ask to see the bed of flowers on which Esther rather prided herself, and sometimes he would petition for seeds, being very fond of flowers, as he said, and very anxious to introduce them in his own garden.

On one of these occasions, Mr. Bigelow, after a little visible embarrassment, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss Esther, on a rather delicate subject, and one of great importance to myself. There is one thing I wish to secure to make my establishment complete, but I hardly know in what manner to ask for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked Esther, unsuspectingly.

"A wife," was the significant reply.

Instantly a deep crimson flushed Esther's cheeks. She did not trust herself to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one whom of all others I would seek to place in that position?"

He took her unresisting hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of a young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" inquired Esther, when she found voice to speak.

"What should he say? You are your own mistress, surely."

"Yes, but he is always ridiculing the idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he added gaily, "we are both young and romantic, and it would be quite in character."

Esther at first objected, but when she came to consider that in this way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment which such a step would naturally bring with it, she consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure. She required this time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip. He was often absent evenings, and when at home was more silent and abstracted than his wont. The former she readily attributed to the cause which he assigned, namely, a pressure of business. The latter she did not observe, her mind being pre-occupied. We, who are in the secret, may take the liberty of following him on one of his business calls. It was at a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Manson knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston who, some months before, he thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops and other standard topics, which however trivial they may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated:

"Maria--Miss Preston--I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I--I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject."

"Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it." (TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)



It was evident that Flint was seriously thinking it over at the suggestion of Carey, for he seemed to be listless in the classroom, and with good reason, for he had been thwarted in his attempt to obtain easy money, and his right to bully little Chester Lester. The curtailment of his activities in these fields might spread. The outlook for his future was not too bright. Dejectedly, Flint gazed into the distance through the window, returning his eyes occasionally to the open text book before him; but he could not concentrate. There was no promise in the future. tomorrow he would be expected to participate in the algebra test for which he was not prepared. Painfully the morning passed and Flint left the classroom and the school premises without his usual jaunty air about him.

In contrast to Flint's defeated situation, Carey was surrounded with admirers as he left the school at noontime. His new gold watch was of course the reason for his renewed popularity. He displayed his watch with pride and assured the admirers that the gift was a complete surprise. Upon returning to school after the noon lunch period, Carey was hailed by Flint.

"I say there, Churchill; come here!"

Carey thought he recognized the familiar voice, and in turning, discovered that it was Flint. Instead of retracing his steps toward Flint, he waited courteously for Flint to come to him. It was a cool day and both boys wore waistcoats, however, Flint's coat matched his trousers, but Carey's did not. Flint reached into his coat pocket and produced two silver dollars as he addressed Carey.

"Here is two dollars that you can return to that Lester kid; it's all the money I have left," he said, trying to look sincere, "I don't like your trying to make trouble for me."

"Thank you, Flint, but will you make an effort to return the rest of it?"

"It's all the money I've got; but here is a sheet of stamps," he said, producing a folded sheet, and handing it to Carey, "You can turn them in for cash."

"Very well, Flint, I'll see what I can do," Carey said, as he put the silver and the stamps in his coat pocket.

Carey went on into the school building but Flint lingered behind as he did not wish to mingle with any of his classmates who usually could be found loitering in the cloakrooms after removing their coats. Flint was the last to enter the classroom. The afternoon wore on, from study period to recitation and back to study period again, during which time many of the students had occasion to leave the room and return again. Flint, upon returning from one of these occasions, stepped up to the teacher's desk and announced in a voice loud enough for all to hear.

"I've been robbed!"

"Robbed?" asked the teacher, "What is missing? Explain yourself, Mortimer."

"Well, I had broken the lead in my pencil, and knowing that I had a spare pencil in my coat in the cloakroom, I went to get it and—"

"—and you have been robbed of a pencil, then," added the teacher.

"No, sir, I've been robbed of two sheets of postage stamps, which I have been carrying in my coat pocket."

"How does it happen that you carry so many stamps around with you?"

"Well, I buy a lot of things through the mail, and I send stamps instead of money."

"I see; do you suspect any one in this classroom?"

Flint colored, and hesitated before replying, "No, sir, but I think we should all submit to being searched."

"Then you believe the thief to be in this room?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Can you establish the fact that you had two sheets of stamps in your possession?"

"Sir," interrupted Carey, addressing the teacher.

"Yes, Carey."

"I can establish the fact that Mortimer had two sheets of stamps in his possession when he entered the school, for I saw them."

Flint looked relieved, and almost appreciative for this unexpected defense.

"Thank you, Carey; Will anyone volunteer to be searched?"

"I will," Carey answered.

Flint looked surprised, for he had expected Carey to object to being searched.

"Very well, Carey. Mortimer, you may escort Carey to the cloakroom and see that he brings to me his coat without first examining it himself."

Mortimer was pleased with this assignment and showed his pleasure in his facial expression. Carey sensed that Flint was up to something, and remembering what Mr. Harris had said about Flint's possible attempt to get him into trouble; he spoke to Flint after they had entered the cloakroom.

"Flint, if you are trying to trap me and accuse me of something that I did not do, I warn you, I shall expose you to the entire class."

Carey removed his coat from the wall hook and led the way back to the classroom, Flint hesitated and hung back in thought; Carey was right; Carey could cause him even more humiliation than he had already suffered. In a trial before the class, and with the teacher as a judge, the tables could be turned against him. Instead of humiliating Carey, he was quite apt to bring shame upon himself. He quickly decided to change his course of action.

"Carey," the teacher asked, "Do I have your permission to search your coat?"

"Yes, sir."

The teacher examined one coat pocket and pulled out one full sheet of stamps.

"What is this?" inquired the teacher.

Carey colored, "They are not mine," however, they were given over to my custody."

The teacher laid them on his desk and explored the other pocket, drawing out two folded sheets of stamps.

"And are these also yours, Carey?" asked the teacher, giving him a chance to defend himself.

"No, sir," said Carey, quietly holding back his surprise.

"Sir," interrupted Flint, "I think that I can explain."

"Please do," invited the teacher, who was becoming confused and not wishing to believe what he had actually seen.

"Well, you see---since my coat was next to Churchill's, I must have carelessly thrust them into his pocket.

"Then do you withdraw charges of theft?"

"I do," said Flint, willingly.

"Then, Carey, you may return your coat to the cloakroom, and Flint, you may return to your seat. Both boys looked relieved. Carey discovered when returning his coat to the cloakroom that Flint's coat was not, nor had not been next to his coat. It was a deliberate plant. At the end of the afternoon classes, Flint hurried away to avoid being questioned.

It was more of an accident when Michael and Professor David Zeikel met at the general store, since both happened to be inspecting the newly arrived mechanical musical machines.

"Look at this one, Michael," Prof. Zeikel said, "this new one has a wooden cylinder with needle like things sticking out on it. The needles strike a note, and when the cylinder turns, it plays a tune."

"What's this one over here," Michael wanted to know.

"That one is operated on the same principle, except, instead of a cylinder, it has a big flat disk, and when it revolves, it produces a tune."

"And this one over here," the Professor continued, "is like a player piano, but it is actually a pipe organ adapted with specially prepared paper in roll form."

"This is certainly an easy way to play music," Michael beamed, with interest.

"True," Prof. Zeikel replied, "but all these musical devices lack one thing."

"What is that?"

"Feeling."

"Feeling?" Michael asked.

"Yes, Michael, feeling."

"I'm not sure that I understand, sir," Michael replied.

"Then come with me to my home if you wish, and I will show you."

The Professor picked up his violin and with practiced fingers, plucked the strings to make sure that they were in tune. One was a bit off, but he remedied that by twisting one of the pegs.

"Now feeling is something only a human can give to the listener. Like a Beethoven symphony, or even a piece like the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Michael still looked puzzled.

"Let me demonstrate."

The Professor brought the bow down upon the strings and out poured a sound which was sweet and melancholy, and sometimes gay and lively. Sometimes so soft it was barely audible, and sometimes so loud the music echoed and resounded from the walls.

After he had finished, Michael looked up and said, "It looks so easy, I wonder if I might try."

"Ah," replied the Professor, "it may look easy, but it isn't. If you draw the bow too lightly, you get nothing but a squeak, but if you draw the bow too heavily across the strings, you get nothing but a growling sound with a lot of scratch thrown in."

"But here," he said, handing the violin over to him. "I'll show you how to hold it. You place it under the chin like that. Then place the left hand on the neck of the instrument. You don't use the thumb, ever. Just the four fingers. Now this is how to hold the bow in the right hand. Now you are ready to make a sound. Draw the bow across the strings between the black fingerboard and this high thing which is called a bridge. The first note that Michael produced, made the tail of the professor's pet cat stand straight up.

"No, No! Michael, remember, not too heavy on the strings with the bow."

The session advanced with some progress, and before Michael left, he had actually played one of the simpler Bach tunes. The Professor made a mental note to see if he could get Michael as a student, as he seemed to have great possibilities.

After school, Carey reported promptly at the post office so he could relate to Mr. Harris of Flint's attempt to plant the stamps in his coat and accuse him of thievery.

"And when I threatened to expose him before the entire class, he decided to withdraw the charges, claiming that he accidentally put them in my pocket."

"Could that have been possible?"

"No, his coat was not next to mine."

"Then it was a definite attempt to cast suspicion upon you."

"Yes, and at noon he handed me these two silver dollars and this sheet of stamps to be returned to Mrs. Lester.

Carl examined the coins, noting the date and then handed them back. "You may tell Mrs. Lester that we will redeem the stamps--" Carl's remarks were interrupted by the entrance of the Squire. A respectful greeting was directed to Carl, and a slight acknowledgement was extended to Carey, "I believe, young man, that you did agree to assume responsibility for the broken window?"

"Yes, sir, I will be responsible."

"I have arranged for the repair of the damage, and the charges will be two dollars; now since you are unable to pay--"

"But I am prepared to pay," interrupted Carey, remembering the two silver dollars in his pocket, he produced them in evidence, placed them in the Squire's open hand who grasped them eagerly and examined them carefully.

"Where did you get these, young man?"

"I would rather not say," Carey replied, not wishing to expose Flint without reason, "and on second thought, I have another use in mind for these; you will have to wait."

Reluctant to relinquish his right to them, the Squire hesitated in deep thought, then returned them to Carey, selecting his words very carefully, and with restraint.

"Very well, young man."