

SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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A newsletter

(Non--profit)

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Published monthly for the benefit of partic'lar friends of Horatio Alger Jr..Chairman, Edward G. Levy; Trustees, Kenneth B. Butler and Ralph D. Gardner; Representatives, Eastern States - Max Goldberg; Northern States - Carl T. Hartmann; Western States - W.P. (Park) Larson; Editor, Forrest Campbell; Projects: NEWSBOY AWARD; RAGGED DICK FUND and BOOKS FOR REVERE. Projects financed by membership donations only.

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THE NEWSBOY GETS A NEW SUIT

A year's supply of the newly designed envelope is furnished courtesy of Carl Hartmann, Northern States Rep. There are four different designs taken from pages 315-16-17 and 320 of Ralph D. Gardner's Biography & Bibliography entitled HORATIO ALGER or The American Hero Era, (WAYSIDE PRESS 1964). The next three Issues will be enclosed in different designs. Our grateful thanks to the Hartmann family for this gesture of their interest in our newsletter.

GARDNER GUEST AT MARLBORO CELEBRATION

In the year of 1844 when Horatio was 12 years old, the Alger family moved to Marlboro, something like 30 miles from Horatio's first home in Revere, where the five children were born. The family left Marlboro in 1861 and moved to South Natick. It was in Marlboro where Horatio received his academic education and spent the 'happiest' days of his life. It was in Marlboro where Gardner spent many long hours of research on the Alger Family and uncovered many interesting items of 'good report' while preparing material for his biography of Horatio. The good people of Marlboro after the completion of Gardner's book have taken a new interest in their former citizen and his family and prepared a celebration in their honor, with Gardner as guest of honor. Ralph talked to them over their local radio station, addressed children in special assembly in school, and adults in the Unitarian Church where the senior Alger was pastor. Ralph was heralded into town with official welcoming committies, honored guest at luncheons and a banquet. Ralph was extremely pleased with the interest shown by the 11 and 12 year old children there. Ralph suggested to the adult group that a 'fitting memorial' could be made in Horatio's honor by naming a school after him and that they should work toward an Alger commemorative postage stamp. The local newspaper, The Marlboro Enterprise & Sun recorded the event for the benefit of present and future historians. Ralph feels that with the interest shown in Marlboro by their young people, a recipient for our first RAGGED DICK award might be discovered there. It would be fitting if Marlboro could produce such a recipient where Horatio himself was of hero-age and the idea conceived there.

ALASKA, AND NOW THE EQUATOR

Although the interest in Horatio Alger appears to be concentrated in the New England states, the fringe areas have included Alaska for some time as in evidence by our own David Carlson, PF-064 of Dillingham who at last report had some 95 Alger titles to his credit. Now from only seven degrees north of the equator on the African continent, we get an inquiry from Harland Eastman, connected with the American Embassy in Cotonou, Dahomey. Dahomey is located on the Gulf of Guinea. Mr. Eastman, a partic'lar friend of Ralph Gardner, has expressed a sincere interest in Horatio Alger and has 25 titles in his collection so far. Mr. Eastman is presumed to be an American in Foreign Service. We shall be pleased to accept his application for membership, and I fully expect to announce it in the next newsletter.

MEXICO AND EUROPE

Our National Chairman, Edward Gordon Levy, PF-004 and his wife are currently guests at Hotel Paseo, Paseo De La Reforma, 208, Mexico, D.F. The Levys will be there until March 20th, and if you write, please use full name as there is another Ed Levy registered there. Irene Gurman, PF-A01, our former associate editor in the early days of our newsletter, informs us that she will accompany the PRESS CLUB on a tour of Europe, and expects to leave on May 15th. She is sorry that she will be unable to attend the MENDOTA AFFAIR, May 21-22nd, which she had made plans to do. She says she has some 500 duplicate Alger books to offer for sale to our members. They are all in good condition and highly desirable publishers. I have seen many of them and will attest to what she says, and I know that she will price them reasonably. Her address is 23498 Parklawn, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

BARABOO AND RISTEEN TOO!

Herbert L. Risteen, PF-104 of Baraboo, Wisconsin informs us that he too has been spreading the Alger gospel in his area. He encloses a newspaper clipping as evidence that he appeared on station WIBA, Madison on two occasions and had a lot of favorable response. He regrets being unable to get his postal card properly post-marked. Many were not; You may still write your message, enclose in envelope and mail to me at this late date.

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

- PF-021 Mrs. Shirley Conlon T-  
6491 Glenroy Street, (unreported)  
San Diego, California 92120
- PF-022 (inactive)  
PF-023 (inactive)  
P
- PF-024 Mr. Gilbert K. Westgard, II T-  
9249 Barberry Lane, (unreported)  
Des Plaines, Illinois 60018
- PF-025 Mr. Henry G. Dammeyer T-  
3512 - 65th Street, (unreported)  
Woodside, New York 11377
- PF-026 (inactive)
- PF-027 Mr. Morris Teicher T-100  
169 Blake Avenue,  
Brooklyn, New York 11212
- PF-028 Mrs. Margaret Smeltzer T-  
290 Bickley Road, (unreported)  
Glenside, Pa. 19038
- PF-029 (inactive)  
PF-030 (inactive)

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

- PF-114 Miss Marji Zak T-  
125 Christopher St., (unreported)  
New York, N.Y. 10014
- PF-115 Mr. John R. Liberg T-  
5735 Rowland Road, (unreported)  
Hopkins, Minnesota 55345
- PF-116 Mr. Edward Golden T- 74  
9 Park Place,  
Noroton Hts., Conn. 06823

Will Partic'lar Friends -031 through -040 please furnish me with your title totals before April 1st.

RAGGED DICK FUND Contributions

Previous balance reported	\$174.81
Item #71 \$2.00	Item #74 \$2.00
72 1.00	75 2.00
73 2.00	
	<u>9.00</u>
New Balance:	\$183.81

We hope to be able to report \$200.00 in this fund by May 22nd at our Mendota Affair, and the sum of \$100.00 be awarded to the recipient of our choice.

BOOKS FOR REVERE

- 37 Ragged Dick  
38 Helen Ford

The above titles were duplicates from my collection of 118 titles. Morris Olsen, PF-106 made it possible for me to donate these titles. Anyone wishing a copy of my list of 118 titles in my collection may have one upon request. If you wish to donate an Alger book to the Revere Public Library, check with me first to avoid duplication.

Miss Zak, PF-114 heard of us through George Setman, who advertises the Horatio Alger Club. George refers all inquiries to our Society, and all money received in this manner is converted to the RAGGED DICK FUND. Miss Zak has not yet reported in and the extent of her interest and titles owned are unreported at this time.

John, PF-115 also heard of us through George and is unreported at this time.

Edward, PF-116 also answered George's advertisement for information, which was referred to us. Ed is a former mailman, retired in 1964 after being on his feet for twenty years, but before that he was up in the air with the U.S. Air Force during World War II. Ed was born in 1901 in Noroton Hts., accumulated his 74 titles from local sources but rarely sees any offered now. He says his books are stored in the attic. Tut! Tut! Ed! Bring 'em down dust 'em off, and show 'em off! It will bring back fond memories from some of your old-timer friends, who also just might recall having some in their attic. Who knows a copy of Timothy Crump's Ward, the most coveted prize, might be right there in Noroton Hts.

George Setman, founder of the Horatio Alger Club, has been hospitalized. I do not have the details, but I'm hoping he is well on the road to recovery. My wife, Rachel, and I visited George and his wife, Marjorie last summer at their country home just outside of Quakertown. They operate an old fashioned country store, antique shop, and glass museum. They have the only silo in Pennsylvania converted to a three-room apartment. You name it - George and Marjorie have it, including an old country store post office, complete with lock box case. In the museum they have the remains of a complete dry-goods store--and books! George doesn't even know what he's got, but he'll look if you ask for a certain item. Bucks County is famous for its antique shops, but the top of our list is George and Marjorie's place.

We intend to stop in again this year on our way to Natick, and we'll visit Brewster Mass., again too. Brewster has a double interest to us now. My second book interest is books written by Joseph C. Lincoln, who was born there in 1870 just a few years after Alger left. My friend Consodine, (also mentioned on page 4) is a Lincoln collector, and has all the 46 titles and lectures on Lincoln when asked. If the good people of Brewster are receptive, to an inquiry made in our behalf by Don, we may be asked to assist in stocking the shelves of the Ladies Library there.

If you have not yet registered your intent to attend the Mendota Affair, please inform Kenneth B. Butler, 1325 Burlington Road, Mendota, Illinois 61342 as soon as possible. You will meet many of the Partic'lar Friends you've been reading about. Bring your Gardner book to be autographed. And bring the wife, we'd like to meet her too. This will be an historical event. The first of its kind.

THE KING AND ABBOT - By Horatio Alger Jr.  
(continued from the February Issue)

"Since," said the false abbot, "our blessed Saviour was sold for thirty pieces of silver, I should rate your majesty who could hardly be worth quite as much, at twenty-nine."

"A capital answer," said the king, laughing, for he had a keen relish for wit, "but see if thou can'st tell me how soon I shall ride the world about."

"To do that," replied the pseudo abbot, "your grace must rise with the sun and ride about with the same. Then shall you go about the world in twenty-four hours."

"By St. Botolph," said the king, laughing, "I did not think it could be done so soon. But now answer me, What do I think?"

"That will I do;" said the shepherd, laughing, "you think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but your grace is mistaken, for I am only his poor servant, that am come to crave pardon for him and for me."

"Well answered, by the mass," exclaimed John, laughing, "thou shalt be made lord abbot in his place."

"Nay," said the shepherd, "I can neither write nor read."

"Then at least, I will grant thee four nobles a week for thy merry jest, and thou shalt carry home a free pardon for thy lord."

So the Abbot of Canterbury escaped the royal levy, but doubtless it was the worse for some other abbot who was less fortunate in a witty servant.

(Reproduced from typewritten copy; source unknown. Reported published in Gleason's Monthly Companion, October, 1874; also Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battleship, January 15, 1859.)

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An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Morris Olsen, PF-106.

## MRS. CORDNER'S REFORMATION

--By Rev. Horatio Alger, Jr.

James Cordner finished his day's work at five o'clock. Washing his hands and putting on his coat he left his shop, and bent his steps in the direction of home. The distance between the two places was about a quarter of a mile.

Opening the back door, he came near stepping into a tub of dirty water which had been left there. With a sigh he moved it carefully aside, and entered the kitchen, which presented a scene of rare confusion. The table was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of articles, some of which seemed hardly in place.

Among them was a brush and comb, and some apple-parings which had been carelessly laid there by one of the children. A pan of milk was in one chair, a pair of muddy shoes in another, a dust-pan in a third, and in a fourth, some molasses appeared to have been spilt.

His wife's shawl was thrown over the back of the same chair, one corner besmeared with molasses. In the middle of the floor, which was exceedingly dirty, the youngest child lay stretched out asleep.

James Cordner looked around him, and his heart sank within him. He was neat and orderly by instinct. In his shop there was exhibited perfect neatness. All his tools--he was a cabinet maker--were carefully put away in their places. But at his home his wife managed matters, and she unfortunately lacked the valuable qualities which her husband possessed. A room of confusion did not offend her eye; or, if it did originally, she had come to think that it was impossible to have things otherwise where there were children.

Mr. Cordner passed into the next room--the sitting-room. Here his wife sat in a calico dress. Her comb had fallen out and let her hair fall over her shoulders. Not an article of furniture seemed in its right place. The lounge had been drawn into the middle of the room, and was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of articles. But I need not go into details; the room was at "sixes and sevens,"--a phrase which will be understood by all housekeepers.

James Cordner's brow involuntarily contracted with a frown as he surveyed the disorderly scene.

"It seems to me, Ellen," said he, "that things are looking worse than usual."

"What do you mean?"

"Look around and you will see what I mean."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Cordner, carelessly, "with three children you can't expect things kept straight. Children are always disorderly."

"Not if they are taught to be orderly."

"Oh, I am to blame," returned the wife, in an aggrieved tone. "Little you men know of a woman's work."

"I don't doubt you have considerable to do; but so do others who manage to keep their houses neat. There's Mrs. Furbush--"

"Oh, yes, I knew you'd bring up Mrs. Furbush," said his wife, with an air of a martyr.

"Why shouldn't I? She has one more child than you, and as much to do, yet her house always looks neat."

"It's a pity you hadn't married Mrs. Furbush," exclaimed Mrs. Cordner, bitterly.

"I shall have no disposition to exchange you for her or any one else, if you will only make my home a little more orderly. It don't seem to me that it would take long to improve the looks of things."

"Oh, no, of course not--a woman's work is nothing."

Meanwhile Mr. Cordner had been moving about quietly, putting the furniture into place, putting the scattered newspapers into a pile by themselves, the books together, picking up the articles of apparel, and carrying them out into the entry, collecting the children's playthings and storing them where they

Alger short story continued from page -3-

belonged. It took not more than five minutes, and affected a decided improvement.

"There, Ellen," said he, "it seems to me that the room looks much better than before."

Mrs. Cordner looked around her, and while she could not help secretly admitting that it did, she maintained a dignified silence. She got up and went out to prepare supper, which in due time was on the table.

Unfortunately her husband's remonstrances produced no lasting change. The condition of things was slightly improved the next day, but not much. After a time Mr. Cordner, despairing of remedying matters, got into the habit of straying away after supper,--sometimes into a neighbor's, but more frequently into the tavern, to which all were welcome at all times. Mrs. Cordner soon noticed the change. She loved her husband, though she took little pains to gratify what she knew to be his tastes, and the evenings seemed long and lonely without him.

"Won't you stop at home this evening, James?" she said on one occasion.

He looked around him. Things were in pretty much the same condition as described at the commencement of our story.

"I have an engagement this evening," said he, evasively. "I shall be obliged to go out."

"You seem to have engagements every evening?"

"A good many."

"I really believe the neighbors see more of you than I do. I wonder how often you are in at the Furbush's?"

"Well, its a pleasant place to call,--everything looks neat and comfortable."

"Very well, good evening," said Mrs. Cordner, somewhat sharply.

Another lonely evening awaited her. By eight o'clock all her children were in bed, and she was left to her own reflections.

"So James finds everything neat and comfortable at the Furbush's," she mused, rather bitterly. Involuntarily she raised her eyes and glanced around the room in which she was now seated. She could not help confessing that these words would by no means apply to it. Then--for a better spirit was awakened within her. "I wonder whether it would be very much extra trouble to keep things properly arranged."

She determined to make the trial the next day, in the unacknowledged hopes that she might thus be able to keep her husband at home. She found at first constant vigilance was required, and a sharp lookout after the children who had been brought up to be indifferent to orderly habits. When Willie and Clara came in from school, cap and bonnet were thrown down, one on a chair, the other on the floor, and both exclaimed in a breath:

"Mother, I'm hungry; I want some ginger-bread."

"First put away your cap and bonnet," said the mother.

"Where shall we put them?" inquired the children in some surprise.

"You will find some nails in the entry."

"Are you going to have company, mother?" asked Clara, unable to account for this new direction.

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because you've got your hair combed, and a clean dress on. Besides, you don't usually care where we put our things."

Mrs. Cordner blushed involuntarily at this remark, which she felt to be unintentionally severe.

"Well, I do care now," said she. "I want you always to remember to put your things away when you come in. They don't look well littering up the chairs and tables."

"Have you got any ginger-bread, mother?" asked Willie. "I'm awful hungry."

"Yes, I will get you a piece."

Willie was about to carry his ginger-bread into the sitting-room, and his mother stopped him.

"You mustn't go in there with your ginger-bread. The carpet has been swept, and you would get the crumbs about."

The children sat down very contentedly in the kitchen, and ate their lunch. The few crumbs that fell Clara was required to sweep up.

"Now, children, I want you to go and wash your face and hands, and brush your hair. Your father likes to have you looking neat. And, Willie, your jacket needs dusting. Get the brush, and I will brush you."

Willie did as requested, and with a very little pains both children looked neat and clean.

During the day, Mrs. Cordner had engaged Bridget Rafferty, an humble neighbor, to come and scrub the floor and some of the paint. She took particular pains to arrange the books and papers in their places, and while she could see the great improvement which had been made, the time expended in effecting it seemed really so inconsiderable as not to be taken into account.

"Afterall," thought Mrs. Cordner, "it does seem pleasant to have a neat house. If I had thought it took so little time I would have made the attempt before."

About the usual time James Cordner returned home. His wife met him at the door, neatly attired in an afternoon dress, with her hair simply arranged. Her husband was agreeably surprised, and smiled cheerfully.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE APRIL ISSUE  
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#### IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

The people in the village of Brewster, Massachusetts are looking for a physician to locate there and serve them. Brewster is on the bay side of beautiful and historic Cape Cod, and just a few hours drive from Boston. Anyone interested may write direct to my friend Donald P. Consodine, Chairman, Brewster Board of Trade, Brewster, Massachusetts., or call 896-3615 for further information and details.

AGE IS SECONDARY--NEED IS GREAT