

Official 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

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224 Washington Street
Fredericksburg, VA 22405



TRISESQUICENTENNIAL
1636-1986

Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Volume XXIV

March-April 1986

Numbers 9 & 10



FREEZING AND STARVING POOR PAWN TRIFLES FOR THE MEANS OF LIVING.

Beginning with the January-February issue of Newsboy, Gilbert K. Westgard II has compiled for us some fascinating information on the "street people" of large cities. This picture is from his previous article.

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 bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

The Society recognizes Bob Bennett's Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography, as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works.

Newsboy ad rates: 1 page, \$32.00; one half page, \$17.00; one-fourth page, \$9.00; per column (1" x 3-3/4"), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to the Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill Street, Gahanna, Ohio 43230.

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-484 Robert E. Andrews
8 Merrimack St., #71
Lowell, Mass. 01852

Robert was a member for one year (1976-1977 while stationed in Tehran, Iran. He has now retired and has rejoined HAS. Welcome back, Robert.

* * *

Bob Sawyer reports that Fred L. Bunza, 3456 S. W. 19th Place, Ocala, Florida 32674, has the following Algers in average condition which he will sell at \$20 post paid for all 16. He is not interested in selling them individually. They are all New York Books, Donahues, and Burts. They are: The Young Musician, Mark Mason's Victory, Five Hundred Dollars, Five Hundred Dollars, Frank's Campaign, Shifting For Himself, Shifting for Himself, Only an Irish Boy, Only an Irish Boy, Young Salesman, Sink or Swim, Sink or Swim, Phil the Fiddler; Store Boy, Store Boy, Julius the Street Boy.

* * *

THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE
From Harvard and Its Surroundings
by Moses King
1882

From the collection of
Gilbert K. Westgard II

The First Parish Church faces the entrance to the college yard. Its location is amply suggestive of its past history and that of the ancient society for which it was built, looking as it does on the college, for whose use, like the preceding houses of worship, it was in part erected, and on the graves of those who once worshipped under its roof or within the walls of its predecessors.

Its erection in 1833 was the result of a negotiation between the parish and the college corporation, proposed and conducted by President Quincy (1772-1864). 1864). "The Parsonage Lot," so called, now forming part of the college grounds,
(continued on page 6)

"WAFFLES" IS BURIED

The Chicago Tribune
May 26, 1894

Popular Newsboy Who Was Found
Dead After The Storm

He Went Fishing From The Government Pier
And The Only Thing Found In His Pockets
Was The Deed To a Grave In Graceland—
Simple Ceremonies At The Funeral—
Peculiarities of The Boy.

Less than half the usual number of newsboys were on Chicago's streets yesterday afternoon. They were at Graceland paying the last tribute to one of their comrades, for whose interment many of them went without supper last night and breakfast this morning. Not one in ten knew their comrade was named Ole Jacobson; they have always known him as "Young Waffles," and for fifteen years "Waffles" has been one of the features of the downtown street corners.

A week ago Wednesday "Waffles," with two companions, went out to the government pier to fish. When the storm had passed away he was found dead in a "pocket" on the government pier, sitting upright between two companions, in whom the spark of life just lingered. When the drenched and ragged clothes were searched "Waffles'" only possession was found to be a water-soaked deed to a grave in Graceland. It bore the stamp of full payment and inquiry showed that "Waffles'" family had a lot in that home of the dead with only one unfilled grave.

It has been hard times with the newsboys as well as with the business-men, and a soliciting committee composed of Robert McMara, William Swaufield, and Severs Johnson had some little trouble in raising the amount necessary to pay for decent interment of their friend. Sigmund the undertaker agreed to furnish the coffin at cost, and did so. At noon yesterday 100 of the older newspaper sellers of the city gathered at the morgue to take a last look at "Waffles." They were the forerunners of the entire craft and

for two hours a steady stream of individuals from the old man who sells papers at the entrance to the La Salle Street tunnel to the 4-year old beginner, filed by the coffin, and many a one came out with two white streaks down an otherwise dirty face. Among the mourners, too, were a number of young men who in years gone by sold papers, but who now occupy responsible places in newspaper offices. At 3 o'clock a hearse and one carriage started for Graceland. There was no clergyman in the party, the boys saying they were afraid to ask one for fear of being refused. When the cemetery was reached Robert McMara, William Swaufield, Bennie Ross, Severs Johnson, George Campbell, and Epper Kenna carried the casket to the grave. As it was slowly lowered McMara, picking up a handful of earth, threw it on the coffin, and simply said "Dust to dust." Then the others followed his example and the obsequies of "Waffles" were over.

"Young Waffles" was 25 years old and the way in which the name came to him is not without interest. He had an older brother, also a newsboy, who had smallpox at one time in his life. He recovered, but his face was so thoroughly pitted that the street arabs said it resembled a waffle, and from that day he was known as "Waffles." When he died the name descended to his brother with the prefix "Young" added. Jacobson was the last of a family of five. He supported his mother until she was killed four years ago by a Rock Island train. According to the newsboys he was "so good natured that no kid could make him mad." He had his peculiarities, the strangest of which was his commiseration for "kids who lose at craps." When he found a youngster who had "gone broke" he would give him money and say: "Stick to work, boy, and then you can give to the other kids." He sometimes made \$5 a day, but gave it all away.



AN AVERAGE DAY AT THE NEWSBOYS'

The Brace Memorial News
February 22, 1919

The first thing in the morning, Jerry, the watchman, "custodian of the dark hours," comes around and raps on everybody's door, and makes a tremendous racket. As each boy gets up, he proceeds to join in, sometimes by tipping over his roommate's bed or pulling his bedclothes off him. Some of the sleepy-heads have to be actually dragged out of bed, it is so hard to wake them. Then begins the rush to the lavatory to wash their faces, comb their hair and brush their clothes. Of course the first ones down get their breakfast first and there is a race every morning for the chow.

The Newsboys' Home is conducted with very few rules, the boys being trusted on the honor system not to break, damage or injure anything around the House and it is remarkably effective.

The boys are called at 6 A.M., breakfast being served in the cafeteria from 6:15 to 7 A.M. After breakfast the boys either repair to their rooms or hang around the lobby, those having no jobs waiting around until Mr. Spring or the Superintendent locate places for them. By 8:30 A.M. the House is practically deserted, all hands either working or on their way to jobs. About 9 A.M. the usual crowd of outside boys drift in, looking for jobs in the city or on farms; some come from the Navy Recruiting Stations to have Mr. Butcher sign their enlistment papers so they can join the Navy. Others want to join the Merchant Marine, the Army or the Marines. On an average three hundred people a month come in for information on almost everything under the sun, from tracing lost boys to settling the local neighborhood family quarrels; we have had half a dozen people in the neighborhood in here trying to get us to help them settle their family difficulties, which we did, by the way, very successfully.

Mr. Butcher is the Legal Guardian of

more than 1,600 boys now in the service of the U.S.

Mr. Spring usually repairs to the Childrens' Court every other day with the case of some minor up before a Judge for vagrancy, for running away from home, which latter often results from improper guardianship, or for juvenile delinquency, which embraces everything from breaking windows, up to "snatchin' leathers." Mr. Spring has had eight years' experience and after our regular Court Representative went out West, has taken up this work and made a real success of it. He has the reputation of being the ablest man in the Society for getting secrets out of the hearts of even the "hard" kids, the kids who have had harsh experiences and who are inclined to look upon every "bull" and "flatty" with suspicion, as trying to "frame them" and have them sent away. Nearly every day we have one or two run-aways returned home, generally through the Bureau of Missing Persons, with whom we have been co-operating in sending runaway boys to their homes. In many cases the Society pays their fares if they live any distance away, say in Fall River, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. Occasionally we send parentless minors to the Brace Memorial Farm School of the Childrens' Aid Society, where they are trained in farming, and sent out to be adopted by farmers all over the country. This system has been very successful, hundreds of these children that were sent out many years ago now being successful, independent farmers.

Supper is served at the Newsboys' at 6:15 P.M. The Cafeteria where they eat is remarkably bright, clean and has fine electric lights and interesting pictures all around the walls. The food is simple but good, and when hungry boys don't kick about the grub it must be pretty good.

We have a fine electric piano that plays when you put a nickel in the slot and the boys show their appreciation by the number of nickels they put in it.

March-April

The library has about two thousand books, most of them with more dirty thumb marks than Bertillion ever saw, so the boys must appreciate them.

The Gymnasium needs a whole lot of new apparatus but the boys play basketball, box, punch the bag and do an enormous amount of shouting and laughing when they are up there, even if we are without expensive muscle-developing machines. By the way, the Newsboys' has produced many clever exponents of the manly art. Eddie Loughlin, one of our old boys, is champion lightweight of the 27th Division, Tom Dady, another of our old boys, is champion of the U.S.S. Niagara, and Bert Farrell is the 118 pound champion of the U.S. Armed Guard at the Brooklyn Barracks. While our boys are not "roughnecks" or "pugs" they have the grit and stamina that put the 27th Division through the Hindenburg Line and which has enabled our men in the service to whip the boxing champs of Europe.

We have two pool tables, and showers on two floors.

Boys living in the dormitory pay \$2.25 per week for their bed and their meals, towels, and soap. Boys living in the rooms, one or two boys to a room, according to size, pay \$3.00 per week, which includes meals, soap and towels. The rooms and bed clothing are kept clean. These low rates enable steady, honest boys to clothe themselves decently, and most of the boys in the rooms have money in the House bank. On Sundays, during the Winter, we have a short prayer meeting, lectures and Victrola recitals, and in addition the electric piano is kept going nearly all day on Sundays.

The Brace Memorial Senior Club, composed of the old boys of the House, publishes the Brace Memorial News, containing the happenings and things of interests to the House and the Children's Aid Society. While nearly every one of the old members is now in the service, we have recruited enough new

members to keep it going.

The autumn of 1917 saw the beginning of our neighborhood club work and we now have two clubs of neighborhood boys with a membership of nearly one hundred. These boys come around five nights of the week and from 7 P.M. till 10 P.M. keep the pool tables, library, showers, gym and club rooms filled. We have two young men as Directors of the neighborhood club work. It takes these kids two minutes to rush into the House and half an hour to persuade them to go home. That shows how popular this club work is with the neighborhood kids.

To date, February 1st, more than 2,800 boys and young men have been enlisted in the service since August, 1914.

Twenty have been wounded and fifteen killed in the Great War.

Our Employment Bureau is kept busy finding jobs for returned soldiers and sailors, and in addition to keeping our own boys working, we have located many positions for boys and young men from the outside.



"THE TRIBUNE'S" GOLDEN JUBILEE HIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

The Chicago Tribune, June 11, 1897
Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II



HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

was then purchased by the college. The corporation agreed to provide a church of suitable architecture and dimensions at a cost then deemed satisfactory, amounting finally to \$12,500, in exchange for the parsonage lot of four acres, together with the land on which the old meeting-house stood, the ownership and use of the north gallery in the new church for the officers and members of the college in vacation, and the right of occupying the church four days in the year for commencement and other college occasions. Accordingly, for thirty-eight years, from 1834 to 1872, the annual commencements, the public exercises of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and those of the Society of the Alumni were held in this church, the interior of which was

admirably constructed both for seeing and hearing. Probably during that period a greater number of eminent men were gathered within its walls on various occasions than in any other church in the country.

Three of the college presidents, Edward Everett (1794-1865), Jared Sparks (1789-1866), and James Walker (1794-1874), on leaving the presidency, were among the most faithful and constant of the worshippers in the First Parish Church. It was in this church that the inauguration of President Everett took place. Just as he was beginning his address, Daniel Webster entered and took his seat on the platform with an applauding welcome from

the audience, and Mr. Everett, with his usual felicity and grace, turning to him, said, "I wish I had the authority to say, 'Expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula a Webster.'"

In this church many choice and brilliant orations and poems have been delivered from year to year. The first poem heard in it was written and delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, three years after, gave the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, when one of his hearers, a graduate of the old school, puzzled by his peculiar style of thought and speech, exclaimed, "Either this man is crazy or I am." It was in this church that Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-four, spoke the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society which has seldom had its equal on a similar occasion.

Since 1872 the college, being provided with a suitable place for public occasions in the Appleton Chapel and Sanders Theatre, has ceased to use the First Parish Church, and has formally relinquished all its rights and privileges in connection with it. The First Parish, as its name indicates, is the most ancient of the Cambridge religious societies, (its first building was constructed in 1632), and one of the largest and most flourishing of the Unitarian churches in Boston and its vicinity.

In 1868 the church was thoroughly renovated and the interior remodeled, with additional conveniences for religious and social meetings, as well as for the Sunday-school, in the vestry adjoining.

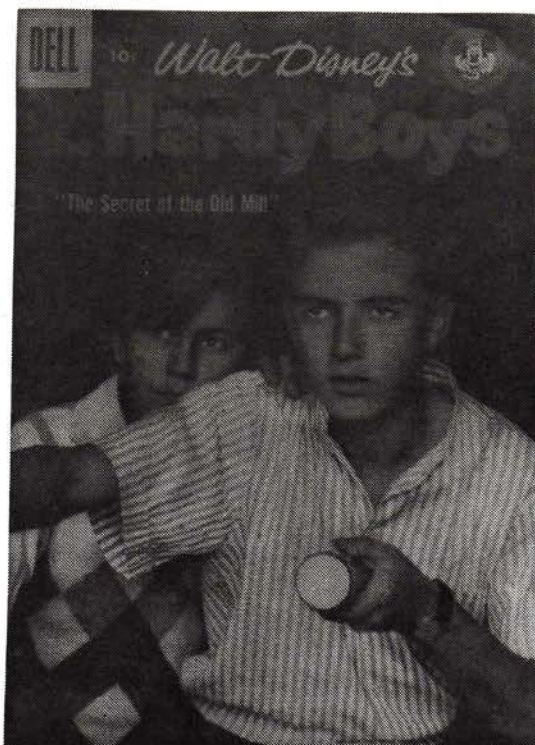
It is to be regretted that it was not built of more substantial material than wood. The view of it in front, from the college yard, with its Gothic tower and spire, is quite pleasing, as well as the side view from North Avenue. With plenty of air and light, its internal arrangements are pleasant and helpful both to speaker and hearer.

The original records of the First

Church, kept by the successive pastors from the time of William Brattle (1662-1717), in 1696, the christening basin presented to him by the college students and given by him to the church, and the communion plate, are interesting relics of the past.

No doubt the curious stranger will notice the little "God's acre" with moldering and crumbling tomstones, on the north side of the First Parish Church. This is known as the Town Burying Ground. In 1635 the town ordered it to be paled in, and until 1702, while used as a graveyard, it was leased as a sheep pasture.

* * *



The above comic book is one of the hundreds of items from Jack Bales' Hardy Boys collection (Jerry Friedland found and gave it to him).

* * *

FOR SALE

Jack Bales has an extensive research collection on Horatio Alger, including thousands of books, documents, photos, and articles. He wants to sell it for \$2,000. Write him if you are interested in owning this unique collection.

SETTING THINGS UP
From Student-Life at Harvard
By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

At the beginning of each college year, indications of an active eruption were wont to manifest themselves for several days about the yard and buildings, it being the custom for everyone to move into what was considered a better room; and for the time confusion reigned. Handcarts stood before the doors of the dormitories; and, piled on the walks or steps, would be seen heaps of books, furniture, bedding, pictures, the household goods and gods of the students, in lamentable disorder, while the owners rushed wildly about superintending the process of transportation. The moving used to be conducted by divers members of the Fenian brotherhood, whose charges were something enormous. These destroyers of student property, as they had an opportunity to exercise their skill but once a year, seemed possessed of a determination to break and injure to the utmost.

It was on a beautiful September morning that our young student made his way across the already busy square, and through heaps of luggage mounted the steps of College House, to room No. 18, the door of which was securely fastened. Someone told him that "John Read" could give him the key; and he started off in quest of that functionary. He encountered the good-natured old Irishman, bent nearly double by rheumatism, or by the constant exercise of humility; for he was the lowest in rank, though by no means the least useful, of all the college officials, in front of Hollis. The reflection that he came lowest in the college hierarchy, and that there were so many towering one above another, and all resting on his shoulders, might well bow him down. In true college style of irresponsibility, straightening himself up to get a fair look at the new-comer, he referred Sam to the steward, and was almost instantly whisked away by an impatient Sophomore, to unlock a door, or hunt up a missing carpet.

At length the young student entered his dormitory, his home for the coming year. The room had been cleaned and garnished after the usual fashion. A coat of very thin bluish-white paint served to render the many dark stains on the woodwork especially prominent. A similarly effective coating of whitewash showed that at some time the gas had been left burning too high, and had blackened the ceiling. A lock of enormous size had been put on above the place where the old one used to be; and a piece of new wood which had been fitted into the door, and sundry large cracks in the panels, bore witness to the terrible strains it had at some time endured. That door looked ominous: it had precisely the appearance of having been violently burst open when securely fastened. As Sam threw open the windows, a strong odor greeted him from some salt-fish spread out to dry in the yard of the grocery-store below. There were also sundry empty sugar-boxes and molasses-casks swarming with flies, and a pile of rubbish of all kinds,—not a very pleasant prospect below; and the range of vision was limited, by the rear of neighboring buildings, to a hundred yards at the farthest. The reception which the college used to extend with its barren, uncomfortable, and even unhealthful Freshman quarters, and utter lack of protection from Sophomore terrorism, was often any thing but reassuring.

Two men were carrying a heavy bookcase through the entry; and the owner was shouting to them to be careful. The voice sounded familiar, and Sam went to the door to look. Yes, it was the Junior who dined with him on examination-day, as brown as a mulatto, from a tramp through the mountains with half a dozen jolly fellows. Suddenly he caught sight of Sam, who stood modestly waiting to be noticed. "Why! how are you, Wentworth?" he exclaimed, grasping his hand. "Room here?"

looking in. "I'm opposite just down there, and you must be neighborly. Got a chum?"

"Ah, yes, a splendid fellow by the name of Huntingdon."

"H'm," with a doubtful inflection. "Oh! if you haven't bought a carpet, I have one that I can let you have at your own price. It's good enough for anybody, the one I had last year, you know,—only, when a fellow gets to be a Junior, he must swell a little if he's ever going to in this life: so I've bought a new one. Now, if you want to see it, and like it, you may have it for eight dollars. Kernel would give me twice that; but I be damned if I wouldn't give anything away before I'd sell it to Kernel. Want to see it?"

"Certainly," said Sam; and the two disappeared down the stairs.

The carpet, albeit a little worn, would do very well, Sam thought; and, as economy was one of the very numerous virtues he had within the last few days resolved to practise, he bought it at once, and with Haskill's assistance carried it from the basement of Hollis, where it had been stored, to his room. Then investing in a paper of tacks, a hatchet, a pair of scissors, and needles and thread, he worked for two hours like a beaver, fitting and putting it down.

Hardly had he finished, before Haskill appeared in the doorway divested of coat, waistcoat, and shoes,—his regular lounging-costume in warm weather,—pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, and his short light hair standing out in all directions.

"Come along: it's grub-time, and my turn to treat."

Returning from Kent's, they found Huntingdon just arrived. He greeted Sam warmly, smiled approval at the carpet, and then briskly suggested that they had better go and see Kernel. "We must sleep here tonight; it's three o'clock now, and the sooner we stock up the better, eh, chum?"

"Well, if you do go to Kernel's, just look out you don't pay him more for his old traps than you can get new ones for," said the Junior, who had replenished and lighted his meerschaum,—a beautifully colored bowl,—for his afternoon smoke. "He has a way of asking more for old things, that have been used for twenty years, than you need pay for nem. I never got swindled by the old Jew myself; but I've seen other fellows sold so bad, that I've sworn a solemn oath never to have anything to do with him. I'd sooner give anything away to somebody who could get some good out of it, than sell it to such an old Jew as he is, no matter how much he would give; and, as for buying anything there, why, if I believed in patronizing dishonesty, perhaps I would; but then I don't, you know." And the Junior by way of emphasis took a long pull at his pipe, and sent two or three fine rings of smoke gracefully sailing across the room, to the great admiration of Sam, who had never seen that clever trick done before.

Kernel's was as much an appendage of the college as the steward's office, the college book-store, or even the regent's. The proprietor of the establishment gained an honest livelihood by buying furniture, carpets, pictures, and the like, of the students at the end of the year, or, indeed, at any time when one of them was "hard up," at the least possible price, and selling them, as opportunity offered, at the greatest possible price. As those who sold were for the most part in immediate need of money, and eager to realize on their property, for which Kernel paid cash, while those who bought were careless and a little "flush," he was often able to sell at many hundred percent advance on cost, and realize a very pretty profit. Were it not that his sphere of activity was necessarily limited, he might have aspired to rival the most princely merchant in his gains; but, as it was, the business supported only a spavined horse and a boy. The man himself was a

curiosity; short, red-faced, sober and honest-looking withal, with eyes suffused with tears as occasion required, and a voice to move the heart with its husky tearfulness. He never permitted his saddened countenance to relax into a cheerful smile, nor his mournful voice to assume a natural tone, even at the conclusion of a most profitable bargain.

How well students remember him! Nothing that they had to sell was ever of any value. A carpet,—it was either too large or too small, or too much worn; at all events, it would not be salable. A piece of furniture,—it was rickety or old-fashioned; of no use to anybody, particularly to him. It was wonderful how the market value of the same article changed, when once transferred to his shop. It was curious, too, how well he knew whom to trust. No student with a slender or precarious income ever found credit with him.

Our friends had the advantage of calling on him before the rush had come; and they found his shop in its most inviting aspect, with all its old rubbish revamped and varnished, patched and furbished, and the stubby little man himself standing ready at the door to greet them.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said Kernel, rubbing his hands, and allowing a tear to steal down either cheek. "What can I do for you today, gentlemen? carpets, tables, chairs, lounges, bookcases, bureaus, bedsteads, mattresses, pictures," he rapidly continued in a husky voice, and with a long drawn-out rising inflection. "I've got a splendid assortment today, gentlemen: guess I can suit you today." After some little delay our friends made a list of such articles as they required, with the prices.

"Where shall I send them, gentlemen?" asked the furniture-vender, pencil and note-book in hand, and with the deepest emotion.

"We will look a little farther before purchasing," replied Huntingdon.

"You won't get them any cheaper for the quality of the goods, you may be sure," sounded after them as they left the shop.

But they did find a cheaper place, and new furniture too, a few doors farther on.

The next two days were devoted to getting the condition disposed of; hunting up a boarding-house,—though Sam soon after joined a club-table; purchasing the necessary books, and making acquaintances. Friday afternoon somebody dropped a note, directed to Mr. Samuel Wentworth, into his room. It was done so quickly that Sam did not catch sight of the messenger. The note stated that the President wished to see Mr. Wentworth at his office at four o'clock that afternoon, and was duly signed. What business the President could have with him was more than Sam could comprehend. He thought he must have done the paper on the condition correctly. Was it possible that he might be sent home, after all? It was with a good deal of solicitude that at the appointed hour he knocked at the door of the President's room.

"Come!" sounded sharply from within; and entering, Sam recognized the pleasant face of the gentleman who had handed him his admission-papers on that hot and unhappy July evening.

"Mr. Wentworth," said Sam, bowing modestly, and drawing near, note in hand.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Wentworth?" said the President, looking up from his writing, with an inquiring smile.

"You wished to see me," said Sam, after waiting a moment for the reverend President to come to business; but of this fact the reverend President seemed not to be aware.

"I received a note from you," said the young man, extending the summons. The President took it, read it, and again the pleasant smile spread over his face.

"No. I didn't want you for anything, Mr. Wentworth. It was a Sophomore hoax, I suppose;" and he handed the note back.

"A what?" said Sam, a little dumbfounded.

"A—a Sophomore hoax, that is all; and not a very good imitation either. See, here is my signature and the college form," showing a printed form with his signature in the corner; "but you couldn't know that, of course. You may rest easy, Mr. Wentworth," he continued good-naturedly: "I shall never mention it, and I am sure you won't." Then, seeing that the young man was a little dazed, "You can sign the regulations, now that you are here, if you like; and then you won't have had your errand for nothing;" and he called, "Mr. Harris!" and turned to his writing.

So Sam signed the regulations, and went back to his room, feeling well pleased that he had kept the secret of the note to himself, as his errand to the President's office might have been a difficult one to explain.



Hollis

Stoughton

Holworthy

Thayer

THE QUADRANGLE OF HARVARD COLLEGE

SOAP FOR THE WAIFS

The Chicago Tribune
June 28, 1894

Boys And Girls of The Street
Given Their Annual Bath

Water Is Poured on Them, Their Hides Are Scrubbed, and Then Their Hair Is Cut—Protests Are Made, But The Arabs Are Compelled to Submit to The Yearly Ablutions—Today The Clean Ones Will Enjoy Themselves at a Picnic in Jackson Park.

Waifs' annual washing day was celebrated yesterday with unusual vigor. Over 400 girls and 360 boys were placed under the faucet and not withstanding prolonged howls of objections were drenched and scrubbed. Even Supt. Daniels armed himself with a rubber brush. The average street urchin has no liking for soap and water and a bait has to be thrown out to get him into the clutches of the attendants. The bait is new clothing and hundreds of bundles were distributed. The North and West Side school children provided the clothing. Over 12,000 boys' garments were given away. About 15,000 pieces of girls' clothing were distributed. The boys were given their dose of soap and water at the Armory, on Michigan Avenue, and the girls at the Waifs' Mission, No. 44 State Street. The cleaning process was also accompanied by hair clipping and a man with an automatic pair of shears operated on the boys at the rate of one every three minutes. Supt. Daniels hired two brawny men to work on the boys. Mrs. Smale and Mrs. Duvall and the Misses Church, Gilbert, Schilling, and Luck looked after the girls.

Today will take place the great event of the year for the waifs—the annual picnic. It will be held at Jackson Park. It is estimated 10,000 children will be present. The little ones will meet at the Armory at 8 o'clock and form in line. The Executive Committee of the day is composed of Joseph Leiter, James T. Hill, J. E. Slocum, J. N. Stewart,

T. E. Daniels, Frank E. Brown, N. W. Harris. The officers of the day will be T. E. Daniels, Director-General; J. T. Hill, Adjutant; James Durkin, Chief Marshal. Aides-de-Camp—F. O. Wetmore, Albert Mathews, W. H. Knowles, W. H. H. Peirce, N. M. Naylor, W. O. J. Davis, J. W. Lawrence, George E. Woodhouse. The procession is arranged as follows:

Police detail.
Chicago Musical Society Band.
Girls in carriages.
Juvenile Cadet Band of Milwaukee.
Girls in carriages.
Herald Cadets led by Chicago Zouave Band.
Children from the Home of the Friendless.
Waifs' Mission boys.
Second Regiment Band.
Unity Industrial School.
Other charitable institutions.
J. Meinkin's band.
Newspaper "hustlers."
Bootblack brigade.
Waifs and strays.

The parade will move south on Michigan Avenue to Monroe Street, to Dearborn, to Madison, to Clark, to Washington, to Fifth Avenue, to Adams, to Michigan Avenue, and to the Illinois Central Depot at Van Buren Street. There the juveniles will board special trains for Jackson Park. At 10 o'clock a grand feast will be spread, contributed by the children of the South Division schools. A feature of the day will be the presentation of a prize banner to the best band in the parade.

The Newsboys' Band of Milwaukee, under the leadership of Prof. Hensler, which will take part today in the annual picnic of the waifs, serenaded the newspaper offices last night and then gave a concert at the rooms of the Newspaper Club.

