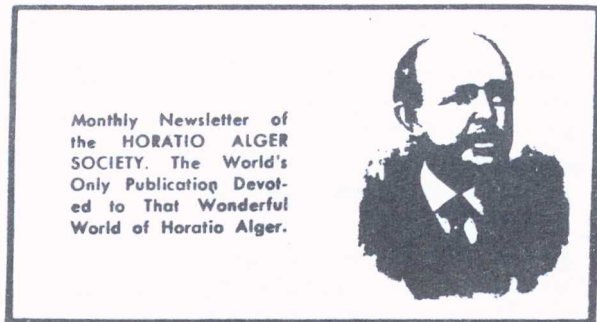


# newsboy



GUEST EDITOR:

April 1970

Carl Hartmann  
4907 Allison  
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Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## THE THREE GAMES AT CHESS.

### A LEGEND OF VENICE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was night in Venice. The stars shone down upon the great city which in calm and tranquil beauty lay outstretched beneath them. It was one of those Italian evenings, which, though not so brilliant, are far more beautiful in their softened radiance than the garish splendor of day. Twelve had just rung from the cathedral, and night wrapt its misty veil about the city of the sea. But the noise and bustle of day had not entirely subsided. Music and merry laughter were heard from a magnificent palace in one of the principal streets.

The Marchioness di Lucca had selected that evening for a splendid entertainment, at which nearly all the Venetian nobility were present. Among them was the young Duke Alberto, who was descended from a family second to none in rank and social position. With many excellent qualities, he had one defect which marred them all. He was strongly addicted to gaming.

There was a small table at one end of the apartment on which was a chess-board. The marchioness and Alberto were engaged in a game which seemed to rivet their whole attention. On the issue were staked ten thousand ducats. Besides his house and furniture, it was all which capricious fortune had left to Alberto.

At length the game drew to a close, and the marchioness was the winner. The young man's face flushed, and his hands trembled with nervous excitement.

"One more game," said he. "I will stake my palace and all that it contains."

"Be it so," was the reply, and the game commenced. But it brought to the young duke no better fortune than before. He rose from the table a ruined man.

Unable to conceal his agitation he withdrew as soon as the laws of etiquette would permit, and retired to his palace. Alas! it was no longer his. With uncontrollable agitation he paced up and down the luxurious apartment, and a bitter sense of regret came over his mind. The consequences of his folly were now presented to him in their true colors.

"Alas!" said he, "degenerate that I am, I have not been content with squandering an ample fortune at the gaming table, but must needs barter my birthright."

He gazed upon the pictures of his ancestors which lined the lofty apartment on which he had so often gazed with childish awe, as an old nurse detailed their valorous exploits and heroic virtues in times long past. To his distempered fancy they seemed now to look down upon him with expressions of blended sorrow and indignation.

"And these," he mused bitterly, "these portraits of my noble ancestors must pass into the hands of strangers, and I survive to bear the disgrace. No! no! I will not outlive my honor."

With a frantic gesture he seized a pistol and was about to terminate his existence, when his hand was seized, and he saw standing beside him a stranger clothed in black.

"Hold!" was the stranger's exclamation.

"Who and what are you," said Alberto, indignantly, "who thus presumes to enter my palace at this unseasonable hour?"

"The Three Games at Chess, A legend of Venice", published in Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, Mar. 11, 1854, was one of Alger's earliest short stories. The style is definitely Alger's. The plot's sharp difference between good and evil shows his early training as a minister's son. The story was written during the period when Alger's father was intent on Horatio returning to Harvard to continue his studies for the ministry. Alger was equally intent on making his living as an author. He was encouraged, for his name was becoming known to readers of a number of story papers and magazines (Gleason's, The Flag of Our Union) and his rates had increased to \$5.00 per story.

It was also during this period that Alger met William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic). Adams read some of Alger's stories and suggested that they be published. The book was published under the title Bertha's Christmas Vision. This was Alger's first book and is very rare.

"Three Games at Chess" is from the collection of Past President Max Goldberg and the historical facts are from Ralph Gardner's book "Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era".

SEE YOU AT REVERE

JUNE 19, 20, 21, 1970

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 154.]

# NEWSBOY

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.

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## NOTES FROM MEMBERS.....

Had a great little visit with Bill Chase, PF-273, of Los Angeles, a few days ago. He was in N.Y. for only a day or two and when he phoned me I was in the middle of a meeting and if I wasn't told "It's a friend of yours from the Horatio Alger Society" I wouldn't have taken the call. Well, Bill said he was just calling to say hello before leaving town. I asked him where he was calling from and he said "The Top of the Sixes" which is a restaurant just a few blocks from my office. It was raining very hard all day, so I told him to stay where he was and I'll be there in ten minutes.

So I ran out and we had a great visit for about 30 minutes and then I ran back to my meeting. Bill has a fine collection says he has about 85 titles (including a Loring "Seeking His Fortune"), some other Loring's, P & C's etc., and the amazing thing is that he only started a few months ago.

Incidentally, he says the Heritage Bookshop of Los Angeles, in their recent catalogue listed a copy of my book "Horatio Alger, or the American Hero Era", for \$20.00! So maybe our members have a collector's item there too???

Ralph Gardner

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While in Phoenix, Arizona, this past winter I had a most delightful visit to an old fashioned "Country Store" of the nineties operated by a chain of supermarkets in memory of the first store owned by the father of the Bayliss Family.

The store is a veritable goldmine of antiques of the period during which Horatio Alger lived and wrote. A cracker barrel (yes, containing old fashioned soda crackers), old time coffee grinders, penny candies, one cent ice cream cones, McGuffey readers, election campaign posters dating from before the Civil War. A complete old fashioned drug store (the bottles were most precious) and hundreds, yes, thousands of other items too numerous to mention.

In the book display I saw no algers so I volunteered to send them a few which I have done. These books will soon be shown on exhibition at this most engrossing museum with a card reading "Donated by the Horatio Alger Society". I urge our members who may chance to visit Phoenix to be sure to visit this most interesting and entertaining nostalgic place.

Frank Eisenberg PF-229

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Ed Levy, PF-004, is celebrating his 50th. anniversary, Class of 1920, Yale University, this June. Congrats Ed.....

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A GROUP OF BOOTBLACKS.

THE BOOK MART

NEWSBOY

<u>THE WESTERN BOY</u>	Fair - Carleton	25.00
(some pages repaired, but well worth		25.00
<u>THE TELEGRAPH BOY</u>	Good - Loring - spine	
faded and repaired - Usual cover wear		15.00
<u>RAGGED DICK</u>	Worn - Loring, not a 1st.	
but a real Loring "Dick" and rare as hens		
teeth.		15.00
<u>THE BACKWOODS BOY</u>	Good - Anderson & Allen	
		20.00
<u>FACING THE WORLD</u>	Good - P & C	15.00
Lost at Sea	Good - G & D In dust	
Jacket		10.00
Bob Burton	Good - Donohue In dust	
jacket		3.00
Helen Ford	Good - Winston	3.00

Take the following two Lorings only if you haven't any other Lorings in your collection and wish to own a couple:  
BEN THE LUGGAGE BOY Complete, but very poor 2.50  
 Fame and Fortune Complete, but very poor 2.50

The following "Nothing" titles are important association items and definitely part of the complete Alger collection:

Nothing to Do, by a Lady - Wiley & Halsted		
1st. ed. good		15.00
Nothing to Wear, By Wm. A. Butler, originator of the "Nothing" series - Rudd & Carleton		
1st. ed. Good		10.00
Nothing to Say, By Doesticks, Rudd & Carleton		
1st. ed. Good		5.00
Nothing to Eat, Dick & Fitzgerald - 1st. ed.		
Good		5.00

Theses duplicates are from my collection.

Ralph Gardner  
 135 Central Part West  
 New York, N.Y. 10023

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Welcome to New members.....

PF-282 Thomas E. Granquist  
 510 17th. St.  
 Oregon City, Oregon 97045  
 (Janice L.) T-47

Thomas, with 47 different titles, is interested mostly in hard bound books, improving his collection, reading them and about Alger.

"I am also interested in misprints As an example I possess a book, "Paul the Peddler". The cover says the

the Federal Book Company printed it, yet the contents and advertisements say Street & Smith printed it."

Thomas also collects coins, games such as Chess, Mah Jongg and older card games.

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 PF-283 Edwin M. Gross  
 529 Carolina  
 Charleston, W.Va. 25311  
 T-68

Edwin has 68 different titles and is interested in corresponding with other collectors with view of adding to his collection. Semi-retired, Ed keeps busy with interests such as Chess, guitar, german language, horse shoe pitching and hiking.

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Judson Berry, our Vice-president, has announced the following appointments.

LUCK & PLUCK Award committee:  
 Jack Row - Chairman  
 Les Langlois  
 Herb Risteen

If you have any suggestions please forward them to Jack Row.

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 ALGERS FATHER

Rev. Horatio Alger, Sr. father of the famous author, was the 6th. pastor of the Unitarian church in Revere, serving from 1829 to 1844. He served concurrently as pastor, postmaster and teacher of the public schools in Revere and Winthrop. Both of these communities were then a part of North Chelsea. Revere was known as Rumney March and the area now known as the town of Winthrop was then known as Pullen Point.

There being no parsonage, the senior Horatio, having recently married into the Frnno Family, built the house at 88 Beach Street, in which his famous son, also, for two short, nonconsecutive periods, a unitarian pastor, was born on Jan. 13, 1832.

Carpenter Staniels provided the needed funds with which to build the substantial two-story house which will be dedicated as a national  
 Cont. on page 6

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151.]

"Your palace!" said the intruder, significantly; "is it any longer yours? But I will answer your question. I am a friend, as the service I have already done you sufficiently shows. But for me you would now be a corpse at my feet."

"And why should I not? I am a beggar, as you have said. Better die than drag out a miserable existence."

"And if you die by your own hand, will your existence hereafter be less miserable?" said the stranger, in a low, thrilling tone.

The young man started.

"But what am I to do?" he inquired.

"I will tell you. I will engage to furnish you money with which you can to-morrow return to the marchioness and win back your fortune. *I ensure you success.* Do you understand me?"

"But how have I deserved this kindness?" asked the young man, astonished.

"Wait till I have concluded. I claim no merit for this act. It is not disinterested. I want YOUR SOUL!"

"My soul!" The young man started back trembling. "Then you are the —"

"Devil! At least I am usually called so, though some prefer to call me Satan; and others still, who have a taste for longer names, style me Beelzebub. It makes little difference to me. But what do you say to my proposal?"

"Say! Can I for a moment entertain it? Begone, tempter! Better were it to die by my own hand."

"In which case you would of course be mine."

"Better then to live in beggary."

"But can you endure to be pointed at in the streets, to be repulsed, despised by all who have known you in your affluence? Can you bear to be clothed in rags, and sit a suppliant at the gates of those who have hitherto been flattered by your notice?"

"No, no," said the young man, despondingly. "I feel that I cannot—but is there no hope, without that terrible alternative?"

"Yes; I will give you a chance. I will supply you with money in abundance, and ensure your success in winning back your lost palace and fortune. Success shall crown your undertakings, and earth shall pour at your feet her stores of wealth. These you shall enjoy for thirty years, on these conditions. At the end of ten years I will return and play with you a game of chess—at the end of twenty years I will do the same,—and likewise at the end of thirty years. If you win in a single one of these, then I will yield all title to your soul. If not, I shall claim it. Do you accept? Weigh well the consequences of a refusal."

These terms were so much better than the young man anticipated, and so strong were his convictions of winning at least once that he promptly acceded to the terms, and signed a contract.

He was somewhat startled when his visitor drew out a flask of blood and dipping his pen in it traced in strong, clear characters over which a sulphurous flame seemed to hover, following in fantastic curves the motion of the pen, the name of Satan, prince of darkness.

"You will find in this bag," continued the visitor, as he drew one from beneath his cloak, "one hundred thousand ducats. Take it, stake it without fear, you will be successful."

The next moment there was a dull, heavy sound as of a half-suppressed clap of thunder, a dark mist filled the room, and when it cleared away Alberto was alone.

"Have I been dreaming?" he muttered, as he rubbed his eyes. "No, no; here is the gold. It is no dream, but a reality."

Alberto followed implicitly the direction of his supernatural visitant, and the result was as predicted. Twenty-four hours from the time when with disordered steps he was pacing the halls of his ancestors a beggar, they were all restored to him. His fortune is re-established, and he finds himself the wealthiest noble in Venice. A short time after he became connected in marriage with a beautiful maiden of a noble family, and now the cup of his happiness seemed full but for one dread apprehension.

The first ten years were passed in tranquil enjoyment, heightened by the love and affectionate attachment of a wife and three charming children. So much did these objects occupy his attention that the end of the first period mentioned in the compact came upon him unawares.

One evening as he sat in his apartment reading, he was informed that a stranger wished to see him.

"His name?"

"He would not give it," said the servant, "but bid me recall to your recollection this hour ten years since."

"Bid him come in," said Alberto, trembling. "I know him." A moment and a sable figure, muffled in a cloak, entered the apartment.

"You see," said he, a dark smile for a moment lighting up his sinister face, "that I have not forgotten my appointment. I seldom do when they are of such a nature."

"Sit down," said Alberto, trembling at the fearful character of his guest. "Sit down; I will be with you in a moment."

Alberto retired for a moment and bathed his face in cold water as a means of partially subduing the agitation which he could not repress. He returned with a chess-board and the game commenced. He played with all his skill, but the game was unequal. His infernal visitor rose from his seat the victor.

"Once!" he uttered in a clear, deliberate tone. "At the end of ten years more I will visit you again."

He departed, and Alberto, stupefied and alarmed at the danger which seemed to grow more and more imminent, began to perceive the precipice whose fatal brink every year, every day, nay, every hour, brought nearer and nearer.

A month passed and the impression had become less strong and vivid. He studiously avoided thinking of the subject. "After all," thought he, "there are two chances more, and why should I tremble?" He mingled once more in the gay circles of

Venetian society, and became with his fair wife the "observed of all observers."

"How fortunate! How happy!" exclaimed all. "Young, handsome and wealthy, what more can they desire?"

Time passed until but two or three years were wanting of the time when the second game was to be played. The apprehensions of Alberto were again excited, and he gathered about him the best chess players in Venice. Whenever a stranger entered the city he would seek to ascertain whether he played chess, and if so would court his acquaintance, and if possible would engage him in a contest. The result may be readily imagined. He acquired such a degree of skill that no one in his native city could cope successfully with him. It was therefore with a degree of confidence such as he had not before entertained that he awaited the second coming of his visitor.

Punctual to the hour Satan arrived.

"I have come," said he, deliberately, "for the second time. Are you prepared?"

Alberto rang the bell.

"Bring in the chess-board," said he, abruptly.

It was done.

"I am ready," he replied, and the game commenced.

Each played cautiously, for they felt that the stake was no common one. Alberto bent his whole soul upon the game, and called into requisition all that skill which it had been the work of years to acquire—for which he had become so famous through Italy.

Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, struck with a heavy booming sound from the belfry of the cathedral, and still the game was unfinished. Finally the game turned, and the scales which had been so long quivering in the balance inclined to the side of the visitor.

"The game is mine," said Satan, as he bent a triumphant glance upon his discomfited opponent; and, gathering his cloak about him, swept into the hall with these ominous words: "Remember the third time; it is the last."

Alberto wore an air of settled melancholy for a few days after this visit, for which the reiterated entreaties of his wife could not persuade him to account. At length he informed her that it was his purpose to travel, and forthwith made preparations. He visited in turn the different cities of Europe, and announced in each that he was a professed chess player, offering at the same time a prize of one thousand ducats to any one who would cope successfully with him. Whenever he met such a person he prevailed on him by extravagant offers to become his teacher in the art, and did not rest satisfied till he overcame him. Then, burning with the same feverish anxiety, he would hurry to some other city and repeat the process. In this way his name and skill became widely known, till in process of time he was accounted without an equal in his department. One evening, five years after his second game, as he sat in his hotel in Paris, a masked stranger was announced.

"Are you," said he, "the well known chess player of whom I have heard so much?"

"I am?"

"Then perhaps you would not object to playing a game with me?"

"On the contrary it will afford me the greatest pleasure."

The game commenced, and, very much to the surprise of Alberto, who had become accustomed to victory, terminated in favor of his opponent.

"Stay," said he, as the stranger was about withdrawing. "Become my teacher and you may name your own terms."

"I cannot."

"I will make it well worth your while."

"It is impossible."

"At least tell me who you are. I would know the name of my victor."

"You would know me? Then look closely."

The stranger withdrew his mask, and Alberto to his horror beheld the basilisk eyes of Satan fixed triumphantly upon him.

"All is lost," said Alberto to himself in an accent of despair. "All is lost! This defeat is intended to warn me that all efforts to match myself with Satan will be useless."

With a heavy heart and a feeling of profound despondency Alberto bent his steps homeward after an unavailing absence of three years. But alas! home no longer yielded pleasure.

"And I have sold my soul's welfare for this!" he bitterly exclaimed. "Fool that I was! It had been better to have clothed myself in the rags of the meanest mendicant, and wandered bare-foot through the world soliciting charity, than to incur such a doom as awaits me. Then I should at least have been sustained by hope—the blessed hope that the miseries of this life were but a prelude to a more exalted felicity. But alas! all is lost!"

His perpetual uneasiness and brooding melancholy did not, as a matter of course, escape the notice of his wife. The eyes of love are ever watchful. Oftentimes she sought to draw from him the secret of his sadness, but her entreaties were unavailing.

"You will know too soon," was his only reply, as he gazed sadly upon her. Heaven forbid that I should cast so dark a shadow upon your future. Yes, you will know too soon!"

These dark and mysterious hints served but to heighten the apprehensions which her husband's singular conduct had already awakened in the mind of his wife. Henceforth she gave him no peace till, as a last resort, he made confession of the dread secret under which his mind had been laboring for years. At first she was overcome, but, finally, she began to consider whether some means could not be devised to outwit Satan. At length remembering that in all old legends Satan has been described as shrinking with horror from everything connected with religion, she conceived and communicated to her husband a scheme which was mutually agreed upon.

At length the eventful hour arrived. Alberto sat alone in his

apartment. It was evening, and four wax tapers lighted on the table beside him diffused a soft light through the room. He was pale but composed. He was about to try an experiment in which he had strong confidence. Before him was a massive Bible with golden clasps, and upon this rested the chess-board.

"A stranger waits," was the servant's announcement.

"Bid him enter."

The same black muffled figure that twice before had made its appearance in the apartment, now entered. A malignant smile lighted up his sombre features.

"I am here once more," said he, expressively; "and for the last time!"

"But what is this?" he exclaimed, changing color, as the Bible met his eyes. "Remove this volume."

"I cannot," was the firm rejoinder. "It is my soul's dependence now."

"But I will not play on such a condition," persisted Satan, growing more and more uneasy.

"As you like; in that case the compact will be broken, and I shall be free."

This could not be gainsaid, and with a nervous, excited manner, quite different from his usual self-possession, the visitor sat down to the game.

The first move had been made, when Alberto raising a little silver bell that stood on the table beside him rang it.

At this signal the soft sound of music from an organ in a neighboring apartment floated into the room. It was one of the sublime, religious compositions of an ancient composer, and its effect was inconceivably grand. Now it swelled into the triumphant pæan of religious triumph—anon it subsided into a gentle strain which was scarcely audible.

At the first sound Satan started as if struck by a galvanic shock. His self-possession deserted him, and he lost his usual skill, playing almost at random, while moving uneasily about in his seat.

"I—I am not fond of music," he muttered; "will you not order it to cease?"

Alberto looked at him significantly.

"It suits my purpose to have it continue," said he.

Satan played with increasing recklessness, till at last it could not be concealed that for him the game was irretrievably lost.

With a howl of disappointed malice he stamped his foot upon the floor—a mist enveloped him, and when it subsided he had disappeared.

Henceforth Alberto and his fair wife and beautiful children lived happily in their magnificent residence. Yet they could not suppress a thrill of terror when at times they reflected what might have been the termination of the THREE GAMES AT CHESS.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## PERSONAL MENTION.

— T. B. Macaulay, the eminent English poet, historian, essayist and politician, is fifty-four years of age. Though feeble in health, he is incessantly devoted to the writing of his history of England.

— Leigh Hunt, the English poet and essayist, is aged seventy years, somewhat infirm, but still engaged in authorship. He was the warm personal friend of Hazlitt, the genial writer.

— W. C. Macready, the well known English tragedian, is sixty-one years of age. Having acquired a fortune upon the stage, he has taken a formal leave of it, and resides in quiet near London.

— Fitz Greene Halleck, one of our most distinguished American poets, is fifty-nine years of age. The familiar poem entitled "Marco Bozzaris" alone would have rendered him famous.

— Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian patriot and intimate friend of Kossuth, is forty-five years of age, and a remarkably industrious man and revolutionist. He is now with Kossuth, near London.

— Charles Fenno Hoffman is forty-eight years of age, and justly entitled to be classed with our American poets. He has seen considerable editorial service, and was last engaged on a N. Y. paper.

— G. P. Morris, the American poet and editor, is fifty-two years old, a robust and genial man, still driving the quill; having a fine country seat on the Hudson, at Undercliff, near Cold Spring.

— G. P. R. James, the distinguished English novelist, is aged fifty-six years, and is the present British consul at the port of Norfolk, Va. He is still an active novel writer.

— Gen. W. Scott, at present commander of the U. S. Army, is in his sixty-ninth year, and is said to be engaged on a history of his own eventful life. He is very tall and commanding in person.

Louis Kossuth, the famous and eloquent Hungarian, is not quite fifty years of age, and is still living in retirement near London, scheming and struggling against Austrian despotism.

— William Gilmore Simms, the American poet and novelist, is forty-eight years of age, and still a student and writer. He resides in South Carolina, and his themes are characteristic of the South.

— Alphonse de Lamartine, the French poet, orator and historian, is sixty-four years of age, and resides mainly in Paris, where he is engaged on various literary works, written under contract.

— Hon. Charles Sumner, present U. S. Senator from this State, is forty-three years of age. He is a very eloquent speaker, and highly cultivated. Mr. Sumner is very tall and spare in figure.

— Abbot Lawrence, late minister of the U. S. to St. James, and one of the merchant princes of Boston, is sixty-two years of age. He is a hale and hearty man, very popular with his fellow-citizens.

— Bayard Taylor, the popular American poet, lecturer and traveller, is thirty years old; medium as to size, a genial, sociable character, and a most indomitably persevering and industrious man.

Convention Highlights

An unusual feature of the annual Alger convention at Revere, Massachusetts, will be HORATIO ALGER night on Revere Beach Boulevard. Special rates will be granted to those attending the convention on all rides. A free game of Fascination, a year round, well patronized game with prizes, will be given by Mrs. O'Brien aided by Barry Wayne Saltzman, an Alger enthusiast and professional actor, once a singing waiter in a German night club "on the Streets of New York".

Revere Beach is known all over the world, five miles of surf, pounding on stormy days on a crescent-shaped bathing beach of the whitest sand. As many as 250,000 enjoy the beach and its two miles of midway attractions on any fair (and hot) Sunday in July and August, the peak months.

While the ocean is the excuse, fully 80% are there from 1:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. enjoying dancing, beano, games and rides, some of the best night clubs in New England, plus two nearby race tracks, horses in the afternoon and dogs in the evening with pari-mutual betting.

PF-271, "Bill" DiCarlo, convention committee secretary and a member of the Revere city council, will be our host at the two family-owned twin attractions; The Surf Supper Club and The China Lantern.

Our group will make the China Lantern its headquarters on June 19th. In the afternoon we will inspect the Horatio Alger Birthplace and witness its dedication at 2:00 P.M. The bronze plaque, furnished by the city of Revere will be unveiled and presented by Mayor George V. Colella with both the Revere School Committee and the Revere City Council present. 300 school children and their teachers will be there in formation from nearby schools. Each will be presented with a booklet, pocket size, containing an abridged history of Revere plus a brief biography of Horatio Alger, Jr. based on Ralph Gardner's delightful and authentic book.

Two boys, sons of William DiCarlo, will be inducted as Junior Alger Society charter members, the charter remaining open to a fixed maximum. This expansion into the juvenile world of the Alger movement, if approved by the convention, is designed to help close the generation gap, which is of tremendous concern to everyone.

After the dedication, the HAS members and their ladies will have their afternoon session, followed by supper at the China Lantern. Then will follow a short evening session until 9:00

P.M. when everyone will attend the floor show next door.

Each member will, if he or she registers in advance (\$2.00 registration fee) receive a packet of literature from the Massachusetts Department of Commerce, describing historical attractions, art galleries, museums and places near Boston to visit. The Massachusetts State Chamber of Commerce, Inc. now in its 80th. year, will submit a list of easy to reach places of interest, such as Cape Cod, Plymouth and Concord-Lexington, also bookstores and antique shops where Algers might be discovered.

At any rate the welcome sign will be displayed and, it is also hoped, that our exercises at 88 Beach St. will be televised.

George C. Clarks - Chairman.

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Alger's Father - from page 3

shrine on June 19th., 1970, during the HAS Convention. The city will donate a suitable plaque and the local Kiwanis Club will conduct the exercises with nearby school children and their teachers in attendance in class formation. Each witness of the ceremony at 2:00 P.M. will receive a pocket-size brief "History of Revere" and "The Alger Story" in one compact booklet. The City fathers will attend in a body, including the School Committee. Mayor George V. Colella will unveil the plaque.

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Notes from "Max" Goldberg

The Alger myth....is it? If so how do you explain Mrs. Rosemary Callan. When she was 34 she borrowed \$50. from her husband and started a toy business. Today she is president of the C & B Toy Co.

Sol Hurok had \$1.50 in his pocket and spoke no English when he came to the U.S. in May of 1905 - sold his firm in Feb. 1969 and is a millionaire.

Hiram Fong - Hawaiian Senator - at the age of 4 was a mesquite bean picker and earned 30 cents a day to help his family.

Al Lapin was fired as a soda jerk at 16 - today he is Pancake King and worth 40 million - the famous International House of Pancakes.

THE ALGER MYTH...IS IT?

(padrone's) release.

For the first twenty years of his life Horatio Alger Jr. was exposed to the Bible. He was given both the old and New Testaments plus the Unitarian moral outlook of his father. These years left a mark upon Horatio that appears to some extent in all of his novels. The book Phil, the Fiddler is an excellent example of exactly how much the Bible influenced Alger.

In this book the padrone and his helpers are attacked as being Evil and Injustive personified, and because they are evil they are ugly.

"Pietro (the padrone's nephew) was one of the older boys, he was ugly physically, and his disposition corresponded with his appearance."

The reason for this ugliness is that in the Bible Evil causes deformity (Lk. 13:11).

Another evil faced by Phil is the bully Tim Rafferty. In Phil's first encounter with Tim, Edward comes to his rescue. Tim is bigger than Edward but "there was a determined look in his eye which the bully...did not like. He (Tim) mentally decided that it would be safer not to provoke him." This is an example of one who is about to do evil repenting after one look at his opponent (the Good). The Bible has the confrontation of Job and God. Job has tried to "Bully" the Lord, but when Job saw Him in the whirlwind Job says, "My eyes sees thee; therefore I despise myself and repent in dust and ashes. I know that thou canst do all things and that no purpose of thine can be thwarted." (Job 42:5-6,2) Tim does receive his just desserts at the hands of Ragged Dick, leaving Tim "with a black eye for a week afterwards." Obadiah says, "Your deeds shall return on your own head" (v. 15).

The idea of Divine retribution brought out by Obadiah above, also catches up with the padrone and Pietro.

"Of the padrone I have only further to say that some months later he got into trouble...He was arrested and is now at Sing Sing. I should not be surprised to hear of a murderous encounter between him (Pietro) and his uncle after his

The deed that cause these punishments are not the same as those for which they should be punished, but Alger's Biblical outlook makes the punishment fit the greater crime.

Just as the evil are always ugly and finally suffer in Alger's books, the righteous are always handsome and finally prosper. Phil is continually delivered from his bullies by a savior because Phil is righteous, and ends up as the adopted child of a rich doctor.

All is not light for Phil and his friend Giacimo. They both suffer cruelly at the hands of the padrone. Such extreme suffering is unusual to an Alger book, and there is almost never a character who suffers without reason like Giacimo. He is continually thinking of sunny Italy, his home, his mother. Continually obsessed by the thought of death, he is convinced that he will never return home. He faces the future pessimistically and resigns himself to his fate. "I hated all my toil in which I toiled under the sun, seeing that I must leave it to the man who will come after me...he will be master of all for which I toiled and used my wisdom under the sun. This is also vanity." (Ec.2:18-19) There is, to Giacimo, nothing to be done about the padrone and his stick. "This is an evil in all that is done under the sun, (Ec.9:3). Giacimo, because of his suffering, is the most accurate picture of what it is like to live with a padrone.

Alger's picture of Giacimo's death is in line with Alger's picture of Giacimo's attitudes in life.:

Death came to Giacimo as a friend. No longer could he be forced out into the streets to suffer cold and fatigue, and at night in human treatment and a buse. His slavery was at an end.

Death came as a release to Giacimo just as Ecclesiastes saw death as the end of all the vanities that, to him, made up life. Giacimo lacks the faith and profundity of Ecclesiastes, but Giacimo can still be cosidered in

a religious light. He is, unknowingly, the suffering servant. Giacomo never asks why he suffers, and he never expects to end someone else's sufferings. However, his dying wish is to have Phil tell his parents and the entire village not to sell their children. Thus, he has suffered so that others will not have to suffer. "But as it is he has appeared once for all at the end of an age to put away the sin by the sacrifice of himself" (Heb. 9:26).

End of part 1

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 The above paper was done by George Loegel, a freshman at Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Michigan. George is interested in any comments or criticisms by our members. You may write to him at 6570 N. Riverview Dr., Parchment, Mich. 49004. We will continue George's paper in the next issue of Newsboy.

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# ALGER COUNTRY

1	H	2	O	3	R	4	A	5	T	6	I	7	O	8	D	9	I	10	C	11	K
12	O	13	L	14	I	15	V	16	E	17	P	18	A	19	U	20	L	21	I	22	
23	P	24	I	25	L	26	O	27	T	28	S	29	D	30	E	31	L	32	F	33	T
34	E	35	V	36	E	37	N	38	P	39	P	40	U	41	R	42	S	43	E	44	
45	E	46	D	47	Z	48	U	49	N	50	I	51	G	52	A	53	B	54		55	
56	O	57	R	58	B	59	E	60	N	61	F	62	R	63	A	64	M	65	E	66	
67	U	68	M	69	M	70	S	71	K	72	E	73	T	74	L	75	E	76	G	77	
78	T	79	C	80	T	81	T	82	N	83	B	84	R	85		86		87		88	
89	C	90	O	91	O	92	L	93	A	94	D	95	U	96	N	97	I	98	T	99	
100	A	101	L	102	G	103	E	104	R	105	S	106	B	107	R	108	A	109	C	110	E
111	S	112	O	113	R	114	U	115	P	116	E	117	R	118	T	119	A	120	S	121	
122	T	123	R	124	Y	125	E	126	S	127	E	128	S	129	E	130	N	131	T	132	



GETTING POINTS FROM THE LAST EDITION.

### Notes from Members.....

Gladys Judson, PF-063, reports she just aquired her 39th. Alger. A beauty in excellent condition of The Backwoods Boy or How a young railsplitter became President.

Gladys also reports on a news article about a very dear friend of hers Sidney R. Cook. The story starts.. "Horatio Alger brought his hero from office boy to reporter" but Sidney R. Cook made it all the way to publisher."

Gladys hopes to make the convention this year and sends her best to you all.

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 EDITOR STILL NEEDED.....

Do you have a flare for writing? Would you like to see your name in print? How about a by-line.....

The above was published some time ago in the Newsboy, but as of yet we still need an Editor.

If you are interested please let Vice-President Judson Berry or Secretary Carl Hartmann know right now. The job could be yours!!!!

When we were borrowing customs from the older cultures, who passed up the siesta?

It's never a mistake to say, "I don't know" if you really don't.