

newsboy



Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devoted
to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler

GUEST EDITOR: n March 1970

Carl Hartmann
4907 Allison
Lansing, Michigan 48910
Volume #8 - No. 7

THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
Author of "Frank's Campaign," "Paul Prescott's Charge," etc.

A short story, the third in a series Alger wrote for William T. Adams, Editor of Student & Schoolmate. Alger wrote a total of 12 short stories for Adams between July, 1865 and May, 1869.

"Ragged Dick", prior to publication in book form, was serialized in 1867 in Student and Schoolmate.

Ralph Gardner in "Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era" published in 1964 by the Wayside Press, priced individual loose copies of Student and Schoolmate at .50¢ to \$1.50 each. Bound Volumes of "Ragged Dick", "Fame and Fortune" and other early tales could easily cost \$15.00 to \$20.00.

Since the cost of everything has gone up since 1964, we feel you would be lucky to acquire any of the above at the prices given.

We have reprinted in full "The Worst Boy in School" on pages 6, 7 and 8 just as it appeared in December, 1865.

In future issues of Newsboy we hope to publish more short stories and poems by Alger. If you have any material you would like to share with other members please send it to the guest Editor.

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1865. No. VI.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE
and
Forrester's Boys & Girls MAGAZINE,
A Reader for Schools & Families.
WILLIAM T. ADAMS,
(OLIVER OPTIC)
EDITOR.

JOSEPH H. ALLEN,
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To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive & 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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The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January and July, and is distributed free to Society members by our Executive Secretary, Carl Hartmann, from 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Mich. 48910.

Each individual membership begins with date of application. Junior membership, \$3.00 annually; adult membership, \$5.00 annually, to be paid in advance. Each new member receives a membership card, membership roster, and ten issues of the NEWSBOY.

NOTES FROM MEMBERS.....

Ed Levy sent us a card with the following: "This is a photo of our son (Harvard Sociology professor) and his wife in front of our Florida hibernation ensconsment. Everything is lovely but you must realize that it's not always clement here - sometimes, during a cold spell, the therrmonmeter drops all the way down to 88 or 89 degrees." The card arrived at your Guest Editors home during a 7 inch snowfall with temp about -2.

* * * * *

What do we miss? The mailbag answers..... What happened to: "That Wonderful World of Horatio Alger".....Random Thoughts from Algerland....."The Alger Foxhole"..... "Notes from Norman"....."The Presidents Column".....

* * * * *

We still need an Editor for the "Newsboy". If you are interested drop a note to V.P. Judson Berry or Secretary Carl Hartmann.

Visitors to Revere for the 1970 Convention, June 19-20-21, will be offered a variety of pleasurable activities. Geo. C. Clarke, PF-264, as convention chairman, will be aided by City Counciller, William DiCarlo, as convention committee chairman and there will be a ladies committee named by the Kiwanis Club of Revere, one of our two hosts.

Lee H. Brow, PF-268, co-chairman, is arranging a listing of historic spots in and near Boston, including museums, and will provide a thumb-nail sketch of each, including Plymouth, Provincetown on Cape Cod, a tour of Boston harbor by palatial excursion boat, and including the Edaville Railroad (not a toy but a register railroad serving the famous cranberry bogs near Plymouth.) A museum of the American railways is a feature. And, in town, only two blocks from the State Street office of the 80 year old Massachusetts State Chamber of Commerce, our other host, is a brand new multi-million dollar Aquarium.

Two superior nightclubs, operated by "Bill" Di Carlo will be available with an early show allowing the conventioners to hold any planned evening meetings at the Northgate Motel, convention headquarters.

If one like pari-mutual betting, Revere has two racetracks, Wonderland for dog racing and Suffolk Downs for horse racing. A local tradition says that Paul Revere and his buddies once raced their fast horses on the hard sands of Revere Beach!

Old Faneuil Hall is within walking distance of the State Chamber office, the world's first supermarket located in its basement and the museum of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. in its top story. The balconied auditorium with its famous paintings where colonial patriots earned for the building the title "Cradle of American Liberty" is on the 2nd floor.

As to facilities for book searching, near bu Chelsea is the junk center of America and there are bookstores and auctions and of course old barns, etc. A list is being prepared.

REVERE JUNE 19 20 21 1970

Alger features having been very carefully retained.

By George Clarke

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph W. Gallant, owners of the Horation Alger, Jr. birthplace at 88 Beach Street, Revere, Massachusetts, have agreed in writing to its dedication and the placing of a suitable bronze or cast iron marker on the edifice by the City of Revere during the HAS Convention in June 1970.

The City Council will supply the marker and attend the exercises in a body on the date selected by our organization.

Asked if the home was for sale for perpetual use as an historical museum, the answer was, "We have not given any consideration to selling our home but we might consider doing so, if offered a fair price."

The land and two-story building (see picture below) is currently assessed at \$5000 but many improvements in recent years have been made. Real estate in Revere is highly regarded in a very choice and lively market.

If purchased by the Revere Historical society for use as a museum and Alger Reference Library, it could be made tax free. Revere, once a part of Boston, goes back as a settlement, village, town and city to 1624 and many choice relics of its past as Rumney Marsh, an Indian village, are available.

Mrs. Anna Gallant is almost a lifetime resident of the Beach City, having been brought to Revere as an infant at age 2. She is a graduate of Revere High School & Bryant and Stratton Business College. In 1961, she joined the staff of the Carnegie Library in Revere and she served until 1967.

Her husband, Joseph, is also a graduate of Revere High School. He went on to earn an A.B., M.A., & Ed. M. degree. He served for 31 years before retirement with the United States Government (1938-1969) as supervisor and Counseling Psychologist for the Veterans' Administration Regional office in Boston.

Their home is beautifully furnished with antiques of the colonial period, all special



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

We hired a cottage within sight of the seashore, and there lived happily for many months. By day we wandered along the strand entranced with the grand music which came pealing out from the vast organ of the sea, and gathered up the shells which the waters scattered liberally at our feet. We felt that in the vast cathedral of Nature, whose vaulted roof is the over-arching sky, this was the orchestra, and that from no instrument made by man could we hear music so solemn and impressive. But human happiness is of short duration. Claribel died, and in her grave all my hopes of bliss were forever buried.—Thackeray.

In a cottage, by the sea,
By the ever-rolling sea;
Where the surges rage and roar,
As they dash along the shore,
As they dash along the shore,
With their foaming crests of white,
Sparkling with reflected light;
Where the winds are moaning low
To the water's ebb and flow;
In the pleasant days gone by,
Fled—alas! how silently!
In that cottage, by the sea,
Dwelt a maiden fair with me.

I remember how of yore
The twain wandered on the shore,
How we gathered from the strand
Sea-shells mingled with the sand;
How we listened all the while,
As in some cathedral-aisle,
To the music, soft and low,
Of the waters in their flow;
While the organ of the sea
Played for us a symphony,
Or anon, with lighter strain,
Breathed a musical refrain

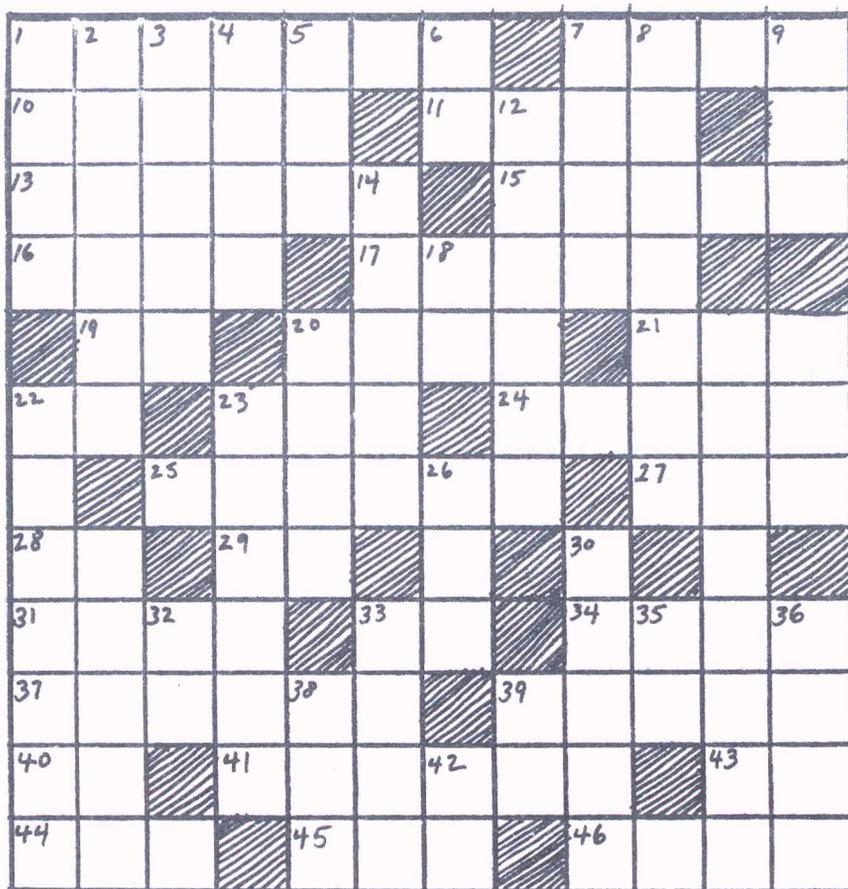
O, I loved her passing well,
Dearly loved my Claribel;
But the days flew quickly by,
As the clouds along the sky;
As the stars that gem the night
Fly before the dawn of light.
Gone are all my hours of pleasure,
Vanished with my vanished treasure;
For a deathly shadow fell
On the brow of Claribel;
In my cottage, by the sea,
No one dwelleth now but me!

FROM THE COLLECTION OF PAST PRESIDENT MAX GOLDBERG-----

ACROSS

BY RALPH GARDNER

- 1. Our hero
- 2. Ragged ---
- 10. Mrs. Cheney
- 11. The Peddler
- 13. Grit --- Ferry
- 15. Town in Holland
- 16. --- The Score
- 17. Hero Returns it to Owner
- 19. Partic'lar Friend Levy
- 20. Indian Tribe
- 21. Pastime of Jack Harding's Aunt
- 22. Sink --- swim
- 23. the Luggage Boy
- 24. Enemies Tried To --- Heroes
- 25. Old Fashioned Rifle
- 27. Limb
- 28. ---'s Ward: Initials
- 29. Alger Heroine: Initials
- 31. What Alger Heroes Kept
- 33. An Indication of Loring First Edition
- 34. Frank's (campaign) Father Was at the Front with his - - -.
- 37. We Ask Booksellers: "Got any ---?"
- 39. Tom ---
- 40. Thus
- 41. Hero with "Ambition"
- 43. "--- Maine Goes..."
- 44. "---and Trust"
- 45. Suffix Forming Adjective meaning Country or Place
- 46. Many Alger lads were --- on Hazardous Missions



DOWN

- 1. "Wait and ---"
- 2. --- Conrad
- 3. Not Easily
- 4. Visited by Horatio in England
- 5. Oriental New Year Holiday
- 6. Bookshops Where Alger Books Are Found (O.P. means out-of-print)
- 7. What All P.F.s Pay Promptly

- 8. Unlawful
- 9. Hero of "The Young Acrobat."
- 12. "--- in the City
- 14. What Richard Hunter Had
- 18. World Organization: Abbr.
- 20. Adventures Written and Read With-
- 22. "Oliver the ---"
- 23. H.A.S. Founder President
- 26. These Tales---Happily
- 30. Better ---
- 32. Scriptural Name
- 33. What the Villans Were
- 35. Sodium
- 36. Put to the---
- 38. Bullies --- Annoying Alger Heroes
- 39. Britain: Abbr.
- 42. Poet Cummings



Pictured at left is the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY membership patch. This is an attractive patch for blazer, pocket, brief case, etc. Patch measures 3 inches in dia.- and is white twill. Border is blue and red, copy is blue. Figure of shoe shine boy is in red. Cost, to HAS members, is \$1.00, PPD. Order from your secretary.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Donald D. Dowling, PF-278, became interested in collecting and learning more about him by accident and self-defense. "I have been accompanying my wife on her excursions to collect antiques of one kind and another. I usually looked for books without a specific purpose until a few months ago came upon some Alger titles. I had become aware that Richard Loring Brace was partially instrumental, at least, in founding the Childrens Aid Society in N.Y. I assume that Alger knew the Rev. Loring Brace who was also responsible for starting the foster family movement in this county.

In a very real sense and in his own way - Alger was also a child welfare worker. According to Tebbel in From Rags to Riches - Horatio Alger & The American Dream Alger lived at the "Newsboys Lodging House" for quite some time and drew upon some of his experiences there for material for his books.

I am a child Welfare Worker and have been for many years so this is another tie-in for me.

As far as I can recall, the first book I read was Tony The Tramp when I was a small boy - under 10 - living in Nova Scotia.

I am looking with great interest o my "Alger "Career" and membership in the Society and meeting new friends.

PF-279 Salvatore J. Danca
8 Broadway
Stoneham, Mass. 02180
(Corinne)

"As a youngster I read as many of Alger's books as I could get. The nostalgia of his writing still lingers after over 40 years."

Kiwanis Lt-Governor, Salvatore has charge of 14 Kiwanis Clubs, including Revere. He is well liked and successful in his chosen profession of accountant. Salvatore will aid our convention chairman, George Clarke in making the Revere Convention the best yet.

PF-281 Dr. John Hepler
70 Cedar Drive
Mt. Pleasant, Mi. 48858
(Ingrid) T-54

Dr. John Hepler, Professor of English at Central Michigan University, has 54 various editions of Alger including 4 first editions and 1 volume of poems 1st. edition autographed 5

by. H. Alger incirbed to J. G. Whittier.

John makes the fourth member, from Mt. Pleasant - Central Michigan University. This makes Michigan with 15 members second only to Massachusetts with 16.

NEWS ABOUT MEMBERS.....

The St. Louis Newspaper Guild, the union of newspaper and radio and television workers, has re-appointed IRV POZNAN, PF-135 for a second term as chairman of the grievance committee at the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. This follows five terms Irv has served on the Guild's executive committee. On March 5th. Irv finished 26 years of toil for the Post-Dispatch.

PF-280 J. Dan Stice
416 S. 4th. St.
Stillwater, Minn. 55082

Dan Stice is a friend of Russ Dock, PF-235. He became interested in Alger through the Ragged Dick story which Russ ran in serial form in THE PATENT EXCHANGE NEWS & REPORTER.

Dan is a lawyer and has 50 Algers.

BOOK MART

BOUND TO RISE	VG BURT	3.00
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	VG G & D GREEN	10.00
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	G G & D TAN	7.50
BOUND TO RISE	VG Winston	3.00
FACING THE WORLD	VG Donohue	1.50
PAUL THE PEDDLER	VG TRADE	2.00
PHIL THE FIDDLER	VG BURT	3.00
RISEN FROM THE RANKS	G HURST	2.00
STRIVE AND SUCCEED (Empire)	NY PUB.	2.50
TOM TEMPLES CAREER	VG BURT	3.00
YOUNG BANK MESSENGER	G-VG HT COATES	12.50
YOUNG CAPTAIN JACK	G G & D (TAN)	7.50
JULIUS THE STREET BOY	NY PUB.	2.50
(Herbert R. Mayes) Alger, A biography without a Hero	G	6.00

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David J. Thompson
7205 Langley Canyon Rd.
Salinas, Calif. 93901

DON'T FORGET . . . THE 1970 CONVENTION
WILL BE HELD IN REVERE, MASS. JUNE 19,
20, 21

SIoux FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

1971

INHERITED WEALTH

Owen P. Morton, PF-271, Kalamazoo, Michigan, recently advertised for sale in The Book Mart, over sixty Algernons, some in the truly rare books class, of which he became possessed by inheritance.

There were the childhood books of his grandfather and his father and were part of the estate which he was called upon to settle. He probably has kept many others for his own use.

At age 74, he is retired after a busy life and successful business career. He started as a car washer and rose to the top in the automobile business as a new car dealer. It is also almost an Alger story although without a villain. But there was a providential happening which he recognizes as a turning point in his life.

Boyhood Interests

As a boy his chief interests were in hunting, trapping and fishing. He worked on his father's farm and sold his furs for a "nest egg". Then came World War I. Upon his return and his honorable discharge as an enlistee, he found what his brother had sold his traps, disposed of many of his books and, worst of all, cut up his prized Western saddle for shoe leather!

He immediately headed for town, never to return. He knew that their 80 acres would not support all three of the men, his father, his brother and himself. He was not exactly "driven from home", but as he looks back on it all, by "making his way", he gained a competence and came out far better in the end than they did.

Now retired, he enjoys a beautiful home with his garden, his lawns and leisure, including books in the winter months and his hobby of collecting auto plates. He has, in his own words, "a good wife and two beautiful daughters", which means delightful family reunions in the grand manner.

He is hoping to find a copy of C.A. Stephen's "THE YOUNG MOOSE HUNTERS" which reflects his continuing interest in hunting.

By George Clarke

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Alger bottles are still available from the Secretary. \$12.00 PPD.

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The Worst Boy in School.

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THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Frank's Campaign," "Paul Prescott's Charge," etc.

THE winter school in the centre district of the town of Carlton was to commence the first Monday in December. The teacher arrived on the Saturday evening previous, and reported himself to Mr. Forbes, at whose house it was arranged that he should board. He was a member of the senior class in a New England college, who had decided to spend the winter in teaching, partly because he liked it and intended to make teaching his profession, partly because his means were limited, and the compensation he would receive would help to pay his college bills.

"How large a school shall I have?" inquired Mr. Bancroft, for this was the new teacher's name.

"About forty scholars."

"What sort of a reputation has the school? Is it easily managed?"

"Well, it would be, but for one boy."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"Jim Bowers. For several years he has had the reputation of being the worst boy in school."

"He is mischievous, I suppose."

"Yes, that's the main thing. I don't think he is naturally ugly, but he has a good deal of influence over the other boys, and is always setting them up to some mischief or other. He about worried the life out of the last teacher, who used to flog him regularly about once a day."

"And what effect would the flogging have?"

"None at all; Jim would laugh in the teacher's face, and ask him why he didn't strike harder. Of course this would set the other boys to laughing — so altogether the school was a failure last winter."

"Has the boy no good qualities?"

"Yes, to do him justice, I don't think he would do a mean thing, and singularly enough he was never caught in a lie."

"Good. That will give me something to work upon."

"You don't mean to say you expect to reform this boy?"

"Suppose I should say so," returned Mr. Bancroft with a smile.

"Then all I've got to say is, that you've got a job before you."

"How is this Jim Bowers situated at home?" asked the teacher, after a pause.

"Unhappily; his home has poor attractions. He has no mother, and his father is a drunkard."

Con'T Page 7

"That is sad."

"Yes, I think Jim feels it, and perhaps it is that which makes him behave so; if he had a pleasant home it might be different."

"Well, I shall do what I can for him."

"I hope you'll succeed."

"But you don't expect it?"

"No. I shall think it little short of a miracle."

"Well, I can only try."

Monday morning came, and with it the opening of school. As the teacher approached the school-house, a motley group of scholars of both sexes stood watching him, no doubt speculating as to his probable character. Mr. Bancroft wondered which of them was Jim Bowers.

The first thing to be done was to take the names. Mr. Bancroft, with Register in hand, went from desk to desk. At length he came to a desk occupied by a single boy.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher

"Jim Bowers."

Mr. Bancroft looked at him with some curiosity. He was a stout, good looking boy of fifteen, with black eyes and a face browned by exposure. He looked up in the teacher's face with a careless, half-defiant glance, as if to say, "You'll know me better by and by."

On the whole, Mr. Bancroft liked the face. It was intelligent. The boy was evidently not deficient in natural smartness. As to his requirements, he would know better when he came to recite.

Jim on his part watched the teacher. He observed that Mr. Bancroft's manner was quiet. He too, appeared to suspend his judgment. During the first day both pupil and teacher watched, evidently trying to understand each other better. Jim recited particularly well, though he did not appear to devote much time to his lessons.

"He's a smart boy," thought the teacher. "I hope I can do something for him."

The next day Jim began to show off a little. He threw a book at a boy sitting near him, striking him on the head.

The teacher looked up suddenly, and advancing quickly to the boy who had been struck, picked up the book. Opening it at the flyleaf, he read the name of the owner, Jim Bowers.

"I suppose you threw this book, James," he said quietly.

"Yes sir," said Jim, promptly, looking up in his face with a look that said, "What are you going to do about it?"

"I am glad you told me the truth about it," said the teacher, "I won't ask you why you threw the book, nor will I take any further notice of it, because I am sure you will not do it again."

Mr. Bancroft walked back to his seat, and called up a class. Jim looked puzzled. If he had been called up and punished, as he fully anticipated, he would have understood that. But the teacher had not even scolded him. He had even complimented his truthfulness. Jim did not quite know what to make of him.

Nothing out of the way happened during the remainder of the day. During the night there was a heavy fall of snow, not dry and feathery, as it falls sometimes, but moist and damp, just the thing to make snowballs.

Half an hour before school commenced, the boys were engaged in a merry snow-ball contest. Jim Bowers, who was always among the foremost in any athletic game, was a leader among the boys. By and by the teacher was seen coming up the road.

"Now boys," said Jim, suddenly, "What should you say if I fired a snow-ball at the teacher?"

"You would n't dare to."

"Would n't dare!" retorted Jim. "Did you ever know me afraid of anything?"

"Well, you'll get an awful licking."

"Well, I've had lickings before now. It don't hurt me any."

"You'd better not, Jim."

"Don't trouble yourself. You don't scare this chicken quite so easily."

"Jim formed a large snow-ball, and just as the teacher was going up the steps it whistled by his ear.

He looked round quickly. There was no mistaking the one who threw the snowball. The eyes of all the boys were fixed alternately on him and Mr. Bancroft. Without a word he entered the school-house, and rang the bell. Jim came in, and took his seat with the rest.

Mr. Bancroft walked over to Jim, and said without a trace of anger visible in his voice, "James, I should like to have you stop after school this afternoon."

"Yes sir," said Jim, carelessly.

The boys were a little surprised at Mr. Bancroft's quiet manner. They had supposed he would be in a towering passion, and flog Jim at once. However, they concluded that it was only deferred, and that Jim would get a "most awful lickin'," immediately after school.

The day wore away. When the school was dismissed at four, Jim remained behind in his seat. So did the teacher.

"James," said Mr. Bancroft, "you may come up to me."

Jim obeyed the summons, and fixed a pair of restless black eyes on the "master."

"I suppose you were the one who fired a snow-ball at me this morning," said the teacher.

"Yes sir."

"What made you do it?"

"Partly for fun, partly because the boys told me I would n't dare to do it."

"Suppose you were in my place, and a scholar should fire a snow-ball at you, what would you do?"

"Give him a good lickin'."

"Then I suppose you would not complain if I should treat you in the same way?"

"That's what you are keeping me after school for, is n't it?" asked Jim.

"I don't feel sure — I am afraid it would n't do any good."

"The teacher last winter used to lick me, because I made him mad."

"That is n't my way."

Jim looked surprised.

"I will tell you frankly what was told me about you before I commenced school."

"You were told that I was the worst boy in school, I 'spose," said Jim.

"Yes."

"And now you believe it," said the boy a little bitterly.

"No."

"You don't!" said the boy, evidently surprised.

"No, I think you are mischievous, but I don't think you are really bad. I don't think you would tell a lie."

"No, I would n't," said Jim, proudly.

"I think you have very good abilities, and can make a smart man if you try."

"No teacher ever told me so before," said Jim.

"You have the choice before you. If you will apply yourself to study, in a year from now you will be able to get a good situation somewhere, where you can earn your living and lay the foundation of a useful and honorable manhood. You have talent enough, as I said before. Don't you think that is worth trying for?"

"Yes sir," said Jim.

"If you will begin to try now, I will do all I can to help you."

"I should n't think you would."

"Why not?"

"After my doing what I have."



"We won't think any more of it, James. On the contrary, I will give you leave to fire at me again to-morrow morning. Only I shall claim the privilege of firing back. I'll come a little before school, and we'll have a grand snow-ball match."

"You might get hit."

"Yes, and so may you. I mean to give as well as take. But about what I said — will you agree to study hard, if I will help you all I can?"

"Yes, I will," said Jim, impulsively. "I like you, Mr. Bancroft, and you're the first teacher I ever did like. The rest used to get mad and lick me, but you seem interested in me."

"Then it's a bargain, James. If you will come up to my room any time I shall be glad to see you, and when you find any hard places in your lessons, bring them up and I will help you out with them."

The boys were greatly amazed the next morning to find the teacher on such excellent terms with "the worst boy in school." From that time there was no better boy than Jim Bowers. Encouraged by the teacher, he made the most of his excellent natural abilities, and soon distanced all his school-fellows. He is now in a situation in Boston, obtained through Mr. Bancroft's influence, where he is giving the best satisfaction, and I should not be surprised if in time he became a wealthy man. He is warmly attached to his old teacher, to whose forbearance, and judicious management he owes his present good fortune.

BE reverential to the aged, and courteous to the young. Be obliging to acquaintances, kind and hospitable to all men.