

Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,  
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,  
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

# Newsboy



Jack Bales, Editor

1407A Winchester St.  
Fredericksburg, VA 22401

*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 - 1899



*Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler*

Volume XIX

August, 1980

Number 1



Broadway at Madison Square, with the Worth Monument, 1893



## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, claims for missing issues, and orders for single copies of current or back numbers of Newsboy should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

The Horatio Alger Society Convention - the Connecticut Conclave - was a huge success. Our thanks to Brad Chase who was a terrific host!!

A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 - June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

\* \* \*

## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

by Jack Bales

Last May's convention will not be featured until next month. I have just accepted a new (and better!) job as a reference librarian at Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia (right near next year's convention site)! I am writing this on June 13, and I have to move from Illinois to Virginia and be ready to work by July 1. Since the convention issue will take more time to put together than the usual Newsboy (and I have not received the convention pictures yet), I decided not to delay the August issue and will edit a "non convention" Newsboy right away. I trust all HAS members will understand.

My new address is:

1407A Winchester St.  
Fredericksburg, VA 22401

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THE CHILD TOILERS OF BOSTON STREETS  
No. 2 - The Newsboys  
by Emma E. Brown

(Editor's note: The following article is from the collection of Bob Williman. Though from an unidentified source, the piece shows that the problems facing the youths of all large cities are the same).

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Did you ever stop to think what a curious sort of life our little newsboys lead? Taking a car one afternoon, just below the Herald office on Washington Street, I was greatly entertained by a bevy of these little fellows, who came trooping in and soon filled up all the vacant seats about me.

Their arms were full of the latest edition, fresh from the press; and with a nimbleness of finger that could only have come from long practice, they quickly folded the damp sheets, slung them across their shoulders, and then, with hands jingling the change in their pockets, they began to talk over the day's losses and gains, and the splendid sales in store for them because of



the "big sensation," all with a shrewdness and keen business insight worthy of State Street or the Exchange.

It was amusing and painful both - this precocious child-talk. The largest boy among them was scarcely older than little Tom, who comes every morning to his papa for spending-money, and who reckons its value simply by the amount of toys or candies it will buy.

What would our little boy think, I wonder, if his breakfast, his dinner, and his supper - to say nothing of lodging and clothes, - depended upon the pennies he could earn each day?

Yet among the three hundred newsboys who throng our Boston streets, I find there is scarcely one upon whose exertions does not depend his own support, and, in many instances, the maintenance of a whole family!

It was only to-day that an instance came to my notice deserving especial mention. Down by Snow-hill Street is a poor Italian family, consisting of father, mother, and (if I remember rightly) five children.

Two of the boys are licensed to sell newspapers, but at one time last winter the elder brother was taken ill, and the father was sick in bed for months. During all this time the whole burden came upon little Antonio, who is only twelve years old, and so very slight you would think him much younger.

But the brave lad at once "took in the situation," and by rising early and working late, he managed to earn enough each day from the sale of his papers to support them all till father and mother were able to work again.

Then there is little Joseph Dondaro, whose shrill voice you may have heard on the corner last evening as he shouted his "Herald! Five o'clock!" He is a tiny boy, with jet-black eyes, hair to match, and a nut-brown complexion that is not wholly due to dust and tan. For Joe is of Jewish parentage, and a hard

life the little fellow has had ever since he can remember. His mother died about a year ago, and the wretched drunkard he calls "father" is so cruel to Joe and his little sister,



THE NEWSBOY.

that the children were only too glad when, some months since, he took his hand-organ and, leaving the little ones to look after themselves, wandered off into the country—nobody knew whither.

Since then Joe, with all the dignity of ten years, has taken upon himself the entire responsibility, and tried to fill the place of father and mother both to his little sister, who is only six years old.

Upon an average he can earn by the sale of his papers three dollars a week; out of this sum he pays for the rent of their one room on Endicott Street, seventy-five cents per week, while the remainder—just think how small!—must feed and clothe them.

Down on North Margin Street is a neat brick building known as the "School for Newsboys and Bootblacks," and here it was that I first saw little Joseph.



For, by the conditions of his license, every minor, in our well-regulated city, is expected to attend school at least two hours each day during the school year.

Many of our public schools admit such pupils, and I think the Eliot school alone contains some forty newsboys; but as "two-hour" pupils need separate classes, they cause, of course, a deal of irregularity in graded schools; and so, some ten years back, two special schools — one on North Margin Street, under the charge of Miss Brackett, the other in East-street Place, under Miss Taylor, were opened to give our newsboys, boot-blacks, and little street-peddlers the benefit of thorough instruction at such hours of the day as would least interfere with their "trade."

Before the city fathers, however, had thought of this excellent arrangement, certain kind ladies had established, in the old church on Chauncey Street, a free day school for these little street venders; and had it not been for the benevolence, zeal, and successful labors of those early workers, I doubt if the present fine schools would ever have had an existence.

The school in East-street Place, which is composed almost exclusively of newsboys, numbers between twenty and thirty pupils, and is open from nine to eleven in the morning, and from twelve till two in the afternoon. Nearly all the boys here are of Irish parentage, while in the school on North Margin Street, which is somewhat larger, by far the greater proportion are Italians.

It is an interesting sight to watch these little street Arabs poring over their well-thumbed books; and as I studied their bright, intelligent faces, I couldn't help thinking what a safeguard through the day these precious two hours may be to them!

For besides learning to "read, write and cipher," the kind, judicious Christian training they are constantly receiving in these excellent schools is

really of more value to them than any amount of mere book knowledge.

Here is a little fellow who was pronounced incorrigible when first brought in from the streets; but patient instruction, and the kind, firm control of his teacher, have already wrought such a change in him that Johnny is now considered one of the brightest, best behaved boys in the whole school. He and his little brother Michael are both licensed newsboys, and upon them depends the main support of the family, for their father, too, is a miserable drunkard.

Questioning one after another, your heart aches for these little "child toilers," who must learn so early in life all the "rough and tumble" of this strange, work-a-day world. Nevertheless, there is a bright side to the picture, for, thrown upon their own resources, and stimulated by the thought of weaker ones who depend upon them, these little fellows early develop a sturdy self-reliance, and a brave fortitude that in after-life is of inestimable benefit to them.

Here, for instance, is little Robert Kelly, only twelve years of age, who helps support a family of eight persons. His father gets occasional jobs when he can at the coal wharves; but, after all, it is upon little Robert that the steady maintenance depends. At home, he is his mother's "right hand man" in doing all sorts of chores; and at school his neat, tidy appearance, and good conduct, are especially praiseworthy.

Another boy, John Falvey by name, is fourteen years of age, and the oldest of four children. His father is scarcely ever in a condition to earn anything, and the mother, with her home cares, can do but little. So the support of the family comes upon John and his youngest brother, who have bravely taken up the burden together. These few instances might be multiplied by a score of others; but I think enough have already been given, to show my



readers how much depends upon the labors of this class of little men.

To be sure, their behavior upon the street is not always what it should be. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, they are rude, noisy, and otherwise disagreeable to passers-by. There is one sad picture that haunts me as I write, and I wouldn't show it to my "Wide Awake" readers, only that I want them to know all about the temptations and dangers that beset our little newsboys. One night, not long ago, a tiny lad, not more than nine years old, was found — must I write the ugly words? — just beastly drunk, under the steps in William's Court! Perhaps it was his first taste of the vile liquor — at all events, let us hope it will be the last — but the lager beer wagons offer great temptations to the hungry, thirsty boys, and I fear that many of them are frequent customers.

Bad conduct on the street, however, is the exception, not the rule, among our Boston newsboys. The bright badge they wear upon their jackets, with their number and "Licensed" upon it, is in itself a guarantee of good behavior; for before obtaining this from the city government, the boys are on probation a certain length of time. If they prove worthy, and promise faithfully to comply with the terms and conditions of a "Minor's License;" application is made for them by some responsible person to the Board of Aldermen; and in due course of time they receive their license papers. Each boy has his own number, and by the payment of one dollar, the silver badges are given them which they promise to wear conspicuously in sight, and, on no condition, transfer, exchange, borrow or lend. If at any time they wish to give up their licenses, these badges are returned, and their money is paid back to them.

Happening in, one day, at the office on Pemberton Square, I watched with not a little interest a group of "candidates" as the boys are called before they have received their badges. The little fellows eagerly crowded round

the officer's desk, each with his own story to tell, and one after another they received their license papers and bright silver badges. One boy, who stood apart from the rest, had come to give up his license and badge; but as the latter was somewhat marred by careless usage, I noticed he received but seventy-five cents for it.

Another little urchin who could hardly reach up to the desk on tip-toe, laid down the two half dollars he had brought and received not only his badge but a silver quarter beside. This greatly surprised and delighted him; but Mr. Wright, who has charge of these matters and is always a kind friend to the boys, explained that the badge he had given him, though "second-hand," would answer every purpose, and the extra quarter was greatly needed at home.

Opening the big books where all the boys' licenses — or rather copies of them — are filed, one gets an insight into the workings of this admirable system. "A gentleman came to me the other day," said one of the officers in charge, "and told me how a certain newsboy had cheated him. I had no pennies," the gentleman went on to say, "but taking one of the boy's papers, I handed him a twenty-five cent piece which he ran around the corner to change. Of course, that was the last of the boy and the twenty-five — now, sir, don't misunderstand me — I don't care for the missing change, but I do care for the morals of your newsboys!"

"Begging the gentleman to wait a few moments, I looked over my books," said the officer, "found the boy's number which the gentleman had noticed upon his badge, and in the course of fifteen minutes the lad stood before us. He hung down his head when we began to question him, and I feared, at first, that the boy was guilty; but the alacrity with which he handed the gentleman his change, and his repeated declarations that he 'came back to his stand just as quick as he could but the

(continued on p. 7)

33 Florence St.  
Natick, Mass., Nov-11, 1901

Dear Mr Stratemeyer,

I received, sometime ago, two copies of the paper containing your article relating to my brother. I am not sure whether I wrote you concerning it, at the time, as I fully intended to do, for my husband has been and still is so feeble that many things are omitted because they get crowded out of my memory. Two more copies of the same paper having come to me recently — through your instrumentality without doubt — I take this opportunity to return my thanks to you for your kindness in sending them to me. I think it is the most satisfactory article about him which has yet appeared.

I send you a cheque for \$75.00, as proposed, since I have found no other story to send you. If I should find one, later, I will communicate with you in relation to it.

With kind regards,

Very truly yours,  
O. A. Cheney

This letter from Alger's sister to Edward Stratemeyer is from the collection of Gil Westgard. Unfortunately, the article referred to has not yet been discovered by Alger researchers. The \$75 check is probably the sum that Stratemeyer would have paid for one of Alger's partially completed manuscripts. It appears that Stratemeyer sent the money, but since a manuscript was unavailable, the payment was returned.



("Newsboys" - continued from p. 5) gentleman had gone,' quite satisfied the latter, and we both concluded it was better to let the little fellow go. But you can see by this instance what kind of reins we hold over the boys, and how quickly any misdemeanor on their part renders them liable to forfeiture of 'license.'"

In selling papers, the old proverb holds true - it is the "early bird that gets the worm," and a deal of competition is shown among these enterprising little venders.

The several editions are hardly out of press, before our newsboys are "on the spot;" and Herald, Journal, Globe, Advertiser, Traveller, Times, Transcript, and Post are sounded through the streets by three hundred pairs of lungs, long before the ink is dry.

But if you want to see a genuine "rush," look into Williams Court some afternoon between the hours of three and four. For the "five o'clock edition," as it is called, though really ready for distribution an hour or two earlier is the most important issue of the day, and the "hand to hand" scramble then, for the first sheets as they come from the printers, is an exciting scene, well worth witnessing.

In the peculiar, weird light of the narrow Court, the little urchins rushing, tumbling, screaming, hurrying hither and thither, and reaching pell-mell one over the other, look more like little elves than actual children; but while you are wondering where they have all come from, so suddenly, and why it is they do not get into some inextricable tangle, there comes an unexpected lull - in another instant the court is deserted, and up and down Washington street, on Tremont Row, at the depots, the ferries, the different street corners, the entrance to theatre, concert and lecture rooms, on the horse-cars, the Common, the gardens, the various public squares, the evening trains - no matter where you turn, the newsboy's shrill cry pierces your brain.

During "elections," the little fellows are frequently up all night; and any "special" news matter, - as a great fire, a murder, or a disaster at sea, - is always looked upon as a windfall, because of the "extra" sales it will bring. The Sunday papers all give them a larger percentage of profit than the dailies; but through the week more Heralds are sold upon the street than any other of our city journals.

It would be interesting if we could trace out the histories of our little newsboys, as one after another, they outgrow their street occupations, and seek more manly employments.

Sometimes they learn a trade, enter shops, or set up business for themselves; and to one lad who has proved himself especially worthy, I am told a fine position has been given in one of our leading newspaper establishments. The life of a newsboy, as you see, is certainly one that is full of temptation, full of hardship; but always proves a good training school if right influences can only be thrown about the boy.

\* \* \*

#### ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase, President  
Horatio Alger Society

The other day I looked keenly into the eyes of my twelve year old son and said rather dramatically, "I want you to know, Bryan, that your father is now the President of the Horatio Alger Society." He continued to look at me, blinked a couple of times, and then said in a loud and clear voice, "Mom, what's for supper?"

The Connecticut Conclave is now past history and we are all looking forward to Bob and Kathy Williman's Bowie Blast, Washington Wingding, or whatever. Some of us are conniving to conjure up a mini-convention or two here in the East between now and May of '81 just to keep ourselves in the trading and socializing mood. The stories you may have heard about past "minis" are all true. If you  
(continued on page 9)





FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

Virtually all Alger books contain vivid descriptions of New York as it existed in the late nineteenth century. Two buildings that many Alger Heroes pointed out to visitors to the city were the Fifth Avenue Hotel and A. T. Stewart's Wholesale Store.



A. T. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE.



("Odds and Ends" - continued from p. 7)  
live in another part of the country, you should hold your own. It's not only good for the spirit and soul but the collection as well.

Speaking of stories, I have one that I've been just dying to tell concerning a series of events that happened Friday and Saturday at the convention here in Connecticut a couple of months ago. It's a little slice of life and a glimpse at what I think makes this Alger hobby business so much fun.

The story starts about 11:15 a.m. as the annual booksale and trading session was winding down. A few stoic souls still had their books on the tables and several groups were bending over Alger treasures of varying qualities. I heard my name mentioned, first softly then with force. "Brad Chase, who is Brad Chase?" said a small white haired older man who was standing in the middle of the room. "I am, sir," I acknowledged. "Can I help you?" He measured me somewhat and said, "You the Alger guy that was written up in the newspaper?" "Yes," I stammered. "Well, I have some Algers for sale outside in my car if you're interested."

"Wow, that's great," I blurted and then said loudly to all in the room, "Hey everybody, there is a gentleman here who has some Algers in his car outside and is interested in selling them."

Immediate movement toward the door leading to the parking lot occurred. I stopped to tell my wife and my mother, who were tending my booksale area, what was happening. On my way I was stopped by a woman who was the wife of the gentleman. She told me her name was Mrs. Damon and that her husband was 85 years old and the books he had in the car were his when he was a child.

By the time I got out the door, about three minutes had elapsed. I looked ahead and saw five rear ends sticking out of the car trunk and money was being transferred at a rapid pace. When I got there the trunk was empty. Each of the

five Alger buffs had a stack of Alger books in his arms, most in excellent and near mint condition and all with Mr. Damon's name inscribed in the front.

Mr. Damon and I walked back inside where several of us talked to him and his wife. They were an absolutely delightful couple and were thrilled with what had happened. Mr. Damon had indicated that he had some more books at home, not Algers but ones by Otis and others. Aggressive Brad Alexander quickly made arrangements to have a few of us visit their home the following day.

So true to our spirit of adventure, that next afternoon Brad Alexander, Bob Sawyer, Neil McCormick and I jumped into Brad's brand new car and zipped out to the Damon home. The Damons greeted us and showed us into a small room off their kitchen which contained a whole bunch of children's books, all in excellent and near mint condition. All of them were Mr. Damon's as identified by the inscription in each. I bought four for my mother's Otis collection.

While Brad, Neil and Bob were poring over the books with Mr. Damon, I talked with his wife. She said that they had been offered 5¢ each for the books by some local booksellers and that her husband hated to part with them for that price. Then she said, "I'd like to do something with those old magazines he has if I could find a way." "Magazines?" I queried. "Could you show me what you mean?" She took me down to the cellar and showed me a foot tall stack of Tip Top weeklies which appeared to be in A-1 shape. At this point, Mr. Damon, Brad, Neil and Bob joined us. "Heck," Mr. Damon said, "I have a whole lot more upstairs. I think I have every one."

After some further excited discussion, Neil and Brad found themselves up in the Damon attic locating a couple of large boxes. I was standing by the stepladder set under the attic opening and I heard exclamations of "Wow" and



"All right." Getting his permission to get the magazines down, we maneuvered the big and heavy wooden boxes through the opening and out onto the breezeway floor. We opened them up, brushed aside a 1951 newspaper on the top of one box and there they were . . . literally piles of Tip Tops. Both boxes were chock full and all in excellent condition.

For the next half hour discussion, negotiation and a call back to the motel to check with Eddie LeBlanc about potential value resulted in Brad Alexander buying the whole bunch. . . some 700 or 800 of them starting with Volume I number 1. Several of us were up half the night Saturday after the banquet gleefully sorting and counting them in my motel room. Although there were some missing, Brad Alexander was elated with his buy and pledged to himself to search for the few he didn't have so he could be part of a very select group nationally to have a complete Tip Top run.

We loaded the two boxes of Tip Tops into the trunk of Brad's car which actually flattened the springs, jumped into the car ourselves with all the other books nestled and stacked around us, slowly backed down the driveway and headed back to the motel.

As we pulled away from the Damon home, I looked back just in time to see Mr. and Mrs. Damon standing out in front of their garage watching our overweighted car struggle down the street. I then saw Mr. Damon raise his hand and give a slight wave. I knew he was not really waving to us, but to his books and to a part of his life that was mostly memory. It was a sad moment but I think he felt better about it knowing that his childhood treasures were now in the hands of someone who really appreciated them. I know he is happy because I called him a couple of weeks after that infamous Saturday afternoon. "That was quite a day, wasn't it?" he recalled. "I'm glad you fellows got those books and the Tip Tops for you really looked like you wanted them." "We did, Mr. Damon, we really did, and

thank you for sharing part of your life with us."

I hung up the phone and felt good, really good, and at that moment I knew what this whole hobby and collecting business is all about.

(Editor's note: As stated on page 2, full convention coverage will be in the September Newsboy).

\* \* \*

N E W S B O Y    F O R U M

728 Worcester St.  
Natick, Mass.  
May 18, 1980

Dear Jack,

About January 20, 1980 I fell and broke my right arm. I could neither write, nor use my hand to phone. It was put in a sling and after it was x-rayed, I was given physical therapy treatment which was very painful. I can now write fairly well and can raise my arm but must continue therapy. Now you know the reason I didn't write you before.

I would appreciate it if you would put an item in the Newsboy stating what happened so that many of my friends will know why I haven't written for six months. I hope you can read my writing as it is still shaky.

About the Brewster case. [See December, 1979 and March, 1980 issues] You did the right thing in putting it in the Newsboy. I realize that not everyone agreed with you but I do and shall back you with articles. Keep up the good work.

I would type but due to cataracts the black seems gray. However, my doctor states I should keep on writing until my arm and hand gets steadier.

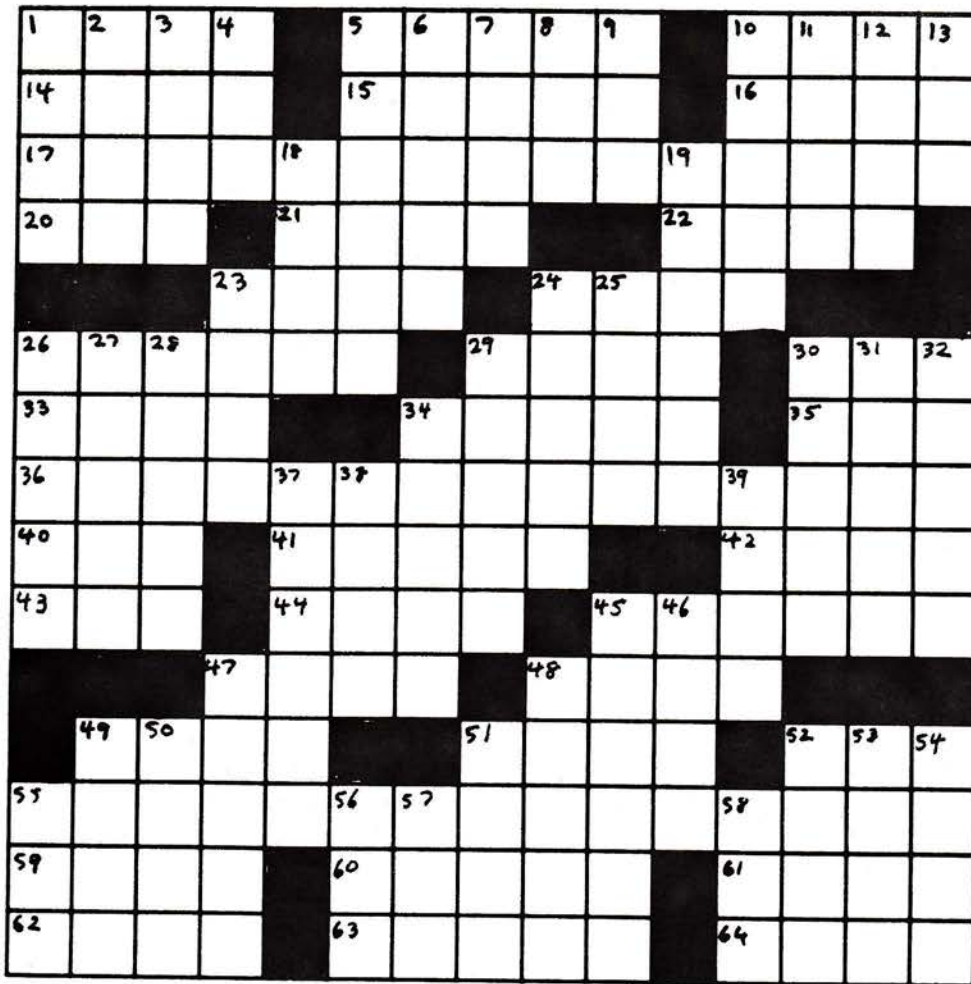
Let me hear from you soon.

Best wishes,

Max Goldberg

August





ALGER CROSSWORD  
by Herb L. Risteen

## ACROSS

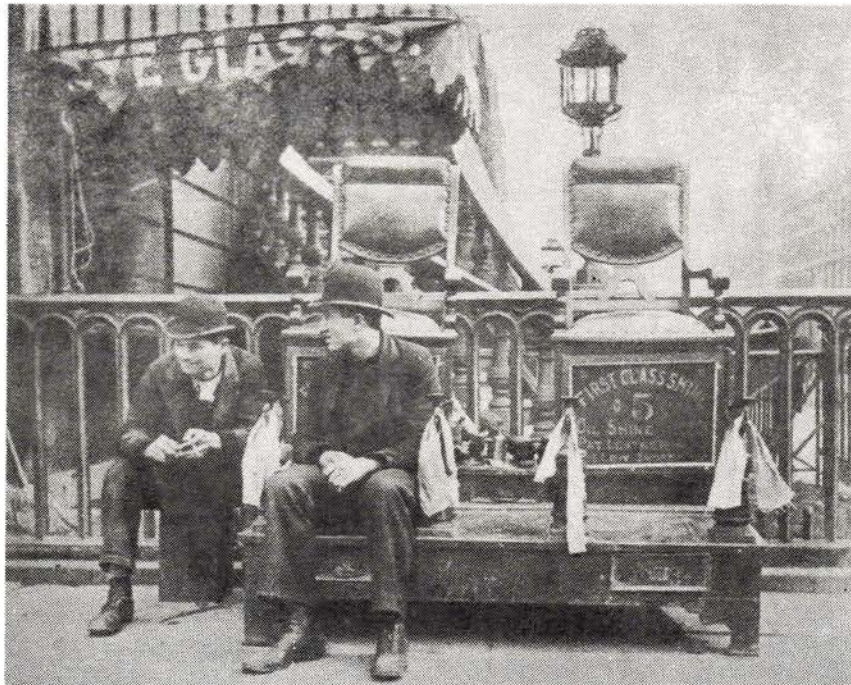
- |     |                              |     |                              |
|-----|------------------------------|-----|------------------------------|
| 1.  | "Driven from ----"           | 36. | Horatio Alger title: 4 words |
| 5.  | West Pointer                 | 40. | "A Debt of Ho----"           |
| 10. | Takes a snooze               | 41. | Formation                    |
| 14. | Soviet sea                   | 42. | "---- Train Boy"             |
| 15. | Declaim                      | 43. | Like the Sahara              |
| 16. | Spanish river                | 44. | Form of fuel                 |
| 17. | Horatio Alger title: 3 words | 45. | Whalebone                    |
| 20. | Building extension           | 47. | Knocks                       |
| 21. | Has a snack                  | 48. | Public walk                  |
| 22. | Region                       | 49. | Mr. O'Casey                  |
| 23. | "Harry ----"                 | 51. | Fairly good                  |
| 24. | Pacific archipelago          | 52. | Hasten                       |
| 26. | Stamping machines            | 55. | Horatio Alger title: 3 words |
| 29. | Roll up                      | 59. | Venetian magistrate          |
| 30. | Held session                 | 60. | Delight                      |
| 33. | Algerian port                | 61. | Century plant                |
| 34. | Special language             | 62. | Farm animals                 |
| 35. | "Strong and S---dy"          | 63. | Railway building             |
|     |                              | 64. | "Chester ----"               |



## DOWN

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Harness part</li> <li>2. Examination</li> <li>3. "Jacob -----owe's Secret"</li> <li>4. Antlered animal</li> <li>5. George M. and family</li> <li>6. Range crest</li> <li>7. Blocks up</li> <li>8. Greek letter</li> <li>9. Hanoi holiday</li> <li>10. Indian immortal</li> <li>11. Paris priest</li> <li>12. Malayan boat</li> <li>13. Legume</li> <li>18. Rip</li> <li>19. Young and inexperienced</li> <li>23. ----, vidi, vici</li> <li>24. Weather forecast</li> <li>25. Desire</li> <li>26. "-- --- Dare"</li> <li>27. Eagerness</li> <li>28. Remain</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>29. Ultimate</li> <li>30. "The ----- Boy"</li> <li>31. Lofty nest</li> <li>32. Captured</li> <li>34. Money in Milan</li> <li>37. "----- the World"</li> <li>38. Run slowly</li> <li>39. Shout</li> <li>45. Hunting dog</li> <li>46. Lopsided</li> <li>47. American president</li> <li>48. Slogan</li> <li>49. Wintry forecast</li> <li>50. "The ---- of Night"</li> <li>51. Crisp cookie</li> <li>52. Oahu dance</li> <li>53. Sacred statue</li> <li>54. ---- out (made do)</li> <li>55. Picnic drink</li> <li>56. Fox or squirrel</li> <li>57. "The Young S----sman"</li> <li>58. "The Five Hundred Dol---- Check"</li> </ol> |
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The solution to Herb Risteen's "Alger Crossword" will appear in the next issue of Newsboy. Herb is a professional crossword puzzle designer whose puzzles have appeared in numerous publications including The New York Times. We thank him for making one especially for Newsboy.



You felt like a king when you got a jitney shine at this first class, outdoor bootblack concession. But business was slow at moment for these Fourth Ave. spit 'n' polishers.