

**JULIUS THE STREET
BOY: OR,
LIFE IN THE WEST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649008414

Julius the street boy: or, Life in the west by Horatio Alger

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Cover @ 2017

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HORATIO ALGER

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"Whew! What a pile!" said Julius. "Ain't I in luck?"

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Julius, the Street Boy

Julius the Street Boy

OR

LIFE IN THE WEST

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Ben Bruce," "Bernard Brook's Adventures," "Mark
Mason's Victory," "Tom Temple's Career," "Tony the
Hero," etc., etc.

A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

LOAN STACK

P27
AL45J8
1904

PREFACE.

"Julius" will be remembered by many of our readers as having played a prominent part in the story of "Slow and Sure." Circumstances rendering it desirable for him to leave the city, he goes to the West in one of the companies which are sent out periodically under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society, an admirable association whose efficient work in redeeming and saving to society the young waifs of the city streets cannot be overestimated.

I have endeavored, while giving characteristic sketches of Julius and his companions, to show how, in his new surroundings, my young hero parts with the bad habits contracted in his vagabond life, and, inspired by a worthy ambition, labors to acquire a good education, and to qualify himself for a respectable position in society. Though he may have been unusually fortunate in his new home and friends, the result in his case is by no means exceptional. There are hundreds now living at the West, respected and prosperous citizens, who can look back upon a past as dark, and who owe all that they are to the wise and benevolent society already referred to.

It is proper to add, that in the preparation of this volume I am indebted for valuable information to an instructive volume by Charles L. Brace, the devoted secretary of the Children's Aid Society, entitled "The Dangerous Classes of Society." I take pleasure in recommending it to all who feel an interest in street life and its representatives, as equally instructive and entertaining.

JULIUS, THE STREET BOY.

CHAPTER I.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

"Where are you goin', Julius? Where's yer blackin' box?" asked Patrick Riley.

"I've retired from business," said Julius.

"Did yer rich uncle die, and leave yer a fortune?"

"No, but he's goin' up the river to Sing Sing, for the benefit of his constitushun, and I'm goin' West fer my health."

"Goin' West? You're gassin'."

"No, I ain't, I'm goin' in a few days, along of Mr. O'Connor, and a lot of other chaps."

"Is it far out there?" asked Pat.

"More'n a hundred miles," said Julius, whose ideas of geography and distances were rather vague.

"Yer don't mean ter live out there?"

"Yes, I do, I'm goin' on to a farm, or into a store, and grow up respectable."

"Won't yer miss the city, Julius?"

"Likely I will."

"I don't think I'd like the country," said Pat, reflect-

ively. "New York's a bully place. There's always something goin' on. I say, did you hear of that murder in Center Street last night?"

"No; what was it?"

"A feller stabbed a cop that was trottin' him round to the station house for bein' tight. There's always something to make it lively here. In the country there ain't no murders, nor burglaries, nor nothin'," concluded Pat, rather contemptuously.

"I hope there's theayters," said Julius, thoughtfully. "I like to go when there's a good lively piece."

"Have you been to our theayter yet, Julius?"

"Your theayter?"

"Yes, me and some of the boys have got up a theayter. We do the pieces and actin' ourselves."

"Where is it?" asked Julius, with lively curiosity.

"It's No. 17 Baxter Street, down in the basement. We call it 'The Grand Duke's Oprca House.' We don't have to pay no rent. It's Jim Campara's place, an' he's treasurer, so his father don't charge nothin'."

"How long have you been goin', Pat?"

"Most a month. We play every night."

"Are you doin' well? Do you make money?"

"Tiptop. I say, Julius, yer must come to-night. It's my benefit."

"Do you get all the money that's took in?"

"No, half goes for expenses. I get the rest."